

The Christian Guardian.

PUBLISHED UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE METHODIST CHURCH OF CANADA.

VOLUME LIII. No. 13.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 29, 1882.

WHOLE No. 2734.

The Christian Guardian

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY
FROM THE OFFICE OF PUBLICATION
78 & 80 King Street East, Toronto,
AT \$3 A YEAR, STRICTLY IN ADVANCE.
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REV. WILLIAM BRIGGS, Book-Steward.

A PRAYER.

Father! when erring feet like mine shall turn
To thee with steps repentant, though so late, to learn
The narrow way,
Do not refuse to hear, but let me see
Thy hand in love outstretched to me—
So long astray.

I wandered like a sheep from out the fold,
And now afflicted at the dark and cold
I long for home;
And here, humble in heart, on bended knee I pray
That on my lonely road one little ray
Of light may come!

Long have I struggled, fearful of my doom,
Long have I wept; now in the deepening gloom
I long thy face to see;
And if, through weariness of wandering past
I faint or falter, Father! hold me fast,
Nor set me free!

When thou leadest me where storm-winds blow
I stand alarmed, but doubting where to go,
Be thou my guide!
And when, at last, life's burdens all laid down,
After my weight of crosses may I receive my crown,
And rest at thy side!

MY CHRISTIAN.

The late and widely-lamented Dr. Punshon was accustomed to say, in his celebrated lecture on Daniel in prison, "Religion is not a salad, that it should be dressed in vinegar." His object was to show that a true Christian is joyous and amiable at all times, and under all circumstances, and for the reason that it is the nature of saving grace, in defiance of every adversity, to inspire joy and sweetness. This feature in our salvation is not sufficiently incorporated into our daily experiences. How much sad and sour religion there is in the world! At best, in many cases, it is but sweetened vinegar. The native bitterness of the heart is not taken away, but simply counteracted. Like the preserved crab-apple, whose nature is not changed, but overcome by sugar; take away the sugar, and the acid is still there. Some Christians seem not to expect grace to do more for them than to hold their asperities in check. Not long since I heard a minister make an apology for giving way to his temper. He added, with much self-complacency, "I will endeavor, hereafter, to keep myself better in hand." Here the idea of looking to God to have an outrageous temper utterly subverted, seemed not to have entered the mind. The highest achievement proposed was merely to take the bull by the horns and prevent a subsequent going. Perhaps not even that, but to make the wounds less frequent and slighter. Some Christian people appear to have no compunction for getting mad, provided they do not make fools of themselves. They are willing to carry a volcano in their bosom, if only they can govern the eruptions. Indeed, there are many recognized Christians, not excepting some preachers, who evidently "make provision for the flesh" in respect to the indulgence of angry tempers. When provoked, or impinged, or even spoken to with impatience and exasperation, they expect to retaliate in kind. It is with them a rule and habit to do so. Once I heard a distinguished minister say that it was his principle if a man tramped on his toes, to kick the offender's shins. This doctrine, though couched in a slang phrase, was seriously meant and resolutely maintained. But what is it? What less can it be than the justification of returning railing for railing? But I am not now considering the case of those who go so far as to take vengeance into their own hands and punish offenders as they may list. It would be scarcely allowable to count such persons Christians at all. It is of those who burst occasionally into ebullitions of passion, and who uniformly have a severe aspect to their character, that I now speak. They are harsh and angular—the opposite of meekness. There is a gruffness and rigidity in their manners; an acrimony in their spirit; a pungent, biting sarcasm in their words. Like hunters in the woods, they trip and ogle around for something to shoot at. Their very souls are pugnacious.

Now, is this the spirit of Christ? Is this the doctrine of his Sermon on the Mount? Is not meekness as really a fruit of the Spirit as faith or love? Is it not an essential element in our spiritual and divine attainments? Can we dispense with it, and have a true Christian experience at all? Does not the want of meekness blur the whole character, blast our usefulness, and project doubts into the minds of sinners as to the power of grace and reality of religion? Many amiable sinners, by dint of resolution and for the sake of good manners, keep their passions under. In the face of such examples, shall the subjects of grace spit, and hiss, and fume, and boil over and explode with fits of anger? Let it not be said, by way of apology, that such persons have an impulsive nature, a sanguine temperament—a positive side to their character. No, no. It is sin. It is the fruit of remaining carnality. It is a

proof of an un sanctified nature. It is a disgrace to the Christian name.—A. Lowrey, in *Divine Life*.

DO YOU KNOW NORTH INDIA?

The North India Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church has caused a record that which none is brighter. Its continuous success has made the duty of congratulating it a habit. Those consecrated men, seeking to spread scriptural holiness over that distant land, have done grand service. On the foundation prudently laid by Dr. Entler an imperishable structure has risen, a church of the living God. Dr. Waugh's scholarship has adorned the Conference ranks for nearly a quarter of a century. E. W. Parker, whose true helpmeet assisted in laying the cornerstone of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, has long been an ideal missionary. Presiding Elder J. H. Messmore is unweariedly versatile and attentive to providential indications. D. W. Thomas and wife have generously given and wisely planned, and the Theological School, at Bareilly, will be their monument. Dr. T. J. Scott has taught and written admirably, and his "Village Life in India" should be read by all. Dr. Humphrey, returning to the work in which Mrs. H.'s "Six Years in India" has interested many, sees at the last session one of his converts, Zaburral Haqq, make our first native Presiding Elder in "the land of the Veda." Consulting Dr. Butler's excellent volume, bearing this name, the reader will praise God for the marvelous origin and advance of this mission. Drs. Johnson, Wilson, Gray, and Dease have each healing to come to many bodies and souls. Among those who have ably performed various duties, until their health, or that of their loved ones, was injured in the heat of the East and of their zeal for the cause, are H. Jackson, R. Pierce, I. L. Hauser, J. T. Gracey, F. M. Wheeler, S. S. Weatherby, F. A. Spencer, F. B. Clifton, E. Cunningham, J. H. Gill, A. D. McHenry. The thoughtful and persevering Haskins has beheld native masses won to Christ. J. T. McMahon, rare linguist, has long illustrated self-support. T. Craven, brave leader of a Sunday-school army 13,000 strong, judiciously proscribed to be 30,000 by 1880, has, during twelve years, won, at the Mission Press, an experience for a grand India Book Concern future. As he lands at home let us open hand and pocket, and hasten his return with \$100,000, to plant at Allahabad (the Central Publishing House, authorized by the Central Committee from the two Conferences. Oh, what a mission of light for 252,000,000 souls is the opportunity to the Church, or to an individual, presented in this enterprise! Of course, our beloved Missionary Secretaries, though burdened with their vast responsibilities, would be glad to receive at the Mission Rooms any sums to be made over to Mr. Craven, who is desired by the India Conference to gather up this ordowment for the great project which had its inception under Bishop Merrill's appreciated advice when he was inspecting our India Church life and labors. So writes B. H. Badley, in the *Central Christian Advocate*, and says, "Methodism here must be kept a unit. Our two Conferences will soon be three, and all these must be held together, hence the need of this Central Committee. We would be wise from the beginning, and hence propose this Central Publishing House. It will be our '835 Broadway,' and with the blessing of God will largely help in the evangelization of India. The Conference adopted a paper on the strictures passed upon Mr. Taylor's work in India by Dr. Riggs at the Ecumenical Council. We thank God with all our hearts that the great evangelist came to India, and are assured that the churches he planted will continue to be centres of holy influence. Of the members of the Conference six are engaged in vernacular work—a fact that should be borne in mind by all who discuss this 'Pantile' method." We are glad to say that harmony prevails among the brethren of the South and ourselves. The work is one; they labor in one way, we in another; all are succeeding." The writer is Secretary of the Conference, the Principal of the successful Centennial School at Lucknow; his facile pen has enriched many papers and reviews, but he goes down to history as the first Secretary of the India S. S. Union, and pioneer in making India Missionary Directories. H. Mansell, having the spirit of John the beloved, and whose visit now for a few months will be a blessing to the American Churches, reports in the *Pittsburg Christian Advocate*:—"We have over 4,000 native Christians—6,017 old and young. On my circuit 120 adults and 60 children have been baptized. The South India Conference has done well in 1881. They have done some noble giving this year. They have given three times as much as the average in the home Conferences. South India deserves your prayers. They embrace all India outside of our Conference. So Methodism has laid its hand on all India and Borneo, and claims all these 252,000,000 for Christ." Presiding Elder P. M. Beck has guided orphans and churches with unflinching patience and wisely. J. E. Scott's bright and dashing sentences have flashed upon the pages of our Methodist Quarterly Review.

Editor J. Mudge has traced lines of light for almost a decade of diligent and appreciated management of the *Lucknow Witness*; hereafter, at Calcutta. Dr. Thoburn's *Indian Witness*. Those who wish a bright weekly, with latest news from the front, would favor themselves by sending a draft on London for, probably, about three dollars, it being well to throw in one more, or a thousand, for Miss Layton's Girls' School, now being remembered by the American friends, who mean to give a suitable building to this company representing India's greatest need, Christian womanhood. In Zion's Herald, the late editor of the *Witness* affirms the intention of the North Conference to stand in a brotherly attitude of defence for the younger South Conference whenever misunderstood or assailed. In the ranks of missionaries, having more recently brought highly cultivated powers to the Master's service yonder, are G. H. McGrew, made glad by the visit of his father and his wife's mother and sister, illustrating the fact that missionary life is not, in these times, a burial; N. G. Cheney, who will doubtless soon plead here for the Naini Tal High School, a handful of corn in the top of the mountains; H. F. Kustendiek, Principal there, son of a German Presbyterian Elder in Rochester, secured by Rev. William Taylor, an example of the exchanges between the India Conferences, adapting men to the demand, as they may arise; the transfer of this scholarly man suggesting the mission of a Central Committee to unify the work; C. L. Bare, of the Boys' Orphanage; J. C. Lawson, of the Lucknow English Church; and F. L. Neeld, of the Memorial School at Cawpore, to be congratulated on the arrival of his assistant from New Jersey, Miss Avery—no longer Miss Avery.

These, and, perhaps, others, are, with heroic W. J. Gladwin transferred to the South, India's benefactors, who follow the crowned victors, James Baume, J. R. Downey, C. W. Judd, and J. D. Brown. Also the church owes a debt of gratitude, beyond words to express, to our North India ladies, a consecrated and hopeful band, whose great successes as skillful missionaries are acknowledged by every observer. The native ministers, already numbering their veterans in service, are an able body of men; and the native Christian women, as teachers and Bible readers, are doing the "greater works than these," in the name of the Lord Jesus.

Friend, if now you know somewhat more of that North India brotherhood, will you not pray more and pay more for their great mission?—By Rev. C. P. Hard, from South India.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF FAILURE.

Some statisticians say that "nine-tenths of us are failures." We have, all of us made a failure somewhere, undoubtedly enough to know at least that failure is not so agreeable a success. Failure to be great; failure to be happy; failure to make a living; failure in some pet scheme. It is not necessary to delineate the feeling or to characterize the event.

It is great nonsense, eloquent nonsense—that line of Bulwer's, "In the bright lexicon of Youth there is no such word as Fail!" There are many such words in the lexicon of Youth; but in their case it may almost always be translated into success. The elderly can have no greater pain than to see the young fail. The ugly geography which the first failure writes on the youthful brow is not pleasant reading; that insidious poisonous dagger of disappointment which has sent the young blood from the heart to the cheek, and drawn it away again, leaving a paleness which lasts—this is not agreeable to look upon; but with youth there is hope, and failure to them may have been success in disguise. Not so with those who are older; a failure then is a serious matter, and those who bear it with courage and cheerfulness are the heroes and martyrs of our long-suffering race. It is also a part of the mystery that the best people are not always the most successful. There come "those stings and arrows of outrageous fortune" to cripple us; and there comes ill health to confound us; and there comes that limitation of power which we cannot anticipate until we have tried ourselves. See a party of young athletes start for a walk on a wager. They all look equally strong, equally light and sinewy; they are all healthy young men, with nearly equal length of leg and light weight to carry. Yet in two minutes one shoots ahead, and keeps ahead all the time. Nature has given him some staying power, some elasticity of muscle which she has not given to his fellows. See two boys sit down in a drawing-class to copy a marble figure. One does it with great correctness, and without one scintillation of genius; you would willingly throw his drawing in the fire. The next boy coughs his pencil to paper, and the Venus of Milo starts into life and beauty under his gifted and flexible hand. What labor runs down from his brain into his fingers, which has not visited the other boy? One woman steps on the stage and sings, and all the world comes to listen. Another, equally patient, equally industrious, equally

loving her art, can sing, and sing correctly, but no one cares whether she sings or not. One person takes a piece of white paper, and a pen and ink, and when he leaves that hitherto worthless surface, there remains on it a poem or a romance which shall entrance the world. Another takes up the pen and writes what is called "doubtful poetry"—poor, stupid grammatical prose. Both have merely done their best. One man preaches a sermon and thousands flock to hear him. He can touch the heart. But another excellent man simply empties whatever church he speaks in.—M. E. W. S., in *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*.

JUDGED BY THE LAW OF LIBERTY.

You see then what a fundamental and thorough thing this law of liberty must be. It is a law which issues from the qualities of nature going thence out into external shape and action. It is a law of constraint by which you take a crooked sapling and bend it straight, and hold it violently into line. It is a law of liberty by which the inner nature of the oak itself decrees its outward form, draws out the pattern-shape of every leaf, and lays the hand of an inevitable necessity on bark and bough, and branch. All laws of constraint, whether in trees or men, are useless and cruel unless they are preparatory to, and can pass into laws of liberty. My dear friends, if we understand this it would certainly show us the hollowness of a great deal of the life we live. We yield day after day, month after month, on through a long series of tiresome years, to the restraints of morality and religion. Morality says, "You must not steal," and we do keep our fingers off our neighbor's goods. Religion says, "You must pray to God," and we do say our prayers most toilsomely, morning and evening, summer and winter, as the years go by. It is of no use, it all comes to nothing unless these laws of constraint are passing into laws of liberty within us. Habits of honesty, habits of prayer are mere bandages unless they are helping somehow the production of a free, honest, and prayerful character. The only object in bandaging and twisting a man's crooked leg is that some day it may get a free straightness into it which will make it keep its true shape when it is set free from bandages; a law of liberty instead of a law of constraint. If that day is never coming, bandaging is mere wanton cruelty. Better take the bandages off and let it be crooked, if it is getting no inner straightness, and will be crooked as soon as they are removed. Now, just so, this discipline and education, all these commandments and prohibitions which God lays on us; they are mere cruelty, they merely torture and worry humanity, they come to nothing, unless within them some free law of inner rectitude is growing up. One looks across God's great moral hospital, sees crooked souls tied up in constraints, and wonders, as she might who looked through a surgeon's ward, behind how many of those bandages an inner life is gathering which some day will ask no binding up, and need nothing but its own liberty to be its law. It is a strange question. Suppose to-morrow all the laws of constraint should be repealed together; nothing but laws of liberty left to rule the world; all social penalties, all public restrictions lifted off together; nothing left but the last legislation of character. What would become of us? How, just as soon as our bandages were off, our unshaped lives would fall into their shapelessness. We should see strange sights to-morrow morning. The man whose social decencies had kept honest through many well-respected years, we should see how the long constraint with him had been just an outside thing, and his law of liberty, when it had leave to exercise itself, was only a thief's law born out of a thief's heart. Strange hands would find their way into their neighbor's treasure. Eyes unused to glow with lust, would flame out in unholy fire when once the quality of the inner heart had leave to utter itself freely. I tell you, my dear friends, there are very few of us indeed who could stand being judged by the law of liberty. Could you? Would you dare, with the proper shame which a man feels before his fellow-men, would you dare to bid God to lift the constraints away, and trust to the power of truth and love and holiness, to the amount of God's spirit in your own heart, to carry you along his way to him?—*Phillips Brooks*.

CHRIST ONLY.

It is only an experience of this personal need that can bring us to realize how far away and silent God is, unless we have a Christ to bring him down to us. In days of thoughtlessness and in years of prosperity, when you are not pressed by any sense of necessity to appeal to God, you do not see how true it is that without Christ you have no God. But let the dark day roll across the horizon; let that darkness, if you please, take the form, not of external disaster, but of some deep and intolerable feeling of personal sinfulness. Now, pray, to the stars, to the trees, the ocean, the mountains; lift up your appeal toward the

polar star, then turn and pray for forgiveness toward the south; turn your beseeching face east, and then west. You have swept the universe, but you have missed God. The stars, ocean, and mountains reply not. Out of north, or south, or east, or west, comes no healing touch upon your fevered spirit. Where is your God? Can you make infinitude your friend? Can space, which rolls its silent vastness round you, unload you of the burden on heart and conscience? Without this Christ whom we preach to draw near you now, you are without a God. Without the pierced hands to roll the burden away, it must abide upon you. Let a great cloud of witnesses gather round you and bear their testimony that they never found deliverance from the dark and rankling curse of sin, until in that radiant hour, when Christ in the fullness of his atoning and ineffable love drew near to them. Take their testimony; and in Christ your redeeming God. There can be no other.—J. G. Van Slyke, D.D.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S CREED.

A correspondent of the *Congregationalist* recently obtained and furnishes a copy of the "Confession of Faith" written by Webster. The document is dated Boscaawen, N. H., Aug. 8, 1807. It is thought that this is the statement which he read in the Congregational Church in Franklin upon his being admitted to the membership of that Church. This is not unlikely, as the date of his admission was Sept. 12, 1807:

CONFESSION OF FAITH.

I believe in the existence of Almighty God, who created and governs the whole world. I am taught this by the works of nature and the words of revelation.

I believe that God exists in three persons; this I learn from revelation alone. Nor is it any objection to this belief that I cannot comprehend how one can be three or three one. I hold it my duty to believe, not what I can comprehend or account for, but what my Master teaches me.

I believe the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments to be the will and word of God. I believe Jesus Christ to be the Son of God. The miracles which he wrought establish in my mind his personal authority, and render it proper for me to believe whatever he asserts. I believe, therefore, all his declarations, as well when he declares himself to be the Son of God, as when he declares any other proposition. And I believe there is no other way of salvation than through the merits of his atonement.

I believe that things past, present, and to come are all equally present in the mind of Deity; that with him there is no succession of time, nor of ideas; that, therefore, the relative terms, past, present, and future, as used among men, cannot, with strict propriety, be applied to Deity. I believe in the doctrines of foreknowledge and predestination as thus expounded. I do not believe in those doctrines as impairing any necessity on man's actions, or in any way infringing free agency.

I believe in the utter inability of any human being to work out his own salvation without the constant aid of the Spirit of all grace.

I believe in those great peculiarities of the Christian religion, a resurrection from the dead, and a day of judgment.

I believe in the universal providence of God; and leave to Epicurus and his more unreasonable followers in modern times, the inconsistency of believing that God made a world which he does not take the trouble of governing. (Dr. Sherlock.)

I believe religion to be a matter, not of demonstration, but of faith. God requires us to give credit to the truths which he reveals, not because we can prove them, but because he declares them. When the mind is reasonably convinced that the Bible is the Word of God, the only remaining duty is to receive its doctrines with full confidence of their truth and practice them with a pure heart.

I believe that the Bible is to be understood and received in the plain and obvious meaning of its passages; since I cannot persuade myself that a book intended for the instruction and conversion of the whole world should cover its true meaning in any such mystery, and doubt that none but critics and philologists can discover it.

I believe that the refinements and subtleties of human wisdom are more likely to obscure than to enlighten the revealed will of God; and that he is the most accomplished Christian scholar who hath been educated at the feet of Jesus and in the college of fishermen.

I believe that all true religion consists in the heart and its affections, and that, therefore all creeds and confessions are fallible and uncertain evidences of evangelical piety. Finally, I believe Christ has imposed on all his disciples a life of active benevolence; that he who refrains only from what he thinks to be sinful has performed but a part, and a small part, of his duty; that he is bound to do good and to communicate; to love his neighbor, and to give food and drink to his enemy; and to endeavor, as far as in him lies, to promote peace, truth, piety, and happiness in a wicked and forlorn world;

believing that in the great day which is to come, there will be no other standard of merit, no other criterion of character, than that which is already established, "By their fruits ye shall know them."

THE MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE.

In 1837 a company of emigrants started from Arkansas and Missouri for California. They were good, respectable, well-to-do people; but they had an idea that they might have larger comforts for their families on the other side the mountains; so they undertook what always seems to me a terrible thing: travelling in the wagon emigrant train. They suffered everything on the way. By night the fires kept off the wolves, and by day there was fatigue, and hunger, and heat, and gentle womanhood fainting with the long journey, and children crying for rest.

There were one hundred and seventy in that company. They must needs cross Utah Territory, and in Utah nearly all the emigrant trains were accustomed to take in new supplies of provisions; but Brigham Young heard that this emigrant train was coming, and he forbade, under pain of death, any Mormon in Utah giving any clothing, or food, or medicine, or kindness of any sort to these emigrants. It was a revenge for the fact that a man in Arkansas had slain Elder Pratt, of the Mormon Church, because he (Elder Pratt) had stolen the wife of the man in Arkansas and taken her to Utah and into Mormonism.

On and on went this emigrant train, suffering all indignity, until they came to a plain called Mountain Meadow. The Indians dashed down upon the emigrants, and the emigrants threw up a barricade, and in this temporary fortress drove back the red men most successfully. Then the Mormon militia dashed down upon these emigrants; but you know how men will fight when they fight for their wives and children, and so the Mormon militia were driven back. Still, it was only with great peril that any one could leave the temporary fortress, even to get water from the spring near by.

There was great suffering from thirst; so one day they despatched two little girls clad in white to bring water from the spring. They said, "Most certainly the Mormon militia will not disturb them;" but no sooner had they appeared outside the barricade than they were shot dead by the stream. Petitions for relief were signed by all the emigrants, and by Oldfellowes and Freemasons who made appeals to members of their particular order. Three brave men volunteered to carry that petition for relief to California. An aged Methodist minister of the group in prayer commended these three men to God, and the emigrants all knelt in supplication; but scarcely had these three brave men started on their journey than they were butchered.

Time passed on, and one day wagons were seen coming. "Now," thought the poor emigrants, "we shall have relief;" and they could not restrain their glee at the thought of liberation. The wagons came up, and from them came a flag of truce, saying, "If you emigrants will surrender and put down your arms, you may walk out into perfect liberty, and you shall not be harmed." Thinking the proposition a fair one, it was accepted, and they put down their arms according to the arrangement, and then the men marched out first, then came the women, then came the children.

After they were outside the barricade, the Mormon militia, with guns and knives, and daggers, massacred all save a few little children, whom they thought to be too young to tell the story. Aged and young, husbands and wives, parents and children left dead on the plain. Women belonging to the emigrant train who were sick and unable to walk were taken out by the Mormons into the presence of their murdered families, stripped of their clothing, shot dead, and hurled upon the heap of corpses. The wagons, the stock of the train, the dresses of the women and their jewellery, amounting in all to a property of \$300,000, were taken possession of by the Mormon government. Years after, a Mormon woman showing a silk dress that had been captured from the train—showing one of these silk dresses in Salt Lake City—one of the little girls that had been saved from the massacre recognized it. She said, "Oh, that's my mother's. Where's mamma? Why don't mamma come? Mamma used to wear that!" and she burst into tears.—Dr. Talmage, in *Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine*.

We are passing along, whether we will or not. The swift chariot of time bears us onward to our destination. Prepared or not we go and cannot stop. If Christ's faithful disciples we are homeward bound, and nightly pitch our moving tent a day's march nearer heaven. The coils are ended, imperfections are over; sin and death are left forever behind. How the passing from an old year to a new year reminds us of this. How it tells us that the glorious consummation is not far off.

Nothing less than feeding on Christ can nourish our souls into eternal life.

Family Treasury.

MY MOTHER.

The following piece of poetry is exceedingly touching and beautiful. It was written by a convict in the Ohio Penitentiary.

I've wandered far from thee, mother, Far from my happy home;

I've left the land that gave me birth, In other climes to roam.

And time, since then, has rolled its years And marked them on my brow;

Yes! I have often thought of thee— I'm thinking of thee now.

I'm thinking of the day, mother, When at my tender side,

You watched the dawning of my youth And kissed me in your pride.

Then brightly was my heart lit up, With hopes of future joys,

Which your bright fancies wove To deck your darling boy.

I'm thinking of the day, mother, When, with anxious care,

You lifted up your heart to heaven— Your hope, your trust was there—

Fond memory brings your parting word, While tears called down your cheeks;

The long, last loving look told more Than tongue could ever speak.

'm far away from thee, mother; No friend is near me now

To soothe me with a tender word, Or cool my burning brow.

The dearest ties that ever were Are all now torn from me.

They left me with the trouble cause; They did not love like thee.

I'm lonely and forsaken now, Unpitied and unloved;

Yet, still I would not know how I should sorrow be distressed.

You could not chide me, mother; You could not give me blame;

But soothe me with your tender words, And bid me hope again.

Oh, I have wandered far, mother, Since I trusted thee;

wanted to know the other teeth to set you right, but I suspect you do not know much about religion."

"Well, I don't, that's a fact, and I'd rather listen to you than talk myself."

Faithfully, clearly, and pointedly the good man presented his subject to a most attentive listener.

Six weeks later a letter came to his Eastern home, saying, "The providence of God which led you to that interview with me was one of the most important events of my life."

EXAMPLE LIMITLESS. An eminent lawyer, in Boston, forty years in his profession, once told me how a principle governing his life had been set in his mind.

While a student, he went to a meeting held in behalf of missions in that city. One speaker, a plain workman, related that in his family was then living "a great Sunday-school and missionary girl."

"The three things kept running through my mind. I was ashamed of myself. That girl's example made me so. I'll have a place in Sunday-school, was the first resolve. If she can give a dollar a month, I can, and will, come next, and, as to happiness I'll see."

His resolves became acts. Teacher, superintendent, valuable helper in Sunday-school conventions and councils, all these years have shown him to be.

His gifts to missions and to all Christian work have been steadily growing, and might comparatively be called princely, in tens, hundreds, and thousands he has bestowed, at times matching, by his own, the contributions of the entire church of which he is a member, and which is no mean New England church.

more probably one of the secluded hollows at no great distance from it that witnessed the scene of that awful and pathetic mystery.

HOW TO STIMULATE AN AUTHOR. The Abbe Delille was an author of some note in his day. One evening, when his absence was remarked, Malouet and Lally went to his lodgings to look for him.

Her mode of inquiring the performance of the task was simple enough. "There is a little garment which the French have coarsely named 'culotte,' but which the English ladies term the little garment 'small-cloth' (sic)."

PUTTING OFF SALVATION. The steamship Central America, on a voyage from New York to San Francisco, sprung a leak in mid-ocean. A vessel, seeing her signal of distress, bore down towards her.

"What is amiss?" "We are in bad repair, and are going down,—lie by till morning," was the answer.

CHOOSING THE HARD PLACES. At Plainfield, N. Y., some sixty years ago, a little boy, ten years old, gave his heart to Jesus; and "with the sweet sense of pardon came," he said, "an abiding conviction that I was not my own, but the Lord's, to do his bidding, and serve him as he should direct."

TO A PERPLEXED SOUL. It was with great interest that I read your letter, especially that portion of it alluding to your own religious experience and your difficulties in coming to an established life of faith in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ.

I SHALL NOT WANT. I shall not want; in deserts wild 'Tis spread thy table for thy child;

THE GARDEN OF GETHSEMANE. Gethsemane was a garden or orchard, marked probably by some slight enclosure; and as it had been a place of frequent resort for Jesus and his followers, we may assume that it belonged to some friendly owner.

the end of your life. One act of faith, upon the part of one entirely surrendered to God, will bring complete salvation from all inward pollution, and then the "holding the beginning of the confidence steadfast unto the end," will cause the salvation to abide.

WHAT CAN WEALTH DO? The following story is told of Jacob Ridgeway, a wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died many years ago leaving a fortune of five or six million dollars.

THE OLDEST REPUBLIC. The most ancient republic in the world is that of San Marino, a little Old World spot, about ten miles from the Adriatic Sea, and which is as completely forgotten by the rest of the world as the name of the first ship-builder.

HELPING GOD. A young woman was leading a little boy by the hand. The boy was gazing silently and intently at the red and gold and green of the sunset sky.

CALLING THE FERRYMAN. They reached the river, the father and his little daughter, late in the evening. The woods through which they passed reached to the very brink; and as the night was very dark, the woods seemed to render the gloom profoundly deep.

A WISE CHOICE. A good minister, whom we will not name, while sitting at the dinner table with his family, had these words said to him by his son, a lad of eleven years: "Father, I have been thinking, if I could have one single wish of mine, what I would choose."

FEELINGS COME AND GO LIKE TROOPS FOLLOWING THE VICTORY OF THE PRESENT; but principles, like troops of the line, are undisturbed, and stand fast.

Do not carry on conversation with another in company about matters which the general company knows nothing of. It is almost as impolite as to whisper.

There is no malady or sickness more severe than not to be content with one's lot.

Good Words for the Young.

FIRST TIME AT CHURCH.

A grave sweet wonder in thy baby face, And look of mingled dignity and grace,

The people round her sing, "Above the sky There's rest for little children when they die—"

The organ peals; she must not look around, Although with wonderment her pulses bound—

She knows not that she dwells above the sky, Where holy children enter when they die,

What a beautiful form I ever saw! and what a face! what a smile! And he beckons me to come.

"Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgeway. "I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied."

"What, sir!" exclaimed the young man in astonishment. "Why, you are a millionaire! Think of the thousands your income brings every month!"

"But you can buy splendid furniture, and costly pictures, and fine carriages and horses—in fact, anything you desire."

CHOOSING THE HARD PLACES. At Plainfield, N. Y., some sixty years ago, a little boy, ten years old, gave his heart to Jesus; and "with the sweet sense of pardon came," he said, "an abiding conviction that I was not my own, but the Lord's, to do his bidding, and serve him as he should direct."

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"Father, I have come again to the river side, and am again waiting for the ferryman to come and carry me over."

"Does it seem dark and cold as it did when we crossed the river?" "Oh, no, there are no dark, gloomy trees here. The river is not black, but covered with floating silver."

"Can my child see across the river?" "Oh, yes, but instead of the little twinkling light here and there, as before, I can see a great beautiful city, flooded with light and glory."

"What a beautiful form I ever saw! and what a face! what a smile! And he beckons me to come. Oh, ferryman, make haste! I know who it is!

"Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgeway. "I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied."

"What, sir!" exclaimed the young man in astonishment. "Why, you are a millionaire! Think of the thousands your income brings every month!"

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Letters containing payment for the Christian Guardian, Methodist Magazine, S. S. Banner, Pleasant Hours, and other publications, or for books, should be addressed to the Book-Store, Rev. WILLIAM BRUCE, Toronto.

All Communications intended for insertion in the Christian Guardian should be addressed to the Editor, Rev. E. H. DEWART, D. D., Toronto.

CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 20, 1892.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS.

The Government report of the births, marriages, and deaths in this Province presents us with some interesting and instructive facts. The science of statistics is comparatively new, but it has already thrown very much light upon the conditions of human life.

The table showing the occupation of each decedent is important as showing the influence of the various occupations upon longevity. The highest average of life is enjoyed by the soldier or pensioner.

From these returns it appears that the birth rate of the province is 32 per 1,000 of the population, and the death rate 18 per 1,000. In 1830 the births were 60,394, and the deaths 33,915, which gave an actual natural increase that year of 26,370.

There were 12,783 marriages registered in 1890. From a careful estimate of the number of marriages per 1,000 of population in other countries, and in certain localities in this province, it is probable that this is 90 per cent. of the actual number.

The death returns show that there are two periods in each year when the death rate is high, and two when it is low. March marks the summit of the first wave of mortality in the year, and August the summit of the second wave.

adhesion to system in giving is that it necessitates a personal knowledge of the Lord's work and an immediate sympathy with it, making us truly co-operators with the Master.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS. The Houses of Parliament are well worth seeing, even when Parliament is not in session. The chambers of the Lords and the Commons, and even the halls and approaches are ornamented in fine artistic style.

THE BRITISH METROPOLIS. As soon as you are fairly into London, whatever may have previously occupied your thoughts, you are caught in the whirl of its rush and roar, and are made to feel that it must now absorb your chief attention.

THE RYERSON CHAIR. We are pleased to learn that this movement, the formal initiation of which we announced two weeks ago is already moving towards assured success.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS. QUESTION.—Why are there more than one denomination of Christians? ANSWER.—We cannot, of course, be expected to give, in answer to this enquiry, a history of the causes which led to the rise of the different Churches.

QUESTIONS.—What is the best practical commentary on the Psalms—one that enforces practical religious truths? ANSWER.—The new volume of the commentary prepared under the editorial supervision of Dr. Whedon by Dr. F. G. Hibbard, and published at the Methodist Book Room, New York, is an excellent condensed commentary.

EDITORIAL NOTES OF TRAVEL. No. III. RAILWAY TRAVEL IN ENGLAND. Leaving Oxford with its interesting historic associations—the Oxford of Wesley, of the Tractarians and of the Broad Church—we took train for the great London, catching glimpses of Windsor and other places of interest by the way.

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Our Sunday School Work.

STUDIES IN THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO MARK. Sunday, April 9, 1882. INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSON.

HOME READINGS. Monday—Mark vi. 14-20. Tuesday—Matthew xiv. 1-12. Wednesday—Luke xiii. 1-20.

TIME.—John was beheaded in the latter part of March, or first of April, A.D. 29, after one year in prison. PLACE.—Macherus, a strong fortress in the northern part of Peraea, and nine miles east of the northern end of the Dead Sea.

HELPS OVER HARD PLACES.—(Verse 14) "King"—Really tetrarch or governor, but called popularly and by courtesy, king.

Find in this lesson.—1. Three bad people. 2. What they did. 3. A proof that it did not make them happy.

REVIEW EXERCISE. Who now heard of Jesus? Ans. Herod Antipas, ruler of Galilee and Peraea. Whom did Herod think Jesus to be? Ans. John the Baptist whom he had murdered.

THE NEEDLE'S EYE. The passage from the New Testament, "It is easier for a camel," etc., has perplexed many good men who have read it literally.

CHRISTIANITY is the good man's text; his life the illustration. Flattery is like false money; it impoverishes those who receive it.

Books at the Methodist Book Room.

New and Important English and American Books and New Editions Just Received. "Another Book of Travels and a meritorious one."—N. Y. Christian Advocate.

Toward the Sunrise. SKETCHES OF TRAVEL IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. With a Memorial Sketch of the Rev. Wm. Morley Punshon, LL.D.

Agents Wanted. WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto.

BOOK AGENTS WANTED FOR Sunlight Shadow. JOHN B. GOUGH. Personal Experiences, Anecdotes, Incidents, and Reminiscences.

Milman's Complete Works. With Table of Contents and all Indices. Printed at the University Press, Cambridge.

Methodist Book & Publishing House. 78 and 80 King Street East, Toronto.

Life and Speeches of John Bright. The London Post says: "The author has prepared his task with painstaking assiduity, scholarly taste, and commendable impartiality."

Life of Richard Cobden, By J. MORLEY. 8vo, cloth, 640 pages, with Portrait, \$5.50.

Cyclopaedia of Quotations, With Full Concordance and other Indices. By J. K. HOYT and ANNA L. VARD.

Books at the Methodist Book Room.

"This History is a Mine of Information." Dr. Ryerson's Great Work, THE LOYALISTS OF AMERICA AND THEIR TIMES.

It should become a household book in Canada; and I can well imagine the delight it will give to those who are able to trace the length and breadth of Canada, and even across the sea.

Containing a beautiful Steel Engraved Portrait of the Author, in extra English cloth, lettered and embossed in gold and black, bevelled edges. Two vols., \$5.00.

STANDARD HELPS. INTERNATIONAL Sunday School Lessons, 1882. Hughes' Commentary. Talks About Jesus to Boys and Girls.

THE TRAVELS OF JESUS. WITH A NEW MAP OF PALESTINE. SIZE—2 FEET 10 INCHES LONG, 1 FOOT 10 1/2 INCHES WIDE.

REVISÉD VERSION OF THE NEW TESTAMENT: No other like it. References passages printed in full. Subject-headings. Verse editions. Verse and reference Bible.

HYMN SERVICE No. 3, By LOWRY and DOANE. Is a useful collection of Hymns for Sunday-Schools, while the Hymns are adapted for the INTERNATIONAL S. S. LESSONS OF 1882.

STUDIES IN MATTHEW, By REV. J. GYNDYLLAN JONES. "The Studies in the Gospel according to St. Matthew by the Rev. J. Gyndyllan Jones, are to be commended as intelligent, serious, and eminently valuable sermons of a kind likely to be in greater demand in the coming years."

Books at the Methodist Book Room.

HUMBOLDT LIBRARY OF POPULAR SCIENCE. Price 15 cents each; postpaid, 16 cents.

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MUSIC BOOK DEPARTMENT. Church Music Books. BRISTOL TUNE BOOK, \$1.20. GOLDEN PRAYERS, \$1.00.

Temperance Music Books. CANADIAN MUSICAL FOUNTAIN. Companion or Words Only.

SEEDS. My Illustrated Catalogue for 1882 will be mailed free to all applicants.

ODONTIKON. A new and exquisite addition to the toilet for cleansing and preserving the teeth.

MAKE HENS LAY. As an English Veterinary Surgeon and C. of V. in training in this country says that most of the hens and C. of V. in training here are worthless.

70 NEW STYLE CARDS. Garfield. AGENTS WANTED COMPLETE.

Pianos and Organs.

S. R. WARREN & SON CHURCH ORGAN BUILDERS. Builders of the famous "Metropolitan" and "Queen Street" Organs, and all the largest instruments in the Dominion.

IMPORTANT TO CHURCHES. Church Organs. 2 MANUAL ORGAN 22 stops, pipes \$8.00.

CHURCH ORGAN FOR SALE. A Fine Pipe-Organ, height 9 feet; 2 manuals; 17 stops; 14 Octave Pedals; in perfect order and good as new.

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Architects, Civil Engineers, &c. LANGLEY, LANGLEY & BURKE, 15 TORONTO STREET, TORONTO.

OCULIST AND AURIST. DR. J. N. ANDERSON, OF HAMILTON. Cross-Eyes straightened.

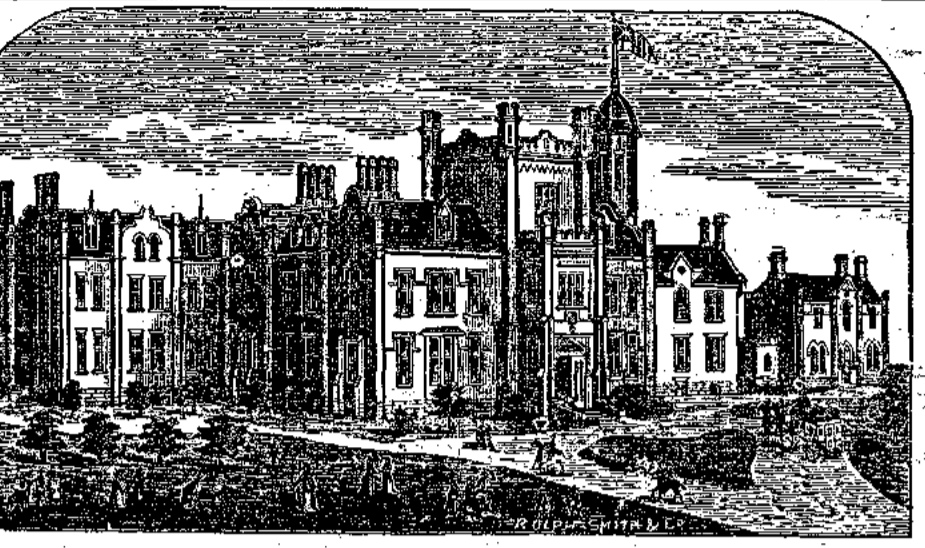
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MANITOBA LANDS. FIRST-CLASS MANITOBA LANDS for Sale. Apply in person or by letter, to the undersigned, at his office, over the Imperial Bank, St. Thomas.

Book-Steward's Notices. HYMN-BOOKS ON HAND. We can at present supply the following Hymn-Books (other styles advertised not in stock)...

Toronto Markets. FARMERS' MARKET—STREET PRICES. Wheat, fall, per bush... 1.25 @ 1.35. Barley, do... 1.00 @ 1.10. Oats, do... 0.75 @ 0.85. Beans, do... 1.00 @ 1.10. Pork, do... 10.00 @ 11.00.

Education. Wesleyan Ladies' College, HAMILTON, ONT. The next Term will Commence on APRIL 13th, 1882. This has been a most prosperous year. The attendance has increased in every department...



Ontario Ladies' College, WHITBY, ONTARIO. NEXT TERM WILL BEGIN APRIL 13TH, 1882. Our buildings and grounds are unrivalled in the Dominion for elegance, comfort, and healthfulness...

Financial. THE FINANCIAL ASSOCIATION OF ONTARIO. LONDON, CANADA. BOARD OF DIRECTORS: JOSEPH D. SAUNBY, Esq., L.T.-COL. JAS. A. SKINNER, M.P., EDWARD LE RUEY, Esq., A. ARMITAGE, Esq., W. H. STREET, M.D. PROSPECTUS: Two thirds of the Capital consists of PREFERENCE STOCK and one-third ORDINARY in shares of \$20 each...

BIBLE & HYMN-BOOK COMBINED. We have prepared a beautiful edition of the Bible bound with the Methodist Hymns. The sheets of the Bible are printed from Bibles types, and have been imported from Great Britain especially for this purpose...

Births, Marriages and Deaths. Notice of Births and Marriages, to ensure insertion, must be sent by 10 o'clock each evening to the Book-Steward.

Books at the Methodist Book Room. The Relation of the Risen Lord. The New Testament. Th Stars and the Earth; Or Thoughts upon Space, Time, and Eternity. Borden P. Bowde.

THE STANDARD Life Assurance Company. ESTABLISHED 1825. Head Offices: EDINBURGH, SCOTLAND, AND MONTREAL, CANADA. Total Risks about \$95,000,000. Accumulated Fund over \$7,700,000. Annual Income over 4,000,000.

CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE For April. SPECIAL RYERSON MEMORIAL NUMBER. CONTENTS: THE STORY OF MY LIFE, First Part, by Dr. Ryerson, gives an account of his early years, conversion, ordination from home and beginning to preach. An article of great interest.

Serial Notices. For CASKER RASH—Take one teaspoonful of Perry David's Pain-Killer in hot water, three times a day, or after a meal, three times a day, every other day, and a dose of castor oil on the alternate days.

Miscellaneous. THE PRAYER OF FAITH. By Carrie F. Judd. This book is on the subject of Faith-healing, and we trust that by God's blessing it will help and comfort many who are sick and suffering, as well as those who are sorrowing over invalid friends.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT The Saskatchewan Land and Homestead Company (LIMITED). AUTHORIZED CAPITAL, (\$500,000.00). Provisional Directors: EDWARD GURNEY, Jr., DANIEL MCLEAN, J. E. ROSE, Q.C., REV. E. H. DEWART, D.D., PENNIE MOORE, JOHN T. MOORE, RICHARD BROWN, JOHN J. WILSON, SHERIFF GLASS, REV. S. J. HUNTER, REV. W. M. BRIDGES, CHARLES D. WALKER, H. E. OLARNE, REV. LEONARD GAETZ.

Connexional Notices. NOTICE OF EXAMINERS. Candidates and probationers for the Ministry in the Toronto Conference will meet the Examiners at 9 o'clock, a.m. on Wednesday, the 26th of April, 1882, at the following: The Eastern Section, comprising the Pictou, Bellefleur, Colborne and Peterboro Districts, in Brighton; Rev. Wm. H. Laidlaw, at 15 Stone Mansions, Toronto.

Miscellaneous. DAKOTA AND RED RIVER VALLEY. Wheat lands in tracts to suit. Improved farms of 32 to 5200 acres for sale. Property strictly first class. No propositions of trade entertained. In writing, state just what you want; enclose stamp.

EASTER. Daybreak: An Easter Poem, by Julia C.B. Dorr. A beautifully printed Easter emblem, similar in style to the celebrated ribbon book series. Price 60c. The Easter Heritage. "Let hallelujahs rise from every living thing." This forms an elegant Easter gift. It is in the shape of an anchor, with illuminations. Price 30c. Easter Cards. A choice variety at popular prices, from 5c to 75c each. WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 King Street East, Toronto.

SALESMEN WANTED to begin work at once on Sales for Fall, 1882, for the FONTHILL NURSERIES, THE LARGEST IN CANADA. Head Office, Toronto; Branch Offices, Montreal, P.Q., and St. Paul, Minn., Nurseries, Fonthill, Ontario. We can start, in addition to our already large force, 100 ADDITIONAL CANVASSERS, and men who can give full time to the business.

Travellers' Guide. GRAND TRUNK EAST. Depart... 7.12 11.12 5.07 6.52. Arrive... 11.17 11.47 6.07 10.53. GRAND TRUNK WEST. Depart... 6.00 9.45 5.25 12.15 11.45. Arrive... 6.15 9.55 10.00 6.19 12.19.

1882. SUNDAY-SCHOOL ANNIVERSARY SONGS. Fresh, Spirited, Evangelical. By W. F. SHEPHERD, DR. GEO. F. ROOT and JAMES R. MURRAY. With a Plain Chant and Responses. For Opening Exercises. Bound 32mo. Price, 5 cents; by mail, \$4.00 per hundred by express.

RUTIAN'S MAP OF MANITOBA. LATEST INFORMATION. PRICE: Folded for Pocket Use... \$1.25 net. Mounted on Rollers... \$2.00. Address: WILLIAM BRIGGS, 78 & 80 King Street East, Toronto, Ont.

THE ICONOCLAST. An Illustrated Monthly Publication, devoted to the promotion of TRUTH, MORALITY, AND PIETY. As its name imports, the special object of the GEORGE, HOME, AND SUNDAY-SCHOOL. It does not matter what your previous occupation has been. If you are willing to work, your success is almost certain. The best of references required. Apply to STONE & WELINGTON, Nurserymen, Toronto, Ont. 2732-136. THE KNABE PIANOFORTES. TONE, TOUCH, WORKMANSHIP, AND DURABILITY. WILLIAM KNABE & CO., Nos. 204 and 206 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md. 112 1/2 First Avenue, New York. O. NEWCOMBE & CO., Sole Agents for Canada, 125-126 St. Paul Street, Montreal.