

Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church.

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"There is a Peace that Cometh
after Sorrow."

By JESSIE ROSE GATES.

"There is a peace that cometh after sorrow,"
Of hope surrendered, not of hope fulfilled;
A peace that looketh not upon to-morrow,
But calmly on a tempest that is stilled.

A peace which lives not now in joy's excesses,
Nor in the happy life of love secure;
But in the unerring strength the heart possesses,
Of conflicts won while learning to endure.

A peace there is, in sacrifice secluded;
A life subdued, from will and passion free;
'Tis not the peace which over Eden brooded,
But that which triumphed in Gethsemane.

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BIRTHS.

At Middleville, on Saturday, Feb. 1st, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. Robert Reid, a son.

At Olds, Alta., on Jan. 23, 1908, the wife of James F. Grant, late of Lunenburg, Ont., of a daughter.

At 55 Victoria Street, N.E., on Thursday, the 6th inst., to Mr. and Mrs. John C. Grant, a daughter.

At Tweed, on Monday, Feb. 10th, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. Redfern Brown, a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Portage la Prairie, Man., on Jan. 15, 1908, by Rev. M. A. MacLean, Clarence G. Keith, of Winnipeg, Man., to Miss Annie M. Irving, daughter of Mrs. J. C. Irving, of Winchester, Ont.

At Owen Sound, Ont., on Jan. 21, 1908, by the Rev. G. A. Woodside, Mrs. Agnes Margaret Riddell, to Mr. George Buchanan, of Montreal.

On February 5, 1908, by the Rev. Mr. W. M. McKay, Miss Maggie Mae, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. David Copeland, Milton, to Mr. Andrew J. Turnbull, of Moose Jaw, Sask.

DEATHS.

At Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, on Wednesday, February 5th, 1908, Francis Arthur Hornor, son of Francis B. Hornor, aged 32 years.

At Montreal, on Feb. 6, 1908, Rebecca Hodge, wife of the late James Robinson, in her 89th year.

On the 2nd inst., at his residence, Barrie, Ont., John Wilson, in his 84th year.

At 140 Somerset Street, Ottawa, on Feb. 7, 1908, G. B. Pattee, aged 86 years.

At Mount Joy, Markham, on Saturday, Feb. 8th, 1908, Jane Armstrong, beloved wife of Adam Scott, in her 73rd year.

At the home of his niece, Miss Gill, Grenville Village, on Jan. 27, 1908, aged 80 years and 4 months, Alexander Fraser, of the Township of Grenville, Argenteuil County, Que.

At Finch, on Jan. 27, 1908, Dumean McNaughton, aged 88 years and 4 months. Mrs. Munroe, of Moose Creek, Ont., widow of the late John Munroe, aged 98 years.

At Wallace, South Dakota, on Jan. 21, 1908, Margaret Ross, wife of William Wood, and daughter of the late Gordon Ross, Eamer's Corners, aged 82 years.

At Cornwall, on Feb. 2, 1908, Mrs. Rosa White, aged 83 years.

At Montreal, on Feb. 8, 1908, Samuel Ferguson, aged 18 years and 3 months, late of Maxville, Ont., dearly beloved and eldest son of Samuel and Margaret Ferguson.

In Montreal, on Feb. 8, 1908, at his residence, 1062 Delormier Avenue, William Drysdale, in his 75th year.

At Lost River, on Feb. 3, 1908, Hugh Fraser, a native of Arnsdale, Glenelg, Invernesshire, Scotland, aged 93 years.

On Feb. 2, 1908, Bessie Anderson, beloved wife of Wm. Wilkie, and mother of Rev. Dr. Wilkie, of Jhans, India, entered into rest.

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NOTE AND COMMENT

It is announced that Dr. Oswald Dykes has been appointed the next Cunningham lecturer. His subject is to be "Creation and Providence."

The Missionaries' Literature Association of England, now in its fourteenth year, has sent over 450,000 periodicals to the foreign field in that time.

Fleming H. Revell, the well known publisher, says the aggregate sale of Moody's sermons has exceeded 2,500,000 copies, placing them next to the Bible as a seller.

The Marquis of Londonderry, in a speech in the House of Lords, bitterly attacked the Government, which he charged with cowardice in permitting an alleged present reign of terror in Ireland.

The death was announced last week in his eighty-sixth year, of Mr. Richard Vickers Boyle, C.S.I., the hero of the defence of the "little house at Arrah" in the Indian Mutiny. This was one of the most gallant exploits of the Mutiny.

Missionaries have been laboring in Japan for some forty years. There was some work done previous to that time, but it was then largely a time of preparation. At present there are in Japan about 55,000 Protestant Christians. The population is about 45,000,000. This leaves the enormous sum of 44,945,000 Japanese who are still strangers to salvation in the Lord Jesus Christ.

Says The Belfast Witness: It is pleasant to note that Dr. Stubbs (Bishop of Truro) preached in the Glasgow University Chapel, thus expressing respect and fellowship between the two great Churches. Also that Canon Thomson, of Birmingham, took part in the dedicatory ceremonies in connection with the Congregational Institute founded there by Rev. J. H. Jowett. There ought to be much more of this inter-communication. The absurd stand-off exhibited by some Churchmen towards other Churchmen is enough to make the angels weep—and the devils laugh.

Japan is having her own difficulties. Just now her population is less than fifty million, and her foreign debt, at high interest, amounts to \$1,650,000,000. Her taxation now amounts to \$31.50 per head. In addition to this, the general cost of living has greatly increased within the last year or two, and this last year the price of rice, one of her staple foods, has doubled. Under these circumstances, it is small wonder that the Japanese Government is inclined to substitute a less ambitious naval programme for its original one.

Says the Morning Star of Boston: Official figures disclose the astonishing fact that 3,361 railway employees were killed in this country in 1905, the last year for which reports are available, to only 437 in Great Britain in the same year. Setting aside the difference in population the proportion killed in this country was 1 in 411 and in Great Britain 1 in 1331. Railroad employment in the United States is more perilous than the average soldier's life in active service. The chief reason for this is the greed for profits by the railway companies.

Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, head of the Christian Scientists, secretly moved her residence from Concord, N. H., to Brookline, Mass., going by a carefully guarded special train. Newspaper reports would indicate that her new home is also carefully guarded.

Statistics indicate that the Baptists are not increasing in the British Isles. The number of churches, 3,017, is 29 more than in 1906, but the membership, 429,877, is less by nearly 5,000; the pastors, 2,133, are fewer by one and the local preachers, 5,685, are less by 63. The Sunday school scholars, 587,160, show a loss of 7,261. The loss is attributed to the reaction in Wales after the notable revival in that country.

It is not surprising that the French Government is unable to obtain much from the sale of Catholic Church property, because the Catholics, when dispossessed, carried off what they could, and depreciated the value of permanent buildings. The buildings are ill adapted to other uses, and in France most Catholics fear to purchase because of the threats of excommunication. Superstition probably prevents others from buying. The policy of the Government is to permit the use of churches for religious purposes as needed, and comparatively little property has been sold.

Reports from Stockholm, Sweden, say that serious famine conditions prevail in Northern Lapland, mainly in the iron-mining sections of the country. This was foretold last fall when heavy rains were reported from the districts of Vesterorrland and Vesterbotten in Lapland. Some wheat is raised in those sections during the short summer of continuous sunshine that prevails north of the Arctic Circle, but this and all other crops were practically destroyed by the rains. So severe are the conditions that the inhabitants of the affected section have been obliged to slaughter their dogs to get necessary food.

An influential religious journal in the United States has been making a trenchant attack on popular religion and commenting on the marked contrast between its standards and practices, and those laid down for his followers by our Lord. There can be but little doubt that the Church and the world can never be other than opponents to one another. It was so in our Lord's day. It is so now. Those nominal Christians who by teaching and practice try to prove the contrary only end in demonstrating the absolute truth of the proposition, which is not fanciful, but fundamental; that we cannot serve two masters.

Rev. Dr. Thornton has introduced at Camden Road, London, with much success, a series of lantern lectures after the evening service on one Sunday in the month. The lectures are given in the hall, which is crowded. So says an old country exchange. Dr. Thornton will be remembered by many of our readers in Toronto and Montreal. In the former city he took his Arts and Theological courses, graduating from Knox College. In Montreal he was Rev. Dr. Fleck's predecessor in the pulpit of Knox church. After leaving Canada his first charge was in Glasgow, where he labored with much success until called to Camden Road church, London.

The "Holy Ghosters" is the name of a small coterie of fanatics now operating in Philadelphia. They are especially endowed with the "gift of tongues." The speaker does not know what he is saying, neither is his gibberish intelligible to anyone else, but the tongues move right on. A gift of common sense would be a grateful interruption, says our clever contemporary, The Westminster.

In regard to the recent remarkable gathering of Christians at Shanghai, Rev. Lord Wm. Cecil lays stress upon the fact that the assembly included "Presbyterians and Episcopalians, Calvinists and Arminians, Ritualists, and Baptists." There was scarcely a word spoken which anyone could have regretted, although in other places some of the topics discussed have been fruitful of controversy. That there were lines of cleavage, the reports have shown, but all through the ten days debates perfect serenity was maintained. Yet, will it be believed this holy harmony is distasteful to the High Anglicans, whose organ, the "Church Times," finds fault, and complains that "a branch of the Apostolic Church" (namely, the Anglicans) should co-operate in the mission field with "Non-Catholic" religious Communions!

The Whitney Government deserves credit for the sharp eye they keep on their issuers of marriage licenses, remarks the Dominion Churchman. Some of the scandals of the old system are now impossible, as for example, the issue of a license without any affidavit at all; for the present Government requires the affidavit to be sent in by the issuer, and the license by the clergyman. Hon. W. J. Hanna condemns strongly in the report just issued, the practice of issuers furnishing a room for the marriage ceremony and perhaps the Government would do well to penalize the practice of issuers allowing a percentage of their fees to clergy and others who send them business. The issuer should be forced in every case as far as possible to get at the facts of the case, and to exercise a strict impartial judgment on the facts as they come out.

Speaking at the opening of a Birmingham Labour Home the other day General Booth described a recent interview which he had with Lord Rosebery on the question of the Salvation Army overseas scheme. "His lordship received me in rather a stiff and formal manner," said the General. "I have observed that a large number of the leading men are a little stiff and distant when I first enter their rooms. They are rather afraid, I fancy, that I am going to pray with them. However, his lordship thawed down, and became exceedingly friendly, and asked me very many astute questions as to the character of the people we emigrated. He had fallen into the delusion that we landed the scum of the inhabitants of our great cities on those distant shores. I said, well, my lord, I cannot guarantee that every man we send shall never have had a glass too much, or never told a fib. I cannot guarantee every man we send shall have been born with a liking for work. I cannot guarantee every man we send shall never have said a naughty word. You have to go to the House of Lords for that man. His lordship nearly jumped off his seat, and sharp as a needle said, "No, they are all archangels there."

SPECIAL
ARTICLES

Our Contributors

BOOK
REVIEWS

IS THE YOUNG MAN SAFE??

BY REV. R. N. GRANT, D.D.

If the young man safe who breaks the Sabbath? These three sins usually follow each other in rapid succession: The young man first disobeys his parents; then he is led into bad company, for generally the first acts of disobedience are in regard to company, and bad company is certain to lead to Sabbath-breaking. Sabbath profanation is certain to have a fatal effect on the character of any young man. It has a double effect; it cuts both ways. It takes a young man away from good influences, and plunges him into the worst associations. The young man who habitually breaks the Sabbath must turn his back upon the sanctuary and the influences of home. At the same time he is certain to form the worst companionships, for the company he meets are Sabbath-breakers too. Young man, it may seem a small matter to you whether you go to church on Sabbath morning, or drive to some neighboring town or village. It is no small matter. You won't drive very far most likely until you have got into very doubtful company, and probably you will not be in that company long until the swearing and the drinking begins. Thus it is that Sabbath profanation leads to a train of deadly sins. Jehovah says: "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," and no one who habitually violates that command is safe. Tell me how a young man treats his mother, what company he keeps, and how he spends the Sabbath, and nine times out of ten I can tell you what kind of a man he will be ten years hence.

Is the young man safe who tipsple? No, a million times no. Safe! He is in the most terrible danger. Danger of what? In danger of losing everything that makes life worth living. In danger of shame and sorrow, rage and remorse, delirium and death. In danger at the very least of contracting a habit that debases, degrades and brutalizes the whole nature. No small part of the danger arises from the fact that the habit is formed insensibly. The fetters are put on unconsciously, and the young man never knows he is bound until it is too late to be free. Gough gives some terrible illustrations of the power of this habit. One fallen man whom he urged to stop drinking said: "It's no use, Mr. Gough, it's no use, no use; if there was a glass of brandy there," pointing to the table, "I would have to drink the brandy if I were to be thrown into hell the next moment." That man once occupied a high place in society, but he had thus entirely lost his will power, and yet young men with very little will power tell us every day they can drink or not as they please. The same distinguished man gives another, and I think a still more terrible illustration of the danger of forming this habit. A young wife and mother lay in an ill-furnished and comfortless room, dying. Years before she had stood at the marriage altar, beside the man of her choice, as fair and hopeful a bride as ever took the vow. Her young husband loved her, at least so he said, and he solemnly vowed to love her to the end; but he loved liquor more than he loved his young and beautiful wife. It soon began to dawn upon her mind

that she was in that most horrible of all positions—a position a thousand times worse than widowhood and the grave,—a position than which there are only two worse possible,—hell, and that of a drunkard's husband—I mean the heart-rending, degrading position of a drunkard's wife. She used every means to reform him, but, like too many others, found her efforts useless. His cruelty and debauchery soon brought her to the grave. A little before she died she asked him to come to her bedside, and pleaded with him once more for the sake of their children, soon to be motherless, to drink no more. With her thin, long fingers she held his hand, and as she pleaded with him he promised in this terrible solemn way—"Mary, I will drink no more till I take it out of this hand which I hold in mine." That very night he poured out a tumbler of brandy, stole into the room where she lay cold in her coffin, put the tumbler into her withered hand, and then took it out and drank it to the bottom. And yet young men can tell me they can stop drinking when they please! Young man, if it is easy for you to stop, stop on account of others; if difficult, in God's name I say, stop on your own account.

Is the young man safe who idles away his time? Certainly not. You know who it is that "finds some mischief still for idle hands to do." The fact is neither young nor old idlers are ever absolutely idle. The oyster fastens itself on the rock and opens its mouth and takes in sustenance. If the young men would only fasten themselves on their relations and open their mouths three times a day for their daily allowance idleness would not be so bad. But the trouble is that most men who won't work for themselves or anybody else work for the devil. Does any young man say: "The world owes me a living, and I must have it, work or no work?" The world owes you a living? Indeed! What have you done to put the world in your debt? This world is a fairly large place, and a man must do a pretty large thing to put it into his debt. What big thing have you done? I have heard people say the world owed them a living, when the only thing they ever did was to consume good food, and wear out good clothes for a quarter of a century. The world owes no man a living that won't work for it, or woman either.

Is the young man safe who indulges in extravagant habits? No, certainly not. This is one of the crying sins of our age and country, and I wish I had more time to discuss and denounce it. How often do extravagant habits lead to debt, debt to dishonesty, and dishonesty to crime. Dr. John Hall says he finds it a profitable exercise to stand before one of those magnificent shop windows in New York, and thank the Lord for the large number of things there he can do without. This might be a good exercise a little nearer home. Young man, if you cannot afford to pay for a new coat, wear your old one. Wear it until the elbows are out. Wear it until it is so patched that it would take an expert to tell the original cloth, rather than have these drygoods merchants watch you through the store window as you go down street, and wonder when you are going to settle your bill. Begin on the lower rungs of the ladder and climb up. Climbing is glorious, exhilarating work, but remember, coming down is hard on human nature.

Extravagant people nearly always have to come down.

Is the young man safe who throws off religious restraint? Not by any means. I address many young people now who were brought up in religious homes. You remember the old homestead in which childhood's days were spent; you can picture the old home in your mind at any moment; the trees that grew near, planted by one who is now no more; the vines that climbed the wall; the flowers that bloomed by the window; the babbling brook by whose banks you played; the room in which the family met; the old family Bible with the marks on the margin opposite the striking passages and rich promises; the father who read daily from that book; the image of her who used to clasp your hand in hers and teach you to say "the Lord is my Shepherd" and "Our Father in Heaven." You remember it well. You remember too the morning you left that home. Who packed your trunk and gave you a Bible which you promised to read? Who followed you to the door with a heart so full that she could not say good-bye as she gave you a parting kiss? Who watched you from the window as you went away, and when she could see you no longer, went to her chamber to commend her boy to the care of her covenant God? My young friend, you know well who did all this. Have you kept the promises you made that morning? You promised to read your Bible—have you done so? You promised to attend church regularly—have you done so? You promised to begin and end each day with prayer—have you done so? You promised to keep the Sabbath and avoid bad company—have you done so? I have been guarding you against such sins as disobedience to parents, bad company, Sabbath breaking, tippling, idleness and extravagance; but I must tell you in closing that no young man is safe in the highest sense of the word until he has a personal interest in Christ. Two children were playing in a cutting in one of the American lines of railway; the express train came thundering along; they ran to the side for safety; as they stood close against the face of the cutting, the elder, a little girl, was heard calling to her brother as the train thundered past, "Cling to the rock, brother, cling to the rock." So say I to you, my young friend,—cling to the Rock of Ages, my brother; cling to the Rock; cling to the Rock and you are safe.

THE LIVING AGE for February 15, with its accustomed readiness to present both sides of any current question, whether in the field of politics or that of religion, prints two articles on Modernism and the Papal Encyclical, one written from the point of view of a Catholic "modernist,"—no less a person than the Rev. George Tyrrell—and the other from the loyal Catholic point of view. Both articles are reprinted from The Hibbert Journal.

It is not ours to worry and do evil, but to trust and do good. We neither trust without doing nor do without trusting.

God's plans for us in the new year are greater than our ambitions for ourselves. It will be the best year if we let it be his year.

To keep a calm exterior when the heart is swept by storm is the supreme exhibition of mastery over self.

*Concluding portion of a sermon preached in the Presbyterian church, Orillia, Ont.

BIG RORY'S CONVERSION.

By Rev. A. K. MacLennan.

On the first Friday of July, in the year 18—, very early in the morning, two young men, then in their teens, harnessed one of the farm horses and started on a journey of some 30 miles from their home. In the Centre church, of which they were members, the announcement was made on the Sabbath before that there would be no service in the church on the following Sabbath, as the Lord's Supper was to be dispensed at the Big Ridge on that day.

The two young men were full of zeal and enthusiasm, and to them the distance was nothing, for had they not looked forward with great longing to this "sacrament" ever since they came back from the university in May, after spending their first six months in preparation for the gospel ministry? It was the one event in their quiet country home which occupied the thoughts of father and mother, and about which little Elsie and Jim talked for the past two months.

The morning was charming—the atmosphere was laden with the sweet fragrance of the wild rose and the scraggy juniper which lined the highway from the Upper Centre river to the Big Farm, a distance of ten miles or more. They, as they began to climb the big mountain their way led through tall maple and straggling pines, which seemed to offer a soothing balm to the plastic minds of these two young students as they drove wearily toward the Ridge.

The elder of the two, Donald Matheson, had been teaching in the Upper Centre section for a year before entering that university, and he was now paying a prolonged visit to old friends; naturally enough he sought the companionship of his fellow-student, Alexander Finlayson, who was now seated beside him on this beautiful morning.

The conversation drifted along different lines until almost unconsciously to themselves they were in sight of the Big Ridge church, whose old-fashioned spire shot up from the midst of a clump of red spruce trees, which offered shade in summer and a shelter during the stormy winters. Already a number of horses were standing in Watson's grove, although it was only 10 o'clock. Tying their horse to one of the young maples on the eastern side of the tent, they wended their way to a quiet little knoll where a group of men, women and children had gathered, and seemed to be much interested in the subject discussed by one of the men. The two young students pressed their way through the crowd until they stood in front of a tall, lithe, athletic looking man, who seemed to be all nerves, and perhaps about fifty-five years of age. His keen blue eyes were sparkling with the joy which thrills the heart of the man who is conscious that he has a message from God. He was relating the story of his conversion, and urging the unsaved to surrender to God, which at this period was rather unusual among the sturdy conservative Highlanders. His whole body seemed to be agitated as he spoke in rapid tones of the miracles of divine grace, and the unspeakable love of his risen Lord. Seeing the two young students before him, and suspecting that they contemplated entering the ministry, he turned his remarks to them, and for a little dropped his native tongue and spoke in English.

"You will be wondering why a poor babbling like me is speaking to these people, but you will not be knowing how much I am indebted my dear Lord for saving me from the horrible pit and the miry clay. I was fifty years in hell. I am only a child yet, just five years old. Will you not be thinking I cannot help speaking of Him who saved me from death, when I tell you that I was out among the awful breakers of Smoky (a dangerous coast on the northern shore of Cape Breton, the scene of many a shipwreck in former years), in an open boat, with no oar or helm or compass.

the waves rising mountain high, the sky was black as ink, the lightnings flashed and the thunders roared in the heavens: the awful floods were likely to swallow me up, the storms of wrath were fiercely howling about my head. I knew not where to turn. The pains of hell got hold on me. Then in my despair, I cried, 'Lord, save me; I perish.' Just then the blessed Pilot came on board my frail barque and brought me safely into the quiet Port of the Gospel, and turning to me he said, with a heavenly smile on his face, 'Rory, reach hither thy finger, and behold my hands.' &c. I then cried out in the joy of my soul so loudly that the mountains re-echoed my words, 'My dear Lord, and my God.'

At this stage many were in tears, and Big Rory's countenance seemed to shine with a light which was truly beautiful, because it was heavenly. He said, "Young men, do you wonder that I should speak of that love? I will be speaking about it while I live, and it will be my theme throughout the eternities."

Then, in his quaint way he turned to his native tongue and addressed the crowd, but intended his remarks for the young men who aspired to the pulpit: There are some men who get fine tools from Edinburgh and Glasgow and Princeton and Auburn and Pine Hill (seminaries), and they can build very fine sleighs with them, but I can make one as strong with a broadaxe and other ordinary tools."

By this he evidently meant that God uses ordinary means in conversion, and that the most finished discourses are empty focuses without the grace and power of the Holy Spirit. The parables of our Lord, he passionately loved, and his own active mind seemed to travel along similar lines. In every flower of the field, every blade of grass, every shrub by the wayside, he saw a symbol of the true and false professor of religion. He was merciless in his denunciation of the formalist, never calling him but a whitened sepulchre, full of rottenness and dead men's bones.

One of these young men had many opportunities of knowing Big Rory intimately a few years later, being assistant pastor to Dr. MacRae, and catechist student in the congregation of which he is still an aged member.

Often the quaint remarks of Big Rory in speech, on the question, (ceist), and in prayer, convulsed Mr. Finlayson in laughter, while at other times he was moved to tears. On one occasion, while praying, he seemed to have an overpowering sense of the greatness and riches of divine grace, and he exclaimed, "It is thyself, Lord, that has the big storehouse. Yes, Lord, it is a thousand times larger than the big house at the mines." A few days before he paid a visit to one of the coal mines and was taken through the large machine shop and the company's store.

Sann agad fein a Thighhearna, a tha n tigh mor seha ne tigh mor na meinn. But a dark day came to Big Rory. When walking in the field a little distance from his home he fell into one of the deep pits, known in Cape Breton as plaster holes. He was brought home in an unconscious state and the doctor pronounced his case hopeless. On regaining consciousness he asked, "Doctor, can I live?" The doctor replied, "I am afraid you cannot, Mr. McLeod."

"Well, well, thank God; I am going home. I shall look into the face of my dear Lord and see Him as He is."

Then his thoughts seemed to take the form of a prayer, and after silent meditation for a few minutes he exclaimed, "I thank thee, my Jesus, that thou canst not be in heaven without me! I never doubted my salvation since that day long ago when He said to me, 'Rory, reach hither thy hand!'"

But at the end of ten days he called his wife to the bedside and said:

"Margaret, I'm not going to die yet."
"How have you found that out?" said Margaret.

"Ah, the big hounds are on my track again," referring to bad thoughts, which to his pure soul was a great sorrow and an evidence that he was not yet fit for heaven. To Mr. Finlayson he said on one of his visits:

"Ah, minister, the Lord is good to me. He gave me draughts of heaven on this bed." (Bolgam do na faitheanas.)
"How is that?" inquired Mr. Finlayson.

"Well, sir, you see God sent me seven glorious virgins from heaven with messages of comfort to my soul. I was simply living in the atmosphere of heaven." (Oiteagan do na faitheanas.) By the virgins he meant the promises of God, which were always yea and amen to Big Rory. On the men's day (La na ceist) the visiting minister often stood in the tent, eager to catch every word which fell from Big Rory's lips. He was original in his general make-up, full of wit and humor, and no man could possibly imitate him. He was unique in his manner, matter and personality. Often when Mr. Finlayson spoke on Christ's love, as seen on Calvary, Big Rory would speak out in the hearing of eight or nine hundred people, "Ah, that's sweet, minister. Bless the Lord, O my soul!"

He grew to manhood absolutely indifferent to the claims of Christ. He was known as the best dancer and sailor in the Glen. He had a beautiful, sweet voice, and he could entertain for a whole night with Gaelic songs of his own composition, for he was a poet of no mean order. But to crown all he had a great love for the bane of many of his fellow-countrymen—Scotch whiskey. One day the notice of a prayer meeting in the cove school house was given in the Glen church, to be conducted by the Godly Donald Matheson, one of the remarkable lay preachers of his day. Lou ad had a massive head of keen intellect, a logical mind, a marvellous grasp of truth, a countenance full of kindness and love. He was of the Alexandrian type of expositors, a born theologian. Among others who went to hear him that evening was Big Rory. Donald preached on Jacob and Laban, and in his marvellous appeal for decision Big Rory trembled as if in convulsions. The little school house shook, and with a piercing cry Big Rory said, "I'm lost, I'm lost!"

Donald, who knew that the law was a schoolmaster leading to Calvary, did not hesitate to speak of the desert of sin and its defiling and damning nature. Poor Rory left the house in despair. For days he was in deep soul agony, but after some weeks of distress, during which he prayed and wept and suffered, he heard the sweet voice of Jesus saying to him, as was noted elsewhere, "Heath hither thy finger!"

From that day to the present Big Rory lived a humble, consistent, active, Christian life, loved by old and young because of his charming personality and his peculiar manner of presenting the gospel of salvation to others. His gift of song was turned to good account ever after. At every Sabbath service, and at all the communions for miles around, his clear, sweet voice was heard with great delight by thousands of men and women who gathered at these sacred resorts.—United Presbyterian.

From a deep artesian well at Villamartin, in the south of Spain, a great stream of petroleum is flowing.

Advices have been received that the priests have declared a religious war against France.

Despite increased expenses, Belgium had a profit of over \$15,000,000 on her state railways last year.

On cigarettes to the value of \$31,250,000 smoked in Spain last year, the government made a profit of \$12,500,000.

Wireless telegraphic plant can be erected in Germany only with the consent of the government, according to a bill introduced in the Reichstag.

SUNDAY
SCHOOL

The Quiet Hour

YOUNG
PEOPLEJESUS AT THE POOL OF BETH-
ESDA.*

By Rev. P. M. Macdonald, B.D.

A great multitude of impotent folk, v. 3. There is more fine weather than foul, and more health than sickness in the world. The world, however, has very many who are helpless, and the greater number of strong and well folk have not only reason to be thankful for health, but they ought also to feel a responsibility towards these sick ones. Rev. John Newton, the author of a number of the hymns in our Book of Praise, said he saw two heaps in life, a heap of misery, sorrow and suffering, that was far too large, and another heap of happiness, gladness and comfort that was too small. He made it the aim of his life to reduce the heap of misery and increase the heap of happiness. The still, sad music of humanity can be heard by sympathetic ears, and may be threaded with a note of hope by sympathetic hearts.

An infirmity thirty and eight years, v. 5. Some persons are burdened with an infirmity for a lifetime. Burdened? They might not all admit that. Paul had a sore infirmity, and when, after rational complaint about it and effort to get rid of it, he saw that it was to be his lifelong companion, he turned it into a matter for rejoicing; for he found that "tribulation worketh patience; patience, experience; and experience, hope," Rom. 5:3, 4. If we could imitate the bee, our world would be changed. The bee looks for some sweet in all kinds of flowers and weeds, and it is not disappointed even in the flower of the nettle. Beware of allowing your infirmity to get into your heart. It will make you discontented, unhappy, fretful. If you reserve that place for Christ, your infirmity will become a blessing.

Jesus saw him lie, v. 6. I stood in a crowded office, and tried to catch the voice of a friend over the telephone. But though I heard a sort of buzzing noise I could not distinguish one word. Men were talking, there was tramping of feet, rattling of chairs and a score of other distracting noises. I tried and tried again, but it was of no use. Just then a clerk came to my assistance, and placing the tube to his ear, he wrote down every word uttered at the other end of the line. So it is in our spiritual experiences.—our friends cannot understand our heart hungers nor know our sorrow. The noises of the world compete with our appeals, and the eye and ear are filled with other sounds than our entreaties. Just then Jesus comes, and He sees and hears and knows. Every burden, every pain, every want of every man is known to Him.

Will thou be made whole? v. 6. "Remember, men," said a mission worker, speaking once on these words, "it's not patched, but made whole." Jesus comes to us, not merely telling us and showing us by His perfect example, what we ought to be and do,—that would be like telling the flowers to grow in winter,—but He puts new hearts within us and new strength to obey and follow Him. It is like bringing the sunshine and showers of spring, so that the flowers cannot but grow.

Rise, take up thy bed, and walk, v. 8. Thirty-eight years of inability to rise said to him, "Sit still; you cannot rise." Christ calmly gave the opposite command, "Rise." There was a conflicting

*S.S. Lesson, February 23, 1908—John 5:1-9. Commit to memory vs. 8, 9. Study John 5:1-18. Golden Text—Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses. Matthew 8:17.

of commands here. We are not strangers to such a clash. Self and sacrifice urge opposite courses. Joan of Arc heard conflicting commands before she donned the uniform of a soldier. Her father ordered her to stay at home, and said that before he would allow her to go to the battlefield, he would drown her. The voices of heaven, as she believed, commanded her to go. She put aside the obscurity and safety of home; but the struggle in that conflict of commands was perhaps her most difficult battle. When Duty whispers low, "Thou must," it is magnificent to answer back, "I can and will."

The man was made whole, v. 9. A miracle is incapable of explanation. But it is not the only mystery. A very boastful and quarrelsome scoffer at religion once met a preacher on a country road, and began to rail against the way Christians believe what they cannot explain. When he had exhausted his vocabulary, the preacher asked him if he believed only what he could explain, and the scoffer said, "Yes, only what I can explain." They were standing beside a field where cattle and sheep and geese were feeding on the grass. "You believe that the grass which these creatures eat, clothes them with their covering?" said the preacher. "Why, yes," said the other. "Well, explain to me, if you please, why the grass produces hair on the ox, wool on the sheep, and feathers on the goose." "Why," said the scoffer, "you know,—oh, well,—that is a fact of life. I cannot explain it." "Well, my dear, sir," said the Christian, "forgiveness of sin is a fact of life, and it is a fact that God will forgive you and make you wise, if you ask Him." And the preacher left his defeated opponent gazing at the mystery of the grass.

LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

By Rev. James Ross, D.D.

Bed—Orientals are entirely ignorant of our elaborate preparations for sleeping. They roll themselves in their upper garment, and lie down on the ground almost anywhere and sleep soundly. This man's bed would be simply a rug or a rude mattress spread on the ground. In most good houses there is a divan, or raised seat, along the wall, which serves as a sitting place during the day and as a sleeping place at night. The rich have now a mattress stuffed with cotton or wool, with a sheet over it, and a thickly padded quilt over them. Sometimes the bed is a framework of palm sticks, a little over six feet in length and six or eight inches above the floor. These are found only in houses which have bedrooms separate from the ordinary living rooms, but in most homes the whole family sleep in the one room. In Egypt, there were couches of as elaborate workmanship as the most elegant lounges of the present day. The ancient Jews, like their modern representatives, never changed their dress on going to bed, but merely laid aside the upper garment and loosed the ligature round the waist. In the summer they slept almost naked. The bedstead of Og, King of Bashan (Deut. 3:11), was made for his size and of bars of iron, because he would have broken through bamboo slats.

As at the beginning, so now, the heavy handicap upon labor is sin. It is the weight of the labor problem. It is the spring of labor troubles.

The crossroads of all history—the center of human life as a whole—is the knoll outside of Jerusalem's old wall where stood a cross bearing the form of the Man who bore the sin of a race.

THE DIVINE SEARCH.

(By Professor John E. McFadyen, M.A.)

"Search me, O God, and try me." Was ever a bolder challenge than this? And is it not strange that the man who thus flings his life open to the scrutiny of the divine eyes is just the man who knew that God was besetting him behind and before, that He knew every word upon his tongue and every aspiration in his heart?

One way in which God searches men is by leading them to search themselves; and one reason why life is often empty and progress slow, is that the days have not been closed with searchings of heart. We will not take a few moments in the darkness and the silence to look the day's work honestly in the face and humbly learn its failures and falls. It is too fearful a thing, perhaps, to be in our own company in the dark, and we would rather plunge from the distractions of the day into the blessed repose of the night, without facing ourselves.

But if we have never faced ourselves, how shall we hope to face our Judge? One day the door will sway open, and we shall have to enter, and look with troubled eyes upon a Judge whom no money can bribe and no excuse deceive. And shall we dash ourselves thoughtlessly upon that tremendous issue, without ever once having summoned its sternness before our imagination. Every day, above all, every night, brings us moments when we can, if we will, rehearse the final judgment; and he is a bold man who will face such an ordeal without rehearsal.

Let us live the day over again in imagination, listen again with sorrow to its hasty words, its unkind unbrotherly criticisms, watch again its opportunities neglected, its temptations unresisted; let us gaze with surprise and pain at its large and barren tracts, unlit by any thought of God. And, as the day passes sorrowfully, accusingly, before us, let us lift up our hearts to Almighty God, and ask Him to forgive the erring step, the broken vow, the cruel word, the unquenched passion, the frequent fall.

"Search me, and try me," said the Psalmist, and his boldness amazes us. But it no longer amazes us when we remember that he began with the confession, "O, Lord, Thou hast searched me." He lived evermore in the conscious presence of God. It was not for him, as it would be for most of us, a new and terrible experience to find his life laid bare before the eyes of God. He did not fear those eyes; for he knew that they were ever upon him.

How the sense of the presence of God would uplift and purify life! Could we utter a thoughtless word about a brother, did we remember, "There is not a word in my tongue, but lo, O Lord, Thou knowest it altogether!" Could we harbor an impure imagination in our heart, if we remembered, "Thou understandest my thought afar off?" We shall be increasingly delivered from the sins that so easily beset us, and lifted up to the best of which we are capable, if all our activity is overshadowed by the thought of that gracious, austere, eternal Presence, from which there is no escape.

Knox College, Toronto.

The tree on Calvary has yielded richer fruit than all the orchards of the world.

God gives us trials that he may see how we will act under adversity.

THE SPIRIT OF THE BLESSED.

(By The Rev. J. E. Crane.)

When thinking of our dear ones gone over the river, questions are apt to pass through our minds such as: Where are they? what is the manner of their life? Do they know each other there? Do they remember their earthly existence and friends? Do they ever come back to us? To the writer's mind there is not much doubt about the heavenly recognition, or the remembrance of the earthly existence or life or their being perfectly happy, but whether they ever come back to earth again to see us and perhaps minister to us is quite another question.

We have little or no light from the Scriptures upon it. The angels minister, we know, to the heirs of salvation, but that gives us no information as to whether our dear ones do. Moses and Elijah appeared to Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration. This act of these holy men, who once lived on earth, but had long since gone to glory, affords us a little light on this theme. But in this case, and of the ministering angels, there was always an appearance, a bodily form seen by the living. Doubtless this was necessary when communication was the object. But may not such things happen when no form is seen or voice heard?

The Scriptures certainly do not forbid such a thought, and there is nothing anti-scriptural about it. While the Scriptures do not say, yet it is logical to infer, that our loved ones may pay visits to this earth, since they continue to be the same in identity in the next world. They certainly remember us, or they would not continue to be the same in person as they were here. For surely if they forget us and their life with us, they would not be the same in identity, and heavenly recognition also would be impossible. They would be as though they had never lived on earth, and it would be a new and separate beginning of life or existence to them. The Bible certainly does not teach that. We continue our identity hence our earthly life is remembered in the other world. If now it be remembered, would not the dear ones desire to come back at times and see us and perhaps help us?

The saints surely do not know less in the other life. The loved ones it is true, know more about the heavenly life than they did here on earth, but do they know any less about their friends left behind? Therefore, is it not a reasonable conclusion to reach that our dear ones do or may come back to us in spirit and help us?

WHAT MAKES A BOY POPULAR?

What makes a boy popular? Surely it is manliness. During the war how many schools and colleges followed popular boys? These young leaders were the manly boys whose hearts could be trusted. The boy who respects his mother has leadership in him. The boy who is careful of his sister is a knight. The boy who will never violate his word, and who will pledge his honor to his own hurt and change not, will have the confidence of his fellows. The boy who will never hurt the feelings of any one will one day find himself possessing all sympathy.

If you want to be a popular boy, be too manly and generous and unselfish to seek to be popular; be the soul of honor; love others better than yourself, and people will give you their hearts, and try to make you happy. This is what makes a boy popular.—Apples of Gold.

You can buy your neighbor's horse or his house or his business; but no dishonest man has money enough to buy a good man's respect.

CONSIDER THE LILIES.

We do not need to be familiar with nature, in her grand rare moods, in order to read her lessons. For Jesus takes each one of us by the hand, and directs our attention, not to distant, obscure or unusual displays of divine workmanship, but to the most common and simple. In the savage heart of Africa, Mungo Park learned from a single sprig of heath that battled for life against adverse conditions the same lesson of trust in God which Jesus drew from the lilies of Palestine. In the heart of London the city clerk or artisan, pent in one narrow chamber, may cherish in a flower-pot so much of the wondrous work of God—the life and beauty of vegetation—as to read in it a daily sermon; for the tiniest morsel of God's workmanship carries His signature and speaks His messages. Nay, it is sometimes by the simplest objects that that message is most clearly spoken. It is not every one who can take in, without an interpreter, the majestic voices of the ocean, or of the Alp, or of the cataract. In most of us, I think, if we would but consider it, "the meanest flower that blows" might awaken the "thoughts that lie too deep for tears."

What practical lesson, then, have the wild flowers to tell? Question them of Him who fashioned them, what manner of maker and worker He may be, and you shall hear. See them in their spring legions, sown broadcast over meadow and forest, mountain and field, how they grow, noiseless and unobtrusive, but plentiful as the stars of heaven, breaking simultaneously from the dark ground, as with one consent, to cover the broad earth with a garment of loveliness. Is not our Father a giver of life? Is not His breath strong to quicken? Think how prodigal in working, how universal, secret, persuasive, must be that undiscoverable power which loosens nature from its bands of death, and moves at once in every place, and thrusts forth green leaves on every bush, and scatters golden cups and purple bells on every field. Is this God, then, a distant God—a God far off? Has He forgotten to be gracious? Will His breath quicken us no more? Is His arm shortened that it cannot save? O, by the power that beats through every living thing, that turns dead matter into joyous, glorious life, let us not despair of frozen hearts or souls, of men dead in their sins, but let us prophesy with hope to the slain of our people, and pray with confidence to the four winds of heaven.

There is one lesson for Christian workers. Here is a second. Our God takes delight in His least creatures. Wearied with gazing over the wide fields, where the eye finds no end to the breathing life that worketh everywhere, I stoop to pick a tiny weed growing at my feet. I did not see it before; but I see that God saw it. For it God cares; for it He made His sun to shine, His rain to fall; on it surely His eyes delight to rest. How wonderful a lesson of patient, painstaking care—of individual love and providence! The mighty worker is the minute provider. Widely as God lavishes life, yet He forgets nothing.

Be ashamed, my soul, of thy faithless fears! Thy God is a rich God, and as willing and considerate as He is rich. The wayside weed is not beneath His care—how much less so am I.—F. Oswald Dykes.

Think not lightly of the head that is gray. The richest gold lies under the mountain snows.

When the chambers of imagery are in the temple the glory of the Lord has fled the house.

Life is like a bulb; we cannot tell its possibilities until the season of bloom has ended.

HOW GOD LEADS MEN.*

Some Bible Hints.

The pastures where God leads us may seem arid, but they are sure before long to be crowded with the flowers and fruits of character (v. 2).

"For his name's sake" (v. 3) is equivalent to "for our sake," since "his name" is equivalent to "his character," and his character is love.

We fear no evil; but evil is there, only, He is there also (v. 4.)

Goodness and mercy follow us, pursuing us with joy, ready for us if we fall out fainting in the way (v. 6).

Suggestive Thoughts.

The surest evidence that we are being led is our ability to lead others.

God leads us through our conscience—by knowing things (scio) with (con) us.

It is not necessary to be conscious that we are led, but to fulfil the conditions of being led, and trust that we shall be led.

God leads men by leading the leaders of men, and often we disobey Him by disobeying them.

A Few Illustrations.

The eastern shepherd leads his flock, going ahead of them, and not driving them. So God leads us.

Sheep are gregarious; if one is led, others are likely to be led. So do you be led for the sake of others, as well as for your own sake.

The sheep are safer with a shepherd outside the fold, than inside the fold but without a shepherd. Trust in God rather than in circumstances.

The shepherd has blows for the sheep as well as for the wolves, if the sheep wander. When you receive sorrows from God, it may be as a sheep, or as a wolf.

To Think About.

Am I trying to lead myself?

Am I trying to lead others?

What evidence have I that I am led by God?

A Cluster of Quotations.

There is no use in a cup running over; and yet it is the part of friendship and it is the part of God to have the cup running over.—Alexander McKenzie.

God would not be God, any more than a fountain would be a fountain, if He were not perpetually pouring out His fulness upon all the universe.—H. W. Webb-People.

We may not always like the way by which we are being led, but let us silence objection and complaint by the deliberate choice of the will to be led by Him, come what may.—F. B. Meyer. Stranger nor exile can I be. In new worlds where He leadeth me.—Lucy Larcom.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., Feb. 24.—God our Guide. Rom. 31: 3-13.

T., Feb. 25.—By a pillar of fire. Ex. 13: 17-22.

W., Feb. 26.—Teaches us His Way. Ps. 35: 8-12.

Th., Feb. 27.—We shall not stumble. Prov. 3: 6-23.

F., Feb. 28.—Into the promised land. Jer. 2: 4-6.

S., Feb. 29.—Answering prayer. Jas. 1: 5-8.

*Sun., Mar. 1.—Topic: Songs of the Heart. III. How God leads men. Ps. 23. (Consecration meeting.)

Don't turn away from a human plea for forgiveness.

To treat all alike is good, provided you treat them the best you know how. You can not find full truth until you obey the truth you have to the full.

* Y. P. Topic, March 1. Songs of the Heart, Psalm 23.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,
Manager and Editor.

OTTAWA, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 19, 1908

A correspondent in a secular newspaper says he doesn't go anything on Foreign Missions, but will hold up both hands for Home Missions. Holding up both hands for Home Missions will not do much to help. What does he give for Home Missions? And anyway, why should these two forms of Missions be set up one against the other? The work is one.

The increasing cost of white paper in the United States threatens to reduce the size of the big Sunday and other daily newspapers. Such a result could be only gain. The huge papers, equal to a large book, are a weariness to the flesh, and a refuse-hole for all sorts of trivial rubbish. A great condensation of space and matter would be an appreciated relief.

We confess we are getting a little fatigued seeing in newspapers like Toronto Saturday Night, the Toronto Courier, etc., sneers and regrets over the amount of money either raised or proposed to be raised for Foreign and Home Missions, which money, according to the papers named, ought to have been given instead to the poor. This sort of thing—the raising of objections to doing some one thing, on the ground that something else ought to be done—is not new. (See St. Mark, 14th chapter, 5th verse). Now we propose a test; and we have sufficient confidence in our sprightly Toronto contemporaries to appoint them investigators. We take the risk of stating that an interest in Foreign or Home Missions is not something that can only exist at the expense of care for the local poor. We are confident investigation will prove—take Toronto as one example—that those who take most interest in and contribute most freely to Home and Foreign Missions, are those who also contribute most freely towards the succor and relief of the local poor.

THE TRUE THEORY.

The theory that none are within the Church but communicants is a very convenient one for indolent, careless elders and ministers. The number on the communion roll is much smaller than the number of worshippers connected with any congregation. If nobody should be looked after particularly but members in full communion, then the duties of a teaching and ruling elder become necessarily circumscribed. An entirely different face is put on the whole matter, if a Session acts on the theory that every young man and woman—yes, every boy and girl in the congregation—is under the spiritual care of the Session. This is the true theory—the theory on which every Session should proceed. No doubt the practice of this theory would involve a great deal of work, but work is the very thing wanted. Work is what the Church needs and what the young people need. If the object of a minister, or other spiritual office bearer in the Church, is to save labor, his best plan is to save it all by not undertaking to do anything. A thorough recognition of the fact that everybody connected with a Presbyterian congregation is under the spiritual oversight of the Session, and that every member of Session, by his ordination vows, is bound to exercise such oversight in spiritual things, would make a revolution in many congregations. If our own theory of the Church and of baptism were properly carried out by the Session, in all our congregations, we would not hear so much about the necessity of having evangelists and other outside help.

A FORWARD MOVEMENT.

The reduction of liquor licenses in Toronto by the considerable number of it, is but one sign out of many of the aroused sentiment on the subject of temperance. It is the same throughout the United States, especially in the south; and it is not different in Great Britain. A big Convention is on the eve of assembling at Toronto to consider the next steps forward in so far as Ontario is concerned. It is certain that a vigorous demand will be made on the Legislature of the Province to repeal the law requiring a three-fifths majority to abolish the saloons within any municipality; and no doubt the strong, new rallying cry will be: "The Bar-Room must Go."

So far good; but we think the time has come when the churches should do more to make total abstainers, particularly among the young, as the permanent foundation for solid advance in temperance work. Strong phalanxes of non-drinkers are required. Progressive legislation, inch by inch, foot by foot, is important. But they should not be brought into play alternately or fitfully. They should go hand in hand, each as the support of the other.

Shakespeare students will find Mr. J. Churton Collins' study of "The Tempest," which THE LIVING AGE for February 3 prints under the title of "Poetry and Symbolism," more than ordinarily suggestive.

SLANG AND SOMETHING MORE AND WORSE.

It is difficult exactly to define that very common word "slang," and yet all seem to have a sort of instinctive idea of what it means. When one goes to the dictionary he is told that it is "low, vulgar, unauthorized" language, and upon the whole this is not very far from the mark, though what may be "unauthorized" would no doubt in many cases be a point not easily settled. Some new words and phrases have to pass current for a while as "slang," but by-and-by they gather so much strength, and are felt to be so convenient and appropriate, as to establish themselves as quite authoritative, having the hall mark of the language, and therefore altogether presentable in fairish society. A great many more, however, remain permanently in the more than questionable region in which they originated, and maintain a struggling existence, chiefly among the uncultivated, the coarse, and the ungodly. We say "chiefly," for somehow or other it is the case that it is not always "exclusively" among either the coarse or the uncultivated that they live and move and have their being. At certain times, on the contrary, there seems to be a perfect outbreak of "slang" language among many from whom better things might have been anticipated, and one is tempted to think that we are passing through such a period at present. In not a few cases it is difficult to make out what many who are apparently young ladies and gentlemen mean. They seem to have a language of their own, which to the uninitiated is as unintelligible as the pet phrases of a thieves' lodging house. Sometimes it would even seem as if professed Christians were not above this most disreputable tendency, and many who would be horror-stricken at the very idea of its ever being possible that they should swear, are in the habit of using phrases to emphasize their assertions or relieve their astonishment which could not be distinguished from profanity, unless the very strongest assurances to the contrary were both given and believed. We shall not give specimens, though evidently some who have read the Sermon on the Mount, and profess to follow its precepts, have no hesitation about using their "head," "eyes," and "soul," as well as "Jerusalem," etc., and other favourite objects and places, in ways that would never have met with the approbation of Him who thought appeals either to head or earth, to say nothing of the City of the Great King, were not only "slang" of the worst description, but something more and something worse. We suppose that it is thought vigorous and expressive to garnish one's talk with such epithets. Surely never was there a greater mistake. Any one who is merely a GENTLEMAN in the proper sense of that term, though not a Christian, will not, under the greatest provocation, use such language. What then are we to say of those who, without any provocation at all, habitually utter words which at the best can only pass as "slang," while severe accuracy would name it something different and something more

pronounced? The "slangy" phrase very naturally leads to the full-blown oath, and the abundance of the one very easily and very naturally accounts for the other. That swearing, in the coarsest, most unmistakable sense of that word, is very common in Canada among almost all classes, is too notorious to need a word of proof. What an honest countryman said of a certain Canadian town, after attending the County Court there, may be said of many other places: "It's an awful place. Merchants, lawyers, doctors, labourers, jurymen—every body swears. The very judge on the bench swears." How is this evil to be cured if even some professing Christians do the same, while others have a series of expletives ever ready for use on the shortest notice, which no body but an expert could distinguish from profanity pure and simple? It is a poor look-out for our civilization, to say nothing of our Christianity when things are so.

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

Montreal and Toronto have been privileged to listen to a powerful and attractive speaker in the person of William Jennings Bryan, a Presidential candidate, and one of the best known men in the United States. Whether Mr. Bryan will ever be President of the United States, deponent saith not; but this can be said with confidence, that no public man among our neighbors has grown more in the estimation of the Christian forces of society; and we can well believe the statement credited to him that if he had to choose between his personal popularity and his Presbyterian eldership, it would not be the latter that he would surrender. At one of his meetings Mr. Bryan told an apt story at the expense of a certain class of so-called liberal religionists who are so broad and so liberal that they nearly wipe out all the distinctions between what is right and what is wrong. Mr. Bryan said: "When I was a young man at home in the West I used to invariably see one of our leading lawyers going home almost every evening drunk, so drunk that he had to depend upon his horse to get him to his own doorstep. He was recognized as one of the leading men of his State, highly educated and popular. One day I happened to run across a short history of his life, together with others of the state. It read in part: 'Mr. X. was born and brought up in the Baptist faith, but latterly he had become more liberal' in his views.' Whenever I saw that man after that, I thought of what it was to become more 'liberal.'"

"The Japanese in Korea," by F. A. McKenzie, which THE LIVING AGE for February 8 reprints from The Contemporary Review, is a calm but illuminating statement of the ways in which Japan has been exercising civilizing influences upon the fickle Koreans. It is a terrible indictment, not less effective for being so dispassionate.

BURLESQUE REPORTING.

Many daily newspapers which have expert writers for sporting and other semi-important subjects, have often been observed to have no one on their staffs capable of intelligently reporting a religious meeting, or sermon, or lecture. Such newspapers are in the hands of those who fail to appreciate the fact that the best readers, the best advertisers, the best purchasers, and those who in Christian countries really make substantial public opinion, are those who make up the membership of the churches. Every daily newspaper should have on its staff one or more persons able to give understandable condensations of what competent people are saying. The average reports on the subjects mentioned, which appear in the daily papers, have the appearance of being prepared by the boy who sweeps the floor. Canadian newspapers ought to be getting prosperous enough to be able to afford better things for their readers.

A LIVE BROTHERHOOD.

(By Rev. J. G. Shearer, D.D.)

"What is the work of a Brotherhood?" "Can you refer us to the Pastor of a Brotherhood that has really made good?"

These are questions frequently asked of the writer. They are entitled to an intelligent answer.

A satisfying reply to both queries is found in the Brotherhood or Men's Union of St. John's Church, Moncton, N.B., Pastor Rev. D. MacCormac, B.A. It has over two years of history behind it. It was never larger, more alive, more useful, than now, nor ever had as general and strong a hold on the men of Moncton. It was its delighted guest at a banquet on the 22nd of January. I saw it at play. I heard of its work. Its pastor was unhesitating and enthusiastic in his testimony to its helpfulness. It has 217 members. There were 100 at the banquet. They are of all classes, business men and clerks, manufacturers and workmen, lawyers, doctors, architects, civil engineers, teachers, railway officials and railway employees, of every class. They vary in age from 70 or more, to 20 or less.

The fraternal spirit is highly developed. Spiritual life is deepening. There is Evangelical fervor and a manifest relish for unselfish ministry.

The main features of the life and work of this Brotherhood are:—

1—THE BIBLE STUDY MEETING on Sunday afternoons. It lasts one hour. It is not a part of the Sunday School. It is largely attended. The minister has nothing to do with it except to teach the Bible Lesson of 30 minutes. The men themselves arrange to conduct the programme, prayer, praise, reading, etc. They are studying the Gospel of John at present. The lessons are prepared and taught especially for men. The attendance proves that the interest flags not but grows.

2—THE MUSIC COMMITTEE takes full charge of the Praise Service at the Bible Study meeting, and at all other gatherings. It makes its own selections and trains or organizes those who lead or sing or play.

It has organized AN ORCHESTRA OF 12 PIECES which brightens every service and meeting. It arranges for male solos, duets, trios and quartettes. It has found capable volunteer leaders

and directors.

3—THE VESTIBULE COMMITTEE keeps close and kindly watch for men who are visitors or new-comers at the church services or other meetings, and extends a cordial hand and welcomes and invites to the Brotherhood meetings and other services, reports discoveries, addresses, etc., to other committees, to the Brethren, and to the Minister.

4—THE SOCIAL OR ENTERTAINMENT COMMITTEE makes arrangements for occasional social gatherings and takes full responsibility for programme, refreshments and the like. It makes the introducing of each to all and the welcoming of all a ministry in the name of Christ. It had full charge of the banquet on the 22nd January, the music committee furnishing an hour of music.

5—THE MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE received from the Secretary each Sunday a list of all absentees from the Bible Study meeting and sees that each is called on and invited or urged to be present next Sunday. It keeps trace also of all members and reports where necessary to the Minister.

6—THE RELIEF COMMITTEE visits and ministers to the sick as Christian brethren, comforts those in sorrow, cheers those in hard luck, or who are discouraged, finds work for the unemployed, gives material help where needed. Of course all the members of the Brotherhood share in this ministry. They are, therefore truly "A union of those who love, in the service of those who suffer."

It was my privilege to suggest that this live Brotherhood should add another feature to its work by undertaking the study and promotion of Moral and Social Reform in any and every way in the power of the men. They will no doubt make as real a success of this as of every other Department of their work. Their Minister has Evangelistic services in contemplation and expects the Brotherhood to prove a power in that connection in winning men to Christ and the life of self sacrifice.

They conclude meetings Sunday and week days by joining hands in a circle round the church or school room, and singing "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love."

Are there not hundreds of congregations in our Church in Canada in each of which such a Brotherhood could and should be formed and would be a means of great blessing to its members, to its minister, and to the community? A model Constitution will be gladly furnished by addressing 102 Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

FITNESS FOR SERVICE.

By Rev. Joseph Hamilton.

Have you ever seen a lump of iron ore as it was taken from the mine? It is a dull, heavy substance, mixed with clay, anything but beautiful; a most unpromising material, you would say, from which to make the flashing steel weapon, with its sharp, keen edge. Yet that is the material out of which the weapon is formed. The ore can be put through refining and formative processes whereby the wonderful change is effected. When the thing is done it is a marvellous transformation. And there are spiritual transformations just as wonderful. God can take the most dim, dull, earthly material, and He can refine, and temper, and fashion, and polish, and sharpen it, until it becomes a fit weapon for Him to use. Witness Paul. What refining, and tempering, and polishing he must have had to fit him for his work. But he got all he needed. When you look at what he was, and then look at what he became, you are amazed that such a man could be made out of such material. But the principle is the same in us every one. We do not know the possibility of which we are capable until God takes us in hand.

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

AUNT HANNAH AND THE CHURCH DEBT.

(By Mary B. Wingate.)

"Nothing succeeds like success!" Aunt Hannah having raised sixty dollars so quickly and apparently so easily for the poor children's outing, was overwhelmed with the congratulations she received, spiced, however, with an occasional reminder from the more sordid natures who seldom gave anything even to local charities, "that all that money went out of town and for their part they believed that 'charity began at home!' There was the church debt, why didn't she try to clear that off?" She said nothing but the sparkle in her eye assured those who knew her well that she was only kidding her time.

One day the pastor called at her cottage and after telling her what a hindrance the debt was to him in his work, asked if she could suggest a way by which it could be reduced and eventually cleared away. She agreed to think it over and talk with some of the leading members about it.

Not long after this the annual parish meeting took place. The subject was brought up and Aunt Hannah was called upon for some remarks.

She arose and looking around with an air of decision said: "Well, if I take hold of it 'twon't be no suppers, I can tell ye! I never did believe in a church's gittin' together an' eatin' themselves rich. Suppers are well 'nough for charity work but a church had ought to be honest an' pay its debts."

"Well, how can the thing be done?" some one asked.

"Let them go to work same's I did when father's long sickness left my home in to talk the matter over with me, and and didn't allers have butter for my bread, but I worked and saved and went 'bout till 'twas paid, then I kep' out of debt! Fust thing we must get the preacher's salary pledged, then I'll go to work."

After the salary was pledged she came in to talk the matter over with me, and began with characteristic energy: "Now, the fust thing ter do is ter git ahead of that intrist. Mr. Brown hol's that mortgage an' I'll see what he'll do about it. Then when the Ladies' Aid meets I'll see what they'll do. Then I'll start a subscription paper an' I think I'll head it with five dollars myself."

"Oh, Aunt Hannah!" I exclaimed, "don't do any such thing! You positively can't afford it!"

"Well, you see! I reckon it'll be quite a savin' of shoe leather and temper too, for I do git riled up over the meanness of some people in this place. If I give five dollars some of them skinniflnts can't decently write their names down for no less. I calculate to pay a tenth of all I git anyway an' the Lord allers helps me. Some of the folks that say 'charity begins ter home' is goin' to hear from me to their sorrier this time."

At the Ladies Aid the matter was talked over and the society voted to pay the money they were raising for a church carpet, on the debt. The carpet would cost eighty dollars or more and they had sixty dollars on hand. Aunt Hannah informed them that she had looked over the old carpet and was sure there was enough to carpet the platform and in front of the pulpit and the aisles. Then she suggested that they assume the care of the church for one year. In the summer time it would be an easy matter by getting one of the large boys to ring the bell. After the place was cleaned which was to take place next week, the sweeping, dusting

and care of the lamps she would be responsible for herself.

"Oh, Aunt Hannah, that'll be too much for you!" said the ladies in one breath.

"Oh, I won't have to do much of it. Them blessed girls of mine," looking around on some of the young ladies present, "will think it's a pleasure to help, won't you girls?"

"Yes, indeed, Aunt Hannah, you can count on us," said a chorus of eager young voices.

"I knew I could, an' with your help I think I can get 'nough men to agree to build the fires and shovel paths in the winter so'st we can git along 'bout a sexton an' that'll be fifty dollars more. 'A penny saved is as good as a penny earned' you know, an' now as we hain't got no baker, can't we earn something by home-cookin'?"

A brisk discussion followed and one lady agreed to bake six pots of beans along with her own every Saturday.

Another agreed to make cookies and another doughnuts and still another said she would have a dozen loaves of raised bread for sale every Saturday evening.

"An' now," said Aunt Hannah, "a good many of you ladies makes several kluds of rich cake. How many will agree to make only one kind, except when they expect company, and give the amount saved on this debt? All in favor raise their hands!" There was a good number of hands raised though some of the ladies said, "I know my men folks 'll find fault."

"Well, let them find fault with me if they want to! It'll be good for their souls and their stomachs too, I'm thinkin'! They'll give better if they find 'conomy is goin' to be practiced till this debt is paid, so don't give in to them the least bit—on no account—not one. I've ben to see Mr. Brown an' he'll give in the intrist that's due an' that'll be twenty dollars. My courage's risin' an' if you'll all take hold an' help as you've agreed, I think we'll burn that mortgage inside of three months."

As she sat down the ladies began to cheer and all went home feeling that the cloud that had hung over them so long would soon be cleared away.

Two weeks later, after Aunt Hannah had canvassed the town with her subscription paper, she came in to report.

"You see, I concluded to head the list with Mr. Brown's name for twenty dollars. First I struck Mr. Trask and he gave me his name for ten dollars. Then I tried Mr. Neal, the trader. He belongs to the church and is amply able, so I was bound to win 'specially as they are the 'charity begins ter home' kind. There was some customers an' a good lot of loafers present, so I seated myself comfortable like an showed him my paper. He was very purlite an' sez he, 'I am glad you're goin' to clear off that debt an' I'll give you three dollars towards it.'"

"Well, now," sez I, "I'm goin' to give five an' you're most as well off as I be. Pears to me I've heard you ask more for that black coat of you'r'n than I could git for my home." I heard some of the loafers laff an' everybody was listenin', an' I said: "Now you see a lot of us is agoin' to practice self-denial so's to give. Supposin' you smoke one cigar less a day for three or four months an' that'll amount to ten dollars. It'll be better for you—soul and body both." He grew red in the face for he knew folks was laffin' and give me a ten dollar bill, an' I left. Then I went into Smith's store. He wouldn't put down less'n Neal, so

I got ten dollars there. 'Twas easy gettin' Squire Pratt an' the others to sign ten dollars after that.

"Mr. Foss, the teacher, said 'twas a shame to the town to have a debt on the only church they had, an' give me seven dollars, an' Lem Jones said he'd give six dollars if he didn't never go to church." Then I wrote my name down for five dollars and got three five dollar subscriptions an' walked down to Dea. Stowe's. 'Twas a long walk an' I was tired enough. Mis' Stowe is a real good woman an' made me stay to supper. I looked around some and talked about the farm an' found they had a good stock an' was all out of debt. Then the Deacon come home an' begun to plead poverty and thought I'd better be two years about it' then 'twouldn't be so hard on poor folk like him. I told him I wa'n't poor an' I should be willin' to swap even for his place, an' if I could pay five dollars he could.

"Five dollars! Why Aunt Hannah! You won't have enough to carry you through, I'm dreadfully afeared!" "Well I'm not. I'll serve the Lord while I can, an' I can trust him to look after me later on," sez I.

"Now, pa," said Mrs. Stowe, "you put down five dollars an' I'll go without somethin' an' help pay it." Poor woman! She has allers done without an' allers will. Others were more willin' to pay five dollars after seein' his name down for that amount. Then I got some one, two and three dollar subscriptions an' some of the women give fifty cents and three men said they'd give a load of wood apiece an' Mr. Trim said he'd haul me one for my pluck. I got all I could in cash an' the rest is nearly all good, so with what the Ladies' Aid will do an' a thank-offerin' when we meet to burn that mortgage, I think we've got about enough. It's about a month sense we begun an' I think in two months' time we'll have it all squared up."

"An' now what do you think! I got a letter from my nephew in the city an' he sent me five dollars an' asked me to come an' spend the winter to their house. That's just like the Lord! Now five dollars looked big to me an' I didn't know how I was goin' to raise it' but it's come an' I've paid it into the treasury with the rest."

The Ladies' Aid Society raised even more than was expected of them and the subscriptions were about all paid when the invitation was given for all hands to come to a parish meeting. After a statement of what remained due was made, a collection made up the deficiency. Then the ceremony of burning the mortgage was performed and all sang, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." The minister said he felt that he could preach better, and the choir said they could sing better; and Aunt Hannah said she thought "they could all pray better, feelin' that if they was poor sinners, they wa'n't mean ones."

The life of every man is a diary in which he means to write one story, and writes another; and his humblest hour is when he compares the volume as it is with what he vowed to make it.—J. M. Barrie.

Singleton—I want to ask you a question, old man.

Wedderly—Come on with it.

Singleton—Does a woman always mean what she says?

Wedderly—During courtship she doesn't, but after marriage you bet she does.

BUYING A DOLL.

(By Emma C. Dowd.)

Ruby did not want to stay alone in the big store while her mama went across the city on business; but mama said it was best, and Ruby knew that what mama said was true. So there she was, perched on one of the stools in front of the doll-counter, and mama was already out of sight, and was going farther away every minute. Ruby would have liked to cry, only she felt that she was too big a girl to show such weakness in a public place,—she was four years old last summer! So she made up her mind to be very brave, though she could not help wishing that the woman who sold the dolls would not look at her so sharply through her glasses.

There were no customers at the doll-counter until a little girl came near where she was sitting, and said to the saleswoman that she wanted to look at dolls. She was a very pretty little girl, with curling brown hair and a hat and coat which Ruby thought were the handsomest she had ever seen.

"It must be a nice doll," said the child, "for I am going to give it to my sister."

"Do you wish to buy an expensive one?" asked the saleswoman.

The customer said that she did.

Several dolls, at a dollar and a half apiece, were laid on the counter. The little girl looked them over, but did not appear to be suited. Others were brought out, at various prices, the prettiest being marked two dollars. This the child fondled, patting its cheeks, and smoothing its yellow hair. She laid it down, and she took it up again, swinging it gently in her arms, as if she were getting it to sleep. Finally she asked:

"Have you any nicer than this?"

Then the woman went to a drawer, and brought out a box. Carefully she unfolded the tissue wrappers, and lifted out the doll,—a beautiful doll all in pink silk and lace, with pretty boots and hair ribbons to match her dress.

The little girl's eyes shone, and eagerly she took Dolly in her small, kid-gloved hands. She held the little beauty a long time, but at last laid her down with a sigh.

"The price has been six dollars," the saleswoman said, "but I will let you have it for five."

The child shook her head sadly, and walked along in front of the show-case. "How much are those?" she asked, pointing to a box of little undressed china dolls.

"A penny apiece," was the reply.

"I'll take one," she beamed, and while the woman wrapped it in a bit of paper she pulled from her glove the shiny cent that had been hidden in her moist palm.

As she skipped happily away with her purchase, Ruby looked on in astonishment. Then she saw that the saleswoman was smiling. She met Ruby's gaze and she laughed outright.

"That was funny—wasn't it?" she said.

"Awfully funny!" Ruby answered.

Then the saleswoman brought over the five-dollar doll, and showed it to Ruby.

Mama came soon after, and found Ruby and the saleswoman talking merrily together.

On the way home mama heard all about the little customer that spent so much time examining beautiful dolls—only to buy one that cost a penny.

It is out of the commonplace soil of daily work that the flowers of love and sacrifice spring to beauty.

Faith is the gift that saves mankind; hope is the gift that cheers mankind; and love is the gift that makes man kind.—Roman World.

TAILS AND THEIR USES.

A cat never actually wags its tail. Why should it when it can purr? But, nevertheless, it seems to serve the same purpose in permitting a temporary expenditure of excess nervous energy when the animal is under great strain. For instance, when carefully stalking a bird or man, as in the case of a kitten or a lion, the tip of the tail is never still for a moment—ever curling and uncurling. We may compare this to the nervous tapping of the foot or fingers in a man. When an angry lion is roaring his loudest, his tail will frequently lash from side to side, giving rise among the ancients to the belief that he scourged his body with a hook or thorn which grew from the end of the tail.

When a jaguar walks along a slender bough or a house cat perambulates the top of a board fence, we perceive another important function of the tail—that of an aid in balancing. As a tight-rope performer swings his pole, so the feline shifts its tail to preserve the centre of gravity.

The tail of a sheep seems to be of little use to its owner, although in the breed which is found in Asia Minor and on the tablelands of Tartary this organ functions as a storehouse of fat, and sometimes reaches a weight of fifty pounds. When viewed from behind, the animal seems all tail, and when his appendage reaches its full size it is either fastened between two sticks which drag on the ground, or it is suspended on two small wheels.

Take another of our animals, a fierce little weasel, clad in summer in a coat of brown, in winter turning white, but always with a jet black tip to the tail. The ermine, as it is incorrectly called in its winter coat, has an easy time of it sneaking on the mice and birds upon which it preys, but when a hawk takes after it in an open field, or an owl in the moonlight, it would have but short shift with all its sinuous leaping were it not that the black tail tip is so conspicuous that it constantly attracts the eye and allows the pure white of the body to be confused with the spotless snow. Then realize how true this is, and how valuable must be the pencil tuft of black hairs to this little vermin who spends his life in hunting or being hunted.—Outing Magazine.

KING WINTER'S SONG.

Oh, I am the friend of the boys and girls!

I am the fellow they love
When there's plenty of frost on the earth below,

And plenty of sun-hine above.
To me they look for the frozen pond,
All ready for skate and slide;
To me they turn with their sleds so swift

For a coasting hill so wide.

I deck the trees with a fringe so bright
That they glisten in sun or shade;
And I scatter my snowflakes in the air
Till they fill each valley and glade;
And, climbing up the mountain top,

Each shrub and tree I crown,
And I spread the whitest of covers o'er
The ground so barren and brown.

On a sundial which stands on the Brighton pier these words are inscribed: "Tis always morning somewhere in the world." Why should we grow so weary of life when clouds hang low and the sun will not shine? The morning sun will drive the mists away. Balmey breezes will glow softly from a land of fragrance and flowers. They will make us forget the chill and damp of these low lands. Hurry across the valley to the hills beyond.—Methodist Recorder.

BABY'S WELFARE

MOTHER'S CHIEF CARE

The one chief desire of the mother is that her little ones shall be healthy, bright and good natured. Every mother can keep her children in this condition if she will give them an occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets. These Tablets cure colic, indigestion, constipation, diarrhoea, teething troubles, and the other little ills of childhood. Mrs. E. LeBrun, Carillon, Que., says:—Baby's Own Tablets have been of great value to my baby. I have used them to regulate her stomach and bowels and for teething and always with the best of results." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

PECULIARITIES OF THE NUMBER SEVEN.

What is it that makes the number seven a favorite? From the earliest times this numeral has held a peculiar significance in all things. It is the favorite number with gamblers. There are so called seven wonders in the world. Shakespeare divides the human life into seven ages.

Hippocrates says that the septenary number, by its occult power and virtue, tends to the accomplishment of all things, and is the dispenser of life and the fountain of all its changes. In ancient times a child was not named until it had been born seven days. And the teeth are first cut in the seventh month, and are renewed in the seventh year.

In olden times many philosophers wrote treatises on the number seven. It was supposed to have magical properties for good, and it is the one number below ten that neither begets nor is begotten.

Another writer divides the human life as follows: At three times seven a man reaches a competent age in the eyes of the law; at four times seven he is in full possession of his strength; at five times seven he is fit for the business of the world; at six times seven he becomes grave and wise; if he is ever destined to; at seven times seven he is in his apogee, and from that time he begins to decay; at eight times seven he is in his first climacteric; at nine times seven he is in his grand climacteric, and at ten times seven he has reached the allotted span of life.

This number plays a prominent part in events in the Bible. The creation took six days, and on the seventh there was rest. On the seventh day of the seventh month a holy observance was ordained, and the Israelites feasted seven days and rested seven days. Noah had seven days' warning of the flood, and the seven years of plenty were foretold in Pharaoh's dream by seven fat beasts, as were the seven lean years by seven lean beasts. We speak of the seven heavens, and the seventh son was supposed to be endowed with pre-eminence wisdom. In short, there is no other number which enters into the Bible so often as seven.

The Japanese will never sleep with their heads to the north, but their dead are always buried that way.

It has been stated that Iceland has the greatest number of centenarians per capita.

The Lyre bird of Australia is the largest song bird. It is about the size of an English pheasant.

Sugar is to be found in the sap of nearly 200 plants and trees.

The average depth of the English channel is about 110 feet.

Given plenty of water, a horse can subsist 25 days without food.

CHURCH
WORK

Ministers and Churches

NEWS
LETTERS

EASTERN ONTARIO

Rev. Mr. Fulton of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, occupied the pulpit of St. Matthew's Church, Woodlands, on Sunday, Feb. 9, and made a strong appeal for missionary work.

Rev. Robert McNabb, B.A., of Kenmore, exchanged with Rev. Mr. Tredrea, of Metcalfe, last Sunday, preaching educational sermons in the Methodist appointments for the latter.

Says the Carleton Place Herald:—Rev. J. H. Turnbull, M.A., the popular pastor of Bank Street Church, Ottawa, who was here four years ago, is to take the anniversary services in Zion church on the 23rd.

Rev. W. T. B. Crombie, M.A., B.D., of Oliver's Ferry, is called by the congregation of Yorkton, Sask. Yorkton is a growing town of about two thousand inhabitants, situated in a fine agricultural district. The congregation offers a salary of twelve hundred dollars per annum with free manse.

The anniversary sermons of Calvin Church, Pembroke, by Rev. Professor Gordon of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, were scholarly discourses. On Monday evening the ladies of the congregation gave an anniversary supper, which, needless to say, was served in the best of style. That the attendance was very large may be seen when it is stated that the net proceeds were over \$100.

The Dunsford Congregation gave their pastor, Rev. W. G. Smith, a pleasant surprise last week. On Wednesday, he had conducted a funeral there and was storm-stayed until Friday. On Thursday evening he was invited to Mr. Jas. Graham's where a few members of the congregation had gathered and presented him with a handsome fur-lined coat and an appreciative address. Mr. Smith made a feeling reply.

Henzibah congregation, Williamstown, (Rev. N. Waddell, B.D., pastor), has had a very prosperous year. \$4,544 was raised for all purposes. This includes the gifts by the Misses Johnston of \$2,500 to Missions and \$700 for a manse. The congregation also kindly remembered the organist, Miss Waddell, with a purse of money, and the pastor and his wife were made the recipients of various gifts, including a fur-lined coat and cap.

Rev. Dr. Johnston, pastor of the American Presbyterian Church, Montreal, delivered a very able and interesting lecture. Subject, "Scottish Heroes," in Knox church, Vankeek Hill, on Monday evening, Feb. 10th, to a large and appreciative audience. Rev. T. G. Thompson, pastor, occupied the chair. After the lecture, refreshments were served in the basement of the church by the ladies of the congregation.

At the annual meeting of St. Paul's church, Bowmanville, reports submitted by the different organizations showed a healthy condition. The treasurer, Mr. J. A. McClelland, reported the congregation free of debt with a small balance on hand at the close of the year. Mr. James Smith and Mr. Thomas Tod who were recently elected elders and members of session retired from the Board of Managers. Their places were filled by the election of Messrs. C. P. Blair and A. L. Nicholls. Mr. J. A. McClelland was re-elected to the Board.

During a period of eight months without a permanent minister and systematic oversight, the congregations which comprise the united charge of Pontypool had become somewhat disorganized and reduced. In the appointment of Mr. Gilbert Goum, of Hamilton, who is a hard worker, and a faithful Gospel preacher, the field has taken heart and the work is progressing very satisfactorily in all parts of the field. The anniversary services, recently held at Pontypool, proved a source of spiritual benefit. The proceeds of Sabbath services and the Monday evening following amounted to \$70 net. The annual business meetings have been held at the three points and all show a balance on the right side of ledger. May the bountiful dispenser of every good and perfect gift continue to bless these congregations!

WINNIPEG AND WEST.

Rev. Dr. Bryce is a host in himself at getting money out of people for Manitoba College. The cause is a most worthy one, and certainly the college authorities laid hands on the right man for this necessary work. At Fort William, last week, Dr. Bryce, accompanied by Mr. Peter McKellar, the geologist and pioneer of the district, went out, and in six hours obtained subscriptions amounting to \$13,500 from 38 subscribers, being an average of \$355 a subscriber. There are some three hundred more on the list who are expected to subscribe, and nineteen collectors have been appointed to go on with the canvases immediately. They expect to obtain as much more, and the ladies are expected to provide \$4,000. The neighboring town of Port Arthur will also do the generous thing by the college of the Prairie province.

Rev. James H. White, M.A., recently of the Barrie Presbytery, was inducted as pastor of the Ladner congregation, Presbytery of New Westminster, B.C. Mr. White brings to his new field of work a varied experience, good scholarship, and great devotion—all of which will tend to insure success.

Rev. Dr. Du Val, of Knox church, Winnipeg, is nominated for the moderatorship of the General Assembly by the Presbytery of Portage La Prairie.

On a recent Sunday the Rev. Dr. Bayne of Sudbury, had a rather trying experience. While suffering from an attack of sciatica he drove out to Copper Cliff in the morning to preach and had his face badly frozen. The two afflictions put him out of business for the day, but under careful medical treatment he has since made a complete recovery.

Miss Alice K. McQueen, a valued member of the Kirkwall Presbyterian church choir, in view of her approaching marriage, was presented with a handsome piece of silverware, along with a very appreciative address.

The average life of the eagle is 200 years.

With 5,500,000 inhabitants Holland have 1,000,000 wage earners.

The municipality of Tokio now owns its own street car lines.

The telegraph wire is about to penetrate its way into Lhasa, the Sacred City and the capital of Thibet.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. Hector Mackay of London Junction preached thoughtful sermons morning and evening in St. Andrew's, Thamesford, and addressed the "King's Daughters and Sons" after the evening service.

St. Andrew's Church, Fort William, is completely crowded out of its present building; and has determined on erecting a church capable of holding a thousand people and a building to cost \$50,000.

Dr. Lowry, son of Dr. Lowry, of staff of the Toronto Hospital, as assistant to the famous oculist, Dr. Reeve. If the son resembles his father, he will be not only a skilful physician, but also a good churchman.

This has been the best year in the history of Melville church, Brussels, (Rev. A. C. Wishart, pastor). Session report showed a membership of 472; additions during the year 36, and 16 removals. Three new elders were inducted, and the Rochester individual communion cup introduced to the entire satisfaction of all. Largest attendance during the year at communion, 376. Total amount raised for missionary and benevolent purposes, \$1,008. Of this the congregation contributed \$602.55 for missions, and \$133 to the China Famine fund; the Young People's Guild contributed \$125 for missionary purposes; the W. F. M. S. \$148, and \$21 to the China Famine fund; the Mission Band raised \$31 for missions, the S. S. \$72 for missions and \$14.75 for the China Famine fund. Besides this, the W. F. M. S. contributed clothing to N. W. mission valued at \$61, and bed linen to Pointe-aux-Trembles valued at \$20.00. The congregation, through the Sewing Circle, sent two large consignments of clothing to the Toronto Mission Union valued at \$685.00. A W. H. M. S. was organized just at the close of the year with 30 members. The total amount, exclusive of clothing, contributed during the year was \$3,461.00, and there is a balance on hand of \$381.37.

At the annual meeting of the Orillia Presbyterian Church it was found that the past year had been the best in the congregation's history, the average contribution for general fund being \$94.10 per Sabbath, the collections for this purpose totalling \$4,893.55, over \$500 more than last year. All running expenses had been met, including salary of pastor, and assistant pastor, and \$224.94 for permanent repairs, and the balance of \$64.33 on hand at last congregational meeting had grown to a balance of \$257.95 at end of year. The mortgage indebtedness has also been reduced \$1,100, leaving the net debt \$6,300. The Sunday School, still under the excellent superintendency of Mr. H. Cooke, reported an enrollment of 437 scholars, with much good work done in every department. The W.F.M.S. Society raised the handsome sum of \$422.24 while the W.H.M.S. contributed a thank offering of \$209.00, with total receipts of \$447.65. Then there were good reports from the Y.W.M. Society, the Bible Class, C. E. Society, Junior C. E. Society and the "Bright Sunbeams." Mr. Band, Ten Managers, whose term had expired were re-elected, together with the following for a two-year term: Messrs. Joseph Tiffin, Walter Gray, Neil McPhail, John Anderson, J. B. Jamieson, and M. B. Tudhope. In the absence of Rev. Dr. Grant, Mr. D. I. Grant, a son of the manse, left nothing to be desired in the way he discharged the duties of the chair.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. W. J. West, of Bluevale, during the eleven years of his pastorate, has succeeded in bringing a small charge at the start up to a membership of 400.

The new congregation in Walkerville is composed of about 100 persons, many of whom are from St. Andrew's church of Windsor. A meeting of the trustees will be held in the near future to decide upon plans for the new church. Of the proposed \$15,000 for the church erection \$7,000 is already subscribed.

St. George's congregation is the oldest in Brant county and is the mother of the first Presbyterian congregation established in Brantford. The church was founded more than seventy-five years ago. A new church edifice was recently opened by Rev. Dr. MacTavish, of Kingston, a former minister.

Dr. Harrie Lyle, son of Rev. Dr. Lyle, Hamilton, has been appointed associate attending surgeon to St. Luke's Hospital, New York. This honor has been won through merit and distinguished service, and Dr. Lyle has the satisfaction of being the youngest surgeon to hold a position of so great importance and responsibility.

Knox Church, Stratford, is in a prosperous position. The membership is now 1,001, an increase of 41 during the year. The total receipts amounted to \$6,378.72. Over \$3,000 is contributed at the present time for the various missionary schemes. It is expected in future to increase this amount to \$5,000. The following were elected managers: Messrs. J. D. McCrimmon and I. W. Brown for the three year term, by acclamation; for three year, S. M. Lohrin; two year, Dr. Smith, John N. Watson; one year, Robt. Frame, B. T. Orr. The trustees for the ensuing year are as follows: J. Orr, P. Bradshaw, Dr. Bothwell, Fred. Scrimgeour, F. W. Buckingham, J. D. McCrimmon, J. Steel, I. W. Brown, Thos. Trov.

The year's work in Knox church, St. Catharines (Rev. Dr. Smith, pastor), was perhaps the best in the history of the congregation. Forty-six members had been added to the role. The session reported that a pupil was supported in the Pointe du Tremble school. The Mission Band and Mrs. R. McLaren supported three orphans in India during the past year. The congregation is able to support two missions in the West, at Salmon Arm, B.C., and Ninga-Man, respectively, by an extra subscription of \$500. The amount promised to the Queen's University Endowment Fund is about \$100. The managers presented a satisfactory report, showing the receipts to be \$3,600.00, a small increase over the previous year. The managers elected for three years were: Messrs. A. McLaren, James Adie, A. W. Marston and S. J. Innes. The Missionary Society raised \$1,000.00 for all purposes.

The annual meeting of the Bradford congregation was well attended. Notwithstanding that the church has been without a pastor for six months, the reports of the different societies and organizations were most encouraging. The treasurer's report showed total receipts for the year, \$611.99, including Sabbath collections, \$137.34. Balance on hand, \$34.56. The Debt Fund shows a balance on hand of \$213.10. This sum will enable the Board of Managers to reduce the mortgage indebtedness on the church to \$300. Amount contributed to Missions, \$106.50, besides \$59.71, and new clothing, value \$10, by the W. P. M. S. The Sunday school and Goforth Mission Band also contributed to missions \$17.12 and \$21.00 respectively, making a total to missions and schemes \$204.33. Raised for other religious purposes, \$70.65. The retiring managers, Messrs. R. Stewart, R. Neilly and W. Curry, were re-elected.

If you must copy, copy from masterpieces.

The measure of power is in the obstacles overcome.

The anniversary services of Knox Church, Cayuga, were conducted by Rev. J. Young, M. A., of Hamilton, whose morning sermon on "Reverence" contained some strong, logical truths, which could scarcely fail to be particularly acceptable in the present electric age, when the reverence due the sanctuary of the Almighty is not always observed. His address in the evening on "John's message to the Churches" was a magnificent effort and was delivered to a crowded church, the building being well filled in the morning also.

The services connected with the opening of the new St. Andrew's church building at Saul Ste. Marie were continued on the 12th instant, when Rev. W. D. Reid, B.D., of Taylor Church, Montreal, preached morning and evening and addressed the Sunday school in the afternoon. In all the services Mr. Reid approved himself as a strong, evangelical minister of the Gospel. In the morning, speaking from John 8:32 and 12:37, he said:

Christ's truth gives liberty of several kinds. National freedom is based on the principles of Jesus Christ. The Greek, Roman and other empires decay for lack of them. The greatness of Britain did not depend upon the unequalled array of naval force displayed during the Diamond Jubilee. Great Britain and the United States occupied the leading places in the world because the truths of Jesus Christ prevailed. Advocates of Anarchism, communism, socialism, single tax, etc., had some truth. Not more of these but more of Jesus Christ was needed. Mutual freedom for the individual was denied in Jesus' day and is denied yet by many churches. Men's official heads had been removed by presbyteries or other church courts for uttering truths which have since proved them to be advance guards in God's work. Man is his own priest to God. Moral liberty gives freedom from the worst kinds of evil habits, such as strong drink, etc. Christ can make us free and the deepest truth of Christianity is our personal freedom from the power of sin, the want to do wrong. Christ frees us from fear of God, or our fellow man and from the innate fear of the future. Wesley said: "Our people die well." Compare this with the infidel's death—no without hope—or with the death of the formal Christian who "hopes" it will be all right. The true Christian shows no fear of death, no tremor, but an abiding confidence in the divine love and care of his Heavenly Father.

The Rev. I. W. Woodside, B.A., a graduate of the Montreal College, and for some time assistant minister of St. Gabriel church, in this city, has accepted a call to become the minister of Mount Pleasant church, Vancouver, B. C. The congregation pays a salary of two thousand dollars a year and gives its pastor six weeks' vacation in the summer. Mr. Woodside had been invited to churches in Toronto and Mount Forest, Ont., but decided that a greater opportunity for usefulness was open in the coast city.

The King is to leave for the continent early in March. His Majesty will spend a few days in Paris in strict incognito before proceeding to Biarritz, where he is to stay for about three weeks.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has consented to his being put forward as Liberal candidate for the lord rectorship of Glasgow University. Lord Cromer is the probable Conservative candidate.

The Isle of Orkney has been cut off from telegraph communication with Scotland for over three weeks. The cable was severed during a recent gale, and the work of repairing it has not yet been completed.

MONTREAL.

The choir of Taylor church met recently at the home of Mr. John Allen, Debarimer avenue, and presented their organist and choir leader, Mr. D. B. Small, with a beautiful pair of gold cuff links in recognition of his excellent work during the past two years. The Rev. W. D. Reid made the presentation and afterwards refreshments were served by Mrs. Allen, whose generous hospitality was very much appreciated.

St. Matthew's church (Rev. H. J. Macdonald, B.D., pastor) reports a highly satisfactory year. The session reported a membership of 716; baptisms, 55; marriages, 30. The ordinary receipts were \$4,487.67, an increase of \$407 over last year. Grand total receipts from all sources, \$9,008.46, of which \$1,502.38 was for missionary and benevolent purposes. By an enthusiastic standing vote the congregation decided to make a strong effort this year to wipe off the church mortgage debt.

At the annual meeting of the MacVicar Memorial church, the pastor, the Rev. D. I. Graham, B.D., in the chair, reports from the different organizations revealed a healthy growth in every department. The membership of the church is 278, and the total income from all sources for the year amounted to \$4,109. In addition to meeting all current liabilities, the sum of \$850 was paid off the debt, and an organized effort was started in the month of November by the ladies of the congregation, whereby monthly collections will be taken during the present year to still further reduce the debt.

The various reports submitted at the annual meeting of the Stanley Street Presbyterian church, held under the presidency of Mr. J. A. Ogilvy, proved entirely satisfactory. The total revenue for church purposes amounted to nearly \$6,000 and as the expenditure was under this amount, a considerable sum stood to their credit, according to the treasurer's report. The election of officers for the ensuing year met with the following results: President, Mr. James A. Ogilvy; vice president, Mr. George B. Fraser; treasurer, Mr. Alexander Hawthorne; financial secretary, Mr. George R. Muirhead; recording secretary, Mr. W. E. Dickson; board of management, Messrs. Gus. Herzberg, John D. Duncan, John Smith, P. C. Moir, W. H. Sorkett, H. Hackman, D. Ferguson, John Younie, James Adie, Hugh McFee, B. D. Mitchell, Jr., Lieut. Col. A. A. Stevenson; auditors, Messrs. Allan Cameron and Alexander Barrie.

At the recent very successful and profitable meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, held in Crescent street church, the following officers were elected for 1908-1909: President, Mrs. G. A. Grier; honorary vice presidents, Mrs. J. Barclay, Mrs. J. Fleck, Mrs. D. Morrice, Mrs. J. Brown, Mrs. Duclos, Mrs. Nicholls, Miss Green shields, Mrs. Forlong, Mrs. Haldane, Mrs. D. H. MacVicar, Mrs. H. Morton, Miss Macintosh, Mrs. Heine, Mrs. W. I. Clark; acting vice-presidents, Mrs. D. Campbell, Mrs. J. A. McMaster, with the presidents of all the auxiliaries; recording secretary, Mrs. E. B. Busleed; corresponding secretary, Miss May Brodie; organizing secretary, Miss C. A. Mackeracher; treasurer, Miss Jessie S. Harvey; advisory committee, the Rev. Dr. Scott, Mr. Morrice, Mr. W. Drysdale and city ministers; editorial committee of the "Outlook," Mrs. R. Campbell, Mrs. E. Scott, Mrs. W. Paul, Miss Brown, Miss Davidson, Mrs. N. W. McLaren, Miss E. Robertson.

The love of Christ begs love for the whole world. Many persons have found themselves redeemed from smallness and sordidness and pettiness of spirit, and lifted into a world-embracing interest, by uniting themselves to the cosmopolitan Christ.

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

It is foolish and unnecessary for most people to get housed up for the winter. The human animal cannot hibernate.

Charcoal effectually clears and improves the complexion, it whitens the teeth and further acts as a natural and eminently safe cathartic.

Ventilate your sleeping rooms where you spend one-third of your lives. Too many people poison themselves with the noxious exhalations of the night hours.

The skin is the great regulator of bodily warmth. If kept clean and active it contracts on exposure to cold and keeps the warmth in. If allowed to become clogged with dirt or excretions its regulating function is lost and it radiates heat as does any solid body. For this reason daily cool baths throughout the winter are advisable for all except the very feeble or aged.

Corn Piscuit.—Scald two cups of corn meal in one pint of sweet milk. Then stir together three-quarters of a cup of butter, two cups of sugar and a little salt, and add to it. Then add three eggs well beaten, a little flour and half a cup of hop yeast. Let it rise the second time; then roll out, and let rise the third time. Bake and send to the table hot. This amount makes about twenty-five biscuits.

Stewed Apples.—Pare your apples and place them in a steamer, with a clove in each; then put the steamer over a pot of boiling water until soft; then take them up in the fruit dish and shake powdered sugar over them.

Oatmeal Pudding.—Pour a quart of scalding milk over twelve ounces of oatmeal, and let it stand all night. Next morning stir in a beaten egg and a pinch of salt, and a very little grated nutmeg. Add a few raisins. Boil in a buttered mould for about two hours, and serve with sauce.

Creamed Onions.—Boil the onions in two waters—hot—putting a little salt in the second. If they are full grown they will require at least an hour and a half to cook them tender. Drain them and pack in a bake dish; pour a cupful of drawn butter, in which milk is used instead of water, over them, sprinkle with fine crumbs, pepper and salt lightly, and bake covered fifteen minutes, then brown. There is no nicer way of cooking ripe onions than this.

DAINTINESS IN THE HOME.

It costs no more to keep pretty things in order than it does to care for china and pressed glass, says the Troy Press. True, it costs more to buy fine napery and crockery, but inexpensive and tasteful things are to be found as easily as cheap and coarse ones. In one household where heavy reverses have come everything is as beautiful in its way as of old. Instead of the city house there is now the country cottage, and where three maids did the housework it is now performed by the mother and daughter. The washing is done out of the house, and once a week a woman comes in to scrub. There are no more coarse dinners, but the cooking is delicious. The table linen is as fine as ever, and the cut glass and solid silver, while not so abundant, have a finer lustre and polish than when servants cared for them. While there is less luxury than of yore there is quite as much refinement, and an air of home-like daintiness pervades the whole house. The husband and father coming home at night finds his home as pretty and his family as bright and cheerful as before their losses came. They have learned the great art of making the best of what is, and of believing it to be the best.

The same force which moves a ton over a good road will move eight tons on a railroad or thirty-two tons on a canal.

SPARKLES.

She—How many men owe their success in life to their wives?

He—And how many men owe their wives to their success in life?

"They say very few authors sleep more than seven hours a day."

"But think how much slumber they furnish other people."

"Some people claim they don't get nuthin' out o' life."

"And they are the kind that don't put nuthin' into it to draw interest on."

Benevolent Lady—But my poor man, if you have been looking for work all these years, why is it that you have never found it?

Tramp (confidently)—It's luck, mum—just sheer good luck.—Tit-Bits.

"Ruth," said the mother of a little miss who was entertaining a couple of small playmates, "why don't you play something instead of sitting and looking miserable!"

Ruth—We're playing we're grown-up women making a call.

"Every time somebody duz me an ill turn," said Uncle Josh this morning, "'stid o' gittin' sour on th' hull human race I jist appreciate my frien's a leetle mite more, that's all!"

Office Boy: "Want to see the gov'nor?" What name shall I say?"

Visitor: "Her Schweitzsalbourghausen."

Office Boy: "O, I shan't be able to pronounce all that, I'm leaving at the end of the week."—Punch.

"Rastus," said the neighbor. "I'd like to borrow that mule of yours."

"Goodness sakes, boss," was the rejoinder, "I'd like to 'commodate you; but I's had some 'sperience wif de law. If a man is 'sponsible foh de acts of his agent an' I was to lend dat mule out, it wouldn't be no time befo' I was arrested foh assassination!"

BEAR THESE IN MIND.

A piano is a very delicate instrument, and requires careful treatment if its life is to be a long and useful one. A musician gives our readers the following hints, which are worth bearing in mind:

Never leave a piano in a damp room. Damp rusts both strings and tuning-pegs. It also swells the felt on hammers and dampers, causing the mechanism to move sluggishly.

Do not place heavy loads of books or ornaments on top of a piano, otherwise it may retaliate by emitting discordant sounds.

For dusting the case use an old soft silk rag. Rub the wood lightly, and in one direction only. Polishing the keys with alcohol will keep them clean.

A piece of camphor placed inside the instrument will ward off the attacks of moths on the felt.

In placing a piano in a room, the best way of finding its proper position is to move it about until the most satisfactory results are obtained. There are no fixed rules on the subject.

Novels are sweets. All people with healthy literary appetites love them—almost all women; a vast number of clear, hard-headed men, judges, bishops, chancellors, mathematicians, are notorious novel-readers, as well as young boys and sweet girls, and their kind, tender mothers. — William Makepeace Thackeray.

THE COST OF GOOD HEALTH

Will be Lessened by the Timely Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

How much money is wasted on useless medicines. How much time is lost; how much pain endured simply because you do not find the right medicine to start with. Take the earnest advice of thousands who speak from experience in favor of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and you will save time, money and above all, will find perfect health. Proof of this is found in the statement of Mr. J. A. Roberge, a well known resident of Lachine, Que., who says: "I am a boatman, and consequently exposed to all conditions of weather. This exposure began to tell on my health. The cold led to weakness, loss of appetite, pains in the limbs and side. I tried several medicines but they did not help me. My condition was growing worse and a general breakdown threatened. I slept poorly at night and lost much in weight, and began to fear that I was drifting into chronic invalidism. One day while reading a newspaper I was attracted by the statement of a fellow sufferer who had been cured through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I had spent much money without getting relief, and I hated to spend more, but the cure was so convincing that I decided to give these pills a trial. I am now more than thankful that I did so. After the first couple of weeks they began to help me, and in seven weeks after I began the pills I was as well as ever I had been. I am now convinced that had I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills at the outset I would not only have been spared much suffering, but would have saved money as well."

Rich, red blood is the cure for most of the ailments that afflict mankind. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills actually make new rich blood. That is why they cure such common ailments as anaemia, indigestion, rheumatism, neuralgia, heart palpitation, erysipelas, skin troubles, and the headaches, backaches, sideaches and other ills of girlhood and womanhood. The pills are sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TWO THOUSAND YEARS AGO.

The ancient proverb that there is "nothing new under the sun" seems true also in regard to the prohibition of the liquor traffic. Even in Germany the prohibition idea is not such an innovation as is generally supposed. It is simply a return to the practice of the ancient German tribes at the time when their pristine valor made them invincible to all attempts of the Romans to subdue them. All our high school pupils should be familiar with the passages in Caesar's Gallic War, Book 4, paragraphs 2 and 15, in which it is stated that "the German tribes prohibited the importation of wine within their borders, because they were of the opinion that it would effeminate them and make them incapable of enduring the hardships of war." This opinion of theirs has been confirmed in modern times by the most thorough experience and the most careful scientific research, not only in Germany but throughout the world. That both wine and beer were originally unknown in Germany is proved by the fact that the ancient German language had no words for these drinks. Not only the Anglo-Saxon "wine" and "beer" but also the German equivalents, "wein" and "bier," are derived from the Latin "vinum," wine, and "bibero," to drink. The words were adopted in later years when the Roman luxuries began to be introduced among the Germanic tribes.

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MONTREAL

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12.58 p.m.	Kingston	1.42 a.m.
4.40 p.m.	Toronto	6.50 a.m.
12.30 p.m.	Tupper Lake	9.25 a.m.
6.57 p.m.	Albany	5.10 a.m.
10.00 p.m.	New York City	3.55 a.m.
5.55 p.m.	Syracuse	4.45 a.m.
7.30 p.m.	Rochester	8.45 a.m.
9.00 p.m.	Buffalo	8.35 a.m.

Trains arrive at Central Station 11.00 a.m. and 6.35 p.m. Mixed train from Ann and Nicholas St., daily except Sunday. Leaves 6.00 a.m., arrives 1.05 p.m.

Ticket Office, 85 Sparks St., and Central Station. Phone 13 or 1180.

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MONTREAL

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Herald and Presbyter.

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PRESBYTERY MEETINGS

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

Quebec, Quebec.
Montreal, Montreal, 5th March.
Glengarry, Lancaster, 5th Nov.
Ottawa, Ottawa.
Lan. and Renfrew, Smith's Falls, 17th Feb., 3.30.
Brockville, Prescott.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

Kingston.
Peterboro', Colborne, 30th Dec.
Lindsay.
Toronto, Toronto, Monthly, 1st Tues.
Whitby, Brooklin, 15th Jan, 10 a.m.
Orangeville.
North Bay, Magnetawan.
Algoma, S., Richard's Bldg.
Owen Sound, O. St., 3rd Dec., 10 a.m.
Saugeen, Drayton.
Guelph, Knox Ch., Guelph, 21st Jan., 10.30 a.m.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

Hamilton, Knox Ch., Hamilton, 7th Jan., 10 a.m.
Paris, Brantford, 14th Jan., 10.30.
London, First Ch., London, 3rd Dec., 10.30.
Chatham, Chatham.
Huron, Clinton.
Maitland, Teeswater.
Bruce, Paisley.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces

Sydney, Sydney.
Inverness.
P. E. Island, Charlottetown.
Pictou, New Glasgow.
Wallace.
Truro, Truro, 18th Dec., 10 a.m.
Halifax.
Lun. and Yar.
St. John.
Miramichi, Bathurst.

Synod of Manitoba.

Superior.
Winnipeg, College, 2nd Tues., 10 a.m.
Rock Lake.
Glenboro', Cyprus River.
Portage-la-P.
Dauphin.
Brandon.
Melita.
Minnedosa.

Synod of Saskatchewan.

Yorkton.
Regina.
Qu'Appelle, Abernethy, Sept.
Prince Albert, at Saskatoon.
Battleford.

Synod of Alberta.

Arcola, Arcola, Sept.
Calgary.
Edmonton.
Red Deer.
Macleod, March.

Synod of British Columbia.

Kamloops.
Kootenay.
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J. D. McLEAN,
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Synopsis of Canadian North- West.

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of
Dominion Lands in Manitoba,
Saskatchewan, and Alberta, ex-
cepting 8 and 24, not reserved,
may be homesteaded by any per-
son who is the sole head of a
family, or any male over 15 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 an Agency on certain
conditions by the father, mother,
son, daughter, brother or sister
of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to
perform the homestead duties un-
der one of the following plans:—

(1) At least six months' resi-
dence upon and cultivation of the
land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so
desires, perform the required resi-
dence duties by living on farm-
ing land owned solely by him,
not less than eighty (80) acres in
extent, in the vicinity of his
homestead. Joint ownership in
land will not meet this require-
ment.

(3) If the father (or mother, if
the father is deceased) of a
homesteader has permanent resi-
dence on farming land owned
solely by him, not less than eighty
(80) acres in extent, in the vicinity
of the homestead, or upon a
homestead entered for by him
in the vicinity, such homo-
steader may perform his own
residence duties by living near
the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the
two preceding paragraphs is de-
fined as meaning not more than
nine miles in a direct line, exclu-
sive of the width of road allow-
ances crossed in the measure-
ment.

(5) 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.

Six months' notice in writing
must be given to the Commis-
sioner of Dominion Lands at Ot-
tawa, of intention to apply for
patent.

W. W. CORY.

Deputy of the Minister of the
Interior.

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