

The Christianian

AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

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Literary and Religious.

The Waning Year.

I mourn not now the waning year,
I call not back the vanished past;
No vain regrets shall vex me here,
Nor doubts perplex to hold me fast.
Enough that from myself I turn,
Still conscious of my sin and wrong;
That thoughts of Love within me burn,
And move my heart to song.

O Love supreme, Love manifest,
In the vast world that round me lies;
That knowing what for each is best,
In wisdom grants, or else denies,
O'er sun and stars, o'er land and sea,
Rules undisturbed with ceaseless care,
Yet opendances to compass me,
And with my weakness bear.

The hurrying years may come and go,
My heart with joy or sorrow fill;
Yet evermore 'tis mine to know,
That I am close enveloped still.
Forgotten not, though I forget,
Still guarded, though I wayward be;
Dear Lord this is thy Love, and yet
How poor is mine for thee!

No King whom armies close surround
Sits on his throne as firm and sure,
No States with power and blessings crowned
Can hold his subjects so secure.
O sweet persuasion, that to-night
Assures what is, and bids me be;
That life, nor death, nor depth nor height,
Can take my Lord from me.

O rest of Faith—the gift of Love,
That does not with the dying years,
How brighten now thy holy dove,
How fair this lower world appears!
No marvel that from self I turn,
That conscious of my sin and wrong,
That thoughts of love within me burn,
And move my heart to song.

—Anon. D. F. Randolph, in N. Y. Observer.

Christmas Thoughts.

It is not necessary to believe that the Lord Jesus Christ was born on the 25th of December in order to enjoy all the happiness which is associated with the recurrence of that day. Probably if there is anything certain about the date of the Saviour's birth, it is that it was not in the Winter months. But that he was born in certain; and as his birth changed the entire current of the world's history, it is fitting that it should be specially marked among us by a social anniversary.

We say social, for that, rather than its ecclesiastical celebration, is to us the special charm of Christmas. And the customs that have grown up around it are beautifully in harmony with the sentiments that are evoked within us by the contemplation of the advent. For instance Christmas is the children's day. The coming of the Christ-child into the world dignified infancy and made childhood in a sense divine. So we learn to receive every little one in Jesus' name, and to look with love on them all for his sake. At this season more than ever, Jesus is setting the little children in the midst of us, to teach us humility, to broaden our human charity, and to give new importance in our view to the undeveloped future that slumbers yet in embryo in the nurseries of the land. Let the children, then, rejoice and be glad in the coming of this festive time; and let their elders become children with them; for in a very true sense we enter into other kingdoms even than that of grace, only when we become like the little ones.

Again, Christmas is a time of giving gifts. Some trace this to the example of the Magi who came from the east to lay their treasures of gold and frankincense and myrrh before the infant Redeemer. But to us it seems rather that it is the natural response of the heart for the great gift of Christ, which God has bestowed upon us. The kindness of a benefactor to us stimulates us to show favor in our turn to others; and the love of God, as manifested to us in the gift of His Son, opens our hearts to others. Our gratitude to him takes the shape of benevolence to our fellows; and whenever our thoughts are specially directed to his unspoke gift, we are peculiarly prompted to offer tokens of kindness to others. Thus wherever Christ's love is received, a new fountain is opened in the heart, and that wells over with consideration for the happiness of others. So the Fountain-head of our Christmas gifts is Christ. Santa Claus is a myth. Christ is himself the giver. We owe everything we shall get this week to him; for if there had been no Christ, there would have been no such interchange of affection's tokens in our households at this season. And it is to us a striking thought that many even of those who repudiate his claims upon them are doing him unconscious homage in their tender care for others now.

But to have the full joy of such a festival we must be Christians ourselves. And the question of the week for us, have we received God's gift into our hearts? The greatest insult we can offer to any one at this time, would be to despise the present which he brings and to refuse it at his hands; but we never think of doing that! No matter how poor the gift may be, it has cost the giver patience and labor and sacrifice, and it means love, so we cheerfully accept it. Yet how many of us put away the gift which God bestows and which cost him such infinite sacrifice? How many hearts there are in this land, which are like that old caravansary in Bethlehem, in which there was no room for the Child Jesus! There are vain imaginations and evil passions and earthly ambitions and horrid covetousnesses trooping out and in continually. There is room for gold and pleasure and political partisanship and social rivalry, but no room for Christ! No room for Christ! How long shall this be the case? Make room for him, O reader, no matter what must be dislodged by his entrance. Undo the

door of thy heart and let the Saviour in,—he brings peace and joy and purity along with him. He will sup with thee, and thou wilt sup with him. Then thou wilt have the happiest Christmas Day thou hast yet known, and that day will last for all thy lifetime.

But charity is not to be confined to Christmas time. If it be genuine on any day, it will pervade all days. The poor we have always with us, and the donations which we make at this happy anniversary are not to absolve us from attending to the wants of the destitute wherever we can relieve them. There are many suffering ones in these times who are bearing their load in silence, and would do anything rather than make known their need. Let the loving-hearted and open-handed seek them out and help them for his sake. He who provides the means for making a happy Christmas to another will make his own brighter.—*Christian at Work.*

Christian Faith and Modern Doubt.

BY REV. R. W. DALE, M.A.

The Christian Faith has lived through epochs of intellectual excitement at least as intense as that by which the more active intellectual life of our own day is exalted. Have you forgotten the enthusiasm and pride of the intellectual revival which came to Europe in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries? All the intellectual glory of ancient Greece suddenly flooded the mind of Italy, France, and Germany. The noblest eloquence, philosophy, poetry, and art which the world had ever known, and which had been almost forgotten for centuries, were restored to the scholars of Europe, and produced an intellectual intoxication which perhaps has hardly ever been equalled since. Men felt that never before had they seen the transcendent splendors of human genius, that never before had they even suspected the vast possibilities of the intellectual powers of man. But that time of intellectual triumph was followed not by the destruction of faith, but by the greatest of all religious revivals in the history of the Christian Church, the Protestant Reformation.

The new learning of the Renaissance might naturally have been regarded with terror. Paganism was invested with an intellectual glory which for a time made the brightest triumphs of the intellect of Christendom look poor and dim. The new learning which came with these dazzling pretensions dealt with many of the problems for which a solution had been sought in theology; and it appeals to those very elements of our nature which are stirred by religious faith. It was no wonder that for a time men listened to Plato and forgot St. Paul; that their imagination was filled by the solemn grandeur and the perfect beauty of the ancient tragedians, so that the eloquence of Isaiah and the pathos of the Psalms were for a time overborne.

The science of our times is a less formidable rival to faith. It does not touch the great problems in which the heart of man is most deeply interested; or, if it ventures to touch them, it ceases to be science and becomes pure speculation.

It is of no avail to tell us about the structure of the lachrymal gland, when we want to know how the sorrow which finds a momentary relief in tears is to receive a permanent consolation. In quiet times we can listen with keen and respectful interest to all that science can tell us about our mysterious kinship to the inferior animals, and even to the lowest forms of vegetable life. But there are times in which we are conscious of a kinship of another kind—kinship to a life that is above us, as well as to a life that is below us; and the higher kinship provokes an intense interest and is felt to be our supreme concern. The laws of heat and light, the history of the physical universe, the structure of our own physical nature provoke intellectual curiosity. But the deeper passions of our hearts are not touched until we are spoken to about the origin and obligation and transcendent nobleness and beauty of that idea of goodness which haunts us and which we cannot reach; about the struggles and triumphs of heroic virtue and the perfection of saints; about the consciousness of fault and failure which clings to us and which we cannot throw off; about the possibility of a future existence, in which our baffled hopes of resolving into a perfect harmony the harsh discords of our mortal life may be fulfilled; about the authority of God, about access to the Divine Presence in this world, and about a day of judgment in the world to come.

Of all these things science knows nothing. As soon as we enter into the sphere of moral freedom we ascend to heights which are beyond the wing and beyond even the vision of scientific speculation; for science knows of no laws which are not uniformly obeyed, and in morals we have to do with laws which we are free to obey or to transgress.

There is no reason, gentlemen, for being afraid that the splendid scientific triumphs of our time, triumphs in which every devout heart ought to rejoice, will stand in the way of our work. The whole region of human nature to which we appeal science leaves quite untouched. Every age, however, has its superstitions, and one of the curious superstitions of our own days may, perhaps, impair the energy of your own faith, and so diminish the force of your preaching.

It seems to be taken for granted that because a man is very great on the life and structure of flowers and animals he has exceptional authority on questions about God and immortality, and that because he knows a great deal about light and heat and electricity he is sure to have very much to tell us about the spiritual universe. Yet no one supposes that because a man is a learned lawyer he is likely to give us safe advice about how to treat scarlet fever; and no one thinks that because a man is a very skillful physician he has any claim to speak with authority on the best form of construction for steam boilers or on the merits of a new plow. Even among scientific men themselves you will hear it said Mr. — is a great astronomer, but he knows nothing of biology; or, he is a profound chemist, but he knows nothing of physiology. It is plain that a man may be eminent in one branch of physical science, and that in another branch his opinion may not be worth listening to. It is still more obvious that when a scientific man discusses ethical questions and questions of spiritual philosophy he is dealing with subjects which are so remote from his usual studies that his scientific knowledge and discipline give his opinions no claim to exceptional deference. To attach weight to a man's views on the authenticity of the four Gospels, or on any questions of religious truth and duty, because he is a distinguished geologist, chemist, or biologist is just as preposterous as to attach weight to a man's views on geology because he is a profound theologian. The story of the conflict between science and religion is full of interest and of instruction; but it is only half finished. A century or two hence, when a few additional chapters will have to be written, some of our brilliant and eloquent contemporaries, who on scientific grounds, and with all the authority derived from their scientific achievements, are requiring us to abandon our faith in moral freedom and our hope of a life beyond the grave, will take their turn in the pillory—will be the objects of the same scorn and derision as the theologians who in the name of the Church and on the authority of the Book of Genesis and the Book of Psalms imprisoned Galileo, condemned Kepler's laws as religious heresies, and made it a treason against God to believe that the earth revolves on its axis and was created more than six thousand years ago.—*Yale Lectures for 1877.*

No Room For Jesus.

You are this day knowingly turning Jesus away from your door. And you have the Bethlehem inn-keeper's reason: It will drive other guests away. It was not certain in his case, and it is only probable in yours. Perhaps it would turn other guests out of your heart, perhaps not. If any depart because Jesus came, you ought to be glad of their departure, for the presence of Jesus is incompatible with nothing whose company you should love.

Now, is your heart so full that there is no room for Jesus? No room? Full of—what! Let us look.

Here is a whole room full of the members of the large family of the Pleasures. They are many, and they are exacting. They take large space, for they live widely. Many of them are most deceptive, having stolen the garb and imitated the manners of the more reputable and solid enjoyments. These latter are the most pleasant and among the most respectable guests that the heart can entertain. They will stay with Jesus, while those wild and giddy and profitless things you call Pleasures would better have no place in your affections. You were not born to be amused, but to be disciplined. But you have accustomed yourself to think that everything must come to you in the shape of the pleasant and agreeable. Your medicine must be cordials, your food dainties, your bed down, your very worship an entertainment, so that you will follow only that preaching that amuses you, or worship only in the church which is a perplexing cross between a temple and an opera-house. That is the good you Pleasures have done for you—stuffed you so full of sweetmeats and liquorish relishes, that you have no good, wholesome taste for wholesome good things. Shame on you! Turn them out, and let the Man of the Cross bring his pierced hands and feet and forehead into your hearts, and make your lives grand in that they house the sublime Master of Humanity.

And there is Business, taking up almost all your heart and head, and crowding you, and calling you, and bothering you, until you are so nervous that you can scarcely eat or sleep. No room for Jesus and his Cross, and his blessed Work. Reflect how often during the past year you have worked so hard through the whole week as to be wholly unable to rise on Sunday in time to attend Church-service. Recollect, if you can, how often you have carried the Saturday night's work not simply to the edge of the Holy Day, but even over into the sacred hours. What did all this say? And what said the many times in which you have hurried from your homes too soon to have prayer with your family, or have come back too late to conduct the domestic worship which should close each day? They distinctly said, "No room in this inn for you, Jesus!" Room for Mammon, and room for Pleasure, but no room for the blessed Saviour!

Oh, my brethren, if you would let him in, he would turn every foal visitant out, and as

one of the painters has represented the manger and the stable made glorious in every part by light streaming from the figure of the infant Saviour, so would Jesus irradiate and beautify your whole life. Room for darkness, and no room for light; room for foulness, and no room for purity; room for death, but no room for life! Every story from attic to basement crowded, and Jesus turned out into the stable! Why, you are daily repeating in most aggravating forms the slight put upon Jesus by the condemned inn-keeper of Bethlehem!—*Rev. Dr. Deems, in Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine for January.*

Jane Courtney; or, What a Bravo Woman Did.

BY MRS. JENNERMAN M. WINTON.

About the time of Christmas
Not long ago,
When the sky was black
With wrath and rage,
For some were fasting and praying;
When loudly rang the tumult
Of winds and waves at strife,
I saw her home by the
With her babe on her knee,
Said Harry Courtney's wife.

And he was on the water,
Although she knew not where;
For some were fasting and praying;
When loudly rang the tumult
Of winds and waves at strife,
I saw her home by the
With her babe on her knee,
Said Harry Courtney's wife.

Jane Courtney's heart was hopeless;
She could only weep and pray
That the shepherd maid
Would take her child,
Without a pain,
The night grew dark and darker,
And the wind grew stronger still,
And burst in deafening
And dreamless sleep
Lay the hamlet under the hill.

The fire was dead on the hearth-stove,
Within Jane Courtney's room,
And she sat alone,
With her babe on her knee,
At prayer amid the gloom;
When, above the lamp-post,
A sound fell on her ear,
Thrilling her through,
For she knew
'Twas the voice of mortal fear!

And she leapt in at the lattice,
Sudden and swift and red,
Crimsoning all
The white wall
And the floor and the roof overhead,
It shone with a radiant glory
As she saw that the dying child,
Lies a fair first ray
Of the shadowless day
Of the land of the undefiled.

And it lighted the mother's features
With a glow so strange and new
That she knew not
That had gathered there
Seemed changed to hope's own hue.
For she felt that the bodiless
Of the babe upon her knee,
With the freest start
Of a frightened heart,
Upon her feet rose she.

And through the quaint old casement,
She looked upon the sea;
Thank God that the sight
She saw was not the light
So rare a sight should be!
Heard in by many a billow
Of the fearful roaring lip,
A mile from shore,
Or hardly more,
She saw a gallant ship—
A flame from deck to topmast,
Aflame from stem to stern;
For she seemed no specter
On that wreck
On that wreck
Till the light of the sun
And the sea like a sea of blood,
And the rocks and the shore
And drenched with the gory flood.

She looked and looked till the terror
Went creeping through every limb,
And her breath came quick,
And her heart beat fast,
And her sight grew dizzy and dim,
And her lips had lost their utterance,
For she felt that the bodiless
Of the babe upon her knee,
With the freest start
Of a frightened heart,
Upon her feet rose she.

And then with a holy impulse,
She knelt to her knees, and made
A lowly prayer,
In the silence there,
For she felt that the bodiless
Of the babe upon her knee,
With the freest start
Of a frightened heart,
Upon her feet rose she.

Thou hadst me love and cherish
The babe Thou gavest me,
And I have kept
Thy word, nor slept
Aide from following Thee,
And I have kept
And Thy will in my care,
And my burden's weight
Is very great,
Yes, greater than I can bear.

O Lord, Thou knowest what perils
Both threat these poor man's lives,
And I, a woman
Most weak and human,
Behold for the life waiting wives
Thou canst not let them perish;
Up Lord, in thy strength, and save
From the icebergs of death
Of this terrible winter wave.

Take Thou my babe and watch it—
No care is like to Thine,
And I will power
Supply what lack is mine,
And rising to her feet,
Gave one long look
At the child's faint pulses beat:

And then with softest foot-steps
Ret to the chamber door,
And noiselessly groped
For the latch and opened,
And passed from out the door.
The snow lay deep and drifted,
As far as eye could reach,
Saw where she stood,
The dark weed strewn
Did mark the sleeping beach.

But whether 'twas land, or ocean,
Or rock, or sand, or snow,
Or sky or earth,
On all was shed
The same divine, fatal glow.
And through the tempest bravely
Jane Courtney fought her way
By snowy deep
And slippery steep
To where her duty lay.

And she journeyed onward, breathless,
And weary, and sore, and faint,
Still forward pressed
With the strength and the rest,
And the ardor of a saint.
Silent and weird and lonely,
And his countess grave,
Stood the old grey church
On its tall rock perch,
Secure from the sea and its waves.

And beneath its sacred shadow
Lay the hamlet safe and still,
For however the sea
And the wind might be,
There was quiet under the hill.
Jane Courtney reached the church-yard,
But the oak was tough
And had bolts enough,
And her strength was frail and poor;

So she crept through a narrow window
And dimmed the heavy stair,
And grasped the rope,
Sole cord of hope
For the mariners in despair;
And she writhed and heaved her bravely,
And she wrought with an earnest will,
And the clamorous bell
Spoke out right well
To the hamlet under the hill.

And it roused the slumbering fishers,
Nor its warning tale gave o'er
Till a hundred feet
And sweet feet
Were hurrying to the shore;
And then it ceased its ringing,
For the woman's work was done,
And many a boat
That was won almost
Shew'd man's work was begun.

But the ringer in the belfry
Lay motionless and cold,
With the cord of hope,
The church-bell rope,
Still in her frozen hold,
How long she lay he knew not,
But she woke from her swoon at last,
In her own bright room,
To find the room
And the grief and the peril past.

With a sense of joy within her,
And the Christ's sweet presence near,
And friends around
And the cooling sound
Of her babe's voice in her ear,
And she told her all the story,
How a brave and gallant crew
O'ercame each check
And reached the wreck
And saved the hopeless crew.

And how the curious sexton
Had climbed the belfry stair,
And of his fight
When, cold and white,
He found her lying there,
And how, when they had borne her
Back to her home again,
The could she sit up through,
With a heart bereft
Of hope, and weary with pain.

Was found within its cradle
In a quiet slumber laid,
With a peaceful smile
On its lips,
And the waiting sickness stilled;
And she said 'twas the Christ who watched it
And brought it safely through,
And she praised His truth,
And his tender ruth,
Who had saved her darling too.

And first there came a letter
Across the surging foam,
And then the breeze
Across the sea,
Saw Harry Courtney home;
And they told him all the story—
Till still their children tell
Of the fearful roaring lip,
On that winter night
And the woman who rang the bell.

A Visit to Modern Bethlehem.

Bethlehem at once struck us as a thrilling place, and appeared in favorable contrast to Hebron, which we had lately left. This is attributed to the fact that its population, 5,000 in number, is almost entirely Christian—a circumstance pleasing in itself, and also in its bearing on us, for our approach was greeted with smiles, and not with scowls as in fanatical Hebron. Many bright little fellows came running up, not to howl at us, but to hold our horses while we dismounted at the door of the Latin monastery. We saw mothers of Bethlehem, too, carrying their infants in their arms, just as one, the most blessed among them, had carried her, tenderly, lovingly of old. And sometimes by their sides there tottered simple little ones, of two years old and under, the living representatives of Rachel's slaughtered innocents.

The Latin monks received us with a benediction, and put the convent table at our service. The Church of St. Mary, round which the three convents cluster, is one of the oldest Christian churches extant. It was built by Helena, the mother of Constantine, on the site of an old khan, believed to be the inn where Joseph and his young wife sought shelter on their memorable journey. Lovers of legend trace back the site even to the days of Jeremiah—thence to Chimham, and thence to Ruth herself, whose house, they say, was built on the very spot where her descendant, Mary, brought forth her divine first-born. Certain it is, that the spot has been revered for centuries by countless pilgrims, and that the possession of the church has long been a matter of serious dispute among the sects. It is now divided among the Greeks, Latins and Armenians, who have each a monastery adjoining the Basilica.

The interior of the church, with its long nave and double aisle, is very plain; though its four rows of marble columns and the lingering mosaics on its walls bespeak a former splendor. We found a Turkish guard stationed inside to maintain peace. It is a melancholy fact that, not many years ago, the hostility of the rival sects reached such a pitch, that knives and pistols were freely used, life destroyed, and many of the coveted relics hopelessly ruined in the mad scramble for the possession of them. So there the Moslem stands, and smiles, mayhap, as he sardonically mutters: "See how these Christians hate one another!"

We descended to the Holy Crypt, and here another guard was stationed; for here the brawl

had reached its fiercest—here, on the spot where the angel voices sang, "Peace on earth, good will to men!" Striving to forget the presence of the cowed Franciscan and the bayoneted Turk, we peered through the dim religious light, around the sacred grotto. We saw in a recess the silver star, supposed to mark the spot where the Virgin lay, and bearing round it the words so full of meaning to mankind: "Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est." We saw the adjoining chapel of the magi, and the manger where the babe was laid.

And was it all authentic? Well, the spot was somewhere hereabout, at least; and there is a certain interest in that. The significance, no doubt, lies not in the *Hic*, after all. It matters not that we cannot localize with full assurance the very spot where the Christ was born. Enough that we can say of this guilty world of ours, that here the Son of God became man. That is the true marvel, that the important fact for us to know. Yet there is no other spot on earth where it can, with equal certainty, be said, that here was born the holy child, Jesus. And even the announcement over it of a fact so great in words so simple had in it something impressive to our minds. Bethlehem—the babe in the manger—the wise men's adoration—how one is carried back to the lessons of earliest childhood! Here, then, we find them realized tradition; and let us not at once dismiss them with a sneer, but rather try to realize something of what at least they symbolize for us.—*Rev. Philip Schaff, D.D., in Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine.*

Welsh Slings.

I chanced to pass one evening, in the Christmas-time, at a country inn in a little Carmarthenshire village remote from railways. Certain wanderings through green lanes (and the lanes were still green, although it was cold, mid-winter weather) had brought me to the place at dusk, and, being weary, I had resolved to rest there for the night. Some local festivity of the season had taken place during the day, which had drawn into the village an unusual number of farm-folk from the immediate neighborhood. After a simple dinner of a chop and a half-pint of *cerw* da (good beer), I strolled into what they called the smoke-room, by way of distinguishing it from the tap-room adjoining. It was a plain little room, with high-backed wooden settle against the wall; indeed, the backs reached nearly up to the ceiling, and gave an old-fashioned air of comfort to the room which no amount of gilding and mirrors could possibly impart. Two or three farmers were sitting there drinking their beer and smoking their pipes, and toasting their trousersless shins before the blazing fire. Presently a Welsh harper with his harp entered from out-doors, and, seating himself in a corner of the room, began to tune his instrument. The room quickly filled up with men and women, and the air was soon reeking with tobacco-smoke and music. No drinks but beer and "pop" were indulged in by the company, save that some of the women drank tea; but Bacchus never saw a more genial company. By my side sat a jovial, collier-looking man, with a shock of grizzled hair, who presently struck up in a loud, clear barytone a ringing song, which the harp immediately took up and followed. It was evidently a song all present knew, for they listened to the singer with every manifestation of delight, and when the chorus arrived they joined in with a lusty roar, that made the windows rattle. The singer constantly leaned forward in his seat, swaying his body as he sung, and placed the palm of his huge right hand against and under the edge of the table before him with an awkward gesture, that seemed absolutely essential to his comfort—as if he were holding himself down in his seat thus, in opposition to an instinctive disposition to rise and dance; and, instead of looking at the company, or at the ceiling, he looked at the table where he was holding it. I complimented him on his singing when his song was done, which seemed to gratify him very much; he offered to sing the song over again, in English if I would like; he could sing it in either language equally well, he said. But, before I could ask him to begu, some one else was stinging—an English song this time—with words like these:

"T'rice welcome, old Christmas, we greet thee
With laughter and innocent mirth in thy train;
Let joy fill the heart, and shine on the brow,
While we snatch a sweet kiss 'neath the mistletoe-bough—
The mistletoe-bough,
We will snatch a sweet kiss 'neath the mistletoe-bough."
This song, although it was warmly applauded, did not bring out the choral talent of the company to any great extent; it was evidently unfamiliar. But it was quite otherwise with another English song, or at least a song in the English language, sung by the lustiest farmer-lad I ever looked upon—a huge, red-faced, frank-looking boy of eighteen or twenty—with a rousing vigor that was really exciting. This was the chorus, first sung in solo by the farmer-lad:

"Lads and lasses of the Cymru,
Dear land of me! I'll force,
Oll' he treus—Oll' he treus—
To—the-lads—ah!"

And stentorian was the roar of the chorus, men and women together, with a heartiness and an emphasis which no words can possibly exaggerate. It was enough to make a man wish his grandfather had been a Welshman just to hear it.—*Writ Sikes, in Appleton's Journal for January.*

The Family Treasury.

Hark the Bells of Christmas Ringing.

BY REV. GEO. L. TAYLOR.

Hark! the bells of Christmas ringing! All abroad their echoes flinging!

On the waste of wintry air— On their solemn, sweet vibrations, Rapture, rapture through the nations!

Million blissful bosoms share! Every bell to every hammer Answers with a joyous clamor—

Answers, till from out the glamour, Of the ages far and dim, Till from Bethlehem's stable lowly,

Fair as moonbeams, opening slowly, Streams of radiance pure and holy Down the brightening centuries swim.

Then the bells ring fine and tender; And from out that far off splendor, Veiled in light no dreams could lend her,

Lo, the virgin mother mild, Pale from guiltless pain unspoken, Calm in faith's deep breast unbroken,

Bright with heaven's unobscured tokens, Heads above her wondrous child! Still the bells ring, softly, sweetly,

Mingling all their chiming so merrily, Trampling all my soul completely, Till the rosy clouds divide:

And o'er Bethlehem's mountains hoary Burst the strange, celestial glory, Swells a sweet, seraphic storm,

Trembling o'er the pastures wide! Glory! glory! God, descending, Weds with man in bliss unending,

Hark! the celestial choirs attending, Swift their harp with tempest sound! Shout! Old David's reign is risen!

Peace on earth! good will is given! Shout the joy through highest heaven! Make the crystal spheres resound!

Earth's sad walls of woe and wrangling— Like wild bells the night-chorus languish, Now their jarring tones unangling,

In some deep harmonious rhyme— Touched by love's own hand supernatural, Hush their dissonance infernal,

With the rhythmic march eternal, Throbbing through the pulse of time. Lo, the babe, where glad they found him,

By the ohmsal light that crowned him! See the starry shepherds round him, Round his manger, kneeling low!

See the starry Magi speeding, Priest and scribe the record reading, Craft and hate each onem heading,

Brooding swift the direful blow! Vain the wrath of kings conspiring; Vain the malice demons bring;

On the nations, long desiring, Lo, at last, the Day-star shines! Earth shall bless the hour that bore him,

Upholds empires fall before him, Unknown climes and tribes adore him, In ten thousand tongues and shrines.

sucked into) temptation, but deliver us from evil." He is a fool who, amid the dangers of our lives, thinks himself so wise and strong that he need not anxiously lift this petition upward to the throne.

John Kane and the Robbers.

John Kane was the name of a good man who once lived in Poland, where he taught and preached. It was his rule always to suffer wrong rather than to do wrong to others.

"Have you given us all!" cried the robber-chief in a stern voice. "Have you no more money?" The old man, in his confusion, said he had given them all the money he had, and when he said this they let him go.

"This is lucky," thought John Kane; for he saw that the money would bear him home to his friends, and that he would not have to beg his way, or suffer for want of food and shelter.

Some men would say that such a promise, made to thieves, need not be kept; and few men would have been troubled after such an escape.

With these words he held forth the pieces of gold, but, to his surprise not one of the robbers would take them. A very strange feeling was at work in their hearts.

All were deeply moved. Then, as if touched by a common feeling, one of the robbers gave back the old man's purse; another his gold chain; another his ring; another his book of prayer; and still another led up his horse, and assisted the old man to remount.

The year is dying, soberly the trees Are mellowing—with a dull sad face They lean against the sadness of the sky.

The glory of the Summer has gone by, Gone is the smile of gladness from the place, O sad to see the sun come later up,

And sad to see him pass betimes away, And sad the pallid glia he throws across The leaf-strewn garden; sad the sense of loss, The all-pervading fragrance of decay.

Yet at the open window, as I sit With closed eyes, and hear the gentle rain Fall on the damp green earth like lover's sighs,

The same soft drip of lightly falling flowers, Upon the moss-greens growing every where, The same strange stillly warmness in the lift, The cawing of the rooks, the gentle drift Of odorous distillings in the air,

Daffodils growing on the field's green breast, Beds all a-blow, and the enchanted breath Of violets peeping in the damp hedgerow, Kindled to being—O mystery, that so Death looks like life, and life so like death!

A Saviour Born.

"Unto you is born this day a Saviour."—Luke II. The world keeps festival to-day. Christmas is of the ages and the universe.

From the hour when the flaming sword whirled at Eden's gate, until the Bethlehem star in its silver beauty shone in the midnight sky, all time was a ladder that led to the coming of Christ.

Round by round it was built through the centuries. Sunbeams of promise illuminated it. Mists of prophecy hung over it a nebulous veil. Heavenward, up its ethereal steps, climbed the feet of patriarchs and priests, or sages and seers; and beautiful women, Deborah and Miriam, Esther and Ruth, went that way into the land of peace.

The simple-minded and the child-like shall have the shortest way to come. Their eyes open to the light from heaven; they bear the

general outbreak of cholera is hourly expected." From an official communication, it appears that there perished in Chittagong during the storm over 3,000 souls, and between October 31st and December 31st, 4,999 persons died of cholera.

While the beautiful ring, In the manger at Bethlehem, Jesus is King!

A Christmas Song.

The oak is a strong and stalwart tree, And it lifts its branches up, And catches the dew right gallantly In many a dainty cup.

Whenever a coolly elm is found, Because of its beauty and grace, But kinder, I woe, more coolly in mien, With branches more drooping and free,

The maple is simple and lithe and strong, And it climech our love anew, When the days are listless, and quiet, and long, And the world is fair to view.

The Beauty of the Lord.

It is the world's festive day, for it is the birthday of its King. It is the day of beauty, the day of hope, the day of peace.

Who dares lift the voice of threatening and war when it is the day of the Christ's peace? What Herod will send the sword among the babes of Rama? The Lord has given us rest.

For the yellow morning sun sifts through the drifting snow and streams into our eastern window. The air is crisp and keen. The sky is blue and beautiful.

The year is dying, soberly the trees Are mellowing—with a dull sad face They lean against the sadness of the sky.

The glory of the Summer has gone by, Gone is the smile of gladness from the place, O sad to see the sun come later up,

And sad to see him pass betimes away, And sad the pallid glia he throws across The leaf-strewn garden; sad the sense of loss, The all-pervading fragrance of decay.

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The Great Bengal Cyclone of 1866. This is undoubtedly the gravest calamity ever caused by water.

Three great islands, and innumerable small ones, were entirely swept by the flood, as also the mainland, over an area of five or six miles in length by about four miles in width.

The largest of the islands—Dakhin Shahabpore—is 800 miles in circumference, and had 240,000 inhabitants, while the other two great islands—Hattia and Sunday—had in all about 100,000 inhabitants.

The town of Dowlutter was utterly destroyed. The loss in cattle cannot be estimated. The crops suffered greatly, but it is hoped that enough remains to prevent a famine.

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general outbreak of cholera is hourly expected." From an official communication, it appears that there perished in Chittagong during the storm over 3,000 souls, and between October 31st and December 31st, 4,999 persons died of cholera.

The Little Empty Stocking.

BY JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

One little empty stocking Left of the pretty pair We hung by the chimney-corner

Not as safe, nor as rich, as mine. And ever what God has taken Some recompense surely brings:

For out of the gloomy shadows We've lifted on angels' wings, When we open our hearts to the sunshine, Of infinite love and grace,

The Bible's Golden Thread.

Coming now to the teachings of Scripture, and looking for some thread of connection between these divers and various books, there is one golden thread that glistens through all the fabric and discloses the great thought of God for man's salvation.

The Patriarchal Period has its four great promises of the coming Deliverer. The Messianic Period has its typical system in the Levitical Law; and it has its grand historic-typical event of the Exodus—its shadowing forth the Prophet, like Moses, and the Deliverer, Law-giver, and Redeemer to come.

The Royal Period has its Chanaan, where the chosen nation are put in training under the typical system; by altar, priest, and sacrifice, to learn of sin and redemption by the coming Christ; and it has its king and kingdom, gloriously pointing forward to the Son of David as the everlasting and universal King, with a kingdom of peace and righteousness.

The Messianic revelation is the thread of gold which runs through all the fabric of inspired truth and glistens through all the parts. The Ritual System has its key and clue in the idea of a Personal Lamb of sacrifice and the great divine High Priest.

Two Christmas Days.

BY LILLIE E. BARR.

Who twined the green prophetic bay? Who sung the joyful Advent lay? Who did the Saviour homage pay Upon the world's first Christmas Day?

The sceptred kings who office bear? The rich who gold and purple wear? The priests upon the altar stand? No, all of these were unaware.

Some simple shepherds on the hill, At midnight, when the world was still, Saw angels all the welkin fill, And heard them sing of God's good will.

Three watchmen near in Bethledee, Who read his starry mystery, And hinged the holy babe to see— The Christ of such Nativity.

Two lowly wanderers who stray, To lay the babe in bed of clay, And ever him in wonder pray, These only keep the first Christmas-day.

Who now will twine prophetic bay? And sing the joyful Advent lay? And to the Saviour homage pay In memory of the first Christmas-day?

From Tasman's woods shall rise a strain Will echo to the Arctic plain; And East and West in glad refrain That Christmas Day has come again.

For the Young Folk.

A Christmas Story.

"How shall we spend our money for Christmas?" This was what all the children were thinking about. The snow was on the ground, and the sleighs were out, and the toy-shops were loaded with pretty things, and the day before Christmas had come.

Florence wanted a pair of bracelets very much; but she didn't want to spend all her ten dollars on herself. She spent a dollar apiece on her two sisters and brother, and clubbed one dollar with the others for a present for her father and mother, and then had six dollars left.

Arthur thought fifty cents apiece on his sisters were enough, and a dollar and a half for his father, and two dollars for his mother, would leave him just five dollars for the skates he wanted, school with the other boys at St. Peter's school at Middleborough.

Some little empty stocking There's none enough now to fill With many a loving token Pressed down with right good will.

For selfish it is, and sinful, Thus ever my loss to repine, When I know there are other darlings Not as safe, nor as rich, as mine.

And ever what God has taken Some recompense surely brings: For out of the gloomy shadows We've lifted on angels' wings,

When we open our hearts to the sunshine, Of infinite love and grace, And feel that a Christ-like presence Hastaken the dead child's place.

Bertha was eleven years old and was a very quiet, thoughtful child. Her father and mother were good, kind people; but they did not go very often to church and did not call themselves Christians.

So this year she had made up her mind to give all her ten dollars to these poor women. "Now, mother, dear," she said, "do let me have my way about this. I will not be unhappy. I may have made up my mind ever since Thanksgiving Day, and please do not say No."

"Well, Bertha," replied her mother, "I will talk to your father about it; and if he says you can do it I will have no objection." "But I must know now. There is no time to be lost. Let me run down to father's office."

So she got into a horse car, and in twenty minutes she was beseeching her father to say Yes, as he sat by his big office fire. "Well, my darling child," he said, "if it will make you so happy, why do what you please with your money. Only remember, you must come to me afterward for another ten dollar note when you see the other children happy with their Christmas things."

"No, indeed, father," said Bertha. "I would not do such a thing. And, dear father," she added, throwing her arms around his neck, you will know why I did not give anything to you and mother. It was only because I was so anxious to give my whole ten dollars to the poor mothers at the mothers' meeting."

And then she kissed her father and went out of the office, with the clerks all looking at her, as she hurried away with her pocket-book clasped tightly in her hand.

Now came the hard part of the business. It was two o'clock, and whatever was to be done for the poor women must be done quickly, for it would soon be Christmas Eve. So, with her heart in her mouth, little Bertha went to see the assistant minister of the church, who looked after all the poor people and knew where they lived.

"Please, Mr. Martyn," said Bertha, "I want to speak to you a moment." "Certainly, my child. I will come right down."

So down he came and went into a big box pew together, right by the place where the warm furnace air came up; and then Bertha looked down at the buckles on her overshoes began.

time, he would see Dr. Richards, who was the rector of the parish, and who preached the fine sermons, and had all sorts of charity funds in the parish. He would try and get twenty dollars more. Then he would buy lots of turkeys and chickens and geese, and that very evening, Bertha and her teacher, and her brother Arthur, and Mr. Martyn would all go round in a sleigh ringing door-bells at the poor people's houses and leave the turkeys there.

At five o'clock the sleigh-bells were heard coming up to the minister's door. Michael, the driver, had a big tarpaulin put down between the front seat and dasher, to put the turkeys in. Bertha and her Sunday-school teacher sat on the back seat, and Arthur and Mr. Martyn in front, while Michael stood up and drove his two horses.

"Be lively, Michael," said the minister; and if you do your job we will try and save you a turkey. "Faith, and it's cold the night, and sorry's the creature that's got ne'er taste of a Christmas turkey," replied Michael, as he kept the horses up on that cold, crisp night.

But alas! for the poor turkeys. There was the hen-turkey, who had slept on the lilac bush for fear the farmer would catch her; there was the young rooster, who had been so proud of his youthful crowing; there was the duck-daddies, who had wandered into the farmer's kitchen the day before Thanksgiving, when the big gobbler had been killed; and there too was the tough old hen, who had lived through so many terrible killing times. They were all there, rolled up in the tarpaulin, going to make the poor mothers and children happy.

And thus in the moonlight of Christmas Eve Bertha's wish was gratified. Her ten dollars were all invested in fowls for the poor; and there she was taking a ride with those very turkeys, who had wandered after Thanksgiving day if there were any more hard times coming, or if, at last they were through for that season.

Away, then, the sleighing party went, out of the broad streets, where the dashing sleighs and the splendid big houses were, into the dark and dingy alleys and courts, where it was impossible to turn the sleigh around, and where ragged little boys and girls looked longingly at the turkeys, as they were handed out by their stiff, cold legs. Oh! how they wished they could have some! How they wondered if there was anything for them, and kept hoping somehow there would be some mistake made by which these good things would be left at their home.

Thirty dollars worth of chickens and other fowls made a good show in the sleigh. Mr. Martyn kept a list of the houses where they should stop, and by eight o'clock there was only one turkey left and they had got through with their list. You should have seen the faces of these poor women and children as Mr. Martyn and Arthur ran up the narrow back stairs of the houses, and, knocking at the doors, said: "Here is a turkey for you all. Merry Christmas! Good night!" and then, before they could say "Thank you," they were down stairs and off, with sleigh bells jingling so cheerily.

At last they had gone all the rounds, and were turning to go home to their warm supper and get ready for Christmas morning when Bertha said: "Now, Michael, you shall have that spare turkey, because you drove us so nicely. Take it home with you to Hannah, Jane and the children."

And so you see even the driver wasn't forgotten. And Arthur wished now that he had put his \$5 in so as to make the turkeys last longer.—N. Y. Independent.

A Christmas Legend.

It was Christmas Eve. The night was very dark and the snow falling fast, as Hermann, the charcoal-burner, drew his cloak tighter around him, and the wind whistled fiercely through the trees of the Black Forest. He had been to carry a load to a castle near, and was now hastening home to his little hut. Although he worked very hard, he was poor, gaining barely enough for the wants of his wife and his four little children. He was thinking of them, when he heard a faint wailing. Guided by the sound, he groped about and found a little child, scantily clothed, shivering and sobbing by itself in the snow.

"Why, little one, have they left thee here all alone to face this cruel blast?" The child answered nothing, but looked piteously up in the charcoal-burner's face. "Well, I cannot leave thee here. Thou wouldst be dead before the morning."

So saying, Hermann raised it in his arms, wrapping it in his cloak and warming its little cold hands in his bosom. When he arrived at his hut he put down the child and tapped at the door, which was immediately thrown open, and the children rushed to meet him.

"Here, wife, is a guest to our Christmas Eve supper," said he, leading in the little one, who held timidly to his finger with its tiny hand. "And welcome he is," said the wife. "Now let him come and warm himself by the fire."

The children all pressed round to welcome and gaze at the little new-comer. They showed him their pretty fir-tree, decorated with bright, colored lamps in honor of Christmas Eve, which the good mother had endeavored to make a fête for the children. Then they sat down to supper, each child contributing of its portion for the guest, looking with admiration at its clear, blue eyes and golden hair, which shone so as to shed a brighter light in the little room; and as they gazed it grew into a sort of halo round his head, and his eyes beamed with a heavenly lustre.

Soon two white wings appeared at his shoulders, and he seemed to grow larger and larger, and then the beautiful vision vanished, spreading out his hands as in benediction over them.

Hermann and his wife fell upon their knees, exclaiming, in awe-struck voices:—"The holy Christ-child!" and then embraced their wondering children in joy and thankfulness that they had entertained the Heavenly Guest. The next morning as Hermann passed by the place where he had found the fair child, he saw a cluster of lovely white flowers, with dark green leaves, looking as though the snow itself had blossomed. Hermann plucked some and carried them reverently home to his wife and children, who treasured their fair blossoms and tended them carefully in remembrance of that wonderful Christmas Eve, calling them Chrysanthemums; and every year, as the time came around, they put aside a portion of their feast and gave it to some poor little child, according to the words of the Christ;—"inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

All letters containing payments for the Christian Guardian, S. B. Adcock, S. S. Banner, or for Books, together with all orders for the same, should be addressed to the Book-Steward, Rev. S. ROSE.

Christian Guardian AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 26, 1877.

THE OUTLOOK.

Great preparations are being made in Paris for the Exposition of 1878. The work, too, is being pushed forward rapidly. The immense main building is already approaching completion, the artificers are busy with the interior, and foreign nations have been notified to appoint their commissioners, and to prepare their exhibits. The address, too, is much larger than the one for 1877, when the World's Fair was last held in that city, and the Exhibition premises are also to be much more elaborate and extensive. It is to be hoped that Canada will be well represented at the coming Exhibition. Lord Carnarvon has announced that our national trophy has been "gratefully accepted and is much admired," and Canada has been invited to exhibit agricultural implements and manufactures along with Britain in a spacious building erected by the British Commission for goods, and as some who were expected to send articles have withdrawn, the time has been extended a few weeks in order to secure as large and complete an exhibit as possible.

The Eastern news this week is chiefly taken up with discussing the attitude of the Powers, and especially that of Great Britain, with reference to the present position of affairs. Turkey maintains that she does not approach the Powers as a vanquished state, but that she has still two lines of defence. A Constantinople despatch says that the Porte is determined to carry on the war to the last extremity should its request for mediation fail, and Suleiman Pasha's arrival at that city has, it is said, greatly strengthened the hands of the war party. Considerable comment is made by the English press upon the real meaning of the summoning of the Imperial Parliament next month, and the Spectator ventures the opinion that the summons is intended to encourage the Turks to continue the struggle in the hope of ultimate British assistance. While all sorts of rumors are afloat concerning the diplomatic situation, it is impossible to tell what will be the result of the present active negotiations, or what plan of settlement will finally be agreed upon.

The history of France, more than any other nation in Europe, is remarkable for revolutions and great constitutional changes. During the last hundred years she has had no fewer than five forms of government and many different rulers, and has been engaged in foreign or civil war almost continually. Yet she is a progressive country. Notwithstanding the internal dissensions that have taken place since the disastrous Franco-Russian war, she has been rapidly recovering her former prestige, and has surprised the surrounding nations by the way in which she has settled her financial liabilities. The storm which for several months past has threatened her national bank appears to have fully passed away. At present everything is quiet; the crisis has been terminated satisfactorily to the majority; and it is to be hoped that a new era of peace and prosperity has been inaugurated. A week ago yesterday the Senate unanimously voted the four direct taxes and two-twelfths of the Budget, and in the Chamber of Deputies M. Deffre presented a bill for the abrogation of the law on Press offences. The session of both Houses then closed. The Chamber of Deputies will meet again on the 8th of January.

Another serious conflict between capital and labor occurred last week on the Lachine Canal. On Monday a movement commenced among the workmen employed at Cote St Paul, near Montreal, which soon extended along the whole line of the canal. The men complained of reduced wages and of unfair treatment; but the opinion among the contractors is that the strike was largely instigated by disinterested ruffians, who were never employed on the canal works, and who wished to create a disturbance. However, there is no doubt that the men were generally dissatisfied with the amount of their wages, as on the previous Saturday a reduction had taken place without any notice having been given. A committee of the strikers on Thursday prepared a written document, setting forth their grievances, and demanding an increase in their wages, which was presented to the contractors; and the latter have agreed to accede to the terms proposed. Whatever ground the rioters may have had for complaint, it is unjustifiable on their part to intimidate those who are unwilling to join in creating a disturbance; and such a course, both in this and the unfortunate Grand Trunk strike a year ago, has deprived the strikers of much sympathy on the part of the public generally.

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

The wheels of time have almost brought us to the close of the old year. Truly it has been crowned with loving kindness and tender mercy. While war and pestilence and famine have been raging in other lands, ours has been graciously preserved from such evils, and has been blessed with an abundant harvest and with continued manifestations of divine favor. To our Church the past year has been one of much spiritual prosperity, and there has been a gracious ingathering of souls on all our fields of labor. The revival influence, too, is at present powerfully manifested in many parts of the country, and additions to our membership are constantly taking place. We hope that Watch-night services will be held in as many of our churches as practicable, and that they will be

well attended, and accompanied with most beneficial results. In the midst of social festivities and holiday pleasures, let us pause for a short time to reflect and meditate upon the lessons which the closing year naturally suggests. As this is our last issue for 1877, we trust all our friends will remember our oft-repeated warning against offering wine to their visitors on New Year's Day. We have already wished our patrons a "Merry Christmas;" we now cordially wish them in the fullest and best sense a very "Happy New Year."

METHODIST DISUNION AGAIN.

We insert a lengthy letter from Rev. W. Herridge in another column. In a former communication, he intimated that the divisions of Methodism were owing to the exclusion of the laity from the higher courts of Wesleyan Methodism. To this Dr. Carroll replied that the Canadian Methodist Church had given a veto power to the laity, and had submitted all constitutional changes for the approval of the laity before adopting them. Mr. Herridge in reply intimated that the veto power was a concession to the laity to keep them quiet, they having become restive and dissatisfied; but that it did not prevent the rupture of 1829, when a new body was formed with lay representation as one of its distinctive features.

To this Dr. Ryerson replied, explicitly denying that there was, before or after the adoption of the veto measure, any such agitation for lay delegation as Mr. Herridge had alleged, and he also stated that Mr. Ryan's withdrawal from the Canadian M. E. Church in 1827 had no reference to lay-delegation. And what is still more to the point, that in the conventions of laymen called by Mr. Ryan to support his movement, and at which Dr. Ryerson was present as the defender of the Church, the question of lay delegation was neither mentioned nor discussed. The Doctor also stated that even a pamphlet in which Mr. Ryan published his complaints against his brethren, did not moot the question of lay delegation in the Conference. These facts certainly fairly disproved Mr. Herridge's allegations.

But in his last letter Mr. Herridge attempts to maintain his original position, and to question the facts stated by Dr. Ryerson. For this purpose, he quotes an extract from the preface of the New Connection Book of Discipline, published in 1844, declaring that the Ryan secession of 1829 was for the purpose of uniting the people with the ministers in all legislative and judicial acts; and he also quotes Webster's history of the M. E. Church, as stating that as early as 1824 Mr. Ryan had favored conventions of laymen to petition for separation from the United States. Now, with all deference to Bro. Herridge, we think he completely fails to prove his allegation. The fact that after Mr. Ryan had withdrawn on personal grounds he, as an afterthought, sought to win favor with the laity, by making lay delegation a feature of his small society, does not at all contravene the testimony of Dr. Ryerson respecting the cause of his withdrawal; neither can the fact that twelve years afterward, when Ryan's society was broken up, the seceders were disposed to leave out of sight the personal causes that led to the origin of that body, and to ascribe it to liberal principles, cancel the historical facts, attested by living witnesses who were actors in these transactions. Still more futile is the attempt to find in the circumstances that Mr. Ryan favored public meetings of the people, to agitate for the separation of our church from the States, a proof of an agitation for lay delegation in the Conference, which was not thought of at the time. This does not bear on the point at issue. This is enough to show that there is not the slightest difficulty in harmonizing Mr. Herridge's facts with Dr. Ryerson's statements, which are not at all disproved. If Mr. Herridge's "important piece of history" is not in harmony with attested facts, so much the worse for the history.

As to Mr. Herridge's suggestion that the addition of certain lay gentlemen, whom he names, would be of great advantage in the annual Conferences, that depends upon whether the annual Conferences, as now constituted, are or are not competent to discharge efficiently the supervision of the pastoral work now committed to them. We fully believe that they are quite competent for this work. As we do not accept Mr. Herridge's premises, we reject his conclusion. We do not believe that the Christian Church is to be constituted after the model of any political democracy. And we do not accept Mr. Herridge's church theory, which seems to repudiate the Scriptural authority of the Christian ministry, and all distinction between the ministry and the laity.

CANON FARRAR ON THE FUTURE LIFE.

Canon Farrar has become extensively known throughout Christendom, by his popular Life of Christ. But the line of thought maintained in two sermons recently preached in Westminster Abbey on Future Punishment has attracted a good deal of attention, and provoked much discussion, in consequence of his severe strictures on the orthodox view of the eternity of punishment, and strong leaning to restorationism. He warmly denounced the common conceptions of hell; and the interpretation of Scripture on which these views were founded. But he declined to accept positively the theory of universal salvation. His manner was very animated, and his style too declamatory for so grave a subject. He argued that the doctrine of the eternity of future punishment rested mainly on the three words "Hell," "Damnation" and "Everlasting," and that these were not correctly translated in the authorized version. The intensity and extravagance of his language detract very much from the weight of his criticism on this point. There was an absence of the tokens of calmness and judicial fairness. Canon Farrar has since written to some of the papers, pleading that he was not correctly reported; and explaining that he did not denounce the doctrine of Future Punishment. He says: "To say, as these reports have done, that I 'denounced the doctrine of eternal punishment,' or expressed a hope that the word 'eternal' might not appear in the revised translation, is, as most of your readers will have

seen at a glance, utter nonsense. The object of my sermon was to prove that the word 'eternal' did not necessarily connote 'endlessness;' and at the same time to vindicate that faith in the possible effects of Christ's infinite redemption even beyond the grave, which seems to be most expressly stated in the text from which I preached."

The view of Canon Farrar seems to be not a dogmatic one; but rather a protest against all positive and dogmatic statements in favor of the orthodox view of eternal punishment. It is remarkable that the "new departure" in the direction of restorationism, among Episcopalians and Independents in England, is mainly defended on sentimental grounds. Such as Universalists adduce, based upon the assumption that eternal punishment is inconsistent with the merciful character of God. But the Scriptures plainly teach that the punishment of the wicked is endless. And, as Rev. Joseph Cook has clearly shown, all that we know of the tendency of character to perpetuate itself makes it rational to believe that the power of choice which resists all good influences in this life, will not in the future world reveal supernatural energy in favor of virtue. If the power of choosing the right has grown feebler and feebler in this life, and the evil tendencies have resisted all good influences, both human and Divine, it is a merely gratuitous assumption to suppose that when the moral power is completely broken by sin, the nature of the lost will be endowed with a recuperative energy to rise from the depths of its fall. In fact, such theories are based upon a false psychology; for they ignore the free responsible nature of man, and assume that moral goodness may be produced in the souls of the lost, by some irresistible act of Divine power. But if this is true, why should any be lost at all? We never could see any reason why it is more inconsistent with the Divine goodness that sin and suffering should exist at any point in the future, however remote, than that they should exist at the present time. But we know they do exist, notwithstanding the theorizing of Universalists respecting what is not consistent with the Divine Fatherhood. Hence the existence of sin and suffering cannot be contrary to the goodness of God.

A REMARKABLE MAN.

It is not an unsuitable thing, in this age of the printing press, that our chief heroes should be newspaper correspondents. The two men whose deeds are, at the present moment, attracting the greatest attention in England and America are Stanley of the Telegraph and Herald, and Forbes the war correspondent of the London Daily News. Mr. Forbes is indisputably the man of the hour, whom all, from great monarchs down to the lowliest, delight to honor. He has recently delivered a lecture on the military tactics of the Russian campaign against Turkey, before some of the chief officers of the British army, that displays those qualities that make a great general. It was distinguished by the union of correct knowledge of details and broad grasp of all the possibilities of the situation. He had a good training in military tactics as correspondent during the Franco-German war. He seems to unite the highest physical endurance and energy with great intellectual force. From an interesting sketch of this heroic correspondent, by Mr. Smalley, of the N. Y. Tribune, we condense the following particulars, which may help to show the renown he has acquired by his exploits.

English journalism is ordinarily impersonal. The name of the writer of the brilliant article that enlightens and convinces thousands is rarely known to those whose opinions have been moulded by it. But Mr. Forbes, without any effort of his own, has completely broken through the disguise of an anonymous writer, and stands before the whole reading public in the full blaze of an extraordinary popularity. Even his personal appearance is minutely described. The Tribune correspondent describes him thus:—"Close upon six feet tall, square-shouldered, straight as a pine tree, a soldier every inch of him, his bronzed and handsome face close shaved all but a moustache, once brown, now gray; a black coat buttoned across his broad chest, on which a row of military decorations is neatly hung; the red and white ribbon and cross of St. Stanislas around his neck—that is Archibald Forbes, once of the Royal Dragoons, now war correspondent of the Daily News, and one of the four or five men who have won fame in the present war."

The Times and other London journals, that rarely name a rival paper or any one connected with it, have freely spoken of the extraordinary distinction he has won. The Paris papers interview him, and published sketches of his life. Mr. Gladstone has given a lecture in reply to his famous article in the Nineteenth Century; but frankly admitted that Mr. Forbes had perhaps surpassed every other writer in the brilliancy and fidelity of his military descriptions. The Emperor of Russia sent for him and consulted him respecting the difficulties of the route to be taken by his army; and Her Majesty Queen Victoria sent for him to come to see her at Balmoral. The Duke of Sutherland came all the way from his castle of Dunrobin in Scotland to London to see Forbes and hear his lecture on the war. His brethren of the London press have honored him with a banquet. Was ever newspaper correspondent so highly honored? But he has fairly won all these honors. The long rides, in which he distanced all others, under circumstances of hunger and severe exposure—the perils to which he has been exposed, which have gained him several foreign orders for bravery on the battle-field—the brilliant and correct despatches which he has written and forwarded, under most unfavorable circumstances, are facts that could only have been achieved by a man of extraordinary heroism and great ability. We close this brief sketch with the following reference by Mr. Smalley to Mr. Forbes' interview with the Emperor of Russia, taken from one of his recent lectures:—"His clothes, once white, had been worn a fortnight without washing, and three days and nights without taking off, and

was caked with the mud and stained with the blood of General Dragimiroff, who had been wounded by his side. He had a stubble beard of a week's growth, and had not washed face or hands for half that period. With a touch worthy of Artemus Ward, Mr. Forbes added that he had not been brought up much among Emperors, but understood they were particular about dress—hence his hesitation about presenting himself in this plight. However, he was assured that, in the circumstances, a court costume would not be required, and he went. Describing the Pass, and drawing, as he said, a rough sketch of the position: 'You are an artillery officer, Mr. Forbes?' said the Emperor. 'No,' said Mr. Forbes, 'I was in the cavalry.' 'I did not know,' replied the Emperor, 'that English cavalry officers were taught military draughtsmanship.' Whereupon Mr. Forbes replied that he had not been an officer, but a cavalry soldier; leaving the Emperor, he fears, under the impression that military draughtsmanship was a part of the regular education of the British dragoon. The truth is, I believe, that Mr. Forbes comes of a good British family, and had a university education, but chose to diversify his career by serving as private in a dragoon regiment."

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

"Merry Christmas." What mingled feelings are awakened in every heart at the mere mention of these words. How youthful eyes sparkle, and aged faces grow bright, as Christmas-tide approaches; and with what fond expectations do both young and old look forward to its return. As Dickens in one of his matchless stories says, we all like to think of Christmas as "a good time, a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time, the only time in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on another journey." No other season of the year possesses such a fascination for the young, nor brings so many pleasant associations to those in middle life, nor recalls so many hallowed memories to the aged; and certainly no other season is fraught with so much gladness and good-will to every one.

Of all religious festivals this is the most joyous and most universally celebrated. For hundreds of years our forefathers have distinguished its return with social festivity and widespread rejoicing; hence, as a historic custom, the celebration of Christmas possesses a peculiar interest and importance. It is not, however, merely as a historic or time-honored custom that this great festival should be observed, although there is no reason why it should not be characterized by innocent merriment and general good cheer; but Christians should keep it on account of the great event which it commemorates—the most mysterious, most stupendous event the world has ever seen, the incarnation of the Son of God. The birth of Christ is the great central event in history, towards which prophets and holy men of old anxiously looked forward for thousands of years, and to which mankind will devoutly turn until the angel shall declare that there shall "be time no longer." For nearly nineteen centuries this glorious event has been celebrated, and in one way or another this joyous festival has been observed; and, gladdened thought of all, the number of those who commemorate this anniversary of our Saviour's birth was never so great as now. While those pagan religions, from which some of our Christmas customs are derived, have declined and fallen to decay; while sceptical and unprincipled men have vigorously assailed the incarnation of our Saviour, and have either denied it altogether or have endeavored to explain away the miraculous circumstances which accompanied it, the anniversary of the birth of Christ is celebrated more widely and more heartily each succeeding year. This should be another cause of rejoicing. The keeping of Christmas is an acknowledgment of Christ's divinity, and its constantly increasing observance is a conclusive proof that our religion is destined to become universal in its influence upon the hearts of mankind.

The manner of observing Christmas must be left to each individual to decide, as a great variety of opinions are held respecting it, and by some it is regarded as a purely social festival. But, while it is generally kept as a holiday rather than a holy-day, it is fitting that Christians should keep it with due consideration of the glorious event which it commemorates. Some one has well said, "It is in some measure the design of commemorative acts and observances to aid men in realizing more impressively, and grasping more firmly, the faith they avow." During the whole of this festive season, let us constantly remember our obligations to Him who spared not his own Son, but delivered him up for us all. While engaged in innocent amusements and recreations with our kindred and friends, let us not forget that it is because of his great mercy and boundless love that we are permitted to enjoy the pleasures of social intercourse, and to live in a peaceful land, where Christ's holy gospel is preached, and where it has accomplished such blessed results.

ENGLAND AND TURKEY.

A good deal of anxiety and apprehension has been felt in England for some time past, lest the well known sympathy of Lord Beaconsfield with Turkey should lead the cabinet to commit itself to a position that would draw the country into war. The two facts that England has been so long an ally of Turkey, and that Russia is an ambitious and warlike nation, whose position is adapted to provoke jealousy, both tend to stir up restless feelings. No doubt it would be the height of folly for England to plunge into the horrors of war, as no English interest is endangered. But all this is no security against the danger, for the excitement of war works "like madness in the brain;" and a feeling that has been called forth without reason, cannot be driven out by the most forcible arguments. We are glad to see that Lord Derby, in replying to some pro-Turkish deputations which warmly urged England to take part on behalf of Turkey, refuted the reasonings of the war party, and expressed himself in a way which gave assurance

that the government will not without stronger cause allow the nation to be drawn into war. He remarked, that if we had entered upon this war we should have committed a great blunder and involved ourselves in unnecessary calamities. He questioned the theory that the Euphrates Valley was necessary to us for our communication with India, believing that the Suez Canal was sufficient for all our purposes. Nor could he partake in the fear that unfriendliness towards us on the part of the Afghans would enhance the danger of disquietude among the Mohammedans of India; past experience had disproved that. In regard to the danger to Constantinople, he said that the Government had spoken in the strongest language which diplomatic usage would allow of not permitting it to pass into the hands of another power. This is on the whole satisfactory. Though recent rumors of division in the cabinet have somewhat destroyed the effect of these assurances. The early meeting of the British Parliament indicates that the responsibility of dealing with the questions arising out of the present war will be laid upon the representatives of the people. They are not likely to adopt any course that will embroil the nation in war.

PREACHING TO CHILDREN.

In the pulpit ministrations the lambs should not be forgotten. The children are impressed by anything that arrests their attention in those early years of life. There are very few who cannot remember some incident, or lesson of childhood which has permanently influenced their character. Nor can it be denied that such teaching is necessary. If we believe in the scriptural authority of a preaching ministry, we cannot exonerate Christ's ambassadors from the obligation of their commission to "preach the gospel to every creature." We cannot admit that their commission does not include the children. Or that the Christian preacher is not bound to adapt himself to the capacity of the young as well as to that of those of mature years. There is no room to doubt that the same amount of effort expended on the children, now spent upon the old, would accomplish more than it does with those who have become confirmed in sinful ways. Children are more docile, more truthful, more candid, more unprejudiced than grown people whose habits are formed. All the time during which the religious training of children is neglected, those features of character which render them peculiarly hopeful subjects of instruction, are passing away; and their nature is becoming less and less liable to be influenced by the ordinary Christian agencies. It often seems as if the church was waiting till the young should unmistakably fall into the pit of sin, before any earnest effort is put forth to save them, rather than wisely using every means to prevent them being ensnared by the devices of Satan. We have just as much right to expect the Divine Spirit to bless us in our efforts to save the children as in our labors for the salvation of old sinners. Yet, it cannot be denied that the ordinary sermons in almost all our churches scarcely recognize the presence of the children, and do not make provision for their instruction in the truth. We have read of ministers, who made it a habit to address some part of every sermon to the children. But we think they are comparatively few in number. Yet, we believe a practice of this kind, or the regular preaching of sermons to the children at stated times, would be a means of doing good. It would attract the children to the church services, and help to produce a habit of regular attendance. It would awaken a general interest among the young in the teaching of the pulpit, and, as a consequence, more general study and examination of the themes discussed. It would give the minister a greater influence over the young of his congregation; and, in many cases, it would sow in the young hearts seeds of truth that would sooner or later bring forth fruits of godliness in their life. It would not be strange, if the children draw the inference that because they are not ordinarily addressed in the public preaching of the Word of God, they have no obligation to give "earnest heed to the things which are spoken." We do not under-estimate the value of Sunday-school teaching, as a means of instruction and religious culture. But the work done in the Sunday-school cannot exonerate parents and ministers from their respective duties to the children. Neither should they hand over the children to the Sunday-school, as its special charge. One of the great difficulties in preaching to children is the consciousness, on the part of the preacher, that he is speaking to those of mature age. There is danger that while ostensibly preaching to the children, he may be more careful to adapt his remarks to the old than to the young. Some are at a loss to find topics for sermons to the children. But the same truths which constitute the substance of the Christian preacher's message in ordinary should be presented to the children, only they need to be presented with greater vividness and fullness of illustration. We commend this matter to the consideration of our ministerial brethren. We believe that either by addressing a part of each sermon to the children, or by preaching occasionally to them, a new interest would be awakened in the public services. If the children are interested, the parents will also be interested through their sympathy with the children.

Mr. Chamberlain, M.P., speaking recently at a disestablishment meeting at Bradford, which was attended by about 4,000 persons, said that, as a Liberalist, he was encouraged by the remarks of the Marquis of Hartington in Scotland with reference to disestablishment. Nothing was more remarkable than the change that had recently come over the character of the controversy. When they found that even a Diocesan Conference discussed the question and had a large minority in its favor, and when peace could only be preserved at such meetings by absolutely excluding all reference to it; they might be sure that the grounds of the argument had altogether changed, and that the time had come when they might discuss the question with sole reference to national interests, and without any desire to secure sectarian privileges or interests, and might at least claim an impartial and considered hearing. It was said that to declare in

favor of religious equality would divide the Liberal party. The Liberal party was based on the principles of religious equality, and their public acceptance of those principles might define the party, but could not divide it. Though there were some who did not think the time had yet come, though there might be a few who hoped it never would come, yet the great majority of the party were in favor of disestablishment. If those who were not with them on this question, and therefore were against them, only remained in the Liberal camp to spike its guns, their assistance would be dispensed with, and those who remained would seek their truest and best allies in the great mass of the working people of the country, who had never favored class interests, and had always been the supporters of religious equality.

WELL DONE!

The canvas for the GUARDIAN is progressing very encouragingly. There seems to be a general movement all along the line. The brethren thus far have been unusually prompt in responding to our appeals. Renewals are coming in rapidly, and over five hundred new subscribers have already been received. Brother Wilson, of Spencerville, has sent us the names of thirty new subscribers, in addition to the renewals on his circuit, which entitles him to a copy of Chambers' Encyclopedia. This is, we believe, the largest number ever received from one agent at this time of the year. Brethren, send on your orders. We hope to have a grand increase this season.

A singular case of obtaining money under false pretences has just been discovered by the Treasurers of our Missionary Society. A form of draft, which they are accustomed to use when remitting to authorized agents living at a distance, has been counterfeited by some unknown person, who must have obtained a copy surreptitiously. The Treasurers have received one of these counterfeit drafts for \$100, which was negotiated at Cincinnati, and have cautioned the public, through the columns of the daily press, against accepting such spurious bills of exchange. The difference between the genuine and the spurious draft is easily detected. In the latter the word "Toronto" is engraved in the date line, but is omitted in the original. There is also a slight variation in the form of the figures "1877," as well as in the width and edge of the margin.

Professor Flint opened the Edinburgh University Theological Society recently with an address on "The Conditions on which Alone Theological Learning can Reasonably be Expected to Flourish in Scotland." No well-informed man, he said, would venture to deny that theological learning was in an extremely unworthy and unsatisfactory condition in Scotland. For generations not a single work of European reputation had been produced by the clergy of Scotland. They prided themselves on reverence for the Bible, and yet for 200 years not a single book on the Bible, distinguished by first-rate Greek or Hebrew scholarship, had issued from Scotland. Theological science was in a withered and stunted condition among them, but no blame could be attached to their professors. The system was wrong, and theological science refused to grow on Scottish soil. The cause had been division; the remedy could only be a union of their theological halls.

An exchange says: "Fresh alarm has been created in the English Church by the announcement of the intention to establish a new religious order, to be called 'The Fraternity of Jesus,' which is to be nothing more or less than a scheme for the creation of a Jesuit order in the Established Church. Circulars have been issued calling for signatures to the plan of organization. Its objects may be gathered from the following sentence: 'One great religious order of laymen and priests associates would be far better able to cope with puritanical opposition and general ignorance than a multitude of small societies, the members being so scattered about.' The fraternity will consist of three orders. The first will be composed of 'Brethren,' who will take the three vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience. The second will be composed of 'Brethren at Business in the world,' who will also keep the three vows, but in a modified form, whatever that may mean. The third order will be composed of 'Associate Brethren,' these will take the two vows of poverty and obedience. The work of the fraternity will be parochial and mission work, such as preaching, the maintaining of day and Sunday-schools, etc. Societies and guilds of every description will be formed under the direction of brothers of the first order. Societies that do not support a community-house are invited to come over bodily to the 'Fraternity of Jesus,' under such arrangements as will make them auxiliaries.

We are requested to state that the slight delay in the issue of the January number of the Canadian Methodist Magazine, has been caused through the excessive pressure of Christmas business on our engravers. The Magazine which was mailed before Christmas appears in a handsomely engraved cover, with emblematic design. See contents on the eighth page.

Rev. Hugh Johnston, B.D., delivered his very interesting lecture on "Dr. Brigham Young and the Mormon Religion," to a fair audience, in the lecture-room of the Metropolitan church a week ago last night. The proceeds of the lecture were in behalf of the Trust Fund of the Seaton Methodist church.

The N. Y. Independent says:—A series of somewhat violent but rather common and valueless lectures on the Churches of Christendom, by Rev. A. J. Bray, is published by the Milton League of Montreal, Canada, in the interests of Protestantism. The motive is better than the method.

We understand that the closing concert which was given in the Ontario Ladies College, Whitby, on Monday evening, the 17th inst., was a decided success, and gave entire satisfaction to all present. A fuller account next week.

NOTES AND GLEANINGS.

Flogging Prisoners in England. The Liverpool Courier says that three thieves, sentenced each to ten years' penal servitude...

Professor Robertson Smith. At a meeting of the Free Church Commission of Assembly a reference was heard from the Presbytery of Aberdeen...

Marlborough House. It is said that Marlborough House is being turned top-sy-turvy, in order, if possible, to find out the cause of the fever with which so many of its inmates have lately been affected...

The Great Agitation Approaching. A very cautious speech of Lord Hartington, the leader of the Liberal party, made to a Scottish audience...

Mr. Bradlaugh. Mr. Bradlaugh's appeal against the conviction of himself and Mrs. Besant, for the publication of an indecent book, has been unattended with the success hoped for...

Religious Liberty in Spain. The Illustrated Christian Weekly says:—We have had so many occasions to condemn the growing intolerance of the Spanish government...

it by example, charitably tolerating the opinions of all, and invoking the Divine grace on those astray; and that he as their king desires to make respected the principle of freedom of conscience...

LITERARY NOTICES.

MAGAZINES OF THE MONTH.

Harper's Magazine for January presents a rich variety of able and instructive papers in prose and verse. The illustrated articles are: "A Glimpse of Prague," "Hot Springs of Arkansas," "On the Welsh Border" and "Life on Broadway."

Frank Leslie's Sunday Magazine for January, begins its third volume. Prof. Schaff has an interesting, illustrated article on "A Recent Visit to Modern Bethlehem."

The National Repository for January, with this number enters upon its third volume. The first article is an illustrated one about "Christmas Tide," and is followed by "Christmas Bells," from the pen of Rev. George L. Taylor...

The January number of The Popular Science Monthly opens with the third of Prof. R. H. Thurston's series of papers on "The Growth of the Steam-Engine," profusely illustrated.

The beginning of Christianity with a view of the state of the Roman world at the birth of Christ. By George P. Fisher, D.D., New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.

MEW BOOKS.

Week-day Evening Addresses, delivered in Manchester. By Alex. MacLaren, D.D. London and New York: McMillan & Co.

Those of our readers who have read Prof. Fisher's Supernatural Origin of Christianity and History of the Reformation will need no assurance of ours, that this goodly volume of nearly 600 pages, from the same scholarly pen, is a valuable contribution to the elucidation of the history of the founding of the Christian Church.

Mr. Bradlaugh's appeal against the conviction of himself and Mrs. Besant, for the publication of an indecent book, has been unattended with the success hoped for and expected by the appellant.

Religious Liberty in Spain. The Illustrated Christian Weekly says:—We have had so many occasions to condemn the growing intolerance of the Spanish government since the restoration of the Bourbons...

BRIEF CHURCH ITEMS.

Special revival meetings for some time past have been held at Wilkinson's Corners, Goderich Township.

The Oshawa Vindicator says:—Largely attended revival services have been carried on for the past two weeks in the Kedron Methodist church. Much good has been done.

Special services at the Bethel church, Keene Circuit, are being held with encouraging results. The church is crowded every evening.

The usual weekly concert was given at the Asylum on Wednesday night by the choir of the Queen Street Methodist church in this city under the leadership of Mr. Baxter.

A largely attended and highly successful tea-meeting was held in the Queen Street Methodist church of this city a week ago last night. Rev. S. J. Hunter, pastor of the congregation occupied the chair.

A week ago last Thursday evening a very successful fruit festival was held in the Methodist church, London South Circuit. The Advertiser says:—After refreshments, the chair was taken by Mr. Dean Digaon, and appropriate addresses were delivered by Rev. J. S. Ross, B.A., of London; T. Crews, pastor of the church, and L. C. Crews.

Rev. T. A. Ferguson writes:—During the last six weeks the Lord has graciously visited our Church in Bradford with a revival of his work, by which not only has the Church been quickened but about sixty souls have professed conversion, over fifty of whom have become candidates for membership in our church, and still the good work is going on.

The new Methodist church at Selkirk, Man., was opened for divine service on Sunday, 16th December, when sermons were preached in the morning by Rev. J. F. German, M.A., Chairman of the Red River District, and in the evening by the Rev. Wesley Cason of Selkirk.

Rev. R. J. Forman, Wellington District, writes:—The missionary meetings on this district so far have been very successful, in some instances doubling the amounts of last year, and in almost all, yet held, there is a large increase subscribed. The advocacy of the missionary cause by the brethren, young and old, has been most earnest and effective and we are encouraged to hope for large results.

Twenty-one souls have professed conversion in connection with revival services lately conducted at Wellington appointment, Thamesville Circuit. Our correspondent says:—The former members have experienced a great enlargement of their hearts. The Lord is blessing his people much on this field.

The Anniversary Services of the Methodist Church of Keene were held on Sunday and Monday 16th and 17th of Dec. Our correspondent says:—On Sabbath Rev. Jas. Thom, B.A., of Norwich, preached two excellent sermons to the profit and delight of two large congregations.

The revival in Oil Springs is progressing encouragingly. Bro. Hill, writing on the 17th, says:—Quite a number are rejoicing in God, the communion railing cannot hold all that crowd around it nightly. Between 30 and 40 were forward last night.

The London Advertiser, of Tuesday, 18th inst., says:—The Dundas Street East Methodist Church held its annual missionary meeting last evening, when a good number were in attendance. The chair was occupied by Mr. Wm. Bowman, who gave a very pleasant address.

A successful missionary meeting was held in the Lambeth Methodist church, on Monday night 17th inst. The London Advertiser says:—There was a good attendance and a liberal response in the way of cash at the close of the meeting.

The anniversary and Christmas tree entertainment of the Methodist Sabbath-school at Fingal was held in the church on Friday evening 14th inst. The attendance, considering the bad state of the roads, fully met the expectations of the most sanguine.

The members of the Wellington Street Methodist congregation, London, with their friends a week ago last Monday night celebrated the first anniversary of their church opening by a tea-meeting. The attendance was large.

eminent success that had attended the work of the church during the year. Mr. T. Green, Treasurer, read the financial statement, showing the receipts and disbursements of the year.

Anniversary missionary services were held in the Pall Mall street Methodist church, London, a week ago last Sunday. Sermons were preached by Rev. J. W. Holmes, of England.

The first anniversary services of the Methodist church Omecees were held a week ago last Sunday. The Lindsay Post says:—Rev. Dr. Jeffers preached morning and evening, and Rev. R. Walker, of Bethany, in the afternoon.

The annual anniversary services in connection with the Methodist Sabbath-school, Chatham, were conducted on Sunday 16th inst. The Bazaar says:—Anniversary sermons were preached by Rev. J. Wakefield—in the morning to the children and youth, and in the evening to the adults.

The following resolution was unanimously passed at the Official Quarterly meeting of the Methodist Church, in Tilsonburg, held Dec. 3rd:—Moved by M. S. Smith, seconded by S. C. Sinclair, and Resolved: That we strongly disapprove of the course taken by Alderman Hallam and the Finance Committee of the city of Toronto, in reference to assessing Church property.

FROM THE MISSION ROOMS. REVIVAL AT FORT SIMPSON—HOPEFUL COMMENCEMENT OF THE MISSION AT NAAS—BURKINANE, AND DESTRUCTION OF THE ROOF OF THE CHURCH AT FORT SIMPSON.

From Nainaim, of November 30th, the Rev. C. Bryan writes:—"Thinking it possible that you may not have heard of the revival at Fort Simpson, at the suggestion of some of our people, I have transcribed the enclosed extract from Brother Crosby's last letter to me.

"Brother Green writes me from Naas that he has seventy-five enrolled in class—among whom is a notorious thief, recently brought to God; and that not a day passes but he has calls from enquirers for salvation."

POST SIMPSON, Nov. 1st, 1877. "We have had a glorious revival. Glory to God! I have been away to Kit-a-mat (160 miles distant), and, twelve days from home, met a camp of 300 people, whom a missionary had never visited before."

"Heaven dancing was going on, and some who 'bite' people were dancing, but they were very kind to us, and we had a blessed time. On our return trip, we ran ninety miles and never camped. Got home at 12 o'clock Saturday night a week ago. Mrs. C. and Miss Knott then told me of the glorious work of God that had been going on while I had been from home."

"The religious excitement among the people had become so intense, that for two or three nights they did not eat or sleep. They crowded the church night and day—and only these two dear women (Mrs. C. and Miss K.) to direct them. After a little the work became more steady, when they had meetings twice every day. My dear wife preached to them many times, and a Koo-oo did all she could to help. So you may be sure they were glad when I came home. Indeed, Mrs. C. has been poorly from the effects of the responsibility of the work, and the care which she had on her mind."

"We continued the work, with glorious success, and many souls were brought to Jesus. So warm with love were some of our people, that they started off to heaven tribes to tell them of the Saviour."

"Well, so it is, that when we are in the midst of blessing we must be tried. Last Wednesday at 3 15 a.m., the roof of our church was blown off; and it was thought for some time that the whole building would be a wreck,—but, thank God, it was no worse, and no one was hurt. The same afternoon we held a meeting, and \$400 was raised, although we suppose it will cost far more than that; but we trust to our heavenly Father to send us the money. Although it happened only a week ago, we have been to the woods, got the logs, taken them to the saw-mill, and set it up on our site, so that we shall be able to put shingles on to-morrow. O, brother, if you ever had a good camp-meeting, it is camp-meeting here all the time now."

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

The American Board has in the Ottoman Empire 255 stations and outstations, 94 churches, 5,335 members, and 11,786 pupils in schools.

The Presbyterian Synod of Virginia recently adopted a resolution declaring it to be the duty of the Southern Churches to do their full part toward the moral and spiritual elevation of the colored race.

Scotch Presbyterianism is making considerable progress in London. Already there are four clergymen belonging to the body who are in receipt of £1,000 a year. Church building and church extension are in active progress.

The French congregation who worship in the crypt of Canterbury Cathedral have this year celebrated their 27th anniversary. The congregation are the descendants of the foreign refugees who flocked to England as an asylum from religious persecution in their own land, and to whom the use of the crypt of the Cathedral was allotted for the worship of God according to their consciences.

The first Union Missionary Conference ever held in Syria closed its sessions at Aheib, on Mount Lebanon, October 1st. Fifty-seven delegates attended, among them thirty-seven native Syrians. The Syrians took an active part in the proceedings. Among the topics on which papers were read were: "The Sabbath," "The Pastorale," "Family Life," "Church Work by Private Christians," "The Moody and Sankey Evangelistic Work," etc. The Arabic language was used throughout.

The mission Churches in Syria are beginning to adopt the policy of self-help. They are also successfully adopting the habit of giving for the support of extended Church work. One place, in which it was not generally thought that anything had been done, reports that one Church member had given \$182 for building a place of worship, and thirty-two dollars for a cemetery. Beirut reports \$864 given last year to all objects. Other places report weekly contributions.

One of the Netherland missionaries in Java has written a letter, which is translated by The Gospel Sower, in which he gives a very interesting account of Dutch missions in that country. They were begun about twenty-five years ago, in East Java. There are now three stations—Modjvarno, Kedire, and Swaroe—where 3,000 persons have been baptized. Of these some are catechumens, a few have fallen back, and some have died. They were won from heathenism, for they know and care little about Mohammedanism. They are not tenacious of that religion, but are ready to hear Christianity and chose it.

Canon Scott Robertson's annual summary of British contributions to the 69 societies in Great Britain and Ireland which collect funds for promoting missionary work in foreign lands shows that in the financial year 1866-7 these British contributions amounted to \$5,242,360. The general summary is as follows: Church of England societies received \$2,129,620; "Gnubins," or joint societies, \$784,740; Nonconformist societies in England and Wales, \$1,563,855; Scotch and Irish Presbyterian societies, \$791,740; and Roman Catholic societies, \$82,395. Making a total of \$5,242,360.

The English Presbyterians report their mission in China to be in a very prosperous condition. There are sixteen missionaries who labor in Amoy, Swatou, and Formosa. A new station has been formed at Unalo, in Southwest Amoy, completing a chain which connects Amoy with Swatou. Eleven students are in training for native pastors at Amoy. At Rechina a native has been ordained pastor and the church pays his salary. The Swatou hospital has had 1,565 patients, including 230 lepers. The government has granted at a nominal rent a site for a hospital three times as large as the present one. Mr. Mackay, who is supported by the Canada Presbyterians, travel over Northern Formosa, treating 2,430 patients.

The following statistics show the operations of the Wesleyan Liverpool Mission during its second year: "Tracts distributed, 34,379; visits paid, 14,285; visits to the sick, 2,229; cottage-meetings held, 730; open-air meetings, 174; Bible-classes, 6, with 130 members; members of Society meeting in the agent's classes, nearly all of whom are the fruit of the Mission (not including many who have gone to other classes), 256." The Recorder says:—"This is a very remarkable result for an institution not yet three years old, and one which surely entitles it to take rank with the Metropolitan and Manchester Lay Missions in its claims upon public sympathy and support."

The Irish (Disestablished) Church shows more and more, as time progresses, its hostility to Ritualism. Recently, at the meeting of the Dublin Diocesan Synod, the subject of religious "retreats" was brought up by the statement that such a retreat had been held near Dublin, with the usual accompaniment of auricular confession. Pro. Jellett moved three resolutions condemning all such practices as tending to divert the Church of its Protestant character. One member of the Synod, Canon Smith, in the course of the debate, admitted that he had heard confessions. The admission intensified the excitement. The resolutions were carried by the following vote:—Clergy—eyes, 53; noses, 26; laity—eyes, 149; noses, 14. Archbishop Trevelyan, after the declaration of the result, expressed his dissent from the resolutions, and suspended them, "referring" the matter to the General Synod of next year. The bishop and some of his relatives were charged as being in sympathy with the proceedings condemned by the Synod.

The Catholic Review, the ablest and most sharp-witted of the Roman Catholic papers in commenting on the recent revolution in Mexico, which it says is an event which can give Catholics "neither grief nor satisfaction," states that the hierarchy in Mexico, in view of the recent constant conspiracies, issued a remarkable pastoral letter, warning their people against engaging in plots or intrigues for the overthrow of the government, and instructing them that it was their duty to be loyal and obedient to the powers that be. Hence it concludes, in spite of the war cry of the revolutionists, "Down with the Protestants," that "the church as a body has had nothing to do with the overthrow of Lerdo or the success of Diaz." An Exchange says:—"Would it not be well for this potent hierarchy to issue another 'remarkable letter,' warning their people against their cruel and barbarous treatment of those who differ from them in matters of faith, and inciting a broader Christian charity?"

CURRENT NEWS.

Temperance Reform Clubs are being established all over Nova Scotia.

James Ballantyne, the well-known author, died at Edinburgh last week.

It is stated that the Queen will open Parliament in person on the 17th of January.

Operations were commenced on the 4th inst. on the Panama Railroad extension survey.

The revolution at Ecuador is at an end, the Government having triumphed.

The July railroad riots cost Pennsylvania \$500,000.

The sugar market in New York is in a very unsettled state. Great losses appear inevitable.

H. M. Stanley, the African explorer, has arrived at Aden.

The Imperial Parliament will meet on the 17th prox., when it is understood the Government will ask for a grant for the increase of the army.

China is expected to appeal to Great Britain and the United States for money to meet the famine in the northern provinces.

The London World mentions the Duke of Manchester is likely to succeed the Earl of Dufferin as Governor-General of Canada.

The third session of the Third Parliament of Quebec was opened last Wednesday with the usual ceremonies.

At the meeting of darymen at Chicago, on Wednesday, a resolution was adopted in favor of placing salt on the free list.

The Northern Light has commenced the winter service between Picton, N. S., and Georgetown, P. E. I.

A convention was held at Baltimore last week to consider the best means of ridding the State of tramps.

The Dunkin Act was carried on Friday in Lakefield, East Peterborough, by a majority of twenty-nine.

The Montreal Police Magistrate's decision in the medical forgery case—the inquiry in which is now terminated—will be given next month.

One thousand ironworkers in Sheffield have ceased work in consequence of the proposed reduction in wages.

Ten lives are believed to have been lost by an explosion on Thursday last, in a New York candy manufactory.

A meeting of the Privy Council was held at Windsor Castle on Saturday, Her Majesty and all the members of the Cabinet being present.

Negotiations for a modification of the treaty relative to the rights and privileges of consuls are in progress between Italy and the United States.

Work on the Nictaux and Atlantic Railway has been stopped owing to a hitch between the Company and the Local Government.

The Marquis d'Harcourt, French Ambassador to London, is to be removed, and the Marquis de Banneville will be sent as ambassador to Constantinople.

Great preparations are being made in Havana for the celebration of the marriage of the King of Spain, the municipality having voted \$100,000 for that purpose.

The English Government are inviting tenders for three hundred thousand pairs of boots and shoes, the largest contract known since the Crimean war.

Two-thirds of the trade of Southern Russia, and one-third of that of Northern Russia, is in the hands of the Jews, the richest of whom is Simon Isaacowitz, of Odessa.

Commandant Griffith reports from Cape Town on November the 13th that he has captured 12,000 head of cattle, and that the Galeskas are dispersed.

The Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia, have received an order from Russia for forty large freight locomotives, at a cost of half a million dollars.

The project to levy Customs duties on goods in transit over the Isthmus of Panama has been rejected by a large majority in the Colombian Legislature.

It is expected that the track-laying on the Hamilton and North-Western Railway from Jarvis to Port Dover will be completed before the end of the year.

Michael Davitt, the Fenian, who was sentenced to fifteen years penal servitude, has been released from Dartmoor on ticket-of-leave, after serving half the term of his sentence.

A syndicate with Sir Edward Watkins at its head has been formed in England for the construction of an underground railway in New York.

The sentence of Glass, the Montreal Bank defaulter, has been confirmed by the Court of Appeal at Montreal, and the case will now be taken to the Supreme Court.

The San Domingo revolution continues, and murders and outrages are of frequent occurrence. One hundred political prisoners have been banished without any warning.

A Paris despatch says: The proceedings in the Council-General confirm the belief that the recent elections turned the scale in favor of the Republicans. The left have a majority in forty-five Councils.

The first annual exhibition of the North-western Dairyman's Association was held at Chicago last week. There was a large representation from various parts of the United States and Canada.

Prince Bismarck is about to return to Berlin, the Emperor having agreed to his plans, which are said to involve a complete remodeling of the Cabinet in a manner that would be tantamount to a triumph for the National Liberal party.

The Toronto by-law granting \$300,000 to the Toronto and Ottawa Railway, was defeated on Thursday by a majority of 1,797. In consequence of the defeat the Ottawa and Carlton Councils have been requested by the President of the Company to withdraw the by-laws which were to have been submitted to these municipalities.

The Montreal Corn Exchange Association on Friday decided by a vote of 42 to 21 against sending a delegate to the Dominion Board of Trade, and notice was given of a motion to be submitted at the next annual meeting for the complete withdrawal of the Association from the Dominion Board.

The difficulty between the Captain General of Cuba and the Supreme Court-Martial of the Island, relating to the sentence of fraudulent army purveyors—which at one time nearly brought about Jovellana's compulsory resignation—has been settled by a Royal decree in favor of the Captain-General.

All prosecutions pending for press offences in France subsequent to May 16th, have been dropped. M. Waddington, Minister of Foreign Affairs, at a reception on Friday, warned the officials of his department that if the present regime was distasteful they had better seek another career.

Correspondence.

FRENCH EVANGELIZATION.

Mr. Brown, Bro. R's few days "with a mission" have taken him most fully the following lesson: "There are some fields where a minister speaking both languages has a decided advantage, and where our missionary funds would be economized by uniting English and French work. This subject should have careful attention."

line, the directions to invite ministers and local preachers separately to the Lord's Table. As to the confusion named I hope it is local, and think the difference of custom spoken of is not the cause. As I thus strongly attack a usage which is especially cherished by some, I subscribe my name.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK. DEAR BROTHER, I have just returned from wandering among the ruins of this once beautiful city, which was nearly destroyed by fire last June. The sights are saddening in the extreme. Ten churches, and at least as many ministers' residences fell before the "fiery hurricane."

CLARENDON CIRCUIT. More than a year has passed since we wrote from this field. Very early last spring we re-opened two churches. Namely, Ebenezer and Zion, after being newly re-organized, and the trustees re-elected, renovated, and beautified and paid for. The Rev. President Scott officiated at the re-opening services of the latter, and favoured us with an address at a tea-meeting at the Centre Church.

OUR CAMP-MEETING was held in September, congregations large and devout, sermons by the Rev. Messrs. Hansford, Fowler, Kropp, Osborne, Craig, McKechnie, and Messrs. Spencer, Loyd and Campbell were admired by the people and owned by God.

WILLIE MALLARD, Only son of William and Mary Mallard, of West Niagara, was born 15th, 1855, and was drowned Sept. 15th, 1877. In company with some other boys dear Willie went into the mill pond close by his father's farm to bathe.

OUR QUARTERLY MEETINGS.

DEAR BROTHER, In reading over a letter to the last Guardian of Dec. 6th, under the above heading, I was struck with the fact that some of the matters mentioned were different from what I had seen in various standpoints.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

DEAR BRO. DEWART, I acknowledge the receipt of \$10 for our Montreal French mission from Mr. Thomas Vaux of Ottawa, and \$4 from Mr. George Hastings, Philadelphia Pa. There are not many of our favored brethren in different parts of our Dominion, who will follow their example.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENT.

DEAR SIR, Allow me to acknowledge, with thanks, through the Guardian, the receipt of \$10, in aid of the Oka Indians, from Mr. Thomas Vaux, of Ottawa, Ont.; also \$1.50 from Mr. Robert Davy, of London, Ont.; and \$3 from Mr. H. Hughes, of Healdston, York.

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OUR CHURCH WORK.

CHURCH OPENING AT UNION.—PORT STANLEY CIRCUIT. On Thursday, November 15th, the above church was dedicated to the worship of God. The service began at 11 o'clock, a.m. by the Rev. Geo. Ferguson giving out an appropriate hymn, Rev. J. A. Williams engaging in prayer, and Rev. T. W. Jackson reading the lessons and giving out the second hymn.

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Book-Steward's Notices.

The Book-Steward begs to remind Correspondents that all moneys sent in unregistered letters is entirely at the sender's risk.

Important Announcement! THE "GUARDIAN" FOR 1878. SPECIAL PRIZES.

The following PREMIUMS are offered to Agents for an increase over and above the present number of Subscribers to the CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN on Circuits or Stations, when the Subscriptions are paid in full.

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VALUABLE PRIZES FOR SUBSCRIPTIONS TO THE Canadian Methodist Magazine For 1878.

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The Advocate has the largest circulation of any Sunday-school paper in Canada. It will be still further improved by the use of a greater number and variety of first-class engravings, and a department will be introduced, suited to the tastes of older scholars.

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THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL BANNER, 1878. The Banner will continue in the future, as in the past, to furnish the most complete, thorough, sound and practical helps to the study of the lessons that circulate in the country.

WOOD GREEN METHODIST CHURCH. A meeting will be held in this church by the ladies of the congregation on New Year's Eve, 31st, 1877.

CHURCH OPENING. The St. Anne's Church, corner of St. John and Simcoe Streets, Hamilton, will be opened for divine service on Sabbath, 30th inst.

CLAREMONT-WESTON CIRCUIT. On Friday, January 4th, 1878, the Rev. Wm. H. Poole, of Toronto, will deliver a lecture in the Methodist Church, Clarendon.

MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARIES—YONGE STREET SOUTH. Sermons, January 13th—Doveview, 10.30, John Macdonald, Esq., R. Rev. G. W. Workman, B.A.

EDUCATIONAL MEETINGS—LONDON DISTRICT. London—Queen's Avenue, Dundas Street Centre and Wellington Street to make local arrangements.

MINISTERS' ADDRESSES. Rev. Albert J. Wallace, Carleton Place, Ont. Rev. E. H. Hubbard, Brantford.

Rev. J. H. Mendenhall, White Rose.

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TORONTO MARKETS. FARMERS MARKET—STREET PRICES. Wheat, fall, per bush... 1.22

Wheat, spring, do... 1.08

Barley, do... 0.81

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Peas, do... 0.67

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Butter, large rolls... 14.00

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Eggs, per doz... 17.00

Apples, per bush... 1.50

Onions, per bush... 0.75

Tomatoes, do... 0.50

Carrots, do... 0.40

Beets, do... 0.40

Cabbages, per doz... 1.00

Straw, per ton... 1.50

Flour, 1. & 2. Superior extra... 5.75

Flour, 1. & 2. Superior extra... 5.75

Miscellaneous.

RE-OPENING OF ELM ST. METHODIST CHURCH. The above Church will (D.V.) be RE-OPENED for Divine Worship

On SUNDAY, JANUARY 6th, 1878. SERMONS will be preached at 11 a.m. by the Rev. E. RYERSON, D.D., LL.D.

Covenant and Sacramental Service for the Circuit; At Seven p.m., by the Rev. GEORGE DOUGLAS, LL.D.

On SABBATH, 13th January, at Eleven a.m. by the Rev. JAMES ELLIOTT, D.D.

At Three p.m., by the Rev. J. H. CASTLE, D.D.

At Seven p.m., by the Rev. C. H. PAYNE, D.D.

Collection after each Service in aid of the Church Fund.

On FRIDAY, the 14th of JANUARY, 1878, Organ Recital and Concert, F. H. TORRINGTON, Esq., Conductor.

On MONDAY, the 7th of JANUARY, 1878, A TEA-MEETING will be held. To commence at 6.30 p.m.

On MONDAY, the 14th of JANUARY, 1878, a LECTURE BY THE REV. DR. PAYNE. Subject: "SHAMS."

Single Tickets, 40c. Tickets for the Course, \$1.

ANNOUNCEMENT To Sunday School Workers

During 1878, The Sunday School Times will contain, week by week, Critical Notes on the Old Testament Lessons, by Prof. G. H. Fox, on the New Testament Lessons by Prof. A. C. Keble.

Mr. Charles F. Richardson, so well known for his literary work on The Independent, will give his constant attention to the columns of The Times.

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1878. THE MAYORALTY. 1878. To the Electors of the City of Toronto.

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE At the coming Election are requested for ANGUS MORRISON.

YOUR VOTE AND INFLUENCE Are respectfully solicited for JAMES BEATY, Q.C., AS MAYOR FOR 1878.

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Magazines. THE CANADIAN METHODIST MAGAZINE For January, 1878.

CONTENTS: AN ISLE OF SUMMER (Nassau, Bahamas), with 13 fine engravings.

THE PART-A New Year's Poem. WATKINS' GLEN—Frank Wallace, B.D., with eight fine illustrations.

THE KING'S MESSAGE—A Canadian Story. PHYSICAL ASPECTS OF MORAL LAW—A Lecture by Joseph Cook.

THE LAST OF THE FOREST TREES—A Poem by John Macdonald, M.P.

THE DEACON'S SIN AND ITS EXPIATION—Mrs. H. B. Stone, LL.D.

THE ROMANCE OF MISSIONS—St. Patrick in Ireland and St. Columba in Scotland—W. H. Withrow, M.A.

NEW YEAR'S CALLING IN MONTREAL, AND WHAT CAME OF IT—Miss M. R. J.

THE WITCH AND THE KING OF THE SKY. WINTER POEMS—Lucy Larcom.

CURRENT TOPICS. RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE. BOOK NOTICES—Dr. Ryerson's Political Economy

THE NORTHERN LAKES OF CANADA: THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS; and EDUCATION IN CANADA.

VALUABLE ILLUSTRATED ARTICLES: ACROSS AFRICA; WATKINS' GLEN—Part II; RECENT EXPLORATION IN PALESTINE; LAKE CHAUTAUQUA AND THE ALLEGHANY VALLEY;

THE HUDSON RIVER; THE HIGH VALLEY AND MAUCH CHUNK; TRENTON FALLS; LAKE CHAMPLAIN AND THE AU SABLE CHAMPS.

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GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY. Depart... 7.00 11.15 4.10 11.07

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Hour of Closing Mails from Toronto, O. Per Grand Trunk West... 6.00 2.30

Per Grand Trunk East... 6.00 2.30

Per Great Western Railway... 6.00 2.30

Per Northern Railway... 6.00 2.30

Per Toronto and Nipissing Railway... 6.00 2.30

Per Toronto, Grey, and Bruce Railway... 6.00 2.30

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 the 19th inst., by Rev. W. Findall, at the residence of the bride's father, Walker, Esq., of Walkerton, to Miss Amelia Berenice Gouker.

On the 19th inst., at the residence of the bride's father, by Rev. E. McCallum, brother of the bride, assisted by Rev. J. Elliott, of Smithville, Walter Rockie, of Grimsby, to Amanda, youngest daughter of Patrick McCallum, Esq., of Smithville.

DIED. On the 19th inst., at Canisville, Amy, the beloved wife of Rev. Robert Corson. She fell a step in Jesus.

CHURCH TEA SETS. Trustees, Ladies Aid Societies, or Sabbath-Schools, wishing a

Tea-Meeting Set (Earthenware) can procure a full set, to serve three hundred persons, for

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