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JULY 18, 1906.

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The Singing in God's Acre.

Out yonder in the moonlight, wherein
God's Acre lies,
Go angels walking to and fro, singing
their lullabies;
Their radiant wings are folded and their
eyes are bended low,
As they sing among the beds whereon
the flowers delight to grow:

"Sleep, oh, sleep!
The Shepherd guardeth His sheep!
Fast speedeth the night away.
Soon cometh the glorious day;
Sleep, weary ones while ye may—
Sleep, oh, sleep!"

The flowers within God's Acre see that
fair and wondrous sight,
And hear the angels singing to the sleep-
ers through the night;
And, lo! throughout the hours of day
those gentle flowers prolong
The music of the angels in that tender
slumber song:

"Sleep, oh, sleep!
The Shepherd loveth His sheep!
He that guardeth His flock the best,
Hath folded them to His loving breast;
So, sleep ye now and take your rest—
Sleep, oh, sleep!"

From angel and from flower the years
have learned that soothing song,
And with its heavenly music speed the
days and nights along;
So, through all time, whose flight the
Shepherd's vigils glorify,
God's Acre slumbereth in the grace of
that Sweet lullaby:

Sleep, oh, sleep!
The Shepherd loveth His sheep!
Fast speedeth the night away.
Soon cometh the glorious day;
Sleep, weary ones while ye may—
Sleep, oh, sleep!"

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BIRTHS.

On Monday, June 18, 1906, to Rev. and Mrs. Henry J. Keith, at Landour, India, a daughter.

At Ottawa, on Friday, June 22, to Major and Mrs. A. Clyde Caldwell, a son.

At Stratford, Ont., on June 27, 1906, to Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Robertson, a son.

At 183 Metcalfe street, Ottawa, on Tuesday morning, July 10, to Dr. and Mrs. R. S. Minnes, a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Hamilton, on Saturday, July 7, 1906, by the Rev. S. Lytle, D.D., Jean Lundie, daughter of the late Rev. Wm. Troup, to Itham Morton DeWitt, of Montreal. No cards.

On July 3, 1906, at Old St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, by the Rev. Alfred Gandier, Jennie Ryan, second daughter of Mr. Hugh Scott, Toronto, formerly of Catalonia, to Charles Leslie Owens, Toronto.

On July 2, 1906, at the Manse, Campbellford, Ont., by the Rev. A. C. Reeves, George Seriver, of Hastings, Ont., to Addie, daughter of Thomas Landon, of Asphodel Township, Ont.

On June 27, 1906, at the residence of the bride's parents, 374 Bathurst street, Toronto, by the Rev. Dr. Gilray, of College Street Church, Georgina Gibson (Jessie) daughter of John G. Findlay, to Alfred Warren Trickey, of Calgary, Alta.

At Erskine Church, Toronto, on Thursday, July 5th, 1906, by the Rev. James Murray, B.D., assisted by the Rev. Alex. MacGillivray, Rose Anna, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Lucas, Toronto, to the Rev. James W. McIntosh, M.A., of Knox Church, Mitchell, Ont.

On July 10th, at the home of the bride's parents, South Orange, N. J., by the Rev. S. J. White, of the First Presbyterian Church, Orange, N. J., Margaret MacFarlie to T. M. Wright, of Hamilton.

On July 11, 1906, at the residence of the bride's parents, Lower Ormstown, by the Rev. D. W. Morrison, D.D., William Kilgour to Florence Christina, daughter of Mr. Donald Finlayson.

On July 9, 1906, by the Rev. A. S. Ross, at his residence, Westboro, Ont., Janet Hepburn, of Morewood, Ont., to the Rev. Peter Matheson, of Richmond, Ont.

On July 10, 1906, at the residence of the bride's parents, 504 Cooper street, Ottawa, by the Rev. W. D. Armstrong, D.D., Charles Robertson to Edith A., second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Courtney, both of Ottawa.

On Wednesday, July 4, 1906, at the Presbyterian Church, Matawacahn, Ont., by the Rev. Hugh McLean, Alexander McNeve, of McNab, Ont., to Christina McPherson, daughter of Mr. Alex. G. McPherson, of Matawacahn, Ont.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Main street, Aetion, on Wednesday, July 4, by Rev. J. C. Wilson, B.A., William H. Smith to Margaret, daughter of William Lynn, Esq., all of Aetion.

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NOTE AND COMMENT.

Missionaries have translated the Bible into no less than 101 languages; the New Testament into 127, and parts of the Bible into 254 languages.

The British authorities in Egypt had to assert themselves firmly of late in face of a conspiracy of Turks and Mohammedan Egyptians.

The Presbyterian Church in India is represented by a General Assembly, six Synods, twenty Presbyteries, 20,000 members. Preaching is done in more than ten different languages.

Captain Bernier is going North to the Arctic regions again, in the Arctic steamer. Due care will doubtless be taken that the expedition shall be wisely conducted.

Mr. George A. Chase, English master at the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute, Toronto, was recently presented with an address and a fund of several hundred dollars, to found an annual prize in his name.

The congregation of St. David's church, Dundee, will apply to the General Assembly for permission to sell the building for £3,650. There are twelve United Free churches within five minutes' walk of it.

Sir Wilfrid Lawson died a few days ago full of years, and with a life of useful labor behind him. He was in Parliament some twenty-five years and his great concern was to promote the sobriety of the people.

Professor J. G. McKendrick, who is retiring from the Chair of Physiology in Glasgow University, delivered his valedictory address to his students on the 26th ult. His address was devoted to a review of the progress of the science of physiology during the last thirty years.

The Egypt General Mission of the Irish Presbyterian church, which was started ten years ago by seven young Baptist emigrants, now numbers 40 workers, who control 9 schools, 5 book depositories and 2 medical stations, and return an income of \$14,345.

St. Catharines Star-Journal:—Of Canada it must be as true as it was of Israel, that the Law is its life. The future of this country—if it is to be a vital future—must rest in the hands of those who know the Scriptures, and whose joy it is to fulfil their teachings.

Abyssinia has at last been opened to missionary effort. A converted Galla, returning home, entered the Capital, and was introduced to King Menelek by the Coptic Archbishop. The king received him kindly. The Swedish missionaries are preparing a Christian literature for the Gallas.

The annual reports of the United Free Church of Scotland show an increase of 1,500 members, making the whole number 504,801. The membership of the four Highland Synods, where the "Wee Frees" are in their greatest strength, has fallen off 216. The total income of the various funds has diminished to \$4,800,735 against \$5,130,625 previously reported. The Emergency Fund having received contributions of \$218,320, is now \$749,275. The committee of the Sustentation Fund have been able to pay the full usual dividend to ministers.

Next year is the centenary of Protestant missions in China. Robert Morrison arrived in China in 1807, and in 1842 five treaty ports were opened, and in 1876 privilege was granted foreigners to travel in China. Wonderful progress and the day of Christianity's triumph is at hand.

Geographers of the principal nations are now engaged in preparing a great world map on a scale of 1 to 1,000,000. It will consist of 437 sheets. One mile will be represented by about one-sixteenth of an inch. Many districts have been mapped on a much larger scale, but to prepare maps of the entire world on this scale is a gigantic undertaking.

This year's Handel Festival—the fiftheth of a triennial series—was opened on the 26th ult. in the Crystal Palace, Swedenham, England, by a performance of the "Messiah." While Dr. Cowen conducted, among the soloists were Madame Albani and Mr. Santley. It was calculated that the chorus numbered 4,000, and the audience 25,000 persons.

The "Parochial School a curse to the Church and a menace to the Nation" is the title of a book published by a Chicago priest. It is making some stir and the author is giving a course of lectures in a hall in Chicago. It is said that he is attracting immense audiences. He claims to belong still to the Roman Catholic church, and to be laboring for a reform of the church from within.

Thomas Carlyle, not long before his death, was in conversation with the late Dr. John Brown, and expressed himself to the following effect: "I am now an old man, and done with the world, looking around me, before and behind, and weighing all as wisely as I can, it seems to me there is nothing solid to rest on but the faith which I learned in my old home and from mother's lips."

The Waldensian Church of Italy has now fifty-one pastors of churches, scattered from Venice to Palermo, with an equal number of teachers and helpers, making a total working force of 135 laborers. The membership of their church's has reached 6,797 and their Sabbath schools are flourishing. These churches suffered great losses by emigration to America.

The Canadian Pacific railway has in hand the greatest irrigation scheme in the world. By the end of the next three years 1,500,000 acres of land in the vicinity of Calgary, Alberta, hitherto arid, will be divided into 20,000 farms, watered from Bow River. This irrigation plan, when completed, will be sixty per cent. larger than the next largest on the American Continent, which is in the Pecos Valley, Arizona.

At the General Conference of the Southern Methodist Church held at Birmingham, Ala., a new creed for the statement of beliefs common to all Methodist bodies was proposed. The proposition was approved to invite all Methodists throughout the world to join in a statement of the ecumenical faith of Methodism. The argument for restatement was that the "twenty-five articles of religion" and John Wesley's "Notes on the New Testament" and "Fifty-two Sermons," which constitute the present doctrinal standards of the American churches, are ill-balanced because they were written largely as polemics against the Roman Church, and are too complicated and diffuse for the understanding of laymen uneducated in theology.

Lord Kelvin entered his 83rd year on the 26th ult. It is almost impossible to realize the progress that practical science has made during the great scientist's lifetime. Lord Kelvin entered Glasgow University where his father was Professor of Mathematics in 1834 and when he was only seventeen he wrote a paper in defence of Fourier's formulae and Larmoric analysis. Since that time he has seen the telegraph, the telephone, the electric light, and all the modern wonders, become part of the ordinary life of man.

The newspapers have faithfully reported the doings of the Gaiikwar of Baroda who is visiting this country accompanied—strange, but true—by the Maharani in her handsome native dress. That the Gaiikwar's wife has come with him is accounted for by the very liberalized position which he has long assumed towards social and economic questions. After his return from the coronation of King Edward, the Gaiikwar took off his wife's veil and, in spite of a fire of criticism from the people, she has not worn it since and a few high-placed Baroda ladies have ventured to follow her example. When the unchanging customs of India change before our eyes, Christian missionaries need not apologize or falter before any gates of brass.

"The wickeder the Sabbath, the wickeder the nation, and one of the things which is helping to make ours a wicked nation is the Sunday game nuisance." This quotation is from an American religious journal and of course applies first of all to our American neighbors. But it will also apply in no small measure to Canada. It would be a good thing if our people could take sober second-thought over the truthfulness of our quotation. It cannot be denied that wherever the Sabbath is most carefully observed we have the fewest commissions of crime. Sabbath-breaking by old or young is a potent promoter of law-breaking in many forms—the foster parent of many forms of immorality. The Christian people of Canada will make no mistake in safeguarding the Christian Sabbath.

Writing in the "Catholic Mirror," Father Cassilly, the well known Jesuit, declares that "one great source of leakage" in the Roman Catholic Church in this country is the willingness of so many young people to share in the higher education of their Protestant fellow-countrymen. No less than 2,000 of them, he says, are at present studying in State universities—the California, Michigan and Minnesota Universities have as many as 250 each. Father Cassilly recommends, as the best method of counteracting the drift, that there be established near the university grounds Roman Catholic chapels with resident priests. But Roman Catholic chapels with resident priests, says "Christian Work," will, we imagine, prove as inadequate and unsatisfactory substitutes for the scholarship and thorough instruction of our colleges and universities as the parochial schools have shown themselves powerless competitors for the instruction of Catholic youth; and the instruction is by no means the only advantage that our secular schools and colleges offer: the American Catholic prefers that his children should grow up with the advantages of social intercourse with Protestants. The advantages of this intercourse are many and great, and the Catholic parent is swift to perceive them, even if the authorities of the Roman Catholic Church in this country are not.

SPECIAL
ARTICLES

Our Contributors

BOOK
REVIEWS

HOW A GREAT PROPHET FELL.

"So he went back with him, and did eat bread in his house and drank water."
—1 Kings xiii. 19.

This text cannot be understood without its context. There are texts so woven into the context that it is the latter that claims our first consideration. Nor is this without its advantages; for in this way we are brought into a closer and larger contact with Scripture, which is so good for us. The old plan of taking a text, and isolating it from its surroundings to make it a headline for a mere doctrinal discussion, has, happily, passed away; and it is good for all of us that it is the expository treatment of the passage of which the text forms a part, that is so much in vogue to-day; and it is universally agreed that it is this kind of preaching that is so helpful, midst the burdens and trials and weariness of our time.

The context here is so sad and depressing. The reign of Solomon, that had such a bright morning and splendid noonday, had a dark afternoon and troubled sunset. Almost from the first the seeds of decay had got into his heart and the heart of his kingdom. Solomon had too many friends, and too many worldly connections; and he was too ready to enter into alliances with heathenism. Like too many people to-day who form sinful connections, he thought himself strong enough to resist them at any point when he wished to do so; but he found in the long run the world of sensuality and idolatry too strong for him. He ruined himself and lost his kingdom for his heirs through his mixed marriages! Though the evil and ruin did not come in his day, his son Rehoboam had hardly been seated on the historic throne of David till the flood of revolution burst upon him. Rehoboam was such a foolish king, but how could he be otherwise, brought up in such a Court as that of his father? Its atmosphere was so unwholesome for young life—its gossip, intrigues, and immoralities had ruined him before the reins of power and authority had come into his hands. It is such a pity of so many young people. They have wealth, position, and everything that money can buy, but they have nothing to do, and they go from one theatre to another, one race to another, one ball to another, one vice to another; and they are ruined before they are out of their teens, though it may take years to bring out all the weakness and folly and corruption in their hearts. They never have a chance, though all the while there is a God of infinite pity and love about them. Rehoboam is such a standing type of these fast young men. He is so weak, and there is really no greater crime than weakness, though in its shuffling walk it is all smiles and amiability. Clearly the people knew the kind of man they had to deal with in Rehoboam. In obscurity he can hide ourselves, but Royalty must reveal itself; and in his swaggering absolutism Rehoboam gives a terrible revelation of his inborn weakness.

It is remarkable how well prepared the people were for this great national crisis. They had in Jeroboam a capital leader. He was a self-made man; and he came out of that army of workmen who wrought under the eye of Solomon, who recognized his great capabilities and rewarded them. He was a man to make his way and mark wherever he went, and his success and position in Egypt, though only an exile there, are a striking proof of his tact and ability. He had the genius of leadership and statesmanship. From the very first he was the master of the situation at Shechem, and he had no difficulty in guiding the revolt to a successful issue. On its political side it was thorough and complete, and it had Divine sanction, and God, by the mouth of His prophet Shemaiah, would not allow

Rehoboam to disturb the division of the kingdom that had taken place. As a statesman, there were no difficulties for Jeroboam; but as the self-constituted ecclesiastical head of the new kingdom, they were everywhere. His difficulty was a religious one—a difficulty that is always with us. Today it divides us as deeply as ever it did, and it is as pressing and threatening at the present time as it has ever been in the past. So few know how to manage it wisely. Jeroboam was not one of the few. He took the bull by the horns, and was badly thrown. It is clear that the priests of the temple and the whole tribe of Levi would not serve him. They must have migrated into the land of Judah. His quick eye saw that if his people continued to go up to the feasts at Jerusalem, they would soon return to their old allegiance; and so under the disguise of kind consideration for his people, he erected two calves of gold—one at Dan, and the other at Bethel, two historic shrines—the one for the Northern and the other for the Southern portions of his kingdom. No doubt his residence in Egypt had led him to do so, just as his experience there had led Aaron to make his molten calf in the wilderness; but neither Aaron nor Jeroboam could stop in their wicked course, where they meant to do so, and Jeroboam went on to change the date of the God-appointed feast of Tabernacles, and to make priests of the lowest of the people.

The new worship at Bethel was inaugurated as a great State function. Jeroboam was there in his royal robes as the high priest of the service. His purpose was not to found idolatry or polytheism, but to use his golden calves as symbols in the worship of the God of Israel. Is he not the father of all those who use crucifixes, images, and statues, and paintings as aids in their devotions of the living God? He had so arranged the scene and services that he had expected there would be no trouble from any quarter. But it is the unexpected that happens. Suddenly there came through that great swaying crowd a man of God from Judah, and with his life in his hand he berated the king as he stood by the altar, and he denounced the altar, and the judgment of God fell upon it and the king. Everyone held their breath in fear of what next would happen, but the king was spared, and the withered man was restored and "became as it was before;" but Jeroboam remains pilloried for all time as the son of Nebat, that made Israel to sin with consequences that extended far beyond the frontiers of time. The king, who was a born intriguer, thought to inveigle the prophet into his house, but it was to no purpose. The man of God had his instructions, and he would obey them, and so he is off for his country again.

The surprises of the day are not over. A new actor appears on the scene. There dwelt an old prophet in Bethel, who evidently was lying low and quiet in these degenerated times. He had not gone to the great State-religious function—he knew better than that. He had not forgotten all he had learned in the school of the prophets, and he had not gone with the new movement of Jeroboam, and so he remained at home. But when he heard of the daring act of the man of God from Judah, he was deeply stirred, and his own courage was renewed. He was clearly very emotional, and so he started off in search of the prophet from Judah, and found him. By fair or foul means he was determined to bring him back with him, and by his lying he succeeded. It is easy for us to say that the man of God should not have gone back; for his original commission was so clear and definite that no subsequent events should have disturbed it. But the period of reaction in the man of God had set in when the old prophet

came up to him, and he was weak physically and spiritually, and what he denied so sternly to royalty he yields to kindness and brotherly feeling. Is it not here as it is so often in life today—it is over-wishers and friends that ruin us. They kill us by kindness. The true prophet became the victim of the false prophet. It is the old story, that is a new one every day of the year, the innocent suffering for the guilty! But God's hand is in it all. Oh for a wider and more tragic scene—"He hath made Him to be sin for us, Who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God to Him." II.

DISCIPLINE.

The question of discipline is one of the pronounced problems of this century. The discipline of children has almost disappeared, the true discipline of education and training is steadily diminishing, the discipline of the armies in English-speaking countries is irreparably weakened the discipline of character is going with the rest. Boys must not be punished at home or in the school because it hurts the natural and proper sensibilities of their mothers and the unnatural and feminized sensibilities of their fathers; girls must not be taught obedience and respect and self-discipline because they will some day be women and must be treated, forsooth, as though they were already grown up. Coupled with the evils of co-education, the mistaken principle of equality under which immature girls are allowed the same freedom as young men, the influence of bad books, sensational newspapers and silly magazines, the weakening of home ties and religious influence, the daily and visible lessening of respect for parental command, or advice, or even suggestions the result of these modern ideas is apparent everywhere—in the street, in private life, at school and college, in office work or a factory labor.

Look at the hundred or so of young women and a couple of hundred young men running loose in an American College of respectable repute, the other day, and defying their masters and all concerned because a girl and a young man had been expelled for playing poker in the former's room at midnight. Look at the press laughing at or sustaining these young people in their senseless folly and the girl's father actually coming to the College in angry protest at the conduct of the authorities instead of at the action of the girl! Such incidents are many nowadays and they indicate an absolute weakening of the moral fibre in the community. Men shirk severe work wherever possible and aim at the most money for the least labor; women shirk their home duties and their domestic responsibilities and aim chiefly at pleasure. Religion is neglected unless it provides a popular preacher, free pews, a pleasant companion and choice music. The net result is a steady increase of inefficiency, in-subordination, idleness and morality.—Canadian Graphic.

LITERARY NOTES.

Current Literature (New York) for July is specially good. The chief place is given to a discussion of both sides of the Meat-Packers' Case which is extremely interesting summing up as it does all that has been said and written during the last few weeks on this all-important topic. The death of Ibsen has been the occasion of many articles, and the one in this number on The Commanding Influence of Ibsen will be most welcome. Two very good portraits of the fine-looking old man are given. There are several attractive literary subjects discussed, among others: The Paradoxical Optimism of Stevenson; The Magic of Walter Pater's Style; and The "Feminine Soul" in Whitman.

THE NEW LORD'S DAY ACT, ITS SCOPE AND VALUE.

In response to many requests I gladly furnish to the press a statement indicating in popular terms the scope and value, from the view point of the Lord's Day Alliance, of the first Canadian Lord's Day Act.

Already very different estimates have appeared in the public press. Some have said the Act is dead, others that it is useless, on the one hand; and on the other, there are those who consider it the best Lord's Day Act on the Statute Books of any country; others that it is in many particulars over-stringent. The truth lies between the two extremes. We have not secured all we sought. The Act has been weakened in certain particulars, but on the whole it is a good Act. It is an immense gain over what we had before. It covers the points that were left uncovered in our old Provincial Acts which still remain in force. It is much more sweeping than perhaps many people recognize.

In the first place, it is an immense advantage that we have a Lord's Day Act for the whole Dominion which recognizes the Lord's Day as a National Institution; the toiler's day of rest and "city" of the church's day of glorious opportunity. This in itself is a gain worth all the effort.

In the second place, the new Act makes all Sunday trading unlawful, and all work for remuneration excepting works that are declared to be works of necessity and mercy. It prohibits all Sunday theatres and public games, sports and amusements for gain, or prize or reward. It banishes the Sunday newspaper, home produced or foreign, making unlawful its publication or importation, its sale or distribution. These are among the worst forms of desecration of the Lord's Day in other countries, and to some extent they have been finding a foothold in Canada. The new Act will prevent their continuance or development. This again is worth all the effort.

But in the third place, the Act applies to companies and corporations, putting them under heavy penalties for "authorizing, directing and permitting" any work, other than works of necessity or mercy, to be done in connection with their business or industry. The old Provincial Acts made the poor workman liable to their penalties, but did not apply to corporations or employers. In the new Act there is a graduated penalty, from one to forty dollars for a workman who is guilty of a violation, from twenty to one hundred dollars for a person who is an employer, and from fifty to five hundred dollars for a corporate employer. This graduated penalty will be recognized as just, and contributes much to make the Act effective.

In the fourth place, the new Act applies to all classes of persons impartially. Many of the old Provincial Acts did not apply to farmers or barbers, or to professional men. The new Act applies to all, permitting in any walk of life only things that are specifically accepted as being deemed works of necessity or mercy. A very persistent effort was made before the Select Committee of the House of Commons, before the House itself, and before the Senate, to have the Jews and others who observe some other day of the week as a rest day exempted from the provisions of the Act, but in both Houses this proposed exemption was voted down by very large majorities. It was felt that no special privileges should be given to any class, and that such an exemption would make evasion of the law easy, would give an unfair advantage to the exempted class in certain trades such as baking and newspaper publication, and while giving some financial relief to Jewish employees, would, on the other hand, put upon a much larger number of Christian employees in Jewish-owned factories which under the exemption would be closed on Saturday, an equally serious financial disability, and our legislators felt that in a Christian land this would be unjustifiable.

In the fifth place, the new law applies to the great co-operation companies. No former Act did apply; they were free to carry on all forms of transportation and of construction and repair work. Under the new law they are not free to carry excursions. They are not free to make up and start out freight trains. They are not free to load and unload except in certain circumstances. They are not free to do construction work of any kind, nor general repairs, but only such work as cannot be done on other days, and is essential to the safety of the public. They are not free to work their office staffs, which has on some roads been comparatively common. All this is gain over present conditions.

SEVERELY—ANOTHER new feature of the law is Clause 4, which makes it unlawful for anyone to "require any employee in telegraphic, telephonic, or transportation lines, or in connection with industrial processes, to do the usual work of his ordinary calling on the Lord's Day unless he is allowed during the next six days twenty-four consecutive hours without labor. This will make it possible for employees to get deliverance from seven-days-in-the-week work, and all will admit that to have men working ten or even twelve hours in the day, seven days in the week, is a disgrace to a Christian country, and yet these are the hours of labor in several industrial institutions in Eastern Canada.

On the other hand, Parliament introduced into the law in the closing days of the session certain features of which we cannot speak so highly. One of these is the insertion in Clause 2, 3 and 6 these words, "except as provided in force." The avowed object of the insertion of this section was to protect the Province in whatever powers they possessed to legislate upon this question, a not unworthy end in itself, but the result may be a great deal of expensive litigation, and many legal authorities hold that if the Provinces have the power these words were needless, and if they have not the power no action on the part of the Dominion can bestow it. It is probable that in the not distant future if any of the Provinces seek to legislate upon the subject appeal will have to be taken to the Imperial Privy Council to settle more clearly and definitely the question of the respective powers of the Dominion and the Provinces.

The most objectionable amendment of all was put in by the Senate, making prosecution dependent upon the permission of the Attorney-General of the Province. This was probably intended to make vexatious prosecution with malicious intent impossible. But whatever the object, it is impossible for anyone to justify making it necessary to obtain the consent of the Attorney-General before it is possible to take action to close a corner shop that is doing Sunday trading, or to put a stop to a company of Italian navvies doing construction work in the building of a new railway. It is simply ridiculous and unreasonable in the last degree. However, we do not share with some the opinion that the Attorney-General will be unwilling to give their consent. Some critics in Parliament said this meant that the Act would be a dead letter. We have a higher opinion of the Attorney-Generals in the various provinces, and anticipate that since this duty is put upon them they will accept the responsibility and provide the most convenient machinery for the carrying out of the object of the law.

There are other trifling weaknesses, such as the permission given to manufacture maple sugar in the grove on the Lord's Day, but these are ridiculous rather than seriously harmful. Such permission could only apply to one or two Sundays in the year, and would only be taken advantage of in limited districts.

An impression has been given that the effect of the new Act is to legalize games of ball, etc., and fishing and hunting, inasmuch as it only prohibits games for gain, prize or reward, and shooting at a target. This, however, is a great mistake. The old Provincial laws remain in force, and in Ontario and the Mar-

time Provinces at least all noisy games and fishing, hunting and shooting, etc., are absolutely prohibited in terms of these laws, and in the Prairie Provinces and on the mainland of British Columbia hunting and shooting at game is prohibited in terms of the Game and other Laws. It is therefore only in Quebec and certain parts of the West, where the prohibition of shooting is limited to target practice, and of games, to those for gain, prize or reward.

All considered, therefore, the new Act is an immense gain, and will accomplish much good. Its very existence will have a powerful deterrent effect, and it can be improved as the need is demonstrated. This is doubtless not the last time we shall be applying for legislation at Ottawa. We shall not ask needlessly nor for anything unreasonable, and the success attending the recent effort shows that anything in reason can be obtained where public opinion demands.

I desire for myself and for my colleague, Mr. R. U. McPherson, LL.B., and for all the members of the L. D. A., to express our grateful appreciation of the personal kindness shown and the practical aid given us by our public men in general at Ottawa. This applies with few exceptions to the Members of Parliament, and to many members of the Senate on both sides of politics, and it applies especially to the members of the government, with whom naturally and necessarily we had much more to do than with leaders of the Opposition. It is highly probable that such a law could not have been passed had it not been other than a government measure, and it is doubtful if the government would or could have successfully carried it through Parliament under any but a French-Canadian Premier, and that therefore those who appreciate the Lord's Day Act, and the country in general, are put under a lasting debt of gratitude to Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

REV. J. GRIFFITHS OF HONAN.

Rev. John Griffiths, who has spent the past nine years in the province of Honan, China, as a missionary of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, is now home on furlough, and preached to the congregation of Knox Church, Galt, on some of his experiences in China. His address was full of information and instruction, and left in the minds of his hearers a clearer idea of conditions there.

Mr. Griffiths said he wished to correct a number of wrong ideas which were widely entertained concerning the Chinese. The first was that they were stupid and incapable of acquiring an education. It was true that about ninety per cent. of them were illiterate, but it was because of the lack of opportunities to be otherwise. The second was that they almost universally lived on rice. That was true of the southern part of the country, but in the north there were hundreds of thousands who had never seen rice. These lived on millet and other cheap coarse grains.

The speaker said that in the Province of Honan, in which he is working, the population would average from one hundred to two hundred per hundred acres, an enormous population to be supported. The farmers were an industrial class and could well be compared to our own Canadian farmers, but they were kept in the most abject poverty through no fault of their own. The Chinese who came to this country almost all came from the most southerly province and the vicinity of the city of Canton.

He spoke of the success with which the fourteen missionaries kept by the Presbyterian Church of Canada were meeting with in that section of the province. But they had a population of something like eight millions to work among, and more men were urgently needed. He said that the missionaries were held in far greater respect since the Boxer outbreaks of 1900, where they had shown themselves to be brave and true.

Rev. Mr. Knowles called Mr. John Taylor, returned missionary from India, to the platform to pronounce the benediction. "We would like to see India and China on the same platform," he said.

SUNDAY
SCHOOL

The Quiet Hour

YOUNG
PEOPLE

JESUS DINED WITH A PHARISEE.

(By The Reverend Clarence
McKinnon, B.D.)

They watched him, v. 1 The eyes of the world are on the Christian today as surely as they once were upon the Master. No greater sermon can we preach than through these so carefully scrutinized activities of ours. When the terrible plague broke out in the native compounds of the cities of India, there was no more impressive illustration of the superiority of the religion of Christ than the missionary staying behind to minister to the sick and comfort the dying, when all other inhabitants had fled who could. The watching eye saw in his conduct what it had failed to read in his creed.

A certain man . . . had the dropsy, v. 2. It is only the sick who need the physician. The healthy take comparatively little interest in a healer. He may come and go amongst them, and receive from them scant attention. They may look upon him with languid curiosity, or even with scornful criticism. But when pain racks the body, or disease threatens the life, how eagerly healing is sought. Any pains will be taken, any price paid, for a cure. The great Physician of souls is amongst us. We all need His help. Without Him we must perish. Wisdom bids us go to Him without delay.

Lawful to heal on the Sabbath, v. 3. We point with pride to our schools and colleges and universities to our hospitals and asylums. In our good land, the privileges of education are open to all, and healing for body and mind is within easy reach. Like these schools and hospitals are God's Sabbaths. They bring us week by week opportunities of learning the things most worth knowing, about God and duty and heaven. They come with refreshment and renewal for tired-out bodies and jaded minds. Welcome the return of our holy day. Use to the full its advantages. The profit will be real and enduring.

Sit not down in the highest room, v. 8. General Gordon used to take a seat in the gallery among the poor of the congregation, before his fame began to rise. Then he was pressed to take a more conspicuous and more luxurious pew, but he preferred to keep his seat where he had so long sat unobserved. Such modesty even in small things is the most winning quality a Christian can possess and the most fitting adornment of his profession. "As incense smells the sweetest when it is beaten the smallest, so saints look fairest when they lie lowest."

Whosoever exalteth . . . abased, and he that humileth . . . exalted, v. 11. "It is easy for the general to command us forward," complained a soldier, "because he rides and we walk." The officer overheard, put the astonished soldier on his horse and took his place in the ranks. But when they came to a dangerous defile, a bullet was aimed by an ambushed sharpshooter at the man on horseback, and he fell. Then the general was heard to remark, "It is safer to walk than to ride." It is ever true that the lowliest position is the most secure. Humility has not far to fall; while the giddier the heights a man climbs, the more perilous becomes his position. As a matter of fact, the most influential men are the least chesty; while those who are continuously sounding their trumpets at the street corners and appropriating the chief seats at the synagogue are very likely to incur the humiliation of a fall.

Call the poor, v. 13. "The Queen's

Poor" is the title of a recent book that tells of work in the East End of London, where poverty prevails, such as we never see in our country. Our gentle and gracious Queen, Alexandra, takes a warm and practical interest in the needs and distresses of this district. The Bible is the "Book of God's Poor," for on every page it speaks of His compassionate care for them. Poor they may be in this world's goods, but they are rich in the inheritance of divine love and provision.

Recompensed, v. 14. The world has been amply rewarded for the kindness it has shown the poor, because from their ranks have sprung many of its noblest benefactors. Huss was the son of a peasant; Luther the son of a miner; Calvin the son of a cooper; Zwingle was a shepherd; John Newton began life as a sailor boy; William Jay was a stone mason; and John Bunyan a Bedfordshire tinker. These received kindness and attention from those possessed of a more favorable fortune, and they have well repaid the interest bestowed upon them in the abundant services they have rendered mankind.

LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

(By Rev. James Ross)

Dropsy—Is a well known swelling of the limbs and other parts of the body with a watery fluid. It is not a specific disease, but is a symptom of some organic trouble, usually disease of the heart, of the kidneys, or of the liver. Any trouble which impoverishes the blood, or prevents its free circulation, tends to produce it. It is usually a dangerous symptom, indicating an advanced stage of the disease. For some reason it is very common now among the Jews of Jerusalem.

Chief Rooms—Were really the places of honor around the table. The Egyptians of the upper class sat on chairs at their meals, as we do, only they had no tables before them, but were served by servants. The Jews at first sat, or squatted, as they do now, on mats, with their feet crossed under them, around a circular table about a foot high. But long before the time of Christ, the custom of reclining had been introduced from the Persians. Couches, a few inches lower than the table in front of them, were placed around three sides of a square, the fourth side being open for convenience in serving, and on these the guests reclined at right angles to the table and resting on the left elbow. The place of honor was at the upper end of the left hand side.

ENOUGH.

Lord, give me help today!
So at the dawn I pray.
Not knowing what may be 'twixt morn
and night;
And ever, hour by hour,
The needed gift of power
Comes at my prayer; the dark is
changed to light.
O Lord, I am afraid!
So calls my soul, dismayed
When the fierce sea, storm-lashed, is
raging round;
But presently the calm
Of some sweet evening psalm
Fills my whole being with its soothing
sound.
O Lord, it is enough!
Be my life smooth or rough,
Thou art besides me, Thou wilt succor
me;
Grant Thou me help each day;
Thou art my strength and stay,
Living or dying, I am safe with Thee!
—Marianne Farningham, in Christian
World.

WE SHALL LIVE ALSO.

The Christian's brightest and most joyous prospects are most intimately connected with the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead. Because He arose we shall arise also. We are made one with Him, and what He works out is wrought out for us. When He died He carried into the grave, and left there forever, the guilt of all those who accept and trust Him as their Saviour. Because He died we, in reality died and there is for us no more guilt or condemnation. Because He arose, we arose. We are one with Him. He identified Himself with us in His covenant love, and we are identified with him in the faith which appropriates as our own all that He has done in our behalf. Justice regards as done by ourselves all that he did for us. All that he has secured and reserved for us is ours already because it is in His keeping for us.

We rejoice to know that Christ arose from the dead, and that He ascended into glory. Where He is we shall be also. He has promised it. He said: "Father, I will that they also whom thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am." He gave the assurance: "I go to prepare a place for you." Where Jesus is, His loved ones have been gathering, and some day they will all be gathered home. It is a great and blessed hope. This life does not end here for the child of God. He is to have a home-going and a life of eternal joy and holiness after he has reached his home.

To those who have this blessed hope in their hearts, and the glad presence of Jesus with them, it is not only heaven at the end of the pilgrimage, but it is heaven all along the way. Their hearts are sustained by the assurance of Christ's power and interest in their behalf, as their ascended and glorified Redeemer. There is everything to hope for, and so, each day, there is everything to live for. Gladness beams upon us in the sunshine. We breathe in delight with the vital air. Flowers of joy bloom along each path we tread. Happiness walks hand in hand with daily duty. God's voice whispers to us, His care protects us, and His benediction crowns our every moment. Doing His will and trusting Him, it is Christ for us to live.

The Christian life is one of hope for the future. We look forward with glad anticipations. We are freed from all unbelief. We are drawing near to the other world, not as those who wait for the night to come and end the day, but as those who see the morning coming to end the night. Doubt is vanquished. Darkness is banished. The eternal morning is coming. We are victors, and more than victors, through Him hath gotten the perfect victory over everything we dread.

We are assured in the Word of God that if we are Christ's we are already living the lives of the risen. We do not wait for the Judgment Day in order to be vindicated, for we are already pardoned and saved. We do not wait for heaven in order to come into peace and assurance. We are already risen. We have had spiritual resurrection. We are free from the death of sin. We are God's risen children. We love Him, and trust Him, and hope in Him, and serve Him. We breathe the air of a perpetual Easter and joy in the abiding gladness of a life that is for evermore to be hid with Christ in God.—Herald and Presbyterian.

Heaven lies about the infidel in his infamy and he lies about heaven in his maturity.

THE WAY OF LIFE.

Every half hour is a bit of immortality. Every hammer stroke deals a blow for or against the kingdom of God. Every barter involves the purchase or sale of treasures in heaven. Every man soon or late discovers that his daily life connects itself with a something, a *Some One* beyond himself.

Jesus pronounces this discovery a discovery of veritable fact. Jesus stands by the crowded highway of life. Jostling each other there are Roman legionaries, Greek scholars, Herodians, Pharisees, Sadducees; now and then a shepherd bringing in his few sheep from the wilderness; over yonder would-be laborers, standing all the day idle in the market place; here a merchantman seeking goodly pearls; here a prodigal starting for the far country; here the people of the land, busied keeping soul and body together. And as He looked He saw the confused crowds forming two processions, the one procession seeking, finding a narrow gate opening upon the pathway to life; the other procession entering a wide, easily found gate opening upon the pathway to destruction.

Never was there a time when confusion of thought was more easy than today. There are so many paths that wind and wind. And each path is filled with pilgrims. But to the man of us who stops to look beneath the appearance of life there are still to be seen but the two paths, with their two processions. And whether do the paths lead? To be honest, must we not confess that they tend toward life, toward destruction?

Life is something other than existence. Life is the possession of the soul which has entered into harmony with God. Destruction is something other than extinction. It is the loss and ruin in which the soul is involved, which has cast itself out of harmony with its true environment, God.

Need I stop to measure with you the straightened way. There is plenty of room here for faith and hope and love, radiant companions of the pilgrim. Joy grows exceedingly until it is the very joy of the Lord. The feeble insight for the true becomes like unto the unerring vision of God Himself.

Still, narrow is the gate and straightened the way that leadeth unto life, but as we have laid our measuring rod down before the two gates we have seen that the narrow gate is wide as the wide gate itself to receive the men of every race and nation, the men of every degree of poverty or wealth, the men of every type—physical, mental and emotional—the men of every record and reputation. We have seen that the wide gate is too narrow to admit the worth-while tasks and companionships, to which the narrow gate opens wide as palace portals. We have seen that the broad way grows too narrow for the love and faith, the hope, the joy, the insight for the true, to which the straightened way expands to the wideness of the streets of the Holy City.—Selected.

A PRAYER.

O Son of Man, Thou perfect Servant, wilt Thou perfect our service of Thee in our ministry for others. We thank Thee that Thou didst show us by Thy life the path of service, and didst honor us by giving to us the name that is Thy name. May we lose no opportunity to glorify that name by true and loving deeds. O Son of God, Thou perfect Saviour, wilt Thou finally perfect our lives in Thine. May we tread with Thee the royal way of the holy cross, which is the way of salvation. Amen.

"After graduation what?" is the question many young men and young women are now asking as they journey home after graduation. A Christian answer is better service for the Lord Christ because of higher culture and better control of my powers.

A CONQUEROR.

It was up in one of those little fishing villages of the far North, where Doctor Grenfell ministers to the bodies and spirits of the men who "go down to the sea in ships."

There was a fisherman to whom lately was come Christ, and he had a new fishing net which he had set out in the sea to catch fish. It was a brand new, five-hundred-dollar net. It was that fisherman's little fortune.

And on Sunday morning there came up a great wind, with the promise of a storm. And Doctor Grenfell, who has the welfare of his fishermen at heart, thought him of that net. He knew that it would be torn to pieces before the day was over; he knew that the loss of it meant poverty to the fisherman and months of hunger and deprivation for his children.

So the Doctor went out and found the fisherman, and said to him: "Aren't you going to take in your net?" And the fisherman said: "It is Sunday," but Dr. Grenfell, who is a wise and sensible man, remembering how the disciples plucked the ears of corn on the Sabbath, and how Christ said: "What man shall there be among you that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the Sabbath Day, will he not lay hold on it, and lift it out?" pleaded with the fisherman, saying: "I think under the circumstances it is right for you to bring in the net."

But the fisherman answered him: "It might be right for you, Doctor, but it wouldn't be right for me. I've been a Christian only a little while, and this is the first time I've had a chance to do anything for the Lord. If I go under at the first temptation, do you think the rest of the folks will ever believe in my kind of Christianity? I said I was ready to give up everything for Christ, and He took me at my word when he raised this wind on a Sunday."

That afternoon in the little chapel the fisherman passed the contribution-plate serene and unconcerned; but there was not a man who dropped a penny in the plate who did not think of the net going to rack and ruin out in the wind-blown sea. There was not a man but asked himself if he could have done as much.

At midnight the fisherman launched his boat, and in the dawn the Doctor met him coming up the wharf. The ragged fragments of the net hung from his arm, but in his face was peace.—Youth's Companion.

NOTHING UNIMPORTANT THAT GOD REQUIRES.

The minimizing of God's appointments is an old trick of the arch enemy of souls, having succeeded so well in his first effort with our race, he has never since abandoned it.

The little things of God are greater than man. So the little thing of His law are of infinite importance in spiritual things. A little jot or point no larger than a point can not fail of its use and accomplishment till all be fulfilled.

It is by the little sins that many souls are lost. It is by the little duty neglected or the little wrong committed that the downward course begins. Men do not usually at the first step plunge into the deepest crimes. It is by the little innocent, as many say, parlor games of cards that many are led on into the gambler's habit and to the gambler's doom. It is by the minced oath or byword that men learn to be profane swearers. It is by the little glass of wine that many men and women have been led to love strong drink to their ruin. These things are so well understood that it may seem needless to insist upon them. But truth is never so well known that it does not need to be kept before the public and impressed with all power.—Selected.

"HE KNOWETH OUR FRAME."

I once met a mother walking with a little crippled boy, whose frail limbs were covered with steel braces up to his thighs. He was hobbling along in a pitiable way, but his mother was encouraging him at every step.

"That's good! that's fine! why, you're doing splendid!" she would say, and then the poor little one would try so hard to do still better than he had done; not to show off, but just to please his mother. Presently he said:

"Mamma, watch me; I'm going to run." "Very well, darling. Let me see you run," said his mother, in a most encouraging tone. Some mothers would have said:

"You'd better not try, or you'll break your neck!"

I watched almost as eagerly as his mother to see how he would do. He took two or three steps that did pretty well, and then he caught one foot against the braces of his other leg, and would have fallen headlong over the curb, but his mother caught him and put him back on his feet again.

Then she stroked his hair, kissed his pale cheek, and said:

"That was fine! That was splendid! You can do better next time!"

Just so our heavenly Father often does with us, when we stumble in our hobbling efforts to please him. The little boy's performance was perfect in the eyes of his mother, for she knew only too well the weakness of his frame. In a similar way can the weakest of us please God.—Selected.

ART SCHOOL AND AT HOME.

My teacher doesn't think I read

So very special well,

She's always saying, "what was that

Last word?" and makes me spell

And then pronounce it after her,

As slow as slow can be.

"You'd better take a little care—"

"That's what she says to me—"

"Or else I'm really 'traid you'll find,

Some one of these bright days,

You're way behind the primer class."

That's what my teacher says.

But when I'm at my grandpa's house,

He hands me out a book,

And lets me choose a place to read,

And then he'll sit and look

At me, and listen, just as pleased:

"I know it from his face,

And when I read a great long word,

He'll say: "Why little Grace,

You'll have to teach our district school

Some one of these bright days!

Mother, you come and hear this child."

That's what my grandpa's says.

—Selected.

MEETING AND KNOWING.

How shall we know temptation when it comes? The answer is very plain. By companionship with Christ. A young man of intemperate habits was converted. A former associate met him and asked him into a saloon to have a drink. He said, "I cannot; I have a friend with me." "Oh, that is all right; bring your friend with you," said the man. "No," said he, "the Lord Jesus Christ is my friend, and he will not go into a saloon, and does not wish me to go." This is the real test. Imagine Jesus with you, your friend at your side, His eyes upon you—would you do the thing? This is no imagination. It is reality. Jesus is by our side. His eyes do see; His ears do hear; and His heart really cares. And how shall we meet temptation when we know it? In the same way. First, by quickly realizing our relationship with Christ—that His honor is wrapped up in us, that His confidence is fixed upon us; also by wielding strongly the weapon of "all prayer," and drawing quickly the "sword of the Spirit," the Word of God. Pray as if all depended upon God. Fight as if all depended upon you.—Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

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As is our custom at this season of the year the issues of The Dominion Presbyterian for the next two weeks will be omitted. We wish all our readers a pleasant outing.

A writer in a recent review gives its reasons why the country church should be maintained. They are as follows: 1. It is the feeder of the city church. 2. It has played a noble part in the world's evangelization. 3. It trains up men of honor and trust in the Church and Nation.

Sir Andrew Fraser, Governor of Bengal, virtual ruler of eighty million people, is the active president of the Calcutta Young Men's Christian Association. It is a pleasure to be able to record the active interest of such men in the affairs of Christ's Kingdom.

The Londmore Steamship Company (a Norwegian company), owning a considerable number of vessels, have forbidden the officers and crew in their service to use spirituous liquors on board the vessels. A violation of this regulation entails instant dismissal.

The Revell Company, of New York and Chicago, has the following in its special advance sheet just issued: "Robert E. Knowles, author of St. Cuthbert's, which has survived two seasons with increasing strength and popularity, is busy with the completion of "The Undertow," a novel which the Revell Company will publish this autumn." The same pamphlet announces that Ralph Connor has gone to Rat Portage to work on his new book.

The venerable Dr. Theodore L. Cuyler, who, despite his more than eighty years, is still able to preach occasionally and to write with all his old-time vigor, says: "If a sea-captain is worthless who is ignorant of his chart, a Christian is ill-equipped who is ignorant of God's Word. It is the soul's corn. The more thoroughly it is ground, and baked, and eaten, and digested, the more you will grow thereby. It is the sword of the Spirit. The more it is scoured the brighter it shineth; the more it is wielded the safer you are against the adversary. A vital need of the hour is more Bible."

THE GREATEST: A MEDITATION.

Along the sunny, lily-bordered road leading to Capernaum from the north, walks a little company of rough-garbed Galilean peasants. They have come a far distance, from the mountain that towers still in sight, snow-covered Hermon. They started in early morning, and now are drawing near their journey's end. One, the central figure of the group, speaks; his voice is calm and steady, but his eyes melt with sorrow. His companions listen in open-eyed astonishment as he tells them "The Son of man shall be delivered up into the hands of men, and they shall kill Him."

In their amazement they fall back, leaving the Master to walk on alone before them. It is a sorry group of men who follow after. Their King—Israel's Messiah, to be slain? How could it be? What might it mean? They do not understand his words; they can not believe them; it is some parable, like those he has spoken before to deafened ears. But there is so deep a sadness in the face of Christ, a sorrow almost stern in its strength, that they are afraid to ask his meaning.

Of one thing these men are sure. Jesus of Nazareth has come to establish a kingdom. And to them who have "left all and followed him" he has promised twelve thrones of judgment. That is something ensured to them by the Messiah's truth. Whatever he might mean by his strange words, nothing could hinder the coming of that kingdom, which should bring to the twelve men of toil, men humble and unlettered, promotion, prosperity, and power.

The Master has spoken his deepest message. His gospel of atonement. He has hoped to prepare these closest friends for the coming of that passion which looms ever nearer. But in the hour when the human heart of the Son of God craves sympathy, he finds it not among men. He must tread the wine press alone. Back to Capernaum along the sandy road He walks; and behind him the disciples are talking. Do they speak in hushed voices of the mystery of suffering beginning to be revealed before their eyes? Do they reach out with kindly human touch to relieve the pain of Him who has saved others, but cannot save Himself? Not this. A sound of wrangling voices raised in anger cuts the stillness of the falling Syrian afternoon, as the disciples dispute "which of them was the greatest," and should therefore have chief place in the coming kingdom. Alas for human blindness! In the face of the deepest sorrow that the world has known, a sorrow long foreseen and approached now with unflinching step, the chief thing that fills the sight of the disciples is a vision of material advancement!

See them in another setting. It is the Lord's last night on earth. They gather with Him about a passover table in Jerusalem's great "upper room." He breaks for them the bread, symbolic of that bread of life which is His flesh; He pours for them the wine of His blood which should be shed for many. Most solemn, most loving of all Passover suppers is this. And then—there arises "a contention among them which of them was accounted to be the greatest." They have failed Him again, even at the last. They cannot enter with Him into the hour of Passion. They cannot even enter into the spirit of His ministry. He came to serve, even unto the cross. His followers will not serve—each wishes to be greatest.

Soul of mine, dost thou ask with Peter, "What shall I have therefore?" Dost thou seek high places of the earth, pushing aside the lowly? Dost thou ask reward, or recognition, or men's honor for some small service rendered? Dost thou see a place to serve where eyes may see and mouths may glorify thy work? If these things are true of thee, thou shalt not enter that kingdom prepared for His "little ones." Awake then, to service. Turn thine eyes from self and ambition, from wealth and fame. Turn thine eyes toward the Perfect Servant. He will strengthen thee. And service goeth never unrewarded. For thou shalt have His

spirit within thee, bringing peace which the world cannot give.

Seek not to be the greatest. Fear not to be humbled in the eyes of men. He shall be greatest who shall humble himself, even as a little child. "For even the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."—M. D. H., in Philadelphia Westminster.

ROMAN CATHOLICISM AND PERSECUTION.

The Berlin correspondent of the Christian World gives a graphic account of the trial at Munich of Dr. Richter, a well known journalist of that city, who was sued for libel for publishing a series of articles alleged to be defamatory of the Rome had learned nothing, forgotten nothing—a sort of debating hall for the gladiators of the Protestant and Catholic Churches and the German newspapers published columns of matter containing onslaughts on Rome and the rejoiners of the Roman champions. Dr. Richter's articles stated that the spirit of Rome was as criminal today as it was when it first set up the Inquisition. He quoted modern Roman authorities, one of whom decried to see the stake revived for the burning of heretics; while another recommended the beheading of anti-Roman university professors. Dr. Richter maintained that Rome had learned nothing, forgotten nothing, and was as ready to torture and burn heretics today as it was when Pius VII plotted to murder Elizabeth of England and Gregory XIII planned St. Bartholomew's Day. He subpoenaed a large body of witnesses, among them Count Hoensbroech, formerly a Jesuit priest, and the well known nationalist, Professor Ernst Haackel of Jena. Hoensbroech came provided with something like a hundred volumes of Catholic history and theology, from which he showed that the Roman Church still held the doctrine that heretics were to be given up to the "civil arm" if they remained recalcitrant. This, said the count, is a criminal view, utterly at variance with the improved humanities of modern times. On the other side the prosecution produced a number of Catholic ecclesiastical historians who sought to prove that although the church has never disavowed the acts of the Inquisition, she is now filled with the spirit of toleration, love, and liberty, and that even in countries where she has her own way there are no acts of intolerance or persecution. To this Dr. Richter replied that public opinion was now too strong to permit an inquisition into faith. After a four days' trial a Catholic court and a Catholic jury, sitting in one of the most Catholic cities of Europe, acquitted Dr. Richter of the charge of libeling the church. They found that he had established a strong enough case to justify his criticism.

Whatever may be the attitude of official Rome, there is certainly a more tolerant spirit among the Roman Catholic people, who in distinctively Roman Catholic countries have forced the intolerant hierarchy to yield to the progressive spirit of the age. That Rome hopes to dominate the civic world as she did centuries ago is revealed by the bitter spirit exhibited by some of her representatives in the educational conflict in England. Notwithstanding special consideration was shown Roman Catholics in the bill, the Roman Catholic bishop of Leeds in a public speech said: "The Liberals came with a mighty majority, a majority which was won under false-eyes, base-issues. Some people aid they ought to be courteous to these men. What! Courteous to blackguards, courteous to thieves?" In striking contrast is the dignified and courteous manner in which the Tablet, the organ of the English Roman Catholics, presents the claims of that church and defends them.

The Rev. R. J. Campbell, who has conducted the correspondence columns of "The British Weekly" for the past six years, has been compelled, owing to the pressure of other duties, to give up that work.

OUR WORK IN THE WEST.

Mr. Editor,—

In response to your request for some items of interest in the work of the Presbyterian Church in the West, I beg to send a few jottings.

The matter of getting an adequate supply of laborers in a live question and has been for years, and was to die fore again and again at the assembly last month. Various expedients have been devised to meet the emergency and with some success.

Summer school at Manitoba College is one. Another is importing young men from the Old Country to complete their studies at Winnipeg and by while they give service in the mission field. A third is securing students from the older provinces and ordained ministers from the same quarter and elsewhere. Yet the cry still continues, "More men wanted!"

But there is one class of laborers available this moment who have not been used as fully as might be, and I want to draw special attention to this point, viz., ministers somewhat advanced in years, who are out of a charge.

There are possibly two or three dozen such men in Ontario alone, to say nothing of other provinces, all the year round. Granted that a few may be unfit for the strain of continuous work anywhere, though able to give occasional supply, a large proportion are good for five to fifteen years' service of effective service.

In two ways these men can be employed, and should be. Some should occupy in the West those points where congregations are stationary or receding, as, e.g., in some of the villages in B. C., mining centres and others. Little or no travelling is needed, for mountains prevent. Our church deems it dutiful to supply these feeble churches. Why should young, athletic men be placed in such narrow premises, where there is not scope for their exuberant energies?

Let our veterans of fifty or sixty be appointed to such fields, and the people would get the cream of their past study and experience. These men would enjoy it, and be earning a fair living, which they are not doing now; and our works would be increased forthwith.

In another way could some of these seniors be regularly employed, viz., in some of those retrogressing or stationary congregations in the older provinces. There are dozens of such places in Ontario and Quebec and the Maritime Provinces. Population is decreasing or standing still. No minister can stop the emigration. If a young fellow fresh from college goes there his purpose is to use it only as a jumping-off place to a better charge in a year or two. Why should not our mid-life men and older be called to these dwarf and dwarfing pastorates and our beginners volunteer for the West, and give two or three or even five years to pioneer work? If there is a young lady in the case who did not count on commencing life in a home made shack, or should have to stay in a village tavern for the first few months, this should not stand in the young man's way.

No better training could a young woman get as a pastor's wife for later service in a town or city manse than an apprenticeship in a new mission field in Saskatchewan or Alberta for two or three years.

Have recent graduates and young pastors in Ontario enough of the Pauline missionary spirit (see Rom. 15-20) to say to an old settled charge, "Call one of the older men of the church for your minister. I am going West, or North, to lay foundations."

Should any church demur to call one of those silver-locked ministers, let me say there are dozens of such men in Canada whom a congregation would be fortunate to get. I have heard a number of these men preach. There is a maturity of thought in their sermons, a richness and orderliness in their prayers, a solemnity and seamliness in their management of the whole service which means much to people who can appreciate real excellence.

It takes six or seven years for a young man to complete his arts and theological course, to say nothing about his high

school preparation. Here are dozens of men already equipped and ready for immediate settlement.

How can we consistently ask God to summons by His spirit our lads into the Christian ministry when dozens of ministers are compelled to say: "Idle I am, pastorally, because no man hath hired me?"

A prominent minister of our church told the writer some time ago that he had several boys growing up in his family, and that he did not see his way clear to urge any of them to study for the ministry because of the treatment many ministers had received who had passed their meridian of life. May that minister's statement not be "Vox Dei" in reproof.

JAMES HASTIE.

A writer in the Scottish American Journal, in a four-column article on "John Burns, the Labor Leader and Cabinet Minister," says the "first note of his character is strength—strength of body, of mind and of morals." This is a pretty good certificate of character. Here is an illustration: "Strength of character is shown in his attitude as an official to his subordinates. Every man must do his duty to hold a position under him. He won't tolerate a sinecure of any kind. Shortly after he took the presidency of the Local Government Board he discovered that although the Earl of Suffolk had been a member of the local Board of Guardians in Malbury for a number of years he had said no attention to the duties of his office. Burns thereupon dropped the Earl, and he dropped him hard. The fact that this member of the British peerage had made a democratic alliance by marrying a number of millions of dollars in the person of Mrs. Daisy Leiter of Chicago, didn't seem to help him a bit in the estimation of the man who continued to occupy a cottage in the East End of London after he became a member of the British Cabinet." The labor leader seems to be a new broom that sweeps clean.

-HISTORIC TADOUSAC.

On the line of the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co.

Not always is this wilderness to last, however, although the changed conditions as the vessel glides into the harbor at Anse a L'Eau, the landing point for Tadousac, are scarcely less interesting. The sight of a human habitation gives a feeling of relief that is pleasing. Historic ground is this in the vicinity of Tadousac, and about it cluster many of the romances of Canada's earliest history under the domain of the white man.

The march of progress, the attendant retreat toward the setting sun of the red man and extinction of wild game forced Tadousac to relinquish the commercial importance she had maintained for so many years, and gradually the town settled down to a state of inactivity that threatened its very existence. Recently, however, there has been an awakening, and once more the historic little village has assumed a prosperous appearance. Here progress and primitiveness, the lion and the lamb, as it were, lie down together in peace. The old chapel, built by the devoted missionaries of long ago, now outgrown and unused, yet about which hover traditions of the time when the red man roamed untrammelled through those very mountains and paddled his canoe across the placid waters of the bay, forms a striking contrast to the modern hostelry, owned and operated by the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Co., that stands but a few hundred yards distant.—Len. G. Shaw, in Detroit Free Press.

To have great power and little opportunity to enjoy it is indeed a great want. This often leads to discontent and unhappiness. To have great possessions and little capacity for their rightful use leads to waste of fortune and the possible ruin of a soul.

One may know more than he feels, but his character will not indicate any more.

THE PASTOR'S VACATION.

Why does the pastor need a longer vacation than the business man? Bishop Potter answered this question lately by saying that the business man works six days and the clergyman seven days a week. This is true so far as it goes, and yet is only a partial statement of truth. The minister's life, unlike that of his parishioner engaged in a single line of activity, runs out into many lines. The preparation of two sermons a week, no light task, he it noted, when the sermons most present old truth in a new and compelling way, is only a very small portion of a minister's weekly stint. No man sees so little of his wife and children as does the minister. "We shake hands on the doorstep," said a minister's wife, "when we come home from the summer vacation, for John and I realize that although we shall continue to live under the same roof we shall see very little of each other until summer comes back again."

The pastor is at the command of his people. The minister's door bell rings continuously. There are few evenings that he may call his own. Aside from the regular engagements of prayer meeting, mission study class, young people's meeting, guilds, clubs, and the other agencies of the modern church, every pastor is called upon for a great deal of extra service in his denomination or in the affairs of his city. He is a citizen and cannot stand aloof from movements of reform in any direction. He is interested in education and must speak or preach at commencement, college functions, and other convocations. Nothing of world-wide interest touches the life of a town that the minister is not in the front taking a share in the leadership. There are sick beds to visit and funerals at which he must officiate, and the drain on his sympathy is incessant. Often a wedding and a funeral occur on the same day, and a man must be all things to all men. Literarily, the good pastor bears the burdens of the congregation. In Protestant communions there is no confessional, yet something very like it without the name is the experience of many a study to which come people, young and old, seeking help and guidance and laying bare the secrets of their souls or the trials in their outward lives, to the one man who has time and patience to listen and gentleness and strength to give advice.

"Mother brought us up," said a minister's daughter. "Father was absorbed by the parish and the world." It is to the credit of the ministry and to the praise of ministers' wives that the children of the manse, as a rule, grow up to take honorable places, to serve their generation and to lead Christian lives.

The minister's life being one necessarily of devotion, self denial and sacrifice, brings him at intervals to a place where his nerves are exhausted or he is the prey of insomnia. People say that he is run down; they wonder why. If they knew much of the strain imposed by constant intellectual work, by constant anxiety and by vicarious suffering they would understand better than they do that it is poor economy to stint the pastor's vacation. He of all men needs to drop the harness, get away entirely from his wonted routine and have a season in which he may renew his spent vitality. He should not be importuned to preach in his vacation, yet if to do so be his pleasure and if in doing so he find relief, his people should not complain. Every pastor in these days finds some occasion for missionary work during the long vacation, and few men return to their field after a summer of absolute repose. One could wish that they might altogether drop their ordinary toils and take the sort of refreshment that comes from entire change.

A minister should omit theology from his vacation reading and make acquaintance with current novels. He should hear the preaching of another man who takes his vacation at another time. He should court his wife again and play with his children. Those who carp at long pastoral vacations do so in ignorance. Long pastorates full of cheer and beneficence are one of the fine outcomes of a long annual vacation.—Christian Intelligencer.

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

THE LONG SILENCE.

By Evelyn Orchard.

The fine snow was drifting across the steppe before the first wind of winter. It began to come very softly and silently at daybreak, and quickly powdered the landscape, covering up all ugliness, making unsightly places even beautiful; but all the same it was cruel. It struck the knell of the long silence. Sergius Kosksi, sometime student of Warsaw, and now supposed to be living peaceably on his father's lands at Erlensk on the Siberian frontier, stood still at the gateway of one of his father's fields and looked up the long bleak vista of the road which led away from Erlensk and towards Poland and life. Such was the thought in the lad's heart, for from his mother's side he was a Pole; and every heart-beat was in sympathy with his mother's people. One brief year had he spent in Warsaw, twelve short months into which had been crowded the fierce experience of a lifetime; then suddenly and swiftly, he and his sister, who had been attending University classes at the same time, had been removed from Warsaw. They had not dared to ask a question; they knew too well the reason, though the matter had never been mentioned in the great house of Kosksi. The lines had simply deepened in the face of old Kosksi, and he had become more taciturn than ever.

"You have had your chance and made a fool of yourself, Serge, besides dragging Vera into danger. You can stay at home now and make a fool of yourself to some purpose."

That was nine months ago. The pair were not content—how could they be? Can the eagle, who has been accustomed to soar from height to height, to contemplate the inaccessible only as a spur to further achievement, sit down contentedly to preen his feathers in the homely dove-cote, however sheltered and safe? The thing is impossible. These two young, eager hearts, whom the love of freedom had consecrated, who had beheld great wrongs and burned to redress them, were fretting their hearts out now, and it was the beginning of the long silence. Serge was expecting no one; he was simply contemplating the road which led to life, and wondering how long before the sods would become so strong that they would draw him away from every tie that bound him to the steppes. He had the thin, eager face of the enthusiast, the dreamer of dreams. He wore a loose blouse of frieze, cut low at the throat, and revealing the strenuous muscles there; his eyes seemed to burn, to be full of deep thoughts. It was a singularly handsome, a winning, arresting face. But it was not the face of the man who could suffer the long silence.

Suddenly a remote sound smote upon his ear; and through the film of the flying snow he beheld in the far vista of the road an approaching vehicle. He drew himself up, an alertness seemed to spring to every muscle; he stepped out into the middle of the road. He was not aware of any expected arrival, yet none the less was he conscious of a sudden flutter of anticipation. Anything might happen any day; that was the only thing which made endurance possible. The vehicle, drawn by a pair of swift, but now jaded horses, approached swiftly, until Serge could discern that it held two persons. They were so wrapped up, however, so little of their faces visible, that no recognition was possible until they came within a few hundred yards. Then he gave a little cry and held up his hand. The plunging horses were instantly stopped, and one of the travellers alighted.

"Drive on to the stables, Ivan. Yes, the stables of Count Kosksi. How are you, Serge?"

The face of the youth in the frieze blouse was suffused with a light which touched like a live coal the warm heart of the Englishman. They shook hands in silence. Not until the horses had disappeared did a further word pass between them.

"What brings you here, Arthur?" asked Serge in a low voice. "That it is a matter of urgency I can see."

The Englishman wiped the powder of the snow from his keen clean-shaven face.

"It is a matter of life or death, Serge. I left St. Petersburg on Monday. On Sunday the Terror began, and when I left the soldiers were in the streets shooting down the defenceless citizens."

"But there is more, Arthur. Mother of God! you would not ride so many hundred miles to tell us that."

"There is more: You know Oresky? He is high in favor at the Winter Palace. He told me privately on Sunday evening that you and Vera are on the list. You must look after yourself. I have come to take her away."

"I question if she will go," said Serge, and his face began to burn slowly, as if the fire within consumed him.

"She is my promised wife, and I will take her," said the Englishman, and he set his face as he spoke, and looked as if he meant his words.

"The man who was in St. Petersburg on Red Sunday will not stop at any half measures. For look you, Serge, it is no puny rising of a handful against law and order, this tyrant or that, it is humanity and freedom against the powers of hell; the greatest forces the world has ever seen pitted against one another, and no one can foresee the end. But Vera I will save. Take me to your father—"

Serge walked by his side secretly glorying. Oh, this was a man worthy the name—one who spoke and it was done—to whom no task was impossible.

They came, talking volubly of matters concerning their mutual interests, being friends of long standing, to the door of the house, where they were met by the Count himself, a haggard man, with a strong forbidding face and deep eyes which no man had ever fatigued. The arrival of the spent horses in the stable yard had already appressed him of the unexpected guest, whom he was ready to welcome, though he only knew him by repute. But hospitality was one of the traditions of the Castle of Kosksi, and besides, the Englishman bore a noble name.

"This is Arthur Beaulieu father," said Serge. "He has ridden at peril of his life to us. I will leave him to explain his errand—"

He disappeared in search of his sister, and the old Count turned inquiringly to his guest whose errand was quickly told. The old man listened, leaning slightly on the verandah door; and but for an added gravity he did not seem disturbed.

"The times are troubled, but we are remote here in the Castle of Kosksi, and there has been no surveillance since the children came from Warsaw."

"Count, it was but a lull before the storm. I tell you what will happen in Russia the next week will be a world's wonder, and he who warned me did not lie. I took pains to verify his warning. And I am here. Unless you give Vera to me tomorrow and let me take her away, she will be taken less gently and to a harder prison than an Englishman's house."

"She has no mother," said the old man from behind the thickness of his beard. "I am afraid."

"Of what? Not of me, I hope. I am an honorable man, Count Kosksi, and I am able to give my wife the comfort she needs and should have."

A strange, shuddering sigh came up from the depths of the old man's heart, and he covered his eyes for a moment with his hand.

"Hark! they are coming. Vera shall decide," said the old man.

They came from within the house, the brother and sister together, and the Englishman's heart leaped as he saw the light in the girl's eyes. She was a radiant creature, with her blue eyes and the gold hair of the Polish mother, and such grace of figure as no rude garments could hide.

She gave her hand to Arthur, and he raised it to his lips.

"He has come, the Englishman, to take you away, Vera," said the old man, with a strange guttural note in his voice. "It seems you have but two alternatives—to go with him or wait till they take you to the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul."

Her face scarcely blanched, but her steadfast eye was fixed on the Englishman's face.

"If Arthur says so it is true, father, but it is you who will decide. I am your only girl, and here I stay."

"But—" began Arthur, until her hand on his lips stopped him. He pressed it passionately. The old man surveyed them with a mournful pathos, perceiving that his child's heart had gone into the Englishman's keeping and that it mattered little how he should decide.

"May God deal with you as you deal with her," he said, and holding his hands a moment towards them as if in blessing, he passed within the house.

At daybreak, when there was a lull in the steady storm, the carriage stood ready in the courtyard. The Englishman came out first, not wishing to intrude upon the last farewells.

"Is all right, Ivan?" he asked the squat-faced driver, whom he had bound to his service by many kindnesses. The man nodded, and bent to tighten the girths as they came from the house. He smiled to himself, observing that to outward seeming there was no girl. Vera wore a suit of his brother's and a long coat and small cap with flaps tied about her ears. She was very pale and there was anguish in her eyes. But hope seemed to return to them as they fell upon the Englishman's steadfast face. Serge was behind, on his eager face a strange luminous uplifted look. The old man did not come until Vera was strapped in her place and Beaulieu stood ready to step in.

"We shall meet, Count, in happier circumstances, when the Terror is over. Meanwhile your treasure will be safe, please God, in England."

A MODERN RALEIGH.

Queen Victoria, with the Prince Consort, was visiting Cambridge many years ago, and the undergraduates were drawn up in readiness to receive her. Rain had been falling heavily, and the queen, before getting out of her carriage, looked with very face at the wet and muddy ground. Instantly an undergraduate stepped forward, doffed his gown, and spread it as a carpet for the sovereign's feet. Others followed suit, and the queen walked dryshod into the hall, as Elizabeth might have done. If the shade of that undergraduate should revisit familiar haunts, he would doubtless attend the Oxford Cambridge boat race. The modern Raleigh was William Waddington, the famous Cambridge oarsman. Every varsity crew is supposed to contain a potential bishop or judge. Only one of those crews, however, has given us a statesman of France, and ambassador from that country to ours. That ambassador was Waddington.—St. James's Gazette.

WHAT ROBERT'S EARS TOLD HIM.

Robert had inflamed eyes, and because he had tried to use his eyes too much, and made them worse, a soft, cool bandage had been tied over them.

He sat on the couch in the sitting-room, looking fretful and discontented, and Aunt Rhoda sat near the open window, that sunny morning, with her mending.

"I don't see what I can do to amuse me, Aunt Rhoda," he complained, "without any eyes."

"Let's see what your ears can do for you," suggested Aunt Rhoda.

Robert looked puzzled.

"Listen, and tell me the sounds you hear," continued Aunt Rhoda, "and tell me the stories they tell you of what is going on."

"I hear Spot barking," answered Robert promptly, as if that were the end of it, not seeming very much interested.

"Can't you tell anything from the way he barks?" asked Auntie, looking across the lawn at the neighbor's dog barking at the gate.

Robert brightened a little. "It might be a tramp," he suggested.

"No, guess again," said Aunt Rhoda.

"Listen!"

Robert listened, and heard what he had not noticed before, the ding-dong-ding, ding-dong of the scissor-grinder's cart.

Then it grew interesting. There came a patter of tiny hoofs over the asphalt pavement, and he knew it was the Morelands' Sietland pony. Then big, heavy hoofs, and slow. He wondered what kind of a wagon it was until he heard the clink of the ice tongs, and then he knew. The wagon stopped in front of the house, and the big blocks of ice tumbled about, the icemark went chip-chip, and the team shuffled around to the back door with the day's supply.

"There's the electric car going around the corner of Pekin street, Auntie," said Robert. "Hear it sing?"

Some one was beating rugs in the next garden; a parrot out on a side porch squawked "Bad boy, bad boy;" a boat whistled in the river; and Robert began to count the different sounds. There was so many more of them than he had ever dreamed there were.

"I know who is coming now, Auntie—the postman!" Through the open windows had come the sound of two quick knocks at the house next door.

Robert felt his way to the door and took the magazine the postman handed him, but he didn't mind if he couldn't see the pictures, for he was seeing other pictures through his ears.

All at once he heard the twittering and calling of birds in the trees. As he listened, it seemed as if the birds in all the trees in the neighborhood were talking to each other. They had been talking all the morning, and he had not heard them until now. Aunt Rhoda told him a good deal about birds that he had never known before.

His face was smiling and happy now, and he no longer fretted.

"I suppose this is the way blind people do," he said.

In a moment he told Aunt Rhoda he knew what time it was without using his eyes, and she had three guesses before she came to the right one. He heard the boys shouting several yards away in the school-ground, and he knew it was the time of their morning play.

Suddenly Robert sat up straight and alert, and wrinkled his face in a funny way.

"Auntie, my nose is telling me something too!" he cried. "Jennie is making cakes!"

And off he scampered.

TEDDY'S CHERRY PIE.

By Pauline Frances Camp.

It certainly was a delicious pie, and the best of it was that Teddy himself had helped make it. Every cherry that went into it had been stoned by his stubby little fingers, and when the top-crust had been laid carefully in place, mamma had allowed him to crimp the edges with a fork before putting it in the big oven.

For the next half hour Teddy hovered around, waiting for the moment when mother would pronounce the pie "done," and when it did come out of the oven, with its flaky crust baked to a golden brown, and delightful little tricklings of crimson juice escaping from the tiny holes pricked in the top, Teddy thought there had never been another so tempting.

"I hope there will be enough to go round," he said, somewhat anxiously. "It seems as though it wasn't as big as when you put it in the oven."

His mother laughed as she placed it on the pantry shelf to cool, and told him that she thought his appetite had grown, and that there was no danger but that he would get as much as was good for him.

Teddy walked slowly out on the porch, and sat down on the top step. Somehow, he didn't feel like going very far away from that pie! He wondered if his cousin Dorothy, who was coming to dine with him, was fond of cherry pie. Perhaps, she was just getting over the measles, she ought not to have a very big piece. He wondered, too, if it would be polite for him to have two pieces, and he thought that perhaps he would rather have the extra piece and not be quite so polite. Hark! What was that noise? Supposing the cat should get into the pantry! He thought he had better go and see.

Now what do you suppose made him open and shut the door so softly, and tip-toe across the kitchen door in such a quiet way?

It seemed strange, because Teddy was rather a noisy little boy, and his way through the house was usually marked by a series of bangs and thumps.

Perhaps he wanted to surprise pussy. Do you suppose that was the reason? But no pussy was there, and the pie was safe where mamma had left it.

It surely was a delightful pie. How well he had crimped the crust—almost as well as mamma. But no, stop! There was a place where the edges were not quite together. Of course mamma would like to have the pie look well, with company to dinner. He tried to press them closer, but they would not meet.

Perhaps there were too many cherries in it! What should he do? Ah, Teddy! Didn't something whisper to you that the thing to do was to hurry right out of that pantry, quick?

Suddenly a clubby hand reached out, and a little finger disappeared into the pie, and when it came out two rosy cherries came with it, and were popped into a mouth as rosy as themselves.

One, two, three times it went in, before Teddy felt sure that the edges would meet, and then he hastily pinched them together and slipped away, with a little guilty feeling tugging at his heart. This was soon forgotten, however, in the bustle caused by the arrival of his aunt and cousin, and not till dessert was served did he think about what he had done.

But when Molly came in with the pie, he remembered. Somehow, it didn't look quite so tempting.

There was that little guilty feeling tugging at his heart again, and then suddenly he started! What was mamma saying to Aunt Lizzie? Teddy could hardly believe his ears, and yet he had distinctly heard her say, "Teddy had a finchling in this pie!" and every one was looking at him and smiling, and oh, how dreadful it was!

Teddy's face grew scarlet, and sliding down from his chair, before any one could speak, he ran out of the room and

up the stairs to his own little room, where he hid his hot face in the cool pillow, wishing he might never have to take it out again.

How had she found out? Did mothers know everything? And then to tell it right before Aunt Lizzie and Dorothy! He felt that he could never look them in the face again.

When his mother came upstairs in search of him, she found a very much ashamed little boy who, however, bravely told the whole story, and what do you suppose mamma did? Why, she laughed and laughed at first,—she couldn't help it,—and then she told him that it was his own little guilty conscience that had put such a meaning into her words, for that she had meant only that he had helped her make the pie. And then, of course, she forgave him, as mothers all ways do when little boys are sorry. But when grandma heard about it, she told him the story of "Meddlesome Matty."

TALKING IN THEIR SLEEP.

"You think I am dead."

The apple tree said,

"Because I have never a leaf to show,

Because I stoop,

And my branches droop,

And the dull, gray mosses over me grow;

But I'm alive in trunk and shoot.

The buds of next May

I fold away,

But I pity the withered grass at my

root."

"You think I am dead,"

The quick grass said,

"Because I have parted with stem and blade,

But under the ground

I'm safe and sound,

With the snow's thick blanket over me laid,

I'm all alive and ready to shoot

Should the spring of the year

Come dancing here,

But I pity the flower without branch or

root."

"You think I am dead,"

A soft voice said,

"Because not a branch or root I own,

I never have died,

But close I hide

In a plummy seed that the wind has sown.

Patient I wait through the long winter

hours,

You will see me again.

I shall laugh at you then

Out of the eyes of a hundred flowers."

—Edith M. Thomas.

WHAT HAVE WE DONE?

How much have we done toward making the world better? Is there a soul on earth any happier because we have lived? No doubt we have led and clothed ourselves. We have supported ourselves without the charity of others. We have been a burden to no man. But what good have we done? When "the slow descending sun" casts its shadows upon our pathway will they fall likewise on the lives of those to whom we have given a happier hour? To have lived for self will be a poor consolation at the evening time. If no act of ours is left to bear fruit when we are in the tomb, no influence that has passed into other lives to yield their blessing when we have ceased to be, surely then has life been a wasted one. Even though it has been free from vice and crime, coarseness and vulgarity, it marks an empty life, whose failures lie not so much in the evil done as in the duties neglected and opportunities unemployed.—Selected.

Birds when perched on trees or bushes are natural weathercocks, as they invariably roost with their heads to the wind.

Egypt is the only country in the world where there are more men than women. The male sex in the dominion of the Khedive exceeds the female by 160,000.

CHURCH
WORK

Ministers and Churches

NEWS
LETTERS

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. E. A. Henry, of Regina, is visiting friends in Toronto and Hamilton.

Rev. T. D. Roxburgh, Smithville, exchanged pulpits with the Rev. D. C. Macintyre, of Beamsville, on a recent Sunday.

Rev. J. A. Matheson and family, of Priceville, left on the 2nd inst. on their regular five weeks summer holidays granted by the congregation.

Mrs. (Rev.) G. C. Patterson and Miss Elsie Patterson of Embro have left for a trip down the Hudson River, where they will be joined by Mr. Patterson.

Rev. Alex. Sheppard, of Markdale, held a week of helpful special services in which he was assisted by Rev. Finlay Matheson of Chatsworth, and others, preparatory to communion on Sabbath, July 1st.

Rev. R. E. Knowles preached at Salet Ste. Marie last Sunday. His pulpit in Galt was filled by Rev. John Taylor, who spoke on missionary work in India.

Rev. Dr. Dickson, minister of the Central church, Galt, accompanied by Miss Dickens, is spending a well-earned vacation in Britain. It is probable readers of the Dominion Presbyterian may hear from him before he returns to Canada.

At Preston Station, the pastor, Rev. L. W. Thom, was recently assisted in three weeks' special services by Rev. Walter Russell, evangelist, whose sermons were deeply spiritual, quickening and edifying. A number were led to decide for Christ and others were greatly blessed.

The usual preparatory services were held in Knox church, Embro, on Saturday morning.

Rev. Mr. Cochrane, of Woodstock, preached, and 30 new members were received into the church. The communion service was held on Sunday morning.

At Flesherton, anniversary services were held on Sabbath, July 1st, when Rev. Finlay Matheson, of Chatsworth, who exchanged with Rev. L. W. Thom, preached edifying and highly appreciated sermons to large congregations. On Monday evening the usual festival was held, when an excellent programme of addresses and music was rendered.

At Eugenia, anniversary services were conducted on Sabbath the 24th ult., by Rev. James Buchanan, of Dundalk, who exchanged with the pastor, Rev. L. W. Thom. Mr. Buchanan preached able sermons on Sabbath and the following evening at the entertainment gave a very interesting address on his trip to Scotland.

A reception was tendered to Rev. and Mrs. John Taylor, who recently returned from Central India, where they were laboring as missionaries of the Presbyterian church, at the residence of Mr. James Struthers, Galt. It was the regular meeting of the teachers in the Sunday school of Knox church, and about sixty of them were present to meet the returned missionaries. Short addresses were given by Rev. Mr. Knowles, the Superintendent, James R. Cavers, and Mr. and Mrs. Taylor, who spoke of their work among the Hindus, in a very interesting and realistic manner.

A very enjoyable social was held at St. Andrew's church, Stratford, under the auspices of the newly-organized Ladies' Aid of the church. The affair was given in the basement, and there was a good attendance. Rev. F. J. Thompson, who conducted the Sunday services, acted as chairman, and performed his duties in a most acceptable manner. After the usual opening devotional exercises, an entertainment programme was introduced, the following taking part: Miss Kennedy, Messrs. McKellar and Norfolk, Mr. Chandler, Miss McCallum, Misses Steinhoff. Refreshments were served at the close.

Central Church congregation, Hamilton, held a meeting to consider the question of rebuilding the church and calling an assistant to the Rev. Dr. Lyle. A majority of the members favored the purchase of a new site, while several wanted the church rebuilt on the present site but they were in a hopeless minority. Finally, Hon. J. M. Gibson drafted a resolution to the effect that it would be advisable to rebuild on a site between Hughson and Queen streets, and south of Duke street, and this was accepted. It was decided to extend a call to Rev. W. H. Sedgwick, Charlottetown, P.E.I., as assistant pastor. The salary was fixed at \$2,000 a year.

On Sunday evening July 1st, Rev. R. J. McAlpine of Knox Church, Owen Sound, preached an appropriate sermon from Isa. 40: 4, 5. Mr. McAlpine, says the Times, sketched briefly the history of Canada from the landing of Cabot on the coast of Labrador 40 years ago. He showed that through many adversities the land of the Maple Leaf had shown itself capable of attaining to the highest reaches of national greatness. Israel had prayed to be great and she became great. But in the midst of her greatness she forgot the one who had answered her prayer. In other words as the preacher said "she became so taken up with the gifts God gave her in the land of milk and honey that she forgot the Giver. In closing Mr. McAlpine urged each citizen to do his part in the building up of our empire. This required faithfulness to God and man, and in so doing our future will be one of glorious and not as with Israel, inglorious leanness.

At a special meeting of the Young People's Guild of Westminster church, Meina, Ont., held on July 9th, Miss Mabel Wilson and Miss Kate Anderson presented excellent reports of the meeting of the Saugen Presbyterian Young People's Union held in Palmerston last week. The meeting had been of a very inspiring nature, and a spirit of earnestness and devotedness had pervaded the gathering. Rev. John Little of Holstein gave a splendid report of the Baltimore Convention of 1905; Mr. R. B. Stevenson spoke of certain hindrances to the progress of Young People's Societies; Miss Kate Stewart on some features of the Nashville Convention and of the Student Volunteer Movement, and Dr. Brown of Holstein, on Personal Work. Rev. W. R. McIntosh of Elora gave a fine address in the evening. The President for the current year is Dr. Brown, whose zeal and earnestness ought to be a powerful help to successful work among the young people.

MONTREAL.

Next Sunday Rev. G. F. Kinnear, B.A. of St. Mark's church, will exchange with Mr. McElroy.

Last Sunday, Rev. Thomas Fowler, M. A., of Halifax, preached morning and evening in St. Paul's church.

Rev. Prof. Mackenzie is supplying the vacant pulpit of St. Andrew's, Westmount, to the great satisfaction of the congregation.

In Erskine church, Rev. George C. Pidgeon, D.D., of Toronto, is supplying for three weeks in the absence of Dr. Mowatt.

During the month of July Knox congregation is worshipping in the Dominion Methodist church, the Rev. Dr. Fleck taking the services.

Next Sunday, Rev. W. R. Cruickshank, B.A., a former pastor, will occupy the pulpit of St. Matthew's church. On the four following Sundays, Rev. Mr. Horne will take the services. The pastor, Rev. K. Macdonald, will spend his holidays in Western Ontario, likely in the vicinity of Lake Huron.

CHURCH UNION.

By Dr. J. M. Harper, Quebec.

Article I.

During the late parliamentary debate on the Sabbath Day Observance Bill, there was no word uttered that ought to have brought more of a cheer to Canadians than the claim on the part of legislators that Canada is a Christian country. In such a claim, there is a warrant for the morality of the legislation which is legitimate, and for the gaining of the legislation which is illegitimate. And whatever are likely to be the inner oppositions to a movement in favor of church union among any of our Christian denominations, no outer opposition need be looked for against the issuing of a charter for the after organization of the church which shall include the Presbyterians, the Methodists, and the Congregationalists of the Dominion.

In regard to these possible inner oppositions, it is neither "wise nor prudent" to meet trouble half way. The preliminaries, pointing to an early consummation of such a union, have been favorably accepted by the higher church courts of the three denominations seeking for union. There was exception taken it is true, to the movement, at the last meeting of the Presbyterian General Assembly, and the surprise of our outspoken opposition, coming like a bolt out of a clear sky, may be taken by some as a portent of further surprises of opposition, when the question comes up for special analysis by the minor church courts and the people themselves. It would appear as if there was going to be no very serious impediment to the union on the part of the Methodists and the Congregationalists who are less hedged about if it be not imprudent to say so, by the traditions of a church policy and creed incrustations than the Presbyterians. Yet it may safely be said that, if the objections raised by the minor courts of the Presbyterian body prove to be no more in line with a sound logic than were the objections raised by the mover and seconder of the amendment to the motion in favor of union at the London General Assembly the negotiations that have been carried on so far are not likely to be called in question having been, as they continue to be, strictly in line with the honestly expressed hope that gave birth to the movement. The objections raised at the late General Assembly must in no wise be treated with disrespect. Indeed these objections, had they been raised when the movement was at its earlier inception, would have been fairly in order as a test of the latent feeling, among the members of the approaching chamber, that a closer association of some kind was desirable. But, all the same, the minor church courts ought not to allow themselves to be led astray by the action of those voting for the opposing amendment. To follow their lead is to assume the rather uneasy responsibility of combating what has been already warmly approved of, namely, that church union, even of wider compass than what the three negotiating bodies now contemplate, is a desirable thing. In fact, the amendment submitted involved an objection which might be impulsively raised to any enterprise whatsoever, just as it has been raised to the suggestion that an alliance between three or more of our Christian denominations in Canada is desirable. The time, however, has transpired for the raising of such an objection, especially on the ground that there might be less of a success in Christian work as an ethical corrective in the country at large under the contemplated union than what there has been experienced with no alliance. Only an assuring gift of prophecy, vouchsafed to the individual, would

justify such a harking back to a phase of the question which has long been settled in the minds of most of us. In fact, it is hardly an exaggeration to say that outside of the unthinking and the heedless there are few who would now care to assume the responsibility of maintaining even with their traditions and church conventionalities still restraining them, that church union is not a desirable thing. Public opinion is at last with the Master in this matter. Canada is a Christian country, and Christian union of any kind cannot but be a desirable thing either in its narrowest or widest acceptance. The Church Union contemplated stands as a foretaste to Canadians of a coming Christian union. It is all that we can look for at the present moment. And, when the minor church courts once take up the details of the terms of the proposed union, for closer examination and analysis they will have to start from the initial patriotic standpoint that Christian union, in whole or in part, is a good thing for Canada, a standpoint it would be well to keep in view in our further deliberations over the matter. The terms on which the union is to be consummated, are what we have now to discuss, with no leading from those who have been harking back to the main proposition which has already been accepted by the three negotiating churches. The union of these three bodies may be delayed, but the desirability of union cannot now be ignored, even should the discussions in the minor courts modify the inner difficulties to be overcome. To repeat for the sake of emphasizing, as far as things have gone, there has been no uprooting of the public conviction that Canada being a Christian country, demands Christian co-operation as a necessary, if Christianity is to hold the place in our national life and ethical advancement which it ought to hold. In such Christian co-operation is our best guarantee for the assimilation of our national and pre-national sympathies, for the consolidation of a Canadian patriotism on the foundation lines of our duty to God and man, as set forth by the founder of the Christian Church himself.

It would perhaps be deemed a little presumptuous for any one layman to examine in open criticism the details of the terms of the proposed union. There has seldom been such a union as those three bodies would fain have consummated in their behalf, without friction and subsequent segregation of a part from the whole. The misfortune, of an after separation has been more frequently to be traced to the asperities of the discussions indulged in them to conscientious scruples. The imprudence of over-haste in reaching conclusions not altogether unimpaired with impatience and even intolerance has been too often the cause of the segregation referred to. The "Wee Frees" and the so-called "Picton Church" had possibly their origin in such imprudence. The details of the terms of the union ought therefore to be placed in the hands of the laity and the minor church courts with a fair and above-board urbanity. There is going to be no one more benefited by the union than another. The great benefit is to go to the country at large, our own "Canada First."

Lately we have been told the true story of our Canadian confederation as having been accomplished by too much of a betrayal of principle in the preliminaries which led up to it. We want no such a story ever to be told of the preliminaries of any Canadian enterprise involving Church Union. There should be no hiding up, no explaining away, no taking for granted, no unseemly fineness of any kind, in our deliberations over the details of the terms of the proposed union. The history of the movement so far should be rehearsed by our pastors as a preliminary to final action. The pulpit should be taken advantage of in elucidating these terms. The union should be as "blessed a doctrine" as could be selected for a Sabbath's exordium, and a practical one too, dealing directly with the life and conduct of the people, in relation with the final solution of a transcendently important subject.

The writer of this preliminary article would know more of these details for himself than has so far come casually in his way as the member of a Presbyterian congregation. And there are thousands of others who would know all about them. There should be a literature of the "new standards" in the hands of every member, manager and elder. The clergy should see to this. They should be up and showing wherein the new policy differs from the old, and how the concentration of creed involves no sacrifice to principle, no disrespect to the memories of those who fought and died for what we have so long enjoyed, no treason to the faith that is within us. The exercise will be beneficial to all of us. Should other communications follow this one from the present writer, they may be taken as being written more from a desire to learn than to teach. Indeed it is the duty of every Canadian Christian to enquire into the differences among us that stand in the way of church union on a wider basis even than the partial one contemplated.

There is such a spirit of enquiry awakening among the Anglicans of Canada, and possibly within other denominations, as to these differences. There has been a measure of ironical qualification lately expressed on the part of a Halifax Presbyterian divine that "there is at least one Reclor of the Church of England so anxious for Church Union, that he has taken the trouble to write several letters to the newspapers in favor of it." The venerable Archdeacon Armitage of Halifax, Nova Scotia, has certainly been advocating in the newspapers lately a closer Christian co-operation among all churches, as have also the Primate of All England, and the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster. The Presbyterian divine above referred to says that he greatly desires to see the Anglican church take its place in the United Church that is being spoken of as a possible consummation in the near future. "Such a supplementary consummation" he proceeds to say, "in my judgment, is greatly to be desired, for many reasons; and I, for one, am willing to go a considerable length in bringing this about. I hope that Dr. Armitage's letters may work largely in this direction, though there are some things in them which I regret." And it is needless to say that these things to be regretted get pretty well entangled about and around the great "bugaboo," as seen from both sides of the ecclesiastical fence, namely the Historic Episcopate, and that in the terror provoked by them, the argument is finally brought to grief on the brink of a c'est impossible.

The Rev. Dr. Armitage, it may be said, has got no further in his pleadings in the press than have the three churches that are in the way of being united, with the preliminary confession that there is no insurmountable "bugaboo" to frighten any of the contracting parties out of their better judgment. That Christian co-operation is a desirable thing the elderly prophets and pastors of the three contracting churches have decreed more than a year ago, and Church Union has in the light of that decree at last become with them a venture worth exploiting. Dr. Armitage has got no further than the preliminary pleading in his excellently sensible letters to the press. But now that the details of the terms of the proposed compact between the Presbyterians, the Methodists and the Congregationalists have been sent down for practical consideration by the minor courts and the people, it would surely be imprudent to mix up the difficulties that are all but sure to arise in the minds of the members and adherents of these three bodies, with that great barrier in the way of a wider union, namely, the Historic Episcopate, which has given Dr. Armitage's Presbyterian neighbors, something almost worse than a "fit of the blues." The Rev. Mr. Fowler, of Halifax, has certainly not lightened the task Dr. Armitage has assumed in his advocacy of a wider union, by making the most of the greatest of all hindrances in the way of the Anglican

church joining in a general union, just as many others will no doubt make the most of less serious matters by way of impeding a partial union. Meantime, however, there can be no harm done, if all heat of discussion be avoided, in letting Canadians know, through Dr. Armitage, Mr. Fowler, or any others, what impediment to a wider union there is or is not, in this same detail of an Historic Episcopate, treating the subject as an academic theme, leading towards something practical in future for all of us.

PRESBYTERY OF BARRIE.

When the Presbytery of Barrie met in the country town the attendance was small and the docket short and light. There was little to do and, as usual, a long time was taken to do it. There was no business of general interest. Routine and local matters filled up the time until the middle of the afternoon when the court adjourned until September. The clerk was instructed to procure a sufficient number of copies of the Basis of Union to enable the ministers and elders to study that question.

Rev. R. E. Knowles will preach in South St. Marie next Sunday, leaving on Friday. The pulpit of Knox, Galt, will be occupied in his absence by Mr. John Taylor, of Galt, returned missionary from India.

Communion was dispensed on Sunday morning in Knox church, Galt, to a great congregation. The Rev. Robt. Knowles, of Orillia, was present and assisted in the dispensing of the elements. The presence of the venerable clergyman was much appreciated by the congregation.

The Presbytery of Paris met in Knox church, Woodstock. Owing to a number of the ministers being away on their holidays the attendance is small. Several matters of importance were discussed, while many minor matters were disposed of. Rev. W. J. Booth of Gobles was appointed moderator for the next six months to succeed Rev. E. C. Gallup, formerly pastor of the charges at Mt. Pleasant and Burford, who has left for Saskatoon. The chief item of business was the consideration of the call from Burford and Mt. Pleasant to Rev. G. S. Scott of Maple Valley in the Presbytery of Orangeville. That Presbytery was also meeting, and they were notified by telegram of the call to Mr. Scott. It is not known as yet whether or not Mr. Scott will accept. In the meantime provisional arrangements for the induction services were made. Rev. D. H. Marshall of St. George will preach; Rev. R. Pettigrew of Glen Morris will address the minister, while Rev. H. J. Pritchard of Brantford will address the congregation. At 1:30 the Ladies' Aid of Knox church entertained the members present to luncheon in the church parlors, and their kindness was deeply appreciated. In the afternoon reports of committees from the recent Assembly meeting in London were received. Among the speakers were Rev. Dr. McMullen of Woodstock and Rev. Mr. McBeath of Paris. Routine business and minor matters were also up for discussion.

NOT TO ADMINISTER TO.

O Lord, I pray
That for this day
I may not swear
By foot or hand
From Thy command,
Not to be served, but to serve.

This, too, I pray,
That for this day
No love of ease
Nor pride prevent
My soul intent,
Not to be pleased, but to please.

And if I may,
I'd have this day,
Strength from above
To set my heart
To heavenly art,
Not to be loved, but to love.

—Maltbie D. Babcock.

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Stewed fruits, such as apples, rhubarb, and prunes are good for the complexion during the spring. Raw fruit is also good, but cooked fruit agrees better with the majority of people.

If you are over-tired, bathe the neck and temples with hot water. Bathe the back of the neck particularly; this seems to relax the muscles and the veins that supply the brain with blood. A headache will often be relieved, even cured, by hot applications to the back of the neck.

It is better to use a wooden spoon than one of metal when stirring milk or soups, and before using baking tins you should grease them inside thoroughly either with butter or lard. In order to prevent them from burning it is as well to take the precaution of sprinkling the shelves of the oven with salt.

Fish Toast: Wash and trim a dried fish, place it in a tin in the oven with a few bits of butter or dripping on the top of it; bake about ten minutes. Remove all bones and skin, and chop finely. Put the fish and one and a half ounces of butter in a saucepan, heat thoroughly, season carefully. Have ready neat fingers of hot buttered toast or fried bread, put a heap of the fish on each; garnish with chopped parsley or chopped hard-boiled eggs. Serve very hot.

Lemon Souffle: Beat yolks of four eggs until thick and lemon colored, add one cup sugar and juice and rind of one lemon; continue beating. Fold in whites of four eggs, beaten until dry; turn into buttered pudding-dish; set in pan of hot water and bake thirty-five to forty minutes. Serve with or without sauce.

Select ripe, rich-flavored pears. Pare, core and cut them into dice. Cook in a little rich sugar syrup until tender. Line the bottom of a deep glass dish with a layer of the pears and syrup, cover with another layer of cake crumbs, and then the remainder of the pears and syrup. The dish should be about two-thirds full. **Over all pour a plain boiled custard.** Heat a meringue made with the whites of eggs and three tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar over the top just before serving. Serve cold.

How to Arrange Flowers: A well-known landscape architect who has had much to do in laying out parks and supervising the arrangement of flowers in them says that women should make a serious study of arranging flowers in vases, and especially taking into consideration the proportion of the vase. The more simple the material and the form of the vase the better the artistic effect. Take, for instance, the syringe. A straight terra-cotta vase like a column holds these blossoms to perfection. Some vases of exquisite and elaborate workmanship are complete in themselves without the addition of flowers; the effect of the line of the vase is spoiled by covering it, and the simple natural beauty of the flower is injured by the elaborate setting made by the vase. A single-stalk flower is appropriate for a handsome vase, sometimes, but care must be taken that the effect is not like that presented by the spectacle of a small man in a big hat.—Exchange.

A young Aberdeenshire farmer had been slandered by one of his servants, and to get even with the yokel he confronted him with the choice of three words of punishment—horse whipping, tar and feathers, or case at Court. Geordie agreed to the tar and feathers. Geordie and Jack, old pa's, went at Tar-riff Feeing Market. Jack—"Woe! Geordie, how did you like tar and feathers?" Geordie—"Man, ye ken, I didna muckle oblect to the tar; it wis the feathers I cudna thole."

To a Glasgow company belonged the credit of issuing the first burglary insurance policy in Great Britain.

SPARKLEG.

"If nature had made me an ostrich," said old Grouch, "I suppose I could eat your cooking."

"Wouldn't that be nice?" answered his imperturbable spouse, "then I could get some plumes for my hat."

Algy: "That—aw—Miss Van Rox uses fearfully awful grammar, don't you know?"

Albert: "Aw! Does she?"

Algy: "Ya-as; I proposed to her the other evening, and she said she wouldn't marry nobody."

No expense to Run.—"They've started a queer restaurant downtown; no tables, no chairs, no food, no waiters."

"What are they running it on—air or water?"

"Neither; Christian Science. You think you eat; so much a think."

"Lost money, eh? Don't look so glum. You ought to take things philosophically."

"I always do. But it's hard to part with things philosophically."

"Tell me," said the ambitious young man, "what do you consider the best foundation for success in business?"

"Rocks," promptly replied the wise old merchant.

"The people in the next house seem to be fond of the latest song."

"Yes. They don't appear to care for any that are sung earlier than ten p.m."

A story is told of an Englishman who had occasion for a doctor while staying in Peking, says the Birmingham (England) Post.

"Sing Loo, greatest doctor," said his servant; "he savee my life once."

"Really?" queried the Englishman.

"Yes; me tellible awful," was the reply; "me callee in another doctor. He givee me medicine; me velly, velly bad. Me callee in another doctor. He come and givee me more medicine, make me velly, velly badder. Me callee in Sing Loo. He no come. He savee my life."

Domestic: "There's a gentleman who wants to see you on business."

Master: "Well, ask him to take a chair."

Domestic: "He's taking 'em all, and the table, too. He's from the furniture shop!"

CARE OF THE HAIR.

For poor, brittle, falling hair a professional hair treator gives these directions, which, implicitly followed, she says, will, before many weeks have passed, check the tendency to fall out, and act in restoring the strength and tone of the hair. The head should be washed once a fortnight with water in which a little powdered borax has been dissolved and a teaspoon of household ammonia added, with the beaten yolk of an egg, and as much sub-carbonate of potash as will lie on a tenn-cent piece. It must then be thoroughly rinsed in three different waters, when one will require an assistant, who may hold the hair up in one hand while with the other she pours the water gently over the head from a pitcher or sprays thoroughly with a shower-bath spray. When the water shows no discoloration it will indicate that all foreign matter applied has been removed properly. It is best to do this at night, if the after-operation is faithfully followed out, but warm towels should be rubbed over the head until it is perfectly dry. The next morning a very little vasoline should be rubbed into the scalp with the tips of the fingers, and the hair then brushed for ten minutes at least. The hair should be singed every month, for a time at any rate, using a brush in which the bristles are not too hard nor too short. The scalp should be gently rubbed before bringing the brush down the hair, and care must be taken not to sing the locks. If a tonic is used, it should be applied with a soft sponge, and the material should afterwards be well rubbed in with the tips of the fingers. This gentle friction will promote the growth of the new hair as well as strengthen that already on the head.

DISEASED KIDNEYS.

Made Sound and Strong Through Dr.

Williams' Pink Pills.

"Two doctors told me that I was incurable, but thanks to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I am a well woman today." The strong statement was made by Mrs. Ed. Rose, of St. Catharines, to a reporter, who hearing of her remarkable cure called to see her. "A few years ago while living in Hamilton," continued Mrs. Rose, I was attacked with kidney trouble. The doctor lulled me into a state of false security, while the disease continued to make inroads. Finding that I was not getting better I consulted a specialist, who told me that the trouble had developed into Bright's disease and that I was incurable. I had dwindled to a mere shadow and suffered from pain in the back, and often a difficulty in breathing. Insomnia next came to add to my tortures and I passed dreary, sleepless nights, and felt that I had not long to live. In this distressing condition my husband urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and to please him I began to take them. After using several boxes I felt the pills were helping me and I continued taking them until I had used some twenty boxes, when I was again restored to perfect health, and every symptom of the trouble had disappeared. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills certainly brought me back from the shadow of the grave, and I have since enjoyed the best of health."

Every drop of blood in the body is filtered by the kidneys. If the blood is weak or watery the kidneys have no strength for their work, and leave the blood unfiltered and foul. Then the kidneys get clogged with painful, poisonous impurities, which brings aching backs and deadly Bright's disease. The only hope is to strike without delay at the root of the trouble in the blood with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They make new blood. They flush the kidneys clean, heat their inflammation and give them strength for their work. Common kidney pills only touch the symptoms—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure the cause. That is why they cure for good, and at the same time improve the health in every other way. But you must get the genuine pills with the full name, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or direct from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

ABOUT CLERGYMEN.

It is the fashion now-a-days in this very enlightened age to talk much and not always kindly of the faults and failings of the clergy—of those peculiarities which distinguish them as a body from their lay brethren. But what about the special virtues which are theirs by right of their clerical training, and in which the laity are conspicuously lacking; the intuition, the sympathy, the self-possession, the self-control, which we take as a matter of course in our spiritual pastors, but which we frequently seek in vain in the successful tradesman or the man of affairs? When the enemy has found occasion to blaspheme, and is availing himself of the same, it is a favorite gibe of his to discover points of resemblance between clergyman and woman. And he is right. As a rule, a clergyman, more than any other man, has the power of discovering other people's joys and sorrows, and throwing himself into them in a way that is popularly supposed to be the prerogative of the weaker sex. His very calling trains him to suppress his own wants and wishes in attending to the wants and wishes of his flock; just as a woman is trained to suppress her own wants and wishes in attending to the wants and wishes of her family.—Ellen T. Fowler.

CANADIAN PACIFIC

TRAIN SERVICE BETWEEN OTTAWA AND MONTREAL VIA NORTH SHORE FROM UNION STATION:
b 8.16 a.m.; b 8.20 p.m.

VIA SHORT LINE FROM CENTRAL STATION:
a 3.00 a.m.; b 8.45 a.m.; a 8.30 p.m.; b 4.00 p.m.; c 6.25 p.m.

BETWEEN OTTAWA, ALMONTE, ARNPRIOR, RENFREW AND PEMBROKE FROM UNION STATION:
a 1.40 a.m.; b 8.40 a.m.; a 1.15 p.m.; b 5.00 p.m.

a Daily; b Daily except Sunday; c Sunday only.

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All trains 3 hours only between Montreal and Ottawa.

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9.35 a.m.	Cornwall	6.24 p.m.
12.55 p.m.	Kingston	1.42 a.m.
4.40 p.m.	Toronto	6.50 a.m.
12.80 p.m.	Tupper Lake	9.25 p.m.
6.87 p.m.	Albany	5.10 a.m.
10.50 p.m.	New York City	8.55 a.m.
8.55 p.m.	Syracuse	4.45 a.m.
7.30 p.m.	Rochester	8.45 a.m.
9.30 p.m.	Buffalo	8.35 a.m.

Trains arrive at Central Station 11.00 a.m. and 6.35 p.m. Mixed train from Ann and Nicholas St. daily except Sunday. Leaves 6.00 a.m., arrives 1.05 p.m.

Ticket Office, 85 Sparks St. and Central Station. Phone 18 or 181



THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

Any area numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-West Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES.

A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto, to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans:—

- (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.
- (2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (3) If a settler was entitled to and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead. If the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead.
- (4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same town, township or an adjoining or cornering township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres substantially fenced.

The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homesteads to entitle them to patent on or before the 2nd June, 1889.

Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

should be made at the end of three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent, or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent, the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, at Ottawa, of his intention to do so.

INFORMATION.

Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the North-West Territories, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing land to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba, or to any of the Dominion Land Agents in Manitoba or the North-West Territories.

W. CORY,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands to which the regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from railroad and other corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

PRISBYTRY MEETINGS

SYNOD OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

- Sydney, Sydney, 27 Feb.
- Inverness, Whycoomagh, 12 and 18 March.
- P. E. Island, Charlottetown, 6 Mar.
- Pleiton, 7 Nov., New Glasgow, 2 p.m. Wallace.
- Truro, Halifax, Halifax, 19 Dec., 10 a.m. Ian and Yar.
- St. John, St. John, 16 Jan., 10 a.m. Mirmahel, Chatham, 17 Dec.

SYNOD OF MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

- Quebec, Quebec, 6 Mar., 4 p.m.
- Montreal, Knox, 6 Mar., 9.30.
- Glengarry, Cornwall, 6 Mar., 1.30 p.m. Ottawa, Ottawa.
- Ian and Ren., Carl. Pl., 19 Feb., 7.30 p.m.
- Brookville, Brookville, 29 Jan., 2.30.

SYNOD OF TORONTO AND KINGSTON.

- Kingston, Kingston, 12 Dec., 2 p.m.
- Peterboro, Cobourg, 5 Mar., 8 p.m.
- Whitby, Bowmanville, 17 Jan., 10 a.m.
- Lindsay, Lindsay, 19 Dec., 11 a.m.
- Toronto, Toronto, Monthly, 1st Tues. Orangeville, Caledon, 14 Nov., 10.30.
- Barrie, Barrie, 6 Mar., 10.30.
- Algoma, Thessalon, 6 Mar., 8 p.m.
- North Bay, Hurons Falls, Feb. or Mar.
- Owen Sound, O. sd., 6 Mar., 10 a.m.
- Sauguen, Mt. Forest, 6 Mar., 10 a.m.
- Geolphi, Geolphi, 26 Mar., 10.30 a.m.

SYNOD OF HAMILTON AND LONDON.

- Hamilton, Hamilton, 2 Jan., 10 a.m.
- Paris, Woodstock, 9 Jan., 11 a.m.
- London, London, Chatham, Chatham, 12 Dec., 10 a.m.
- Stratford, Stratford, 14 Nov.
- Huron, Sarnia, 14 Nov., 10.30.
- Mattland, Wingham, 19 Dec., 10 a.m.
- Bruce, Paisley, 6 Mar., 10.30 a.m.
- Sarnia, Sarnia, 12 Dec., 11 a.m.

SYNOD OF MANITOBA AND NORTHWEST.

- Superior, Winnipeg, Coll., 2nd Tuesday, bl. Mo. Portage-la-P., Gladstone, 27 Feb., 1.30 p.m.
- Arcoia, Arcoia, at call of Mod. 1908.

SYNOD OF BRITISH COLUMBIA AND ALBERTA.

- Calgary, Edmonton, Edmonton, Feb. or Mar.
- Rod Deer, Blackfalds, 6 Feb.
- Kamloops, Vernon, at call of M. Victoria, Victoria, 26 Feb., 2 p.m.

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