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## The Presbyterian Review.

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Toronto Sept. 9, 1897

### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The labors of Rev. T. F. Fotheringham for the Sabbath schools are incessant. He deserves the blessing of service young and old. The activity he displays is amazing and deserves all Children's Day. praise. In advance of "Children's Day," which will be observed on the 20th inst., he has issued a circular and a "new concert exercise" which he hopes will prove an effective reminder and a useful guide to the day's service.

Mr. Fotheringham will supply any Sabbath school which may not have received the "exercise," on being advised to that effect, and no charge will be made for the supply. He describes this concert exercise as simple, instructive, appropriate, and interesting, notwithstanding which they will be supplied gratis. Surely a better offer could not have been made.

The General Assembly has made a standing recommendation that there shall be a collection on "Children's Day," and as the needs this year are exceptional the Sabbath school Committee ask for exceptional liberality on that day, and an assurance is given that the church will be secure against any such demands in the future. The reason for this hope is that the S. S. publications have been transferred to the *Record* committee which has a surplus fund at its command, and henceforth the Lesson Helps will stand upon a purely business basis. The amount required from "Children's Day" is placed at \$7,000 which it is expected will be raised.

A committee of Christian ladies have for many years taken an interest in the comfortable housing of ladies at moderate rates and with good, desirable surroundings. They have devoted much time and money on their laudable enterprise and have succeeded well in what they have aimed at. Ladies coming into the city alone, are made specially welcome. The house is situated at No. 79 Richmond street West, corner of Sheppard street and rooms and meals, or single meals can be obtained at reasonable rates. The house is known as the Southern Branch of the Young Women's Christian Association.

To those of our readers whom this issue may reach in time, we have a last word to say as to the duty which lies upon them to attend the open meetings of the Lord's Day Alliance Conference to-morrow (Friday). Those who are delegates ought to make it a point to be present and to be prepared to bear a hand in the work. Others who may find it impossible to attend ought to send their suggestions by letter and their dollars—yea their dollars, for money is needful in this good work, and the annual fee is small. A grand rally now may be productive of great results.

It has been pointed out by "Ian Maclaren" that the weak point in the late Prof. Henry Drummond's spiritual teaching is his treatment of sin. His failure here is attributed to the purity of his own character which is said by those who knew him well to have been so exceptionally high that he did not seem to have had any deep consciousness of sinfulness. This is put forward as an explanation of the "something lacking" experienced in perusing Drummond's writings.

Academic honors were recently conferred on worthy gentlemen by a Western College. One of the newspapers ventured the opinion that it was doubtful whether one of five of the L.L.D.'s could pass an ordinary civil service examination. Whereupon the *Midland* remarks: "That is nothing. There are many D.D.'s,—not in our church, of course,—who cannot repeat the Shorter Catechism, explain the difference between justification and sanctification, read a chapter in Greek or Hebrew, or prepare properly for publication an article in the religious press."

There is much good sense in the following paragraph from a contemporary: "All our Sabbath schools should be supplied with our own denominational literature. All congregations which are aided by the Boards should be required to supply their schools with our own periodicals as a condition of receiving an appropriation. We do not believe in the church at large helping a congregation which is not loyal enough

to use the literature of our board, but uses instead, because cheaper, periodicals which do not teach our doctrines and tend to pervert our customs. Congregations which have in time past received aid, owe something to the church in this respect. They may owe the Board of Publication nothing, but they owe the church at large a good deal. The papers that the children carry home from Sabbath school will have much to do with the loyalty of the home to the church."

#### CHINESE WOMEN SLAVES.

A petition is being signed in San Francisco for presentation at Washington, the preamble of which reveals a horrible condition of affairs on the Pacific coast. It is asserted that there are in California more than one thousand Chinese women who are "held as slaves by reason of purchase from dealers who import their victims from China." They are imprisoned in disreputable resorts in the section of San Francisco known as Chinatown; and "are subjected by their degraded owners to the most cruel treatment." Mission workers know the facts and efforts have been made to effect the release of the women, but in vain. A system of traffic is in vogue and countenanced so that it is impossible to break through it. The practice has, of course, many supporters, as all vices have, and alas some who are leading citizens either deny the extent of the evil or say it is inevitable. It was ever thus. Vice will have its votaries, and in the ramifications of Commerce and Society are interests which buttress vice.

#### MISSIONARY SUCCESS.

THE periodical charge that Indian Missions are a failure is going the rounds of the press once again. All the old arguments are being trotted out, such as the number of conversions at so much money per head, the insincerity of professing converts, the loosening of the old faith without accepting the new, etc. It is questionable whether a deep impression is made by these sayings of the disaffected ones, but they must be followed and answered once in a while.

One of the strongest testimonies for the other side is given by Dr. J. H. Barrows. Among other things he says that the forces which make for Christianity in India are growing strong. The failure of Hinduism to furnish peace and moral healing to the individual and regeneration to its millions of votaries is becoming apparent to Hindus themselves. The reforming sects are an emphatic announcement of this social and religious failure. The Hindu spirit to-day is strangely stirred and restless, and there never was a more favorable time for a large re-enforcement of the various departments of Christian work. As to the attitude of the natives, he says: "Of course I heard many criticisms of missionaries, but I never heard a Hindu, Brahman, or Moslem say, what ignorant and prejudiced Europeans have sometimes said in my hearing out of India, that the missionaries were doing no good. Frequently the chairmen at my lectures, or the Hindu gentleman who moved the vote of thanks, spoke with grateful appreciation of the work which missionary educators are doing.

He gives the following remarkable testimony by the famous Hindu ascetic, the Holy Man of Benares: "I think Jesus Christ was a very good man. He must have been something like Mr. Hewlett a deceased veteran of the London Mission Society. Missionaries are often foolishly criticized by natives, but they are trusted by them, and this is the highest praise which a Hindu can pay to mortal man. I know a missionary of

the American Board in southern India who was asked to take charge of the funds of one of the greatest Hindu temples."

Testimony such as this is worth a great deal and completely vindicates the faith and hope of the church in laboring to plant Christianity in the dark places of the earth.

#### THE WEEKLY REST.

THE relation of the Sabbath to hygiene knows no more eminent exponent than Dr. Haegler of Basel, who has brought a trained mind to bear on the facts of the question as few have done. Some of his conclusions, together with the experiments of Voit and Pollikofer, have been cited by Dr. Crafts recently with admirable effect. He shows from examinations of the corpuscles of the blood, that the night's rest does not fully restore the day's waste, but needs to be supplemented by the weekly rest. He points out that man does not take as full breath when at work as when at rest, as everyone will recognize when attention is called to the fact. Scientists estimate that a man breathes from one to two cubic inches less at each breath when earnestly at work than if perfectly at rest. Estimating on the basis of one and one-half inches per breath, for eighteen breaths per minute there will be a loss of 12,960 cubic inches in eight hours of work, as compared to the same length of rest. Meantime the worker is using more oxygen than he breathes, and drawing the excess out of the bank of his own body. In the case of a certain laborer, taken for example, the debt to nature thus made in a fair day's work is one ounce. He sleeps, and breathes more oxygen than he uses, but gets back only five-sixths of his lost ounce. Dr. Crafts then goes on to show that this loss of the work-day week is restored during the weekly day of rest, enabling one to begin another week of labor on a good physical basis. Dealing with the archeological argument, Dr. Crafts argues the existence of the Sabbath before the Jewish race. The oldest literature, especially that of Accadians, the immediate descendants of Noah, whose pottery libraries have arisen from the dead to confirm Moses and the prophets, contain the very word *Sabbatu*, which appears in these ancient tablets as the name of the seventh, fourteenth, twenty-first and twenty-eighth days of each month, on which certain work was omitted—such a corrupted survival of the Edenic week as we should expect when pure worship had fallen into idolatry.

#### THE SCOTCH EVANGELIST.

THE evangelistic services conducted by Rev. John Robertson, Glasgow, in Cooke's church, terminated last Sabbath afternoon, the Evangelist having been called away to fulfil an engagement in New York, the date of which prevented him from carrying out his promise of two weeks meetings in Toronto. The pastor of Cooke's church, Rev. Wm. Patterson, who is known on this continent as an able evangelist, will continue the meetings this week and they will doubtless be well attended.

It must be admitted that Mr. Robertson's services were not attended during the latter days of his visit as well as had been expected. Whether his peculiar views on questions esteemed by Presbyterians as of vital moment have had anything to do with the falling off in the attendance, as some might readily and naturally infer, is a matter of doubt, for we are informed that no illusion whatever had been made to them by the Evangelist in his Toronto addresses, he confining himself to a plain statement of the Gospel message, leaving objec-

tionable controversial matters alone. In this he showed his wisdom; probably he was forewarned. Rev. J. A. Morison's manly letter in the daily press showed that Toronto Presbyterians were not likely to submit to an exposition of erroneous views, such as those on Baptism, attributed to Mr. Robertson in his published sermons.

On the other hand, taken as an Evangelist, preaching the Gospel of Christ, Mr. Robertson was cordially welcomed, and the special circumstances under which the meetings were held were the most likely cause of the attendance having been smaller than had been hoped for. It was the week of the Industrial Fair when many of the citizens were busy with onerous engagements, and the home circles were kept busy with attendance on visiting friends. Those who heard Mr. Robertson speak, testify to his earnestness, his lucidity and his fervent desire to win souls, and had circumstances been more favorable no doubt the great auditorium of Cooke's church would have been as well filled as it was last Sabbath evening when the pastor, Rev. W. Patterson, preached.

#### BETTING DEBTS.

THE Christian world is, fortunately, not often shocked now-a-days by judges in their judicial deliverances showing sympathy with "betting." The force of public opinion, and let us believe, the high standard set for themselves by the occupants of the bench, have resulted in a bench generally favorable to religious and moral principles. Yet, only the other day a judge was found in the city of London who gave the weight of his position to the wrong side in a betting case. The plaintiff sued for a bet which he had won and the judge held that as it "was a debt of honor it ought to have been paid before any other debts," adding that he knew such was not the theory of the present day. The judgment and these remarks have of course reised a storm and the ethics of gambling are being discussed in the clubs and journals. One of the latter sums up a denunciation thus: We have small sympathy for the men who seek to evade the consequences of any foolishness so deliberate as gambling; but the pernicious doctrine that debts of this kind have a prior or even equal claim to obligations incurred in legitimate business, cannot be allowed to pass without emphatic dissent. For gambling is false in theory, dishonourable in principle and immoral in practice.

#### JEWISH MISSIONS.

WE have frequent instances of the value of work among Jews by Jews converted to Christianity. The race feeling is keen, and the footing upon which the kinsmen are approached gives the missionary Jew an advantage. This is how mission work among the Jews appears to a converted Jew:—

Missions to the Jews rest upon the same ground as missions to any other people. A "mission" is a "sending out." Missionaries are men sent out to preach to people the glad tidings of salvation which God has provided for mankind. Missionaries to the Jews are men sent out to preach this good news to Jewish people. If men are sent out to do anything else, they are not properly Christian missionaries. We should send missionaries to the Jews because it is in our nature, if we possess any idea we think of value, to desire that every one should accept it. Especially is this so if we think we have in view a lofty and excellent ideal. If we do not this, it is a confession that we have no proper ideal worth the name. Another reason why we should send our missionaries to the Jews is that we have charity and love towards them. We believe that the one sure and certain way to enter the Kingdom of God is through Christ. We are not disposed to say what may

be the lot of those who have lived godly lives and who have not worshipped Jesus Christ. We are not disposed to limit the operations of divine grace. But we believe that Christ is Life Eternal. He is the Way, the Truth, and the Life. We are sad when God's children are astray and do not accept the safe and sure way. A third reason why we should send missionaries to the Jews is our Lord's great command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature." Our Leader and Master has bidden us. The loyal follower of Christ considers no alternative. "If a man love me he will keep my words," says our Master. As disciples of that Master, as servants of that Lord, what can we do but send forth those to proclaim these glad tidings "to the Jew first, and also to the Gentile?" Jesus asks us to do no wrong—to cheat, to deceive, or to bribe,—but to teach, to make known His message, to declare His counsel in love, to speak what we believe to be the truth.

#### COLLEGE STUDENTS.

THE representatives of the Intercollegiate Young Men's Christian Association movement in the various universities throughout the Dominion, are desirous of receiving and as far as possible assisting all new students, and invite pastors, parents and friends of students, as well as students themselves, to communicate with them with this end in view. For the information of any who may not be familiar with the work of the movement, it may be said that associations are organized in all the larger colleges, with common headquarters and social and reading rooms, and college men themselves as officers and leaders. Handbooks of information of special value to new students are annually prepared and distributed free of charge. Reception committees stand ready to welcome the men upon their arrival, whose aim it is to introduce them to the best and most helpful circles of acquaintance, both in and out of the college. Thus, and in other ways, advantage is taken of the recognized fact that there is no time to reach and help a man comparable to the transition period of his entrance upon college life. The handbook referred to above will be promptly mailed upon request. All communications should be addressed to the General Secretary at the Y. M. C. A. of the institution to which the student is going.

#### WOMAN'S WORK.

THE part played by women in the religious and social public world is sometimes overlooked even by those who share most in its benefits, for, from whatever cause—let us say it is modesty—that work is not as fully reported in the press as it might be. With the returning activities of autumn we are forcibly reminded of the many organizations through which woman's efforts for the betterment of the race are directed and controlled. Already meetings are being held to plan the work for the winter, in charitable temperance, and missionary channels.

The charitable institutions of the cities owe very much to woman's thoughtful help and ever ready sympathy. The missionary societies owe even more, and in temperance work, woman, the guardian of the home, naturally makes her power felt. Long may she lead in these movements. Her advent in such work has revolutionized manners and customs long established and thought to be stable beyond change. Her influence is ever for the right, and it is great. She has obtained a firm and sure footing and means to go forward in her reforms. The church can welcome her freely and fully, for it has shared in her triumphs and found her a daughter worthy of its highest love. In all her undertakings for the common good we wish her God speed, and this, tall when she will be so much in evidence in Ontario, we bespeak for organized women the sympathy and support their work so richly deserves.

## INFLUENCE OF THE PSALMS.

It is a well-known rabbinical tradition that above the bed of David there hung a harp. At midnight, as the wind rippled over the strings, it made such music that the poet king was constrained to rise, and, till the pillar of dawn rose high in the eastern heavens, to wed words to the strains. The poetry of that tradition is summed up in the saying that the Book of Psalms contains the whole music of the heart of man swept by the hand of his Maker. In it are gathered the lyrical burst of his tenderness, the moan of his penitence, the pathetic accent of his sorrow, the triumphant shout of his victory, the despairing sob of his defeat, the firm tone of his confidence, the rapturous note of his assured hope. In it is presented the anatomy of all parts of the human soul; in it, as Heine says, are collected "sunrise and sunset, birth and death, promise and fulfilment—the whole drama of humanity."

In the Psalms is painted, for all time, in fresh, unfading colors, the picture of the moral welfare of man, often baffled yet never wholly defeated, struggling upward to all that is best and highest in his nature; always aware how short of the aim falls the practice, how great is the abyss that severs the aspiration from the achievement. In them we do not find the innocent converse of man with God in the Garden of Eden; if we did, the book would for our fallen natures lose its value. On the contrary, it is the revelation of a soul deeply conscious of sin, seeking, in broken accents of shame and penitence and hope, to renew personal communication with God, heart to heart, thought to thought, and face to face. It is this which gives to the Psalms their eternal truth. It is this which makes them at once the breviary and the viaticum of humanity. Here are gathered not only pregnant statements of the principles of religion and condensed maxims of spiritual life, but a promptuary of manly effort, a summary of devotion, a manual of prayer and praise—and all this is clothed in language which is as rich in poetic beauty as it is universal and enduring in poetic verity.

The Psalms, then, are a mirror in which each man may see the motion of his own soul. They express in exquisite words the affinity which every thoughtful human heart craves to find with a supreme, unchanging, loving God who will be to him a protector, guardian, and friend. They utter the ordinary familiar experiences, thoughts, and feelings of men; but they give to these a width of range, an intensity, a depth, and an elevation which transcend the capacity of the most gifted. They translate into speech the spiritual passion of the loftiest genius; they also utter with the beauty born of truth and simplicity, and with exact agreement between the feeling and the expression, the inarticulate and humble longings of the unlettered peasant. So it is that in every country the language of the Psalms has become part of the daily life of nations, passing into their proverbs, mingling with their conversation, and used at every critical stage of existence—at baptism and marriage, in sickness and death. To weary travellers, of every condition and at every period of history, they have been rivers of refreshment and wells of consolation. In them the spirit of controversy and the strife of creeds are forgotten. Over the parched and heated fields of theological polemics the breath of the Psalms sweeps, cool and soft and balmy. For centuries the supplications of Christians clothed in the language of the Psalter, have risen like incense to the altar-throne of God; in them are expressed, from age to age, the devotion and the theology of religious communions that in all else were at deadly feud. Surviving all the changes in Church and State, in modes of thought, habits of life, and form of expression, the Psalms, as devotional exercises, have sunk into our hearts; as sublime poetry, they have fired our imaginations; as illustrations of human life, they have arrested our minds and stored our memories.

In the Psalms the vast hosts of suffering humanity have found, from the time of Jonah to the present day, the deepest and the most faithful expression of their hopes and fears. By them the anguish wrung from tortured lips on the cross, at the stake, and on the scaffold has been healed and solaced. Strong in the strength that they impart, young boys and tender girls have risen from their knees in the breathless amphitheatre, thronged with its quivering multitudes, and boldly faced

the lions. With them upon their tongues myriads have died—now in quiet sick rooms, surrounded by all who have loved them best in life; now alone and far from home and kindred; now hemmed in by fierce enemies howling for their blood. For centuries, in the storm and stress of life, the eternal questions of whence? and why? and whither? roll in upon us with monotonous iteration, like the sullen surges of the inarticulate sea. With strained nerves and senses keenly alert, men and women have asked what is life and what is death, and the only answer to their questions has been the echo of their own voices reverberating through a cavernous void, until, in weariness and despair, they turned to the Psalter, and its words have wrapped them round like a folding sense which has brought them imperishable peace. Thus, in the Psalms there are pages which are stained with the life-blood of martyrs and bedewed with the tears of saints; others which are illuminated by the victories of weak humanity over suffering and fear and temptation; others which glow with the brightness of heroic constancy and almost superhuman courage. Over the familiar words are written, as it were in a palimpsest, the heart-stirring romances of spiritual chivalry, the most moving tragedies of human life and action.—*The Quarterly Review*.

## ANNIVERSARIES OF THE HEART.

Beside the anniversaries which we keep among our friends and at the fireside, most of us have other days sacredly set apart which, it may be, only God knows of, and of which we do not often speak. A little mark in our every-day book, a pencilled line under a text, a furrow in the earth where a bed has been made for all that was mortal of one of God's saints, a date which means for us more than for others, and the whole past awakens, the present drops away, we are back again in the sweet fields of youth. A waft of perfume, a strain of music, a chance word in conversation, have power to revive a whole sheaf of memories at any time, but our special personal anniversaries do not require these reminders. Always for some of us there is a month, and a day of the month and an hour in the day when life is sadder colored than its usual wont, when we have need to lay hold on strength that is greater than ours, and when, indeed, we enter into our closets, and shut our doors, and pray to our Father who seeth in secret.

Few lives there are which, having been extended beyond youth, have not known the moulding touches of pain. In God's economy pain comes as the gracious refiner, so that the noblest and most lofty souls we know seem to have had most of its discipline. Pain accepted as God's gift, pain looked upon as God's angel, in the last analysis brings out all that is best and most abiding in character. Only when we fret at pain and gird at it, quarrel with it and resist it in fierce rebellion does it produce bitterness and sharpness rather than sweetness and strength.

Of these heart anniversaries the larger part have to do with gloom and sorrow of some sort. There was one, dear as our own lives, but the time had not come for the love to be told to the world, and even our own world of home knew nothing, suspected nothing. To friends and acquaintances the attentions seemed mere common-places, and no deeper sentiment was so much as thought of, so that when death came suddenly there was no knowledge that one was taken and the other left—the other left, not to the royal purple of widowhood, but to the sober grey of a life out of which color and flavor had gone, but which must be quietly borne alone. There are such bereavements, and their anniversaries are kept all the way on till old age comes and death reunites.

Some of us must number among our heart anniversaries the mistakes of judgment into which we were once impulsively led, and which, so far as we were concerned, had results impossible to foresee and were stepping-stones to inevitable disaster. "If I could only put myself back where I stood one summer day, ten, twenty years ago, at the parting of the ways, how thankful I would be, and how differently I would act." But about such an anniversary it is better to heap violets of tender penitence than to wreath it with the bitter rue. After all, we probably acted as we then thought best, and with what light we had, and as our

ways and words are under God's over-ruling Providence, it is not right to mourn too heavily over anything which is done with God. To leave it with God is better, and to go on, to "act in the living present, heart within and God o'erhead."

"Such or such a one has gotten over her grief," we remark, observing that the grief is put bravely in the background where, after the first, it should always be, and that the sufferer has taken up her life again. But nobody ever quite gets over a great grief or is ever the same again, even though she wear a smile and join in mirth and walk with uplifted head. A great grief sets its stamp on the life once for all. Nobody speaks of little Aleck or Joe, who was snatched away so suddenly seven years ago, but his mother keeps both his birthdays always in heart—the one when he came to her arms and the one when he began the heavenly life. The father remembers, though he seldom speaks of the son who passed from his side in the pride of his early manhood. The wound heals, but the scar sometimes aches still after long years have gone. More pitiful, more charitable, more able to help, more willing to comfort, we learn in time that the rending process was not in vain, and we rest head and heart on that softest pillow ever felt, "God knows, God cares."

"How does it happen," it was asked of a rarely lovely woman not long ago, "that Miss—always understands people, and never hurts them, and says the right thing at the right time?" The answer might have been that she had gone to a school where the Master Himself takes peculiar pains with the scholars, and had sat at His pierced feet and learned of Him.

I am fain to believe that in heaven itself we will still remember with sweet and blessed tenderness some of our earthly anniversaries of the heart.—Margaret E. Sangster.

#### UNEXPECTED TESTIMONY.

The Jewish *Criterion* of last week, published in this city, begins its leading editorial with the following remarkable concession and declaration:

"There seems to be a great likelihood of the conversion of Japan to Christianity. Missionaries of the various Christian denominations have been at work in Japan for many years, finding there a most fruitful field for their religious activity. Now that Japan has assumed a higher station in the Orient after its victory over China, it is rapidly making for western civilization in its eagerness to become a great power. Naturally it will accept the prevailing religion of the West, especially after that religion has been so long at its own door.

With this conquering march of Christianity it would be well to contrast the supine attitude of Judaism toward making converts. Possibly Jews might learn then that their inactivity beyond their own immediate sphere is unworthy of their great cause. Their neighbors, with a religion borrowed from their own, are forever looking for new worlds to conquer, while they themselves have practically the same territory which they occupied centuries ago. Their number does not exceed seven million, while the religion of their neighbors claims a host that can be reckoned in the hundred millions, the entire world being circled by the Cross."

#### THE HEAVENLY BANQUET.

The supper of our Lord is often partaken of in a cold and formal manner, as a duty to be performed, without realizing the high spiritual benefit it is intended to convey. Not only those who eat not discerning the Lord's body, but even some of His own true disciples behold only a dead, crucified Saviour, and sing in sadness,

"Alas, and did my Saviour bleed,  
And did my Sovereign die?"

not beholding by faith their risen Lord present at the feast, beaming on them looks of infinite love, and saying, "Eat, O friends: drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved." If you would rejoice in the sight of your Lord at His table, you must prepare to meet Him there, by prayer, remembering His words, "I will yet for this be inquired of by the house of Israel, to do it for them." Dr. Winslow, in his work on "Christ's Parting Sympathy with His Disciples," says: "The chief and

highest enjoyment flowing from the observance of the Lord's Supper is the Lord's presence at the table. . . . Approach, then, the table of the Lord with the full expectation of meeting Jesus; rise above the sign and symbol to Him of whom it testifies. We should avail ourselves of the special opportunity it affords for the presentation of particular requests. The soul is in close confidential audience with Jesus. What is thy petition, and what is thy request? is the gracious, assuring language and benignant glance He now bends upon each believer. Hasten then to pour every petition into His ear, every sorrow into His bosom. Jesus expects it; He waits to be gracious, He asks no preparation other than your felt need and the longing of your heart for Him. And whether you come to confess your sin beneath His cross, or to rain upon His feet tears of love, or while reclining upon His bosom to bury in its deep sympathy your sorrows, cares, and wants, His gracious, loving heart bids you welcome."

Dr. Payson is an example of one who saw a living Christ in the communion. Says an eyewitness: "I have never known Dr. Payson when he seemed more abstracted from earth than on this occasion. In all the fervor of devotion he contemplated the Saviour as visibly present in the midst of them, and with his usual eloquence and closeness of appeal he seemed to make each communicant feel what he himself realized. It was to him a foretaste of that supper of the Lamb on whose more blessed celebration he has so triumphantly entered."

These words of the Rev. Octavius Winslow and the way Dr. Payson received the communion led me to know that there was more for me in the Lord's Supper than I had ever experienced. That the Saviour was present at this supper I had no doubt, but I must realize it for myself, and be prepared to ask for what I wanted either for myself or others. The first thing was to realize His presence and be oblivious to all around me; in taking of the bread and wine to realize that it was His hand that presented it, and he who asked, "What wouldst thou have?" And then what I most needed in temporal or spiritual things for myself or others I must be definite in asking for, and wait for an answer in Bible language. And I have had answers!—answers to these petitions that have been considered as miracles by my friends as well as by myself.

As God is no respecter of persons, I write this that others may see their privilege and be equally blessed.

"If now, with eyes defiled and dim,  
We see the signs, but see not Him,  
O may His love the scales displace  
And bid us see Him face to face.

"Thou glorious Bridegroom of our hearts,  
Thy present smile a heaven imparts;  
O! lift the veil, if veil there be;  
Let every saint Thy beauties see."

N. Y. Christian Advocate.

#### THE PERPETUATING POWER OF INFLUENCE.

The pansy is the most human of flowers. The face of each seems to express a distinct thought. I well remember when I discovered that each blossom was furnished with the faculty to perpetuate itself and scatter its seeds in every direction. I had been an ardent admirer of a bed of beautiful pansies. I wished for some of the seed, and gathered a handful of seed-pods late one afternoon in autumn. I took them to my room and laid them on the mantelpiece. The next morning when I awoke I heard a movement on the shelf. It seemed that there was something alive there. I could not imagine what it was. Lying on my bed on the opposite side of the room, while listening to the movement I felt something strike me in the face. I looked to see what it was, and saw scattered all over the white coverlet little brown seeds. The mystery was solved. The seed-pods had dried somewhat during the night, and were bursting open. Each pod seemed to be furnished with a kind of spring, which when released scattered the seeds to every part of the room. It was God's plan for self-perpetuation.

Thus it is with the Christian's influence. Every thought, word, act, has in it the power of self-perpetuation. "They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them."—Rev. A. Chapman.

## UNDER THE EVENING LAMP.

### THE STORY OF A POOR SCHOLAR.

BY D. ALOUCK, AUTHOR OF "THE SPANISH BROTHERS," ETC.

#### CHAPTER I.

Snow lay lightly over Saxton fields on a grey December afternoon, nearly three centuries and a half ago. Some distance off, across the level, shone the faint red light from a cottage window; but no living thing was in sight, save a boy of about fourteen, who tramped cheerily along, singing to himself, in spite of the cold and the gathering darkness. What he sang seemed to afford him great satisfaction; but neither you or I would have made out a word of it, nor could the people through whose country he was passing have understood him any better. For he was a dark-eyed, dark-haired Bohemian lad, who had come, from beyond the distant blue mountains, amongst the fair-haired, German-speaking Saxons of the plain. He was singing one of his father's hymns, in the tongue of his father's land—the Czech, or Bohemian.

He went on confidently toward the light; for was he not a poor scholar, on his way to the university, sure of finding friends and shelter everywhere? Moreover, was he not a confessor of the gospel, the 'pure evangel,' sure of finding all these, and more, in Protestant Saxony? Before he reached the cottage however, a girl about his own age, or younger, emerged from the shade of a clump of trees, driving before her a large flock of geese. She was clad in a well-worn bodice and petticoat, and a coarse woollen hood covered her head. Her charge was troublesome, or perhaps she was awkward and new to her work. Whilst she pursued one to the right, two or three more took a race to the left, and neither cries nor blows availed to keep the unruly crowd together.

"Let me help you, little maid," cried the boy, as he ran, half laughing, to her aid. "There be thousands—*millions* of geese in my country." He spoke in German, for he knew that language almost as well as his native Bohemian.

"Oh! then perhaps you know their ways, and are used to driving them," gasped the child, as she leaned on her stick to rest.

"Can't say I am; but I have seen them driven often enough."

"I could do with them all except that big grey gander. *He* has got a will—he has!" said the little girl.

"He has got a master too, this time," answered the boy, setting vigorously to work. "Whither are you going maiden?"

She pointed to the cottage.

"That is my way too," said the boy. "I mean, at least, that I must needs beg a crust of bread and a night's shelter, for God's sake, from the good people there. *Belike they are your parents?*"

"No; I am only a servant. I keep the geese and fetch the water, and do little things like that for Hans Grobman and his wife."

"And Hans Grobman and his wife, are they folks who would take in, and be good to, a poor scholar on his way to the great University of Wittenberg?"

"Oh yes, no doubt! They are kind folk, and grudge no poor man his meat and drink. Come on without fear, poor scholar."

"Be there many in the house?"

"Just now the good man himself is away; gone to the mill with the corn for grinding, and he always stays there the night. But there is the old grandfather, whom every one calls Father Fritz; and there is Mother Anna, and all the children, the youngest a babe in arms. I ought to be in, helping to put them to bed. Mother Anna does not eat idle bread, you may take my word for it, Master—"

"Wenzel, at your service." That was not exactly the name by which he was called in his Bohemian home, but he knew it was the nearest approach to it German lips could be expected to manage. "And what may I call you maiden?"

"Oh, I am Gretchen."

They soon reached the door of the cottage, which, though thatched and consisting of only one story and a loft, looked comfortable enough, as if it were the abode of humble competence.

Gretchen got a little scolding for being late; but it would not have been either long or severe, even if not cut short by the introduction of Wenzel.

The travelling scholar received the welcome he had been pretty sure of beforehand, and was soon seated—with the grandfather, the mother, and elder childrer, and Gretchen—at a frugal but savoury supper of black bread and cabbage soup.

It was thought good manners to allow him to satisfy his hunger before asking him any questions. But at length Father Fritz laid down his great horn spoon, looked at him attentively, and began—

"So, boy, thou art a Bohemian?"

"Yes, father. My father and his father again who lived and had their lands at a place called Kolin, in Bohemia, belonged to the Unity." Wenzel spoke proudly, as if this was a title to honour—and in truth it was.

"Ay, so?" said the old man, his face lighting up with sympathy and interest. "We have heard of the people who are called Brethren of the Unity, or United Brethren, and we own them as brethren indeed, in Christ Jesus our Lord—whose gospel they knew and honoured, and whom they served and died for, many years before the voice of Dr. Martin Luther was heard in this Saxon land of ours."

"And we also," Wenzel responded—"we honor the name of your great teacher, Dr. Luther, whom God raised up to show His pure evangel to the people of Germany, even as, one hundred years before, He sent us our dear and venerated Master John Huss. That is why I am going now to Wittenberg, to pursue my studies there."

"Know you not, then, my dear lad, that Dr. Luther sleeps in God, these six years and more?"

"Father, I know it well. But his great friend, Dr. Philip Melancthon, still lives, and teaches in Wittenberg. I would fain learn of him, and of others who knew the Master, and remember his words."

"It is well said. Wittenberg indeed is not what it used to be, for times are changed sadly with us here in Saxony. Still, Dr. Philip is a good man, and passing learned. But I see *thine eyes are closing with weariness; belike thou hast walked far to-day.* Little Georg, too, in yonder corner, is fast asleep. Prithee, mother bring the Bible here. Let us pray to God, and go to rest."

The old man read a psalm, and prayed simply and earnestly. Then all joined in singing Luther's evening hymn. The stranger within their gate knew it as well as they did, and his sweet voice swelled the harmony. But suddenly he stopped, surprised and puzzled, for all the rest were singing a verse he had never heard of before. It ran thus—

"And earnestly Thy grace we see,  
For our dear lord, Thy servant true;  
Maintain his steadfast faith in Thee,  
And when Thou wilt—oh, set him free!"

He intended to ask afterwards what it meant. But when the singing was over, he suddenly realized that he was very tired, and in no mood for further conversation. It was true that he had walked far—very far—that day.

Some little discussion about his sleeping-place followed, between Father Fritz and Mother Anna; but it ended in the old man taking up a rushlight, and beckoning him to follow. He led the way to the wood-house a few paces from the cottage. There was a loft over it, reached by a ladder. Plenty of clean straw was there, and he brought a good blanket and a warm rug. "I am sorry we can do no better for thee," he said kindly, "But the children are many, and the house full."

"*Better, father?*" Wenzel laughed gratefully. "Why, this lodging might content a prince. May I never have a worse!"

"Then sleep in peace, and God be with thee." He was turning away, but turned back to add, "Thy trencher will be laid for the early meal, which is at sunrise. Mother Anna is ever astir early. Thou will see her light yonder, under the lowest branch of the pear tree at the door."

"It is a pear tree then? I thought so. It must be a very fine one."

"Ay, thou shouldest see it in autumn. Such a load of fruit this year as ever was! The best tree in the countryside. But I must not keep thee talking. Good night."

"Good night, father," Wenzel responded, and was lost very speedily in the land of dreams.

(To be continued.)



## THE HOME CIRCLE.

### THE GIRLS THAT ARE WANTED.

The girls that are wanted are home girls—  
Girls that are mother's right hand,  
That fathers and brothers can trust in,  
And the little ones understand.

Girls that are fair on the hearth stone,  
And pleasant when nobody sees;  
Kind and sweet to their own folk,  
Ready and anxious to please.

The girls that are wanted are wise girls,  
That know what to do and to say;  
That drive with a smile or a soft word  
The wrath of the household away.

The girls that are wanted are good girls—  
Good girls from the heart to the lips;  
Pure as the lily is white and pure,  
From its heart to its sweet leaf-tips.

—West Jersey Press.

### IN A STREET CAR.

The car was crossing the city from the west to the east when a very young mother, evidently from the poorest class, got into the car. Both she and her baby wore the positive evidences of refinement. The modesty of the bonnets worn by each, the daintiness with which the plain clothes were worn, all showed the woman to be one in spirit above her class. The little girl was just beginning to talk. She looked long and earnestly at an old woman, dirty, scowling and repulsive, on the other side of the car. The child looked so earnestly at the old woman that the mother thought, perhaps, that was the reason why the old woman was scowling, and she tried to attract the little girl's attention, but it was useless. The big blue eyes were not removed from the face of the old woman. At last the little girl became so restless that the mother stood her on her feet by her knee, when the child, with a quick step and out stretched arms, threw herself against the scowling old woman and said, in her sweet baby tones, "I dot dranma home; me loves dranmas." The old woman was so startled at this unexpected display of affection and interest that her eyes filled with tears, and, putting one hand on the child's shoulder, she pushed her gently from her knee, and said, "I'm not fit fer yez to touch, child, ye're so sweet and pretty." But the baby, with that clear look of innocence that is so startling in some children, pushed away the detaining hand and again leaned heavily against the old woman. This time, putting her elbow on the old woman's knee and her chin on her hand, she gazed with the most bewitching smile into the old woman's face, murmuring again, "I loves dranmas." The tears overflowed and trickled down the cheeks of the old woman, and there was not a dry eye in the car. The little mother, with rare wisdom, let the angel of mercy alone, and there the child stood, finally taking the corner of the old woman's shawl in her hand, smiling her friendliness into the face of the woman who evidently years before had built a wall between herself and the world's good fellowship.—*The Outlook.*

### WORRYING WOMEN.

A great deal of precious life is frittered away worrying over trifles and over things that cannot be helped. Of course, sound nerves and a good digestion have much to do with that philosophy with which we accept the discipline of fate; but nerves can be controlled, and digestion improved, by a rational regard for rest and proper diet.

There is no such kill-joy in the home as the fretting, complaining woman, who sees only the dark side of things, upon whose world, apparently, the sun never shines. Everything is wrong and nothing is ever right. Husband and children are made to suffer for the shortcomings of circumstances, and there is for no one in the four walls of such a home one chance for a hundred for even the minimum of happiness.

Many a woman of this depressing type began her married life like a cheerful, lighthearted girl. Sometimes it has been physical suffering that has robbed her of her courage, and sometimes disaster and bereavement which were almost too much to be borne. But, nevertheless, the pain is not eased, the calamity averted, the loss made good by repining and murmuring. Some of the sunniest and most heroic souls have been those who have been racked with torture from which there was no relief—bed-ridden invalids, cripples confined to their wheeled chairs, whose corner is, by common consent, the family congregating place, because there they find, in the presence of brave and uncomplaining, suffering, comfort, consolation and unflinching encouragement.

There are hundreds who have conquered fortune in the face of almost certain defeat, who have retrieved themselves after repeated and continued failure. It is much to keep on trying even if success never comes—better than to sit down passively and acknowledge failure.

If the husband has grown indifferent, nagging and fretting will not re-awaken affection; cheerfulness and a desire to please and entertain many. This cannot be accomplished by a constant harping upon the petty accidents of the kitchen and the ills of the laundry. These ought to be domestic state secrets—to be buried and never mentioned. There are enough delightful things to read about, to talk of and think about, to exclude wholly the discussion of what is irrelevant and hurtful.

And as for bereavement, there have been men and women who have, out of such sorrow, become so ennobled and strong that they became a blessing to all who came within their influence. Patience and moral courage are the two qualities which most of us need above all others, the lack of which has changed the course of history.

### THE DOG THAT SWALLOWED THE PSALM BOOK.

Robert Moffatt, the great missionary to the Bechuanas, in Africa, told this story to the children, in Westminster Abbey, not long before his death:

There was a very wicked chief a swearing, drunken, cruel wretch. He could not bear the missionaries; and he especially hated their books. He hated these books because he saw that, whenever any or his drinking companions began to read them, they ceased to be drunkards, and turned away from him and his evil ways. Now this man had a dog that was as wicked and savage as himself. And it was a favorite sport with the master, when Sunday came round, and the Christians began to go past to the church, to set his savage dog to bark and snap at their heels. One Sunday afternoon a strange thing happened. The dog swallowed a psalm book. The way was this. Mr. Moffatt had got the psalms printed and bound in a little book by themselves. For boards he used sheep-skin, and sometimes the skins were new and soft. A good old lady, who had been at church in the morning, came out of the door of her round hut in the afternoon to read her book of Psalms. And like some people in this country who read psalms in the afternoon, she fell asleep. And while she slept, the psalm book, with boards not long since cut from a new skin, fell out of her hands to the ground, and the wicked chief's dog passing at that moment, and smelling the new skin, thought it was a savory morsel in his way, snapped it up, and chewed it and swallowed it, skin, psalms and all. Just then the good old Bechuana lady awoke, and saw the last vestige of her book going down the dog's throat. "Oh, you wicked, thieving dog!" she cried. "Have you swallowed my psalm book?" At that moment the dog's master came up.

"What!" he shouted; "has my dog swallowed one of the Christian books?" He stamped, he raged, he swore wild, bad oaths. He said that his dog was spoiled now. It had eaten a Christian book, and would be good to bite and tear never more. You see, although that was a bad man, who did not mean to say a good word about the Gospel, he was really bearing witness that the Gospel did one thing thoroughly; it turned bad lives into good ones. He believed it would take the savageness even from a dog.

### AGED AND INFIRM MINISTERS' FUND.

The Sec'y of the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund, Rev. W. Burns, desires to acknowledge the receipt of the following sums from  
Pittsburg Y.P.S.C.E., per Rev. R. Laird.....\$1.00  
Bradford Y.P.S.C.E., per Miss Frankie Sutherland..... 1 31  
Admaston Y.P.S.C.E., per Miss Maggie Scott..... 2.50  
Knox church, Colville, per J. W. Heacott..... 2.50  
Richmond Y.P.S.C.E., Chatham, per Miss Lezzie Noack..... 1.00

In this connection it may be well to remind our readers of the deficit in this fund at the close of the year, and which it was hoped would be removed before this time.

### PREFER ANGLICIZATION.

Dr. Theodoro Herz, who has manifested an unusual interest in the colonization of Palestine with Jews, has been attempting to float a limited liability company in London with a capital of a million pounds. The object of the company is the acquisition of Palestine for resettlement by the Jews, and the reestablishment of a Jewish state. But the "picturesque proposal," as it has been called, does not meet with universal favor. Quite a number of prominent English Jews are inclined to repudiate the scheme and the schemers, and do not hesitate to announce themselves as in favor of the anglicization of the Jews of Great Britain as against this latest attempt at internationalism.



## THE BIBLE CLASS.

### PAUL'S FIRST ROMAN IMPRISONMENT.

(For Sept. 19th.—Acts xxviii. 16-31; Phil. i. 12-26.)\*

BY PHILIP A. NORDELL, D.D.

Paul's long-cherished desire to visit Rome was realized at length, but in what different circumstances from those he had anticipated. His sole motive in wishing to come that he might preach the Gospel in the imperial city, and impart some spiritual gift to the Christians who were already there. Instead of freedom to go and come, to work when and where the most favorable opportunities presented themselves, he was now a prisoner in bonds, restricted in his movements, and bound day and night to a Roman soldier. But no man had ever learned better than he how to adjust himself to circumstances. Instead of folding his hands and concluding that here he was excused from further work, at least until his liberty had been regained, we find him barely settled in his new quarters before his irrepressible zeal for Christ revealed itself. If the Mountain would not come to Mohammed, Mohammed was free to go to the mountain. Here if Paul could not go to his audience, his audience was free to come to him.

#### PAUL AND THE JEWS IN ROME.

According to his usual custom, so now, Paul sought first of all to present the Gospel to his own countrymen. Forgetful of all the wrongs and sufferings which they had inflicted on him elsewhere, he sent for them, and related in a manly and courageous way the circumstances that had brought him here, and how his innocence had been admitted by his Roman judges. There was no bitterness in his tone as he recalled the assaults on him in Jerusalem. He spoke of the great hope of Israel that had now been fulfilled, as indeed Moses and the prophets had foretold it would be in an atoning death for sin and a resurrection from the dead. Long, patiently, and lovingly he plied them with argument and appeal. The audience was divided. Some perceived the force of the reasoning and accepted the inevitable conclusion. Others were blinded by inveterate prejudices, that which nothing is harder to overcome. The experience of the Master was that of the servant over again, "He came unto his own, and they that were his own received him not." Again the summary of Isaiah's ministry among the Israelites of an earlier day was realized. The Gospel resisted hardens the heart and dulls the conscience. That Paul was grieved and disappointed is clear from the tone of his concluding quotation. The great mystery that in all ages has attended the preaching of the Gospel—free forgiveness and the inconceivable riches and glory of divine love rejected by those who presumably would be eager to accept the gracious offer—was revealed in this instance also. One course only was left to Paul now that the Jews had definitely rejected the kingdom of God, namely, to turn to the Gentiles who with all their ungodliness were more susceptible to divine influences than God's chosen people.

#### THE WORD OF GOD NOT BOUND.

The delays of the law are proverbial, and accordingly Paul did not gain a hearing as soon as he had hoped. Month after month went by in what might have been a most tedious and irritating expectancy, had not the prisoner of Christ found a field to engage all his attention in the place where the Master had put him. Indeed, it is possible that he began now to understand much that had been mysterious in the recent divine guidance of his life. He himself might be bound, but the word of God was not. His bonds, so far from becoming a hindrance to the progress of the Gospel, had become the very means by which the Apostle had been placed in position to reach multitudes who might have been inaccessible to him but for them. Throughout the entire Praetorian guard the message of salvation became known, and we may easily believe that its softening and transforming power was experienced by very many of the rough and brutal soldiery whose duties brought them for hours at a time into personal contact with the noblest, greatest, strongest, and most sympathetic man whom Christianity has given to the world. Kings and emperors would to day consider it the greatest honor of their lives to be permitted, were it possible, to take the place of one of those Roman guards, chained to a prisoner whose name is more illustrious, and whose influence is farther reaching than of any worldly potentate that ever lived. For the space of two years at least this vantage ground for the Gospel was occupied in the imperial city, until its benignant power had penetrated even "Caesar's household," and won converts in the very presence of Nero, that arch enemy of all righteousness and truth.

Moreover, during those two years Paul wrote a number of Epistles, probably four, that have comforted Christian hearts, and

\*An Exposition of Lesson 37 in *The Bible Study Union Sunday School Lessons* on "The Three Great Apostles."

guided Christian thinking in every subsequent age. From that Roman prison the sublimest teachings of Christianity have gone out into all the earth. So great was Paul's zeal, so wide reaching his influence that even those who disapproved of his way of presenting the truth were stimulated into more determined efforts to preach Christ in their own fashion.

Here the direct guidance of Luke's narrative stops. Why so abruptly? Certainly not because Luke was ignorant of the outcome of Paul's trial. If his Gospel was written after the destruction of Jerusalem, as seems probable, then the Acts was written still later. Is it not likely that he intended to complete the history of the introduction and extension of Christianity in a third treatise addressed to his friend Theophilus? If he accomplished his purpose, and that last treatise should ever be recovered, that would be a find worth more than a mountain of gold.

## FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL

### International S. S. Lesson.

LESSON XII.—PAUL'S ADDRESS TO THE EPHESIAN ELDERS.—SEPT. 10.

(Acts xx. 22-35)

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Remember the words of the Lord Jesus, how he said, 'It is more blessed to give than to receive.'"—Acts. xx. 35.

TIME AND PLACE.—Spring A. D. 58. Miletus, a seaport thirty-six miles from Ephesus.

INTRODUCTION.—Taking up again the story of Paul's work, we find that he left Corinth with certain brethren who were appointed to accompany him. While his companions sailed direct to Troas, Paul went northward through Macedonia to Philippi, and thence sailed to Troas. Thence they sailed along the coast of Asia Minor, touching at various points. The ship at length reached Miletus, which was the seaport of Ephesus. A brief delay of the ship there gave the opportunity of sending for the Elders of the church at Ephesus and conferring with them. Our lesson is taken from his farewell address to them.

VERSE BY VERSE.—22. "Bound in the spirit."—He felt himself called by imperative duty to go to Jerusalem.

23. "The Holy Ghost witnesseth."—He was taught by past experience, and by the testimony of prophets. "Bonds and afflictions."—Chains and imprisonments, as at Caesarea and Rome.

24. "Move me."—Change me from my purpose, "Count I my life dear."—Reckon it valuable to me as compared with the great end in view. "Finish my course."—He has in mind the figure of a race course, in which he is struggling for the prize. "The ministry."—The service of Christ, which was to testify to the gospel of the grace of God.

25. "I know."—I am convinced—I believe. "Shall see my face no more."—There is no evidence that they ever did.

26. "Take you to record."—I call upon you to bear witness. "Pure from the blood of all men."—If any are lost I am innocent of their blood, having done all my duty toward them.

27. "Have not shunned."—Have not shrunk from the duty. "All the counsel of God."—All that God in His wise counsel has planned for the salvation of man.

28. "The flock."—The church, here compared to a flock of sheep under the care of shepherds. "The Holy Ghost hath made you."—Having called them to the office by the voice of the church. "Overseers."—The same word is elsewhere translated *bishops*. These same persons are elsewhere called elders. "To feed."—By spiritual teaching.

29. "Grievous wolves."—Enemies of the church, not caring for the welfare of the flock, but rather seeking their destruction.

30. "Of your own selves."—From the members of your own church. "Perverse things."—False doctrines. "Draw away disciples."—Thus causing divisions in the church.

31. "Watch."—Watch against those wolves from without and those false teachers from within. "Remember."—They were to keep in mind Paul's example. "Warn you."—He had, in his three years' ministry, constantly warned them of their dangers.

32. "Word of his grace."—The precious truths and promises of His word. "Able to build you up."—The individual Christian is built up in spiritual life by the word of grace. The church is to be built up in numbers and graces by the same instrumentality. "An inheritance."—The future inheritance of God's people.

33. "Have coveted."—He had been moved by no motive of gain.

34. "Have ministered unto my necessities, etc." He had, by his own labor, supported both himself and his companions in the ministry.

35. "So laboring."—As I have done. "Support the weak."—The needy among you. "The words of the Lord Jesus."—These words are not found in our Gospels. There are doubtless other such sayings preserved by tradition among the early Christians.

**THOUGHTS.**—An eventful period, indeed, was Paul's third missionary tour. The greater part of the time it occupied was spent in Ephesus. In this great heathen metropolis he wrought with such fervor and success that a church was organized, with its own appointed elders, or bishops. Paul felt that his work here was nearly done, when the riots against the Christians in General, and Paul in particular, occurred, as related in a previous lesson.

An ardent love burned in his heart for these Ephesian disciples. The disturbance raised by Demetrius hastened his leaving, but the success to which the silvermith himself had borne such notable witness was there to bear fruit. It could not be undone by a day's uproar. For ten months Paul travelled among various churches, correcting various errors, encouraging the growth of pure doctrine, all the time with his heart steadfastly set on going to Jerusalem once more. On his way thither, he finds himself at Miletus, thirty-seven miles from Ephesus, with a day to spare. He sends for the elders in charge of the beloved church, and speaks to them the burning, loving, warning words of our lesson.

A review of the past directly precedes the lesson. Then he gives them and us a glimpse of the compelling power of the Spirit. He is as one in chains, drawn in spite of himself by a power mightier than human will. Paul did not desire to resist this impelling force, but yields himself unto it, trustingly, gladly, although he knew not what else than the familiar bonds and imprisonments awaited him.

Unshaken fortitude is nowhere more finely illustrated. No prospect of pain, of suffering, of chains, not even death itself, could move him. All he asked was that he might be permitted to finish his course with joy, and fulfil the trust imposed on him by the Lord Jesus, to testify yet longer of the "gospel of the grace of God." Faithful ministering was a holy passion with Paul.

Solemn warnings form an important feature of this farewell address. He knew too well the foes of the infant church, ready to attack it as soon as his protecting and guiding spirit was no longer at hand. He seeks to inspire the elders with his own perception of the danger, and bids them "take heed" not only to themselves, but also to the dear "flock." He closes with a sublime and tender benediction, in which he gives them, as a precious treasure, an unrecorded saying of our Lord.

## CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

### DAILY READINGS.

First Day—Paul's journey to Miletus. Acts xx. 1-16.

Second Day—Paul's address to the Ephesian elders. Acts xx. 17-38.

Third Day—"To the Saints which are at Ephesus." Eph. i. 1-23.

Fourth Day—The power of Christ's blood. Heb. ix. 1-28.

Fifth Day—Warning against false prophets. Mark xiii. 19-37.

Sixth Day—"An inheritance incorruptible and undefiled." 1 Peter i. 1-25.

PRAYER MEETING TOPIC, Sept. 19—LOSING ONE'S LIFE AND FINDING IT.—John xii. 1-8, 20-26.

### LIVING, DYING.

Jesus, I live to Thee,  
The loveliest and the best;  
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,  
In Thy blest love I rest.

Jesus, I die in Thee,  
Whenever death shall come;  
To die in Thee is life to me  
In my eternal home.

Living or dying, Lord,  
I ask but to be Thine;  
My life in Thee, Thy life in me,  
Makes heaven forever mine.

—H. Harbaugh.

Multitudes of people lose their lives for gain, for pleasure, for fashion. Each of these has more martyrs than the cross ever required; but the loss was without compensation or hope. But whosoever loses his life for the love of Christ, for the sake of preaching and advancing the gospel, shall save it,—shall have a blessedness and glory which will a thousand times compensate for every loss. The loss was temporal, the gain is eternal; the loss was small, the gain infinite; the loss was of outward things, the gain is in the nature of the soul itself.—F. N. Ploubet, D. D.

### "LOSING ONE'S LIFE." "FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH."

The meaning is not, Be thou faithful all thy days; but, Have thou that faithfulness which characterizes the martyr disciple, leads him to count not his life dear unto himself, and enables him at any moment to lay it down freely in the service of his

Master. The expression does not refer to length of service, but to entireness of consecration. Be thou unrebukably faithful in all possible situations and circumstances.

Christ requires of every disciple that he should have the spirit of a martyr. At the very outset He informs those who come unto Him that they are to take up their cross and follow Him. And if at any time He should summons any number of His followers, and send them upon a service where death is certain, not one of them has any right to complain. It was so written in the bond. They gave Him from the very first their earthly life, to secure from Him a heavenly life.

We are to be faithful unto death, this day, and every day. We are to live a life of entire consecration; crucified unto the world and the world unto us. And if we have sufficient faith to let Him day by day, and in all things, dispose of us, take what He will, give what He will, send when He will, we need not envy those who literally suffered martyrdom for His name's sake. For us, too, there is laid up a crown of life. Not merely do we obtain a true life; a life that shall be to us more ennobling and exalting than all the crowns of earth.

## LOOKS INTO BOOKS.

FR M EAST TO WEST; or, Glances at the Church's Work in Distant Lands. By the Right Rev. J. M. Strachan, M.D. 266 pp. Illustrated. crown 8vo, cloth, 8s. 6d.

Passing along the Tori, or Main street, over the Nihon Bashi, the London Bridge of Japan, and leaving the towers and moats of the castle to our left, after a drive of three miles we enter an avenue which is flanked on either side by shops and stalls, and which leads up to the celebrated temple of Kuanon at Asakusa. It is a perpetual Bartholomew's fair. The crowds are determined to be pleased, and it takes very little to please them. The extensive temple grounds are occupied with refreshment, photographic and drinking booths, shooting galleries, artists' studios, etc. The people are trying to make the best of both worlds, not forgetful of their duty to Kuanon, but not overlooking the pleasures of this life. Entering the temple we find it large and dirty, with an uncared for look about it. The central shrine is screened off from a noisy rabble. I stood aside for a time and sorrowfully watched the people as they came and went. Every one threw money into the box, some clapped their hands, some counted their beads, some made signs, and others uttered a few hurried prayers; but there was a striking levity and irreverence about them all. I did not see one of them in earnest. Their worship was a prefatory one, without heart or reflection. On a screen hard by are suspended slips of paper with prayers written on them, a large number of the top-knots of men, of women's tresses, and of slippers as votive offerings. Here, as at all large temples, are wooden tablets on which are inscribed the names of the donors and the amount they have given to the temple. In a building near is a prayer-wheel or cylinder, which a man in charge will put in motion on an offering being made.

The *Biblical World* for August in addition to the usual outline studies in the Bible, which are meant not for readers but for serious students, and a number of brief editorials, has articles on "Revelation," an "exposition of the opening verses of the Epistle to the Hebrews;" on "The Gospel and the Greek Mysteries" (illustrated). Dr. Willis Beecher gives a strong plea for a more critical test of the Old Testament as the most urgent need of critics at the present time. Chicago University Press. \$2.00.

### ARTICLES YOU SHOULD READ.

#### IN THE SEPTEMBER MAGAZINES.

"Abraham Lincoln in Caricature," by Rufus R. Wilson in the "Bookbuyer."

"Cruelty in the Congo Free State." Extracts from the Journal of E. J. Glave, in the "Century."

"A Twentieth Century Outlook," by A. T. Mahan in "Harper."

"Lord Byron in the Greek Revolution," by F. B. Sanborn in "Scribner's."

"The Sine Qua Non of Caucus Reform," by Ralph M. Easley "Review of Reviews."

"Objects and Results of Polar Research," by George Gerland "Popular Science Monthly."

"Life in the Klondike Gold Fields." The Personal Observations of the Founder of Dawson. By J. Lincoln Staffens in "McClure's."

"A Dash for the North Pole," by Walter Wellman in the "National."

"Central Africa Since Livingstone's Death," by Prof. W. G. Blaikie, D.D., LL.D., "North American Review."

"A Wagon up a Tree," by John A. Lindsey in "St. Nicholas."

## THE LITTLE FOLK.

### TEDDY'S QUERY.

One brother was tall and slim,  
The other chubby and short;  
Teddy sat looking at them one night,  
Apparently lost in thought.

"Mamma," he asked at length,  
"Which would you like the best:  
For me to grow north and south, like Tom;  
Or like Willie, from east to west?"

— Youth's Companion.

### A RAINY DAY.

BY SALLIE V. DU BOIS.

"Oh, dear, raining again; there is nothing a fellow can do to have any enjoyment on a rainy day."

Grandma sitting by the window, her knitting in hand, looked up, a smile of amusement on her gracious face. "What about all your nice games and books, Edgar?" she said.

"I'm tired of them. I wanted to ride on my wheel and fish in the pond," and the eyes, usually so mirthful, filled with tears.

Grandma laid her knitting aside; the matter was assuming a most serious aspect if Edgar was moved to tears.

"Edgar, dear," she said, "if you cannot spend the day in gratifying your own wishes, suppose you do something to make some else happy?"

"Why, grandma, what!" the child exclaimed, with an interested look.

"Well, there are many things possible for even a child to do to lighten the cares of others. For instance, baby had a restless night; could't you make mother happy by trying to amuse her?"

"Oh, grandma, there's no fun in that."

"No fun, perhaps, but a joy, deep and lasting, born of the consciousness of having done one's duty. Just try to spend the day unselfishly, dear; make sunshine within if there is gloom without, and see if you do not find that the hours have been well spent."

Edgar was a boy who when he had made a decision was resolute in carrying it out. So, a few moments later when mamma entered the room with baby Ruth in her arms, he said pleasantly, "Let me have her, mother; you know she likes to be with me."

The tired expression faded from mother's face. "Why, dear," she said, "I expected you would be too disappointed to be of much use to-day."

Baby Ruth was happy; she put her arms about his neck and pressed her rosy cheeks against his. "Nice brother, kind brother," she lisped.

So the hours sped by. Edgar, with grandma's help, prepared a pretty book of pictures for a little crippled boy in a hospital ward. Then he dried the dinner dishes for mamma, and afterwards, covered with his mackintosh, went out to post a letter for grandma. In the afternoon the baby awoke from a refreshing nap and laughed with delight when she found Edgar beside her ready to amuse her. He piled high the blocks, and shouted with baby sister when they tumbled over. He sang two of his kindergarten songs for her, going through the motions, to the enjoyment of grandma and mamma as well as Ruth.

"What a short day this has been, grandma," he said.

"Yet the rain is not over, Edgar," was the smiling answer. "Indeed, my dear child, you will find that the days are short and happy if you start out determined to fill the hours with loving words and deeds."

### I LISTEN

BY RUTH ARGYLE.

Little Helen could neither see, hear nor speak. Just think how sad it must be, never to behold the bright blue sky and beautiful flowers, never to hear

the sweet songs of the birds when they herald the coming of spring, never to be able to tell your thoughts or express your wishes!

A dear, patient teacher was found to show Helen how to talk with her fingers, and shortly after she had learned how to express herself in this manner, she was taken for the first time to church. Full of curiosity as to what manner of place she was visiting, little Helen kept her fingers busy asking questions. Her aunt answered patiently for some time; at last however, finding it impossible to fix her attention on the sermon, she spelled in the child's palm these words:

"We are in church; it is God's house, and the minister is talking to us about Him. We must keep quite still, so that we can hear what he says to us."

Helen sat for a moment as if trying to understand what her aunt had said; then she spelled on her fingers, in reply, "I listen," and with a sweet smile settled herself in a corner of the pew, where she sat in perfect quietness until the close of the church service.

Now, is not this a sweet lesson for you who can see and hear? Don't you think our heavenly Father gave very dear and precious thoughts to this dear child as she sat there in His holy temple in silence and darkness? I am quite sure that He did, because her pure, sweet character shows day by day how close she lives to the Saviour.

### I WOULD RATHER SING.

An eight-year-old child, with a cut in her hand was brought to a physician. It was necessary for the best results to take a few stitches with a surgeon's needle. While the physician was making preparations the little girl swung her foot nervously against the chair, and was gently admonished by her mother.

"That will do no harm," said the doctor, kindly, "as long as you hold your hand still," adding, with a glance at the strained, anxious face of the child, "You may cry as much as you like."

"I would rather sing," replied the child.

"All right, that would be better. What can you sing?"

"I can sing, 'Give, give, said the little stream.' Do you know that?"

"I am not sure," responded the doctor. "How does it begin?"

The little patient proceeded to illustrate.

"That's beautiful," said the doctor. "I want to hear the whole of it."

All the while the skilful fingers were sewing up the wound the sweet, childish voice sounded bravely through the room, and the only tears shed on the occasion came from the eyes of the mother.

It is, I believe, a physiological fact that some expression of one's feelings tends to lessen pain. Since weeping and groaning are distressing to one's friends, how would it do for us all to try singing instead?—Ex.

### WHAT BOYS SHOULD LEARN

There are a great many things boys, as boys, should learn. And if they learn these lessons so well as never to forget them during life, they will prove of great help to them oftentimes when they need help:

1. Not to tease boys or girls smaller than themselves.
2. Not to take the easiest chair in the room, put it in the pleasantest place, and forget to offer it to mother when she comes in to sit down.
3. To treat mother as politely as if she were a strange lady who did not spend her life in their service.
4. To be as kind and helpful to sisters as they expect their sisters to be to them.
5. To make their friends among good boys.
6. To take pride in being a gentleman at home.
7. To take mother into their confidence if they do anything wrong, and, above all, never to lie about anything they have done.

## Church News

[All communications to this column ought to be sent to the Editor immediately after the occurrences to which they refer have taken place.]

### MONTREAL NOTES.

At a special *pro re nata* meeting of the Presbytery of Montreal held in Knox church on the 19th ult. The call in favor of the Rev. Thomas A. Mitchell of Avonmore from the congregation of Côte des Neiges was reported by the Rev. Mr. Heino and sustained. The salary offered is \$750 and a manse. The call was ordered to be transmitted to the Presbytery of Glengarry and will be supported by Mr. Heino before that Presbytery when the usual steps have been taken.

At the same meeting it was agreed to allow the newly opened station in the suburb of Kensington, adjoining Westmount, leave to borrow the sum of \$500 in order to complete the erection of a small church building at that point. This station is connected with Montreal West and is under the charge of the Rev. G. C. Pidgeon.

By leave of the General Assembly the Rev. David Downie M.A., and the Rev. Alfred Logan B.A., were received as ministers of the church. The former comes from the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and the latter from the Presbyterian Church of the United States, but is a native of Nova Scotia and was educated in Canada.

The pulpit of Melville church Westmount was supplied on Sunday last by the Rev. W. G. Jordan of Strathroy, Ont.

The Rev. Professor Scrimger returned home on Friday, Aug. 27th, from Winnipeg, where he had been engaged during the last three months teaching in the summer session of Manitoba College. He reports the session to have been an entirely successful one. Twenty-six students were in attendance including one lady who proposes to offer herself for the Foreign Mission field. Twenty-four passed the concluding examinations, of whom five are in the graduating class. In addition to these, one candidate, the Rev. Thomas Beveridge, passed his final examination for the degree of B. D. Principal King is at the present time enjoying a well earned holiday in Europe, but his duties were efficiently discharged by Professor Baird. Most valuable assistance in the work of instruction was given during the latter half of the session by Dr. F. R. Heattie, of Louisville Seminary in Kentucky. Dr. Heattie is well known in Canada, his native place, and during the past two sessions has cheerfully given his services without cost as a contribution to the Home Mission Work of the Church. Dr. Scrimger found the people of Manitoba in the best of spirits over the prospect of an excellent crop, already safely harvested, being sold at good prices for export.

The new building of the Royal Victoria College for women being erected on Shorbrooke street by Lord Strathcona and Mountroyal, (Sir Donald Smith,) is now approaching completion, and though nothing definite has yet been announced as to the opening or the terms of its use, it will no doubt be shortly available for the purpose indicated by its name. The building is a spacious and handsome structure with ten class rooms, gymnasium, dining-room, and public assembly room. It has also a large number of dormitories and studies occupying two stories of the main building. The whole is constructed of the best materials and furnished in handsome style, so as to be at once durable and satisfying to the most exacting taste.

News has been received as to the serious illness of Principal Peterson in Scotland where he has been spending the summer. It is still hoped, however, that he may be able to return in time for the opening of the session.

### BRITISH COLUMBIA NOTES.

There have been a great many vacant congregations in the Synod during the summer, but several of them are now getting settled. Vernon called Rev. G. A. Wilson, he accepted the call and was inducted some time ago. St. Andrew's of New West-

minster has been vacant since early in March, but has at last called a minister in the person of Rev. A. E. Vert, late of the Halifax Presbytery. Mr. Vert accepted the call and was inducted on September 2nd. During the interval between the call and the induction the pulpit was filled by Mr. W. Erskin Knowles on the 22nd, and by Rev. W. Meikle on the 29th, after which the new minister will officiate. Richmond congregation which was rendered vacant by the resignation of Rev. A. E. Camp in April has called Rev. J. A. Logan, of Union, B.C., Mr. Logan was inducted on August 17th.

Rev. J. S. Gordon, of Mount Pleasant, Vancouver, has resigned his charge owing to ill health, much to the regret of his people who have become much attached to him. Mr. Gordon has won the affection and respect of all since his settlement in Vancouver a little over a year ago, and much sympathy is expressed for him, all hope that he may be speedily restored. His resignation was accepted by the Presbytery on the 17th Aug., and the congregation is now having visiting ministers. Rev. E. D. McLaren is Moderator of the Session.

Nelson and Rossland congregations have both extended a call to the same gentleman, Mr. D. M. Gaudier, B.A., of Queen's. We have not yet heard what is Mr. Gaudier's decision in the matter.

The Home Mission Committee has resolved to send a missionary up north to the newly discovered gold fields in the Yukon country. Whoever is selected will start very shortly.

### GENERAL.

Rev. J. R. Gilchrist has resigned his charge of Baltimore, Ont., and the same has been accepted by the Presbytery.

Rev. D. G. S. Conroy and family, of Winchester, have returned from Nova Scotia after a six weeks' holiday.

On Sunday evenings the Rev. W. R. McIntosh, Allandale, is delivering a course of sermons on "Types of Character in the Old Testament."

Rev. S. G. Lawson, who has had charge of the Presbyterian Church at Riverdale, N. S., has arrived in Winnipeg with members of his family, and will settle in the Northwest.

Rev. R. P. McKay, secretary of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church, conducted services in St. Paul's, Ingersoll, on Aug. 29th, for the 7th anniversary of Rev. E. R. Hunt's pastorate.

Rev. Dr. Lyle, pastor of the Central Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, has returned home from Berlin, where he has been taking a four-months' course of lectures at the University.

The congregation of Duff Church, West Magdala, Ont., propose to separate from First congregation and united with the Delaware brethren. The matter will come up at the first meeting of the Presbytery.

At the meeting of the Westminster Presbytery at Burnie, R.C., Rev. John A. Logan was inducted as pastor of Richmond; Rev. Mr. Gordon's resignation was accepted, and Rev. A. E. Vert accepted the call to the pastorate of St. Andrew's church, New Westminster.

Thieves entered the residence of the Rev. J. D. Boyd, pastor of Zion Presbyterian church, Kingston, while the pastor and his wife slept, and rummaged every room. Mr. Boyd's clothing was searched. Little was taken beyond a small sum of money. The burglars, who entered from the rear, looted on the good things in the larder.

The Rev. Nathan Smith of Niagara-on-the-Lake has been conducting the services in Queen street east Presbyterian church, Toronto, during the past month, in the absence of the pastor, and his sermons have been very much appreciated by the congregation. Mr. Smith returned home Aug. 31. The Rev. Wm. and Mrs. Enz II returned Sept. 1st from Niagara.

At a meeting of the congregation of St. Andrew's church, London, held Wednesday, Sept. 1st., to consider a report from the session recommending grants of \$200, \$150 and \$100 to the Pottersburg Mission for the next three years, the report was unanimously adopted. The grants are made subject to the union of the Pottersburg and Crumlin congregations, thus forming a self-sustaining

church, and the St. Andrew's session to have the privilege of asking the Rev. Geo. Gilmore, pastor of the Pottersburg congregation, to assist in carrying on the mission work in the north end. It is probable that the organization of the Pottersburg church may be asked at the next meeting of the Presbytery, which takes place Sept. 14th in the First Church.

J. W. MacIntosh, M.A., a graduate of Queen's, was ordained and inducted at Centerville Presbyterian church, on Aug. 20th. Rev. J. G. Potter, Peterboro, presided; Rev. Mr. Hamilton, Havelock, preached. Rev. Mr. Potter put to Mr. MacIntosh the usual questions in the circumstances, and offered the ordination prayer. Rev. Dr. Torrance addressed the minister, and Rev. Mr. Hay, of Cobourg, the people.

Through the carelessness of workmen, Woodstock, Ont., was very nearly losing its new Knox church which is nearing completion. A handful of cotton waste saturated with oil had been dropped upon the floor just before the workmen left the building for the night one of them happened to see it and discovered it was just on the point of igniting. But for this fortunate discovery great damage must have been done.

The *Christian Advocate*, a Methodist weekly published in Belfast, Ireland, has the following to say of the Rev. Dr. Moore, pastor of Bank Street church, Ottawa:—"Last Sunday was a red letter day with our friends at Larnoe, where the pulpit of their handsome church was filled by a distinguished visitor in the person of Rev. Wm. Moore, D.D., Moderator of the Canadian General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the Dominion. Dr. Moore preached to crowded congregations, sermons, which have been described to us as discourses of singular beauty and power—in the morning on "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious," and in the evening on "Give us this day our daily bread." A Liberal collection was taken up for the Trust Fund. The doctor is described as a man of very attractive person and great charm of manner, and altogether was much appreciated. Additional interest was lent to his visit and services by his personal relation to Larnoe and to Larnoe Methodism, as not only a native of the locality, but also the grandson of the late Mr. James Ritchie, of Kilwaughter—a prince of local preachers in his day, who for many years regularly supplied the old Larnoe pulpit in his turn with great acceptance and power. Blessed man! how well we remember him as a fellow laborer through the exciting and glorious days of the great revival of 1859!"

The services in connection with the reopening of the Presbyterian Church, Princeton, which took place on Sunday, Aug. 29, passed over very successfully. Rev. Mr. Hamilton, of the First Presbyterian Church, Bramford, preached morning and evening to large and appreciative audiences. In the morning he chose for his subject the omnipotence of God, taking for his text St. Matthew, 8th chapter, part of the 2nd verse: "Lord if Thou wilt Thou canst." In the evening he directed his hearer's attention to Psalm 116, verse 1: "I love the Lord."

### A MINISTER'S STATEMENT

Rev. C. H. Smith of Plymouth, Conn., Gives the Experience of Himself and Little Girl in a Trying Season—What He Depends Upon.

The testimonials in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla come from a class of people whose words are worth considering. Many clergymen testify to the value of this medicine. Read this:

"By a severe attack of diphtheria I lost two of my children. I used Hood's Sarsaparilla as a tonic both for myself and little girl and found it most excellent as a means to restore the impoverished blood to its natural state and as a help to appetite and digestion. I depend upon it when I need a tonic and I find it at once efficacious." REV. C. H. SMITH, Congregational parsonage, Plymouth, Conn.

Hood's Pills cure liver ill, easy to take, easy to operate. 2c.

## Things pass away like a tale that is told.

Old Country  
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Same with China and  
Japan Teas—their use-  
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# "SALADA"

## CEYLON TEA

### HAS SUPPLANTED ALL OTHERS

Sealed Lead Package Only.  
25c, 30c, 40c, 50c and 60c per pound.

Both sermons were very fine. The tea-meeting on Monday night was a very sociable and pleasant affair. A sumptuous tea was spread in the basement, after which all repaired to the church and vocal selections were contributed by the Methodist choir, during the interesting programme of addresses were delivered by Revs. Shearer, Hamilton, Carpenter and A. Leslie. After a vote of thanks to the Methodist choir, the chairman, Revs. Hamilton, Leslie and Carpenter and friends from a distance, the singing of the doxology and the pronouncing of the benediction closed a very happy evening's proceedings. The proceeds of the Sunday services, the tea-meeting on Monday and the children's entertainment on Tuesday leave a very small debt on the repairing and alterations. The whole of the financial burden has been borne by the ladies of the congregation. The handsome modern pulpit was the gift of the Y. P. S. C. E. The idea of improving, altering and renovating the building originated with the late Mrs. Janet McKenzie, who introduced the talent scheme, which has worked well, and the work begun by that lady has been carried on by her sister, Miss McKenzie, and the church will now, for elegance and comfort, compare favorably, we believe with any in our rural district. By the kindness of Rev. Peter Pettinger, of this village, who supplied Mr. Hamilton's pulpit on Sunday, the pastor was enabled to form one of the audience and enjoy from his pew Mr. Hamilton's excellent preaching.

### SUMMER SESSION MANITOBA COLLEGE.

A large assembly filled the convocation hall of Manitoba College Aug. 31st, on the occasion of the closing of the summer session of the department of theology. The chair was occupied by Rev. Prof. Baird, vice-

principal, who after the singing of a psalm and an opening prayer by Rev. Dr. Robertson, welcomed the audience, expressing his pleasure at seeing so much interest manifested. He made a fitting allusion to the lack of one of the most characteristic elements of these public functions, the presence of Principal King, who had at last been persuaded to take a very much needed holiday. Dr. King and party, he added, had returned from Germany to Great Britain and would spend the rest of their holiday in England and Scotland. He expected to sail on the 10th of September, and would be here just about the time of the opening of the winter session on the 1st of October. Prof. Hart and family, after a lengthy sojourn on the other side of the Atlantic, had returned to this side; the professor's health was completely restored; he was retreating for a little while at his and Mrs. Hart's old home, the town of Perth, in eastern Ontario, and they expected to return to Winnipeg Sept. 4th. The chairman referred in terms of high appreciation to the assistance of a number of professors, who had taken part in the work before, namely, Rev. Dr. McLaren, of Toronto; Rev. Dr. Scrimger, of Montreal; Rev. Dr. Beattie, Louisville; and Rev. Peter Wright of Portage la Prairie. Not only the college, but also congregations in the city and the province had shared in liberal degree in the benefit of the visit of these gentlemen. The students in attendance had numbered twenty-five. All, with the exception of one young man who had recently come from Scotland, had been engaged in the home mission work; and nearly all the students were pledged to enter again upon this work as they said good-bye to the college, so that within another month over twenty fields would be manned by these students for the autumn and winter months. The students had been thus classified: 5 in the third year; 6 in the second, and 14 in the first year. Prof. Baird proceeded to deliver a practical address to the graduating class; and at the close, in Dr. King's name, he gave every member of that class a copy of the word of God. He also announced the names of the scholarship winners as follows:

Third year—Peter Strang, the Robert Caraley scholarship of \$70 for Old Testament exegesis, general class work and a special examination.

F. H. Hartley, B.A., the Mrs. Barber first prize, \$30, general proficiency.

J. Hunt Jarvis, Mrs. Barber second prize, \$20, general proficiency.

Second year—Hector N. McLean, Robt. Caraley first prize, New Testament exegesis, general class work and special examination.

R. M. Dickey, Robert Crawford, second scholarship, \$50, general proficiency.

H. J. Sterling, the Robt. Russell Winchester third scholarship, \$40, general proficiency.

Thomas McAfee, the Marion Tait fourth scholarship, general proficiency.

First year—W. G. Russell, first, the John Ralph King scholarship, \$50; second, third and fourth, the Mrs. Barber scholarship, \$5, the George R. Crowe, scholarship, \$50 the John Black scholarship, for general proficiency, Joseph Ball, A. Bunn, B.A., W. J. Inglis, B.A.

Rev. Thos. Beveridge having completed the special divinity course was presented by Rev. Dr. Scrimger and had conferred upon him the title of B.D. The chairman stated that this degree was granted on a special written examination.

Mr. T. F. Hartley, representing the graduating class, read an interesting valedictory, and Mr. H. McLean an appropriate reply, both of which were from time to time heartily applauded.

Rev. Dr. Beattie gave an excellent address, thanking the chairman at the beginning for his very kind words of appreciation, also thanking the kindly references made in the valedictory and the reply. He spoke of the summer session as a unique thing on this continent. He gave the young men some good advice tending to keep them on the north side of the 49th parallel and telling them of some of his observations on the other side, where ministers' work was far from being as satisfactory as on this side.

Rev. Dr. Scrimger expressed his pleasure in having now for the third time surrendered a portion of his summer holidays to make a contribution to the work done here. He

believed the action of the General Assembly in establishing the summer session had immensely increased the usefulness of the institution. He bore a tribute to the loyalty of the students, and to the thoroughness with which their work had been done.

Rev. Dr. Robertson, superintendent of missions, showed the importance of the summer session in relation to the Home Mission work. He spoke of the rapid growth in the west; and of the necessity of mission work in the Klondyke, to which a student of Manitoba College had been asked to go to prepare the way for the sending of others next year.

Prof. Baird told of the help which Dr. Robertson had rendered the college by collecting funds for carrying on its work.

The meeting was closed by Rev. Joseph Hogg pronouncing the benediction.

## A THRESHER'S LIFE.

### One of Exposure to Inclement and Changeable Weather.

Ho Easly Falls a Prey to Disease—Rheumatism One of the Natural Results—One Who Suffered for Upwards of Nine Years Gives His Experience.

From the *Intelligencer*, Belleville, Ont.

It is doubtful if there is any other occupation more trying to the constitution than that of the thresher. Exposed to the rains and storms of the autumn season, and at the same time choked with the dust consequent upon threshing, he easily falls a prey to disease. Mr. Jos. H. Davis, a resident of the township of Wicklow, Hastings county, follows the threshing machine for some months every fall. For eight or nine years he was subject to attacks of inflammatory rheumatism. The disease usually made its appearance in the fall, and continued throughout the winter, causing not only much suffering but great inconvenience. Mr. Davis' most serious attack occurred during the winter of 1893. It first made itself manifest by the swelling of the right hand, and before twenty-four hours had passed the disease appeared to have gone through the whole system, and the legs were swollen to an abnormal size, so much so, that the joints were not visible through the swellings. For ten months the trouble continued and during that period Mr. Davis was unable to put on his own clothes, and the pain he endured almost passed comprehension. One doctor after another was tried but without any beneficial results. Then advertised medicines were tried but with no better success. "I can hardly say," said Mr. Davis, "how much money I spent on doctors and medicine, but it amounted to a considerable sum, and yet I would most willingly have given my farm to be rid of the terrible pain I was forced to endure. But all my expenditures seemed of no avail, and I began to despair of a cure. At this juncture, acting on the advice of a friend, I began using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The first six boxes I used seemed from outward appearances to have had no effect, and I felt almost like giving up in despair. I thought, however, that possibly that was not a fair trial for one in my condition and I procured a further supply. By the time I had used three boxes more there was a considerable improvement noticeable, and from that out each day found me growing better. I continued using Dr. Williams' Pink Pills until I had taken sixteen boxes by which time every vestige of the ail had left me, and I was feeling in every respect a new man. I believe, too, that the cure is permanent for I have not known what it is to suffer with rheumatism since.

It will thus be seen that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills released Mr. Davis from the painful thralldom of rheumatism at a comparatively small expense after doctors and other medicines had utterly failed to give him even a fair measure of relief. It is obvious therefore that if Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are given a fair trial they are sure to bring relief and cure. Every box of the genuine Pink Pills has the trade mark on the wrapper around the box, and the purchaser can protect himself from imposition by refusing all others. Sold by all dealers at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

## How weak

the soap and water seems when you begin your washing! You don't get any strength out of it till the work is about done. Plenty of hard work and rubbing and wear and tear, even then—but more of it at the beginning; when the water is weakest. Now with Pearlina, the water is just as strong at the beginning as at the end. This is one of the reasons only one why Pearlina acts so much better than soap, in all washing and cleaning. Use no soap with it.

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