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During the year 12,193 persons visited the cottage of the poet Burns.

A vase containing hundreds of Roman coins, dating back 1,649 years, was unearthed at Laverock.

The Liverpool Presbytery has sustained the call from Egremont congregation to Rev. James Goald, of Dunbarton.

Madame Albani, after singing before the Queen at Balmoral, was presented with a portrait of Her Majesty in a silver case.

A hall has been taken in Paris close to the Exhibition buildings, where Salvation meetings will be held for the benefit of visitors.

The King of Denmark will winter in the south of Europe. The Princess of Wales has promised to join her father and stay with him some months.

A union of all the Presbyterian churches of Australia having been decided upon, steps have been taken to raise a Twentieth Century Fund of 100,000 guineas.

The latest addition to the work in Norway is a lifeboat, which will accompany the fishermen to sea for evangelistic purposes, and will be manned entirely by Salvationists.

The death has occurred of Miss Bruce, of Newcastle, aged eighty-five, after a long and useful life in that city. She was a sister of the late Dr. Cc'lingwood Bruce and Sir George Bruce.

Dr. J. Mitchell, of South Church, Leith, in calling attention to the need for church extension in his neighbourhood, states that in his church there are 1,500 more communicants than there are seats.

A schoolboy found a pocket book at Brixton containing nearly £30 in coin and notes, and on taking it to the address pasted on the cover received the munificent reward of a piece of seed cake and two-pence.

The four neighbouring congregations of St. John's wood (Dr. Monro Gibson), Cricklewood (Rev. T. E. Nicholson), West Kilburn (Rev. T. F. Darroch) and Broudsbury (Rev. R. E. Welsh) united for a 'quiet day' in preparation for the winter's work.

Mrs. Allan, of Stormount Castle, in opening the twenty-fourth Temperance restaurant in Belfast, said she had lived in four countries, had travelled much, and from observation could declare that the great bulk of existing poverty resulted from the use of drink.

At a dinner to survivors of the Balacava Charge a letter was read from Florence Nightingale, now eighty-one years of age and an invalid. Lord Tredegar, himself a survivor of the Balacava Charge, entertained his Monmouthshire tenantry on the forty-fourth anniversary of that event.

Dr. John Smith, of Edinburgh, urges that bazaars and sales of work should not be proscribed, but rather purified and consecrated. While raffles might prove injurious in lower levels, and still be innocuous as conducted at church bazaars, Christian workers should avoid even the appearance of evil, and keep within the law of the land.

Eight ministers who have all been assistants to Dr. George Matheson, late of St. Bernard's, met on Monday in Edinburgh and presented him with an address. In making the presentation, the spokesman paid a high tribute to Dr. Matheson's influence upon the younger clergy, as well as upon the reading and thinking public generally, and expressed the hope that he might long be spared to the country and the Church.

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## Note and Comment

The engines of a first class man-of-war cost about \$700,000.

Doctrinal decline and the decline of godliness go together. The backslider does not love God and his truth with all his heart.

On the basis of results of previous exhibitions at Paris, it is assumed that 52,589,281 people will pass through the turnstiles, and it is possible that the total number may reach 101,000,000.

Professor John Moore, of Boston, lately gave two lectures in Quebec in the hall of Morin college. The first was on Geology and Creation, and the second on Egypt. The papers speak of these lectures in high terms.

The congregation of the Brick Church, New York City, have decided to call Rev. Maltbie D. Babcock, D.D., of Baltimore, as successor to Dr. Henry Van Dyke. There is great unanimity among the members in regard to the choice.

Signs multiply on every hand that some of the churches in which doctrine has been minimised are at last coming to the conclusion that they can no more thrive without vitalising doctrines than sound moralists can prosper without precepts and prohibitions.

An infidel in Kansas City worth \$15,000 recently died. Not having any near relatives, he desired to give his fortune to some infidel charitable institution. He made inquiries but could find none, and was compelled to make it over to various Christian benevolences.

Hon. David Mills' pamphlet on the Alaskan boundary question has attracted widespread and eminent attention. It has called forth a long editorial from the London Times, while the Literary Digest devotes two pages to a summary of it. Mr. Mills' pamphlet has done more than anything else to bring Canada's case clearly before the public mind of the United States and Great Britain.

The Presbyterian of Philadelphia states that "The Queen of the Netherlands is the only Presbyterian monarch in the world, and the sole representative of the House of Orange, which rendered such valuable service to the Reformed churches." There have been a number of Evangelical Lutheran monarchs in Europe, but in consequence of intermarriages between different dynasties, Catholic princes have ruled some Protestant countries, as, for instance, Saxony, with all its Lutheran history, is ruled by a Catholic prince.

The suggestion, says the Cumberland Presbyterian, which appears to meet with considerable favor in some quarters, that Sunday School teachers should be paid for their services, is none too creditable to the age in which that suggestion was made. Whenever, if ever, Sunday School teaching becomes a secular and salaried business, and whenever, if ever, men and women teach in the Sunday School for so much per month and not for the love of souls, the day of doom will have dawned for this most effective institution in the church.

The plans of the Ecumenical Conference on Foreign Missions, to be held in New York city next spring, indicate a most successful conference. Rev. James Stewart, M. D., D. D., of Lovedale, South Africa, is expected to be present, and it is probable that Lord Overton and Lord Aberdeen will also attend.

The American Minister Straus writes from Constantinople to the state department that the Turkish government has put the screws upon intending Jewish colonists of Palestine, and requires that every such Jew entering at the port of Jaffa shall give money bonds that he will leave the country in thirty or ninety days.

For more than a week there has been little or no news from South Africa. Affairs there have been somewhat at a standstill, but the world is expecting something definite very soon. Ladysmith is still holding out and a relief body is on the way. The strict press censorship may have much to do with the scarcity of news.

The Chicago City Council has passed an ordinance which provides for the establishment of a board of examining engineers, who will pass upon the qualifications of all applicants for a license to run an elevator. Prior to this action it was shown that most elevator accidents were due to incompetency on the part of the operator.

The Siamese have shown their appreciation of the efforts of the Presbyterian missionaries, by contributing 15,000 ticals (\$9,000) for the purchase of a new site for the Christian High School in Bangkok. The king gave 1,600 ticals, and his example was followed by princes of the realm and nobles, who seem glad to aid in the enterprise.

A popular argument in favor of secular entertainment on the Lord's day is that the men are so busy that they have no time for pleasure during the week. Of course the husbands and brothers both need entertainment, but they have greater need of rest. They are better physically, mentally, and spiritually to be entirely separated from the business and pleasures of the world one day out of seven.

Great Salt Lake is receding on account of the excessive drain made upon it by irrigation enterprises. This lake is not fed by underground springs, but by the Jordan and other rivers, and when the water of these streams is intercepted for irrigation purposes the water supply of the Salt Lake is, of course, diminished, so that the evaporation which is constantly going on is not made up by a new supply. In time it looks as if the lake will be only a bed of dry salt.

In Knox church, Galt, recently, the hymn "O Day of Joy and Gladness" was announced and the choir attached to the work a tune which the congregation had seldom or never heard before. At the conclusion of the singing Rev. R. E. Knowles, the pastor, gave out another hymn, saying that he wanted the congregation to sing as well as the choir. This feeling that we want tunes we know is a very natural one, and yet many of the new tunes are beautiful. Would it not be a good plan if the choir would sing these unfamiliar airs as anthems once or twice before having the congregation attempt them? This plan has been adopted by many of our churches, and with good results.

It is reported from China that the Empress has issued a decree that Confucianism shall be the state religion, and must be taught in all the schools. If this should include foreign schools it will seriously affect missionary operations, as it is through schools established by them that missionaries do a good portion of their work.

A company has been formed for the purpose of bringing sea water to London from an intake at Lancing in Sussex, from whence the water is to be pumped to a level of nearly 500 feet at the top of Steyning Hill. It will then flow by gravitation through a main to Battersea and thence across the Thames to Cromwell Road, South Kensington, whence branches are to be laid for service in other districts.

"Nobody has said an unkind word about Dewey," said a Brooklyn man the other day; "but my wife made such a womanly criticism of him last summer that I have wished since that the admiral could enjoy it. We were down at Portsmouth, N. H. At the navy yard there were two gunboats which Dewey captured at Manila. Alongside was the Raleigh, of Dewey's fleet. She towered far above the little twin gunboats. The contrast was really startling. I rowed over the river to the neighborhood of the participants in the Manila Bay fight and rested on my oars between the contestants.

"Well, what are you thinking about?" I asked my wife, who had been quiet for several minutes. "I think that Dewey ought to be ashamed of himself," she replied."

Sir John William Dawson, for many years principal of McGill University and a scientist of world-wide repute, died at his residence in Montreal early Sunday morning. Sir William Dawson had been in poor physical health for several years, and had suffered several paralytic strokes which incapacitated him. He retained the full force of his intellectual faculties, but had been gradually failing. Sir Wm. Dawson, C.M.G., F.R.S., LL.D., D.C.L., was born in Pictou, N.S., on Oct. 31, 1820. He early showed an interest in natural history and geology, and took his degree at Edinburgh University. In 1855 he became principal of McGill University, in the interests of which he did an extensive work. In 1886 he was elected President of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Sir Wm. Dawson was the author of a large number of works of scientific interest.

The figure of Cromwell, says John Morley, in The Century, has emerged from the floating mists of time in many varied semblances, from the blood stained and hypocritical usurper up to the transcendental hero and liberator of mankind. The contradictions of his career all come over again in the fluctuations of his fame. He put a king to death, but then he broke up Parliament after Parliament. He led the way in the violent suppression of bishops, he trampled on Scottish Presbytery, and set up a state system of his own; yet he is the idol of voluntary congregations and the free churches. He had little comprehension of that government by discussion which is now counted the secret of liberty; no man that ever lived was less of a pattern for working those constitutional charters which are the favorite guaranties of the public rights in our century; his rule was the rule of the sword; yet his name stands first, half warrior, half saint, in the calendar of English speaking democracy.

# Our Young People

## IN MEMORIAM.

### One of the Great Ordinances of the Church.

Topic for Dec. 3.—“Till He Come.” The Lord's Supper—1 Cor. 11:23-28.

Lo, the feast is spread to day!  
Jesus summons, come away.—Henry Alford.

For Dominion Presbyterian.

#### The Lord's Supper.

BY WOODFORD.

Those who wish to make anything like a close study of this topic ought to have a copy of “The Master's Memorial” by the late Professor Macadam. The booklet is published by W. Drysdale & Co., Montreal; price 10 cts. a copy, or \$1.00 a dozen. A copy of this little work ought to be in the hands of every Presbyterian.

Presbyterians believe there are two and only two Sacraments; parallel ordinances to these in the Old Testament Church were Circumcision and the Passover; and corresponding to these, and filling them full of their proper meaning and force, we have in the Christian Church Baptism and the Lord's Supper. When Christ and His disciples met for the last time, to observe the Passover, at the close, He solemnly folded up the vesture of the ceremonial economy, and by instituting the Lord's Supper proceeded to array His Church in the simpler attire which she was to wear until the end of time. The bread and wine were to be symbols of an accomplished atonement, and as a seal authenticating to the believing participant God's love and faithfulness in bestowing upon the believer spiritual life through the sacrifice and death of His Son.

The children of believing Jewish parents were circumcised, and they (at a certain age) with others who had been led to profess faith in Jehovah and were circumcised might partake of the Passover. The children of believing parents now are to be baptised, we believe, and they, when they come to years of discretion, and take upon themselves the vows taken for them by others at baptism, along with others, of years of discretion, who have been led to profess faith in God through Christ, and are baptised, are privileged and invited to sit at the Lord's Table—there to eat the bread, to drink the wine in remembrance of Him, and so to show forth the Lord's death till He come.

TOPIC.—How beautifully simple, yet how richly suggestive, is this account of the Lord's supper. What were called the common things of life were made use of to declare the deep things of God. When we think how this simplicity has been departed from we do not wonder that the far-seeing apostle feared lest the minds of the Corinthians should be corrupted from the simplicity that is towards Christ. There are other things, less worthy than Christ, remembered when the elevation of the Host, Transubstantiation, etc., etc.,

are allowed to stand as barriers in the simple memorial symbolizing the simplicity that is towards Christ.

MONDAY.—Had the ordinance not been instituted by Christ Himself we might have hesitated to use means so unusual for keeping Him in remembrance. The ordinary contrivances by which men seek to perpetrate their memory He overlooked. He left no likeness of Himself, wrote no autobiography, left no family. He knew that the death He was to die would draw all men unto Him, would cause countless sinners to say to themselves with soul-subduing wonder, “He loved me and gave Himself for me”; and that when men would so think of Him they would say, “If I forget Thee let my right hand forget her cunning.” That last night with His disciples His heart went out to them with the longings of unutterable love, and He chose to present Himself to them and so to our memories as He died, as one whose love for them and us brought Him to the deepest abasement and the sorest suffering.

TUESDAY.—“When He had given thanks”! what love was there! thanks for the cross! So a mother gives thanks for the strength that is hers when she sits through the long nights by the bedside of her fevered child, giving her life for her little one. Absurd that it should be so? Well, love is often guilty of such absurdity. So occasionally a brave British soldier has given thanks for the strength that is his to go back under the fire of the enemy to rescue a wounded comrade—and in the absurdity of love we deck him with the Victoria cross. For what shall we give thanks ere we partake of what he gave thanks for being able to provide? Surely at least for that we are able to come off more than conquerors over all life's woes and worries and temptations, through Him that loved us and gave Himself for us.

WEDNESDAY.—Obedience to commandments is never so easy when love is lacking. Surely a sense of His nearness, of His presence, such as is begotten at the Lord's supper, will prevent each and all then and forever from the sin of Judas. And failure to do this in remembrance of Him, or doing it unworthily, means that in the soul which can be guilty of such disobedience, the possibility of committing this sin of betrayal lies latent—and with no strong hand present to prevent the possibility becoming a reality.

THURSDAY.—One touch of nature makes the whole world kin. How can people dwell other than together in unity

when there is realization of a common need or when there is grief over a common sorrow. Having fellowship with the Father in Jesus Christ through the spirit, along with others, as there surely ought to be at the Lord's table, means the satisfying of the needs of those who so gather together, and the alleviation of the sorrow that was over lives as a funeral pall ere the blood of Jesus Christ was taken for cleansing. In such communion of saints—those with whom we sit, as those who have gone before—the garment of praise is received in exchange for the spirit of heaviness.

FRIDAY.—How the Lord's supper brings home the truth that the restoration of our souls meant not redemption with corruptible things as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of Christ as of a lamb without blemish, and without spot; how it brings to mind the fact that the Lord, who is our shepherd, laid down His life for His sheep.

SATURDAY.—Except you do this in remembrance of Him it is surely proof positive that there is no kinship between you and Him. Who then will miss commemorating His dying love? If you do, what will you say to Him; what excuse can you offer? Is His life, His love, His death not worth remembering? Until He come then His death must be remembered with thanksgiving, for thus we hold communion with Him as with those who have been and are called to be saints of God. To do so in deed and in truth certainly means resolution of soul and renewal of life.

#### Hints for Talks and Testimonies.

- Why is it a duty to observe the Lord's Supper?
- How is receiving the Lord's Supper a way of witnessing for Christ?
- What part of Christ's work is especially recalled by the Lord's Supper?
- What explanation of the meaning of the Lord's Supper did Christ Himself give?
- What fitness is there in the symbols used in the Lord's Supper?
- What thought of the sacrament is suggested in the name “the eucharist”?
- Why is the Lord's Supper called “the communion service”?
- What preparation best fits one for the Lord's Supper?
- What does one receive from partaking of the Lord's Supper?
- How does the Lord's supper point to the future?

#### For Daily Reading.

- Mon., Nov. 27.—Remembrance, Luke 22:14-20
  - Tues., Nov. 28.—Thanksgiving, Mark 14:22-25
  - Wed., Nov. 29.—Communion with Christ, John 14:18-21; 1 Cor. 10:16
  - Thurs., Nov. 30.—Communion of saints, Ps. 133:1-3; 1 John 1:3-7
  - Fri., Dec. 1.—Restoration of soul, Ps. 23:1-6
  - Sat., Dec. 2.—Renewal of life, John 6:53-58
  - Sun., Dec. 3.—TOPIC. “UNTIL HE COME.”
- THE LORD'S SUPPER. 1 Cor. 11:23-28

The Jewish feast pointed to the better feast of the Christian church, but the feast of the church militant points to the better feast of the church triumphant. Thus we find ourselves going from good to better, and then on to best.—A. F. Schaffler, D.D.



### Literary Notes.

The Bisclet for November contains a quaint story entitled "Our Lady's Tumbler." This is taken from the French of the twelfth century, and the translation by P. H. Wickster is well done. This story is a piece of literature and also a reflection of life. This charming little booklet pays us a welcome visit each month and we can recommend it for cheapness, neatness, and the care manifested in the selections. T. B. Mosher, Portland, Maine.

In Ev'ry Month for November, under the title of "Marketing in Many Countries," the decline of the open air market in America, and its still existing European popularity, is treated in a graphic and interesting manner. Two other articles, "The Presidents of Some Woman's Clubs," and "Cats Famous and Fashionable," will be enjoyed by all. Several stories and the four pieces of music, which are a regular feature of the magazine, complete the number. Ev'ry Month, 1260 Broadway, New York.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for November contains Stephen Crane's new story, "West Pointer and Volunteer," which is perhaps the best thing he has done since "The Red Badge of Courage." Crane finds a sympathetic illustrator in Warren B. Davis, who contributes five highly spirited drawings. "Among the Boers," "Coaching as a Sport," and "Finances of Our Wars," are among the interesting articles of this number, which also contains several bright stories. Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, New York.

American and Canadian readers will have an opportunity to become familiar with the most striking work which M. Rene Bazin, one of the most gifted of the younger French writers, has thus far done, in the translation of "The Perishing Land," which is to be published serially in *The Living Age*, beginning in the number for November 4. This story attracted wide attention on its publication in France, early this year. It is full of incident and of local color, and shows rare skill in the delineation of character. The "Living Age" Company, Boston.

The Nineteenth Century for this month is an interesting number. It opens with this poetic reference to the famous Dreyfus case by Swinburne:

France, cloven in twain by fire of hell and hate  
Showed with the shame of men, her meanest born,  
Soldier and judge, whose names, inscribed for scorn,  
Stand vilest on the record writ of fate,  
Lies yet not wholly vile who stood so great,  
Sees yet not all her praise of old outworn,  
Nor yet is all her scorn of glory torn,  
Or left for utter shame to desecrate.

High souls and constant hearts of faithful men  
Sustain her perfect praise with tongue and pen  
Indomitable as honour, Storms may toss  
And soil her standard ere her bark win home;  
But shame falls back upon the Christless cross  
Whose brandmark signs the holy bounds of Rome.

"A Voice from Cape Colony" gives a strong case against the Boers and maintains that there is an effort to raise a general revolt against the British flag. Besides we have a number of able articles dealing with a great variety of topics, including the care of consumptives and the crises in the Church of England. The Nineteenth Century, New York.

Appleton's Popular Science Monthly sustains its reputation for supplying a rich budget of articles of a scientific or semi-scientific character. One of the most interesting and timely is that on Wireless Telegraphy, with illustrations. The writer states in a clear intelligible fashion the nature of this invention and the causes of its present imperfection, how far it is new in principle and application and how much is due to Marconi and other recent workers. Another very readable article, with portraits of eminent scholars describes "An English University." Speaking of the efforts to make the ancient colleges and universities more suited to the spirit and needs of modern times, the writer says: "In Cambridge the movement which has resulted in the present admirable condition of affairs was largely brought about by the zeal and enterprise of Dr. Donald MacAlister of St. James' College, the University Lecturer in Therapeutics. A man of wide sympathies

and ability, and whose name is closely associated with this university's metamorphosis into a more modern institution." We believe Dr. MacAlister is an active member of the Presbyterian Church in Cambridge. Appleton's Popular Science Monthly, New York.

"Discourse on Method" by Rene Descartes: This is a cheap edition in neat form of Descartes' famous "discourses," which brings it within the reach of all who take an interest in the history of philosophical thought. As is well known this was really an epoch-making work, and its author was one of the pioneers in the realm of "modern thought." The translation here given is the one by the late Dr. Veitch of Glasgow University. Such a book does not need reviewing in the ordinary sense; it has been reviewed time and again by the great thinkers who have handled the same great themes during the last two or three centuries. We need simply say that the publishers have rendered an important service in making it so easily accessible to students who do not possess a large philosophical library. Descartes' intellectual confession of faith may be read with pleasure by an intelligent person. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.

Walt Whitman: Two addresses by William Mackintyre Salter. Here is another cheap book that we can cordially recommend. It is a discussion of Whitman's place in literature from the standpoint of ethics. It seems to us to be impartial, that is, it is both appreciative and critical. Some of us have been repelled by two things, what appears to us to be Whitman's lack of poetic form, and by the fact that some of his ardent admirers make "a fad" of him, that is, set him up as a kind of small god. The treatment here given may help us to a juster view. It deals first with "The Great Side of Walt Whitman," and second "The Questionable Side of Walt Whitman." The one does ample justice to his large human sympathies, while the other points out the dangers connected with the poet's toleration of vice. This, we think, is a perfectly sane treatment of the subject and should commend itself to those who believe that poetry is high but that virtue is higher. S. Burns Weston, Philadelphia.

"The Evolution of General Ideas" by Th. Ribot. This volume is also a translation from the French, the work in this case being done by Francis Welby. Instead, however, of dealing with philosophy at the opening of the modern era it brings before us a special branch of psychology, namely, what the author calls "The Evolution of General Ideas." The name of Ribot is well known to students of empirical psychology; he stands in the front rank of those who in France devote themselves to such studies. The following passage states the exact scope and purpose of the present work. "This is a study of pure psychology from which we have vigorously to eliminate all that relates to logic, to the theory of knowledge, to first principles of philosophy. We are concerned with genesis, with embryology, with evolution only. We are thus thrown upon observation, upon the facts wherein mental processes are enunciated and discovered. Our material and principal sources of information lie therefore (1) for inferior abstracts, in the acts of animals, of children, of uneducated deaf mutes; (2) for intermediate abstracts, in the development of languages, and the ethnographical documents of primitive or half-civilized peoples; (3) for superior abstracts in the progressive constitution of scientific ideas and theories of classification." These lectures are clearly written and may be enjoyed by those who do not occupy the precise standpoint of the author, and the general impression left after all the observation and explanation is that there is still—and we suppose ever will be—much in the nature of mental processes which eludes our keenest science. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.

"Solomon and Solomonic Literature" by Monciv Daniel Conway. This is a case of a different kind. It bears the following inscription: "To my brother

Omarians of the Omar Khayyam Club, London." It has nothing to do with the subject of the book, but we venture notwithstanding our admiration for Fitzgerald's translation of the famous Persian poem to say that the Omar Club is a "fad." This work on Solomon is interesting and useful as showing the wonderful variety of legends and traditions which have gathered around the name of the great king. We think, however, that the position of the author as to the historical character of the canonical books, or rather their lack of such character is so extreme as to be uncritical. The following passage will indicate sufficiently what this is. According to him we know little about Solomon and the New Testament view of the Lord Jesus is inconsistent and unreliable. He says: "The most serious complication arises from the extent to which the pretended revelations of Paul have been built into the Gospels. The so-called 'Conversion of Paul' was really the conversion of Jesus. The facts can only be gathered from Paul's letter, the book of 'Acts' being hardly more historical than 'Robinson Crusoe.' The account in 'Acts' of Paul's 'Conversion' is however of interest as indicating in its writers a purpose to raise Paul into a supernatural authority equivalent to Christ, in order that he might set aside the man Jesus." All this and a great deal more of the same kind which has very little to do with Solomon. The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.

For Dominion Presbyterian.

### The Pictorial Revelation.

BY REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON.

In many of the glorious scenes depicted in Scripture, especially in the Book of Revelation, it is not easy to distinguish between what is literal and what is pictorial. Sometimes in grand mountain scenery, when the clouds settle on the lofty peaks, we are not sure what is mountain and what is cloud. If we were near the mountain top we might distinguish, but we cannot do so down here in the valley. So we have in Scripture a glorious cloud of symbolism hovering on the peaks of the eternal mountains, but down here on earth we cannot well distinguish between what is mountain and what is cloud. We may hope to get up higher by and by, and then what is hazy and undefined will be seen in its true form and substance. Now, we know but in part; but "when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away."

### Faith and Works.

A little girl told a friend who was visiting her father that her brothers set traps to catch the birds. He asked her what she did. She replied, "I prayed that the trap might not catch the birds." "Anything else?" "Yes," she said; "I then prayed that God would prevent the birds getting into the traps;" and, as if to illustrate the doctrine of faith and works, she continued, "I went and kicked the traps all to pieces."

This reminds us of the story of the boy who, when his father had prayed earnestly that God would feed the hungry, said, "Why don't you answer that prayer yourself? You've got enough wheat in the granary and potatoes in the cellar to feed all the poor people about here." Let us show our faith by our works.—Christian Leader.

Germany has about 25,000 physicians.

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**Thursday, November 23rd, 1899.**

In every congregation there are half a dozen faithful ones who look after the annual contributions for the schemes of the church. Every available worker has been drafted this year into the ranks of the Century Fund canvassers, and it is just possible that these good workers are among the first to be chosen. Does that mean that the annual contribution is left to care for itself? We should hope not.



An exchange, in an article dealing with mission work, asks: "What shall we do when the demand for workers is peremptory, and we have none but inferior or unworthy workers at hand? The writer answers, and most people will agree with him: Do no work which you cannot undertake, either personally, or by some reliable, trustworthy helper. There is nothing gained, and there is often much lost, by appointing untried men to mission fields. Souls are too precious to be used for experimental purposes.



In the October number of the Indian Standard there is a strong appeal for the adoption of a well-defined policy in relation to mission work in India. It calls for a policy that shall reach and control the operations of the missions of all denominations. There should be united action, and this can be secured only by the adoption of a common policy. The article concludes: "The need of India is Christian statesmen, men of broad sympathies and clear vision—under whose leadership the united power and intelligence of one of the finest bodies of Christian workers will move forward with unbroken front in an aggressive effort to win India for Christ."



Many hard words have been spoken and written of the government in connection

with the administration of affairs in the Yukon district, and Major Walsh came in for a regular tornado of abuse. It was held by those who were not carried away by partizanship that the government and Major Walsh had been unfairly criticized, and that under all the circumstances the public affairs of the Yukon had been justly administered. This contention has had signal confirmation within the past few days at the hands of an independent observer, Rev. A. S. Grant, B.D., a returned missionary, who, at a public meeting in Almonte, is reported to have spoken in the highest terms of the administration of justice in the Yukon territory, declaring that the laws were as well carried out in that country as in the cities of Canada or in the town of Almonte. So honestly were matters of justice managed in that unorganized territory that he was prouder than ever that he was a Britain. And still it is too much to expect that those who have been slandering Major Walsh, in and out of parliament, will acknowledge their error and do simple justice to an innocent man.

**French Catholics and the War.**

La Semaine Religieuse, a Quebec Roman Catholic journal, makes this statement: "The French Canadians in general admire the small Transvaal nation determined to gain its independence; they are convinced that justice and right are on its side, and claim that the intervention of Canada is to be regretted and that we should have allowed England to get out of it as best she could." This one-sided statement is regretted by Le Soleil, the organ of the Liberal party in Quebec, as likely to produce a false impression as to the feeling of French Canadians generally and to do harm at this critical time, as it might lead some to think that the clergy sympathize, in the present war, with the enemies of the motherland. It calls attention to the fact that, by the constitution of the Transvaal, no Roman Catholic can be a member of either of the legislative chambers, and quotes the following statement from the Roman Catholic Bishop of Kimberly: "The state of things in the Transvaal had become a real scandal. I am not an Englishman, as you know, but an Irishman, and my sympathies, as a rule, have never been on the side of England. But in the present case I believe that England is rendering a real service to humanity in compelling a small state which calls itself a republic to grant equal rights to all the citizens." After quoting this powerful testimony, Le Soleil gives other good reasons for the belief that La Semaine Religieuse misrepresents the state of the case, both as to what Britain is doing and what the Canadian people think about the situation.

**The Ebb and Flow.**

Popular favor is as fickle as the fashions for dress. The preacher who draws the crowd this year will have a comfortably filled church next year, and a few years hence will pass the crowd going the other way, as he is going to his service. Some change in atmospheric conditions of church life has caused the breeze to set in another direction, and those who attend church as the worldling attends the theatre, invariably drift with the current.

Colleges, too, have their ebb and flow of popularity. There may be excellent work done in the class-room, better than for years before, yet classes are small and college spirit almost entirely absent. Not that the number of students is on the whole appreciably diminished, for, while the class-rooms of the one college are comparatively empty, those of the sister institution are full to overflowing.

Among those who leave the halls in which they first entered upon study may be some of the best men of the year, but the fact that they have left with the crowd is often a mere coincidence. A good man does not leave his college because it is, for the time, unpopular. Had the classes been the largest in its history he still would have studied elsewhere, and for reasons which his professors would most cordially approve. He is seeking the best field for further development, and not the most popular institution.

College authorities understand this matter of ebb and flow, and while among the students there may be considerable talk of curtailment because of small classes, or of enlargement because of an unprecedented attendance, the college boards carefully refrain from committing themselves to an immediate change of expenditure. In the end the Church commends their judgment. There may be a certain amount of restiveness, and we may hear much of "the inability to rise to the present occasion" so lamentably characteristic of the college board, but the passing years often approve their course. We believe there ought to be advance, but we do not think this should be based upon adventitious popularity.

**Faith and Works.**

"Faith" and "works" are not two separate things, but two phases or aspects of the same thing. Faith is the inner spirit that links a soul with Christ, and thus secures to the soul power to do for God and man. Works are the manifestation of that linking, evidencing to man and to God that the current of power is complete. Faith is the fire, works are the heat which the fire gives out. Fire without heat is dead; it may look as if it were warm, but it is only a show, like colored tinsel in a summer grate. There is such dead fire as this, and such dead faith. Let the show not deceive us.—  
Sunday School Times.

**Church Debt.**

A great mill-stone is hung about the neck of the majority of our congregations. They are being dragged earthwards by their mortgage indebtedness. Here and there is one who has shaken herself free, but the number of such is painfully small. Occasionally the load, by constant accretions, has grown to such proportions that it threatens to submerge the hapless congregation, and the prompt intervention of the Presbytery alone saves it.

To ask a congregation so burdened to engage in aggressive work is to ask for the impossible. The will to respond to such an appeal may be present, and there may be an honest effort to do all that is asked, but prompt movement is hampered, and effective action is prevented by this oppressive burden. We have known more than one instance where a minister and his people had been quickened to enthusiasm by an appeal for help, and had entered heartily upon plans to give assistance in a commendable enterprise, but they were brought up sharply by a reminder from the managing board that the half-yearly payment for interest was due.

Church members would be more than human if they were not irritated by this constant reminder of their chain. It is a most unpleasant task for the managing board to be obliged to veto every new effort that means increased expenditure. Often these men are as enthusiastic for the progress of the Kingdom of Christ as any other in the congregation, yet they are compelled to put out an arresting hand. For the faithful performance of their unpleasant duties they have been called unspiritual, hard and worldly, and when trouble arises in the congregation the stranger has come to look for the origin of it in the managing board. Need we wonder if the constant chafing does produce a sore? But the true source of the trouble is not in the disposition of the men who manage, but in the conditions under which they are called upon to administer the church finances.

It is this constant arrest of activity, except for personal interests, that dwarfs the spiritual life, and tends to destroy it. It is next to impossible to awaken enthusiasm for Christian work, when that work is to benefit no one but ourselves. Christ has taught us that we are to forget self in service for others. When we can follow out that precept we find joy in serving. But when, by force of circumstances, we are compelled to abandon work for others, and devote all our energies to an effort to keep our own head above water, our effort becomes formal, and we settle into the necessary routine that will insure support and nothing more.

We are convinced that one source of the prevalent deadness, of which we are hearing so much, is to be found in the

lite-crushing debt most of our churches are carrying. Active unselfish effort is an impossibility. We are trained from our infancy as church members to think first of ourselves. Even in the Century Fund movement self is predominant. The debt fund will reach the figure adopted, but the common fund may fall short of it. And let us not be hasty in our judgment of those who advise a liberal contribution to the debt fund. It may be, and it is more than probable, that these are, after all, the most far-seeing. For if the church were free from this paralyzing burden she would then be ready for effective aggressive work, in which many would enlist who are now apathetic time-servers.

**Good Men To Avoid.**

Much of the stability of our lives depends upon our friends. The boulder on the shore is the sport of every wave; but fasten it with other rocks in a granite friendship, and base them all on the solid rock bottom, and you have a lighthouse which the waves cannot conquer. If your friends are the double-minded men, you will be driven by the wind and tossed with them. If your friends are unstable as water, you also will not prevail.

Friendship is spiritual dependence on a man. You may be surrounded by men, numberless as the waves of the sea, who are inconstant as these waves, and you will not be hurt by their inconstancy if you are independent of them. They may be true to high ideals to-day and false to them to-morrow; but your loyalty will remain firm. They may be cheerful this minute and frowning or weeping the next; but your peace will flow as a river. You are anchored outside of their moods.

But if you have made them your friends. If every change of their barometer is reflected in your soul, and you are uplifted by their bliss only to fall with their gloom, and ennobled by their faithfulness only to be smirched with their sin; if such a man, such a woman, has been admitted within the charmed circle of your life influences, has perhaps even become your lover, your wife, or your husband, alas for you, and alas for your life!

The only guard against inconstancy is aloofness from the inconstant. And that, also, is the only way to help them. You cannot stand on the water and lift another man.—Christian Endeavor World.

**The Presbyterian Church.**

"The business of the Unitarian church is to weaken the influence of powerful religious organizations in promoting erroneous religious views. People at large do not as a general thing believe the ministers. Our business is to show the rank and file of men how to live as children of God. Ecclesiastics have managed to give themselves a poor reputation.

They value the organization more than the cause. The Presbyterian Church has become involved in the evil of aristocracy and autocracy. When I once said that the Presbyterian Church was the greatest enemy to liberty in America, I meant just that. We must do everything in our power to destroy ecclesiastical organizations for the sake of religious liberty. Orthodox churches are great religious corporations inimical to human rights and freedom. Break down their machinery, and we can safely leave to art, science and literature the task of sweeping up the fragments of the five principles of Calvin and the thirty-nine articles of the Episcopal Church."

The Michigan Presbyterian quotes the above extract from an address made by Dr. Edward Everett Hale, and says of it: "Such addresses lack two necessary elements of value; they are not true, and they are not Christian. How strangely they read in their superlative self-exaltation in comparison with the work actually accomplished by the Unitarians. What right have they to fiercely denounce their brethren who are doing earnest work for Christ and a lost world? Of course such an arraignment does not hurt Presbyterianism. It is too extravagant to be seriously considered. These words of Edward Everett Hale will do mischief, simply because of the honored name of their author; but common sense will soon declare that they are unworthy of the man and entirely unworthy of the theme. Religious liberty is not license to think anything or do anything." It is liberty under law, the law of God.

**Presbyterian Century Fund.**

Further subscriptions from ministers toward the Century Fund, to 21st November, 1899:

Rev. W. M. Reid, Leaskdale .....	\$ 60
" D. H. Hodges, Amcaster .....	40
" J. W. Rae, Toronto Junction .....	100
" T. Matheson, Hilton .....	25
" P. Musgrave, Seaford .....	75
" H. McKellar, Martintown .....	50
" D. McLeod, Borrowston, C.B. ....	30
" John Young, Hamilton .....	100
" D. B. McRae, Cranbrook .....	30
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" J. H. Kirk, Linden, N.S. ....	40
" James Burgess, St. John (West) N.S. .	50
" W. W. McNairn, Sheet Harbor, N.S., (from \$3 to .....	50
" J. W. McLeod, Riverhill, Que. ....	30
" T. D. McCullough, Harrison .....	75
" S. G. Livingstone, Sarnia .....	50
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" James Menzies, Tientsin, Honan, China	150
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" H. A. J. ....	20
" Dr. Fletcher, Hamilton, increased from \$240 to .....	400
From 668 ministers .....	\$68,188



# The Quiet Hour

For Dominion Presbyterian.

## Keeping the Sabbath.\*

BY REV. W. G. JORDAN, D.D.

The thirteenth chapter of the book which bears the name of Nehemiah, tells us of his second visit to the Holy City, how he there made provision for the maintenance of the Levites and vindicated the sanctity of the temple, further he took stern measures to secure the observance of the Sabbath, and entered a vigorous action against mixed marriages; or, in other words, this bold patriot played the part of a thoroughgoing reformer and helped to create modern Judaism and give it something of the character it has retained ever since.

Nehemiah was not troubled with fine distinctions as to church and state, their different spheres of influence and action; to him religion was a force to rule all life, and the conduct of men both private and political needed to be brought into harmony with the law of God. We to-day deal with the keeping of the Sabbath from various points of view; we point to the fact that the law is written in our constitution as well as in the sacred book; the day of rest is an absolute need in harmony with the democratic spirit of our age; we lay emphasis on the fact that it is especially the poor man's day. If greedy corporations rob him of the day's rest and spiritual privileges it will mean in the end six days' work for seven days, and so in various ways we work all round this subject of Sabbath observance. In the days of the Jewish restoration life was simpler but the spirit in which men viewed it was the same. There were some who wished very much to have a quiet day on which to worship their God, there were others who believed that their law was a good thing, but thought that it was a pity to be too bigoted and to have intercourse with their neighbors broken by its intolerant demands, and there were others who were sorry to lose an opportunity of making money; it seemed to them that the demands of trade were almost of supreme importance. And so there is the everlasting conflict between the material and spirit, the world and the church, God and mammon. This conflict may assume various forms, but it is always with us.

The strict observance of the Sabbath had at this time a special use; it served as a sign of separation and kept the Jew from being swallowed up in the motley crowd of Gentiles. We to-day lay so much stress on comprehension and catholicity that we fail to realize that there are times when separation is the supreme need. We can, however, see now quite plainly that it would have

been a great loss to the world if that small, apparently insignificant, Jewish community had been absorbed in the heathen world and lost its distinctive character. There were no doubt many pious men who felt the evils here spoken of to be great, just as before the great Protestant reformation there were many who groaned in secret over the corruption of the church. But some one was needed to speak out, to utter those vigorous words which are half battles.

We have then, first of all, the testimony of the man Nehemiah, the protest and the appeal to the conscience of the evil-doers. He had looked upon the Sabbath labour and the Sabbath traffic until he was vexed at heart and then he spoke out in the name of God. "Then I contended with the nobles of Judah." The fact that the offenders were people of high rank did not hinder him from bringing them before the highest tribunal. "Did not your fathers thus, and did not our God bring all this evil upon us and upon this city? Yet ye bring more wrath upon Israel by profaning the Sabbath." How slow we are to learn the lessons of history and the teaching of God's law. These high moral influences have to contend against our love of pleasure and desire for gain.

Even this strong persuasion seems to have had little effect on the Sabbath breakers. So Nehemiah took the matter into his own hands and shut the gates of the city that no merchandise might enter in on the Sabbath. But those whose worldly interests are at stake show a persistence and perseverance that is worthy of a better cause; they lodge just outside the walls ready to do business with those who come outside. It was only when force was threatened by a man who was in the habit of keeping his word that they withdrew. This was because there was a man at the head of affairs who had strong convictions, who was not afraid to speak his mind and to fight earnestly in the service of God.

This is an instructive story; the conditions are different, and the method of warfare different, but the same battle has to be fought to-day against individual selfishness and corporate greed and it can only be fought by those who, like Nehemiah, know that God is ever on the side of truth and right.

## Jesus Christ.

That by which thou livest to-day is the thing by which men sought to kill thee. It is thy crown of thorns that has made thy crown of glory. Not by thy moments of outward majesty dost thou survive in our hearts to-day. Not by the glories of Mount Tabor, not by the wonders of Lake Gennesaret, not even by the prophecies at Jerusalem's gate, dost thou sway the empire of our souls. It is thy Cross that draws us, thy blood that saves

us. If we bow before thy rising from the grave, it is because in thy risen body we find the prints of the nails. We worship in Thee the thing we once despised. We once recoiled from those who suffered pain. We said in Judea, "They are the enemies of God"; we said in Rome, "They are unfit for the work of Man," but in thee pain has been glorified. In thee the weakest has become the survivor. In thee the last is made first. In thee the grave-clothes have become earth's royal-est robes. In thee sorrow has been turned into joy, defeat into victory, death into life. In thee the thing deemed impure has become the purifier; men have washed their robes in thy blood and made them white. The valley of the shadow becomes in thee my gate of glory; I am no longer astonished that thy visage was so marred.—George Matheson.

## "Our Father Which Art in Heaven."

Thou art so far! the way all signal-lighted  
With beacon stars that sure must lead to thee;  
Thou'gt follows till she falters, azeal, affrighted,  
Alone, alone, amid immensity!

Thou art so far! deep in that secret chamber  
Wherein life's still, sweet miracle is wrought;  
E'en in the tiny wild flower's heart of amber  
Thy temple is, beyond my subtlest thought.

Thou art so far! vainly my spirit hearkens  
For Reason's voice the wide abyss to fill;  
The silence overwhelms, the distance darkens;  
Awe-struck, I can but wonder and be still.

Thou art so far! though fast my soul's discerning,  
Veiled in thick darkness is thy diadem.  
Drawn to thee ever by my heart's dumb yearning,  
I trembling strive to touch thy garnet's hem.

And lo, thou art so near! the mists are mellowed  
With thine effulgence, shining from above,  
And all the dim, dim way grows sweet and hallowed,  
Warmed, lighted, glorified by thy strong love.

Thou art so near! As to the little lipser,  
Who sob's a wish none else may understand,  
The mother bends—so thou to my faint whisper,  
With ready ear, and tender, outstretched hand.

Thou art so near! through all my joys and sorrows  
Thou loatest, though thy face I may not see;  
My yesterdays were thine, and my to-morrows  
I leave with thee—I leave them all with thee!

[New York Observer.

## God's Mercies

I once asked a company of boys to tell me of the qualities of rain. One of them shouted, "Lots of it." The watering pot is soon emptied and perhaps the cistern, and the hand gets weary. Earthly comforts are limited. There may be food without appetite, abundance without health, money without love. Increase may promote discontent, the strong box may be broken into, and riches "take to themselves wings and fly away." How precious the sympathy of others! If you are ill there are many callers for a few weeks, but if you are so inconsiderate as to continue ill for a few months, some may deem you preposterous to expect continued inquiries with so many others demands on their time!

But God's mercies are a fountain that flows without pause. He "delighteth in mercy." If so in relation to the necessities of the body, how much more in relation to the wants of the soul. Christ was the "image of the invisible God." "His mercy endureth forever." He died for the world. No one can ever seek salvation from him in vain. You might as easily dry the ocean up by filling a jug from it to pour on the dry ground, as empty the inexhaustible reservoir of God's love and Christ's redeeming grace.—Newman Hall.

\*S. S. Lesson for Dec. 8rd :—Nehem. xiii, 15-22. Compare Isaiah lvi, 1-8 Jer. xvii, 19-27.

Golden Text—"Remember the Sabbath Day to keep it holy."—Ex. xx, 8.



### The Ministry of Pain.

The Bible is a great book of human life and no other book portrays human life so faithfully as does this. In the book of Job we read that "man is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward," and again in the same book, "Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble." In the gospels we read the words of Jesus, who said: "In the world ye shall have tribulation," and Christ Himself is elsewhere prefigured as a "man of sorrows and acquainted with grief," the Man of the marred countenance. In the Acts of the Apostles we read that "through much tribulation we must enter the kingdom of God." These passages and all similar should not be regarded as giving a gloomy and pessimistic view of life. Rightly understood they mean that trouble and tribulation are natural to man in this world, not to be shunned as a horrid nightmare, but to be viewed as forces and factors most necessary, helpful and beneficial in the discipline of human life.

There are two attitudes towards trouble in life, both of which are to be deprecated. The one is the attitude of the person who magnifies his troubles and expatiates upon his afflictions, and fills the air with complaining and lament. The other is the attitude of the person who stoically affects to despise trouble, and to thoughtlessly, if not heartlessly, make light of the troubles of others. The one looks at the world as a dreary vale of tears. The other regards the world as a place of knocks and blows, in which the fittest survive and the weak go to the wall—a place in which chicken-hearted people have no right to exist. The one is liable to consider suffering a sign of special sanctity, meritorious in itself. The other is liable to consider suffering as a decided unpleasantness to be selfishly fortified against, and, as far as personal inconvenience is concerned, to be reduced to the utmost possible minimum of irritation. The one is liable to miss the divine end of suffering by reason of a morbid, unhealthy love of it. The other is liable to miss the divine end of suffering by reason of a stout-hearted determination to rebel against it and charge God falsely. The true attitude toward affliction is to regard it as part and parcel of the education of life to be accepted, when it comes, not ungraciously and murmuringly, but as a ministering angel to chasten our hearts, to make our lives more divinely beautiful and better qualified to minister to others out of the experience we have gained and out of the fund of tenderness, thoughtfulness and sympathy our afflictions have created within us. We sometimes speak of Jesus having borne the cross for us, as if we were to go scot-free and bear no cross at all in life. It is true that Jesus bore the cross for us and He also bore it to show us how to bear it and He has charged us if we would be His disciples to deny ourselves, take up our cross daily (and bravely) and follow Him—follow Him to Gethsemane and Calvary if needs be. "Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth." What does "chasten" mean? It means to make chaste, to make white and pure. That is the design of tribulation in whatever form it may come to us. The ministry of pain calmly and patiently

endured is to make the soul beautiful, to make the life wealthier with treasures of un fading, imperishable worth. Shrink not from sorrow. As a writer has recently said: "The life that has spurned the lesson of sorrow or failed to read it aright, is cold and hard, but the life that has been disciplined by sorrow is courageous and full of holy and gentle love. Without sorrow life glares. It has no half-tones nor merciful shadows. Disappointment in life is inevitable. Pain is the common lot of humanity. Sharp sorrow, at one time or another, will come to each of us, if indeed it has not already come. But this same sorrow is a gentle teacher, and reveals many things that would otherwise be hard to understand."

Walking along the streets of a large city the writer's attention was attracted to a spacious store window in which many photographs of handsome women were displayed as specimens of beauty. But there was no working woman nor suffering woman's picture among them. They were pictures of women cradled in luxury and shielded from the world's hard toil and suffering. The true beauty type, according to the standard of the Bible, was not to be seen in that window. According to the standard of the Bible the unloving life—the life least like God's—is the useless, inactive, selfish life, the life in which the graving tool of suffering has never been allowed to carve its lines of beauty. The really beautiful hand is the hand that is sacred, stained and cramped with service for others; service rendered at the cost of heartache and soul-travail, it may be. The really beautiful face is the face that has been refined by suffering meekly and courageously borne, where tears have purged the eye from earthly dross, where the light of a chastened soul shines and where the snows of heaven whiten the brow. In the book of the Revelation we have the beatific vision of the triumphant sufferers. "These are they who have come out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." There is the ministry of pain completed. For

"Only those are crowned and sainted  
Who with grief have been acquainted."

It is for each one of us to decide what our attitude to the ministry of pain shall be. If we decide to regard it as a ministering angel from heaven the lines of beauty will be carved upon us. If we decide to regard it as a nuisance then lines hideous and ugly will attest only too plainly our spirit's revolt at the merciful providence of God for our highest well being. If we accept it as a necessary part of the divine education of life then God will be with us "to sanctify to us our deepest distress." For it is the experience of all who accept God's will as the law of life that "in all of their afflictions he is afflicted" and "the angel of his presence" will save them by showing them how to suffer and be strong.—The Standard.

### A Ministry Without Words.

If Christian service were all talking and praying in meetings and visiting the sick, it would be discouraging to some talentless people. But are our tongues the only faculties we can use for Christ? There are ways in which even silent people can do service for God and be a blessing in

the world. A star does not talk, but its calm, steady beam shines down continually out of the sky, and is a benediction to many. A flower cannot sing bird songs, but its sweet beauty and gentle fragrance make a blessing wherever it is seen. Be like a star in your peaceful shining, and many will thank God for your life. Be like a flower in your pure beauty and in the influence of your unselfish spirit, and you may do more to bless the world than many who talk incessantly. The living sacrifice does not always mean active work. It may mean the patient endurance of a wrong, the quiet bearing of a pain, cheerful acquiescence in a disappointment.

"Noble deeds are held in honor;  
But the wide world sadly needs  
Hearts of patience to unravel  
The words of common deeds."

— J. R. Miller, D. D.

### Reverence for the Bible.

BY J. E. BUSHNELL, D.D.

The Bible is one divine-human revelation of the truth which is in Jesus Christ. It is the Scriptural expression of the Word made flesh. In this sense it is inspired of God and is different from all other books. This is true for the whole Bible from Genesis to Revelation. The sixty-six books are one harmonious development of the truth as it is in Jesus Christ.

The testimony of the New is a wonderful confirmation of the Old. Ye search the Scriptures, says Jesus, and these are they which testify of me. This was spoken expressly in behalf of the Old Testament—the law and the prophets. So also the testimony of Paul, when he says to Timothy: "From a babe thou hast known the Holy Scriptures which are able to make thee wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus." The New Testament had not been written when Timothy first learned these Scriptures. We emphasize this statement, because some reject the Old in their enthusiasm for the New Testament.

Reverence for the Holy Scriptures demands, however, a right view of the whole Bible as the one and only rule by which all teachings and teachers should be esteemed and judged. No other writings, no opinions of men, whether spoken in the pulpit or expressed through the current press, should be so substituted and so regarded as to become of equal authority with the Book of all books.

Right views of inspiration strengthen our appreciation of the Holy Scriptures. This is true for both the pulpit and the pen. We must value the Word of God as it is given to us above any opinions of men, because no baptism of the Spirit, no consecration of the life and no devotion to the truth can become a substitute for the inspired Word of God, which in a peculiar sense is profitable for teaching, for instruction in righteousness, as a complete revelation of the truth. This applies, as Paul says to Timothy, to the law and the prophets, no less than to his own writings.

The Bible is the safe-guard of the Church and of the State, even though it is too freely expurgated from our system of secular education. That worthy American statesman was also wise who said that "society can never attain a high degree of intelligence, virtue and security, liberty and happiness without the Holy Scriptures."—Ex.

## Ministers and Churches.

### OUR TORONTO LETTER.

Bloor St. Congregation celebrated the twelfth anniversary of its organization on Sabbath last. The anniversary services were conducted by the Rev. R. E. Knowles of Galt, who, though one of the younger ministers of the Church, has already become known as one of her most fluent speakers. There were large congregations present at both services on Sabbath.

The congregational Social on Wednesday evening, if one might designate the Managers "At Home" by such a homely term, was a most enjoyable affair. Cards of invitation had been issued in the name of the Board of Management to all the members and adherents whose names and addresses could be secured, and there were those on hand who put all at their ease as they came within the door. Such gatherings do much to remove the stigma, too surely attached to our Church, of coldness to the social necessities of the religious life.

Bloor St. has had almost phenomenal growth since its organization a little more than twelve years ago. It has now a membership of nearly 800, accommodated in one of the most substantial church buildings in the city. True there is a deficit of \$17,500 upon it, but that is being paid off at the rate of over \$8,000 a year. The financial strength of the congregation may be estimated from the fact that they have adopted, with the utmost confidence, \$25,000 for their quota to the Century Fund—not a bad sum for a twelve-year-old to assume.

Two other congregations have agreed to raise \$25,000 each. This is a definite pledge for half the entire sum the Presbytery of Toronto has been asked to raise. There are at least half-a-dozen congregations in the city that may be expected to agree to raise the other half, leaving the balance of the congregations of the Presbytery free to tackle an extra \$100,000.

They can do it, and will miss a golden opportunity if they do not attempt it. It will do them good, more good than it will do the Church at large, and this latter is no inconsiderable item.

Knox Church people were delighted to see their pastor ascend the pulpit last Sabbath morning. Two weeks residence at Clifton Springs has wonderfully restored his vigor, and there were few but those who knew him most intimately, who could detect any sign of weariness at the close of the Sabbath morning service. Dr. Parsons will not attempt to preach more than once each Sabbath for some time, but there are many outside the circle of his congregation who will welcome even this return of his former vigor, and rejoice in the prospect of a full recovery.

Two contemporaries, who are usually well-informed, made curious slips in their last issues. One reports that the Rev. Louis H. Jordan has resigned the pastorate of St. James' Square. This, of course, is premature, though it is well known that Mr. Jordan is contemplating that step in the early months of the new year. We are glad to say Mr. Jordan is still the minister of St. James' Square, and that his resignation is one of the probabilities. Another contemporary announces the resignation of Rev. A. L. McFadyen, of Mt. Albert. This must have arisen from the desire to keep up the reputation of the Presbytery for resignations. Mr. McFadyen has not tabled his resignation, and we hope he will not do so for many years. He has done excellent work in a most difficult field, and has succeeded, perhaps better than any previous pastor.

We referred last week to the special meeting appointed by the Toronto Presbytery, for conference and prayer for spiritual quickening. The interest in this meeting was quiet, but deep. At the Monday afternoon meeting there were representatives from all parts of the Presbytery, and the hearts of all were deeply stirred. The interest continued unabated in the evening, when more of the elders were present. What shall come out of it is yet unknown, for the passing of resolutions, and the plans laid by men, are not always the surest indications in spiritual movements. Of one thing we are certain,—that those who were present themselves received blessing. The full results will not be known this side the line.

On Monday morning last, Prof. MacFadyen read a paper before the Presbyterian Ministers' Association on "Amos, his people and his God." The number present, not only from the city, but from outside points, indicated the expectation of the members and it is safe to say that none were disappointed. The chief interest of the paper lay in its suggestiveness, in the fact that it gave a new setting to familiar incidents, starting all who listened, to think in new directions. This power to make men think is a power to be coveted in the Theological Professor. It is possessed in a marked degree by some of the Scottish occupants of College Chairs, and is one of the chief characteristics of the man who has re-

cently come from the Scottish Schools to fill one of the Chairs in Knox College. This power to make one think is even more characteristic of him than is the beautiful form in which he presents his own thought. One is pleased with the latter, but one goes out inspired by the former to do some honest thinking along the lines suggested. And the benefit is much greater than if one had received correct information alone.

The new Sunday school of the Parkdale Presbyterian Church was opened Nov. 19, by Rev. A. S. Giegie, pastor of the church.

The students of Knox College held their 31st public meeting last week, with Mr. Mortimer Clark in the chair, and a large number of students in attendance. A most interesting address was given by Rev. A. F. Grant of Dawson City.

### EASTERN ONTARIO

The Presbyterian Church of Mattawa has extended a call to Rev. J. P. McInnes.

Rev. Murray Watson, of Montreal, preached Nov. 12 in St. Andrew's Church, Pakenham.

Rev. Hugh Cowan, B.A., of Ruthford, has been called to St. Andrew's Church, Shakespeare.

Rev. R. Douglas Fraser, of Toronto, preached in the Presbyterian Church, Cobourg, Nov. 12.

Rev. A. E. Mitchell, of Almonte, preached Nov. 12 in Bank Street Presbyterian Church, Ottawa.

On Nov. 14 Rev. John Chisholm, B.A., was inducted into the pastorate of the congregation at Kemtville.

St. Andrew's Church, Carleton Place, has recently been renovated. A fine pipe organ has been ordered.

Rev. John S. McElrath, of Alderson, occupied the pulpit in the Presbyterian Church, Tatlock, on November 5.

On Nov. 23 Rev. Robert Young was inducted into the pastoral charge of Pakenham and Cedar Hill congregations.

Rev. N. McLeod, of New Edinburgh Presbyterian Church, occupied the pulpit of Knox Church, Ottawa, on Nov. 19.

The Presbyterian Church of Roseneath held its anniversary on Nov. 19 and 20. Rev. A. W. Crawford of Warkworth, preached on Sunday.

Mr. Thurlow Fraser, M. A., theological student of Queen's University, occupied the pulpit of St. John's Church, Almonte, last Sunday.

The Renfrew Presbyterians have decided to raise \$10,000 towards the Century Fund and the whole amount is to be for the common fund.

The Presbyterian congregations of Lyn, Mallorytown and Caintown have called Rev. C. H. Daly, of Oil Springs. The call was unanimous.

The anniversary services of the New Edinburgh Presbyterian Church, Ottawa, were held November 19th. Rev. D. M. Ramsay of Knox Church occupied the pulpit.

The sermons in connection with the opening of the new Presbyterian Church at Hopetown will be preached by Rev. Donald J. McLean, M. A., of Arnprior, on November 26.

On Nov. 24 the anniversary services of Glebe Presbyterian Church, Ottawa, will be held. Rev. Dr. Herridge will preach in the morning and Rev. D. M. Ramsay, B.D., in the evening.

The induction of Rev. Wm. Cooper to the pastorate of St. John's Presbyterian Church, Port Perry, took place on November 7. Rev. Alex. McAulay presided and performed the induction.

On November 19, Mr. James S. Patter, Sailors' Missionary, conducted the service in St. Andrew's Church, Peterborough, in the morning and in St. Paul's in the evening, explaining his work among the sailors.

Owing to sickness and death in his family Rev. J. MacKenzie, of Roxborough, has not been able to occupy his pulpit for two months. At present his co-presbyters are supplying for him. Rev. J. MacLeod, of Vankleek Hill, preached for him November 19.

On Tuesday, Nov. 21, Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's College, arrived home at Kingston after his

long absence. He was met by a large number of prominent citizens and also by over four hundred students, who insisted on pulling the carriage in which Dr. Grant was driving to Queen's College. Arriving at the college the crowd proceeded to Convocation Hall, where the Principal was escorted to the platform and shook hands with a number of the professors. An address of welcome was then read by J. F. Sparks, to which the Principal responded heartily.

### MARITIME PROVINCES.

A new church is to be erected at Beechmount, C.B.

Wolfville, N.S., has guaranteed \$1,000 to the Century Fund.

Elmsdale gives 20 per cent. of its contribution to the Common Fund.

New Annan and Earlton are to be united under an ordained missionary.

Cavendish, P. E. I., has decided to call Rev. Major McIntosh, B.A., of Summerside.

Rev. Laughlin Beaton accepted the call to Cape North, C.B., and was inducted on Nov. 22.

Rev. Messrs. C. Munro and D. Macgregor are sub-agents for the Century Fund in Wallace Presbytery.

Mr. J. H. Hastie, catechist at Westchester and Wentworth, N.S., will continue in his field during the winter.

Rev. F. C. Simpson is to assist Rev. J. F. Forbes of St. Andrew's, Sydney, C.B., and also supply the mission of International P.I.

Mr. A. M. Macleod, catechist for the past three years at Baillie, etc., N.B., was presented with an address and a gold headed cane on the occasion of his return to college last month.

The Presbyterian church, Lot 16, P.E.I., will be re-opened after repairs next Sabbath. Rev. J. R. McKay, of Souris, will preach in the morning, and Rev. W. H. Smith in the afternoon.

The widow of the late Rev. A. W. Macleod, Ph. D., has given \$100 to the Century Fund in memory of her husband. Her example has been followed by Mrs. Henry M. Macleod, of Danstaff, P.E.I.

The Bridgeport, C.B., Auxiliary of the W.F.M.S. held its annual Thankoffering service on Nov. 2. Addresses were delivered by Revs. T. C. Jack and F. C. Simpson, Rev. J. A. McGlashan occupying the chair. The offerings amounted to \$46.00.

Rev. G. E. Ross has arrived at Beter Hope, British Guiana. He was welcomed by his colleague and former fellow student, Mr. Cropper, and also by Rev. Messrs. Ritchie and Millar, of the Church of Scotland, and Mr. Dingwall, the Moravian pastor.

Rev. W. C. Calder has resigned the charge of Loggieville, N.B., and gone to California. The "Weekly World" says: "Rev. W. C. Calder, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Loggieville, preached his farewell sermon last Sunday and left for Vancouver. The returned gentleman very frankly and emphatically gave the people a piece of his mind, saying that they were untruthful and unstable, and he hoped they would repent, treat their next pastor better and seek forgiveness." Such plain talk is more wholesome than the insincere lamentations on both sides in such circumstances sometimes.

### WINNIPEG AND THE WEST.

Rev. Dr. Campbell addressed a meeting in Knox Church, Winnipeg, on Nov. 15 on the Century Fund.

Rev. R. G. Macleth, of Winnipeg, occupied the pulpit of Knox Church, Portage La Prairie, Nov. 12.

Rev. Samuel McLean was inducted to the pastorate of Moosejaw Presbyterian Church on Sunday, Nov. 12.

Rev. Dr. Wright conducted the anniversary services of the Presbyterian Church at Gladstone on Nov. 12.

The Presbyterian Synod of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories was opened Nov. 14 in Knox Church, Winnipeg.

**MONTREAL.**

St. Gabriel Church is preparing for its customary concert on St. Andrew's night.

Mr. J. Porteous Arnold delivered his interesting lecture on "Baroness Nairne" in Westminster Church last Thursday evening.

A parlor concert of a high order was given by Mrs. Mowatt in aid of the Montreal Annex Presbyterian Church, on Wednesday evening of last week.

A series of Gospel meetings, under the auspices of the session, are being held in Erskine Church. Among the speakers are the Rev. Wm. Shearer, of Sherbrooke, the Rev. T. S. McWilliams, and the Rev. Dr. Ross.

A convention of Christians interested in Jewish work is to be held at an early date under the auspices of the Protestant Ministerial Association. Among the speakers will be the Revs S. Osborne Troop, W. T. Graham, J. L. George, and C. B. Ross.

The people of Stanley Street Church had the pleasure of listening on Tuesday evening of last week to an illustrated lecture on the life of the Rev. John Paton, missionary to the New Hebrides. The lecturer was the pastor, who repeated the treat on Thursday evening in the Point St. Charles Congregational Church.

The Rev. E. A. Mackenzie, B. A., B. D., of Chesley, Ontario, who has been called to St. Matthew's Church, was born in 1861. He was educated in the St. Catharines and Goderich Collegiate Institutes, the Ottawa Normal School, McGill University, and the Presbyterian College, Montreal, in all of which institutions he distinguished himself.

At the last meeting of the Protestant Ministerial Association the Rev. J. L. George read an instructive and interesting paper on "St. Andrew's and Oxford," which Dr. MacVicar suggested might be issued in the form of a guide-book. Under Mr. George's guidance the ministers enjoyed a delightful Monday excursion through the great university towns.

The Rev. E. H. Mackenzie was called last Wednesday evening to the pastorate of St. Matthew's Church, Point St. Charles, as Mr. Cruikshank's successor. He is now settled at Chesley, Ont. The congregation of St. Matthew's was brought under Mr. Cruikshank to a flourishing condition. It is large, active, and important. Unlike many large congregations, it is no insecure, but calls for a man of ability and resource and especially of popular qualities and good powers of management. Mr. Mackenzie probably fills the bill. He seems to have all the requirements. He is a good student, a fine speaker, a sharp administrator, an extremely sociable man, and a spiritually minded man. Prohibitionists will be glad to know that in him, should he come, they will have a champion.

The question of the removal of old St. Gabriel Church is again to the fore. Although the building is no longer of any use and occupies valuable ground which is wanted for the extension of the Court House, it is an interesting mark to all, and to Protestants, and Presbyterians especially, a source of pride. Like the great majority of such relics, however, it cannot be allowed to block the wheels of progress, and sooner or later will have to go. Its ruins will be a sad sight to witness, but a tablet affixed to the building which will replace it would be an effective memorial of the first Protestant church in Montreal, which was also Presbyterian. The present St. Gabriel Church and Dr. Campbell's history will also preserve its memory, which the congregation of Knox Church are likewise interested in keeping alive.

Sir William Dawson passed away early on Sunday morning. His health had long been failing, and, owing to his great age the flame of life was burning low. For the last year he had been even frailer than before. His mind, however, was active to the end. He was one of the most eminent Canadians for well nigh half a century. The comprehensive sketches of his life which appear in the daily papers will be read with interest from one end of the land to the other. Not only had he students from all parts of Canada who carried his name and fame away with them, but in the obscure hamlet and farmhouse the press had made him known, and there as elsewhere he was looked upon as a great scientist, a wonderful educational administrator, and a champion of religion.

At the meeting of Presbytery held in Stanley St. Church on Nov. 21, Dr. MacVicar outlined the pro-

ceedings of the Pan-Presbyterian Council held at Washington.

Rev. L. R. Giroux, of Joliette, has been called to the French Presbyterian Church at Ste. Anne's, Kanakake, and has already left for his new field of labor. This is the congregation of which the late Father Chiniqay was for so long pastor.

**WESTERN ONTARIO.**

The annual meeting of the Bible Society was held in St. Andrew's Church, Fergus, on Nov. 8.

Rev. W. R. McIntosh, of Allandale, has received a unanimous call from Knox Presbyterian Church, Elora.

The Young Peoples' Societies of Galt held their Union meeting in Central church on the evening of Nov. 2.

Rev. A. Blair, of Nassagaweya, gave a lecture on "Missions" in the Presbyterial Church, Rockwood, on Nov. 9.

Rev. J. W. Rae, Toronto Junction, gave a lecture on Nov. 17 in Knox Church, Acton, on the subject of "Doors."

Rev. D. D. McDonald, of Lorneville, has accepted the call from the Caledonia congregation, and will be inducted Dec. 14.

Rev. A. J. McGillivray, of London, will conduct the anniversary services at Scaforth Presbyterian Church next Sunday.

Rev. D. R. Drummond, of Knox church, St. Thomas, preached last Sunday evening in St. Andrew's church, Brantford.

The annual meeting of the Murray Mission Band of St. Andrew's Church, London, was held last Wednesday in the North Mission building.

The Hamilton Presbytery has accepted the resignation of Rev. J. R. Ballantyne of Kirkwall and Rev. J. A. L. Robertson of Merriton.

Last Sabbath Rev. D. R. Drummond, of St. Thomas, preached in First Presbyterian Church, Brantford, in the interests of the Century Fund.

The pulpit of Knox church, Galt, was occupied last Sunday by the brother of Rev. R. E. Knowles, Rev. Erskine Knowles, of Louisville, Kentucky.

Rev. Hugh Ross, of Port Robinson, has been given a unanimous call by the congregations of Bin brook, Abingdon and Saltfleet, and has accepted.

On Nov. 19th the pulpit of First Presbyterian Church, London, was occupied by Mr. Wm. Beattie, who will graduate from Knox College next spring.

The anniversary of Knox Church Christian Endeavor Society, Acton, was held Nov. 12, when the Rev. A. J. Mann, Eramosa, addressed the society.

Rev. R. W. Dickie, of Orangeville, gave an instructive and interesting address on Foreign Missions, in the Presbyterial Church, Erin, a short time ago.

Rev. John Cuning, of Walkerton, occupied the pulpit of Knox church, St. Mary's, Nov. 12, as Rev. A. Grant, the pastor, is absent in the interests of the Century Fund.

The pulpit of Mount Pleasant church was occupied last Sunday by Rev. D. B. McDonald, of Toronto; Rev. John Thompson, D.D., of Sarnia, will preach there next Sunday.

On Nov. 7 Rev. Hugh McPherson, of Acton, delivered a splendid address in aid of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, in the Presbyterial Church of Arthur.

An illustrated lecture on the "Transvaal and the Boers," was given by Mr. W. C. Ferguson, on last Friday evening under the auspices of the St. James' Literary Society, London.

The Sunday School anniversary of Knox church, St. Mary's, was held Nov. 19 and 20. The Sabbath services were conducted by W. J. Knox, B.A., of Knox College, Toronto.

The Annual Thankoffering Meeting of the W. F. M.S., of Molesworth, was held on Nov. 15, when a very helpful address was given by Mrs. Watt, of Guelph. The offering amounted to over \$50.00.

Rev. Robert Johnston, D. D., of St. Andrew's Church, London, gave his celebrated lecture, "Scottish Heroes in Church and State," in the Glenoe Presbyterian Church, Thursday evening, November 29th.

Rev. Walter Moffatt of Chalmers' Church, London, made reference last Sabbath to the death of the youngest son of Mr. S. W. Milliken, representa-

tive elder, whose whole family were nearly asphyxiated last week.

The opening services in connection with the new Presbyterian church at Belgrave, took place on Sunday, Nov. 16th. Rev. W. J. Clark, of London, preached at 11 a.m. and 7 p.m., and Rev. Richard Hobbs, of Wingham, preached at 2:30 p.m.

St. Paul's Presbyterian church, Hamilton, which has been undergoing extensive repairs, was formally re-opened last Sabbath. On that day the new electric lights were first used. Rev. Dr. Thompson, of Sarnia, and Rev. Dr. Warden, of Toronto, occupied the pulpit.

In London the event of the week was the formal opening of Victoria Hospital. Prominent ministers took part in the proceedings, among whom Presbyterians were well represented. The hospital is built on the cottage or pavilion plan, the advantages of which are readily apparent. It is the largest and best equipped hospital in Canada outside of Montreal.

Rev. Dr. George Booth, a Scottish minister, for some time pastor of a prominent Presbyterian Church in Indianapolis, and more recently, on account of ill-health, in charge of a small congregation near Erie, Pa., has now, with renewed health and strength, decided to make Canada his future home. Dr. Booth has already preached with much acceptance, in several Canadian pulpits. His address for the present is 683 York Street, Hamilton, Ont.

At their last meeting the Stratford Presbytery appointed the following standing committee: Aged and Infirm Ministers, Rev. R. F. Cameron; Church Life and Work, Rev. J. W. Cameron; Home Missions, Rev. Robert Hamilton, D.D.; Widows and Orphans' Fund, Rev. Jas. Dickson; Sabbath Schools, Rev. J. H. Graham; Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor, Rev. T. A. Cosgrove; Augmentation, Rev. Alex. Grant; Foreign Missions, Rev. M. S. Leitch; Statistics, the Clerk,

**Young People's Societies.**

The Committee on Young People's Societies decided to recommend the adoption for 1901, of the Prayer-meeting Topics, suggested by the United Society of Christian Endeavor, with such modifications as would be necessary in order to introduce twelve special subjects of our own choosing during the year. The following series is suggested, one for the third week in each month, outlining a study of the Scriptures, the Book of Praise and some Mission Fields of the church:

- January 21—Century Fund Evening.
- February 18 Korea—Our latest Foreign Mission Field.
- March 18—How the Old Testament grew.
- April 15—How the New Testament grew.
- May 20—Work and Workers in the Yukon and Northern Gold Fields.
- June 17—How we got our English Bible.
- July 17—The Presbyterial Church throughout the World.
- August 19—The Place of Song in Christian Worship. (The History of Sacred Song from Apostolic Days until the Present, suggested as a Study.)
- September 16 Our Work among the Indians in N. W. Territories and British Columbia.
- October 21—The Book of Praise—The Psalter. ("The Psalms in History"—suggested as a Study.)
- November 18—Our Honan Mission.
- December 16—The Book of Praise—Hymns 1-34.

Topic cards may be obtained from Rev. R. Douglas Fraser, M.A., Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

At the last meeting of the Synod of Toronto and Kingston, that Govt. was requested by the Toronto Local Union to consider the propriety of holding a Convention in which would be represented all the Young People's Societies within the bounds of the Synod. The matter was remitted to the Committee on Young People's Societies. As Convener of that Committee, I take the liberty of soliciting opinions from the young people themselves as to whether they desire a Convention, and what special object should be aimed at. A post card from each will be sufficient. I trust that a great many will respond. Address, W. S. MacTavish, Deseronto.



# The Inglenook

## A Furrin Letter.

Abel Fidler stood at his cottage door, and looked out over the fields that lay beneath the sunshine of a still September morning. He had watched the figure of his wife—a little shrunken figure—carrying a bundle of needlework into the neighbouring town, until the haze, that had not quite lifted, took her out of sight.

As his eyes rested on the spot where he had last seen her, another figure appeared in her place, loomed indistinctly, and assumed finally the shape of the postman coming on his rounds through the village.

His arrival awoke no expectation in Abel. He had never received a letter in his life, and his mind being quite unpreoccupied, he watched the postman in the same leisurely way in which he would have watched the movement of a dog or sheep.

Even when the man turned from the road and came up the narrow path across the fields, where the Fidders and their neighbor old Daniel Cook rented two cottages, Abel concluded that he was thirsty, or had a bit of news to impart.

And the postman on reaching Fidler's door held out a letter with as little show of surprise as if he stopped there every morning.

"Mrs. Fidler."

Abel took a step back, and cast a look of suspicion on the envelope.

"Missus ain't in," he answered, and clasped his hands behind him conclusively.

"Well, I suppose you can take it for her," went on the postman.

"What is in it?" asked Abel temporising.

"A letter, man, for sure."

"Who writ it?"

"You'd best look inside if you want to know."

And the postman laughed, as he watched the growing seriousness on Abel's face.

"Where be it come from?" pursued Abel distrustfully.

"'Tis a furrin letter. Look at the stamp."

Abel waved the envelope aside.

"It'll not be for us. We don't know no furriners, thank God!"

"Bless the man! Look at the address, I tell you, and you'll see it's addressed to your wife, Mrs. Fidler, Brown's Cottages, Winterbourne. Ain't these Brown's cottages?"

"They be Brown's cottages, but there'll be a mistake somewehers. It'll not be safe to take in any furrin letter here, and what's more, I'll ha' nothin' to do wi' it," said Abel firmly, looking back at the door as if he wished to put a barrier between himself and the dangerous communication. "Being as I can't neither read nor write," he added triumphantly, "where's the good o' a letter, eh?"

"The letter is for your wife," answered the postman, who was beginning to grow tired of Abel's objections.

At this reminder Abel's face fell. There was his wife to be reckoned with, and remembering a certain tenacity of purpose that she was apt to show on occasions, he did not feel sure of being able to convince her at once of the folly of paying attention to a letter from an unknown quarter.

"She's not bound to take it," he remarked anxiously.

"She may take it or leave it, 'tis the same to me," answered the postman. "But I must leave it here as she's from home. So you had best keep it for her."

"Not me," said Abel decidedly. "I'll have no hand in th' matter. You may stand it up 'gainst the chancy dawg on the chimbley-piece, and she may

mak' up her mind what she'll do when she comes home. I'll warn her to the best o' my powers."

So the letter was placed on the high mantelpiece, and the postman was soon out of sight again, leaving Abel with his eyes fixed on the blue stamp.

After a few minutes he took up his hat and stick and went round to the door of the adjoining cottage, tapped at it, and went in. The sole occupant was old Daniel Cook, who lived in comparative comfort on the loss of an arm. Up to the time of losing his limb through an accident he was content to live from hand to mouth, only doing so much work as served to keep him from absolute starvation. But now an allowance from the parish and the charity of neighbours were sufficient for his daily needs; and Abel's wife—who thought a man more or less incapable even with a fair allowance of limbs—cleaned out his cottage and died his Sunday keep for him with a quiet acceptance of his helpless condition.

The two old men sat together for nearly an hour without speaking. Such silence was not uncommon with them. The facts of their lives were so evident that they needed no comment, and having no ideas to exchange, speech was unnecessary. At last Abel withdrew his pipe and said briefly:

"Suthin's happen'd!"

"Eh?" asked Daniel indifferently.

"Suthin's happen'd this mornin'!"

"Oh!" returned Daniel, his curiosity still unstimulated.

"There's a letter come," continued Abel.

"Someone's dead, I s'pose," said Daniel conclusively.

"Maybe was not that," said Abel.

To this answer Daniel gave a grunt and waited for further communication.

"'Tis a furrin letter," said Abel at last, with a deep sigh.

"That be bad," remarked Daniel. "Furriners hasn't never brought us no good at all."

"That's jus' what I sez to the postman," cried Abel triumphantly.

He still felt sore at the want of sympathy with his misfortune that the official had shown.

"It's in there on the chimbley-piece agin the chancy dawg," he added; "and it kinder turns me to think what may be inside of it."

"I never seed a letter from furrin parts myself," said Abel after a pause. "Other kinds is had enough. My neighbour afore I come here, she ad 'em from her daughter that went to service, and you never heard such a to-do when they come. Such cryin' and sobbin' and laughin' goin' on all at once. Be the news good or bad, it allus took 'em jus' the same, and you'd no need to ask if she'd had a letter; if the old woman was cryin' all day, sure there was one come. Tormentin' nonsense I call 'em."

The prospect of his wife being plunged into a like distress disturbed Abel still more.

"'Tis a terrible misfortune," he said, sighing heavily. "And I'm took all of a suddint' wi' it. That's the worst of misfortunes; you never have enough to git real used to 'em. They come mostly when you're settled down to suthin' else."

"I know'd a man onst as took to writin' to his sweetheart when she were in service, and it led to terrible quarrellin'," remarked Daniel gloomily.

"And I know'd a man as couldn't read nor write but darsent tell his sweetheart so. And when she was gone away, she wrote wonderful letters to him made up out of her own head. An' she was that wild when he never wrote back. She wrote at last an' said she wouldn't have nothin' to do wi' un—didn't fret un, as he know'd nuthin' of her feelin's

that way. He was allus a bit close, and he wouldn't let nobody read his letters for un. Well, one day when he had saved up eno' to come home, he goes off and sends one o' them tell-things. Pink things in yaller covers, as allus comes out in an unleeknowst hand, write 'em who will."

"Aye. For sure. They sends 'em when all your frens has died."

"'Tis the same," said Daniel, nodding his head. "Well, 'twas the fust o' its kind as come to our village," he continued, "and the k; i was mad wi' fright and pride. And it got known that she'd had one o' them newfangled things and a shillin' to pay, and I can assure you she thought more o' the man sending her this than she thought of all the other men as come courtin' her when she was feelin' neglected. She threw over the squire's gardener, and she sez as her old luv was tuggin' at her heart, but it warn't luv at all: if were that yaller thing tuggin' at her pride."

The two men sat silent again. Abel made no move to go into his cottage and get his bit of dinner. He felt happier when the foreign letter with its blue stamp was not immediately before him.

Daniel's remarks had not raised his spirits, and his remarks had writh with his neighbours always, partly because during the hours of leisure he enjoyed he gave out that he did "a deal o' thinkin'."

"Happen you never wrote a letter yersen," he asked presently.

"Noa, noa, never!" answered Abel emphatically. "I kep' out o' that," he added, with the pride of a man who has escaped some grievous snare.

"Well, I'll jus' tell you one thing," said Daniel, "as 'all show you that this same letter-writin' ain't no straightforward bit o' business as it seems to be. I was minded to try and write a letter when I was a young fool a-courtin'." You mayn't believe it, but, being fond and foolish like, I had the biggest thaws inside o' me as you ever heard tell on. I declare they was as foine as parson's sermons when we can't understand 'em, and as grand as that electioneerin' chap's talk as come an' told us to stick up to our own rights, and never mind the Queen nor the 'Uses of Parlymint nor nuthin'!

Such thaws I had! I could ha' burst wi' 'em. And thinkin' how pleased they made me feel, I thawt as I'd write a letter to my sweetheart and put all my ideas into it. Bless you, Abel Fidler! You won't believe that when I had bought the pen and the ink and the paper, and had wrote down 'Dear 'Liza, that not another word 'ud come. There was all the thaws jus' the same, but I couldn't get 'em out and meet her on the paper, try as I might. The sweat was runnin' off of my forehead wi' tryin'. I thawt as it were the fault of the pens, and I got dozens o' 'em to no purpose. I wasted a deal o' good paper, and arter all was said and done I got no further than 'I du luv you,' which, as you know, is a mighty simple thing and one which any poor fool wi'out any ideas could ha' wrote. I never tried no more arter that; it sorter disheartened me."

There be my missus comin' back across the fields," cried Abel, drawing himself together as if to go and meet her; but he did not move from his seat until she was close to her door. Then he got up slowly and deliberately, and put up his hand to warn her from entering.

"Don't 'ee go in. Missus, till yer know what ye've got to meet," he said in a voice of solemn warning.

"Why, Abel, what d'ye mean?" asked the old woman. "I want my tea, an'—"

"There's summat inside there," he continued, shaking his head gloomily. "But if you'll be sensible and tak' my advice, and Dan'el's too—Dan'el thinks as I do—"

"What d'ye mean, Abel? You make me all of a tremble," cried Mrs. Fidler, dropping her bundle. "Is anythin' wrong wi' Jane and her twins, or Bob, or Sairey, as looked so pale o' Sunday, or—"

"Nuthin' exactly wrong," said Abel cautiously. "An' what's in there, as I mayn't go in and see?" she pursued pointing to the door.

"Well, there's—there's a letter," said Abel, driven to say something definite.



"A letter?" interrogated his wife, surprise taking the place of the fear in her eyes.

"Yes, an' a furrin letter too. And I sez to the postman as we'd not tak' it in, seeing as we know'd no one in furrin—"

"A letter from furrin parts!" cried the old woman trembling with excitement. "Furrin parts, you sez! Giv' it to me, Abel. Why, it will be from our Johnny, bless un! Our Johnny as went away thirty years ago. Our Johnny was born to go rambling. He'd never lide quiet like the rest of the family. Gi' me th' letter, Abel. This is what I ha' waited for these thirty year. An' now you may be sure he's in furrin parts, and doin' well hisself, and has a wife and childer, and his heart turns to his poor old mother, same as the heart of ev'ry man turns when things is extry good or extry bad! An' he wants me to know as how he's doin' well an' all. My Johnny, my son Johnny! Ha! you forgotten un, Abel!"

"I han't exactly forgotten," said Abel slowly. "But he's kinder gone out o' my mind, though not seein' un for so long. An' I never know'd as he had gone so far, neither."

With the help of Daniel the letter was read. And was it not all as Johnny's mother had said? Johnny was doing well. He had a wife and children, and the thought of his mother came to him in his prosperity.

"But I don't see the use o' letter-writing even now," said Daniel in confidence to Abel. "Your missus know'd all what was in that letter before ever she opened it. 'Tis wonderful what women gets to know w'out any means o' knowin' seemingly."

LUCY MAYNARD in *London Outlook*.

For Dominion Presbyterian.

### An Old-Fashioned Book.

BY M.

What a delightful book "Cranford" is! All the characters are our friends and we know their ways, we understand their feelings, as we never can those of the characters of modern fiction. Fiction? "Cranford" is not fiction; it is history—a chronicle of the happenings in Cranford. It is essentially the book of all old maids.

"In the first place, Cranford is in possession of the Amazons." I have never been able to make up my mind as to the reason of this. Whether the atmosphere of the place is not conducive to the comfort of mankind, whether there happened once on a time something which removed all the male portion of society, whether a spell was cast over the village which prevented their return—we can not tell. We only know that "if a married couple come to settle in the town, somehow the gentleman disappears; he is either fairly frightened to death by being the only man in the Cranford evening parties, or he is accounted for by being with his regiment, his ship, or closely engaged in business all the week in the great neighboring commercial town of Drumble, distant only twenty miles on a railroad." In short, whatever does become of the gentlemen, they are not at Cranford, and the writer asks naively, "What could they do if they were there?" No, the ladies of Cranford were quite sufficient unto themselves. They lived their quiet, uneventful lives undisturbed by the intrusion of man, and their life was an idyllic one in some respects. They needed no great events to interest them; they were as much excited over a neighbor's new gown as people of the world would be over the fall of a government.

The Cranford ladies were very indifferent to dress, or, rather, to fashion in dress. As they said, "What does it signify how we dress here at Cranford, where everybody knows us?" And when they went away they said, "What does it signify how we dress here where nobody knows us?" A very philosophical way of looking at the matter, especially in consideration of the fact that most of the ladies of Cranford were poor and were therefore unable to keep up with the fashions. It was, however, a point of honor among them never to allude to their poverty and gracefully to cover all their little economies. This was not in order to deceive,

for "this general but unacknowledged poverty" was quite well understood. They spoke of practicing "elegant economy" and "it was considered 'vulgar' to give anything expensive, in the way of eatables or drinkables, at the evening entertainments."

It is very amusing when Captain Brown comes to live at Cranford, and it is known that he actually spoke openly of being poor. "He must be sent to Coventry. Death was as true and as common as poverty; yet people never spoke about that, loud out in the streets. We had tacitly agreed to ignore that anyone with whom we associated on terms of visiting equality could ever be prevented by poverty from doing anything that they wished. If we walked to or from a party it was because the night was so fine or the air so refreshing, not because Sedan chairs were expensive." It is all so quaint, so fragrant with an old-time perfume that we feel we are living in a different world—a world where the little things make up life, where an uneventful existence is not monotonous.

We are glad when we find that Captain Brown is forgiven, because his good qualities counteract his lack of delicacy; and now the ladies are wondering what they should "do with Captain Brown at their parties." They had "almost persuaded the ladies that to be a man was to be 'vulgar,' but having taken the gallant captain into their hearts they can't leave him out of their greatest dissipation. These tea-parties were an institution. Cards and very light refreshments—that was the regular programme, and the party began at four and was over by nine. It is a great relief when we learn that the introduction of a man into the maidenly gatherings does not disturb proceedings, but just makes them a little brighter than usual.

Miss Mattie's undeveloped love story—who has not felt the pathos of it? And who does not love her and the rest of the good ladies of Cranford with all their little weaknesses, and feel that it is a privilege to have met them. Often, I think, the friends we make through books are nearer to us than those of flesh and blood. They never disappoint, we can always turn to them and find them the same steadfast souls we knew at first, not growing old, not world-worn. Oh, yes, our book friends are very dear to all of us.

### A Sudden Introduction.

The people of Philadelphia tell funny stories of the blizzard of last winter, one of which relates to a certain Mr. K. and his next-door neighbor. The houses were exact alike, having sky-lights over the dining room, and the mass of snow was not only an inconvenience in darkening the room, but was a menace as well. Armed with a shovel, Mr. K. climbed to his roof and removed the snow off his own sky-light, when a kindly thought struck him. The widow was a worthy Mrs. M., whom he had never met, but whom his wife knew. He would remove the snow from her roof also. Crossing over the dividing line, he began his work, when crash went the sky-light, and down went Mr. K. The next-door neighbor was just at dinner when the gentlemen unceremoniously seated himself, shovel in hand, on her table, amid the remains of china and food. Disconcerted for a moment, Mrs. M. quickly regained her composure, and exclaimed politely: "Oh, Mr. K., I am very glad you have called, I've so often heard your wife speak of you."

### Mrs. Chippywee's Housekeeping.

"Mother," called Louise from the nursery, "do you think I might take Belinda out on the lawn? It is so warm to-day I'm sure we won't take cold." Mother thought a minute. It was a bright, warm day. There would be little risk in sitting outdoors, and the warm spring air was fresh and sweet.

"Yes, little daughter," she answered, "Mother will carry your chair. You may bring doll Belinda, and sit in the sunshine."

Up in the apple-tree Mrs. Chippywee was beginning her preparation for housekeeping.

"Chippywee," she called to her little companion, "let's gather some twigs and straws from the lawn. But, O dear! what's that? A little girl coming right near our tree! Twitter, twitter, twit! All our chance for work gone!" And Mrs. Chippywee looked very desolate.

"Louise," said mother, softly, "I see two bright-eyed birdies above your head. Keep still, and watch. Perhaps they intend to begin housekeeping."

Mother went back into the house; and Louise and Belinda kept so still that presently Mr. Chippywee ventured out on the lawn—a long way off at first; but, gaining courage, he came nearer, until he picked up one straw close to the little brown shoes.

All the afternoon Louise watched the birdies working, until mother came out to say that father was waiting to take his little girl out for a walk.

"O Belinda," cried Louise, delightedly, "Keep still, my dear, till I tie your sash. O me! O my! I can't wait to fix you any finer. We're going for a walk with daddy!" And off flew the happy child and smiling doll.

"Such a dear little girl!" twittered Mrs. Chippywee. "She never hindered us at all."

"Sweet, sweet!" assented Mrs. Chippywee, gratefully. Just then Mrs. Chippywee gave a long "Tweet!" of astonishment.

"What can it be?" she cried, "on the lawn? Look, dear, look!"

Mr. Chippywee flew down to investigate. Back he came in a minute to perch on a branch, swing back and forth, and singing.

"It is red," he sang. "Bright, beautiful red, like the strawberries. The little girl has left it. She has given it to us. O, what a nest! Sweet, sweet; twitter, twee!"

Down flew Mrs. Chippywee in a great hurry. "It is made of straw," she cried. "We will line it with wool from Mother Sheep. We will make a soft warm bed for two blue eggs. O, sweet, sweet, sweet! Hurry, hurry!" she called. "I cannot lift it alone." Two little birds, glad and grateful as birds could be, lifted from the lawn something made of straw, and trimmed with pretty red ribbons. It was quickly fastened to the branch with bits of string, and wound round and round with plant twigs and straws.

"Chippy, chippy, chee!"  
The prettiest nest I ever did see!"

sang Mrs. Chippywee; while Mr. Chippywee joined in a hearty chorus. "O, sweet, sweet, sweet!" The gate swung open for Louise, father and Belinda.

"Dear daddy," said Louise; "do come with me to find Doll Belinda's bonnet."

Over the lawn they came, searching and looking; but nothing could be found of the missing bonnet.

"Little girl," cried the birdies,  
"Do look here in the tree:  
The prettiest nest you ever did see!  
Thanks, thanks for the straw and the ribbons of red,  
That made the dear nest that hangs overhead!  
Chippy, chippy, chee!"

"What are the birds making such a racket about?" laughed papa.

Louise looked up in the tree, then stopped a minute in astonishment. "Why, daddy!" she cried. "Look at the ribbons! Why, they have certainly flown off with Doll Belinda's bonnet, and turned it into a bird's nest."

"Would Belinda like me to climb the tree and get her bonnet?" Papa asked it quite soberly, though his eyes twinkled. Louise laid her ear close to Belinda's cheek, so that she might catch the faintest whisper that should indicate Belinda's wishes in the matter.

"Belinda says," she reported triumphantly, "that she would rather wear her sunbonnet the rest of the summer than have the dear birdies' nest taken away from them. Belinda thinks, daddy,—and Louise nestled close to papa—"that it will be such fun to watch the nest. It's really half ours, you know, for we helped build it."—*Christian Register*.

The faithful doing of little things is the best preparation for the successful doing of great things.

## World of Missions.

### Missionary Life in Liberia.

When reading the Gospel in All Lands we notice that missionaries in various parts of the world tell of their life, work, disadvantages, etc., but seldom anyone writes anything concerning Africa. The reason of this lack in putting the African work to the front as other fields by the missionaries themselves has occurred to me more than once. Since the work is further behind in material results than other fields, one would judge that every effort should be made to stimulate both the work and interest therein.

We are almost in the center of the torrid zone. The same tropical diseases, modified, are encountered here as in other tropical fields. Possibly our field may be more trying than others. It has been called the grave of the white man, but many a black man sleeps by his side. As far as information and experience can be relied upon but few physical conditions of people living in temperate climates can be taken as indicative of a missionary's health in this section of Africa. It may be said to be the outcome of preparation and precaution, but not always are the stout and robust the surest to withstand African fevers, nor are the weakest or frail the surest to succumb. The contrast, as far as sickness is concerned, was observed in the land that came out recently.

The things that should be resolved upon before leaving home in America are: a determination to work, contentment with surroundings, God's approval, and be prepared to look stern life in the face as grim death when the curtain of eternity falls over human existence.

The most scrupulous precaution and prudence do not warrant freedom from fever, boils, or ulcers, save in angel-visit cases. And when it is observed that for Africa fevers here to reach 105 degrees is not phenomenal, we think we deserve the heartiest sympathy of everyone interested in foreign missions. To live and accomplish any good is not the white nor the black man's burden or responsibility, but the man's—the Christian's.

Missionary work here is not picking flowers along a path of roses, but rather in comparison with which, Bunyan's pilgrim's was an asphalted king's highway. With few exceptions the fever calls on newcomers at from fourteen to twenty-one days. Each visit leaves the victim more debilitated, and renders the system less able to ward off subsequent attacks. It is not reasonable to suppose that anyone ever becomes thoroughly acclimated. Even the natives are subject to fever, and it has been said that domestic animals brought here from temperate climates die from this almost pestilential fever.

Africa does not present the inspiring natural grandeur as do the Western States of America, nor does it bring one in that close touch with nature and the history of ancient peoples as do the landscapes and antiquity of Europe. Its atmosphere is not pregnant with inspiration, nor does aspiration abound under such climatic conditions, save a consciousness that self is endeavoring to do its duty, and in its sphere promote the cause of humanity and missions. The debilitating effects of the climate render mental development arduous.

Being shut off practically from modern civilization and society, encircled with heathen tribes, and being brought into direct contact with a level of ethics and morals not altogether wholesome for Christian ambition, it is difficult to keep the head above the waves and make that advancement necessary to have an elevating effect on the stagnant or retrograding elements of civilized heathenism.

In addition to the above difficulties and embarrassing conditions, the necessary comforts of life for those coming from temperate or tropical climates are not to be had at all times unless imported.

We found it exceedingly difficult to get the information necessary for preparation before leaving home. Quinine, one of the essential medicines, is scarcely to be had—almost impossible.

But in the midst of circumstances heretofore unexperienced, as far as information comes from all of

the little band recently sent out, each one is endeavoring to prosecute the work of his hands, and by strict attention to work, the cultivation of native friendship, good will and co-operation, circumstantial adaptation, we feel confident of success to a measure commensurate to the time and energy spent, if nothing more than atoms for good be set in motion, and hope to achieve the glorious result for which we labor, or let our having lived be an inspiration to future workers, as was the oriental sight to the Lacedaemonians. Gospel in All Lands. Monrovia, Liberia.

### A Worker's Prayer.

Lord, speak to me, that I may speak  
In living echoes of Thy tone;  
As thou has sought so let me seek  
The erring children, lost and lone.

O lead me, Lord, that I may lead  
The wand'ring and the way'ring feet;  
O feed me, Lord, that I may feed  
Thy hung'ring ones with manna sweet.

O strengthen me, that while I stand  
Firm on the rock, and strong in Thee,  
I may stretch out a loving hand  
To wrestlers with the troubled sea.

O teach me, Lord, that I may teach  
The precious things Thou dost impart;  
And wing my words, that they may reach  
The hidden death of many a heart.

O give Thine own sweet rest to me,  
That I may speak with soothing power  
A word in season, as from Thee,  
To weary ones in needful hour.

O fill me with Thy fullness, Lord,  
Until my very heart o'erflow  
In kindling thought and glowing word  
Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.

O use me, Lord—use even me,  
Just as Thou wilt, and when and where,  
Until Thy blessed face I see,  
Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glory share,  
FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL.

Eternal Lord, from land to land  
Shall echo Thine all-glorious Name,  
Till kingdoms bow at Thy command  
And every lip Thy praise proclaim.

### Missionary Notes.

The Christian Endeavor Home for Seamen at Nagasaki, Japan, is much appreciated by the U. S. soldiers returning from the Philippines. In three days and a half fifteen hundred of them took meals there.

As Dr. Goodell was passing through a city in Turkey, he handed to a boy a copy of his translation of "Dairymen's Daughter." Some years afterward a priest spent a night at Dr. Goodell's house, and it was found that that tract had been the means of the conversion of that priest and another one. They had brought others to the light, and were then in Constantinople to seek more help for their people.

The Swedish Missionary Association, a union of the free churches in Sweden, had an income in 1898 of £13,540, of which £9,000 was spent on foreign missions. It carries on mission work on the Congo, in Africa, in the eastern part of China, in Russia, among the Jews in Algeria, among the sailors in London, and in the north of Sweden among the Lapps. On the Congo are 5 stations and 42 out stations, with 24 European workers and 56 native evangelists. There are 908 church members, and 270 were baptized during 1893. Extensive educational work is carried on in 51 schools with 1,579 scholars.

Dr. Horace N. Allen, United States Minister to Korea, writes: "Missionary enterprise in Korea is having extraordinary success at the present time. The Presbyterians, who operate in the north, have about 7,000 converts; the Methodists in the middle, 5,000, and the Australian and Canadian Presbyterian missionaries are having great results. The whole country seems to be turning to Christianity. The

Church of England is doing a good work, and their hospital in Seoul is in the hands of a sisterhood. The French Catholics, who have been operating in Korea for two hundred years, have 40,000 converts. The priests are of a very high class and have done good in raising and instructing the people. There is a kindly fellowship among all the missionaries. I believe that the reason the missionaries have made such great progress is to be found in the disintegration of the ancient faiths formerly dominant in Korea. The people have practically given up Buddhism and Confucianism, and they gladly turn to Christianity, because it comes to them with a new hope at a time when they can see no hope elsewhere."

## KIDNEY DISEASE.

### THE RESULTS OFTEN A LIFE OF PAIN AND MISERY.

Mr. David Crowell, of Horton, N.S., Was An Intense Sufferer and Almost Despaired of Finding a Cure—Tells the Story of His Release

The Acadie, Wolfville, N.S.

Recently a reporter of the Acadie was told another of those triumphs of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which are becoming very common in this vicinity. The fortunate individual is Dr. David Crowell, a highly respected resident of Hortonville.

Below is his experience, in substance, as he gave it to us:—"About two years ago, for the first time in my life, I began to realize fully what ill health meant. The first symptom was a feeling of overpowering drowsiness which crept over me at times. Often I would be at work in the field when the drowsiness would seize me and I would find that it required the exercise of all my will power to keep awake. In a short time I was attacked by sharp piercing pains, which shot through the lower part of my back. At first this did not trouble me very much during the day, but at night the pain became almost unendurable and often I would not close my eyes throughout the whole night. Gradually a nausea and loathing for food developed. Sometimes I would sit down to a meal with a keen appetite, but after a mouthful or so had passed my lips, sickness and vomiting would follow. I became greatly reduced in flesh and in a short time was but a wreck of my former self. The doctor said the trouble was disease of the kidneys, but his treatment did not help me. My mother, who was something of a nurse, urged me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and at last to satisfy her more than from hopes of being cured, I took up their use. After taking one box I seemed better and I resolved to try another. Before the second box was used my condition was improved beyond gainsay and I felt sure the pills were responsible for it. I took two more boxes and before they were all used the pain in my back had wholly disappeared, my appetite had returned and I felt like a new man. For the sum of two dollars I cured myself of a painful disease. There cannot be the least doubt but that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills was the sole cause of my recovery, and I consider them the best medicine in existence."

Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid at 50c. a box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Refuse all substitutes.

We think of Jerusalem as being a Mohammedan city, and yet, though the Mohammedans are in authority, they are numerically in the minority. Out of the 60,000 population, 48,000 are Jews, 9,000 are Christians, and 8,000 are Mohammedans. These have as their quarters that portion of the city which includes the old Temple grounds. It may be that their rule here will be broken, and their dominion in the Holy Land be made to cease.

## Health and Home.

### The Secret of Good Housekeeping.

I do not propose to settle all problems of domestic science nor launch a new theory whereby the housekeeper and home maker shall be excused from thought and work; on the contrary, the secret I am about to divulge means just that—thought and work.

Housekeeping, robbed of its drudgery, like all other work must be well done. Therein lies the keynote, the hidden spring that sets the whole to music. And it is the woman who is satisfied only with highest perfection in her work that "drops the drudge and becomes the artist." This is a truism long ago uttered and oft repeated. The question is not the KIND of work, but HOW it is performed; for there is no dignity in slighted work, however humble the calling.

As one has fittingly said, there is no luck in house-keeping. There must be a place for everything and everything in its place, a time for everything and everything in its time, and PATIENCE must be written in shining letters upon the wall. Then is reward sure. Every housekeeper must work out her own salvation, but unless one's best effort is made the highest degree of satisfaction cannot be reached.

It is quite essential that the housekeeper should know "how." If she is able to keep servants and bear their responsibility, it is well to understand and remember that "girls" are quick to see and note the ignorance or incapacity of the mistress. Insisting on doing well what is done, working in an orderly home increases the respect of maid for mistress, and teaches true dignity of labor. Hence, the work of the housekeeper becomes twofold—for this same serving maid may some day establish a home, and the instructed given and good lessons learned be of much value. Besides, the influence! Who can tell how far-reaching or where it will end?

There may be genuine and pardonable pride in dusting a room or broiling a steak to a nicety, for housekeeping is an accomplishment whatever may be said or thought to the contrary. A well ordered home, where sweetest relations in life rest on firm foundations, and where purest sentiments thrive, is worth striving for.

If girls were taught this along with other branches, and made to understand the beauty of work well done, there would be fewer complaining husbands and unhappy wives.

Grace and ease may be admired in society, wit and school accomplishments of music and painting but these will not atone for the train of evils that result from bad housekeeping. On the other hand the careful home-maker adds lustre thereby to intellectual brilliancy.

Do not be guided by the opinion of the butterflies of the period. Housekeeping is an accomplishment, says a wise writer, in comparison to which, in its bearing on woman's relation to real life and to the family, all others are trivial. But eternal vigilance is the price, and to win success it must be studied and practised from this standpoint.—Christian Work.

Apple Custard Pie.—One quart of strained tart applesauce, one-half cupful of butter, four eggs, one cupful of sugar and a dash of cayenne. Line a deep pie plate with good crust. Beat the eggs, mix with the sauce, melt and stir in the butter, then add the cayenne and sugar. Fill the pie plate and bake in a moderate oven. If you wish, you may reserve the whites of two of the eggs for a meringue.

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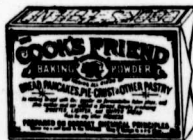
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