

SPECIAL ARTICLES	Our Contributors	BOOK REVIEWS
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BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

By Dr. M. C. Peters.

All these things are against me.—Genesis xlii, 36.

When Paul looked out over the world he saw what many since have seen: "Truth forever on the scaffold, wrong forever on the throne"; but with faith that looked beyond the clouds he discovered "God within the shadow, keeping watch above His own," and seizing his pen he wrote: "All things work together for good to them that love God." Jacob said way back yonder: "All these things are against me." And it seemed so—everything was dark. But for the black night of Egyptian slavery the sons of Jacob would have become twelve distinct Arab tribes, or would have been absorbed by the Canaanites, among whom they lived. The learning of Egypt fitted the prophets and priests for their work—the sorrows of the brick kilns of Egypt graduated the chosen people. The captivity cured Judah forever of idolatry.

Five millions died in the Crusades, but they aroused Europe from the intellectual thralldom of the ages and held back Mohammedanism until Europe was strong enough to meet it at Lepanto. When Constantinople fell, in 1453, it looked as though Mohammedanism were to become universal. The scholars of Europe were scattered everywhere, everything seemed against them, but in their wanderings they met the printing press and thus started the great intellectual awakening that culminated in the revolutions of the sixteenth century, which not only liberalized man, changed religious beliefs, but the forms of government.

It is not a very unusual thing for men and women to feel that everything is against them. Here is a wife, or possibly a husband, who trusted to each their whole destiny. Life together was to be a paradise. The clearest skies were to bend over it. But somehow, now that they are off guard, they have found traits in each other unsuspected. The husband gives himself so closely to business that he has no time to devote to his family, and the wife, finding time hanging heavily on her hands, finds herself seeking pleasure elsewhere than at home.

There is a coldness where the fire should burn, neglect where love should glow, a sneer where there should be a smile, and short answers where there should be loving kindness. The wife sits solitary at home and joy is turned out of doors.

Or, maybe, the wife has failed to carry the love of the wooing days over into the wedded life, or her heart is set upon show. As for intelligent sympathy in his plans and struggles, poor man, he looks to her in vain.

Oh, what a hopeless drag upon manly ambition is the self-indulgent woman! In life's great conflict, when anguish wrings the brow, she will be too much occupied with her own hysterics to counsel him. The paradise in this home has faded into a very common country. Clouds are in the sky. Blight falls upon the flowers. Incompatible in spirit and irreconcilable in temper, and yet you may, if you will, turn all these things into your favor.

Longfellow tells in one of his poems of passing through the garden and seeing on the ground a fallen, ruined bird's

nest. But looking up into the branches he saw the uncomplaining birds busy building a new nest. Perhaps your nest has fallen out of the branches—it seems that you can never realize the dreams of happiness which filled your heart when you went to the marriage altar. But happiness is yet within your reach. Like the poet's birds, while your first nest lies ruined on the ground, you can build a new one, and there in the branches make blessed joy for yourselves.

Or, perhaps the sweetest child—the one that hung around you with the greatest fondness, perhaps the only one you had—has been taken out of your house. You can never look up to God without thinking of the lost child, nor down at yourself without thinking of it. You have not lost that child—the invisible children are the real children—it is when they have gone out of our arms and are living to us only by the power of the imagination that they are most to us—they touch our hearts as no hand of flesh could ever touch them.

This truth that the children whom God has taken away from us are our permanent possessions is thus happily phrased by Tennyson:

"God gives us love; something to love
He lends us; but when love is grown
To ripeness, that on which it thrives
Falls off and love is left alone."

The deepest happiness is not that which has never suffered, but that which has passed through the experience of sorrow and has been comforted. A German Baron made a great seolian harp by stretching wires from tower to tower of his castle. When the harp was ready he listened for the music. But it was in the calm of Summer, and in the still air the wires hung silent. Autumn came with its gentle breezes and there were faint whispers of song. At length the Winter winds swept over the castle, and now the harp answered in majestic music. Such a harp is the human heart. It yields its noblest music in the winter of trial.

The more the diamond is cut the brighter it sparkles, and in what seems hard dealing with us God has no other object in view but to perfect His people's graces.

"God has marked each sorrowing day
And numbered every secret tear:
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here."

That Queen's students are still very largely Presbyterian, is shown by the following figures compiled from the last session's registration. All the other students combined, however, outnumber the Presbyterians by 617 to 522. The figures are as follows: Presbyterians, 522; Methodists, 254; Anglicans, 151; Roman Catholics, 111; Baptists, 26; Congregationalists, 17.

The leading article in The Living Age for December 7, "The Cant of Unconventionality," by Lady Robert Cecil, is a scathing review of certain recent fiction.

One who seeks to classify and count God's goodnesses will be sure to miss many of the items. No bookkeeping records all his grace.

LABOR WANTS PROHIBITION.

Rev. Dr. Shearer has returned from the west, where he attended the annual meetings of the Saskatchewan and Manitoba Synods, at Moosejaw and Winnipeg respectively.

At both enthusiastic interest was taken in the moral reform work, and in the temperance question particularly. Prohibition as the ultimate goal was favored by both synods, but recognizing the fact that this was not immediately possible in the western provinces they were prepared to enter upon an aggressive campaign: (1) For the municipal veto or local option; (2) for the abolition of public bars and the treating system, limiting the sale to shops, but not for consumption upon the premises; and (3) for the placing of the residual sale into the hands, either of a public commission, or of some governmental department, thereby removing the element of private gain.

He also attended inter-denominational conferences at Regina and Winnipeg, which pronounced unanimously for the municipal veto, as well as the abolition of the bar and the treating system. But no decision was reached on the question of placing the residue of the traffic in the hands of the public in some form. A new feature consisted in the attitude of the trades and labor council of Regina and of the labor representatives at Winnipeg, who in an obdurate supported the three propositions mentioned.

About 100 delegates attended the annual meeting of the Guelph Presbyterian W. F. M. S., held in Berlin last week. Mrs. J. R. Cavers, of Galt, presided. The total receipts from the various auxiliaries reported, amounted to \$2,431.51, with \$415 from the Mission Bands. The other reports were very gratifying, indicating excellent work on the part of every one concerned. A feature of the meeting was an inspiring address given by Rev. A. J. Martin, of Brantford, on "Fellowship," which he maintained was the fundamental principle of foreign mission work. When the true relation between mankind in civilized and heathen countries is realized by the former greater progress will be made in the spreading of the Gospel among the heathen. The pastor, Rev. W. A. Bradley, presided in an acceptable manner at the evening session. Rev. W. D. Lee, of Waterloo, conveyed the greetings from the Presbytery to the delegates in a splendid address, referring in congratulatory terms to the excellent work accomplished by the W. F. M. S., which was not only appreciated by the Presbytery, but by the entire Presbyterian Church in Canada. The chairman responded in suitable terms. The following are the officers for the ensuing year: president, Miss Smellie, Fergus; 1st vice-president, Mrs. D. D. Christie, Guelph; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. W. A. Bradley, Berlin; 3rd vice-president, Mrs. Goodwin, Galt; 4th vice-president, Mrs. Loch, Guelph; supply secretary, Mrs. J. I. Hobson; cor. and sec. sec., Miss McLellan, Guelph; treasurer, Miss Cant, Galt; leaflet secretary, Miss M. Kay, Galt.

Few men who are good at worrying are good at praying. Worry and trust never fall in love with each other. They have nothing in common. They are not found in each other's company; for how can two walk together except they be agreed?