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Note and Comment.

The popularization of Canada on its conquest by the British in 1763 was 65,000 inhabiting a narrow slip along the St. Lawrence.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie's name has been brought forward in connection with the Lord Rectorship of St. Andrew's University, Mr. Stewart's term of office expiring this year.

Because King Edward is looking sad since his sister, the Dowager Empress's death, correspondents say that it is because he "is suffering from cancer of the tongue and that he cannot live many years." They do not concede natural fraternal feeling to kings.

It is said that it is because Boston never had a Tammany, or a boss to govern it from the other side of the Atlantic, that its tax rate has for a long series of years been much below New York's. Fortunate Bostonians pay only \$17 per \$100, while fortunate New Yorkers pay from \$23 to \$25.

We are glad to learn from Dr. Gray's "Campfire Musings" in the Interior that the report that appeared in the Associated Press that he had retired from the editorship of that paper was incorrect. He announces that he "is still at the old stand, keeping tavern as usual." This will be good news to the readers of the Interior. Dr. Gray is a unique personality and force in religious journalism, and when he retires we shall not soon see his like again.

Dr. Byle, the Bishop of Exeter, England, is evidently a keen admirer of Scott. At a prize distribution he handed a boy a copy of "Marmion." "Have you read it?" inquired the prelate. "Yes," said the boy. "Then," said his lordship, "read it again." This recalls the story of James Russell Lowell. "How are you, Russell?" inquired a visitor in the last days of his fatal illness. "I don't know, and I don't care," was the reply; "I'm reading 'Rob Roy.'"

Ottawa is naturally proud that it has come creditably through the Census ordeal, and now the city is beginning to look forward with interest and enthusiasm to the Royal Visit. The Duke and Duchess are to spend three or four days in the Capital, and it is important the city which is the seat of Government should present a good appearance. Ottawa is a fine city and it has all the vigor of giving life, with its natural and political advantages it should continue to improve through the coming years.

Lord Roseberry's recent speeches on the divisions in the Liberal party and his own relation to that political organization has created a tremendous stir. This is how a North of England Radical journal sums up the impression that was made by it: "Lord Roseberry has during the past week gone out of the list of political planetary lights. Nor do I think that if we have to take account of him hereafter as a comet he will create any appreciable disturbance of the great bodies of the political firmament. He

may be a very large comet. He may be as large, figuratively, as the Great Comet of 1861, the nucleus of which is set down at 400 miles, while the tail was tremendous, the whole travelling at the rate of 10,000,000 miles in twenty-four hours. "On June 30th," said the recorder, "it was suggested that we were in the tail—there being 'a phosphorescent auroral glare.'" Lord Roseberry seems to have become that—a mere gaseous glare.

Speaking at Northfield the other week the Rev. G. Campbell Morgan said:—I am sometimes asked if I believe in faith healing, and I always say absolutely 'No.' I believe in divine healing, which is a very different matter. I do not think there is any healing that is not divine. When I am ill I will get the best medical skill I can, and thank God for it every time, perfectly sure that under certain conditions and at certain points for certain reasons God can heal me without medical skill if He will to do it. What I object to in the nonsense talk of to-day is that God must heal me if I want it, whether He wills or not."

The Census has come, but we cannot say that it has gone, it is likely to be with us for some time the subject of much discussion, of varied enquiries, and even of jokes clever or otherwise. The net result is no doubt disappointing. Most people would have been glad to hear of larger gains in population. In Ontario there is not a large natural increase and as one class of our young men goes out to fill important positions in the United States and another gives heed to the exhortation "Go West, young man" we are bound to show a decrease unless we have great gains from other quarters. Some are disposed to say that it does not matter so much about numbers. We need quality. Well are we cherishing the forces which move for high quality of character.

Canon Westcott head master of Shelburne College giving an address at Llandoverly College paid a touching filial tribute to his father who died three days before. At the close of his speech he said:—I wish to do my duty, as I may, and follow in his steps as and I wish I could have spoken as he would have spoken to you, but in saying this at least I shall be giving you a true and last message from the departed. There is but one thing in life that can bring happiness—it is to follow Christ; there is but one thing in death which can bring peace and comfort—it is to be found in Him. As my father lay dying, speaking with the utmost difficulty, he asked that two prayers might be said. One was the General Thanksgiving, and the other was the "Prayer of Humble Access," from the Holy Communion. It seemed to be very beautiful and inexpressibly sad. After seventy years' of such devotion to God as has fallen to few men, he wished to thank God for His love and mercy that had followed him all his days. After seventy years of service he committed his soul to God in perfect childlike trust. May we in our turn die the death of the righteous, and may our last end be like his." One newspaper notice of the late Bishop

makes the following statement:—"One of staunchest churchmen, Dr. Westcott had won, by his intellectual gifts and moral earnestness, the admiration and respect of those who stand outside the Establishment. He was the most erudite Bishop of his time, as distinguished in Biblical scholarship as Bishop Stubbs in the field of English history. He was famous as the author of many theological works, and was a great advocate of missionary teaching, four of his sons, including the late Robert Basil, taking up work as missionaries in India. But the Bishop showed that a life spent among books does not necessarily unfit the student for duties demanding tact, judgment, and knowledge of human nature."

The same correspondent of the same journal (The Sunderland Daily Echo) had a recent experience of a heavy thunderstorm and this is the way in which he endeavors to do justice to his feelings:—"Spread out the thunder into its single tones," says one of Schiller's dramatic personages, "and it becomes a lullaby for children; pour it forth in one grand peal, and the royal sound shall awaken the heavens." Well, the thunder last night, and especially one "brattle" about midnight, was not spread out into its single tones, and so far from being a lullaby for children it awoke thousands of sound sleepers as though it had been the crack of doom. I cannot recall the equal of that terrible burst of noise. That it left the roof on the house seemed to be a miracle. Well, the storm doubtless did much good, though farmers with cut hay out will not be grateful for the torrential rain. I cannot help thinking, however, that Agricola has in many cases only himself to blame for loss sustained in this way. Hay that should have been got in was left out.

The death is recorded of Mr. James G. Clarke Editor of the Christian World. Mr. Clarke followed his father in the Editorship of this important journal in 1888 and has worked hard until he fell a victim to a malignant disease at the early age of forty-six. He received a university education before devoting himself to literature; as conductor in a paper and partner in a great business he displayed real and varied ability. The Correspondent of the British Weekly says "His ideal of an editor was that of a master-workman who leaves no detail unattended to. Mixing little in society he devoted himself to work and spared no pains to keep his paper abreast of the times. In religious matters he displayed a tolerance that has sometimes been mistaken for weakness. In politics he was not a 'Little Englander' and the live toilers by the Christian World during the present war has been a disappointment to some of the extreme sections of the Liberal party. Yet if ever a man hated war it was James G. Clarke, the most peace-loving man of mankind. But he loved freedom more than peace and recognized that this struggle with Boerdom was a fight for liberty and free institutions against a narrow and selfish oligarchy." There are many other tributes to the man's courage, modesty and Christian courtesy, and we may well say that a vigorous Christian worker has been called to his reward.