

ICINES... 59 Johnson St., Victoria, B.C. After you have taken to have the after-effect on your day, guests with a weak, simply because you especially when you grocery Store, where 50c per lb.

MR. HYMAN'S RESIGNATION. One who have not quite despaired of the condition of our politics will see in this resignation of Mr. Hyman a new and better condition of affairs.

A SIMPLE TARIFF. Every business man who has the hope of entering the coming year with a clear conscience and a region of contented and that, above all, to be simple, in recent years we have been carried into a degree of complexity that is unexampled, and it is certain that a tariff of the kind we propose to proceed further along that line, and Empire.

MUNICIPALITY OF SAANICH. Municipal Elections, 1907. The Municipal Council of Saanich, in order to give to the voters in the forthcoming municipal elections a householders, such persons as are desirous of being elected to make and subscribe before the 1st day of December, 1907, to the Municipal Assessor's Office, the names of the persons whom they desire to be elected to the Municipal Council, and the names of the persons whom they desire to be elected to the Municipal Assessor's Office, and the names of the persons whom they desire to be elected to the Municipal Council, and the names of the persons whom they desire to be elected to the Municipal Assessor's Office.

THE SPROTT-SHAW BUSINESS UNIVERSITY. ANCOVER, B. C. 336 HASTINGS ST. W. A Choice of 2 to 4 Positions. Every graduate. Students always in Great Demand.

BRUSH BOWES Chemist, Government St., Near Yates Street. For the Teeth For the Hair For the Hands For the Nails For the Bath For the Clothes For the Hat

THE BIBLE.

Probably there never was a book written which has been subjected to so much hostile criticism as the Bible. In every respect it is a remarkable production. We are not sufficiently familiar with the ancient literature of Persia and India to make a comparison between it and this collection of writings of Hebrew kings, lawgivers, poets, prophets and apostles. Necessarily to all Occidental people the productions of Chinese and Japanese ancient scholars must be for the greater part unknown, and of course the fragmentary records of the prehistoric nations only show that they had an extensive literature, without enabling us to judge of its value. Yet admitting the most that can be asserted on behalf of other works of a similar nature, we are satisfied that the Bible can be justly claimed to be the greatest of all literary products. It is great in its scope, for it assumes to take man at the threshold of his existence and trace his history in a general way up to the stage when regular records were common and to furnish him with a guide to his conduct in this life and a safe means of gaining eternal joy hereafter. It deals with matters the most trivial and also with those that are the most profound and momentous of which the human mind can conceive. It professes to read the mind of the Almighty. It is a history which contains hundreds of brief biographies, and is the only record of the greatest life ever lived. It discourses on abstract subjects with profound logic; it expresses poetical thoughts with a beauty and vividness not elsewhere equaled; it is able to penetrate to the innermost mystery of man's nature and, no matter what his mood may be, gives him words either of wisdom for his guidance, or of condemnation for his wrongdoing, or of sympathy for his sorrow or suffering. Compared with it, the majestic poems of Homer seem weak and trivial, the majestic verse of Milton heavy and dull, the marvellous powers of Shakespeare inconsequential and unimportant. The modern writers probed the depths of the human soul there are deeper still. Have modern writers pictured human baseness? None of them can rival in terrible distinctness the instances portrayed in the Old Testament. Have modern writers given us examples of the sweeter side of human character? They fall far short of what can be found scattered through the sacred volumes. Do we seek for ways for the guidance of society? We can find them there. Do we wish for sanitary laws? They are there also. Do we seek for social problems? They are there. Do we wish to know the principles that will enable us to solve them? Of no other book can all these things be said; of no other book can any one of them be said with as much truth as of the Bible.

There are quite a number of people who affect to despise this book. Although there are more Bibles printed now than ever before, and although it has had a circulation, there are certain particulars which cause us to regard it as an uninteresting collection of fables and fancies, and others, who do not take the trouble to think even that much about it. How these people account for its existence in this Twentieth Century—this alleged acme of all the centuries, we do not know. We are not going to claim that the fact that the Bible was not forgotten years ago, or that its enormous circulation and influence today are due in the least to any interposition of Providence, to any series of miracles, or to any divinely appointed plan. We propose to take the naked and incontrovertible facts of the case.

We are told that when the early Church Fathers decided upon a Sacred Canon, learned men, not connected with the Church, ridiculed the idea, saying that the new sect felt the need of authority, and having none, got up a miscellaneous collection of Hebrew writings to serve the purpose. For centuries the Bible was not a book in common use. During the ages when superstition and ignorance were most rife, the Bible was unknown to the common people, who, indeed, could not have read it, if it had been available to them. As men became more enlightened, as they became enfranchised as to their thoughts, the Bible became more popular. The first use to which the art of printing was put, in Europe was to print the Bible. As the centuries rolled round, and man delved deeper into the mysteries of the Universe and evolved new theories and made more and more marvelous discoveries, these old Hebrew writings, instead of becoming less thought of, continued to gain a higher place in the esteem of the most enlightened section of humanity. The philosophy followed system of philosophy, able men sought to destroy the influence of the book; sippant men entered at it. The printing presses poured out upon the world a stream of literature dealing with every department of human thought. Yet amid all this the Bible not only held its place, but steadily advanced in human regard, so that today it is vastly more influential than ever before. There is no gaining saying these things. What is the explanation of them? If we should say they prove that the Bible is the work of God, we should be confronted with so many objections that it would be impossible to support the statement by argument. If, however, we say that the Bible lived and grew in its influence upon mankind because it contains something that men love, we are on ground that cannot be disputed. Now in saying this we know that we may be addressing some people, who have never since their

CHILDHOOD-LOOKED UPON THE BIBLE SERIOUSLY.

childhood-looked upon the Bible seriously. To such it is difficult to speak understandingly. The only persons who are entitled to express an opinion as to the value of the Bible are those who have read it for the purposes for which it was intended. The same thing is true of the plays of Shakespeare or the "Just So Stories" of Rudyard Kipling. You would not value the opinion of a man, who never read these books for the purpose for which they were written. If he was a foreigner, reading them for the sake of studying elementary English, he would probably not more appreciate them than the average school boy does. The satires of Juvenal or the pathos of some of the passages in the Iliad. So before you form an opinion as to the value of the Bible, you must read it for the purpose for which it was compiled. When you have done this, you will appreciate the force of the reason given above for its existence, you will begin to understand its unsurpassed circulation and its profound influence in what we boast is the most advanced century in the history of mankind.

It is not necessary to claim that the Bible is the word of God. It is beyond all question that it contains the word of God. Perhaps that word was not spoken amid the thunders of a Sinai; perhaps it was not heard by a lonely exile on the mountain side ever heard it spoken. But we have yet to learn that God needs his own language to speak to the hearts and minds of men; we have yet to learn that Omnipotence must employ the methods of weak humanity to make His thoughts known to His children. Neither is it necessary to claim that nowhere else is the word of God to be found, nor that His voice became silent when the Scriptures were completed. All that need be claimed is that a book, which is as many-sided as humanity itself, which is fitted as a guide for men in every conceivable condition of life, and which everywhere and always has been an influence for good, even though its precepts have at times been used as a cloak for much that is wrong, must contain within its pages the essential lessons which mankind needs, and, if we grant the existence of a Creator, we must admit that only from Him could these lessons have proceeded. For from what other source could they have come? Did man imagine them? If so, whence came his power to imagine? Imagination can conceive of nothing absolutely different from what knowledge has taught. Thus we are brought back to a point made several Sundays ago, when the evolution of conscience was shown to be proof of a Divine Lawgiver. The truth, we mean, now the spiritual truth, contained within the Sacred Canon must of very necessity have had its origin in the source of all truth, and that source must be divine.

There is no occasion to pursue the discussion as to whether Thanksgiving Day can be properly called an English institution. We are ready to grant that, although originated by Englishmen, it originated in America, and after all our point was that it was as much a Canadian institution as one pertaining to the United States. What we want to say a few words about is the observation of our contemporary in regard to the Canadian instead of American. It is quite mistaken in supposing that this is because we do not want anything that does not bear the red ribbon tag of London. We call ourselves Canadians because we are citizens of Canada. If our neighbors of the Republic had not appropriated the name American, we would not have the least objection to applying it to ourselves; but as matters are that is quite out of the question. The people of the United States were unfortunate in respect to the name of their country, because it is impossible to make an adjective out of it, and as it cannot be turned into an adjective, it cannot be made the base of a name for a people. Some one once suggested that the people of the American Union should call themselves "United States"; but happily the suggestion did not come to anything. Then it was proposed that they might be called "Columbians," but Columbia did not happen to be the name of their nation, and there were Columbians already. The term Yankee would never be tolerated by the South, and at any rate it was too light an appellation for a great people. There was nothing left for them but to assume the name American, and when they had done so, there was nothing left for other people but to discuss the title. Secretary Hay caused the name of the United States to be changed to "American Consulate" to which no one took the least objection. People no longer speak of the Stars and Stripes, and very rarely of "Old Glory," of the American flag, which is a dignified title, and one worthy of the emblem of a great people calling themselves Americans. For ourselves, we are very well content to be called Canadians. When we want a larger title we call ourselves Britons, meaning thereby, that wherever we were born or under whatever skies we live, so long as the Union Jack flies over us as a symbol of sovereignty, we are of one great brotherhood, citizens of the world's greatest empire.

Neither Canadian nor Mexicans have the slightest objection to the nameless people living between us on this continent adopting the name of an Italian map maker, who stole the honors of Columbus from him. Mexico, with a civilization hoary with antiquity, although the Spanish conquerors annihilated almost every vestige of it, bears a name as ancient as the Pyramids. Why should its people want to be called Americans? Canada has a name whose origin is lost in obscurity, but is synonymous today with all that is best in human government and all that is fairest in the world. The land of the future. Why should its people want any other name, when they speak of themselves as the denizens of that land? We thank our New York contemporary for its desire that we should call ourselves by the name of its people, but we are quite content as we are.

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CANADIAN SENTIMENT.

Collier's Weekly says: Thanksgiving Day is an American heritage and as properly belongs to Canadians as to the people of the United States. It is a continental celebration rather than a national one. The Victoria Colonist in a recent issue undertakes to set up an editorial argument to the effect that Thanksgiving is really an English festival, and therefore it belongs more to Canada than to their neighbors' south. This claim is made upon the ground that the Governor of Massachusetts who, a few years after the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, issued the first Thanksgiving proclamation in North America, and that the British Isles—that Thanksgiving Day became an American holiday, and not a British one. Source of all good. It is for this reason that we print the prayer in this connection form, and express the hope that every one who reads it will repeat it with sincerity. But this is one thing. To threaten the vengeance of the Almighty upon those who for one reason or another may be indisposed to send the prayer to others is, as we regard the matter, grossly immoral and blasphemous. It is in addition likely to be mischievous. Hundreds of people are so constituted that a circular letter like the one received by Mrs. Kent will work upon their fears. Having received the prayer, if they neglect to forward it to others, they may be guilty for reasons which they cannot overcome, they will be distressed and fearful, lest they may have incurred the displeasure of the Almighty.

It is very probable that hundreds of other people among Colonist readers may have been favored as Mrs. Kent has been. We say to them that, while they cannot do better than offer the suggested prayer, they cannot be under any obligation whatever to do as they are asked, and that it is utterly wrong to fancy that the great and all-wise Father of Mankind has delegated to Bishop Lawrence the power to pronounce a general edict upon those who do not happen to be of the right faith in a certain way, and that this power is transferred through the mails to every one who receives the circular letter. We would not make such a lengthy reference to the matter, if it were not that we are well aware how very many people are influenced by religious fads and how prone they are to follow after strange leaders.

A correspondent writing from Halifax, N.S., sends the Colonist an extract from a Connecticut paper, containing of the terrible prevalence of profanity in that State, and adds that it is an exceedingly common practice in the East. He wants us to write something on the subject. In complying with his request it may be premised that profanity is not a very conspicuous practice in this part of the world. This is not to be taken as a boast, but as a fact. Halifax, who have rather a reputation of the West from books, written by people who never got far enough from the sea to be free from the influence of the sea, but it is the case here, where we will have some surprises to people in a compact with him to send only my needs and want to be satisfied with what I can reach by the mail. This prayer was sent to me to send to nine persons. Those who will not do so will have some surprises to people in a compact with him to send only my needs and want to be satisfied with what I can reach by the mail. This prayer was sent to me to send to nine persons. Those who will not do so will have some surprises to people in a compact with him to send only my needs and want to be satisfied with what I can reach by the mail.

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LITERARY NOTES.

The vogue of good books is by no means bounded by the limit of the language in which they were written, and one sign of a book's quality is the demand for its translation into other tongues. Thus William Shakespeare's "Invasion of 1010" has been translated into French, German, Spanish, Italian, Russian, Danish, and even into the Chinese. The fact that the fact that Rudyard Kipling's "Kim" has just been translated into the Chinese language, and that it seems only a matter of time before it will be translated into the Chinese language, is a sign of the high quality of the work. The "awakening of China" is a phrase very much in use at the moment, particularly in connection with the matter of the marriage of the Oriental giant so long ago. That there is an intellectual awakening is evident by the fact that Rudyard Kipling's "Kim" has just been translated into the Chinese language, and that it seems only a matter of time before it will be translated into the Chinese language.

Assign of the times which points to the steady gradual awakening of the people to their rights, is the number of political novels being published. Following their big successes, "Cherubim" and "The March of the Titans" have been issued. "The Romance of John Bull" by Henry George, Jr., in which he introduces the "Invasion of 1010" life and "When Love Speaks" by Will Payne, which is a marked departure from the good deal of strength. While more notable than the other books, it is interesting to see the author's public in his new subject in that he has chosen such a widely different field from the scenes of his previous novels. In the midst of the clamor about the "six best sellers" which seems to fill the modern literary arena one is perhaps apt to forget that the "best sellers" list is still going on into edition after edition. Thus the sale in England of E. P. Dutton's "The Romance of John Bull" is said to have reached 250,000 copies, of "Kim" 70,000, of "Stalky and Company" 45,000 and so on down through the list. The "best sellers" list is still going on into edition after edition. Thus the sale in England of E. P. Dutton's "The Romance of John Bull" is said to have reached 250,000 copies, of "Kim" 70,000, of "Stalky and Company" 45,000 and so on down through the list.

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CURRENT VERSE.

The Poet's Troubles. (Louisville Courier-Journal). 'Tis up against it once again; I have to carve some "poetry" out. And yet, unhelpful of men, I know not what to write about. But, anyhow, a start I've made; I've done two lines, and this is three. There's lots of tricks in every trade, The poet knows a few, you see. Verse one looks truly spick and span, and now to stanza two we pass. I'm sure perform the stunts I can; my former doubts have gone to grass. Or fallow now, 'm no more afraid; in fact, the end 't will be in view. For there are tricks in every trade, and 'e'en the poet knows a few.

WHAT IS A FRIEND? If thou dost ask what is a friend, 'Tis he that answers thee, forsooth. A friend's a friend in age or youth, A friend continues to the end. A friend consoles, when thy heart is torn with anguish unexpressed, His sympathy but given best of friendship's truest, holiest part. A friend remembers, though the years pass on, and now to stanza two we pass. I'm sure perform the stunts I can; my former doubts have gone to grass. Or fallow now, 'm no more afraid; in fact, the end 't will be in view. For there are tricks in every trade, and 'e'en the poet knows a few.

THE BABY. "She's a little blundering thing," The mother said; "I do not have an hour of peace, Till she's in bed." She clings onto my hand or gown, And follows me About the house, from room to room, Talks constantly. She is a bundle of nerves, And wistful ways; She does not sleep full sound at nights, She does not like to hear the wind, The dark she fears, And piteously she calls for me, To wipe her tears. "She's a little blundering thing," But still she is my wife of life, My daily bread.

RUMBLING RHYMES. There once was a person named Chomondeley Whom the weather affected most romantically. For more than a week, Unable to speak, He could only mutter "I'm a fool," "I'm a fool," "I'm a fool." THE LADDER. (By Ella Wheeler Wilcox). Into each room, who comes to earth, A ladder is given, and that ladder is life. And up this ladder the soul must go, Step by step, from the valley below. Step by step, from the valley below, On this ladder of lives, to the Starving Place.

WANTED LONG. Philadelphia Bulletin. Sam Small, the reconverted evangelist, said in Atlanta: "Thus I know a cemetery where all the inscriptions, being conventional, remain intact. But one, a bizarre inscription, has been tampered with and made ridiculous." "The tomb has on it, at the top, 'Elen Vance, wife of Harold Vance, 1854. I await you.' Then, beneath, is carved, 'Harold Vance, 1880. Here am I.' "At the base of the inscription some one has written: "He took his time." Overworked. From Judea. The Highlowers keep sixteen servants. Original—That's a good many people to work for.

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