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The international society of "anti-slavists," as they are called, in Portugal, is giving earnest attention to the great abuse which exists in Angola, where a commercial servitude exists which is a virtual slavery. No worse condition of things exists even in the Congo than is found in Angola. It is high time that international action were taken to terminate slavery in all parts of Africa where now it exercises its blighting curse.

The Russians are pouring into Siberia where a new nation is reported to be forming. During the year past over 500,000 Russians have gone to Siberia, which is half as many immigrants as this country has received in the same period. It may be that as time goes by Siberia, like parts of Australia, having been first a penal colony, will become a civilized and progressive nation, proving that the new and Siberianized Cossack shall rule the greater part of Europe, if not the world.

PRINCIPAL GANDIER.

Knox College, Toronto, is fortunate in securing as successor to the late Principal Caven and Principal McLarn, who so recently resigned, a man so well equipped as Rev. Dr. Alfred Gandier for seven or eight years pastor of St. James Square church, Toronto. For seven years previously he was pastor of Fort Maesie church, Halifax, so that he brings with him pastoral experience of a valuable kind. A fine scholar, a capable organizer, and a manly man, a better choice for the Principalship of Knox could hardly have been made. He is 46 years of age.

PICKLES VS. BEER.

The outstanding orator at the recent convention of liquor dealers at Toronto was a Mr. Bond, who argued eloquently that it would be just as logical to prohibit the sale of pickles as of brandy, of peanuts as of beer, seems to be regarded by prohibitionists as a joke, whereas as a matter of fact it may have a certain amount of scientific basis, and may foreshadow a widening in due season of the scope of temperance advocates' activities.

The Toronto Star, in a vein of irony, points out to Mr. Bond that if he knows of any cases where a man with brain inflamed and conscience dulled by an overdose of, say, peanuts, has murdered his wife and children in cold blood, or committed any similar crime, it is his duty to follow the thing up in the interests of humanity, and facilitate the solution of many problems which so far baffle both philanthropists and policemen. Who knows but what, if Mr. Bond does this, there will in time cease to be record 1 any crime for which the motive is unknown, or the cause inexplicable, and there will also cease to be recorded failures on the part of the authorities to capture, or at any rate identify, the perpetrators of mysterious and bloody deeds. Let but murder be done, however mysteriously, and if Mr. Bond makes good the police will unerringly be able to locate the criminal by merely ascertaining who in the community bought a can of salmon or a bottle of chow chow at the nearest grocery the day previous!

INDIAN CITY DESTROYED.

Hyderabad, the capital of the Nizam dominions, India, was practically wiped out and buried under a flood of black mud last week in one of the most sudden and appalling of the many disasters which have visited India.

In the Nizam dominions are many tanks or lakes, the largest of which communicates with the River Musi. Tremendous rain caused the lakes to overflow into the river, which in turn burst its banks. A flood of water sixty feet deep swept down upon the city, carrying everything before it and completely devastating several quarters of the city. Thousands of tons of water crashed in a dense mass against the houses, burying under the ruins the natives to a number that can not be estimated.

When the flood subsided a vast quagmire of black mud marked the spot where thousands of people lived. Bands of natives are now searching this pool for the bodies of their relatives, and the scenes are reported as sickening. Many of the bodies have been recovered, and all of them are badly mangled. Many more are buried in the debris of masonry and twisted iron. The flood actually wiped out a district a mile long and a half mile wide.

It is feared that pestilence will follow the floods.

In these days of lack of rain on this continent, it is pleasant to note that down in Panama, last week, 7 1/2 inches of rain fell in three hours; still the steam shovels keep on digging. Notwithstanding local showers in various directions, the rain fall has been very little; and the water in rivers and streams is reported lower than for many years.

CHRIST'S DEALING WITH SELFISHNESS.

Christ chose human selfishness for the field in which he would work. He does not use the word at all but he lived in the presence of the thing itself. It was not mere brutality nor blood-thirstiness which brought him to the cross. It was something of far gentler appearance than that, something of very plausible character if looked at only in its beginnings. The blows and buffetings of that last night were a complete surprise to his disciples. They did not know that from such a mustard seed as men's ordinary self-seeking—such as they had had all been guilty of—there could come under favoring stimulus a growth of such malignancy as burst upon them all in a single night. But all along Christ knew what he was dealing with, and he knew what it could break forth into, once it was given a free hand. All through his ministry he had dealt with selfishness, and we can make out with a good degree of certainty just how he dealt with it.

And yet Christ seldom talks about it directly. In any book of ethics we shall find a great deal more than he ever says about it. He did not philosophize about it, he took a way with it. Yet he did not appear among men as one who was keen-eyed to detect it in them. He did not come full of censure or full of suspicion. Perhaps one of the surest signs of our own deep selfishness is when we begin to detect it in others at every turn. People who talk about it constantly, and are keen to find it in everybody, give one of the surest signs of that self-centeredness which is the very essence of selfishness. A growing conviction that men are not giving us our due convicts us of that very vice which Christ came to conquer. All that needs to be said about selfishness may be said very soon. A whole library on the subject would make little difference to a selfish life. Indeed, it might even become a favorite sort of reading. What this malady needs is some great action, and Christ's life was the great action which has done more than all philosophies to conquer selfishness in men's lives.

He dealt with it by not saying much about it. And he dealt with it also by doing the opposite. It is the paradox of the spiritual life that when you cannot get something that you want very much,—and even need very much,—the only way to satisfy yourself is to give it. What Christ could not get he gave. There was little sympathy for him; he gave it, and the spring from which he drew filled up again. His loneliness was the greatest loneliness that ever awoke a human heart. There was but one way to satisfy it, and so he gave his society to the lonely, and his life filled again with presences. The workers were few, but he did not give an analysis of the trouble. He worked. When he felt that there was all too little self-sacrifice, he furnished it. It was said of the innovators at Oxford two generations ago that "they derived their influence chiefly from their regardlessness of themselves and of their own interests: a gift which, in times of apathy and indifference to religion, alone possesses