

Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church.

\$1.50 per Annum.

OTTAWA WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1908.

Single Copies, 5 cents.

HARVEST TIME.

BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG.

The golden grain of Autumn,
That crowns the fall of year;
That gives sweet cause for gladness
And fills our hearts with cheer.

A season of thanksgiving,
For Nature's bounteous store.
For peace and plenty granted—
The Giver we adore.

With joyous songs and gladsome,
The farmer toils with zest
Until the solemn twilight,
Then hurries home to rest.

The orchards with their fragrance,
Their rich and mellow fruit,
That makes all nature vocal,—
What tongue can there be mute?

The fields with hay and clover
And cereals abound;
And hedges draped with tresses
Of woodbine all around.

The gardens with sweet roses,
And flowers of every hue;
The merry birds a-singing—
The robin and ooo-coo.

The harvest moon shines brightly
As she travels on her way,
Through starlit realms of glory,
Meeting the coming day.

And in the evening shadows,
As falling from above,
The oft repeated story
Of everlasting love.

To youth and maid that story
Never grows dry or old,
Though through so many ages
It has been heard and told.

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BIRTHS.

At Lost River, Que., on Oct. 15, a son to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Dewar.

At 24 Bloor Street East, Toronto, on the 21st October, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Stewart, a son.

In Oshawa, Oct. 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Ross, King St. East, a daughter.

At Grace Hospital, Toronto, Oct. 20th, to Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Hutchinson, a daughter.

On September 27, 1908, at 33 Victor Ave., Toronto, the wife of the Rev. W. T. Gunn, of a daughter.

At Smith's Falls, Ont., on Oct. 17, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Keith, a son.

MARRIAGES.

At the residence of the bride's parents, "Aldersyde," on 13th October, by Rev. Mr. Martin, brother of the groom, Rev. Don M. Martin, B.A., of Bolton, to Ethel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Edwards, of Cannington, Ont.

On Oct. 14th, 1908, at the residence of the bride's parents, 21 Barton Avenue, Toronto, by the Rev. H. Sinclair, Miss Barbara McNabb to Mr. Charles Grant Robson, of Edmonton, Alberta.

On Oct. 7, 1908, at 414 St. Catherine Street West, by the Rev. A. S. Ross, Annie Munroe, second daughter of Colin Campbell, to Charles Culross, of Montreal.

At St. John's Church Manse, Cornwall, on Sept. 26th, 1908, by the Rev. N. H. McGillivray, Robert Atchison to Eva, daughter of Wm. Fitzpatrick.

Oct. 21, at Vancouver, by Rev. Dr. Fraser, Charles Bordow, of Wenatchee, Wash., to Lilla Isadean Pearl.

At the home of the bride's mother, Con. 13 Brock, on Oct. 13th, 1908, by Rev. W. L. Findlay, M.A., Mr. R. S. Glassford, merchant, Cannington, to Miss Laura Sproule, daughter of the late J. C. Sproule, of Brook.

DEATHS.

At Kemptville, on 24th October, John Bayne, in his 82nd year.

Suddenly, at Hamilton, Ont., on Oct. 17, 1908, Robert Melvin, of Guelph, Ont., in his 80th year.

At Toronto, on October 21st, 1908, Clement, son of Avera and Mary S. Pardee, in his 24th year.

Suddenly, at Toronto, Ont., on Saturday, the 17th October, 1908, Christina Dick, wife of John A. Paterson, K.C.

At her residence, 506 Jarvis Street, Toronto, on Oct. 21st, 1908, Elizabeth McCullough, beloved wife of John H. McKinnon.

On October 16th, 1908, at the Western Hospital, Toronto, Catherine Livingstone (native of Islay, Scotland), wife of Mr. John Watson, Braebridge, in her 66th year.

At 7 First Street, New Westminster, British Columbia, Oct. 1st, Alexander Henderson, formerly of Oshawa, father of Hon. Alexander Henderson, Commissioner of the Yukon Territory.

In Clarke, Oct. 13th, Alfred Wright, aged 85 years.

On Oct. 21, 1908, at his residence, 361 Dundas Street, Toronto, Alexander Burns, aged 73 years.

At Quebec, on Oct. 22, 1908, at the age of 74 years, Alexander McKay.

In Newtonville, Oct. 13th, Andrew Lockhart, aged 80 years.

W. H. THICKE

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Calendar sent on application. Winter Term Com. Nov. 16, 1908

Dominion Presbyterian

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OTTAWA

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NOTE AND COMMENT

A revival of religion appears to be going on in Roumania, the spiritual state of which has been very lamentable. A deputy has given \$1,000 for the publication of a cheap edition of the Bible. A political newspaper says that the Bible is what the Roumanian people need.

An experiment in connection with the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition, in Seattle, next year, will be watched with more than usual interest. For the first time in the history of expositions, the sale of intoxicating liquors on the grounds or near them will be absolutely prohibited.

Great Britain is disturbed by the great numbers of the unemployed. There are said to be 22,000 men out of work at Birmingham, 14,000 at Liverpool, 8,000 at Glasgow, 13,000 at Sunderland, 10,000 at Manchester and from one to five thousand in many other cities.

Mexico is feeling the effects of the temperance movement on the continent of North America. Mexico City is now restricting the sale of liquor by the enforcement of new laws, the license fee has been increased and the sale of intoxicants to minors is prohibited.

The plan introduced by Dr. Campbell Morgan at Westminster, a course of lectures on Saturday night for persons perplexed by the problems of religion in these days, has proved a success. The average attendance has been about 1,200 and that, too, on Saturday night in the height of a London summer.

The police authorities of Japan have forbidden the circulation of the works of Zola, which have been translated into Japanese. The Japanese are teaching us a lesson in morale, immoral as they are. Incidentally, they are showing the advantage of a press censorship.

The Supreme Court of the State of Maine has made an important decision to the effect that no periodical in the State can publish advertisements of liquors even of dealers outside the State. The case has been pending about six years, and it is at last decided that advertisements must conform to the intent of the prohibition law.

The Methodist petition to the British Parliament in favor of the Licensing Bill contained 610,000 signatures. The sheets were gummed together, making a roll nine miles long and weighing half a ton. It is said to be the largest parliamentary petition ever presented by Wesleyans. It bore more names than any petition presented by the saloon interests.

The distillers of the State of Tennessee are in a panic over the outlook for prohibition. It has been given out that the gin mills have done no distilling for about six months, and that none will be done until after January next, when the Legislature is to meet; and that probably means that no more distilling will be done in the State of Tennessee, for it is confidently asserted that the next Legislature will abolish both the sale and the manufacture of intoxicating liquors in the entire territory of the commonwealth. Surely there will be no more talk in Tennessee that "Prohibition does not prohibit." We rather think if it gets a chance it prohibits most effectually.

The world's supply of rubber has been largely obtained from Brazil, where the sap is taken from natural forest trees. It is evident that other sources of supply must be looked for with the enormous demand and wastes connected with the use of rubber for tires. Contributions of raw rubber now come from Australia, Java, Sumatra, Borneo, Ceylon, Congo Free State, and other parts of Africa.

Instead of a system of old-age pensions the French government has started a scheme for providing aged people who may need them with half-acre homes. The plots of ground are not given them, but sold on terms that can be easily met; and if the purchaser has no money the government will let him have it at two per cent. In every case the purchaser must agree to cultivate the land.

A pastor was complaining about the way he felt on Monday. He said: "Sunday completely wore me out. I had a funeral at 9 o'clock, and then came the Sunday school and two preaching services." We submit that four services in one day are too many for any one man. Why will people have funerals on Sunday? It is not fair to the preacher, to say nothing of other legitimate objections that might be urged against the practice.

The Presbyterian Church of Wales held a conference at Colwyn Bay on theology. They re-affirmed the old orthodox views as to the Incarnation, the Atonement, the transcendence, as well as immanence of God. Rev. H. T. Cousins, chairman of the English section of the Free Church Council at Colwyn Bay, in welcoming the conference, said that it was the Free Nonconformist Churches of the land, and not the State-established Protestant Church, which constituted today the real bulwark of Protestantism.

According to Professor Irving Fisher, of Yale, tuberculosis numbers 138,000 victims every year in the United States, and entails a money loss on the country of a billion dollars, and yet a physician of Philadelphia expresses his belief that consumption will disappear as utterly as smallpox within fifteen years. He is doubtless altogether too sanguine. Nevertheless, much has been learned in recent times in regard to the disease; hospitals for consumptives are multiplying, and the treatment of patients is everywhere better.

King Edward, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and the Prince and Princess of Wales were present at the service in Crathie Parish Church on a recent Sunday morning. The ordinary congregation was greatly augmented by a large number of visitors, who commenced to arrive at the church shortly after eleven, but who were not allowed to enter until the parishioners had secured their seats. The Rev. S. J. Ramsay Sibbald, B.D., minister of the parish, and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the King, conducted the devotional portion of the service, and the sermon was preached by Dr. Cameron Lees, Dean of the Order of the Thistle and of the Chapel Royal, and Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the King. Dr. Lees and Mr. Sibbald had the honor of being invited to dine with the King at Balmoral Castle on Sunday evening. The late Queen Victoria not only worshipped at Crathie Church, but greatly enjoyed the Presbyterian Communion service there.

Recently there was an impressive scene in the Abbey of Iona, where the Columbian missionaries were ordained and whence such beneficent influences went forth. About forty children of the island represented the countries in which the two Scottish churches have missions, each one being dressed in the costume of the country represented. As the missions, arranged in alphabetical order, were called, the representative of the country responded by a song or a verse. The presentation was realistic and made a deep impression in favor of missionary work and service.

In China there are 166 missionary hospitals and 241 dispensaries, a total of 407 medical mission institutions. In 1906, 1,044,948 patients were treated, of whom 35,501 were cared for in the hospital wards. The others were out-patients. The sum of \$245,000, Mexican, the coin used out there, was expended during 1906 in carrying on this work, and 206,000 of it, Mexican, was contributed in China. Of the physicians 300 are fully qualified foreign physicians. They have 5,000 native assistants, including some 560 students. The first medical mission hospital in China was opened October 25, 1834.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling's platform appearances are rare, but he is a capital speaker when he happens to be in the mood, which is but rarely. Once he figured successfully as a preacher. He was crossing the Pacific on an Empress liner when a seaman died, leaving a widow and a large family. On the ship's notice-board next day there appeared the announcement—"9 p.m.—Sermon by a Layman." At the appointed time a curious crowd discovered Kipling standing on an improvised platform, from which he preached a fifteen-minutes' sermon. How eloquent it may be gathered from the result—a collection of over \$350 from a congregation of less than two hundred.

Word comes from Manitoba that the temperance forces from that part of Canada will in all probability win a sweeping victory next December. The sentiment in favor of the abolition of the bar is very strong in Manitoba, and as a result of the act passed last spring by the Legislature a very large number of municipalities will vote on local option, or the "local veto," as it is called out there. The bar has already been abolished in nineteen or twenty municipalities, and the prospect is very good for the carrying of the local veto cote in at least half of the remaining 101 municipalities. That would mean that there would be prohibition in seventy out of 120 municipalities.

The late Bishop William Taylor narrated the following: "I saw a woman who had been accused of witchcraft, and condemned to death by ferocious ants. She was bound to an anthill—often ten to fifteen feet high—and kept there all day. The cries of her infant were such as to cause her release at night. The victim usually dies in two days, but this woman was bound and tortured for five days, and then driven away because 'she was too hard to kill.' She crawled in a terrible condition to the mission station, and the missionary told me she was the most pitiful sight he ever beheld. After careful nursing for months she recovered, and this woman, so terribly scarred and disfigured, was converted at my services."

SPECIAL
ARTICLES

Our Contributors

BOOK
REVIEWS

"IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN."

By Hannah Isabel Graham.

What libations of foolish tears and sinful regrets are poured upon the altar of "It might have been." The words float like a requiem over the clay idols that Time has broken and laid in ruins at our feet.

We envy our neighbor who is possessed of greater talents, wealth, distinction or popularity than ourselves, satisfied that if we had been given his opportunities "It might have been."

Life is to many a "via dolorosa" simply because they are constantly turning to grieve over a lost Sodom. The future, so full of possibilities, is a blank page to them. They see no beauty in the blue sky above them or the flowers at their feet. Sorrow and disappointment instead of fulfilling their design, in broadening and deepening their heart's channel, have frozen it into an ice-bound stream of selfishness. Regardless of the burdened hearts everywhere around them, that are perishing for lack of a loving word of cheer, they go their solitary way, unloving, un sympathetic, unfruitful lumberers of the ground, who, when they cross the mysterious bound, leave the world no poorer than they found it.

"It might have been" is the convenient scape-goat upon which the world lays its sins, follies and neglected duties, and banishes them to the dreary waste of bygone years, forgetting that our lives have only gone before to the Great Judge, who "requireth that which is just."

If we could only for a moment realize that life is the ladder on which we rise from earth to Heaven, we would no longer waste the precious moments of opportunity in idleness and repining. There is a crook in every lot and each life has its mysteries of pain and sorrow. There are things hard to be understood, hard to bear, and hard to give up. But instead of sighing for the good denied and, like Lot's wife, losing the present in the contemplation of the past, how much better and wiser it would be to bury the vanished years in the faithless depths of God's forgiveness, and "forgetting the things that are behind, press forward to the things which are before." Gleaning only from each might have been the lesson that it was sent to teach: "More reverence toward God, more gentleness and love toward man."

The grandest and noblest lives that have beautified this earth have arisen from the ashes of a dead past, "purified, softened and enriched for greater helpfulness." Those whose very presence brings peace and comfort to countless aching hearts have come forth, in the morning, after a night of weeping, to wipe the tear-drops from the cheeks of their fellow-sufferers.

Often, "when we are fretting under the touch, and perhaps with sentimental weakness talking of broken heart-strings and a blighted life, the hand of the great Master-tuner is upon us, giving to each rebellious chord its proper tension, that from the re-tuned instrument there may come forth that special harmony which He desires to draw from it in this present age—that special har-

mony by which He is to be glorified on earth, until Eden come again and the wilderness blossom as the rose."

Let us take life's broken chords to the divine tuner, "who will not break the bruised reed," and ask Him to make us now what we will wish we had been when we stand before the great white throne; when the crooked places shall be made straight and the dark mysteries of Time shall be perfectly explained in the light of Heaven's eternal day.

Then we will understand that "whatever is, is right;" and "what seems confusion here, is wisdom there."

Seaforth, Ont.

TWO KINDS OF THANKSGIVING.

By Ruth Sterry.

One prayed aloud his thanks, and many heard—
But when he passed forth from the house of prayer
He wore upon his face his secrets bare,
While those who met him sighed, and thought with pain
Of all the year had lost them, of the reign
Of grief and sorrow on this earth of ours.

One wore upon his face the smile of peace,
As if he held communion close with God,
And loved the world and all who on it trod;
And those who met him smiled, and thought how fair
The world must be to him—and straight-way there
Rose in their hearts a glad thanksgiving hymn!

THANKSGIVING.

Will it do to say more on this time-worn subject? Can anything new be said of Thanksgiving—anything but the old commonplaces that deal with bountiful harvests, peaceful lives, the living under one's own vine and fig tree with no one to make us afraid, the duty of remembering the Giver of all good things in the midst of his gifts? We all recognize these familiar expressions, and have a sort of scorn of their familiarity, their threadbare tone of commonplace.

And yet is not the commonplaceness of them ours? Ought we not rather to blame ourselves that these beautiful gifts of God in nature recurring with the seasons should seem to us commonplace and our thanks and remembrance of them a perfunctory thing instead of a renewed, a spontaneous rejoicing at each return of God's autumnal gift time? To the commonplace all things are commonplace. Let us rather see in this very commonplaceness of our blessings but another cause for thanksgiving. Thank God that his gifts are so usual, common, customary, universal, that we are constantly in danger of forgetting them. Thank God, too, that the best gifts are the commonest. Good men, loving hearts, healthy, wholesome bodies with sane minds, the pure air of heaven, the rain that falleth alike on just and unjust, the warming sunlight, these belong to us all and are so common that we forget them while we think of wealth, social position, power, all the gifts that are rare and come to the few, as if they were the only desirable ones. God shows us by his generous bestowal of the former on all his children that those are the truly good things of life, just

as we may judge by the parsimony with which he gives the latter how dubious and uncertain goods, wealth, rank and power often prove to their possessors.

Abraham Lincoln, with that homely wit that made his pithy wisdom classic, once remarked that God must have loved the common people, he had made so many of them. And so may we not say of his gifts of love, health, air, sunshine, that these must have been the gifts he loved to give because he knew them to be the best for all; these were the common universal gifts restricted to no sect or race, no climate, no chosen and select few, but strewn with lavish hand among all.

The truly good gifts of life are the commonest, free and shared by all or most of us. And it is for those simple commonplace blessings that we owe the deepest thanks rather than for worldly success; for wealth, for power, position, these are for the few, and not always blessings to them. If we have them, let us see that they become blessings by the use we make of them, and that so for these, too, we may properly and honestly give thanks. And yet again, there are other good things for which perhaps we do not see that we owe thanks, good gifts that we cannot recognize because of their forbidding outward wrappings. These are no commonplace blessings; they come to us perhaps in some cruel blow, the death of some loved one, the disappointment of a cherished hope, the loss of worldly possessions, suffering, pain, disease, perhaps approaching death. It is hard to give thanks for these, hard to see the good beneath their apparent evil. Here, indeed, is a task for the thankgiver, to look back over the past year to some death and thank God that he took that sorely missed wife, that bright-faced child, that old and reverend father to himself; that he sent the disease that meant weary nights and days of watching, that were hard to the sufferer and his friends, but left behind the precious legacy of unselfish, loving service on the one side and of patient, heroic endurance on the other.

Be sure that we do not properly observe our Thanksgiving if we cannot rise to the height of thanking God for these, if he has sent them during the past year, just as we may with less effort thank him for their absence, for the sparing us these harder blessings of his goodness, if in his wisdom he has seen fit to spare us.

And then with Thanksgiving in words must go thanksgiving in deeds. It is no mere accident that at these seasons of universal giving of thanks there should go a giving of gifts to others as a sincere token and symbol of our thanksgiving for what we ourselves have received. It is natural for a man who truly feels that he has been blessed and favored to wish to share with others what he feels is but a gift to him, and to make some return to the Great Giver of all good by giving to his less favored brother.

Do you sincerely give thanks and feel thanks for all you yourself have received this past year? Then as Whitfield, I think, once asked a congregation that was much moved by his appeal for help: How much do you feel in your pocket? How thankful are you in gifts to others? Make your thanksgiving their thanksgiving, too.

AN OLD-WORLD HARVEST.

Who does not know the story of Ruth the Moabitess? Who does not admire her courage, her affection, her humility, her industry? Who is not glad at the happy ending of the little romance of the harvest field? For indeed the book of Ruth is a little romance. It contains those elements that in fiction excite our interests and rouse our sympathies: the poor young widow, a stranger in a strange land, the rich unknown kinsman, the rencontre amid the waving barley fields, the match-making instincts of the bereaved yet worldly-wise mother-in-law, and finally the marriage that restores prosperity and happiness again to both Ruth and Naomi.

Naomi is not a typical mother-in-law by any means; that is if we accept the modern theories that make her a jest, or paint her a tyrant. A very tender relationship must have existed between Naomi and her sons' wives, a relationship that had deep fibres in old associations and mutually sacred memories. Both volunteered to leave home and kindred for the sake of their dead husbands' mother. That both were sincere is probable, that one was, is undoubted; for Ruth wins her point, and clings to her mother-in-law with that self-forgetting irresistible appeal, "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to turn from following after thee; for whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." It was indeed a self-sacrificing avowal of devotion that Ruth made. Think for a moment what it meant. It meant giving up home and friends and religion—and who can doubt that she held them dear?—it meant a rooting up of herself and her affections from the scenes where they had blossomed and grown, scenes where she had known a happy youth and married joys; it meant transplanting herself to a new soil, where perchance she might find it arid, bare, unfriendly; it meant the care and burden of an aged woman, to bear with her complaints and fretfulness; it meant the rejection of possible suitors and the prospect of again finding a happy home among her own people. But Ruth did not make calculations, she simply followed the promptings of a loving nature. Sentiment is an easy thing to simulate, and effective too! Ruth might have stopped short as Orpah did, and yet gained contemporary sympathy and esteem; she had only to take a tearful demonstrative farewell of her mother-in-law, to talk fluently of her own sorrow, inviting commiseration for her hard lot, in a word to make all the outward show of grief that appeals to the senses.

We can follow in imagination how it fared with these two desolate women—back again in Naomi's fatherland. Daily the pressure of poverty became harder to bear. For Naomi's friends seem to have made no effort on her behalf further than discussing her return, and its conditions. Poverty is never a welcome guest, and it was but natural for them to conveniently forget this old neighbor, who had come back among them empty and sad from her wanderings. Consequently, it was imperative need that first sent Ruth among the gleaners. It was the time of the barley harvest. The time would correspond with our spring, and from the remembrance of similar home scenes we can call up visions of that harvest time—the broad fields of ripe grain, the busy reapers, the gay tones of their voices as the golden barley fell before their scythe, the many maidens slooping to gather the scattered sheaves, or pausing to exchange a pleasant word with their companions, then the needed rest and refreshment, the alfresco meals under the blue heavens, while the soft breeze ruffled the uncut barley.

But see, the master moves among the mown grain. His eye glances keenly but kindly among the groups of workers, and one who is not of his maidens attracts his attention. He learns her name—Ruth, the Moabitess. No contemptible pride hurts him that one who is a kinswoman should be gathering for a poor sustenance the stalks his workmen leave. Boaz behaves with the utmost courtesy and addresses the stranger in reassuring and respectful words: "Hearest thou not, my daughter? Go not to glean in another field, neither go from hence, but abide here fast by my maidens. Let thine eyes be on the fields that they do reap. Have I not charged the young men that they shall not touch thee? and when thou art athirst go unto the vessels and drink of that which the young men have drawn." And then, when Ruth is surprised at the graciousness of this great man whose fields she had invaded, he puts her at ease by frankly telling her that he knows her history, while he commends her conduct and invokes a blessing upon her. It is not too much to say that Boaz is the type of

A Perfect Gentleman.

In giving permission and encouragement to Ruth's gleaning, he also ensures that she shall proceed without annoyance, "have I not charged the young men?"—and with a thoughtfulness rare in those who themselves know not what hunger is, arranges that she may join his maidens and enjoy the plentiful supply of food and drink provided for them. One little action, however, reveals more fully perhaps than any other the fine fibres of his manhood. He draws aside his reapers that he may bid them "let fall on purpose some handfuls for her that she may glean them? and rebuke her not." It was a practical kindness done in the most delicate fashion. A clumsy man, equally generous, would have been inclined to offer her gifts, to have said, "Never mind any more gleaning, I shall give you what you need." Not so Boaz. With a delicate perception of her feelings he would not insult her by proffering alms. She had chosen the manner of helping herself; he had no right to interfere, but he would quietly make her work easier, and that without obtruding himself, or posing before her as a Lord Bountiful. Indeed, presumably during the two months of harvest that Ruth continued to glean in his fields he never again approached her. She was a young woman in straitened circumstances, obliged to undertake the humble task of gleaning, but nevertheless Boaz treated her with consideration and respect, and avoided making her position among his maidens embarrassing or conspicuous. All the courtly homage, all the extravagance of a chivalrous code are prompted by no truer spirit of gallantry than that which prompted Boaz to give that order to his reapers to let fall the sheaves that Ruth's gleaning might be with profit.

The story of Ruth and Boaz is a little pastoral, and it brings with it a breezy open-air fragrance of rural life, while Boaz himself, kind, just, unostentatious, seeking an advantage over no one, is worthy to be termed "an honorable man;" and since, true politeness belongs to no age or clime or race, the men of to-day, despite our boasted civilization, might do well to take example from the manners of this Eastern old-world gentleman.—L.A.M.P.

A POOR SUBSTITUTE.

The Catholic Register.

Professor Go'dwin Smith, has, it seems, just given a long and heavy letter on "Man and His Destiny" to the New York Sun, part of which was published in the Toronto World

of Monday. Toronto's well known Professor, under the guise of "one of the many who doubt," plays the part of the iconoclast, tearing away all beliefs in the Scriptures, Old and New, and with it all belief in a Creator and in the world's Redeemer. The doctrine of immortality is swept out of existence to the entire satisfaction of the Professor, and he tells us, "the belief that man has an immortal soul inserted into a mortal body, from which, being, as Bishop Butler phrases it, "indiscrutable," it is parted at death, has become untenable. We know that man is one, that all grows and develops together. Imagination cannot picture a disembodied soul. The spiritualist apparitions are always corporal."

We have no intention of arguing with our learned fellow-citizen. We would simply say that his statement unsupported by proof, does not make a telling so and against his assertion we have the belief of at least three hundred million of the world's inhabitants that the doctrine that the soul is parted from the body at death is not only tenable, but likewise very real. We shall not attempt any proof of this; we adopt the same method as does the learned writer in his letter to the Sun. Professor Smith knows where to find proofs if he seeks them, and in case he may be in doubt he will find the Faith of these three hundred million distinctly defined and proven in the little book which may be got for a penny, and is called Butler's Catechism.

Having made chaps of all faith and hope, Professor Smith says, "Meanwhile the earth is beautiful; we have society with all its interests; we have friendships, love and marriage; we have beauty and art. We must trust that the power which will regulate the future reveals itself in these."

And this is what is given in place of the great virtues which have made martyrs and heroes, which have supported the poor and made the burdens of life bearable throughout the centuries. "The earth is beautiful."

What comfort is this to the toiler in the mines, the factory or the field, who treads his narrow and never varying path and whose vision is too tired and whose range is too limited to see or recognize the beauty. "We have society with all its interests." Again we would say, what is either of these to the vast majority? Nothing but empty sound. The world everywhere has marriage, but not always love, and as for "beauty and art," their presence or absence is ever a matter upon which statements and opinions may differ, and to expect that authoritative power will reveal itself in such, is indeed a sorry anchor upon which to fasten our expectations for a happy solution of things now inexplicable.

It is a sad retrospect, that of a long life given to study and search ending in such failure. But it is the old story, the finite trying to measure the infinite, and as of old, a voice comes out of a whirlwind and asks, "Who is this that wreatheth up sentences in unskillful words?" for in as much as the contentions of the writer to the New York Sun are ineffectual in providing any remedy for the ills of those who doubt, so we may term his words unskilled. There is nothing for it but that our learned Professor, of whom Toronto is in many ways so justly proud, should come back to the point from which he started, to that childish faith which accepts the teachings of Christianity in their entirety, because for such, and such alone, is there any understanding and promise of that alluring field—the "Kingdom of Heaven."

May you be just as happy as you like to see anybody else.

SUNDAY
SCHOOL

The Quiet Hour

YOUNG
PEOPLE

DAVID GRIEVES FOR ABSOLOM.*

By Rev. Clarence MacKinnon, B.D.

David sat between the two gates, v. 24. When Cicero and Quintus were both proscribed by the second triumvirate at Rome, Quintus hid himself so successfully that the soldiers were not able to find him. Enraged at their disappointment, they took his son and put him to torture; but never a word would the faithful lad utter. Nothing more than an involuntary sigh and an occasional groan escaped his lips. The father was near enough to hear. He was so affected at the thought of the son dying to save his own life, that he could endure it no longer. He presented himself to the murderers and asked that he might take his son's place. No such sacrifice on behalf of father or mother may be required of us. But there are opportunities without number of making our parents' hearts glad by words and deeds of loving unselfishness. And these we owe to them for their unstinting goodness to us. Let not the pagan son of Quintus be more dutiful than the children of Christian parents.

Good tidings, v. 27. Some poor children of a city were taken for a few days' outing into the country. Several of them were put up at a farm house, and a rare treat it was for those street Arabs to breathe the fresh air and enjoy the delights of field and forest. The mother of the home, however, noticed that one little fellow did not drink his milk, and she asked him why. "I ain't got no milk," was his unexpected reply. "There it is," she said, "right by your plate." "That ain't milk," protested the little fellow, "milk's blue." Poor little chap, he had never known any other than the miserable watered stuff given to him in the slum; and it was one of the trials of his life when he had to leave the fresh creamy drink of the farm and go back to the thin doctored milk of his city home. The food of the soul is the tidings that it hears. How much of the stuff that it feeds upon in the cheap literature of the age, is thin and blue! There is no sustenance in it, nothing to give the soul a further vision and a wider hope. The gospel is the only really good tidings, and when once the soul has drunk of these "wells of salvation," it has no inclination to go back to the rubbish that contents the world.

Is the young man Absalom safe? v. 32. A sad incident happened at the burning of a newspaper building some years ago. The Associated Press room was in the upper story. All the operators but one left their posts in time to escape. Notwithstanding the warning that had been given, this man remained too long at the wire, ticking off the latest news of the fire. He found his exit blocked. The interest of his work had so engrossed him, that he neglected the opportunity of escape, and unhappily perished in the flames. A young man may not become the victim of any of the more glaring vices of his associates. He may be clean and respectable and bear a good name among his friends; but he may be so engrossed in his business or pleasure as to neglect altogether the warning and the offer of salvation in the gospel. The young man Absalom is not safe, unless he has a firm hold of the only Saviour, Jesus Christ.

O my son Absalom, v. 33. Chevalier Johnstone tells an affecting story that

S. S. Lesson, November 8, 1908—2 Samuel 18 : 24-33. Commit to memory v. 33. Study 2 Samuel, ch. 1. Golden Text—A foolish son is a grief to his father.—Proverbs 17 : 25.

occurred in Scotland during Prince Charlie's rebellion. A young man was an officer in one of the English regiments. His father, on the contrary, was a warm Jacobite, and joined the standard of Prince Charlie. Imagine the father's horror at receiving an order to attack next day the very regiment in which his son was an officer. "Perhaps," he said, "I may be so unfortunate as to kill my son with my own hand." Nothing would console the afflicted parent. The battle took place. The following evening, however, nothing could exceed the father's joy as he returned from the fight with one prisoner, alive and well, and that his son. For the time being, he cared not how many others had been captured. It is a sad circumstance when the home is divided, when the son is found fighting against the father in the ranks of the enemy; but He who gave up His own Son to die for sinners, knows what are the sorrows of a father, and knows also the deep and abiding joy in the heart of a father when the prodigal is brought home. For this purpose it was that He gave up His Son.

THE NOBLEST GUEST.

Dr. Charles Bayard Mitchell thinks that we have lived in vain if we have not discovered "that there is a power greater than any physical force that ever acts in the universe of matter. 'I will tell you,' he says, "what is finer than the foaming leap of the torrent from the crag. It is a rush of a man's courage along the fearful path of some high and holy duty. I will tell you what overtops the grandeur of an Alpine peak at sunset. It is integrity resisting temptation. I will tell you what is more glorious than a Norway twilight, which turns mountain, plain and ford into the softest tints of violet. It is love, giving and blessing without stint, like your mother's. I have often thought that I would love to have been one of that little company in that storm-tossed boat that night on Galilee; to have felt the thrill of danger and the loneliness, and then to have known the ecstasy of beholding my master coming through the storm, walking on the sea as on solid pavement; gathering up those turbulent waves, as a mother presses her babe to her bosom, and speak them into peace. But I have seen a grander thing than that. One day my life's bark was sorely tossed, and a tempest swept down over my soul with terrifying onset, and it seemed to me that I would be engulfed. Then it was I saw this same Jesus coming to me on the waves, speaking peace to my heart, bringing me out into an open and delightful haven, where it has been joy to dwell ever since. Oh, believe me; what I want—what you want—is to find 'the power unto salvation.'"—Exchange.

The soul would have no rainbow,
Had the eyes no tears.

—John Vance Cheney.

Let us give thanks to God on Thanksgiving Day. Nature is beautiful and fellow-men are dear, and duty is close beside us, and he is over and in us. What more do we want, except to be more thankful and more worthy of the tasks and privileges he has given us. We want to trust him with a fuller trust, and so at last to come to that high life when we shall "be careful for nothing, but in everything, by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving, let our requests be made known unto God," for that and that alone is peace.—Phillips Brooks.

LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

By Rev. James Rose, D.D.

Runners—Eastern kings had a body of professional runners around them, partly as attendants, partly to carry orders and to bring back news. These men were trained from their boyhood to swiftness and power of endurance, and the speed they could keep up for a whole day was remarkable. I have seen two official runners with the wands of office preceding the carriage of the present Pasha of Egypt when it was being driven quite swiftly. I have seen an Arab over seventy, keep up a steady trot all day in front of a horse, and seem quite fresh at night. Down to the eighteenth century, runners went before every nobleman's coach in England, and they were often needed to keep it from being overturned, so rough were the roads. The Persian kings organized a regular system of mounted couriers, who traversed the whole kingdom with the royal mandates and general intelligence, and their swiftness became proverbial.

"The Enemies, be"—An Oriental will not give a direct reply, if he knows that it means evil tidings. He will give it some turn to modify its effect. The news of his son's death is conveyed to David in the form of a loyal wish for the destruction of all his enemies.

Many a time, when cantering through these lovely glades, (of Gilead), as my steed dashed under the low-sweeping boughs, how easy have I felt it would have been to have incurred the fate of Absalom had my hair been as long as his.—Tristram.

CHRISTIAN PATIENCE.

The patience of the Christian is the patience of strength. The task is great, but the laborer is conscious of his ability to perform it; the trouble is overwhelming, but he is conscious of the everlasting arms about him. He "sees the rainbow through the rain." Such patience is not the fruit of philosophy, nor is it the result of training. It springs from a source deeper than the intellect, and it reaches up and takes hold of a power that is above the heavens. It is the majesty of the divine sonship. If any of the King's children are fretful and easily disturbed by little things, they are still among the least in the kingdom. Those that have grown beyond infancy show some degree of their Father's patience.

Christian patience is not merely endurance. It is the patience that works—the patience that is not easily discouraged by apparent defeat or elated by apparent success. The task of him that has become Christ's fellow-laborer is Christ's own task. He is more than willing that all the smaller tasks that life imposes on him should succeed or fail, as may be best; but about the great task of life he has no fears. It must and will be accomplished, for God is not defeated. "Consider him who endured such contradiction of sinners against himself." He was never more triumphant than in the hour of his apparent defeat. The stupidity and timidity of his friends did not discourage him, nor did the exultation of his foes dismay him.

Patience is not over-eager for results. She will have her perfect work because she will have her work perfect. Cheap and showy success will not satisfy her, for she is heaven-born and she builds for eternity. She knows whom she has believed and whom she serves, and she hopes to offer to Him work that has been done for Him and for Him alone; and if He has directed the work, it will be perfect.

THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN

THE NOTE OF URGENCY.

(By Rev. W. H. Sedgwick, M.A.)

All true preaching and teaching has in it the note of urgency. No one who reads the Book of the Acts can fail to observe that this is the characteristic note of apostolic preaching. Every word in the apostles' preaching seems scorched with the holy fire of a desperate urgency. The very name by which they preferred to style themselves—"The Way"—breathes a spirit of urgency growing even into a holy intolerance. There was no easy-going religion, whose false liberalism had robbed it of all keenness of edge. With the fine frenzy of a fearless faith they declared,—“In none other is there salvation; for neither is there any other Name under heaven, that is given among men, wherein we must be saved.”

We cannot be mistaken in tracing to this quality in their preaching—this logic on fire—the wonderful success of those early heralds. “I go into the pulpit and preach, and think nothing of it,” said a man to Spurgeon once. “That’s just what the people think of it,” retorted the great preacher. But the apostles arrested the people; they turned the world upside down. Under the passion of their preaching, “there arose no small stir concerning the Way.” For they preached under an awful sense of the issues at stake. The apostles did not steal about with a whisper. They had heard a voice say, “Cry,” and they cried. God gave to them “a perpetual sense of glad, wonderful surprise” at their own salvation, and they preached, as Brownlow North was sometimes said to preach,—like one who had just escaped from a sacked and burning city, his ear still stung with the yell of the dying and the roar of the flame, his heart full of gratitude at the thought of his own wonderful escape.

Passion is at a discount today. Correct preaching must be dignified, cultured, with a literary finish. Correct teaching must be interesting and entertaining. Too many of us, when we get into the pulpit or before our classes, are as men that dream. There is no note of urgency sounding its appeal through our speech. Little wonder then that we toil all year and take nothing! It is not enough to have the right message; we must have also the right way of delivering it. And the right way is the way of the “Cry”—not a hysterical shriek, but a passionate, earnest, reasonable appeal in which the note of urgency is clearly distinguished. It ought never to be possible for those who sit at our feet to go away feeling that we have been dealing with matters of secondary importance. They ought not to be able to withstand the spirit and conviction with which we speak. We ought to send them away seized with a sense of the solitary and supreme greatness of the things we have handled. All true teaching has in it the note of urgency.

Hamilton, Ont.

A LESSON IN GIVING.

Nannie had a bright silver dollar given her. She asked her papa to change it into dimes.

“What is that for, dear?” he asked. “So that I can get the Lord’s part out of it.” And when she got it into smaller coins, she laid out one of the ten. “There,” she said, “I will keep that until Sunday.” And when Sunday came, she went to the box of offerings in the church vestibule and dropped in two dimes.

“Why,” said her father as he heard the last one tinkle in, “I thought you gave one-tenth to the Lord.”

“I said one-tenth belongs to him, and I can’t give him what is his own; so if I give him anything, I have to give him what is mine.”—Selected.

CHRIST’S VALUE OF WORDS.

In the first chapter of his new book, “The christology of Jesus,” Dr. Stalker says: “There is nothing which to the ordinary man appears more trivial than a word. What is it? A breath converted into a sound; out it goes on the air, and is carried away on the wind; and there is an end of it. No, said Jesus, it does not end there, and it does not end ever; when once it is called into existence by the creative force of the will, it becomes a living thing separate from our control—it goes ranging through time and space, doing good or evil, and it will confront us again the last day. ‘Every idle word that men shall speak they shall give an account thereof at the day of judgment.’ At that solemn crisis the influence of our words on our destiny will be extraordinary; for ‘by thy words thou shalt be condemned.’ There is nothing of which the average man is more surely convinced than that his tongue is his own, and that he can at will make it utter words either good or evil. Very different was Christ’s estimate; words are inevitable; if the speaker be good, then they are good; but if he be evil, then they are inevitably evil; for as much control as he seems to have over them he cannot alter their character unless he first alter his own; for ‘out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.’”

FOR THANKFULNESS.

By Anna Burnham Bryant.

Joy came to sit in neighbor-wise
Beside my hearth to-day;
I bade her welcome, though her eyes
Made sign she could not stay.
“I bring you half a loaf,” she said;
“It will be better than no bread.”
Time was, I know, in sullen pet
I might have turned away
Resentfully—and yet—and yet
It is not so to-day;
Thankful, I gather up the crumbs
From any guest of God that comes.
Or crumb or loaf, full well I know
That my desert is less;
I aye receive, as on I go,
Enough for thankfulness.
My half-a-loaf, Lord, let me take;
Sweet is the bread that thou dost break.

A PRAYING CHURCH.

A prosperous church is a church which prays. It is written: “My house shall be called a house of prayer.” We must never lose faith in prayer. We must never abandon prayer. We must never lose the spirit of prayer. A church can get on for a considerable time without singing, and can go on indefinitely with indifferent singing. A church may do well with poor preaching, and even without preaching of any kind. But a church without prayer is no church at all. We might as well expect a man to live without breathing as to expect a church to live without praying.

Pray for the minister. Pray for the sick and afflicted. Pray for the children. Pray for the lost. Pray for the community. Pray for one another. “Pray ye the Lord of the harvest, that he send forth laborers into his harvest.” “Pray without ceasing.” Pray everywhere. Let the church be characterized by prayer, filled with the atmosphere of prayer, and crowded with the trophies of prayer.—Selected.

God may delay to come in the guise of his providence. There was delay ere Sennacherib’s host lay like withered leaves around the Holy City. There was delay ere Jesus came walking on the sea in the early dawn, or hastened to raise Lazarus. There was delay ere the angel sped to Peter’s side on the night before his appointed martyrdom. He stays long enough to test patience of faith, but not a moment behind the extreme hour of need.—Meyer.

TEMPERANCE ORGANIZATIONS.*

Some Bible Hints.

Never take it upon you to test a man’s ability to withstand temptation until the Lord tells you to do it, as He told Jeremiah! (v. 2.)

Jonadab was wise in his commands. A father should not leave such a matter to his children’s judgment, but should reinforce their wills with his authority (v. 6).

The Rechabites adopted the only safety,—no wine; not moderate drinking, or drinking when they “felt in need of a stimulant” (v. 8).

Temperance families do not run out; and they transmit their fine qualities, as any observer may see (v. 19).

The Temperance Organizations.

The Independent Order of Rechabites was established in 1835 in Salford, England, in imitation of the ancient children of Jonadab. It not only requires total abstinence, but it provides a fund for sickness and death.

The National Temperance Society had its origin in a convention held in 1865 at Saratoga. It publishes temperance periodicals for young people and adults, and a very large number of temperance books and tracts.

The Woman’s Christian Temperance Union has been called “the sober second thought” of the wonderful Woman’s Crusade of December, 1873, and the first half of 1874. The organization was effected in a convention held at Cleveland in November of 1874. It now has branches for the young women and the children, and has extended everywhere, exerting an enormous influence for good. It has departments for the spread of temperance education, social purity, and many other noble causes.

The Independent Order of Good Templars, originating in 1851, received a national organization in May, 1855, in a convention at Cleveland. It admits women on an equality with men. Its pledge requires life-long total abstinence.

The Prohibition Party, after many State campaigns, participated first in a national Presidential election in 1872. Its candidates have been Black, Smith, Dow, St. John, Flek, Bidwell, Levering, Woolley, and Swallow. It holds that temperance is a national issue, not to be settled by local efforts.

The Sons of Temperance arose in 1842, from the famous Washingtonian movement. It is a total abstinence association, with charitable and benefit features.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Union of America was founded on Washington’s birthday, 1872, in Baltimore, and it is doing a fine and aggressive work.

The first Band of Hope was formed in Leeds, England, in 1847, and it soon became a popular name for temperance organizations, especially among the young.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., Nov. 9.—The Nazarites. Amos 2: 11, 12
T., Nov. 10.—The anti-treating league. Hab. 2: 15.
W., Nov. 11.—The wise men. Prov. 23: 19-21.
T., Nov. 12.—A divine proclamation. Isa. 61: 17-23.
F., Nov. 13.—Paul’s doctrine. Rom. 14: 19-23.
S., Nov. 14.—A woe upon drink. Isa. 28: 1-3.
Sun., Nov. 15.—Topic: Temperance meeting. A study of temperance organizations. Jer. 50: 1-19.

*Y.P. Topic—A study of temperance organizations. Jer. 35: 1-19.

The Dominion Presbyterian

IS PUBLISHED AT

323 FRANK ST., - OTTAWA

AND AT

MONTREAL AND WINNIPEG

Terms: One year (50 issues) in advance, \$1.50.

SPECIAL OFFER.—Any one sending us FIVE new names and \$5.00 will be entitled to a FREE copy for twelve months.

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Paper is continued until an order is sent for discontinuance, and with it, payment of arrearages.

Send all remittances by check, money order, or registered letter, made payable to the DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN.

When the address of your paper is to be changed, send the old as well as new address.

Sample copies sent upon application.

Letters should be addressed:—

THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN,

P. O. Drawer 563, Ottawa.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,

Manager and Editor.

OTTAWA, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 4, 1908

Next Monday, 9th inst., has been appointed as the day for general thanksgiving. Special services will be held on Sunday in most of the churches, and these will doubtless be largely attended. Canadians have great reason to be thankful to Almighty God for Peace, Plenty and Prosperity within our borders, and to Him grateful thanks will go up from hearts and homes.

Genuine thanksgiving thinks backward, to review the gifts of the past, but still more looks forward to anticipate the grace promised for the future.

Anyone who has visited Quebec will agree with Earl Grey that the English-speaking people of Canada have something to learn from their French compatriots in regard to the courtesies and amenities of life. The French-Canadian is always polite.

The rector of an Episcopalian church was suddenly seized with heart failure in a New York town the other day. It was assumed from his garb that he was a Roman Catholic. A priest was hastily summoned, who administered the last rites of the Roman Catholic church. It does not appear, remarks the Sentinel-Review, that any great calamity followed the mistake. Perhaps the great powers that rule the universe pay less attention to our nice distinctions of creed and garb than we sometimes imagine.

To be safe in Christ's hand, and so never to perish, is one thing; but to feel that we are safe, is quite another. Many are safe who do not feel it. Christ's hand holding them, and not their hand holding Him, is the true secret of their safety and perseverance.—Bishop Ryle.

THE LAYMEN'S CAMPAIGN.

During the recent political contests in connection with the Dominion general election there has been running another great series of meetings, namely, the conventions and mass meetings from Halifax to Vancouver of the Laymen's Missionary Movement. It speaks volumes for the hold the latter movement has taken, that at such a time so many splendid and inspiring missionary gatherings could be accorded overflowing audiences. The large proposition is to evangelize the heathen world in this generation. That, of course, means more prayer, more men, more money, more information.

The method is to stimulate the movement in the first place at the more important centres of population, with the expectation that they in turn may impart the stimulus to their respective districts, so that, sooner or later—and the sooner the better—the movement may strike each individual congregation. There are several points on which all the speakers and all experience seem to concur. (1) The minister must be earnestly alive to the Great Commission of preaching the Gospel to every creature, and must therefore back up his laymen in every legitimate way in this movement. Any pastor must see that to have his laymen take hold of the missionary cause in an earnest manner will benefit the cause and the layman too. (2) It was agreed that you need a laymen's missionary committee in every congregation, apart from the women's missionary committees, children's mission bands, &c. Of this committee the minister should always be a member, but not necessarily, and not preferably, the chairman. It was also pointed out as important that this committee should be chosen carefully from those who already had or were capable of having an active interest in the big idea of the evangelization of the world in this generation. To this committee there should be no merely complimentary nominations. (3) All agreed the only way to secure the large advance in missionary giving necessary, was the way of the Weekly Missionary Envelope. On this point there was no dissenting voice. (4) There was complete agreement that at least once a month the thought of the evangelization of the world in this generation should be brought before the congregation, from the pulpit, at the mid-week meeting, and otherwise, and that the laymen themselves should as much as possible divide up to study this field, and the other field, and briefly present the information. Without plenty of information there can be little interest.

With a sympathetic minister in every congregation, a live missionary committee of men, the weekly mission envelope, and much prayer, it is believed the Dominion can successfully grapple with its share of the project of the evangelization of the world in this generation.

It is not wealth that gives the true zest to life, but reflection, appreciation, taste, culture.

A HINT FOR THEOLOGICAL COLLEGES.

Now that these colleges are about to commence a new session, the "Scottish Review" very pertinently discusses the training of our future Ministers. The writer complains that too much time is spent on Theology, to the neglect of economic science and present-day social matters. "There must also be instruction, as we have indirectly noticed, in social and economic subjects. Men are eager to know how to fit in their Christianity with their every-day life. That minister alone is qualified to guide men who has studied his own age. A cursory knowledge of Old Testament problems, dogmatic theology, and abstract exegesis has meant that the Church has ceased to speak the language of the people. The needs of to-day demand men who can translate the truths of the past into the present. It is doubtless an excellent thing to have an exact knowledge of the ancient Jews. We venture to think that it is also desirable to have some slight acquaintance with the modern English. The young Scottish minister is theologically well equipped, yet too often crudely ignorant of the aims and aspirations of the working-man." All this applies equally to our Canadian students, and their training for an effective Ministry.

AFTER THE STORM.

The general election for the Dominion Parliament is now a thing of past history, to the relief of many who grew tired of the prolonged re-creation. On the principle, however, of giving vent to and getting rid of unpleasant humors, instead of retaining them in the body politic, there may be a fair amount of good out of much controversial evil. Each leader happily was a clean upright man personally, which is much for which to be thankful; and as for the Dominion Premier, it is a duty and a pleasure for "The Dominion Presbyterian" as a Protestant journal to say his attitude in the past as respects large moral questions has been that of a Christian statesman of a high-minded and lofty type. The new Parliament contains a considerable number of beginners of marked ability; and there is every reason to expect and believe the interests of Canada, morally as well as materially, will make important headway during the life-time of the present House.

Much of this world's sadness comes from things that ought not to bring lasting sadness at all—such as poverty, and disease, and death. And that which is saddest of all is often least sorrowed over. "There is nothing sad but sin," said Charles W. Gordon. ("Ralph Connor"), of Winnipeg, to an audience of Christian people who had gathered to consider methods of leading their fellow beings into the service of the only Conqueror of sin. And the Sunday School Times asks: Why should we let our lives be saddened by those orderings of God which He can make into blessings for us if we will? And why should we welcome into our lives that death-blight which is the sure cause of the only sadness worthy of the name?

IS THAT THE BEST WORK YOU CAN DO?

By Knoxonian.

The other week a straight-laced denominational journal across the lines advised its readers not to support non-denominational religious papers. One of the non-denominational papers immediately arose and solemnly asked its denominational neighbor this important question:

Is that the best work you can do for the Lord?

This question is a searcher. It might do most of us a great deal of good if we could hear a voice saying to us at times: Is that the best work YOU can do for the Lord?

BROTHER LEGALITY has a weakness for raising legal points in ecclesiastical procedure. It pleases him more to find a legal flaw in something than it pleases him to have a good prayer meeting, or a fine missionary meeting, or even a profitable communion season. When he goes to Presbytery he rises and asks if this meeting has been legally called; then he makes verbal criticism on something in the minutes; then he objects to something as "incompetent," to another thing as unconstitutional, and crowns his pettifogging performance by declaring something ultra vires. Brother, is that the best work you can do for the Lord in a spiritual court? If it is, your first duty is to go home, and get yourself reconstructed.

BROTHER FECKLESS, M.A., stands up in his pulpit, and reads from his manuscript, or from his memory, a dainty little essay, which, by an extraordinary flight of the imagination, he dignifies with the name of sermon. It is written from beginning to end in the third person. It is impersonal all the way through. There is no direct address. He never looks the people squarely in the face, and says "we" or "you." Hard-headed business men look on with mingled feelings of pity and contempt, as they think of the rousing political address they heard last evening, and remember the way they saw some lawyer work up a jury a few days ago. Brother Feckless, is that the best pulpit work you can do for the Lord?

ELDER OPPOSER does exactly what his name indicates, and does nothing more except serve the communion table. It would be better if he didn't even do that. He never calls on anybody, never visits the sick, never helps in any way. When any new mode of working is proposed then he always comes out strong. His forte is to oppose everything—to stand in the way. He is a chronic obstructionist. He neither works himself, nor allows anybody else to work in peace. His motto is, "I object." His work is to prevent other people from working. Oh, Mr. Opposer, is that the best work you can do for the Lord? If that is the best you can do, how can you expect the welcome, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

MR. SNARLING comes to church occasionally. Presumably, he comes to worship. How much he does worship may be learned from the fact that when he leaves he sneers at the sermon, makes

small remarks about the singing, speaks like a genuine "puppy" about the class of people who worship there, and talks disparagingly about the whole service. Mr. Snarling, if that is the best you can do in the way of worship, it will go hard with you some day.

Here is a citizen who constantly growls about the government of his municipality. The taxes are high, the streets are in a bad condition, the sidewalks are in need of repair, the gas is dim and the water bad. Everything is mismanaged. The aldermen are a bad lot. The officials are dishonest. If the aldermen levy taxes for improvements, this citizen talks about rebellion. He thinks he ought to have good light, good water, good streets, good sidewalks, good everything without paying for them. Mr. Growler, is that the best you can do for your town? If it is, you had better go north somewhere, and live among the Indians. You are not sufficiently educated for civilized citizenship. A good citizen helps to advance the interest of his community, and if he cannot put his shoulder directly to the wheel himself, he encourages those who have their shoulders there.

Here is a man who calls himself a Presbyterian, but can never see any good in the Presbyterian Church. He sees good things in Episcopalianism; admires much in Methodism; approves strongly of some of the methods of the Plymouth Brethren; and has a decided liking for the Salvation Army. Dear Mr. Softy, is that the best you can do for your Church? If it is, then, perhaps, you had better join the Salvation Army, and run for drummer. If you get elected, you can command more attention by beating the drum head than you are ever likely to do by using your own head.

Before closing, let us take a look at this good man who gives his attention to the public schools. Everything is wrong. The teacher is too lax or too severe. The text books are not proper. The schoolroom is too hot or too cold. The hours are too short or too long. The real trouble with that school is that the teacher cannot put brains into this good man's brainless children. Considering their parentage, the children are about what any sensible man would expect them to be. They came into the world under some terrible hereditary disadvantages. Nature was too kind to make them so clever as to hurt their father's feelings, by contrast. Stand up, Mr. Grumbler, and honestly tell us if worrying that teacher is the best work you can do for education in this country. If it is, you had better join the first form of some good school for intellectual culture, and read the Scripture selections to tone you up morally.

If an editor writes an abusive editorial, or states facts that are not facts, it would be a good thing to say to him: Is that the best editorial work you can do?

If a politician makes a low, abusive speech full of distorted facts and untrue statements, somebody ought to go quietly up to him at the close and say: Mr. — is that the best work you can do?

When a man worries or bores a public meeting somebody should whisper gently to him: "Is that the best work you can do?"

Good question this for us all.

OUR SONG SERVICE.

Attention to singing as a very helpful part of the worship of the sanctuary is inexcusably neglected. It is suffering, we are persuaded, a steady decline. In many of our churches the leader in the song service is an elderly man. He learned to sing perhaps, nearly a half century ago. It is not easy to see active church workers plunged into despair at the suggestion of losing by death, or otherwise, their beloved chorister. There are none to succeed these old worthies, the product of the schools of other days. It has come to pass, it appears to us, that our preachers and sessions must take hold of the matter and see to it that the young are taught to sing. There is need for a revival of the singing schools that produced so many fine singers in the days of our fathers. The fruits of these schools were of incalculable worth to the cause of Christ. However cold and dry and prolix the sermon, the services were brightened much by the good singing. The stories of the happiness of the students in those old singing schools of a half a century ago, always thrill and please when well told. They were gratifying to the young, who will have the enjoyment of meeting for some purpose or other. We know no other gatherings more helpful in many ways. The worship in the churches in the town and country alike, could be improved greatly, it goes without saying, by wise attention to this department of service. In the town the song service is often pleasingly musical to a few, we presume, but really devotional to none. In the country it is often edifying to a small extent and almost without musical attractiveness to any. In sharp contrast with both is good singing in which all hear the words of the hymn sung in pleasing time and warm hearted tones. The uplifting and instructive and enjoyable effect of a whole congregation or a large percentage of it, joining under good leadership in singing the songs of Zion with freedom, heartiness, and a full voice, is as rare as it is desirable.

Let preachers and sessions go to work and employ teachers of singing to open schools for the instruction of the young in their flock. There should be haste in the matter. Our church services are suffering for the lack of it. Every saint, but especially the preacher, knows the great value of a good song service. The value of the late sweet singer Ira D. Sankey to Mr. Moody in the conduct of his great meetings could not easily be overestimated. And the worth of the preaching of Jesus Christ in attractively sung hymns at the stated preaching services in our churches no one would undertake to tell.—Presbyterian Standard.

"Current Literature" for November features an essay by Francis Thompson on Shelley which has been hailed by the critics of two continents as a masterpiece of English prose. This is the first opportunity that readers on this side the Atlantic have had to see the text of a tribute by one poet to another that already seems assured of immortality. "Current Literature" is eclectic in method, and covers the whole field of life. The Austro-Bulgarian alliance and the revolt in Crete are handled in brilliant editorial paragraphs. The Scientific Department opens with an account of the late Henri Becquerel, "the hero of uranium." The Religious Department devotes much space to "Mr. Chesterton's Discovery of Christianity." All classes of readers will find something to interest them in this number.

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

THE BLUE AND WHITE THANKS-GIVING.

By F. E. Hart.

Nelly Blue came into the kitchen, and sat down wearily, and said:

"I've bad news, mother. What do you think Mr. Ryan said? He don't want the turkeys—just think of it! After telling us long ago that he would take half a dozen—after all our trouble! We told the carpenter he might depend on us for that money in November, because we had a sale for the turkeys. It is too bad!"

"I don't see how he came to change his mind," said Mrs. Blue. "He was so positive about wanting them."

"He got them very cheap from somebody else," said Nelly. "It just seems as if everything goes against us. Just as soon as we think we are going to be all square, something turns up and stops it. Once something happened to the pump. Then when we were starting all right again a cow died, then we had hardly got over that when the roof began to leak, and before this bill is paid something else will be sure to come along to worry us. In fact, it has come now; for here's the great disappointment about the turkeys."

"We mustn't get too despondent," said her mother. "When things look so dull, I try to think of the folks over at the White Farm. They take things in such a cheerful way that it does me good to think about them."

"It's very easy for the folks over there to be cheerful," Nelly said; "there's such a lot of them, and they've got such a comfortable house, and Maria and Clara are so pretty, and they have such nice-looking clothes, and then the boys help, too. You see they have everything to make them cheerful."

"Indeed they haven't," said Mrs. Blue quickly. "Not long ago Hannah White told me she didn't want us to feel hard about their not buying that quilt we made. She said then, 'We don't talk about our affairs, but you and I are old neighbors, and I don't want you to feel that we wouldn't help you if we could, so I will just tell you that things have been very discouraging this year. We've seemed to see trouble on every side. I was afraid we were all falling into discouragement, so I stopped then and said we couldn't afford to get dull; that we must look on the bright side, and remember our blessings, and hope and work every day for better times. I tell them when things are the dullest we must try to be the brightest. Cheerfulness is a great help.' That's the way Hannah always talks, and I am going to try to be like her. So, Nelly, as long as we are so disappointed about the Thanksgiving turkeys, we'll just begin to look forward to Christmas, and hope we can do better then."

At the time Mrs. Blue was saying this, things were not looking so cheerful at the White Farm. That dreary November morning the family were all assembled in the kitchen. A letter had come from Sarah, their only married child, saying that she and her husband and children would like to spend Thanksgiving Day at the farm, and she was looking forward to a good old-fashioned turkey dinner at home, with mother's good pumpkin pies.

"The letter might have come at a better time," said Hiram White. "Things are very close with us just now. We don't keep turkeys, and we hadn't thought of getting one, and we hadn't thought of making a fuss on Thanksgiving Day; but if they want to come, of course they must. We can have the

pumpkin pies, but as for turkey, we'll have to go without that."

"You see, father," said Maria, "Sarah don't know we have stopped keeping turkeys. We never told her."

"Oh, she don't care to hear about such things now," her father said. "She's so taken up with her husband and her home and her children, she don't think much about the farm."

"Oh, yes indeed she does, father," said his wife. "Dear Sarah thinks of the old farm often, I'm sure, and I've no doubt she thinks we've plenty of turkeys. I'm glad they want to come, and I'm sure we'll be glad to see them."

"Nobody will be gladder to see her than I will," said Hiram; "but times are so very hard, and my mind's been so taken up with one thing and another that I felt as if I'd just like to be by ourselves. But they're coming, so we'll make the best of it."

"Poor, dear Sarah! She would feel hurt to hear that," said the little mother. "No one will be more pleased to see her than you, father, and nobody will play with the children more than you will. We'll give her pies, and get up as good a dinner as we can without a turkey."

"I don't see why we don't keep turkeys," said Tom; "everybody else does. Ben and I would take care of them."

"Another year," said their father, "we'll begin again. It don't seem natural not to have them on the farm. We'll see." And he put on his hat and went to the barn. When there, he seemed restless, walking up and down, up and down, and at last seated himself on an old keg. "I wish you were a turkey," he said to a chicken that came near him.

"But I must get one. I see it troubles mother, and we really mustn't disappoint dear Sarah. She has a right to expect a fuss, and she shall have it, and I can't disappoint the others either; it will take money, but I'll go without something myself. I was only thinking of getting one thing anyhow, and that was one of those big woollen caps for the coldest weather; but I won't get it. I'll just go over to Blue's and tell them to save us a good turkey."

Hannah White went to her room and sat down by the bureau.

"Father's not well," she said, "and he is troubled over the dull times, but we must have a turkey. I can't let dear Sarah come home and not have what she expects. I was thinking of getting a little shawl, but I can do without it. I will begin to save a little again, and I've no doubt I'll get it some time."

She took a little bag out of a corner of a drawer, and counted the money that was in it.

"This will get it," she said. "And I know Nancy Blue will be glad to sell a turkey. I will just run over there now, and I won't say anything to the girls about it."

Maria ran upstairs to her room, and took a little box from a drawer.

"I have no need to count this money," she said; "I know it's not quite enough yet to get that black lace thing for my neck, but it's enough to get a turkey, and that's what I'll do. Mother looked so worried, and I know father would be sorry when the time came and he had no turkey for Sarah. I do hope the Blues haven't sold all of theirs."

Clara saw Maria go across the field.

"She's going to the Blues for something, I suppose; but I can't imagine what we need. I hope she'll come back soon, for I have my little plan." She held a purse in her hand. "No new gloves for me this winter," she said. "But I have old ones. It is queer the way my glove money melts away. The

last time I saved for them the money went toward the parlor stove, and now my pretty gloves go for a turkey."

Tom and Ben were standing by the pump talking.

"Ben," said Tom, "let's put our money together, and get the turkey for Thanksgiving. You know you were going to get a knife, and I was going to get a cravat. We can go without the things, and mother would be so glad. What do you say?"

"It's just the very thing," said Ben. "And I'll run over to the Blues, and tell them to keep one for us. But won't the folks be surprised and won't it be fun!"

"Mother," exclaimed Nelly Blue that evening, "did you ever know anything so strange. It seems as if the whole White Farm people had been here today. And to think that five of the turkeys are sold! Why, I feel rich!"

"So do I," said her mother. "And I've already decided that we'll keep that other turkey for ourselves, and have a treat on Thanksgiving. It will cheer your poor father, I know. And don't you see, Nelly, it's better not to be too cast down when things look dull."

"I never intend to be dull and gloomy again," Nelly said, brightly, "or, if I do, you can just say 'turkey' to me, and I know I'll brighten. And now the carpenter can come and get his money. We'll be glad to see him."

The next morning, when the people at the White Farm were at the breakfast table, a man came to the door. It was their neighbor, Samuel Blue.

"I've just put all the whole lot of turkeys up to the barn, and if the boys will come along with me, I'll show 'em what to do. It was a mighty big lift to get them turkeys all sold, and we thank every one of you. Come along, boys; I'm hurrying down to the carpenter's to pay a bill. I won't keep you a minute."

"I don't understand about these turkeys," said their father, anxiously, when the boys were again at the table; "I'm afraid we have got ourselves in trouble. I ordered a turkey at the Blue's."

"So did I," said his wife.

"So did I," said Maria.

"So did I," said Clara.

"So did we," said the boys.

"But I paid for mine," said their father, gravely.

"So did I," said his wife.

"So did I," said Maria.

"So did I," said Clara.

"So did we," said the boys.

And then the White Farm family all explained in full.

"Well," said their father, "I'm proud of you—mother and all, every one of you."

"And as for the turkeys," said their mother, "we can have the very finest for Thanksgiving Day, and the rest can start our turkey flock."

Sweet Sarah, her husband, and their little family, came on Thanksgiving Day.

"Isn't it nice, Frank?" she would say to her husband again and again. "Don't the dear people all look lovely, and isn't it just the nicest farm in the world? And oh, Frank, where is the bag? I've just brought a little something for each one of you—not much, but something. Here, dear father—I'll begin with you. I got you this soft woollen cap; let me put it on you. See it unfolds and comes down, and covers your forehead and ears. There, isn't that warm for your dear head? And, mother dear, here is a shawl for you, just to wear in the house, you know. And, Maria, I thought you'd look fine in one of those black lace things for the neck. And, dear Clara, I hardly knew whether to get you a silver pin

or gloves, but I got the gloves, for I knew you like to have your hands look fine. And here, dear old Tom, is a cravat for you. And, dear little Bessie, I got you these warm gloves."

"Sarah, my dear child," said the mother, "if you had asked us all what we wanted most, you couldn't have pleased us more. You were inspired with your beautiful presents."

They never enjoyed a Thanksgiving dinner so much. Sarah said, "There never was such a good turkey, never such good pies, never such a happy Thanksgiving Day."

"We all have so many blessings, and so much to be thankful for," they said at the White Farm. And they all said the same at the Blue.

THANKSGIVING SONG.

Summer is gone, autumn is here,
This is the harvest for all the year.
Corn in the crib, oats in the bin,
The wheat is all threshed, barley drawn in.

Carrots in cellars, beets by their side,
Full is the hayloft, what fun to ride!
Apples are barreled, nuts laid to dry,
Frost on the garden, winter is nigh.

Father in heaven, thank thee for all,
Winter and springtime, summer and fall.

All thine own gifts to thee we bring,
Help us to praise thee, our heavenly King.

—Songs for Little Children.

SHADOWED HOMES.

Says Margaret E. Sangster in the Woman's Home Companion: "Never dawns a brighter anniversary that has not its shadowed side. Never is there a home to which sooner or later grief does not come. At the Thanksgiving board this year, as in other years, there will be vacant chairs, and the household of the sorrowing continually is recruited by those to whom has come the pang of loss. It is not easy to understand why trials so often come to those who seem to need no harsh discipline, and from our limited experience we cannot tell why it is that one is taken and another left. One thing we may do, and that is trust. We may safely trust a love that is greater than ours, and may safely leave our vanished dear ones in the care of Him who gave them to us."

If our hearts were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word,
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

IT TAKES TWO.

A lad of seventeen had been sent to a saloon to take the measure for a new counter. It was very cold, and he arrived with his teeth fairly chattering, for his coat was thin. The saloonkeeper mixed a hot drink and pushed it over the counter to him.

"It'll cost you nothing," he said. "Drink it down, and you'll soon stop shivering, my boy."

"He meant it kindly, too, and didn't think any harm," said the apprentice as he told the story. "That's what made it harder to push it back and say I didn't want it."

"It must have been a big temptation," said a friend.

"Well," replied the lad, frankly, "it takes two to make a temptation. There's no saloonkeeper and no cold weather can make me drink when I don't want to. The temptation I'm afraid of is the one I'm ready for before it comes, by hankering after it. It takes two every time to make a successful temptation."

"He tempted me" only explains one side of the temptation. The other side—the personal side—we must answer for, and no excuse will save us.—Exchange.

THE BIRDS AND THE SQUIRRELS.

"This bitter cold weather is very hard on the birds and little animals in the grove," said Papa Vance, one cold night. "We have had snow on the ground for a long time, and they will starve unless a thaw comes."

"Why, papa, I thought the squirrels always laid away plenty of nuts," said Dorothy. "Mamma said they carried them away to hollow trees."

"But you remember, my dear, the snow came before they had a chance to get plenty of food," said papa. "When we have an open winter, which means the ground is bare, the squirrels can dig under the fallen leaves even in winter and find food. The birds eat weed seeds, and all sorts of things they find, but when snow is deep they often go hungry."

"Let's feed them to-morrow, Dorothy," said Fred. "I'll scatter a lot of crumbs so they can have a feast."

"Won't the crumbs be lost in the snow?" asked wise little Dorothy. "I am afraid they will, but the birds are too timid to come to the house where the ground is bare."

"We'll sweep a nice bare place under the trees," said Dorothy. "I don't want the birdies to starve."

So early the next morning the children took two old brooms and hurried to the grove. It was hard work, and they were soon panting, but the thought of the hungry birds kept them at the task, even though their arms ached, and presently a nice, big table was all ready.

"Now for the wheat and crumbs," cried Fred, hurrying back to the house. "Breakfast will be served a little late this morning, but we can do better to-morrow."

Fred and Dorothy crept behind some big trees, and presently a bird flew down on the table. Another and another came, until there were crowds of hungry birdies, as Dorothy called them, eating their breakfasts. It must have tasted very good, for they chattered and seemed to have a fine time with the crumbs and wheat.

After that it was great fun to watch the table when the meals were served. Rabbits, birds, squirrels, and even a stray cat came to enjoy the crumbs when the weather was very cold, and it took a great deal of food to keep the tiny bodies from freezing.

"I don't like it that the birds are all afraid of us," said Dorothy. "They all fly away whenever we come near."

"They will learn to trust you in time," said papa. "They are timid little creatures, and want to be sure you are their friends."

In a short time it was hard to get the tablecloth off without a lot of boards creaking on the table, as the children said when they had to brush off a new fall of snow. The little things found out that the children never would harm them, so all winter they flocked to their meals when they saw Fred and Dorothy coming. The children are planning to open their boarding house under the trees again this winter, and I wish there were hundreds of such kind little people all over the land during the bitter cold weather.

Work—and pure slumber shall wait on thy pillow;

Work—thou shalt ride over Care's ocean bilow;

Lie not down weary 'neath Woe's weeping willow;

Work with a stout heart and resolute will!

Amusement is an important part of education. Amusement of any kind is not wasting time, but economizing life.

Success grows out of struggles to overcome difficulties. If there were no difficulties, there would be no successes.

BABY'S WELFARE

MOTHER'S CHIEF CARE.

Every mother is naturally anxious that her little ones shall be healthy, good natured and bright. Every mother can keep her little ones in this condition if she will give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, break up colds, destroy worms and make teething easy. Equally good for the new born baby or the well grown child. Mrs. W. E. Stewart, St. George, N.B., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for my little ones for several years and have found them reliable in all emergencies. I cannot praise the Tablets too highly." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A THANKSGIVING LEGEND.

Once upon a time two angels came down to earth to gather the prayers of mortals. One was the Angel of Thanks and the other was the Angel of Asking. The Angel of Thanks carried a very large bag thrown over her shoulder, for she thought: "God has given so many things to men, that I don't see how I can carry all the thanks I get. I really ought to have some one to help me, but I suppose God knew best when he told me to go alone. Perhaps I can make two trips." And the Angel of Thanks started very early in the morning in order to have time for all the work she had to do. The long, flowing robes that angels wear were bound up close about her, so that she could work very fast, and her crown was laid aside lest it should interfere.

But the Angel of Asking carried only a very small basket in her hand, for she thought: "God has given men so much that I really don't see what there is to ask for. I'll start out early and get it all done, and perhaps God will have something else for me to do then." For the angels are happiest when they have a great deal to do for God. And the Angel of Asking wore her crown and carried her harp, and let her long robes float loosely about her, for she thought her task was to be an easy one.

All day they wandered to and fro on earth, gathering the prayers of men. But the Angel of Asking came back very early. She had borrowed the great bag of the Thank Angel and was bending low under its weight. Her robes were torn and soiled with labor. It was so hard to hold all the wants of men; she wondered how they had managed to think of so many things to ask. She stopped every once in a while to be sure she had lost none.

Late at night the Angel of Thanks came back. She was very weary, for she had been all over the world, but she had only one little "Thank you," that rattled around in the bottom of her basket. And she was so ashamed that she hid her face before all the other angels.

Then she came to the great white throne where God was, and said "Oh, Father, I have worked all day and I have nothing to bring you but this one 'Thank you.' I am very, very sorrowful. Perhaps I can do better to-morrow."

But the Father said to her, very gently: "You are not to blame, my child. It is not your ingratitude, but the ingratitude of men; and they reject not your kindness, but the kindness of the Father who sent you."—Selected.

Happiness is not like a large and beautiful gem, so uncommon and rare that all search for it in vain, all efforts to obtain it hopeless; but it consists of a series of smaller and commoner gems, grouped and set together, forming a pleasing and graceful whole.

CHURCH
WORK

Ministers and Churches

NEWS
LETTERS

OTTAWA.

The fifteenth annual meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of St. Andrew's church was well attended. Rev. Dr. Heridge was present and addressed the ladies, expressing great regret concerning the retirement of Mrs. Peter Larmonth, who has held the office of president for the past five years. Reference was also made to the general increase of interest in foreign missions as shown by the Laymen's Missionary Movement. The election of officers for the ensuing year resulted as follows: Honorary president, Mrs. W. T. Heridge; president, Mrs. W. Dunlop; vice-presidents, Mrs. Wm. Saunders, Mrs. Levi Crannell and Miss Ross; recording secretary, Mrs. Jas. MacLennan; treasurer, Mrs. George Hunter; corresponding secretary, Mrs. C. J. Brooke; Leadet secretary, Miss Mary Brough; programme committee, Mrs. Lyons Biggar, Mrs. T. D. Patton, Mrs. H. H. Pitts, Mrs. Gilbert Allan, Miss Edith Crannell, Miss Sutherland; pianist, Miss Crannell. The delegates appointed to represent the society at the Presbyterian meeting to be held in the Giblee Presbyterian church on November 3rd and 4th are Mrs. Goodwin Gibson and Mrs. Wm. Young. Mrs. H. H. Pitts was elected as a representative to the local council.

The induction of Rev. J. Steele, B.D., into the pastoral charge of Campbell's Bay and Bryson, took place at Bryson on Tuesday afternoon, in the presence of a large congregation. In the absence of Rev. J. H. Turnbull, moderator of the presbytery, Rev. Geo. Hackney of Bristol presided. The other members of the presbytery present were Rev. D. J. Craig of Shawville; Rev. W. M. Hay of Ottawa, and Messrs. A. Stevenson and Peter Lunan of Campbell's Bay. The sermon of the occasion was delivered by Rev. Mr. Hay, from the text, "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel." The speaker showed that faith, as in the case of the centurion whose servant "was dear unto him," should manifest itself in two directions, in zeal for God's worship and in love for one's fellow men. Rev. Mr. Craig then addressed the minister, mentioning some of the causes of pastoral discouragement and indicating means whereby they might be overcome. Rev. Mr. Hackney, who has been interim moderator of the vacancy, gave the address to the people, speaking of what the pulpit should expect from the pew. The people were urged to zeal, faithfulness and sympathy with their pastor. After the formal ceremony of induction, Rev. Mr. Steele was conducted to the church door by Messrs. McCuaig and Stevenson and there met the members of his new congregation. In the evening the church was crowded to hear the program which had been prepared by the choir, with Rev. Mr. Hackney as chairman. A fine selection of vocal and instrumental music was rendered, interspersed with short humorous and congratulatory speeches by the ministers present. Following this, bountiful refreshments were served by the ladies and an appreciative vote of thanks tendered Mr. Hackney for his efficient services in acting as interim moderator. Mr. Steele, who is a native of Bruce county and a graduate in arts and theology of Queen's university, comes to Bryson with the fruits of a fine experience in pastoral work, both in various charges in Ontario and in the Eastern townships. He and his family have been met with a most kindly welcome by the people of his new charge and he enters upon his work at Bryson under very hopeful auspices.

EASTERN ONTARIO.

The congregation of Claremont has given a unanimous call to Rev. W. R. Wood. The salary is \$800 with a wance.

Last Sunday Rev. G. T. Bayne preached his farewell sermon to his late charge at Ashton and Appleton. He leaves at once for his new field of labor at Pasqua, Sask.

At the annual thank-offering meeting of W. F. M. auxiliary of St. Paul's Church, Bowmanville, the sum of \$106 was realized; and Rev. H. Munroe, B.A., the pastor, gave a very helpful address on "Some elements of the Missionary Spirit."

The Rev. A. J. McMullen was inducted into the congregation of McDonald's Corners, Elphin and Snow Road on Tuesday, Oct. 29th. Rev. Dr. McTavish of Kingston, presided and preached. Rev. Henry Gracey, G-manogue, addressed the minister and Rev. J. Binnie, Tweed, addressed the people. Mr. McMullen begins his work under favorable conditions.

Lindsay Presbyterian H. M. Society was organized at Uxbridge on the 30th ult. with seven auxiliaries. This makes four organized since March, and thirteen of the kind now in Canada. The following officers were elected: President, Mrs. H. J. Goud, Uxbridge; Vice-Presidents, Mrs. McDougall, Lindsay; Mrs. McEachern, Leaskdale; Mrs. McPhadden, Cannington, and Mrs. Best, Beaverton; Treasurer, Mrs. J. M. McLennan, Lindsay; Secretary, Miss Jean Walker, Uxbridge; Pioneer and Supply Secretary, Miss Tompkin, Uxbridge.

The new venture by Stirling St. Andrew's church young men is getting into shape. The reading and game room is expected to be open in less than two weeks. A membership fee will be charged for resident men, but the privileges of the rooms will be free to all gentlemen visitors. The room will be open every week night until 10 p.m. On Saturday afternoons it will be open as a rest room to any shoppers and others from the surrounding districts, but the room will be reserved for the use of men only at all other times except Saturday afternoon. The example of the Presbyterian young men of Stirling might well be imitated in other places, especially in the larger towns. Let reading rooms and parlors for innocent games be organized as counter attractions to the saloon and connected billiard rooms.

The Stirling church was well filled at the anniversary services held on the 18th ult. All present were delighted and helped by the earnest, practical messages that were given through the lips of the Rev. Robert Pogue, of Peterboro. Mr. Pogue spent over four years in the world-famous church of John Wannamaker in Philadelphia, and doubtless the extensive experience gained there has enriched his thought and given an intensity to his deliverance. At the close of the evening service the managers announced that \$300.00 had been placed on the plates during the day. This is the largest amount yet received on the one day, although the total amount of one or two former Thankofferings has exceeded the amount mentioned. As further contributions are expected, all past offerings may be exceeded. The result of the services are such as to give increased hopefulness to the future work of this congregation.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. John S. Hardy, of Listowel, was in Ayr last week after preaching in the Central Church, Galt.

Rev. Walter Moffatt at the York Street Mission, London, gave a most interesting and instructive address on A Trip Around London, England.

Rev. W. G. and Mrs. Wilson, on returning from their honeymoon, received a warm and hearty reception from the members of St. Andrew's Church, Guelph.

At the annual thankoffering meeting of the W. F. M. Auxiliary of St. Andrew's church, Fergus, an able address was given by Mrs. Brown, the pastor's wife, and the collection amounted to \$64.00.

Rev. Mr. Childerhose, superintendent of Presbyterian missions in Northern Ontario, is making North Bay his headquarters. He intends moving his family there as soon as he secures a residence.

On Sunday evening of last week Rev. Dr. Munro, of Birr, was the preacher in St. Andrew's Church, London. His discourse from the words: "I will make the place of my feet glorious," will be long remembered by all who heard him.

Rev. J. Becket, on resigning the charge at Allansville, and retiring from the active duties of the ministry after 40 years service, was presented by the members and adherents with a suitable gift and an address expressive of the high esteem in which he is held by the congregation.

About a month ago, as reported in the Dominion Presbyterian, Rev. Dr. D. L. McCrae, pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, at London, was thrown from his carriage in an automobile accident and severely kicked by his horse. At first it was feared that his internal injuries might prove fatal, but the doctor has improved slowly and is now able to move about again.

The Rev. J. R. S. Burnett, for four years the faithful pastor of the Victoria Harbor congregation, who has resigned his charge to take a much needed rest, preached his farewell discourse on Lord's Day last. Of his removal the Orillia Packet remarks: The reverend gentleman will be missed, not only by his own congregation, but by the members of sister churches, who regret his departure.

At the recent meeting of North Bay Presbytery, Rev. J. Becket, of Allansville, who is now retiring from the active ministry after 40 years of faithful service, was presented with a cane accompanied by an address, which expressed the love and esteem in which he is held by his brethren in the ministry. Mr. Becket is also ex-clerk of the Presbytery, a position which he held for many years.

Meetings in connection with the Chapman-Alexander evangelistic movement are being conducted in Paris, and on Wednesday last Dr. Chapman and Mr. Alexander came over and conducted the evening service in the Presbyterian church. There was an immense concourse of people and the service was of the most uplifting and inspiring character. The meetings are attracting great crowds and doing great good.

The monument to be erected over the grave of the late Rev. Dr. Campbell, Renfrew, will be Gothic in style, and of that type which in Canada are called cottage monuments. As yet it is undecided what will be the marble used. Subscriptions to the amount of \$450 have been secured, and an order has been given to prepare and set up the stone.

WINNIPEG AND WEST.

Presbyterianism is growing rapidly in the capital of the Prairie province. Carter Avenue church, opened last Sunday by Rev. Dr. Bryce, is the eleventh built under the auspices of the Winnipeg Church Extension Association since 1904.

At a recent meeting of the High River, Alta., Presbytery, according to the *Nan-to, Alta.*, News of Oct. 15, a resolution was passed placing upon record the profound sorrow of the Presbytery at the accidental death of Malcolm McDiarmid of Willow Creek (formerly of Martintown, Ont.), on Sept. 5, and its sense of the great loss sustained by the Beaver Creek mission field and by the entire Presbyterian community within the district by his sudden removal. The Presbytery expressed its high appreciation of his unvarying helpfulness and unstinted generosity to the churches, missionaries and work throughout many years, and owes its gratitude to God for the gift of his life, marked by such humility, courtesy and usefulness and established Christian integrity and charity. The Presbytery extends its deepest sympathy to the bereaved friends, commending them to the God of all comfort and peace.

As in the East so in the West partisans are none too particular as to the means used to carry their point. At Edmonton "dodgers" were circulated at the church doors bearing the words: "A vote for Oliver is a vote against Rev. Dr. Pringle and all Christian missionaries—vote for Hyndman." At the evening service Rev. Dr. McQueen denounced this campaign dodge. "I wish to enter a vigorous protest," said Dr. McQueen, "on behalf of my friend, Rev. Dr. Pringle, whom I have known for twenty years, and also on behalf of myself as a missionary of the Presbyterian Church, against the publication of a dodger which has been scattered this morning before the doors of the Edmonton churches and on the streets of the city. Without regard to the political party responsible for this, I want to say that this method of conducting a political campaign must of necessity be deplored by every respectable citizen."

WHITBY PRESBYTERY.

Whitby Presbytery met in the Presbyterian Church, Oshawa, Tuesday, 20th inst. Moderator J. H. Borland, Columbus, presided and read Ps. 103. Rev. Dr. Abraham offered prayer. Rev. Dr. Lyle, Hamilton, delivered an inspiring address on the Forward Missionary Movement. Committee set before the church the raising of \$500,000 a year for Home Work and \$500,000 a year to evangelize 12,000,000 heathen by a weekly offering for Missions in every congregation. 25c per family per week would raise the entire sum. Whitby Presbytery's share is \$11,600. A committee was appointed to deal with the question. Mr. Brown is chairman. Rev. Dr. Abraham moved a vote of thanks to the speaker, which was carried. Rev. Dr. McTavish, Toronto, and Mr. Gordon, Manager of Dominion Bank, Whitby, were present representing the churches committee on Evangelism. Rev. J. Hodges said the Presbytery was most fortunate in having with it the representatives of both these committees. Back of the Missionary problem and the problem of giving and the laymen's movement lay the Spirit of Evangelism. His Honor, Judge McIntyre, was present and spoke on behalf of the Board of Knox College for increased givings to that institution. After routine business Presbytery adjourned to meet in Pickering, Jan. 3, 1909.

HAMILTON NOTES.

The brick-work on the new St. James' Church is nearing completion.

Rev. D. R. Drummond preached at Waterdown on Sunday morning exchanging with Rev. Mr. Anthony. Mr. Anthony has been called to Scarborough.

The elections are over. The campaign has been a strenuous one. Hamilton ministers, however, had wisdom enough to refrain from dragging party issues into their pulpits.

The 13th Regiment and the 91st Highlanders paraded to divine service held in Central Presbyterian Church on Sunday the 1st inst. An immense crowd of people witnessed the parade.

St. Giles' Congregation expect their building to be ready for occupancy very shortly. Rev. A. C. Cameron, of Toronto, was the preacher the last two Sabbaths.

Mr. H. M. Paulin delighted large congregations at Chalmers and Barton churches on Sunday, Oct. 25th. Mr. Paulin is the student who had charge of Knox Mission for two summers.

MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

As already intimated, the 25th anniversary of the pastorate of Rev. James Barclay, D.D., will be celebrated by a congregational gathering on Nov. 9th, when Dr. and Mrs. Barclay will both be fittingly remembered.

Professor Charles Bieler, recently from Paris, successor to the late Professor Consirat, at the Presbyterian College, occupied the pulpit of St. John's church last Sunday evening. The new professor is a strong and eloquent preacher.

On Friday afternoon a meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of St. Andrew's church, Quebec, was one of special interest and was largely attended. The meeting was made the occasion for the presentation of new pulpit robes consisting of a Geneva gown and cassock, imported from Edinburgh, to the pastor, the Rev. A. T. Love, B.A. The president of the Ladies' Aid, Miss Scott, in making the presentation on behalf of the Aid, acknowledged the kindly interest Mr. Love had always manifested in the work of the Ladies' Aid, and expressed the hope that he would long continue minister of St. Andrew's. The Rev. Mr. Love, in accepting the handsome gift, expressed his cordial and heartfelt thanks, at the same time recalling that this was one of the many acts of kindness that he had received from the hands of the ladies during his pastorate. He also expressed, on behalf of his congregation, his warm appreciation of the noble work that the Aid had done in the advancement of the church's interest since the inception of the Ladies' Aid Society, about twenty-four years ago.

A REST CURE.

In giving due credit to the wonderful remedial Springs of Europe we are apt to lose sight of the value of the ones nearer home. About one thousand springs of various medicinal virtues exist in America. Of one of them Hare's System of Therapeutics (1891), page 523, thus speaks: "A number of Saline Springs exist in America and Europe, very strong water of this kind being the St. Catharines Well in Canada, which contains about 275 grains sodium chloride to the pint, as well as 135 grains calcium chloride. Its prototype in Europe is the celebrated Kreutznach Springs in Prussia, which contains about 110 grains sodium chloride (Kurbrennen)." Other references are Encyclopaedia Britannica, Appleton's American Encyclopaedia, The Allbutts System of Medicine, etc. The Grand Trunk Railway System's trains run direct to St. Catharines and further information can be obtained from their representatives. Apply to J. Quinlan, D.P.A. G. T. Ry., Montreal.

BETHEL CHURCH RE-OPENING.

The 25th inst., was a red letter day in the history of Bethel Church, Provo Line, of which Rev. Gustavus Munro, D.D., is the pastor. The day was all that could be desired for the re-opening of the building, which had been undergoing an extensive renovation during the greater part of the summer, and people of all denominations for miles around turned out to hear Rev. Dr. Milligan, of Toronto, at 3 p.m., and Rev. Dr. Ross, of St. Andrew's Church, London, at 7.30 p.m. At both services this commodious, historical structure was more than filled, many having stood at the windows outside, and some simply waited for their friends who had been able to secure an entrance. The occasion was not merely the re-opening of a beautifully renovated church, but was at the same time the celebration of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the organization of a congregation, of which the father of the late Dr. Proudfoot was pastor, along with Vanneck, and what was then known as the village of London. The occasion was also the celebration of the fortieth anniversary of Dr. Milligan's ordination and induction to the pastorate of this congregation and that of Vanneck. It was evident to all that the years, through the mercies of a kind Providence, had dealt kindly by Dr. Milligan, who the same day preached twice in the First Presbyterian Church, London, and drove nine miles each way between London and Bethel without any apparent diminution of his oldtime vigor. Dr. Ross, who is a man also abundant in labors, was able to accomplish a like task, preaching in his own church in the forenoon and at Bethel in the evening to an appreciative audience, with his usual power and unction.

TORONTO.

Mr. Norman McEachern, of Knox College, has been preaching with much acceptance in the Woodville church the last two Sundays.

The Knox College site, which was offered some time ago to an English syndicate for a departmental store, has been sold to the syndicate. The sale price is said to be \$185,000.

The annual meeting of the Gwalior Mission, India, was held recently in the lecture hall of Old St. Andrew's Presbyterian church. J. K. Macdonald, president, welcomed the audience, which thronged the hall. Letters of regret at inability to be present were read from Sir W. Mortimer Clark and Rev. John Penn. Mr. J. Cuthbertson presented an encouraging financial report. Dr. Stenhouse read a lengthy report from Dr. John Wilkie, describing the progress of the mission since it was established in March, 1905. Some 320 native converts have been enrolled and a training class of native evangelists organized, who are co-operating in the work. T. West gave an account of the visit which he and Mrs. West paid last winter to the mission.

Rev. Dr. Lyle left Friday for the Northwest, and will be away for a few weeks. He is a convener of the Augmentation Committee. The Synods of Manitoba and Saskatchewan are meeting at the present time and he will address them in the interests of the Augmentation Fund of the Presbyterian Church of Canada.

Did you ever hear of a man who had striven all his life faithfully and singly toward an object, and in no measure obtained it? If a man constantly aspires, is he not elevated? Did ever a man try heroism, magnanimity, truth, sincerity, and find that there was no advantage in them—that it was a vain endeavor?—Thoreau.

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Equal parts of skimmed milk and water, warmed, will remove fly specks from varnished woodwork or furniture.

To repair a glove button-hole neatly around the rent, and work closely in rows to centre until entirely filled in.

Kidney Cakes.—Ingredients—Three ounces of crumbs, three ounces of cooked sheep's kidney, one egg, chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Chop the kidney finely, and mix with it a tablespoonful of chopped parsley, the crumbs, and seasoning. Beat up the egg, and add enough to bind the mixture. Shape it into small, flat cakes. Brush each with beaten eggs, and coat it with crumbs. Put the cakes in a pan with plenty of hot fat, from which a bluish smoke is rising, and fry them a golden brown. Drain them well, and serve on a hot dish, garnished with parsley.

Cream of Asparagus Soup.—Cook the asparagus in water till tender, strain and save the water. To two cups of asparagus water add a white sauce made from four tablepoons of flour, four tablepoons of butter, and two cups of milk; season with salt and pepper. Serve two or three tops in each plate of soup.

Cocoanut Cream Candy.—Put two tablepoons butter into a granite saucepan; when melted, add one and one-half cups sugar, and one-half cup milk, and stir until sugar is dissolved. Heat to boiling point, and let boil twelve minutes. Remove from fire, add one-third cup shredded cocoanut and one-half teaspoon vanilla. Beat, using a spoon, until creamy, and mixture begins to sugar slightly around edge of saucepan. Pour at once into a buttered pan, cool slightly and cut in squares. Nut meats may be used in place of cocoanut.

OLD SOUTHERN RECEIPTS.

Best Salad Dressing—Yolks of two eggs, one-fourth teaspoon of mustard, cup of oil put in almost drop by drop, one tablepoon of vinegar, juice of small lemon, salt and pepper to taste. Whip the salt, pepper, eggs and mustard together before adding the oil. Put in the vinegar and lemon last and beat to a yellow cream.

Tapioca Pudding—Soak two cups of tapioca until it swells and it is soft. Add three cups of sugar and one cup of peaches and the yolks of five eggs. Bake till it is set like jelly. Put a meringue on top of the pudding made of the beaten whites mixed with two and a half tablepoonsful of sugar. Return the pudding to the oven and slightly brown.

Daube (pronounced Dobe)—One and one-half pounds round steak, chopped fine, with one large onion; season with large teaspoonful of sage; salt and pepper to taste; roll into balls and fry brown; pour in enough water to make gravy; set on the back of the stove to simmer for two hours, add more water as it boils away. The steak can be cut into strips and fried and treated the same way, this is always eaten with rice.

Jehovah is constantly magnified with thanksgiving. In the Old Testament we see thanksgiving systematized, while not necessarily becoming less spiritual. For the Jews had their special eucharistic offerings, to which a definite ceremonial was attached. The thankoffering or peace-offering was not demanded in fixed and regular course, but was offered at the free impulse of the Jew himself—for in Old Testament, as well as New Testament days, God loved a cheerful giver. And at certain periods of unusual solemnity or rejoicing, thank-offerings were presented on a large scale.

SPARKLES.

"Between two evils you should always choose the lesser."

"But suppose one is a bear and the other a rattle-snake?"

"Then climb a tree."

Instructor—What do you know about the ibis?

Student—The ibis is the part of the eye immediately surrounding the cuticle—Chicago Tribunes.

Henderson (who had just bought a new pipe)—Can you tell me, professor if this amber is genuine?

Professor—Oh, that's easy to be determined. Soak it in alcohol for twenty four hours. If it is genuine, it will then have disappeared.

Morrison—What is the matter, Dumley? You look terribly mystified.

Dumley—No wonder. I was talking with Jenkins just now. We were speaking of the Joneses, and he said that the elder was the younger and the deacon the elder. I can't get at the rights of the thing to save me.—Ex.

New Clerk—I should like two weeks vacation, sir.

Boes—What! Why, this is only your first week with us.

New Clerk—Yes, sir, but once I get accustomed to the position I may be able to stand it longer.

BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD

Backward, turn backward, O Time, in your flight;

Feed me on gruel just for to-night.

I am so weary of sole-leathered steak, Petrified biscuit and galvanized cake;

Oysters that sleep in a watery bath, And butter as strong as Goliath, of Gath.

Weary of paying for what I can't eat, Chewing up rubber and calling it meat.

Backward, turn backward, how weary I am;

Give me a swipe at grandmother's jam; Let me drink milk that hasn't been skimmed;

Let her eat butter whose whiskers are trimmed;

Let me once more have an old-fashioned pie.

Then I'll be ready to curl up and die.

AN APPLE LESSON.

When the teacher called the apple class, they gathered round to see

What question deep in apple lore their task that day might be.

"Now, tell me," said the teacher to little Polly Brown,

"Do apple seeds grow pointing up, or are they pointing down?"

Poor Polly didn't know, for she had had never thought to look

(And that's the kind of question you can't find in a book).

And of the whole big apple class not one small pupil knew

If apple seeds point up or down! But then, my dear, do you?

THE QUAKER POET'S JOKE.

A story is told of Whittier which illustrates the character of his humor.

Two of his neighbors, an aged brother and sister, had accumulated a competency. He thought they were working harder than was necessary in view of their age and worldly accumulations, and spoke to them of it.

"We must lay by something for our last sickness and have enough left to bury us," said the sister.

"Mary," replied Whittier, "did thee ever know any one in his last sickness to stick by thee for want of funds?"

CONSUMPTION'S
STARTING POINT

Lies in Weak, Watery Blood Dr.
Williams' Pink Pills Make the
Blood Rich and Red.

Bloodlessness is the starting point of consumption. When your blood is thin and watery your whole health declines. Your face grows pale, your appetite fails and your heart jumps and flutters at the least exertion or excitement. You are always weak and wretched and lose interest in everything. This is the point from which you may easily step into that hopeless decline that leads to consumption and the grave. What is actually needed to bring back health and strength and energy is the new rich blood Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make. In all the world there is no other tonic medicine like them, and all who feel weak and easily tired should take these Pills at once, and regain new health.

Miss Ada Burke, The Range, N.B., says—"I feel that I cannot say too much in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In March, 1907, I was attacked with whooping cough which clung to me for several months, and when the cough disappeared I was left weak and run down. All summer I was ailing, but when the autumn came I seemed to be completely worn out. For a whole month I never moved outside the house, and could scarcely walk about the house I was so weak. I had no appetite, my color was a greenish yellow. I had severe headaches and would be almost breathless at the least exertion. I took several bottles of medicine, but it did not help me, and then my mother got me three boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, when I had used them I was much better, and by the time I had taken another three boxes I was again enjoying the best of health, with a hearty appetite, good color and renewed energy."

If you want new health and new strength try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a fair use of this medicine will not disappoint you. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

ASKING BETTER THAN TELLING.

People are always ready to do what they are asked to do than what they are told to do. It may be necessary in military life to issue "orders," and pre-emptorily to tell the individual to do this or that. But it is seldom necessary to follow this style of speech in ordinary life. In the home, the kitchen, the office, the store, the school, life is pleasanter and work runs more smoothly when we recognize the right of every one—grown-up or child—to be asked to render a service or do a duty, instead of jamming a "do this" or "do that" at them. The more courteous method invites co-operation; the dictatorial method suggests compulsion. It is only a trifling difference in words—"will you please" is enough to accomplish it.—but the difference in feelings and results is not trifling. The application of the Golden Rule is always worth while.

Austria-Hungary military preparations are so complete that should it be found necessary, which is not anticipated, 150,000 men could be thrown across the Servian frontier in 24 hours. There are 10,000 men in garrison near the Drina River, between Bosnia and Servia, ready for any eventuality.

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4.47 p.m.	Albany	5.10 a.m.
10.00 p.m.	New York City	2.55 a.m.
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speeches, both prepared and extempore, were fine.
It was the spirit of earnest determination to do, and
find out how to do better the work of the Church."

Herald and Presbyter.

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Department of Railway and Canals,
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TRENT CANAL

LINDSAY SECTION.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed, "Tender for Trent Canal," will be received at this office until 16 o'clock on Tuesday, 17th November, 1908, for the works connected with the construction of the Lindsay Section of the Canal.

Plans, specifications, and the form of the contract to be entered into, can be seen on and after the 19th October, 1908, at the office of the Chief Engineer of the Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, and at the office of the Superintending Engineer, Trent Canal, Peterboro, Ont., at which places forms of tender may be obtained.

Parties tendering will be required to accept the fair wages Schedule prepared or to be prepared by the Department of Labor, which Schedule will form part of the contract.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and in the case of firms, unless there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the firm.

An accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$10,000.00 must accompany each tender, which sum will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective contractors whose tenders are not accepted.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

By Order,

L. K. JONES,

Secretary.

Department of Railways & Canals,
Ottawa, 17th October, 1908.



TENDERS FOR DREDGING.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Dredging Middle Channel, River St. Lawrence," will be received until November 16, 1908, at 4.30 p.m., for dredging required in the Middle Channel in the River St. Lawrence, between Kingston and Brockville, in the Province of Ontario.

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

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

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for ten thousand dollars (\$10,000.00) must be deposited as security. The cheque will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

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

By Order,

(Sgd.)

NAP. TESSIER,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, Oct. 23rd, 1908.

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**Synopsis of Canadian North-
West.**

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

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

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

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

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

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

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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



SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed Tender for Head of Long Sault Dam, Bulkheads, and Slide, Ottawa River," will be received at this office until 4.30 p.m. on Thursday, November 19, 1908, for the construction of a Dam, Bulkheads, and Slide at the Head of the Long Sault Rapids, Ottawa River, in the Township of Gendreau, Que., according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of J. G. Sing, Esq., Resident Engineer, Confederation Life Building, Toronto; on application to the Postmaster at North Bay, Ont.; and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

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

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for eight thousand dollars (\$8,000), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

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

By Order,

NAP. TESSIER,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, October 29, 1908.

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