The Christian Guardian

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

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Literary and Religious.

A Sunday in Rome.

An English Methodist, travelling on the continent, has been writing a series of interesting letters to his children, which have been published in the *Watchman*. From one of these, dated at Rome, March 30th, we take the following:—

A considerable portion of Saturday morning was spent in the Lateran Museum. There are great treasures collected here, specially of ancient sculptures. But the classified series of old inscriptions taken from the Catacombs exceed in interest almost everything we have seen on our journey. The past became a real and visible thing before our eyes; a testimony to "the things" long "most assuredly believed" by us; an irresistible appeal both to our imaginations and our hearts. The volume is too large to be read in an hour or two; but we dipped here and there into its pages, and caught everywhere some fresh and affecting impression. A clergyman from Shropshire, whom I have known from his intensely Methodist boyhood, joined us in the gallery, and helped us to spell out the inscriptions. He had been to see the Pope, and had asked and got his blessing, on the grounds that it could do the receiver no harm (quoting an old saying), and that, after all, the Pope was an old bishop. This good man, once a very pronounced Evangelical, is one of the class of clergymen who, to the measure of their capacity, are doing even more harm than the professedly advanced Ritualists. They will not testify against Ritualism, nor, therefore, *very* strongly against Romanism. The cloak of "the Church" is thrown decently over the good and the bad alike. If they do not take care they will soon want it for a pall. I soon discovered that my friend was under the influence of his wife, very hot in contending for the claims of "God's priests;" very sympathetic with Arthur Tooth; and a sort of parochial Mrs. Proudy. I must add that I did not feel quite sure about the genuineness of *all* the inscriptions we saw. When unscrupulous men begin to classify and generalise, they are apt to manufacture details; and there is hardly a corner of a street in Rome where you are not told some manifestly lying legend.

From the Lateran, we went to the catacombs of St. Callixo, not with any hope of thoroughly exploring them, but to see what they were like, and some of the places of sepulture whence the inscriptions had been taken. We soon satisfied this object, and brought away with us impressions we shall never lose. We now know how reverently the first Christians buried their dead; how carefully they preserved their sacred remains; with what tenderness they mourned their memories; with what hope they waited for reunion with them. All these ideas follow closely, and by a Christian law, one after the other. Burn those, if you presume to ear-mark them, as to whom it had been better that they had never been born.

On our return to the city we visited the Mamertine Prisons, where it is alleged, but emphatically contradicted, that St. Paul and St. Peter were confined together, previously to martyrdom, and where is shown the miraculous spring, with the water of which St. Peter baptized the keepers of the prison, themselves subsequently martyred. We neither believed nor disbelieved the former part of the legend; for at all events we got a probable idea of the kind of dungeons in which apostles and other saints were undoubtedly immured. By the way, I have got a notion that the original framers, and present supporters, of this vast system of Papal encroachment harbor some suspicion about St. Peter's episcopacy at Rome, and therefore about the primacy of its successive bishops. I seem to detect everywhere an effort to make up for any discovery fatal to the primacy of St. Peter, by dragging in the pretensions of St. Paul. It is clear the latter was here; and, if nobody else was bishop, which, in any exclusive sense of the word, may be doubtful, probably he was. The vast treasures recently expended on the restoration of the church which bears his name, intended, but in vain, to rival St. Peter's itself, are but one of many things which have led me into this train of thinking.

On the way to the Mamertine Prisons, I had almost forgot to say, we called at two churches; one said to have been erected on the spot where our Lord met St. Peter, as the latter was on his way to Rome, and, in answer to the question where he was going, was told by the apostle that he was going to be martyred; and the other containing the sham print of our Lord's feet on the very spot of marble where the meeting took place.

Sunday was a very busy day, such as we should not spend at home, but full of interest, instruction and profit. We began, of course, with St. Peter's, for it was Palm Sunday, and the absurd ceremonial of the Blessing of the Palms was to be performed. After a boisterous celebration of the Mass some two hundred long constructions of straw, which no imagination could conjure into the likeness of palm-branches, and some which had lain in a heap beside the altar as though ready for pitching into a straw-loft, were made, one by one, to touch the pyx, and were then distributed amongst the crowd of vestmented priests and attendants, who crowded the choir chapel. Then, with candles and banners preceding them, the whole party of them processed down the nave into the portico of the church, and the door was shut. Then commenced a kind of Litany inside the church at another door, joined in by those outside. In time this latter door was opened, and the procession returned up the nave. It looked very like a turn-out of Dunstable bonnet-makers. Then eager crowds, some with straw, some with branches of real trees, thronged round the priests, to get them touched by those previously blessed. Every house in Rome nearly had one of them in possession. It was high time for us to worship God in spirit and in truth, and we do so, I trust, at the Presbyterian church, and heard a blessed sermon from Mr. Sloane, of Aberdeen. Then we went home and lunched and rested. In the afternoon we had a quiet service at the Evangelical English Church spoiled, however, at its close by one of those sham-philosophical, sham-oratorical sermons which seem to take in the United States, whence the preacher hailed. Then came a walk in the English Cemetery, where we saw the tombs of Augustus Hare, and of Keats, who died of a review in the *Quarterly*, and died grumbling; and the place where the heart of Shelley, now removed to England, was once deposited. Think of Shelley's *heart*, of his abandoned wife, who drowned herself, and of his own retributive death by drowning. And yet we worship men like these, because of their genius, forsooth. In the evening the Father heard Gavazzi discoursing to some four hundred eagerly-listening Italians, and was told that he was really preaching Christ; and whatever he aims at he does effectually. We finished up with a late tea with Mrs. Piggott.

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In the evening, we went with Mrs. Piggott to see her girls' night-schools near the Vatican. You should have seen how well they wrote; and heard how, with a womanly facility and strength, the able-minded and energetic lady I have just named, lectured and catechised them on the great subjects of the Passion-week. It was again late before we got home; and I begin to feel that this over-night work must be stopped. But it is Rome.

On Thursday we did little but walk, and make a call, and peep into churches. The priests consecrated two wafers on Wednesday, ate one, and put the other into what they call a sepulchre. To-day, they will exhume it, display it for special worship, and then eat it too. Ah me! In the evening we went to Signor Capelini's meeting, and took the Lord's Supper with more than a hundred Italian common soldiers. He himself was a soldier; came to the knowledge of the truth and of the Saviour, and started work among his comrades. And this is already the result. A more devout and interested congregation I never saw; Capelini rules them like a little army. It was a grand sight to see his two soldier-deacons hand round the elements, which Mr. Piggott, after a short, lively sermon, had dispensed to them. Before the Benediction a Bible was given to every communicant for the first time. This beautiful and promising work is now to be conducted under Mr. Piggott's superintendence, and is regularly incorporated with our Italian work.

Ujiji.

Ujiji, or Kawele, as Cameron usually styles it, is on the eastern shore of Lake Tanganyika, about a quarter of the distance from the northern end of the lake. It is very nearly in latitude 5° S., longitude 30° E., about 600 miles a little north of west from Zanzibar, and about 900 miles from the west coast. The Mteme, or head chief of the country of Ujiji, lives in a village at some distance from the lake; but every district is ruled over by a Mutwale, who is usually assisted by three or four Wateko, or elders. The natives are fine-looking, good smiths and porters, and expert fishermen, but their reputation for honesty and sobriety is more than dubious. Their dress is usually a single piece of bark cloth, two corners of which are tied in a knot over one shoulder and passing under the opposite armpit. The chiefs usually wear colored cloths, bought from the traders, instead of bark cloth, but worn in the same manner. There are a number of Arab traders settled here, of whom three must be mentioned as having subsequently exercised a considerable influence over the fortunes of Cameron and his party. These were Mohammed ibn Salib, "a fine portly old half-caste Arab," who had not been east of Ujiji since 1842, and although he held no official authority from the Sultan of Zanzibar, was looked upon by the traders as their head; Syde Mezrui, also a half-caste, a kind of "speculator," a great braggart, and, as afterward proved, a great rascal; and Muinyi Hassani, a slave-trader.

Cameron was assured that it would be impossible to travel west of the lake for at least three months, until the rainy season was over.

About the only thing that could be done during the period of waiting was to make a voyage around the lake. Stanley and Livingstone had sailed around the northern part, above Ujiji, but the southern and much larger portion was unknown to Europeans, although, as we now know from his *Last Journals*, Livingstone had made almost the entire circuit of its shore. The first difficulty was to procure a boat. The only one large enough for the purpose belonged to Syde ibn Habib, and this was hired at an exorbitant price, and after much difficulty in contriving the mode of payment. Syde wanted ivory, but Cameron had none. Ibn Salib had ivory, but would sell it only for cloth, of which Cameron was destitute; but Ibn Gharib had cloth, and wanted wine, which Cameron had. So the wine was sold for the cloth, the cloth for the ivory, and the ivory paid over for the boat.

The principal sight at Ujiji is the market, held every morning and afternoon in an open space near the shore. It is attended by all the tribes bordering on the lake, who bring flour, corn, sweet-potatoes, yams, bananas, tobacco, and so forth. The currency of trade here is *soft*, a kind of beads looking like broken pieces of pipe-stems, all prices being estimated in this; but they are not actually current as money.—*Harper's Magazine for May.*

The Pulpit and the Pew.

The *Times* observes that the controversy on Pew and Pulpit which has been going on at the City Temple has drawn down to the arena a great and unexpected disputant. Mr. Gladstone, as though Turkish atrocities and the tomb of Agamemnon were not enough to satisfy his eager intellect, has been availing himself of his lay liberty to give a lecture on preaching to Dr. Parker and the Congregationalists. With the generous instinct which always leads him to lend support to the oppressed and the weaker side, he throws the full weight of his sword into the scale on behalf of the Pulpit. It is the business of the Pulpit, he tells us, to preach, and to preach well, if possible. It is the business of the Pew to listen attentively, and when the sermon contains no lesson properly speaking, even there to draw from it a lesson of patience. It is clear, as Mr. Gladstone urges, that preaching is essentially a part of the much wider subject of oratory. Every great preacher must, in fact, be a great orator, though the converse by no means necessarily holds true. The object of any but the most perfunctory preacher must always be to drive something home to his audience, to produce in them a conviction of some kind or another. This conviction may be simply one as to the cleverness or eloquence of the preacher himself. Unworthy as this object is in any speaker, and specially out of place and mischievous as it is in a sermon, yet it may be produced by a sermon just as readily as by any method; and if the trick is well performed it is just as likely to escape detection there as elsewhere. The best preaching, however, is as far as possible removed from this. Not only does the best preacher forget himself, but he makes his audience forget him, too. The word spoken is everything to them. They are too fixed on that to have a thought to spare for the instrument by which it reaches them. There is room, and indeed need, for the broadest and fullest preparation and the most careful artistic treatment, but there must be no troublesome sense of the presence of these adjuncts. They must not overlay the discourse, and, as far as can be, neither preacher nor hearer should be aware of them. The hearer, who has had no special training as a judge of eloquence, will go home filled with the subject, delighted or awed or convinced. He will carry the flavor of the discourse with him, and will mark his sense of its exquisiteness by dwelling on its memory, and by returning again and again to the rich treat. Yet probably the very last thought that would occur to him, the very last expression that would rise to his lips would be, What a splendid preacher Mr. So and So is! As for the way in which this supreme result is to be brought about, the art of it is simply the art of oratory, and as far as this can be taught it was to be learnt at length, quite apart from Mr. Gladstone's speech, from excellent ancient and modern text-books. But beyond all that teaching can give there must be the inborn nature that makes one man an orator, and the absence of which denies the faculty to another with whatever eagerness he may strive after it. The highest productions of art must, in every department be the combined work of genius and of love. If men hate their work, or if they have no special aptitude for it, they will never do it in the best style. It is not often in this country that the highest powers are cultivated with the utmost possible care and zeal for the sole purpose of producing a good sermon. The highest powers are apt to be drawn off into professions which have higher rewards to offer than that of the preacher, while if, by any chance, a bigger fish than usual does happen to slip into the ecclesiastical net, he finds himself under no compulsion to take the same amount of trouble which any other position in life would entail. The natural laziness of mankind, added to the want of anything like appreciative external criticism, will thus account for the mediocrity of most modern preaching. In political life, at the bar, in literature, supreme efforts are made to succeed. Every faculty of the mind is strained to the uttermost; every opportunity is turned eagerly to account. No preparatory trouble is thought too great; no chance that offers itself is thought too slight or unpromising. The pulpit has certainly leeway to make up if it is to keep neck and neck with its rivals. There may be exceptions here and there, but they serve only to bring the rule into more distinct prominence, and the rule is that the art of sermon writing is not thought deserving of any very special attention, and that the practice, as might be expected, suffers accordingly. Not a determination to take trouble, not even a capacity for taking trouble, but an infinite capacity, is what we need. The labor that will be always acquiring and always digesting fresh matter must itself be supplemented by the ready invention that will suggest a thousand ways of treatment by the quick eye that will at once single out the best, and by the ready pen or ready tongue that will work up to the half-revealed model and clothe it in the most perfect charm of language.

News from Jupiter.

When one of Jupiter's moons passes behind the body of the planet, the moon does not necessarily enter the planet's shadow. It only does so when the sun, the earth and Jupiter are nearly in a straight line; when the earth is considerably removed from the line adjoining Jupiter and the sun, a satellite passing behind the planet's outline on one side remains in sunlight for a considerable time. It probably has not occurred to any observer to try to see a satellite when thus in sunlight behind the planet.

On the old theory, of course, it would have been absurd to look for a satellite under such conditions, when there would be several thousand miles of the planet's solid substance in the way. But of course, if the planet has an atmosphere thousands of miles deep, laden more or less heavily with cloud-masses, it might quite readily happen that a satellite should be seen apparently through the middle of the planet, but through parts lying thousands of miles within the apparent outline.

This is what has now actually happened. We should not quote the observation, if it were not, in the first place, one which will probably be repeated (now that it has once been made), and if it had not, in the second place, been accepted by astronomers. It is thus recorded by the council of the Astronomical Society: "A very interesting phenomenon was observed more than once independently by Mr. Todd, of Adelaide, using a new eight-inch telescope by Cooke, and his assistant, Mr. Ringwood, when a satellite was on the point of being hidden. Instead of disappearing gradually behind the planet, it was apparently projected on the disc, as if viewed through the edge of the planet, supposing the latter were surrounded by a transparent atmosphere laden with clouds. This curious phenomenon was noticed on two occasions at the disappearance of the first satellite, when it was thus distinctly visible through the edge of the disc for about two minutes before it was finally concealed."

It must therefore have been seen where the line of sight passed fully two thousand miles below the apparent outline of the planet, or along a range of fully twelve thousand miles of cloud-laden air. It may safely be inferred from this observation that the planet has an atmosphere extending six or seven, probably ten or twelve, thousand miles below the apparent outline, so that a globe as large as our earth lying on the surface of Jupiter might not reach, or only barely reach, his outermost cloud layers.—*London Spectator.*

Wordsworth at Home.

When I came into the lake district I was told that the average of utter strangers who visited Rydal Mount in the season was five hundred! Their visits were not the only penalty inflicted. Some of these gentry occasionally sent letters to the newspapers, containing their opinions of the old man's state of health or of intellect; and then, if a particularly intrusive lion-hunter got a surly reception, and wrote to a newspaper that Wordsworth's intellects were failing, there came letters of inquiry from all the family friends and acquaintances, whose affectionate solicitudes had to be satisfied. For my part, I refused from the first to introduce any of my visitors at Rydal Mount, because there were far too many already. Mrs. Wordsworth repeatedly acknowledged my scrupulosity about this; but in time I found that she rather wished that I would bear my share in what had become a kind of resource to her husband. I never liked seeing him go the round of his garden and terraces, relating to persons whose very names he had not attended to, particulars about his writing and other affairs which each stranger flattered himself was a confidential communication to himself. One anecdote will show how the process went forward, and how persons fared who deserved something better than this invariable treatment. In the first of autumn of my residence,—while I was in lodgings,—Mr. Seymour Tremenheere and his comrade in his Educational Commissionership, Mr. Tufnell, asked me to obtain lodgings for them, as they wished to repose from their labors beside Windermere. When they came, I told them that I could not take them to Rydal Mount. They acquiesced, though much wishing to obtain some testimony from the old poet on behalf of popular education. In a week or two, however, I had to call on Mrs. Wordsworth, and I invited the gentlemen to take their chance by going with me. We met Mr. and Mrs. Wordsworth just coming out of their door into the garden. I twice distinctly named both gentlemen, but I saw that he did not attend, and that he received them precisely after his usual manner with strangers. He marched them off to his terraces; and Mrs. Wordsworth and I sat down on a garden seat. I told her the state of the case; and she said she would take care at, when they returned, Mr. Wordsworth should understand who his guests were. This was more easily promised than done, however. When they appeared, Mr. Wordsworth uncovered his grey head as usual, wished the gentlemen improved health and much enjoyment of the lake scenery, and bowed us out. My friends told me (what I could have told them) that Mr. Wordsworth had related many interesting things about his poems, but that they doubted whether he had any idea who they were; and they had no opportunity of introducing the subject of popular education. That evening, when a party of friends and I were at tea, an urgent message came through three families, from Rydal Mount, to the effect that Mr. Wordsworth understood that Mr. Seymour Tremenheere was in the neighborhood; and that he was anxious to obtain an inteview with Mr. Tremenheere for conversation about popular education. Mr. Tremenheere called at the Mount the next day. He told me on his return that he had, he hoped, gained his point. He hoped for a sonnet at least. He observed, "Mr. Wordsworth discoursed to me about education, trying to impress upon me whatever I have most insisted on in my reports for seven years past; but I do not expect him to read reports, and I was very happy to hear what he had to say." The next time I fell in with Mr. Wordsworth, he said, "I have to thank you for procuring for me a call from that intelligent gentleman, Mr. Tremenheere. I was glad to have some conversation with him. To be sure, he was bent on enlightening me on principles of popular education which have been published in my poems these forty years; but that is of little consequence. I am very happy to have seen him."—*Miss Martineau's Autobiography.*

Florence.

The early history of Florence is involved in doubt and obscurity. According to some authorities, the city was founded by the Romans; according to others, by the Etruscans. The most probable conjecture is that it owes its origin to a colony from Fiesole, whose ancient ruins are still visible on the neighboring heights.

What vicissitudes has she not experienced? What experiments in government has she not tried? Foreign invasion followed by internal strife and dissension—Frank, Lombard, and Ostrogoth, Guelph and Ghibelline, *Bianchi* and *Neri*, White Lily and Red. Now a fief of the German Emperor, now an appanage of the Pope; then a dependency of the King of Naples, or a province of the Austrian kaiser; duchy, grand duchy, republic; at one time aristocratic, then democratic, afterward theocratic, while running through all the political phases of civil liberty, republican license, anarchy, and chaos; then ending in military despotism, until at length she has found repose beneath the standard of a constitutional monarchy.

And yet with her dukes, grand dukes, consuls, priors, gonfaloniers, and the rest, as if human experience did not furnish a sufficiently wide range for her political experiments, she elects the Marzocco, a brazen lion, as gonfalonier; and then, by a strange freak of religious fanaticism, casts her ballots for Jesus Christ as king, who, having been declared duly elected, was strangely enough deposed by his vicegerent—a Pope.

It is scarcely possible to photograph with pen and ink the physiognomy of a great city, or if you could, it would only be a photograph after all, lacking warmth of color and depth of tone. We must content ourselves with a silhouette. Let us take a brief survey of Florence from the heights of San Miniato or the Boboli Gardens. It is like looking at a person in profile. You get a clearer outline of the more prominent features, though it may be at the expense of the minuter details of form and expression.

The city lies mapped out before us in the form of an irregular polygon unequally divided by the Arno, which, with its broad and handsome quays and its numerous bridges with their graceful arches, constitutes one of the most striking features in the landscape. To the extreme right, conspicuous with its lofty tower and ornate facade of variegated marbles, is the dark, gloomy mass of Santa-Croce, the "Pantheon" of Florence. Beyond are the funereal cypresses of the Protestant cemetery, where sleep the remains of Mrs. Browning and Theodore Parker. Farther on are the heights of Fiesole, the ancient rival of Florence, with its Franciscan convent and hoary crown of Cyclopean walls. Between Fiesole and Careggi, once the seat of Lorenzo the Magnificent's Platonic Academy, is the famous Villa Palmieri, where Boccaccio, the father of Italian prose, laid the scene of his "Decameron," which inspired the "Canterbury Tales" of our own Chaucer, the father of English poetry.

Directly in front of us is the enormous rectangular mass of the Palazzo Vecchio, with its mediæval tower and frowning battlements. To the right the tapering spire of the Badia shoots heavenward. Beyond, looming up in imposing grandeur, is the wondrous dome of Brunelleschi, flanked by the marvellous Campanile of Giotto, solid as a fortress, and yet light and ethereal as an air castle. Immediately to the left of the Cathedral you can just see the octagonal dome of the Baptistery, the "*bel San Giovanni*" of Dante, whose magnificent bronze doors transported Michael Angelo to the seventh heaven of artistic enthusiasm. Beyond the Baptistery, San Lorenzo, the Westminster Abbey of Florence, proudly lifts its crest, as if in ambitious rivalry of the Duome, while farther to the left Santa Maria Novella, with its graceful campanile, beautiful facade, and spacious cloisters, rejoices as the mystic bride of the great Buonarotti.

Crossing the Arno and sweeping westward, the eye is arrested for a moment by the dome of Santo Spirito, and then finds repose upon the beautiful heights of Bellosguardo. Nearer by is the Pitti Palace, with its famous gallery. From this you can trace the covered corridor that connects it with the Uffizi, uniting the two like Siamese Twins of art, as they are, and constructed, it is said, upon the model of that which, according to Homer, once connected the palaces of Hector and Priam. As for the rest, Florence resembles most Italian cities viewed from an eminence—a heterogeneous jumble of red-tiled roofs, chimney-tops, dormer-windows, sky-lights, terraces, belfries, crosses, and flagstaffs, without the faintest hint of the crowded squares and thoroughfares below.—*O. M. Spencer, in Harper's Magazine for May.*

The Vaudois Church.

The Waldensian or Vaudois Church is making rapid progress throughout Italy. A writer in *Evangelical Christendom* gives a cheerful picture of its present prosperity. Cases of discipline are fewer; the number of meetings and of their frequenters is increasing; new societies and meetings have been started, in order to awaken everywhere more interest in the work of the Church as regards education, benevolence, evangelization, and missions. Their charitable and educational institutions are flourishing. The manner in which the leaven of the Gospel is working in the community is indicated by the following account of the upspringing of a church in the secluded Alpine village of Coazze. The story is told by an evangelical laborer in a neighboring field. One market day, at Pignerol, a young rustic from Coazze bought from a colporteur a cheap copy of the New Testament. He became deeply interested in its perusal, and before long was powerfully convicted by the Spirit of God. He at once left his home and moved to the city, so as to be within hearing of the preaching of the Word. Soon he was a rejoicing believer. He then returned to Coazze, and made his livelihood by peddling, among other things Bibles and tracts. The curiosity and conscience of his old neighbors were aroused by listening to his experience, as well as by reading the books he distributed, and they soon expressed a desire to hear the Gospel expounded by an authorized evangelist. On a bitter day in January, 1874, Signor Cardon arrived in the village late in the afternoon, after a long journey on foot over the mountain. Permission to use the public hall was promptly given him, and a congregation of more than seven hundred assembled to hear a pointed sermon founded on the words, "What must I do to be saved?" The evangelist met, of course, with some opposition from the priestly party, but the reception, on the whole, was favorable. A noble little society was formed, a fine chapel has since been erected, and now the blessed influence is spreading to all the country around. In the city of Rome the efforts of Protestant missionaries have not been so successful as in less important centres, probably because of its occupancy by so many denominations at once, presenting to the Papists the appearance of a divided front, and, also, making the enforcement of discipline in each society very difficult.—*National Repository for May.*

An Episode in Modern Church History.

Few readers of the present day can conceive of the scandalous manner in which the patronage of the Church of England was formally dispensed. It is not now disposed of in the most immaculate manner, but some reformation has taken place. The story, however, of Archbishop Harcourt is very suggestive. He had a son named Egerton Harcourt, Esq., to whom he presented the lucrative position of the Registrarship of York, which was at that time worth ten thousand pounds a year. He had another son, a layman, whom he made Chancellor of the Diocese, and to whom he also gave several other offices of distinction. A third son was the Rev. L. V. Harcourt, and he was instituted Chancellor of the Cathedral of York, which was worth £2,000 per annum, and his father added to it a Prebend's stall, which was worth about £1,200 more. When the Rectory of Rothbury became vacant, the liberal prelate bestowed it upon his son, the Rev. G. V. Harcourt, M.A., and he thus became entitled to £1,200 per year, and as he could not live upon that income his generous father made him a Canon of Carlisle Cathedral, which enriched the young man with another £1,200 a year. In 1837, the Rectory of Bolton Abbey became vacant, and the kind parent bestowed it upon his beloved son, the Rev. V. V. Harcourt, who thus got £1,540 a year. As this was not enough for a Harcourt, his good and pious father gave him the living of Ruby,—with no duty,—which increased his income by £359 annually. But even this was not wealth enough for a Harcourt, and therefore the Archbishop bestowed upon him a Canonry of York, and this added £1,000 a year more to his income. A grandson and nine other relatives were also well provided for by this famous prelate out of the wealth of the Church. Such was Church patronage only a few years ago, and if we may judge from some very recent complaints in Church of England journals, it is not much better now. The sharp knife of disestablishment will probably be found necessary to extirpate such examples of ecclesiastical cancer.

The Family Treasury.

"First Pure, Then Peaceable."

BY HELEN CARLYLE.

First let the stream of holy life
Flow purely to its home.
Though rocks of trial, stones of strife,
Should fret it into foam,
Though cruel rocks of untold grief
Stand coldly in its course,
Though yawning depths of unbelief
Await it from its source,

The rocks may wrestle with the stream
And darken all its way
But thou shalt touch with rainbow gleam
The shivered clouds of spray.
Though down the depths of dark despair
It headlong seems to fall,
A rainbow sparkles ever there
And lights the rocky wall.

And down, far down the rocks below—
But rivulet river time—
It runs once forth as white as snow,
Polluted by no slime.
It fell, but fell to rise again
With waters sparkling bright,
To rise like eyes all free from stain,
From darkness unto light.

And roots of lilies pure and sweet
Its waters clear shall lave,
And weary workers cool their feet
Within its limpid wave;
And trees shall dip their drooping leaves,
And happy children play,
And sturdy reapers bind their sheaves
Along its peaceful way.

Yet strong and straight the current flows
All through the leafy wood,
As strongly where the lily blows
As where the rocks withstood,
Until at last its waters come
Where purer waters be,
Wherein it shall find its final home—
Within a crystal sea.

So let the stream of holy life
Fear neither shame nor loss,
For every earthly grief or strife
Is shadowed by the Cross
The strength and love of God are sure,
His help shall never cease;
If but the first of life be pure
The last is always peace.

—*N. Y. Observer.*

A Strange Dream.

As illustrating the manner in which impressions of the past may emerge from the brain, I shall here furnish an instance bordering closely on the supernatural, and fairly representing the most marvellous of these psychological phenomena. It occurred to a physician, who related it, in my hearing, to a circle whose conversation had turned on the subject of personal fear. "What you are saying," he remarked, "may be very true; but I can assure you that the sentiment of fear, in its utmost degree, is much less common than you suppose; and though you may be surprised to hear me say it, I know from personal experience that this is certainly so. When I was five or six years old, I dreamed that I was passing by a large pond of water in a very solitary place. On the opposite side of it there stood a great tree that looked as if it had been struck by lightning, and in the pond at another part an old fallen trunk, on one of the prone limbs of which there was a turtle sunning himself. On a sudden a wind arose, which forced me into the pond, and in my dying struggles to extricate myself from its green and slimy waters I awoke, trembling with terror.

"About eight years subsequently, while recovering from a nearly fatal attack of scarlet fever, this dream presented itself to me, identical in all respects, again. Even up to this time I think I had never seen a living tortoise or turtle, but I indistinctly remember that there was a picture of one in the first spelling-book that had been given me. Perhaps on account of my critical condition, this second dream impressed me more dreadfully than the first.

"A dozen years more elapsed. I had become a physician, and was now actively pursuing my professional duties in one of the Southern States. It so fell out that one July afternoon I had to take a long and wearisome journey on horseback. It was Sunday, and extremely hot; the path was solitary, there was not a house for miles. The forest had that intense silence so characteristic of this time of the day; all the wild animals and birds had gone to their retreats to be rid of the heat of the sun. Suddenly at one point of the road I came upon a great stagnant water pool, and casting my eyes across it, there stood a pine tree blasted by lightning, and on a log that was nearly even with the surface a turtle was basking in the sun. The dream of my infancy was upon me; the bridle fell from my hands, an unutterable fear overshadowed me, and I slunk away from the accursed place.

"Though business occasionally afterward would have drawn me that way, I could not summon resolution to go, and actually have taken roundabout paths. It seemed to me profoundly amazing that the dream that I had had should after twenty years be realized, without respect to difference of scene, or climate, or age. A good clergyman of my acquaintance took the opportunity of improving the circumstance to my spiritual advantage, and in his kind enthusiasm—for he knew that I had been more than once brought to the point of death by such fevers—interpreted my dream that I should die of marsh miasm.

"Most persons have doubtless observed that they suddenly encounter events of a trivial nature, in their course of life, of which they have an indistinct recollection that they have dreamed before. For a long time it seemed to me that this was a case of that kind, and that it might be set down among the mysterious and unaccountable. How wonderful it is that we so often fail to see the simple explanation of things, when that explanation is actually intruding itself before us! And so in this case; it was long before the truth gleamed in upon me, before my reasoning powers shook off the delusive impressions of my senses. But it occurred at last; for I said to myself, Is it more probable that such a mystery is true, or that I have dreamed for the third time that which I had already dreamed of twice before? Have I really seen the blasted tree and the sunning turtle? Are a weary ride of fifty miles, the noontide heat, the silence that could almost be felt, no provocation to a dream? I have ridden under such circumstances many a mile fast asleep, and have awoke and known it; and so I resolved that if ever circumstances carried me to those parts again, I would satisfy myself as to the matter.

"Accordingly, after a few years, when an incident led me to travel there, I revisited the well-remembered scene. There was still the stagnant pool, but the blasted pine tree was gone; and after I had pushed my horse through the marshy thicket as far as I could force him, and then dismounted and pursued a close investigation on foot in every direction around the spot, I was clearly convinced that no pine tree had ever grown there; not a stump nor any token of its remains could be seen; and so now I have concluded that at the glimpse of the water, with the readiness of those who are falling asleep, I had accepted an external fact into a dream; that it had aroused the trains of thought which in former years had occupied me, and that, in fine, the mystery was all a delusion, and that I had been frightened with less than a shadow."

The instructive story of this physician teaches us how readily and yet how impressively the remains of old ideas may be recalled; how they may, as it were, be projected into the space beyond us, and take a position among existing realities. For this all that is necessary is that there should be an equalization of old impressions with new sensations, and that may be accomplished either by diminishing the force of present sensations, or by increasing the activity of those parts of the brain in which the old impressions are stored up.

Thus, when we are falling asleep, the organs of sense no longer convey their special impressions with the clearness and force that they did in our waking hours, and this gives to the traces that are stored up in the brain the power of drawing upon themselves the attention of the mind.—*Dr J. W. Draper, in Harper's Magazine for May.*

Let Every Light be Burning.

The watchman at Calais light house was boasting of the brilliancy of his lantern, which can be seen ten leagues out at sea, when a visitor said to him:—

"You speak with enthusiasm, sir, and that is well. I like to hear men tell what they are sure they have and know; but what if one of the lights should chance to go out?"

"Never, never! Absurd, impossible!" replied the sensitive watchman, with a sort of consternation at the bare supposition of such a thing. "Why, sir," he continued, and pointed to the ocean, "Yonder, where nothing can be seen, there are ships going by to every part of the world. If, to-night, one of my burners were out, within six months would come a letter, perhaps from India, perhaps from Australia, perhaps from some port I never heard of before,—a letter, saying, that, on such a night, at such an hour, at such a minute, the light at Calais burned dim and low; that the watchman neglected his post; that vessels were consequently put in jeopardy on the high seas. Ah, sir," and his face shone with the intensity of his thought, "sometimes, in the dark nights, and in the stormy weather, I look out upon the sea, and feel as if the eye of the whole world were looking at my light. Go out? Burn dim? That flame flicker low or fail? No, sir, never!"

Small Christians, shining for tempted sinners, allow their light to fail? Forever out upon life's billowy sea, are souls we see not, strange sailors in the dark, passing by, struggling, it may be, amid the surges of temptation. Christ is the Light, and the Christian is appointed to reflect the light. The ocean is vast, its dangers are many, and the eyes of far-away voyagers are turned toward the Calais light house—the Church of Jesus Christ. The Church is set to be the light of the world. Are its revolving lamps all trimmed and brightly burning?—*Methodist Recorder.*

"Enough"

I am so weak, dear Lord, I cannot stand
One moment without thee;
But, oh, the tenderness of thine enfolding,
And, oh, the faithfulness of thine upholding,
And, oh, the strength of thy right hand!
That strength is enough for me.

I am so needy, Lord! and yet I know
All fulness dwells in thee;
And hour by hour that never failing treasure
Supplies and fills in overflowing measure,
My less, my greatest need. And so
Thy grace is enough for me.

It is so sweet to trust thy word alone.
I do not seek to see
The unveiling of thy purpose, or the shining
Of future light on mysteries untwining;
Thy promise roll is all my own—
Thy word is enough for me.

The human heart asks love. But now I know
That my heart hath from thee
All real and full, and marvellous affection;
So near, so human! Yet divine perfection
That is gloriously the mighty glow!
Thy love is enough for me.

There were strange soul-depths, restless, vast, and broad,
Unfathomed as the sea,
An infinite craving for some infinite stilling;
But now thy perfect love is perfect filling!
Lord Jesus Christ, my Lord, my God,
Thou, thou art enough for me!

—*Francis Ridley Havergal.*

Boldness in the Faith.

How much the true faith suffers from sheer cowardice on the part of many of its avowed disciples, it were hard to tell. Certain it is, however, that many are more like Peter in the vestibule of Pilate's judgment-hall, than like him when afterward, being filled with the Holy Ghost, he boldly challenged the high-priest, together with the rulers, elders and scribes who disputed his authority as a religious teacher. The very boldness of Peter and John compelled their adversaries to respect the force of convictions that could not be awed into silence. The victory then secured has been followed and repeated many times since, but only through the heroism of men and women who judged it right to obey God rather than yield to any timid, time-serving expediency.

In these days surely we have need to remember what be the first principles of the gospel of Christ, and to stand up for them with as much of constancy and of high-souled purpose as Luther showed before the assembled powers of the Germanic Empire; as John Knox showed when confronting silly King Jamie; or as Cranmer showed at last when the regal power of England had decreed his death. The mantle of Elijah has covered many shoulders, but it is wanted for many more. Great boldness in the faith is required in these days to hold up a standard to which the people shall rally—to blow trumpets that shall give no uncertain sound—to proclaim with unflattering courage the words of divine revealing to multitudes misled by false teachers and perverted from the old way over which the saints of all ages have marched up to the eternal city.—*Intelligencer*

Russian Sects.

Many of the sects have persons among them whom they believe to be Christ, incarnate for the second time, and the Virgin. One sect was founded by a peasant-soldier, Daniel Philipitch, about the middle of the seventeenth century, and is now strong in many parts of the empire. Philipitch's doctrines, as reported by Mr. Hepworth Dixon, who has made a special study in Russia of secret and curious sects, were, first, "I am God;" second, "There is no other God;" and third, "There is nothing new." He gave nine precepts to his followers, which I quote from Mr. Dixon's text: "Drink no wine. Remain where you are, and what you are. Never marry. Never swear, or name the devil. Attend no wedding, christening, or other feast. Never steal. Keep my doctrine secret. Love each other, and keep my laws. Believe in the Holy Spirit."

Another soldier has recently established a new religion which is so secret that it has no name, even among its disciples. He pretended to be Christ, and chose a woman for Virgin-mother. The accounts given of this sect represent its doctrines and practices to be unlawful and blasphemous. The members are said to insult the Church in their meetings, and to treat sacred things with the utmost indignity; and yet when the authorities undertook to punish the heresy the men who were arrested established by abundant evidence their perfectly good behavior, and proved even that they were in all respects especially exemplary citizens and subjects; that they paid their taxes, obeyed the law, performed all their duties, lived sober lives, attended the services and participated in the rites and ceremonies of the Orthodox Church, went to confession regularly, partook of the sacraments, and conformed strictly to the requirements of the Church. Enough was proved, however, to make it certain that these men have a secret religion of their own; and an emissary of the police, who had attended their meetings, testified that they mocked the sacraments, spat upon icons, and gave other expression of their contempt for the Church, which in public they treated with ostentatious respect and veneration. This sect also has a Virgin as well as a living Christ.

Mr. Dixon tells us of another sect in Moscow who regard Napoleon as the Messiah, and worship his image. They believe that the French emperor is still alive, somewhere in Asia, and that in due time he will return and conquer the forces of the Czar.

I have mentioned here only a few of the many sects which have been described in Russian official records. The list might be extended almost indefinitely if there were space at command. One sect, whose practices are not proper matters to be described in this place, boast that even the Emperor Alexander I. was a member of their communion. This is extremely unlikely; but it is certain that that Czar was deeply interested in studying the doctrines of the order, and for that purpose went among them in person, and questioned them of their belief and practice.—*George Cary Eggleston, in Appletons' Journal for May*

Mixed Education.

The greatest safeguard against unhappy marriages, next to fixed religious principle (and even then the marriages may be unhappy, though religious principle will prevent the extreme consequences referred to), is in the equal appreciation of higher truth by husband and wife, where their minds have no limit to their united excursions, and in which their mutual dependance and regard become the stronger when lower and more carnal bonds lose their efficiency. The *united* life should show itself in all things, and not find any path where separation is a necessity. As in these higher applications of thought and energy, so in the lower let the rule of *union* be observed. By what decree is woman to cook the food that does not also ordain that man shall saw and split the wood? If woman has *her* drudger, man has *his*. It proves no more in one case than in the other, that drudgery is the ultimate condition of either, or that drudgery is a desirable and delightful condition. If one finds it advantageous and possible to hire a proxy to saw the wood, why should not the other find it advantageous, when possible, to hire a proxy to cook the food? Let time be gained equally by both for higher industries.

Now, it is on these principles that we advocate the equal preparation of the female mind with the male in our schools and colleges, the great practical distinctions of the sexes having no true bearing on this question, and the peculiarity of the feminine mind, as compared with the masculine mind, being no more an argument against a like training than the peculiarity of one boy's mind over against his fellow's. The woman will show herself, but not by any inferiority; she will show herself by moulding the same truths in feminine forms.

The social objection to co-education is based solely on man's barbarism. We have little patience with the argument. There is no fear that woman will misbehave, but that she will be exposed to insult from the other sex. In our view, young people should always be under family influence. A dormitory system is at best pernicious. Multiply temptations in that system, and you multiply disasters. If the young people go from the family to their studies and again return to the family, there can be no argument of danger between the sexes be urged in reference to the college benches that can not be urged against the picture gallery or the museum, and much more against the social evening gathering. The experience of college presidents in the West with whom we have corresponded on this subject, as well as the testimony of college students connected with institutions where co-education has been the rule for twenty years, alike prove that the danger to morals of co-education is a chimera. The testimony is uniform that the young men are far more correct in their deportment than in colleges where young women are not found, and they are incited to a more faithful application to their studies, while the young women feel the importance and happy influence of their position as a constant support of their feminine dignity. It must be so. Just as we go down in the scale of civilization the sexes must be kept apart. Society, as we descend the grades, demands knights, duennas, eunuchs. As we go upward we find a larger liberty to women, that has no relation to license, but tells the story of the Divine will concerning the mutual dependance and confidence of the sexes. The highest moral state of society brings the sexes together in an honourable and pure communion, and, conversely, such a communion acts directly towards the highest moral welfare of society.

It is high time that our educators should see that in the co-education of the sexes no natural distinctions are ignored and no social delicacy violated, and that no evil can be connected with it except such as are common to all human things, against which there must be always directed our watchfulness and common sense.—*Dr. Crosby in Christian Union.*

An Unseen Saviour.

Absence we have often been told, cannot conquer love. The victory of love over absence, when that love was once grounded in presence, is no strange thing. It is part of every family history, and consecrates all our griefs. But to love one we have never seen, known to us only by his biography and by a spiritual power we cannot explain, is one of the mysteries of the grace of God. And yet it is a fact. Christianity is not the adoption of a principle, but the love of a person. Children who know nothing of principles; philosophers weary of theories which yielded only chaff under the flail of logic, have found in the love of a personal Lord the answer to every longing of their hearts. Here is one of the greatest facts of human history. There once lived and died and ascended from earth a man, who, though never seen on earth again, has commanded the hearts of millions of men with an attachment whose bonds, like those of gravitation, are at once invisible and almighty.

Christians sometimes say, "If I could only see my Saviour and hear His voice, it would help me to a sense of His love and friendship. He would be to me less an idea, and more distinctly a person." Nor is the remark entirely without foundation in experience. There is danger lest the personal Jesus may become obscure behind His doctrine, and we may think we are loving our invisible Lord when we are rather loving the truths for which He stands, His humility, grace and mercy.—*Anon.*

Signs of Spiritual Decline.

1. When we are averse to religious conversation or the company of heavenly-minded Christians.

2. When, from preference and without necessity, you absent yourself from religious services.

3. When you are more concerned about pacifying conscience than honoring Christ in performing duty.

4. When you are more afraid of being counted over-strict than of dishonoring Christ.

5. When you trifle with temptation or think lightly of sin.

6. When the faults of others are more a matter of censorious conversation than secret grief and prayer.

7. When you are impatient and unforgiving toward the faults of others.

8. When you confess, but do not forsake sin; and when you acknowledge, but still neglect duty.

9. When your cheerfulness has more of the levity of the ungenerate than the holy joy of the children of God.

10. When you shrink from self-examination.

11. When the sorrows and cares of the world follow you further into the Sabbath than the savor and sanctity of the Sabbath follow you into the week.

12. When you are easily prevailed upon to let your duty as a Christian yield to your worldly interests or the opinions of your neighbors.

13. When you associate with men of the world without solicitude about doing good or having your own spiritual life injured.

Smiles.

If people will only notice, they will be amazed to find how much a really enjoyable evening owes to smiles. But very few consider what an important symbol of fine intellect and fine feeling they are. Yet all smiles, after childhood, are things of education. Savages do not smile; coarse, brutal, cruel men may laugh, but they seldom smile. The affluence, the benediction, the radiance, which

Fills the silence like a speech—

the smile of a full appreciative heart. The face that grows finer as it listens, and then breaks into sunshine instead of words, has a subtle, charming influence universally felt, though very seldom understood or acknowledged. Personal and sarcastic remarks show not only a bad heart and a bad head, but also bad taste. Now society may tolerate a bad heart and a bad head, but it will not endure bad taste; and it is in just such points as this that the conventional laws which it has made represent and enforce real obligations. There are many who would not cease from evil speaking because it is wrong, who yet restrain themselves because it is vulgar. Lord Bacon tells of a nobleman whom he knew; a man who gave lordly entertainments, but always suffered some sarcastic personality to "mar a good dinner," adding, "Discretion of speech is more than eloquence, and to speak agreeably to him with whom we deal is more than to speak in good words; for he that hath a satirical vein, making others afraid of his wit, hath need to be afraid of others' memory.—*Mrs. Burr, in Christian at Work.*

For the Young Folk.

The Baby for Me.

I have heard about babies angelic
With a heavenly look in their eyes,
And hair like the sunbeams of morning
When first they appear in the skies,
And smiles like the smile of a cherub,
And mouths like the buds of a rose,
And the noses like the lilies and daisies
And every sweet flower that grows.

My baby's the jolliest baby,
That anyone ever did see;
There's nothing angelic about him.
But he's just the right baby for me!
His smile's not at all like a cherub's,
But rather a comical grin;
And his hair—well, it favors the sunbeams
When sunbeams are wondrously thin.

His eyes, though they're blue like the heavens,
Are remarkably earthly with fun;
And his mouth's rather large for a rosebud,
Unless 'twere a half-opened one;
His hands don't resemble a fairy's
In the least. They're a strong little pair,
As you'd think, I am sure, if he'd got you
As often he gets me—by the hair!

And he isn't a bit like a lily
Or any sweet blossom that grows,
For no flower on earth, I am certain,
Has a dear little cunning pug nose.
He's a mischief—full of mischief, the darling,
And naughty as naughty can be;
And I'm glad that he isn't angelic,
For he's just the right baby for me!

—*Harper's Bazar.*

The Hateful Boy.

BY CLARA G DOLLIVER.

There was no other name for him,—he was a hateful boy, and everybody knew it. He stole little Jimmy Jones's marbles out of his bag, and threw them into the pond. It was Jimmy's Christmas present, too, and *all* he got, but the hateful boy didn't care for that. And when Willie Jones lost his little package of "good" tickets out of his book, and the hateful boy picked them up, what do you think he did? Kept them? No, indeed, he knew better than that; Miss Lane would laugh at the idea of *his* having fifteen "goods"; he that was always as naughty in school as could be! He told Willie Jones not to cry, that he was going to build a little bonfire after school on the flat rock, and he might come and see it. He wouldn't invite any other boy, he said, but poor Willie! he had lost his tickets, and it was too bad. So Willie went; he wanted his brother Jimmy to go too, but the hateful boy—his name was Oscar—said, "No, only Willie can come." It has been noticed that the hateful boy never does have but one victim on his hands at a time.

The bonfire was kindled and lit, and burned up finely; Willie enjoyed it, too,—boys always do enjoy bonfires,—and had entirely forgotten the loss which had so nearly broken his heart, when Oscar pulled out a small packet tied with a piece of yellow string. Willie recognised it instantly, and bounded forward, crying, "Oh! did you find them? Where *did* you find them?"

Oscar tantalized him for a long time, holding them over Willie's head, putting them almost into his hand, then snatching them away again; always keeping an eye on the bonfire, and occasionally throwing on a chip or two.

Poor little Willie, half laughing and half crying, half delighted and half terrified, followed Oscar round, and begged him for his tickets, promising to give him a wooden horse that only had three legs and the tail gone, if he would; Oscar considered the proposition for quite a while, and then declined; Willie begged, and for answer the hateful boy drew one of the tickets out of the package and threw it into the fire; when the little owner cried, he laughed, and said if Willie would crawl on his hands and knees down to the pine tree and back, he might have the fourteen that were left. Willie looked at his pants and said he couldn't, it would wear the knees out; his mother made them, and she was a widow, and poor.

"Very well!" said Oscar, and threw another ticket into the fire.

Willie wrung his hands, and offered to give his tormenter his little yellow chicken, the dearest thing he had in the world. "Don't want it! Wouldn't be bothered with it!" replied Oscar. "Come, start off! Pretty soon there won't be but eleven, if you stand there blabbing."

Willie said he couldn't, and then, as another "good" dropped into the fire, cried out that he would, and pulling his pants up above his knees, he started off, scratching and tearing his tender skin, and marking every inch of the way with tears and blood; Oscar urging him on with jeers and yells of delight.

Just before he reached the pine tree, something bright caught Willie's eye, it looked like money, and was close up by a stone. He did not touch it, nor say a word, for he began to suspect by this time that Oscar was a very unpleasant companion; but he marked the place with his eye, and determined to come back alone and see what it was.

"Come, hurry up; hurry up!" said Oscar. "There comes a man, and I'm afraid it's my father!"

Willie hurried up the best he could, but the sharp grasses and sticks and stones hurt his knees more going back, and he had to stop and wipe away his tears every few minutes; at last, however, he reached the stone where Oscar stood, and, without saying a word, held out his hand for the tickets. Without a word, Oscar tossed them into the fire, where they shrivelled up and turned to cinders in a moment.

"Oh! what *did* you do it *for?*" cried out Willie, in tones of the utmost despair.

Oscar laughed; so long and loud that he did not hear the footsteps of the man approaching, and before he knew what was coming, he felt himself grasped roughly by the collar, while a stern voice said, "You little scamp, what are you doing?" Oscar gasped, and the man turned to Willie.

'Mid sobs and tears Willie explained. "And he put 'em in the fire after *all!*" he concluded, tearfully.

"What's his name? Oscar what?" asked the stranger.

"Oscar Folansbee," was the reply.

"What did you crawl on your bare knees for?" was the next question.

"I *couldn't* wear holes in my pants," said Willie; "and my mother has to mend 'em, and she's poor, and always tired."

"Is that so?" said the man kindly. "Well, I'll tell you how you can earn half a dollar for her. I lost some money out of my pocket somewhere in this field, and if you'll hunt for it, I will give you a quarter anyhow, and if you find it, I'll give you half a dollar."

Willie did not even stop to pull his trousers down, but ran towards the pine tree where he had seen the shining thing that looked like money; and in a few moments he brought to the stranger, in the palm of his little brown hand, the lost ten dollar gold piece. But when the owner wished him to take the reward, he said, bashfully, "I never hunted for it, sir. I just saw it there when I was crawling."

"Take it, my child," said the man; "you lost your tickets, but you have gained something for your pain and trouble. As for this youngster, I know his father, and I'll just take him home to him." And, as he said it, he gave Oscar a shake by no means gentle.

And who do you suppose this gentleman was? The hateful boy's own uncle, from Australia, after whom Oscar was named.

Kitty Folansbee whispered to Willie the next day, that her brother had lost a pony by what he had done about those tickets; so hateful boys *sometimes* get punished.

School-Girls.

There is nothing which I enjoy more heartily than stepping into a street-car, on a certain corner that I know of, and finding it full of school-girls just returning from their day's work to the freedom and pleasure of home. How bright and merry they are! The fun, the laughter, the swift, flashing repartees, and the genuine jollity so overflow, that all the passengers feel its pleasant influence. The grave, taciturn-looking man in the corner, who came in with coat buttoned up to his chin, and face set in grim defiance of the cold, relaxes into a smile before he is aware of it; the weary woman with the threadbare gown and thin shawl, and the big bundle of work in her lap, is cheered by the chatter and the nonsense of these gay, well-dressed, happy girls; the elegant lady, with the dainty lace making its snow-fall against the rich velvet of her mantle, and the costly furs wrapping her from the frost, feels a responsive thrill in her heart, too, and wishes, with an ache that has never lost its poignancy, that she could have kept the baby who sleeps in a little mound in Greenwood "Ethel would have been fourteen now if she had lived," she thinks, "and, perhaps, she would have been as tall and as beautiful as yonder pretty girl, with those blue eyes and dancing dimples."

Ah, dear girls at school, you little dream what sweet bells of memory you set ringing in our hearts as you trip lightly down our streets and crowd into cars and stages. A graceful, gracious, tender, considerate girl will inevitably make a glorious woman by-and-bye. From the sweet, half-opened bud there will be evolved the rich perfection of the lovely flower. You may think it troublesome sometimes to be so particular as to the way you speak to the people in your own house. "It is only brother Dan or Cousin Matilda," you say; "why should I modulate my voice and soften my tones, and be so gentle in my bearing just to them?" Because it is the being lovely, courteous and winsome every day, and all day, to the brother and cousin, to the companion and the friend, to the child and the servant, which will mould you insensibly into a gentlewoman, whose manners will be as much a part of herself as the inner fibre of her character. To such a one it will be as impossible to commit an act of rudeness as to tell a lie, and as natural to say and do agreeable things as to put on her gloves before going to church.—*Margaret Sangster.*

Couldn't Quarrel.

In the depths of a forest there lived two foxes, who never had a cross word with each other. One of them said one day, in the politest fox language:—

"Let's quarrel."

"Very well," said the other, "as you please, dear friend; but how shall we set about it?"

"Oh, it cannot be difficult," said fox number one. "Two-legged people fall out, why should not we?"

So they tried all sorts of ways, but it could not be done, because each would give way. At last number one brought two stones.

"There," said he, "you say they're yours, and I'll say they're mine, and we will quarrel, and fight, and scratch. Now I'll begin. Those stones are mine."

"Very well," answered the other gently, "you are welcome to them."

"But we shall never quarrel at this rate," cried the other, jumping up and licking his face.

"You old simpleton, don't you know that it takes two to make a quarrel any day?"

The Liberal Soul.

Somehow, whether we can explain it or not, the liberal soul, all things being equal, is made fat. Liberality will not atone for want of industry or thrift; but, brains and activity being equal, getting comes to those who give. There are some natural principles upon which this can be explained, but it finds its completest solution in the fact that God, who governs the world, plays into the hands of those who play into His hands. David Dale's countrymen explained his great wealth by saying that he gave his money to God in shovelsful, and God shovelled it back again.

Of course God's shovel was the biggest, and God's arm the strongest, and the balance was ever on David Dale's side. So it was with Padgett, the successful merchant; so it was with the Lawrences; so it has been with our own Cornells, Prestons, Hoyts, Seneys, and others, and so with hundreds in all the world, who give systematically and proportionately to God. John B. and William W. Cornell, from the beginning, gave as they had ability. We remember their three cents a week for the stewards, and their two cents a month for missions, given out of hard-earned apprentices' wages. We have since seen their scores of thousands in a single gift. Arithmetic may incredulously smile, but it is true, "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth."

Our Sabbath School Work.

Sabbath, May 6th, 1877.
(SECOND QUARTER.)

INTERNATIONAL BIBLE LESSON.—No. 6.

The Famine in Samaria; or, God's Word Fulfilled.—2 Kings vii. 12-20.

GOLDEN TEXT:—"The things which are impossible with men are possible with God."—Luke xviii. 27.

HOME READINGS.

M.—Famine in Samaria. 2 Kings vi. 25-33.
T.—Famine in Samaria. 2 Kings vii. 1-11.
W.—Famine in Samaria. 2 Kings vii. 12-20.
T.—Famine in Egypt. Gen. xli. 46-57.
F.—Famine in Bethlehem. Ruth i. 1-18.
S.—Famine described. Lam. iv. 1-15.
S.—Famine relieved. Acts xi. 19-30.

OUTLINE.

Benhadad has besieged Samaria until starvation and despair go hand in hand through her almost deserted streets. The dire prophecy (Deut. xxviii. 49-57) is at length fulfilled, and mothers feed upon their own children in their fearful want. Jehoram, following his wicked mother, threatens the life of the man of God. The Lord having promised a wonderful deliverance on the morrow, in fulfilment, has caused the Syrians to hear the sound of approaching chariots, and, frightened, they flee for their lives, leaving behind them abundant provision for the famishing Israelites. The news has just been brought to the king. He sends and finds God's promise true. Let it teach us that we have a God of mercy, a God of truth, and a God of power, and let the Golden Text find an echo in our faith, even when tempted to despair.

NOTES.

(12) *King:* Jehoram. The same who had called Elisha "my father" (chap. vi. 21); and who in a fit of rage had sworn the day before to take his life. Chap. xxxi. The last of the line of Ahab. *Servants:* His ministers, counsellors. See 1 Kings ix. 22. *Show you:* Jehoram, knowing no reason why the Syrians should raise the siege, very naturally supposes they have set a trap for him—similar to the stratagem used by Joshua in taking Ai. Josh. viii. 4-7. *Catch them alive:* Much of the triumph of victory was lost if there were no captives upon whom to wreak vengeance. (13) *Five .. horses:* Five was used for a few. *As the multitude . . . consumed*—or dead. They only go to the same fate if the news be not true. (14) *Two chariot horses:* More properly two chariot equipages, requiring four, five, or six horses, the Egyptian chariots having two and the ancient Assyrian three horses always abreast. Two chariots were probably taken that in case of surprise one might return with the news. (15) *Unto Jordan:* The route was probably nearly north to Jezreel, then nearly east to Bethshean, then up the valley to the upper ford at Jisr Mejamia, a distance of about 45 miles. It is not necessary to suppose they went the whole distance before reporting. (16) *Spoiled:* Plundered, pillaged. *Measure:* Literally, "a seah," containing six cabs (chap. vi. 25), and one-third of an ephah. Its capacity was probably about ten or twelve quarts. *Shekel:* Probably 220 grains of silver, about half a dollar in value. (17) *Lord:* Heb. *shalish*, equivalent to the Latin *tribunus*. One of the king's life-guard, *on whose hand he leaned*. *And the people trode upon him*, probably in their impatience of control, or indignation at being taxed at such a time. We may well imagine his imperious manners from his reply to Elisha. (18) *It came to pass:* An inspired commentary on the meaning of the incident. What God speaks will come to reason. Happy the man whose faith never falters, who never asks, "How can these things pass, be it never so improbable to mere human be?" (19) *Answered:* How often is unbelief looked upon as wisdom! And yet it is always foolishness. Psa. liii. 1. This was more than unbelief. It was scoffing and jesting at the message of salvation—just as many are doing even now. *Windows:* Probably referring to Gen. vii. 11, where the same word is used, meaning "sluices" or "openings." (20) *So it fell out unto him:* Let not the wicked flatter himself that he shall escape. God's word of mercy is sure, and so is His word of doom to the unbelieving. *He died:* He was a "lord," high in favor, prided himself on his superior reason and discernment, laughed at the old prophet's word as quite beneath his attention, yet when others were rejoicing in abundant salvation, he died. Alas! that any should follow in his footsteps!

Personal Influence.

When the children verge toward manhood and womanhood, then, in most cases, the trouble begins, so far as keeping them in the Sunday-school is concerned. That is the transitional period in the religious lives of many. Then they are bound to the school and to sacred associations, or they are severed from them, perhaps hopelessly. Upon the teacher's duty at this critical time for his pupils *The Congregationalist* gives these wise words:—

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The *Sunday School Times* gives the following as the Sunday-school statistics of Holland:—Schools, 600; teachers, 2,470; scholars, 75,000.

The streams of religion run deeper or shallower, as the banks of the Sabbath are kept up or neglected.—*Calcott.*

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Christian Guardian
AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1877.

"METHODISM AND CATHOLICITY."

This is the title of a work just published by the Rev. James Roy, of Montreal, remarkable alike for its advanced views in opposition to popular orthodoxy and for the frankness and ability with which they are presented. There are two reasons why we shall not attempt any complete analysis of the work, or indicate in detail what we approve or condemn. First, because it would be impossible in the compass of an ordinary article to state how far we agree with, and wherein we differ from the views advanced, on the many important questions raised in these pages. Secondly, this essay has been evidently written to state the author's views, in order to ascertain whether such views are compatible with the legal standards of doctrine in the Methodist Church. This question we are neither authorized nor obligated to decide. We will therefore purposely avoid expressing any opinion upon the relation of Mr. Roy's views to Methodist theology—a point which it belongs to others to decide. We may, however, give a synopsis of the main points in Mr. R.'s essay; and state our views respecting some of the positions maintained, without appealing to any theological standard, and without assuming to speak for anyone but ourselves.

It is maintained that Methodism was originally broadly catholic, but through imperfect conceptions of God's love, narrow, restrictive rules, rigid uniformity of method, restrictions on the liberty of the preachers and other causes, it lost its primitive catholicity—that this catholicity may be regained by taking Wesley's later theological views rather than his earlier ones, and by adopting as our standard Wesley's principles and methods rather than his opinions—that as the orthodox forms of doctrine took their present shape long after the apostolic age, and were the work of fallible men not free from the errors of their times, they should not be imposed upon the churches, as if the human expression of these truths was essential—that orthodoxy cannot rest upon the authority of the Church, because these dogmas were merely the opinions of the men who formulated them, and never received the sanction of the universal Church—that orthodoxy cannot rest upon the Bible, because we depend upon the testimony of the Church as to what is Scripture and what is not, and because of the inaccuracies and contradictions of Scripture, and the disagreement about its meaning—that Christian consciousness is the true basis and test of Christianity and piety—that the opinions expressed in the Wesleyan standards are self-contradictory and cannot be held by any one person—that Wesley's principles and methods imply the repudiation of "sacerdotal" orthodoxy—that in order to bring itself into harmony with the methods and spirit of this scientific age, and to secure future prosperity, Methodism must be reorganized on a basis affording greater liberty of thought and action to both ministers and laymen—and, if we understand him correctly, that all denominational creeds and peculiarities be so far renounced as to allow all Christians to form one liberal Christian organization to do the work of Christ in the world. These are some of the main points presented in a forcible and masterly essay, indicating familiarity with the currents of theological thought in the past and in the present. No one can fairly bring against this pamphlet the charge which the parliamentary opposition generally urges against "the speech from the throne,"—that it is a meagre bill of fare. It suggests such radical and sweeping changes in all the orthodox Churches, as would, if adopted, constitute a theological and ecclesiastical revolution.

If we dissent from Mr. Roy's views on several points, and decline to accept his ideal of the Christian Church, it is not because we have any leaning towards "sacerdotal" theories of Christianity, or any want of sympathy with intellectual freedom. We have long been convinced that in matters of opinion John Wesley was much more liberal than the great majority of those who are called by his name—some of whom think that the adoption of a small portion of his views makes them truly Wesleyan. We agree with Dr. Stevens, that from the number and variety of the subjects treated in that portion of Mr. Wesley's writings which he constituted the standard of Methodist doctrine, "a rigorous system of interpretation has become impossible." Nor do we believe that it was John Wesley's intention to insist that his preachers and societies should be bound by every jot and tittle in these writings and believe and teach nothing else. This would be inconsistent with his own principles and practice; and would make it heresy to preach some of his own sermons in a Methodist pulpit. Neither do we hold that the theologians of the Church of some former century were invested with divine authority to interpret the Scriptures, and frame infallible and unalterable expressions of Christian doctrines, for all time. We believe the Church of to-day possesses as much authority to interpret the meaning of the Holy Scriptures as the Church of any former period. We are well aware that the creeds of the Church were generally the protest of the Church against the heresies that prevailed at the time they were framed; and that these formal, scientific expressions of the Christian doctrines, in nearly every case, took place long after the apostolic age; though we fail to see how this protracted discussion and slow elaboration of doctrine can weaken the claims of these doctrinal statements to belief. The more slowly and carefully these statements were wrought out, the more likely were they to correctly represent the Scriptural truths they were intended to express. We do not deny that human opinions have often been enforced as if they were divine and infallible. We believe the true policy of Churches is expressed in the maxim:—"In essentials unity, in non-essentials liberty, in all things charity." But although disposed to give Mr. Roy's pamphlet the most candid and liberal consideration, it contains several things which awaken serious and painful questionings.

As far as we can understand it, the main purpose of Mr. Roy's facts and reasonings is to show that there is no trustworthy authority on which we can rely with confidence for a correct presentation of doctrinal truths. Apparently this position is taken in order that he may exalt Christian consciousness as the supreme test of piety, and thus prepare the way, by the overthrow of orthodox creeds and definitions, for the formation of a grand liberal Church unshackled by the dogmas of the orthodox theology. According to his teaching, John Wesley is inconsistent with himself. The theologians which have voiced the decisions of the Church are fallible and discordant. Christian consciousness cannot declare what is orthodox or not. The Bible is no certain standard as to what is truth. What gives peculiar significance to this line of argument is that, if valid, it not merely overthrows orthodox doctrines which our author deems untrue, but also disproves the possibility of any trustworthy statements of doctrinal truths. Mr. Roy's objections necessarily apply to every attempt to claim acceptance and belief for any theological statements of truth. He labors to disparage all theological statements of religious truth, and to cover with doubt and distrust the foundations on which they rest.

When men are quoting facts to prove a theory, there is a strong tendency to a one-sided and partial presentation of them, however sincere they may be. But even if we should admit Mr. Roy's facts, we maintain they do not justify the sweeping conclusions he draws from them. Wesley's expositions may not always be in harmony with each other; but it does not follow that his writings do not contain a rich treasury of truths relating to the Christian life, which may fitly serve as a manual of experimental doctrines and a bond of union to his followers. The fact that most of the Christian doctrines were moulded into their present form at comparatively recent periods by fallible men, might be a good reason against admitting that these statements should be received with unquestioning faith as infallibly and unalterably above all criticism; but cannot be a good reason for abandoning and casting them aside as unauthorized sacerdotal inventions. There cannot be a definite belief of a truth without some definite expression of it in words. A definition supposes there is something to define. As Dr. Rainy says:—"There may be newness of expression, when the thing expressed is old. There may be newness of application, which only contributes unlooked-for fertility to an old principle, doing it no wrong—doing only right to it. And there may be a new development, which only draws from the divine revelation unexpected elucidations and confirmations, adding light harmony and fulness to what was received before." The slight inaccuracies and apparent contradictions of our English Bible do not invalidate its claims as an authoritative revelation of essential spiritual truths, such as can fitly be to the Christian world a standard and basis of belief. If all these standards of truth are disparaged and thrown aside as unworthy of confidence, there can be no obligation to believe any doctrine whatever.

We think the creedless conglomeration of discordant elements which constitutes Mr. Roy's ideal Church of the future is as undesirable as it is impracticable. His ideal of the Church is substantially the same as the "Multitudinist Church," without doctrinal limitations, for which the Rev. H. B. Wilson pleads in his essay on "The National Church" in the well-known "Essays and Reviews." The illustrations we have seen of that ideal have not impressed us favorably. In the English Church the spectacle of three discordant and antagonistic parties has never seemed an attractive feature, and certainly has not increased the strength and efficiency of that Church. The ideal of Mr. Roy has been tested practically—tried and found wanting. The Unitarians or "Liberal Christians," answer in nearly every particular to Mr. Roy's ideal Church. They are not trammelled by creeds. They have not been cramped by the orthodox conceptions of the Atonement or the Trinity. They have sufficiently magnified the claims of human reason and intuition. They have amply repudiated the element of mystery in doctrine, and all external authority in matters of belief. They have maintained no sharply-defined experience inconsistent with the largest "catholicity." Yet what is the evidence of "facts"—for which Mr. Roy expresses so much regard—with respect to the efficiency of "Liberal Christianity" as a spiritual force in the world? Has its teaching taken any strong hold upon the conscience and spiritual nature of men? Has it practically evinced its adaptation to satisfy the soul-hunger of suffering, guilty humanity? Has it been successful in lifting the masses of sinful, ignorant men up into the joy of sin forgiven? Can it point to tribes, redeemed by its agency from barbarism and idolatry, as the seals of its Churchship? No: it has indeed produced some men of high culture and character. But, whatever it may have done as a "Mental Improvement Society,"—as an agency in bringing men from sin to holiness "and from the power of Satan unto God," it has been a sad failure. Some of its greatest and best men have frankly acknowledged this. And it is well known that its Parkers, Abbotts and Frothinghams have drifted into open hostility to the great truths of the Christian religion. Yet, it cannot be successfully denied that Unitarianism fulfils most nearly the conditions which Mr. Roy deems necessary to the reformation and future success of Methodism. True, he intimates that this ideal Church must have not only liberty and culture, but also "a historical reputation for spiritual life." But they must have read to little profit the lessons of history, who can believe that Methodism might renounce the explicit statement of doctrinal truth, that has been one of the chief elements of its power to quicken the consciences and move the hearts of sinners, without losing its spiritual power. Let Methodism renounce those definite, pointed appeals relating to personal, religious experience which are the practical corollaries of "orthodox" gospel doctrines, and her "reputation for spiritual life" will soon be merely "historical," in the sense of belonging only to those times of departed renown when she clearly grasped and definitely taught these great doctrinal verities. Whatever may be the plausible theories of modern indifferentism, or whatever may be the just modifications demanded by the Christian intelligence of the times in the creeds of the Churches, it is an unquestionable fact that the men and the Churches which have most effectively stirred the sluggish pulses of men dead in trespasses and sins, and lifted humanity up nearer to God, have not been the worshippers of a sentimental catholicity; but those who grasped with an unfaltering faith the truths presented in the "orthodox" forms of doctrine which Mr. Roy regards as mere "scholastic speculations." "Loyalty to facts" demands a candid acknowledgment of this suggestive truth, whether it may harmonize with our theories or not.

We need scarcely say that this pamphlet contains many noble and just sentiments; but it contains also several statements of views and principles that, in our judgment, would be nearer the truth had they been stated in a more guarded and modified manner. We can find room for only two or three examples of what we mean. Mr. Roy says, "Common work demands a common organization." But there are many examples of independent organizations working successfully for the accomplishment of a common work. Speaking of the Trinity, Incarnation, Atonement and Retribution, he says, "The question is being forced upon Christianity, is any given explanation of these thoughts necessary to catholicity?" Is not this unwarrantably making the relation of doctrinal truths to an ideal "catholicity" the standard of their value and importance? Though we fully admit that Wesley was not much fettered by creeds, and claimed for himself large liberty of thought, we think Mr. Roy's conclusion quite too sweeping, when he says, "Wesley's abandonment of the 'Athanasian' creed is the abandonment of the whole 'orthodoxy' of which that creed is the highest exponent." We may say also, notwithstanding Wesley's use of the popular language of substitution quoted by Mr. Roy, we think his views on the universality of the Atonement, his approval of Fletcher's anti-Calvinist "Checks," and the whole tenor of his preaching, render it certain he did not believe, or teach, the Calvinistic theory that the Atonement secured the salvation of all for whom it was made. It is surprising that Mr. Roy should write as if the element of mystery in doctrine was a mere creation of theologians, that has no real existence! He should not forget the truth of Sir William Hamilton's declaration that the difficulties which are felt in theology have previously emerged in philosophy.

It is not in any unkindly or illiberal spirit that we have dwelt chiefly on points, in Bro. Roy's ably-written book, from which we dissent. Our esteem and affection for the author would make it more pleasant for us to have noted only what we approved. But, in view of the importance of the subjects discussed, we felt bound to express our dissent with the same frankness that distinguishes the work we have been criticising.

AMERICAN DEGREES.

There is a good deal of nonsense spoken and written in England about American University degrees. One would think that the sale of degrees was a regular business over here, and that no English minister of respectable standing could pass through the United States without having a doctorate forced upon him. There are great mistakes on this matter. No doubt some American colleges have been rather indiscriminate in the betowment of their favors. But all the respectable colleges are chary of these distinctions. Many of these "American colleges," which are supposed to be showering degrees all around them, go on for years without conferring a single honorary degree. Of course, in America, it must be admitted that honorary degrees are conferred for reasons other than high scholarship more frequently than in Britain. In America the degree of D. D. is often given as a recognition of the high position a minister has won as a preacher or writer on theological subjects. In England, it is also often given as a compliment to official position, as when a clergyman is made a bishop; but more generally to graduates who have been in orders for a number of years, though not always persons who have won any special distinction. In the University of Cambridge there is a regular curriculum for D. D, which may be taken in course like any other degree. Perhaps, on the whole, there is as much just recognition of worth in the American system as in the English. If it can be said that men get honorary degrees in America who would never have got them if they had to pass an examination in the prescribed course of study, it may with equal truth be said that many a man gets a degree in England by cramming and coaching who never would have run any risk of attracting the attention of any college as being a person worthy of an honorary degree. We were pleased to see recently a letter in the *Methodist*, from our friend the Rev. T. Bowman Stephenson, B.A., a graduate of London University, replying to this unfounded disparagement of American degrees. He says, "The only universities in England that can bestow a Divinity degree are those connected with the Church of England or those in Scotland. The traditions of the old universities of England are certainly not favorable to the decorating of Nonconformists; and the traditions of the Scotch universities are not favorable to the decorating of Arminians. In fact, there are no universities in this country in which a Methodist minister is not at a disadvantage, in reference to an honorary doctorate, as compared with an Episcopalian or a Calvinist. On the other hand, the American universities have a greater respect for Methodism, and are much more ready to do justice to Methodist ministers. I do not think they have done more than justice." He vindicates the character of American universities; and thinks that in most cases the degrees conferred by them on Englishmen have been well deserved. It would be easy to name ministers in England of undoubted scholarship, and who have enriched theological literature with valuable contributions, who have not the slightest chance of obtaining any collegiate recognition; because they have not stood in the right relations to the Churches that control the universities which have power to confer these distinctions. If the American colleges are more than just, the English colleges are less than just. The readiness of American colleges to give degrees has been greatly exaggerated. If we were a D. D. we dare not write thus.

SOMETHING FOR FARMERS.

We feel a great interest in the prosperity of farmers. They are the foundation stones in the political fabric. A great number of our readers are farmers. Our boyish days were spent on a farm; and we feel a special interest in the mental culture and religious progress of the people of the rural districts. Farmers have many advantages; but they have one disadvantage: they are comparatively isolated and lonely. This separation is not so favorable to pleasure or culture as more frequent intercourse with society. The city man, whether he has much or little brains, is kept bright and sharp by constant contact with his fellow-men. It is a bad day that he has not learned something from somebody. But the farmer and his family are in danger of becoming stolid, for want of more frequent exchange of thought with their neighbors. Now, it cannot fail to interest our farming readers to know that some wise heads have been suggesting a remedy for this social want. The April number of *Scribner's Monthly* contained a paper by the well-known agricultural author, Colonel George B. Waring, on the interesting subject of "Farm-Villages." The writer has been active in urging the adoption of improvements in American farming for many years, and has had good opportunities for studying the needs of American agriculture. Familiarity with the life and work of European farmers, where it is usual for those who cultivate the soil to live in villages, suggested to him the idea that the condition of the American agricultural position could be much ameliorated by a similar concentration into communities where the material and moral benefits of better social relations could be secured. Colonel Waring considers the way in which land may be divided so as to secure the end in view with the least inconvenience to the men who have to till the fields, and with the least drawback to the business of the farmer. Two cases are considered:—(1.) When it is a question of the settlement of new lands. (2.) Where farm-houses are already scattered over the country, each on its own farm. In both cases it is attempted to show how the details of the plan may be regulated so as to cause the least annoyance and loss of time to the men, to compass the greatest convenience and comfort of the women, and to provide the best advantages for the younger members of the community.

This writer, notwithstanding all that poets have sung about the charms of rural life, draws such a strong picture of the social disadvantages of isolated life in the country as almost makes one sorry for the farmers, whom we have been accustomed to envy. These remarks are so forcible and pertinent that we cannot resist the temptation to give some of them to our readers. Mr. Waring is himself a farmer, and claims to speak from experience. He says:—"It may seem a strange doctrine to be advanced by a somewhat enthusiastic farmer, but it is a doctrine that has been slowly accepted after many years' observation,—a conviction that has taken possession of an unwilling mind,—that the young man who takes his young wife to an isolated farm-house dooms her and himself and their children to an unwholesome, unsatisfactory and vacant existence,—an existence marked by the absence of those more satisfying and more cultivating influences which the best development of character and intelligence demand. It is a common experience of farmers' wives to pass week after week without exchanging a word or a look with a single person outside of their own family circles. The young couple start bravely, and with a determination to struggle against the habits of isolation which marks their class; but this habit has grown from the necessity of the situation; and the necessities of their own situation bring them sooner or later within its bonds. During the first few years they adhere to their resolution and go regularly to church, to the lecture, and to the social gatherings of their friends; but home duties increase with time, and the eagerness for society grows dull with neglect, and those who have started out with the firmest determination to avoid the rock on which their fathers have split, give up the struggle at last and settle down to a humdrum, uninteresting and uninterested performance of daily tasks.

"If American agriculture has an unsatisfied need, it is surely the need for more intelligence and more enterprising interest on the part of its working men and women. From one end of the land to the other, its crying defect—recognised by all—is that its best blood—or, in other words, its best brains and its best energy—is leaving it to seek other fields of labor. The influences which lead these best of the farmers' sons to other occupations is not so much the desire to make more money, or to find a less laborious occupation, as it is the desire to lead a more satisfactory life,—a life where that part of us has been developed by the better education and better civilization for which in this century we have worked so hard and so well, may find responsive companionship and encouraging intercourse with others."

We cannot here describe the plans by which the farmers' residences are to be grouped together in central villages, with the farms lying around on all sides; nor the many social and educational advantages to be derived from this village life. It is carried out extensively in Europe, and if found practicable, would certainly greatly conduce to the enjoyment and improvement of life among the farming community. Of course the plan must be much more applicable to new than to old settlements. But the whole subject is worthy of thoughful regard.

GOLDWIN SMITH ON CANADA.

We have before now broken a lance in defence of Mr. Goldwin Smith, when we thought our Toronto dailies were too hard upon him. But we have been surprised as well as dissatisfied at some of his recent representations respecting Canadian affairs. We regret to see that our Wesleyan contemporary, the *Methodist Recorder*, has been misled by his recent disparaging and incorrect statements about Canada, in the *Fortnightly Review*. The *Recorder* says, "He thinks the present depression of trade in Canada, and, indeed, the whole tendency of things, points to an absorption of Canada into the United States. Nearly 4,000 firms out of 50,000 trading in the Dominion have failed in the last two years, and Canadian manufactures generally are dying out. But is not this largely owing to mistaken policy on the part of the Canadians? If they had attended more to the cultivation of the soil, and less to making cloth and cottons, copper and iron goods, it may be Canada would have been better off than she is, and have been really nearer to becoming eventually a commercial people. It is almost incredible that, whilst she overstocks the markets with manufactured goods, Canada does not grow enough wheat for her own small population, but is obliged to import from other countries."

Now it would be hard to find more misrepresentation in the same compass than we have here. Our English contemporary says "it is almost incredible that Canada does not grow enough wheat for her own population"; but we can assure our English friends that it is not merely almost, but altogether incredible, and utterly untrue. Large quantities of wheat and flour are annually exported. The *Recorder* justly doubts Mr. Smith's prophecy respecting Canada's union with the United States. There is no feeling nor movement in favor of annexation to the States manifested in any section of society in Canada. There are less signs of such a tendency now than at any former period in our history. How could Canadians be led to expect that they would find relief for the depression of trade in annexation, when the depression in the United States is far greater than in Canada? When Mr. Smith first came to Canada, he spoke in extravagant terms of our country and its institutions. We had some of the best features of Britain and the United States, without the disadvantages of either country. Now, because Mr. Smith has found the Canadian people not at all ready to take him as their "counsellor and guide," he seems to take his revenge by making the British people believe that our loyal and prosperous country is in a pitable condition. We assure our English friends that the dark tale is not true. We are both loyal and prosperous.

RICHMOND STREET CHURCH.—The Rev. Dr. Jeffers, President of the Toronto Conference, preached two exceedingly able and appropriate discourses in the Richmond Street Methodist Church of this city last Sabbath, in behalf of the Educational Society. The claims of the society were presented with unusual force, and the large congregations in attendance evinced deep interest in the arguments constructed. On Monday evening the Dr. gave, in the same church, an exceedingly comprehensive and eloquent lecture in the interests of the same society, on "Our New Dominion." The chair was occupied by Rev. Dr. Ryerson, President of the General Conference, who gave a most appropriate and interesting address bearing on the important subject under consideration. The services of the Sabbath, and the meeting last evening, cannot fail to impress the congregations attending with the importance of our educational institutions to this great Dominion.

Sunday-school anniversary sermons will be preached in the Metropolitan Church next Sabbath, in the morning by Rev. A. Sutherland; and in the evening by Rev. Wm. Williams, of Hamilton. In the afternoon an open Sunday-school meeting will be held in the church, at which addresses will be delivered by several prominent Sunday-school workers. On Saturday evening next, in the lecture room, Rev. Wm. Williams will deliver his popular lecture, entitled, "Elbow Room." Admission free. Collection in aid of the funds of the Sunday-school.

—The preliminaries to the outbreak of war in the East have apparently reached their last stage. Gortschakoff's circular to the Powers will be followed by the Russian ultimatum and the formal declaration of war. A Vienna correspondent, however, denies the correctness of this statement, and asserts that considerable delay is likely to take place in Russia's movements. Mr. Layard, the British Ambassador at Constantinople, in an interview with Ethem Pasha, has censured the terms of the Porte's reply to the protocol, and warned the Porte that England will not support it. Both Servia and Roumania are concentrating troops, the former in spite of the peace existing between it and the Porte. The Roumanians are reported to have taken up positions at Oltenizs, Giurgevo, and Kabarash, to allow the Russians to concentrate between Brabile and Ismail. They are also forming a reserve corps of 20,000 men at Krajova. A portion of the Turkish flotilla is at Huzova, near Galatz, where it is expected that the Russians will attempt to cross the Danube. Considerable uneasiness is felt at St. Petersburg as to the course England is likely to take.

Just as we go to press we learn from the cable despatches, that the Russian *Gazette* contains a declaration of war, and that Russian troops have crossed the Pruth at several points.

The examination of candidates and probationers on the Stanstead District, will be held in the Methodist church at Waterloo, P.Q., on Wednesday, May 9th, at 9 a.m.

Last Friday evening a most interesting service was held in the Bridge Street Church, Belleville, closing the special services. Over 600 are reported as professing conversion. It is a great work.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

Turkish Atrocities.

The London *Methodist* says:—The Rev. Malcolm MacColl has published a volume of considerable importance on the subject of the Turkish atrocities. It is replete with proofs of Turkish oppression, and bears a powerful witness to the truth of the accounts first published in the *Daily News*. The writer thinks that war is inevitable, and that the speedy collapse of the Turkish Empire will be the necessary consequence. Mr. MacColl is very severe, but perhaps not too much so, upon the present Government. He discovers that there have been differences of counsel in the Cabinet, and he is inclined to lay upon the heads of Lords Derby and Beaconsfield the greater part of the responsibility for the present situation. The work abounds with descriptions of the terrible evils to which the Christians are daily exposed, and gives numerous instances of acts of inhuman cruelty very similar to those with which we have been made familiar by Miss Irby and by Mr. Gladstone. Mr. MacColl brings forward evidence to prove the correctness of the reports given by Canon Liddon—reports which, it will be remembered, had been received with considerable scepticism.

Liberty of Creed in Russia.

"A candid and intelligent Russian" writes a long article, which is published in *The Churchman*, to deny that Dissenters are rigorously treated in Russia. He says:—"The Russian State gives protection to all creeds and matetial aid to many of them; but *not* to the Orthodox Church, which is sustained exclusively by donations, etc. The Lutheran and Roman Catholic clergy are materially better off in Russia than the Russian clergy. The Russian Government, representing the Orthodox Russian people, as masters of the country, has always been more liberal and courteous to the creeds and religious institutions of various tribes who are guests in our empire than to our own Orthodox Church. The provisions of our penal code against those who *instigate* others to change their religion have remained unchanged since 1845; but I can assure you that they are quite a dead letter. The person who changes his religion always declares that he does it of his own free will, and not at the instigation of another."

Presbyterianism in Egypt.

Dr. Schaff writes from Cairo to *The Evangelist* that:—"Presbyterianism is the only form of Protestantism which has taken root among the natives of Egypt. It is the Evangelical pioneer church. But there are a few English and German churches in Alexandria and Cairo, for the foreign population in these large cities. There is also an admirable educational work of a missionary character, though without church organization, going on under the care of Miss M. L. Whately, the daughter of the celebrated Archbishop of Dublin. She has been devoting the last fifteen years to this noble and self-denying task. Its school is near the railroad station, and numbers at present 150 girls and 250 boys, divided into half a dozen classes. They are taught elementary studies in Arabic. Some learn also English, French, and Italian. The Scriptures are read and explained. And it seems Mohammedan parents do not object to it. Miss Whately told me, however, that none of her pupils would dare to profess Christianity and submit to baptism, which would at once provoke persecution."

Mr Stanley's Second Despatch.

The interest of Mr. Stanley's second letter, which was published in the *Daily Telegraph* of Thursday week, turns on the much-vexed question of the sources of the Nile. The lakes Victoria and Albert Nyanzas have been regarded since their discovery as its birthplaces. But Mr. Stanley has traced to its watershed a new river, two hundred and ninety miles in length, the Shimeeyu, which falls into the Victoria, and may be looked upon as a feeder of the Nile. The intrepid explorer, however, has made a greater discovery by following the course of the Kagera, or Kitangule, which he has christened the Alexandra Nile. This river, which was crossed by Speke and Grant, who apparently did not attach much importance to it, falls also into the Victoria, and has been traced by Mr. Stanley for three hundred and ten miles; its length, however, is probably double that distance. The particulars of the exploration of the Alexandra Nile are exceedingly interesting, and add considerably to our knowledge of the water system of Africa.

Sacerdotalism in the Mission Field.

According to *The Indian Evangelical Review*, the war between the Church Missionary Society's agents in Ceylon and Ritualistic Bishop Coplestone is not yet at an end. The latter has snubbed the Rev. P. Peter, of the Tamil Cooly Mission, for administering communion in an unconsecrated and unlicensed place—a practice, he says, which is illegal and cannot be allowed. Mr. Peter's action is in accordance with the custom of the mission, and, inasmuch as the majority of the places occupied by the mission are "unconsecrated and unlicensed" places the Bishop's policy, if followed out, will seriously interfere with the work of the Society. The Bishop of Bombay, it appears, is taking a similar course in his diocese. Bishop Coplestone has secured a number of Tamil teachers and catechists from Tinnevelly, and will probably set up a rival Tamil Cooly Mission, in which proceeding he deserves only ignominious failure. The fear is that he will be able to carry his points, and either force the Church Missionary Society to give up its work in Ceylon or its missionaries to withdraw from the Established Church and from a Free Episcopal Church.

The Late Lady Augusta Stanley.

It will be remembered that Her Majesty the Queen, as a personal friend of the lamented wife of Dean Stanley, attended her funeral, a year ago, in Westminster Abbey. Accompanied by two of her daughters, Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne, and Princess Beatrice, the Queen sat apart in the little gallery erected from the Jerusalem Chamber, having just before met the bereaved husband, and offered him the assurance of her sympathy with his grief, beside the coffin laid ready to be carried out of his home. Her Majesty has caused a monu-

marital cross to be erected at Frogmore, in Windsor Park, in memory of Lady Augusta Stanley. It is of fine blue Cairngall granite, all polished, and is beautifully enriched on the front and sides with entwined ornaments, after the style of the early Christian crosses that may be seen in the west of Scotland. It stands upon a rock base, or unhewn block of granite, and the total height is about seven feet. Its site is chosen in the private grounds at Frogmore, in front of the mausoleum of Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother. The following is inscribed, in gold letters, on the stem of the cross:—"To the dear memory of Lady Augusta Stanley, fifth daughter of Thomas Bruce, seventh Earl of Elgin and Kincardine, this cross is erected by Queen Victoria, in grateful and affectionate remembrance of her faithful labors for thirty years in the service of the Queen, the Duchess of Kent, and the Royal Family. Born, April 3rd, 1822. Died, March 1st, 1876."

Missions in Turkey.

Letters from Turkey to the *Missionary Herald* state that in Eastern Turkey the condition of affairs is still uncertain, but thus far there has been but little interruption of missionary labors. At Palas, in the Cesarea field, Western Turkey, a new bell has been hung in the church, against a most determined opposition. Every time an attempt was made to put the bell in position a mob gathered, declaring that it should not be done. An appeal was made to the Government at Constantinople, which was induced to order the pasha to protect the Christians in the hanging of their bell. Mr. Farnsworth reports that the Protestant communities in the Cesarea field "show good evidence of substantial progress." The sale of books for the year has amounted to 23,000 piasters. The five churches have had 89 accessions, by far the largest number ever received in one year in this field. The average attendance upon worship has been 2,785, an increase of 803. There are four pastors, three licensed preachers, and forty two teachers. The Sunday-schools have 2,015 scholars, a gain of 257. The contributions were 25,530 piasters.

The Nyanza Mission.

Further intelligence has been received from the Nyanza Mission party of the Church Missionary Society. Lieut. Smith has written a letter, dated December 2nd, at a place about a hundred miles south of the Victoria Nyanza. The expedition was taking a more northerly route than that of previous travellers, and was leaving Unyanyembe (Kazeh) on the left. The health of the party continued good. "Authentic intelligence from an eye-witness" had reached Lieutenant Smith, "confirming the report that Colonel Gordon had two steamers on the lake," and that King Mtesa had received the letter sent to him by the Church Missionary Society, and was desirous of receiving teachers. Lieutenant Smith also says, "Mirambo, that ubiquitous man, was within four days of us at Mukondoku, and sent most friendly messages in reply to the letter I wrote him asking him to do what he could for the London Missionary Society. He is fighting some one, but will not interfere with any white man. There is a Frenchman with him who resided some time at Mpwapwa, and letters written in English are translated by him to Mirambo." It was expected that the party would reach the lake by January.

The Clergy on Disestablishment.

The *Daily News* has been receiving some important communications on the subject of disestablishment. Mr. Mossman writes from Torrington Rectory, Lincolnshire. He complains that the union between Church and State deprives the bishops of valid spiritual jurisdiction. He maintains that unless the laity possess a right of objection when a bishop is proposed, it is impossible for the bishop professing to rule over them to have any spiritual jurisdiction which is binding upon the Christian conscience. He considers that any loss of temporal possessions which might be entailed upon the bishops by the measure of disestablishment, would be amply compensated by an increase of spiritual authority. Mr. J. B. Smith, rector of Sotley, expresses himself with considerable clearness and power. He says, "If it really does come to this, that Establishment, or alliance with the State, means, in plain English, the abnegation on the part of the Church of all self-government in matters pertaining to God, then a daily-increasing number will be found who will dare to say that they cannot sell their birth right, their heritage in spirituals, for the temporal advantage that establishment has to offer.

The Discoveries of Schliemann.

Dr. Schliemann, delivered an interesting lecture recently, at a meeting of the Royal Society of Antiquaries, in London, in the presence of a large and distinguished assembly. He described his recent discoveries at Mycenæ. Mr. Gladstone spoke in the highest terms of the value of those discoveries, as shedding light upon some interesting questions of Greek mythology. It is a difficult matter to determine in how far the Greek was a derivative from the Egyptian, and to what extent Egyptian influence contributed to the development of Greek religious thought. Since the appearance of Mr. Grote's "History of Greece" it has become customary to attribute to the Greeks greater originality in the respect of religious conception than had ever been before attributed to them. Mr. Gladstone referred to the form of the cow, the Hera Boopis which Dr. Schliemann had discovered upon some ancient monuments, and proceeding upon the data thus revealed, traced, in a cursory way, the probable lines along which the Greek fancy proceeded, from an Egyptian animal-worship up, through successive stages, towards a kind of anthropomorphism. We are glad that Mr Gladstone referred in such complimentary terms to the personal merit of Mrs. Schliemann, but for whom Dr. Schliemann's investigations might never have been pushed to so prosperous an issue.

The Rev. J. H. Johnson, M.A., has raised $600 in new subscriptions for the Endowment Fund of Victoria College up to the 19th inst. He had been engaged in Wingham and Listowel, and went from those places to Fergus, where he expected to spend a few days. The results so far had been quite satisfactory, especially considering the brief period occupied in the canvass and the great commercial depression prevailing.

LITERARY NOTICES.

MAGAZINES OF THE MONTH.

—*Harper's Magazine* for May is a first-class number, offering a rich bill of fare to its readers. It contains a score of articles and ninety-five illustrations. The gem of the number is Mrs. Frances L. Mace's poem, "Israfil," with eight illustrations by Fredericks. A richly illustrated article on Florence is contributed by O. M. Spencer. Wirt Sikes contributes another illustrated article about Wales. A. H. Guernsey has an illustrated paper on "Cameron's Journey Across Africa." Charles Reade's "A Woman-Hater" and Blackmore's "Erema"—two striking novels—are continued. There are several short stories, and the editorial summaries abound with novel information, gossip, and anecdote.

—*The Atlantic* assumes that it can awaken public interest by its literary excellence without illustrations. It certainly succeeds in doing so. This number opens with a descriptive article on the primitive musical instruments used in various barbarous and semi-civilized nations. Mr. James brings his interesting story of "The American" to a conclusion. The "Diary of a British Officer in Boston in 1775" is concluded. Col. George E. Waring, jr., discusses the "Life and Work of the Eastern Farmer," and argues in favor of the village system of Europe as the best method of preventing the evils and drawbacks of isolated farm life. It is enough to guarantee the interest of the poetry when we say there are poems by Longfellow, Whittier, E. C. Stedman, W. W. Story, and Mrs. Akers Allan. Mr. Howells reviews at length the autobiography of Harriet Martineau. A poem by Dr. O. W. Holmes is promised in the June number.

—*Scribner* presents its usual freshness, variety and literary excellence. It has several seasonable papers on home-life, in-doors and out. The most prominent of these is perhaps Colonel Waring's discussion of the organization and work of "Village Improvement Associations," in the course of which he gives a draft of by-laws, which he recommends as of great working value. There are several illustrated papers, one of which deals with "Smith's College," Northampton, said to be the only institution where Greek is a test of admission. "Sea Trout Fishing" on a tributary of the St. Lawrence has some interest for Canadians. In "Nicholas Minturn" we have some new developments. "That Lass o' Lowries" is concluded, and there is a short story called Esmeralda by the same author. John Burroughs tells an "o'er-true tale" of "A London Adventure" with confidence men. There are poems by Sidney Lanier, Emma Lazarus, and R. H. Stoddard. In "Topics of the Time" Dr. Holland discusses the relations of the author to the movement for international copyright, the necessity of Village Reform, and the problems before the New Administration.

—*The National* Repository holds on its way improvingly. The leading article is by the editor, on the "Birds of the Springtime." It is handsomely illustrated, and contains a well-written description of our favorite feathered songsters. Dr. Daniel Wise treats us to an illustrated description of the "Delaware Water-gap." Rev. Byron A. Brooks contributes a sketch of "Hebrew Poetry," and Rev. E. S. Best, one of "Mrs. Nancy Priest Wakefield." The most critical article is one on "Harriet Martineau," by Mrs. Mary L. Dickinson. "The Unconscious Prophecies of Heathenism" shows that the traditions and fragments of God's first revelation of Himself to men always lingered among Gentile nations, and that not alone among the Hebrews there were intimations of a coming Saviour. "That Boy" is still continued. The "Editorial Miscellany" is fresh and instructive.

—*The Popular Science Monthly* is full of fresh and instructive scientific articles. It is an education in science to read it regularly. An article on "Mesmerism, Odylism, Table-turning, and Spiritualism," by Dr. W. B. Carpenter, will be read with much interest. Among other very instructive articles are, "Gravitation, and how it works," by G. F. Foster; "On the Habits of Ants," by Sir John Lubbock; and "Movements of Jupiter's Cloud-Masses," by Richard Proctor, besides various other articles, reviews, notes and correspondence. The monthly contents of this magazine is of itself a convincing proof of the wonderful scientific activity of our times. We are only beginning to find out the vast resources which the Creator has treasured up in the physical world.

—*Appletons' Journal* gives the second paper on the "Austrian Arctic Expedition," the interest of which greatly exceeds that of the first paper. Julian Hawthorne, under the title of "The Great White Wall," describes, in his own characteristic style, features of the English south coast. There is a paper by Mr. Eggleston on the peculiar religious sects in Russia. Mr. George M. Towle gleans some of the best points in Harriet Martineau's autobiography; Lucy Hooper explains the intricate laws of Parisian etiquette; and Mrs. Church discusses seasonably the making of country and city gardens. There are poems by Stoddard, John Moran, and Nora Perry. The serial, "Cherry Ripe!" deepens in interest. The editorial departments are as full as usual.

—The numbers of *Littell's Living Age* issued during April have had a great number of interesting articles. Among others the following: "Green Pastures and Piccadilly," by William Black—"Turkish Invasions of Europe in 1670-83," *Contemporary Review*; "Turkish Story-Books," by W. R. S. Ralston, *Nineteenth Century*; "Prussia in the Nineteenth Century," by John Stuart Blackie, *Contemporary*; "Falkland," by Matthew Arnold, *Nineteenth Century*; "Fielding's Novels," *Cornhill*; instalments of the "Marquis of Lossie," by Geo Macdonald; "Spinoza," from the *Contemporary*; "On the Influence of Authority in Matters of Opinion," by Mr. Gladstone, in the *Nineteenth Century*. Each number of this excellent weekly magazine contains sixty-four pages. Price, $8 a year; but it will be sent to subscribers to the GUARDIAN at $7 a year.

—*Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* for April has been received from the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., New York. The following are the contents:—The French Army in 1877—A Woman-Hater—Part XI.—Crete—Pauline—Part III; In the Hebrides—Harriet Martineau—A Railway Journey—Translations from Heine, by Theo. Martin—The Political Situation. The review and criticism of the Autobiography of Harriet Martineau is very unfavorable. The writer thinks she has been much overrated, finds it difficult to understand on what her great reputation was founded;" and adds, "it will not be increased by her Autobiography, where that good sense which is her strongest point shows less than ever before." The periodicals reprinted by the Leonard Scott Publishing Company are as follows:—*The London Quarterly, Edinburgh, Westminster,* and *British Quarterly Reviews,* and *Blackwood's Magazine.* Price, $4 a year for any one, or only $15 for all.

—*The London Quarterly Review* (Wesleyan) for April opens with an able article on Freeman's "History of the Norman Conquest." II. "Celebrities of Florence" is an interesting review of Mrs. Oliphant's interesting book on the men who have given Florence its undying renown. III. "The Book of Genesis and Science" discusses one of the great questions of the day, and will be read with interest at the present time. IV. "Hungary: its Races and Resources" gives a good deal of valuable information about one of the most interesting of European peoples. V. "Thomas Wade" introduces the reader to the writings of a poet and essayist whose merits deserve a wider recognition than they have yet received. VI. "Spinoza," in a review of the teachings of the Jewish philosopher of the seventeenth century, whose speculations have profoundly influenced modern speculative thought, discusses some of the phases of modern pantheism in an able manner. VII. "Reuss and Urwick on the Later Isaiah." In the "Literary Notices" we have over eighty pages of brief but discriminating and comprehensive reviews of the chief new books of the quarter. This is a capital number of this valuable quarterly. Its articles are able and timely. Some of them discuss questions of great current interest, and are well adapted to keep ministers of the gospel abreast with the thoughts of the times. We have repeatedly expressed our regret that this Review is not more extensively taken by the ministers of our Church in Canada.

—*The New Englander* for April has been received from W. L. Kingsley, New Haven. The freshness and ability of its articles always make it welcome to our table. It opens with a most eulogistic article on Dean Stanley, by Mr. Mead, of Boston. We do not grudge the independent Dean the praise he receives; but we think the endorsement of all Dr. Stanley's views is rather indiscriminate. Then follow, The Wagner Festival at Bayreuth—Expository Preaching—Principles of Domestic Taste—The Apocryphal Period of Hebrew History in its Relation to Christ—Woman's Right to Public Forms of Usefulness in the Church—and Notices of New Books. Though most of the writers of these articles are little known in Canada, yet all the articles evince literary ability of a high order. This excellent Review is devoted to the discussions of the day in every department of Theology, Literature and Politics, and is intended to be an exponent of "New England views"; but we do not see anything sectional in its articles. The price is $4 00 a year; but it is given at half-price to foreign missionaries and theological students in theological seminaries.

—*St. Nicholas* for May is a beautiful number, somewhat larger and better than average. The children who get this magazine have a monthly day of rejoicing. John G. Whittier furnishes the opening poem, entitled "Red Riding Hood," and one of the sweetest in verse and tone that the good poet has written for many years. An interesting letter from Charles Dickens, in exact facsimile of the great novelist's own handwriting, is given near the beginning, and Mr. Daniel G. Mitchell's stirring and splendidly illustrated talk about "Ivanhoe" will fire the hearts of all the boy-lovers of Sir Walter Scott. Saxe Holm contributes a long and excellent story, "The First Time," illustrated by Eytinge. Lucy Larcom's "Songs of Spring" are sweet and good, and full of the fragrance of the season. Dr. J. G. Holland has a talk with big boys; Professor Richard A. Proctor's "Stars in May" gives us a pleasing glimpse of the wonders of Science; Mrs. Mary Treat's "Florida Fishers" touches on the wonders of natural history; and Frank R. Stockton's "Sleeping Courier" is a description of a novel scene in an Eastern desert. There are several other good things too numerous to characterize.

—*Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine* finely illustrates the "Sweetness and Light" of Matthew Arnold. There is not a dull page in the current number. Prose and poetry, stories and sketches, illustrations and incidents follow each other in rapid succession. It cannot fail to be a special favorite with youthful readers.

A Vindication of Theology. By J. Clark Murray, LL.D. Montreal: Dawson Brothers. Pp. 15.

This is an address to theological students, in which the interest and advantage of the study of Theology is briefly, but clearly, set forth.

Popular Sayings from Old Iberia. Quebec: Dawson & Co. Pp. 70.

This little book is a treasury of aphoristic wisdom.

THE BAPTISTS OF CLOSE AND FREE COMMUNION.

MR. EDITOR,—Before and since my return from England, I have observed articles in the GUARDIAN on the subject of open and close communion among the Baptists, some written by Baptists, some in reply to them. I believe the discussion originated in a letter in favor of open or free communion, written by Mr. McCord, justly respected by all who know him.

I have no intention to renew the discussion; but I have thought it would not be unacceptable to your readers for me to give my own experience among our Baptist brethren, during my recent sojourn in England.

A short time after I took lodgings near the British Museum, in Great Russell Street, Bloomsbury, I went one Sabbath evening to the Baptist Bloomsbury Chapel, a large and fine place of worship, the pastor of which for many years was the late Rev. Dr. Brock, long a leading representative of the Baptist denomination, and standing in the first rank of Protestant ministers in London. The congregation was very large, the singing excellent, including the chanting of psalms, and the sermon was masterly, simple, eloquent, practical and fervent. At the close, the pastor (Mr. Crown) announced that the Lord's Supper would be administered, and invited any members of other Churches who felt disposed to remain and commune with them. I accepted the invitation, felt myself at home among the communicants, and was much profited by the sacramental service.

Just before leaving England, I went one Sabbath morning to Mr. Spurgeon's immense Tabernacle, which was crowded in the very aisles. The singing was hearty and general, and the sermon was most impressive and affecting: "The Higher Christian Life; or, Rest in God." After the sermon, Mr. Spurgeon stated that the Lord's Supper would be administered in the lecture hall, and invited those members of other denominations present who desired to commune with them at the Lord's Supper. I accepted this invitation also, and found it, indeed, good to be there. After the service was over, I had some conversation with Mr. Spurgeon, in the course of which he observed, "I spent last Tuesday evening in company with several ministers, including Dr. Punshon," adding, "He is a grand man."

I could not but think and feel how much more apostolic was the spirit of such men as Mr. Crown and Mr. Spurgeon, as well as that of the late Robert Hall, than that of those High Church Baptists who will recognise none as brethren at the Lord's Table, unless they had been plunged under water, any more than those High Church Episcopalians who will acknowledge none as ministers of Christ whose heads have not been under the touch of Episcopal hands.

Yours very truly, E. RYERSON.

BRIEF CHURCH ITEMS.

On the 27th ult. a grand social was held at the residence of Dr. Burr, M.P.P., Horning's Mills, in aid of the Organ Fund of the church.

Brother T. Jackson writes from Arthur:—We have just let the contract for the erection of a new brick church in the village of Cumnock, to be finished by the middle of July.

In Dundas Street Centre, London, there has been a gracious work lately, extending over five weeks, when the Church was much refreshed, and between fifty and sixty professed converting grace.

We are pleased to learn that Brother J. A. Jewell, of Bobcaygeon, has had a good harvest of souls. Seventy have joined the Church, and they are now in the midst of a good work in the village.

Special sermons were preached in the Centenary Church, Hamilton, on Sunday, 15th inst., in aid of the Educational Society of the Methodist Church of Canada. The Rev. Dr. Jeffers, President of the Toronto Conference, preached on both occasions to large congregations.

On Tuesday evening of last week the Methodist church in Galt was filled to overflowing on the occasion of the Sunday-school anniversary exercises which were held. An interesting programme, consisting of songs, recitations, dialogues, etc., were rendered by the children, and gave great satisfaction to all.

A meeting in connection with the Educational Society was held on Monday evening of last week in the Pall Mall Street Church, London. The chair was occupied by Rev. Dr. Evans, who delivered a short address, as also did Revs. J. S. Ross, the pastor, and John Philp, of St. Mary's.

The Rev. E. S. Shorey, of Bath, writes:—Have just closed revival services, which extended over ten weeks. The work was upon old Methodist ground—the west end of this circuit. Over 100 professed conversion. The majority have united with us. My assistant, J. N. Loft, a student from Syracuse University, was indefatigable in labors.

A tea-meeting was held in the Methodist church, Little Britain, on the evening of the 4th inst., for the purpose of raising money to pay off the debt due by the circuit to the Children's Fund. The audience was larger than was anticipated. The Rev. Mr. Fish, from Lindsay, delivered an interesting and instructive lecture, subject: "The World in Transition."

Rev. Dr. Nelles, President of Victoria University, delivered an able and eloquent lecture, on behalf of the Educational Society of our Church, in the Queen Street Church, in this city. His subject was, "How Canadians Should Think of Canada." Another engagement prevented us hearing the lecture, which is highly spoken of by those who had the privilege of hearing it.

Rev. Wellington Jeffers, D.D., President of the Toronto Conference, preached two admirable sermons in behalf of the Educational Fund of the Methodist Church of Canada, in the Centenary Church, Hamilton, on the 15th inst. The congregations were large, and responded freely to the claims advanced. Cards having been placed in the pews, they were returned with the collection, and the amount contributed was in excess of last year.

The services at the Centenary Church, Hamilton, last Sabbath (22nd inst.), were of a deeply interesting character. In the morning affecting reference was made to the death of Mr. John H. Roach, son of the late Mayor of the city; and, in the evening, one convert from Romanism, and three other adults, were baptized. A reception service followed, when the right hand of fellowship was given to twenty-four persons, who had been brought to Christ during the year.

LECTURE.—A correspondent writes:—The Rev. J. Coburn, an evangelist, who is also a blind man, delivered a lecture on "Home" in the Wood-Green Methodist Church, Kingston Road, on Monday evening, the 16th inst. The lecturer spoke of our national, social, domestic and heavenly homes. He is an impressive speaker, uniting a clear intellect with remarkable memory and tender pathos. He also preached in the above church on the preceding Sabbath evening, with much acceptance, to a large congregation.

The public meeting in behalf of the Educational Society was held in the Queen's Avenue Church, London, on Monday evening, 15th inst. The attendance was not very large. The *Advertiser* says:—"The chair was occupied by the Rev. James Graham, pastor of the congregation, and short addresses were delivered by the Rev. J. H. Robinson, of this city, and the Rev. Manly Benson, of Stratford. These gentlemen dwelt upon the objects of the society, which is the giving of a proper theological training to probationers, and the importance of this work. The addresses were good, and were listened to with attention."

A correspondent from Tara writes:—Looking out from week to week for a communication from our pastor, Brother Burwash, of the revival which took place in this village, in the GUARDIAN, and having seen no intimation of it, I wish therefore to state that a four days' meeting was held in this church, commenced in January last. The results were so promising that a protracted term ensued, which proved most satisfactory to the building up of our Church, as more than forty names were enrolled in the church registry as probationary members. God grant that their names may never be erased until recorded afresh in the Lamb's Book of Life.

COLBORNE CIRCUIT.—Bro. J. H. Locke writes:—We have closed our revival services at Wicklow Church. Over one hundred professed to be converted at these services. Eighty-seven have united with us in church fellowship, and we expect others will also unite with us. The trustees of Wicklow Church have decided to build a vestry and make other improvements in the church. I wish to express my gratitude to Professor Burwash for sending, during the revival, students to take the Sunday evening service in my absence, a number of whom remained for Monday evening also, rendering me very efficient help. Our educational services were unusually interesting and successful. Dr. Jeffers preached two eloquent and powerful sermons on behalf of the society, on the 18th of March, to very large congregations. The following evening a very large audience listened with delight to two very appropriate and effective addresses from Dr. Jeffers and Prof. Burwash on the educational work of our Church. The financial results were far in advance of last year. The Colborne Circuit is now in a very prosperous state. Our membership has increased nearly two hundred during the last two years.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The vitality of Methodism in Cornwall appears to be undiminished. Several of the circuits have experienced remarkable revivals during the year. St. Austell, for instance, has had such an accession of members that the net gain, after allowing for removals and all other loss, is 200, while 170 persons remain on trial.

Mr. Spurgeon, writing in the current number of the *Sword and Trowel* on Mrs. Spurgeon's Book Fund, says:—"During our absence our beloved one has managed to get through a large amount of work, for a glance into her carefully-kept records shows that she has distributed 1,388 books since January 1st, 1877."

Some 300,000 pilgrims are expected to visit Rome during the celebration of the episcopal jubilee of the Pope. A Catholic friend estimates the personal gifts of these pilgrims to the Pope at $10 each, or a total of $3,000,000. The additional jubilee offerings by the various Roman Catholic churches throughout the world are set down at $20,000,000.

At the recent session of the Philadelphia Conference, Bishop Foster said that in all his experience he had not been so much embarrassed as during the session of the Conference. In the matter of the appointments he had been so bothered by church committees and ministers that he was afraid serious injury to the work would result. He did not deny the right of people and ministers to approach him about the appointments; but for the rest of the Conference session he wanted to see no more of them at his rooms, and would say, "Hands off."

Since the suspension of the Rev. Arthur Tooth the organ at St. James's, Hatcham, has been barricaded up, but during the past week the Rev. B. Dale, the curate in charge, has had the "barricade" removed, and on Sunday the organ was again used. Mr. Dale wished certain portions of the service to be monotoned, but about a dozen members of the Protestant League objected to this, and persisted in reading those parts in a very loud voice. The choir, however, maintained their ground, but much confusion was caused.

Speaking at the opening of a Free Christian Church at Birmingham on Monday, Mr. Chamberlain, M. P., said he felt certain that the time was rapidly approaching when they would see the separation of Church and State. He did not, however, wish for this in the interests of one sect of that Church. The Burials Bill would offend all the ratepayers of the country, and certainly would not satisfy the grievances of Dissenters. There were signs that the nation was getting tired of the ignoble policy of inaction to which it was now condemned.

The *Nonconformist* thinks English Methodism is undergoing some changes. It asserts that "the attitude of Methodism toward some public questions has been entirely changed during the last seven or nine years." The Wesleyans no longer cling to the Established Church through thick and thin; but begin to see that the Church, though willing to accept their "support and subordination," will give them nothing in return. They have provided a high school at Cambridge, and are educating many of the children which formerly went to Anglican schools. Another change is the introduction of the lay element into the Annual Conference.

The Committee of Exigency of the Wesleyan Conference have passed the following among other resolutions with reference to the Government Burials Bill:—"That, while approving of the object of the Burials Acts Consolidation Bill, so far as it relates to the making of further provision for the closing of the burial grounds, which are either too full or injurious to health, this committee is of opinion that the Bill, as a whole, does not meet the equitable claims of Wesleyan Methodist parishioners and others not in communion with the Established Church, and the committee is therefore compelled to offer to the Bill its most strenuous opposition."

Father Hyacinthe, resenting some of the reflections passed on him at the recent trial by M. Batolaud, advocate for the Montalembert family, has addressed him a letter, in which he says:—"A man is not an apostate for acting according to his conscience, nor of abandoned morals for marrying. These are my two crimes—the only ones with which it has been possible to reproach me, and I am not disposed to do penance for them. To-day, as in 1869, I refuse to acknowledge publicly the Pope's infallibility and omnipotence, in which I do not believe privately. To-day, as in 1872, I affirm the inalienable right of every man and every Christian to a public, honest, and sacred marriage."

In a recent letter to the New York *Evangelist*, the Rev. Dr. Philip Schaff gives a very particular account of the work of Protestants in Rome. Aside from his detailed statements, he says this of the general attitude of Protestantism there:—The Protestant population, native and foreign, is stated to amount to about four thousand, the whole population to 245,000. All the leading evangelical denominations, except the Congregationalists, are at work there since 1870,—the Waldenses, the Free Italian Church, the Methodists, the Episcopalians, and the Baptists. It is an unavoidable evil growing out of the present condition of Protestantism, that these Churches cannot present a united front to Roman Catholics, who attach so much importance to outward unity as an essential mark of the true Church. But the evil will be overruled for greater activity, and it is corrected to some extent by the Evangelical Alliance, which affords a common platform for exhibiting unity in essentials, and liberty in non-essentials.

We recently mentioned the surprising utterances of Rev. D. Macrae against the Calvinism of the Confession of Faith. In response to a largely-signed requisition, he lectured at Gourock on a recent Monday night on the Confession of Faith, which he denounced as antiquated and unjustifiable, as distorting the teachings of Scripture, and as preventing numbers from entering the Church. Mr. Macrae said they stood on the verge of a conflict, which, with the aid of the Christian laity, should become another Reformation. The Confession, he said, was the Bible with the heart cut out of it. It was Christ dishonored. It was God robbed of His highest glory, and in some instances the Confession made God's ways seem revolting. This "creed rebellion," as it is called, is spreading throughout Scotland, and is beginning to find its way into the English Church, where it has taken a deeper root than some people may imagine. The only wonder is that the matter has been little more than smouldering on this side of the Tweed, though a few leading men have spoken out fearlessly.

CURRENT NEWS.

—The Dunkin Act has been carried in Brome county by a large majority.

—A revolt has broken out in Paraguay, followed by the assassination of the President and his brother.

—Eighty lodges of Cheyennes, numbering over five hundred souls, surrendered to Gen. Crook on Saturday.

—A disastrous famine is reported in the Chinese Provinces of Chihli and Shantung. Thousands are dying daily of starvation.

—Several cheese factories in the front townships of Hastings have commenced operations for the season.

—The Japanese insurgents have sustained a serious defeat, which will bring the rebellion to a speedy termination.

—The Province of Manitoba has been awarded a medal by the Centennial Commissioners for its display of wheat, seeds, and esculents.

—The French Minister of Education is about to address a circular to the bishops pointing out the dangers and complications that might arise from the political manifestations of the clergy.

—News has been received of the massacre at Lance Settlement, Labrador, of a Moravian missionary and his family, by Esquimaux who had asked and been refused liquor at the mission.

—The Spanish Government has promised amnesty to all participators in the Carlist and other insurrections, provided they surrender within thirty days.

—It is understood that one of the leading features of the Democratic policy at the forthcoming session of Congress will be the prosecution of Secretary Robeson for alleged misappropriation of navy funds.

—The first train on the Victoria Railway arrived at Kinmount on Monday of last week. A general freight and passenger train is now being run daily between Lindsay and Kinmount, connecting with the Midland Railway at Lindsay.

—Crazy Horse, with two thousand of his people, is on the way to Camp Robinson, where they will surrender. This act will leave the country in that neighborhood clear of hostile Indians, with the exception of Sitting Bull's band and a few stragglers.

—The London *Times* announced last Wednesday that Mr. Childers will become President of the amalgamated Grand Trunk and Great Western Boards. It has been agreed that the receipts of the two railroads shall be pooled, the Grand Trunk receiving 65 per cent. and the Western 35.

—The National Reform Convention, the objects of which are to maintain the Bible in the public schools, and the other Christian features in our Government, and to obtain a religious amendment to the constitution, held its annual session in Chicago recently.

—The Louisiana difficulty has at last been finally settled by the desertion *en masse* of the Packard Legislature to the other side. The State House will be handed over to Nicholls. The members of the Commission, having concluded their labors, have returned to Washington.

—President MacMahon has instructed the Minister of Justice and Public Worship to express to the Bishop of Nevers his entire disapproval of the latter's letter asking intervention for the Pope, and to state that the President sees with pain the clergy meddling with internal and even foreign politics.

—By an explosion and inundation on the 11th instant, in a colliery a Pontypridd, Wales, nine men were imprisoned behind a column of coal forty yards thick. Continuous efforts have since been made to release them, and yesterday five of their number were taken out alive after eight days' imprisonment. The other four had wandered to other parts of the mine, and are supposed to have been lost.

—The pilgrimage to the Pope's Jubilee is quite the order of the day. A large party of American Roman Catholics has started from New York for Rome. A despatch on Saturday from New York says:—"The Irish Roman Catholic pilgrims attended mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral this morning, which was celebrated by Cardinal McCloskey and assistant priests. The pilgrims occupied seats within the sanctuary, and the church was filled with Catholic organizations. Rev. Father Quinn delivered an appropriate address, and the Cardinal bestowed his blessing on the voyagers, and bade them God speed."

PERSONAL.

—Mr. Gladstone's health is causing anxiety. His medical men advise him to go abroad.

—The Rev. Dr. Ormiston, so well known to many readers of the GUARDIAN, is to leave New York in May for a tour of four months in Europe.

—A note has been received from Mrs. Kent-Mason, stating that she was not responsible for the manner in which the GUARDIAN was credited with the words of a correspondent.

—Principal Snodgrass, of Kingston, Principal Caven, of Toronto, and Dr. Topp, of Toronto, are to represent the Presbyterian Church of Canada at the Pan-Presbyterian Synod at Edinburgh this summer.

—The Rev. W. Cooke, D.D., of the Methodist New Connexion, is this year to preach the Missionary sermon, usually preached by some leading minister of a sister Church, at the anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society.

—Mr. Jacob Hill, one of our local preachers on the Grand River Mission, died on the 13th inst. Rev. E. Hurlburt says:—Bro. Hill was a Mohawk chief, a member of the Methodist Church for fifty years, and a local preacher for about thirty years.

—Our venerable friend, the Rev. Dr. Ryerson, is enjoying a green old age. He preached in Oshawa last Sunday, on behalf of the Educational Society, with vigor and eloquence. The rumor about his happening with a serious accident recently was not correct.

—Hon. Robert M. Cutler, a member of the Legislative Council of Nova Scotia, died at Guysboro' last Wednesday, in his ninety-third year. Col. Cutler was the son of a U. E. loyalist, who moved to Nova Scotia immediately after the American revolution, and settled at Guysboro'. He was appointed to the Legislative Council in 1838.

—On Friday, April 13th, the members of Rev. W. C. Washington's Bible class, at Grant's Church, gave him a very agreeable surprise at the parsonage. After enjoying a pleasant visit, they presented him with a purse of money and a very kindly-worded and cordial address, expressing their gratitude to him and appreciation of his services as their teacher.

Bro. Borland desires to acknowledge, with thanks, the generous donation of $46 from the Loyal Orange Lodge of Huntingdon, sent him through the Rev. S. G. Phillips. The one-half to be appropriated to the French mission and the other half to that of Oka.

APRIL IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

Now birth of loveliness!—when sunbeams fleet
Color the drops of every passing shower;
When all the air is warm with odors sweet,
And leaves peep out and thicken hour by hour;

When filmy, misty clouds of opal tint
Float leisurely beneath the dreamy sky,
And the world thrills with murmurings that hint
At summer glories coming by-and-bye.

If any weak despair or discontent
Lurk like a subtle poison in your heart,
Through time and action wasted or misspent,
So that in all this joy it has no part,

Up! out! through light and perfume take your way
To where the solitude is spell-beset
With deep, deep peace, beneath whose hidden sway
Your heart my rest, and dreamily forget.

There lay yourself along the tender grass,
And let the scented breezes softly play
O'er bared brow, and watch the shadows pass,
And fall, and linger, and then dart away,

Chased by the sunlight. See how glorified
With golden kingcups is the endless green,
And pale, pale primroses, and daisies pied,
And violets, purple-eyed, that peep between!

So gazing, listen. Let the music rare
That underlies all nature sweetly glide
Into your heart, and all its aching care,
Borne up and out upon the joyous tide

Of perfect melody, will leave no trace.
And your refreshened heart will wake and sing,
And all the world will wear another face,
And life will seem so beautiful a thing

That you will turn and sigh with sweet surprise,
And whisper to the gliding present, "Stay!
So fair you show to my new-wakened eyes
That I would have my life one long to-day."
—*Nina Lafargue, in Harper's Magazine for May.*

SERMONS TO THE PROFESSIONS AND OCCUPATIONS,

BY REV. T. DEWITT TALMAGE.

DELIVERED IN THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE.

REPORTED FOR THE CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN BY WILLIAM WALTON.

SERMON XII. — THE MEN OF WALL STREET.

"As a partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end shall be a fool."—Jeremiah xvii. 11.

Allusion is here made to a well-known fact in natural history. If a partridge, or a quail, or a robin brood over the eggs of another species of bird, the young will not adhere to the one that happens to have brooded them, but will, the first chance they get, assort with their own species. And so those of us who were brought up in the country, have often seen the dismay of the farmyard hen after having brooded aquatic fowls, when they tumble into their natural element, the water. A man may gather under his wings large estates. If they are estates that belong to somebody else, they will after a while leave him looking very silly. You have known men to spread themselves over vast properties until they got under them ten or fifteen fortunes, and the process of financial incubation seemed to be going on well, when suddenly the fortunes clip their shells, and some take to the water, and some take to the air, leaving the nest entirely empty. "As a partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end he shall be a fool." How different such estates from those of the Van Rensselaers and Peabodys, gotten in industry, supervised in righteousness, and, by God's eternal law, made permanent.

Across the island of New York in 1685, a wall of stone and earth, cannon mounted, was erected to keep off the savages. A street was laid along by that wall, and, as the street took the line of the wall, it was appropriately called Wall Street. It is short, narrow, unarchitectural; but unique in history, and, excepting Lombard Street in London, the mightiest street in the world. There the Government of the United States was born; there Washington held his levees; there Mrs. Adams, and Caldwell, and Knox, and other brilliant women of the Revolution, displayed their charms; there Witherspoon, and Jonathan Edwards, and George Whitefield sometimes preached; there John Mason chided Alexander Hamilton because the constitution of the United States was written without any God in it; there negroes were sold in the slave mart; there criminals were harnessed to wheelbarrows, and made to draw like beasts of burden, or were lashed through the street behind carts, to which they were fastened; and there, fortunes have come to coronation or to burial, from the day when unscrupulous financiers in powdered hair and silver shoe buckles dodged Dugan, the Governor-General of his Majesty, until clear on down to last week, when you saw the rush on Panama and Pacific Mail. The fact is, the history of Wall Street would be the larger part of the financial, agricultural, manufacturing and religious history of this country. People talk of its only being a few blocks long. It reaches from the Canadas to the Gulf of Mexico—from San Francisco to Bangor. It stands for the most emphatic opposites—unswerving integrity and tip-top scoundrelism, heaven-born charity and bloodless Shylockism. The best men and the worst men are found there. I would like, to-day, to put a plough in at the curbstone of old Trinity, and drive it clear down to Wall Street Ferry, and so it shall go if the horses are strong enough to draw the plough. When I speak of Wall Street, I mean, for the most part, to include the outbranchings of the street—Nassau, and Broad, and William, and Exchange Place, and the other streets, in which many of the heavy operators have their headquarters.

In the first place, Wall Street stands for tried integrity on the one hand, and the most outrageous villany on the other. Among farmers who have only a few hundred dollars of produce every year to put upon the market, you cannot find out the character of men, because they are not tried; but plunge a man into the seven-times-heated excitements of Wall Street, and he will either come out a Shadrach with hair unsinged, or he will be turned into a black moral cinder. If I wanted to find integrity bombproof, I would seek it among the Wall Street bankers and merchants. You are honest on Fulton Street—that is nothing; you are honest on Broadway—that is nothing; you are honest on Tremont Street—that is nothing; you are honest on Chestnut Street—that is nothing; but O! Philadelphians, are you honest on Third Street? Oh! Bostonians, are you honest on State Street? Oh! Brooklynites and New Yorkers, are you honest on Wall Street? Then you shall have the palm. Such nefarious things have sometimes been done there, that strangers have an idea that from one end to the other it is a scene of financial debauchery; and there are people who hardly dare to pass through the street unless they have buttoned up their last pocket and had their life insured, and almost religiously crossed themselves! Such bad things have been done there sometimes, that bad men have almost given a reputation to the street, when the fact is, if you start at either end of it and look at the names on the signs and the names of the moneyed institutions, you will find that there are more upright men in the same space on that street than on any other business-doing street of all our cities. Fraud, and lying, and subterfuge, and infernal recklessness do not hold unlimited sway. The Board of Brokers, which is considered by some people an aquarium of sharks, has a record for financial accuracy equalled by no monetary institution of the world. Its contracts done on hours. A man having on him a suspicion of dishonesty not able to get into it. Since 1794—when it was organized,—only one man found guilty of fraud while connected with it. Added to all this is the fact that, when the Sanitary and Christian Commission wanted to send medicines and bandages to the wounded, and when this country wanted to send breadstuffs to famishing Ireland, and when colleges were to be endowed and churches supported, and missionary societies were to send the people to all the earth, and demand was made upon our cities, Wall Street was the first to respond.

But I have to say, also, that in that street there are the worst financial desperadoes this country has ever seen. Some of them got out of the penitentiary—others are on the way to Sing Sing. These are the spiders that are waiting for innocent flies. These are the crocodiles that crawl up through the slime to cranch the calf. These are the anacondas with loop ready to crush the unwary. These are the maelstroms that suck down the freighted ship. These are the men who last week attempted to throw our country, now recuperating, into the paroxysms of 1869 or 1873. They wanted to make a black Monday blacker than any black Friday. These were the wreckers who stood on the beach praying for Caribbean whirlwinds to swamp our American commerce. Blessed be God, the infamy was defeated. I do not own a dollar in Panama or Pacific Mail, or a dollar of stock in anything else; but last Tuesday when, in Cincinnati, I opened the papers and found that our embarrassed broker had been able to make his contract good, and that the other had been magnanimously helped by his friends, I felt very grateful to God; and I saw we were not to be disappointed in the expectation that this spring weather will not only renew the face of the earth, but will give resurrection to our long prostrated commerce. God only knows what our merchants have suffered, and our working people too, and I am glad to believe that their day of deliverance is coming, and I pray God that He will put a hook into the nose of these financial monsters and jerk them back into the East River or the Hudson River—preferring the latter, for that would be further off from our residences! Now, in passing, I want to make this subject practical, and I say to all you men whose principles are not thoroughly settled in business: Keep out of Wall Street. That is no place for a man who, when he is overpaid $5 by mistake, does not know whether he had better send it back or not; or for a man who has put trust funds in speculation; or for a man who does not know whether by the laws of the state of New York, usury is right or wrong. That is no place for a man whose principles quiver in the blast of temptation. Remember poor Ketcham—how quick the hoofs of his iron greys clattered him down on the road to destruction. Remember poor Gay, when 30 years of age astounding the whole land with his fortunes, and also astounding them with his forgeries. Remember James Fisk—whose splendid steamboats and opera house could not atone for his adulterous rides through Central Park in the face of decent New York, and woe from Wall Street, by his example, blasted tens of thousands of the young men of this generation. I hold up his polluted memory as a warning to all men, whose principles are not thoroughly settled, to keep out of Wall Street.

Yes, my word also is to the men who in that street are engaged in legitimate business: Stand firm in Christian principle—be courageous in that commercial battle-field. Remember, there are heroes of the bank and heroes of the Stock Exchange. That French empress who stood on the balcony in Paris and addressed a great mob until she silenced them, does not excite my admiration so much as that old bank president in Wall Street in 1869, who stood on the steps of his moneyed institution quelling the excitement of the depositors, bidding peace to the angry waves of commercial excitement. God is going to take care of you down amid the marts of business. The lions did not hurt Daniel, and the "bears" will not hurt you! Remember that the day is coming on very soon when all this Wall Street jargon about "corners" and "margins" and "selling down" and "carrying stocks" will be ended. You will be beyond all that, and by the law of God's eternal right, all the affairs of your business life will be adjudicated. If you live in the country during the summer, some day, after you have returned from business, go out to the hennery and see the unsuccessful incubation in certain cases, or see the flight as the young flutter off into some unexpected element, and then bethink yourself of my text: "As a partridge sitteth on eggs and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end he shall be a fool."

Again: I remark that Wall Street stands for legitimate speculation and for ruinous stock gambling. Almost every merchant is in some sense a speculator. If a grocer buys a barrel of flour for $9, and expects to sell it at $10—if he buys a pound of coffee for thirty-five cents, and expects to sell at forty cents—if he buys a pound of sugar at nine cents, and expects to sell it at eleven and a half, he is to a certain extent a speculator. He depends not only on the difference between what he pays for it at wholesale prices and what he gets for it at retail, but also upon the fluctuations of the market. If the market rises greatly, he gains greatly; if it goes down greatly, he loses greatly. A man has as thorough a right to deal in New York Central stocks, or Toledo and Wabash, or Western Union Telegraph, as he has to deal in iron or coal or hardware or dry goods. That man who denounces all stock dealers as iniquitous, only displays his own ignorance. Stop legitimate speculation in this country, and you stop the factories, you stop the banks, you stop the railroads, you stop all the great financial properties of the country. The stock broker is only a commission merchant. He gets his commission on one kind of goods. You, the grocer, get your commission on another kind of goods. The dollar that he earns is as fair and bright and honest a dollar as that which is earned by the day laborer. But here we must draw a very distinct line between lawful speculation and ruinous stock gambling, which has brought upon this country three-fourths of its commercial woes and which is now turning the heads of many people, and filling the land with lunacy and inebriation. You, the stock operator, sell $100 worth of nothing and get paid for it. You steal from that man just so much money. You say it is a contract on time. You have no property and do not expect to have. The man who buys does not want it. It is sold at thirty days. You sell one hundred shares you are to get for them $10,000. It is to be delivered in thirty days. If at the end of that time you can get the scrip for $9 000, you have made a thousand, but if at the end of that time you have to pay $1,100, then you have lost a thousand. Now, my brother, that is trafficking on fiction. That is betting on chances. That makes you as certainly a gambler as the man who makes or loses his fortune in one of the gambling hells of John Morrissey, that great reformer and Christian philanthropist!

Now, it is against this kind of traffic in stocks that I warn the young men of my congregation. Almost every successful merchant during his lifetime wakes up and says: "Here, I have been successful in my regular line of merchandize; now I'll just go down and consult with the brokers, and perhaps in three weeks I can double my fortune! What's the use of my being satisfied with ten or twenty thousand dollars' income, when that man next door to me, in the same kind of business, by one move in Wall Street made $300 000!" There they come on Wall Street—retired merchants wanting to get a little excitement in their sluggish veins. There they come—trustees of vast property willing to rush other people's estates in the whirlpool. Fortunes that were forty years in accumulating scattered in a day. Men celebrated for their prudence flinging into the vortex the livelihood of widows and orphans. Oh! is it any wonder that sometimes these men lose their reason—that the kings of Wall Street have sometimes had on them straight jackets, and that some of them in the back office, with a pistol at the temple, suddenly put an end to the tragedy? Oh! it is this insane passion for stock gambling against which this morning, in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, I utter my solemn protest. It has cursed all civilized nations, and it has cursed every Christian age, and the men who are in business circles know what I say is true, and they could present this morning a great deal more illustrations out of their own observation than I can present out of mine. It is not peculiar to the mercurial Americans. The Hollanders, the most phlegmatic people in the world, in 1635 had what was called the "tulip mania." It was a speculation in tulips. All the people in Holland went to buying tulips or selling tulips. The excitement went on until one time a root brought $1 200, and another, $2 000. Properties worth half a million were all thrown into this one speculation. The Amsterdam tulip, supposed to be the only one of the kind in the world, brought $1,814,000. Look at France. She had her excitement in 1716. John Law projected the Mississippi scheme. The people of France had heard that the American continent was a chunk of gold, and this Mississippi scheme was projected by John Law for the purpose of taking this gold and pouring it in on France. The whole nation turned into lunatics. The people rushed in. There were 300 000 applicants for shares. The mounted military sometimes had to disperse the crowd of men who were so determined to get some of John Law's stock. There were 500 temporary tents erected in which the people could stay while they were waiting for their interview with John Law. A lady of fortune had her coachman wittingly upset her coach near by where John Law was passing in order that she might in that way get an interview with that benevolent and sympathetic man. Stocks went up until they reached two thousand and fifty per cent. Suddenly, the people began to suspect there was something wrong. Crash went John Law's Mississippi scheme, and under it was buried the empire and all the best financial interests of the French empire. Sedate England had her stock gambling excitement in 1720. It was the South Sea Company. It was to pour the gold of Peru and Mexico and all the islands of the sea into England. Books were opened. Five millions worth of stock was offered at three hundred pounds a share. In a few days it was all taken and twice the amount subscribed. The whole English nation was racked with insane excitement. Under the wing of that one excitement, there came other stock gambling companies; among them a company formed, with large capital, for providing funerals for all parts of the land; another company, with its five millions of capital, to develop a wheel in perpetual motion; another company, with a capital of fifteen million dollars, to insure people against losses by servants; another company, with $10 000,000 of capital, to transplant walnut trees from Virginia to England; and then, to cap the climax, a company was formed for a great undertaking—nobody to know what it is, and lo! two million five hundred thousand dollars of shares were offered at five hundred dollars a share. The books were opened at nine o'clock in the morning and closed at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the first day it was all subscribed. A great undertaking—nobody to know what it is! I read you from *Hunt's Magazine* a brief sketch of the excitement in London at that time:—

"From morning until evening Change Alley was full to overflowing with one dense moving mass of living beings, composed of the most incongruous materials, and in all things, save the mad pursuit wherein they were employed, utterly opposite in their principles and feelings, and far asunder in their stations in life and the professions they follow. Statesmen and clergymen deserted their high stations to enter upon this grand theatre of speculation and gambling, and Churchmen and Dissenters left their fierce disputes and forgot their wranglings upon Church government in the deep and hazardous game they were playing for worldly treasures and for riches which, if won, were liable to disappear within an hour of their creation. Whigs and Tories buried their weapons of political warfare, discarded party animosities, and mingled together in kind and friendly intercourse, each exulting as their stocks advanced in price, and grumbling when fortune frowned upon them. Lawyers, physicians, merchants, and trading men forsook their employments, neglected their business, disregarded their engagements, to whirl along in the stream—to be at last engulfed in the wild sea of bankruptcy. Females mixed with the crowd, forgetting the station and employment which nature had fitted them to adorn, and dealt boldly and extensively, and, like those by whom they were surrounded, rose from poverty to wealth, and from that were thrown down to beggary and want, and all in one short week, and, perhaps, before the evening which terminated the first day of their speculation. Ladies of high rank, regardless of every appearance of dignity, and blinded by the prevailing infatuation, drove to the shops of their milliners and haberdashers, and there met stock brokers whom they regularly employed, and through whom extensive sales were daily negotiated. In the midst of the excitement all distinctions of party, and religion, and circumstance, and character were swallowed up."

But it was left for our country to surpass all other countries. We have here the biggest rivers, and the biggest cataracts, and the biggest mountains, and so we had to have the biggest swindle. The country had done very well in that direction in the days of Morus Multicaulis, when each man had in his own house a collection of crawling silkworms by which he was to make his fortune; but all was tame, comparatively, until in 1864 a man digging near Titusville, Pennsylvania, for salt, struck oil. Twelve hundred oil companies calling for a billion of dollars. Prominent members of churches, as soon as stock had been assigned them, felt at liberty to become presidents and secretaries and directors. Many of the companies owned not a foot of ground. Their entire equipment was a map showing where oil might be, and two phials of grease, one crude and the other clarified. We became a nation of maniacs. One young man, having sold his farm in Venango County at a fabulous price, on the supposition there was oil in it, came to Philadelphia when I was living there, and he threw down a five thousand dollar check at the hotel to pay for one meal, and did not want the change, and then stepped back to the gas burner and lighted his cigar with a thousand dollar bill. Unsophisticated people poured down in the first train to the city, and put all their hard earnings in the gulf. People said, "There can be no mistake about it: good Elder so and so is President of it, and good Deacon so and so is Secretary of it, and then there are four or five professors of religion in the Board of Directors, and joining that company will be almost as good as joining the Church. Poor souls! they did not know that when professors of religion go into stock gambling they all lie like sin! But the comedy turned into a tragedy, and one thousand millions of hard-earned property was swamped, and to-day, there are multitudes of people sitting in the shadow of destitution who, but for that great national outrage, would have had their cottages and their homesteads. I give you these four illustrations of nefarious stock gambling to show the young men, more especially of this congregation, what fools and knaves it will make of the people. I want to show them what an insane and contagious passion it is, and I want to show them, also, that the Lord God hates it, always has punished it, and always will punish it.

O! men of Wall Street—men of all streets, stand back from nefarious enterprises. Join those people who on every block from Broadway to Wall Street Ferry, have illustrated Christian principle. At the opening of every day, in your broker's office or in your store or banking house, utter a silent prayer for God's blessing, and when the day is done, pronounce on it a benediction. Let it be sounded in the ears of the young men of this country what George Peabody said in an address at Danvers, in 1856, when he visited his native place, and was speaking to his townsmen. He said:—

"Though Providence has granted me unvaried and unusual success in the pursuits of fortune in other lands, I am still in heart the humble boy who left yonder unpretending dwelling. There is not a youth within the sound of my voice whose early opportunities and advantages are not very much greater than were my own, and I have since achieved nothing that is impossible to the most humble boy among you."

May the protecting and prosperous blessing of God come down on all the men of Wall Street. I pray for them fortunes in this world and fortunes in the world to come. Someday, when you leave your office to go to the bank, or clearing house, or place of custom, or you start on your way home, just look up to the clock on Trinity Church steeple, and by the motion of the hands, be reminded of the fact that your business life is rapidly going, and that soon all the voices at the Exchange will have died away from your ears, and before the throne of God a scrutinizing judgment you must give an account for every day's business since you entered Wall Street. For the stock gambler, that will be a "break" at the "first call". No smuggling into heaven. No "collaterals" on which to trade your way in. Through Jesus Christ you enter, or you forever stay out. I wish you all prosperity in business. Stand close by Christ and Christ will stand close by you. By so much as your temptation may be great, your reward will be magnificent. God forbid that when your business on earth is done, and the hushed assemblage stand with bowed head at your obsequies, that the most appropriate text for your funeral oration should be, "As a partridge sitteth upon eggs and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at the end he shall be a fool." and that the most appropriate funeral Psalm for the occasion should be—

"Price of many a crime untold,
Gold, gold, gold, gold!"

Correspondence.

CIRCUIT INVITATIONS.

SIR,—This subject has received much more attention than the letter of your anonymous correspondent, who commenced the discussion, deserves. I am not ashamed to avow, that with the assistance of a brother, whose name I have not permission to mention, I prepared the resolution which seems to have given him so much uneasiness. It was carried in the Conference by nearly, if not altogether, a unanimous vote.

It is not necessary to enter upon a lengthened defence. All I intend to do is to ask a few plain questions:—1 Is the "Stationing Committee" the appointing power in the Methodist Church? If not, both ministers and laymen have been laboring under a grave mistake, as they have submitted for many years to their appointments. 2 Have there been any "negotiations between individual ministers and circuits calculated to trammel freedom of action" in that committee? Let those who have been members of the committee for years, and who know whereof they affirm, answer. Now if these two questions be answered in the affirmative the preamble stands on an immovable basis. 3 Is there any difference between making "requests to our Church courts and Boards," who have jurisdiction and the responsibility of final decision, and such negotiations between individual minister and circuits (sometimes individual laymen) as are above referred to? Some of us think there is. 4 Have ministers a right to "pledge" themselves to each other that in order "to check a growing evil, they will not accept such invitations in future?" I think most people will admit they have. 5 Is it an undue interference with the "conceded rights" of our people to "earnestly advise" them to waive the exercise of those rights to "check a growing evil?" Some persons cannot see any contradiction between conceding a right and asking (or, if you please, earnestly advising) those who undoubtedly possess it not to exercise such right for certain specified reasons. These questions and their almost self-evident answers cover the whole ground of the resolution, and justify its adoption by the Conference.

JAMES GRAY.

MOUNT FOREST.

DEAR BROTHER,—The special services in our new church in Mount Forest closed last Sabbath, after a continuance of eight weeks, during which time meetings were held every evening, and very generally in the afternoon also.

During the progress of these meetings one hundred and seventy-five persons went forward professedly seeking the blessing of pardon and forgiveness, while a considerable number of the members were also forward seeking the blessing of a clean heart. It will be gratifying to the President of the Conference and to Dr Ives, if they read this letter, to learn that the generous men who in the committee meeting pledged themselves to give $300 towards the debt on the church, some of whom had already paid $150 are, with their families, among the first-fruits of this revival. I have received, up to date, 110 members, and expect a few more to unite with us who have not had an opportunity as yet. These comprise the very pick and cream of our congregation, both among the heads of families and the youth of our church.

Quite a number united last Sabbath with the Presbyterian church. A number will go back whence they came, viz, to the Episcopalian, Baptist and M. E. Churches, and the rest, like the cleansed lepers, will not be heard from until a similar meeting brings them to the front again.

The effect of this meeting upon the other Churches, and upon the village, has been very gracious. Special services are now being held by the Baptists and the Presbyterians, and the Episcopalians held them for two weeks. Our people are greatly encouraged, and consider themselves well repaid for their summer's toil and sacrifice in building a church which God has so graciously accepted and honored.

R. J FORMAN

A PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPE.

Our comfortable parsonage on the Rosemont Circuit has had the disadvantage of being disagreeably near a hotel, there being a space of only eight feet between it and the hotel buildings. I hope, in future, building committees will not put their ministers so much in the way of temptation.

On the night of the 11th inst. we were alarmed by the cry of fire. It was an alarming sight to see the flames bursting from the roof of the hotel and making directly for our house. Our goods were soon removed in expectation of the house being on fire.

It was then proposed that an effort be made to save the house; although at times it seemed like a hopeless undertaking. The flames came rushing on; but just before they reached us the wind appeared to change slightly, sending them in a little different direction. Soon it was seen that the house was saved. I think there were few who did not feel that it was God who had done it. As we calmly view the situation now, the proximity of the buildings, and the direction the wind was blowing at the time, we are confirmed in our conviction that God interposed in behalf of his people.

What would have made the calamity worse would have been that our insurance policy, which had been taken in the "Gore Mutual," of Galt, had a little before this been cancelled by the company without any assigned reason, the company thereby bringing upon themselves the righteous anger of our official board, and a resolution anything but complimentary.

As our board decided that further business relations with the "Gore" were not in their view desirable, we were arranging with another company, the matter not being completed. We feel exceedingly thankful to a kind Providence who has saved us the loss of a valuable property, thus leaving for my successor, instead of a mass of blackened ruins, a comfortable home.

Two immortal spirits were, by the fire, ushered into the presence of God,—men who had lain down a little before, little dreaming that they were sleeping their last sleep. May God make the terrible termination of their lives a warning to others. Alas! that so far it does not seem to be: even whilst the charred remains of the unfortunate men were being removed, men, and even boys, might be seen sadly under the influence of liquor.

J. W. TOTTEN.

CONFERENCE STUDENTS.

At a meeting of the Conference students, held in the theological lecture rooms of Victoria University, for the consideration of the series of resolutions forwarded to them by the students in attendance at the Montreal Theological College, the following was adopted in reply:—

"Whereas there has been published in the GUARDIAN, and forwarded to us, the Conference students in attendance at Victoria University, a series of resolutions, passed by the students of the Methodist Theological College at Montreal, recommending the refunding of all grants made to probationers by the Educational Society of our Church, and asking our concurrence therein; and, whereas we neither admit the principle, nor approve the plan therein proposed, therefore be it resolved,—

"1. That we do not concur in the action of the students of Montreal Theological College as embodied in said resolutions. And whereas we do not consider that Conference students are, either in appearance or reality, dependent upon the charity of the Church for their education, inasmuch as when called by the Church to the work, they, in almost every instance, left more lucrative positions, thereby sacrificing more than the amounts received by them from the said Educational Society; and inasmuch as the funds of the said Society are made up and sustained by contributions and legacies from the members and friends of the Church for the express purpose of the more liberal education of her ministry; and with the distinct understanding that such contributions and legacies would be dispensed and so applied. And while we would express our thankfulness for aid thus received, at the same time we believe that the services already tendered, together with the more efficient services which it is expected we shall be able to render to the Church in the future, fully release us from any obligation to refund to the Educational Society the grants received therefrom, therefore be it resolved,—

"2 That we do not consider the grants thus received from said Educational Society as gifts of charity, but as the recognition and discharge of a duty which the Church owes alike to herself and to the ministry. And whereas the principle laid down in said resolutions is equally applicable to the Superannuated and other funds of our Church, and would not be applying the funds of said Educational Society to the purposes for which they were contributed. And whereas the plan proposed in said resolutions for refunding to the Educational Society the grants received therefrom would be simply a payment by the Church members of monies borrowed by probationers from the Church's funds, and would be an interference with our proper relations to our circuits, deeming it, as we do, our duty to increase to our utmost all our Connexional funds without regard to private or personal interests, therefore be it resolved,—

"3 That we consider the *principle* enunciated in said resolutions unsound and prejudicial to the best interests of the Church and of the said Educational Society itself; and the *plan* whereby it is sought to be carried into effect not such as would commend itself either to the approbation of the ministry or to the general judgment of the Church.

"4 That we consider the action of said students at Montreal in publishing said resolutions without consulting or counselling with the Conference students of the other theological colleges of our Church, who, it may be presumed, are as much interested as they, as unwise and precipitate.

"5 And it is further resolved that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the GUARDIAN and *Wesleyan* for publication, and to the students at Montreal and Sackville Theological Colleges."

W H. SPARLING, Sec.

MOODY AND SANKEY IN BOSTON.

The closing weeks of the revival effort are bearing abundant fruit. Prayer and labor are receiving a reward which is at once a signal rebuke to lukewarm faith and a striking proof of the faithfulness of God. If it had been predicted a few weeks ago that two or three thousand business men of Boston would assemble daily, at noon, for confession and prayer and religious inquiry, the person making the prediction would have been pitied as an enthusiast. Mr. Moody was invited here with many misgivings. Boston was thought to be peculiarly fortified against evangelistic work. The extent to which a religion that calls itself liberal has leavened society, and affected even evangelical churches, was believed to be so great as to make exceedingly doubtful any direct effort to produce a religious awakening. Had not Mr. Moody's faith been far greater than that of many members of Christian churches, he would never have come. He was right when he said: "God can shake Boston as a mother shakes her child;" but many scarcely believed it; and when, through the apparent delay on God's part, critics of Mr. Moody began to quote the remark against him, some Christians grew uneasy, and began to whisper: "Where is the promise of His coming?" Their fears have now fled, and all are rejoicing together.

OPPOSITION.

Hitherto Mr. Moody and Mr. Cook have been fellow-helpers in the work. The lectures of the one, directed against unevangelical religion in its intellectual defences, prepared a certain class of minds for the plain and simple preaching of the other. Both have met with opposition. The boldness and clearness of Mr. Cook's addresses attracted many, while they were, on the whole, displeased with them. His sharp attacks upon Unitarianism excited men who yet forbore to show that they were disturbed. The angry replies of a few indicated a drift of feeling which, perhaps, would never have appeared above the surface, had not the revival movement reached the stores and counting rooms of the merchants. To be attacked week after week by Mr. Cook, in Tremont Temple, and then to be invaded by a far more powerful influence in a more important quarter, seems to have put the patience of a few liberal ministers to a severe test, and last Sabbath some of them spoke their minds. Drs. A. A. Miner and Freeman Clarke, argued, and Dr. Bartol scolded. Mr. Cook's allusion to them on the following day showed excellent temper and the entire absence of fear. As he does not allow himself to become disputatious, the sharpness of his arguments does not mar the prevailing religious feeling.

As for the opposition that has showed itself against Mr. Moody, it seems only to help his work. It illustrates the passage, "He maketh the wrath of man to praise him." A few weeks ago a prominent, but somewhat acrid, liberal preacher discoursed one Sabbath on "Mr. Moody's God." The sermon is said to have been worthy of its title, inasmuch as it was regarded as a tissue of misrepresentation and misapplied criticism. An influential member of his church regarded it in that light, and remarked that if there were indeed two Gods, it was best for him to be looking around to find which was the true one. This he did; went to the Tabernacle; soon found his way to the inquiry-room; and at last decided in favor of Mr. Moody's God. It is reported that another attendant at the same church, after listening to a sermon that was intended to be severe against Mr. Moody, sent to the Tabernacle Committee a generous donation of money.

Mr. Moody has met with some opposition of another kind. All the leading papers in Boston have treated both the evangelists with marked respect, but one or two of the lower class of papers have indulged in caricature and abuse. The tone of feeling is now, however, so deep as to expose those who do this to the pity of every one, and of course it destroys the point of both their humor and their hatred.

THE MEETINGS

during the entire week have probably surpassed, in point both of numbers and interest, those of any previous week. Competent judges placed the aggregate number present at the Tabernacle, on the Sabbath, at 23,000; and the pressure of the multitude was very great whenever the building was opened. The sermons of the Sabbath upon the estimate men ought to have of Christ, were among the most searching and powerful of any yet preached. The truth was made more impressive by the dramatic interest excited by the manner in which it was presented. The persons with whom Christ conversed were brought upon the witness stand and their testimony taken, and the pungent applications that were made to forms of unbelief, and the methods in which men try now to escape the claims of Christ, were very effective. Mr. Moody seems to preach more powerfully as the interest deepens and the end of the meetings approaches. Large numbers of people have delayed attending the meetings, expecting that, when the "rush would be over," they could attend without being jostled by the crowd. That time has not yet come; hence, audiences that were thought to fill the Tabernacle weeks ago, are now larger by several hundreds than they were then. The singing has also become far more effective. Mr. Sankey has grown upon the appreciation of all who have heard him often, while the choirs and the audiences have learned how to sing together, and the rendering of some of the gospel songs is wonderfully inspiring.

Though the services at the Tabernacle have grown in power, and the boys' meeting and the young men's meeting and the inquiry meetings have kept pace with the progress of the interest, yet Mr. Moody said "that the work at the Tabernacle was only a drop in the bucket to the whole work." Probably he did not exactly measure his words in saying that; but it is true that the interest has become so widely extended throughout the city, finding centres for itself not only in churches and vestries, but in halls and warehouses, that many are being converted who were never interested in the meetings of the Tabernacle.

One of the most impressive meetings of the week was held on Thursday, at Boston Highlands. It was made so, in part, by the remarks of Gen. John L. Swift, a man prominent in the war and also in Massachusetts politics. He has long been before the people as a vigorous and able speaker, and he has gained, by his social qualities, large numbers of friends. He has recently become a Christian, and on Thursday testified to the peace he had found in Christ. Glancing at his past life, he said it had been full of inconsistencies, but, from the experience of one week as a Christian, he believed that every promise of God to His children would be fulfilled. He exhorted all who knew him and had been familiar with his life, to embrace the invitations of the gospel. Many others, among whom were converted skeptics and men far gone in sin, spoke of their newly-found hope.

THE MEETING FOR WOMEN.

Not many reports of this meeting are published, but it is, and has been from the first, one of great value. It is under the charge of Miss Frances E. Willard, whose fervent spirit, intimate acquaintance with Scripture, and remarkable command of language, make her capable of exerting a very strong influence. The meeting is now held in Park Street Church, and on Wednesday not only the body of the church but the galleries also were filled. It is believed that many have been converted in connection with it, while the terms in which all who attend speak of it show how helpful it is to Christians. Miss Willard confines herself almost exclusively to that meeting, but on one occasion she spoke in Tremont Temple for the cause of Temperance. The audience filled the Temple in every part, and hundreds were standing, and she held their intense attention while she plead the cause of the intemperate. Miss Willard's heart is in purely Christian work, and, though more retired than the other Christian workers who have come to Boston, her aid will be found to have been of the very highest value.

THE MEETINGS FOR BUSINESS MEN

have lost nothing in numbers during the week, but gained much in power. The grocers, the market men, the fish men, the furniture dealers, the dry goods dealers, and the members of the press, have had their daily gatherings, and the Spirit of God has been working in them all. The number of converts is already very large, though no estimate of the number could be anything but a surmise.—*Correspondence of the New York Observer.*

A RITUALIST ADDRESS TO THE PRELATES.

The following address has been presented to the Most Reverend and Right Reverend the Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of England:—

"We, the undersigned clergy of the Church of England, being anxious to retain the relations of Church and State which have so long existed in this country, venture to express to your lordships, as our spiritual fathers, the great anxiety and distress which we feel at the present position of affairs. On the one side we see coercive measures resorted to for enforcing uniformity, such as have been happily unknown in this country for centuries; and on the other, a determination to endure any suffering rather than submit to a jurisdiction which, rightly or wrongly, is regarded as purely secular. Moreover, we are much impressed by the unsatisfactory character of the authority and arguments to which appeal is made in the controversies now distracting the Church. For whilst the Church of England of to-day has the same right to decree rites or ceremonies, and possesses the same authority in controversies of faith, as the same Church had at any previous period in her history, appeal is now made, not to the living voice of the Church, but to events and documents which have themselves always been matters of controversy. Believing, as we do, in the presence in the Church of her Divine Head, we are convinced that what is required is, not the mere interpretation, however skilful, of existing law, but the living voice of the Church clearly laying down what the law shall be in the future. With this conviction upon our minds, we beg to urge upon your consideration that, in our opinion, no peace can be secured for the Church, nor can her existing relations with the State be long continued unless laws for the regulation of Divine service, and for other spiritual matters of primary importance, are made by an authority which both clergy and laity would feel to be binding upon conscience; and we are equally satisfied that no authority will be considered thus binding which does not proceed from the synods of the Church as well as from Parliament. In saying this we must add that the legislative action of the Church is now paralysed by the apprehension that when her synodical acts are submitted to Parliament in the constitutional manner, material alterations may be made in them, and that the final result may be seriously at variance with the intentions of the synods, and may become law without their consent. We trust that your lordships will take these representations into your serious consideration, and in your wisdom devise measures to allay the anxiety and distress which is now pressing upon Churchmen."

The address is signed by many of the prominent High Churchmen.

The Righteous Dead.

HARRIET WALDRON.

Mrs. Harriet Waldron, whose maiden name was Barber, was born in Massachusetts, U. S., but came to Canada when quite young. About 47 years of her married life were spent at Lachute, Province of Quebec. Since the death of her husband in 1859, she has been pleasantly spending the evening of her life with her children.

In her thirteenth year she gave herself fully to Christ and united with the Wesleyan Methodist Church, of which she continued a faithful member till she joined the Church above. Though naturally unassuming Sister Waldron was very decided in her religious convictions and character, and those who knew her most intimately had the fullest confidence in her Christian profession. Speaking of her care for the spiritual welfare of her children, her son Moses, now an official member of our Church, says, "When but ten years of age I remember my mother praying with me alone in her room. We have all reason to bless God for a pious praying mother."

Faithful in all her home-duties, she was also punctual, when health permitted, in her attendance on the public ordinances of the sanctuary. The love-feast and class-meeting were her delight. The writer of this notice has often listened with interest and profit to the relation of her Christian experience. She was a true friend and supporter of the Church. Many of the early missionaries, in their long and toilsome journeys, were often thankful to share her cheerful hospitality, and found in her comfortable Christian home a favorite resting-place.

Failing health and the infirmities of age latterly reminded her of the "coming change." Her last illness, however, was short. A severe cold, with inflammation of the lungs, in two weeks brought the welcome release.

But she was found waiting for her Lord. No shadow of doubt rested on her mind. At evening time there was light. In the intervals of pain she found much comfort in having her children read to her favorite passages of Scripture, and such hymns as, "Jesus lover of my soul," "Rock of ages cleft for me." When asked is all well? Is Jesus precious? the answer was promptly given; "Oh, yes! Precious Saviour;" Though longing to depart she would submissively say, "In God's good time." Her last whisper was, "Precious Jesus," then pressing the hand of her son as the signal of victory, this mother in Israel passed to her home in the skies. She died in Chatham, P. Q., at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Foreman, on the 20th Feburary, 1877, in the 78th year of her age.

An appropriate funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. David Winter from Psalms 23 d and 4th verse, and the mortal remains of our dear friend were laid in the old church yard, Lachute, in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

R. M. HAMMOND.

MARY BOSS.

This young Christian lady, loved by all who knew her, was born April 12th, 1857, in Burford, Canada, and died March 25th, 1877, in the village of Caro, Mich. She was the daughter of Henry L and Elizabeth Boss, who were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and the father a class-leader. From infancy she was surrounded with the best religious helps. At the age of fourteen she felt the need of leading a Christian life, and sought and found the pardoning love of Jesus. Her piety was from her conversion of the most beautiful character, not given to many words, but manifested itself in a quiet discharge of every Christian duty.

Though young she was never found indulging in the levities and vanities of the world, which were contrary to her Christian education.

She possessed marked firmness of purpose and tenderness of conscience.

She was also a pattern of diligence, and until her strength failed, she was never found unemployed. Her understanding and her sense of propriety were far above her years. The sweetness of her disposition, and a heart formed for affection and true friendship, were her principal winning qualities.

I know not that any one ever saw a cloud of displeasure upon her countenance. It is not known that she ever uttered a word which caused grief to any heart. While in conversation with her father, said he, "I never remember having had to correct Mary." She gave herself to the work of teaching as early as practicable, and continued to teach until the fall of 1876, when her health failed her. From a hectic fever, followed by a cough, it soon became evident that the dire disease, consumption, was doing its work.

I was with her near her last hours, and that same tranquility of character manifested itself to the last. When questioned about the future, she seemed to exhibit greater confidence than ever in her Christian history. And while partaking of the sacrament of the Lord's supper, she raised her hands and exclaimed, "O my dear Jesus!" And in conversation, said she, "I am going where there will be no more temptations," and in a few hours she fell asleep in Jesus.

"She in a sacred calm reclined her breath;
And as her eyelids closed, she smiled in death."

At the early age of twenty she crossed the river of death, and entered into that rest which remains for the people of God.

The funeral services were held at the M. E. church, the place of her Christian training. At one o'clock on the afternoon of the twenty-seventh, a large procession formed at the home of the deceased, her Sunday-school class and teacher forming next to the immediate friends, followed by the teachers and scholars of the Union School. The church was filled until there was not a sitting.

Appropriate music by the choir, tended to make the service deeply impressive. An informal address was delivered from the text in Rev. xiii 4 5.

"Calm, on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now;
E'en while with us thy footstep trod,
His seal was on thy brow."

"Dust, to its narrow cell beneath;
Soul, to its place on high;
They who have seen thy look in death,
No more need fear to die."

J. W. CAMPBELL.

WM. FORSYTH.

Wm. Forsyth, who died in Upper Pakenham, at his own residence, on the evening of Thursday, the 25th Jan., 1876, and was buried on Saturday, the 27th, was born in Ireland, 1815. He had resided for fifty-three years on his homestead in Pakenham, being one among the earlier settlers in the township. He was converted about thirty-six years ago during the progress of a revival, which took place during the ministry of Rev. A. Adams. Two years after he was married to Catherine Wallace, his now sorrowing widow. He was at first a very active and happy Christian. But he fell away from Christ, and on two subsequent occasions was reclaimed and restored. The last time was fourteen years ago, under the ministry of Rev. Mr. Hobbs. He was often subject to doubts and fearful apprehensions, no doubt caused by his unfaithfulness in not keeping up family prayer in his household. But after a long period of suffering from a painful disease, which eventually brought him to the grave, God had mercy upon him, and his end was peace. Some of his last sayings were, "God has had mercy upon me. I feel now that I am safe in the arms of Christ. I find it is not half so hard to die as I thought it would have been. The sting of death is taken away." He was sixty-one years of age when he fell asleep in Jesus. COM.

JAMES WILSON.

James Wilson was born in the township of Elmvid June 17th, 1846 and died at the residence of his uncle, James Swenerton, Esq., Exeter, Ont., thirteenth of September, 1876, in the 31st year of his age.

He was converted to God during a revival at the Fairsville appointment in 1863 on what was then the Exeter Circuit. The Rev. William Chapman—now of London—was the Superintendent. The writer (then in his novitiate) and the now sainted Wm. H. Winans were his "helpers." The Lord gave us a harvest of souls that year. Some remain unto this present, and some are fallen asleep. Amongst those was Brother Wilson.

He was a young man of sterling integrity and reliable Christian character. His piety was more of that kind which needed a "revival" every six months to keep it living. It was kept alive by a faithful discharge of closet duty and a close walk with God. He did not make a parade of his religion, but he never shrank from avowing his principles on all proper occasions.

Business sometimes placed him in the company of the wicked, but never did he of choice remain there longer than was necessary. He walked not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor stood in the way of sinners, nor sat in the seat of the scornful, but made the law of the Lord his delight, and waited in the way of righteousness, and the blessing promised to such was given him.

Those who knew him best bear willing testimony to the depth and genuineness of his piety. His death was somewhat sudden and unexpected, but he was ready. He was strongly attached to the Methodist Church and her ministers, and it may be truly said of him, "Lord, I have loved the habitation of thy house and the place where thine honor dwelleth."

The consistency of his life and the triumph of his death suggested for his funeral sermon, the passage, "So run that ye may obtain."

J. W. HOLMES.

CHRISTOPHER MILLER.

Christopher Miller was born in Newbridge county Limerick, Ireland, 11th January, 1810. His father was a class-leader in the Wesleyan Methodist Church, and carefully trained his family in the fear of God. When a youth the subject of this sketch was converted to God in the old country, and for a time lived a Christian and holy life, but yielding to worldly influences he lost the sense of his acceptance, and fell into a backslidden state. In this frame of mind he came to Canada in the year 1831; and after reading a year in Cobourg, permanently settled in Pakenham in 1832. The following year he married his now bereaved and sorrowing widow. For some years he led a careless life; not grossly immoral, but a stranger to the comfortable possession of God's pardoning mercy. But that loving Being to whom he had turned in his youthful days renewed His visits of love to him under the ministry of the late Rev. Mr. Gaby. Brother Miller, about seven years since, was reclaimed from his backslidden state, and obtained a clear, strong, and abiding evidence of his restoration and adoption into God's family. It was in his own house where this great blessing was obtained and this great change was experienced. He was very happy. It seemed as life from the dead. And by God's grace he held fast his confidence unto the end. About eighteen months ago the writer of this first met him at his home, and was hospitably entertained by him. He was then comparatively hale and strong for a man of threescore; but calm, peaceful, and trustful in God. But almost immediately afterwards disease of the heart set in, and our Brother rapidly declined. His sufferings were very great, but his trust in Christ was strong and his peace abundant. Occasionally his soul was triumphant; would again and again rise up in his bed to shout the glory of God, and seemed only to want wings that he might fly to his Saviour. Some of his last words were, "Glory! glory! O how happy I am! Jesus saves! His blood cleanses me." Thus died, on March 8th, 1877, a good husband, a kind father, a trusted neighbor, and a humble happy Christian. He sleeps to awake in Christ at the morning of the resurrection.

WILLIAM ENGLISH.

NETTIE LOGAN.

The subject of this brief memoir died in West Winchester, on the 9th of February, 1877,—another victim of consumption.

Although she had only reached the age of eighteen, her life and death were such that we feel constrained to pen this sketch, hoping it will find a place in your list of the "Righteous Dead."

She was converted in February, 1875, under the labors of the Rev. E. Robson, at Morrisburg. From her infancy almost she had shown a deep reverence for religious things. But after her conversion the fire of Divine love, which had been burning within, broke out into a steady and fervent flame.

Her conversation savored of godliness, and she seemed never more delighted than when talking or singing of Christ. In the Sunday-school she was deeply loved; and, on the Sabbath before her death, she sent word to the school that she was nearing her home, and urged scholars and teachers to meet her there. Earnest prayers went up on her behalf, and eyes grew dim with tears as she thought that they should see her face no more.

As she drew near the margin of the river her prospects became at times almost ecstatic, and her rest in Christ continued unbroken.

The dying scene was one which few could describe, and those who witnessed it will never forget. The writer was called in about an hour before her death. Just before that time her voice, which had fast been failing, seemed to return, and, as she awoke from a short slumber, she cried out, "O! the cross, the beautiful cross. Glory! glory!"

As I entered, the sorrowing relatives stood around the dying-couch, and, with muffled sobs, awaited the end. But above the voices of weeping sounded the clear notes of victory. Death came without his sting, and she welcomed him

"As a praying angel of light
On a mission of mercy sent."

Her last words were: "Welcome! O, welcome Jesus." Slowly, kindly, tenderly the angels loosened the silver cord, and the happy spirit fled away, leaving us only the frail fair casket, which we laid to rest in sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

The funeral was largely attended, the Sabbath-school joining in the procession—and we took once more the opportunity of unfurling the Pauline motto (in this case singularly appropriate):—"For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." J. B. S.

ALFRED MABEE.

On Friday, March the 2nd, in the 60th year of his age, Mr. Mabee died. In the somewhat sudden and unexpected death of Mr. Mabee the Methodist community of Warkworth has lost one of its most active, useful and liberal members, and civil society has lost a faithful friend of human kind. Mr. Mabee was distinguished by much generosity and kindness of disposition. He was quickly touched with human woe, and was ever ready, to the utmost of his ability, to assist the destitute and help the needy. In fact, in every good word and work, he was ever ready to do all in his power. His mortal affliction was short but severe, and was greatly blessed to the purifying of his heart, and to the transforming of his nature into that divine image and likeness which is essential to the enjoyment of the heavenly world. He died in peace and with a humble hope of a joyful resurrection on the last great day. The esteem in which he was held was well shown by the immense multitude attending his funeral, which took place on Monday, March 5th. The services were conducted by the Rev. Edward Cragg, and were accompanied by a large measure of divine influence. COM.

Book-Steward's Notices.

IN PRESS.

In a few days will be issued "High Church Pretensions Disproved; or, Methodism and the Church of England." By REV. E. H. DEWART. Second Edition, revised and enlarged.

NOTICE.

The Schedules have all been mailed to the Superintendents and Chairmen in the Toronto, London and Montreal Conferences. Any one not receiving them will please notify us.

NOTICE.

Parties who may send orders for any articles advertised in our columns must remember that we can in no way hold ourselves responsible for the quality or even for the delivery of such articles. While we will not knowingly insert a fraudulent advertisement, we cannot undertake to interfere between the advertiser and the buyer, and must therefore ask our friends to do all their correspondence direct with advertisers.

NOW READY!

LIFE AND TIMES OF ANSON GREEN, D.D., written by himself, and published at the request of the Toronto Conference, with an introduction by Rev. S. S. Nelles, D.D., LL.D., President of Victoria College. Colored cloth; pp. 468. Price $1. As only a small edition has been issued, parties desiring a copy should send at once.

Connexional Notices.

NOTICE.

The Transfer Committee will meet at the Methodist Mission Rooms, Richmond Street, Toronto, on Wednesday, the ninth of next May, at eleven o'clock a.m.
E. RYERSON, President.

N.B.—No applications have been received for transfer to or from the limits of the Conferences of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, or Newfoundland. E. R.

TO THE PROBATIONERS AND CANDIDATES OF THE CENTRAL SECTION.

Any brother desiring a billet during his attendance at the examination to be held in Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, Toronto, will please communicate at once with the Rev. T. W. Jeffrey, 283 Sherbourne Street.
JOHN POTTS.

PERTH DISTRICT.

Candidates and probationers on this district will meet for examination in the Methodist Church, Perth, on Wednesday, May 2nd, at 9 a.m.
GEORGE MCRITCHIE.

COBOURG DISTRICT.

The Annual District meeting for the Cobourg District will commence in the Methodist church, Colborne, on Tuesday, May 15th, at 9 a.m.

The Recording Stewards and other lay representatives, will attend in the same place on Wednesday, the 16th, at 10 a.m.
W. JEFFERS.

LONDON DISTRICT.

The London District Meeting will be held in the Dundas Street Centre Church, London, commencing on Tuesday, May 22nd, at 9 o'clock a.m.

Recording Stewards and representatives will convene on the following day at 10 a.m.
W. R. PARKER.
JAS. E. DYER.

HAMILTON DISTRICT.

The annual District Meeting will commence in the Centenary Church, Hamilton, on Tuesday, the 22nd of May next, at 10 o'clock a.m.

Representatives from Circuits will meet on Wednesday at the same place and hour.
JAMES GRAY, Chairman.

SARNIA DISTRICT.

The Sarnia District Meeting will be held in the Methodist Church, Strathroy, commencing on Tuesday, May 22nd, at 2 30 p.m.

The lay representatives will meet on Wednesday, the 23rd, at 9 a.m.
J. C. SLATER, Chairman.

QUEBEC DISTRICT.

The District Meeting will be held in Quebec, on Wednesday and Thursday, May 23rd and 24th, and will commence at 9 o'clock a.m. each day.

The Stewards and lay representatives will meet on Thursday.
H. F. BLAND.

CHATHAM DISTRICT.

The Chatham District Meeting will (D.V.) be held in the Methodist Church, Ridgetown, commencing on Tuesday, 22nd of May, at 9 o'clock a.m.

The Recording Stewards and other lay representatives will please meet in the same place on Tuesday, the 23rd, at 10 o'clock a.m.
J. WAKEFIELD, Chairman.

BRANTFORD DISTRICT.

The Brantford District Meeting will commence its sessions on Wednesday, May, 16th, at 9 a.m, in the Methodist Church, Norwich.

Lay representatives will please attend the following day at 10 a.m.
A. LANGFORD.

OWEN SOUND DISTRICT.

The annual meeting of the above District will be held in the Methodist Church, Owen Sound, commencing Wednesday, May 30, at 9 o'clock a.m. Stewards will please be present on Thursday at 10 a.m., when the financial business will be taken up.

Superintendents will see that all collections are duly made and reported.
D. C. MCDOWELL.

BRADFORD DISTRICT.

The annual District Meeting will be held in the Methodist Church, Bradford, on Tuesday, 22nd of May, commencing at 9.30 a.m.

The lay representatives will meet in the same place on Wednesday, 23rd of May, at 9 a.m.
R. H. SMITH.

GUELPH DISTRICT.

The annual District Meeting will assemble in the Methodist Church, Acton, on Wednesday, May 16th, at 9 a.m.

Recording Stewards and other lay representatives will meet in the same place on Thursday, 17th, at 9.30 a.m.
E. B. RYCKMAN, Chairman.

WELLINGTON DISTRICT.

The Wellington District Meeting will be held in the Methodist Church, Listowel, on Tuesday, May 22nd, commencing at 10 a.m.

The Stewards and other lay representatives will meet in the same place on Wednesday, the 23rd, at 10 a.m.

On Tuesday evening a public meeting will be held, and addresses delivered by Revs. R. J. Forman, E. Holmes, J. G. Scott, and others, on various phases of Christian work.
M. SWANN, Chairman.

BROCKVILLE DISTRICT.

The examination of candidates and probationers for the Brockville District will be held in the basement of the Church at Iroquois, beginning at 9 a.m., on Wednesday, the 2nd of May.

ANNUAL DISTRICT MEETING.

The Annual District Meeting will be held in the Basement of the church at Iroquois, beginning Tuesday, the 29th of May, at 9 a.m.

The Recording Stewards and lay representatives will attend at 10 a.m., Wednesday.
WILLIAM SCOTT, Chairman.

RIDGETOWN CIRCUIT.

The corner-stone of the Morpeth Church will (D.V.) be laid on Monday, May 7th, 1877, at 3 o'clock, p.m., by Rev. Dr. Rice, Governor of the Wesleyan Female College, Hamilton.

Addresses will be delivered by Revs. Dr. Rice, John Wakefield, Chairman of Chatham District, and David Hunt, of Blenheim.

TEA MEETING.

A tea meeting will be held in the evening. Tea served at 6.30 o'clock. Addresses from the above-named ministers and others.

Dr. Rice will preach in the old church at Morpeth, on Sabbath morning, May 6th, at 10 30 o'clock, and in the new church at Ridgetown, on the evening of the same day.
R. W. WOODSWORTH.

TORONTO DISTRICT.

The Annual District Meeting will be held in York Church (Downsview), Yonge Street South Circuit, on Tuesday, 22nd of May, commencing at 9.30 a.m.

Recording Stewards and other lay representatives will assemble in the same place on Wednesday, 23rd May, at 9 a.m.
GEORGE YOUNG.

GODERICH DISTRICT.

The Annual District Meeting will be held in the Methodist Church, Clinton, on Wednesday, 16th of May, commencing at 9 a.m.
CHAS. LAVELL.

KINGSTON DISTRICT.

The examination of candidates and probationers on this District will take place in the Queen Street Church, in this city, on Wednesday, May 2nd, at 10 o'clock a.m.
J. ELLIOTT.

OTTAWA DISTRICT EXAMINATION.

Candidates for the Ministry will meet for examination in the Lecture Room of the Dominion Church, on the first Wednesday in May, at 10 o'clock a.m.
W. J. HUNTER.

NIAGARA DISTRICT.

The Niagara District Meeting will be held in the Methodist Church, Dunnville, commencing on Tuesday, May 22nd, at 10 a.m.

Recording Stewards and other lay representatives will assemble in the same place on Wednesday, 23rd, at 10 a.m.

It is expected that all financial and other Reports will be ready for presentation when called for by the District Meeting.
G. R. SANDERSON, Chairman.

HAMILTON DISTRICT.

The following resolution is submitted for the guidance of the Quarterly Official Boards:—

"That each Quarterly Official Board of the Hamilton District shall, at the May meeting of the Board, appoint one representative or more to meet in general committee, at Carlisle, to transact business in the interest of the camp meeting known as Nelson Camp-meeting—the committee to meet at the call of the Superintendent of Carlisle Circuit.
J. R. KAY, Sec. Local Com.

BAZAAR.

The members of the Ladies' Aid Society of Sherbourne Street Methodist Church purpose (D.V.) holding a bazaar of useful and fancy articles early in May, and solicit the co-operation of their friends.

The proceeds of the bazaar are to relieve an indebtedness for which the society became responsible at the time of enlarging the church.

Contributions will be gratefully received by the following ladies:—Mesdames Cooney, E. Lawson, Jeffrey, Fudger, Richard Brown, Legge, E. Stevenson, T. Brown, John Brown, Hillock, and F. Stewart.

CAMP MEETING.

A camp meeting will be held on the farm of the Rev. P. McNaughton, Lot 24, Fourth Concession, Vaughan, on the Yonge Street North Circuit, and one mile north of Richmond Hill Station, Northern Railroad, commencing on Thursday, 21st June.

The friends on the surrounding Circuits and in the city are cordially invited to join in this "Feast of Tabernacles," and Superintendents of Circuits are kindly requested to bring the matter before the May Quarterly Meetings, so as to insure hearty co-operation.

Tents can be obtained by applying to Mr. George Lawson, Victoria Square, or to the undersigned; and that provision may be ample for all who wish to attend, it is hoped that applications for tents may be made early.
J. HERBERT STARR,
GEORGE BROWNE.

GENERAL CONFERENCE COLLECTIONS.

The following sums have been received by the Treasurer:—

1876.			
~~Mar. 10—Per Rev. John Potts~~			
Aug. 1—	..	George Young	17 13
.. 8—	..	E. Barrass	6 27
.. 22—	..	Thomas Fox	2 43
.. 23—	..	C. E. Perry	2 00
.. 23—	..	J. Anderson	2 50
.. 29—	..	D. Perry	2 00
Sept. 1—	..	Thomas Campbell	8 34
.. 4—	..	Metropolitan Church	51 52
.. 4—	..	Elm Street Church	41 50
.. 6—	..	Rev. N. S. Burwash	4 84
.. 8—	..	James McFarlane	7 00
.. 9—	..	E. S. Rupert	8 35
.. 13—	..	W. Burns	11 00
.. 17—	..	J. C. Willmott	3 00
.. 20—	..	T. S. Keough	12 41
.. 22—	..	R. Strachan	2 15
.. 26—	..	R. Duke	1 73
.. 27—	..	J. N. Robinson	1 84
.. 27—	..	W. R. Barker	5 00
.. 29—	..	A. Glazier	1 00
Oct. 2—	..	R. Walker	4 00
.. 16—	..	Berkeley Street Church	8 50
.. 24—	..	Rev. W. L. Scott	4 70
.. 25—	..	J. W. McCallum	6 95
Nov. 7—	..	J. H. Starr	17 03
.. 8—	..	John Hunt	12 10
.. 9—	..	P. Addison	4 96
.. 9—	..	George Brown	5 00
1877.			
Feb. 7—	..	J. Greene	4 30
.. 7—	..	W. W. Leech	4 50
.. 20—	..	G. T. Richardson	1 20
.. 21—	..	W. Scales	3 00
March 2—	..	J. H. Locke	5 25

REV. S. ROSE, Treas.

SUPERANNUATION FUND.

The Treasurers thankfully acknowledge the following sums received during the week:—

Owen Sound	$35 00
Metropolitan, 3rd remittance	129 50
Rev. Joseph Waite	10 00
Peterboro', 2nd remittance	10 00
Milton	60 00
Hagersville, 3rd remittance	13 00
Millbank	11 00
Rev. Robert Phillips	10 00
Blenheim	45 00
Watford	25 00
Stratford	30 00
Rev. Manly Benson	10 00
Wellington Square	70 00
Rev. David Chambers	10 00
Lambeth, 2nd remittance	1 00
Rev. William Lund	10 00

1. All remittances must be forwarded to the Treasurers before the first of May for publication previous to the District Meetings.

2. All payments in future are to be made only by the Treasurers. Financial Secretaries are not authorized to make any advances, as several irregularities have occurred in this way.

3. The Treasurers will make the final payments to all the Claimants after the income for the past year is ascertained by the returns of all the Conferences.

REV. JOHN DOUSE,
WILLIAM T. MASON,
Treasurers.

Address: 9 Elm Street, Toronto.

METHODIST MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

The Treasurers thankfully acknowledge the receipt of the following sums:—

Bervie, per Conf. Treasurer, 2nd remittance	$100 40
Bayfield	11 00
Fullarton, per Conf. Treasurer, 3rd remittance	59 00
Tilsonburg, per Conf. Treasurer, 3rd remittance	30 00
Hamilton, Zion Tabernacle, per Conf. Treasurer, 3rd remittance	21 00
Jerseyville, per Conf. Treasurer, 2nd remittance	111 40
Dorchester Station, per Conf. Treasurer, 2nd remittance	76 73
Nova Scotia Conference, per Conf. Treasurer	650 62
Toronto Second, per R. Philp, Esq., 2nd and 3rd remittance	372 42
Markham, per Rev. A. R. Campbell	116 00
Prince Albert and Port Perry, per Rev. E. R. Young	125 00
Lloydtown, per Rev. T. Campbell, 2nd remittance	80 00
Weston, per Rev. Geo. Browne, 5th remittance	60 60
Scarboro', per Rev. C. V. Lake	107 81
Streetsville, per Rev. W. Burns, 6th remittance	100 00
Yonge St. South, per Rev. J. Hunt, 4th remittance	110 25

Travellers' Guide.

GRAND TRUNK EAST

	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Depart	6 37	1 17	5 37	7 07
		A.M.		
Arrive	9 37	11 07	5 07	11 07

GRAND TRUNK WEST.

	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Depart	7 30	12 15	3 45	5 15	....	11 45
Arrive	5 15	11 00a.m.	6 50	1 05	....	11 35

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY.

	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.	P.M.
Depart	7 10	9 30	12 55	....	3 20	6 35	9 15
Arrive	9 15	10 30	....	12 33	4 30	6 55	11 50

☞ Trains on this line leave Union Station five minutes after leaving Yonge Street Station.

NORTHERN RAILWAY.

	A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.	
Depart	7 00	11 15	4 10		....
Arrive	10 20	....	3 35	9 25	....

TORONTO AND NIPISSING RAILWAY.

	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.			
Depart	8 30	4.00	....	....	....	....
Arrive	10 45	7 20	....	....	....	....

TORONTO, GREY, AND BRUCE RAILWAY.

	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.		
Depart	8 00	12 45	4 15	....	....
Arrive	10 35	2 40	9 30	....	....

HOUR OF CLOSING MAILS FROM TORONTO P. O.

		A.M.	P.M.
Per Grand Trunk West		6 00	2 30
Grand Trunk East		1 00	5 30
Great Western Railway	6 00	10 45	8 00
Northern Railway		6 00	3 00
Western States		3 00	6 00

Births, Marriages & Deaths.

Notices of Births, Marriages and Deaths, to insure insertion must be accompanied by 25 Cents each—sent to the Book-Steward.

MARRIED.

On Wednesday, the 28th ult., by the Rev. Thomas S. Keough, at the house of the parents of the bride, D. C. Waterhouse, Esq., of Davisville, to Alma, daughter of Donald McFarlane, Esq., of Etobicoke.

On the 16th inst., by the Rev. Robert Walker, at the residence of the bride's brother-in-law, Mr. John Porteus, of Manvers, to Miss Elizabeth Ann Gardiner, of Bethany.

DIED.

On the 10th inst., at the Thornton appointment, Cookstown Circuit, John Kirkwood, aged 70.

On the 10th inst., in the 68th year of her age, trusting in Jesus, Mary Ann, the beloved wife of Thomas Tennant, Esq., of Lanark, mother of the Rev. E. Tennant, of New Credit, and mother-in-law of the Rev. S. B. Philips, of Glentay.

Commercial.

TORONTO MARKETS

FARMERS MARKET.—STREET PRICES.

Wheat, fall, per bush	$1 47	@	1 73
Wheat, spring, do	1 46	@	1 55
Barley do	0 60	@	0 75
Oats do	0 49	@	0 50
Peas do	0 79	@	0 80
Rye do	0 65	@	0 00
Dressed hogs, per 100 lbs	6 75	@	7 00
Beef, hind quarters	6 00	@	7 00
Beef, fore quarters	0 00	@	0 00
Mutton, by carcase	6 00	@	6 59
Chickens, per pair	0 50	@	0 70
Ducks, per brace	0 75	@	0 80
Geese, each	0 65	@	0 75
Turkeys	0 75	@	1 50
Butter, lb rolls	0 26	@	0 29
Butter, large rolls	0 00	@	0 00
Butter, tub dairy	0 23	@	0 24
Eggs, fresh, per dozen	0 14	@	0 00
Eggs, packed	0 00	@	0 00
Apples per brl	1 50	@	2 25
Potatoes, per bush	0 60	@	0 80
Onions do	0 90	@	1 00
Tomatoes do	0 00	@	0 00
Turnips do	0 30	@	0 35
Carrots do	0 00	—	0 00
Beets do	0 00	—	0 00
Parsnips do	0 00	—	0 00
Cabbage, per doz	0 00	—	0 00
Hay	11 00	—	17 50
Straw	10 00	—	11 50

WHOLESALE PRICES.

FLOUR, f. o. c			
Superior Extra	7 75	—	8 00
Extra	7 40	—	7 60
Fancy	6 15	—	6 30
Spring Wheat, extra	7 00	—	7 10
No. 1 Superfine	6 40	—	6 50
Oatmeal	5 40	—	5 50
Cornmeal, small lots	3 00	—	3 25
GRAIN, f. o. b.			
Fall Wheat, No. 1	1 73	—	1 75
" No. 2	1 63	—	1 65
" No. 3	1 43	—	1 45
Treadwell	0 00	—	0 00
Spring Wheat, No. 1	1 54	—	1 66
" No. 2	1 52	—	1 53
Oats	0 46	—	0 47
Barley, No. 1	0 78	—	0 80
" No. 2	0 59	—	0 60
Peas	0 80	—	0 81
Corn	0 56	—	0 57
Butter, first-class, per lb	0 21	—	0 24
" round lots of medium	0 16	—	0 19
" " of inferior	0 14	—	0 15
Cheese, in lots	0 00	—	0 10
" in small lots	0 12	—	0 16
Reesor's Royal Arms and Stilton	0 12½	—	0 16
Pork, mess, per brl	17 50	—	18 00
Extra prime, per brl	0 00	—	0 00
Bacon, long clear	0 09½	—	0 10
" Cumberland cut	0 08	—	0 08½
" smoked	0 9½	—	0 10½
" spiced roll	0 12	—	0 12½
Hams smoked	0 11	—	0 12
" sugar cured and canvased	0 00	—	0 00
in pickle	0 10	—	0 12
Lard in tinnets	0 11½	—	0 12
in tierces	0 10½	—	0 11½
Eggs fresh	0 20	—	0 21
" limed	0 10	—	0 00
Dressed Hogs	0 00	—	0 00
Live Hogs	0 00	—	0 00
Hops, 1876	0 20	—	0 25
" second class, 1875	0 10	—	0 15
Dried apples	0 05	—	0 06
SALT—			
Liverpool, coarse	0 80	—	0 90
" fine	1 10	—	1 20
Goderich, per brl	1 05	—	1 10
" per car lot	1 02½	—	0 00
" coarse, per bag	0 00	—	0 00
Cagliari salt, per ton	20 00	—	25 00
HIDES, SKINS AND WOOL			
Steers—Toronto inspection—No. 1, 60lbs and up	7 00	—	0 00
Steers—Toronto inspection—No. 2	6 00	—	0 00
Cows—Toronto inspection—No. 1	0 00	—	0 00
Cows—Toronto inspection—No. 2	0 00	—	0 00
Bull and grubby hides	5 00	—	0 00
Calfskins, green	0 00	—	0 11
" cured	0 12	—	0 13
" dry	0 16	—	0 18
Sheepskins	1 00	—	2 00
Wool, fleece	0 30	—	0 00
" pulled, super	0 26	—	0 30
" pickings	0 09	—	0 13
Tallow, rough	0 04½	—	0 00
" rendered	0 6+	—	0 07