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AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

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Literary and Religious.

Autumn in the Woods.

Every hollow fall of ferns,
Turning yellow in their turns;
Straggling brambles fierce and wild,
Yielding berries to the child;
Oakleaves tumbling from the tree,
Beech-leaves dropping silently,
Hosts of leaves come down to die,
Leaving openings to the sky;
Bluebells, foxgloves come to seed,
Everything to death decreed;
Nothing left of flowers or buds:
Such is Autumn in the woods.

And so is there an Autumn known
To the heart. It feels alone,
Fearing its best days are past;
Eyes the future overcast;
That acquaintance broken through,
Friends departed, friends untrue;
Human flowers cold and dead,
Covered by a grassy bed;
Hopes, late blossoms puting out,
Withering soon, and flung about
By cruel winds; dread doubts and fears
Flitting round in sudden tears;
Yes, there is an Autumn known
To some hearts thus left alone.

Yet there is thought after all—
Fears may fade and leaves may fall,
Hearts may change or prove untrue,
All may look at these woods do—
Though and Autumn here is given,
Spring-time waits just in heaven.

—Chambers's Journal.

Indications of Progress.

The indecent poet of to-day is obliged to publish his own books! No respectable publisher will contaminate his shelves, even with his name. It matters little how many dramas Tennyson may write in these latter days or how much he may attempt to give them the ancient form and flavor—they will always lack one element—that of indelicacy. He leaves coarseness, indecency, the double entendre, forever behind. They belonged to another age, and all these facts show that we have made a great advance.

Owing mainly to the wretched assumptions of dogmatic theology and the presumptions of priestly power, the literary men and women of former days were scoffers—open, aggressive, defiant enemies of Christianity. Now, although there is lamentation on every side about our greatest literary producers are wanting in faith—that they withhold their affectionate and trustful allegiance to the Christian religion, and regard the church as the conservator of a great mass of superstitions, the scoffers are few. We do not believe there was ever a time when the great majority of literary men and women held so kindly an attitude toward the Christian faith as they hold to-day. They are recognizing the fact that there is something in it, a very powerful something in it, somewhere, and something in it for them, if they could but clear it of its husks, and find the divine meat and meaning of it. They feel their lack of faith to be a misfortune. Now, the difference between this attitude and that of such a man, say, as Voltaire or Thomas Paine, marks a great advance. We still have Bradlaugh, it is true, but, though we tolerate them, and listen to them, they have a very shabby following.

The changes that have occurred in the church itself are very remarkable evidences of progress. For the last three hundred years the world has carried on an organized rebellion against priestcraft, and has been slowly but surely releasing itself from slavery. The superstition of witchcraft has departed. It is true that we still try men for heresy, and tie their legs with creeds, but the followers of Calvin do not burn the descendants of Sarveza. They "suspend" them "from the ministry,"—a mode of hanging which is not only quite harmless, but rather honorable than otherwise. The prejudices between sects have notably been broken down within the last fifty years,—a result which inevitably followed the decline of belief in the overshadowing and all-subordinating importance of theological formula. Men are trying to get at the centre and essence of Christianity as they never were trying before; and they find that the more closely they approach the centre, the more closely they get together.

In the world's politics, we still have war, but how modified is even this awful relic of barbarism! How jealous of it has the Christian world become! How it questions it! How it strives in a thousand ways to mitigate its horrors and inhumanities! What a shout it sends up when two great nations meet and calmly settle by arbitration a question which in any previous age would have been a cause of war. The duel, too, is in disgrace. Slavery is abolished nearly everywhere on the face of the globe. Prisons have been reformed. The insane, formerly forsaken of man, and supposed to be forsaken of God, are tenderly cared for by every Christian state. A thousand charities reach out their helpful hands to the unfortunate on every side. The nations are brought every day nearer to one another, in the interchanges of commerce and in the knowledge of, and respect for, one another. Popular education is augmenting its triumphs and enlarging its area every day. And this record of improvement is sealed by vital statistics, which show that the average duration of human life has been slowly but indisputably increasing from decade to decade.

The world improves, but it improves as the trees grow, "without observation." The work of one man's life is small when applied to twelve hundred millions of people, but it tells in the

grand result. We discover a great nest of corruption in our government, and are tempted to despair, but we break it up. There are so many vicious men around us that we feel as if the world were going to the dogs, yet the recoil and outcry and protest we make show that we are more sensitive to the apprehension of what is bad than we were formerly. The world improves, and the man who cannot see it, and will not see it, has a very good reason for suspecting that there is something morally at fault in himself.—*J. G. Holland; Scribner for Nov.*

Solar Self-Culture.

Dante says of Beatrice, as he saw her in the Paradise, that

She smiled so joyously

That God seemed in her countenance to rejoice.
That God seemed in her countenance to rejoice. This line indicates what I mean by solar light in the face of man. This radiance ought to be by us, as it is by natural law, distinguished from all lesser illuminations. Its specific difference from every other light is that in it God seems to overtake beholders and to rejoice. It is scientifically incontrovertible that there is sometimes seen such a light in the present world. Many a poet and seer and martyr and reformer and woman of the finest fibre has at times had a face that has looked like porcelain with a light behind it. But this is not solar light, unless it have in it that specific overawing difference which Dante names. The radiance cannot be counterfeited. It can come into existence only on inexorable conditions. Look at the whole topic of solar self-culture through the lenses of the coolest inductive research. Put aside all mysticism; fasten the attention only on visible facts. What can be proved? There is sometimes in the face a solar look. It arises from the activity of the higher nature when conscience is supreme. The intellectual, the aesthetic, the executive, and all other light combined, quails, other things being equal, before the solar light. It follows necessarily that only such self-culture as brings this light to the face can give its possessor all the power possible to man. The only complete and the only victorious self-culture, therefore, is scientifically known to be solar self-culture.

We know that the contrast in light exists in different men we meet, and in different moods of the same individual. Men may be made of down-silk, and have æsthetic luminousness in their faces, and yet no solar light. It is a wholly incontrovertible fact that an earthly look comes from an earthly mood, and a solar look from a conscientious. Nor will any one who reveres the scientific method deny that the earthly look quails before the solar. No doubt if a Cæsar or a Napoleon comes before a good man—or a goodie, which is a very different thing—the latter will quail. But, other things being equal, Cæsar's eye goes down whenever it meets and does not possess the solar look.

As there is command in the intellectual light when contrasted with the merely animal light, so I sometimes have quailed before eyes that had a holier light than mine. There is no man that can look on what we call the solar light in the human countenance and feel that it is genuine and not reverence it. What does this incontrovertible fact mean? There are only a few animals so low that they cannot be looked out of countenance; and there are only a few men so low that they cannot be looked out of countenance, also. As the brute sees the sunset and does not understand it, gazes upon the glory and beauty and finds it a sealed book, so perhaps we, in this capacity of man's countenance to clothe itself in solar light, are looking upon something that in another age will be better understood in the name of science. So much is already incontestably known: That the solar light exists; that all other light quails before it; that it springs from the heights of Conscience; and that the only complete and the only victorious self-culture must be solar self-culture. Our age believes in culture; a more scientific age will believe in solar self-culture. On the height to which our inductive research has now carried us will be erected tabernacles to the honor of the only culture by which, under natural law, the yet opaque face of civilization can find transfiguring and commanding light.

What of the Transfiguration? Was that an example of solar light? When they that sat in the Council looked steadfastly on Stephen and beheld his face as it were the face of an angel, was this a case of solar light? That lawyer who yet rules the centuries, when he came down from the Mount had a face that shone. Whence that light? Is it all of the same sort as that light which fills the world, because the face of the Lamb doth lighten them, and the glory of God is the lamp of their tabernacle?

Ulice and others speak of an ethereal enswathment of the soul, or a spiritual body. What if the transfiguring light was but a revelation of the capacities of the spiritual body enswathed within the flesh as light is enswathed within the fleecy tabernacle of the translucent fleeing clouds? The light that shines in the eyes of a good man or woman, how bright would it be if their goodness could be enlarged to the measure of that Soul that never sinneth? How would it illuminate then the whole frame? As our Lord's body was human, this spiritual body must be suffered to be possessed by every human body. An obscure form of the same

solar light is still seen among men. It is now, as in Scriptural days, a sign of the possession of the Holy Spirit. It is the sign of the presence of that light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. All ranks of modern scholars believe in culture. But it may be incontrovertibly proved that the highest culture must be that through which the solar look shines, and that this look is possible only when there exists in the soul glad self-surrender to the Innermost Holiest of Conscience. In that Innermost Holiest Christianity finds a personal Omnipresence. Two lights conflict—the earthly and the solar. Your eyes filled with poetic rapture, your loftiest attitude of merely æsthetic or intellectual culture, quail, other things being equal, before the solar look. Here is a fact of science—a visible, physical, haughty circumstance of yet unfathomed significance; an unexplored remainder on which what calls itself culture, and quails, may do well to fasten prolonged attention.—*Rev. Joseph Cook, condensed in Christian Union.*

Perpetual Forces.

I knew a staid young farmer, churlish living only for his gains, and with whom the only intercourse you could have was to buy what he had to sell. One day I found his little boy of four years dragging about after him the prettiest little wooden cart, so neatly built, and with decorations, too, and learned that papa had made it; that hidden deep in that thick skull was this gentle art and taste, which the little fingers and carresses of his son had the power to draw out into day. He was no peasant, after all. So near to us is the flowering of fine art in the rudest population. See in a circle of school girls one with no beauty, no special vivacity, but she can so recite her adventures that she is never alone, but at night or at morning, wherever she sits, the inevitable circle gathers round her, willing prisoners of that wonderful memory and spirit of life. Would you know where to find her? Listen for the laughter, follow the cheerful hum, see where is the rapt attention, and a pretty crowd all bright with one electricity; there in the centre of fellowship and joy is Scheherzade again.

See how rich life is; rich in private talents, each of which charms us in turn and seems the best. If we hear music, we give up all to that; if we fall in with a cricket club and see the game masterly played, the best player is the first of men; if we go to the regatta, we forget the bowler for the stroke car; and when the soldier comes home from the fight, he fills all eyes. But the soldier has the same admiration of the great parliamentary debater. And poetry and literature are disdainful of all these claims beside their own. It seems as if the story were gospel truth, of the boy who thought in turn each one of the four seasons the best, and each of the three hundred and sixty-five days in the year the crown.

The sensibility is all. Every one knows what are the effects of music to put people in gay or mournful or martial mood. But these are effects on dull subjects, and only the hint of its power on a keener sense. It is a stroke on a loose or tense cord. The story of Orpheus, of Arión, of the Arabian minstrel, are not fables, but experiments on the same iron at white heat.

These are means and stairs for new ascensions of the mind. But they are nowise impoverished for any other mind, not tarnished, not breathed upon, for the mighty intellect did not stoop to him and become property, but he rose to it and followed its circuits. "It is ours while we use it, it is not ours when we do not use it."

And so, one step higher, when he comes into the realm of sentiment and will. He sees the grandeur of justice, the victory of love, the eternity that belongs to all moral nature. He does not invent his sentiment or his act, but obeys a pre-existing right which he sees. We arrive at virtue by taking its direction instead of imposing ours.—*Emerson, in last N. A. Review.*

In the Likeness of God.

You are a distinct portion of the essence of God; and contain a certain part of him in yourself. Why, then, are you ignorant of your noble birth? Why do you not consider whence you came? Why do you not remember, when you are eating? who you are who eat? and whom you feed? When you are in the company of women; when you are conversing; when you are exercising; when you are disputing; do not you know that it is the divine you feed; the divine you exercise? You carry a god about with you, poor wretch, and know nothing of it. Do you suppose I mean some god without you of gold or silver? It is within yourself that you carry him; and you do not observe that you profane him by impure thoughts and unclean actions.

If you were a statue of Pheidias, as Zeus of Athens, you would remember both yourself and the artist; and, if you had any sense, you would endeavor to be in no way unworthy of him who formed you, nor of yourself; nor to appear in an unbecoming manner to spectators. And are you now careless how you appear, when you are the workmanship of Zeus himself? And yet, what comparison is there either between the artist or the things they have formed? What work of any artist has conveyed into its structure those very faculties which are

shown in shaping it? Is it anything but marble, or brass, or gold, or ivory? And the Athens of Pheidias, when its hand is once extended, and a victory placed in it, remains in that attitude forever. But the works of God are endowed with motion, breath, the powers of use and judgment. Being, then, the work of such an artist, will you dishonor him,—especially when he hath not only formed you, but given you guardianship to yourself? Will you not only be forgetful of this, but, moreover, dishonor the trust? If God had committed some orphan to your charge, would you have been thus careless of him? He has delivered yourself to your care, and says, "I had no one fitter to be trusted than you; preserve this person for me, such as he is by nature; modest, faithful, noble, untrifled, dispassionate, tranquil." And will you not preserve him?

But it will be said, "What need of this lofty look and dignity of face?"

I answer that I have not yet so much dignity as the case demands. For I do not yet trust to what I have learned and accepted. I still fear my own weakness. Let me but take courage a little, and then you shall see such a look and such an appearance as I ought to have. Then I will show you the statue when it is finished, when it is polished. Do you think I will show you a supercilious countenance? Heaven forbid! For Olympian Zeus doth not haughtily lift his brow, but keeps a steady countenance, as becomes him who is about to say: "My promise is irrevocable, sure."

"What, and immortal too, and exempt from age and sickness?"

No. But sickening and dying as becomes the divine within me. This is in my power; this I can do. The other is not in my power, nor can I do it.—*Epictetus.*

Elasticity of Methodism.

In regard to doctrine, a certain latitude of interpretation and expression is quite consistent with the severest orthodoxy, and indeed, essential to it. Again and again great divisions have arisen in the Church of God through multiplying definitions of doctrine, and seeking to bind ministers and members to an absolutely identical verbiage. Here red tape strangles where it was intended to save. By all means let the Church insist that the great doctrines of sin and redemption, of salvation and retribution, be fully proclaimed, but let freedom be given for the play of individuality of thought and sentiment. We do not advocate any trifling with the great distinctive verities of the gospel. All we contend for is, that a generous freedom of thought and expression should be conceded to all who minister Christ's Truth. Any candid student of the standards of Methodism must allow that such a freedom is secured to its ministers, and that whilst a man continues to hold in any honest sense the doctrines of Grace he is unfettered in the pulpits of Methodism. Any attempt to render the creed of Methodism more rigid would be as great a mistake as to attempt any relaxation of it. In our creed John Wesley left the truth in an elastic band—there let it stay. And so in regard to the government of the Church, it is needful to combine flexibility with firmness. Of course order and discipline are essential; without a recognized polity power would be wasted in erratic and disappointing adventures; but we do need that within the limits of law there shall be plenty of room for enthusiasm and enterprise. If men will but do good, give them the largest liberty of form, time, place, and method. Again and again have Church authorities quenched rising zeal by multiplied and stringent regulations; again and again have ministers paralyzed great circuits by their tag of red tape. Let us have as little of this as possible. The Church of Rome has understood admirably how to combine with fixed and iron principles of faith and government, a flexibility of action, a readiness to seize opportunities, a capacity to economize special talent and singular zeal, a facility of adaptation to the varying circumstances and movements of society in successive generations, which has gone far to secure for her a cosmopolitan range. In this matter at least we may take a leaf out of Rome's book.

This flexibility of system is a source of security to a Church. We often think that the interests of the Church are never secure except they are tied up with red tape and plentifully be-dropped with sealing-wax; they are really most secure when held in a more sensitive and plastic bond. As Victor Hugo says—"Elasticity is a resistance. Against the waves, a raft of timber, joined and chained together in a certain fashion, will form a more powerful obstacle than a breakwater of masonry." And a Church which not only understands what is absolute, but which understands also what is relative, and knows how to make concessions and compromises, will withstand a thousand agitations which would shatter a stark, inflexible, conservative community. And this suppleness and freedom are essential to the progress of a Church. If the Church is to overtake the world in all its manifoldness we must eschew red tape and pitiless elastic bands. Cramped by multifarious regulations, committed to fixed methods of action and these only, compelled to utter the same form of speech, timidly following only in the lines of precedent, it is impossible for any Church to meet the needs of a vast, versatile, and ever-changing world. What is required in all the Churches are statesmen,

not clerks; conquerors, not martinets; poets and orators, not mere grammarians. We want not just so much red tape and sealing-wax to tie up the bundle of life, as if it were never to be any bigger, but elastic bands that will girdle the world. Let the Church be firm, but let her be free; let her have bone, but let it be whale-bone.—*London Methodist.*

How Dr. Guthrie prepared for the Pulpit.

I used the simplest, plainest terms, avoiding anything vulgar, but always, where possible, employing the Saxon tongue—the mother tongue of my hearers. I studied the style of the addresses which the ancient and inspired prophets delivered to the people of Israel, and saw how, differing from dry disquisitions or a naked statement of truths, they abounded in metaphors, figures and illustrations. I turned to the gospels, and found that he who knew what was in man, what could best illuminate a subject, win the attention and move the heart, used parables or illustrations, stories, comparisons drawn from the scenes of nature and familiar life, to a large extent in his teachings, in regard to which a woman—type of the masses—said: "The parables of the Bible I like best are the likes."

Taught by such models, and encouraged in my resolutions by such authorities, I resolved to follow, though it should be at a vast distance, these ancient masters of the art of preaching, being all the more ready to do so as it would be in harmony with the natural tone and bias of my own mind. I was careful to observe by the faces of my hearers, and also by the account the more intelligent of my Sunday class gave of my discourses, the style and character of those parts which had made the deepest impression that I might cultivate it.

After my discourses was written I spent hours in correcting it; latterly always for that purpose keeping a blank page on my manuscript opposite a written one, cutting out dry bits giving point to dull ones, making clear any obscurity, and narrative parts more graphic, throwing more pathos into appeals, and copying God in his works by adding the ornamental to the useful. The longer I have lived and composed I have acted more and more according to the saying of Sir Joshua Reynolds, in his lecture on "Paintings," that God does not give excellences to men but as the reward of labor.

Is Christianity Declining?

Mr. Octavius B. Frothingham, of New York, desires it to be understood that he no longer assumes the title of "reverend," and that he and his society have no connection with the Christian Church. He therefore arrives at the somewhat inconsequent conclusion that the Church is rapidly on the wane and no longer has any hold on cultivated minds. The other day he opened his preaching campaign in New York with a lecture on "The Rising and the Setting Faith," in which this proposition was set forth to the satisfaction of his readers. Mr. Frothingham is not happy unless he is notorious; but we may be pardoned for some plain allusions to the leading points in this congratulatory address, for he calls it "the key note of the whole series" to be delivered this winter. "The old faith," he says, "means dependence upon Christ for release from life's difficulties," which is "the impossibility of man and the impotence of the human will." Well, there all ways has been and always will be in man a desire for outside help. That help it does get from Christ, and does not from free religion. The Christian Church, far from being in its worst estate, is in its best. There were more sincere Christian worshippers last Sunday than ever before in the history of the world. Why did not this moribund faith die with Jesus; with the intolerable persecutions of the first century; with the fierce Arian controversy; with the pretentious separation of the eastern and western churches; with the secularization of its holiest things at Rome; with the indulgences of Tezel; with Henry the Eighth's quarrel with the Pope? Simply because, to say nothing of Divine guidance, it offered what no rival system offered. Mr. Frothingham regards a monkey's possession of a tail as a real fact; the religious sentiment of all ages and races is not a fact, but a whim. Like many other arduous philosophers, he can foretell, but not recapitulate.

To go no farther back than the beginning of this century, the first substitute for Christianity was indolence of the Tom Paine school, now confined to a knot of illiterate people in Boston, with a struggling newspaper, and a bankrupt Paine Memorial Hall, and a few similar coeries in northern New England and the late States. Then came the Fourcort Brook Farm experiment, whose surviving upholders are now either Roman Catholics or indifferents. Charles A. Dana, for example, began life there as a sentimental lecturer on friendship; he ends it as the Nemesis of the American press. Transcendentalism was no more successful; its results were purely literary, and Bronson Alcott's conversations and Emerson's lectures never demolished a single church or created a solitary theistic society. Then Parkerism was to destroy Christianity; its remaining adherents in Boston have been unable to hire a minister most of the time during recent years. Finally, the Free Religious Association, once so hopeful, confuses its attention to the hearing of a few

annual papers, and the publication of a report of proceedings. These extracts from recent history do not foretell the immediate verification of Mr. Frothingham's predictions. Nor can he console himself with the thought that thinking men silently hold aloof from religion. Unitarianism Mr. Frothingham would include with the rest of Christianity, but even Unitarianism is going backward, rather than forward, in Boston and Massachusetts. The decline of its skeptical and non-church-going wing is the most rapid of all. And Harvard has now for some years had a body of undergraduates, the majority of whom are of the evangelical faith.—*Sunday School Times.*

The Congo River.

Thanks to Stanley's pluck and energy, the well-founded belief that Livingston's Luabala was no other than the Congo has now been fully justified; and henceforth the Congo must rank with the three or four great rivers of the globe. It is to Africa what the Amazon is to South America, the Mississippi to North America, the Yang-tse Kiang to Asia. It certainly exceeds the Nile in volume, and possibly also in area of drainage. Rising in the upland north of Lake Nyassa it flows northerly through the great interior basin of Africa, until it reaches a point about the second degree of north latitude (long. 21° E.) when it swerves to the westward, then to the south-westward until it approaches the coast. Where Livingston was stopped, the Luabala was a noble stream from 2,000 to 6,000 yards wide; after making the great bend near the equator, it develops into a still broader stream, from two to ten miles wide, choked with islands. At the cataracts, where the river breaks through the coast mountains, the stream narrows to 500 yards or less; then spreads out into a broad stream from two to four miles wide, with a current flowing about three miles an hour. The volume of water discharged is enormous; Captain Tuckey's estimate—2,000,000 cubic feet a minute—is probably not so far from the truth. At its mouth the Congo is a thousand feet deep, and the water has been found to be perfectly fresh nine miles from the coast. For forty miles out the sea is perceptibly freshened by the vast volume of fresh water poured into it. The tide is felt as far as the first cataract, 140 miles up the river. In its lower course the river spreads out into extensive swamps covered with mangrove and palm trees.

The first successful explorer of the Lower Congo was Captain Tuckey, who ascended the river to a considerable distance above the cataracts, when he was forced to turn back. His belief was that the Congo drained some large lakes north of the equator, and was a continuation of the Niger.

The next to reach the cataract was Captain Hunt, of the British steamer *Alecto*, in 1857. Six years later Captain Burton attained the same point. In 1873 Lieutenant Grant's expedition for the relief of Livingston's expedition still further, but was recalled in consequence of Livingston's death. Cameron's failure to descend the river is fresh in the memory of all. He was forced to take a more southerly course to the coast by the opposition of the cannibal tribes, through whose territory Stanley's progress was a continuous battle. The German expedition under Captain Von Meyer, which started in 1875 to explore the Lower Congo to prepare the way for German colonization, will probably be heard from through Stanley, when details are received of his hazardous yet successful journey. One important point in connection with the future of the Congo is already apparent; Cameron's scheme for the development of the Great Interior Basin by means of steam navigation is likely to be long delayed. The great cataracts near the equator, not less than those near the coast, must ever present serious obstructions to the commercial development of the interior.—*Scientific American.*

Hints to Clergymen.

Who utters intelligently and well a truth that is above him, but proves himself an excellent automaton, a fine echo board, an actor who can assume and counterfeit what he does not possess. If a man is where the truth is, he speaks, it will irradiate him and transform his humblest utterance of it into grace and beauty; if he is not where the truth is, he is one who has stumbled upon in our blind groping, or in one we have heard uttered by another. Let this ever be understood, that if a man owns a truth, his title to it is, he understands it. If I come upon a truth in my reading, my observation, my thinking, that is beyond me, I must climb up to it, grasp it, see it in its relation to other truths, let the poetry, the religion that is in it, awaken the poetry, the religion that is in me, and let it assume its proper relations in my system of truths. Only then am I truly its possessor. No man then dare, henceforth, challenge my ownership when I utter that truth. Then, only, am I original in its utterance. Nor need I stop to prove my originality. Originality is not a thing to be proven. It brings its own unchallengeable credentials. No man truly preaches who cannot say, with Paul, we speak that we do know. Speak that truth you do know, and it is of small concern whether you have learned it from Paul, Chrysostom, Luther, a Hall, a Caylor, a Beecher, a Morgan Dix.—*Metropolitan Pulpit.*

The Family Treasury.

Credo's Defended.

I met a man some years ago With self-esteem prodigious; And he of course knew everything About all things religious. A creed he treated with contempt, Of me he was not saving, For he was such a liberal man, And creeds were so enslaving. Suspect the man who sneers at creeds, Respect a firm believer; The truth revealed, he ought to be Of truth the glad receiver. The truth received, a creed I hold— For credence and believing In other words mean simply this, A faith, and faith receiving. The Latin credo simply means, In Saxon tongue translated, The firm confession, I believe— Should such term be hated? "Hold fast the faith," a God commands; You can't without the credence, And then before the faith exists, The creed takes antecedence. Then credo! credo! I believe, My creed from God receiving; My Bible is a book of creeds, And its truth believing. I do not say a creed will save, But truth is means of saving, And who to truth a credence gives, Not his soul enslaving. My creed, "The truth will make us free," My creed, "The Jesus saves us. Since these are creeds, then cease to sneer That creeds must needs enslave us." United Presbyterian.

The Power of Habit.

Every habit and faculty is preserved and increased by correspondent actions; as the habit of walking, by walking; of running, by running. If you would be a reader, read; if a writer, write. But if you do not read for months together, but do something else, you will see what will be the consequence. So, after sitting still for ten days, get up and attempt to take a long walk; and you will find how your legs are weakened. Upon the whole, then, whatever you would make habitual, practice it; and if you would not make a thing habitual, do not practice it, but habituate yourself to something else. It is the same with regard to the operations of the soul. Whenever you are angry, be assured that it is not only a present evil, but that you have increased a habit and added fuel to a fire. When you are overcome by the seductions of a woman, do not consider it as a single defeat alone, but that you have fed, that you have increased, your dissoluteness. For he who has had a fever, even after it has left him, is not in the same state of health as before, unless he was perfectly cured; and the same thing happens in distempers of the soul likewise. There are certain traces and blisters left in it, which, unless they are well effaced, whenever a new hurt is received in the same part, instead of blisters will become sores. If you would not be of an angry temper, then, do not feed the habit. Give it nothing to help its increase. Be quiet at first, and reckon the days in which you have not been angry. I used to be angry every day; now every other day; then every third and fourth day; and if you miss it so long as thirty days, offer a sacrifice of thanksgiving to God. For habit is first weakened, and then entirely destroyed. "I was not vexed to-day; nor the next day; nor for three or four months after; but restrained myself under provocation."—Be assured that you are in an excellent way.—Epistetus.

Going with the Crowd.

But there is one thing that is far more dangerous to you than to see a horse-race. It is when you make up your mind to cut loose from all restraint and "go with the crowd." You well know what this means; it means that for that day you will allow yourself to be governed by the impulses of others. So you join a company of young men about your own age determined to do as they do. Some of these young men you do not like very well, and do not usually associate with; their moral character is not over good, and their habits worse; but you are bent on making the most of your holiday, or, as you would term it, "having a good time." Of course some will stand treat, and you must have a cigar. Now, you do not want the cigar, as you never smoke, but why be unlike everybody else; why not do as the "crowd" does? So you take it, and try to smoke a part of it, and try to persuade yourself that you are having a good time. After awhile the company think they will try a glass of beer. That, too, is something you do not want, and would never buy if left to your own inclinations; but for this day, at least, you are not to be left to your own inclinations; you have placed your neck under the hardest yoke of tyranny, and must do as the "crowd" does. And so it happens that when it comes your turn to stand treat (this treating and being treated is miserable business), your companions take a notion to try a glass of whisky. Now, that is something which your whole soul revolts from; you had firmly resolved never to drink a glass of whisky yourself nor buy it for others; but you have placed yourself in a position where you can't very well back out. You don't wish to be thought "small"; you have accepted of their treat without any restrictions, and of course feel bound to do by them as they have by you. As for the good resolution you had formed it is a plant of too recent tender growth to set before the "crowd." So you drink that which you had said to yourself you would never drink, and allow your money to buy for others to drink that which you had learned to abhor.

You will go home feeling thoroughly tired—as much so as though you had tried to do two days' work in one; yet you will try to persuade yourself that you have had a good time, and of course would be unwilling to admit that you had not; but still you know better. Then will thoughts keep coming up that you would like to push back. You cannot help thinking that you have not only done wrong, but have been wronged. The more you think of it—if

you will allow yourself to think at all—it will seem but little better than robbery. You have not only been robbed of your money, but of those good resolutions which you were pearls of great price, as they constituted all the wealth of your young manhood.—Uncle Joe's Talk with the Boys in N. Y. Tribune.

Sixtus V.

This was the Pope who astonished the Cardinals who had elected him, under the impression that he was a tottering bent old man, by throwing away his crutch, raising himself to his full height, and "intoning" a hymn in a strong bass voice as soon as he was elected. His reply to some one who ventured to speak to him of his greatly changed appearance from the days when he was a cardinal is well known: "Ay! Then I was looking for the keys of Paradise, and sought them with bent back and downward look. But now that I have found them I look heavenward, and have no more need of anything on earth." And on that same day of his elevation, when it had been the habit of previous Popes to throw open the prisons, he refused to do so, saying that there were more than enough malefactors at large, and caused two brothers, caught in doing a little highway robbery as they returned from Rome, where they had been to see the ceremony of his installation, to be forthwith hanged. In a very short time he made it safe to walk the streets of Rome with a pocket full of gold at any hour, whereas the city and the environs had been before so overrun by bandits of every sort that robbery in the streets of the city was a daily occurrence. He made himself respected, if not loved, by the Romans and the Sacred College, and must always be reckoned as one of the great Popes.—Atlantic Monthly.

The Education of Girls.

Here is the root of the prevailing disappointment in the results of the education of our girls. The school is not at fault; the teachers are not to be blamed. The fault is with the mothers in their homes. They fail to attend personally to the education of their daughters. They limit the idea of a girl's training to the sphere of household duties, and yet permit a training which carries them beyond it, and makes them restless and disappointed because they have not been prepared to reach out to larger studies at the time when they begin to feel the inspiration of generous culture in the work of life. The mothers sacrifice the future of their girls because it is too much trouble to see that they study systematically at home, and are properly encouraged. Society is crowded with girls who know just enough to desire to do in literature, in daily employment, what they cannot do well enough to make a living by. The ability is not wanting, but their minds are not disciplined, because the years of study in the public schools were not directed by skillful and anxious mothers at home. The boys succeed and the girls fail, and the mothers are, in most cases, the parties to be blamed. It is the exception to find women who entertain high ideas, and act upon them, in the education of their girls. Harriet Martineau's "Household Education" might do an excellent missionary work in thousands of homes, in teaching anew how women are to educate their daughters, and what Miss Martineau omits to say is presented plainly and wisely in Herbert Spencer's excellent work on "Education."—Boston Sunday Herald.

School Exhibitions.

A writer in the Standard of the Cross well says: "Not a tenth of those who are put forward at school exhibitions ever expect to make any good use of the stage-case and familiarity so fostered in them. To the girls especially does this apply. When you have robbed a young girl of that modesty which makes her shrink from public appearance, you have taken from her what no amount of culture and accomplishment will replace, and no amount of teaching will restore. There is a grievous and ridiculous inconsistency in that teaching which by precept enjoins modesty, but practically begets boldness by encouraging children to show off, applauding those that are the less timid, stimulating those who shrink from the ordeal. Such exhibitions, too, are extremely objectionable from a simply theoretical point of view. Young girls are encouraged to read twaddling essays in an affected manner; boys are emboldened to vent their crude thoughts and still more crude oratory on admiring audiences, till naturally they grow to think it really worth much more than it is, to look upon themselves as quite fitted to think for and teach others. This, you say, will all wear off as the boy or girl grows older; the overestimate of self will soon be lost by contact with the world. But surely a very natural and pertinent question is, why take so much pains to put on what has all to be rubbed off? Why do so much to teach what must all be unlearned, and unlearned at the expense of great pain and annoyance to all concerned? It is well worth considering by parents and teachers, by the children themselves, even, whether the pleasure derived from these exhibitions is worth all the results they entail. We think it is not, and would be glad to see reform."—

Learn a Trade.

All persons should learn some handicraft, trade, art, or profession with such thoroughness that they may safely compete with others in the like calling. The foundation of such training should be laid in childhood. Our public schools should give technical instruction. At home particular regard should be had to the child's adaptabilities. Almost every child is mercifully and wisely endowed by Providence with an aptitude for some particular handicraft or productive industry. A little observation of the peculiarities of children will show this, and if parents would study the bent of their children's talents and allow opportunity for culture in their direction, much of the misery that is engendered by incapacity and idleness would be avoided. Thousands of bright, capable boys are put every year as runners into brokers' offices, lawyers' offices, newspaper offices who should be on farms or at the artisan's bench learning trades. Girls are idle, or oc-

cupied with frivolities scarcely less dishonorable than idleness, hanging around the paternal fireside waiting for a settlement, who should be employing every hour in the serious preparation for life's duties. It is strange that notwithstanding the experience of the majority proves that marriage in no wise insures them against poverty, or the necessity of remunerative industry, women will continue to regard matrimony as a snug harbor in which they shall sit at ease and be sheltered from the buffeting of life's storms. Whether women marry or not, they are all the better morally, intellectually and physically for being able to do some sort of work so intelligently and thoroughly that in the day of need they can dare the struggle for life with a fair chance of honorable success.—Intelligencer.

Christ the Revealer.

A man goes forth on a dark night. Stretched before him lies a beautiful landscape. But he sees no beauty. All is covered up in darkness. Night hangs like a veil over all that beauty. But the night is passing on into morning, and after a while he sees distinctly objects near him, and, over against the eastern sky, the dim outlines of trees and mountains appear. Soon other objects are seen; outlines give place to details, the trees are hung with foliage and blossoms, verdure covers the valleys, and here and there the mountain side. Plants, tinted leaves and flowers beautify the scene; groups of clouds and flying birds relieve it. Last of all the sun appears above the eastern horizon. It was his coming that had revealed all that beauty. Mountains, valleys, rivers, rocks, trees, flowers, clouds—all were there before, but light the revealer, was not there.

So it is when a man comes out from the darkness of sin into the glorious light and liberty of the sons of God. All the great truths of Christ's salvation existed before, but they were hidden from his view beneath the night of unbelief. Jesus had died—the just for the unjust; the atonement was made; the price had been paid; his redemption was accomplished; these all existed as facts, but Christ, the Light of the world, had not come to him. When that light comes, when Christ illuminates the soul, these great truths become real to him. He sees that Jesus died for him, the debt is paid for him, pardon and salvation are given to him. He knows Christ now, not as the divine man of to-day, the commingled humanity and divinity; but as surely for him, present with him, guiding him, cheering him, helping him, keeping him. Christ has become real to him; His love, the controlling passion of his soul; His spirit, the guiding principle of his life. The Light of the world, the divine Revealer, has made the way clear, and now he walks no more in darkness, for he has the Light of life.—Rev. Samuel Colclough.

Woman's Sphere.

There is a sphere in which woman has moved with ever-increasing usefulness, and with none to dispute her right to be there. In the Church of God she has found a field for all her powers. There her best culture and her fairest laurels have been secured. On woman Christ conferred the greatest possible boon, for he restored to her long-forfeited rights. He gave her the consciousness of selfhood, implying that moral responsibility for her own character which has transferred her inward nature and changed her position in the family and in the State. In lifting woman from that enforced servitude to which heathenism had reduced her, our Lord lifted the race. He inaugurated a revolution which will not cease to roll until the gospel, through woman's love, patience, and fidelity, shall have triumphed in every land. The chief working force in our churches and Sabbath-schools are women, as the main body of teachers everywhere, in the schools and seminaries, are women who have been called of God to this high vocation of teaching. The nature and value of their services in the divine kingdom can neither be defined nor estimated. Paul was not forgetful of those women who labored with him in the gospel, and by his grateful courtesy in recognizing their connection with his apostolic efforts to plant and nourish churches, has set an example which every pastor may well imitate. Without discussing the question whether there should be deaconesses in the modern Church—although we think there ought to be—it is enough for our present purpose to say that those women who wish to adorn the doctrine of godliness, and to exercise their gifts where the most enduring good can be effected, should be enlisted in the ranks of that sisterhood which in every particular Church is engaged in doing the Lord's will.—Christian at Work.

Religious Duties.

Many persons have an idea that they are free from religious duties until they agree to be bound by them. They think that attendance upon worship, the support of the Church, the avoidance of unprofitable amusements, and the maintenance of high-Christian character may be binding upon the acknowledged Christian, but they do not apply to the irreligious man—especially the avowed sceptic. But moral obligation is not created by contract, nor does it depend upon belief. It requires no contract to bring a man within the range of God's physical laws. Disregard of the laws of health is punished, irrespective of the ignorance or disbelief of him who disregards them. Strychnine would kill, even though the victim did not believe in the power of poison or the fact of death; and so of the moral laws; it requires no contract to bring man under their authority. By the very nature of his being he is under their authority. There can be no evasion of the laws by which God carries on his moral government. They must be obeyed or disobeyed. Among those laws are the duties pertaining to the Church of Christ. That Church is a most important part of that moral government. Indeed, it is, on earth, the very embodiment of that moral government. It is the duty of every one to whom that Church is presented, to enter it, to sustain it and to be conformed in conduct and

character to its teachings. Each one of these duties is binding; and the non-performance of the first—that of entering the Church—by no means lessens the obligations of the others, nor does disregard of all either change their nature or diminish their force. The Divine law, which lays these duties upon every one, is an eternal fact; and neither its existence nor its power is in any way affected by man's belief concerning it.—Standard of the Cross.

Whence Doubting Comes.

Unwillingness to do duty is at the bottom of much of the uncertainty and doubt that darken the life and cripple the soul. Let the "constitutional doubter," as Dr. Steel calls him, cease to blame his mental make up, and set his will resolutely to work in humble submission to the will of God and his difficulties will soon disappear. An unwilling heart is the best kind of soil for the growth of doubt. Double crops of scepticism will ripen on it. The order of nature is that the learner submit to the teacher. Says the apostle James, "Submit yourselves therefore to God." So also, the experience of men harmonizes with the word of the Lord, "Then shall ye know, if ye follow on to know the Lord." If any one cares to examine the subject thoroughly, he will find that an irresolute or unyielding will is the unsuspected cause of many troubles for which there is no relief but that of willing and cheerful obedience to God.—Evangelical Messenger.

The Devil and Billy Bray's 'Taturs.

Daniel Quorn says: "I was goin' to tell the story that I heard from dear old Billy Bray. He was preachin' about temptations, and this is what he said about it:—"Friends, last week I was diggin' up my 'taturs. It was a poor yield, sure 'nough; there was hardly a sound one in the lot. And while I was a diggin' the devil come to me, and he says, 'Billy, do you think your Father do love you?'—"I should reckon he do," I says.—"Well, I don't," says the tempter in a minute.—"If I'd a thought about it, I shouldn't a listened to him; for his 'pinions be n't worth the leastest bit of notice.—"I don't," says he, "and I'll tell 'ee what for. If your Father loved you, Billy Bray, he'd give you as pretty a yield o' 'taturs, so much as ever you do want, and ever so many on 'em, and every one o' them as big as your fist; for it be n't no trouble to your Father to do anything, and he could just as easy give you plenty as not. An' if he loved you, he would, too."—"O' course I was n't goin' to let him talk o' my Father like that; so I turned round 'pon him: 'Pray, sir,' says I, 'who may you happen to be, comin' to me, an' talkin' like this here? If I be n't mistaken, I know you, sir, and I know my Father, too. And to think o' your comin' and sayin' he do n't love me! Why, I've got your written character home to my house, and it do say, sir, that you be a liar from the beginnin'." An' I'm sorry to add that I used to have a personal acquaintance with you some years since, and I served you faithful as ever any poor wretch could, and all you gave me was nothin' but rags to my back, and a wretched home, and an achin' head—an' no 'taturs—and the fear o' hell fire to finish up with. And here's a my dear Father in heaven; I've been a poor servant of his, off and on, for thirty years, and he's given me a clean heart, and a soul full of joy, and a lovely suit o' white as 'I'll never wear out; and he says that he'll take me home to his palace to reign with him forever and ever. And now you come up here a talkin' like that!"—"Bless 'ee, my dear friends, he went off as if he'd been shot—I do wish he had—and he never had the manners to say good morning!"

Answering a Fool According to His Folly.

Let me tell a Dutch story right here because, it comes from a Dutchman in the eastern part of Pennsylvania and must be a true story. The Dutchman was never ashamed of his religion. In his neighborhood there was a skeptic who said, "You can't believe anything you can't understand," and so some of the better class o' people asked the Dutchman if he would not have a conversation with him. He said, "Yes; if you tink best."—"Have you any objections to the neighbors coming in?"—"No, must as you tink best."—"So they made the appointment and everybody was there. The old gentleman came in and laid by his hat and was introduced to the skeptic, and he began suddenly by saying:—"Well, now look here, I plects the Bible—what you plects?"—"I don't believe anything I can't understand."—"Oh, you must be one very smart man. I was mighty glad I meet you. I ask you some questions. The odder day I was riding along the road and I meet you dog, and that dog he had von of his ears stand up in this way, and the odder one he stand down so. Now, vy was dat?"—"Now, that was very unhandy just then, very unhandy. He either had to prove that the dog did not have one ear standing up and the other standing down, or else say he did not believe it. So he said, 'I don't know.'"—"Oh, then, you are not so very smart after all. I ask you another question. I saw in John Smith's clover patch, the clover come up so nice, and I looked over into the fields and dere was John Smith's pigs; and dere come out hair on dere packs; and in the very same clover patch was his sheep, and dere came out wool on dere packs. Now vy was dat?"—"Now, that was as bad as the other, because the same perplexity arose. He had to prove there was wool on the back of the pig or hair on the back of the sheep; and he couldn't tell why, and, therefore, he had no business to believe it. Finally he said, 'I don't know.'"—"Well," he said, "you are not half so smart as you tink you are. Now I asks you another question. Do you plects dere is a God?"—"No, I don't believe any such nonsense."—"Oh, yes, I hear about you long ago. I know all about you. My Bible knows about you, for in my Bible he says: 'The fool says in his heart there is no God,' but you big fool, you blab it right out!"—President G. P. Hayes.

For the Young Folk.

The Little Light-Keeper.

BY CHARLES S. SMITH. Here is the story of a little child Who, with her father, lived beside the sea, On a lone island, from whose rocks was piled A lighthouse tower of stoutest masonry— A sleepless sentinel whose beaming eye Watched through the night to warn of danger nigh. One day her father, who had gone ashore, Failed with the early twilight to return; And so she sat, and wondered more and more Until the evening-star began to burn. And thought, "Our light should shed as true a ray, Last ships should be misled and cast away. And so she sat, perplexed with anxious care, And listened to the ocean's restless moan; "What can I do? Indeed I cannot bear Through all the day and night, as I am alone; Nay, not alone," she thought, and undismayed, The little creature then knelt down and prayed. Then she arose, and with a trembling hand, Slow dragged a chair beneath the well-trimmed light; Perched her slight figure on the trusty stool, And stretched on tiptoe to her utmost height, And then reached up—alas! her heart was sick; The lighted paper did not reach the wick. What should she do in this her hour of need? Nought could she find to make the pile more high, Till the big light, kept with careful heed, And read at night and morning, met her eye; But still she pondered, for with a reverent dread, Upon the book of God she feared to tread. And yet she thought, "What if our light could save Some ship rom wreck upon the rocky shore!" And so, with resolution strong and brave, The heavy volume to the pile she bore. The deed was done; the light's benignant ray Beamed o'er the boiling breakers of the bay. Her father sat upon the shore meanwhile, Detained by cruel wretches, who had planned To keep the light unlit, and beguile Some passing vessel on the rocky strand; And when the cries of drowning men were o'er, To steal the cargo as it washed ashore. And as they sat there plotting evil schemes, Hoping the midnight hour would bring them luck, True as a star the light's reproachful beams Flashed o'er the waters. Felled and panic-struck, They rose together with a sudden start, And gruffly bade the keeper to depart. Soon o'er the waves the little boat he steers, Its white sails gleaming in that grateful light; And now the strong man's eyes are full of tears, To see afar the face so wan and white, Peering through darkness from the slippery rocks. The night-dews falling on her faxen locks. Glad was the daughter when her father came; Proud was the father as he kissed his child; But when she asked, with blush of bashful shame, If her young feet the Bible had defiled, "No, no," he said; "there never is abuse When sacred things are put to noble use." And so he soothed her till her thoughts grew calm, And brought the Bible when she was in bed, And read the glowing language of a psalm; Until her heart grew warm and comforted; And, harkening to the roaring of the deep, The little lighthouse-keeper fell asleep.

A Child Queen.

I wonder how many of the little girl readers of St. Nicholas are fond of history? If they answer candidly, I do not doubt that a very large proportion will declare that they prefer the charming stories they find in St. Nicholas to the dull pages of history, with its countless battles and murdered sovereigns. But history is not every bit dull, by any means, as you will find if your elder sisters and friends will select portions for you to read that are suitable to your age and interests. Perhaps you are very imaginative, and prefer fairy tales to all others. I am sure, then, that you will like the story I am about to tell you of a little French princess, who was married and crowned Queen of England when only eight years old, and who became a widow at twelve. This child-sovereign was born many hundred years ago—in 1387—at the palace of the Louvre in Paris, of whose noble picture-gallery I am sure you all have heard,—it, indeed, many of you have not seen it yourselves. She was the daughter of poor King Charles VI., whose misfortunes made him insane, and for whose amusement playing-cards were invented, and of his queen, Isabeau of Bavaria, a beautiful but very wicked woman. Little Princess Isabella was the eldest of twelve children. She inherited her mother's beauty, and was petted by her parents and the entire court of France. King Richard II. of England, who was a widower about thirty years old, was urged to marry again; and, instead of selecting a wife near his own age, his choice fell upon little Princess Isabella. "She is much too young," he was told. "Even in five or six years she will not be old enough to be married." The king, however, thought this objection too trifling to stand in the way of his marriage and saying, "The lady's age is a fault that every day will remedy," he sent a magnificent embassy to the court of France, headed by the Archbishop of Dublin, and consisting of earls, marshals, knights, and squires of honor uncounted, with attendants to the number of five hundred. When the embassy reached Paris, and the offer of marriage had been formally accepted, the archbishop and the earls asked to see the little princess who was soon to become their queen. At first the French Council refused, saying so young a child was not prepared to appear on public occasions, and they could not tell how she might behave. The English noblemen were so solicitous, however, that at last she was brought before them. The earl marshal immediately knelt before her, and said, in the old-fashioned language of the time: "Madam, if it please God, you shall be our lady and queen." Queen Isabeau stood at a little distance, curious and anxious, no doubt, to know how her little daughter would answer this formal address. To her great pleasure, and the great surprise of all present, Princess Isabella replied: "Sir, if it please God and my father that I be Queen of England, I shall be well pleased, for I am told I shall then be a great lady." Then, giving the marshal his tiny hand to kiss, she bade him rise from his knees, and leading him to her mother, she presented him to her with the grace and ease of a mature woman. According to the fashion of the time, Princess Isabella was immediately married by proxy, and received the title of Queen of Eng-

land. Froissart, a celebrated historian living at that epoch, says: "It was very pretty to see her, young as she was, practising how to act the queen."

In a few days, King Richard arrived from England with a gay and numerous retinue of titled ladies to attend his little bride. After many grand festivities they were married and were taken in state to England, where the Baby Queen was crowned in the famous Westminster Abbey.—Cecilia Cleveland, St. Nicholas for November.

An Elephant Story.

Dr. Livingstone tells us in his Travels that once when he and his party came to a beautiful valley, he wandered away from the natives, who were busy cutting up an elephant that had been killed the day before. Looking through his glass, he saw distinctly, at the end of the valley, about two miles off, a great mother elephant playing with its little baby. The little thing was rolling in the mud in a state of great glee, and would jump up and frisk about her mother, much in the same way as a kitten would round a cat; and the old mother enjoyed the fun quite as much as the baby did. Poor things! they did not know that they were having their last gambol. It so happened that on that morning some of the Africans belonging to Dr. Livingstone's party had gone off again elephant-hunting; and just when the mother was wagging her tail and flapping her ears in the excitement of the game, both animals heard a noise which made them stand still, and expand their ears to listen. It was the hunters' blowing through tubes to attract their attention, and shouting loudly—"O chief, chief! I have come to kill you, O chief! chief; many more will die beside you, etc." The little calf, as the elephant's young one is called, started off in terror, but seeing the men she ran up to her mother, just as you would run to yours, if anything frightened you,—and what would your mother do? Throw her arms around you, wouldn't she? And assure you that no one should hurt you. And so this mother threw her trunk around her child, and stood between it and their enemies. Then came a shower of sharp javelins, which covered her sides with blood, and made her flee for her life, even forgetting her baby in the terrible pain. So the poor little one was easily shot to death; and then the mother with a piercing shriek, turned and charged her pursuers. But it was easy for the nimble natives to escape while the poor animal got weaker from loss of blood, for fresh showers of spears came, till at last she reeled and fell down dead. You won't wonder that good Dr. Livingstone could not bear to watch the painful scene. "I turned from the spectacle of the destruction of these noble animals," says he, "with a feeling of sickness, unrelieved by the recollection that the ivory was mine."

Commander Jamie.

There lived in a Scotch village a very little boy, Jamie by name, who set his heart on being a sailor. His mother loved him very dearly, and the thought of giving him up grieved her exceedingly; but he showed such an anxiety to go and see the distant countries which he had read about, that she finally consented. As the boy left home the good woman said to him, "Wherever you are, Jamie, whether on sea or land, never forget to acknowledge your God. Promise me that you will kneel down, every night and morning, and say your prayers, no matter whether the sailors laugh at you or not." "Mother, I promise you I will," said Jamie, and soon he was on a shipboard, bound for India. They had a good captain, and as some of the sailors were religious men, no one laughed at the boy when he knelt down to pray. On the return voyage, things were not quite so pleasant. Some of the sailors having run away, their places were supplied by others, and one of these proved a very bad fellow. When he saw little Jamie kneeling down to say his prayers, this wicked sailor went up to him, and giving him a sound box on the ear, said in a very decided tone, "None of that here, sir." Another seaman who saw this, although he swore sometimes, was indignant that the child should be so cruelly treated, and told the bully to come up on deck, and he would give him a thrashing. The challenge was accepted, and the well deserved beating was duly bestowed. Both then returned to the cabin, and the swearing man said, "Now, Jamie, say your prayers, and if he dares to touch you, I will give him another dressing." The next night the devil tempted Jamie to do a very foolish thing. He does not like to have any one say his prayers, or do right in any way, so he put it into the little boy's mind that it was quite unnecessary for him to be creating such a disturbance in the ship, when it could be easily avoided, if he would only say his prayers quietly in his hammock, so that nobody would observe it. Now, see how little he gained by this cowardly proceeding. The moment that the friendly sailor saw Jamie get into the hammock without first kneeling down to pray, he hurried to the spot, and dragging him out by the neck, he said:—"Kneel down at once, sir! Do you think I am going to fight for you and you not say your prayers, you young rascal?" During the whole voyage back to London this reckless, profane sailor watched over the boy as if he had been his father, and every night saw that he knelt down and said his prayers. Jamie soon began to be industrious, and during his spare time studied his books. He learned all about ropes and rigging, and when he became old enough, about taking latitude and longitude. Several years ago the largest steamer ever built, called the Great Eastern, was launched on the ocean, and carried the famous cable across the Atlantic. A very reliable, experienced captain was chosen for this important undertaking, and who should it be but little Jamie, of whom I have been telling you. When the Great Eastern returned to England, after this successful voyage, Queen Victoria bestowed on him the honor of knighthood, and the world now knows him as Sir James Anderson.—The King's Ferry-Boat.

Letters containing payment for the Christian Guardian, S. S. Advocate, S. S. Banner, or for Books, together with all orders for same, should be addressed to the Book-Steward, Rev. S. BOSE.

All Communications intended for insertion in the Guardian should be addressed to the Rev. F. H. DEWART; and when enclosed in business letters to the Book Room should invariably be written on separate pieces of paper.

Christian Guardian AND EVANGELICAL WITNESS.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 31, 1877.

THE OUTLOOK.

Very little change has taken place in Eastern affairs during the week. The Turks have met with a slight reverse between Plevna and Sofia; and preparations have been going on around Plevna for another desperate attack. Most of the recent despatches relate to the campaign in Asia, where the Russians are advancing, and are making preparations for a siege at Erzeroum. A Constantinople telegram states that the Russians are once more south of the Balkans, and are encamped at Slatitsa, in the rear of Orhanie. There is now another move in the direction of mediation, the initiative having been taken by Great Britain; and Lord Darby, it is stated, has ordered the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg to confer with Prince Gortschakoff on the subject.

The situation in France continues critical, and is causing a great deal of excitement. Very contradictory statements have appeared at different times during the week as to the course which the Ministry will probably take, owing to the completeness of the Republican triumph. The fifteen second ballots on Sunday, for members of the Chamber of Deputies in Arrondissements, where no choice occurred in the general election, resulted in the return of eleven Conservatives and four Republicans. By this result the Chamber will now stand 320 Republicans and 210 Conservatives. The Conservative minority in the new Chamber is composed of 112 Bonapartists and 96 Monarchists. The Ministry still continues in office, but it is now considered certain that they will retire on the 7th of November, when the first decisive vote will be taken in the Chamber of Deputies.

The annual missionary meeting for the London districts was held in Exeter Hall on Monday evening, the 6th inst., and was as usual an occasion of much interest and importance. There was a very large attendance. Considering the depressed state of trade, the report presented was tolerably satisfactory; but the financial statement showed a pretty serious deficiency, the collections and subscriptions being about £781 below those of the previous year. Rev. M. C. Osborn, in moving the adoption of the report, clearly demonstrated the necessity for vigorous and immediate effort to relieve the Society from its embarrassments; and made a touching appeal for funds to found a Children's Home in Madras and in Bangalore, in which it is proposed to educate and support a few hundred of the one hundred and twenty-five thousand made orphans by the terrible famine now raging in those provinces. Referring to this project the Methodist Recorder says:—Such an appeal must surely meet with a generous response. The Rev. S. Lees, in an earnest and thoughtful speech, urged the necessity of utilizing certain forces now existing, though not originated by us, especially those of a commercial nature, such as the invasion of our colonies by "armies of laborers" from China, and recently opened communication between Western civilization and Japan, "the land of the rising sun."

Another terrible colliery disaster has recently occurred at High Blantyre, near Glasgow. In some respects the present calamity is more appalling than anything of the kind that has ever happened. We are not in a position to give the circumstances which led to the mournful event, but it appears that on Monday of last week a company of 233 men descended the shaft of the fatal pit, and that at the early hour of nine o'clock the dreadful explosion took place. At first it was feared that the whole number had perished, but the most energetic efforts were promptly made to extricate their remains, and to rescue any who might still be alive. Great difficulty was experienced on the part of those engaged in the undertaking, owing to the poisonous gases which they had to encounter. As they proceeded with their work, knockings were heard at the bottom of the shaft adjoining the pit, as of men appealing for help. Between the escape of the gas and the obstructions in the shaft, the exploring parties made slow progress. At length, when the first party was able to descend, they discovered almost in a heap the burnt and mangled bodies of forty of the unfortunate fellows, who must have been destroyed with scarcely a moment's warning. At a later hour, four of the miners were found alive, but so much exhausted that one of them died shortly after reaching the top of the pit, whilst another appeared to be in a hopeless condition. Whether any more were rescued, we have not been able to learn, but it more than probable that nearly all of the two hundred and thirty-three brave fellows have perished.

The seventeenth annual meeting of the English Church Congress was opened at Croydon on Tuesday, 9th inst. For months evangelical Christians have been looking forward with interest to the sittings of this Congress. Evangelical Churchmen especially have watched its approach with feeling of great anxiety. It has been feared, and not without reason, that a collision between the contending parties in the Church was inevitable; and so strongly was one well-known dignitary, the venerable Archbishop Demson, impressed by this danger that he recently announced his intention to absent himself from the Conference. So far as we have been able to learn, the worst fears of some of the representatives have not been realized, but we have not yet received a full report of the proceedings. The Bishop of Argyll

preached on the Sunday preceding the opening of the Conference in Croydon parish church, and deprecated in strong terms the maintenance of the present divisions in the Church, speaking in somewhat ominous terms of what appeared to be a threatened outbreak on the subject of "Confession." The real work of the Congress began on Tuesday, when the customary opening address was delivered by the Archbishop of Canterbury. What with the present state of affairs in the Church, with a very mixed assemblage before him, it is said, the Primate had no little difficulty in avoiding dangerous topics. On the whole, however, he succeeded very well. A contemporary says:—Once, and only once, did his remarks lead to any tokens of dissent being shown, and that was when he incidentally spoke of the Church as "that grand old historical Church which came to us from the fathers of the Reformation." It is a sign of the times that the reference to the Reformation called forth a strong mark of disapprobation from the most prominent of the ultra-Ritualists.

CLOSE COMMUNION.

An issue of more than ordinary importance on the close communion question has just been raised between the Warren-avenue Baptist Church, Boston, and the North Baptist Association of that city. The event is unusual, as, for the least, and to the denomination concerned, is a matter of great moment; while to the religious world it is significant, and is exciting a good deal of interest and surprise.

It appears, to state the main facts briefly, that the church in question, of which Rev. George F. Pentecost is pastor, is an old and influential one, but has been known for some time to favor liberality of practice in the administration of the Lord's Supper, without, however, avowing any change in belief as to the doctrine of close communion. Some months ago, a committee of ministers and laymen were appointed, at the request of the North Baptist Association, to propound certain questions to the church and to obtain formal answers from the same, in order to ascertain the true state of the case. The request was complied with, and a committee, consisting of the pastor, deacons and five members, drew up a long reply, setting forth the views of the church in unmistakable terms, and sent it to the Association. Of course this response very naturally led to an open issue between the church and the Association. We shall not enter into the details of the discussions that have ensued, but shall merely give an outline of Mr. Pentecost's defence, in a recent number of the Independent, of the attitude which himself and his church have assumed.

The three principal questions involved in the case, he says, are:—1. Is close communion, as commonly held and practised by the Baptists of America, required by the teachings of the New Testament and the Confessions of Faith recognized and received by Baptist churches as of standard authority, and by the primitive practice of the churches? 2. Is the belief and practice of close communion essential to the constitution and integrity of the Baptist Church? 3. Have Baptist Associations any right whatever to originate any judicial, disciplinary or inquisitorial authority over a regularly constituted and recognized Baptist church? From the order in which these questions are placed, it will be seen that the same course is adopted that has always been pursued in discussing the question of close communion in the columns of this paper. If the doctrine is not clearly grounded upon the Scriptures, and cannot be shown to be so by a direct appeal to the Word of God, then it is both unscriptural and unwarrantable to impose it upon the consciences of believers.

After defining the doctrine in question in accordance with the standards received and adopted by the majority of the Baptist ministers of Boston, Mr. Pentecost denies that it is either scriptural or essentially necessary to the faith and practice of Baptist churches. As nothing pleases a Baptist so well as an appeal to the Scriptures, he challenges a "Thus saith the Lord" from Genesis to Revelation, that binds the Baptist or any other Church to the practice of close communion; or to the affirmation that a seat at the table of the Lord is conditioned finally upon membership in any particular sect, or upon the previous observance of any external ceremonial, or upon any condition other than a spiritually imparted ability to discern the Lord's body in the loaf and cup. Close communion Baptists, he says, do not pretend to ground their doctrine on a clear and distinct "Thus saith the Lord." All they claim for it is that it is an inferential doctrine; and, in order to the inference, a long process of reasoning has to be resorted to. Besides this, the very law of "precedence," which they formulate in order to reach the inference of close communion, logically applied, would compel them to withdraw from all open affiliation or recognition of all Christians who are unimmersed and outside of Baptist churches. But the very fact that close communion is an inferential doctrine, "at best, having no clear command in Scripture, relegates it to that class of doctrines and questions that are left to the decision of the individual conscience, such as the old question of meats mentioned in the epistle to the Romans.

Moreover, Mr. Pentecost distinctly shows that the doctrine is also without the warrant and sanction of the oldest and most venerated confessions of faith belonging to the Church. Of all the confessions of Baptist faith that had been issued previous to the year 1869, only one ("The London Confession" of 1616, representing but seven churches), he says, essays to define the relation of the ordinances; and this one merely gives a statement of their natural order. But even this statement as to the order of the ordinances, it appears, was rejected by the later and more formal confession of 1689, in which the exponents of Baptist principles at that early date expressly declare that they "purposely omitted the mention of" this order, for the reason that it might not be interpreted as prohibiting those who had "liberty and freedom in their minds that way" from holding communion with unimmersed Christians. This most celebrated and historic confession was adopted by the two earliest Associations in the

United States, viz., the "Philadelphia" and "Warren" Associations; and in both of these, he says, these standard articles abide to this day. It was not until about 1830 that the prerequisite relation of baptism to the Lord's Supper began to make its appearance generally in the confessions of the churches, and not until the adoption of the so-called "New Hampshire Confession," in 1833, that it became thoroughly formulated.

In answer to the second question Mr. Pentecost affirms that close communion as an essential doctrine is contrary to the earlier history of the Baptist churches of the United States, especially of those located in New England; that not until about 1795 did the churches of New England begin to become distinctly "close communion," under the leadership of the celebrated Isaac Backus, and then not because the Baptists felt that intercommunion was forbidden by the Scriptures, but because of the controversy that arose concerning infant baptism; and that the men connected with the Church who are the most honored and the best known in England and America, both among the living and the dead, do not and did not hold to the doctrine of close communion.

That the ministers and churches representing the Boston North and South Association cannot to-day formulate the doctrine of close communion, or define the practice agreeable thereto, in a manner that will be acceptable to all, and that the churches and pastors of Boston have not any uniform faith and practice in the matter, Mr. Pentecost considers a sufficient answer to his third question; so far, at all events, as the church of which he is pastor is concerned. He says:—"It is clear, therefore, that the churches themselves do not consider it an essential doctrine. Moreover, it is notorious that open communions without number are received into, and remain in, our churches unchallenged and undisciplined at this day." Thus, from the absence of any clear scriptural command upon the subject; from the most venerated confessions of Baptist churches; from the primitive practice of the American churches; from the historical development of the denomination; from the present usage; and from the views of the most distinguished men in the denomination, both living and dead, Mr. Pentecost makes out a very strong and apparently fair case against the doctrine of close communion as an essential article of faith and practice.

ABOUT BETTING.

The practice of betting seems to be becoming more and more prevalent. It used to be confined pretty much to the disreputable associations of the race-courts and the cock-pit. It is now degrading and demoralizing almost every form of athletic exercise or healthful recreation. Almost every gathering for such purposes is invested by sporting gentry, who flock thither like vultures to a carcass, for the purpose of lining their pockets at the expense of simpletons. Those uninitiated in the art of gambling are very likely to be fleeced if they enter the lists with these experts in that infamous profession. So great are the interests at stake, so vast the sums risked upon the most trivial issues, that these are seldom left to the determination of skill, or of the ordinary chances of the game. The temptation to employ fraud or even violence is very great; and it is not always resisted.

So completely is this the case that the turf, even though patronized by the highest aristocracy, has become irretrievably degraded. The betting fraternity of blacklegs have made it a mere means of gambling; and instances are unfortunately not rare in which a noble name of historic renown has been dragged through the mire by the scoundrelly arts of these genteel thieves. Grooms and jockeys have been bribed, and unfortunate horses have been "housed" sometimes with the connivance of their owners, for the deliberate purposes of fraud. Only the other day a French "nobleman" was detected personally in the act of defrauding his "backers" and playing into the hands of his professed opponents.

This virulent infection has spread to almost every sort of amusement. Scarcely a regatta can pass without accusations of foul play. The late boat race in Toronto Bay, when 25,000 persons wasted two afternoons watching the fortunes of two cockle-shells of boats, was no exception. A leading daily asserts that \$30,000 changed hands on the result of the contest. This means that that much money was lost by one set of persons without their receiving any advantage, and gained by another set of persons without their rendering any honest equivalent. Money so gained brings with it a curse rather than a blessing. It is spent, for the most part, in prodigality and dissipation. The saloons and taverns are the principal gainers by these contests.

The most degrading and immoral feature of gambling, apart from its disreputable associations, is that it gives no honest value for its gains. In trade there is a mutual advantage; each participant generally is the gainer by the transaction. In all gambling one party is an utter loser in money, and both are demoralized by the feverish, absorbing and unhealthy excitement of the conflict. So intense will this become that men like Morrissey have been known to lose a hundred thousand in a single night; and Disraeli describes with horrible vividness a gambling bout which lasted two or three days. Often men have been so maddened by their losses as to be driven, seemingly as the devils drove the swine into the sea, to the awful crimes of murder or suicide, or both.

The very first beginnings of this insidious and deadly habit of betting should be avoided no matter how apparently innocent the occasion or how trivial the amount staked. It may become in time a tyrannous mastery—a second nature that is stronger than the first. Mark Twain, in his exaggerating style, tells of a Californian who had acquired the habit of betting on everything. He inquired one day of the Methodist minister how his sick wife was. Being informed that she was getting better, he exclaimed, without at all perceiving the incongruity of the horribleness of the remark: "I bet you ten to one she don't."

Last our remarks on the evil of betting may seem exaggerated, we will corroborate

them by the testimony of that high-toned moralist, John Ruskin:—"There is one way of wasting time," he says;—"of all the vilest, because it wastes not time only, but the interest and energy of your minds. Of all the ungentlemanly habits into which you can fall, the vilest is betting, or interesting yourself in the issues of betting. It meets every condition of folly and vice; you concentrate your interest upon a matter of chance, instead of upon a subject of true knowledge; and you back opinions which you have no grounds for forming, merely because they are your own. All the insolence of egotism is in this; and so far as the love of excitement is complicated with the hope of winning money, you turn yourselves into the basest sort of tradesmen, those who live by sheer speculation. Were there no other ground for industry, this would be a sufficient one—that it protected you from the temptation to so scandalous a vice. Work faithfully and you will put yourselves in possession of a glorious and enlarging happiness; not such as can be won by the speed of a horse, or marred by the obliquity of a ball."

TYNDALL AT BIRMINGHAM.

The prominent position which Professor Tyndall has won in the scientific world secures special attention for his public utterances, whether they are weighty or flippant. His recent address at Birmingham has, however, elicited criticism, not only because of its author, but much more because of its outspoken antagonism to principles of Christian truth which lie at the basis of religion and moral obligation. We have no sympathy with those who indiscriminately denounce every utterance of Tyndall, Huxley, or Darwin. When they speak in regard to ascertained facts of science, they are entitled to respectful attention. But when they enter the region of theology and metaphysics, they are as open to criticism as ordinary mortals. Their scientific attainments give no sure pledge that their reasoning will be always unimpeachably valid, their judgment unbiased by prejudice, or their conclusions unquestionable.

The brief reports of Professor Tyndall's Birmingham address, which we have seen in our English exchanges, induce us to think that this is especially true of this latest deliverance. He seems to commit himself explicitly to the idea that the decision of our will in every case is the result of previous molecular changes in the brain. The common conception of the soul is deemed unscientific. The freedom of the will, though admitted in words, is practically denied; for all mental operations are assumed to be under the same law of necessity that governs the forces of matter. He suggests that because we cannot control the circumstances of our birth, or other influences that affect our character and destiny, the will is really not free after all. This is virtually to argue that because our choice is not unlimited, it is not free. He also maintains that the dogmas of theology and the belief in free will are not necessary to pure and noble moral ideas. But for our part we cannot see, if a man believes all his deeds to be the necessary result of causes which he cannot control, how there is any room left for a sense of obligation and responsibility for his actions. Every theory that denies freedom of alternate choice, destroys the foundation of rewards and punishments, no matter by what hazy fancies that destruction may be covered over. In this address Professor Tyndall seems to us to ignore consciousness, and exalts into primary causes the brain and nerves which the mind uses, as the operator uses his instruments to transmit thought. No respect we may feel for the scientific knowledge of Tyndall and his brethren, should cause us to shut our eyes to the undeniable fact, that their reasoning wholly ignores a personal God, and ascribes to inert matter the creative energy that belongs to God alone.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

One of the most characteristic tendencies of the times is the disposition to assume that no important reform can be carried out without some organized association for that purpose. Some time ago, we saw in the papers an intimation that a convention of Dutch dancing-masters had been held in Holland; and had passed a number of resolutions designed to elevate their profession. More recently, we read in the English papers an account of a congress, for the purpose of discussing the best methods of promoting domestic economy, or the science of house-keeping. The great fault of this mode is that it tends to repress individual effort. Most people wait, no matter how pressing the work may be, till a society is organized. But whether it be done by individual effort, or by an association, there is certainly great need for increased knowledge and improved methods of household management. The home sphere is the most vital department of life. It touches human character and happiness with moulding and inspiring potency. The greater portion of our lives are spent in our home, and therefore it is of the utmost importance that all its arrangements be such as shall conduce to health, personal comfort, and mental and moral improvement. Even in what may be regarded as the lowest of these home departments—cooking and house-keeping—there is widespread ignorance resulting in serious mistakes. There is a great difference between the most common kind of food when well prepared, and the same food badly cooked. Take the materials of the most ordinary meal, as bread, butter and tea. There is an indescribable difference between these articles at their best and worst. In one case, they may be tasty and healthy. In another, unattractive and unwholesome. Who does not know, that two similar joints of meat may become widely dissimilar by two different modes of cooking. Any one who has ever been in France will admit that the French are considerably ahead of the English in this art. They have the art of at once making the same things go further, and of fixing them up in a more palatable and healthy way. No one who has extensively visited the homes of the lower classes, will dispute that bad cooking is very common.

Other departments of household work, in which cleanliness and order should be the main characteristics, are equally in need of improve-

ment. Bad cooking and general untidiness destroy the attractiveness of many a home. It is a great mistake to suppose that mere length of experience in doing anything necessarily secures perfection. When the method pursued is bad, no amount of experience can make up for this defect. This may be easily illustrated by indisputable facts. There is many a farmer's wife, who has had long experience in making butter, and yet furnishes a very inferior article; because she has never really learned how to make it properly. And so it is with other things. People, for want of knowing better, get into wrong ways of doing things, and never get out of them. What is true, in this respect, of cooking and house-keeping is still more painfully true in reference to the training of children, and the general conduct of home-life. Wrong methods and a wrong spirit in the home-life are the real causes of many of the prevailing evils of society which all good men deplore. We do not here undertake to say how these serious home-evils can be remedied or prevented. One thing is certain, the evils to which we have alluded, mainly arise from a defective system of education. Many girls, in the present day, are taught nearly everything, except what they need to qualify them for the practical duties of domestic life.

CLOSING THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

As the season is approaching when many Sunday-schools throughout the country are accustomed to "close up" for the winter, it may not be amiss to offer a few suggestions for the consideration of our readers who are more especially concerned in the matter. So far as our experience goes, this "going in to winter quarters" is a bad practice for Sunday-schools, wherever it can be avoided without too much sacrifice. Of course, where the scholars live at a great distance from the school, or where the school-room does not afford suitable winter accommodation, or where the church is too poor to provide stores and fuel and the necessary comforts, it is the only alternative. But, it seems to us, that there are few localities, in which Sunday-schools are held at all, where all these difficulties exist.

Doubtless, in many rural districts there are schools which it would be impracticable to keep open during the winter months, but, generally speaking, this is not the case; and there is great danger lest some schools, that have been in the habit of closing at a certain time year after year, should keep up the old custom even when a respectable attendance of scholars might be secured throughout the entire winter. If the little children cannot all attend, get the larger scholars to come; if the school-room is uncomfortable, repair it, or build a new one; and, if the church is too poor to build a new room or repair the old one, then by all means discontinue the school. Our people should remember, though, that the Sunday-school is strictly a department of the Church, and that it is their duty, so far as they can, to make provision for the necessary accommodation and support of it.

There are several objections against closing the school during the winter. It introduces irregularity, and interrupts the progress of the school. Scholars lose their interest in the lessons. Teachers, too, become rusty in Sunday-school work, for, as a rule, nothing will make a successful teacher but constant study and continued experience. In cities where a great many teachers, as well as scholars, are absent from the school during several weeks of summer, these difficulties have been seriously realized; and where schools are closed for five or six months together, the evil effects must be vastly greater. But, if Sunday-schools should be closed, why not day-schools and churches? The cases are somewhat, if not altogether, analogous. No one thinks of keeping the children from day-school, unless they are very young; why, then, may not those who attend school during the week go to the Sunday-school? Children are not generally afraid of a little snow or cold; and if superintendents and teachers are willing to do their part in keeping them open, we venture the opinion that few schools will be closed this winter because of the non-attendance of the scholars. Besides, sin is at work the year round, and souls are perishing for want of spiritual food. Those who engage in Sunday-school work have a responsible duty to perform, and no small amount of cold or inconvenience should cause them to shrink from the performance of it.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL NORMAL CLASSES.

The great secret of success in Sunday-schools is earnest, efficient teaching; and in order to this there must be thorough and systematic preparation on the part of those who engage in it. How to prepare teachers for Sunday-school work is a subject that has always engaged the attention of Sunday-school Councils and Conventions, but for many years it was found difficult to decide upon a satisfactory scheme. At length the plan of conducting Normal Classes or Institutes was proposed. These have already been attended with very encouraging results, both in the States, where they were first adopted, and in two or three places in our own country, where they have recently been established. Perhaps, a short account of Normal Classes will be of interest to those who are not acquainted with the history and working of the system.

In the year 1867 a "Normal Department" was inaugurated in New York, under the auspices of the "Sunday-school Department of the Methodist Episcopal Church." Subsequently "Normal Departments" were established under the direction of the "American Sunday-school Union," and of the Sunday-school Departments of the American Baptist and Presbyterian Churches. At the "Chaunauqua" Sunday-school Assembly, in August, 1876, a committee on a "Course of Normal Class Lessons was appointed." This committee, which was composed of prominent Sunday-school workers of different denominations, presented a report recommending a course of study for Normal Classes, which was unanimously adopted. The course comprises forty lessons, and is called the "Chaunauqua Course of Sabbath-school Normal Lessons." The design of the Normal Class is to instruct and improve teachers already employ-

ed in the Sunday-school, and to train young people for the teacher's work in the future. It aims at aiding its members in the acquisition of Biblical knowledge, and at giving them some acquaintance with, and practice in, the art of teaching.

At the Grimsby Sabbath-school Council, held in August last, considerable attention was given to this subject. Four sessions were devoted to Normal Class drill, and arrangements were made to establish classes during the year at several points throughout the country. Two of these classes have already been commenced; one by Rev. A. Andrews, Strathroy, and the other by Rev. W. O. Henderson, M.A., Sarnia. Again, at the recent Sabbath-school Convention in Guelph, the subject of Normal Classes came up for consideration, and elicited a good deal of interest. It was introduced by Rev. John McEwen, of Ingersoll, who has successfully conducted such a class in his own town during the past six or eight months. Mr. James McNab, superintendent of the East Presbyterian Church in this city, also gave his experience in regard to the subject. Last winter Mr. McNab and Rev. J. M. Cameron, the pastor of the church, organized a small class, which soon increased in size, until it now numbers about forty-eight members, including both ladies and gentlemen. The fruit of the labors in connection with this class is already beginning to appear, and the most beneficial results are confidently expected. The Convention unanimously carried a resolution favoring the establishment of Normal Classes wherever practicable, and asking the Executive Committee to bring the matter before the authorities of Theological Institutions and Ladies' Colleges for their consideration. We shall be glad to note now and then the progress made by such classes throughout the country, or to give at any time what information we can concerning them.

ANNIVERSARIES.—The anniversary of the Berkeley-street Church Sabbath-school, which took place a week ago last night, passed off very successfully. Mr. E. Coatsworth, the superintendent, acted as chairman. Mr. W. C. Wilkinson read the annual report, which showed the school to be in a flourishing condition, there being a marked improvement in the attendance of the scholars. After the reading of the report an interesting musical and literary programme was proceeded with, to the satisfaction and enjoyment of the audience. A week ago last Sabbath, Sunday-school sermons were preached in the Yorkville (North) church. The pulpit was occupied by John Macdonald, Esq., in the morning, and by Rev. F. H. Wallace, B.D., in the evening. On Tuesday evening, the 23rd, the public meeting took place, and was unusually successful. The church was crowded. Addresses were delivered by Revs. John McCarroll and Wm. Briggs. Last Sunday very successful anniversary services were held in the Queen-street church. Excellent sermons were preached by Revs. Wm. Briggs and John Potts, the former occupying the pulpit in the morning, and the latter in the evening. The congregations on both occasions were large. In the afternoon, Rev. S. J. Hunter, the pastor, conducted a service in the church.

We have been desirous for a long time of making up the total membership of our Church, but, as the minutes of some of the Eastern Conferences only recently came to hand, we were unable to do so until a few days ago. The following are the complete statistics of members and probationers for the six Conferences:—London Conference, 34,400 members, 2,911 on trial; total, 37,311. Toronto Conference, 32,189 members, 3,143 on trial; total, 35,332. Montreal Conference, 20,782 members, 1,324 on trial; total, 22,106. Nova Scotia Conference, 8,877 members, 849 on trial; total, 9,726. New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island Conference, 7,416 members, 301 on trial; total, 7,717. Newfoundland Conference, 5,790 members, 1,285 on trial; total, 7,075. These figures give 169,454 full members, with 9,813 on trial; making a total membership of 179,267 for the entire Church.

The Rev. J. H. Johnson, M.A., goes eastward this week on his annual collecting tour for the Endowment Fund of Victoria College. He has spent the summer in canvassing for new subscriptions, and he will henceforth visit in order all the places where subscriptions are already due, or fall due on the 1st of November. It is to be hoped that all those who have so kindly subscribed will now meet their engagements promptly, as on these payments the college must depend for its sustentation. A little sacrifice on the part of the friends of the institution this fall will greatly improve its financial position.

An exchange says:—Rev. William Carey, of Northamptonshire, England, became divinely moved to labor for the conversion of the heathen, and was the founder of the "Baptist Missionary Society" in 1792. Three years later, in 1795, the "London Missionary Society" was organized; the "Church Missionary Society," of England, in 1800; the "Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews," in 1808; the "American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions," in 1810; the "Baptist Missionary Union," in 1814; the "Wesleyan Missionary Society," in 1817; the "Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church," in 1819; the "Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church," in 1820; the "American Presbyterian Board of Missions," in 1831; the "Southern Baptist Board," in 1845; the "Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South," in 1846.

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Lists names like James W. Thord, Rev. John Wilson, etc., and amounts like \$100, \$50, etc.

STANLEIGH DISTRICT.—Sutton.—Sermons Dec. 9th, Rev. T. Rennie. Meetings, 10th, 11th and 12th. Deputation: Revs. J. Walton and T. Rennie. Dec. 16th, Sermons, Rev. S. G. Phillips. Meetings, 17th and 18th. Deputation, Revs. S. G. Phillips and R. Robinson.

We stop the press to announce that the majority for the Drunkin Act at the close of the second day's polling is 116. Well done Peterborough!

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