

# THE Dominion Presbyterian

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**Thursday, November 30th, 1899.**

It would perhaps surprise most of us to find that our opinion of an individual is often based upon our observation of a single action. Up to a certain point in life he had been all that was good; from that point there was nothing good about him. Other people see no change in him, but to our eye he is entirely changed. Is it not just possible that there has been some disaster to our own moral vision?

Two Montreal lads entered an open store on a recent Sabbath to make a purchase. While waiting to be served, one of them leaned too heavily upon the glass showcase and it broke. The proprietor had the lads arrested for damages. When the case was called the Recorder turned the tables somewhat by reading the by-laws forbidding the sale of any such article on the Lord's day. The boys were dismissed with a warning, and the shop-keeper was also warned that it was unlawful to keep open shop on the Sabbath. The action of the Recorder is to be commended. Were those who administer the law quick to enforce the legislation we now possess, the present flagrant desecration of the Sabbath would soon cease.

At the present writing no decisive action has been taken in South Africa. The tide has turned, however, and Briton is after Boer, instead of Boer pressing Briton. There have been ugly rumors, so often repeated that there must be some truth in them, of Britons being lured on by a white flag, and treacherously shot down when they responded to it. We can scarcely credit the charge as applied to the whole army. The Boers are not savages, though there may be some among them little removed from that condition, and war brings the savage trait to the surface. The end is

not difficult to predict, and we trust the campaign, from this time onward, may be marked with that generosity to a conquered foe that should be found in a Christian nation.

## Who Is My Neighbor?

If nine-tenths of the people gave an honest answer, it would be—those near me, with whom I have most in common. In actual life, proximity does not imply neighborhood if the one near us be poor, or disagreeable. If they are in the same class with ourselves, socially and intellectually, we may admit the claim. That is to say, we consider that man a neighbor who can give us quite as good as he asks from us.

The answer given by the Divine Teacher is very different from the answer we now give. Our neighbor, He taught us, is the one who needs our help, and whom we are given an opportunity to help. He may be in our own social circle, living on the same street, interested in the same objects. He may also be one whom we have not known before, the chance acquaintance of travel, or one whom misfortune has thrown in our way. His tastes may be in accord with our own, or they may fill us with repulsion. Neighborhood does not depend upon these accidents, but upon the need for my ministrations, and upon my ability to minister to him.

## The Great Thank-offering.

Plans for enlisting every Presbyterian in the Twentieth Century Fund movement are being rapidly matured. There is little movement on the surface as yet, but the leavening process is going on, and ere long the results will become known.

This preparatory work is hard work. Not only must a plan be perfected in the minds of those who are charged with the conduct of the great work, but the various constituencies of the church must be persuaded that, on the whole, this is the best plan. For it would be folly to attempt a work of such magnitude were each community free to carry out its own ideas for completing it. Endless confusion and failure, and then mutual recrimination and division would be the result of such a policy. There must be one well-defined plan, and there must also be a loyal adherence to that plan.

Hence the need for a competent agent at the head of this movement. The General Assembly acted most wisely when it chose the "First Presbyter" for this position, and Moderator Campbell has already proven himself worthy to fill this difficult place. But the Church, to a man, must rally to his call. This spirit of loyalty to its Moderator should be the first intimation of that mighty movement towards one centre that all hope will be the crowning result of this united effort. And, to give this movement the greater

unity, the present Moderator should be continued in the Moderator's chair till this movement has reached the time limit set for its completion. The formal re-nomination in June next should, for once, be more than a form, and Moderator Campbell should continue to hold that position till the meeting of the First Assembly in the new century.

This thank-offering from our Church should be something more than so much money. The widow's mite was a poor pittance in itself. It was the spirit in which it was given that multiplied its value, till it was worth more, in the Master's estimation, than all the other gifts combined. So, too, our million dollars will be but a miserable pittance if there be but a million dollars to offer to the Lord. And again we shall hear the searching question, "Who hath asked this at your hands?" if this is all we have to bring. But if, behind the gift, and prompting it, there be a spirit of the love to our one Lord, that unifies all men, drawing them irresistibly to the one common centre, the value of the gift will be beyond computation.

## A Good Servant.

We stood looking down upon the peaceful face after the spirit had fled. The hands that had been so busy in ministration for three-score years were quietly folded. The lips that had helped so many with encouraging words were forever mute. But there rose before us the vision of those whom she had helped to better things during the long years past. How many there were—a sea of faces all about her. Some of them were shadowy, others were still warm with life. How blessed is such a life!

Then our thought turned to follow the flight of the freed spirit as it passed into the presence of the Master. How humble was its entry, but with what a radiant smile was the spirit of the good servant welcomed! Would He ask her to stand idle, waiting till the final consummation? Surely not! There must be other service upon which the free spirit has already entered. The limitations so often felt here will be no longer felt, the disappointing opposition will not thwart her plans. Who can tell the joy of such a life of free loyal service.

We lift our eyes from the quiet face of the sleeper, and look into the troubled faces of those who have gathered to look once more upon the face of the dead. We tried to tell them of our vision, but the words would not come. They could not see then what we had seen. It may be that they shall yet see it, and it will comfort them, as it comforted us.

Outside, on the busy street, they are hurrying back and forth in an effort to secure a little more for themselves. The circle of their life is ever narrowing, and, when they cross the limit, there will be