

Dominion Presbyterian

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Note and Comment

Special to Subscribers.

The attention of every subscriber is directed to the offer contained in our announcement on Page 511 of this issue. We trust that all our many friends in every part of the Dominion will take advantage of it. We should like nothing better than extending subscription dates in every case. Help us by helping yourself.

The Health Board of New York city states that in the last quarter of a century there were 16,713 deaths, and that of this number four had reached the age of one hundred years or over.

An English paper says that the chapter of Alpine tragedies has opened ominously. Experience seems to count for little in respect to mountaineering. Last summer Mr. Aston Binns and Mr. Norman Neruda were among the victims. Each was a splendid Alpinist. This summer Victor Merscen opens the death roll. He has during the past decade performed numerous climbing feats. When ascending Mount Gesanese, in the Austrian Alps, a huge boulder came rolling down and hurled him into the ravine.

A Washington correspondent says: "The new Apostolic Delegate to Canada, Archbishop Franconia, is well known to the Church authorities here, and the appointment is regarded as an important one, owing to the position of the Church in public affairs in Canada, particularly in the Province of Quebec. Archbishop Franconia was brought up in Allegheny, Pa., and for some time was connected with the Franciscan Fraternity there. Later he was vicar-general of St. John, N.B., thence going to Rome and being advanced to a high place near the Pope.

"Don't tell your boys that farming is the noblest of the professions, and the one vocation a man should follow. I raised up four boys, and I never said such a thing to one of them, and yet they are willing to stay on the farm. Make them see that there's something for them and they'll stay with you." So, wisely, writes one who evidently knows boys.

The Catholic publication house, the Holy Joseph, in Paris, recently published a work of 570 pages, entitled "The Danger of Protestantism," which made the Protestants practically responsible for all the ills of modern France.

Two more Gladstone books are promised. One of these is a paper by Mr. G. W. E. Russell on Mr. Gladstone's religious development, read some time ago at Christ Church, printed for private circulation, and now to be published by Messrs. Rivington. The other is the memorial sermon preached by Canon Scott Holland, which will appear through Messrs. Longmans.

Mr. Bagot's discussion of the question, "Will England become Catholic?" which the Living Age of July 29 translates from the Italian review, the Nuova Antologia, is noteworthy for the emphasis with which it answers in the negative the question which it puts, and the facts which it presents in support of that view. Mr. Bagot is an English Catholic, but he wrote this article in Italian, and it is here done back into English of unusual force and lucidity.

The London Baptist says that of the 24,000,000 people of South America. It is estimated that 20,000,000 have never seen the Bible.

A table in Science shows that Canada leads all other countries in the extent of her forests. She possesses 799,230,720 acres of forest-covered land, as against 450,000,000 acres in the United States. Russia is credited with 498,240,000 acres, about 48,000,000 more than the United States. India comes next with 140,000,000 acres. Germany has 24,347,000 acres, France 23,466,450, and the British Islands only 2,695,000. The table does not include Africa or South America, both of which contain immense forests.

Religious rhymes offer a wide field to the collector of oddities. Here are a few choice lines culled from a tract which has an extensive circulation in England:—

On Sunday I am happy,
On Monday full of joy,
On Tuesday I have got a peace
The devil can't destroy.
On Wednesday and Thursday
I'm walking in the Light,
On Friday it is heaven below,
And the same on Saturday night.

The tract states that only a Christian can sing this effusion!

An imposing demonstration in honor of Calvin was recently held in the city of Geneva, which he raised to the proud position of "the Rome of Protestantism." A memorial tablet was affixed to the house which now occupies the site of Calvin's house, in the Rue Calvin, with the inscription: "John Calvin lived here, 1543-1564." The church in which he preached is called the "St. Peter's of the North."

An ecumenical Foreign Missions conference, similar to the conference held in London in 1888, will open in New York April 21, 1900, and continue until May 1. One day will be devoted to a consideration of woman's work, one to a discussion of the relation of students and other young people to Foreign Missions, and six days to a consideration of the general interests of this great enterprise. The Presbyterian Church in Canada is well represented on the General Committee in the persons of Rev. W. Moore, D.D., Ottawa; Rev. R. P. Mackay, M.A., Toronto; Mr. Hamilton Cassels, Toronto; Rev. P. M. Morrison, D.D., Halifax, and Rev. Alexander Falconer, Pictou, N.S. The recent death of Dr. Morrison leaves a vacancy that will doubtless be filled later on.

Our esteemed contemporary, the Presbyterian Witness, copies our Toronto correspondent's remarks about the doing away with the Preparatory Course in Knox College, and then goes on to say:—

"It may be well to remind our Toronto friends that they are following Halifax—at a distance. We have had no 'Preparatory' here. Our students in theology are, with few exceptions, university graduates. This has been our position for many years, and we have found it advantageous. We mean no reflection on Knox, and we congratulate it that at last—thirty-five years after Halifax—it is able to do without the 'Preparatory' and to insist on a university course. The position of the Montreal College is undoubtedly peculiar and deserves special consideration."

The late Dr. Chiniquy made it impossible for the Roman Catholic Church to claim that he had, when he came face to face with death, returned penitently to the Church. But whenever there is the slightest chance such claim is made. The latest is the case of Miss Cusack, who was widely known as the "Nun of Kenmare," whose death occurred recently. Everywhere Catholics are told that she returned to "the mother Church" before she died. Of course the statement is not true.

Our old friend, Rev. Samuel Houston, M.A., of Kingston, at present visiting in Ireland, has been delivering several practical addresses on "Canada: Her History and Her Resources," which cannot fail to be useful to his adopted country. The Belfast Witness writes in warm praise of the one given in the lecture room of the Second Presbyterian Church, Broughshane, at the close of which a hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Houston.

This is how the Parliamentary correspondent of the Yorkshire Post describes Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's attitude and expression in the House of Commons: He persistently wears that waxen, fixed, Sphinxen air, impenetrable and provoking, that defies analysis. You can tell when Mr. Balfour has anything on his mind; he is as susceptible as a schoolgirl, and displays his feelings as readily. He will laugh and chaff, or be stern and nervous. He gives you a cue. But you will get as much satisfaction on what is passing in the alert brain of Mr. Chamberlain by looking at him as you would do by staring hard at Cleopatra's Needle. We know he is a man with quick emotions, only he has the wonderful faculty of hiding them. There you see him in the crowded House lying back with a cold, chilly, even sinister, expression, his eyes probably closed and never an eyelid moving. He is immovable. That is what makes Mr. Chamberlain so strikingly interesting a personality. When a bitter bolt flies at him he slowly opens his eyes, very deliberately fixes his black-rimmed monocle, slowly rises, stands by the table, and in a hard, dry tone reads his reply from a type-written sheet of paper. Then he relaxes his eyebrow and the eyeglass falls away; he sits down, folds his arms, and he is as pale and expressionless as a carved Egyptian figure.

The Quiet Hour

For Dominion Presbyterian.

Returning From Captivity.*

This has been well called "The Second Exodus," for it marks a new epoch in the life of the Jewish people; it is the creation of Judaism, strictly so-called, and brings us to the last stage in the long preparation for the coming of the Christ. Almost two hundred years before the Northern Israelites who were taken captive were "lost," that is, scattered among foreign peoples and absorbed. Some to-day are spending their strength in the vain attempt to find these "Lost Ten Tribes;" that, however, is a mere fad, which has no support in solid history. A portion of the Hebrew race was lost, but the purpose and promise of God could not fall hence when the Jews were carried captive; it was a different case. Though there was so much that was impure in the nation's life, many had reached a higher stage of religious life and come more clearly to the meaning of "Moses and the prophets." These people were taken to the great city of Babylon and formed a separate community. Cut off from their city and temple, they fell back upon their sacred books; they collected their literature and established what we would call Bible classes and prayer meetings, and there began a Bible influence which continues unto this day. Whatever controversies there may be about Moses, Ezra certainly went forth with the book of the law in his hand. That which came forth in the Second Exodus was more a church than a tribe or nation. To the historian of that day such a movement might seem small and insignificant, but we can see that it was of immense importance to the life of the world. We have already seen how Ezekiel, a prophet who resided among the captives, cheered and comforted them. We must remember also that in those days of sorrow Jeremiah's words began to bear fruit. The time came, though long after his death, when his promises of restoration and revival could be appropriated by a living faith. The "Second Isaiah" brings the great message of comfort, and mentions Cyrus by name as the Lord's Shepherd and Messiah, ordained to deliver this people. That was not an acceptable message to the more bigoted Jews; they would naturally have preferred a Messiah of their own race, but godly men had grace to accept a deliverance, which came in a manner different from their expectations. (1) It is here recognized as a fulfillment of Jeremiah's prophecy. Thus the man who was most despised and rejected, speaks after he is dead, and is recognized as a true prophet. (2) It is recognized that a heathen king may act under a God-given impulse, and be, in a very true sense, a servant of God. That may be commonplace to us, but to the Jew it was a new revelation. To them the action of Cyrus was an acknowledgment of the God of the Jews as the true and living God. It would have been well in other cases if the zealots could have remembered this great truth, that all kings and empires are under the sway of heaven. (3) Though this was a political movement under the sanction of the Emperor, it was also a spir-

*Sunday-school Lesson for August 27th:—Ezra I, 1-11: Golden Text—"The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."—Psalm 126, 3.

itual movement stimulated by the spirit of God. There are two classes of people—those who were to go to build the house of God, and those who, while remaining, were to assist by their contributions. "Even all whose spirit God had stirred up to go up to build the house of God, which is in Jerusalem," "besides all which was willingly offered." The Second Exodus was therefore a more spiritual as well as a more ecclesiastical movement than the first—it was an election and selection in a deeper sense. The men who took part in this movement were stirred by patriotism and religion; they longed to worship God in the land of their fathers. Some who were well off in Babylon preferred to stay there and give money, but the leaders of this movement gave their souls; they sacrificed the material to the spiritual; they sought first the kingdom of God. Out of their effort, which seemed to the politicians of the day to be so small and mean, there came the highest blessing for the world, for they maintained the life, the testimony, and the temple until the Christ came. W. G. J.

In Me Ye Shall Have Peace.

Long days and nights upon this restless bed
Of daily, nightly weariness and pain!—
Yet Thou art here, my ever-gracious Lord,
Thy well-known voice speaks not to me in
vain

"In Me ye shall have peace!"

The darkness seemeth long, and even in the
light

No respite brings with it—no soothing rest
For this worn frame; yet in the midst of all
Thy love revives. Father, Thy will is best
"In Me ye shall have peace!"

Sleep cometh not, when most I seem to need
Its kindly balm. O Father, be to me
Better than sleep; and let these sleepless
hours

Be hours of blessed fellowship with Thee.
"In Me ye shall have peace!"

Not always seen the wisdom and the love;
And sometimes hard to be believed, when
pain

Wrestles with faith, and almost overcomes.
Yet even in conflict Thy sure words sus-
tain—
"In Me ye shall have peace!"

Father, the flesh is weak; fain would I rise
Above its weakness into things unseen.
Lift Thou me up; give me the open ear
To hear the voice that speaketh from
within—
"In Me ye shall have peace!"

Father, the hour is come; the hour when I
Shall with these fading eyes behold Thy
face,
And drink in all the fullness of Thy love.
Till then, oh speak to me Thy words of
grace—
"In Me ye shall have peace!"

The above lines were found among Dr. Horatius Bonar's papers after his death. It is believed they were the last he ever wrote.

You may take the greatest trouble, and, by turning it around, find joys on the other side.

The Nature of Divine Forgiveness.

By George Matheson, D.D.

"I have sinned against heaven. . . . Make me as one of thy hired servants. But the father said: 'Bring forth the best robe and put it on him.'"—St. Luke xv. 18, 19 and 22.

There are no degrees in forgiveness. There are degrees in the holiness that follows forgiveness; but pardon must be perfect at its birth. Forgiveness restores each man to the place he had before he fell. If the prodigal had been a hired servant previous to his fall, he would have been made a hired servant again. There would have been no sting in that; it would have involved no stigma. But to make him a servant after he had been a son would have perpetuated the pain of memory. Nothing impedes my progress like the remembrance of a dark yesterday. When the page is already blotted I am apt to blot it more. I lose heart; I say: "It is already tarnished; what does it matter now!" If I am to get a fair start, it must be a bright start—a start with the ring and the robe. It will not help me that you lift me from the far country if you give me a place second to my former self. That second place is my yesterday, and I should walk by its darkness. It would dog my footsteps; it would never let me go. I should not feel that it was unworthy of me, below me. I should always be fingering my ticket-of-leave. I should never be able to soar for the remembrance of the Irons; memory would clip the wings of hope.

Therefore, O Father, I am glad that the robe has preceded my merits. I am glad Thou hast clothed me in beauty before I deserved it. I am glad Thy smile has not waited for my well-doing. It is only by Thy smile I ever shall do well; the white robe of Thy Christ alone will keep me pure. Give me the morning star—the star ere work begins. Give me the music and the dancing of Thy house in advance of my labors. Give me the light of Thy countenance when I am still untried, unproved. I would not seek to win Thy smile. I would receive it unwon; I would win by it. Let Thy favor outrun my day. Let Thy pardon come before my earning. Do not put me on hire. Do not take me on probation. Send out Thy light before all things; make me glad ere Thou hast made me good. When I am clothed in Thy white robe I shall seek the far-country no more.

A Secure Position.

"Keep yourselves in the love of God," says St. Paul to his converts. For it is not so much what a man puts into himself as what he puts himself into that make or unmake him. No sovereign remedies are ever given with a teaspoon. You can bury a man under a tiny mound or miniature hillock, but it needs a lofty mountain to lift him out of dyspepsia and nervous prostration into the perfect condition of a son of God. Religion is not a nauseous drug to be taken under compulsion of necessity and with a shudder of the spiritual nature, but a deep in-breathing of celestial vitality. What many a skeptic and doubter or misanthrope needs is not so much a proof text as a new point of view and a new atmosphere. One cannot fight malaria with a vial or a pill. What is needed is to get up into the heights and breathe ozone. The best way to kill sin is to cultivate piety. And so we come back to the Pauline prescription for the soul that has become conscious of its declining vitality: "Keep yourselves in the love of God."

The man who is dead to the world knows what it means to die; the process is not so easy that one can pass through it and not know what he is doing.

Simplicity as a Pulpit Power.

Simplicity is a term which has come to us with various shades of meaning from the naïvete of the French to the clearness and perspicuity proverbial of great minds. In this way Agassiz was simple in his teaching. In this way it has been remarked by a distinguished litterateur of this country, the great preachers in England are simple; and it was remarked that Dr. Benson, the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the occasion of the Queen's Jubilee, preached a sermon which was strong and commanded close attention; yet, instead of being an ambitious effort setting forth the material glories of the British Empire, it was a simple, high pitched, clear call for the dominance of the spiritual man over the material, while the discourse was notable for a simplicity of expression which made it intelligible to a child. And this quality of simplicity is declared on good authority to be more characteristic of the pulpits of England and Scotland than of this country, despite the high intellectual equipment of the preachers of these transatlantic countries.

In this relation it will not be doubted that Charles H. Spurgeon was one of the most gifted, if not the supreme of preachers of the present century. Yet he went confessedly for his models to the Bible and to Bunyan. And we may note right here that when asked for the secret of his pulpit power he said to his theological students: "When a dog is not noticed he doesn't like it. But when a dog is after a fox he doesn't care whether he is noticed or not. If a minister is seeking for souls, he will not think of himself." It did not occur, seemingly, to Mr. Spurgeon that his church people were nearly all converted, and therefore did not need the Gospel. Rather he seems to have felt that there is indeed an irrepressible conflict going on in the human breast, and that there was a strong tendency to backslide; hence the old truths of the Gospel must be unceasingly commended to men whether converted or not; and this we believe is the right view. As illustrative of the power of simple Gospel preaching, we may mention the case of Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, who was converted in her early girlhood by a sermon preached by her celebrated father, Dr. Lyman Beecher. She tells us that many of his hair-splitting theological discourses were quite unintelligible to her, but on a certain Sabbath he spoke "in direct, simple and tender language of the great love of Jesus as our friend, and of His care of our souls." After reaching home she went into her father's study, and falling in his arms, she said to him: "Father, I have given myself to Jesus to-day, and he has taken me." He burst into grateful tears, and exclaimed: "Then has a new flower blossomed in the kingdom this day?"

We lay down no hard and fast rule; we inveigh against no great sermons, although the sum of the good achieved by them is, we believe, questionable. We only insist upon the social value of simple—not superficial, not commonplace—Gospel preaching. It isn't the sermon that elicits the remark as the congregation is marching down the aisle, "What a fine sermon," that necessarily does the most good, but the discourse which leads the listener to mend his ways, though his lips may give forth no words of enthusiastic approval over the "effort" of the minister.—Christian Work.

"It is the vocation of the Church, in the burning enthusiasm of love, and by elastic methods of action, to declare that Brotherhood has its root in Sonship, that the character of humanity is contained in the one pregnant phrase of Christ, 'Our Father.'"—John Marshall Lang, D.D.

Christian Service.

The service which Christ requires must be whole-hearted. To become a Christian one must give himself—body, soul, mind and strength, for life and death—to Christ. Christian service does not consist in any single act, but in a continued surrender, day by day, a living dedication of all that we are and all that we possess to Him who has called us into His kingdom. When the heart is renewed by the Holy Spirit, the soul is not only born into the kingdom of God, but the kingdom of God is set up in the soul. To serve Christ is to have Christ enthroned in the mind and heart. It is to have the desires and habits and passions to which all the best energies were sacrificed brought into subjection to the new Master and Lord. That means on His part ruling, and on our part willing and loving obedience.—The Exambler.

"He Maketh Me To Lie Down."

By Charlotte Murray.

"He maketh," yes, He sees us on the mountains,
Toll-worn and weary, sadly needing rest;
And yet determined to be pressing onward
To gain the summit of some distant crest.

Too much intent to listen to His teaching,
Too eager to be gladdened by His smile,—
Too worried, often, to hold close communion,
And then He bids us rest a little while.

And we rebel: we do not wish to tarry;
It is so hard to feel we must lie down
Just at the moment when our hopes were
highest,

And glory waiting our success to crown!
And so He takes us from the hum of voices,
And will most tenderly our souls restore:
Until we are refreshed, and duly strengthened.

To walk more watchfully than heretofore.

There Was No Singing.

Doubt never gave birth to music. The newspaper reports of the funeral services of the late Colonel R. G. Ingersoll said, "There was no singing." The fact was deeply significant.

Some kind of music is natural and instinctive among the people of every race. It is a human instinct to be touched by the mellow notes of music. Music is loved for two reasons. First, because it is impressive; second, because it is expressive. Music wakens chords in the being and life of the soul which otherwise would slumber. The consciousness of such awakened life and emotion is profoundly agreeable. Especially pleasing is it because it wakens the sense of oneness, a feeling of sympathy. Under the spell of music one seems to be less alone in the world. Something without is felt to correspond with something within. Somehow and somewhere the subtle impression is made by music that certain sensitive chords in others' being are in unison with and answer to those in our own being. And in this awakened sense of mutuality and responsiveness there is power. Some are of course more sensitive to it than others. With all it is a quality peculiarly susceptible to cultivation. But the impressive charm of music is universal.

Christianity, if not the mother of music, has developed a music and song of its own. There is to be found no such music in any heathen country as is found in all Christian countries. Naturally and historically, Christian experience gives birth to Christian music. This is because the Christian experience awakens into power emotions that are peculiar to itself, and which crave musical expression. For souls uplifted into glorious cheer and triumphing trust and hope mere

word-language is not enough; the words need to be touched into music in order to fit the case. That Paul and Silas, scourged and thrust into jail, despite their bleeding wounds, made their dungeon and the midnight ring with their song of praise, was perfectly natural; natural to men whose souls were stirred into such ecstasy as theirs of glorious and blessed fellowship with the Divine One who was thus revealing Himself within them. The Gospel of Christ has never gone anywhere that music did not go with it. The history of Christianity is traced in the history of Christian song.

There is no living church anywhere without its music and song. The modern hymnology is something which the atheist only makes himself foolish trying to account for. There is nothing in his philosophy to explain it. That there should have been no song or music of any kind at the funeral of Colonel Ingersoll was altogether natural. Music there and then would have seemed a mockery. Mr. Herbert Spencer, who has spent his life and his extraordinary intellectual ability trying to reason out an explanation of the world by reasoning God out of it, and in the strangely unnatural endeavor to put an "unknown" eternal IT in place of the Almighty Father, maker of heaven and earth, was asked not long ago by Mr. Stead to name some hymns that had been of greatest use and comfort to him. His reply was, that he was not aware that any hymn had been of particular use to him. When a boy of seven, he added, he had been forced to commit hymns to memory as a punishment. So cruelly, so horribly, in his case, was his life and his life's philosophy poisoned at the foundation, by a prejudice "deep almost as life."

It is a miracle of Christian testimony to the truth when martyrs go to the stake with triumphal song. It is something as really natural as it is beautiful when dying saints go home on the wings of song. Music at the Christian burial chords perfectly with the fitness and meaning of the occasion. Truly, pity can not be too heartfelt and profound when any one dies under circumstances which make music of any kind seem dissonant and out of place. Christian gratefulness can not be too constant or too exultant in view of the fact that music and the new song are the symbols of the new order of things, as already more and more, day by day, the new heavens and the new earth are seen coming down from God out of heaven.—The Interior.

One Rule for All.

I think there is something of meanness on the part of laymen who seem to believe that because they are laymen they can do things clergyman ought not to do. A woman of my congregation said to me the other day, after describing a performance at a theatre she had visited the night before: "O, I wish you could have seen it! But then, I should have been sorry to have seen you there." A layman has no business in a place where he would blush to see his pastor present.—Dr. Parkhurst.

We often think that, if we had that man's means, or that man's ability, or that man's opportunity, we could do something worth doing, but, as we are, there is no possibility of any great thing. Yet God does not want us to fill any other man's place, or to do any other man's work. God wants us to improve our own opportunity, with the possessions and the powers that He has given us. It is a very great thing for us to do the best we can do, just where and as we are. God asks no one of us to do more than this, nor has any one of us a right to do less.

World of Missions

For Dominion Presbyterian.

Designation of Rev. J. J. Wright, B.A., to Dawson City.

The designation services in connection with the appointment of Rev. J. J. Wright, B.A., to mission work in Dawson City, were held in Christ Church, Lyn, on Tuesday evening, the 8th inst., and were of a most interesting and impressive character. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity by the people of the different sections of the charge, Lyn, Calntown, and Mallorytown, as well as many belonging to other denominations.

Rev. Dr. Warden, acting Convener of the Home Mission Committee, presided, and after devotional exercises, addressed the congregation, giving a most instructive sketch of the Home Mission work of the Church, with special reference to the Yukon, and speaking in high terms of Mr. Wright's fitness to be a worthy successor to Rev. A. S. Grant, who is returning from Dawson. Rev. Dr. Campbell, Moderator of the General Assembly, then addressed the missionary-elect, speaking words of counsel and encouragement, which were very helpful to Mr. Wright and the people he is leaving. This was followed by an address from the Mallorytown portion of the congregation, which was read by Rev. Mr. Strachan, of Brockville, who added a few kindly words of his own.

Dr. Lane, of Mallorytown, then read an address to Mr. Wright on behalf of the united charge, at the same time presenting him with a purse of \$320. Brief speeches were then made by Rev. Messrs. Potter, of Peterboro; Hunter, of Baltimore and Cold Springs, and Dr. Stuart, of Prescott. Mr. Wright replied in fitting terms to the address and presentation, thanking the congregation for their unvarying kindness during the ten years of his pastorate, and bidding them an affectionate farewell.

The severance of the pastoral tie is keenly felt by the whole congregation, as they were devotedly attached to Mr. Wright, who had endeared himself to them by his kindness, wisdom and tact, as well as by his ability as a preacher. They are worthy of all praise for the spirit of sacrifice which they have manifested in giving up their pastor at the call of the Church, and it is earnestly hoped that they may soon find another who shall faithfully lead them in Christian work. Mr. Wright left Peterboro on Saturday last for Vancouver, and expects to reach Dawson by the end of the present month.

Preaching and "Palaver."

The Assembly Herald, official paper of the American Presbyterian Church North, has the following interesting letter from Rev. St. N. Milligan, formerly stationed at Angom, now at Gaboon, West Africa. The Mr. Marling, mentioned in the letter, has relatives in Toronto, and was, we believe, a nephew of Rev. Dr. Marling, formerly of that city, but now pastor of a Presbyterian church in New York.—Ed. D. P.

"My fellow-missionaries of this station and others from whom I heard by letter so strongly urged me to leave Angom and come to Gaboon, that I felt constrained to yield

to the judgment of so many, and am now living at Gaboon. But I am still working among the Fang, who are rapidly moving toward the coast, and have now several towns within a few miles of this station, while all along the river their towns are numerous. I am very happily situated here, and, not having much work at the station, I shall be constantly engaged in this work of itineration, both on foot and by boat. I shall also visit Angom once a month while Dr. Bennett is absent. Some of the Fang towns around Gaboon are very hard to reach, and there is much incidental exposure. Last Sunday I went to a town three miles distant. Many times on the way I waded water waist deep, sometimes stagnant and foul. My appearance at the end of the journey was more startling than picturesque, and some of my ministerial friends in America would have been shocked if they had seen me preaching to a considerable audience with my trousers rolled above my knees and wet from the waist. But it was well worth while for the opportunity of preaching Christ to a large number of people, utter heathens, who, however, gave me good attention. When I spoke of the two ways, one leading to life, the other to destruction, the chief, interrupting, said: 'Now, tell me plainly, whether when I die I am to take the road to the right or to the left, and I shall remember it.'

"While I was alone at Angom a serious 'palaver' arose which I presume I ought to mention to you. The Fang are noted thieves, even in Africa. Since Mr. Marling's death, the stealing at Angom has surpassed everything of the kind in the mission. When I was left alone at the station, in broad day, they stole some valuable goods from one of my workmen. These workmen are natives from the coast, and we are their only protection among the Fang. I therefore felt responsible for the goods; responsible also for the defense of my men against this treatment; responsible for our mission property and the contents of our store, which was becoming more endangered as they became more bold; and, above all, responsible for the impression of our character as Christian men, which admittedly had come into contempt by reason of our seeming weakness and cowardice, as they had interpreted our forbearance. This impression accounts in some measure, I believe, for the extraordinary indifference with which they hear the word that we preach—an indifference or good-natured contempt which makes that field the most hard and hopeless in the mission.

"On this occasion I followed strictly the native mode of obtaining justice, and that which they recognize as fair. When a few minutes after the theft a man from the same town to which the thief belonged passed through the mission premises, I ordered the men to watch him and take his gun. Then, letting him go, I said that I would return the gun as soon as they brought me the stolen goods. An hour later, some thirty or forty men, armed with knives and guns and shouting their war-cry, rushed into the yard. They did not realize that I was going to take up the 'palaver,' but thought they had only to deal with the workmen, of whom there were but three, and those unarmed. Their deliberate intention was to kill the particular man whose goods had been stolen, and who had captured the gun. I brought him quick-

ly into my house, but they followed him to my very door, and he had a narrow escape. Then I came out, and standing on the porch several feet above them, as soon as I could be heard I told them that the 'palaver' was mine, and that, in order to get the gun, which was in my house, they would have to fight me. One of them raised the cry, 'Let us kill the white man and take the store.' The cry became general, but one of their number then advised that if they attacked the white man and the mission, it ought not to be done by one or two towns, but that all the adjacent towns ought to be engaged in it so as to spread the responsibility. This advice prevailed, and they decided upon an attack that night, and sent messengers to two large towns some distance in the forest, telling them to come armed for an attack on the mission. I did not suppose at the time that we had a single weapon of defense except the old gun which we had captured; it was already loaded, but as far as I know we had no ammunition. I immediately set out to search the premises, and to my great joy found a rifle, which accidentally or providentially had been left there. We also found plenty of ammunition, both for the rifle and the other gun, which we had seized. I also ordered the men to catch any native that might come near the premises and to take his gun. They were greatly surprised when they heard the report of the rifle, and immediately recognised it as a 'white man's gun,' of which they have a wholesome dread. Moreover, I was very careful to conceal the fact that I had only one rifle, and they were quite deceived, supposing that I had a sufficient number for all of us. They dispatched messengers a second time to the forest towns, to tell them of our preparations. The result was that no attack was made, although they came together that night armed for the purpose, and shots were frequently fired. I brought the workmen to my house and one of them, armed with the rifle, walked before the door all night. This was 'Makuba,' the man from whom the goods were stolen. He is a Christian from Benito, a man of excellent character; in physique an 'Apollo Belvedere,' and in bravery a 'Hobson,' though unknown and untried. Some of the other men besought me to give back the gun and stop the 'palaver,' but Makuba shamed them out of their cowardice. I refused to open the store, and out off all communication with the people, until, after a few days, they returned the stolen goods, and the 'palaver' was finished.

"I have told you very briefly of this affair and have omitted much of it."

Mr. Milligan's modesty in relating his trying experiences is only exceeded by his admirable good sense and quiet heroism, yet he is a type of the godly men and women who represent the Presbyterian Church on the foreign field.

A writer in the Foreign Missionary number of the Christian Standard summarizes some important facts about India in the following paragraph: There are 500,000 lepers; 417,000 die from cholera every year; 15,000 die from snake bites and 3,500,000 die from malarial fever. The average term of life is twenty-six years. June and July are the months for cholera epidemics. September and October is the time when fever prevails. The people of India are very poor. Fifty millions have only one meal a day. They live mostly on rice. Some of the very poor people eat the carcasses of oxen and buffaloes. A day laborer receives from five to ten cents. The average population per square mile is 184. M. Mozcomdar writes: As Christ's religion consecrates suffering, crowns sorrow, raises the fallen, heals the afflicted, it has a supreme message for the afflicted Hindoo.

The Anti-Rome Movement.

The Chretien Francais for July contains interesting details of the growth of the reform movement in France and of the increasing unrest amongst the French Catholic clergy. A learned priest, M. l'Abbe Harrent, author of a work on "The Schools of Antioch," has just sent in his letter of resignation to the Bishop of Soissons. The letter is couched in the severest terms. He speaks of the Roman clergy as the most corrupt of all existing corporations, and winds up as follows:—

"You will not think it strange that, myself loyal, laborious and independent, I am quitting a world of hypocrisy and idleness, in whose lower ranks reigns servility and in whose upper an odious arbitrariness."

A French Catholic paper declares the discontent of the lower clergy to be everywhere showing itself. It does not attach so much importance to the defections which, considerable in themselves, are small in comparison with the 40,000 members of the regular French clergy. But, says the writer:—

"It is the troubled spirit of those who remain in the ranks, their ennui, often their anguish, that appears to me so much more interesting and important."

"The reform movement at Boulogne, of which we recently gave an account, continues. The mental condition of the French people in reference to religion was significantly shown at a great meeting just held there as a sequel to the one addressed by M. Bourrier. On this last occasion the Great Salon Sainte-Beuve was crowded with an audience of 2,000, a large portion of whom were Catholics. When the speaker of the evening, M. Tarroux, described the anguish of the priests who were awakening to the falsity of the doctrines which had been imposed on them, and wound up with: 'Il faut mentir ou sortir' ("They must either tell lies or quit the Church") the report says it seemed as if the roof would come off with the thunders of applause. The audience, however, was not by any means in a mood of mere negation. The passages of the lecture the most heartily received were those which affirmed the royalty of Christ, and when the orator, in a thrilling utterance, saluted Christ dying on the cross after a life of sacrifice and devotion to the cause of humanity, the enthusiasm of the auditory was at its height."

The anti-Rome movement of the Continent outside France is not less pronounced. The Commune of Lichtenwald, says the Cologne Gazette, all Roman Catholics with the exception of five families, have gone over in a body to the Evangelical Church. The Jesuit Father, Joseph Tavoeki, of Bielitz, has left the Roman Church and has gone to Halle to study the Evangelical theology. In Hungary the reform movement makes daily strides. In the one Commune of Kacska over eighty families have just embraced the Evangelical faith. At Gabions the Reformed Church has had during the last eighteen months an accession of 700 persons. The Vienna journals announce that twenty-one Roman priests have asked of Bishop Herzog admission into the Old Catholic community.—Christian World, London.

Mission Notes.

In 1842 there were only 620 Roman Catholic priests in England; to-day there are 2,500.

The native Christians in the District of Uganda, Africa, are every month purchasing more than five hundred dollars' worth of books and stationery, a large part of the books being Christian. In the mission of the English Church Missionary Society are fifteen native priests and deacons wholly supported by the native Church.

The Korean woman of the higher class is seldom if ever seen in the streets of the larger cities during the day. One woman of high position informed Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop that "she had never seen the streets of Seoul by daylight."

Rev. B. F. Meyer, who has lately visited India, says: "The English or the American missionary will never be able to win India for Christ, but he will win the elect spirit, the trained, educated, and Christianized native, who in his turn will win India for Christ. Everywhere I was told of men who have lost faith in their gods, who are groping after the true light, who are living pure and virtuous and peaceful lives, who seem to need only the one last push to bring them to Christ."

The Danish missionaries among the Batak tribes, in Sumatra, are rejoicing over the many baptisms of Mohammedans. One of them writes: "When I think of it, now these new Christians, only a few years ago, were fanatic, surly Mohammedans, who had closed their ears against the voice of the Gospel, and thought that they could surely enter their prophet's paradise by virtue of their fasting, praying and reading their unintelligible Koran, and now have overcome all prejudices and superstitions, confessing Christ as the way, the truth and the Life, I am overwhelmed with gratitude and adore the grace of God."

There are wonderful revelations of the work of the Holy Spirit in missions, says the Gospel in All Lands. A missionary in Manchuria reached a town of whose existence he had never heard, and there found thirty-six inquirers. At the next village, where no foreigner had ever been, he found a chapel erected up for Christian worship, the fruit of a single convert who had migrated thither. These are samples of incidents that are ever cheering the heart of the missionary and witnessing to the fact that God is in His work.

The Church of Scotland has a mission in the feudatory state of Chamba, in India, the rajah of which has undertaken at his own expense to build a church for the mission. The corner stone was laid on the 17th of February last by the rajah himself, accompanied by his prime minister and other leading officials. With prayers and Christian songs and reading of the Scripture the services proceeded, after which the thanks of the assembled company were given to the prince for his magnificent gift. In response to the address made to him his Highness bore witness to the conspicuous loyalty and obedience of his Christian subjects, and subsequently the prime minister wrote: "His Highness wishes me to say that the support which the mission has received from the rulers of the Chamba State is not great in comparison with the good which the agents of the Church of Scotland mission are doing among his people. He quite realizes the value of good education, which is helping to raise the children of the soil out of ignorance and to open to them the doors of civilization and enlightenment."—Missionary Herald.

A man only advertises his own folly by putting off until to-morrow what can be done to-day. "To-morrow is a satire on today, and shows its weakness." Nothing encourages misery and despair more than putting off the performance of duty. Let your work pile itself up, waiting the application of your hands, and it will soon drive you off your head. Lazy hands make a dull brain. Delaying duty means loss of cash. Neglecting business means an untidy shop; an untidy shop means no customers; no customers means an empty purse; an empty purse means infuriated creditors; infuriated creditors mean a filed petition; a filed petition means a dishonored name; a dishonored name means a lost character.

Thought Time.

By Anna D. Walker.

Alas! how many hours do we waste in our thought time? By thought time we mean time in which we are only thinking, not working nor even reading. Ah! to be brought to realize what strength of soul and mind is gained by proper guidance of thought, that is, by meditation and forcing thought to run in proper channels. To have our thoughts under control, to rule there, as it were, is a great achievement.

Payson tells us to dwell upon the scenes of the Bible until they become to us real and vivid. When we look upon pictures prepared for the stereoscope they appear tame and almost meaningless, but when through the glass we see them all is changed; they have a life and beauty that we little knew before that the picture possessed. Storing the Word in the mind and meditating upon it, with the aid of the Spirit, is the glass that brings out the meaning in fulness and richness, so that we see something of the wondrous things that are in the Lord. Inspiration calls upon us to meditate upon God and His Word, to remember His works of old, "His wonders and the judgments of His mouth." In Paul's solemn charges to Timothy he says: "Meditate upon these things, give thyself wholly to them." The injunction to meditate upon the law, the statutes, the precepts, the testimonies, the commandments, is reiterated in the Psalms. Especially is it taught in the one hundred and nineteenth Psalm, where the Psalmist declares he has more understanding than his teachers because of his meditations upon the Lord's testimonies. Are we pursuing a course of study, it is of great value to go over and over in the mind the truths we would fix there. Make thought run in the channel of this truth, whether it be scientific or religious:—

"He that attends to his interior self,
That has a heart and keeps it; has a mind
That hungers and supplies it—
Has business." Aye, and weighty business,
too.

The mind has power to enlarge itself by governing thought, by meditation upon important themes.

Our thought time may be very profitable or very wasted. "Thou knowest my thoughts" is the Psalmist's word. Unthankful thoughts, discontented thoughts, resentful or impure thoughts, or vain and idle thoughts, are all beneficial weeds in the garden of the mind, and if encouraged make it impossible for the better plants to grow.

Is one troubled with insomnia? Let us speak of a remedy that in our own experience has proved itself valuable indeed. It is to repeat portions of Scripture, or else take a Scripture subject and meditate upon it. Almost any other train of thought adds to the excitement, consequently to the wakefulness, but in the Word there is a restful influence, a calming effect which is very apt to say, "Peace, be still."

"Let the meditations of my heart be acceptable in Thy sight, oh Lord."—Christian Intelligencer.

"Ask God to give thee skill
In comfort's art,
That thou mayst consecrated be
And set apart
Unto a life of sympathy;
For heavy is the weight of ill
In every heart,
And comforters are needed much
Of Christ-like touch."

"All right conduct must be rooted in a living creed, in faith in the living God of salvation. Your life will not be right if your creed be wrong."—Rev. John McNeill.

Our Young People

A SUMMER MEETING, TO DISCUSS HAPPINESS.

Topic for Aug. 27—"Green Pastures: the Christian's Pleasures."—Ps. 23: 1-6.

"In His Presence is fullness of joy."

In the Green Pastures.

By Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D.

The first sentence of this psalm is the fountain whence flow all the streams of joy noted in the sentences that follow. The first and highest joy of the Christian is that he has such a Shepherd to love, to follow, and to obey.

Before we can enter His green pastures we ourselves must be His sheep, loving, following, and obeying Him. Professor Drummond says that he knew a Sunday-school scholar whose conception of joy was that it was a thing made in lumps and kept somewhere in heaven, and that when people prayed for it, pieces were somehow let down and fitted into their souls. But Christian life, the Christian spirit, the Christian joy, the Christian fragrance is of the rose, or the flavor of a peach. You cannot have the fragrance or the flavor without the rose or the peach. You cannot have the pleasures of the Christian without first being a Christian, and the more Christian you are, the higher and sweeter the joys.

True religion is in its very nature joyous. The Christian has sorrows, but they are not the fruit of religion. Religion does not create the darkness, but it throws light upon it, brings comfort in sorrow, awakens songs in the prison and in the night.

Let us wander around the green pastures and see what Christian pleasures we can find there.

1. We find food there. The soul needs food as really as the body does. Every faculty of the soul requires feeding, so that it may grow and be strong and active. Whenever the soul has an appetite, hungers and thirsts after righteousness, then the satisfying of that appetite gives pleasure. We often do not have great Christian joy, because we do not hunger enough for the virtues whose activity brings joy.

All the pleasures of body and mind, all that makes life delightful, when within the limits of God's laws, belong to the green pastures of the Christian. Religion does not drive us from every temple of pleasure, nor put flaming cherubim at the gate of every Eden, nor write over every field of delight, "No trespassing here." It is not true that

"Each pleasure hath its poison, too,
And every sweet a snare."

See what Paul says in 1 Tim. 4:1-5. Do you remember Browning's story of the two camels? One ate almost nothing, and accepted only the poorest fare, with no care for his body, in order to save for his master. But when he bore his load through the desert, he was too weak to make the journey, and died among the sands, so that his master lost both load and camel. The other, for his master's sake, ate the most nourishing food, and took the best care of himself, enjoying his food and his work; and he bore his burden swiftly and safely through the desert.

2. We find there the waters of rest, gently flowing amid green fields, satisfying the thirst of the soul, invigorating body and soul with

the refreshing influences of the Holy Spirit.

3. We find the pleasures of holy activity, where to do right, and love God and man, is as natural and joyous as the play of a child or the morning song of a bird. The activity of evil passions is ever painful, as of anger, hate, temper, selfishness; while the action of virtues, as of love, kindness, generosity, is pleasurable in its nature.

4. We find social pleasures. There are many sheep in the flock, and each one's pleasure is greater because it is shared with others. The most exquisite delights are dimmed and faded if enjoyed alone.

5. We find the softened pleasures which come from comfort in sorrow, strength in weakness, the virtues wrought in us by suffering. The darkness has its blessedness in the stars unseen by day, and the new songs in the night. Enemies and dangers show us new qualities in the Shepherd, and new proofs of His love.

I have in my study a shepherd's crook and a staff from Palestine. The crook is to help up any sheep that has been caught among the rocks of the ravine. The staff is to defend the sheep from wolves and robbers. As the shepherd walks before his flock, and they see him carrying the rod of help and the staff of defence, they are comforted. But sometimes the flock are caught in the ravines by the sudden darkness, and they cannot see the shepherd. Then he takes his staff and pounds upon the rocks. The sound can be heard a mile or more, and the sheep, hearing it, know that their shepherd is near though unseen. "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod and Thy staff they comfort me."

6. We find the joy of victory, than which there are few greater joys. Having committed sin, temptation, or a bad habit, or a great wrong, or a "spiritual wickedness in high places," the Christian thrills with a greater joy than that of Caesar entering Rome under his triumphal arch. With "the whole armor of God" upon him, the Christian feasts in the presence of his enemies in perfect security, for all things are compelled to work together for his good.

7. His cup runneth over. There is no limit and no end.—Christian Endeavor World.

Our pleasures are mere entertainments. We are entertained like passing guests at the inns on the roadside. Yet even after the choicest meals we dare not linger. We must take the pilgrim's staff again and go on our way to the Father.—Professor Drummond.

Diversions, rightly managed, increase rather than diminish my spirituality. I now feel that I am never serving my Master more acceptably than when, for His sake, I am using means to preserve my health and lengthen my life.—David Brainerd.

"The wheels of time have no reverse motion. If the work of a day is not done in its day, it can never be done. Occasion has a forelock and is bald on the hinder head."—Alexander MacLaren, D.D.

Hints for Talks and Testimonies.

How do we know that God meant that we should find pleasure in life?

What pleasures does a Christian lose that are right for any one else, and why?

What pleasures has a Christian that no one else has?

What is the Christian idea of pleasure?

What special pleasures may a Christian find in nature?

What should be a Christian's object in his pleasure?

What should be the effect of a Christian's pleasures?

What ways to pleasure did Christ point out?

What change does old age bring in Christian pleasure and in other pleasures?

How shall we get most from Christian pleasures?

For the Future.

When the Duke of Wellington said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the cricket field of Eton, he expressed a truth full of suggestion to all young people. The decisive battles of your experience will be lost or won according to the use you make of to-day's training, of its pleasures and recreations, as well as of its work and study.

For Daily Reading.

Monday, Aug. 21.—Ways of pleasantness.—Prov. 3:13-18.

Tuesday, Aug. 22.—Delight in God's law.—Ps. 1:1-3; 119:161-168.

Wednesday, Aug. 23.—Pleasures of obedience.—Ps. 119:1-16.

Thursday, Aug. 24.—Pleasures of service.—Luke 15:3-7; Rev. 22:1-5.

Friday, Aug. 25.—The river of God's pleasures.—Ps. 36:1-12.

Saturday, Aug. 26.—Pleasures forevermore.—Ps. 16:1-11.

Sunday, Aug. 27.—Topic, Green Pastures; the Christian's Pleasures.—Ps. 23:1-6.

So Live.

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join

The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take

His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed

By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,

Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch

About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams"

—Bryant's *Thanatopsis*.

A Good Retort.

A New England Episcopal bishop met a young minister at a social gathering and was introduced.

"Ah, Mr. —, I am pleased to meet you. I am told that you are a Congregationalist."

"Yes, Bishop, I am a Congregationalist."

"Ah, well, Mr. —, excuse me, but while I recognize you as a gentleman, I cannot recognize you as a Christian."

"That is all right, Bishop. While I can recognize you as a Christian, I cannot recognize you as a gentleman."

God's Guiding Hand.

If we believe in Providence—that there is a Hand moving amid all life's affairs, so directing and adjusting them that for each one who loves God good is continually wrought out—we find comfort in the thought that when we fail it is our Father who suffers us not to succeed; that it is He who sets up and bars the gate in the path we sought so eagerly to enter. We may certainly believe this of hindrances which are invincible—inevitableness is clearly God's will for us. We may believe, also, that the true blessing is, then, in the not having, rather than, as we supposed, in the having.

Some flowers have poison mingled in their cup of fragrance; to pluck the flower would be to breathe death. The place we tried so hard to win, and which we imagined would have been ideal in its honor and opportunity, would have proved a nest of thorns, with complications and perplexities that would have made our life miserable. The money we hoped to have made would have brought more luxury and ease to us, but we would have lost something of our spiritual earnestness if we had got it. With too many people the growth of worldly possessions is balanced by a corresponding loss of heavenly longings.

Life is oftentimes long enough to allow good men in later years to thank God for what in earlier years they wept over as grievous disappointments and irreparable losses. The ploughshare seems to work hopeless destruction as it cuts its way across the field. But it is not long before it is seen that what seemed ruin is indeed a process in the renewal of life and beauty. By and by a golden harvest waves on the field.

We have found a great secret of peace when we have learned to see the hand of God in the withholding of what we sought and in the taking away of our cherished joys, as well as in the giving of favors. Job said that it was the Lord that took away his property and children, and in this belief he rested and sang. We are sure that nothing can be lost in God's hands. When he takes our joys and treasures from us they are safe in his keeping.

"God keeps a niche in heaven to hold our idols; and albeit He brake them to our faces and denied That our close kisses should impair their white,
I know we shall behold them, raised, complete,
The dust swept from their beauty—"
and that after awhile he will give them back to us in a way in which we can keep them forever.—Rev. Dr. J. K. Miller.

A Wise Answer.

A bright young man of wealth and social position, but with bad habits, recently asked a young woman to be his wife. Many girls would have felt flattered and have accepted him. Her answer was sharp and decided. "You say I have qualities you wish in the woman who is to be your wife. I do not know as to that. But there are habits I do not have, and I cannot accept a husband who has them. I do not smoke, nor swear, nor indulge in wine. I am not in debt. I do not spend my days in idleness nor walking the streets with silly, unthinking girls, nor my nights with questionable associates. As you have most of these habits, I am not willing to become your wife. Nothing but misery could come of such a union." It was wisely thought and bravely spoken.—California Independent.

A day of rest gives new strength for work. God provides the day and if we are wise we will make the most of it.

A Good Temperance Society.

Two boys stopped in front of a saloon, and an old man standing near listened to what they said.

"Let's go in and take a drink," said one of them.

"I—I don't think we'd better," said his companion, "my father's terribly opposed to saloons. I don't know what he'd say if he knew I'd been in one, and drank liquor there."

"Just for the fun of the thing," urged his friend; "of course we'd stop with one drink. There couldn't be any harm in that."

"My boys," said the old man, coming up to them, "you don't know what you're talking about. If you go in there and take one drink, you're not sure of stopping there. The chances are that you won't, for I tell you—and I know what I'm talking about by a bitter experience—there's a fascination about liquor that it takes a strong will to resist after the first taste of it, sometimes. Take the first drink, and the way of the drunkard is open before you. Only those who let liquor entirely alone are safe. I know, for I've been a drunkard a good many years. I expect to be one till I die. I began by taking a drink just as you propose to—for fun—but I didn't stop there, you see. Take the advice of a poor old wreck—and that is, never take the first drink."

"You're right," said the boy who had proposed to visit the saloon. "I thank you for your good advice, sir. I say, Tom, let's promise each other never to take the first drink."

"All right," said Tom, and the boys clasped hands on their pledge.

"That's a good temperance society to belong to," said the old man. "I wish I'd joined one like it when I was a boy."

To Explore the Antarctic Ocean.

The British Government has proposed to contribute \$45,000 (about \$225,000) toward the expense of an exploring expedition to the Antarctic. This makes it highly probable that the expedition will be a naval one, and, accompanied by an ice-breaking steamer, like the Russian Ermack, which cut her way through ice (at places twenty-five feet thick) in the Baltic last winter, as has been suggested, a very high latitude might be reached. The cost of a special vessel equipped for ice-breaking work would be high, hence a large fund would be required to provide for its construction. The British navy has done nothing in polar exploration for the last twenty-five years, and if the Admiralty should now conclude to take the matter in hand much good work would probably be accomplished in the Antarctic.

The Antarctic conditions are more favorable than when Weddell, in 1823, reached 74 degrees 15 minutes south latitude, and had ar open sea before him. Sir John Ross followed Weddell's line twenty years later and encountered great difficulties, but the Jason found open sea behind the ice pack, near Weddell's course, in 1893-94.—New York Tribune.

Snap-Shot of a Drink That Killed Two Men.

"The most remarkable snap-shot picture in the world is owned by a friend of mine in a town in Georgia," said an enthusiastic amateur photographer. "Its story is extremely curious. It seems that he went one day to a blacksmith shop to get a shot at the men at the forge. The smith was engaged on a difficult piece of iron work and had two helpers. Just behind them, on a shelf, was a

pint flask full of yellowish white liquor, evidently the corn whiskey for which the native Georgian has a peculiar liking. As my friend was preparing to take his picture, one of the helpers caught sight of the bottle and communicated his discovery by dumb show to his companion. The smith's back was turned at the moment, and the first man reached stealthily for the prize, while my friend, unnoticed in the corner, quickly aimed his camera. It was a comical scene, and in his mind he had already named the photo "The Stolen Drink." The helper uncorked the flask and took a swift gulp, and his companion snatched it and did likewise. Then for a brief, breathless instant they looked at each other, and as they did so their grin gave way to such a stare of questioning horror as I never saw before upon a human face. I know, because it was then that the camera clicked and the picture is as clear as crystal. The flask contained carolic acid. Within an hour both men were dead. When my friend took one print he broke the negative, so as to make the photograph absolutely unique. It shows the forward end of the shop. In the foreground is the anvil, with the smith bending over his work. Behind him are the two helpers, one still holding the flask, looking at each other. You can see tragedy in their eyes as plain as print. It is a frightful and dramatic tableau that could not be duplicated by any sort of art."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Unbelief.

There is no unbelief.
Whoever plants a seed beneath the sod,
And waits to see it push away the clod,
Trusts in God.

Whoever says, when clouds are in the sky,
"Be patient, heart, light breaketh by-and-by,"
Trusts the Most High.

Whoever sees 'neath winter's field of snow
The silent harvest of the future grow,
God's power must know.

Whoever lies down on his couch to sleep,
Content to lock each sense in slumber deep,
Knows "God will keep."
—Charles C. Jennings.

The Birds' Foster Children.

It is a singular freak of nature, this instinct that prompts one bird to lay its eggs in the nests of others, and thus shirk the responsibilities of raising its own young. The cow-buntings always resort to this cunning trick, and when one reflects upon their numbers is it strange that these little tragedies are quite frequent? In Europe the parallel case is that of the cuckoo, and occasionally our own cuckoo imposes upon a robin or a thrush in the same manner. The cow-bunting seems to have no conscience about the matter, and so far as I have observed, invariably selects the nest of a bird smaller than itself. Its egg is usually the first to hatch; its young over-reaches all the rest when food is brought; it grows with great rapidity, spreads and fills the nest, and the starved and crowded occupants soon perish, when the parent bird removes their dead bodies, giving its whole energy and care to the foster-child. The warblers and smaller fly-catchers are generally the sufferers, though I sometimes see the slate-colored snow-bird unconsciously duped in like manner; and the other day in a tall tree in the woods I discovered the back-throated, green-backed warbler devoting itself to this dusky, over-grown foundling.—John Burroughs.

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In order to take advantage of our special dollar offer, all present subscribers should remit the amount at once and receive credit for the year. To all in arrears on Sept. 20th the full rate of \$1.50 will be charged. Let us hear from you at once, enclosing One Dollar. The Dollar rate is still good to all pre-paying subscribers.

The attention of our readers is directed to an interesting article from the Belfast Witness on the Twentieth Century New Testament. It will repay perusal.

Dr. Matthews, the secretary of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance, is experiencing difficulties in finding delegates from the Scottish Churches to read papers at the forthcoming Alliance meeting at Washington.

Holiday time has interfered with the progress of the Century Fund. The appeal has gone out that the ministers contribute \$100,000 before the 15th August. There are 1,372 ministers in our Church, according to the latest returns. About 195 of these have reported subscriptions to the amount of about \$29,292.00.

The London Christian World of the 3rd inst. makes mention of the following well-known Canadian ministers at present visiting in the Old Land: Dr. Milligan, of Toronto, and Rev. E. D. McLaren, B.D., of Vancouver, have been preaching in Rev. W. Hutton's pulpit at Birkenhead. Professor Bryce, LL.D., of Winnipeg, is also occupying various pulpits in this country, and the story he has to tell of pioneer work in the Canadian Northwest is an extremely fascinating one.

The religious press is devoting considerable space to discussions of the life and influence of the late Col. Ingersoll. Some of them cannot refrain from casting a stone upon the dead man's grave. This does not hurt the dead, but it may influence the living, and the influence will not be salutary. We are glad to note the tone of profound regret in the majority of the religious papers that a life so richly endowed, and which might have been so powerful an agent in the service of Christ, should have been turned aside from it. What a woful waste of energy was there!

THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN

Is it necessary to perpetuate the present unsatisfactory method of supplying vacant charges? The General Assembly will continue the unpleasant question until Presbyteries agree upon some feasible plan, for with the Presbyteries lies the responsibility of finding a solution to the problem. Why should not each Presbytery begin this work by appointing a supply committee, drafting rules governing the supply of the vacant charges within its bounds, rigorously enforce these regulations, and once more assert its control over this important department of its work? It is time to terminate the present anarchy.

Last week the cable announced the death of the Rev. A. B. Bruce, D.D., professor of apologetics in the Free Church College, Glasgow. This is the second serious loss the Free Church has suffered this year. The venerable Dr. W. G. Blakie passed away earlier in the year. Dr. Bruce appealed to a much wider circle than those who entered his classroom. His books are known and prized in every English-speaking land. He was busy to the last. It is a curious fact that one journal had a criticism of his latest work in the same issue that announced his death. Such men are greatly missed in the Church of to-day.

Some unpublished stories of Carlyle have been told by our Church of Scotland contemporary, St. Andrew. On one occasion Carlyle had been reading some of the Bible with a friend, and his voice thrilled at the passage which tells how those who desecrated the Temple with their buying and selling were driven with a scourge out of its precincts. Closing the book, he burst out in enthusiastic admiration: "That was gran', man, gran'! He was nane o' yer saft puns o' buter." Surely there was reverence even under the abrupt simplicity of the words.

"I happened," says the writer in St. Andrew, "to enter into conversation at Ecclefechan with two men of the drover, or small farmer, class. To a remark of mine that I was surprised to see the stone over Carlyle's grave looking rather green, one of them replied in quite a surly fashion: 'Ay! maybe sae; but it'll be greener yet, for a' the Ecclefechan folk care.'" "But you are surely proud of Thomas Carlyle?" I said. "Humph!" was the answer, "I suppose he was muckle thecht o' about London an' thae parts, but what did he or his ever dae for Ecclefechan? I hae kent the Carlyles a' my life, an' they were a thrawn lot, the whole o' them."

The London Presbyterian says: It has now been decided to proceed with the scheme for the erection of the "Nonconformist Cathedral" at Brighton. The spending of over £70,000 on a single building marks a new epoch in the annals of the Free Churches. The City Temple cost upwards of £60,000; the Metropolitan Tabernacle, which is now in course of re-erection, is estimated to cost some £44,000; while Union Chapel, Islington, one of the most imposing of Nonconformist churches, involved an outlay of £25,000. These are among the costliest, so that the project inspired by the Rev. R. J. Campbell reaches a figure never touched before by Nonconformists. It is interesting to note that the assistant minister, the Rev. G. Hignett, promises no less a sum than £25,000 towards the outlay, £5,000 on the day the foundation stones are laid, and an annual instalment of £1,000 for twenty years. Mr. Campbell and Mr. Hignett were fellow-students at Oxford, and have worked together in their ministerial life.

The rector of St. John's Episcopal Church, in Jersey City, who is spending his vacation in the Catskills, sent a communication recently to the Church Bulletin, giving his impression of hotel life from a Christian point of view. He writes: "Out of a hotel full of nominal Christian people, the only Episcopalian to go to church was a young lad. . . . A hotel piazza on a Sunday morning is a sad sight for a Christian. I can always imagine the devil sitting in the largest and easiest chair, in the coolest spot, and viewing, with truly infernal satisfaction, the crowds of his Master's subjects who pass precious hours with neither Bible nor prayer, and who show no activity until the arrival of his own special communication to them, the Sunday morning newspaper."

Mr. W. W. Ogilvie, of Montreal, the great mill owner, has been making a trip through Manitoba and the Northwest. As a result of his observations, he estimates that the yield of wheat for Manitoba and the Territories this year will exceed 40,000,000 bushels. The Canadian west is going ahead by leaps and bounds. Population is increasing; and, so far as the needs of our own people are concerned, the Presbyterian Church in Canada is meeting the requirements of the situation faithfully, and with a large measure of success.

An Attractive Sermon.

It is surely the part of the preacher to commend the Gospel by his presentation of it. Years of preparation have been spent to fit him for this work of preaching. It has been too true that more time has been spent during those preparatory years in knowing what to say than in learning how to say it. It is also true that the Gospel has such inherent strength that even when blundering and weakly presented, it is not shorn of all its force. But surely this is no excuse for a continued blundering and weak presentation. Who has not felt, while listening to the unskillful presentation of a great truth, by a really earnest man, that the good man was somehow shackling the truth before it left his hands. The thoughtful listener was distressed, the careless hearer was amused, and the Spirit of God was grieved by the work of the preacher.

It is not enough to present truth unshackled before the hearer. The preacher must remember that some before him are non-receptive to spiritual impression. His work is not done when the naked truth has been presented to such minds as these. It is a part of his duty to commend. This, by the way, is very different from recommending it. He should give the truth impetus. He should skillfully direct it, so that it shall reach its mark, and reach it with sufficient force to make an impression. Once it has gained entrance, the Word is quick and powerful, and will do its work, but while it remains outside, it is powerless.

We do not forget that Divine Agent without whose aid human skill is of little account. We speak now, however, only of the human agency which the Holy Spirit utilizes in His work, and of the necessity laid upon the preacher to make the most of it, and therefore to use it with the utmost skill.

Hence the importance of the attractive sermon. It is not that preacher and hearer be mutually attracted, but that the hearer and the truth presented shall be brought together, and entrance for the truth secured. Paul became all things to all men with this end in view, for he knew that if the truth gained entrance men would be saved.

We do not remember to have heard a sin-

gle sermon in which there was not some spiritual truth presented, but we have heard many from which the truth never emerged to reach the hearts of the hearer. Sometimes the preacher had failed to grasp the truth in its fullness, and the mind of the hearer instinctively refused to receive a fragment. Again the preacher had failed to realize the bearing of his message upon any other life than his own, and did not touch the life of a single hearer. Some preachers used the message as if God had said to them: "Go, shew the people what you can make out of this material." Sometimes it was evident that the desire to preach was there, but the skill to do so effectively was lacking.

An attractive sermon is one that lays truth close to the human heart, so that it stays there. The hearer carries it with him, down to his home, to his office, to the open fields. It crops up and asks what he thinks about it. It stays with him till he shall open the door and admit it into his life. And the preacher's problem is just this problem of so presenting his message that it shall stay with the man. The preacher is forgotten, but his message remains.

The Twentieth Century New Testament.

Toward the close of last year a slim little volume entitled "The Twentieth Century New Testament," part 1., made its modest appearance in London, and has been finding its way into the hands of a good many students of the Word of God since then. It is nothing less than the first instalment of a fresh translation of the New Testament, bringing us down to the end of "the doings of the Apostles," commonly called "the Acts," and promising a second volume, which will cover the remainder of the field. The names of the translators are not given, but it is quite manifest from their work that they must be scholars of their work that they must be scholars of their first rank. "Our work," they say, "has extended over many years, in the course of which death has deprived us of the help of one of our first and most valued workers. Undertaken as a labor of love, by a company of about twenty persons, members of various sections of the Christian Church, we now commend this translation to the good will of all English-speaking people, and to the blessing of Almighty God." The Greek text from which the translation has been made is that of Westcott and Hort, and we suspect that the deceased worker of whom reference is made is none other than the great lamented scholar, Dr. Hort himself. If this be so, we may fairly assume that the band of twenty translators contains the very flower of the New Testament scholarship of the age. The translation is made into "modern English," and this is what differentiates it from all previous translations, especially from the authorized and the revised versions. The company who prepared the last named version consisted of the foremost experts of the day in New Testament Greek, and they would have been perfect if one or two men who knew English had been added to their number. As it stands, their work is valuable, but far from being invaluable. It is timid, pedantic, stiff. The great resources of English idiom and the wealth and flexibility of our mother speech are not laid under contribution. We are far from affirming that the present effort is successful in this respect. But its aim is a good one. It begins with the very best Greek text in existence. The translators are masters of that text, and their aim is "to exclude all words and phrases not used in current English," to present to the reader the Word of God "in the English of their

own time"—in a word, to translate into the living, glowing, and fluid English speech of to-day the books of the New Testament. Nothing short of perfection in a task of this sort will satisfy the religious and fastidious reader; but any advance toward perfection ought to be welcomed, and we hasten to say that we have read the present contribution with almost unmixt pleasure. The book is tentative in the sense that it is given to the public with a view to elicit help from all readers, and in the hope that a much more perfect English New Testament may in the end come out of the smelting pot. As it stands, we cordially welcome it for the bold and reverent work it has accomplished, and we hail it as the augury of a New Testament for the Twentieth Century yet to come, which ordinary men may read as they read their newspaper or their magazine.

The five historical books of the New Testament receive new names and a new arrangement. The word Gospel is uniformly translated "good news." The title of saint for the Evangelists disappears. The first in order of the narratives is our second Gospel, which is called "The Good News according to Mark." Then comes Matthew, then Luke, then John, then the doings of the Apostles. When we plunge into the body of the work we find that the whole look of antiquity has disappeared from the sacred narratives, and we are moving about freely in a modern world, fresh and living. "Verily, verily," has given place to "I assure you," or "believe me," or some such current phrase. "Parable" disappears and "story" is used instead. Publicans make way for tax-gatherers. Simon's wife's mother becomes Simon's mother-in-law. "Preached the Word" makes way for "told His message." The officers of the High Priest become constables. Caesar becomes Emperor. Scribes become Rabbis, old bottles become old wine-skins, multitudes become crowds, centurions become captains, and captains become colonels. Disciples figure for the most part as scholars, desert places become lonely places, swine make way for pigs—cast not your pearls before pigs—"the harvest truly is plenteous" becomes simply "the harvest is heavy;" "they that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick; I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance" is changed into, "it is not the healthy who need a doctor, but only those who are ill. I do not come to invite the pious, but the godless." "Pentecost" makes way for "the harvest thanksgiving day," the ten virgins reappear as ten bridesmaids, the town clerk of Ephesus is dismissed, and we are introduced to "the mayor." It is "Captain Julius" who has charge of Paul on the way to Rome, "the tempestuous wind" in the Mediterranean becomes "a perfect hurricane," and the eucalydion figures as a "Northeast." Children of the bedchamber become "friends of the bridegroom." Shewbread disappears, and we get consecrated bread. The penny in the story of the laborers is modernized into two shillings. The silver in the fish's mouth turns out to be an eight shilling piece. The new cloth for the patch is "unshrunk cloth." "Straightway," "insomuch," "divers," "forthwith," "ministered," "straightly charged," "the press," "privily," "espoused," "it was noised," "Quaternions," "Easter," and a host of other such Scripture words have been swept away and modern equivalents put in their place. Along with these has also disappeared the word "hell." The verse in Matthew, "Whosoever shall say thou fool shall be in danger of hell fire," receives the vigorous rendering, "If any one says, 'you scoundrel' he will be liable to be sent to the fiery pit;" whilst Hades is rendered place of death. We are sorry to see that Calvary also has disappeared, but, as we all know, it too had been set aside by the Revision

Company. The man who got one pound in the parable here generously gets ten, and instead of hiding them in a napkin, he kept them put away in a handkerchief. His address to his master is also quite modern: "I was afraid of you, because you are a stern man," etc. Generally speaking, the Quaker "thou" is changed into the modern "you." "I know who you are, the holy one of God" is the modern grammar of the wicked spirit. The people are not "astonished at his doctrine," but were "greatly struck with His teaching." We think that the shortest verse in the Bible, which in its authorized rendering has got into the heart of Christendom, and is likely to live there in that form until the heavens are no more, is profaned by the modern emotional phrase, "Jesus burst into tears."

We naturally turn to the classic passages of Scripture to test an effort like this. We note that the great word eternal and its cognate, everlasting, have disappeared, and the most inadequate "enduring" is substituted. The Lord's Prayer is altered, we think, for the better. It is simply addressed to "Our Heavenly Father;" the fourth petition is suggestively rendered, "Give us to-day our bread for the day before us," and the pedantic Evil One of the Revised version reverts to the simple "rescue us from evil." The third chapter of John is beautifully translated, and the fourth splendidly. Indeed, it may be said that it is in plain dialogue and conversational scenes that our translations excel. The third Gospel and the Acts of the Apostles, if we may still use the familiar nomenclature, are done, we had almost said to perfection. Paul's speeches, in synagogues, on Mars Hill, and in the scene of the shipwreck could hardly be improved. On the other hand, the great discourses of our Lord are much more acceptable to us in their stately antique dress. We do not think it an improvement to render the beatitudes by the poor modern word happy; nor is the great sentence, "Let not your heart be troubled" improved by "Do not any of you be disheartened." On the other hand, the rendering of the stately prologue to the fourth Gospel is the work of a master. The fifteenth chapter of Luke, we think, touches high-water mark in the translation: "I sinned against heaven and to your face" is perfect. "Be quick and fetch a robe—the best in the house—and put it on him . . . and bring the calf that has been fattening," could hardly be surpassed. We turned with keen expectation to the closing chapter of John to read the dialogue between our risen Lord and Peter on the shore of the lake. We were not disappointed, and with it we conclude our present notice:—"When breakfast was over, Jesus said to Simon Peter: "Simon, son of John, are you more devoted to me than the others are?" "Yes, Master," he answered, 'you know that I love you.' "Feed my lambs," said Jesus. Then a second time Jesus asked: "Simon, son of John, are you devoted to me?" "Yes, Master," he answered, 'you know that I love you.' "Be a shepherd to my sheep," said Jesus. The third time Jesus said to Him: "Simon, son of John, do you love me?" "Peter was pained at His third question being 'Do you love me?' and exclaimed:—"Master, you know everything! You can tell that I do love you."

It requires a fine Greek scholar, with both a saint's and a poet's heart, to render into English this piece of most subtle and dramatic dialogue as it is here done.

There are in all 1,373 changes in Scotland, and of these 335 come under the head of smaller livings. Over one hundred ministers are in receipt of a stipend of less than £170.

The Inglenook

The Sentence That Was Taken Off.

By E. Gallienne Robin.

I.

In the year 1630, the parish of St. Martin, Guernsey, was noted for the well-being and affluence of its people; and one of the wealthiest men was Andry Desperques, a widower who lived in a substantial house, and owned a considerable farm. Moreover, his only daughter and heiress was the prettiest girl in the countryside, and many were the offers of marriage she received, in spite of her non-appearance at dances and worldly gatherings, for Andry Desperques was a strict Presbyterian and an elder of the church, and never allowed Girette to set foot in the houses of the gay, who set at naught the strict discipline of the Church, or who secretly favored the old Roman Catholic faith of the island.

But Andry Desperques was far from being the cruel father of romances. He indulged Girette within limits, and one evening, in the summer of 1630, he was quite inclined to smile graciously upon a young man who was desirous of paying his addresses to Mademoiselle Girette, though he was poor, and of humble birth. But this same young man was of excellent character, a constant attendant at the Sunday-school and week-day services, and a deacon of the Church of St. Martin. Chrestien Tourtell fulfilled to the letter his duties, which consisted in distributing the aims of the Church according to the necessity of the poor—principally to those of the true faith—and that none begged. In truth, his profession was well borne out; and from the day that as deacon he had signed the Confession of Faith and the Discipline, not a single inconsistency had marked his public and private conduct. Therefore, Monsieur Desperques gave his unqualified consent to the wooing of Girette by Chrestien Tourtell.

Since his boyhood he had loved her; and though he was but a small farmer, he was getting on in the world, if slowly, most surely; and there was every prospect that he would be a rich man soon. Therefore, he felt an honest pride in saying that, in a year or so, he would be enabled to offer Mademoiselle Desperques a good home and all comforts to which she had been used. Having obtained the father's consent, Tourtell turned towards the daughter with less confidence and slight misgivings, for Girette was such a decided favorite that it was difficult to believe she would tie herself down to a betrothal; and he could not flatter himself she had shown him any particular condescension. However, girding himself to the task, he watched for a favorable opportunity of declaring his suit, and it was not long before the desired moment came.

One evening, a party of young people gathered together in Saints' Bay, and amongst them were Girette and Chrestien, who, by-and-by, wandered away from the rest, and sat on the rocks under the cliffs that jutted into the deep blue sea. The girl, with her little high-heeled shoes crossed, rested against a boulder. She had taken off her hat and the breeze played with her golden hair, curling and twisting it into waves and rings. Brown eyes, sweet and mischievous, looked out of a soft, white face; and Chrestien noticed, not by any means for the first time, that her

hands were the daintiest things in creation.

"Eh bien!" she said, suddenly, breaking in upon his absorption, "of what are you thinking, Monsieur Tourtell?"

With a boldness that made his heart beat, Chrestien replied, "Of you, mademoiselle."

"Of me?" she repeated, saucily. "And what have I done that you should think of me?"

"It is nothing new that I think of you, mademoiselle; morning, noon and night, you are in my mind."

She stole a glance at his flushed face, but meeting his ardent eyes, her heart, too, fluttered; and thrown off her balance, she cried: "How tired of me you must be, Monsieur Tourtell!"

Then he laughed at such a manifest absurdity, and with a more masterful bearing, he laid his hand on her little fingers.

"Mademoiselle, you are a grand lady and rich, and I am only a poor man—to be better off in time, please God—still, I have dared to desire you for my wife. For years—years I've loved you; I was yet quite a boy; I used to stare at you when you came into church by the women's door, and entered the pew with your mother. You were such a beautiful, good-looking girl, believe me, mademoiselle, I could not take my eyes from your face, as you sat in the women's part of the church; and ever since it has been the same. There is no one like you. There never will be.

He paused; and she did not withdraw her hands from his light touch; indeed, she smiled, and a pink color had stolen into her face. Encouraged, he continued:

"If you will listen to me, Mademoiselle Girette, and let me tell you how much I love you, there will be, I hope, a good chance for me, since your father—since Monsieur Desperques told me I could hope to have you some day for my wife."

Then the pink in Girette's cheeks warmed into crimson, and her shy, enchanting smile turned to a frown. She drew her hands from Chrestien's.

"You spoke to my father about me? He said that some day I would—would be—your—wife?"

Tourtell, astonished at her sudden anger, hung his head, then he looked into her beautiful angry eyes.

"Mademoiselle knows it is the custom, it is the right thing, to speak to Monsieur Desperques."

"Custom! Doubtless!" And she tossed her head. "But it is not right if I say it is not, and I will not be treated thus, like a baby—nay, like a thing to be given away at my father's pleasure. Bon soir, Monsieur Chrestien Tourtell, I will have you know I am mistress of my own self."

With her hat in her hand, she climbed the steep cliff path, and in a moment or two she was out of sight. Tourtell stared at the bracken-covered height, at the blue sky, at a solitary sea-gull, poised over the spot where Girette had disappeared. Then, with a gesture of despair, he threw himself down on the rocks and endeavored to call his chaotic thoughts to order. But vainly he tried to take in the full extent of her words. He could not face the idea of losing her, though he could not undo what had been done. It was irrevocable. Her father's consent could not be unasked. It was a full hour before he was calm enough to face the others in

the bay; and when he did so, he at once lost his enforced self-control, for Girette Desperques was queening it, with bewitching grace, and the men of the party were gathered around her in open admiration. She took not the slightest notice of Tourtell; and presently singled out and favored a certain Thomas Rouget, a man well known in the parish as decidedly worldly and unreliable. Chrestien ground his teeth and turned away, as the girl laughed blithely and joked with this fellow; it was as though she flaunted his own good behaviour in his face.

For a little time he bore it with sufficient patience, then, with an excuse of business calling him away, he left Saints' Bay, and returned to his small farm, where he threw himself into the evening's routine of work with redoubled ardor, seeing it appeared to be the only thing left to him in life. He had quite forgotten his duties as deacon, so did the anger of Girette color his every thought and distort his outlook on life.

II.

As time went on, she persisted obstinately in her vexation against him, and as obstinately she allowed and encouraged the attentions of Rouget. Her father did not know of her doings, for they were carried out, alas, behind his back; and gradually her lovely nature began to deteriorate, because the spirit of pride had stormed her heart suddenly, and having once taken possession, had been allowed to remain entirely unopposed. Monsieur Desperques questioned his daughter regarding Tourtell, but he merely elicited a few confused words, and therefrom he drew the natural conclusion that Girette had refused the deacon.

Thus the summer passed away, and the winter drew on, mild and rainy; but just before Christmas, the wet days were followed by a keen frost; and the twenty-fifth of December dawned an ideal day. Girette was, perforce, quiet on the festival, but the next evening she coaxed her father into allowing her to attend a tea-drinking in the next parish. He, much pre-occupied with church business, gave his consent, and away she went, the gayest of the gay. At midnight she came home, escorted by Rouget, his sister, and other kindred spirits; after laughter and merry parting words in the porch, she entered the "best parlor," where her father, deep in thought, was seated before the fire.

"Here I am!" she cried. "Ah, mon pere, you look grave. Bah! You must not be troubled at Christmas time!"

Monsieur Desperques roused himself: "My girl, I do well to be troubled and yet pleased, for I have heard strange things this day."

"And where, then, have you heard strange things?"

"At the consistoire, to be sure! We were, as usual, gathered together to hear of wrongdoings in the parish, and there were brought before us several who have been breaking the Sabbath, this very last Lord's Day. There was Jehanet Mari'n and Collas Bronard, and—would you believe it?—there was Chrestien Tourtell! I had to rub my eyes. A deacon—a deacon to break the Sabbath, and one who had dared to ask for the hand of my daughter! Is it any wonder I am pleased at the escape you've had, though I am, of course, troubled at such behaviour from a steady young man."

"But, mon pere, I do not comprehend, what is it, what did he—they—do to break the Sabbath?"

"Well, then, it's like this. Last Lord's Day, they put to sea in their boats to draw up their trotto, to catch conger, you understand, Girette. And, indeed, you'd never believe it, but we found out that it's twice they've done this, and they confessed themselves that they've done it!"

"And the consistoire, what has it decided?"

"Eh bien, we have sentenced them, one and all, to be deprived publicly of the Holy Supper of the Lord; and they shall be publicly

named by the pastor from the pulpit before the whole congregation, so that each may take warning not to do violence in future to the Lord's Holy Day." Monsieur Desperques spoke in his official manner, of which he was extremely proud, and he did not take note of the paling of Girette's face. "And when is it to be, this public naming from the pulpit?" she said slowly.

"The Sabbath day after next. But now, my girl, it's time for bed."

Obediently Girette took up her crasset; and slowly, step by step, she ascended the staircase. Reaching her bedroom, she hooked her light to the chimney-piece, and flinging wide open her lattice-window, she leaned out into the moonlight; with her chin propped on her hands and elbows resting on the sill, she mused far into the night. Then, at last, a little smile curved her sweet lips, and with a smothered laugh, she quickly undressed, and in a few minutes was in bed and asleep.

The next day it was noised abroad that Chrestien Tourtell had been called before the consistoire for breaking the Sabbath; and it was known that here would be an extra assembling of that important body that very night for further inquiry into the matter, seeing that one of the offenders was a deacon. It was a dark evening when the consistoire met in a room near the church; the wind blew, and the rain poured down; it seemed a fitting environment for the stern faces assembled to judge the culprits, who stood up, each in turn, as he was addressed. Chrestien Tourtell had risen to his feet and stood, with bent head and sullen face, as he listened to the repetition of his sentence; suddenly, there was a tapping of wooden sabots on the threshold; the door was opened quietly, and lo! there stepped into the room, before the astonished consistoire, a girl in a long black cloak.

Her white hands trembled as she unfastened the clasp at her neck, and the cloak fell on the floor, and revealed a sheen of color and fair loveliness of maiden beauty. But still an astonished silence held the company of grave and sober men. Then up rose Monsieur Desperques with a frowning brow. "Girette, what means this behaviour?"

"Mon pere, I beseech you, listen!" she cried, in a voice that was clear and tremulous. "If monsieur le pasteur will allow me to speak one brief moment, I would desire to say a few words about one of the culprits—Chrestien Tourtell. Believe me, these words will be of importance."

For a moment monsieur le pasteur hesitated, then, looking into her eyes shining through tears, he said, decidedly:

"Let mademoiselle proceed."

As for Chrestien Tourtell, he was too much overcome with feelings of wounded pride and despair and love to do anything but stare at her as she clasped her hands and drew nearer the august assembly.

"Messieurs, I would fain tell you that it is, in reality, all my fault that Chrestien Tourtell is here to-night. Listen, further, I beseech you!" she cried as monsieur le pasteur seemed about to speak; "it perhaps is not seemly for a maid to speak out her heart's true love thus in a public assembly, but I must save him from disgrace. It is because, messieurs, I refused to listen to him when he spoke of—of—love to me, and because I listened to another, that he, Chrestien Tourtell, did fall to evil ways and did profane the Lord's Holy Day, and all the time it was but wicked folly and pride that had withheld me from him, for in truth I loved him dearly, and would pray and beseech you, dear messieurs, to lift the awful sentence from a good man and a true."

Falling on her knees, she hid her face in her hands, and a picture she made as she knelt, her silken gown falling about her; her laces and ribbons and the whole bravery of her attire dazzling the beholder and set-

ting forth the rare beauty of her bowed figure; her hair gleamed in the light of the crasset, and a little smothered sob burst from her, as silence, dead silence, was the answer her pleading received.

Then Chrestien Tourtell lifted his head, and his face, illumined with joy and penitence, was turned towards her.

"Messieurs," he said with confident manliness, "she is right, and to my shame she is right. For her sweet sake, because I thought she loved me not, I gave up the good and the right. Fool that I was! I thought that I had lost all when her love was not mine; I forgot my God because the fairest of women deigned not to look favorably upon me. But now, she—she of all the earth—has shown me the truth, and given me a reward I longed for, and I do not deserve. Messieurs, I bow before the sentence of the consistoire with most willing heart and mind. Do with me as you list."

"It is enough!" said the old pasteur, rising and confronting his brethren, "is it not? Who will not agree in this matter? Shall we not decide that Chrestien Tourtell, showing fair repentance and rightful contrition, has borne his punishment? Come, let us leave these two to help each other, for each has suffered for wrong-doing, and each has nobly and openly repented, as soon as the light dawned upon them!"

Thus spake the large-hearted pasteur; but decided agreement did not follow his words, and for the space of a quarter of an hour a hot discussion was waged in the assembly, and still Girette knelt and Chrestien gazed upon her. Then the matter was, finally, put to the vote, and in spite of the pasteur's fears and Girette's misgivings, the merciful members, those who were endowed with larger spiritual eyesight, at length gained the day; and, to the surprise of all, Audry Desperques was amongst those who spoke for the remission of the punishment of Chrestien Tourtell, who had indeed fallen, but who had risen the nobler, the stronger, the humbler. And he, with repeated words of contrition and face of uttermost joy, led from the room, Girette, his beloved.

Thus it came to pass that in the Rolle des actes du consistoire, we may all read and understand how it was that the sentence was taken off.

Lullaby.

Sweet be thy sleep, love; sweet be thy dreams;

Angels of mercy scatter love's beams
Over thy pillow into thy breast,
Singing the lullaby sounds of rest.

Rock-a-by, darling, rock-a-by, sweet;
Rest until morning, tired little feet.

List to the angels; bring back to earth
Revels of gladness, rollicking mirth.

Tell it to others; tell it to me;
Ring out the chimes of innocent glee.

Rock-a-by, darling, rock-a-by, sweet;
Rest until morning, tired little feet.

Climb the ladder of love to the sky;
Ering back to mother peace from on high;

Spirit of kindness, spirit of love,
Fill up your heart from zephyrs above.

Rock-a-by, darling, rock-a-by, sweet;
Rest until morning, tired little feet.

—Selected.

Perfection.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to gar-
nish.

Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

—Shakespeare.

Twinkler, Tinkler and Tattler.

Are you afraid of burglars, boys? Mr. Ames told us last night how burglars had paid him five visits. Our boys' eyes fairly bulged as he told of hearing a man coming up the stairs in the dead of night; and then of another time when he woke up, with a start, to see a man creeping along the floor, and, as he yelled, the burglars jumped from the top to the bottom of the stairs, with a thud that made his wife think that some one was shot.

Burglars are unpleasant visitors, and you'd rather hear about them than have them call.

There are three ways, so some Englishman has said, to keep burglars out. I know you'd like to hear what they are, if they are of use: (1) By "Twinkler"; (2) By "Tinkler"; (3) By "Tattler." Twinkler, Tinkler and Tattler are the three fellows to keep burglars off. "What is that Johnny Bull driving at?" you ask.

By "Twinkler" he means a light left burning all night long. By "Tinkler" he means having a bell connected with the doors and windows that will give warning. By "Tattler" he means a little dog that sets up a barking at the approach of danger. Twinkler, Tinkler and Tattler will keep a house pretty free from burglars.

Of course, burglars are not a very large part of life. It is rather foolish to be afraid of them, before they come. Still, you'd rather not wake up in the night and find a man at your bedside; and no one cares to come down stairs in the morning and find his silver and pocketbook and overcoat gone. And if anyone tells me how to keep burglars out, I am all eyes and ears, and—so are you.

The Englishman gave me an idea and it struck pretty hard—of how a boy can keep burglars from stealing away his valuables. You know everybody starts out in life with some "crown jewels," that are more precious than gold, silver or fine clusters. That Englishman has showed a fine way to keep burglars off.

1. By "Twinkler." Have a light burning at night. It is a good idea not to have it burn in one place all the time, but in different rooms. That means, when you are in temptation, let your light shine. Let the boys know where you stand. If other boys invite you to drink, or curse, or sneak, or do a dirty trick, let your light shine and it will scare them away. "Twinkler" is a good fellow to drive away evil.

2. By "Tinkler." That means, to put warning bells at the doors and windows. How many warning bells there are! The words of our teachers and parents and of the Bible! Here is a bell that once woke me up: "Sow an act and you reap a habit; sow a habit and you reap a character; sow a character and you reap a destiny." "He who heeds the warnings of the good is wise."

3. By "Tattler." He is not always a pleasant fellow to have around. He fusses a good deal. Then he is liable to wake one up, when he'd rather sleep. But everybody has a "Tattler" given to him when he begins life, whose business is to give warning of danger. He is called "Conscience" by some. I rather like the name "Tattler." It won't do to turn him out doors nights, nor to shut him down in the cellar, but let him sleep on the door mat right in front of your room. Evil rarely gets into a heart when there is a real live well-kept "Tattler."—Men.

"They say I am growing old, because my hair is silvered, and there are crows' feet on my forehead, and my step is not so firm and elastic as before. But they are mistaken. That is not me. The knees are weak, but the knees are not me. The brow is wrinkled, but the brow is not me. This is the house I live in. But I am young, younger than I was ever before."—Thomas Guthrie, D.D.

Ministers and Churches.

OUR TORONTO LETTER.

Rev. Dr. MacClements, of Chalmers' Church, who is at present in Europe, has written to his Session to the effect that he has decided to accept the call, some time ago sent him from Rutherford, N.J. He returns to Toronto early next month.

As announced last week, it has been found necessary to appoint the date of the induction of the Rev. Armstrong Black in St. Andrew's one week later, and was at first intended. He will not sail till the 31st of August, and the Session of St. Andrew's has asked that the induction be appointed not earlier than the 14th of September. We have not yet seen any official announcement from the Presbytery, but assume that the request of the Session will be granted.

Two whose lives have been full of good works have entered into their rest during the past week. Mrs. Inglis, the wife of the Rev. Wm. Inglis, so well known to readers of the Canada Presbyterian, passed away on Tuesday of last week, after a long and very painful illness, in which her Christian fortitude was daily evident. And on Friday, Mrs. Neil, the mother of the Rev. John Neil, quietly entered upon her rich inheritance. She was much beloved in the congregation to which her son ministers, and while she will be most missed in the manse, she will be scarcely less mourned by some whom her strong faith has helped, in her own quiet way, in the great city.

An item in the Globe of Saturday last reports a case of such utter heartlessness that we were at first inclined to discredit it. A family living in the vicinity of Cooksville agreed to take one of the little Fresh-Air-Fund boys for a week or two. Last Friday one of the family drove the little fellow to Cooksville Station, and left him there, though he was sick at the time, and the train was not due for six hours. During the afternoon the station agent discovered the little fellow who had grown worse, and refused the food which the kindly agent offered him. The boy was too sick to be put on the train, and when it had gone the agent went to the home from which the lad had been brought to the station, and asked them to come and take him back again. And they refused, and persisted in their refusal, till threatened with legal proceedings. And this woman, professing to do a Christian act in agreeing to take the little lad, turned him out to shift for himself or die, when he became sick!

The minister was old and his voice was shaky. He was acting as "supply" in one of the prominent city congregations, whose minister was enjoying the cool breezes somewhere on the northern uplands. An appalling array of comfortably cushioned pews formed the greater part of his audience in the evening. The few human souls that were there received a message that helped them to better things. Seventy years of life lay behind the sermon, and there was a richness and a meliowness about it that is often lacking in the brilliant periods of the men of this generation. We entered the church more from a sense of duty than anything else, but we came from it with gratitude in our hearts for the helpful words God's aged servant had spoken to us. The soul had received food, and life had been enriched.

There was a great demand for "supply" last week. We ran across a man last Friday who was good-naturedly looking after temporary supply for several of his brethren this summer, and he was making round excitedly from the eastward to the western limit of the city after available men. It occurred to us that much of this trouble might be saved. Would it not be possible for the ministers of Toronto—for it is here that most of the applications come—to agree that one of their number shall attend to all such applications. Were all the men who are available for temporary supply to report to this man each week, either by card or telephone, if he could be so reached, he would be able to answer at once all applications for supply. If the name of the one so appointed were announced in the denominational papers all outside the city would know to whom to send their applications. The arrangement is simple, and we believe that it would be found one of great advantage.

OTTAWA AND VICINITY.

Rev. Dr. McLeod, M.A., having returned from the Maritime Provinces, will preach in New Edinburgh to-morrow at both services.

Rev. Prof. Ross, D.D., of Montreal, who has been filling the pulpit of Bank Street Church, Ottawa, for the past four Sundays, returned to his home last Monday.

Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Erskine Church, accompanied by his daughter, left for Peterborough to spend his vacation. His pulpit was occupied by Rev. J. C. Campbell last Sunday.

The announcement is made that Mrs. Anna Ross has been appointed "house mother" at the Presbyterian Ladies' College. This position is a new one, and the duties of the occupant are to take a motherly interest in the pupils out of the class hours, and also to attend to their religious instruction. It would be difficult to make a better selection. Mrs. Ross will discharge the duties of her new position in such a manner as to leave nothing to be desired.

Rev. Prof. Ross, of Montreal, preached in Bank Street Church last Sunday evening on the "Influence of Jesus." In the past the obstacles which had to be overcome were holy superstitions and paganism. In the present it is difficult to estimate the forces in the midst of which we live. To-day, only one-third of the world are nominally Christians, and those who profess Christianity are comparatively small. In most cultured countries there is at times a low sense of honor and political morality, and that not in poor benighted Quebec, or in the wild and woolly west or of the free and easy communities of the Pacific slope, but in the good, Godly Ontario. Judging from the sworn testimony in election courts and Parliamentary committees, there have been things done which might well have been left undone.

WINNIPEG AND WEST.

Rev. Joseph Hogg has returned from a very pleasant two weeks' vacation at Duluth.

Rev. Prof. Baird contributes \$500 to the Century Fund of the Presbyterian Church.

Rev. W. A. MacLean, of Oak Lake, conducted services at Brandon on a recent Sabbath.

Rev. Prof. Baird, B.D., has been conducting services in St. Stephen's for the pastor, Rev. C. M. Gordon, who is enjoying a well-earned holiday season.

Rev. C. H. Cooke, of Smith's Falls, Ont., has been occupying Knox Church pulpit, Winnipeg, very acceptably for two or three Sabbaths.

Rev. W. A. McLean, of Oak Lake, has gone to the coast on a holiday trip, and Rev. W. B. Cumming, B.A., of Nanaimo, B.C., will conduct the services here during Mr. McLean's absence.

Rev. Prof. Gordon, D.D., of Halifax, who has been delivering a course of lectures to the summer students of Manitoba College, preaches quite frequently, to the great delight of all who have the opportunity of hearing him. Dr. Gordon was for several years minister of Knox Church here.

Rev. Mr. Muldrew preached at St. Andrew's Church on Sunday, and delivered two thoughtful sermons that were much appreciated by the congregation. Citizens remarked on the good behavior of about fifty Barnardo boys who formed part of the congregation. They are passing through the city to be placed out with Manitoba farmers.

MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

Rev. J. A. Cameron, of St. Elmo, spent part of the week in Montreal.

Rev. J. H. Beatt, of Rockburn, preached in Richmond, Que., on Sunday.

The Rev. F. M. Dewey, of Stanley Street Presbyterian Church, has taken his departure for Cap a l'Aigle, where he remains with his family till the 1st of September.

The Rev. W. A. MacKenzie, M.A., formerly of Brockville, now of Ottumwa, Iowa, is in the city, and occupied the pulpit of Stanley Street Presbyterian Church last Sabbath. He will preach in the same place next Sabbath.

At a congregational meeting held in St. Matthew's Church, Point St. Charles, on Monday evening, Rev. E. Scott presiding, a unanimous call was given Rev. A. A. Graham, of Petrolia.

During a part of the vacation of Rev. J. R. MacLeod, Three Rivers, the Presbyterians and Methodists of that city held united services. The Rev. James Watson, Methodist minister, is in charge, and holds services in the respective churches alternately.

The Dominion Presbyterian had a call from Rev. J. L. Campbell, M.A., of Chicoutimi, Que., who was on his way home after spending a pleasant holiday season in Ontario since the General Assembly. Mr. Campbell is doing excellent work in a difficult field.

The friends of Mrs. Beatt, wife of the Rev. James H. Beatt, of Rockburn, will be interested to know that she sailed for Scotland on Thursday last by the steamship Lakonia from Montreal. The ladies of the congregation of Gore and Rockburn presented her with a purse of money, and before sailing Mrs. Arnold, of Roslyn Ladies' College, Montreal, in the name of the ladies of the Montreal Women's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church, presented her with \$50 and their kind wishes that the trip would be her good, and that she would return with renewed health and vigor to the work in which she has all along taken so great an interest.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. John Young, Hamilton, has been preaching at Milton.

The Rev. Hugh A. McPherson, of Acton, will preach in Knox Church next Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Hall, of Albert Street Church, Sarnia, preached in Wentworth Church, Hamilton, last Sunday.

Rev. A. B. Winchester, of British Columbia, has declined the call from St. Andrew's Church, Berlin.

Rev. Mr. Jansen occupied the pulpit of Knox Church, Blnbrook, on Sunday, July 30th and August 6th.

The Rev. Mr. Lowrey, of Hagersville, occupied the Presbyterian pulpit, Cayuga, on Sunday last.

The call to Rev. Dr. Smith, of Thamesville, from Knox Church, St. Catharines, has been sustained by the Presbytery of Hamilton.

Rev. W. S. McTavish, B.D., of Deseronto, is at St. George, his old charge, where he conducted services last Sunday.

Next meeting of Chatham Presbytery will be held in St. Andrew's Church, Chatham, on 14th Sept., at 10 a.m.

Rev. D. L. Campbell, B.A., of Bromore, returned home last week, after supplying Chicoutimi for his brother some six weeks.

Hamilton Presbytery meets on 6th September, at Hamilton. Rev. Dr. Campbell will be present in the interest of the Century Fund.

Rev. Dr. Smith, of St. Andrew's Church, Thamesford, is expected to resume his duties as pastor on Sabbath next after three weeks' vacation spent in Montreal.

Mr. Moses Daniel, of Persia, who is a student in Knox College, gave an interesting address in the Presbyterian Church, Flesherton, last week, on the manners, customs, etc., of his native land.

Rev. W. H. Jamieson, one of our Indian missionaries returned on furlough, has been preaching in Knox Church, Guelph. He gave an interesting account of mission work in India.

Rev. Dr. Wardrope, notwithstanding his advancing years, conducted services last Sabbath in Trinity Baptist Church, Guelph, preaching with his usual vigor and earnestness.

The Shelburne Free Press says: Rev. Mr. Harrison, pastor of the Dundalk Presbyterian Church, has resigned his charge on account of ill-health. He is at present very ill at Bolton.

Knox Church congregation, Acton, welcomed back their pastor, Rev. T. A. MacPherson, last Sunday. He returns to his work with renewed vigor, greatly benefitted by a few weeks' rest.

Galt Reformer: Rev. Dr. Jackson, of Cleveland, Ohio, gave the Reformer a friendly call. The Doctor has been supplying the pulpit of the Port Hope Presbyterian Church for several Sabbaths. The people evidently appreciated Dr. Jackson's services, too, for several of the leading members inaugurated a trip up the Midland Lakes, making him their guest.

The Presbyterians of Abingdon recently assembled at the home of Mrs. Jas. Rigg, and presented her with two large easy chairs and a parlor table as a slight recognition of her services as organist.

Rev. Dr. Abraham, of Burlington, caught at Bala a maskmouge four feet in length and weighing thirty pounds. The fish is said to be the largest ever brought into Bala. Dr. Abraham is also a successful "fisher of men."

The Rev. D. Strachan, of Guelph, has been conducting the services in the First Presbyterian Church, Brockville, for several weeks, and with much acceptance. The induction of Mr. Laird into this important charge takes place on the 6th September.

Friends will learn with regret of the serious illness of Rev. D. Duff, of Malcolm, at the home of his brother-in-law, Rev. John Morrison, of Cedarville. He went there on a visit six weeks ago, and his condition is such that he cannot be removed.

Rev. J. Cummings Smith, of Indianapolis, Indiana, who is filling the pulpit of Central Church this month, is a clear and effective preacher. He is a son of Rev. Dr. Smith, formerly of Galt, a graduate of Toronto University and Knox College.

Rev. R. J. M. Glasford, Guelph, has been asked by the Ontario Provincial Sunday-school Association of Ontario to visit and investigate in the interest of Sabbath school work all of that territory lying between Sault Ste. Marie and North Bay. This work will prevent Mr. Glasford's return to Guelph before August 19th.

Rev. Principal Cruikshanks, M.A., of the Ladies' College, Brantford, occupied the pulpit of Knox Church, Galt, on Sabbath, and, says the Reformer, "preached two admirable sermons." His discourse in the morning was based on "Take ye away the stone," and showed how ignorance, insincerity and indifference were great hindrances to the spread of the Gospel.

Prof. Hamill, of Belfast, after spending a few days at Dr. Warden's summer residence, at Lake Simcoe, left on Tuesday for Winnipeg, where he will deliver a course of lectures to the students of Manitoba College, afterwards visiting British Columbia. Prof. Hamill attends the Presbyterian Council at Washington next month, and returns home early in October.

A garden party under the auspices of the Christian Endeavor, Flesherton, was held on Mr. Stewart's beautiful orchard grounds, adjoining the village, on the evening of the 11th inst. The weather was delightfully fine for an out-door affair, and the Flesherton Citizens' Band being in attendance, added much to the enjoyment of the evening.

In connection with the appearance of Rev. Dr. W. Smith in the pulpit of Knox Church, Galt, last Sunday, the Reformer remarks:—"Dr. Smith can look back on a ministerial career of usefulness bountifully blessed, and over in life's autumn, his influence for great good continues. . . . He appeared before those large congregations not as a critic or a censor, but as a friend, and his advice, inspired by sympathy and regard, will bear fruit for the Master's vineyard."

EASTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. Mr. Binnie, of McDonald's Corners, preached at Kemptville on Sunday last.

Rev. H. J. McDiarmid, on retiring from the pastorate of the Kemptville Church, was presented with a purse of \$200.

Rev. Orr Bennet, of Hawkesbury, has left for a two weeks' holiday at Peterborough, his old home.

Rev. Robert Laird, M.A., of Campbellford, is resting at the home of his father, Rev. R. Laird, Sunbury.

Rev. A. E. Mitchell, of Almonte, is holidaying at his mother's home, near Stouffville, Ont.

The Rev. Mr. Torrance and Mrs. Torrance, of Peterboro, are spending their summer vacation at Astle's Hotel, Little Metla.

Rev. Mr. Gracey, of Gananoque, and Rev. Mr. Strachan, of St. John's Church, Brockville, exchanged pulpits last Sunday.

The Rev. James P. McNaughton, formerly stationed at Snyrna, Ontario, who has been missionary for the past twelve years, is now on his way home, and is accompanied by his wife and family. He expects to arrive some time in September.

Rev. D. D. McLennan, of Apple Hill, exchanged pulpits with Rev. P. F. Langill, St. Andrew's Church, Martintown, last Sunday.

A. G. Sinclair, M.A., '95, a recent graduate of Knox College, has accepted a unanimous call to the First Presbyterian Church of Port Hope. He will likely accept.

Rev. K. J. McDonald, B.D., Beaverton, left on Monday for three weeks' holidays. During his absence the Rev. M. N. Bethune, of Aylmer, a former pastor, will supply his pulpit.

Rev. J. B. Edmondson, now of Belvidere, N.J., who has been visiting at Dominion Springs, occupied his old pulpit in St. John's, Almonte, and received a hearty welcome from many friends.

Rev. J. B. Edmondson, formerly of St. John's Church, Almonte, has been preaching in St. Andrew's Church, Pakenham, and his sermons are warmly commended by the local press.

Rev. A. A. Scott and family, of Carleton Place, left on Monday for Toronto and western points for their annual vacation. Rev. Mr. Graham, of Lancaster, will occupy the pulpit in Zion Church for two Sabbaths.

Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Renfrew, on resigning the pastorate to enter in the work to which the last General Assembly called him, was presented with \$400 in gold, and an appreciative address, which is to be engraved.

The Ladies' Aid of St. Andrew's Church, Pakenham, gave a farewell banquet to the Rev. Mr. Logie and wife on their leaving Pakenham for Winchester. An address was read and a beautiful silver set presented on behalf of the society.

The anniversary social held at the residence of Rev. John Matheson, Summerstown, on Wednesday evening, was a grand success both socially and financially. The programme was all that could be desired, and the energetic committee and all who had the arrangements in hand are to be congratulated.

The death of Donald McIntyre, for many years an esteemed elder of Burns' Church, on Tuesday morning of last week, at his home, on the King's road, at the advanced age of 82 years, removes a highly esteemed and widely known resident of Glangarry, after an illness of some months, borne with marked fortitude and Christian patience, for which he was ever remarkable. The large concourse of relatives and friends who assembled on the following Thursday afternoon to pay the last tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased was a striking testimony to the regard in which he was held in the community as an upright and generous neighbor and a most hospitable and true-hearted friend. In the absence of his pastor, Rev. H. McKellar, Rev. J. Matheson, of Summerstown, conducted the funeral service, assisted by Rev. K. McDonald, of Williamstown, Rev. D. D. McLennan, of Apple Hill, and Rev. A. H. Scott, of Perth. The deceased leaves a widow, three sons, F. McIntyre, of Martintown; A. F. McIntyre, of Montreal, and John McIntyre, who resides on the homestead, and three daughters, Mrs. Robert McIntosh, of Picnic Grove, and Misses Jane and Maggie McIntyre, of the homestead, King's road, who have the deep sympathy of many friends in their sore bereavement.

To Secure Rest—Sleeping rooms should always be arranged, if possible, so as to allow the head of the sleeper to be turned toward the north. Frequently, in case of sickness, a person will find it impossible to obtain rest if his head is in any other direction, and often a cure is retarded a long time. This arrangement for the sleeper puts him in harmony with the electric currents caused by the revolution of the earth.

The Medicinal Value of Fruit.—A very excellent authority says: "It is a fact that such fruit as the apple, the pear and the plum, taken when ripe, without sugar, diminish the acidity of the stomach rather than provoke it. The vegetable juices contained in these fruits are converted into alkaline carbonates, which tend to correct acidity. A good ripe apple (raw) is one of the easiest vegetable substances for the stomach to deal with, the whole process of digestion being complete in eighty-five minutes." In the French hospitals an apple poultice is sometimes applied to inflamed eyes. It is probable that such fruits taken as food also serve as allayers of inflammation in the stomach and other alimentary organs.

MARITIME PROVINCE.

Rev. H. B. McKay, formerly of Wallace, is supplying Lunenburg, N.S.

Rev. D. J. Frazer is visiting at his old home, at Alberton, P.E.I.

Rev. W. M. Tufts is visiting at Summerside, P.E.I.

Rev. A. W. K. Herdman, of Georgetown, has returned from his trip to the Magdalen Islands.

Rev. L. G. McNeil has resumed pastoral work in St. John. He has been much benefited by his rest.

Rev. Dr. McMurray, of Illinois, preached in St. John's Church, Yarmouth, last Sabbath.

Rev. G. Colborne Heine, of Montreal, preached in St. David's Church, St. John, last Sabbath.

Rev. G. S. Carson, of Picton, is visiting Rev. P. M. McDonald, of Wolfville, one of the "boys" of Knox Church.

Rev. W. P. Archibald and Miss Lyle Archibald are spending a holiday in Prince Edward Island, where Mr. Archibald was formerly settled.

Sharon Church, Stellarton, held its anniversary last Sabbath. Rev. D. Macgregor, of Amherst, preached both morning and evening, and the young people were addressed in the afternoon by Revs. James Caruthers, Anderson, Rogers and D. Macgregor. It is hoped that the last of the debt will be paid off before another anniversary.

The Marine Biological station at St. Andrews has been inaugurated at Indian Point Park. It is the intention to have a floating building next year. At the present time the attendants are Prof. Prince, of the Department of Marine and Fisheries; Dr. Knight, of Queen's College; Dr. Stafford, Dr. Bousley and Mr. A. A. Bensley, of Toronto University. The station is well equipped with apparatus for securing and studying marine life.

Born.

At the manse, Huntville, August 11th, to Rev. A. and Mrs. MacVicar, a son.

At "Ruthven Park," Cayuga, on July 30th, 1899, the wife of Miller Lash, of a daughter.

Married.

At Hastings, Ont., on August 9, by the Rev. D. Thompson, Jessie K. Morrison to E. P. Cuffe, Norwood. No cards.

At Calgary, N.W.T., on August 14, 1899, by the Rev. J. C. Herdman, Peter McNaughton, P.S., of Edmonton, to Annie J. Clouston, of Leeds, Que.

On August 9, 1899, at the residence of the bride's parents, Thorold, Ont., by the Rev. W. A. Cook, Tillie E. daughter of Thos. D. McBride, to Wm. Monro, of the firm of Monro & Roanthee millers.

On August 9, 1899, at the residence of the bride's father, Leeds, County of Megantic, Que., by the Rev. D. McCol, B.A., assisted by the Rev. J. M. Whitelaw, B.D., of Kinross Mill, the Rev. G. A. Woodside, of Carleton Place, Ont., to Annie L. Woodington, eldest daughter of Richard Woodington, of Leeds, County of Megantic, Que.

Died.

On Sunday, August 13, 1899, Sarah F. McKenzie, the beloved wife of T. Henry.

At Martintown, Ont., on August 13, 1899, Isabella McBain, wife of John M. McCallum, aged 59 years.

On August 9, 1899, in Montreal, David Frazer, of Lancaster, Ont., and lately of Newfoundland.

At 90 Scarth road, Rosedale, Toronto, on Tuesday, August 15, 1899, Maria Jane Thompson, beloved wife of Thomas Kerr, in the 62nd year of her age.

At Prout's Neck, Maine, on August 13, 1899, Annie Westwood, aged 67 years, wife of W. D. McLaren, Sr.

At the manse, 18 Charles street, Toronto, on August 10, 1899, Janet Paton, widow of the late John Neil, of Monro Centre, and mother of the Rev. John Neil, of Westminster Presbyterian Church, Toronto, in her 92nd year.

British and Foreign

Carol Kruger, a nephew of "Oom Paul," was one of the graduates "capped" at Edinburgh University on Saturday.

Plymouth workmen constructing a sewer discovered human remains, supposed to be those of Royalists and Roundheads.

A Leith gentleman accomplished the ascent and descent of Ben Nevis in two hours and eighteen minutes, beating the previous record by two minutes.

Lord Kelvin has resigned the professorship of natural philosophy in the University of Glasgow, which he had held for fifty-three years. He is now 75 years of age.

Dr. Walter C. Smith, who has been seriously ill, is now recovering, and it is hoped that he will soon be strong enough to leave his residence at Dunblane for a change of air.

The Rev. Andrew Mutch, M.A., who, for the last two years, has been assistant at the West Church, Aberdeen, has been ordained to the pastorate of the West Parish Church, Galashiels.

Queen Wilhelmina has given orders for a new coinage which will bear a representation of her as she is at the present day. Her likeness as a child is on the Dutch money now in circulation.

Rev. W. L. Mackenzie, M.A., English Presbyterian Church Mission, Swatow, China, has received the honorary degree of D.D. from Aberdeen University. Dr. Mackenzie is a native of Inverness.

Rev. Hugh Black maintains his popularity in Edinburgh. On Sunday there was a crowd waiting at Free St. George's fully an hour before the service began, and this swelled to a thousand ten minutes before the hour.

The Scotch confirmation of the testamentary disposition of Rev. Dr. A. K. H. Boyd, LL.D., has been sealed at Somerset House. The personality is sworn at £13,253 16s. 10d., including £90, the value of the deceased's interest in the copyright of his books.

At the forthcoming Church Congress to be held in Glasgow on Oct. 26 and 27, the Moderator, Dr. Pagan, will preside. Public meetings are also to be held on the evenings of both days, the Lord Provost of Glasgow taking the chair on the 26th and Mr. A. J. Balfour on the following evening.

The death has taken place, in his 86th year, of Rev. John Robb, who for over a quarter of a century had been minister of Longside, Aberdeenshire. Mr. Robb belonged to the old school of ministers, and regularly visited his parishioners to examine them in the Shorter Catechism. He retired in 1877.

Presbyterianism is rapidly strengthening itself in South Africa. Last year there were four presbyteries (of the Free Church of Scotland), now there are seven, the Presbyteries of Cape Town, Adelaide, King Williamstown, Kafraria, Natal, Orange Free State, and the Transvaal, with thirty-five European congregations, seven "extensive" charges, seven preaching stations, and nineteen native congregations, in all sixty-eight congregations, with fifty-four ministers, as compared with thirty-four congregations and thirty-three ministers in 1897. The total amount contributed to the Church Extension Fund since 1897 is more than £3,300. A number of new churches are being built. A Presbyterian church has just been founded at Bulawayo, in answer to a loud call. This is the only Presbyterian church in Rhodesia, where the Wesleyans, Church of England, and Roman Catholics are in full operation; yet it appears that the majority of recent colonists are Presbyterians, and the outlook for the Church there is a good one.

THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN

A WOMAN'S SUFFERING.

Was Troubled with Palpitation of the Heart Extreme Weakness and Nervous Headaches.

In the little hamlet of Montrose, Welland County, resides a lady who gives much praise to the curative power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The subject of this testimony is Mrs. Richard Hanna, an estimable lady who has resided in that locality for many years. A reporter seeking an interview with Mrs. Hanna found her willing to give full details, which are given in her own words. Five years ago I was taken ill. I attributed the trouble at the time to an injury sustained by a fall. Time went on and I did not get better. The symptoms of my complaint were palpitation of the heart, extreme weakness, stomach troubles, and terrible headaches. I was very nervous, had no appetite, and experienced much wakefulness at night. Finally I was compelled to take to my bed, being too weak to sit up any longer. In this condition I was treated at different times by three doctors, and took a great quantity of medicine, but realized no benefit. Not one of my neighbors thought I would get well. In the meantime I thought myself that death would soon end my sufferings. One day Mrs. Smith, of Port Robinson, came to see me, and persuaded my husband to procure for me some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and he purchased six boxes. After taking the six boxes I had improved very much and was able to be up, though yet too weak to walk. I sent for another six boxes, and as a result consider my cure complete. I can relish food better, sleep soundly, and stand more fatigue than I could for years previous. Although I have passed the meridian of life I feel as healthy as when I was in my twenties. With great pleasure and a grateful heart I give this testimony.

The public is cautioned against numerous pink colored imitations of these famous pills. The genuine are sold only in boxes, the wrapper around which bears the words, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." If your dealer does not have them, they will be sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

He that would have the fruit must climb the tree.

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Health and Home

Corn Fritters.—Grate corn from the cob, allow one egg and a tablespoonful of milk to half a pint of the grated corn, season with salt, pepper, and a little butter. Beat all together; have a frying pan of boiling fat on the fire, drop the mixture in spoonfuls at a time. When brown take up, drain, and serve very hot.

Cucumbers a la Creole.—Pare three cucumbers, cut them in pieces two inches long, remove the seeds, sprinkle with salt and pepper, place between two plates for an hour, then drain. Put in a saucepan, cover with brown stock, and set over the fire to simmer gently until tender. Take up, pile on a dish, pour the sauce around, and garnish with bits of lemon.

Cauliflower au Gratin.—Pick off the outer leaves, and break apart. Wash and put in a kettle of boiling water with a teaspoonful of salt, and set over the fire to boil until tender. Put a tablespoonful of butter in a frying pan, when melted add a tablespoonful of salt, mix smooth, thin with half a pint of milk, and stir until boiling, add four tablespoonful of grated cheese, with salt and a dash of cayenne. Pour over the cauliflower and serve.

Stuffed Tomatoes.—Take six or eight large ripe tomatoes, cut a slice off the end of each, take out the seed and pulp, sprinkle the inside with salt and pepper. Prepare a dressing of a teaspoonful of finely minced meat, mixed with the juice of tomatoes, a teaspoonful of bread crumbs, a slice of minced onion fried in butter, one beaten egg, with salt and pepper to season; fill the tomatoes with the mixture, put them in a baking pan, spread the tops with bits of butter, and set in the oven for half an hour.

Iron rust will disappear if a little cream of tartar is tied in the stained parts and the garments boiled a few moments in clear water.

Boiled water should be kept in clean glass bottles or jars, and tightly covered, for if exposed any length of time new germs will have generated in it.

The practice of wearing colored goggles to protect the eyes from the sun may easily be overdone. The eyes need light. Even at the seashore it will generally be found sufficient protection to wear a hat with a low projecting brim.

Never use pure glycerine on the skin; it is too strong alone, as it absorbs the moisture of the hands or face, and quickly burns and roughens the skin. It should be mixed with rose water, and then it can be used freely; but even then it is better to use it for the hands alone.

To keep flowers fresh allow cold water to run freely over their stems, removing any decomposed matter that may be adhering to them. Be careful not to allow the water to touch the petals. Then place the flowers in a bowl filled with strong soapsuds. In the morning replace them in fresh water after snipping a small portion from the end of each stalk. A few drops of ammonia in each vase will assist in keeping them fresh.

To remove freckles, mix one ounce of lemon juice, a quarter of a drachm of powdered borax, half a drachm of pulverized sugar, and let it stand in glass for a few days; then apply it and let it dry on the skin. Or apply with a linen cloth two tablespoonfuls of grated horse-radish mixed with a teaspoonful of sour milk. If a girl freckle easily she should keep this lotion and use it frequently, being careful not to allow it to touch her eyes.—July Ladies' Home Journal.

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Editor Dominion Presbyterian:—

Sir:—I read with much pleasure in the Toronto Evangelical Churchman that the Presbytery of Athens, Georgia, sent the General Assembly South the following overture: "Whereas, there is a growing tendency in many quarters of our communion to recognize Christmas and Easter as religious days, because of the facts with which they are associated in the public mind, the Presbytery of Athens, believing that such recognition is contrary to the principles of the Reformed Faith and in the nature of will-worship, hereby overtures the General Assembly to make a pronounced and explicit deliverance on this subject." The committee on bills and overtures presented the following report, which was unanimously adopted: "The General Assembly, in response to the overture from the Presbytery of Athens touching the observance of Christmas and Easter as religious days, would make the following deliverance: "That there is no warrant in the Scripture for the observance of these days as holy days; but on the contrary (see Galatians iv. 9-11, and Colossians ii. 16, 21), that such observance is contrary to the principles of the Reformed Faith, conducive to will-worship, and not in harmony with the simplicity of the Gospel of Jesus Christ." I have asked members of the Church of England in Canada how they reconciled the observance of "the Church year" with the New Testament admonition to beware of such will-worship as the observance of "days, and months, and seasons, and years," but never got an answer which seemed satisfactory, even to the one who made it. And I have regarded the innovation of these "beggarly rudiments" in the Presbyterian Church with genuine alarm and sorrow. May I not venture to hope that the action of the General Assembly South is the first sign of a healthful reaction. Though baptized and confirmed in what I then believed to be the Protestant Church of England and Ireland, I must now subscribe myself
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