

The Dominion Presbyterian

IS PUBLISHED AT

644 RIDEAU STREET - OTTAWA

—AND AT—
Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg.

TERMS: One year (50 issues) in advance..... \$1.50
Six months..... 75
Clubs of Five, at same time..... 5.00

The date on the label shows to what time the paper is paid for. Notify the publisher at once of any mis- take on label.
Paper is continued until an order is sent for discon- tinuance, and with it, payment of arrearages.
When the address of your paper is to be changed send the old as well as new address.
Sample copies sent upon application.
Send all remittances by check, money order or regis- tered letter, made payable to THE DOMINION PRESBY- TERIAN.

ADVERTISING RATES.—15 cents per agate line each insertion, 11 lines to the inch, 14 inches to the column Letters should be addressed:

THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN,

P. O. Drawer 1070, Ottawa

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Ottawa, Wednesday, July 20 1904.

DOING ONE'S BEST.

Very often we make ourselves unhappy when we contrast what we have been able to accomplish with that which others have done. But this is not a fair comparison. The talents which are given us to invest vary in number. In the Lord's parable there was ten-talent man, and five-talent man, and one talent man. And their master expected from them returns commensurate with what had been committed to their charge.

We often puzzle as to what the reason may be that our powers are so various, but that is a secret that no one has found out. But we do know that such variation of power is a law of the world in which we are. And just as it would be absurd for a sheep to complain because our neighbor has a gift and opportunity which is denied to us.

The one thing demanded is that we do our best, that we invest our powers. And if we do that, whatever men may say about us, our Lord and Master will not forget to say. "Well done."

THE DANGERS OF SUCCESS.

With the summer vacation there come many school closings, and there are all over the land young people who have succeeded, and who are tasting the bubbling wine of success. Friends on every hand congratulate, and the happy recipient of all these honors is in great danger of intoxication. Like every intoxicated one he does not see things in right proportion and relation, and he is tempted to think that his little success is a very much greater thing than it really is.

More than that he may be led to feel that he needs to do nothing further and that he may rest on his oars. And still worse he may look on those who have fallen behind him in the race with contempt. And if he succumbs to these dangers, then his triumph has been one of the greatest harms that could have come to him.

At no time is there greater need of us crying to God for help than in the time of our victory. For the spirit of self-glory most surely bars the doors against any who would seek to enter the kingdom.

THINGS WE SEE.

Sight is common to the children of men, except the comparative few who have been afflicted. And yet each one looks out upon a different world from that which his fellow is seeing. The lover of nature sees its beauty, and every day some new picture is added to the collection that hangs on the walls of memory; the farmer sees the progress crops are making, and calculates as to his harvest; the lover sees the face of his loved one and there is a beauty in it for him that exists for no one else; the student of science sees some new fact that he adds to his store of knowledge, and revises his conclusions according to its meaning.

So each one sees the things which appeal to him, and is blind to much else. We should therefore train ourselves that we may see many things and ever have our eyes open to the beauty that is all about in landscape and sky, and the faces of our fellows. For things we learn to see that are beautiful are ours and no one can take them from us. One day a poet was admiring a beautiful scene, and a purse-proud man said, "I own all this." "No Sir", said the poet, "You may own the fences and the dirt, but the color and sunlight and the sky are mine, and you cannot rob me of them." God has given us a beautiful world. Let us try and realize the greatness of our possessions.

THE OTHER FELLOW.

As human society is constituted, whatever interest engages our attention, there is some other person who is affected by the way we set ourselves in relation to it. There is always "the other fellow." Many go on the principle of ignoring him as far as possible and make "my own" advantage the only thing to be considered, and because they do this there is much strife and pride and contempt. But the one who always remembers the other man's point of view, and gives it due consideration is a messenger of peace and of blessing.

Especially is it important when we have to do with those who occupy a subordinate position to our own. There is no surer test of gentlemanliness than the way we bear ourselves to those who are socially our inferiors. He who takes advantage of his own position and the other's helplessness to bully or provoke or irritate, stamps himself as the worst kind of a boor, while he who takes pains to render to his inferior that courtesy and kindness which is his due, blesses not only the one so treated, but ranks himself by his own conduct with all those gentle and kindly souls of whom Jesus Christ was the first.

Canadian Baptist:—If there is one time of year more than another in which additional care is needed over ordinary Christian living, that time is upon us during the weeks and months of summer. Then it is that the temptation to make places and days the special occasions of religious life and custom comes with peculiar force to many of God's children. Too often has it appeared as though some people's religion is so fixed that it will not bear transportation to the place where temporary residence is taken during holidays; and too often, also, has it appeared as though when on vacation some of God's children religiously regard Sunday, while other days of the week are verily secular or worse.

ST. PAUL THE POET.

St. Paul has long been recognized as one of the great men. But we do not remember having seen his merits as a man also of high poetical thought and word so lucidly brought out as is done by Mr. E. E. Kellel in a recent number of the "Expositor," of London, England. For example, in the Epistle to the Romans, after a lengthened and profound disquisition on the nature of faith and the doctrine of justification, Paul begins to exhort his readers: "I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, *that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice.*" What a daring flight of poetry is this? It is a metaphor so deep that scores of sermons have not exhausted its meaning, and only our unfortunate familiarity with it prevents us from realizing how far removed from prose it is. It is followed by a series of practical maxims, in which we detect now the style of Theognis and now that of the Proverbs of Solomon. In the Epistle to the Ephesians, again, having occasion to urge watchfulness and courage upon his readers, he gives them a number of metaphors of which the extreme boldness and beauty have long been lost through use, but which must have roused the minds of his Ephesian readers, to whom they came fresh, like the strokes of a whip. "Put on," he says, in words for which his favorite Isaiah had given but the barest hint, "the whole armor of God. Stand, having girded your loins with truth, and having put on the breastplate of righteousness, and having shod your feet with the preparation of the gospel of peace; withal taking the shield of faith; and take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." If this is not poetry, then Spenser's "Faerie Queene" itself, that most poetical of poems, must be adjudged to be prose, for what is the "Faerie Queene" but an expansion of these few verses?... Of all Paul's poems none is more intensely lyrical than the Epistle to the Colossians; and few, as we might have expected, have been subjected to more unmerciful dissection. It is full, almost throughout, of a Shelleyan, impalpable, ethereal imagination, whose meaning is only to be grasped by those who approach it as poetry. The painful grammarian, the textual critic, the strict and logical theologian, have no place here.... Not staying to calculate or refine, heedless whether he may be found guilty of self-contradiction or not, Paul here yields himself to a rushing tide of enthusiasm that bears him into regions of which it is hardly lawful for man to speak. Whether he is in the body or out of the body he knows not; suffice it that he is under the inspiration of the Spirit of God. His words, indeed, do not fall into metrical lengths; his lines do not always begin with capital letters; but their imagery, their passion, their fine frenzy, glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, seem literally to body forth the forms of things unknown, and to give a local habitation and a name to the most airy and impalpable of spiritual things,