

The personal rates for ministers connected with the W. and O. Fund, West, are due on the 1st November each year. These should be promptly remitted to the Rev. Dr. Warden. We understand that a month's grace is allowed, but all rates should be paid within the month of November.

Missionaries Needed.

The Rev. Dr. Warden, Convener of the Home Mission Committee, asks us to state that there is an urgent need for about forty additional missionaries in the Home Mission Field during the present winter. In addition to those required for the Northwest, about twenty are needed in Ontario and Quebec. In the Muskoka and Parry Sound District there will be ten fields without service this winter, unless men are got to occupy these.

It has been necessary to send in ordained missionaries to many places heretofore supplied by student missionaries, notwithstanding the largely increased expenditure of Home Mission money in providing such supply. For the fields now vacant, the supply desired is that of students who, from any cause, may be unable to attend college this winter, and other young men who have been approved by Presbyteries as catechists.

SABBATH SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS.

Editor Record :

Dear Sir:—Permit me to ask the attention of ministers, Sabbath School workers, and families to the two new weekly illustrated papers undertaken by the Committee on Sabbath School Publications, samples of which have been sent out.

These weekly illustrated papers have been arranged for in response to urgent demands from all parts of the Church. The General Assembly of last June sanctioned the publication of a paper for the little ones, and authorized the Committee on the Record and the Committee on Sabbath School Publications to confer and devise means to meet the further demand for papers for the young. As a result, we are to have "Jewels," a weekly paper for the little ones, and "The Children's Record," which has done such excellent service for the past fourteen years as a monthly, under the editorship of the Rev. E. Scott, is now to be issued weekly under the name of "The King's Own" (continuing "The Children's Record"). Both papers are to be freely and handsomely illustrated.

The Committee have decided to increase the size of "The Teachers' Monthly" by one-fourth, from the present date, without any increase in price. This, along with the cost of initiating the new illustrated papers, will involve a heavy increase in expenditure. The Committee, however, feel confident of the loyal support of the schools, and will use every effort to make all the publications worthy of the Church and suitable to the object in view.

ROBT. H. WARDEN,
Convener Com. on S.S. Publication.

"We have to pay our water man five cents for every pail of water we use. With his dog team he draws it up from the lake to his customers every day. It is the only way there is of getting water unless one packs one's own. Everything you carry is "packed" here."

We have hard frosts every night, water frozen the two last nights in pails in our tent kitchen, but lovely sunshiny days, sunsets and sunrises dreams of beauty, and Northern lights that keep one out of bed."
—Atlin Nurse.

A LONE PRESBYTERIAN.

Very simple and touching is the following story by Rev. Dr. Thompson, the Home Mission Secretary of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A. It is a vivid picture of many a lone Presbyterian in our own wide land, and the bright spot that the visit of the Home Missionary brings into the life. What a grand work is that of giving the Gospel to the lonely settler, viewed from this aspect alone. Here is the story:

The mainline of the Rio Grande Western meets the branch running south at Pleasant Valley Junction. The place is well named. The road cleaves the mountains and on a sudden curve debouches through a rocky gateway into the deep, narrow and pleasant valley. It is our first glimpse of Utah. A few houses are bunched along the railroad track, occupied for the most part by railroad men—a typical railroad junction.

We had an hour to wait. Nothing is much more tedious than waiting at a railroad junction and we looked eagerly about for something to shorten the hour.

We jumped readily therefore at the suggestion that there was a lone Presbyterian woman living down the gulch, around that mountain peak only a short walk; and we at once decided to make a pastoral call.

We found a lonely, one story cottage in a yard neatly kept. Beds of old-fashioned flowers bordered the path from the gate to the house. An air of neatness and suggestive of the love of the beautiful pervaded the place. Somebody lived in that lonely place who loved flowers—loved the old-fashioned kind—hollyhocks, sweet william, mignonette, poppies, and so forth. Perhaps they carried her back to some far away home that still held her heart.

A knock at the door had a prompt answer. A knock at the door was something unusual in that region, so we guessed by the alacrity with which it swung. There was no surprise in the look which greeted us, rather of expectancy. Somebody had come and perhaps something was going to happen. In that solitude almost anything would be welcome; any visitor to vary the monotony of the slow dragging hours.