

Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church.

\$1.50 per Annum.

OTTAWA WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1910.

Single Copies, 5 cents.

Compensation.

The graves grow thicker, and life's ways more bare,
As years on years go by;
Nay, thou hast more gardens in thy care,
And more stars in thy sky!

Behind, hopes turned to grief, and joys to memories,
Are fading out of sight;
Before, pains changed to peace, and dreams to certainties,
Are glowing in God's light.

Hither come backslidings, defeats, distress,
Vexing this mortal strife;
Thither go progress, victories, successes,
Crowning immortal life.

Few jubilees, few gladsome, festive hours,
Form land marks for my way;
But heaven and earth and saints and friends and flowers,
Are keeping Easter Day!

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BIRTHS.

On March 28, 1910, at "Bonnie Brae," Harrington, to Mr. and Mrs. James S. McKay, a son.

At Apple Hill, on March 19, 1910, the wife of Alexander D. Munro, of a daughter.

On March 31, 1910, at 13 Dunbar road, Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. R. Clarke Steele, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At the Presbyterian church, Vernon, Ont., on March 23, 1910, by the Rev. R. MacNabb, James W. Cameron to Euphemia V. Madden, both of the Township of Osgoode.

At Alexandria, Ont., on March 30, 1910, by Rev. Donald Stewart, at the residence of Mr. J. P. McGreor, brother-in-law of the bride, Victoria Ellen Helps, of Lancaster, Ont., to William Hamilton Gruer, of Ormstown, Que.

By the Rev. A. H. Scott, M.A., in St. Andrew's manse, Perth, on March 29, Henry Pownall, of Leeds County, to Eva Blanche Kirkham, of Bathurst, Lanark.

At the home of the bride's mother, on March 9, 1910, by Rev. R. G. McKay, M.A., of Cromarty, Elizabeth Fowers, of Hibbert, and Samuel Ross, of Dinmore, Sask.

At the home of the bride's parents, on March 9, 1910, by Rev. R. G. McKay, of Cromarty, Christina L., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Donald McKellar, to Mr. Geo. W. Wallace, of Downie.

DEATHS.

At Partinich, on March 29, Mrs. Donald Cameron, aged 86 years.

Suddenly, on March 5, after two days' illness, at Port Erroll, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, Rachel, eldest daughter of Rev. Alex. Macaulay, formerly of Middleville, Ont., in her sixteenth year.

At Dover Centre, Ont., on March 24, 1910, Eleanor Louisa, the beloved wife of Rev. P. M. McEachren, and second eldest daughter of Henry Vrooman, Queenston, Ont.

At North Fredericksburgh, on March 27, Alexander Breckenridge, aged 30 years and 17 days.

At Napanee, on March 31, 1910, Mrs. Abraham Loucks, aged 62 years.

At McDonald's Corners, on March 18, James McLean, aged 85 years.

At Perth, on March 23, 1910, Alexander Ross, son of Mr. and Mrs. P. M. Sinclair, aged 25 years.

At Maberly, on March 29, 1910, James I'ro, aged 77 years.

At Lodore, on March 9, James Knowles, aged 82 years.

At Valleyfield, P. Q., March 27, 1910, Wm. P. Ferris, in his 74th year.

At his late residence, St. Elmo, Ont., on March 29, 1910, Donald McEwen, aged 88 years and 10 months.

At Hallburton, Ont., on March 23, 1910, Jack Bendimer Anderson, merchant, aged 29 years.

In Kingston, Ont., on March 30, 1910, Daniel H. Gunn, aged 47 years.

On March 28, 1910, at his late residence, Buckingham, Que., Captain Archibald MacNaughton, in his 88th year.

On March 25, 1910, at the residence of her mother, Mrs. P. P. McDougall, Maxville, Ont., Gertrude Bell, aged 9 years, 5 months, and 7 days.

Suddenly, at 188 Stewart street, Ottawa, on March 29, 1910, Ellen Eliza, daughter of the late Captain Ogden Creighton, late of H. M. 70th Regiment, and widow of the late Lt.-Colonel Thomas Ross, aged 76 years.

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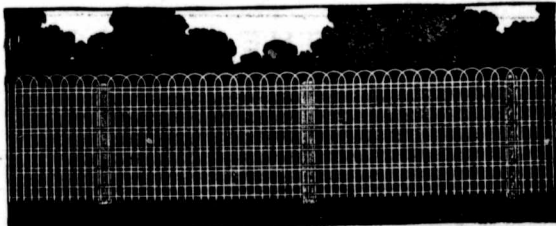
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OTTAWA 6th April, 1910

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NOTE AND COMMENT

It is stated that there are about 250,000 Buddhists in Germany alone, and that the majority of them belong to the so-called cultured class.

The Indianapolis News makes the point that if the saloon is the poor man's club, the dues are out of all proportion to the benefits received. And we are inclined to think everybody will agree to that proposition.

A writer in the Baptist Standard does not like the term "white man's burden," as applied to the negro. He names him "the white man's helper," and he is right. The negro has been not a burden, but a burden bearer ever since slave traders landed him on our shores.

A lay speaker in a recent Layman's Missionary Campaign in the United States was talking of men's ability to give, and their willingness. He put it this way: "We have the means; we have also the meanness; we must get rid of both." It is not uneldom that the means and the meanness seem married, with scant possibility of divorce.

Three United Free Church congregations in the old town of Edinburgh John Knox Church, Moray Church, and Canongate Church, are uniting to form one congregation. The John Knox Church is to be the centre of congregational life. Thus the United Free Church continues steadily in its work of concentrating and husbanding its resources.

Dr. Henry Van Dyke says to church members: "Make your life more simple, even if you have to make it less fashionable. The world wants you to make it less fashionable. The world wants to see a real difference between Christians and other people in their attitude toward money." What the world wants to see is not always the proper standard for the Christian, but it is correct in this case.

Perhaps never before in the history of religious work has there been anything like the enthusiasm and interest created by the Laymen's movement. The congress in Chicago, May 3 to 6, will complete a schedule of seventy-five meetings held in as many different cities. In every city the audiences have taxed the capacity of the largest halls, while the demand for tickets for the banquets preceding the mass meetings was greatly in excess of the largest accommodations.

Prof. Nordmann, of the Paris Observatory, has been figuring upon the heat and luminosity of the sun. He says every square inch of the sun's surface has a luminosity equivalent to 1,994,000 candle power. As the most powerful electric arc light known to us at present is only equal to 20,000 candles, the square inch of sun is a long way ahead. That square inch would give us light equal to 60,000 incandescent lights of 32 candle power each. Evidently there is no lack of lighting power in the divine arrangement of the solar system, remarks the Christian Guardian.

L'Abstinence announces the second refusal of the Czar to approve national prohibition for Finland in these words: "The Landtag adopted the law for prohibition by a vote of 158 to 34, but just as was the case after a similar vote two years ago, the law has been interdicted by the Czar. Words fail us to express our indignation that in this twentieth century a people, who have so decidedly expressed their desire that this curse should be taken from their midst should be denied their rights at the demand of the wine growers of the country, of liberty, equality, fraternity."

For their own safety so many persons require total abstinence from intoxicating drinks; for the sake of others this total abstinence is practiced by another company so large and influential that it is ruling in the lives of the best in all parts of this land favored of God.

Major Stanton, the late governor of Khartoum, says that it will be the largest city in Africa, and, beside doing an immense trade in the various products of the Soudan, it will be the center of an enormous cotton trade. He believes that in fifty years the Soudan will supply England with all the cotton she needs.

The "Advance," of Chicago, is authority for a statement that would indicate that the most stringent prohibition laws ever enacted are to be credited to China. As long ago as 1100 years B.C. the Chinese government enacted a statute that those who drank to the extent of intoxication should be put to death, and in the year 459 B.C. real prohibition was enacted, the liquor seller paying the penalty of violation of the law by forfeiting his head.

Evangelical Christian work is carried on in Africa by 2,740 missionaries, assisted by 13,989 native Christian workers, maintaining 4,789 places of worship, with 221,156 communicants and 527,790 professed adherents. The 4,000 missionary schools are attended by 202,490 pupils. The missionaries conduct and control 95 hospitals and 16 printing establishments. "A chain of connected missions extends from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. One half of the 700,000 people of the native state of Uganda are enrolled as Christians; and of the 700,000 negroes of the British Cape Colony, 200,000 are Christians. No land has responded better to the missionary appeal than Africa."

As the result of the experience of the London County Council in its efforts to provide work for the unemployed, pauper labor, like slave labor, is declared to be almost worthless. The report of the council says: "Work was done this winter in the London parks to the value of \$39,000. It cost the central unemployed body to accomplish this no less than \$296,100. In other words, work which laborers hired in the open market and paid high wages could have done for \$39,000 cost \$257,100 more when done by the unemployed—that is, by men who knew that they would not be discharged if they idled and who had no interest in their work, but only in their wages. That, we venture to say, is the type of work which will be universal when the state is the sole employer and when men do not espouse their own form of work, but have it found for them by that benedict despot."

The World's Christian Endeavor Convention at Agra, India, was a very impressive meeting, and was one of the most important as well as the largest international Christian gathering ever held in that country. It was attended by 1,800 registered delegates, but three or four thousand visitors swelled the congregations. About 800 delegates come from America and Europe. One hundred delegates from Burma traveled 3,000 miles coming and going, and ten from Assam still further. One hundred and sixty-eight Protestant mission stations were represented by 400 missionaries and more than 3,000 converts. Twenty-five languages were spoken by the attendants, but English and Hindustani were the languages of the convention. Among the more important addresses were those of the Rev. Herbert Anderson, president of the Christian Endeavor Union of India, and of the Bishop of Lahore.

The Moravians began their work on The Labrador in 1771, having previously established a mission in Greenland in 1733. It is a great tribute to the missionary zeal of this body of people that they went into this unknown region and, deprived of all but the most infrequent means of communication and cut off to an unusual degree from any knowledge of the outside world, have maintained this work for nearly a century and a half. Even to-day a visitor from the outside world is a rare occurrence, practically only when the Government mailship arrives with the mail or Dr. Grenfell makes a call.

We have given little space to Russian abuses of late, says the Herald and Presbyterian, not because there are not plenty of them, but reports on the whole show progress toward a more enlightened and better government. It will take many years for Russia to come to the position of the nations of Western Europe, but a sudden change is impossible, and the hardships and wrongs of gradual progress are less than those of a sudden revolution. The Douma has not very much power, but it is exerting tremendous influence. Its budget committee has struck at the root of the system of Siberian exile by reducing the appropriation for this purpose to \$34,000. The administration will doubtless find other ways of getting the money, but the number of political prisoners sent to Siberia is being steadily reduced.

The net increase in membership in the Congregational Churches in the United States for 1908 is 10,642, the total membership being 790,332. The present number of churches is 6,560, including the foreign churches under the direction of the American Board. Twenty-nine churches were added during the past year, and there was a net gain of 14,189 in Sabbath schools, but there was a loss of 4,554 members of young people's societies, a decrease of \$232,432 in contributions to benevolent causes and a decrease of \$74,207 in home expenses. The average salary of the pastor is \$907, exclusive of parsonage. Not a new member was received in 1,348 churches during the year, and there were 1,000 churches without pastoral supervision. Half a century ago there were 2,571 Congregational churches in the United States with a membership of 59,453. In that time there has been a growth of 3,435 churches and 540,743 members.

Spain cannot forever remain in its present backward condition, and the new Premier, Canalejas, seems to desire to advance as rapidly as the people will permit. In his speech in the Cortes, last week, he outlined the government's programme, and appealed for the united support of the radicals and democratic forces in order to "Europeanize and modernize Spain." Without the united support of these two parties he declared that his effort to curb the growing power of the Romish priests would fail. The Premier's programme included a beginning of popular education by the State, greater liberty of conscience and of the press, and the general adoption of modern ideas. He wants to bring his nation in line with France and Germany. He has the hearty support of the King and Queen. Indeed, the latter, is believed to be most strenuously urging reforms. At all events the young King is among the most progressive men of the nation, and, were he able, would modernize Spain. But a king has very limited power in these days. There is the Cortes, through which laws must be enacted, and back of this the people, intensely Roman Catholic, and generally opposed to progress. Instead of repressing progress, this king is trying to save the people from their own stupidity, and to induce them to accept education and modern advantages.

SPECIAL
ARTICLES

Our Contributors

BOOK
REVIEWS

JOHN BROWN, OF EDINBURGH.

About the name of John Brown, the Scotch physician and essayist, there shines a fame that entitles him to no inconsiderable place in the thought and life of the world. In point of time he belongs to that company of immortals who made glorious the literature of a great century. Born in Biggar, Lanarkshire, September 22, 1810, he followed closely Tennyson, Darwin and Gladstone, who were born during the preceding year, and antedated by a year or two both Thackeray and Dickens. In the midst of such contemporaneous literary workers, his fame, if less conspicuous, is still touched with the spirit of genius and bears signs of unequivocal greatness.

It was in literature, rather than in medicine, that he excelled. Yet as a university man he fitted himself at Edinburgh for the practice of medicine. By reputation he eventually became a physician of recognized ability, accurate in his knowledge of diseases, judicious in their treatment, and of so sympathetic a nature that he was wont to be consulted by his patients as if he was an intimate friend. Kind, tender, approachable—all this in the numberless trying exigencies of his profession—he was a physician whose personality was bound to attract a large clientele. He had, however, little sympathy with the speculations of his time. He looked askance on the progress of science. The tested intuitive methods of medical practice, he thought, were of established value, and should not be superseded by new departures that seemed to him of doubtful scientific worth.

But whatever his place as a physician, there are other fields of enterprise to which he allures us more delightfully. Possessed of an innate sense of the beautiful and an exquisite taste for the interpretation of art and literature, he wins his way into our good graces with irresistible power. If his medical exploits or opinions are remembered to-day, it is because they are set down in the choicest kind of unforgettable books. Certainly that explains their charm. It is not for any bulky books wherein are found epoch-making treatises in the domain of medicine that he is accorded any semblance of immortality, but, rather, his merit for fame lies—lies it not?—in the glimpses of life, both humorous and pathetic, that steal almost imperceptibly together across the horizon of his thought.

A fine, delicious sense of playful humor runs along the point of his pen as he delineates this aspect of life, depicts that scene, or suggests some thought that breaks in yellow sunshine around you. You catch the genial spirit of it. You are conscious pleasantly of "the bright, broad laugh, the glib, jovial word," as Scott is made to live before you. And then, when Scott, as Dr. Brown has it, "drew himself close to his table, and glowered and gloomed at his writing apparatus," and for the present could do nothing with it, you fetch a breath of relief when he rises, calls his dog, and they go out into the street "white as a frosted plumcake," where the good dog "gambled and whisked among the snow." And whither are they bound—Scott and his dog Malda? Why, to Pet Marjorie's. It is with this little playmate that Scott finds relaxation, and with romp and laughter gets a new, fresh grip on life.

Such breeziness, such light, joyous ripple of diction, such buoyant hopefulness is scarce ever surpassed in literature. That Brown has the art of touching with careless glee all the

glad things that the world cares about, all the pure, sweet emotions, all the sentiments that surge with unbroken bliss over human life is an open secret. For this he is found to be optimistic, congenial and full of entertaining views on all sorts of matters that are of every-day interest. Whether you like solitude or not, it is impossible to remain long unresponsive to his charming prospects of Scotland's out-of-doors; whether or no, you must yield to an impulse to stroke the warm furry nose of Rab or Malda; while to get away from the thought of Allie, with her sweet face and touching trouble, is all-gather beyond the power of mortal. The directness, the vividness with which he portrays his world straightway takes you captive, and you go swinging along with him through the wide winds of heaven that go blowing over the heather, feeling the exhilarating effect of merry moods, and humorous views, and hopeful impulses, until many a care drops away—at least it is no longer the heavy, grotesque thing it used to be.

A bit of pleasantry there is, no doubt, in the countryman's reply as to the gravity of his dog: "Oh, sir! life's full o' seriousness to him—he just never can get enuff o' fechtin'." It is, of course, John Brown's little story, used by Augustine Birrell to give point to the saddened spirit of many men of letters. And yet who does not feel the sigh that trembles on through Brown's lightness into the unbroken lonesomeness of lost joys and infinite pains? Even his cheerful spirit is powerless to conceal forever the deep underlying pathos of life. The smile is there, the pleasant word, the cheer; but there is also the hint of tears lurking just under the edge of things. It is the outcome of every-day life; met early or late from year's end to year's end, by a keen sympathetic observer of human experiences.

It would, perhaps, be difficult to find anything in literature more replete with the shadow of sadness than that Scotch idyl which made John Brown, hitherto but locally known, a world-wide celebrity. In Rab and His Friends—a sketch short almost to the verge of exasperation—there are the craftsmanship of an artist in language and the wide inclusive reach of a master in the expression of mingled emotions. When, in the waning light of a dull winter's afternoon, this book first falls into your hands, the enthusiasm and elation of youth seemed well set off at the shout "A dog fight!" because of its appeal, as Brown has it, with reference to "three of the great cardinal virtues of dog or man—courage, endurance and skill." But, in the fleeting movement of the book, Rab becomes an onlooker in a great tragedy—in an atmosphere of pain, hallucination, silence; and on laying down the book, who could repress the first tendency to classify it among the saddest things imaginable? It cuts its lines deep into the soul of any serious watcher of the years. It graves upon the memory in bold relief figures and events that are as essentially heroic as any deed of luster found in the annals of men on any field of renown.

What is more unforgettable than this picture of Rab? "He looked a statue of anger and astonishment, done in Aberdeen granite." Fresh, vivid, impressive glimpses of nature and life abound in this masterpiece. Why should we care for the drifts and tides of feeling, save that it might have all related to us, is it so realistic? And why, pray, should we care for Pet Marjorie—a little child who died well nigh a century ago. Yet care we do—that cannot be gainsaid. Dr. John Brown has woven a spell of enchantment around us and brought us in touch with the spirit of the ages. What-

ever work he has done is replete with sympathy and human warmth.

The rich beauty of his etching of a Sunday evening near Edinburgh is especially notable. It related to Thackeray, who was walking with a couple of friends: "A rich dark bar of cloud hovered over the sun, going down behind the highland hills, lying bathed in amethystine bloom; behind this cloud and the hills there was a narrow slip of the pure ether, of a tender cowslip color, limpid and as if it were the body of heaven in its clearness; every object standing out as if etched upon the sky." And when a wooden crane resembled a cross, Thackeray broke out with one word, "Calvary!" "All that evening," says Brown, "he was very gentle and serious, speaking as he seldom did of divine things, of death of sin, of eternity, of salvation, expressing his simple faith in God and in his Saviour."

To Brown himself the spiritual life was no alien thought. The religious element rises constantly to the surface for his life from a heart tremulous with the divine passion. As the son of a minister, his early training reached the deep springs of moral thought and action. Nor is it surprising to find him constantly putting emphasis on the essential value of religion. Whether it be in narrating the death of Thackeray, whom he profoundly esteemed, or setting forth the pathetic story of Marjorie, or writing of Allie, there is the subtle, pervasive flavor of unseen realities, the frequent allusion to spiritual things. In his letters literature is more than medicine and religion first of all. Writing once to Ruskin, he says, by way of comment on a particular sermon: "I am more and more convinced that the essence of Christianity and of righteousness and of all goodness is in following the Christ, in thinking, feeling and acting (within our human limits) as He would do were He in our place."

It is to be regretted that a writer of his intellectual power, keen insight and strong human interest produced, relatively, so little work of popular qualities. As a physician he was reluctant to admit that his work had any especial literary value. But for all that his charm is unalloyed. When he died, May 11, 1882, he left for us these few books, that have become classics for their beauty of diction and genial spirit. An imperishable legacy they are, by which he has added to the enrichment of both mind and heart.—Rev. G. W. Farmer in N. Y. Christian Advocate.

At a pleasant social meeting in the church parlor of a number of ladies connected with the W.F.M.S. of St. Andrew's church, Arnprior, held in honor of Mrs. Robert Milne, who is leaving for Waldo, B.C., Mrs. G. E. Neilson, honorary president of the society, read an address expressing the appreciation of the members at the splendid service Mrs. Milne had rendered both as president and member, and their kindest wishes for her welfare in her western home. Then, on behalf of the society, Mrs. Milne was presented with a life membership in the General Society. Mrs. Milne made a feeling reply, expressing her pleasure at having been able to join with them in a work that was so necessary, her sorrow at the thought of leaving so many true friends, and her kindest wishes for the continued prosperity of St. Andrew's Women's Foreign Missionary Society.

A very grave subject is thoughtfully and sympathetically discussed in Stephen Reynolds' article "What the Poor Want," which The Living Age for March 19 reprints from the Quarterly Review. Every page of it is alive with human interest.

ILLINOIS LETTER.

From Rev. H. H. Jordan.

We are looking forward to a treat in Rev. F. B. Meyer's coming to St. Louis, Mo., April 4, along with other noted S.S. workers who are touring the country in behalf of the World's S.S. convention to be held in Washington in May. Two young ladies in our own congregation have been demonstrating what it is possible to do to build up the Sabbath school. They have visited many homes and gotten clothing for boys and girls and have run the attendance of the Primary department of the school up from 25 or forty to 41 and on Easter Sabbath to 85, and the following morning reported they had found thirteen more, and tomorrow they go to the country 3 miles to see another family of four or five children. They are among the happiest people here for they have a mind to work.

All the school has at the power of their work, and thus they have greatly multiplied themselves. All this in a town of five thousand. It is as Mr. Moody said. God is looking for the man who is willing to be used. Small evening congregations caused us to try a little advertising, and 500 dodgers, costing \$1.50, were distributed, advertising a special service for the boys. More than 50 boys and young men who would not have been at the ordinary service came. We spoke on the lad with five loaves and two small fishes, and had perfect attention. We used sheets of print paper, seven pages with verses written on them which the boys were drilled on, and had two cartoons (home made) of the fellow, "who was wadlin' for somethin' to turn up," and of a sturdy young fellow who was "Turning up something" as he walked behind the plow. Last Sabbath evening we spoke on What Jesus Christ could do for the man who was down and out. Text Heb. 7, 25.

We are planning for a religious census of the town, and the surrounding country soon, in what we may call territory.

Jerseyville, Ill.

HOME SEEKERS.

The Grand Trunk Railway are planning excursions to the Canadian North West. These have been christened Home Seekers' excursions and bring to mind the thought that there are thousands of new homes yet to be found in this ever-growing country—particularly along the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific.

The Grand Trunk Pacific has acquired sufficient land to make nearly 100 Town Cities between Winnipeg and Edmonton. The lots are now placed on the market for sale, and are being rapidly picked up.

Since last September between Winnipeg and Edmonton, the G. T. P. have been operating a passenger and freight service. This is a distance of 703 miles, and all along the line there are villages and towns springing up with surprising activity.

There are four or five divisional points within this mileage, and that are showing marked development, and would well engage the special attention of those seeking a home or an improvement on their financial condition.

These excursions will be run on April 6th, 19th, May 3, 17, 31, June 14, 28, July 12, 26, August 9, 23, September 6, Good for return within two months of date of issue.

Other and full particulars may be obtained on application to J. Quinlan, District Passenger Agent, Montreal, or any other G. T. representative.

Mr. T. P. Drumm, who for some time has been in charge of the Verdun congregation, preached his farewell sermon on the 27th ult., in which his closing words were: "Consult God in all that you do, invoke the Divine aid, be a spiritual church, a church of Jesus Christ, and be united, work together, strive for the common good." Mr. Drumm said a few words of farewell to the teachers and scholars in the Sunday School, and Mr. C. Y. Lewis, one of the teachers, who is leaving Verdun to go out to Snowflake, Man., as a missionary under the Home Mission Committee, also gave a brief address.

OUT OF HARMONY.

"Jennie Brae," Ottawa.

A dear little face looked up into mine,
Weary and worn and sad,
As if it were pleading for one bright smile

To make the little heart glad.
But the smile was denied, the look
had failed

To touch a tender chord,
And all because I happened to be
Out of touch with my Lord.

I met a friend who was tired and worn,
Troubled with anxious care,
On her face was written the pain

within,
A face so sad and fair.
It might have comforted her had I
stopped

To speak one pleasant word,
But I did not, because I happened to
say,

Out of touch with my Lord.
A poor little worker toiled hard one
day

One glance at her would tell,
And she looked at me, as if she would
say,

"Is not my work done well?"
A word of approval might have been
given

That much I could afford,
But it was not, because I happened
to be

Out of touch with my Lord.
I saw a young man climbing life's
rugged hill,

Tempted on every hand;
He looked dejected as he journeyed
on

Up to the Promised Land.
I might have lifted a stone from his
way,

And made his path less hard;
But it lay there, just then I happened
to be,

Out of touch with my Lord.
A smile, look or deed, an encourag-
ing word,

What little things they seem,
And how far they go to make hap-
piness

Scarce any of us could dream.
My Lord, keep me always in touch
with Thee,

Fill me with grace divine,
Let blessings flow out to others from
me,

And reward, rich reward shall be
mine.

FRENCH IN THE SCHOOLS.

(Toronto News.)

Mr. R. S. Gourlay is a business man of ability and experience. He is the senior partner in a firm that has representatives in every one of the provinces of Canada and in several foreign countries. He is vice-president of the Toronto Board of Trade. He knows how to think and how to express his opinions with energy and efficiency. Speaking before the Ontario Educational Association recently, Mr. Gourlay advocated the teaching of French in the public schools. Young men who went into commercial careers were handicapped, because they had had no opportunity of learning any language but their own. This was not wholly an English-speaking nation, and never would be. French was recognized by law, and school authorities were unwise to ignore it.

Mr. Gourlay occupies good ground. More than one-quarter of the people of Canada are of French origin. They are increasing rapidly, and most of them have the grace to stay at home rather than to seek golden pots at the foot of the American rainbow. In all the provinces there is a strong French-speaking element. Toronto has a French colony. Eastern and Northern Ontario are by no means wholly English. From old Acadia to the Pacific coast Canadians of French origin may be found pursuing their business with ardor, and living as good and worthy citizens.

The Ontario boy, fresh from school, cannot do business in Canada without being continually reminded that his education has been neglected. Most French-Canadians can speak enough English to make shift for them-

selves in York or Middlesex. Put an English-Canadian in Missisquoi or Lotbiniere, and he is a lost man. Some of our arrogant English-Canadians say, "This is a British country, and everyone should speak English." Burmah is a British country. So is India, so is British Honduras. English is not the only recognized language in any one of the three. Canada is a free country under British institutions. The French-Canadian is a British subject, and is entitled to his mother tongue. Furthermore, it is a recognized and official language of the country. No amount of empty and haughty bigotry can alter that fact. It is about time that our educational authorities began to recognize it.

French teaching is non-existent in our public schools. In our high schools it is inefficient. There are thousands of boys who matriculate with a fair literary knowledge of the French language who could not write a respectable French letter or ask for a plate of under-done roast beef in a Quebec country inn. The boys need less of Moliere and more of the current French newspapers of Canada. They need conversation rather than a good knowledge of Erckmann and Clatrain. The trouble is that they never hear of French until they are too old to learn it easily. In bilingual neighborhoods the children learn both languages unconsciously through contact. They learn by actual talking. Something might be done in the public schools in this direction. It is high time.

TORONTO.

The Parkdale church choir appeared at the Easter services on Sunday in black gowns.

The General Assembly's Committee on Evangelism has decided to employ Knox College Gospel Team during the summer months, chiefly in Ontario. The team consists of five young men, two being theological and three artists. They are bright, devoted fellows and the aim of their services is to win especially young men.

Cooke's church people have been greatly delighted at seeing their former pastor, Rev. Dr. William Paterson among them again and in good health. On Tuesday evening of last week after a brief musical service, Dr. Paterson lectured on "How to Get There," and it is needless to say the subject was handled in a most interesting way.

Rev. J. D. Morrow, who was known as an athlete before he became a minister, is now pastor of St. Mark's church and engaged in the erection of a much-needed new church edifice. An appeal was made to the athletes of the Dominion to aid in its erection, and there was a response. But things are at a standstill and the walls are only up as far as the basement. So this appeal is now made: St. Mark's needs money, real money, to finish the church, "The Church of the Strangers." Not a mortgage that will choke them, but just money, plain money now. It takes a man, a real live, sanctified man to reach out to and love the helpless and needy. St. Mark's has the man. Toronto Presbyterialism has the money, will its forces get together?

Rev. E. C. Gallup, pastor of Knox church, Sasekatoon, for the past four years, has resigned and will spend a year in study in Europe.

Mr. Stanley Christie, a student of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, very acceptably filled the pulpit of Knox church, Vankleek Hill, on Sabbath evening last.

The house of S. W. Partridge & Company, 8 and 9 Paternoster Row, London, is noted for the purity and usefulness of its periodical and book publications. The Family Magazine and the British Workman are established favorites, each at one penny. We should like to see both have a large circulation in Canadian homes.

SUNDAY
SCHOOL

The Quiet Hour

YOUNG
PEOPLE

HELPING THE SAVIOUR.

By Professor James Stalker, D. D.

The Saviour's need of help.—The labors in which we have seen Jesus engaged at last grew to such dimensions that he felt the necessity of multiplying himself by appointing helpers, to visit the towns and the parts of the country which he was unable to overtake himself. This was the fundamental idea; the mission of the Twelve was a consequence of his success. But perhaps it was still more deeply, although as yet invisibly, connected with what may be called his failure. Brief was to be his career, and these were to be his successors. But the first-mentioned motive was as yet the prominent one. His success increased his hunger to be the Saviour of the whole country; and, as this could not be effected by his single efforts, he called to his aid those who were able and willing to be engaged in his blessed work.

We are admitted to Jesus' secret thoughts especially in verse 36, where we are told of the impression made on his sensitive heart by the multitudes that followed him. These seemed to him like sheep without a shepherd, exhausted and scattered. No doubt the scribes thought that, they were shepherding them well enough; and the civil rulers, who were also counted among the shepherds according to the notions of the prophets, would have defended their own government as beneficent; but Jesus did not agree with them. And often must a Christlike eye see similar defects in the civil and religious shepherding of the common people, and therefore in their economic and spiritual condition. There were, however, elements of hopefulness in the situation: changing the metaphor, Jesus drew the attention of those about him to a great harvest which was ready to be reaped. But the laborers were few; and, therefore, he called upon all who were in sympathy with his sentiments to pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into his harvest. The verb is a strong one, indicating an inward compulsion; and the true minister or missionary is always one who cannot help going into the harvest-field.

Disciples becoming apostles.—It is a dangerous thing to pray for the sending forth of laborers; for it may imply that they who pray may be sent themselves. The answer to their prayers may consist in their own decision to say, "Here am I; send me." So it was with the Twelve on this occasion. We do not hear of all the Twelve being called before this point, to follow Christ; but we have heard this about five of them, and it is probably implied of the rest also. They were first disciples, then apostles. To be a disciple was to be an attendant of Christ, accompanying him from place to place, seeing his acts and hearing his words, with the privilege of asking in private the explanation of anything not understood in his public ministry. This was still to continue—the fundamental condition of service being always nearness to him and confidential intercourse with him. But to be an apostle involved much more; they were to go forth evangelizing and performing miracles in his name; and it is astonishing how exact is the resemblance between the terms in which their acts are described by him and those in which his own ministry has been described in the foregoing chapters. Even the cleansing of leprosy, the casting out of devils, and the raising of the dead are ascribed to them as well as to him. Evidently his intention was that in every possible respect their work should be a reproduction of his own. The services of Christ will always consist of three things—being with him, testifying on

his behalf, and doing good in his name.

The names of the Twelve are given, and suggest many reflections, while a comparison of this list with similar ones elsewhere in the New Testament will be instructive. For example, in all the lists Matthew is named along with Thomas; but in the other lists Matthew occurs before his neighbor, while here he holds the second place,—a delicate indication of humility. Some of the apostles were destined to be very well known in the world, while others are hardly more than names. One or two proved to be men of genius, though it is doubtful if their gifts would ever have been discovered except for their connection with Christ. Religion is a great discoverer of talent. Connection with Jesus transmuted these obscure men into princes of thought and action, whose influence now rules the centuries.

The ordination address.—The address with which the Twelve were sent forth is the model of all addresses with which ministers and missionaries have been sent forth in all the ages since. It extends through the whole of a very long chapter; but our study is restricted to fifteen verses at the beginning and three at the end. The topics taken up in these are, first, the lack of carefulness about their own comforts which ought to characterize those sent out on the errands of the Master; and, second, the care with which the same ought to be provided for by those who enjoy their services. The apostles are to be givers, not receivers from men, because they have already received so abundantly from above that they are ready to distribute, willing to communicate. Those, on the contrary, who receive from men are to be most careful of their comfort; any neglect in this respect involving guilt like that of the inhospitable inhabitants of Sodom and Gomorrah, whereas even a cup of cold water given to a disciple, because he belongs to Christ, shall not lose its reward.

Aberdeen, Scotland.

FORGIVE!

(By Jessie Andrews.)

Forgive, forgive,—
If thou in this frail world wouldst truly live,
And understand
Thy brother's weakness, and wouldst lend a hand.

Forgive, forgive,—
If thou with thine own heart at peace wouldst live,—
And search and see
How much of sin hath been forgiven thee.

Forgive, forgive!—
If thou before the throne wouldst stand and live,
Redeemed in heaven,—
Forgive thy brother seventy times the seven!

PRAYER.

We beseech Thee for Thy gracious influences day by day. Keep us from thinking that we have attained, may distance ever beckon us, and the unrealized blessings, glorious and virtuous, which are stored for us in Thee, attract us more and more to ourselves. Preserve us from stagnating in self-complacency; preserve us from the torpor of indolence. May we ever think more of that which is yet to come than of anything that we have won, lest we should lose even it. We pray for Thy strength to be granted to us in growing measure. And we beseech Thee that we may increasingly use the strength which Thou dost always give to us sufficient for our needs, if only we were wise to realise it. Amen.

WHERE THE SOUL THRIVES.

Character requires a still air. There may be storm and upheaval around, but there must be peace within for the soul to thrive. But anxiety is the reverse of peace. It teases the mind with questions it cannot answer; it broods over possible evils; it peoples the future with dark shapes; it frets the sensibilities with worrying conjecture. It spoils the present by loading it with the evil of to-morrow. Its tendency is, by dwelling on evil, to make us cowardly and selfish. Character cannot grow in such an atmosphere. Hence, as a matter of fact, we seldom find any great height and sweetness of character in an anxious-minded person, for the simple reason that it has no chance to grow; all the forces go in other directions. But when one in wise and righteous ways has learned to trust in God, and so has come into peace, then the seeds of all grace and beauty spring up, and spread out their leaves in the calm, warm air, and blossom out into full beauty, fed from beneath and above. It was to secure such atmosphere, for an end so eternally important as this, that Christ spoke these words: "Take no thought for how wise the teaching! How blessed to be able to receive it!"—Rev. T. T. Munger.

LIFE EVERLASTING.

Men hunger and thirst for life. Scant indeed is the life most men live. It is like trying to quench one's burning thirst from a shallow pool of dirty water in the middle of a field where cattle come down to drink and swine to wallow. What is a life worth which is measured by a few thousand dollars, or a little fading glory, or a flickering spark of worldly and sinful pleasure? Yet this is all some men have and all they hope for. They earnestly desire to live longer, but they are painfully conscious that the life they are now living is too shallow and wretched to last. It must go out and it ought to go out because it is not fit to go on. Much as they love life, they shrink from wishing that their life should be everlasting.

What men need is a life so rich, so sweet, so deep, so beautiful, so full of meaning that it is fit to endure forever. Jesus has it, and he can give it. "I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly," saith the Lord. "He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die." They have eternal life in them. "If any man thirst, let him come to me and drink." "The water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up unto eternal life."—N.Y. Christian Advocate.

LIMITATIONS AS GUIDE POSTS.

There is a better attitude to take toward those circumstances of our life that sharply limit and shut us in, than the heroic or martyr-like pose that we must do well in spite of these things. The better way is to recognize that God wants us to do well because of, or by means of, these things. There is a difference, hence between "in spite of," and "because of." The first implies a challenge; something to be overcome, and done away with; and life cannot all be made up of challenges. The second implies a direct guide and helper; and that is what our limitations are, often for. They are sent to keep us in the pathway which alone can lead us to God's goal for us. They are to guide us to the goal, not block us from it. They serve as the rails to the locomotive, or the rudder to the ship; not to be overcome and done away with, but gladly to be yielded to and obeyed as direct evidences of God's plan for us.

"LIKE AS A FATHER."

Dr. Wayland Hoyt, in his "Walks and Talks with Spurgeon," relates a story, which has partly been told before, but is well worth repetition. He was riding with Mr. Spurgeon one day, when he mentioned the account he had seen in the papers about his praying for a ring, and getting it, and inquiring if this was true. "Oh, no," said Mr. Spurgeon, "I will tell you the whole story;" which he did, and which Dr. Hoyt reproduces as nearly as possible as follows:

"Mrs. Spurgeon had been very sick, and for the benefit of the sea air he had taken her to Brighton. Leaving her on Thursday morning, when he must go to London to preach, as his wont was always to be in the Tabernacle on the evening of that day, he asked her if he could not bring her something which would relieve a little the tedium of her sickness. At first nothing seemed to come to her. In sportive mood, she at last said that she would like an opal ring and a piping goldfinch. Lovingly, and yet laughingly, he declared it was quite impossible for him to bring her such things as these. But when he had reached London, and the noon mail came in, and he was opening it as he was sitting at his luncheon, in the mail there was a little box; and tearing it open, he saw flashing up from it the sheen of an opal ring. Some friend had sent it, with a most kindly note, asking Mrs. Spurgeon's acceptance of it, with the hope that its luster might fling a little light into the gloom of her sick chamber."

"What I thought," he said, "when that ring flashed on me, of God's care and goodness, it would be impossible for me to tell." Carefully it was laid away in his pocket, that its brightness might best please to Mrs. Spurgeon when he should have a chance to carry it to her. The very afternoon, as he went on to tell me, he was obliged to visit a gentleman who was very sick—so sick that it was utterly impossible for him to speak aloud, and with whom communication could be had only by writing on a slate. The visit was over, and the prayer offered, and then, as Mr. Spurgeon rose to leave, the wife of the gentleman said to him:

"Mr. Spurgeon, for some years I have made a pet of a piping goldfinch. The only person in the world to whom I would give it is yourself. But the bird makes too much noise for my husband in his weak state, and won't you accept it?"

"Mr. Spurgeon said he preached that night in the Tabernacle with the ring in his pocket and the little bird sleeping with its head beneath its wing in a room of the Tabernacle; and the next morning Mrs. Spurgeon had her opal ring and her piping goldfinch. Through the weary hours of that long sickness both were a great delight to her. The bird would sit upon her finger and sing its heart out. When she recovered, the little creature finished its ministry and died."

Of course, there are plenty of people who see nothing but "chance" in such a circumstance as this. They may have tenderness in their hearts and in their homes; they may be ready to travel far and take much pains to obtain a toy that would please a sick, suffering child, but they have not yet learned that like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. They have not yet learned the infinite tenderness of the heavenly Father's heart, that which is but faintly expressed in the deep affection which God has implanted in the hearts of all the creatures which He has made, that sympathy and charity which is "the bond of perfectness," and without which society would be a wreck, and earth a chaos of darkness and desolation.

"He that planted the eye, shall He not see? He that formed the ear, shall He not hear?" And He that gave to man and beast and bird and creeping thing the instinct of parental love, does He not feel and know that same impulse in all its fullness and perfection?

Is there not pity in heaven for human suffering and human sorrow? Is there not joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth? Does not the Father's heart yearn after prodigal in far-off lands? And can we not see

the love of God reflected in the sympathies and loves of our own hearts, just as we can see the stars of heaven reflected in the placid waters around us?

Our great difficulty is, we do not recognize the hand of God; we do not know our own Father's voice. A thousand mercies come to us unnoticed; a thousand gifts are received by us unprized. But as a trifling and unconsidered thing might become to us exceedingly precious if we should read upon it that it was the gift of a dear and loving friend, "so every good gift and every perfect gift" will come to us with new preciousness and added value, when we learn that it "cometh down from the Father of lights, in whom there is no variableness, neither shadow of turning." Blessed are they who recognize the heavenly Father's voice, who know His compassion and His grace, and who find comfort in His providence, consolation in His sympathy, and abiding peace in the fullness of His everlasting love.—H. L. Hastings, in the Boston Christian.

A PRAYER.

Lord, not for light in darkness do we pray.

Not that the veil be lifted from our eyes,

Nor that the slow ascension of our day Be otherwise.

Not for a clearer vision of the things Whereof the fashioning shall make us great.

Not for remission of the peril and stings Of time and fate.

Not for a fuller knowledge of the end Where to we travel, bruised yet unafraid,

Nor that the little healing that we lend Shall be repaid.

Not these, O Lord. We would not break the bars Thy wisdom sets about us; we shall climb

Unfettered to the secrets of the stars In Thy good time.

We do not crave the high perception swift

Whereto refrain were well, and when fulfill.

Nor yet the understanding strong to sift

The good from ill. Not these, O Lord, For these Thou hast revealed,

We know the golden season when to reap The heavy-fruited treasure of the field

The hour to sleep. Not these. We know the hemlock from the rose,

The pure from stained, the noble from the base,

The tranquil holy light of truth that glows On Pity's face.

We know that paths wherein our feet should press,

Across our hearts are written Thy decrees.

Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless With more than these.

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel, Grant us the strength to labor as we know,

Grant us the purpose, ribbed and edged with steel, To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou hast lent.

But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need,

Give us to build above the deep intent The deed, the deed.

—John Drinkwater, in the Spectator.

Just as really as Christ was with Peter in the boat, just as Christ sat with John at the table, so really can we have Christ with me.—Andrew Murray.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

Mon.—"In Him we live," (Acts 17: 22-31).

Tues.—All-present Spirit, (John 4: 21-24).

Wed.—God in the desert, (Gen. 28: 10-17).

Thurs.—With us in Christ, (Matt. 1: 22, 23).

Fri.—God in the heart, (John 14: 17-23).

Sat.—God always (Matt. 18: 20; 28: 20).

GOD IS HERE.*

(By Robert E. Speer.)

The very joy of life is in the assurance of God's presence with us always. This is his blessed promise. "I will not leave you, nor forsake you." The soul comforts itself with the confidence, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me." We may forget that God is near, or even deny it, but neither our forgetfulness nor our denial can affect in any way the blessed fact of the Father's presence with us.

"Thou God seest me" is sometimes quoted as a warning. "Beware," we are told, "God is looking and all that you do is naked and open to the eyes of him with whom we have to do." It is indeed, and if it is a thing of evil he sees it. The thought that God sees ought to suffice to shame us out of all things that he disapproves. But the words are meant to be not a warning, God sees. The fidelity in small hardships which no human eyes see and which we can tell no human heart, God sees. The fidelity in small things which gains no human praise and is often ignored in the admiration poured out upon what is shoddy and tinsel, God marks. All our need God sees and cares for, and we can trust him. If we are not to have it met, if we are to do without what we desire, well, we can manage it and it will not amount to anything. God sees it all and what comes to us when we have done all that we could with his help, we shall accept unmurmuringly. He knows. "He knows, my Father knows."

In the presence of God, however, these half sad thoughts are not our thoughts. We are in the joy of companionship and are satisfied, and all the world, what we have and what we do not have, is beautiful as we look upon it in the light of his countenance. "In thy presence," says the Psalmist, "is fullness of joy." Nothing that can abide in that presence looks mean. However simple or lowly, if it can stay there it is made beautiful in the light of God. However splendid and pretentious anything may have been, if it was not true, that light makes it seem mean and it creeps away.

All homely duties take on glory and all lofty things become lowly in the presence of God. Common spots and common deeds are transfigured. "Surely," Jacob said of the place where he had slept, an ordinary bit of desert, "Jehovah is in this place; and I knew it not." Every day becomes a heavenly day, one of the days of the Son of man, when we see it as a day of God's presence. Life becomes the good thing it was meant to be, a companionship in life and light and love with the Eternal One. Heaven will be only the unveiling of the eternal reality of such a life. As the ancient poet laureate Whitehead wrote in "The Second Day of Creation":

"I gaze aloof at the tissue of roof Where time and space are the warp and woof Which the King of kings like a curtain flings Over the dreadfulfulness of eternal things.

"But if I could see as in truth they see The glories which encircle me, I should lightly hold this tissue of blue With its marvelous curtain of blue and gold.

"For soon the whole, like a parched scroll Shall before my amazed eyes uproll, And without a screen, at one burst be seen

The Presence, in which I have always been."

An obedient child delights in the presence of its parent; a disobedient child dreads it. What we think of the omnipresence of God is largely determined by what our moral attitude toward him has been.

*Y. P. Topic, Sunday, April 10, 1910, "God is here." (Psa. 139: 1-12.)

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Presbytery of Honan, China, nominates Rev. Dr. R. P. MacKay for the moderatorship of next Assembly; and the Presbytery of Brandon, Man., does a like service for Rev. Dr. Carmichael, of King.

We are glad to note the return home of Rev. W. A. J. Martin, convener of F. M. Committee, in greatly improved health. He will leave next month for the Old Land and will attend the great Missionary Council in Edinburgh. It is rumored that one of our colleges will shortly confer a degree on Mr. Martin.

Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Thornton are at present visiting friends in Canada. Dr. Thornton was minister of Knox Church, Montreal, before he was called to a U.P. Church in Glasgow. For more than twenty years he has been pastor of a large congregation in London, where he has done highly useful work.

It is gratifying to learn that Principal Gordon is convalescing very favorably after his recent severe attack of grippe. He was able to take a short walk for the first one day early in the week a. has been gaining strength rapidly. The thought of a convocation with the Principal absent would be a most depressing picture, but fortunately there now seems to be no danger of such a disappointment.

Our Anglican friends are considered slow and very conservative in many things, but in the matter of giving for Church purposes they show other denominations a splendid example, at least so far as the United States are concerned. We are told that "for several years the Episcopalians over there have averaged twenty dollars per member. Notwithstanding the large increase in the number of communicants the average remains at that high mark. The Presbyterians are maintaining a standard of approximately sixteen dollars and fifty cents per member each year." We do not know the figures for the two denominations in the Dominion; but we incline to the opinion that Canadian Presbyterians, were such a comparison instituted here, would make a better relative showing than their brethren in the United States.

Attractive features of The Studio for March are reproductions in colors of an oil painting and two water color drawings by Albert Goodwin, R.A.S.; a monotypic reproduction of an etched portrait of the Dowager Queen of Sweden, by Andree Zorn; a monotypic reproduction of an etching by Ferdinand Hoberg, entitled Notre Dame, Paris, a Rainy Day. An article by A. Lys Baldry on The Art of Mr. Albert Goodwin, fourteen illustrations; Contemporary Japanese Painting; by Sei-ichi Takii, eleven illustrations; Some Notable Swedish Etchers, by George Brodeur, ten illustrations. In Studio Talk will be found brief letters from correspondents with numerous illustrations. Art dents in several European Capitals, School Notes, Reviews and Notices. The Studio is easily at the head of the world's art periodicals: 44 Leicester Square, London, W.C.

SUNDAY DRIVING.

A quiet drive on Sunday with one's wife and children seems a very innocent form of recreation, and not opposed in letter or spirit to real Sabbath-keeping. "I find the children growing fretful or restless," a lady once told us, "and instead of enforcing silence, or compelling them to sit still with books in their hands, I just crowd the little things into the carriage, and take them for a few miles into the country. That gives their father a chance to take his afternoon nap in peace."

Good people, with Christian associations, reason this way, and satisfy themselves that they have rendered the Sabbath all the respect to which it has a just claim, if they go to church once a day and to the Sunday school in the afternoon. There is a letting down of the standard in this matter, which is to be deplored.

We have no doubt that the same men and women who go with easy minds on their little drives through leafy woods robed in vernal beauty, and over breezy hills and past quiet villages, are themselves indignant at the wholesale Sabbath breaking of the travelling public. They resent the scream of the locomotive, and the rushing thunder of the train. They are scandalized at the crowds who seek the beach and throng the parks on Sunday. As for the so-called "sacred" concert on Sunday afternoon, which allures its patrons with unblushing attractiveness, they hold it in horror.

And yet it is difficult to draw this line between right and wrong anywhere except plumb with a certain old-fashioned command, laid down in an old-fashioned book: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." "Ye shall keep My Sabbaths and reverence My sanctuaries." In kind, the quiet Sunday drive is as open to criticism as the crowded Sunday train, or the gay Sunday excursion boat.

A strictly kept Sabbath need not be oppressively formal, nor obtrusively Pharisaical. The Lord's day, the day of His resurrection, should be full of a subdued gladness, sweet with a spiritual fragrance. The youngest child in a Christian household may learn to greet it with delight, and still it may be kept wholly separate from the work and play lawful on other days. The secular days will be more profitable if the Sabbath is guarded from labor and from amusements, and spent, as Sabbaths should be, entirely in divine service, or in divinely appointed rest.

Voting in Congregational churches on Church Union has been going on for some time. In Hamilton the vote was practically unanimous in favor of it. In Montreal the returns are not yet complete. In Emmanuel Church 105 votes for and 13 against were recorded; in Calvary Church out of 150 qualified voters, 60 voted for and 25 against; Zion Church, out of 200 voters, gave 83 ballots for, 54 against; Amherst Park congregation, is said to be practically unanimous in favor of Union; Bethlehem Church, Westmount, gives 88 for Union and only one against; Brantford is reported as against; and Toronto is said to be strongly in favor. Full returns from the churches is expected shortly, when we shall know definitely how our Congregational brethren stand on the question. It is announced that the Congregational Union for all Canada will meet in Cobourg in June; a notable gathering for that denomination.

ST. JOHN'S PORTRAIT OF JESUS.*

This is one of the brightest, raciest, and most readable theological books we have taken up for a long time. The work of the printer has been well done. The book is daintily gotten up, the arrangement of all its chapters exceedingly artistic, its print clear and readable.

The language is delightfully simple, and clear, and a "wayfaring man cannot err therein." In this respect it is a splendid contrast to many theological works, which often tax the mind of the reader to understand what is meant. "Understandest thou what thou readest?" would be a very pertinent question to ask many a reader of theological works issuing from the press at the present time. While the language is so vivid, at times it is beautifully poetic. On page 36, when speaking about John's banishment to Patmos, the writer puts it thus: "But this place (Patmos) which the heathen emperor, who had banished him, intended as his prison became the trying place with his Lord. It was here that Jesus fulfilled that promise made so many years ago, 'If I will that he tarry till I come what is that to thee.' At times the writer is exceedingly terse, as, for instance, when discussing "the sending of the Spirit," he opens the chapter with "But a prepared place is worthless without a prepared people," and immediately he proceeds to show Jesus' method of preparing His people for the Heavenly Home.

At times Mr. McFarlane is vividly graphic. On page 83 he has the following pungent sentence: "It would be easy for the well-groomed dweller in the comfortable avenues of life to utter a severe condemnation of the life and character of the lad who never breathed any other atmosphere than that of the foul and vicious slums, and around whose threshold the fierce demons of temptation have ever battled for his soul."

Through the whole work there is a fine spirit of reverence and love and loyalty to the Master. While it reveals all the way through a sort of slumbering spirit of controversy that might be easily awakened, yet the general trend is positive rather than negative. It reveals a man behind it, who is willing to do battle at any moment for what he believes to be the truth.

Mr. Macfarlane has chosen very appropriate titles for his chapters. His "Short chain of internal evidence" is short, but clear and convincing to a candid mind. "Interviewing the Church Fathers and their Foes" reveals a familiarity and intimate knowledge of the Fathers which show Mr. Macfarlane's grasp of history. "What St. John knew about Jesus" is a chapter which brings out the psychological side of the writer, when he says, page 21, "To know Jesus aright, one had to catch His Spirit as well as lay hold of His teachings"; he sort of gives us the key to his analysis.

"Upper zones in the life of Jesus" reveals a fine insight into and deep sympathy with the grandest and greatest moments of the Master. The dif-

"His oneness with the Father," etc., "St. John's Portrait of Jesus: By Rev. J. A. Macfarlane, M.A., St. Andrew's Manse, Levis, Que. Telegraph Printing Company. Crown 8 vo., 96 pp.

ferent propositions, grouping the sayings of Jesus about Himself, "His pre-existence," "His consensual descent," are logically arranged, cumulative and overwhelming. We cannot understand how any person candidly reading these chapters can for a moment doubt that Jesus believed Himself to be the Divine Son of God and the only Saviour of the world. The book will do great good, not only because of its logical arrangement and simple language, but because it gives Christ "right of way" to speak for Himself, about Himself. In these days of destructive criticism we rejoice in the publication of such a book, and we trust it will have the large sale which it deserves.

STATE OF FUNDS.

The treasurer has very great pleasure in making a general statement regarding funds.

There is an increase in contributions to every one of the schemes, although Knox College, Toronto, French Exangelization, Pointe-aux-Trembles and Moral and Social Reform have to report deficits on the year's operations.

The increase in Home and Foreign Missions is very marked. The former was increased by over \$30,000 by the special effort of the secretary, Dr. E. D. McLaren. The total for Home Missions is over \$208,000, while that for Foreign Missions is nearly \$203,000.

The receipts for the year ending February 28th, 1910, exceed those of the preceding year by \$32,574.00, the total being \$620,282.00. Much more than this total was given for missionary, educational and benevolent purposes, because there are large contributions which do not pass through the treasurer's hands.

The better condition is to be attributed to several causes. Giving to the schemes is year by year becoming more systematic. The Laymen's Missionary Movement has told with emphasis on some of the large centres. We believe also that the missionary spirit is more and more pervading the church, with the result that members everywhere are definitely consecrating their wealth to the Lord.

If weekly systematic giving could be adopted in every congregation, the treasury would not lack for means to carry on the aggressive work of the church. In the current year, there should be a definite campaign to secure the adoption of the weekly offering throughout the whole church. Presbyterian Church Offices, Toronto, April 4th, 1910.

J. Somerville, Treasurer.

The illiteracy of the people of South America is appalling. In Brazil 85 per cent. are illiterate; in the Argentine, 60 per cent.; in Bolivia, 80 per cent.; in Chili, 60 per cent. All South America has about the population of Japan. In all South America there are 43,000 school teachers and 2,000,000 pupils. In Japan there are 133,000 teachers and 6,900,000 pupils—that is three times as many teachers and pupils in Japan as in South America.

We do not yet know how many members of our General Assembly will be at Halifax at the June meeting, says the Presbyterian Witness, but we may rely on representatives from Honan, Macao, Formosa, India, New Hebrides, West Indies, our own remote home lands, as well as distant foreign fields. We may expect a time of special interest when our ministers will come from far and near and tell of the multitudes the Head of the Church has brought into our communion.

FARMING, RANCHING AND SOCIAL CONDITIONS IN WESTERN CANADA.

The Grand Trunk Pacific Railway have just issued a new and interesting publication, entitled "Farming, Ranching and Social Conditions in Western Canada." This publication contains a series of articles written by practical men on subjects of interest to those looking to better their present condition.

The authors of the articles appearing in this book are such men as Chauncey P. Reynolds, editor of "The Prairie Farmer," Chicago, and Fellow at Michigan Agricultural College, Professor Thomas Shaw, member of the Faculty of the Minnesota Experimental Station and Agricultural College; Mr. Phillip Eastman, editor of the Capper publications, comprising a number of Kansas farming papers; Mr. E. S. Bayard, editor of the "National Stockman and Farmer," Pittsburg, Penn., and authority on beef and dairy cattle; Mr. Herbert Quick, editor "Farm and Fireside," Springfield, Ohio, and well known as an author and lecturer. Professor E. E. Eaville, formerly professor agriculture department, Iowa State College, Ames, Iowa.

These articles are written in an unbiased vein and from personal experiences and are most interesting to those who are desirous of learning more of Western Canada.

Copies may be secured on application to the General Advertising Department, Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, Montreal.

Rev. D. A. McKerracher, B. A., of Gravenhurst, conducted anniversary services at Langford Mills to the profit and edification of large congregations.

Cedarville and Esplin, Saugeen Presbytery, is vacant, and Rev. John Little, of Holstein, is interim moderator.

The third anniversary of the induction of the Rev. D. J. Ellison into the pastorate of Stanley street church, Ayr, took place on Sunday, March 13th. The weather was unpropitious, nevertheless the people turned out in large numbers. The speaker of the day was the Rev. Dr. Kilpatrick, of Knox College, Toronto, who made a very deep impression on the congregation.

London Presbytery appointed the following Commissioners to the General Assembly in the order of rotation: Mr. E. Leslie Pidgeon, D. L. McCrae, Ph. D., Atkinson, John Currie, W. H. Geddes, Ministers; also Messrs. Nell McAlpine, of Duff's and Tait's Corners; E. McMillan, of Kintyre; John A. McLachlan, of Lobo; D. Forbes, of Alma street; Edward Charlton, of English Settlement; G. R. Whitton, of New Glasgow and Rodney. On motion, the Clerk was empowered to receive further nomination, and in case of resignations to notify the next in order, and certify all duly appointed, to the Clerk of Assembly. Mr. Currie was nominated a member of the Assembly's Committee on Bills and Ordinances.

We find the following interesting item in the local correspondence of the Guelph Mercury:—When Minnosa people do commendable things and most of their doings are such, they do not do them by halves. The wedding was exemplified in the three weddings that took place on Wednesday, 23rd March, no two of the places being one and a half miles apart. One clergyman, Rev. J. W. McLeod, certainly put in a record afternoon for he attended all performing the ceremony at two and assisting at another. The first in order of time of these interesting events, took place at 2 p.m., at the home of Malcolm Wishart, when his sister, Miss Cassie was united to Albert Rutherford, a prosperous farmer living near. The ceremony was performed by the bride's brother, the Rev. A. C. Wishart, B. A., Brussels.

LITERARY NOTES.

Canadian Pictorial for April (Easter number) should be a most gratifying production to all lovers of the good in literature and the beautiful in art. This publication merits a generous support from Canadians all over the Dominion. Monthly at 10c a copy, one dollar per annum.

This year there is to be published for the first time a Dominion Who's Who, modelled after the style of the English volume. Mr. Fred Cook, of Ottawa, has undertaken the work of compiling, (and this is a guarantee that it will be well done), and the publishers are The Musson Book Company of Toronto.

From Cassells and Company, Toronto and London, we have received the March number of The Quiver, Cassells and Girls' Realm. The first contains several complete stories, and Annie Swan's "Love's Barrier" is continued, becoming more and more interesting as the plot develops. There is some good verse, and in "Beside the Still Waters" will be found much helpful religious reading. Cassells furnishes the first instalment of a striking serial by Max Pemberton, entitled "The Girl with the Red Hair." Then there are several complete stories and articles on "Children Who Will be Rulers," "Terror in Animals," "Children and Sweets," and "Unlocking a New Granary," descriptive of opening a new Canadian wheat belt. The illustrations in this number add to the beauty of the letterpress. The Girls' Realm well maintains its popularity, and is ever welcome to the girls in a household. The present number is varied in contents and fully illustrated.

Current literature for April is a specially good number of this popular magazine, containing as it does a large and varied table of contents. An article of more than passing interest is "An English Surgeon's Statement of When Christian Science Fails." Dr. Paget, the writer, says: "Christian Science defends her 'failures' by this argument, that mistakes, failures, and disasters occur in medical and surgical practice; and that she says surgeons are too fond of operating. This argument neither shortens the list of those who die of Christian Science nor alters the fact that she sits, day after day, by cases of diphtheria, hemorrhage, cancer, strangulated hernia, intestinal obstruction, abscess, or abnormal labor, and never stirs a finger to help them; and will, at the last, utter this brutal insult over the dead—that the direct want of faith, and for her statement about operating, I have not yet heard of a single case of appendix-abscess, in Christian Science, where the patient did not die; whereas the operation for the removal of the appendix, to prevent the risk of an abscess, has a mortality of about one per cent. . . . Thus, when people die of Christian Science, it is not failure; it is the complete logical success of her methods. No mistake was made in diagnosis, for no diagnosis was made. Nothing was wrong in the treatment; they went on demonstrating and voicing the truth, just as they ought, to the very last moment. Nothing failed but the patient's faith. Everything that ought to be done was done. It was not the healer that failed, it was the victim! Concluding, Dr. Paget says: We all know that Christian Science does heal many cases. She does enable a multitude of individuals to forget their ailments, to cease from watching and remembering the infirmities of the body. She does enable many people to leave off smoking, drinking, and even the drug habit. She does often enable those whom we call enuratic or neurasthenic to regain confidence, activity, and health. We do not know how many of these patients relapse, nor do we know the proportion of the healed to the non-healed. All the same it is certain that she heals by suggestion a very great number of people whose extreme sensitiveness made their life a burden to themselves and friends."

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

BEING A SAINT.

Bridget, that lives at Eleanor's, is a Roman Catholic. She has a rosary that one of her friends brought her from a place in Canada they call St. Anne's. The priest blessed it. And they have holy water at her church, and images of the saints. They call their church—it's way over to the Junction—St. Francis'. I didn't know before there were any saints except St. Matthew, and the others in the front of the New Testament, but Bridget says there are hundreds of them. I know there aren't any women saints mentioned in the Bible, but she says many of the saints are women, and that she was named Bridget because he was born on St. Bridget's Day—the seventh of October. My birthday is the eleventh of June, and we looked that up in Bridget's calendar, and that's St. Barnabas' Day. Of course, mamma couldn't have named me that, but she could Max.

I told him about it and he laughed. He said it was silly to believe in all those saints—the Bible didn't tell you to. But Eleanor and I got real interested, and Bridget lent us a book all about the lives of the saints. They were just as holy! And a great many strange things happened to them: fire didn't burn them and water didn't drown them, and they were snatched away from danger. It was very interesting, and it made Eleanor and me want to be heroic, and live lovely lives the way they did.

So Eleanor said, "Let's us promise each other—solemly true—we will try to be saints for a month."

"Oh, Eleanor!" I said, "I never could be a saint so long as that!"

"Don't you think you could a week, then?" she asked. But I didn't believe I could.

"Well, three days, then, to try," she said. "Any one could be a saint just for three days."

I was ashamed to say I was afraid I couldn't be a saint three days, so we solemnly promised each other we'd try to be saints three whole days. Eleanor's birthday is the thirteenth of April, that's St. Catherine's Day; so we said she could be St. Catherine; and as my saint had a man's name, we decided to call me St. Mary Beata. That's Latin; it means Happy St. Mary.

We decided to begin on Friday, and keep it up through Saturday and Sunday. Of course it's easy to be good on Sunday—in church and Sunday-school and singing hymns with the family in the afternoon, just before supper. But I knew the other days would be harder.

We started Friday morning. Max and I and Eleanor always go to school together—she's generally a little later than we are, and we have to wait for her. But Friday morning she was out by the big elm, waiting for us.

"Well, this is a surprise!" said Max. Eleanor laughed and gave my hand a little squeeze.

Then Max said, "What have you done to your hair?"

I don't wonder he asked. Eleanor has lovely hair—not tight curls, but beautiful shining waves. And she had brushed it very wet and braided it all the way down, and it made the funniest braids, all crooked. I suppose she thought curls didn't look saintly.

I hadn't done a thing to myself but take off my pearl ring. I'm very fond of that ring, but thought saints didn't need any ornament but the one of a meek and quiet spirit—I don't usually have that, but I thought perhaps I could for three days. Max didn't know what to make of Eleanor's hair, but she didn't tell him why it was braided.

When school began Miss Forsythe gave us a little talk—she does pretty often. She said she must have better discipline in the room, and she should make an example of the first one that morning who broke any rule.

Buddy Carr is such a funny-looking little fellow, so fat and always smiling. He came in late that morning. Leo Overlock had his foot out in the aisle, and Buddy didn't see it, but came smiling along. I wish I wasn't so easy to laugh; Uncle Max says my funny bone is on the outside. It didn't hurt Buddy a bit when he fell, but he was so surprised! I laughed right out before I knew I was going to.

Miss Forsyth said, "You know the rule, Mary; you may stand in the corner five minutes by the clock."

I was very much mortified, but I had to do it. Five minutes is a very long time indeed standing in a corner, with every one looking at you. And I didn't mean to laugh, either. Well, that wasn't a very good beginning for a saint, but I suppose even saints make some failures.

Max minded it a lot more than I did—he thinks girls ought to behave better than boys—and he lectured me going home. And no one likes to be lectured, especially by your twin brother, when he isn't perfect himself, either. He said his idea of the right kind of a girl was one that was always good-mannered and gentle, and kept her clothes neat and her hair brushed. My hair's curly and Max's isn't, and it's lots easier to keep straight hair smooth.

"Well, I suppose you had rather have had Cora Corruith for a sister," I said; "she's meek as Moses, and her hair is straight as lightning."

Eleanor gave me a little pinch to stop me. She hasn't any brothers—she might get; that vexed sometimes if she had—but I guess she wouldn't; she's a dear girl, Eleanor is.

Max didn't laugh. "Well," he said, "I think Cora Corruith is a lady, anyway, and that's all I want you to be. I don't expect you to be a saint."

We'd got to Eleanor's elm, and she said quick, before I could answer, "Oh, Mary, do come right in the house, I want to show you something." So I went, and Max went on.

"What is it?" I asked, when we had reached the house. "Have you got a new hat?"

"No," she said, laughing. "It's just my grandma's Japanese teapot." And she took it out of the closet.

"Why, I've seen that before, lots of times!" I said.

"I know it," said Eleanor, "but I wanted to get you away from Max till you cooled off."

I couldn't help laughing. "You didn't want me to make any more saintly failures, did you?" I said. "Oh, Eleanor, I guess you'll have to be a saint for us both!"

"Not a bit of it!" she said. "Of course the saints themselves made some failures, and you can begin all fresh again now."

"Do you think I can?" I said.

"Of course you can, Mary," and she went a piece with me, almost as far as our front walk.

We had roast chicken for dinner that day. Mother is teaching us to carve, for father is away so much; a doctor is always being called off. We take turns and it was my turn this time. It was a very slippery chicken, and I suppose I pushed the fork in too much sideways—you want to stand it up very straight—or else the platter was too small, or something; anyway the chicken slipped way over to one side and the gravy and dressing splashed right out onto the clean table cloth. I hate to do anything awkward, and father's Aunt Martha was our guest, too. She was very fond of children. She never had any; if she had had she might not expect them to be perfect. And she said:

"Why, Mary, child, what's the matter? I never knew you to be so awkward before!"

Mother has taught us never to laugh at mistakes, and she is always very gentle, so I'm not used to being spoken to in that way, and I felt my face turn very red, and Max looked uncomfortable, too—he never can bear to have any one else blame me. But mother smiled at me, and said to Aunt Martha:

"Mary is just learning to carve, and it's rather a difficult art to master at once, I think, don't you?"

Aunt Martha said she supposed it was, and I felt better, and went on carving. I managed to do it well enough so we all had some, anyway.

After dinner, before it was time to go to school, I thought it would be polite to talk to Aunt Martha, and so I did. But she didn't seem very interested, and I heard her say to mother, as I went out: "What a nice little girl Louise is—so quiet! I like quiet children."

Nothing seemed to go right that afternoon in school; my head ached, and I couldn't remember the capital of Montana, and it was hot, and I didn't wait for Eleanor to go home. I just ran, for I wanted to tell mother all about it.

I knew she wouldn't laugh, and she didn't. Father just can't help laughing when things are funny, and I can't, either, nor Max. But mother never hurts anyone's feelings—and you know laughing does, sometimes. So I told her all about being saints, and that I didn't think St. Mary Beata was at all a good name for me, for I had had a very unhappy day. And she put her arm around me and kissed me, as she said:

"I don't want you to be a saint—only a healthy, happy little girl. And beata means something better than happy, dear; it means blessed. And you are always my blessed little Mary."

"And can I stop trying to be a saint, right now?" I asked.

"Yes. Just keep on trying to be good and sweet and patient and kind that's all."

Well, I felt so happy, and just like the song does when it says, "The burden of my heart rolled away"; and my head didn't ache any more.

Aunt Martha had gone home, and we had a jolly time at supper; father was there, and he's always jolly when he doesn't have what he calls a "critical case" to think about. He said he'd take Max and me to the Junction the next day.

It was a lovely morning, and we had such a jolly ride, and we had dinner at Aunt Lisbeth's—she's father's sister, and as fond of fun as he is, and she has three children of her own, so she doesn't mind them a bit. They had such a lot of little chickens—new ones, raised in an incubator, but they looked just like the natural-born ones, and were just as fluffy and cunning as anything.

I didn't see Eleanor Sunday, as she goes to the Baptist. But Monday morning she was waiting for us, under the big elm. She was pulled me back behind Max and whispered, "Are you going to keep right on this week?"

I said, "Oh, no, Eleanor, I'm not! I don't believe I ever could be a saint anyway."

She looked disappointed, and then she said, "Well, then, I'm not, either, if you're not, for you are my very dearest friend, and I love you the best of any girl and I want to do just the way you do."

"What a dear you are, Eleanor!" I said. "We'll keep dearest friends for ever and ever and ever, won't we?"

"And she said, 'Yes, we will.' And we're going to—it's lots easier to be dearest friends than it is saints; but Eleanor would make a pretty good saint just as she is.—Selected.

GENIUS AND ALCOHOL.

If there is one thing history shows us more clearly than another, it is this—that intellect unaided is helpless against the assaults of alcohol. "If I were to make out a list of the scholars whom I have met starving and in rags through drink," wrote a well-known journalist some years ago, "I should make people gape." Those of us who are at all familiar with the biographies of great men know how many were more or less slaves to the insidious drover. We have it on his own confession that it was drink that drove Tasso mad. Keats, the perfect poet, once remained in a state of intoxication for six weeks. He succeeded in mastering his craving, but died young of consumption, doubtless accelerated by his former excesses.

It seems impossible to associate the composer of the "Messiah" with intemperance; but the fact remains that Handel was an alcoholic subject, as also was Gluck. The great man whose bi-centenary we have just been celebrating—Samuel Johnson fought against the craving nearly all his life. "I can abstain," he said on one occasion, "but I cannot be moderate." He has left us a record of his struggles against temptation in a collection of "Prayers and Meditations," which are as remarkable for their simple dignity and humble piety as any ever uttered. De Quincey, in his "Opium Eater," has given us a lurid account of the horrors that affected him in "unwinding the accursed chain." Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in addition to opium, swallowed large quantities of wine and brandy. His son, Hartley Coleridge—to whom as a child Wordsworth addressed those touching lines in which he says, as if with a dim foreboding, "I think of thee with many fears, For what may be thy lot in future years?"—

belled the brilliant promise of his youth, lost his fellowship at Oriel through intemperance, and died a victim to alcohol. He has left us, among many lines that are both sweet and tender, one that is as pathetic as any in the language—

"For I have lost the race I never ran."

of with such love and tenderness, has Drunkard" such a glimpse of the Charles Lamb, whom we all think given us in his "Confessions of a slow fall to the horror of the Pit, that one can hardly read it without shuddering and tears.

Among artists, George Morland would spend his time for weeks in a prolonged debauch with prize fighters in boxing saloons. So shaken was his nervous system that it was not until he had taken copious draughts of brandy that he could guide his pencil over the canvas. Turner used to have fits, when he would leave his rooms and for long periods regularly and systematically soak at a low gin shop at Wapping, where he would consort with the vilest companions, and then, when the reckless fit had passed, return to his spual lodging to handle once more his marvellous brush.

And so the melancholy procession passes on. The path of genius is strewn with alcoholic wreckage. How many a home this day is mourning the loss of its best and brightest from the same fell cause. In the words of one who had himself gone through the Valley of the Shadows, "Drink is the dainty harvester; no puny ears for him, no faint and bending stalks. He reaps the rathe corn, and there is only the choicest of the choice in his sheaves."

Four Burns knew this, and in his own mournful epitaph he has left us the following admonition:—
"Reader attend! Whether thy soul Soars fancy's flight beyond the Pole, Or darkening grub this earthly hole
In low pursuit;
Know—prudent, cautious self-control
Is wondrous fruit."
W. D. in the Temperance Chronicle.

This material world would be a better world if it were more conscious of the vital verities of the unseen world.

THE BORROWED CHILD.

My chile? Land! no she's none o' mine.
She's des one I have tried
To put in place of Anna Jane—
My little one that died.
Dat's long ago; no one but me
Knows ever where she lies;
But in her place I've always kept
A borrowed chile, her size.

As soon as it outgrows my chile,
I lets it go, right straight—
An' takes anoder in its place
To match dat heavenly mate,
It's took a sight o' chillun, sho',
To ease dat dull o' pain,
An' keep de pretty likeness fresh
Of my dead Anna Jane.

Der's more den forty years, you see,
Since she has been in heaven;
But wid de angels years don't count—
So she's still only seven.
Time treats us all up dere des lak
It do white ladies here—
It teches 'em so light—one's still
A gal at forty year.

THE WHITE MAN IN AFRICA.

Mission work among savages offers many difficulties, and often the wisest and most earnest effort meets with disheartening little reward; while lack of common sense, and of course above all, lack of firm and resolute disinterestedness, insures the worst kind of failure. There are missionaries who do not do well, just as there are men in every conceivable walk of life who do not do well; and excellent men who are not missionaries, including both government officials and settlers, are only too apt to jump at the chance of criticizing a missionary for every alleged sin of either omission or commission. Finally, zealous missionaries, fervent in the faith, do not always find it easy to remember that savages can only be raised by slow steps, that empty adherence to forms and ceremonies amounts to nothing, that industrial training is as essential in any permanent upward movement, and that the gradual elevation of mind and character is a prerequisite to the achievement of any kind of Christianity which is worth valuing such. Nevertheless, after all this has been said, it remains true that the good done by missionary effort in Africa has been incalculable. There are parts of the great continent, and among them I include many sections of East Africa, which can be made a white man's country; and in these parts every effort should be made to favor the growth of a large and prosperous white population. But over most of Africa the problem for the white man is to govern with wisdom and firmness, and when necessary with severity, but always with an eye single to their own interests and development, the black and brown races. To do this needs sympathy and devotion no less than strength and wisdom, and in the task the part to be played by the missionary and the part to be played by the official are alike great, and the two should work hand in hand.—Theodore Roosevelt, in "African Game Trails," Scribner's Magazine.

JUST AS OF OLD.

By James Whitcomb Riley.
Just as of old! The world rolls on
and on;
The day dies into night—night into dawn—
Dawn into dusk—through centuries untold.
Just as of old.
Time loiters not! The river ever flows.
Its brink or white with blossoms or
with snows;
Its tide or warm with spring or winter cold,
Just as of old.

Lo! Where is the beginning, where the end
Of living, loving, longing? Sister friend!
God answers with a silence of pure gold,
Just as of old.

THE MOTHER'S AID
AND CHILDREN'S FRIEND.

Baby's Own Tablets are not intended for babies only. This medicine is intended for children of all ages. It is gently laxative and comforting. Cures indigestion and other stomach troubles, constipation and simple fevers. Guaranteed free from poisonous opiates. Mrs. Paul Carrier, Patte Machine, Que., says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine I have ever used for children. I have used them for most of the troubles that afflict little ones, and have not known them to fail. Mothers should always keep them on hand." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

SOME ODD EXPRESSIONS.

"Mind your p's and q's." There are two accounts of the origin of the expression, "Mind your p's and q's." According to one story, it arose from the early method used in public houses of charging customers for the amount of beer they had consumed on credit. P stood for pint, Q for quart, and as the score were settled weekly, it was necessary for the toper to watch his p's and q's.

According to the other story the phrase owes its origin to the difficulty the printer's devil has experienced from time immemorial in distinguishing between the lower case p's and q's of the Roman type. The similarity between the two letters is so great, particularly when they are reversed as in the process of distributing, that the printer's apprentice is always warned by the foreman to "mind his p's and q's."

"When in Rome—" The phrase "When you are in Rome do as the Romans do," is traced to a saying of Saint Ambrose. He was once conducted by a woman who asked him whether or not it was right to feast on Saturday in Milan, since in Rome the day was held as a fast day.

The saint could do no better than to give her the advice which he followed himself; "for," said he, "when I go to Rome I fast on Saturday as they do in Rome, but when I am here I do not fast."

The "White Feather." An official of the Smithsonian Institution was speaking of the origin of some well-known phrases, and pointed to a small mounted bird. This bird was a French gray on the back, dark breast, black wings, and with a small but conspicuous white spot at the base of the tail.

"This is a wheatear," the official said. "It is very common in Scotland where it is known as the 'clacharan.'" It is from this bird that we get the expression 'showing the white feather.' You will notice the location of the only white feathers on its body—they can be seen only when the bird is flying away from you."—Selected.

THE TEST OF AMUSEMENTS.

"Are they costly? Young people should be thrifty—saving up something for a good start. Amusements that use up what should be savings are evil.

"Are they helpful? If, after any of them, you have a headache, backache, cold, or a restless appetite, the amusement is evil. It should be avoided.

"Are they refreshing? The amusement that makes you less able to go on with your work is badly chosen.

"Are they pure? Purity is a matter of thought quite as much as of act. To be pure all things are pure. But, alas, few men are pure. And plays that are innocent as the frolic of lambs become to some persons stimulants of evil and unspeakable thoughts.

"Are they well earned? Except a man work, neither shall he play. All plays are wicked for a lazy, idle man. Only the industrious can safely amuse themselves in any way.

"Is their influence good? Any form of amusement which tends toward evil, or is surrounded by evil associations, should be avoided like a contagious disease."—T. K. Beecher.

CHURCH
WORK

Ministers and Churches

NEWS
LETTERS

OTTAWA.

At the last communion in Stewartton church, twenty-three members were received.

There were twenty-two additions to the membership of Bank street church at the communion last Sunday.

Rev. Dr. W. Armstrong, of Ottawa, who was visiting relatives and friends at Millbrook ably occupied the Presbyterian pulpit Sunday evening, 20th ult.

Mr. Jenkins, recently appointed organist of the Glebe church, has entered on his work with vigor, and his handling of organ and choir is very gratifying to the congregation.

Rev. Professor Gordon, D.D., of the Montreal College, was the preacher in St. Andrew's, Dr. Herridge taking special services in St. Paul's church, Hamilton, on that day.

Last Sunday evening in St. Paul's, Rev. James Little, B. A., continued his studies of Abraham, dealing with the patriarch as a "pilgrim." There was a full attendance both morning and evening.

The Glebe church had twenty additions to its membership last communion; twelve on profession of faith, mostly from the Sunday school, and eight by certificate, two of them being Mc. Nellis, secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and his wife, both from Kingston.

During the past week, special services, conducted by Dr. Elliott, of New York, have been going on in Stewartton Church. The attendance has been large and much interest has been manifested. Dr. Elliott is a sane revivalist, with nothing of the sensational in his methods. In fact he carries on his work much after the style adopted by the well-known Dr. Wilbur Chapman; and his labors, in many places, have been in a marked manner owned and blessed of God. After a series of meetings held by Dr. Elliott in Charlottetown, P.E.I., twenty-two young men offered themselves to study for the ministry. The meetings in Stewartton church will be continued for two weeks, and the attendance and interest are by no means confined to Presbyterians; many from other denominations manifest by their presence a keen interest in the services.

At a special congregational meeting on Tuesday evening the generous offer of Mrs. C. C. Cummings, of Toronto, to erect a manse on the St. Paul's church property, Daly Avenue, as a memorial to her parents, the late Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lumsden, long honored members of the congregation, was thankfully accepted, and authority was given the temporal committee to proceed with several important improvements. The roof is to be made thoroughly water-proof; the gas fixtures are to be removed and electric lighting installed; a new organ is to be introduced; the interior of the church is to be renovated and decorated; and leaded glass windows will probably take the place of those now in use. To properly carry out this scheme as adopted, will cost somewhere in the neighborhood of \$7,000, and the view was expressed that so large an outlay should include galleries for additional seating accommodation, even if this involved, as it doubtless would, a large expenditure than the \$7,000. Rev. James Little, B.A., presided, and unanimity and good feeling characterized the proceedings.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. James Rollins, of King street church, London, has been elected moderator of London Presbytery.

Barrie Presbytery nominates Rev. Dr. McLeod, of Barrie, for the moderatorship of the next Assembly. Inglenook

Mr. F. R. G. Dredge, of Knox College, who has been invited to be assistant pastor of the Orillia Presbyterian Church, is expected to enter on his duties about the 20th inst.

At the pre-communion services at St. Giles' Presbyterian church, Hamilton, on March 25th, fifty new members were received into the membership of the church by the pastor, Rev. J. B. Paulin.

Rev. G. S. Milligan, M.A., recently of Harrowsmith, has been inducted as pastor of Chalmers' church, Flesherton, and associate congregations at Eugenia and Proton station. Rev. J. A. Matheson, of Priceville, presided; Rev. J. S. Buchanan, of Dundalk, preached; Rev. W. C. Mercer, of Singhampton, gave the charge to the minister; and Rev. W. M. Morris, of Orangeville, addressed the people.

In appreciation of her services as organist of First church, Westminster, for seven years, Miss Mary Nichol was presented with a magnificent silver tea service, composed of tray and six pieces, and a dozen pearl-handled silver knives and forks with a kind worded address, read by the pastor, Rev. Dr. McCrae. Miss Nichol is a cultured musician, and gives her services unreservedly to the work of the church.

Central church, Hamilton, will give Rev. Dr. Lyle, who is resigning the charge, a retiring allowance of \$1,200 per year. The assistant minister, Rev. W. H. Sedgwick, will then become pastor, with a salary of \$2,800. Dr. Lyle has been 42 years in the ministry, and has been pastor of the Central church for 32 years, having had a charge in Ireland for ten years, before coming to Canada.

The following are conveners of standing committees in London Presbytery: Examination of students, Rev. E. L. Pidgeon; on statistics, Rev. F. O. Nichol; moral reform, Dr. J. G. Inkster; Sabbath schools, Rev. Geo. Gilmro; home missions, Rev. Jas. Rollins; augmentation, Rev. A. Moffat; remits of Assembly, Rev. A. M. Haig; vacancies, Rev. J. Currie; young people's societies, Rev. Geo. Atkinson; foreign missions, Rev. W. H. Geddes; evangelism, Rev. A. T. Watson; systematic beneficence, Rev. James Malcolm; advisory council on finance, Revs. Dr. McCrae and T. H. Mitchell, with Elder Thos. Alexander associated with Mr. Henderson, treasurer and convener.

At the last meeting of London Presbytery the motion of Mr. Inkster relating to Salaries of Home Missionaries, laid over from December meeting, was taken up. Mr. Inkster, by permission of Presbytery, submitted his proposition amended to read as follows: Owing to (1) the number of agents and special appeals for the Colleges, Funds, etc., (2) the unsatisfactory payment of Missionaries and Ministers in augmented charges under the present augmented system, (3) the need of a careful inquiry into our financial system, we overture the Synod of Hamilton and London to ask that a commission be appointed by the General Assembly to inquire into our whole financial system and report at their conveniences.

After deliberating it was moved by Mr. Inkster, seconded by Mr. Stuart, that a committee consisting of Messrs. Stuart, Currie and the mover be appointed to prepare an overture to the Synod on this question and submit the same for approval to a meeting of Presbytery to be held during, and by permission of, the next meeting of Synod. The motion was carried.

EASTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. F. C. Harper, B.D., of Niagara Falls, has been preaching in Knox Church, Cunnington.

Last week a well attended meeting in the interest of the Temperance cause was held in Knox church, Upergrove.

Rev. W. McDofald, Lanark, interim moderator of Dalhousie congregation, would be pleased to hear from ministers who would like to preach with a view to a call.

Mr. A. R. Patterson, of Knox College, Toronto, occupied the pulpit of Knox Church, Beaverton, on the 27th ult., and Mr. S. R. Robinson, also from Knox College, on the 3rd of April.

The Rev. Dr. A. M. Currie, late pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Deseronto, after spending one year at the Union Seminary, N.Y., (Presbyterian), has received the degrees of B.D. and Ph.D. His many friends extend congratulations.

This week, Rev. J. Goforth, for twenty years missionary in Honan, China, and leader in the great revivals that so recently stirred Honan and Manchuria, will conduct services in Knox church, Cornwall, from Sunday, April 3rd, to Sunday, April 10th, inclusive.

Rev. G. W. Thom, of Allensville, was the preacher at Knox church, Sunderland, on a recent Sunday, when he received a warm welcome from old friends. He also took the services at Lynch Lake and Hartfell in the absence of Mr. Sinclair, the pastor.

On a recent evening the officers and teachers of Knox church Sunday school, Cunnington, met at the residence of Mr. W. Burns for the purpose of presenting him with a handsome quarter-oak rocker, upholstered in leather, and a Bible and Book of Praise combined, as a slight acknowledgment of his services in the Sunday school for the past 22 years. The presentation was made by Mrs. D. K. Brown and H. Chester read an appreciative address. Mr. Burns was agreeably surprised and repaid in a suitable manner. A pleasant evening was spent during which light refreshments were served.

Tuesday, 15th ult., was an interesting day for the village and community of Richmond, especially those of the Presbyterian church, when the new minister was inducted into the pastoral charge by the Presbytery of Ottawa. The service began at 2 o'clock, when the spacious church was filled with a devout congregation. Rev. J. W. S. Lowry, of Fitzroy Harbor, conducted public worship and preached an earnest sermon from Matthew ix:36, "But when he saw the multitudes he was moved with compassion on them * * * The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few, pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth laborers into his harvest." Rev. W. H. Cramm, of Mantock, presided as moderator, and related the steps leading up to the settlement of the new pastor, the Rev. R. C. H. Sinclair, late of Inverness, Que. Mr. Sinclair was then introduced and having answered the prescribed questions, the Rev. J. H. Woodside, of North Gower, led in prayer, and the brethren of Presbytery extended the right hand of fellowship, and the union between pastor and the people was declared consummated. Rev. P. F. Langill, of Carp, addressed an appropriate counsel to Mr. Sinclair, whom he greeted as an old college friend of early days. Rev. Mr. Cramm suitably addressed the people, and the solemn exercises concluded. A social reception to Rev. and Mrs. Sinclair and family was then held at which many attended.

WINNIPEG AND WEST.

Rev. W. Graham, of the Clifton street Presbyterian church, announced on Sunday evening that a student would take charge of the church during the summer months, commencing on May 1, as he was going to take up their work.

Cypress River has extended a call to Rev. J. M. Kellock, M.A., of Elva, who will be inducted as soon as Brandon Presbytery can release him. Mr. Kellock has a fine record behind him where ever he has labored, and will doubtless do as good work in Cypress River.

The following are the commissioners to the General Assembly from Brandon Presbytery: Messrs. A. Russell, A. Hood, T. C. Court, S. E. Beckett, and J. A. Cormie, ministers; and the representative elders from Carberry, Oak Lake, Alexander, Lenore and Virlden.

At the recent meeting of the Presbytery of Westminster, Dr. E. D. McLaren, Home Mission Secretary, was nominated as Moderator of the General Assembly. The following commissioners were elected: Ministers—Revs. E. D. McLaren, D.D., Principal MacKay, G. Wilson, P. Wright, D.D., R. A. Douglas, J. A. MacKay, T. W. Taylor, Ph.D., and David James, Elders—D. M. Fraser, Roderick MacKay, James Beveridge, J. B. Kennedy, Lieut.-Col. McCrae of Guelph, Dr. W. B. McKechnie and Robert McNair.

In the Convocation Hall of Manitoba College on Thursday, 30th ult., Bibles and diplomas were handed by Principal Patrick to thirteen young men who have graduated in theology during the college year. The degree of doctor of divinity was conferred upon Rev. Donald McIvor, La Riviere, in consideration of his contributions to theological literature, and also, in absentia, upon Rev. James T. Ferguson, who has now charge at Nelson, B. C. Prof. Baird mentioned that Mr. Ferguson, after studying in Glasgow and after having a charge at Cupar, in Scotland, for twenty years, had heard the call of the west and had responded to the call against the advice of his friends and in the face of many obstacles. Principal Patrick, who that day completed 10 years of office, took advantage of the occasion to express a deep regret that so few of the sons of cultured Winnipeg families gave themselves to the Christian ministry. The West must minister unto the West. If the things which a university stood for were more adequately represented in Western communities, the number taking the theological course in Manitoba College would be greater than it was. They were far too much under the spell of material prosperity. Those completing their theological course were: J. A. Stead Burns, B.S.A., Duncan M'Rae, B.A., and Walter A. Riddell. Those completing were: James W. Anderson, William H. Bates, Robert A. Birnie, Angus M. Shannon, Robert McCord, Thomas B. Smith, Allan Wilkie, Frank B. Wilson, Lachlan A. C. M'Rae and Robert W. M'Vey. Charging the students, Principal Patrick bade them desire much, expect much and work much. Work would be not only the supreme test of their ministry but also the source of their inspiration and greater intelligence. Their work would mean service and the loftiest Christian ambition that they could have was to be known as the greatest Christian servant. The following awards of scholarships were announced: Final year, Robert Carswell, Hebrew scholarship of \$70 to Duncan M'Rae, B.A.; Mary Robertson Gordon general proficiency scholarship of \$60 to J. A. Stead Burns, B.S.A.; the Mary Perinle Tait general proficiency scholarship of \$40 to W. A. Riddell, M.A. Second year—Robert Carswell Greek scholarship of \$70 to bet memorial general proficiency scholarship of \$60 to J. A. Smith, B.A. First year—W. T. Mackenzie general proficiency scholarship of \$60 to W. D. Bayley, B.A.

MEETING OF THE HOME MISSION COMMITTEE.

In regard to the number of members present at the various seditments (with the exception of the last), the range of subjects brought under review, the extreme importance of some of the questions discussed, and the very general participation in the discussion, the meeting was one of the best, if not the very best, that has ever been held. The state of the fund was a source of deepest gratification. Total receipts were over \$208,000, an advance on last year's income of \$51,000. There has been nothing like this in the whole history of our Home Mission work.

The Committee was able to make a supplemental grant to the missionaries who have been on the field during the past winter of \$1.00 per week to students and catechists, and \$2.00 per week to ordained missionaries. It will be a source of satisfaction to many of those who responded to the special appeal for funds to learn that their liberality has enabled the committee to make this addition to the salaries of missionaries.

The question of a permanent increase in the remuneration of missionaries was one of the large questions before the Committee, and the working out of the necessary details occupied a considerable share of the Committee's time. A new departure was made in the devoting of one of the evening seditments to a conference with the laymen of the city. At this conference the subject of increased salaries was under discussion, and the Committee had the satisfaction of learning that, in so far as the opinion of the business men of the Church were represented by the men who attended this conference, the proposal to increase salaries would be loyally supported by the Church at large.

The special work necessitated by the presence of large numbers of foreigners, not only on the prairies but also in the cities, received careful consideration, and provision was made in the estimates for the coming year for this important department.

The question of co-operation with other Churches in Home Mission work with the view of removing as far as possible the needless multiplication of services in the same localities, was discussed at some length, and the hope was expressed that at least the Methodist and Congregational Churches would appoint committees for this purpose to act in conjunction with the committee appointed by the General Assembly last June.

The Committee learned with much pleasure that some of the Arts Professors in Queen's University were disposed to spend some time during the summer in mission work in the West, relieving presbyterial conveners, and perhaps accompanying them in the visitation of their mission fields. The executive was authorized to make any arrangements that might be deemed advisable for the carrying out of this suggestion.

The budget for next year contemplates an expenditure of \$248,000. This largely increased revenue is necessary to permit of work being undertaken in the new settlements that have sprung up during the past year, and to provide for the increased remuneration of the missionaries.

The Committee suggests that the various Synods should aim at raising the following sums:

Montreal and Ottawa	\$49,000
Toronto and Kingston	70,000
Hamilton and London	49,000
Manitoba	35,000
Saskatchewan	15,000
Alberta	15,000
British Columbia	15,000
	\$248,000

A strong Young People's Society has been organized in St. Paul's Church, Victoria Harbor.

PRINCE RUPERT, A MINING CENTRE.

There are few recorded instances of a railroad grade ever cutting a mineral vein of any value. So far the main line of the G.T.P. is no exception, but the district which it traverses is every day looming up into greater and greater importance. The coast formation has never proved very prolific of mineral wealth, but 100 miles from Prince Rupert the line enters a new field. A belt of mineralized rock, starting at the Portland Canal, running through the head waters of the Naas, crosses the Skeena river about the Kitselas Canyon, and extends into the interior through the hills at Hazelton and the Babines and Hudson Bay mountains. The extent of the zone is unknown. Prospectors have only touched it in spots, but these spots have shown wealth incalculable. The immense area of this ore body can only be appreciated by those who have travelled over it. The future of the Portland Canal is an assured thing now. The same is known to exist on the Naas, while late last fall discoveries were made in the vicinity of the Kitselas Canyon, which when developed explored farther, will no doubt show very considerable ore body. These discoveries were made too late in the season to prove much more than that ore of good quality existed in the district, covering considerable area. Silver, lead and copper are the chief minerals found; but all ores in the district carry gold values, roughly speaking of from \$1 to \$40. Some even go higher than this.

At Hazelton, 180 miles from Prince Rupert, and on the line of the G.T.P. railway, the existence of a magnificent ore has been demonstrated by the strike on the Silver Cup, a property on Nine Mile Mountain. Ninety-six inches of solid steel galena ore is surely sufficient assurance that Nine-Mile at least will be productive of much wealth. Work on the Tibble group, owned by James Cronin of Spokane, had progressed most favorably all winter. A tunnel of 325 feet has revealed a cross vein, which had itself attained 3 feet across. This tunnel was being run to tap the main vein, which was expected to be reached at 400 feet. The Law property has also surpassed early expectations.

On Hudson Bay Mountain, which lies just across the Bulkley valley from the Babine range, prospects have been struck and developed to the shipping point. The lakeview group, overlooking the railroad and only six miles distant from it, shows grey copper and free gold. This likewise is a silver-lead property. Five tons of galena ore were shipped from the Coronado group, which gave smaller returns of \$100 per ton in gold, silver and lead. This was five years ago. With the shipping facilities the railroad will give, it is estimated by conservative mining men that much of this ore can be landed at the smelter at Prince Rupert for a cost of \$4 per ton, approximately. It only requires the completion of the railroad to throw open a mining country of immense possibilities.—Prince Rupert Optimist.

MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

The First Church, formed by a union of St. Gabriel and Chalmers churches, has extended a unanimous call to Rev. Malcolm A. Campbell, who was formerly assistant to Dr. Campbell, and who was asked to take charge of the new First Church. It could be decided whether minister to be selected as a permanent minister to be their pastor. The salary is to be \$1,800, and the congregation provides a superannuation for Dr. Campbell and Mr. Helmie. The building of the new church will be proceeded with at once. The plans include a spire, a main auditorium, baptistry, accommodating a thousand people. There will be some gallery space available for public services and for Sunday School purposes. The Sunday School proper will be in the rear of the church and on the ground level. A gymnasium, or recreation room, with baths, etc., will be in the basement under the school, and the janitor's residence over it.

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

To cook smelts so that they will be attractive, fasten the head and tail together with a toothpick after the fish is dipped in egg and crumbs.

Candle ends melted and mixed with an equal quantity of turpentine make an excellent polish for floors, oil cloths, etc. It is equal to good beeswax.

When haggard from fatigue try a hot bath in which a little vinegar and cologne have been added.

Most good housekeepers like to fill a few cans with apples in the spring for use later. In putting these up, the addition of one or two oranges to each quart can give a zest and richness extremely well worth while. Slice the whole orange very thin rejecting only the seeds, and can in the usual manner.

Celery in Apple Cups.—Cut a good-sized head of celery into half-inch pieces, slice two cucumbers thin, cut a dozen stuffed olives in rings. Add half as many English walnut meats as you have pieces of celery. Chop part of them, using some whole to scatter on top of the salad. Mix with mayonnaise and fill apples which have been previously scooped out. Serve on lettuce leaves.

French Mustard.—Slice up an onion in a bowl; cover with good vinegar; leave two or three days; pour off vinegar into a basin; put into it one teaspoonful of pepper, one of salt, one tablespoonful of brown sugar, and mustard enough to thicken; smooth the mustard for vinegar as you would flour for gravy; mix all together; set on the stove and stir until it boils, when remove and use it cold.

Fritters of Sliced Bread.—Cut thick slices of partly stale bread, then cut crosswise, and trim off the crust. Prepare the following mixture:—Three eggs beaten well, half pint milk or cream, and a little salt. Dip the bread in and take out when a little soft and fry on a buttered griddle, and brown to a light brown.

An Economical Custard.—Boil one pint of new milk in a camellid saucepan, with a quarter of a candied lemon rind cut in strips, two bay leaves, and sugar to taste. Meanwhile, rub down smooth a dessert spoonful of rice flour into a cup of cold milk, and mix with the eggs well beaten. Take about half of the hot milk and mix with the cold milk and eggs, then pour it back into the saucepan, and stir it one way till it thickens and is on the point of boiling. Next pour it out into a jug, or other vessel, stir it for some time, adding a tablespoonful of peach water, and any flavoring you please.

Cold Meats.—One of the simplest things to be done with cold meat is to prepare it with an aspic jelly. To use cold lamb, remove the meat from the bones, cover the bones with water, add a bit of onion juice, a sprig of parsley, a bay leaf, and salt and cayenne, and simmer till you have a pint of good stock. If it happens that you have but few bones and the stock is not strong enough, put in a few drops of kitchen bouquet. Dissolve an even tablespoonful of gelatine in cold water, stir this in, and strain through a flannel bag till clear. Cut the cold meats into small even pieces and drain a cup of cooked and seasoned peas. Lay a spoonful of peas first in a mold, then a layer of lamb, then more peas, and so on until the mold is quite full. Pour the stock over and set away to grow perfectly cold. In serving turn this out on a platter, surround with a circle of slices of hard-boiled egg mixed with sprigs of parsley, or with a circle of tomato slices with French dressing. A dish of the same kind may be made of veal instead of lamb, or even of sliced beef, though this is not as good.

It is noble to be able to ignore criticism, to crucify vanity, and to consider the good of our fellow men. It requires a heart full of grace to do these things. Criticism cuts deep into a sensitive soul, vanity clings tenaciously to the human heart, and selfishness sits snug in the soul, until a mighty Power, higher than ourselves, releases us from their dominion.

SPARKLES.

Villager Constable (to villager who has been knocked down by passing motor cyclist): "You didn't see the number, but could you swear to the man?"

Villager: "I did; but I don't think 'e 'eard me."—Punch.

Meenister: "And why didn't ye come to the kirk last Sawbath?" Sandy: "I had nowt but a shillin' in my claes, that's ower muckle siller to pit in th' contribution box all at ain time."—Cleveland Leader.

"My wife made an engagement for me to dine at the Bings. I forgot and went fishing."

"Catch anything?"

"Not until I got home."

"Dear father," wrote a youngster of twelve, "we are all well and happy. The baby has grown ever so much, and has a great deal more sense than he used to have. Hoping the same of you, I remain, your affectionate son, James."

"Pa, I wish we were Christian Scientists."

"Why?"

"Coz Willie Green's folks are, an' he ain't afraid to eat green apples."

"Is he sick?"

"Yes."

"What is the matter?"

"Enlarged pocketbook and inflamed self-conceit."

"He has such good manners."

"Well, they ought to be good."

"Why?"

"He never uses them when he is at home."

"What kind of a tree is that?"

"A dogwood."

"How do they tell?"

"By the bark."

"What do you consider the most crying need of the age?"

"I don't know; but if you had said the most crying need of the nigot, I should have said sterilized milk."

"No use of talking," drawled the freckled youth on the roadside fence, "there certainly is money in cattle."

"In the stock-raising business, young man?" asked the tourist.

"No, not exactly; but an automobile ran over that spotted calf a few minutes ago and the man with the big spectacles over his eyes got out and handed me a \$5 note."

"Five dollars? That's not so much for a good-sized calf."

"Yes, but, mister, the calf wasn't mine."

"Have you been married, Bridget?"

"Twice, mum."

"And have you any children?"

"Yis, mum—I've three. One be th' third wife av me second husband, an' two by the second wife av me first."

"I hear you have traded doctors."

"Yes."

"What was the matter with the old one?"

"Nothing, but I couldn't pay him just now, and I thought I would divide up my favors."

"Let the GOLD DUST Twins do Your work"



GOLD DUST
WASHING POWDER "CLEANS EVERYTHING."
The N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
MONTREAL

NEW STRENGTH
IN THE SPRING

Nature Needs Aid in Making New Health-giving Blood.

In the spring the system needs toning up. In the spring to be healthy and strong you must have new blood, just as the trees must have new sap. Nature demands it and without this new blood you will feel weak and languid. You may have twinges of rheumatism or the sharp stabbing pains of neuralgia. Often there are disgusting pimples or eruptions on the skin. In other cases there is merely a feeling of tiredness and a variable appetite. Any of these are signs that the blood is out of order—that the indoor life of winter has told upon you. What is needed to put you right is a tonic, and in all the world there is no tonic can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These Pills actually make new, rich, red blood—your greatest need in spring. This new blood drives out disease, clears the skin and makes weak, easily tired men and women and children bright, active and strong. Miss A. M. Dugay, Lowe Cove, N.S., says: "I believe I owe my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. My blood seemed to have turned to water. I was pale as a sheet; I suffered from headaches, and floating specks seemed to be constantly before my eyes. As the trouble progressed my limbs began to swell, and it was feared that dropsy had set in and that my case was hopeless. Up to this time two doctors had attended me, but notwithstanding I kept growing worse. It was at this juncture I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after taking a few boxes I was much improved. I kept on using the Pills until I had taken eight boxes, when my health was completely restored."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

There was never a sunbeam lost, and never a drop of rain;
There was never a carol sweet that was sung in vain;
There was never a noble thought but through endless years it lives.
And never a blacksmith's blow, but an endless use it gives.
Know, then, that it still holds true, from the skies to the humblest soil,
That there is no wasted love, and there is no wasted toil.

THE JOY OF WORK.

Do not look on your work as a dull duty. If you choose, you can make it interesting. Throw your heart into it, master its meaning, trace out the causes and previous history, consider it in all its bearings, think how many even the humblest labor may benefit, and there is scarcely one of our duties which we may not look to with enthusiasm. You will get to love your work, and if you do it with delight you will do it with ease. Even if at first you find this impossible, if for a time it seems mere drudgery, this may be just what you require; it may be good like mountain air to brace up your character. — Lord Avebury.

Teacher: I shall not keep you after school, Johnnie. You may go home now."

Johnnie: I don't want ter go home. There's a baby just come to our house.

Teacher: You ought to be glad, Johnnie. A dear little baby—

Johnnie (vehemently): I ain't glad! Pa'll blame me—he blames me for everything.

**Grand Trunk
Railway System**

MONTREAL

8.30 a.m. (daily) 3.15 p.m. (Week days) 4.40 p.m. (daily).

4.40 p.m. (daily)

New York and Boston
Through Sleeping Cars.

8.35 a.m., 11.55 a.m., 5.00 p.m.
(Week days)

Pembroke, Renfrew, Arnprior

and Intermediate Points.

11.55 a.m. (Week days)

**Algonquin Park,
Parry Sound
North Bay**

Through Cafe Sleeping Cars to
New York Daily.

PERCY M. BUTTLER,
City Passenger and Ticket Agent.
Russell House Block
Cook's Tours. Gen'l Steamship Agency

**CANADIAN
PACIFIC**

TRAIN SERVICE BETWEEN
OTTAWA AND MONTREAL VIA
NORTH SHORE FROM UNION
STATION.

b 8.15 a.m.; b 8.20 p.m.
VIA SHORT LINE FROM CENTRAL
STATION.

a 5.00 a.m.; b 8.45 a.m.; a 8.30 p.m.
b 4.00 p.m.; c 8.25 p.m.

BETWEEN OTTAWA, ALMONTE
ARNPRIOR, RENFREW, AND PEM-
BROKE FROM UNION STATION:

a 1.40 a.m.; b 8.40 a.m.; a 1.15 p.m.;
b 8.00 p.m.

a Daily; b Daily except Sunday
Sunday only.

GEO. DUNCAN,
City Passenger Agent, 42 Sparks St.
General Steamship Agency.

**New York and Ottawa
Line**

Trains Leave Central Station 7.50 a.m.
and 4.25 p.m.

And arrive at the following St
Daily except Sunday:—

3.50 a.m.	Finch	5.47 p.m.
9.23 a.m.	Cornwall	6.24 p.m.
12.58 p.m.	Kingston	1.42 a.m.
4.40 p.m.	Toronto	6.50 a.m.
12.30 p.m.	Tupper Lake	9.25 a.m.
6.57 p.m.	Albany	8.10 a.m.
10.00 p.m.	New York City	3.55 a.m.
8.55 p.m.	Syracuse	4.45 a.m.
7.20 p.m.	Rochester	8.45 a.m.
9.20 p.m.	Buffalo	8.35 a.m.

Trains arrive at Central Station 11.00
a.m. and 8.25 p.m. Mixed train from Ann
and Nicholas St., daily except Sunday.
Leaves 6.00 a.m., arrives 1.05 p.m.

Ticket Office, 85 Sparks St., and Cen-
tral Station. Phone 15 or 1180.

TOOKE'S SHIRTS

Compare our prices with the prices elsewhere
and do not forget to consider the quality, work-
manship and style. On all lines of Shirts we can
save you from fifteen to twenty-five per cent.
Fine quality. Tailor Made Shirts \$1.00.

R. J. TOOKE,

177 St. James Street
493 St. Catherine Street West
473 St. Catherine Street East

MONTREAL

IF GOING TO
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Write for Handsome Descriptive
Booklet and Map. : : : :

HOTEL RICHMOND

17th and H. Streets, N.W.



A Model Hotel Conducted for Your Comfort.

Location and Size: Around the corner from the
White House. Direct street car route to palatial Union
Station. 100 Rooms, 50 Baths.

Plans, rates and features: European, \$1.50 per day
upward; with Bath \$2.50 upward.
American, \$3.00 per day upward; with Bath, \$4.00
upward.

Club Breakfast 20 to 75c. Table d'Hote, Break-
fast \$1.00; Luncheon 50c. Dinner \$1.00.—Music.

CLIFFORD M. LEWIS, Prop.

SUMMER SEASON: The American Luzerne in
the Adirondack foot hills. Wayside Inn and Cottages,
on the beautiful Lake Luzerne, Warren Co., N. Y.
Open June 26, to October 1.

BOOKLET

Send for Our Map of Boston, Showing Exact Location of

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BOSTON, - - - MASS.

75 Cents Per Day.

25 SUITES WITH BATH

250 ROOMS NEWLY FURNISHED WITH
BRASS BEDS

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fort with the least expense, you will find Hotel Rex-
ford all right. You will notice the central location of
the hotel, its nearness to the Union Station, State
House, Court House, Theatres, and Business Houses.
In other words, it is a part of Beacon Hill. Of course
what you want when you visit Boston is comfort and
safety, and, if economy goes with it, that makes a
combination that will undoubtedly prove satisfactory.
Therefore, when in Town, "TRY THE REXFORD"
and we will make special efforts to please you.

**MacLennan Bros.,
WINNIPEG, MAN**

Grain of all Kinds.

Handled on Commission and
Sold to Highest Bidder, or
Will Wire Net Bids.

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Write for our market card. Write
for prices. Reference, Imperial Bank,
Winnipeg.

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SODA
BISCUITS**

Are in every respect a
Superior Biscuit

We guarantee every pound.
A trial will convince.

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WESTON'S BISCUITS**

THE DRINK HABIT

Thoroughly Cured by the Fittz
Treatment—nothing better
in the World.

Rev. Canon Dixon, 417 King St.
E., has agreed to answer ques-
tions—he handled it for years.
Clergymen and Doctors all over
the Dominion order it for those
addicted to drink. Free trial,
enough for ten days. Write for
particulars. Strictly confidential

FITZ CURE CO.,

P.O. Box 214, Toronto.

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For an Ice Cream Soda or
A Fresh Box of Bon Bons

GATES & HODGSON

Successors to Walker's

Sparks Street - - Ottawa

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ISSUED BY

JOHN M. M. DUFF,

107 St. James Street and

49 Crescent Street,

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"ST. AUGUSTINE"

(REGISTERED)

The Perfect Communion Wine.

Cases, 12 Quarts, \$4.50

Cases, 24 Pints, - \$5.50

F. O. B. BRANTFORD

J. S. HAMILTON & CO.,

BRANTFORD, ONT.

Manufacturers and Proprietors.



**Synopsis of Canadian North-West.
HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS**

ANY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, excepting 8 and 25, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother, or sister of an intending homesteader.

DUTIES — (1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself, must notify the agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior,

of this advertisement will not be N.B. — Unauthorized publication paid for.

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is the most desirable Executor, Administrator, Guardian and Trustee:

"It is perpetual and responsible and saves the trouble, risk and expense of frequent changes in administration."

The Imperial Trusts

COMPANY OF CANADA

Head Office 17 Richmond St. West



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, the 6th of May, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on proposed contracts for four years, six and six times per week each way, between Hillier and Rosehall, Rosehall and Wellington, from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contracts may be seen and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Hillier, Rosehall and Wellington, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Kingston.

Post Office Department, Mail Service Branch, Ottawa, March 19th, 1910.

G. C. ANDERSON, Superintendent.

30-M-3.

4%	Capital Paid Up, \$2,500,000 Reserve 400,000	4%
Money Deposited with us earns Four Per Cent. on your balances and is subject to cheque.		
THE INTEREST IS COMPOUNDED QUARTERLY		
The Union Trust Co., Limited.		
TEMPLE BLDG., 174-176 BAY ST., TORONTO, ONT.		
4%	Money to Loan Safety Deposit Vaults For Rent	4%

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and Central Park.

New and Fireproof.

RATES
REASONABLE
\$2.50 with Bath and Up.

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10 MINUTES WALK
TO 20 THEATRES

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HARRY P. STINSON, formerly with Hotel Imperial.
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PURE ICE
FROM ABOVE

CHAUDIERE FALLS

Office—Cor. Cooper and Percy
Streets, Ottawa, Ont.

Prompt delivery. Phone 985



TENDERS FOR DREDGING.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Dredging," will be received until Tuesday, April 12th, 1910, at 5.00 p.m., for dredging required at the following places in the Province of Ontario:

Byng Inlet, Cobourg, Goderich, Kincardine, (Lion's Head and Port Elgin), Owen Sound, Picnic Island, Port Burwell, (Port Hope and Whitby), Rainy River, River Thames, Rondeau, Sault Ste. Marie.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

Combined specification and form of tender can be obtained on application to the Secretary, Department of Public Works, Ottawa. Tenders must include the towing of the plant to and from the works. Only dredges can be employed which are registered in Canada at the time of the filing of tenders. Contractors must be ready to begin work within thirty days after the date they have been notified of the acceptance of their tender.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for six thousand dollars (\$6,000.00), must accompany the tender. The cheque will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
NAPOLÉON TESSIER,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, March 21, 1910.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

30-M-3



MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until Noon on Friday, 15th April, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way between DANISTON and OTTAWA, from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of Tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Orleans, Ottawa, Daniston, Quarries, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector at Ottawa.

G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.

Post Office Department, Mail Service Branch, Ottawa, 2nd March, 1910.