

on first-class cars and cross the Atlantic by Cunard steamers by faith! Very likely story. There is one thing they may be trusted never to do. They never go into the back settlements, ride over corduroy and live on pork and green tea diet. They prefer to operate in towns and old settled parts of the country where the travelling is by rail and the board fairly good. If you don't mean any one of them to take a roll of bills, never offer it to him. If you do you'll be the worst sold man in this country two minutes after the offer is made. The good man will give a sanctimonious whine and say "he takes it from the Lord." In the next breath he would abuse a minister for taking his salary from the Lord. If you call yourself an evangelist and stand with your hands behind your back so that your friends may slip a roll of bills into them, it is all right. If you take your check from your treasurer in an open manly way, it is a sin. Out upon such wretched cant.

The principal cause of clerical restlessness is clerical poverty.

Moral: Give Augmentation a good lift in your Presbytery, and an end will be put to perhaps two-thirds of the restlessness.

DEATH OF REV. ROBERT HUME

Rev. Robert Hume, M.A., a retired Presbyterian minister, died in Toronto on Thursday at the age of 75 years. He was a native of Halton county, having been born near Milton. He graduated from Knox College and Toronto University, and for 24 years was pastor at St. George; then for seven years at Arkona. Since the termination of his ministry there he has been living retired in Toronto, his home being at 72 Admiral Road, where live the widow and only son, Robert D. Hume, of Elliott & Hume, barristers.

CENTENNIAL OF A P. E. I. CONGREGATION.

The Centennial of the Princetown Congregation, P.E.I., was celebrated at Malpeque (the original name of the place) on July 21st. The jubilee of the first regular pastor, Dr. Keir, had been held fifteen years ago, and now the one-hundredth anniversary was duly observed. The Lord's Supper was solemnly observed on the previous Sabbath, the 19th inst. Prof. Dr. Fraser of Montreal College, a grandson of Dr. Keir, preached, and the pastor, Rev. E. J. Rattee, was assisted by the three preceding pastors, Revs. Robert Laird, Kingston, Ont., George McMillan, Kentville, N.S., and J. M. Fisher. The larger church was thoroughly filled, as also in the evening when Mr. McMillan preached.

The special Centennial celebration was held on the following Tuesday at 2 o'clock, and in the evening. The church was crowded at both meetings. After devotional exercises, the Governor of the Province addressed the meeting on "Then and Now." Rev. G. McMillan read a paper on the "Life and Work of Dr. Keir." Rev. R. Laird gave a short address on "Almost Twenty Years," followed by Rev. Mr. McKenzie, bringing the congratulations of Presbytery by ministers of other denominations, Anglican, Methodist, Baptist and Disciples. The celebration was continued with deep interest at the evening meeting, a special feature being an address by Miss Annie Montgomery, a native of Malpeque, and for twenty-six years a missionary of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A. A tablet for the late Dr. Keir was unveiled, also one for the late C. G. Montgomery, a missionary with her sister for a number of years.

THE FINE ART OF KEEPING SWEET.

Once a woman died, and engraved on her tombstone, underneath her name, were four little words, "She was always pleasant."

Now, I am sure that this woman was not one of those people to whom being pleasant is second nature, else no one would have given her credit for it as being anything meritorious. She had probably worked hard, long, and patiently to win the battle over self, which resulted in her being "always pleasant."

Of all the problems which confront the busy woman of today, there is no more important one than how to live her life satisfactorily; for, "at the best," as the Irishman says, "she has the worst of it."

A woman owes it to herself to be sensible, neat and pleasant. But away down under this outward manner she owes herself the duty of "keeping sweet." It is an old-fashioned phrase, "keeping sweet," but it means so much. It is being womanly, and gracious, and kindly, and thinking sweet, lovely things, and putting into your face gentleness and sweetness.

And this means a constant fight against the annoying, trying things of life, the little pin-pricks, the small, trying things which come to mar the perfectness of even the most sheltered life, and which are scattered broadcast over the path of the working woman.

Once on a crowded street-car I met a woman, delicate, her hair touched with gray, and she was standing. She was not tall enough to hold a strap but was valiantly trying to keep her footing. A lurch of the car threw her against a burly fellow, and he scowled at her. With one of the sweetest and most winning smiles I ever saw, she looked up at him. "I beg your pardon," she said. The man's face grew red, and he looked embarrassed for a moment, then he said, "It's me that should beg yours, ma'am; I am sorry I was cross." After a while we both got a seat, and I said to her, "Doesn't it annoy you to see such rudeness, and lack of courtesy as there is, for instance, on this car?" She smiled again and said, "My dear, I cannot afford to let myself get annoyed over anything; I must earn my living in this cross, old world, and I must do a bit of coaxing, and it's pleasanter than scolding; don't you think so?"

There she had it. Coaxing is better than scolding. A smile will always bring one more than a frown is a saying trite and old, but it is true.

One business man had a stenographer fourteen years. She came into his office when he was a young lawyer and she a green, inexperienced girl. For fourteen years she followed the upward tide of his success, until she knew the detail work as only a thoroughly interested person would know it.

She was thirty-three years old, and she had worked hard and long. One day she came into his private office, and told him that she was going to be married, and she suggested getting her successor, so that she might help her to become adjusted. Her employer quickly agreed with her suggestions, and

told her to find some one to take her place, and then he said to her: "Miss Jones, you have been part of this office and part of the success of this business since it started. I may not have seemed as appreciative as I might a great many times, but I want you to know I have understood your worth, and in selecting a successor there is just one of your traits I must insist upon, absolutely."

"And that is?"

"She must be pleasant — you have smoothed the rough places more times than you will ever know by being pleasant in the face of things where it would have been excusable to have been otherwise, and many a time I know it has been a struggle, but I respected you the more because I knew that it was not always easy."

Have you ever heard a recommendation you would rather have than that one?

If there is one thing that will help more than another in gaining this sweetness, it is the unselfish little things you can learn to do for those with whom you come in contact. There are those whom you meet in your daily life to whom just a smile means much. Just look about you and see the sad, tired faces, and think how many hard, sad things crowd into every life, and think how little one can do to lighten the burden, and yet how much that little helps.

There was a woman whom I had seen every day for several years going to and fro. Sometimes I had wondered about her, she had an air of refinement, a wonderfully winning smile, and the once or twice I had heard her voice, it sounded so sweet and womanly I quite longed for an occasion to speak to her. One day it came, and I learned that she was a business woman who was supporting a widowed invalid sister and her two children, besides a crippled child she had adopted. Her life had been full of tragedy, for she felt that the accident which crippled the child had been indirectly her fault, and to a tender heart nothing could hurt more than that. After a hard and often a worrisome day, she would go home smiling, with some bit of bright news of the outside world for her "elutins," as she called them, giving of her individuality freely and fully. There are heroes and heroines in the world of everyday folk, and the outward and visible sign is often a bright and cheery smile!

The woman who had engraved upon her tombstone the words "She was always pleasant" may have been a mother, living in the shelter of a home, caring for those whom she loved and who loved her, or she may have been a business woman, out in the big world of men, making her own way, with no one to stand between her and the unpleasant things of life, but whichever she was, she had trained herself to smile, to see the bright side of things, to sympathize, and to give out the milk of human kindness; in short, she had mastered the art of "keeping sweet." — Raymond McBride, in *The Circle*

THE LATE REV. JAMES GRANT.

Rev. Jams Grant, for many years pastor of Richmond Hill Presbyterian church, died at North Toronto on August 11 after an illness extending over two years. He was born in Duffus, Morayshire, Scotland, and after coming to Canada attended Queen's University, from which he graduated with honors in arts and theology. He is survived by a wife and six children. Mrs. Grant is a daughter of Rev. A. MacKay.