

# Dominion Presbyterian

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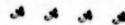
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## British and Foreign.

A Christian Endeavor Society in Pretoria has 161 members.

A bazaar in connection with the First Bangor Church realised £1, 7s.

It is said that the Queen is the one monarch of whom Kaiser William stands in awe.

No person in Norway may spend more than 6 cents at one visit to a drinking place.

The late Mr. William Cambridge, of Holywood, has bequeathed £ 0 to the Orphan Society.

Blantyre, which gave us David Livingstone, is sending other fifty of her sons to "Darkest Africa."

A postman who has just retired at Alyth, in Scotland, after thirty-seven years' service, is said to have walked in that period 242, 000 miles.

Mr. James Glencairn Thomson, Crossmyloof, the only surviving grandson of the poet Robert Burns, was the other day presented with £175.

The young lion which Mr. Rhodes presented to President Kruger, and which was rejected, will arrive at the Zoological Gardens in London.

A law recently passed in Norway makes a girl ineligible for matrimony unless she can show certificates of skill in cooking, knitting, and spinning.

"Wash and pray" is a Mexican boy's version of a familiar text. He is an Endeavourer, and has to wash dishes in the school in which he is being trained.

Dr. Robert Laws, who has completed twenty-five years' work in connection with the Livingstonia Mission in Africa, is at present on furlough and is residing in Edinburgh.

It is announced that the Baird trustees are to give the sum of £1,500 towards the restoration of Brechin Cathedral, and if the proposed new aisle is built, they will give an additional £900.

On a recent Sunday evening Mr. Macgregor's pulpit at Notting Hill was occupied by Signor Giuseppe Silva, one of the ablest and most popular preachers of the Waldensian Church.

Dr. Leyds, the Transvaal Envoy to Europe, is a man of refined tastes. He is well versed in art and literature, but music is his special delight. As an amateur violinist he is above the average.

Dr. J. Mitchell, of South Church, Leith, has been granted six months' leave of absence, during which he intends to organise a winter chaplaincy in Cairo under the Colonial Committee, and also to visit the Holy Land.

A wedding in the tower of London is a rare event. The daughter of Sir Hugh Gough, V.C., Keeper of the Jewels in the Tower, was married in the Tower Chapel. There was an escort of Yeoman warders, and a tiny page was attired as a beef-eater.

Miss Wallace, Edinburgh, has given £500 to Hawick Young Women's Christian Association as a memorial of her cousin, the late Mrs. McGregor, wife of a former minister of Hawick Free Church and daughter of the Rev. Mr. Wallace, first minister of the same.

Miss Kathleen Miller, one of the new missionaries for India, is the second lady missionary who has gone from the Notting Hill congregation during Rev. G. H. C. Macgregor's ministry. The ladies of Regent-square Church have decided to support a lady missionary in China.

Mr. J. B. Balfour, Q.C., M.P., who has been appointed Lord Justice General in Scotland and Lord President of the Court of Session, is a Liberal in politics, and was Lord Advocate in Lord Rosebery's Cabinet. He is a son of Rev. Peter Balfour, minister of Clackmannan, and was born in 1837.

A tablet has been placed in the Martyrs' Church, Kuttenberg, Bohemia, to the memory of the late Dr. A. Moody Stuart, and in commemoration of the interest he manifested in the Protestant Church of Bohemia, and especially for the aid given by him in raising subscriptions in Scotland for the building of Kuttenberg Church.

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## Note and Comment

The Emperor William, it seems, takes the keenest interest in the caricatures of himself which appear in the English comic journals. He laughs at them till the tears run down his cheeks.

Mr. Moody's son, William K. Moody, a graduate of Yale University, and for several years editor of the Record of Christian Work, will at the beginning of the year become editor of the Northfield Echoes, a monthly devoted to the work at Northfield, Chicago, and the Northfield Extension.

England leads the world in the output of fiction. Germany, whose annual production of books is nearly double that of France, leads the way in educational works. France, in spite of her comparatively small output, takes the lead in history, and in poetry and drama. Italy comes to the front in political economy and its kindred studies.

The Annual Book Number of the Outlook is always of special interest. Among the striking articles in the issue of last week is "In the Field of Fiction," which gives sketches and portraits of some dozen novelists of the past year. An article on "Goethe and Weimar" and "Reminiscences of Thoreau" are also excellent.

The lumbering industry and railroad extension have been most active in the Ottawa district this year; during the autumn months 5,000 men have been shipped out to prosecute these enterprises. The wages paid are generally high and include free board and transportation, but even on these favorable terms the lumbermen's agents cannot fill the demand.

Statistics compiled by the Superintendent of Immigration show that the Doukhobors in the Northwest are in a very prosperous condition. They have repaid the Government 80 per cent. of the money advanced them in agricultural implements and settlers' effects. Last season the Doukhobors plowed 1,114 acres of land. There are 7,900 Doukhobors settled in 17 villages.

Rev. Dr. Norman Macleod, of Inverness, who has been nominated for the moderatorship of the general assembly of the Church of Scotland, is one of a distinguished family of ministers. He is the fifth member of his house, and the third Norman to fill the moderator's chair; his father, his uncle, and two cousins have each attained to that position, says Christian Work.

The Marconi Wireless Telegraph Company was incorporated, with a capital of \$10,000,000, under the laws of New Jersey, last week. A statement given out by the president of the new company says: "Active operations will be begun as soon as we have built our machinery. Probably our factory will be in New York. The company has acquired the right to operate in all the American possessions and in Cuba. There was a contract made recently, prior to the formation of our company, to connect five of the Hawaiian Islands by wireless telegraph, but otherwise we will control all Hawaiian wireless telegraph rights. There are all sorts of uses, too, to which the Marconi system can be put, and it is really in its infancy."

The brewers of Johannesburg were the first to be commandered for horses. The writer of an article on "The Humors of Commandeering," in a Johannesburg paper, describes the manager of the Castle Brewery gazing dolefully at the departure of a long array of his choicest animals under the command of a Boer official. "Whoever wants beer now will have to come for it," he ruefully exclaimed as he went inside his office.

The end of Mahdism in the death of the Khalifa is implied by Sir Rudolph Stain, at Vienna, a great authority on Egyptian affairs. The Khalifa, he says, wit out on his ring affairs in South Africa, decided on a forward movement as soon as Gen. Kitchener withdrew part of the Egyptian troops. Egyptian supremacy in the Soudan is now assured, as the natives only served the Khalifa by compulsion.

Menelik, who is King of Abyssinia, announces his purpose to visit the Paris Exposition next year, and says that on his way he will call on the Czar, to whom he feels under considerable obligation for his moral support during the recent Italian-Abyssinian war. He will be a picturesque figure among the royalists which France then assembles. King Menelik, we may say, has not only shown himself a shrewd ruler, but he is a sovereign of great enterprise, bent on the improvement of his country, and in a certain degree accessible to modern influence. His visit to the Czar and the Exposition will give him a host of new ideas, some of which he may turn to account to the benefit of his country, followed possibly by the trolley, the wireless telegraph and the automobile; the bicycle is already there.

The death of Miss Anna Swanwick reminds one, says a London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, of a story which is curiously characteristic of Mr. Gladstone's scrupulous care in dispensing public money. He was much struck by Miss Swanwick's translations of *Aeschylus*, and was altogether so much impressed by her cultivation and accomplishments that he decided that she was a most fit recipient of a literary pension if her circumstances were such as to make it acceptable to her. The difficulty was to ascertain this point, and while Mr. Gladstone was meditating on the subject Miss Swanwick invited him to dinner. As he was driving to her house Mr. Gladstone suddenly saw a ray of guiding light: "If there is champagne, no pension." There was champagne, and there was no pension.

The following words spoken by Admiral Dewey to a representative of the New York Sun, need no comment: "I do not intend to arraign the entire American people for the acts of a few. But I am hurt. I am cut to the quick, I never have felt so badly in all my life. I want the American people to know it. I want them to know that if I could I would return to the contributors to the fund the house purchased with it. I would never in the world have accepted it if I had known what it would cost me. If I should feel to-morrow as I feel to-night I would cut it all, throw up everything, go on the retired list and go abroad. In fact, I feel so discouraged, so worn out to-night that I scarcely know what I will do. When I sailed into Manila Bay, over dangerous ground, with death and even worse in front of me, I little thought that in such a brief period of time after I returned to my native land the American people would countenance such monstrous attacks upon me because I was doing what I considered to be the most gracious thing I could do, to present my home to my bride. I hardly feel like living in a country where I can be attacked in so outrageous a manner without being defended by any one."

An application of the ether wave principle is made use of in a recent invention at Weymouth, England, for steering crafts, whether submerged or not, by means of an ether wave, on the wireless telegraphy principle. During a successful test the model was subjected to a variety of tests, and followed the current wave as surely as if guided by a rudder.

A dispatch from Berlin says: "A great sensation has been caused by the Empress' letter to the municipality, acknowledging the congratulations on her Majesty's birthday, in which she takes occasion to express pain at the fact that a teacher of the Royal University ridiculed the Bible 'in a manner to most deeply injure all morality, and above all Christian feeling.' This refers to a speech of Dr. Preuss, a Jewish tutor, who has expressed the message of Job, 'His Excellency gave and His Excellency taketh away: blessed be the name of His Excellency.' It appears that the Empress was displeased at the hostile attitude of the municipality in regard to the levying of taxes to support the Lutheran churches, as the Councillors, mostly Radicals, Socialists and others, opposed the measure."

M. Delcasse has rendered, says Christian Work, a distinguished service to France. By an eloquent and statesmanlike address that he delivered in the French Chamber on the foreign policy of the Government, on Saturday, he not only won an overwhelming vote of confidence for his administration, and routed horse, foot and dragon the "Nationalists," or properly the Monarchical parties, but has aroused increased confidence in France throughout Europe. In his masterful address M. Delcasse showed that France had not fallen from her high estate in ignoring the fanfare of the Deroulades and refusing to go to war over Fashoda, and that she had acted with equal propriety and sagacity in not interfering in the Transvaal. The statement of the facts was so simple, and the reasoning so conclusive, that when he had finished not one member of the opposition attempted to reply.

Mr. W. H. Appleton, long the head of the well-known publishing house of D. Appleton and Company, passed away at his home in Riverdale on the Hudson, Oct. 19, 1899, having reached the advanced age of eighty-five years. Speaking of the opposition raised by the publication of advanced scientific works the memorial notice says: "It must not be inferred from the foregoing, however, that Mr. Appleton was either unmindful or wanting in respect for the opposition which his course aroused. Much of this had its origin in the religious convictions of the community, not a little of the criticism it is said emanating directly from the Church or its leading representatives. But being a strong Church man himself, actively furthering the work of the Church with his private means and personal co-operation, in full sympathy with its purposes and rejoicing in its beneficent influence, he was the last one who would wantonly outrage the sacred belief of his fellow-men. Yet gifted with a large mindedness, that is at least unusual in the walks of business, he was enabled to see that the onward march of natural knowledge which had so often before excited alarm among men of narrow views could have nothing in it that was inconsistent with a truly religious life; while, on the other hand, to promote its advance and diffusion was to contribute by so much to the highest human welfare." We are glad to have this information concerning the well known publisher from those who knew and esteemed him.



# Our Young People

**MAKING THEIR LIVES A PRAYER.**—Whittier.

Topic for December 17.—“**Teach Us To Pray.**”—Luke, 11: 1-13.

Prayer moves the Hand which moves the world.—Wallace.

## Need of Prayer.

For what are men better than sheep or goats  
That nourish a blind life within the brain,  
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer  
Both for themselves, and those who call them friend?  
For so the whole round world is every way  
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.

—TENNYSON.

## An Effectual Prayer.

BY D. L. MOODY.

One of the greatest helps to prayer that I know is a study of the great prayers of the Old Testament and their answers. Take, for example, Daniel's prayer in the ninth chapter of his prophecy.

Notice its brevity,—only sixteen short verses. You will find this quality in all Scripture prayers, and it is a good point to remember, especially when praying in public. We are not heard for our much speaking.

Notice its fervency,—“I set my face unto the Lord my God to seek by prayer and supplication, with fasting and sackcloth and ashes.” He was dead in earnest, and this is the kind of prayer God answers. “The effectual, fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much.” Cold, formal prayers are not only a waste of time and breath, but an insult to God. A prayer that is of so small account to one that he goes to sleep offering it, or forgets in ten minutes what he has asked for, will certainly accomplish little for himself or others.

And Daniel began with a thorough and humble confession of his own sins and the sins of his people; eleven of the sixteen verses are thus occupied. He first got rid of the iniquities that had separated the people from God. It was not merely a confession of sin and weakness in a sort of general way that meant but little, but it was a specific and careful enumeration of particular sins. How such a prayer as that would wake up many a prayer meeting, and open the windows of heaven to many a church!

Daniel's prayer was based upon the promises; he had looked over the Book, and stood upon many a “thus saith the Lord.” Some one has said, “Put a promise into the suit, and you may have anything.” One who would be a power in prayer must be mighty in the Scriptures. George Muller had read the Bible through consecutively more than a hundred times, besides the other study he had given it. This was one of the great secrets of the wonderful answers to his prayers,—he kept himself in touch with

God through the Word, and so knew how to pray according to His will.

You will observe that Daniel was definite in his petitions. “Cause Thy face to shine upon Thy sanctuary that is desolate”; this was his request. He had a great burden of heart for one particular thing, brought that thing to God, and asked definitely for it. It is always refreshing to hear a prayer like that. It will help us in our prayer meetings to have definite needs clearly before us, and I know of nothing that will bring greater joy to a Christian heart and a greater uplift to his faith than to see God's hand at work in answer to such petitions. It seems to me that if we could hear God's voice after some long prayers it would be softly saying, “My child, ask what I shall give thee.”

Three or four times in Daniel's prayer are words to this effect: “For Thine own sake, O my God.” Here you have another prominent feature of the prayers of the Bible; they are for the glory of God.

There is no need to ask whether this prayer was answered. Of course it was. I don't believe there has ever been a definite, fervent prayer, offered according to God's revealed will, with a single view to His glory and accompanied by a thorough and honest confession and forsaking of sin, that was not answered; and I don't believe there ever will be. Oh for a revival of such praying! Let us strengthen ourselves in God's abundant promises and in His wonderful answers to prayers in the past, and go on to ask and expect great things. We pray yet to the God of Daniel and Nehemiah, Jehoshaphat and Hezekiah, Moses and Samuel, and he is still “the God that doeth wonders.” If the thousands of young people who are this week considering the subject of prayer in their meetings could now really begin to pray, we should have a revival of God's work such as this old world has never yet seen. May God grant it, for His Son's sake.—C. E. World.

## A Scientist's Prayer.

When Louis Agassiz, the great scientist and teacher, opened his summer school of science at Penikese Island, he held the first meeting in a large barn. It was a beautiful summer day, and the wide doors stood open to the blue sky, the rocky fields, and the sweep of the blue sea beyond. Agassiz had arranged no programme of exercises, trusting to the suggestion of the moment; and, as he looked upon the eager faces of those who had come to study nature under his guidance, he found his inspiration in them, and called upon them to join with

him, as the most fitting prelude to their work together, in silently asking God's blessing upon it. It was a beautiful scene and the hushed pause that followed the prayer was only broken by the words of an address that carried on, in the same spirit of reverence, the interpretation of the creative work of the Almighty Hand.

## True Prayer.

If we with earnest effort could succeed  
To make our life one long connected prayer,  
As lives of some, perhaps, have been and are;  
If, never leaving Thee, we had no need  
Our wandering spirits back again to lead  
Into Thy presence, but continued there  
Like angels standing on the highest stair  
Of the sapphire throne—this were to pray indeed.

But if distractions manifold prevail,  
And if in this we must confess we fail,  
Grant us to keep at least a prompt desire,  
Continual readiness for prayer and praise,  
An altar heaped and waiting to take fire  
With the least spark and leap into a blaze.

—R. C. TRENCH.

## Thoughts on Prayer.

Prayer will make a man cease from sin, or sin will entice a man to cease from prayer.—John Bunyan.

I have learned that the value of prayer depends not so much upon its intensity in moods, or its regularity in times, as on its constancy as a continuous way of living. We need to live in a state of prayer.—Professor Stuart.

We ought to be Mary and Martha in one; we should do much service and have much communion at the same time. It is easier to serve than to commune. Joshua never grew weary in fighting the Amalekites; but Moses on the top of the mountain in prayer needed two helpers to sustain his hands. See to it that sitting at the Saviour's feet is not neglected, even though it be under the specious pretext of doing Him service.—Charles H. Spurgeon.

I have been driven many times to my knees by the overwhelming conviction that I had nowhere else to go. My own wisdom and that of all about me seemed insufficient for that day.—Abraham Lincoln.

## Hints for Talks and Testimonies.

What is prayer?  
Why does one need to be taught to pray?  
What is often lacking in prayer?  
How may one learn how to pray?  
For whom should we pray?  
How may the Bible best be used in connection with prayer?  
What connection is there between our prayers and our work?  
When should we pray?  
How may we learn to pray without ceasing?  
What should be the purpose of prayer?

## For Daily Reading.

Mon., Dec. 11.—After this manner pray.  
Mat. 6:9-13  
Tues., Dec. 12.—Praying in faith. Mark 11:20-24  
Wed., Dec. 13.—In the name of Jesus.  
John 16:28-26  
Thurs., Dec. 14.—Definite prayer. Luke 13:35-43  
Fri., Dec. 15.—United prayer. Matt. 18:19-20  
Sat., Dec. 16.—Prayer and love.  
Matt. 5:28, 24; Mark 11:25, 26  
Sun., Dec. 17.—Topic. Teach us to pray.  
Luko 11:1-13



## Literary Notes.

With a view to assist those who are seeking suitable Christmas and New Year gifts books for children and others, the December number of "The Studio" will include a sixteen page supplement devoted to illustrated reviews of the most important new books of an artistic character.

The Thanksgiving number of the Interior is beautifully illustrated and altogether of a high order of excellence. It contains a very readable story by Octave Thanet, entitled "A Natural Lead," an inspiring contribution on "Christian Enthusiasm," by Ian Maclaren, and an abundance of other good matter.

"Sermons in Stones and in Other Things," by Amos R. Wells. The familiar objects of each man's daily life have furnished the author with themes for a number of short and jitty talks on the higher matters of existence. Mr. Wells, who is one of the editors of the "Christian Endeavor World," writes simply and is always interesting. - Doubleday & McClure Company, New York.

The Bibelot. This little booklet is, as we have often said, always a welcome visitor; it gives us something we cannot easily get elsewhere and gives it in a cheap and beautiful form. The issue for December contains Adonais, an Elegy on the Death of John Keats, by Percy B. Shelley. Now is a suitable time for new subscribers to form a connection with this interesting little journal. - T. B. Mosher, Portland, Maine.

The Other Fellow, by F. Hopkinson Smith. This is a collection of a dozen short stories, some of which are merely sketches, but all well written and interesting. A quiet kind of humor runs through the book, and the author has the faculty of winning our sympathy for the characters he describes; indeed his portrayal of character is his strongest point. The volume is very well printed and the red linen binding is most attractive. - Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston.

The Queen's Twin and Other Stories by Sarah Orne Jewett. We all know the kind of stories Sarah Orne Jewett writes, and some of these are in her best vein. The first, the one which gives the title to the book, tells of a lonely old lady in Maine who for years takes comfort and companionship from the knowledge that she and the good Queen Victoria were born on the same day. "Where's Nora" is another of the most striking in the book. This little tale of the Irish girl fresh from the old home is interesting throughout. "Martha's Lady" too is wonderfully touching from its quiet pathos. Bound in a dark brown linen and well printed as are all books from these publishers, it is a distinctly desirable volume. - Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Boston.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for December contains in its table of contents the following: "Room Forty-five," a farce, by William Dean Howells; "Paste," a complete story by Henry James; "Christmas Presents," an inimitable sketch by Marietta Holley ("Josiah Allen's Wife"); "Miss Mason's Christmas Dinner," a complete story by Margaret E. Sangster; the opening instalments of "The Bath Comedy," the new serial story by Agnes and Egerton Castle; "A Shepherd Lad," a poem by Mary E. Wilkins; "The Old-Fashioned Christmas Dinner," a farm ballad, by Will Carleton. These are only some of the many good things in this bright Christmas number. - Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly, 141-143 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Appleton's Popular Science Monthly is as scientific and popular as ever; the issue for December is full of things interesting and useful. Here is a sketch (with portrait) of Selous the lion hunter who is shown to be something more than a hunter of big game; and a most instructive article on the development of the American newspaper. President Jordan's clever satire on the "Education of the Neminist," should be read along with a recent

article on "Christian Science as a Fraud" in the same journal. The following estimate of a small book which has recently attracted popular attention is interesting. The review of Mr. Fiske's "Through Nature to God," concludes with these words: "The book Mr. Fiske has given us is interesting from first to last—all his books are interesting, but it does not increase our knowledge nor does it add to our knowledge (faith).—D. Appleton & Co., 72 Fifth Ave., New York City.

Poet-Lore is what it claims to be, a quarterly magazine of letters, and the final number for 1899 presents to its readers a rich varied budget. There are two stories from the French, one an old French romance and the other a modern tale by the popular writer Paul Bourget. Among the poems we note one for the day, "Lincoln Loquitor," a poem on the Filipino insurrection by Edgar Faucet. The department of "Appreciations and Essays," is specially full and high-class. For students of literature there are programmes on "Browning's Folk poems," and "Glimpses of Present Day Poets." The review department contains references to select new books of the season. Taking it all together this magazine is of great service to those who take a special interest to the varied forms of English literature. - Poet-Lore Co., Boston.

"The Living Age For 1900." During the fifty-six years of its existence this sterling weekly magazine has steadily maintained its high standard. It is a thoroughly satisfactory compilation of the most valuable literature of the day, and as such is unrivalled. As periodicals of all sorts continue to multiply, this magazine continues to increase in value; and it has become a necessity to the American reader. By its aid alone he can, with an economy of time, labor, and money otherwise impracticable, keep well abreast with the literary and scientific progress of the age and with the work of the ablest living writers. It is the most comprehensive of magazines, and its prospectus for 1900 is well worth the attention of all who are selecting their reading-matter for the new year. To new subscribers remitting now for the year 1900 the intervening numbers of 1899 are sent gratis. The Living Age Co., Boston, are the publishers.

We have just received from R. H. Russell two beautiful books for children. One is called Mother Duck's Children and is a delightful picture book, with drawings in the style of Kate Greenway and Caldecott, beautifully printed in colors. The verses, by Arthur Waugh, are well suited to the dainty illustrations. This is quite a large book—nine by twelve inches. The other, Songs of the Shining Way, by Sarah Noble Ives, is smaller, but quite as interesting. The little poems are for children of somewhat larger growth, and are illustrated by the author. It takes the child from the cradle when it begins to travel the Shining Way until it is eight or nine years of age. All the verses are extremely simple, but beautiful in that simplicity; they depict the feelings of childhood admirably. Each of these books will make many of our little ones happy on Christmas morning.—R. H. Russell, New York City.

The Nineteenth Century for November is an interesting number, containing something to suit all tastes. An article by Edward Dickey, C. B., on "After the Present War," holds the first place. Some may think that the discussion is somewhat premature but they will still find in it much that needs careful consideration. "Native Unrest in South Africa" is another article of special interest at the present time. If the reader wishes to turn from these stirring questions he will find sufficient variety as he can take his choice of cricket, agriculture, horticulture, painting, charity, &c. Mr. Mullock on "The Intellectual Future of Catholicism" advances a clever but sophistical argument to show that the new science and literary criticism tends to destroy Protestantism but it will put Roman Catholicism on a stronger basis. Sir Wemyss Reid gives a review entitled "The Newspapers," which

is not the least interesting feature of this magazine. - Leonard Scott Co., New York.

A college education greatly increases the chances of success of the young man who expects to become a lawyer, doctor, preacher or statesman, but it seems not at all necessary for the triumph of the aspirant in literature who intends to devote his energies to novel writing. What is essential—granted there be some skill in composition—is a profound knowledge of the human heart or a wide acquaintance with the busy world.—Presbyterian Banner.

"The Master Idea," by Raymond L. Bridgeman. Mr. Bridgeman's book is a fresh and original putting of the fact that the explanation of everything is God. While he makes out that God is in everything, he does not do so in a pantheistic way, for he represents that God is in all things only through the constant forthputting of His energies. The book is divided into four parts:—1. "God in Nature," in which is presented the revelation of God in all material existence. 2. "God in Mind," wherein the presence of God is shown in the intellectual and emotional part of man. 3. "God in Political Life" deals with the action of God in humanity as a body politic, and with the action of men in obedience or hostility to the divine constitution of the State. 4. "God in Personal Life" treats of the action of God upon individual lives. While Mr. Bridgeman's book is deeply philosophical, it has the charm of perfect lucidity. He does not speak in abstruse or technical terms. He writes for all thoughtful readers.—The Pilgrim Press, Boston.

"Mr. Dooley's" neighbor, "Molly Donahue," makes her debut in the Christmas Ladies' Home Journal. She is ambitious to reign as social queen of Archway Road, and is quite as interesting and witty as "Mr. Dooley," the philosopher of her author's creation. Rev. Cyrus T. Brady draws on his experiences as missionary to write of "What Christmas Means in the Far West," giving pictures of rare pathos and of irresistible humor. The letters that passed between Gal Hamilton and Whittier are published for the first time. They give some delightful glimpses of the social side of "the Quaker Poet." Ian Maclaren writes on "Shall the Old Clergy man be Shot?" and Albert W. Smith (the American Lewis Carroll) contributes more of his wonderfully funny nonsense verses. Dan Beard interests the boys with a Christmas novelty, and an exquisite card by George W. Cable is timely for Christmas rendering. There are two notable page pictorial features, "The Nativity," from the brush of W. L. Taylor, and "Coming Home for Christmas," by A. B. Frost. The holidays are considered in all their phases, and the wants of the home and home-makers are anticipated. - The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

Erskine of Linlathen, Selections and Biography by Henry F. Henderson. This is a noble book; it is a good looking volume, but what is more, its contents are well worthy of careful and repeated reading. It should be an interesting book to ministers and especially to Presbyterian ministers. Erskine of Linlathen is a name well known to those who have taken an interest in the theological developments of the last half century, but for the generation of students now coming on, a book like this is needed to explain the place and influence of Thomas Erskine. There is a brief cleverly written account of a life which was thoughtful rather than eventful, and then a number of carefully selected extracts on important theological subjects, which will enable the student to judge of his type of thought and his religious spirit. The student of theology and the intelligent layman should know something of the man who was the friend of Carlyle and the teacher, to some extent, of Maurice. This volume gives the information in a convenient compact form. We may be able to say something more of Erskine and his influence, but in the meantime we commend this presentation of his life and teaching.—Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, Edinburgh.

## Dominion Presbyterian

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Thursday, December 7th, 1899.

To help a man to think for himself and act upon his own initiative, instead of inducing him to act upon your thought, is to help him toward a truer manhood. Men lack virility of thought because they permit themselves to follow, unquestioningly the thought of others.

John Smith shook hands with you at church-to-day. You wondered at the unaccustomed cordiality, till it dawned upon you that he was running for councillor. Perhaps, however, if you greeted him with equal cordiality he would appreciate it, and keep it up after the first of January. The coolness was not all on one side.

Dr. John Watson, of Liverpool, deals, in a recent article, with the problem of the aging minister. His suggestions are not remarkable for their sympathy with the man who is not yet aged, but who has turned towards that quarter. They have the flavor of the market-place, where men seek quietly to get rid of goods that have lost the appearance of newness. True, Dr. Watson speaks, with easy nonchalance, of being perilously near the fateful border-line himself, but, to the colonial minister of fifty years it is a more serious matter than to the one whose comfort is assured.

And now the teaching elder is being held up to the admiring gaze of the ruling elder in the matter of his generous contribution to the Century Fund, and the latter is urged to emulate his minister in his generous gift. If the minister has given because of deep gratitude to God for His goodness, his example is worthy of emulation. Were the eldership, teaching and ruling, to make this a matter between themselves and a Divine Bene-

factor there would not be need to go beyond them for the million dollars. But we hope no one of them will measure his manifestations of gratitude by the amount which another has given, whatever the relation of that other to himself may be.

### The Work of our Sabbath Schools.

It is not our purpose to describe the work done by our Sabbath Schools, or to criticise the character of that work. We would offer a suggestion as to the purpose of Sabbath School work. The suggestion is not new, but it is of sufficient importance to warrant the renewal of it.

It is generally granted that the teaching in the Sabbath Schools should supplement the training in the home, but that it should not supplant that training, nor should it be allowed to become a substitute for it. Yet the wide-awake teacher in the Sabbath School is well aware that, in the case of five out of a class of six, the amount of home training is painfully small. The direction of the religious thought of the child is left almost entirely to the Sabbath School teacher.

On the part of many engaged in this work there is a disposition to accept the situation, and make the best of it. The parents are not expected to take an interest in the Sabbath School, may not even deign to recognize the one who is giving direction to the spiritual thought of their child. It would surprise the average teacher were the parents to come into the class some Sabbath, and manifest anything beyond a lofty curiosity. Is it permissible for a teacher to assume this attitude? We grant that it is natural to yield to the temptation to think parents care nothing for the religious training of their children, but should not those who have the spiritual life of the child at heart strive to bring about the better condition of things, rather than yield to the temptation to allow matters to go on as they are?

We would suggest to our Sabbath School workers that they plan and work towards increasing the home interest; that they bend their best energies to the solution of the problem of parental apathy in respect to the religious training of their children; and that they seek to bring about a revival of the old-time Christian home. It is true that this will put the Sabbath School in the second place, but is that not its rightful place? The home should be supreme, the parent has no right to stand aside for the Sabbath School teacher. It is a strange anomaly that the Sabbath School teacher must be the one to urge this upon the parent, yet we believe this is the strange part these workers are being called upon to play.

Some years ago the Rev. T. F. Fotheringham devised the Home Study Series

of Lessons, with the express purpose of enlisting parents in the work of their children. The name is still borne by the Series, but it has become a misnomer. Is it not possible for our Sabbath School workers over the whole Dominion to quietly enter upon this campaign for increasing the home interest? There have been excellent speeches made with regard to the duty of parents in this matter. We have told them so often and so plainly that they smile approvingly when a particularly pungent remark is made bearing upon their part in this work, and, with a bland smile, go forward and thank the speaker for his address, and that is the last of it. If anything is to be accomplished in this direction it must be by patient, self-effacing effort on the part of the Sabbath School worker to win attention on the part of the parent. Is it not worth an effort, not here and there, we have this already, but by all our workers in the Sabbath School.

### Value of Dogma.

The fashion nowadays to decry and depreciate dogma is the most silly and foolish of the many fads of the hour. Indulgence in it has brought our Unitarian friends to the very verge of doctrinal sterility, and rendered it impossible for them to breed their ministry out of their loins. . . . Dogma is to religion what astronomy is to the stars, what botany is to flowers. . . . And yet there are men who have no quarrel with either astronomer or botanist, who nevertheless raise a hue and cry the moment you begin to analyze God's attributes and attitude toward man and to break up man into his elemental passions and pull apart the springs of motivity in his soul. They complain that in place of the living God and breathing man you are giving them mere dead dogmas and inanimate abstractions. To be sure, you are. You are doing for God and man precisely what the astronomer does for the stars, precisely what the botanist does for the flowers. You are aiming to be scientific; you are applying the tool of science, which is analysis, to the revelation of God and to the soul of man. It may be a cold, cruel thing to do. It may be that the product is not so beautiful as is the living whole with which we start. But it is just as necessary and just as useful in the one case as in the other. If any man in this late day wishes to go up and down the earth decrying science, he is welcome to the task, though he will get scant hearing for his pains. Let him not, however, pose as the friend and advocate of science in every other department of knowledge and then when it comes to the subject of man in his relation to God decry the scientific method of logical analysis and dogma, which is its inevitable product.—President Hyde, of Bowdoin College.

### The Mistakes of Critics.

The jester of the past generation made merry and made money out of his "Mistakes of Moses." Geology had first informed us that the days of Genesis must be lengthened. Astronomy protested that the sun no longer rose; but the world now rolls into light. Biology traced our bodily pedigree back beyond Eden to the Zoological Garden. Ethical culture held up hands of horror to find slavery and polygamy among the patriarchs. Rationalism adopted a philosophy which would not believe in miracles. An evolutionary school having determined that the homogeneous must always precede the heterogeneous, inverted the order of the Old Testament books. They put the minor prophets first and the Pentateuch last. Ultra orthodoxy stood for tradition or nothing. If a jot or a tittle of the law shall pass away, after it has fulfilled its mission as well as before, said some, then Christ is not to be credited.

Such critics wear blinders. Their eyes are microscopic. Their mistake is that they can see nothing but mistakes. They can discover a fly on a barn door miles away without seeing the barn. A stargazer looked for the spots on the sun and found almost a thousand. One of them was said to be 25,000,000,000 square miles in extent, or large enough for 1,300 worlds like our own to drop in abreast. Now, the naked eye with a smoked glass there was a shadow on the sun's surface as large as a pea. But a blind man swallowed this stupendous scientific story and reasoned that the sun was wholly made up of spots. There could be room for nothing else. So myriads of blind souls dream that if Moses made a mistake, the light of the world is forever eclipsed by that spot.

The disbelievers are mistaken as to the aim of inspiration. What creed teaches that the Pentateuch is "the infallible rule of natural science and history?" What confession makes Genesis a text book in geology? What ecumenical symbol claims that the Bible was written for the syllabi of a semester's examination in a German university? They investigate the Scriptures to their own destruction who take them out of the holy place and profane them to serve as manuals of physics or secular history. The holy oracles were given as a rule of faith and behavior to those who wanted help toward a better life. Holy men were moved to learn moral lessons and to teach others their duty. The Holy Spirit guided good men in writing these books for religious uses, so that they took no backward steps, but led the ages steadily toward the crowning good and glory of mankind.

Surely, a saint may learn his letters in the language of Canaan before he gets a

diploma. Was it impossible for Enoch to walk with God because he was not a doctor of philosophy? Moral character does not depend upon intellectual supremacy or erudition in every department of physics. The agnostic professor confesses that he is an ignoramus concerning God, immortality and the whole universe except his specialty. Nevertheless, he claims infallibility enough to give the lie to the Bible. Certainly the man who wears his dunce cap everywhere outside of his laboratory and glories over his ignorance in religion is stepped from discrediting the Pentateuch because it was not omniscient and ages ahead of experts in all the details of every physical science. Can God reveal nothing to a man until the man knows everything?

Inspiration is not to be confounded with revelation. The former does not communicate information, but guides and guards a man in using knowledge which he has gained from various sources. An inspired writer may never have had a revelation from God. On the other hand, having a quick conscience, a loving heart, a teachable mind and an obedient will, he may also have that celestial intuition and susceptibility which makes him a genius in divine wisdom. So God may whisper in his ear what the Godless never hear. Now and then through the ages some angel sings to him; some vision gleams before him; some agony moves him; some deep consciousness of God sweeps through his mind, and by a more immediate process than others he gains a new and original knowledge of God.

It is a mistake to imagine, moreover, that revelation must be perfected from its beginning. It is not imperfect in the sense that it is false. It is absolutely true as far as it goes, and for the purpose for which it was given. But it lacks something to follow. It is limited and primary in its character, because it is given in the childhood of the race. The grammar school comes before the graduate courses, and is perfect in its place. If God does reveal his will to some saintly seer, He does not make known all knowledge in the first lesson. If the profoundest philosophers of our learned age cannot fully comprehend God, how much less could those who were only learning to lisp the name "Father." When the fears of Joseph were deepened in a dream and he took the young child to Egypt, that revelation did not discover to the carpenter all the transcendent and crescent virtues of Jesus. It takes eternity fully to develop the qualities of an infinite character. If there can be no revelation, unless it is omniscient and all comprehensive from the beginning, then knowledge of any kind is only possible to God. Revelation to man must be gradual.

It is a mistake to fancy that God cannot teach men His will until they are sin-

less. Myriads of men jump to the conclusion that if a good soul does anything wrong, God has no more use for him. But divine biographies differ from human eulogies in this respect. They never did hide the faults of the saints. It is unfair to expect as high a morality before the Sermon on the Mount as after it. It is a false method to compass the pioneers and patriarchs with the heirs of the ages who have been enveloped for milleniums in the atmosphere and achievements of Jesus Christ. It is childish, if not criminal, to uncover the shame of the patriarchs in order to discredit the primary lessons of religion to our race. God uses fallible men to work out an infallible rule. The way in which the Scriptures, rightly read, were saved from the mistakes of other books, is the miracle of history.

The Bible is one book. It is to be taken in its entirety and in its perfection. It is not to be dismembered and discredited in spots. Moses did not claim to be immaculate in behaviour. He confessed to a greater mistake than his critics ever charged. He, the most patient man of time, lost his temper and his leadership into the holy land. He never claimed that primitive history was given to him by revelation, or that he was emasciated. On the contrary, he came only as a forerunner of One who should follow. The early oracles taught monotheism in place of polytheism. They lifted men to a little higher moral plane than they had occupied before, and when they had learned one lesson God gave them another. It was not a mistake to begin with the alphabet. However ignorant the patriarchs were in some things, they led man to God and brought the whole race to Him who is the way, the truth, the life of man. He is incarnate in the Bible. He is infallible. Moses was not a God. He was a guide. No honest man need mistake that index finger which points on to the Prophet whom God will raise up. No dull ear should be deaf to the voice which cries: "Hear ye Him."

President Patton, now of Princeton University, said long ago: "If on simple historical testimony it can be proved that Jesus wrought miracles, uttered prophecies and proclaimed His divinity; if it can be shown that He was crucified to redeem sinners, that He rose again from the dead, and that He made the destiny of men to hinge on their acceptance of Him as Saviour; then, whether the records which contain these truths be inspired or not, woe unto him who 'neglects so great salvation.'"—North and West.

The holiest affections of the human heart, like some of the fruits in the autumn fields, do not ripen into their sweetest tenderness until touched by the frost of sorrow and trial.



# The Quiet Hour

For Dominion Presbyterian.

## Fruits of Right and Wrong Doing.\*

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

These words were evidently uttered in a time of trouble when the godly were persecuted and when many lost faith in God's overruling Providence. The prosperity of the wicked and the suffering of the righteous was a perplexing problem in the old time, as we see from the seventy-third Psalm and the Book of Job. Here we have another side presented, the prophet reproaches those who had apostatized, who, instead of saying, "It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth him good," had completely lost their faith in God and expressed their unbelief in clamorous complaints. This is the coarsest kind of unbelief. It was a declaration that religion was no good because God was afar off and did not care. Here is the bald bad creed; "It is vain to serve God." Only men who had not known what true service was could say that; the service is its own reward to those who understand it and enter into its spirit. Their idea of religion was so much outward penance for so much outward pay. They had walked "mournfully;" yes, their religion had indeed been a mournful business, but they had never known real penance or they would also have known true religious joy. With such superficial views they were easily disappointed and could call the proud happy and think that wickedness could be an edifying thing. For these men the law and the prophets had no real meaning; all that their fathers had toiled and suffered for was to them a vain thing. Surely their spiritual condition was sufficient punishment; they had already reaped what they had sown, they had followed vanity and become vain. With such a shallow life they would not find deep joy in anything. Even if they got the worldly riches which they coveted they would have to say: "Nothing is had, all's spent when our desire is got without content."

That is the dark side of the picture, the deep shadow we have next the glorious light which shines all the brighter because of the deep darkness. In the dark days and in this sceptical atmosphere there were those who feared the Lord and held sweet communion with each other. The very coldness and hardness of the outside world drove them nearer together. These men had the real treasure; they had reverence, "they feared the Lord;" to them life was sacred and God was in it all; to others he was afar; to them he was quite near. They had spiritual fellowship. The sharp competition for this world's goods drives men apart and leads them to cultivate a selfish policy. It is

communion with God that gives the purest fellowship between man and man. When men have deep spiritual experiences in common they can enjoy sweet conference. What a great thought is this that heaven took an interest in the life of earth. God hearkened to prayers and praises of pious men. There was joy in heaven over this pure piety which shone so steadily in the dark days of the Church's life. "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous, but the way of the wicked shall perish." The time will come when God makes up His jewels; they are not silver, gold or precious stones, but men and women of pure heart and strong character. Then men will be able to discern between the righteous and the wicked and to know the true servants of God. Those who believe in God will stand the testing time; the day of visitation which shakes the life of the nation and shows the helplessness of wicked men, will prove that those who trust in the Lord cannot be confounded. There is a day of fire coming, a day that will burn up proud wickedness and false pretensions. On that day the true strength of righteousness shall be revealed. The day of fire is the revelation of righteousness and to those who love righteousness it will be a day of joy, for the Son of righteousness will arise with healing in His wings and those who through dark days have trusted the righteous God will triumph over their foes.

The man who cherishes these hopes is a man of living faith. He knows that God is Lord of the future as well as of the past. He who sent Moses and endowed him for leadership will send another Elijah.

The judgment does not come without warning or unheralded. The ministry of prophets, the preaching of strong faithful men, comes before every judgment. It is only when men definitely reject the ministry of mercy that God smites. But He does smite. To strike against iniquity is just as much a part of God's ministry as to comfort and protect goodness. "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small." "Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap." The best of God's servants may have moments of doubt when the problem of sin and suffering seems too dark and the burden of life too heavy, but those who cast off their allegiance and cry in their insolent pride that God does not care, will find very soon that God's care is severe and searching, that God has a supreme care for righteousness. In His own time He will manifest Himself and stop the mouths of the ignorant and rebellious.

## Holiness.

My own belief is that holiness will never die out of the church, because holiness is Christianity, and Christianity is

destined to live and conquer the world. The preaching of holiness may become more or less express as the experience waxes or wanes among preachers and people. For a long time the church will continue to advance and recede alternately, but the aggregate movement will be an advance one. Holiness must in the end dominate the world, or the gospel is a fiction and Christ a failure. I shall take my chances by ranging myself on the affirmative side of this great problem, and do what I can to bring universal holiness to pass.—A. Lowrey.

For Dominion Presbyterian.

## The Family.

BY REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON.

In "setting the solitary in families" it was surely God's intention that family relationships should be the means of educating us in higher and diviner things. When we see, for instance, the simple, absolute trust which the infant has in its mother, who that has any spiritual sensibility at all, is not reminded of the simple, absolute trust that we ought to have in God? For God is our Father and our Mother too. It is remarkable that the Hindoos, long before Christianity was known, had an idea of the Motherhood as well as the Fatherhood of God. And who can say how much of the wide-spread influence of Romanism may be due to the softening—though too often false—conception of the Virgin Mary? Are not the Romish representations of the Virgin—false and impious though many of them be—some kind of response to the heart's yearning for what is tender and motherly in God? But if we did but read aright the lessons the family would teach we might learn the truth more truly and more tenderly there than anywhere. The absolute trust of the child in its mother, and the unwearied love of the mother for the child—present us with a picture of our childhood and of God's motherhood, which is not more tender than it is true.

## The Christian Virtue of Courtesy.

Willfully and without cause to wound the feelings of another is itself sinful. Courtesy and discourtesy in business are among prosperity's worst enemies. Many an otherwise capable business man fails for no other reason than that he does not cultivate the grace of courtesy alike to his patrons and his associates. Politeness pays and if there were no higher reason this alone should make business men polite; but there is a higher reason among Christian people. True politeness is a thing of the heart and not of arbitrary rules of etiquette. The golden rule in a sincere Christian's heart is worth more than a whole library of books on how to behave. Since by our fruits we are known, it would be difficult to persuade other people that we are children of God if we are habitually offensive to our fellow men. We are to pass through this world but once, and it ought to be our delight, as it certainly is our duty, not only not to give unnecessary pain but to promote in every possible way the happiness of other people. It was the Master's way.—Cumberland Presbyterian.

\*S. S. Lesson for Dec. 17th.—Malachi. III xiii, to iv-6.

Golden Text—"Whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap."—Gal: vi, 7.

**With All Thy Mind.**

Christ said (Matt. xxii. 37), that the first and great commandment is to love God "with all thy heart, and all thy soul, and all thy mind." Phillips Brooks, in a sermon on this text, said: "The affections of the emotional nature (the heart), we think of very often. That the soul, which is the seat of admiring wonder and of spiritual sympathy, should glow and burn at the sight of the excellence and the love of God, we all see and feel how natural it is. But that the mind must love, that the intellectual nature also has its affections, which it must give to God, this perhaps seems to us more strange. Certainly it is less familiar."

Yes, there is a tendency to make religion emotional and sentimental, and to overlook that final word in the command—"mind." But if we love God truly we must love Him with our whole nature, and love Him for all that He is in Himself, and is to us; or at least for all that we can comprehend of His greatness and His goodness. Even among men there is an intellectual element in our affections. The mother loves her child when its intellect has not even begun to dawn. But how she rejoices! every unfolding of its mind! How her mental appreciation of its mental progress enhances her maternal interest and joy!

So it is with our friendships in mature life. We may be in sympathetic touch with others because we have mutual interests, or because they have social or moral qualities that attract us. But we can have the fullest sense of brotherhood only with those whose taste and culture are congenial with our own. The man who loves learning for learning's sake will love a fellow student, other things being equal, as he cannot love an uncultured friend.

And even in the holiest of our human relations we cannot be satisfied with personal beauty and amiability alone. There must be mental congeniality—a mutual intellectual appreciation. This is a necessary condition of the highest type of marital affection and blessedness.

And is not intellectual enthusiasm as real, and even higher and purer, than that which is emotional? Two men are looking at the same tree in an orchard. One admires its graceful form, its emerald foliage, and its golden fruit. So does the other also; but, being a student of nature, he sees in that tree one of the wonderful works of God. He thinks how it grew from a tiny seed, how the sap climbs up from its roots underground, and how it breathes through its leaves, and how the sun mellow and ripens its fruits. Thus the more we know of anything worth knowing the deeper is our interest in it.

Now apply these principles to the highest of all objects of contemplation—the being and attributes of God. The more we know of Him the more we must love Him. And hence He requires us to give our minds to this most fascinating and most profitable of all studies. The eminently devout Christians in all ages have not been ignorant enthusiasts, but earnest Biblical scholars. Every new discovery of the truth kindled anew the spirit of devotion, and of holy consecration. Yes, since God is all-wise, and has endowed us with minds to learn as

well as hearts to feel, we must love Him with the intellect as well as with the heart. I quote the closing paragraph of Phillips Brooks' sermon:

"Love God with all your mind, because your mind, like all the rest of you, belongs to Him, and it is not right that you should give Him only a part to whom belongs the whole. When the procession of your power goes up, joyfully singing, to worship God, do not leave the noblest of them all behind to cook the dinner and tend the house. Give your intelligence to God. Know all that you can know about Him. In spite of all disappointment and weakness, insist upon seeing all that you can see now through the glass darkly, so that hereafter you may be ready when the time comes for seeing Him face to face."—Herald and Presbyter.

For Dominion Presbyterian.

**Sir William Dawson.**

BY W. M. M.

Thou delvest in the fields of Earth;  
Thou takest pleasure in her stones;  
And she, since thou art gone, bemoans  
By wood and plain and hill her death.  
She dons her weeds, and all her aith  
Is silent as she clasps thy bones;  
O thou, who stast above her thrones,  
Whose name was synonym of worth,  
But thou wast not for earth alone;  
Heaven claimed thee; thou to her art gone;  
And she hath given thee her white stone  
With thy new name thereon.

**Christ in Us.**

The apostle speaks of Christ being "in us the hope of glory." There is a profitable meaning in such an expression. But men have always perverted the truth the moment the effort was made to give practical illustration. The strangest creature in history, whom people called Saint Theresa, openly declared that always after she had swallowed the consecrated wafer at communion, she conceived Christ to be actually a prisoner somewhere in her body. She called herself a temple, and Christ was the Deity enshrined in it. We need not deride this imaginative woman for such grossness. For the mystic faith in which she had been reared went far beyond her wildest speculations. In the stories told of Roman Catholic devotees we find accurate accounts detailed in all seriousness, in which it is asserted of some persons who died in supreme sanctity that a post-mortem examination disclosed the physical semblance of Christ, or at any rate the insignia of his passion, miraculously medeled in the interior chambers of their hearts. The great historian Origen was even in his infancy considered so holy that, while the child was asleep, his father would softly uncover his breast and kiss the spot beneath which he fondly believed the divine Redeemer was residing. Such absurd vagaries of fancy make a travesty of religion; they do not help, they hinder devotion.

If Christ is in you He is in your thoughts, your desires, your plans, your pleasures, your business, your actions. He does not, however, make you sinless. Yes, Christ dwells with the sinful; but there is a vast difference between the sinful non-Christian and the sinning Christian. The former pursues sin for its pleasure; the latter, prone to be tempted and to fall, always rises again and carries on the old fight, determined, God helping him, never to stumble again.

In brief, it is characteristic of the sinning Christian that he never considers his sin invincible, but maintains watching, prayer and conflict till the end. And God will crown that end with grace and glory.—Christian Werk.

**Never too Busy to Pray.**

Jesus appears to have devoted Himself specially to prayer at times when His life was unusually full of work and excitement. His was a very busy life; there were nearly always "many coming and going" about Him. Sometimes, however, there was such a congestion of thronging objects that He had scarcely time to eat. But even then He found time to pray. Indeed, these appear to have been with Him seasons of more prolonged prayer than usual. Thus we read: "So much the more went there a fame abroad of Him"; and great multitudes came together to hear, and to be healed by Him of their infirmities. And he withdrew Himself into the wilderness and prayed."

Many in our day know what this congestion is. They are swept off their feet with their engagements, and can scarcely find time to eat. We make this a reason for not praying. Is there any doubt which is the better course? Many of the wisest have in this respect done as Jesus did. When Luther had a specially busy and exciting day, he allowed himself longer time than usual for prayer beforehand. A wise man once said he was too busy to be in a hurry. He meant that if he allowed himself to become hurried he could not do all that he had to do. There is nothing like prayer for producing this calm self-possession. When the dust of business so fills your room that it threatens to choke you, sprinkle it with the water of prayer, and then you can cleanse it out with expedition.—Rev. Dr. Stalker.

**A Prayer.**

O God, who puttest into our hearts such deep desire that we cannot be at peace until we enjoy the feeling of Thy love, mercifully grant that the unspeakable sighing of our souls' need may not go unsatisfied because of any unrighteousness of heart, which must divide us from the All-holy One; but strengthen us to do right by whomsoever we have wronged in thought, word, or deed; to renounce all plans of wrong-doing for the future; to purify our thoughts and govern our appetites, so that we may have no bar between us and Thy glory, but enjoy Thy peace which passeth understanding. Amen.—Christian Endeavor World.

**The Pure in Heart.**

"The pure in heart" are those whose hearts God has purified even as He is pure; who are purified through faith in the blood of Jesus, from every unholiness of affection; who, being "cleansed from all filthiness of the flesh and spirit, have perfected holiness in the fear of God." They are, through the power of His graces, purified from pride by the deepest poverty of spirit; from anger, from every kind of turbulent passion, by meekness and gentleness; from every desire but to please and to enjoy God, and to know and love Him more and more; so that now they love the Lord their God, with all their heart, soul, mind, and strength, and their neighbor as themselves.—J. Wesley.

## Ministers and Churches.

### OUR TORONTO LETTER

College St. Church held anniversary services last Sabbath, and marked another milestone of progressive work. The Rev. J. H. Jordan was the preacher in the morning, and though it was evident that he was suffering from a severe cold, the large congregation listened with great pleasure to his sermon. Dr. Milligan was the preacher in the evening, and made a powerful presentation of his theme. One has to think quickly to follow the minister of Old St. Andrews. He will lead you gently, taking an occasional side glance, and you enjoy the easy movement. But suddenly a great thought flashes out upon you, and another, and another, till you are ready to call time to get a grasp upon them. Perhaps there may be a halt, perhaps it comes only when the preacher closes his sermon. At any rate you have food for considerable thought after you leave the church-building.

Chalmers Church is taking its time in the choice of a minister. We have heard nothing about the likely men, not even any gossip about the man they are sure to call. They have men who can keep their counsel. Yet Chalmers is far from being asleep. They met recently, and agreed to undertake a contribution to the Century Fund that might well cause some of the wealthy congregations to open their eyes. There are good men in Chalmers, men who are better at doing than at talking.

Considerable interest was shown in the appearance last Sabbath of Mr. Hadley, who is now in charge of the Jerry McAuley Mission at 310 Water St., New York. The history of this wonderful work is known in every household in Canada, and it is evidently being carried along on the original lines. Mr. Hadley was himself a criminal, with a hard record behind him. For seventeen years he has been hard at work, trying to reclaim just such men as he once was. He knows how it feels to be down, and his marvellous sympathy and strong will force, coupled with an unbounded faith in the power and willingness of Christ to save, make him a mighty force in the hands of the Holy Spirit down in that degraded section. Some of the incidents he related were almost incredible. Yet there was not a trace of egotism about this man. He told his story simply, and took to himself nothing of the glory of it.

In another direction there has been a revival of interest in those who have been unfortunate, and to whom hard times have come. Toronto is a charitable City, and were the amounts given by its citizens judiciously expended none within the City limits need want. Unfortunately the charity of the people is abused, and though given with the best of motives, often produces evil where good was intended. The charitable organizations have worked apart, quite independent of one another. The same ground has been covered, often three times and more. Those who take advantage of this find it easy to live without work, and soon drop into pauperism. To save these people an organization, known as the Associated Charities, which does not itself dispense charity, but links all other dispensing charities together, and furnishes a means of intercommunication among them all, has been revived. Its operations will save the means of the various charities in the City, but what is of much more importance, they will assist in the prevention of pauperisation, of which it is felt there has been altogether too much within the City.

Special services are being held in Cooke's Church this week. Mr. Patterson is being assisted by Dr. McTavish and by Rev. Jas. Murray of Erskine. The new minister at Erskine has already taken his place as one of the most earnest and evangelical of the preachers of the City.

Rev. A. L. Geggie's ministrations in Parkdale are highly appreciated. Several hundred were unable to find room within the Church last Sabbath evening. Yet he does not strive after oratory. With great plainness he presents the old, old story, and men listen, and come back to hear it again. If it is true that the crowd will come to hear oratory, it is also true that men will flock to hear the simple story of the love of Christ. Patterson and Geggie give proof of this.

Rev. A. MacVicar, B. A., of Huntsville, preached in Chalmers Church last Sunday.

Rev. Dr. Robertson, superintendent of missions for the Northwest, addressed the Presbyterian Ministerial Association Monday morning.

At a meeting of the congregation of Dovercourt Presbyterian Church, held this week, it was decided to contribute \$10,000 to the Century Fund.

At the monthly meeting of the Toronto Presbytery

held Dec. 5 the application of Rev. J. A. Morrison, Ph.D., to be transferred to the Presbytery of St. John, N. B., was granted. Dr. Morrison has accepted a call from St. David's Church in St. John.

An office for Rev. R. C. Tibb, secretary of the Associated Charities, is being opened at No. 12 Richmond street east, Confederation Life Building. In this capacity Rev. Mr. Tibb will keep a record of all the recipients of charitable aid in the city, and from this he will warn all benevolent societies against duplications of assistance.

### WESTERN ONTARIO.

The Presbyterians of Kemble are preparing to build a new church.

Rev. C. H. Jamieson conducted the services in Knox Church, Elora, last Sabbath.

The Session of Knox Church, Guelph, entertained the congregation on the evening of Dec. 5.

An enjoyable concert was given in the Presbyterian Church, Mount Pleasant, on Nov. 28.

Rev. E. A. McKenzie, B.D., of Chesley, occupied the pulpit at Knox Church, St. Mary's, last Sabbath.

Rev. John McEwen, of Toronto, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church, Smithville, Nov. 26.

On Dec. 3 Mr. W. J. Ferguson, spoke in Central Church, Stratford, in the interest of the Century Fund.

The county convention of the King's Daughters and Sons was held in Knox Church, Stratford, on Dec. 1.

Twenty-three new members were received at the last communion of Knox Church, Hamilton, held on Dec. 8.

Rev. J. W. Bell, Port Credit, conducted the services in the Presbyterian Church, Hespeler, on Dec. 3.

A Gaelic service was held last Sunday afternoon in St. Andrew's Church, London, by Rev. A. Stewart.

On Dec. 7 Rev. Dr. Beavis lectured in Knox Church, Hamilton, on "Yankee Poets and their Philosophy."

Rev. John McNeil, Cowal, preached to the Presbyterian congregations of Mount Pleasant and Bishopsgate on Nov. 26.

The Excelsior Mission Band of St. John Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, held its first annual sale of fancy work on December 5.

On Dec. 3 in McNab Street Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, Rev. Dr. Fletcher preached the annual sermon to St. Andrew's Society.

On Dec. 8 two new elders were ordained in the Presbyterian Church, Wentworth, Mr. Wm. B. Robertson and Mr. Junior Gray.

The anniversary services of Knox Church, Elora, will be held on Dec. 10, when Rev. Hugh McPherson, of Acton, will preach.

The anniversary services of the Presbyterian Church, Seaforth, were conducted last Sunday by Rev. J. A. McGillivray, of London.

Rev. A. Blair, of Nassagaweya, gave an address on "The Lord's Supper" in the Presbyterian Church, Acton, last Sabbath evening.

Rev. Hugh Ross was inducted into the pastorate of the Presbyterian congregations of Binbrook, Saltfleet and Abingdon on Dec. 5 in Knox Church, Binbrook.

On Dec. 3 Rev. W. A. J. Martin, Zion Church, Cranford, inducted five new elders: Rev. Mr. Cruikshank, Dr. Nichol, P. Duff, R. Foulds and Wm. Chessum.

Central Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, is to have five handsome windows, donated by Wm. Hendrie, Dr. G. E. Husband, Mrs. W. A. Wood, and the societies of the church.

At St. Andrew's dinner last week in London, a large number of Presbyterians were present. Rev. W. J. Clark, one of the chairmen of the society, gave the address of the evening.

The sixteenth anniversary of the induction of the Rev. S. W. Fisher to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church, Christie, will take place on Sunday and Monday, Dec. 10th and 11th. The Sabbath

services will be conducted by Rev. Jas. Murray, of Eiskine Church, Toronto.

A most successful entertainment was held Nov. 28 in the King Street Presbyterian Church, London, called "A National Festival." There were four national tables, one each for Scotland, Ireland, England and Canada. At each the characteristic dishes were served. At 8 o'clock an adjournment was made to the church, where an excellent programme was given. Rev. Dr. Johnson gave a short address on England, Rev. W. J. Clark on Canada, Rev. R. McIntyre on Scotland, and Rev. George Gilmore on Ireland.

### EASTERN ONTARIO.

Seventeen new members joined Knox Church, Ottawa, last Sabbath at the communion service.

Rev. Joseph Hamilton, of Mimico, is to preach in Cooke's Church, Kingston, on Sabbath, Dec. 10.

Rev. J. C. Turnbull, of Bowmanville, conducted the service in the Presbyterian Church, Columbus, last Sunday afternoon.

Twenty-six new members were received last Sabbath at the communion service of the Bank Street Church, Ottawa.

The annual Bible Society meeting was held in St. Andrew's Church, Buckingham, on Monday last and was largely attended.

During the past year a Kingston Presbyterian congregation has been augmented by fifteen families who have come to the city to live.

Principal Grant preached the University sermon at Queen's last Sunday afternoon, choosing for his text, "He wholly followed the Lord."

On Dec. 4 an enjoyable entertainment was held in St. Andrew's Church, Brighton. The proceeds, which were for missions, amounted to over \$31.

Last Sabbath evening Rev. Dr. Campbell, Moderator of the General Assembly, spoke in Bank Street Church, Ottawa, on the Century Fund.

The anniversary services of the Presbyterian church at Sunderland were held Nov. 17 and 18. Rev. J. R. Fraser, of Uxbridge, occupied the pulpit.

A Madoc gentleman remarked the other day that he could not understand why the Boers were doing so well in the war until he heard they were all Presbyterians.

The new church at Maxville is almost completed and presents a very handsome appearance. It is expected the opening will take place during the present month.

The thank offering meeting of the W.F.M.S. of St. Andrew's Church, Appleton, was held on Nov. 29. Rev. A. S. Grant gave an address. The offering amounted to \$36.

The preparatory service of the First Presbyterian Church, Brockville, was conducted on Dec. 1 by Rev. James Stuart, D.D., of Prescott. Seventeen new members were received at communion.

A special meeting of Glengary Presbytery for the purpose of uniting St. Andrew's and East Lancaester congregations, took place in Knox Church, Lancaester, on Tuesday afternoon last.

Rev. J. Wilkie, B.A., of India, gave a missionary address last Sabbath morning in St. Paul's Church, Peterborough, and in the evening delivered an address on the same work in St. Andrew's Church.

The pulpit of St. Andrew's Church, Arnprior, was occupied last Sabbath by Mr. Jas. Wallace, of Queen's, as the pastor, Rev. D. J. McLean, was preaching at the opening of the Presbyterian church, Hopetown.

Last Sabbath morning Rev. J. Mackie, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Kingston, made reference to the death of the late Dr. T. G. Smith, who had for years—from 1874 to 1883—filled the pastorate of St. Andrew's church.

The Rev. David MacLaren, of Alexandria, is suffering from a slight attack of rheumatism. It is expected he will be able to resume his duties shortly. Mr. Cameron, of Montreal College, conducted both services last Sunday.

Rev. James Conn was formally inducted into the pastorate of Blakeney and Clayton congregations on Dec. 1. The induction services were conducted by Revs. C. H. Cooke, John Crombie, D. J. McLean, G. D. Bayne, R. J. Hutcheon and A. E. Mitchell.

Rev. A. F. Ross was inducted on Dec. 5 into the



pastorate of the congregation of Merivale and Westboro, in the Merivale Church. Rev. N. A. McLeod preached the sermon; Rev. Dr. Campbell addressed the minister, and Rev. D.M. Ramsay, the people.

Special services were held at Vankleek Hill every evening during the past week in connection with the communion services last Sabbath. The meetings were all largely attended. Rev. J. R. McLeod, of Three Rivers, and Rev. Orr Bennett, of Hawkesbury, assisted on Monday evening.

Rev. John Chisholm, late of Dunbarton, is now comfortably settled in his new charge at Kemtville and is rapidly making the acquaintance of his large congregation in that district. The Sunday services are being very largely attended and increased activity is shown in all departments of the church work.

Work has been begun on the new church at Vankleek Hill. The site is a prominent one immediately adjoining the manse, and it is expected the building will be completed by next midsummer. Stone will be used throughout and the church will be modern in every respect. The amount required to open free of debt is \$20,000; of this over \$16,000 is already subscribed.

On Nov. 26 Rev. J. McD. Duncan, of Woodville, preached at the morning service in Knox church, Beaverton, in the interest of the Century Fund. In the afternoon he preached at Gamelbridge, and in the evening at St. Andrew's Church, Beaverton. During the week Mr. Duncan accompanied Rev. K. J. McLeod and Rev. D. W. Best on visits to the different members of the congregation, meeting with much success.

**MONTREAL.**

The Rev. Prof. Jas Ross spoke at the Young Men's Meeting of the V. M. C. A. on Sunday afternoon.

The Rev. Dr. Jas. Robertson, superintendent of missions, preached in the American Church on Sunday morning and in Stanley St. Church on Sunday evening.

With the object of interesting the Christian people of the city in the spiritual welfare of the Jews, a convention will be held on Dec. 14 under the auspices of the Ministerial Association.

The St. Gabriel Church St. Andrew's night concert was eminently successful. In addition to the musical programme, Dr. Walton, dean of the faculty of law of McGill University, delivered an address.

The annual sale of useful and fancy articles under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society of Victoria Church was held last week. The church was prettily decorated with palms and cut flowers. The financial result was satisfactory.

The Rev. W. D. Reid has received a call to Cowcadden's Church, Glasgow, Scotland. The church has a membership of over twelve hundred and a session of sixty elders. The people of Taylor Church are very anxious that Mr. Reid should remain with them.

At a meeting of the board of management of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, the following minute was unanimously passed: That this board expresses its profound regret at the loss to its work and to the cause of education generally sustained by the death of the late Sir William Dawson, Principal Emeritus of McGill University. Sir William Dawson was the first to suggest the establishment of the Presbyterian College in affiliation with the McGill University for the purpose of training candidates for the ministry of the church, and until laid aside by sickness was an active member of both the board and the senate of the college. He co-operated heartily in every effort to advance its interests; wise in council, courteous in his bearing, and thoroughly in sympathy with the aims of the institution. His memory will be long cherished as among the chief of those who contributed to its early success.

Mr. J. Burt Sutherland, of Montreal, has been speaking at Mille Isle, Cote St. Gabriel, Shaw Bridge, Richmond, Trenholmeville, Melbournie Ridge and Dundee.

The American Presbyterian Church has recently issued a manual, which in addition to giving the facts and figures of the past year's work, gives many interesting comparisons with its previous history.

Rev. Dr. Campbell, pastor of St. Gabriel's Church,

has arranged for a series of addresses to be given on Sunday afternoons to his Young People's Bible Class on subjects suitable to the close of the century, showing the changes and progress which have marked its course in various forms of Christian life and activity.

The Presbyterians of Laclute, Que., are to be congratulated upon the progress made in the erection of a new church. The building is now almost completed and it is expected will be occupied early in January. Lord Strathcona who promised the last \$1,000 towards the structure has been written for by his donation, so that the church will be opened free of debt. The amount involved will be some \$12,000.

**MARITIME PROVINCES.**

The Scott Act has been upheld by a good majority in Westhorelands Co., N.B.

Rev. Hugh McMillan, of Elmsdale, N.S., has been appointed a justice of the peace.

Rev. S. A. Fraser and family sailed for Trinidad by the Taymouth Castle last Thursday.

The new church at Merigomische, N.S., was opened last Sabbath. Rev. R. Cumming, of Westville, preached.

Rev. T. D. Stewart, minister of the "Anti-union" congregation at Westville, N.S., has returned to Scotland. His departure is much regretted by all denominations.

Rev. J. A. Morrison was inducted into the charge of St. David's Church, St. John, last Friday evening. Rev. A. H. Foster preached. Rev. A. S. Morton, Moderator of Presbytery, presided. Rev. J. G. McNeil addressed the minister and Rev. W. W. Raimie, the people. A welcome social to Mr. and Mrs. Morrison will be held Thursday evening.

**WINNIPEG AND THE WEST.**

There is a rumor that Dr. Patrick of Dundee, Scotland, will be offered the principalship of Manitoba College in succession to the late Principal King.

Rev. John Hogg, of St. Giles' Church, Winnipeg, conducted anniversary services in Clearwater on November 26.

**State of the Funds.**

The Rev. Dr. Warden has furnished us with the following comparative statement of the receipts for the schemes of the Church to 31st Nov., 1898 and 1899.

	1898.	1899.
Home Missions	\$15,714.59	\$16,313.96
Augmentation	2,744.03	2,501.95
Foreign Missions	32,257.29	38,312.62
French Evangelization	7,043.85	7,369.91
Pointe-aux-Trembles	1,454.75	1,044.90
Widows' and Orphans' Fund	1,155.60	1,658.38
Age-d and Intim Ministers' Fund	1,859.34	3,305.12
Assembly Fund	1,815.71	2,082.67
Knox College	1,947.46	1,929.99
Queen's College	276.55	114.90
Presbyterian College, Montreal	272.98	133.08
Manitoba College	634.29	231.40

The Home and Foreign Mission receipts do not include legacies as according to instructions of these committees, legacies have been placed in a separate fund.

The estimated Home Mission expenditure for the current year, as approved by the General Assembly, is \$13,700 in excess of last year's receipts. These included \$12,000 from Britain. Of this amount only \$6,000 is expected this year, so that the amount required from our own Church will be nearly \$20,000 in excess of the amount contributed last year.

The estimated Foreign Mission expenditure, as adopted by the General Assembly, is \$13,500 more than the receipts of last year, so that this amount will be necessary over and above that contributed last year.

By order of the General Assembly, contributions for the schemes should be forwarded to the Church Agent on or before 28th February.

**Century Fund.**

Further subscriptions towards the Century Fund from ministers, to this date: -

Rev. A. D. Menzies, Kaslo, B.C.	\$ 50
" J. A. McKeen, Orono	40
" Dr. Bryce, Winnipeg	500
" A. T. Love, Quebec	125
" W. Peattie, Toronto	50
" A. Macdonald, Nanapanee	100
" W. J. Clark, London (additional)	50
" W. G. Hanna, Mount Forest	100
" L. Perrin, Georgetown	50
" R. McNabb, Beachburg	75
" J. C. Campbell, Strathcona, N.W.T.	50
" J. Fairdie, Lansdowne	20
" W. A. Dunan, Sault Ste. Marie	100
" George Chrystal, Becton	20
" Dr. F. Wright, Portage La Prairie	400
" G. Bremner, Carnduff	40
" N. Shaw, Egmondville, from \$50 to	100
" D. D. McDonald, Lorneville	50
" R. Eadie, Hintonburg	75
<b>675 ministers subscribing a total of</b>	<b>\$ 67,128</b>

**Widows' and Orphans' Fund Rates.**

We are asked to remind ministers that their rates to the Widows' and Orphans' Fund were due on the 1st of November. The month's grace within which the rates should be paid, has expired. It will be well for ministers who have not yet remitted, to do so immediately so as to prevent the possibility of their connection with the Fund being questioned. These rates should be paid with the punctuality that an annual life insurance premium is paid.

**A Church Notice.**

The following is a copy of a unique notice, affixed to the church door at Whitechurch, London:

Missing, last Sunday, some families from church. Stolen, several hours from the Lord's day, by a number of people of different ages dressed in their Sunday clothes.

Stray'd, half a score of lambs, believed to have gone in the direction of "No Sunday School."

Mislaid, a quantity of silver and copper coins on the counter of a public house, the owner being in a state of great excitement at the time.

Wanted, several young people. When last seen were walking in pairs up Sabbath Breakers' Lane, which leads to the city of No Good.

Lost, a lad carefully reared, not long from home, and for a time very promising. Supposed to have gone with one or two older companions to Prodigal Town, Husk Lane.

Any person assisting in the recovery of the above shall in no wise lose his reward.

"Modern Bookbindings and their Designers" is the title of the winter number of "The Studio," which will be ready for publication towards the end of November. Coloured supplements will form a strong feature of the monograph, which will be fully illustrated with examples of bookbindings, both tooled and "Trade," recently produced in England, America, France, Belgium, Holland, Sweden and Denmark.

Every minister who has a pastoral charge is anxious to make the most of his life-work. There is no failure so sad as a failure in the ministry. A professional or business man may not succeed, and it will effect but a few, and only for a time; but when an ambassador of the cross of Christ fails, it is an unspeakable calamity for this world and the next. The surest way to success in all departments of church work is to give the people the broadest and highest views of the purpose of the Gospel of the Son of God. Jesus is a race-wide man. He belongs to all continents; to all centuries; to all generations.—World Wide Missions.

There is no I in the Lord's Prayer; it is all we; it has all the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God.—Frances Willard.

# The Inglenook

## Faith, Before and After.

BY "PANSY."

They had been sitting together in the Sunday-evening twilight, Chess and Faith and Emeline. There had been a beautiful sunset, and the crimson and golden pillars had massed themselves against the sky in a wonderful manner, and then had one by one melted into such a sheen of golden glory that it almost seemed as though the watchers had seen the gates of the celestial city thrown open for a moment to give them a glimpse of what was beyond.

"We are left outside," Faith had said, a note of tender melancholy in her pleasant voice. Faith's voice always suggested music, Chess said; but then Chess was imaginative for a boy. The girls thought he ought to become an artist, he had such artistic fancies.

"No," said Chess sturdily. "I think I am destined to be a farmer, but I'm going to be one of the best farmers there is in this country."

"Shall you live in the old home always?" Faith had asked on that Sunday evening when some reference had been made to Chess' Holbrook's future.

"I think so," he had answered. "It is a plain old farmhouse, but every timber in it is dear to me." Then they had all turned and looked at the old-fashioned, weather-beaten frame house, with its small jamed windows lighted still with the glory of the sunset.

"It is a dear old place," Faith had said. "I like the wide deep fireplace best of all. That one in the sitting room, Chess, where you gather on winter evenings, and read, and talk, and eat apples, and have good times. When you fix the house over, you won't disturb the fireplace, will you?"

"I shall not disturb a thing that I can help," Chess said, looking earnestly at the dear home. "There is nothing about it that isn't pleasant to me. I don't know but it would break my heart if anything should happen to the old house."

"What if somebody should swoop down upon you to-morrow morning, and tell you that every board in it belonged to him, and the sooner you could pack your trunk and get out of it, the better?" asked Emeline. "That is what happened to me, and we loved our home almost as well as you do yours. It was n't so old, nor so picturesque, and there were n't any grand old trees to glorify it, but it was home, and I felt, as you say, as though my heart would break when we had to leave it, but it did n't."

"Of course not!" Faith said, and she leaned forward a little, and rested one hand on her friend's shoulder as she added gently, "It takes more than such experiences to shake those whose homes are safe up there, where we saw the glory."

"I don't know about that," said Emeline, moving a little so that the caressing hand slipped off. "I hope I have a home waiting for me in heaven; in fact, I think I may say I know. I have; but I shed some very bitter tears over the one made of brick and mortar, and it took me a good while to decide that I could be real downright happy anywhere else."

Faith bestowed a tender smile on her, which had in it just a hint of pity.

"Most people think too much of such things, I suppose," she said softly.

Chess gave her such a look as he might perhaps have bestowed upon one of the angels that they had imagined were hovering over the golden bars of the sunset sky. She seemed a person set apart from the common throng.

"Do such things really never worry you? If you were to lose things that you thought a great deal of, wouldn't you feel dreadfully?"

"About more 'things'?" she said, smiling at Chess's repetitions of the word, of which they had told him he was very fond. "I don't think so. It seems such folly. What are 'things,' after all, compared with what we really value? I don't wonder you use that word so much, Chess; it is very convenient. I never really understand Emeline when she gets to mourning over the loss of her home. O, I am sorry for her, of course; but it is wonderful and sad to see how easily people can forget the 'house not made with hands.'"

Emeline made a movement of impatience.

"We are not there yet," she said brusquely, "and I don't see why it isn't perfectly natural to feel badly about the loss of our old house that my father built, and all the nice old furniture that was in it. I did, and I do; and I don't feel self-condemned one bit. Perhaps you have never been tried. If you were, you might get better acquainted with yourself."

Chess looked his annoyance. His cousin Emeline was really almost rude, sometimes. But Faith turned a pleasant, unmovable face toward her.

"O, I have had trials," she said, "every one has; but I like to remember the relative importance of things—there is your word again, Chess—and to try always to realize that whatever comes is the best that could come to us."

"You are rightly named," said Chess, not trying to keep out of his voice the admiration that he felt.

Faith turned and smiled on him. "I want to deserve my name," she said.

They separated soon after. Faith said good-night first, and went to her room. Chess lingered to say to his cousin, with whom he was on very confidential terms, "Don't you think she has really a remarkable spirit for one so young?"

"I don't know," said Emeline, and she said no more.

Chess went to bed wondering what was the matter with Emeline. Could she really be a little bit jealous of this beautiful girl whose sweet spirit was a daily lesson to them all?

The next morning Faith went with her sketch-book, and her sun umbrella, and her wrap, and her fan, to a lovely rock that she had discovered where the views were grand. She asked Emeline to accompany her, but that young woman had promised to care apples for the good lady of the house, who was short of help that busy Monday morning. As for Chess, all week-days were busy ones to him. He was his father's standby on the old farm, every foot of which he knew and loved.

"Make a sketch of me out in the wood lot," he said, looking half wistfully after the artist. "It must be fun to be able to do such things."

In less than an hour Chess came tearing up from the wood lot, drawn by the frightened shrieks of his mother, and Delia, the cook, and his cousin Emeline, and his Aunt Mary, and all the boarders who were within sight of the old house. What a sight it was! Flames seemed to be bursting from every window on the west side, and a brisk wind was blowing that carried the sparks with dangerous rapidity through the house.

Chess's father was there before him, trying to fight the fire.

"It's of no use," he said to his son, as their eyes met for a single moment. "The old house must go; get out what things you can. Boarders first, you know."

Fire hurries so! Almost before they had all

realized that there was a genuine fire, and not a chimney burning out, they were all outside, standing helplessly at a safe distance, gazing at the falling timbers and mourning over the great old trees.

Half a mile away, in the hospitable yard of a neighboring farmhouse, on the grass sat Faith, the artist and philosopher. She had heard the alarm too late even to get a view of the fire; but the story of it had come to her. Emeline, who had been the first to hurry down the road to a place of safety with Chess's baby sister in her arms, could give what details there were.

"I don't understand it," Faith was saying, or rather crying; in truth, she almost screamed it. "How could they be so mean as to let all my things burn? My lovely dresses, and my jewelry, and oh, oh, my watch! my watch! I left it on the table; I never did before. Why, it cost two hundred dollars! I tell you I must have my watch! Oh, it was cruel! If I had never come to this horrid old place! and I never would, Emeline Roberts, if it hadn't been for you. Oh, my tickets, my return tickets are all burned, too! and my pocketbook with fifty dollars in it; and my dresses, and gloves, and laces that came from London. How could they be so horridly stupid and selfish as to let all my things burn?"

"Faith, be still," said Emeline, the outspoken. "Do you suppose you are the only one who has suffered? You had only the things that were in your trunks, and the family have lost everything they had. All their beds and table-linen and dishes and everything."

"Oh, 'beds' and 'dishes'! That is just like you, Emeline, to compare such things to my lovely clothes."

"If you must think of clothes," said Emeline in no milder tone, "a few of us can sympathize with you. I guess every rag of mine went. I know I didn't save any of them. All I thought of was the baby. I knew where she was lying, asleep, and I was afraid that no one else did. The family must have lost every bit of clothing. I don't think they got anything out from that side of the house."

"That doesn't help me any," sobbed Faith. "Think what CLOTHES I had! Oh, dear! My whole skin is gone, too! And oh, oh! I had my lovely sealskin sack in the bottom of one of my trunks. And my diamond ring! Oh, what shall I do? What SHALL I do?"

As this fresh loss swept over her, poor Faith lost every semblance of self control, and rolled over and over in the grass, groaning and crying out like one in mortal pain.

"The idea!" said one of the ladies. "I thought that girl was an angel that had just slipped away from heaven for a little while. She acts as though she belonged very much to the earth. What would she do if it were her home that had burned instead of a trunk or two?"

Then came Chess, hatless and all but breathless, up the road, his face begrimed with smoke, and his hair and eyebrows singed.

"We've saved the barn," he called out, and his voice was almost cheerful. "The wind has turned; and the horses and cows and sheep and hens are all safe; nothing that had life has burned; isn't that good?"

Then he caught sight of Faith rolling about on the grass, and stopped dismayed.

"What is it?" he asked. "What has happened to her? Was she hurt? Was she burned? She couldn't have been; she wasn't there!"

"She is overcome with the sense of her loss," said Emeline; "her dresses, and her furs, and her rings; she has forgotten the relative importance of things!"—to save her life she could not keep a tinge of sarcasm out of her voice,—"it is an experience that has shaken her, you see, in spite of the fact that she has a home in heaven."

Chess turned from the frantic girl on the grass, and looked his distress in the face of the cousin at his side. He hated to have a beautiful image spoiled. Then he spoke loud enough for Faith to hear.

"Her trunks were saved, both of them. I rolled them out myself; and I swept up no end of finery from the tables and bureau, as I passed, and

"I swept a whole raft of things from the closet into the trunk," said Chess, his face grave almost to sternness. "I think everything must be there; there was enough of them, I know." Then he turned to Emeline. "I could not save your trunk," he said mournfully. "The fire began on that side of the house, you know, and I thought we must take that first. We thought we could get back to the other side, but there wasn't time."

"Never mind me," said Emeline gravely, "I have some more clothes at home; but your mother and the children—I am afraid you saved nothing for yourselves."

Chess shook his head. "There wasn't time," he said. "Father called out to me, 'Boarders first'; and I went for that side of the house, as I told you."

Emeline spoke low: "O Chess, did you save your wheel? I saw you roll out one."

"No, that wasn't mine; it was hers," with a nod towards Faith; "they stood together, and I couldn't take mine and leave hers."

Something impelled Emeline to add this bit of news. "Faith," she called out, "Chess saved your wheel, too."

"Did he? That was just like him, but I shouldn't have been disturbed if that had burned. I'm going to have a new one next spring."

"But I still think, Emeline," said Chess, as they stood together beside the ashes of the dear old home and talked things over, "I still think that there is such a faith that triumphs over all trials that can come. I am dreadfully disappointed in Faith; such an opportunity as she had to illustrate the truth that she had talked so beautifully about last night does not come very often to people as young as she; but it failed her somehow; yet I still believe in it with all my soul."

"O, so do I!" said Emeline quickly. "Don't imagine that I do not. There is a genuine kind. Faith isn't a hypocrite, either; she was only self-deceived. I'll tell you what it is, Chess; the real kind never parades itself, I think; but it is there, on rock foundation. Look at your father and mother,"—Christian Endeavor World.

### Christmas Presents.

Much as we need simplicity in all the phases of our living, its greatest need is sometimes felt at Christmas. And it seems a pity that we cannot make a beginning there. We could if we would simplify this question of presents; if we would leave out of our considerations all but the natural promptings of our hearts. If ever material considerations should be dismissed from our minds and lives it should be in connection with Christmas. If ever our friends should see our hearts—our real inner selves—it should be on Christmas Day. Not that we should be other than our real selves on other days. But as it is, we are not our actual selves on the day of all days when we should be. See how we strive that our present of this year shall surpass the one we gave last year! See how instinctively we think of the material value of what we give, and actually of what we receive! See how we wrong ourselves by leaving needful things undone and inviting illness because we feel we must give something of our own making to a friend, when really a sigh goes into each stitch, instead of being frank with ourselves, and pleasing our friends infinitely more by being frank with them, and purchasing something at far less cost to our health. Every woman knows what I mean by this; the great evil of 'making things' for Christmas presents when really neither the time nor strength can be spared.—Edward Bok in Ladies' Home Journal.

### The Home Life.

If we could keep alive the sentiment which once enfolded every word and act, and which made those days a lyric poem, the home would always be the heaven we promised ourselves and each other that it should be, and these sad estrangements which have made a tragedy of so many lives would be impossible. Hearts that have once beat in union

would never make discordant sounds, but the music would grow more sweet and rich and mellow if we would live for each other as we used to do and be as polite to and considerate of each other as we are to strangers. The religion of the home life is the religion which Christ preached. It was sentiment on the part of Mary to anoint the Master's feet, but sentiment has more to do with human happiness than wealth or social position. To gratify the desires with costly gifts is one thing, but a simple rose which carries your heart is worth more than them all. Whatever represents affection, though it be only a word or a look, throws a spell over the household and charms it with contentment. We can bear all things while love is true, but all things are burdens, even riches and fame, when love is absent. I know no better religion than that which teaches me to keep my heart young and to cherish that sentiment which daily blesses me and others. The little things of life are the only great and important things, after all. Christian Work.

### Dreaming of Home.

It comes to me often in silence,  
When the fire light sputters low—  
When the black, uncertain shadows  
Seem wraith of long ago;  
Always with a throb of heartache,  
That thrills each pulsive vein,  
Comes the old, unquiet longing  
For the peace of home again.

I'm sick of the roar of cities,  
And of the faces cold and strange;  
I know where there's warmth and welcome,  
And my yearning fancies range  
Back to the dear old homestead,  
With an aching sense of pain;  
But there'll be joy in the coming,  
When I go home again.

When I go home again! There's music  
That never may die away,  
And it seems the hands of angels,  
On a mystic harp at play,  
Have touched with a yearning sadness  
O'er a beautiful broken strain,  
To which is my fond heart wailing,  
"When I go home again."

Outside of my darkened window  
Is the great world's crash and din,  
And slowly the autumn shadows  
Come drifting, drifting in;  
Sobbing, the night wind murmurs  
To the splash of the autumn rain;  
But I dream of the glorious greeting  
When I go home again!

—Eugene Field.

### How to be Beautiful.

A quaint, middle-aged maiden lady said to me once, "If I had my life to live over again, I would be just hansum." I could not repress a flicker of a smile, which seemed to be expected, and was received in good faith, but she repeated, "Yes, real hansum; but it's too late now you have to begin when you are real little, and never let angry thoughts, selfishness, nor meanness of any kind get a-holt of your heart."

Many a time since have I thought of this saying, and watched the faces in the crowded thoroughfares and street-cars, and I am convinced that it is true, and it is such faces that leave a benediction with you and haunt your memory.

In these days of massage and aids to beautify I believe we think too little of the deep lines and in-eradicable furrows traced by the thoughts that are untrue to our better natures. The girl who would never think of exposing her delicate skin to rough winds and driving storms fills full the dark paint pots of worry and peevishness, and leaves lines on her face that cosmetics cannot hide nor toilet water wash away.

A smile lifts all the lines of the face and adds a glitter to the eye that belladonna cannot even imitate, and aside from the good it does to the beholder, it reacts on the one who smiles, and leaves touches like the brush of the finest portrait painter, scarcely seen at first, but by and by leaving the face a thing of beauty.

Try it for a month, and let a smile be always ready, instead of a frown; then consult your mirror,

and convince yourself that this is true. You will find your face growing smoother, the mouth will have a more pleasing expression, the eyes will have a charming expression, and the whole effect will be brighter and better.

Smile? Why, all the massage in the world cannot make you as beautiful as that will, even though the manipulator be genuine Russian or Turkish. I only wish I could advertise as fluently as they, that this great beauty producer might be appreciated, and everyone believe in it.

I don't mean you shall grin like a Cheshire cat—far from it. A grin is deliberately put on, like a mask; a smile bubbles up from the heart.

Then, smiles are contagious, and besides beautifying your own face, you are adding an effective stroke here and there to other faces, until gradually—well what? I guess the millennium will come.—Christian Work.

### The Way to Excuse.

A little brown-eyed maid, no taller than the dinner-table, came to her mother with her apron wet down the front.

"Agnes! Agnes!" exclaimed the vexed mother, "you have been to the water-cooler again, when I told you not to go. I shall be obliged to punish you this time."

"No, mudder," said the trembling little voice, "you'll have to 'scuse me this time, 'cause Lila was so sorry she cried for a drink, and nobody was there to give it to her but me."

"Well, daughter, as it was for Lila's sake you did it, I will excuse you this time, but you must not turn the spigot again, no matter who cries. Will you remember?"

The little one promised, her face all sunshine again, and the mother took her off for a dry apron. But that was only a small part of the mischief, and in the worry and fatigue of mopping up the water that had run over the pantry floor and collected dangerously near the flour barrel, the mother's temper gave way. "I declare, Agnes!" she said, "you are too much bother for anything! Why can't you learn to let things alone?"

Hearing no sound, she looked up, and she will not soon forget the look of disappointment on the little face. "Why, mudder," said the baby, "I thought you said you would 'scuse me. I don't call this 'scusing me!"—The Evangelist.

### "Christmas is Coming."

Isn't that what the children have been saying for several weeks? And we grown up people are beginning to realize that it is true, when we think of all that remains to be done during the next two weeks. What a quantity of fancy-work is still to be finished! What shopping expeditions are still to be undertaken! Once more we make that old-time resolution, "We'll begin earlier next year," which is made but to be broken, for next year will be just as bad as this. The person who makes her Christmas presents through the year and is never rushed just before the great day must be exasperating—that is, if she exists at all. We have to wait until the Christmas spirit enters into us; then we can get to work and accomplish more than we could in the whole autumn. When we see the first snow on the ground we can believe that "Christmas is coming"—not before.

Now we settle down to make out our lists. I wonder if there is anyone who does not make a list of those whom she intends remembering at Christmas time. The list looks appallingly long as a rule, and we wonder if we gave to so many last year. If it is going to prove a burden, this Christmas giving, let us strike half the names from our lists or send a tiny note of loving greeting instead of the gift which, after all, is valued chiefly as an expression of affection. But if we decide on the gifts let them be done up as daintily as possible. A few sheets of tissue paper, a few yards of the cheapest beige ribbon these will greatly enhance the value of the simplest present.



## World of Missions.

### A Letter from a Formosa Missionary.

Rev. R. P. MacKay,  
Secretary of Foreign Mission Committee.

My Dear Brother:—

We are now under Japanese administration that entails a great deal of unusual work at the outset. Plans and measurements of mission lands, sites and buildings, courses of subjects taught in college and schools, authors and publications of books used and the biographies of all teachers engaged, must be prepared and handed in to the chief officer here. Then applications (written in Japanese) asking permission to continue work in hospital, school and college, must be forwarded to the Prefect. I have engaged the British Consul's Japanese Secretary, with the hearty approval of the former, at the rate of five dollars a month, to translate documents during non-office hours.

Armed bandits continue with little interruption to rob helpless natives and kill Japanese police. Not a few of the latter are low, ignorant and haughty in their demeanor towards the former. People dislike the police force as a body, though some of them are better behaved than their fellows.

Again this year a violent storm swept over North Formosa and left more or less destruction in its train. Churches, as usual, suffered especially in Kapsctelan. We have already repaired churches at Heioa, Pat li-hun, Ki-li gan, Go Ko Khi, Koe-land, Tsui-tug-kha, Tung-siang, Khoe, Ta ma-sen and Pai-li. At the last mentioned place the people built a chapel which was destroyed by the typhoon, then rebuilt it and asked for a small sum to assist them.

Recently at a country station I baptized fourteen and thirty-eight observed the Lord's Supper. At another place ten were baptized and forty received the "cup of blessing."

A number of Christians came to Tamsui from three neighboring stations, thirty one were baptized and one hundred and eighteen sat at the Lord's table. Two hundred and two were present.

At Sin-tiam seventeen were baptized, one hundred and forty partook of communion, two hundred and ten heard the gospel in the church.

In Bang-kah I baptized thirty-one and engaged in the "breaking of bread" with ninety-two believers. Two hundred and twenty-four were in attendance. On the 17th inst. I preached there again on Rom. 2:4 at a packed house.

Last April six senior students went forth as Heralds of the Cross, and now there are thirteen students in Oxford College in the first division and twelve in the second. I am busy with these every day and evening when in Tamsui.

There are stations here where the Holy Ghost is changing the hearts of sinners as in days of old. Visible as noontday sun can be seen the effects.

Glory be to the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, One God.

I am yours sincerely,

G. L. MACKAY.

Formosa, Tamsui, Sep. 28, 1899.

### Thorns Instead of Cedars.

Many people do not realize that Lebanon is no longer a mountain covered with forest of cedars, nor even adorned with a few groups of cedars. "Lebanon is ashamed and hewn down." "The Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon."

The fact is they are all gone except two small groves of some two hundred trees each, and these groves are far off the regular lines of travel. The finest of them is hidden at the foot of one of the highest mountains and can only be reached or seen after days of hard climbing on horseback.

The sun does about 99-100 of the work in heating Syria, and shrubs, thorns, scrub-oak, grape-vine trimmings, roots, charcoal and a very little good wood does the rest.—The Assembly Herald.

### The Disappointed Priest.

Upon a time a man and his wife went a day's journey from their village to the bazaar to sell their wares, and it fell upon the day of their return that it rained heavily, and as they hurried along the highway they sought shelter from the head priest of a temple. He, however, would not even let them enter. They begged to be permitted to sleep in the sheltered place at the head of the stairs, but this also the priest refused. Angered, they went under the temple and there rested.

When the priest had lain down on his mat in the room just over the place where the man and his wife were hidden, he heard the man say to his wife, "It will be good to be again with our young and beautiful daughter. I trust all is well with her."

Having heard these words, the priest arose hastily and called, "Come up, good people, and sleep in the temple. Here, too, are mats to rest upon." And as they talked of their beautiful daughter the priest asked, "When I am out of the temple, released from my vows, will you give me your daughter to wife?"

Looking at his wife, the husband replied, "It is good in our sight."

When the morning came and they wished to steam some rice for their breakfast they had no pot, but the priest freely offered the use of his pot, and insisted upon their using of the sacred wood for the fire, the wood which was used in propping the branches of the Po tree. Being ready to go on their way the priest presented them with gifts of food, silver and gold, saying, "I will soon leave the priesthood, and come marry your beautiful daughter."

But three days had passed when the man and his wife came again to the temple and told the priest that their daughter was dead, and a long time they all mourned together.

"I will ever remain true to my love for your daughter. Never will I leave the priesthood," vowed the priest, while the man and his wife returned to their home, spent the silver and gold the priest had given them and cheerfully laughed at him, for never had they had a daughter!—Laos Folk-Lore of Farther India.

## DREADED DIPHTHERIA.

ITS AFTER EFFECTS FREQUENTLY SHATTER STRONG NERVES.

Mr. S. McDougall Suffered for Years and His Doctor Told Him Recovery Was Impossible—Again Strong and Healthy.

Farmer and "jack of all trades," is what Mr. Salter McDougall styled himself when interviewed by the News recently. Mr. McDougall resides at Alton, about ten miles from Truro, N. S., and according to his own statement has been made a new man by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When interviewed by a News man, Mr. McDougall said:—"I am only too glad to give you any information you may want. Anything I can say will not be too good a recommendation for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Up to the year 1888," continued Mr. McDougall, "I had always enjoyed good health. At that time I had a severe attack of diphtheria, the after effects of which left me in a deplorable condition. I was troubled with a constant pain in my left side, just below the heart, and at times, dizziness would cause me to throw up my hands and fall on my back, or side. My face, hands and feet would swell and turn cold. In this condition I could not move hands or feet and had to be moved like a child. My appetite all but left me and I got very little sleep. I was under the care of a doctor, but got nothing more than occasional temporary relief. Finally I got so low that my friends wrote for my father to come and see me for the last time. This was in January 1895. That night the doctor told my friends he could do nothing for me,

and he doubted if I would live through the night. That night I took a severe fit of vomiting, and raised three pieces of matter, tough and leathery in appearance, and each about three inches long. The vomiting almost choked me, and it required two people to hold me in bed, but I felt easier after it. I was in this deplorable condition when I was urged by a neighbor to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. It was a hopeless case but I decided to try them. When I told the doctor I was taking the pills he said they would do me no good; that I would never be able to work again. But he was mistaken, for the effect was marvellous. By March I was able to go out of doors, and could walk quite a distance. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had taken seventeen boxes, and they have made a new man of me. My health is better than it has been for twenty years, and notwithstanding the doctor's prediction, I am able to stand any amount of hard work. I attribute my new manhood and regained health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and gratefully recommend them to others in poor health.

### An Encouraging Incident.

Incidents are constantly occurring which reveal a greater spread of religious influence than has been supposed to exist. One of these took place not long since in Korea. A native helper was starting upon a tour having with him an assortment of Christian books for sale. While on the way he was beset by robbers and surrendered to them his possessions, including the books, which constituted the main part of what he had with him. On opening the package one of the robbers noticed the religious nature of the publications and immediately insisted upon taking all of them and paying full value for the same, saying that he knew he was doing wrong in robbing and that he wished to secure these books and sell them to others. Thus what promised to be a great misfortune proved to be in the line of promoting the very errand upon which he was starting. A would-be-thief was turned into a volunteer co-worker. Such occurrences should add great encouragement to Christian effort.



## Auction Sale of Timber Berths

DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS,  
(Woods and Forests Branch),

Toronto, Nov. 1st, 1899.

NOTICE is hereby given that under authority of Order in Council, TIMBER BERTHS as hereunder mentioned in the ALGOMA, NIPPISSING and RAINY RIVER DISTRICTS, viz.:—The Townships of BOWELL, FOY, HARTY, LUMSDEN, RYAN, and part of MONCRIEFF, in the District of ALGOMA; the township of NORMAN, part of CAPREOL, Berth No. 4 DAVIS and the north part of the Township of WIDBIFIELD, all in the District of NIPPISSING, and certain small areas in the District of RAINY RIVER, will be offered for Sale by Public Auction at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, at the hour of ONE o'clock p.m., on WEDNESDAY, the TWENTIETH day of DECEMBER next.

Sheets containing conditions and terms of Sale, with information as to Areas, Lots and Concessions comprised in each Berth, will be furnished on application, personally or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands, or to the Crown Timber Offices at OTTAWA and RAT PORTAGE.

E. J. DAVIS,  
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

N.B.—No unauthorized publication of this advertisement will be paid for.

## Health and Home.

**Salmon Salad.**—Open a can of salmon carefully, turn out the fish and drain. Have your salad bowl or dish covered with nice fresh lettuce leaves. Remove the bone and skin from the salmon and place the latter over the leaves. Dust it lightly with salt, and pour over it two or three tablespoonfuls of lemon juice. Put on a thick covering of mayonnaise dressing and serve.

**Pulled Cream Candy.**—In a good sized saucepan put two pounds of granulated sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, one-half of a cupful of cream, and one and one-half cupfuls of water. Boil slowly but steadily until a spoonful, dropped into cold water, can be rolled into a firm ball. Add one-quarter of a teaspoonful of soda, take from the fire, add one teaspoonful of vanilla, and pour on a greased platter. Pull as soon as cool enough to handle.

**Planning Meals.**—The average housekeeper, says an exchange, finds that her memory is shortest when it comes to the daily planning of meals. Her frequent cry that she cannot think of anything to order never seems to be suggestive to her of its own remedy. She has ordered and does order every day the round of family living, and if, when the process is over, she would arrange in a little book kept for that purpose the chief dishes that have appeared on the table during the twenty-four hours, she will find that she quickly accumulates a valuable MEMORABILIA. Instead of cataloguing these dishes under Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, it is simpler to classify them breakfast, luncheon, dinner; substantial and desserts.

**Orange marmalade.**—2 pounds bitter oranges, 2 lemons, or if only sweet oranges can be bought, then use 3 lemons; 9 pounds crystallized sugar, 14 breakfast cups of water. Take rind from fruit and slice as thin as possible into fine chips; if skins are very thick, cut out part of the white pith and throw it away; slice thin the oranges and lemons, and save pips, putting them into one of the cups of water and washing well before throwing pips away. Place chips of peel and fruit and the 14 cups of water, including the cup that contained pips, into a porcelain or granite iron pan, and boil gently one hour, then set aside in cool cellar for 24 hours. Then put on fire and let come to a boil; now add the sugar and boil for 20 minutes; test in usual way to see if it stiffens; if so, it is done; put into jelly glasses; cover glasses with paper brushed with white of egg.

**School Lunches.**—Mrs. Rorer, the well-known authority upon foods and cookery, gives the following sensible advice on the subject of school lunches: School children's luncheons must be plain and suitable in quality. The albuminous foods, building the muscles and tissues, must be in good condition; then the diet may contain a certain amount of starch, as whole wheat bread; a certain amount of fat, as good butter; but it need not contain sugar. Avoid pies, cakes and jams, and substitute, in their place, finely chopped meat between two slices of brown bread; now and then a hard boiled egg pressed through a sieve, seasoned and put between two slices of bread; send a little cup custard, a small jar of rice pudding, or sound, fresh fruit. It is far better to fill the luncheon basket with wholesome food than to give money for the child to visit the nearest confectioner's, where he will make his luncheon upon sweets. A little thought should be expended upon school luncheons.

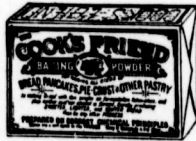
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