

Echoes and Remarks.

Rev. Jeffries, the father of Jim, should submit to a barber, if not to the Church. The Star gave his whiskers quite a lot of free advertisement.

Some Presbyterian preachers say that Rev. Dr. Barclay has never fully identified himself with the Canadian Presbyterian Church. Well, they know why, and so do we. In spite of his love for the Covenant, Dr. Barclay loathed Chiniquy.

Many of our Presbyterian friends are opposed to evangelism and evangelists; they say such things savor too much of roaring Methodism, and they are right. It still remains true that there is more tragedy and comedy to a Methodist meeting than there is to a Presbyterian service. The Baptists and Hornerites have them both beaten, however.

King George V. would make no mistake by being different from the other four. Even the Anglicans did not dare canonize them, and yet they speak of bad Popes. When one stops to consider what kind of spiritual heads the Church of England has had, in more than a majority of the cases, he is ready to believe the Holy Ghost a stranger.

Good people believe that Mr. Weir, now Judge, was sacrificed, and that Mr. Mackenzie is being sacrificed, by the leaders of their party in Quebec, over the matter of advanced legislation. Let the good troubled ones examine their consciences again, and they will find that both poor lambs were driven to slaughter by their own people. So why complain?

Since January 10, present year, more than a hundred million dollars of British capital has been invested in Canada; then the Canadian bank statement for the last month shows that the people are patronizing the savings banks more extensively than ever. Even Nova Scotia is feeling the effects of the good times. Since the first of the year it has received 804 new settlers, who brought not less than \$340,478 with them in cash. If Three Rivers will now wake up, all Canada will progress.

Dr. J. Edmond Roy, formerly associate archivist with Dr. Doughty, has now been given a set back by Hon. Sydney Fisher, and as a result, he will henceforth be assistant only to Dr. Doughty. From the beginning we felt the blame lay on Dr. Roy's side, thanks to what we are told was his spirit of tyranny. The sooner Dr. Roy, and all other petty czars, grow to learn that Canada is not either Russia or the British Congo, the better for men as well as for grasshoppers. Dr. Roy may be a king by name, but he is not such by nature.

A reverend wag who signs "Cleric" writing in the St. John Daily Telegraph, about the coming General Assembly of the Presbyterians in Halifax, cheerfully states that the Kirk is meeting the Roman Catholic Church on such grounds as French Evangelization. His style is that of a literary oyster. He has a covert sneer for the old-time Orthodoxy of Rev. Dr. Robert Campbell; but Dr. Campbell, we feel sure, must regret that he has so many cheap co-workers as the "Cleric," without either sense or a grammar.

Rev. Dr. Knowles, familiarly known as "Gideon of Galt," while delivering an address to a congregation down by the sea, declared that "society has gone to grass." He is right. We are glad he scored the young men and women who seek (and get) notoriety in the circles of the "smart." The first thing required of a successful young lady in worldly realms nowadays is that she leave her brains behind her each time she meets in with her friends.

As the coming Halifax General Assembly of the Presbyterians will be meant especially for the Star and other daily newspapers, we are longing to see how good old Dr. Sedgewick, of Tatamagouche, N.S., will score the two-penny little gentlemen with theology as broad as Bob Ingersoll's, and with sufficient debating power to set us laughing. We would not miss reading reports from a General Assembly for a thousand copies of Punch or Puck.

Queen's University may become a hotbed of paganism; the General Assembly will be called upon to save it for the Kirk, but, as the majority of the ministers and lay delegates will not care, and do not, what is taught in the Kingston school, the Old Knoxian Guard will, most likely, have to forego the pleasure of seeing Queen's remain Christian. How weak Protestantism is, when it comes to any issue freighted with eternal significance!

Rev. Dr. Graham, whom we banquished in this paper two months ago, is like Halley's Comet, in one sense at least. Once in a big long while he comes forth from his native obscurity, dazzles the bigots of some corner or another, is royally advertised, and then disappears until sky pilots in the Protestant weeklies announce his appearance for another while. What Graham wants is a mission in the Sahara.

The "Cleric" who inflicted his prose on the St. John Telegraph readers, praises Rev. Dr. Murray, the aged editor of the Presbyterian Witness, for his judiciousness in selecting news of all kinds. In very truth, the poor old man has always been sure to select all the misstatements made by people regardless of truth against the Murray for the editor's chair.

The despatches inform us that, in consequence of the wholesale desecration of graves to obtain human hair for export, mainly to Paris, the viceroys of Canton, China, has issued a decree providing that any of the ghouls captured in this work be put to death. The new hair some ladies borrow give them the fondness for "rats" remarkable in the people from whom the hair is stolen. Paint, powder, and Chinese hair are responsible for half of the so-called beauties. Minus the accessories what would they look like?

A Rev. Mr. Dawson, preaching in the Montreal Star for Saturday, May 28, deplores the excessive degree of attention paid athletics by some of our young men. Mr. Dawson is quite a good hand at a homily, we should judge. "Alas! too many young men think more of athletics than they do of their souls; and yet, if we are going to have billiards, pool, checkers, cards, and chess, instead of the healthful work in the open air, rather give us a little more athletics. Table games, are safe helps to moral ruin when played by the young in lieu and stead of chastening exercise."

The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, who, speaking on a recent Sunday evening, in London, of the desertion of certain places of worship in the city and East End, which a few years ago were thronged by devout congregations, said: "What has become of these good people? Some have gone to heaven, and others to the suburbs," might have added that some, too, had "gone to grass." We would suggest a moving day for many of the Protestant churches. Here in Montreal, and elsewhere, in thousands of places, Catholics are forced by circumstances to build new churches; the old ones always continue to be filled several times on Sunday.

Now that even daily purveyors of printed scandal in the United States are getting along without the one-time popular (among a class) Saturday page of painted fun (?) why should not two or three respectable dailies here in Montreal do the same? The "Buster Brown" monstrosities were never intended for boys and girls of French mentality, to say the least; while "Ladébauche" is a ridiculously puerile piece of nonsense. There is no more wit or humor to "Ladébauche" than there is benevolence to a Hardshell's face. The Saturday funny page gives the children a false conception of the true and beautiful in art and illustration. Why not follow in the excellent paths of the Canadian Pictorial and the Standard (the latter with reservations, however)? The Saturday painted fun (?) we denounce has given rise to more criminal deeds on the part of children than ever we shall know on earth. Let there be some kind of a reform movement inaugurated to scatter what is left of the painted outrage.

The Methodist Episcopal Angel of Minnesota, Bishop McIntyre, addressing a number of young men, whom he was to set apart for the work of the ministry, told them, in all dignity, that he was not in favor of "ragtime sermons," or of the kind of religion some preachers serve cold. From the Angel's remark, we must judge that he has strange gentlemen serving under him in the capacity of co-laborers in the vineyard. What will the dailies do if the newly-ordained, with hundreds of other preachers, refuse to furnish extracts from their Sunday harangues? The readers will object, for they want all the jokes their papers can give them. We know what a Methodist Episcopal bishop looks like, but we do not know what authority he has. But, then, let us remember that Bishop McIntyre is one of the "Methodist Bishops of the World" (and of Binghamton, N.Y., in particular)!!

We notice that the Ottawa correspondent for the Register-Extension is loud in his praise of Doctor J. K. Foran's poem on the late King; the correspondent declares, in the best of all the poems written in the Empire, on the same subject. This we readily believe, and Dr. Foran's "Poems and Lyrics" are there to prove that he is capable of writing true, real, sublime verse. As our readers well know, Dr. Foran once edited our paper, and while he sat in the editorial sanctum he had few peers. His name is known throughout intellectual America; his Canadianism is as thorough as his spirit of faith, and his pen is as solid as it is delightfully keen and elegant. Dr. Foran has little use for sham. His name is still mentioned with enthusiasm by our old subscribers. He destroyed a few false gods in his day and removed some idols from their pedestals. We are glad to know his muse is still awake, but not surprised.

The Register-Extension does not believe in "beating around the bush," its editor generally says what he has a mind to say. The following remark is no exception to the frank and sensible rule he has adopted: "A few years ago there was actually a Mass at Buckingham Palace. Nothing was heard of the incident at the time, and it was only part of a kindly act to one of his old servants who was dying, on the part of King Edward. The man was a Catholic, and when it was found that he was in danger of death the King himself asked the Archbishop of Westminster to arrange for the sick man receiving the last Sacraments, and perhaps because in the Established Church, when the 'Lord's Supper' is given to the sick, there is a 'Communion service' by the bedside, he asked if Mass could not be celebrated in the sick room. So an improvised altar was set up and the King and Queen were both present at the Mass, said for the first time in centuries in a royal palace in England. And this is the sacrifice he swore ought to be regarded as idolatrous and which a remnant of the bigots would have his son swear now."

The Register-Extension does not believe in "beating around the bush," its editor generally says what he has a mind to say. The following remark is no exception to the frank and sensible rule he has adopted:

"A few years ago there was actually a Mass at Buckingham Palace. Nothing was heard of the incident at the time, and it was only part of a kindly act to one of his old servants who was dying, on the part of King Edward. The man was a Catholic, and when it was found that he was in danger of death the King himself asked the Archbishop of Westminster to arrange for the sick man receiving the last Sacraments, and perhaps because in the Established Church, when the 'Lord's Supper' is given to the sick, there is a 'Communion service' by the bedside, he asked if Mass could not be celebrated in the sick room. So an improvised altar was set up and the King and Queen were both present at the Mass, said for the first time in centuries in a royal palace in England. And this is the sacrifice he swore ought to be regarded as idolatrous and which a remnant of the bigots would have his son swear now."

AFRAID OF THE POPE.

"Bar Steenie, Bar Steenie, What mean ye—what mean ye? If ye'll meddle nae mair wi' the matter, Ye may hae some pretence To havins and senne, Wi' people wha ken ye nae better."

In another part of our paper we publish a leading article from the Casket, in which article a time-honored friend of ours, the Maritime Baptist, is treated to a nice rare bit it should try to inwardly digest, sharing the epast, in all generosity, with its gentle friend the dear old Presbyterian Witness of Halifax.

"Calvin's sons, Calvin's sons, Seize your spiritual guns, Ammunition you never can need; Your hearts are the stuff, Will be powther enough, And your skulls are storehouses o' lead."

It was very ungenerous of Bobbie Burns to write lines such as the above in "The Kirk's Alarm"; and, with all the alacrity of the Casket, we hasten to assure the Witness that they are not due to our authorship, and were not meant by Burns for either the Baptist or the Presbyterian.

EXTREME UNCTION.

(Answer to "Anglican.") "Is any man sick among you, let him bring in the priests of the Church, and let them pray over him, anointing him with oil, in the name of the Lord. And the prayer of faith shall save the sick man; and the Lord shall raise him up, and if he be in sins, they shall be forgiven him."

These words are from the Epistle of St. James (ch. v., 14 and 15). They plainly point to a sacramental ordinance of our Lord. People who allegedly swear by the Scriptures should see that much at least. We remember Canon Scott's efforts before local and general Anglican synods in favor of a thorough resuscitation of the practice of anointing with holy oil, as laid down in the Book of Common Prayer. It is old news, of course, to learn that a vast majority of his brethren showed decided disgust for the old practice. It would mean a little more and inconvenience in the first place, and would be too Catholic in the other. Luther was more drastic; he swore away the Epistle of St. James in its entirety, declaring it to be a "chaffy composition, and unworthy of an Apostle."

According to the English Protestant Catechism, there is in Extreme Unction, as laid down by St. James, all that is requisite to constitute a sacrament (see Book of Common Prayer), for there "is an outward visible sign," namely the anointing with oil; there "is an inward spiritual grace, given to us," namely,

the saving of the sick and the forgiveness of sins; lastly, there is the Ordination of Christ, as the means by which the same is received.

Every Tom, Dick and Harry of a preacher has come along and offered interpretations of these words suited to his fancy, and yet they talk of the utter Scriptural basis and make-up of their creeds and sects. They use Scripture when it suits them, and lay it aside when they see fit. One does not know what they mean, and they hardly do themselves.

Heretics with an alleged claim to scholarship have arisen to declare that Extreme Unction was not introduced into the Church until 600 years after Christ. Oh! they are glorious hands at murdering history, while they appeal to Tradition just for the sake of giving it the lie, and of interpreting it in wrong weight and measure, often, as it is plain, with full intention to deceive. Else, why do they speak of their scholarship?

Now, Origen lived in the age next to that of the Apostles, and he speaks of Extreme Unction (Hom. II., in Levit.); so does St. John Chrysostom, 4th century (De Sacerd. Bk. III.) Pope Innocent I., in the fifth century—and there was no Anglicanism then—in a letter to a bishop named Decentius, after quoting the words of St. James, proceeds: "These words, there is no doubt, ought to be understood of the faithful who are sick, who can be anointed with holy oil, which having been prepared by a Bishop, may be used not only for priests, but for all the Christians." (Ep. xxv., ad Decent.)

The Sacramentary, or ancient Roman Ritual, revised by Pope St. Gregory in the sixth century, prescribes the blessing of oil by the Bishop, and the prayers to be recited in the anointing of the sick. The Venerable Bede, of England, who lived in the eighth century, referring to the words of St. James, writes: "The custom of the Church requires that the sick be anointed by the priests with consecrated oil and be sanctified by the prayer which accompanies it." (Comm. in locum.)

Leaving aside the testimony of St. Cyril of Alexandria, Victor of Antioch, and many others, let us recall the fact that the Nestorians, who broke from the Church in 431, and the Eutychians in 451, that they, even to-day, hold to Extreme Unction, which fact gives an awful blow to Protestant allegations. The Greek Church, which separated from the Catholic Church in the ninth century, says in its profession of faith: "The seventh Sacrament is Extreme Unction, prescribed by Christ; for, after He had begun to send His disciples two by two (Mark vi., 7 to 13), they anointed and healed many, which unction the Church has since maintained by pious usage, as we learn from the Epistle of St. James: 'Is any man sick,' etc. The fruits proper to this Sacrament, as St. James declares, are the remission of sins, health of soul, strength, in fine, of the body."

The eminent German Protestant Leibnitz makes the candid admission (Syst. Theol., p. 280) that "there is no room for much discussion regarding the unction of the sick. It is supported by the words of Scripture, the interpretation of the Church," etc.

Even infidel physicians are loud in their praise of Extreme Unction, and surely the Church of Jesus Christ must hold some Sacrament for the dying. Christian sense demands it.

"TALKING DOG!"

Speaking of the Oath of Accession, Dr. Sproule, the Sultan of Orange-dom, here in Canada, before the Brantford, Ont., session of his fiery slaves, said:

"Until the Pope cancels the oaths taken by the Jesuits, he has no right to ask for a change in the oath of the sovereign of Britain. The Jesuit bishops are made to swear that they believe the Pope has the right to depose kings and governments. While this claim exists it is necessary that all who admit it shall be excluded from the throne of the British Empire. In no other way can this be done so successfully as by retaining the Accession Oath in its present form. I trust that this Grand Lodge, before it adjourns, will place on record the sentiment of the Orange Association throughout the Dominion."

Now, Sproule's language is neither English, French or Choctaw; it is what a German would call "talking dog." The Sultan ought to remember that Father Vaughan, the English Jesuit, won a famous lawsuit against an English bigot, in the English courts, only a few years since, over the matter of that alleged Jesuit oath. The bigot had to pay a good round sum of money. So let Sproule look out for his salary, since that is all he is working

OXYDONOR

THE CONQUEROR OF DISEASE

Science is every day getting closer to Nature and assisting her to make good the ravages of Time and of our artificial life upon the human system. The treatment by drugs will last just as long as the public, in its unreasoning regard for convention, demands it. But the most effective treatment of the body is to give it the means of repairing itself—not to overload it with drugs.

Oxygen is Nature's own restorative and the greatest power in restoring health, strength and vigor. The problem is to get enough of it into the diseased system.

Over twenty years ago, Dr. Hercules Sanche, after a long series of experiments and exhaustive tests, gave to the world the first and only practical method of aiding the human system to absorb oxygen for the elimination of disease. This was by the use of his wonderful little instrument, OXYDONOR.

Oxygen instilled into the system by OXYDONOR has helped thousands to regain health where drugs have failed. It has cured cases that were abandoned by physicians as incurable. It helps where nothing else will, for it aids Nature to fight her own battles without the use of drugs. OXYDONOR is as effective for the young child as for the years of robust manhood or tottering old age. It has brought new life into countless homes by removing sickness and infirmity.

But beware of fraudulent imitations. Get the genuine and original OXYDONOR, and avoid the disappointment which must follow the use of any but the genuine instrument. Don't be misled by any similarity of names.

Write for Booklet telling about OXYDONOR and its marvellous cures. Energetic, reliable men wanted in every district to handle our goods.

Dr. H. SANCHE & CO.
392 ST. CATHERINE ST., WEST, MONTREAL

for. There is not a Jesuit Bishop in all Canada, England, Ireland, Scotland, or Australia, although we could never want more acceptable prelates than the Jesuits are able to provide. Talking dog! Talking dog!! But, then, Orangemen must bark; it is a necessity for them.

We might here subjoin what a Protestant editor, a man with very eclectic theological views, says of policies such as the Sultan advocates. Of course, we do not share his flippancy, even if we want the Orangemen to know just how they and their methods are spoken of. Says the freethinking editor:

"A Toronto despatch in a daily contemporary reports the Grand Chaplain of the Orange Order of Ontario as saying, in a sermon in opposition to the proposed reform of the coronation oath, 'The man who sets upon the British throne must be a Protestant.' That 'sets' is probably the compositor's, and yet how it harmonizes with the sermon! It is what we would expect from an opponent of change. They are fighting to preserve the oath intact because it offends the Catholics and, not because it pleases the spectators, and not because it hurts the bear. It is to be hoped that the British Government will abolish this ancient insult to a large percentage of British subjects. Good manners, good sense, public decency and public polity demand that the King should not be made to insult one of the large number of denominations into which his subjects are divided. They are all equal—Christian and Pagan—before the law, and meet as equals at the foot of the throne. The King doesn't care a rap for their creed. Change the coronation oath even though the Orangemen protest. If their loyalty is not equal to so slight a strain, let us all know it. Reform the oath."

A NOBLE STAND.

We were heartily pleased and thoroughly gratified to read an editorial in the Daily Witness for Thursday, May 26. It dealt with no less a subject than the Oath of Accession, and our readers will judge for themselves as to how noble a stand the editor of our very Protestant contemporary has taken in the matter. To quote:

"Some are voicing the old protest against any alteration in the King's oath, but a far larger voice is in favor of it. Whatever may be the historic origin of this denunciation, it is now, to say the least, anomalous that out of all the innumerable creeds, savage and civilized, to be found in the King's dominions, the Roman Catholic religion should alone be signalled out for public insult and opprobrium on the occasion of a great state ceremonial. It is known that Queen Victoria and King Edward favored some modification of the oath, and King George is said to have a strong disinclination to denounce a creed of his subjects. Indeed, such a sentiment will be naturally assumed by all men of good feeling. A leading Protestant member of Parliament has written: 'The good breeding which prompts a man to deal courteously with views from which he differs must render this odious formula extremely distasteful to the King, to whom its retention is a mark of the grossest disrespect.' The words complained of are necessarily an offence to millions of loyal Roman Catholics, and surely it cannot be flattering any longer to those who believe in Protestantism, whose only claim to ascendancy is its boasted insistence on religious liberty, to pretend that its security depends upon a form of words to be used by the King in gross disparagement of another faith. In any case, there can now be little doubt that the beginning of the present reign will be signalized by the removal from the Accession Oath of the offensive words, while it still insists upon the continuity of the Protestant succession, and Protestants would do well to accept the change in a Christian spirit."

Now, to say the least, we are very thankful to the Witness for its kind sentiments and honest regard for the truth; true, a few years ago the entire Liberal party at Ottawa—minus one coward-voted dissatisfaction with the Oath, if we well remember, but we can easily believe our contemporary is capable of its own generous promptings. The Daily Witness may have very strong prejudices, and still we are willing to admit that it is one of the cleanest dailies in the British Empire. If the editors would cease taking certain foreign correspondents seriously and refrain from defending United States ex-officials with such poor success, we could be better friends. Would it not be nice to see us agree to disagree, at least? No false reports, however!

ANOTHER DOMINION.

There is now another Dominion in the British Empire, that of the United States of South Africa. Kipling saw something of the war in South Africa, and he had witnessed the beginning of the reconstructive period when he wrote "The Settler," a part of which is here quoted:

"Here where the senseless bullet fell,
And the barren shrapnel burst,
I will plant a tree, I will dig a well
Against the heat and the thirst.
Here, in a large and sunlit land,
Where no wrong bites to the bone,
I will lay my hand in my neighbor's hand,
And together we will atone
For the set folly and the red breach,
And the black waste of it all,
Giving and taking counsel each
Over the cattle-kraal.
Frost and murrain and floods let loose
Shall launch us side by side
In the holy wars that have no truce
'Twixt seed and harvest tide.
Earth, where we rode to slay or be slain,
Our love shall redeem unto life;
We will gather and lead to her lips again
The waters of ancient strife;
From the far and fiercely guarded streams
And the pools where we lay in wait,
Till the corn shall cover our evil dreams,
And the young corn our hate."

As poor a prophet as is Kipling, his dream is coming true. And as a contemporary remarks:

"With to-day Premier Botha and his cabinet and Viscount Gladstone (Shades of the first Majuba!) launch the new government of the federated states. The assembly has 121 members, divided as follows: Cape Colony, 51; Natal, 17; Orange Free State, 17; Transvaal, 86. There is a Senate, eight members of which are nominated by the Governor-General (Lord Gladstone) while eight are elected by each state. Voters must be thirty years of age, five years resident, British subjects, of European extraction, worth £500. The Assembly term is five years, at most, the Senate term, Briton and Boer are still antagonistic in some degree, but their feud is dying out much more quickly than the most optimistic friend of the country could have hoped. The gift of self-government and the guarantee of justice and fair play have been the great forces making for amity and union. Besides, the blacks are really the big problem now, and the British and Dutch are solidly united in their determination to keep the white race dominant. In general, the history of the last few years has wholly confounded those who raged against the Liberal statesmen and prophesied black disaster when they granted self-government to the conquered republic. That was statesmanship. It is a curious thing that eloquently as the poet foreshadowed peace and co-operation in South Africa, he was bitterly opposed to the policy of conciliation and liberality which has brought about the event the whole Empire is celebrating to-day."