

The Women's Missionary Societies now in successful operation number forty-eight. Of these, thirty-seven are in the United States, four in Canada, four in England, two in Germany, and one in Sweden.

The journal of the forty-sixth annual convention of the Episcopal Diocese of Indiana presents the following statistics: Baptisms, 356; confirmation, 155; communicants, 3,884; Sunday school teachers, 297; scholars, 3,171; contributions, \$84,519.

Wealth accumulates in the English colonies. A Scotchman by the name of Wyselaskie, who wandered to Australia many years ago, died this year, and left the sum of \$100,000 to the Theological Hall of the Presbyterian College, Victoria; \$50,000 to Ormond College, and \$25,000 to the Presbyterian Ladies' College at Melbourne. He has also endowed a congregation at Wickliffe with \$1,000 per annum, and has bequeathed \$25,000 "to the minister and trustees" of the South Presbyterian Church in Sanquhar, Scotland, the church in which he went to worship before he left for Australia, forty years ago.

The Memorial Church on the battle field of Isandhlwana, Zululand, where the Prince Imperial of France lost his life, has been completed. It is a beautiful Gothic structure of white sandstone. At the opening services the attendance was very large, but it is noteworthy that ritualism has found its way into even those remote regions. We read that the Bishop was vested in a white cope and mitre, two tapers were burning above the altar, and a large brass cross shone out above the vase of flowers.

The village of Spottswood, N. J., was visited by a tornado on the 23d ult., resulting in a great deal of damage. The Reformed Church, a rather handsome frame structure, was completely wrecked. The wind struck the steeple directly in front, and toppled it over upon the ridge of the roof, which sank under it broken to bits. The walls, except the front one, were bulged out at what were the eaves from three to four feet. The south-east corner of the building is split open as if ripped down with an immense rip saw. Timbers, boards, and debris of all kinds, are lying round the church in heaps, at the rear to the extent of thirty feet, while the lighter material is scattered around. The build-

ing was erected a few years ago at a cost of \$8,000, and it is only this year that the debt was entirely liquidated. Rev. Mr. Spaulding, the pastor of the church, assumed charge only last Spring. It is proposed to rebuild the church at once.

Baskets, Full of Seed!

Yes, full of seed of the Kingdom of God—seed to be sown in human hearts to bring forth fruit unto holiness that the end may be eternal life. Who will become sowers? These baskets are tracts and the supply now mentioned is owned by the Christian Sower Tract Fund. Their names and prices follow.

1. "Sincerity Seeking the Way to Heaven," 5 cents per copy; 50 cents per dozen; \$4.00 per hundred; \$25 per thousand by express. It is by Benjamin Franklin, and is one of the best tracts ever written. I know of two churches, each one of which was caused by a copy of this tract having been put to work in the neighborhood where the church was afterwards formed. The hero of the tract is Sincerity who after much tribulation from ignorant teachers of the Bible finally found the Kingdom of God. It is the very thing to put into the hands of young men.

2. "Our Position," by Isaac Errett, and "Letters on Baptism to a Pious Pedobaptist," by R. T. Matthews, 3 cents per copy; 30 cents per dozen; \$2 per hundred; \$15 per thousand by express. They are proving very effective and popular and deserve a large sale.

3. "Christian Union," by I. A. Thayer, 4 cents per copy; 40 cents per dozen; \$2.25 per hundred, and \$20 per thousand by express. This is a forcible presentation of our Union plea, and will attract attention.

4. "Errett's Review of Sumner's" (Methodist), 6 cents per copy; 60 cents per dozen and \$4 per hundred. It is rich, rare and racy, and is a complete reply to the Methodist tract "Why I am not a Campbellite?" Invest largely; you will never regret it.

5. Seven kinds of card tracts, each containing from one thousand to twelve hundred words, printed on tinted card board, efficient, attractive and durable, 50 cents per hundred; \$4 per thousand. Larger quantities by express at lower rates. Since this Fund began work it has printed more than 160,000 of these tracts. I receive no salary for my work and am

thus enabled to use all the money received to circulate tracts. All the profits from sales will be used to buy tracts for destitute fields. This work merits your support. An agent wanted in every congregation. If you are unable to buy tracts apply to me.

J. W. HIGBEE, Trustee.

Madisonville, Ky.

"Oh, My Poor Boy!"

There are persons who find amusement in the madness and misery of the intemperate; and there are temperance speakers who evoke mirth by picturing scenes which cause only misery. But those who have experienced the terrible evils of intemperance find little amusement in such exhibitions. Said one woman, into whose family this curse had entered, "When I hear a temperance lecture mimic and make fun of men who get drunk it makes me mad! It is no laughing matter to have a man come home drunk!"

There are some women—God pity them—who have known what it is to see for the first time a husband or a son drunk. Who can tell the anguish of those through whose souls the sword has thus been thrust. Those who have seen such a sight will not soon forget it. Those who have not seen it may count themselves fortunate.

About the year 1863, says J. F. Sanderson, I saw a scene I shall never forget. I was walking down the main street of Nashua, N. H., and came in sight of Jim Bright's saloon, a horrible place, from which honest and sober people turned aside with disgust and dismay. As I drew near the door opened, and I saw them lead out a boy of fourteen or fifteen years, who was drunk, sick, and helpless. Being unable to walk, he sat down upon the sidewalk, the picture of wretchedness and distress. A number of persons stood around him, laughing at his pitiable condition, and cracking their customary bar-room jokes. As I draw near, I saw a well-dressed, bright, intelligent-looking lady walking up the street. She came along, apparently happy and unconcerned, until she was opposite the saloon, when she cast a glance at the helpless creature on the sidewalk, and exclaimed in tones I shall never forget:

"Oh, my poor boy!"

It seemed as if a life-time of agony was condensed into that one exclamation, which marked a revelation of such sorrow as she had

never known before.

She could not leave him in his misery and disgrace. Some of the by-standers helped him up, and the poor mother led away her drunken son.

There are places all about us where mere boys are poisoned, debauched and ruined by the accursed cup. Shall this curse consume forever? Shall mothers rear children to be devoured by this dragon? Or shall men and women who fear God and love righteousness rouse themselves from their slumbers and seek to banish this dire and bitter evil from the homes and haunts of men.—*The Safeguard.*

When the love of God has taken possession of the soul, and the whole man is consecrated to his service, life loses its fragmentary character, and one guiding stream seems to run through it. Then all varying and disjointed duties find a fixed and appointed place; and though, from the weakness of the flesh, the surface of things may seem to be ruffled, there is a strong undercurrent that cannot be diverted from its object, but is ever flowing on to its one point, widening and strengthening as it goes, and so mastering all that opposes its progress. The very hindrances that thwarted are turned into ministers to help its course. The stronger and more fixedly the soul is set on one object, so much the more does it find power to overcome all difficulties and despise all that may be only outward or accidental.—*Mrs. Augustus Haret.*

Many Christian people would do well just now to read more church history. They are complaining of the attacks made on the Scriptures and the churches, believing, also, that if they are overthrown the damage done them will be almost irreparable, and that there never was a time when religion was in so great peril. A study of the past will undeceive them. Beginning with the days succeeding the Ascension of the Master, they will find there were "false Christs" and other enemies, and learn that the later days of the apostles themselves were darkened by the shadows that came from worldliness in the Church and the assaults of its foes. They will also find that in all ages there has been criticism, ridicule, malignant spite and hostility, and that many times the truth was in such peril that its present situation is, by comparison, invincible and triumphant.—*United Presbyterian.*