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Note and Comment.

Bishop Fowler recently told the colored ministers of a Mississippi Conference to "cut the big words out" of their sermons. There are some white ministers who might profit by this advice.

The Prince of Wales' projected visit to India at the close of the present year, which is now regarded as a certainty, has, it is believed, been arranged in order that he may be present at the great Durbar which is to be held at Calcutta on the 1st of next January to celebrate the Coronation of the King.

There are districts of London so overrun with foreigners that they practically have the place to themselves. The Bishop of London mentioned the other day, at a meeting at Westminster, that in many streets of the East End shopkeepers displayed in their windows the notice—"English spoken here," as if London were a foreign town.

The Coronation Durbar at Delhi promises to be a magnificent affair. Separate camps, extending over seven miles, are being planned for the groups of chiefs and for other visitors. Light railways are being constructed and electric light is being installed. Lord Curzon will visit Delhi on Saturday to personally inspect the plans and sites.

Wm. Hutchison, ex-M.P. for Ottawa, who looked after the Canadian exhibit at the Pan American exhibition, will also be commissioner to the St. Louis Exhibition in 1903. The Canadian exhibit at the St. Louis fair will be one representing the entire Dominion, and not the different Provinces. It is thought that the concentration of the exhibits from the Provinces into one of a Dominion character will be more satisfactory.

The "British Medical Journal" quotes the case of a negro farmer who was shot with a pistol just above the left eyebrow, the bullet glancing round the skull and imbedding itself behind the ear. The blow did not render the recipient even "sick at his stomach." On the contrary, he remarked—"If it had not been for the blood flowing in my eyes I would have fixed him." The bullet was flattened to such an extent as to resemble a tarthing, and the bone was not shattered in the least.

The loss of life caused in Martinique has been so great, and the news from there so engrossing, that comparatively little notice has been taken of the St. Vincent catastrophe. The volcano there (the Soufriere) is now less active. The total loss of life is fixed at 1700, the wounded and burned at 600, and the destitute at 4,000. Adequate relief is being rendered the destitute. The material damage done in St. Vincent is principally to the plantations. Many of the sugar works may be restored. Sugar hogsheds are being dug out of the lava and ash-heaps. The lava stream passed behind Georgetown, which, with Chateau Belair, was uninjured.

Disastrous as previous seasons of drought in New South Wales have been the present one is described as the worst on record. The losses of live stock have not yet been nearly as great as in some seasons; but the land was so hard up to the end of the first week of March that it could not be ploughed or cultivated for wheat. The sowing of the crop in the Colony usually begins at the end of March and is finished by the middle of May, and, even if rain in abundance has fallen since the date named above, the arrears of ploughing must render sowing disadvantageously late. The state of affairs was similar in Victoria when the last mail left the Colony.

The London correspondent of the Belfast Witness writes: We are becoming more and more abandoned to the "Coronation fever." The shops are filled with new goods all labelled "Coronation." There is "Coronation" note paper, "Coronation" crockery, and "Coronation" naperies. From pocket knives to glass tumblers we are all "Coronation." The toy shops are flooded with medals and badges—even the Ludgate Hill shop of the Sunday-school Union has a vast assortment of such goods, selling for "the nimble penny." Enormous platforms and stands are being erected, and some leading establishments, determined not to be behind-hand, have their "illumination" fixed already.

Says the Scottish American Journal: The death in London last week of the American novelist Bret Harie makes the third typical novel writer who has departed within about a year, the other two being our own great Scottish scenery delineator, and Scottish character portrayer, William Black, and the third, Frank Stockton. Each of these stood for a distinct type of fiction, and yet all had pretty much the same class of readers, with whom they were about equally popular. They all had talent, but did not resemble one another in the least, whether regarded from the point of view of method, or temperament, or of style. It is difficult to estimate, or compare, the relative merits of novelists in these days, but the consensus of valuable critical opinion seems to be, that none of the three is entitled to higher than second or even third rank.

Business has been resumed in China apparently with increased activity. The official publication of the Chinese Government "Returns of Trade and Trade Reports for the Year 1901," which has just reached the United States Treasury Bureau of Statistics, shows that railroad construction has been actively resumed in several of the provinces, that practically 1,000 miles of railway are now completed and in operation, and that several hundred miles will be added during the present year, while the record of the foreign commerce presented by the report shows that the imports into China in the year 1901 were larger than those of any preceding year. The total value of the imports is given as 268,302,913 haikwan taels, or \$192,978,160, against 264 million taels in 1899, 202 million in 1897, 171 million in 1895, and 162 million in 1894. The exports are valued at 169,656,735 haikwan taels

(\$122,153,000), and exceed those of any prior year except 1899.

Mr. E. L. Godkin, founder of the New York Nation and for many years editor of the Evening Post, died in England last week, whither he had gone for his health. He was in his seventy-first year. He was a unique character in journalism. He was the typical mugwump. He was vitriolic in his attacks on men and measures that he disliked. He was a pronounced free trader but he scored the Democracy mercilessly—nearly as severely as he scored Republicans for their various alleged faults. He was impassive under attacks, seldom replying to them except to prosecute more fiercely the matter in hand. He hated David B. Hill, whom he called a political gamester without conscience, and admired Grover Cleveland, whom he regarded as a statesman of the first quality. He was an intense and vigorous worker, but much of the powerful influence which he might have exerted on public policies was discounted by his extravagant and uncompromising methods of attack.

Many stories are told about the King. One given in the "People's Friend" may not be so well known as some. It is to the effect that his Majesty, while staying as a guest at a certain country mansion, visited the village school unexpectedly, and began to ask the children a few questions. "Now, my young friends," said King Edward cheerfully, "I dare say some of you can tell me the names of a few of our greatest Kings and Queens, eh?" With one accord they cried out, "King Alfred and Queen Victoria, sir." Just then a tiny slip of a boy, to whom the schoolmaster had whispered something, stood up and raised his hand. "Do you know another, my boy?" asked the King. "Yes, your Majesty—King Edward VII." His Majesty laughed, and again asked—"What great act has King Edward VII. done, pray?" The boy lowered his head, and stammered out—"I don't know, your Majesty!" "Don't be distressed, my lad," said our gracious King, smiling; "I don't know either."

Greyfriars' Churchyard in Edinburgh is interesting historically, being the resting-place of the most notable men of Edinburgh. There lies also the flat tombstone on which the Covenanters signed with their blood instead of ink, "This will we do in the sight of God." There also stands the Martyrs' Monument, on which is given a full description of events. Under a rose-tree the keeper showed us the resting-place of "Bobby," a dog who was faithful unto death. He followed the remains of his master to the grave, and no coaxing or threat could make him leave the spot. He only left it to trot to the High street, where a kind-hearted shopwoman gave him food. He never stayed long but ran back to his master's grave. In the winter he lay under a flat tombstone for shelter, and he was found dead on the grave one morning, after having waited patiently for fourteen long years. The Baroness Burdett Coutts, in 1872, erected a drinking fountain, with the figure of Bobby on its pedestal, a tribute to the fidelity of Greyfriars' Bobby.