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Correspondents will please note that all letters should be addressed The Dominion Presbyterian, 232 St. James St., Montreal.

Note and Comment

A few of the mailbags from the wrecked Dominion liner Labrador have been washed on to the Scotch coast, and the sea for some distance was yellow with apples, which formed part of the cargo. An organ in good condition drifted ashore from the wreck.

"In Memoriam," and the selected poems of Lord Tennyson, for sixpence! This is the latest addition to Macmillan & Co.'s marvellous sixpenny series of copyright works, and it will be sure of a welcome from a good many possessors of the more expensive editions, as well as from many more who will make their first acquaintance with the poems in this form.

The Queen occupies her usual apartments in the Hotel Excelsior. She breakfasts in the grounds under an umbrella tent, after which she drives through these and neighboring gardens in her donkey chair, and joins the children of Princess Beatrice, who reside at a neighboring villa. A lift which carries the Queen to her rooms is worked by electricity. The Queen presented handsome scarf pins to the captain of the Calais-Douvres, in which she crossed the channel, and also to the pilot.

The Cape Times publishes an interesting report of a recent conversation between Mr. Davies, a British journalist, and President Kruger. Oom Paul, as usual, quoted Scripture, saying: "Uitlanders cannot serve the Republic and other countries at the same time. What does the Scripture say? You cannot serve God and Mammon." In further conversation, Mr. Davies mentioned Mr. Gladstone, and described his funeral. The President, with great feeling, said "Gladstone deserved all honor. He was one of the greatest men who ever lived. He believed that right was might, and acted accordingly, not like some of these politicians of later days, who think that might is right. That is why I honor Gladstone as one of the greatest men of all time."

Mr. R. Johnston, B.A., a licentiate of the Presbytery of Coleraine, has been ordained to the pastorate of the church at Castledawson.

The Dublin Road Reformed Presbyterian Church, Belfast, has, in the ten years of its existence, raised for all purposes a total sum of £8,885.

A member of Dr. Alex. Whyte's church in Edinburgh has given £1,000 to the Sustenation Fund as a token of good will towards the proposed union with the United Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke, minister of the "Briek" Presbyterian Church, on Fifth avenue, New York, is to be called to a professorship of English literature in Princeton University, New Jersey, for which a large endowment has been pledged on condition that he is to take it. Dr. Van Dyke lately declined a similar offer from Johns Hopkins University, but it is believed that he will accept this—a new and a serious loss to Presbyterianism in New York, in addition to others previously suffered.

The Austrian movement for "emanicipation from Rome" is developing in various ways. Herr Schonerer, leader of the Pan-Germanic group in the Reichsrath, has issued an appeal to his followers, stating that "for various reasons it appears desirable that the secession of the first 10,000 converts from the Anti-Germanic Catholic Church of Rome should take place as soon as possible. Consequently, the undersigned urgently requests those of his compatriots who intend leaving the Catholic Church to send a written declaration to that effect, if possible, by the end of March." The movement is exciting uneasiness at the Vatican, where, it is stated, a council has been held on the subject. An influential meeting was also held in Vienna two weeks ago against it, addressed by Prince Liechtenstein and the Burgomaster of Vienna, in which it was maintained that the movement was a disloyal one, without any religious feeling in it. The movement is undoubtedly at present largely racial and political, rather than religious. Nevertheless, it is abundantly significant of the time that this new temper towards Rome should have appeared in so bigoted a centre of Ultramontanism as Austria.

"The whirligig of time brings its revenges" is a saying which is illustrated in the unexpected reception of Mr. Cecil Rhodes by the very monarch who congratulated President Kruger upon his triumph over Mr. Rhodes after the famous raid. It must be galling indeed to Mr. Kruger to read of the attention paid to his bitterest enemy by the German Emperor, whom he once hoped to count as an ally. Was there not talk of the landing of a German contingent at Delagoa Bay, and its marching on Pretoria to assist the Boers against the British? Now all is changed, and Mr. Rhodes is interesting His Imperial Majesty in his Cape-to-Cairo railway, while His Majesty's subjects are wondering whether they shall take shares in the growing mining interests of Rhodesia. We read of widespread confidence and hopeful anticipations in political circles where recently signs of mistrust and lack of initiative prevailed. Verily the situation in European politics undergoes changes that are kaleidoscopic!

The English-speaking world, says the Inverness Courier, is gratified to hear of the progress made by Mr. Kipling towards recovery. At the critical period of his illness many kindly messages were sent across the Atlantic. Some of them, as a contemporary remarks, could not but amuse. Mrs. Steel's, for example: "Tell Kipling, for the sake of India, to get well soon." When a man is in Mr. Kipling's condition he does not want to be told, nor does he get well for the sake of India. But it is ungracious to be critical at these times. The most practical message that was cabled from this country was that of a kindly American lady, who advised a course of treatment such as she knew from experience to be helpful. It included an onion poultice back and front. By the way, the impetus to Kipling's popularity which the papers have given in the past few days must have been tremendous. People to whom he has hitherto been only a name, and some to whom he was not even that, have made it their business to read something of him for themselves; while others who already knew his work well have been impelled to look at it again. On Thursday morning every copy of every book of Mr. Kipling's in the London Library was out.

Sin is self-propagating, and has a large progeny.