

Pages Missing

The Presbyterian Review.

Vol. XIV.—No. 5.

TORONTO, AUGUST 5, 1897.

\$1.50 per Annum

The Presbyterian Review.

Issued EVERY THURSDAY, from the office of the Publishers, Rooms No. 21, 23, 25 A Bordon Block, South-East corner Adelaide and Victoria Streets, Toronto.

TERMS, \$1.50 per annum.

All communications for either Business or Editorial Departments should be addressed PERKINS FLIKAN REVIEW, Drawer 2161, Toronto, Ont.

Publishers and Proprietors

THE PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW CO., LIMITED.

Incorporated under the Great Seal of the Dominion of Canada

EDITORIAL STAFF:

EDITOR:—Alexander Fraser, M.A.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS:—Rev. Prof. Springer, M.A., D.D., Montreal.

“ “ Rev. Prof. A. B. Baird, B.D., Winnipeg.

“ “ Rev. Donald MacKenzie, B.A., Orangeville.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENTS:—Rev. James Robertson, D.D., Winnipeg.

“ “ Rev. D. D. MacLeod, Barrie.

“ “ Rev. W. Leslie Clay, B.A., Victoria, B.C.

“ “ Miss Machar, Kingston.

ADVERTISING RATES.—Under 3 months, 15 cents per line per insertion; 3 months, \$1.00 per line; 6 months, \$1.75 per line; 1 year \$3.00. No advertisement charged at less than five lines. None others than unobjectionable advertisements taken.

Toronto, August 5, 1897.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

In our last issue we dealt briefly with some of the schemes of the church for which the **Widows and Orphans** estimates have been issued by Rev. Dr. Warden. We invite consideration of the remaining Schemes dealt with by the Western Agent. Of the Widows' and Orphans' Fund he says: "A misapprehension exists in the minds of many as to the needs of this Fund, the impression being that it is abundantly ample to meet all demands. The reverse is the case. The expenditure last year would have been nearly \$3,300 in excess of the revenue, but for a legacy and some special contributions, and it may become necessary to reduce the present small annuity given to widows and orphans. Liberal congregational contributions are indispensable to prevent this. Special attention is called to this matter. Ministers' personal rates are payable in advance on November 1st for the year then beginning. Only the widows of those whose rates are paid up regularly are entitled to benefit from the Fund."

The official statement respecting the Aged and **Our Aged Infirm Ministers' Fund** is as follows:—**Ministers.** "The additions made to the List of Annuitants by the Assembly, from year to year, demands increased liberality on the part of the congregations. Last year 76 annuitants received benefit. There are 87 on the List for the present year, and \$22,952 19 will be required if the annuitants are to receive full benefit under the rules. Of this sum it is estimated that \$8,000 will come from interest and rates, leaving the balance in round numbers of \$15,000 to be

contributed by congregations." On this Fund we have often written, and never weary of advocating its claims. It is a right noble cause, none better, and we despair not of yet seeing this fund among the most popular in the church. The process of education is gradually but surely proceeding in the desired direction. Why should the sympathy of our church stop short at the door of an aged minister or the tide of generosity ebb before it reaches the home of an aged servant of Christ. A congregation in Scotland is credited with the utterance at a meeting to consider the propriety of giving a call—when the matter of stipend was under discussion, that if God would keep the minister humble, they would keep him poor, and thus he would be saved from pride. There are congregations in our church to-day who give less than one cent per member to this fund—think of it, one cent to be divided between 76 ministers, why Chinese cash would not avail to make the division. Is it so that with a stern demand on the minister's time so that he may not give any attention to worldly matters, and a disregard for his claims when old, we are going to fall far behind the old Jewish economy which provided for all who did the ministerial work.

An important fund sometimes apt to be overlooked **The Assembly Fund.** is the Assembly Fund. The claims are thus set forth. "In addition to the expenses immediately connected with the meeting of Assembly, and the printing of the annual volume of Minutes, this Fund has to bear all expenses connected with Committees who have no fund of their own, such as the Committees on Distribution of Probationers, Church Life and Work, Statistics, etc. There is also an annual charge on account of the general expenses of the Presbyterian Alliance. As the large bulk of the expenditure (printing of the Minutes, etc.) has to be met in July and August, it is earnestly hoped that congregations will remit for this Fund at the earliest possible date."

The authoress of "Immanuel's Land," is the subject of an article in The Christian. **A Green Old Age.** Mrs. A. R. Cousin was the wife of Rev. William Cousin, at one time Free Church minister at Melrose. She lives at Edinburgh enjoying good health. The poetic and religious value of the hymn have been recognized the world over and many will be glad to know that the gifted authoress still holds to her mental vigour in her declining years.

In a report of mission work in Africa we notice an **New use for Native Songs.** interesting reference to the use made of native songs as a means of instruction. Dr. Elmslie, reporting, says: In February over six hundred scholars attended the Njuyu schools. One very pleasing feature in the schools is the number of rounds and songs set to native airs, and containing moral sentiments and Christian truths, which the children are taught to sing. They are the original compositions of the teachers, and not

only serve in conveying instruction, but are also very suitable for relieving the tedium of the lesson hour.

Dr. Stalker's classification of the churches is: "the earnestness of the Methodists, the originality of the Congregationalists, the dignity of the Episcopalians, the solidity of the Presbyterians." The extract is from a sermon to London Methodists.

From Scotland comes the intelligence that in a single county in Virginia 1,200 children are able to repeat all the questions in the *Shorter Catechism*, a fact which shows the high estimation in which the Presbyterian's *vade mecum* is held in America, and it is pleasing to learn that quite a revival of interest is being manifested in the little book, in Scotland itself, which owes so much to its precepts.

If the religious life of the United States is to be judged by the number of ministers and churches returned in the annual reports, then must the people as a whole be devout indeed. It is said that there are 112,000 ministers and churches with a seating capacity for more than 43,000,000 people. Whether the seats are generally all occupied is not stated, but to the unequal distribution of churches is laid the fact that many sections still want places of worship.

A curious incident is reported from Wales, showing the dilemma into which patronage has landed the parish of Llambarry. The patron left the election of rector in the hands of the ratepayers and tithe payers. The dissenters among them outnumbered the churchmen and the rector nominated by the dissenters was elected and installed. He may claim to belong to the "people's" if not to the "national" church.

"The first and noblest use of the imagination," says Mr. Ruskin, "is to enable us to bring to our sight the things which are recorded as belonging to our future state or as invisibly surrounding us in this. It is given us that we may imagine the cloud of witnesses in heaven and earth, and see, as if they were now present, the souls of the righteous waiting for us; that we may conceive the great army of the inhabitants of heaven and discover among them those whom we most desire to be with forever; that we may be able to vision forth the ministry of angels beside us, and see the chariots of fire on the mountains that gird us round."

The Rev. J. S. Boyd, Hillsboro, N. D., concludes an interesting article in the *Presbyterian Banner*, on the Winnipeg Assembly thus: "A Presbyterian visitor to the Assembly of the Church in Canada must feel that he is among brethren taught from youth in the same standards that have always nourished him, and in his heart, if he feels aright, will be prompted most hearty thanksgiving that in other countries, as well as our own, especially in our neighboring Dominion, there are so many scholarly, staunch, strong devoted, pious and earnest ministers and laymen helping to give the gospel to the world, and in every good work determined to hold fast till He comes."

The *Christian Leader*, in speaking of the qualifications of the ministry, goes to the heart of the matter, as follows: "Ebenezer Fisher, 'on whom the fall of man made no impression,' founded the Canton School on the theory that we need a ministry saturated with Christian Universalism—he usually prefixed the adjective. In

whatever else our ministers might come short, in this particular one there would be no failure, no serious lack, if he could prevent it. Of course he could not always prevent it. . . . The minister who knows Plato and Bacon and Shakespeare and Darwin and Matthew Arnold, in these days—however it might have been in the Ephesus of the apostles—has yet to learn whether 'there is a Holy Ghost,' may indeed take the vows of a minister and wear the title, but he is an offence to the Almighty."

QUALIFICATIONS FOR SERVICE.

At a recent conference Mr. Moody enumerated these six qualifications for service, so apt and comprehensive that they ought to be fixed on the memory:

1. Faith. The man of faith says. "I believe God can use me, but, more than that, I believe he will."
2. Courage. "God never used a moral coward in biblical history."
3. Enthusiasm. "Nowadays it takes 10,000 to put two to flight. Better zeal without knowledge, than knowledge without zeal."
4. "Stick-to-itiveness." "When men ask me, 'Moody, what's the secret of your success?' I reply: 'Go to work and stay at work, and you'll find out.'"
5. Love for the work. "Christianity is the only profession where love is absolutely essential."
6. Love for man. "Oh, for more good Samaritans! You remember that priest. He probably said: 'That unfortunate is out of my parish!' The Levite said: 'I'll have a committee appointed when I reach Jerusalem to attend to this fellow.' The good Samaritan poured on the oil of kindness and paid his hotel bill."

YOUNGEST CLERGYMAN IN THE WORLD.

The oldest living clergyman in Great Britain is a Devonshire vicar, who has attained the patriarchal age of 100; the youngest properly-ordained clergyman in the world is said to be the Rev. Henry Banta, of Shallotte, in North Carolina. This youth was converted about three years ago, and although lame from an accident which occurred to him when a baby, he at once became an active evangelist. His earliest services were conducted in a hut in a small town in Ohio, but his fame as a powerful preacher soon spread, and he was ordained in the church of which he is now pastor. According to the *Sunday Companion*, the congregation were in want of a minister two years ago, and they unanimously offered the post to Master Banta, who accepted without hesitation. His ministry, it appears, has been very successful up to the present time, and few ministers work harder amongst their flocks. The Rev. Henry Banta is described as a frail, pale, thin lad, who appears to be not more than twelve years old, and who would never give the idea that he ministered to a large congregation, or held any position of authority.

A WARNING.

Written for the Review.

SIR,—Congregations are being visited in Toronto and elsewhere, by parties unknown to the church, for the purpose of raising funds for mission enterprises over which they themselves have entire control, and for which none of the Boards are responsible. Will you allow me to say that, before encouraging such irresponsible parties enquiry should be made, even when they come certified by distinguished names. Any seeking further information are asked to correspond with the undersigned.—

R. P. MacKAY.

Toronto, 17th July, 1897.

"NOT FAR AWAY."

BY MARTHA A. KIDDER.

Not far away a goodly land abides,
Of perfect peace;
A shining shore beyond life's troubled tides
Where sorrows cease.

Not far away the cross whose cruel thorns
I scarce can bear,
Shall change; a crown of light each brow adorns,
Oh, land most fair!

To thee our longing hearts forever turn,
Each dying day;
By faith I see the home for which I yearn,
Not far away!

A BEACH MEMORY.

BY OLD RAMBLER.

Some years ago I went to the seacoast in search of health. Having a love for the company of simple worshippers, I made my way to an old sail loft, where prayer was wont to be made. Here I feasted in the earnestness, the simplicity and sometimes on the grotesqueness of the old sailors. One particularly struck me, whose name was Samson Peters, but he was called Sam for short. To hear him pray was a benediction. "Thou hast covered my head in the day of battle; Thou didst change the wind suddenly on the leeshore, and delivered from dreadful death; Thou didst lift the fog and saved from terrible collisions," etc. "To hear Sam pray is like a Sunday dinner, there's always something extra."

Walking on the beach one day, I found Sam in a favorable situation for a chat. We sat down on some bags of sand ballast, and were soon in profitable talk. I asked how far it was from earth to heaven. "Only a cable's length," was the prompt reply. "Heaven is made fast to earth, for God has come down; and earth is made fast to heaven, for Jesus has gone up. Heaven began it, for His mercy is from everlasting. But when you come to the other part we can touch the beginning, for it was when the child cried and Mary prayed, and Joseph wept for joy. When you think of it, it is like Christmas all the year. And so all along His wonderful life He was a Man, delighted to call Himself the Son of Man, as a man He hungered and wept and suffered. Don't think this poor human family is without moorings, it is not like a ship that's been abandoned through fright, no one on deck to take the sun, heave the log, take the course and tell the poor fellow at the helm how to steer; no, make fast, and fast forever."

"So, I suppose people are right in calling the finished work of Christ the sheet anchor of our race?"

"Perhaps you don't know all about the sheet anchor?"

I confessed I did not.

"Well, sir, it was seen mostly on board old men-of-war, but things have changed. It is called the sheet anchor because of the place where it is stowed on board the ship; that place was aft the fore rigging, just where the fore sheet was made fast. You see it was brought away from the bows, so as not to interfere with the working anchors. But when the working anchors were not sufficient to hold the ship, then they let go the sheet anchor. It was heavier than the rest, and the cable was longer and stronger than the others. In olden times this cable was made of hemp, and it was beautiful to see what give there was in it, how, when the squalls were very heavy, it would tighten, and then in a lull slacken up again. Now there is one great comfort to my mind about this cable; it can't be damaged. Years ago I read about the man-of-war, the "Bounty," was sent to fetch bread-fruit trees from Tahiti, and bring them to the West Indies; well, the place was so enticing to the crew, that they wanted to stay there, and one morning the captain of the fore-castle looked over the bows, and if the hemp cable wasn't cut nearly in two. Some of the sailors cut it, and hoped that a breeze would spring up and put the ship on the rocks, but they were disappointed. I often think of the dear old prophets; they had only the working anchors and they tried hard to keep her from drifting, and they had a tough time but the sheet anchor is the one to hold. It will never drag, nor will the cable break, for this is surely true, "I, the Lord, do keep it."—*N. Y. Observer.*

THE DESERTED CAMP FIRE.

Some years ago I was out with a camping party. We missed our way, and, when the sun set, found ourselves—

none of us knew just where. But somebody had been there not long before. On the bank of a purling stream was a heap of ashes and some half burned logs—the remains of a camp fire. We raked the ashes and found live coals in them. We pushed together the logs, whose ends that pointed inward were charred, and soon we had a splendid fire. If we had been compelled to make one by gathering leaves and dry sticks in the dim twilight, it would have taken some time. We found everything ready as if prepared on purpose for our coming. We had only to get the embers out of the ashes into the open air, and then bring close to them, and close together, the dry wood, to secure what we needed.

Thinking of that deserted camp fire, it seemed to me that many of our churches are like it. Their piety is real, but it is covered with worldly cares or pleasures, as those embers were covered with ashes. Its members have fallen apart like the charred logs, though they had been close to each other in Christian sympathy not long ago, and had then kept up that nurtured light and warmth which we call a revival of religion. Men, seeing their brotherly love and feeling the sweetness of their good works, took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus, and there were added to the church daily such as should be saved.

Now the ways of Zion mourn, and few come to her solemn feasts. The cause is evident, and the remedy is easy. If the disciples, after our Saviour's ascension, had scattered all over Jerusalem, and only come together for an hour once or twice a week, there would have been no tongues of fire on the day of Pentecost. They were daily, with one accord, in one place. They showed thus their mutual love, and their faith in the promise of their Lord. Let us do as they did, and we will be blessed as they were. God is waiting to be gracious. He is more ready to give us His Spirit than we are to feed our starving children. But He will not, He can not, give until we are willing to receive. Let us show that willingness, as the primitive disciples did, and we may have, within ten days, a Pentecost in every church.

Some one wrote a book, a few years ago, entitled "Kindling, and How to Do It." We don't need kindling. We have the fire. What we do need is to open our hearts to the quickening power of the Spirit—to wake up from our worldliness and cry: "Come from the four winds, O breath, and breathe upon these uncovered embers that they may blaze." And then we want to gather the live coals together, and draw around them the hearts that are ready and waiting for revival influences, the hearts that are like the half-burned logs of that deserted camp fire. Do not think you must have professional evangelists. Let pastors and people come together and wait on the Lord, praying for the promised Spirit, and expecting His descent upon them, and they will not be disappointed.

THE REST SEEKERS.

Ostensibly we go away from home in summertime for rest. The excitements and responsibilities of work, the burdens of home care, the exactions of social life seem to be too heavy to be carried through midsummer heats. To many of us, however, in going merely substitute a new excitement for the old says *The Congregationalist*. We give up home comforts, but do not lay aside the hurry of our lives or the burden of home cares. The whirl of travel or of social gayety in new surroundings still withholds from us the needed rest.

To make the most of a vacation, long or short, there must be absolute withdrawal of the mind from home perplexities and cares. As Cincinnatus dropped his plow, careless whether the furrow was ever to be ended, we must drop our tasks and worries. It seems cold-hearted to shut the needs of others out of thought, but it is not really so. For the moment rest is duty, and rest can only come when we possess a quiet mind. Men like to go to sea in their vacations because the isolation of the ocean voyage compels abstention from all cares and worries, but the same result may be secured by the deliberate and persistent action of the will. If home responsibilities have the first claim, let us stay at home and devote our thoughts to them. If rest is duty, even for a day, it is duty also to shut ourselves from care and worry in an atmosphere of calculated isolation through which no care is permitted to enter. This habit of mind which dismisses care, excepting in its permitted hours, is the foundation of

all true rest. It is not heartlessness. It is an ordering of life founded on faith in God.

Rest in vacation may at first be idleness. Mere quiet gazing at green fields, the shadows on high mountain walls, the changeful levels of the sea is what tired eyes most crave. Yet our mood quickly changes. Springs of energy begin to flow again and must find channels for their flowing. Idleness loses its charm and we begin, like boys let out of school, to ask for something to do. Occupation is the next condition of successful rest. The day or week or month of holiday is come. Then may the hobby that has stood pawing impatiently so long be ridden again. Then the cyclometer begins to register its long spins. Then books are read and other books are planned or written which the task-work, happy though it may have been, kept in the background. The law of rest is change. He who reads the same books, does the same work, talks with the same people in vacation as in all the year loses the charm of refreshment which comes with novelty. Most of us are dependent on the presence of our fellowmen, but we shall appreciate our own home circle better if we have mingled with new people while we were away. We ought to be more appreciative and less fault-finding with our own acquaintances for our discovery of the substantial identity of human nature everywhere.

Such a vacation, wisely used, is worth all the excitements of the hurrying routes of travel and the crowding gayeties of great hotels. If ever in our busy lives we ought to look nature in the face and quietly interrogate our own hearts and meet men in the simplicity of an unselfish brotherhood and look up with a child's quietude of faith to God, it is when in His providence we are permitted to lay aside our cares and go forth on a furlough from life's urgent battlefield.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM.

The *Independent* says that it will be a sign of the advance of Christianity if Dean Hole's adaptation of the second verse of "God Save the Queen" becomes popular enough to replace the present accepted form. The new verse reads:

"O Lord our God arise,
Scatter her enemies,
Make wars to cease;
Keep us from plague and dearth,
Turn Thou our woes to mirth,
And over all the earth
Let there be peace."

The old form has the words:

"Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks;
On Thee our hopes we fix,"

THE PRAYING WHEEL.

Everybody has heard of the Buddhist Praying Wheel in Tibet—the turning of which is as meritorious as the repetition of the prayers written out and rolled round the axle of the wheel. In his book on this strange superstition, the author, Mr. Wm. Simpson, the well-known war correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, proves its connection with the ancient and widespread worship of the sun. The wheel rotates in the direction of the sun's apparent path in the heavens, and is part of the same circle of observances as, amongst other things, certain Eastern religious dances, certain fire-festivals of Celtic and Teutonic tribes, and certain pilgrimages which are all directed "sunwise." "The movement or path of the sun," says Mr. Simpson, "had become the type of the 'right movement,' the 'right path'; it came to express all that is good, right and true." On the other hand ceremonies directed in an opposite direction are symbolic of decay and death; of all that is 'false, evil, untrue.' So a prayer with the face in the right direction is meritorious; and some ingenious priest, perhaps, suggested that a prayer wound round the drum of a wheel, and rotating in that direction, would equal in merit the saying of the prayer. The belief and practice have grown grotesquely. As the rich Jews in Europe hire Jews in Tiberias to do their praying for them, so a Tibean hires a man to turn the praying wheel for him, or (more efficaciously) harnesses a stream to do the work night and day, accumulating merit all the while. Nor is this all: the more prayers

you put inside the revolving wheel, the greater the merit. Each rotation is equal in worth to the recital of every prayer the wheel contains, and there are wheels sixty feet in diameter, packed with printed prayers and holy books, and revolving by human labour, or by water-power—-heaping up virtue for the rich owner, which will get him released from so much of the Tibetan purgatory. How different from the prayer which Mr. Moody says he has prayed a million times—the cry of the heart, 'Lord, help me'?"

LOGIA OF CHRIST.

According to the despatches cabled to the press, the new logia of Christ recently found in Egypt, on a small leaf $5\frac{1}{2}$ by $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, are as follows:—

"Jesus saith, And then thou shalt see clearly to cast out the mote that is in thy brother's eye."

It agrees, with a slight change of order, with this Greek text of Luke 6:14. The second saying is startling and entirely new. It reads:

"Jesus saith, Except ye fast to the world ye shall in no wise find the kingdom of God; and except ye keep the Sabbath ye shall not see the Father."

This being at variance with the accepted teachings of Christ, it is suggested that it is perhaps a Jewish forgery with a view to supporting the Jewish Sabbath.

The third reads:

"Jesus saith: I stood in the midst of the world, and in the flesh was I seen of them, and I found all men drunken, and none found I athirst among them: and my soul grieveth over the sons of men because they are blind in their heart."

This is quite new, and the beginning was suggested by Baruch 3:38. The fourth saying has perished, only one word remaining. This is the Greek word for *beggary*. As this was not used by Christ in any Gospel, the logion is considered to have been new. The fifth, which contains certain gaps is of extraordinary interest:

"Jesus saith, wherever there are [here occurs a gap] and there is one [gap] alone I am with him. Raise the stone and there thou shalt find Me: cleave the wood and there I am."

There is here a Gnostic, almost pantheistic, suggestion, quite foreign to the ideas of the Gospels. The sixth saying coincides in part with Luke 4:24:

"Jesus saith: No prophet is accepted in his own country; neither doth a physician work cures upon them that know him."

This is considered to prove that Luke had the same original records as the logia, because the Greek for *accepted* here, was used by Luke only and was hitherto supposed to be one of his mere literary changes on Matthew's collection. The seventh saying is similar to Matthew 5:14, but is incomplete. This much is preserved:

"Jesus saith: A city built upon the top of a high hill and established, can neither fall nor be hid."

The eighth saying, apparently new, is undecipherable. The date of the manuscript is probably about 200 A. D., and perhaps it represents sayings current in Gnostic circles.

WHAT WE NEED.

We are to ask in the spirit of little children for precisely what we think we need. Not that the prayers will always be granted. Denial is sometimes kinder than consent. But in God's own way the prayer of faith always receives its special, individual answer.

There are still in this world of ours those whose barrel of meal and cruse of oil are fed by unseen messengers, as they, God's poor, and His own, wait upon Him and renew their strength.

The danger is that we shall demand imperiously, instead of humbly supplicate, God's answers to our petitions. He always answers. But we do not always recognize His dealing with us as an answer. Often His "no" is better for us than His "yes" would be, for it is a no which will change to yes in the development of our spiritual nature, or in the heavenly home. It is always the best answer when He gives us to feel that the kingdom of heaven is within us. And the only way, after all, is to leave everything unreservedly in these dear hands of His.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

DAILY READINGS.

- First Day—Abstaining for the sake of others. 1 Cor. viii. 1-13.
 Second Day—Christian self-restraint enjoined. 1 Cor. ix. 1-27.
 Third Day—"Beloved, flee from idolatry." 1 Cor. x. 1-14.
 Fourth Day—We should seek the good of others. 1 Cor. x. 15-33.
 Fifth Day—We should help the weak in faith. Rom. xiv. 1-23.
 Sixth Day—"By love serve one another." Gal. v. 13-26.

PRAYER MEETING TOPIC, August 15—STUMBLING BLOCKS.—Matt. xviii. 1-14.

A SHOT AT THE DECANTER.

BY REV. T. L. CUYLER.

There is a current story that a Quaker once discovered a thief in his house; and taking down his grandfather's old fowling-piece, he quietly said: "Friend, thee had better get out of the way, for I intend to fire this gun right where thee stands." With the same considerate spirit we warn certain good people that they had better take the decanter off their table, for we intend to aim a Bible-truth right where that decanter stands. It is in the wrong place. It has no more business to be there at all than the thief had to be in the honest Quaker's house. We are not surprised to find a decanter of alcoholic poison on the counter of a dram shop, whose keeper is "licensed" to sell death by measure. But we are surprised to find it on the table or the sideboard of one who professes to be guided by the spirit and teachings of God's Word. That bottle stands right in the range of the following inspired utterance of St. Paul: "It is good neither to eat flesh, nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth." This text must either go out of the Christian's Bible, or the bottle go off the Christian's Table. The text will not move, and the bottle must.

The passage itself is so clear that it can hardly admit of a cavil or a doubt. It teaches the lofty and benevolent principle that abstinence from things that are necessarily hurtful to others, is a Christian expediency that has the grip of a moral duty.

This sounds, at first, like a very radical doctrine; but so conservative an expounder as Prof. Hodge, of Princeton, has defined the text as teaching that some things which are not always wrong *per se* are to be given up for the sake of others. He says that the legal liberty of a good man is never to be exercised where moral evil will inevitably flow from it. We are never to put stumbling-blocks in the way of others. Good men are bound to sacrifice anything and everything that is counter to the glory of God, and destructive of the best interests of humanity.

1. It exposes to danger the man who tampers with it; for no man was ever positively assured by his Creator that he could play with the "adder" that lies coiled in a wine-cup without being stung by it.

2. It puts a stumbling-block in the way of him whom we are commanded to love as ourselves.

We lay down, then, the proposition, that no man has a moral right to do anything the influence of which is certainly and inevitably hurtful to his neighbor. I have a legal right to do many things which, as a Christian, I can not do. I have a legal right to take arsenic, or swallow strychnine; but I have no moral right to commit this self-destruction. I have a legal right to attend the theatre. No policeman stands at the door to exclude me, or dares to eject me while my conduct is orderly and becoming. But I have no moral right to go there; not merely because I may see and hear much that may soil my memory for days and months, but because that whole garnished and glittering establishment, with its sensuous attractions, is to many a young person the yawning maelstrom of perdition. What right have I to give my money and my presence to sustain that moral slaughter-house, and, by walking into the theatre myself, to aid in decoying others to follow me?

Now, on the same principle (not of self-preservation merely, but of avoiding what is dangerous to others) what right have I to sustain those fountain-heads of death from which the drink poison is sold? What right have I to

advocate their license, to patronize the traffic, or even in any way to abet the whole system of drinking alcoholic stimulants at home or abroad? If a glass of wine on my table will entrap some young man, or some one who is inclined to stimulants into dissipation, then am I thoughtlessly setting a trap for his life. I am his tempter. I give the usage my sanction, and to him the direct inducement to partake of the bottled demon that sparkles so seductively before him. If the contents of that sparkling glass make my brother to stumble, he stumbles over me. If he goes away from my table and commits some outrage under the effects of that stimulant, I am, to a certain degree, guilty of that outrage. I have a partnership in every blow he strikes, or in every oath he may utter, or in every bitter wound he may inflict on the hearts of those he loves. The man who puts the bottle to his neighbor's lips is accountable for what comes from those lips under the influence of the dram, and is accountable, too, for every outrage that the maddened victim of the cup may perpetrate during his temporary insanity.

In this view of the question, is it too much to ask of every professed Christian, and every lover of his kind, that they will wholly abstain from everything that can intoxicate? For the sake of your children, do it; for the sake of a crother, a husband, a friend; for the sake of those who will plead your example; for the sake of frail tempted ones who cannot say, No! for your fellow-traveller's sake to God's bar and to the eternal world, touch not the bottled devil, under whose shining scales damnation hides its adder-sting!

It is old-fashioned total abstinence that we are pleading for. We ask it, as Paul did, for the sake of those who "stumbled." O those stumblers! those stumblers! We dare not speak of them. It would touch many of us too tenderly. It would reveal too many wrecks—wrecks that angels have wept over. It would open tombs whose charitable green turf hides out of sight what many a survivor would love to have forgotten. It would recall to me many a college friend who went down at mid-day into blackness of darkness.

And to-day I see this social curse coming back into our houses, into our streets, into our daily usages of life, with redoubled power. Would that every parent were a "prohibitory law" to his family! Would that every pulpit and every platform would thunder forth the old warning cry: "Look not on the wine when it is red, when it giveth its color in the cup, for at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." At the last! at the LAST! But oh! who can tell when that "last" shall ever end? When will the victim's last groan be heard? When will the last horror seize upon his wretched soul?

WISE AND WITTY SAYINGS.

A Presbyterian minister in Natal, being about to take his annual vacation, announced to his congregation one Sunday—"I shall be absent from my pulpit for six Sabbaths. Next week the Rev. Mr. X. may be expected to preach, and the remainder of the supplies may be found hanging behind the vestry door."

I have long since ceased to pray: "Lord Jesus have compassion on a lost world." I remember the day and the hour when I seemed to hear the Lord rebuking me for making such a prayer. He seemed to say to me: "I have had compassion upon a lost world, and now it is time for you to have compassion. I have left you to fill up that which is behind in Mine afflictions in the flesh for the body's sake, which is the Church. I have given My heart; now give your hearts.—A. F. Gordon.

Oh how little we know what may be before us on some morning that dawns upon us just as others days, but which is to form a great crisis in our life! How little that boy that is to tell his first lie that day thinks of the serpent that is lying in wait for him! Is it not a good habit, as you kneel each morning, to think: "For aught I know, this may be the most important day of my life. The opportunity may be given me of doing a great service in the cause of truth and righteousness. O God, be not far from me this day; prepare me for all that Thou preparest for me!"—Blackie.

FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

International S. S. Lesson.

LESSON VII.—ABSTAINING FOR THE SAKE OF OTHERS.—AUGUST 15.
(1 Cor. viii. 1-13.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—“For none of us liveth to himself.”—Rom. xiv. 7.

TIME AND PLACE.—A.D. 57. Ephesus.

INTRODUCTION—As our last lesson was chosen from an epistle written by Paul while he was laboring in Corinth, we have for our present lesson a selection from an epistle written to the church of Corinth some five years later. This has been selected, no doubt, because of the light which it throws upon the history of the church of Corinth, and because it brings to the front again a question which was a troublesome one among all the Gentile churches.

VERSE BY VERSE—1. “Things offered unto idols.”—When animals were offered in sacrifice to idol gods, the meat, or part of it, was eaten, and sometimes sold in the market. Some of the Gentile Christians thought it wrong to eat such meat. “Knowledge.”—We know what idols really are. “Puffeth up.”—Makes us conceited, proud. “Charity.”—Or brotherly love. “Edifieth.”—Knowledge controlled by the spirit of charity builds up.

2. “An idol is nothing.”—It represents, that is, no real existence. There are no such gods as idols represent.

5. “There be that are called gods.”—In the false religions that men teach.

6. “One God, the Father.”—The first person in the Godhead. “Of whom are all things.”—The creator of all. “We in him.”—Better, *We unto Him*. “One Lord.”—The second person of the Godhead, Jesus Christ. “By whom are all things.”—As Creator; without Him was not anything made that was made. “We by him.”—Redeemed by Him.

7. “Not in every man that knowledge.”—There were some who believed in Christ, who still believed that the false gods they once worshipped, but now hated were real. “With conscience of the idol.”—Believing that it was a real personality. “Eat it.”—That is the meat offered to the idol. “Their conscience being weak is defiled.”—That is, his conscience was violated by the act.

8. “Meat commendeth us not.”—In God’s sight there is no difference in eating and not eating, so far as the mere act is concerned. It is only as it affects others that it has any moral quality.

9. “This liberty of yours.”—This freedom which you have to eat such things. “A stumbling block.” That which may cause another to fall into sin.

10. “Sit at meat in the idol’s temple.”—When the meat was eaten that was offered to idols. “Be emboldened to eat.”—The weak brother will be likely to say, If it is right for one to do this, it is right for another, and violate his own sense of right.

12. “So sin against the brethren.”—By leading them by example into sin. “Ye sin against Christ.”—Christ identifies Himself with His people. Such sin is against His cause.

13. “I will eat no flesh.”—That which is offered to idols, or any other.

AN OLD CITY OF THE OLD WORLD.

Prague, the picturesque! “Places enough are in remote Bohemia,” and yet in poetical charm none can compare with the many-spired city in the pleasant valley of Moldau.

Standing by the Altstädter Bruckenturm, the Old Town Bridge Tower, and looking over to the Hradschin, centuries of German story pass in array before one—again

“The lonely hills re-echo with the tramp of armed men”

You seem to hear the rush across the bridge, the hurried call to arms, the boom of cannon, and the beat of drum, and as a phantom host sways in wild conflict, the shade of the Jesuit novice again bolts and bars the gate, and saves the honor of his well-beloved Prague.

Looking from this standpoint across the Moldau, taking in the

palaces of the Kleinsseite, as the sun sets in his regal shroud of purple and gold behind the Hradschin, and the spire of Saint Vitus stands clear against the celadon sky, one realizes the words of Longfellow:

“Hold your tongues, both
Swabin and Saxon,
A bold Bohemian
cries,
‘If there’s a heaven upon
this earth,
In Bohemia it lies.’”

Again, when you look down from the castle-stairs as the moon silvers the river flood, as a lightstream from myriad casements, and the sixty spires of the city stand like sentries, as if to tell of bygone wars, of Hussite, of Jesuit, of Gustavus Adolphus, of John George of Saxony, of Frederick the Great, and Charles

with poor Jeff Prowse, speaking of another and equally real Bohemia:

“The person I pity, who knows not the city—
The beautiful city of Prague!”

To speak commercially, Prague, *en gros et en détail*, is a very elysium of sketching grounds—do you admire “looped and windowed raggedness,” the beggars on the steps leading to the Hradschin will furnish you with as many picturesque subjects as even the Nix Mangiare stairs of Malta. In the cathedral of Saint Vitus, to say nothing of its glorious exterior, battered by shell and siege, its Slavonic dome, spirals and spires, there are “bits” without number; the oratory of the successor to the blind old king who charged our ranks and “foremost fighting, fell”—Francis Joseph, King of Bohemia—with its lattices, its richly carved gallery with strange stalactite pendent coves, the kneeling figure of John Nepomuc, which seems in its humility to incessantly repeat the old motto of the kingdom, “Ich Dien” (I serve). Francis Joseph may be Emperor elsewhere, Apostolic King, or Archduke, here he is but King of Bohemia. And to carry out still further the simile to that other realm of Bohemia which has so many subjects, the land of so many painters, and poets, and musicians, of which Henri Murger wrote so charmingly in his “Scènes de la Vie de Bohême,” and which exercises



FUNERAL OF THE PALACE COURT.



CARLSBRIDGE AND TOWER.



HRADSCHIN, AND CATHEDRAL OF ST. VITUS.

so strange a fascination over so many brilliant spirits; the reigning king of the land of Bohemia is an uncrowned monarch. Near is the royal mausoleum with its recumbent effigies, its figures grouped around, some the captives of their bows and spears, whilst, in advance of all, Christ the King, banner in hand, meekly bows, as if saying humbly, "I, too, serve." The artist who designed all this was a true poet. The chapel of Saint Wenzel, with its door to which the ring is still hanging whereon the martyr-king hung, as he fell the victim to fratricidal blows, with its walls inlaid with jasper, onyx, and amethyst, is a glorious bit of color. In this same cathedral of Saint Vitus you have the tomb of Saint John Nepomucene, with its silver sarcophagus and figures of guardian angels floating over the shrine of the guardian saint of Prague.

There is the Karlsbrücke, flanked by its twin towers, with its twenty-eight statues, prominent amongst which is that of the Saint John Nepomuc, with its altar and the five stars on the parapet that recall the legend of the lights that hovered over the spot where the A Becket of Bohemia lay at rest beneath the waters of the Moldau. There is the Tynsky Chrim, the Teynkirche, with its two steeples topped by spires, with spirals grouped around them, unique amongst the churches of Christendom. Without is the quaint porch, a very gem for the sketcher; within, the red stone tomb of Tycho Brahe, "the Dane who read the stars." Who can make up such a picture as the Prasná Brána, the Pulverturm, so similar in main features to the heathen towers of Nürnberg and of Aix-la-Chapelle? Then, again, where, save in the valley of Jehoshaphat, will one find a sanctuary of the chosen people as venerable as that of the old Judenfriedhof, the House of Peace of that wandering race, some of the tombs of which date back even to the days of King Stephen of Hungary? Beeches centuries old start out from the fissures of tombs, and as you walk beneath the shadows of living trees, the shades of dead and gone Hebrews, whose very names are forgotten, repeat in mute eloquence in the inscriptions on their tombs the old story of the Mount of Hermon, "Vanity of vanities." For "bits" of light and shade the Jews' Burial-ground of Prague is, indeed, a mine to sketchers, too little worked.

Good Master Hansucht in his astronomical clock, the crowning glory of the Rathhaus, for nearly four centuries, at sundown, has marched his procession of the Twelve Apostles before the windows that open but for them. Apart from this transient interest, the old "Astronomische Uhr," and the old Town Hall itself, are in their many-sided towers and turrets, their nooks and corners,

their bits of light and shadow, very incentives to pencil and palette. Amongst interiors are the strong contrasts of the old Crown Chamber, with its floor of polished oak, its minstrels' gallery, its many-coved ceiling, and the low-browed room of the senators with its red bilek floor and diminutive closet, and its windows that look far over city and plain. It is a very quiet old-world scene this, peaceful and slumbering, but there was a time when mobs surged and fought within its precincts, and from the very window in the centre of the room the Imperial Councillors Martinitz and Slawata, with their secretary Fabricius, took an involuntary "header" of some eighty feet. It is a dizzy height to look on, and yet they escaped unscathed, save for a shaking. Their eminences alighted on an unsavory midden, kindly breaking the fall of Fabricius in their distinguished persons. For this the Emperor, who had a pleasant humor, created the secretarial martyr Graf von Hohenfall, in plain English, Count of Somersault. Great events from trilling causes spring, and this very scene led to the Thirty Years' War, the siege of the Elector of Saxony, and the subsequent capture and plunder of the old city by the Swedes, which closed the long chronicle of war. In the court of this same palace is a

superb remnant of the art of the Renaissance, the great portal with its cyclopean caryatid figures that bear on their brawny shoulders the weight of the over-hanging porch. In the Kleinselte is the palace of Albrecht von Wallenstein, hero of the Thirty Years' War and of Schiller's drama, and in his garden is a quaint rock-work grotto that seems designed for no other earthly purpose than to be sketched. The Judengasse cannot compare in picturesqueness with even what remains of the old Judengasse of Frankfurt, and yet there are many "bits" in it which would have charmed Prout, taking in as they do the spired tower of the old Jewish Rathhaus. The statues are in keeping with the traditions of the city—there are no classical monstrosities to jar with their mediæval surroundings.



EMPEROR'S ORATORY — CATHEDRAL OF ST. VITUS.

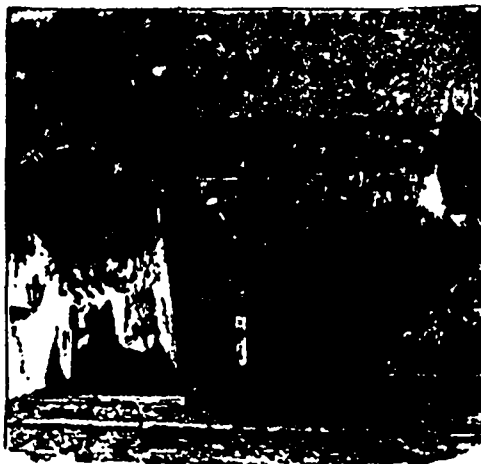


with lance at rest, has carried himself proudly for centuries in the place that still bears his name, whilst the Karl's monument down by the river, though but a thing of yesterday—it was erected in 1848 to mark the quin-centenary of the University—is one of the most perfect Gothic statues in all Europe. These are but a few of the many beauties of old Prague, to exhaust them one would require a volume, not an article.

Precious to the American traveller, especially, are these ancient cities, wherein the memorials of a past civilization—almost as completely removed from the modern days of steam and electricity as that of Rome and Greece—mingles with the spirit of the present. In America our most ancient relics, save those of the Mound Builders and similar races, date back to the fifteenth century only. We cherish tenderly our ancient churches, and gaze reverently upon the grey walls of buildings erected in the Revolu-

tionary period. How impressive is it to stand beside the storied granite blocks, in the historic cities of another Continent, and realize that a thousand years have elapsed since they settled into place, beneath the hand of the workmen of that far-off age. Since then, what storms of battle, oppression, terror—yes, and of merrymaking—have surged about those stern battlements!

In the broad noontide, in the pale moonlight, in the summer's heat, or when the ice dams up the current of the Moldau, Prague is equally enchanting. A landscape artist from the Hradsechin will find an unequalled panorama for his canvas, the sketcher will discover gems at the corner of every street of the only city that can compare in picturesque interest with the



VIEW FROM THE CASTLE STAIRS.

"Quaint old town of toll and traffic,
Quaint old town of art and song."

Imperial Nürnberg!—Hugh Willoughby Sweny.

MOTHER'S GARDEN.

By Mrs. E. C. WHITNEY.

It stands, walled in by plackets gray and banks of royal green,
In squares of box and southernwood with plots of flowers between,
Great peonies of splendid hue, poppies of Eastern dye,
And plinks, with which Arabia's spice in sweetness may not vie.

Mosaic strips of heliotrope and tufts of silken phlox,
Geraniums with scarlet crest and gorgeous hollyhocks,
Sweet mignonette and candytuft, and portulacas too,
Forget-me-nots of heavenly tint, sweet peas and feather-few.

Old bachelors with buttons bright and marks of long renown,
Attired with quaint simplicity in faded salmon gown,
Dispensing yet a subtle charm, more potent than the glow
On fresher blooms, dear relics of a hallowed long ago.

Maternal pansies keeping guard over a laughing row
Of little flirts—"Ladies Delight" they style themselves, you
know!

Their stately grandma's velvet gowns they flaunt with easy grace,
And even imitate her caps, and little puckered face!

In the dress-circle stand the peers of this ambrosial realm,
Jouquills in satin coats, and dames whose splendors overwhelm

The simple folks. Tall fleur-de-lis at prince's feathers smile,
The Japan lilies—proud grandees—hold court alone the while.

Pink almonds and the damask rose here make themselves a home;
And all the rest, blush, cinnamon, and bidals, too, find room;
Ravishing scents! The humming birds who quaff these nectared
cups,

And bees spinning their golden wax, and gauzy fly who sips

From honeyed calyxes, enhance the witchery of scene
Outspread on dewy morns in June, as eagerly I lean
To catch the roseate flush of dawn while yet the day-stars kiss
The little buds, till every lovely petal glows with bliss.

Oh, holy calm, oh, depth of peace! sweetened by mellow call
Of blue bird to its timid mate e'er the first sunbeams fall;
Then earth exults! High carnival of song, and tint and scent
Thrills every breast with symphonies of idyllic content.

Crisp morning glories swift unfurl their purple chalices,
Exhaling sweetest incense, while along the trellises
The climbing honeysuckles lift their balsam-scented urns,
Distilling balm, as sunrise gems the twinkling grass and ferns.

THE SUNDAY REST IN EUROPE.

The Belgian International Exposition is now being held at Brussels. In Europe as in America, these expositions, which bring together men of intelligence from all countries, are turned to good account in forwarding great moral movements; of which the most important, in the present condition and tempor of the laboring classes in Europe, is the Sunday Rest Question, and accordingly another Congress is to be held to consider it at Brussels in July.

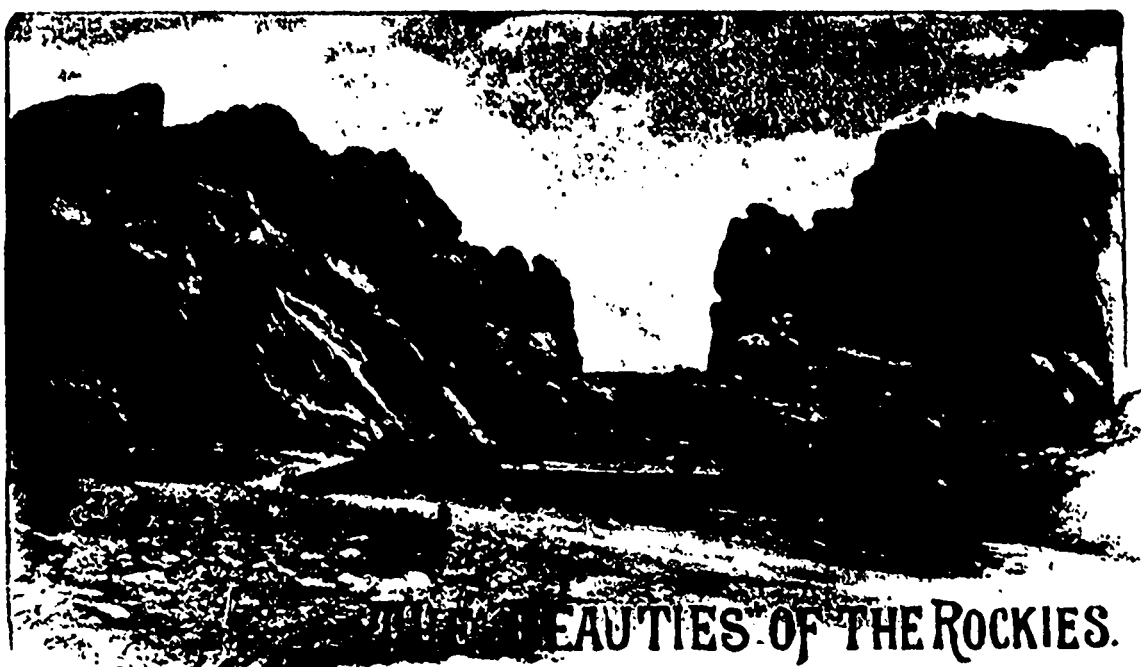
This is not to be a mere incident or side show of a fair, but is held under the authorization of the Government, the Minister of Industry and Labor being its honored President. In short, it will be conducted on lines similar to those of the Paris Congress of 1889, and will be attended by representatives of the different countries of Europe, where the question of Sunday Rest has attracted much attention for several years past.

By invitation, Dr. W. W. Atterbury of the New York Sabbath Committee, will present a paper on Sunday Observance in America, with special reference to the grounds and limitations of legislation for its protection. On this point, of the interference of the State for the maintenance of Sunday rest, there is a

wide diversity of opinion among the philanthropic social economists of Europe. Doubtless the views entertained on this subject is a popular government like ours, and the results of our long experience, will be heard with interest, and particularly when presented by one who is regarded both at home and abroad as an authority, second to no other.

At the close of this official Congress, which will be occupied chiefly with the industrial and social sides of the Sunday question, a special convention will be held to consider the religious aspects of the Lord's day and the best means of promoting its sanctification.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

According to official statistics which have just been issued in London, the national debt during the last five years in England shows an average daily decrease of nearly \$100,000 the exact figures being £19,488. During the same period the national debt of the United States shows an average daily increase of more than \$135,000, the exact figures given being £25,275. France's debt increases \$120,000 daily, Germany's debt over \$130,000, while that of Russia shows a daily growth of not less than \$405,000. France's national debt to day is the largest, heading the list with \$6,000,000,000. Russia comes next, then Great Britain and then Germany.



FROM MONTREAL TO VANCOUVER.

(A Retrospect).

By W. BOYD ALLEN.

(Continued from last week.)

Leaving Moosejaw, we commence the ascent of another prairie steppe.

The country is reticulated with buffalo trails, and pitted with their wallows; but the buffalo must now be looked for farther north, where he is known as the "wood buffalo." Hour after hour we roll along, with little change in the aspect of the country. The geese and ducks have ceased to interest us, and even a coyote no longer attracts attention; but the beautiful antelope has never-ending charms for us, and as, startled by our approach, he bounds away, we watch the white tuft which serves him for a tail until it disappears in the distance.

We have crossed the high broken country known here as the Coteau, and far away to the southwest we see the Cypress Hills appearing as a deep blue line, and, for want of anything else, we watch these gradually rising as we draw near to them. The railway skirts their base for many miles, following what seems to be a broad valley, and crossing many clear little streams making their way from the hills northward to the Saskatchewan. At Maple Creek, we see the red coats of the mounted police, who are looking after a large encampment of Indians near by. The Indians are represented on the station platform by braves of high and low degree, squaws and papposes, mostly bent on trading pipes and trinkets for tobacco and silver—a picturesque looking lot, but dirty withal. Leaving the station we catch sight of their encampment, a mile or so away—tall, conical "tepees" of well-smoked cloths or skins; Indians in blankets of brilliant colors; hundreds of ponies feeding in the rich grasses; a line of graceful trees in the background; seemingly more beautiful than ever because of their rarity;—all making, with the dark Cypress Hills rising in the distance, a picture most novel and striking.

Two hours later we descend to the valley of the South Saskatchewan, and soon arrive at Medicine Hat, a thousand miles from Lake Superior. Crossing the broad and beautiful Saskatchewan River, we ascend again to the high prairie, now a rich pasture dotted with lakelets. Everywhere the flower-sprinkled sward is marked by the deep narrow trails of the buffalo, and the saucer-like hollows where the shaggy monsters used to wallow; and strewn the plain in all directions are the whitened skulls of these noble animals, now so nearly extinct.

As we approach Crawford Station we are all anxious to get our first view of the Rocky Mountains, yet more than a hundred miles away—and soon we see them—a glorious line of snowy peaks, rising straight from the plain, and extending the whole length of the western horizon, seemingly an impenetrable barrier. As we speed on, peak rises behind peak, then dark bands of forest that reach up to the snow-line come into view; the snow-fields and

glaciers glisten in the sunlight, and over the rolling tops of the foot-hills the passes are seen, cleft deep into the heart of the mountains. We are now in the country of the once dreaded Blackfeet, the most handsome and warlike of all the Indian tribes, but now peacefully settled on a reservation near by. We have been running parallel to the tree-lined banks of the Bow River, and now, crossing its crystal waters, we find ourselves on a beautiful hill-girt plateau, in the centre of which stands Calgary at the base of the Rocky Mountains, two thousand two hundred and sixty-four miles from Montreal, and three thousand four hundred and sixteen feet above the ocean.

Before us, and on either side, the mountains rise in varied forms and in endless change of aspect, as the lights and shadows play upon them. Behind us is the great sea of open prairie Northward is the wooded district of Edmonton and the North Saskatchewan, full of moose, elk, bear, and all manner of fur-bearing animals and winged game, and a most attractive agricultural country as well. Stretching away one hundred and fifty miles to the United States boundary southward, is the Ranch Country.

Leaving Calgary and going westward again, following up the valley of the Bow, the gradually increasing river terraces and the rounded grassy foot-hills, shut out the mountains for an hour or two. Suddenly we come upon them grand and stern and close at hand. We enter an almost hidden portal, and find ourselves in a valley between two great mountain ranges. At every turn of the valley, which is an alternation of precipitous gorges and wide parks, a new picture presents itself. The beautiful river now roars through a narrow defile, now spreads out into a placid lake, reflecting the forests, cliffs, and snowy summits. Serrated peaks, and vast pyramids of rock, with curiously contorted and folded strata, are followed by gigantic castellated masses, down whose sides cascades fall thousands of feet. The marvellous clearness of the air brings out the minutest detail of this Titanic sculpture. Through the gorges we catch glimpses of glaciers and other strange and rare sights, and now and then of wild goats and mountain sheep, grazing on the cliffs far above us near the snow-line. The mountains are almost oppressive in their grandeur, their solemnity, and their solitude. The eye loses power of discrimination, so fast do grandeur of form and beauty in details crowd upon the view and demand attention as the train speeds through gorge and past mountain, giving here a vast outlook, and there an interior glimpse, then exchanging it for a new one too rapidly for appreciation. Here gush the headwaters of rivers that rush for a thousand miles east and west. You enter by and escape by the gates they have cut, your track is laid along the ravine pathways they have hewn

and you behold the very source of their currents in some crystal lake, or in some vast body of ice borne upon the shoulders of mountains mantled with eternal frost. Sometimes you are in the bottom of these ravines beside the bounding stream, and strain your eyes to tottling crags that swim among the fleeciest of summer clouds a mile and a quarter higher than your place. Again, the railway surmounts a portion of this distance, and you can look down to where tall forest trees appear like shrubs. Upwards, apparently close at hand, are the naked ledges lifted above the last fringe of vegetation, wide spaces of never wasting snow, and the wrinkled backs of glaciers whence cataracts come leaping into the concealment of the forest. Here you can look out upon a wilderness of icy peaks, glaciers and aiguilles of black rock, there you cautiously descend into the depths of profound gorges, and find yourself enshrouded in the shadow of a forest. The massiveness and breadth of the mountains in one part will astonish you; their splendid and fantastic forms in another excite your curiosity; while now and then a single stately peak, like Cathedral Peak, Mount Stephen or Sir Donald, will print itself upon your memory as a throne set in

the high places! At noon we were in the midst of them. They looked down upon us with kindly faces, yet their granite peaks were awful in their grandeur, uplifted thousands upon thousands of feet above us.

At Banff, the entrance of the Canadian National Park (corresponding to our own "Yellowstone"), we remained over Sunday in a picturesque inn, situated on the summit of a high bluff thickly wooded with pines and looking up the valley of the Bow River, which comes foaming down from its far off mountain cradle. On every side towered rocky peaks, ten thousand feet above the level of the Pacific waves. There are hot sulphur springs near by, and a lake where famous trout-fishing can be had; but the supreme attraction is the wonderful prospect of mountain, stream and glen. Down the steep hillside we scrambled, and found our way, children, to fresh beauties revealed at each new turn of the path.

I wandered, with a friend, down a steep path to the river's brink. Beneath a sheltering fir, which stretched its tiny crosses above our heads, we stopped, and with a tiny, crackling fire beside us, watched the snowy heights, and the hastening river. The harebells, frailest and gentlest of flowers, were there, too, to remind us that the same hand which—

"Set on high the firmament,
Planets on their courses guided,
Alps from Alps asunder rent,"

was His who said to the storm, "Peace, be still!"—who "considered the lilies," and who took little children in His arms and blessed them.

The waters of the large river which ran past us were turbid with silt from their far-off source; but a small stream entered the larger one near our little in-shaded hearthstone, and this new comer was fresh from the snowy hills: "clear as crystal." As far down as we could see, the rivulet never lost its brightness, but swept onward with the larger stream, sweetening and purifying it, yet "unspotted," like a true and simple life.

Leaving Banff on Monday morning—the ninth day of our trip—we found ourselves in a wilderness of mighty hills. The train labored onward, following the curves of mountain streams, rattling in and out of tunnels and creeping cautiously over high trestle bridges that creaked ominously beneath us. An observation car had been added to our regular complement, and here we gathered, defying cinders and wintry air, while we caught sight of snow-banks and glaciers far above the ravine through which the luring "Canadian Pacific" had pushed its way.

At a little station one hour from Banff we halted a few moments on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, just one mile above the



level of the sea. From this point the train began to descend through the wild pass that takes its name from the Wapta or Kicking-Horse River. An hour or two later, and we reached the banks of a broad and rapid river, the Columbia.

Late in the afternoon, we whirled around the last dizzy curve, plunged into a snow-shed and out again, and halted for the night beside a picturesque little inn, in the very heart of the Selkirks. Far up on the mountain side, through the tops of the nearer firs, we could catch glimpses of the new wonders that were before us.

Not a moment was lost. Our train had hardly paused in its onward rush before we were out of the cars and away. The path led through a primeval forest, whose mighty trees towered far above our heads. Tall firs waved beside us, and the thick green mass was starred with white blossoms; while an unseen stream, hastening downward from the rocky heights, called softly to us through the dim aisles.

After a mile or two of this thick wood, we emerged upon rough ground, over which we scrambled, passing a rude bridge which spanned the torrent, and—there was the Great Glacier of the Selkirks, directly before and above us! In comparison with this marvellous river of ice, the glaciers of Switzerland are but frozen rivulets. Think of a mass of moving ice covering thirty-eight square miles of the mountain side to the depth of five hundred feet! It is said, indeed, that all the Swiss glaciers combined are less than this monster of the west. It is fitly guarded by the bare, pyramidal peak of granite named Mt. Sir Donald, whose top is lost in clouds eight thousand feet above the valley.

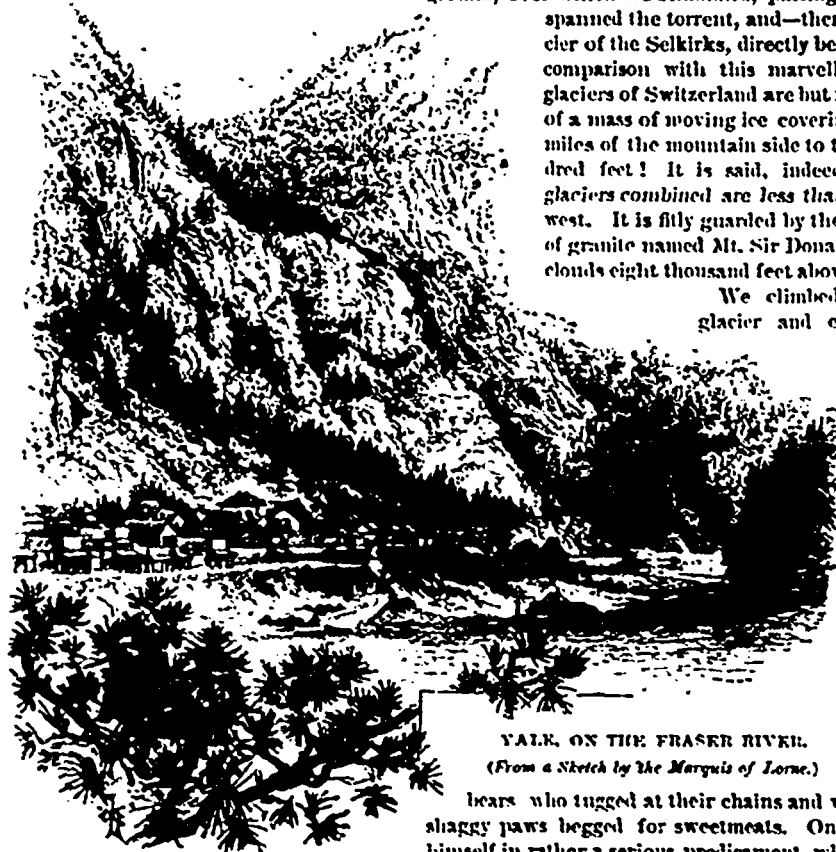
We climbed to the edge of the glacier and even stood upon its wrinkled back. We crept into its cold and dripping caverns, and from tiny pocket-cups drank from its icy streams. While we lingered, a heavy cloud drifted over us, and down came the rain, driving us to the shelter of the woods.

At the Glacier House, as at dozens of other points along the railroad, there were tame

bears who tugged at their chains and with eloquent eyes and shaggy jaws begged for sweetmeats. One of our party found himself in rather a serious predicament, when, after having permitted a good-sized cinnamon bun to reach over his shoulder for a lump of sugar, he found that bruin not only refused to unclasp his paws from around his neck, but evidently expected more and was growing impatient because it was not forthcoming. The gentleman looked down at the ten formidable claws, crossed upon his chest; he felt the bear's hot breath on the back of his neck, and, not being within call of any other member of his party, began to wonder what the result would be, when to his joy, he found one more lump in the depths of his pocket and on holding it out at arm's length, felt his furry necklace unclasp itself—a release of which we may be sure, he at once took advantage.

That night the train was side-tracked near the station and we slept in the cars, lulled by the rushing waters of the McMilliwact.

On the following morning some of us had a pleasant little experience, before leaving Glacier. We had walked half a mile down the track, hoping to obtain a good view, and possibly a vantage ground for our "Kodaks," from the top of the snow sheds.



VALLEY ON THE FRASER RIVER.
(From a Sketch by the Marquis of Lorne.)

The storm clouds rest on the hills of snow,
The sleet drifts over the plain,
The hills are shrouded in blinding spray,
From the wild and dashing rain.

Will the beautiful sunshine ne'er return?
And the glorious balmy day
When the young leaves dance with the maiden flowers
To the music the wild birds play?

In the wintry deserts of sin and death,
When the storms of conscience roll:
When prayer goes up to a heaven of brass
And comes back to an iron soul?

"For the heart," we cry, "is there not a rest?
No ray from a cloudless sun?
No second birth for a dying soul?
No heaven on earth begun?"

Yes; sunshine will come to the cloud-wrapped world,
And God to the waiting heart;
And the long sought kingdom of God will come,
And the reign of sin depart.

We arise, for our doubts have drifted away;
As the storm at the Lord's command;
The sunshine and shower will bring us at last
To the endless Summer land.



SETTLER'S HUT.

Hardly had we clambered to the top of the structure, when a flying gust of rain, backed by a portentous black cloud, sent us hastily down again. At first we sought the windy and damp shelter of the shed itself; but soon one of the party, who had absented himself on an exploring expedition, returned, the bearer of an invitation to enter an old freight car, permanently side-tracked near by. What was our amazement, upon mounting the steps, to be met at the door by a fresh-faced, modest-looking young woman, who cordially asked us in. It was quite like a fairy story. Was she a princess in disguise? Only in so far as she was a true "King's Daughter" in her kindly hospitality.

The car, it seemed, was her home, her husband being at work on the railroad, some miles away. The car was divided into two compartments; one small one for a sleeping-room, the larger, into which a dozen of us crowded, serving as kitchen and parlor. A fire snapped and purred comfortably in the stove; before the tiny windows—against which the rain was now dashing in good earnest—were draped pretty curtains, and on the sills were pots of geraniums and ivy. Cheerful prints hung upon the walls, and altogether, the old freight car, settled down at last after its many wanderings, was as cozy a home as heart could desire. The bright little hostess proudly exhibited a photograph of her manly husband, and one or two other views, which comprised her art treasures. Her modest and quiet demeanor would have done credit to a high bred lady, and none of us will forget our hearty welcome, or the warm "good bye" with which she sped her parting guests. A Merry Christmas to her, say I, and many a good New Year too.

It occurs to me, just here that I have hardly done justice to the "kodak" element in our party. There were nearly a dozen amateur photographers, in all, and great was the good-natured rivalry, in securing good views. Indians were bribed, soldiers flattered, and precipices scaled, in this fascinating pursuit. As for our own hundred travellers, we "snapped" at one another with hardly an apology; and as

the subject usually looked up and smiled broadly at the critical moment, the general result must be—as it certainly is in one collection—a record of the most marvellously and uniformly merry company that ever boarded a C. P. train or kodaked a Siwash canoe. Each of us, I believe, had a different method of holding the camera, and doing the deed. This tourist focussed from under his arm, that embraced the instrument firmly; one indefatigable lady invariably held her kodak out in front of her in both hands at arm's length, and took aim over the top of it, with the greatest severity of countenance, before firing—a proceeding which never failed to disconcert and terrify even a Black-foot beyond description. One young girl, I remember, was everywhere at once with her "No. 3." I myself have a picture of her as she stood at Fort Wrangel one morning in her pretty ulster and travelling cap, beside a hideously carved wooden wolf, photographing Alaskans, Philadelphians and Bostonians alike.

Before I return to the regular course of my trip, I should explain that the two engravings upon this page properly illustrate the earlier portion of the route. Settler's huts, such as that portrayed in this little sketch, are common enough on the great Canadian plains near Winnipeg; and in the Blackfoot and Cree country, around Medicine Hat and Moose Jaw, Indians congregate around the railway stations and in the supply stores, quite as evil-looking customers as they are represented.

But the train is waiting—"All aboard!" and off we go again, curving around the mountain spurs, crossing torrents, clinging to the rugged slopes of granite; now descending to the level of the Columbia, now mounting again to Eagle Pass, ever westward, toward the Pacific. That night we reached Kamloops—not a remarkable town in itself, but ever memorable from the fact that it gave its name to the car that had born a fifth part of our company so many miles, over hill and desert. The titles of all our cars had grown very familiar to us, and we spoke of calling in the "Missanabic," or stepping back to the "Nepigon," as one would mention Newbury Street or Chester Square.

Next morning we found ourselves running along the high bank of the Fraser River, famous in the history of the gold fever of 1859. Its muddy waters, laden with the wealth of empires, swept



UGLY CUSTOMERS

(From a Sketch by Sperry Hall.)

past us toward the ocean. We could see Chinamen and Indians along the shore, dredging for gold, or fishing for salmon. On the further side of the river ran the old government wagon road which leads to the Cariboo gold country. In the summer

a very good illustration of this road and its log foundation was given.

At Yale, an outfitting point for mountaineers and trappers, we stopped to water the engine. Children crowded up to the cars with small baskets of berries, and nosegays of mar-tinnis and ex-pr-sit white-pansie—a strange produce for this wild, half-civilized country.

It was noon when we finished our twenty-nine-hundred-and-sixth mile from Montreal, and rolled into the station at the wonderful city of Vancouver.

I say wonderful, because five years ago to-day its site was covered with a dense forest, and after it was well started in its growth as a city, a fire swept away every building but one. The city now contains a thriving, enterprising and industrious population of fifteen thousand and

upward. It has fine, broad streets, lined with imposing structures of brick and granite; well appointed schools and churches; a fine, large hotel, electric lights, and, in short, all the appurtenances of an orderly and well established city. We took advantage of our few hours' stay there to drive through Stanley Park, where I saw and photographed cedars forty feet in circumference. Through the openings in the shrubbery we caught glimpses of the blue Pacific.

Here ends properly the account of our trip "from Montreal to Vancouver." From this point we took a steamer to Victoria, eighty miles distant, and thence sailed on the "Queen" for Alaska.



CARVINGS BY BRITISH COLUMBIAN INDIANS.
(From the Collection of the Marquis of Lorne.)

Church News.

MONTREAL NOTES.

Owing to the recent heated term, as many families as could arrange for it at all, have escaped somewhere to the country, so that the Sunday congregations of late have been unusually small in the city churches. A good many of the pastors have followed their people, and their pulpits are being filled by strangers from other towns, either passing through or taking their holiday in a temporary sojourn here. Among others is the Rev. G. H. Smith, B. D., of Thimmesford, Ont., who is supplying Taylor Church, with much satisfaction to the people during the absence of the pastor, the Rev. Thomas Bennett.

The Sabbath School of Taylor Church held its annual picnic at Sherringham Park, on the 22nd July. The day proved rather an unfortunate one. Rain fell steadily throughout a large portion of the time they were able to remain, and the whole party was deeply saddened by the fact that Mr. John East, a young man of nineteen, belonging to this school, was drowned while

batting within an hour after their arrival. The body was discovered later in the day, and brought back to the city by an evening train.

On an recent Sunday evening, thieves effected an entrance into the vestry of Knox Church by forcing open a side door, and carried off a number of valuable articles. A string box was broken into and two silver communion cups with three silver plates were taken. No trace of the thieves has yet been found by the police, nor has the stolen property been recovered.

Much sympathy is felt for the Rev. Mr. Dewey, of Stanley St. Church, on the death of his mother, who attained the unusually ripe age of ninety-two. She had made her home in his household throughout the whole of his ministerial life, and was highly esteemed by all who knew her. Between sickness in his family and bereavement through death, Mr. Dewey has passed through much affliction during the past year.

A very striking miracle is said to have taken place recently at La Bonne Ste. Anne, the beneficiary being a poor fisherman from Gaspe, who had been suffering for two years past from ulcers and swellings of the throat, which were pronounced incurable by the doctors and which made it impossible almost for him to swallow any food. After hearing mass, receiving the sacrament and venerating the relic, he proclaimed himself radically cured, and subsequently partook of a hearty breakfast at one of the boarding-houses in the village. The faith-cure sanitarium is by no means confined to Protestant circles. Perhaps a case like the above which is reported as having taken place in the presence of over a thousand pilgrims, may help some of our deluded sceptics to realize how little significance after all is to be attached to all such cases. They are as easily wrought by suggestion as by a genuine spiritual faith, and are even more readily turned to account in its interest. There is probably no more fraud or self-deception in the onset of cases than in the other, and on the other side do we hear much of the large number of cases, in which injury results rather than benefit—where any effect is produced at all. The Governors of McGill University

have just appointed Mr. Ernest William McBride, a Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, to the chair of 'Logic,' lately founded by Sir Donald Smith. Prof. McBride is a native of Belfast, Ireland, and comes with an excellent record for thorough scholarship and successful experience. This department forms part of the work formerly taught by Sir William Dawson. It is to be hoped that the new Professor may prove worthy of his distinguished predecessor.

Mr. A. A. Graham, M. A., B. D., who was mentioned last week as having been called to Deer Park, Toronto, has also been called to Petrolea and to Mount Forest. It is not yet known which of the three he has decided to accept. He is at present supplying the pulpit of the Rev. I. C. Tolmie in Windsor, Ont.

Clergyman's Statement

Nerve Strength Gained by Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

BRIGHTON, IOWA.—Rev. Bernard M. Shulick of this place, owing to weakness of the nerves, was for a time unable to attend to his duties. He makes this statement: "I have suffered for a long time from weak nerves. After I had taken a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla I became quite well again. The weakness of the nerves has now wholly disappeared and I am able to attend to my duties again. I am therefore grateful to Hood's Sarsaparilla and I recommend it to every one who suffers from weak nerves."

Hood's Sarsaparilla
is the best—infact the one True Blood Purifier
are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.
Hood's Pills

Established 1780.
WALTER BAKER & CO., LIMITED,

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

The Oldest and
Largest Manufacturers of
**PURE, HIGH GRADE
COCOAS
AND
CHOCOLATES**



on this Continent. No Chemicals are used in their manufactures. Their Breakfast Cocoa is absolutely pure, delicious, nutritious, and costless than one cent a cup. Their Premium No. 1 Chocolate is the best plain chocolate in the market for family use. Their German Sweet Chocolate is good to eat and good to drink. It is palatable, nutritious and healthful; a great favorite with children. Consumers should ask for and be sure that they get the genuine.

Walter Baker & Co.'s

goods, made at

Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A.

CANADIAN HOUSE,

6 Hospital Street, - - Montreal.

Each Sealed Lead Packet

Preserves the aroma and good qualities and ensures you against fraudulent substitutes. But you must be sure that the word

"SALADA" CEYLON TEA

is on each packet. This is your safeguard.

25, 30, 40, 50 and 60 Cts.

GENERAL.

The Presbyterians of Petrolia have extended a call to Rev. A. A. Graham, of Glencoe, of McGill College, Montreal. The stipend is \$1,200 a year, a free manse. The rev. gentleman is at present filling Rev. J. C. Tolmie's pulpit at Windsor.

The congregation of the Point Douglas Presbyterian church, Winnipeg, Man., of which Rev. D. Munro, is pastor, is discussing the erection of a new edifice, and at a recent meeting appointed a committee to inspect available properties with a view to selecting a new site. The present location is considered too far east, and several members favor a site nearer Main St.

Rev. Alex. Fraser, M.A., a graduate of Princeton Theological University, N.J., was ordained and inducted into the charge of Burns' Church, Moss, on July 29th, in the presence of a crowded church and a rejoicing people. Rev. R. W. Ross, M.A., of Glencoe, conducted the service. Rev. A. Henderson, of Appin, presided, and addressed the newly inducted minister, and Rev. Mr. Munro, of Kintore, addressed the people.

The deep regret felt by the many friends of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Wylie at their near departure from Wauhaushen was manifested in a tangible form on July 27, when at the close of the prayer-meeting, Mr. J. C. Else, on their behalf, presented Mr. Wylie with a purse containing \$57.50 in gold, as a token of esteem and regard. Mr. Wylie has accepted an unanimous call to the Presbyterian church, Hyde Park, and leaves for his new field of labour on Friday, the 30th instant.

The re-opening services in connection with St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church Maple, passed off very successfully. The sermons on Sunday, July 18, by Rev. C. H. Cooke, B.A., of Smith's Falls, were listened to by large congregations, the church not being large enough to accommodate all those who come from surrounding neighborhoods. The Sunday collection amounted to the neat sum of \$71.00.

On Tuesday evening the tea served in the church grounds followed by a literary and musical entertainment, was successful in every way.

Rev. Mr. Campbell occupied the chair. The speakers of the evening were Rev. Messrs. Lerch of Sherwood, Stewart of Maple, Grant of Richmond Hill, Reid, of Weston, and Carmichael, of King. The receipts amounted to something over \$80.

Rev. George B. Duncan was ordained and solemnly inducted to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church, Unionville, July 21. The church was crowded to the doors when at 5.30 o'clock the ordination service commenced. Precious to that a special meeting of Presbytery was held for the transaction of general business, and Mr. Duncan's ordination trials. It was reported to Presbytery that Rev. Mr. Thynne, of Markham, who has been called to Souris, Man., will leave for his western home on Monday next. Rev. J. A. Brown of Agincourt was appointed Moderator of the session of Markham Church. The clerk of Presbytery reported that Rev. A. A. Graham has declined the call extended to him by Deer Park congregation. Permission was given to the Moderator of Presbytery to extend another call when the congregation is ready. Mr. Graham has it is understood, accepted the call of the Petrolia Church.

Rev. R. P. McKay conducted the opening exercises and preached the sermon. He read the 17th chapter of Exodus, after which Rev. Mr. Nichol led in prayer. Mr. McKay took as his text, "But ye have an unction from the Holy One, and ye know all things. I have not written unto you because ye know not the truth, but because ye know the truth, and that no lie is of the truth."

Rev. Dr. Carmichael addressed the young minister, speaking with that intense earnestness, beauty of diction and dignity of manner which have won for this grand old rugged Gaelic preacher the respect and love of hundreds of young men during the 35 years he has been in the Presbytery. "Preach Christ, live Christ in your life, be true to yourself," was the keynote of the venerable doctor's address.

Rev. J. A. Grant addressed the congregation, appealing to them to be faithful to their minister on all occasions, and to all work harmoniously for the good of the church.

Rev. James W. Milne offered the ordination prayer, and received Mr. Duncan into the ministry.

At the conclusion of the ceremony Mr. Duncan was introduced to and was heartily welcomed by the members of his congregation.

A CLERGYMEN'S LIFE.

Has More Worries than the Public are Aware of—Nervous Exhaustion the Frequent Outcome.

There is more worry connected with the routine life of the average clergyman than most people imagine. His duties are multifarious, and it is little wonder that he frequently becomes the victim of nervous exhaustion, insomnia, etc. In this condition Dr. Williams' Pink Pills act more speedily upon the nervous system than any other medicine, and promptly restore the user to a normal state of health. Rev. Wm. Clarke, a rising young Methodist minister stationed at Orono, Ont., says:—"I have derived great benefit from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I found that when I attempted to study I would become drowsy and could not apply myself to my work. My digestion was very bad, and my nervous system seemed to be out of gear. At first I paid but little attention to the matter, but found myself growing worse. At this time, I was stationed at Fort Stewart, Ont., and was boarding at the home of a storekeeper, who advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I decided to do so, and thanks to this medicine, I am again restored to good health. Under these circumstances I feel it my duty to say a good word for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapping bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

INVESTMENT OF FUNDS.

The investing powers of the North American Life were recently greatly enlarged which no doubt will help materially swell the already large realized profits heretofore earned by this solid home company and add to its popularity as a policy-holder's company. The company can invest its funds in or in all classes of Government bonds, stocks, or other securities of the Dominion or any of its provinces or municipalities, as well as of well-established incorporated loan companies. It can also invest in or on the stocks or debentures of waterworks, gas, electric light or power, electric railway or telegraph companies incorporated in Canada. It has also power to buy its own policies as well as those of other companies or to make loans upon the same. This company regards the latter class of security as among the best although there are many of the large foreign companies which do not buy or lend upon policies. Persons having any of the above securities to offer should communicate with William McCabe Managing Director Toronto.

Crab Apple Blossom

In 1, 2, 4, and 8 oz. Bottle



ASKED FOR . ALL . OVER . THE . WORLD
Annual Sales Over 500,000 Bottles.

The Delicious New Perfume.
EXTRA-CONCENTRATED.

THE CROWN PERFUMERY CO.

177 New Bond St. London.

Makers of The Crown Lavender Salts



A
MAGNETIC Small
Waist

is understood to belong to that order of virtues which ought to be natural. Many ladies acquire grace and style by wearing

Magnetic Corsets

which always ensure a neat and natty figure.

Sold in all the Stores.
Beware of Imitations
See that each pair bears the name of
THE CROMPTON CORSET CO.

Gold and Silver Ores

WHAT IS THEIR VALUE?

Simple Field Tests for Prospectors, with an Inexpensive Outfit, by

W. H. HAMILTON HERRITT, F.G.S.

PRICE { Leather binding 75 cents
{ Leather with pocket 90 "

The Outfit described will accomplish at a cost of \$12.00 to \$20.00 results hitherto obtainable only with a \$250.00 outfit.

T. R. & J. P. CLOUGHER

35 Adelaide St. East, Toronto.



CHURCH
WINDOWS
SIMPLE & ORNATE.
MEMORIALS
A SPECIALTY.
MCCAVSLAND
TORONTO



TIRED?
OH, NO.
This soap
SURPRISE

greatly lessens the work
It's pure soap, lathers freely,
rubbing easy does the work.
The clothes come out sweet
and white without injury to the fabrics

SURPRISE is economical, it wears well.

EVERY

PRUDENT MAN

Feels it his duty to provide for his wife and family.
Have you done so?
The **UNCONDITIONAL ACCUMULATIVE POLICY**
issued by the

CONFEDERATION LIFE

ASSOCIATION provides instant and certain protection
from date of issue.

CASH VALUES. **PAID-UP POLICIES.**
EXTENDED INSURANCE GUARANTEED.

Rates and full information sent on application to the Head Office, Toronto, or to
any of the Associates' Agents.

W. C. MACDONALD,
ACTUARY.

J. K. MACDONALD
MANAGING DIRECTOR.



**A Butterfly
Existence**

The life of a poor piano is like that of a butterfly's—for a day. After it has been used a short time, the smooth sweetness dies out of its tones, and is replaced by "tinny," nerve-rasping noise.

The **KARN PIANO** gives perfect satisfaction. It is perfectly built and will retain its good qualities as long as you will care to have it.

D. W. KARN & CO.
WOODSTOCK, ONT.



USE GARFIELD
THE IDEAL MEDICINE
For Purifying the
Blood.
SYRUP

MISS HOVENDEN

**NEW MILLINERY
LADIES' TAILORING
SHOW ROOMS**

— AT —

113 King Street West

Dale's Bakery
Cor. Queen and Portland Sts.
BEST QUALITY OF BREAD
Brown Bread. Moderate Price.
White Bread. Delivered Daily.
Full Weight. Try it.

WATER

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

Marriages.

RODPATH-WATSON—In St. Paul's Church, Montreal, on the 31st July, 1897, by the Rev. Dr. Barclay, Mr. Harold Mills Rodpath, son of the late John James Rodpath, Esq., to Miss Alice Graham Watson, daughter of the late Mr. H. O. Watson.

MACPASSAHO-BARR—In the Presbyterian Church, Seaforth, on July 20th, by Rev. Dr. McDonald, assisted by the Rev. Matthew Barr, father of the bride, Rev. Nell MacPherson, M.A., B.D., of St. Paul's church, Hamilton, to Miss Isabel Barr, daughter of Rev. Matthew Barr, of Seaforth.

Deaths.

Dawny—In Montreal, on the morning of the 23rd July, in the 92nd year of her age, Jane McFee, widow of the late Alexander Dewey, of St. Remi, and mother of the Rev. F. M. Dewey.

McKay—At the manse, Chatham, N.B., after a protracted illness patiently and submissively borne, Isabel Knight, beloved wife of Rev. Neil McKay, D.D., pastor of St. John's church.

McIntyre—At Motherwell, Tuesday, July 27th, Mary, eldest daughter of Mr. Joseph McIntyre, and niece of Principal Caven.

MONUMENTS

D. McINTOSH & SONS
524 YONGE ST.

GRANITE AND MARBLE MONUMENTS

Selling at greatly reduced prices to reduce our large stock before winter.

Note Address: **524 Yonge Street,**
TELEPHONE 4240. OFF. MAITLAND ST.

ROOFING

Slate, Tile, Felt and Gravel Roofing.

— DEALERS IN —

Tarred Felt, Roofing Pitch, Building Paper, etc.

H. WILLIAMS & CO.

Telephone 511. 23 Toronto Street, Toronto.

Decorations

**Roses . . .
Palms.
Holly and
Mistletoe
and Flowers**

SLIGHT'S

411 YONGE STREET

TEN THOUSAND



Women
in Canada
use Indurated
Fibreware
Pails and Tubs.

They do this because
Indurated Fibreware:
is heaviest, therefore
cannot fall apart; is seam-
less, therefore cannot leak.

No other kind of Pails and Tubs
possesses these qualities—No other
kind lasts as long. **ASK YOUR CROCKER**

**FOR INDURATED
FIBREWARE**

The E. B. EDDY CO. Limited
Hull, Montreal, Toronto.