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REV. WILLIAM BRIGGS, Book-Steward.

THE ROUND OF LIFE.

Two children down by the shining strand,
With eyes as blue as the summer sea,
While the sinking sun fills all the land
With the glow of a golden mystery:
Laughing aloud at the sea-mew's cry,
Gazing with joy on its snowy breast,
Till the first star looks from the evening sky,
And the amber bars stretch over the west.

A soft green dell by the breezy shore,
A willow lad and a maiden fair;
Head clasped in hand, while the tale of yore
Is borne again on the listening air.
For love is young, though love be old,
And love alone the heart can fill;
And the dear old tale, that has been told
In the days gone by, is spoken still.

A trim-built home on a sheltered bay,
A wife looking out on the glistening sea;
A prayer for the loved one far away,
And prattling lips "neath the old roof-tree;
A lifted latch and a radiant face
By the open door in the falling night;
A welcome home and a warm embrace
From the love of his youth and his children bright.

An aged man in an old arm-chair;
A golden light from the western sky;
His wife by his side, with her silver hair,
And the open Book of God close by,
Sweet on the bay the gloaming falls,
And bright is the glow of the evening star;
But dearest to them are the Jasper walls
And the golden streets of the Land afar.

An old churchyard on a green hillside,
Two tiny graves in the summer sky;
The fisherman's boots going out with the tide
In the fiery glow of the amber west,
Children's laughter and old men's sighs,
The night that follows the morning clear,
A rainbow bridging our darkened skies,
Are the round of our lives from year to year!
—Alexander Lamont, in Chambers' Journal.

ECHOES OF THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE.

ENGLISH WESLEYANS.

Our English brethren retain much of the spirit of their founder, and cleave to the old usages. They never say "brother" in minister, but always "Mister," yet they show no lack of brotherly kindness. They are by no means boisterous in their worship, yet the "amen" is heard when something warm is said. Their preaching is usually followed by a prayer-meeting, and serious persons and penitents are invited to remain to it. Not a bad custom. Many of their chapels use a ritual, though it is very distasteful to some. They count and report their members on the basis of the class-meeting attendance. Though they have many adherents who take sacrament with them, godly people who also help to support them, yet they are not reported as members. Their numbers would be much increased if they did include those religious adherents, which, doubtless, they ought to do. They are Wesleyans in all things save that they do not attend class.—G. W. Horn, in Wesleyan Advocate.

DEALING WITH SKEPTICS.

The following is a quotation from the address of the Rev. J. Gilmore, Primitive Methodist, on the temper we should exhibit to those who are in a "skeptical turn of mind":—"There are one or two other points I must mention. One is the uncharitableness that we sometimes manifest towards those who are in a skeptical condition of mind. [Hear! hear!] There is faith and faith, and unbelief and unbelief; and I recognize the possibility, in this age, of young men of education having intellectual difficulty in relation to matters of belief, who are largely determined by the faith of Christ, and largely possess this spirit. What I claim from this audience is a large spirit of charity towards those who may not be able to accept the whole statement of our belief as we put it forward. Let us give them credit for honesty. [Hear! hear!] Let us be ready to treat them as honest seekers after truth, and to entertain the views that they may state, and not put them down by harsh and unkindly words. I have been for twenty years intimately connected with a large section of working-people in the north of England, and I can say that the uncharitable temper manifested by Christian people in relation to the intellectual difficulties of these men on religious questions has tended to un-Christianize them. We can afford to manifest a spirit of charity, and to recognize the Christianness of men who believe what they can believe, and stand in doubt of what they cannot believe. [Hear! hear!]

METHODIST DENOMINATIONISM.

The Nonconformist and Independent says:—"We have spoken of the denominationalism of the Methodist body, and the appearance of the Council programme—studied, as it is, all over with the words "Methodism" and "Methodists"—produces a somewhat unfavorable impression. The actual proceedings, however, have done something to remove that impression; for, in fact, many of the topics discussed are of much interest to the members of other religious bodies as to Methodists, and if the word religion had

been substituted for Methodism, many of the essays and speeches would have suited other ecclesiastical assemblies quite as well as that before which they were read or delivered. We, however, suppose that Methodists are so in the habit of looking at everything through Methodist spectacles, and of using Methodist phraseology, that they seem at times to exalt Methodism to the level of Christianity, and speak of themselves and their aspirations as though they were not members of a Christian family, having the same beliefs, desires, and hopes as themselves. To cure this insulatory and self-containedness there is needed an Ecumenical Council of a larger sort—one which would embrace, not Methodists only, but the members of other religious communities; and, as a consequence, would deal with matters in which they have a common interest. Such a Council may be witnessed in the good time coming; at present, an approximation to such a result can be attained only by less direct means.

TOO MUCH SELF-PRAISE.

The London Methodist says: "We are not disposed severely to criticise the Conference as a whole, nor will we speak severely of any of its parts. We are sure it has already done good. It has been an advantage to the delegates to meet one another. A new impression has been received of the power of Christianity in the form of Methodism. We think, however, too many psalms have been sung. In this the enemies of Methodism may see a reason for adverse remarks. But can any one wonder that the psalms have been sung? Brethren of the same stock have come from the four winds to tell what God has done and to honor him in the recognition of the means which he has been pleased to employ. And as from every quarter histories of success have been brought, who, we again ask, can wonder that songs of triumph have been sung? It was devout to sing them, and it would not have been even right if some of them had not been sung. But too much time has been taken up with setting forth the beautiful adaptation of Methodist doctrine and discipline for promoting the good of mankind. There already existed among the Methodists a general agreement on that point. While we feel this we can hardly profess to see how, under the special and peculiar circumstances, practical suggestions could easily have been supplied in much larger proportion. We dare say that at the next similar assembly it will not be found necessary to lay again the broad foundation which certainly has been laid in this great Conference. And what will then be built thereon?"

REV. WM. ARTHUR ON ITINERANCY.

I feel that, perhaps, it would not be unprofitable if, instead of looking at the advantages of itinerancy in the past, we spend a moment in looking at the adaptation of itinerancy to the present and the future. Many, perhaps, think itinerancy ought to be so modified as to be virtually abandoned. They are going on in the direction indicated by our brother. With all the sines of the past we must feel one thing first, that the future is tending more and more throughout the world to increase the proportion of dense population and diminish the proportion of dispersed populations. Itinerancy gives you diffused labor, that is the way of attacking a dispersed population, but we need to look very carefully at the condensed labor, which alone can reach condensed populations—(hear, hear)—and I say, standing in this city of London, that there are no 4,000,000 of English-speaking people in the world for whom, in proportion, itinerancy has done less than for the 4,000,000 of people in the midst of whom we are now standing. (Hear, hear.) It was not until within recent years that any considerable extension of our work among those 4,000,000 took place, and we must take care first that we keep up the old going round and round over circuits, no matter how wide, if at the end of the circuit there are a few people to be saved. But, on the other hand, we must not think that a large circuit means so many acres with no heads in it. There are so many heads, no matter whether on many acres or few, and where you have a great many heads you have a large circuit. I am totally against Methodism being worked on the principle of solitary stations. My idea of a circuit is a circuit of two men. I am totally against great circuits in cities of four millions. I believe they have proved singularly inefficient in spreading the work; but I believe the one-man station, although the one-man station does not fasten a man for life to one congregation, but removes him at the end of his term, is still far inferior to a two-men circuit, with one in charge as superintendent; and with the whole of the Methodist organization really at work within the circuit, and with its preparation to extend beyond it. But we must look more to the question of city populations and of dense populations. Even in new countries it is appalling to see the rapidity with which certain cities are springing up, and the rate at which multitudes are arriving. Some of our friends in the country are accustomed to new growth in new countries, but they can hardly make up their minds to new growth in old countries. Now, if, in the course of the last ten years, we have built fifty-two churches in this city of

London, that would have been one, say, for every ten thousand of the new population, not providing a stick or stone for the old population. Yet we have not done that; we have not provided one sitting for ten of the new population in the last ten years; we must, then, try to make itinerancy tell more and more. (Hear, hear.)

ANOTHER OUTSIDE VIEW.

The Illustrated London News has a sketch of the Conference, closing as follows: "Of the results of this great gathering and its unique proceedings every man that cares to do so will judge for himself. Yet the public are not indifferent to the results, and the world-wide character of the Methodism of to-day makes its future of considerable importance to mankind. It is very evident that the Wesleyans are not violent politicians, for they are found everywhere, and contend for no particular form of government to the exclusion of all others. In the future, as in the past, their course will be one of moral reform, religious life, and intellectual progress. The influence of the Conference upon the Wesleyans themselves will be one of encouragement, enlargement, and renewed activity among the nations now that they have been brought face to face with their large and substantial successes as they never could have been before; and they will begin to expect more, and dare more, and do more. The excitement of the Ecumenical Conference will settle down into fixed resolutions, which will lead to greater efforts for the religious welfare of mankind wherever the name of Wesley is known, or his doctrines preached. Though all questions of organic union were excluded from the Conference the subject was indirectly referred to again and again, and there are unmistakable signs of an mean undercurrent in favor of organic union among some of the Wesleyan sects. As separate bodies they will be more friendly with each other than they have ever been. It is not at all unlikely that in most towns they will unite to take the Lord's Supper together once a year."

DEAN STANLEY AT OXFORD.

When I reached Oxford he was fellow and tutor of University College, to which he had migrated from Balliol, after having taken a first-class at his degree examination, and won the Ireland Scholarship, the English prize poem, the Latin and English essays, and other high distinctions. In short, Arnold's parting words at Rugby were almost as applicable to his university as to his career—he had won almost everything he could win. Colleges were even more separate in those days than they are now, each, as a rule, living its own separate life, and an occasional meeting at breakfast was about all the intercourse I ever had with him at the University.

But with the undergraduates of his own college, and above all, with such of them as came from his old school, he maintained a kind of intercourse which, rare as it is even now, was then almost unknown. I may take one instance, for reasons which will presently appear, which, though no doubt exceptional, is not an unfair specimen of what Stanley was to men a little younger than himself when they were thrown together. Mr. Hansard, the present rector of Dehnam Green, and the man who has done so much for Christian civilization in East London, went up to University College from Rugby, in the year after Arnold's death. He had been one of those whom the Doctor especially respected; a boy who, without brilliant ability or scholarship, by sheer uprightness and force of character exercised a valuable influence in the school. He had not been many hours in his Freshman's rooms on the ground-floor of what were then the new buildings, and was just thinking of sitting down to a solitary tea, when one of the college servants brought him a little note. It was from Stanley, asking him up to tea in his rooms, on the tutors' floor. The invitation was, of course, at once accepted with gratitude. He went up, and was met with outstretched hand, and the words, "You knew and loved Arnold." From that moment, not only during his Oxford residence, but until death parted them, they remained fast friends; and how Stanley understood the duties of friendship between young men of their respective ages may be gathered from his pupil's own words: "He would never let me do a wrong, or behave badly, or be idle, without plainly telling me of it, in a kind but earnest manner. This privilege of friendship he continued to claim to the last. But for him I should never have taken orders, never gone to the East-End of London." The two men were a striking contrast in all ways, which gave a peculiar and touching character to all their life-long relation of tutor and pupil, as well as of friend and friend. Stanley "coached" his pupil through the whole of his college life, refusing all payment; and when Hansard was preparing for orders, at his suggestion, read nearly the whole Bible through with him, and when they were separated in vacation time sending long sheets of questions to be answered in detail. I shall have to refer to some of their joint work presently, but may mention here a characteristic little

anecdote of one of their last appearances together. It was at a great meeting for the support of the homes for children, founded by the Wesleyan, Dr. Stephenson. In his speech the Dean, gathering, as was his wont, any historical flower by the wayside, told the great audience that the pulpit in Bethnal Green Church was the last Church of England pulpit in which John Wesley had preached; and then, laying his hand on Hansard's shoulder, claimed him as his own old pupil, and as one whom it would have rejoiced John Wesley to see in that pulpit at the present time.—Thomas Hughes, in Harper's Magazine for November.

HOW GOD ANSWERS PRAYER.

A waterfall is a scientific object only in a very rude way. But when every drop of its water has been manipulated and controlled by the human will till the mills of a Lowell or a Lawrence display from every spindle and shuttle the presence of human intelligence and power, then the untamed river begins to sparkle with the brilliancy of science, and to murmur its praises from every ripple. That is, the more mind-power is mingled with matter-power, the more scientific is the compound result. The uniformity of the waterfall is far less scientific than the diversity of the water-wheel. Automatic mechanisms, machines that adjust themselves to change, throwing themselves out of gear at the least obstacle or breakage, ringing a bell as a signal of distress, increasing or diminishing combustion, changing position, as in the case of a lathe to meet all the convolutions of a gun-stock, have a far higher scientific character than a carpenter's drawing-knife, or a housewife's spinning-wheel, which display less of diversity and more of uniformity. It was once supposed that the solar system is so balanced that the loss of a grain of weight, or the slightest change of motion, would dislocate and destroy the whole system. It was a higher science, not a lower, that has since taught us that exact uniformity is by no means necessary to the stability of the system, but that oscillation and change are fully provided for in the original plan. The principle holds good that the modifications of a mind-mechanism advance its scientific rank, and increase rather than diminish; the proof of the presence of law and order in its working.

I was riding, a few years since, about one of the rural cities of the State of New York with one of the most distinguished preachers at the metropolis. We were speaking of the curious fallacies involved in Tyndall's famous prayer-gauge conundrum. Just then we drove up to the city water-works. I told him that if he would go in with me I thought we could find a good illustration of the manner in which God may answer prayer without interfering with any of the laws of nature. The point, let us remember, is, that the power of an intelligent will can be so introduced among the forces of matter as to have perfect uniformity in the working of those forces, while diversity appears in their results.

The building we entered was furnished with a Holley engine. As we stood by the steam gauge we observed constant and considerable changes in the amount of steam produced. As there was no cause apparent in or about the engine itself, we asked for an explanation. "That," said the engineer, "is done by the people in the city. As they open their faucets to draw the water the draft upon our fires is increased. As they close them, it is diminished. The smallest child can change the movements of our engine according to his will. It was the design of the maker to adjust his engine so that it should respond perfectly to the needs of the people, be they great or small." Just then the bell rung, the furnace-drafts flew open, the steam rose rapidly in the gauge, the engineer flew to his post, the ponderous machinery accelerated its movement. We heard a general alarm of fire, "How is that?" we asked. "That," he said, "was the opening of some great fire-plug." And how about the bell? What did that ring for? "That," he said, "was to put us on the alert. You saw that the fireman began to throw on coal at once. A thousand things have to be looked after when there is a great fire. It won't do to leave the engine to itself at such times." In a moment there came a lull. The great pumps moved more deliberately. In another minute a roar of steam told us the safety-valve had opened, and soon the great engine had returned, and to its ordinary, sleepy motion. "Wonderful," said my friend; "the whole thing seems alive." I almost thought it would start and run to the fire itself. "I think this one of the grandest triumphs of science," said the engineer, as he bade me good-bye.

The illustration is a good one, but others of the same sort are at our hand on every side. The uniformity of nature is in fact one of its lesser attributes. Its great glory is in its wonderful adaptability. Its greatest glory is its unlimited capacity to receive mind-forces, and to mingle them with its matter-forces in perfect harmony, and in infinite variety of combination. If human science has been able to do so much to overcome the eventless uniformity of nature in its wildness and

crudeness, shall we deny to the divine omniscience the power to effect the slightest modifications necessary in answering the prayers of his children? Nay, shall we deny to him the power so to adjust the original mechanism of the universe that prayer with its appropriate action may directly modify that mechanism, as the child's thirst and his little hand, can open a faucet and change the action of the great water-works miles away. Or, is it at all unscientific to believe that other intelligent agents may, in answer to prayer, be "caused to fly swiftly," as the little bell aroused the engineer? Or can science offer any valid objection if we say that God himself holds the forces of nature in his own hand, waiting for high moral reasons, "to be inquired of by the house of Israel to do these things for them?"—From an Address by Professor John P. Gulliver.

THE INTERNAL WITNESS.

The wonderful skill of Christianity to meet all the deeper needs of human nature has been often proved. There have been fewer greater spiritual intellects than Augustine, few more honest or capable in their search after Divine truth, with a larger acquaintance with other systems of thought, or a deeper knowledge of all sides of human experience. Blessed with a pious and devoted mother, who early instructed him in the faith and love of Jesus Christ, yet he long resisted the solicitation of all her prayers and example, and gave himself to the investigation of the claims of the conflicting philosophies of his day. He studied diligently in the schools of rhetoric, and passed rapidly from one phase of thought to another. For some time Manichæism enthralled him. Its doctrine of two principles—one of good, and one of evil—seemed to answer to the wild confusion of his own heart, and the conflict of higher and lower impulses that raged within him. It seemed to solve the mysteries which perplexed him in his own life and in the world. But so soon as he began to test it, and came in contact with its higher teachers, he found its insufficiency. The study of Plato then attracted him by its noble lessons, but still a void remained in his heart. The mental rest after which he sought did not come. "Tomorrow," he said to himself, "I shall find it. It will appear manifestly, and I shall praise it." Happily, Plato led him on to St. Paul, and Ambrose, the Bishop and great preacher of Milan, awoke by his powerful sermons the deeper chords of his spiritual nature. Gradually as he studied the Pauline Epistles, the unrest of his mind revealed its true character. The thought of Divine purity struggled in him with the love of the world, and the flesh, and the glory of mere intellectual ambition, till one day he sought refuge in prayer, and with strong emotion and tears poured out his heart before God. A voice was heard amid his emotion bidding him to read on, and as he read the whole truth and reality of the Divine life was flashed upon him in the words, "Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof." He says: "I had neither desire nor need to read further. As I finished the sentence, as though the light of peace had been poured into my heart, all the shadows of doubt dispersed." He shut the volume, and carried the joyful tidings to his mother, who rejoiced in her turn. She had received more than an answer to all her prayers. "For thou hadst converted me unto Thyself," he adds, "so as no longer to seek for other hope in the world."—Dr. Tulloch.

SCANDINAVIAN HOSPITALITY.

The most striking quality of Scandinavian character seems to be hospitality. Throughout Norway, Sweden, and the far North the author was heartily received by every one, from the king in his palace to the Laplander in his tent. During five years of almost incessant travel, in the course of which every part of the peninsula was visited, Mr. Du Chaillu was coolly treated only once. The Swedes and Norwegians have the reputation of being reserved and cold, but this is true of them only when they meet strangers of the class best suggested by the word "tourist." To any one whose interest in them can not be measured by a stare or two and a few impertinent questions they are unsuspicious and communicative, as well as cordial to the verge of affection. Mr. Du Chaillu went among them freely, conversed with them in their language, wore garments like their own, and took part in their labors, sports, and ceremonies. The treatment he received in return caused him to speak most enthusiastically in praise of their sociability and kindness.

As in all other countries that retain primitive habits, hospitality in Scandinavia always implies eating and drinking. The poorest farmer or fisherman always has something to offer the visitor, and lack of appetite is generally construed as a slight. The author mentions one occasion on which, to avoid hurting any one's feelings, he ate thirty times in two days, and drank thirty-four cups of coffee. Often strong cheese is offered just before a meal to provoke appetite, and in the cities a formal dinner is preceded by a

sworgas, or lunch, at a table crowded with alleged appetizers. On a single sworgas table the author noted smoked reindeer meat, smoked salmon with poached eggs, raw salmon freshly salted, hard-boiled eggs, caviare, fried sausage, anchovy, smoked goose breast, cucumbers, raw salt herring, several kinds of cheese and as many of bread, and a salad made of pickled herring, boiled meat, potatoes, eggs, beets, and onions. There were also three and three kinds of spirits on the table, and from these and the various dishes the guests helped themselves bountifully, and then did justice to an excellent dinner.—John Habberton, in Harper's Magazine for November.

EGYPTIAN NAVIGATION.

We know that at the time when the Great Pyramid was built, bronze implements were in general use. To manufacture bronze, tin was needed. It would probably have been obtained from Britain, Bohemia, or Malacca. This fact lifts for a moment, and a moment only, the veil that covers the mysterious early history of navigation. The scanty inscriptions of the age give us no aid. Only in a very ancient medical papyrus, partly of the age of Menclerus of the Fourth Dynasty we find prescriptions of foreign physicians. Here is another indication of relations with civilized countries.

The great document of Egyptian navigation is the story of the expedition of Queen Hatsa, daughter of Thothmes I., in the sixteenth century B.C., to the spice-land (Punt). Arabia Felix and the opposite coast, when an Egyptian fleet traversed the whole length of the Red Sea, and probably passed through the Straits of Babel-Mandeb. Let us consider what this means. The Red Sea is notoriously difficult to navigate for sailing ships, owing to the prevalence of the north winds and the dangerous character of all courses but the narrow central channel. In the time of Queen Hatsa there were very few ports, and the shores were in the possession of savage if not hostile tribes. Yet the enterprise was safely carried through; the fleet received the submission of the people of Punt, and brought back a great store of costly tribute, including small spice trees which were planted at Thebes in the royal garden.

Eastern traffic was known in earlier times. The oldest record is of the date of the Eleventh Dynasty. One of the sovereigns of this line founded a colony on the shore of the Red Sea, probably at the most convenient point for trade with Thebes by the desert route. This carries us several centuries further back than the date of Hatsa; and there is no reason why the kings who built the Pyramids may not have had trading stations on the same sea. This clew would at once connect Egyptian with Chaldean commerce. About the age of the Eleventh Dynasty the Persian Gulf, which was far northward of its present limits, had a busy trade with India. It does not matter whether the tin was transferred from Chaldean to Egyptian ships; it is enough to have established the continuity of the trade. The remoteness of the tin makes these distant voyages seem incredible; but there is no reason why the primitive navies should not have achieved as much as those of the Phœnician. All that is needed to make cases equal is a chain of posts for shelter and provisioning along the great route. The want of this aid forbids the idea of a trade for tin with Britain in the age of the Pyramids.

The Egyptian ships, whether of war or commerce, had a single mast with one great square sail, and a bank of oars. The rudder was double, consisting of two great oars, one on each side. They are the prototypes of the Greek and Roman galleys.—R. S. Poole, in Contemporary Review.

A case of prolonged somnolence that may serve as a companion piece to that of the sleeping Hungarian in Pennsylvania, is reported from one of the hospitals of Niederwiesl, in Germany. The twelve-year old daughter of an innkeeper fell into a deep trance in March, 1880, and continued in that condition for the entire remainder of the year. She was carefully observed by physicians and nurses in the hospital to which she was removed, and there can be no doubt as to the authenticity of the statements made in regard to her, and the small quantity of nutriment that was prescribed had to be administered by forcing her mouth open. She had normal sleep at night, but during the day lay wholly motionless, and apparently without cessation or consciousness. At first much emaciated, her appearance subsequently became fresh and healthy. About the beginning of the year she suddenly recovered her power of speech, and was soon wholly restored in other respects. She is now entirely well. It is also said that during the whole period of her suspended animation she was fully cognizant of everything that took place about her.

The worst days of darkness through which I have ever passed have been greatly alleviated by throwing myself with all my energy into some work relating to others.—James A. Garfield.

The Family Treasury.

THE PERFECT DEATH.

BY DEAN STANLEY.

Where shall we learn to die? Go, gaze with steadfast eye On dark Gehennae, Or darker Calvary, Where, through each lingering hour, The Lord of grace and power, Most lowly and most high, Has taught the Christian how to die.

CLASSIC ENGLISH.

The compositions whose subtle grace has a perennial charm, which we sip like old wine, phrase by phrase, sentence by sentence, till their aroma and exquisite flavor diffuse themselves through every cell of the brain, are wrought out, not under "high pressure," but quietly, leisurely, in the dreamy and caressing atmosphere of fancy.

RULES FOR RIGHT LIVING.

- 1. Keep the body clean. The countless pores of the skin are so many little drain tiles for the refuse of the system. If they become clogged and so deadened in their action, we must expect to become the prey of ill-health in some of its countless forms.

head to profound rest. The moral pluck and firmness to take such food and no other for this last meal of the day can be easily acquired, and the reward of such virtue is sound sleep, a clear head, a strong hand, and a capital appetite for breakfast.

6. Never wear at night the under-garments that are worn through the day. 7. Cultivate sunlight and fresh air. Farmers' wives "fade" sooner than city women, not alone because they work harder and take no care of themselves, but because they stay so closely in-doors, and have no work or recreation that takes them out into the open sunlight.

8. Have something for the mind to feed upon—something to look forward to, and live for, beside the round of daily labor or the counting of profit and loss. If we have not any talent for writing splendid works on political economy or social science, or the genius for creating a good story or a fine poem, the next best thing—and, in fact, almost as good a thing—is to possess an appreciation of these things.

9. Live in peace! Fretting, worrying, fault-finding, borrowing trouble, giving way to temper, and holding long, bitter grudges; all these affect the liver, poison the blood, enlarge the spleen, carve ugly lines on the face, and shorten life! Try to be half as wise as that little creature, the bee, who takes all the honey she can find, and leaves the poisons to themselves.—Mrs. E. H. Leland, in American Agriculturist.

THE AUTHOR OF "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

So far from Bunyan being of Gypsy descent, as an ingenious American writer has endeavored to prove, the name Bunyan, in one of its many forms, has been already known in Bedfordshire for half seven centuries, first appearing in the chronicle of Dunstable in 1219, and was repeatedly found in the Records of the Court Leet, the Registry of the Court of Probate, the accounts of the Guild of the Holy Trinity at Luton, and other medieval documents, as well as in the parish registers of Bedford and other places in the county.

Bunyan lost his mother when he was between fifteen and sixteen years old. He was not more than seventeen at the time of his marriage to his first wife, when, without "so much household stuff as a dish or spoon between them," the young couple began to occupy the cottage at Elstow ever since coupled with Bunyan's name. Elstow, John Bunyan's birthplace, is a little village of old-fashioned, half-timbered cottages with overhanging stories, projecting porches, and gabled dormers, covered with clustering roses and honeysuckles clustering around the village-green.

The copy of Foxe's Acts and Monuments, or Book of Martyrs, as it is popularly called, which was Bunyan's companion and daily study in prison, is preserved in the town library. Bunyan's signature at the bottom of the title page is laboriously formed in large, ill-shaped printing characters, with the date 1662, the work of one by whom the art of writing, if he had ever acquired it, had been almost entirely lost.

Certainly Bunyan improved greatly both as a penman and a poet before he wrote "The Deed of Gift."—Saturday Review.

MY COMPANY.

"I have read," said Mr. Spurgeon, "of one who dreamed a dream when in great distress of mind, about religion. He thought he stood in the outer court of heaven, and he saw a glorious host marching up, singing sweet hymns, and bearing the banners of victory; and they passed by him through the gate, and when they vanished he heard in the distance sweet strains of music."

tude did not encourage him, for they were the noble army of martyrs. He could not go with them, or wave their palm branches. He waited still and saw that the next was a company of golly ministers and officers of Christian churches; but he could not go with them. At last, as he walked, he saw a larger host than all the rest put together, marching and singing most melodiously, and in front walked the woman that was a sinner; and the thief that died upon the cross hard by the Saviour; and he looked long, and saw there such as Manasseh and the like; and when they entered he could see who they were and he thought: "There will be no shouting about them."

But to his astonishment it seemed as if all heaven was rent with seven-fold shouts as they passed in. And the Angels said to him: "These are they that are mighty sinners, saved by mighty grace." And he said: "Blessed be to God! I can go with them." And so he awoke.

TROUBLESOME WEEDS.

Here is a bit of advice from the Scholar's Companion about a kind of garden in which each person is constantly sowing seeds.

Every one has a garden called Conversation. If the unpleasant words which blossom into thoughts are kept out, the garden becomes beautiful and interesting. There are a few kinds of weeds which, unconsciously, creep into this garden, and unless they are kept down, or, better, pulled out, they injure and spoil its good flowers.

1. Untruth. This is dark-leaved, and so small at first that it is scarcely noticed. In its early stages it is called exaggeration. You are not sure whether you saw three or four things, and you say four. The next time the number becomes larger, and so the weed grows until it is strong and hardy. Be sure and pull it up.

2. Slang. This spoils many a garden of choice flowers. It is sometimes overlooked among boys, but it is not considered to have any beauty.

3. Bad Grammar. This is a common weed, found in the gardens of uneducated and careless persons. It grows slowly, but steadily, and finds a place beside the nicest looking flowers. There are a number of varieties, and among them are "I seen," which choked up "I saw," or "I have seen;" "it's her'n," which crowds out "it is hers," and "it is me," which grows close to the little "it is I."

4. Gossip. Every one knows this ugly weed, which works mischief wherever it appears. It is one of the worst varieties, and has been known to completely overrun and spoil the garden in which it was allowed to grow.

These are the principal weeds which find their way into the Garden of Conversation. Examine the one belonging to you, and see what weeds are gaining headway.

KAISER WILHELM AS A FIGURE-HEAD.

Personally, the Emperor of Germany is a large-limbed, good-natured, not-too-quick-witted man, who plays at war and politics with a simple gravity charming as a study of character. He is, in his private aspect, a little more real than our lamented King George, who had so often described the event that he died in the unshaken belief that he had led a charge of cavalry at the battle of Waterloo. The Emperor William has actually heard the distant roar of artillery, and has looked upon the smoke of battle when the firing had ceased. We all remember the pretty knock he had of riding up to the great battle-field of 1870 just as all was over, and dating, from amidst the slain, blood-red telegrams to his "dear Augustus," praising God for this new victory. I do not mean to say that he would not have joined in the fray had need been, or etiquette permitted. He comes of a soldier family, and his sons showed during the same campaign the stuff of which the old tree was made. But there being no need for him to draw his sword, he was kept out of the range of bullets, and his movements carefully timed, so that he might come in with the flourish of trumpets that announced a fresh and heavier defeat of the French.

In war Von Moltke did the fighting, and the Emperor wrote the telegrams from the battle-field. Similarly in politics Bismarck plots and schemes, and often wins, and when all is ready, the old Emperor is trotted out at "interviews," which take place in the face of the world, and whereat the harmless old gentleman ponderously plays his puppet-part, and thinks he is moving the world. The real Emperor of Germany is the heavy-looking, burly man, who, not so many years ago, in despair of his future, declared that Heaven had intended him to be a farmer, and that when he left his country home to dabble in politics, he was flying in the face of Providence. Bismarck has a profound and unfeigned reverence for his imperial master, as is frequently shown in the volume of his "Early Letters," which, with characteristic and amazing frankness, he half a dozen years ago permitted the world to read. But he plays with him with the skill and coolness that a marionette is handled by its proprietor. Probably the last man in the world to suspect the autocracy of Bismarck is the Emperor William. Yet every one else knows that in Germany the Emperor reigns, and Bismarck governs.—Cardiff Times.

HOME ATMOSPHERE.

This atmosphere of the household, which either converts to Christ or perverts to fashion, folly, and impiety, is commonly created by the parents. They are responsible for it. If the whole trend of household talk, and thought, and ambition runs toward money-making, or social convivialities, or general godliness, it is father and mother who give the pitch. Nowhere is it so difficult to make the best preaching or the best Sunday-school teaching effective on character as in the malicious air of such a home. As

soon expect to rear oranges in Lapland as plants of grace in so godless an atmosphere. The parental influence penetrates through the house with as subtle a poison as escaping gas from an ill-built furnace. As Dr. Bushnell has pithily said, in his incomparable book on "Christian Nurture:"

"Whatever fire the parents kindle, the children are found gathering the wood. They help either as apprentices or accessories."

If the father begins the Sabbath with some secular Sunday newspaper the family will help him read it. If the parents are irregular to God's house, the children will hardly care to go at all. If the mother is a "scandal-monger" she will make her children tattlers and eave-droppers. If she directs her servants to say at the door that "she is not at home," the children will learn to be polite liars. If the father puts the deacon on his table, the boys will soon begin to practice with the fatal glass. That rich father who disinherited a son for drunkenness, and in the same will bequeathed his vine-cellar to certain heirs gave a very palpable proof of the home atmosphere which had poisoned the poor boy. Parental provocation and ill-temper sour the very air of many households, so that the children can hardly escape being cross, snappish, and irritable. How can piety breathe in such air? How can a family be trained up in the knowledge of God's Word when the Book of books is seldom opened, and the spirit of its instruction is no more known than in the house of a Musselman? Even in the families of many professors of religion I do not look for any conversions, for I know the most faithful discourses will be destroyed by the malaria of the home. It was the atmosphere of Elkanah's and Hannah's godly house that produced a Samuel. It was the wretched air of Eli's house which ruined Hophni and Phineas.—T. L. Cuyler, D.D.

SUGGESTIVE TO FAULT-FINDERS.

"Now, deacon, I've just one word to say. I can't bear our preaching! I get no good. There's so much in it I don't want, that I grow lean on it. I lose my time and pains." "Mr. Bunnell, come in here. There's my cow. Thankful—she can teach you theology." "A'ow teach theology! What do you mean?"

"Now see, I have just thrown her a forkful of hay. Just watch her. There now! She has just found a stick—you know sticks will get into the hay—and see how she tosses it to one side, and leaves it, and goes on to eat what is good. There, again! She has found a burdock, and she throws it to one side and goes on eating. And there! She does not relish that bunch of daisies, and leaves them, and goes on eating. Before morning she will clear the manger of all, save a few sticks and weeds, and she will give milk. There's milk in that hay, and she knows how to get it out, albeit there may be now and then a stick or weed which she leaves. But if she refused to eat, and spent the time in scolding about the fodder, she, too, would 'grow lean,' and the milk would dry up. Just so with our preaching. Let the old cow teach you. Get all the good you can out of it, and leave the rest. You will find a great deal of nourishment in it."

Mr. Bunnell stood quiet for a moment and then turned away, saying, "Neighbor, that old cow is no fool, at any rate."—Anon.

SAVE ME NEXT.

A beautiful incident is told of a little child upon a lately wrecked steamer. The boats were taking the passengers away as fast as they could, every one crowding forward intent on his own salvation. One after another was passed down, while the neglected child stood waiting her turn. The vessel rocked to and fro, on the eve of going to the bottom. Seeing no chance of escape, the little one stretched out her hands, and cried, "Save me next." It is a cry that ought to go up from millions of hearts. The bark of life will go down some day, and if we are not saved in Christ, we must be eternally lost. It is a cry that those of us who are saved might hear on every hand. It comes from that miserable, trembling, half-pulsed debauchee, who must have—will have—run. He craves his fate and drinks again, even while he cries out in agony against the chain that binds him as with fetters of brass, "Save me next!" Strong arms must be held out to such. None but God may save the run-crazed wretch. We may do much to bring him to the Father who turns no one away. The cry comes again from that gaudily dressed woman, whose words are possibly louder than her dress. She may not ask to be saved; she may not want to be saved; but she needs to be. None but herself and God know how much. The call is to some Christian woman to lead her to him who will say, "Thy sins are forgiven thee."

DID NOT KNOW IT WAS IN THE BIBLE.

A well-to-do deacon in Connecticut was one day accosted by his pastor, who said, "Poor Widow Green's wood is all out. Can you not take her a cord?" "Well," answered the deacon, "I have wood, and I have the team; but who is to pay me for it?" The pastor, somewhat vexed, replied, "I will pay you for it, on condition that you read the first three verses of Psa. xli. before you go to bed to-night." The deacon consented, delivered the wood, and at night opened the word of God and read the passage: "Blessed is he that considereth the poor; the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble. The Lord will preserve him and keep him alive, and he shall be blessed upon the earth, and thou wilt not deliver him unto the will of his enemies. The Lord will strengthen him on the bed of languishing; thou wilt make all his bed in his sickness." A few days afterward the pastor met him again. "How much do I owe you, deacon, for that cord of wood?" "Oh!" said the enlightened man, "do not speak of payment; I did not know those promises were in the Bible. I would not take money for supplying the old widow's wants."—Anon.

Good Words for the Young.

BOYS WANTED.

Boys of spirit, boys of will, Boys of muscle, brain and power Fit to cope with anything— These are wanted every hour. Not the weak and whining drones, That all trouble magnify; Not the watchword of "I can't," But the noble one, "I'll try." Do what'er you have to do With a true and earnest zeal; Bend your sinews to the task, Put your shoulder to the wheel. Though your duty may be hard, Look not on it as an ill; If it be an honest task, Do it with an honest will. At the anvil or the farm, Where'er you may be— From your future efforts, boys, Comes a nation's destiny. —Christian Worker.

TELL YOUR MOTHER.

I wonder how many girls tell their mothers everything. Not those "young ladies," who going to and from school, smile, bow, and exchange notes and pictures with young men who make fun of them and their pictures, speaking in a way that would make their cheeks burn with shame if they heard it. All this, most credulous young ladies, they will do, although they will gaze at your fresh young faces admiringly, and send or give you charming verses or bouquets. No matter what "other girls do," don't you do it. School-girl flirtation may end disastrously, as many a foolish, young girl could tell you. Your yearning for some one to love is a great need of every woman's heart. But there is a time for everything. Don't let the bloom and freshness of your heart be brushed off in silly flirtations. Render yourself truly intelligent. And above all, tell your mother everything. Never be ashamed to tell her, who should be your best friend and confidante all you think and feel. It is strange that many young girls will tell every person before "mother" that which it is most important that she should know. It is sad that indifferent persons should know more about her fair young daughters than she does herself.—Fanny Fern.

SAVE.

Children who have a little money ought to practise saving something. Many boys and girls of to-day hardly know a higher use for any money that comes into their hands, than spending it for some foolish thing as quickly as possible. To such a lesson in self-denial and economy is very important. As go the boy's pennies and dimes, so, very likely, will go the man's dollars and hundreds, by-and-by. Without having the spirit of a miser, the person accustomed to save has more pleasure in laying up than a spendthrift ever knows.

The way to keep money is to earn it fairly and honestly. Money so obtained is pretty certain to abide with its possessor. But money that is inherited, or that in any way comes without a fair and just equivalent, is almost certain to go as it came. The young man who begins by saving a few dollars a month and thriftily increases his store—every coin being a representative of good, solid work, honestly and manfully done, stands a better chance to spend the last half of his life in affluence and comfort, than he who, in his haste to become rich, obtains money by dashing speculations, or the devious means which abound in the foggy region lying between fair dealing and actual fraud. Among the wisest and most thrifty men of wealth, the current proverb is—money goes as it comes. Let the young make a note of this, and see that their money comes fairly, that it may long abide with them.—Anon.

TAKE MOTHER TO CHURCH.

True; her eye is dim, she cannot see as she once did; her voice is weak, she cannot sing as she once did; her ear is dull, she cannot hear as she once did. She is not as she once was. The years have bowed her body, and her step totters. But, dear heart, she wants to go to church yet. She has not lost her love for the house of the Lord. The songs of Zion refresh her, and the bread of life nourishes her yearning soul. The "dark valley" is before her, may be near at hand; but she would more firmly lay hold of his rod and his staff for the time of passage and of peril. Her conscience tells her to go. It is her privilege to go, and you, son, daughter, must take her.

She has unquestionable claims on your strong arm, upon your time, attention, and care. Her arm was wearied with working for you. Lavishly her time, her attention, her care were given for you. For you she gave her strength. Full many a Lord's day she stayed from church because you were too young, sick, or too restless to be taken with her. For you she was compelled to give up the blessed privileges of many a Sabbath in the courts of the Lord's house. These days she should now enjoy.

Take mother to church. How it cheers her heart and gladdens her life to see your patience and love toward her, now she is old! What if the horses have worked all the week? What if you are tired? What if you neither care for the worship nor the house of God? Do you love mother so little that you will not let your horses work for her? Do you care so little for her enjoyment that you will not even make yourself tired for her sake? Are you so indifferent to the comfort of her soul that, with a refinement of cruelty, you will keep her from the public worship of her God, in whose service she delights? She loves her God and his service, though you do not. Take mother to church, and father, too. Shame on that son or that daughter who invents excuses and will not do it: "Horses too tired; day too hot; can't do them any good; it's too much trouble." Yes, take them to church. Drive slowly. Hand them carefully, gently, from the wagon. Lead them safely to their seats. Help them in the services of the sanctuary, if they

need your aid. Their souls take comfort and find strength whilst they wait before the Lord in his house.

It cheers their hearts to meet old friends at the church door, to greet those who began life with them, but who now, even as they lean heavily upon the staff while they make the down-hill slope of life's pilgrimage. They can gather a flower and drop a tear where they laid loved ones to sleep in the old churchyard long years ago. It makes the whole week bright if they may but spend the Lord's-day in the Lord's house, with the Lord's people, in the Lord's service. Why not take them? You must.

God's holy commandment does not read, "Honor thy father and thy mother while they are young and strong and able to help them selves." God demands honor from you for them as long as they live. Nor does it read, "Honor thy father and thy mother until thou art eighteen, or twenty-one, or thirty years of age." Long as you live, it is your duty to honor them.

What more beautiful than a manly son or lovely daughter supporting with strong and patient arm the feeble body or tottering step of the gray-haired, aged father and mother on the way to church, or up the broad aisle! Angels hover in blessing over such sights and scenes. "Them that honor me, I will honor, and they that despise me shall be lightly esteemed."—The Workman.

USELESS STUDIES.

The other day a young girl of our acquaintance, who is pursuing a selected course of study in one of the collegiate institutions of the city, was examining the printed curriculum with reference to deciding what study she should take up next term. While consulting about the matter, she read over the long list of text-books on science, language, literature, and mathematics, when suddenly she exclaimed: "I'll tell you what I would like to study—medicine. I don't mean that I want to be a physician and practice, but to know what to do at home if anybody is sick or anything happens. I am sure that it would be more useful to me than—and she turned to the prescribed course of study—than spherical trigonometry and navigation?" But we can't run for a doctor every time everybody sneezes and coughs, and I would like to know what to do for any one who is a little sick. Here is a matter concerning which young women need some simple but careful instruction. But who gives them any? As daughters in the family, they can repeat the dates of the Grecian and Roman wars, work out an intricate problem in algebra, and give the technical name of all the bones in the body; but if the baby brother left in their charge burns his hands or is seized with croup, how many of them know the best thing to do while waiting for the doctor? And when, as wives and mothers, the duties of life increase, how many of them have any practical knowledge which will help them to meet calmly and intelligently the everyday experience of accidents and illnesses which are inevitable in every family?—Harper's Bazar.

AN HEROIC BOY.

Every year on the occasion of the national fetes the Belgian Government makes a public distribution of awards to persons who have performed remarkable acts of courage in, goe decesses. Among those who were rewarded the other day was a little boy of nine, whose exploit may be contrasted with the behavior of the people who allowed the little girl to be drowned in Kensington Gardens. Genin, playing in a field a few months ago, saw a little girl fall into the Sambre. Without knowing who the child was, he plunged into the river, and after some trouble saved her. The child turned out to be his own sister. Not content with having rescued her from death, Genin, like a good-hearted little boy, wanted to shield her from the punishment she had deserved by playing too near the river contrary to her parents' orders. So he took the blame of her disobedience on himself and received a beating from his father. The little girl, however, could not bear to see him suffer in this way, and afterwards told the whole truth, which was corroborated by the evidence of an eye-witness. The facts then became public, and young Genin was summoned to Brussels at the fetes to receive a national recompense. He was, of course, loudly cheered as he stepped up to the platform, and M. Rolin-Jacquemyns, the home minister, in pinning a medal to his breast, called him a little hero.—St. James' Gazette.

A SHIP'S "LOG."

The speed of vessels is approximately determined by the use of the log and log-line. The log is a triangular, or quadrangular, piece of wood about a quarter of an inch thick, so balanced by means of a plate, of lead as to swim perpendicularly in the water, with about two-thirds of it under water. The log-line is a small cord, the end of which—divided into three, so that the wood hangs from the cord as a scale-pan from a balance-beam—is fastened to the log, while the other is wound around a reel on the ship. The log, thus poised, keeps its place in the water, while the line is unwound from the reel as the ship moves through the water, and the length of line unwound in a given time gives the rate of the ship's sailing. This is calculated by knots made on the line at certain distances, while the time is measured by a sand-glass of a certain number of seconds. The length between the knots is so proportioned to the time of the glass that the knots unwound while the glass runs down show the number of miles the ship is sailing per hour. The first knot is placed about five fathoms from the log; to allow the latter to get clear of the ship before the reckoning commences. This is called the stray-line. The log-book, sometimes called the log for brevity, is the record that the proper officer keeps of the speed of the ship from day to day, and of any and all matters that occur that are deemed worthy of note, of the winds and storms and especially of ships that are sighted.

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

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

CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 26, 1881.

A SPECIAL OFFER.

The CHRISTIAN GUARDIAN will be sent from now till New Year to all new subscribers for 1882 for the subscription price for one year. This offer makes it important for our brethren to begin the canvass early.

IMPRESSIONS OF THE ECUMENICAL CONFERENCE.

It would have given the Editor of the GUARDIAN much pleasure, whatever might be the effect on our readers, to have given his views of the great Conference while on the spot, and in the current of its discussions.

We are not disposed to give the highest place among the beneficial results of this meeting to the light thrown upon the questions discussed.

THE SALVATION ARMY.

In a recent number of the Methodist Recorder we find an account of this unique organization which is full of interest and suggestive lessons.

THE TESTIMONY OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.

Formerly Christian apologists laid great stress upon the external evidences of the divine origin of Christianity, and the authority of our sacred writings, in many cases slighting the internal evidences as being, at least, but confirmatory.

THE IRISH TROUBLE.

The arrest of Parnell, Dillon, and other leaders of the Irish Land League has produced a wide-spread sensation, and prompted the demagogues of the League to threaten more violent measures, and call upon the people to pay no rent whatever.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

Dr. Young is visiting his out-posts on Boyne River.

Rev. W. J. Hewitt has just returned from a trip over the missions on his district.

Mr. Percy Punshon, son of the late Rev. Dr. Punshon, of England, has recently been admitted as a student of the Wesleyan Theological College of Montreal.

The Rev. Mr. Tindall has returned home from his trip across the Atlantic.

We called attention recently to the loss and personal injury sustained by the Rev. W. R. Morrison, of Morris Mission, Manitoba.

fail to be a means of instructing, inspiring, and strengthening our universal Methodism, and promoting a more intelligent and godly zeal in every department of Christian work.

There was nothing connected with this great gathering which gave such general dissatisfaction as the reading of the lengthy liturgical service of the Church of England, by the Rev. Dr. Osborn, at the opening of Conference. It was not on the programme, and was, therefore, a surprise to nearly all.

In our judgment, if fewer topics had been discussed, and longer time given for the papers read, the discussions would have been invested with greater value. It is impossible to deal thoroughly with a great question in twenty minutes.

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ing according to all ecclesiastical precedents and notions of that day; but John Wesley held that all kinds of regularity must give way to the salvation of souls; and that it was the business of every Methodist preacher, not to preach such and such sermons, and perform such and such religious services, but to "Save all the souls you can."

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mainly produced by their misleading promises of things that can never be attained, so long as the British Empire continues to be an independent power among the nations. Both in religion and politics, the unfortunate Irish have been misled by untrustworthy leaders.

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