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**Watermelon Preserve.**—Pare off the rind and cut the flesh in pieces two inches square. Weigh. Throw into cold water, then drain and to two gallons of watermelon add a heaping tablespoonful each of salt and powdered alum. Let stand until all is dissolved. Place in preserving kettle, cover with water, press down with a plate to keep it under water and cook until easily pierced with a fork. Drain in fresh water and cook in syrup prepared in the following manner: Bruise and tie in a muslin bag four ounces of ginger root; boil in one quart or more of water. Boil also three or four lemons in a small quantity of water. Take the water from the ginger and lemons, add enough sugar to make a rich syrup and put in the watermelon with slices of lemon. Cook from thirty to forty minutes.

**For Canning Pears.**—To every three pounds of fruit allow one and one-half pounds of sugar and a half pint of water. Peel the pears and lay them in cold water to keep them from turning dark before they are wanted. When the syrup is boiling put the pears in and cook until they look clear or a fork can be stuck into them easily. Have the jars standing in a pan of hot water and carefully fill them with the fruit. Pour the hot syrup over them, filling the jars to the top. Cover and seal.

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Ginger pears are a delicious sweet-meat. Use a hard pear, peel, core, and cut the fruit into very thin slices. For eight pounds of fruit after it has been sliced use the same quantity of sugar, the juice of four lemons, one pint of water, and half a pound of ginger root, sliced thin. Cut the lemon rinds into as long thin strips as possible. Place all together in a preserving kettle and boil slowly for an hour.

Spiced pears are an excellent relish. To make them, place in a porcelain kettle four pounds of sugar, one quart of vinegar, one ounce of stick cinnamon, and half an ounce of cloves. When this comes to a boil add to it eight pounds of pears that have been peeled, and cook until tender. Skim out the fruit and put in glass jars. Boil the syrup until thick and pour it over them. Apples may be used in the same manner.

Pickled pears are made thus: Boil together three pounds of sugar, three pints of vinegar, and an ounce of stick cinnamon. Use seven pounds of sound pears, wash and stick three or four cloves in each pear and put them in the hot syrup and cook slowly twenty-five minutes. Turn them into a stonejar with the syrup, and cover. The following day pour off the liquid and heat and turn over the fruit again. It may require heating the second time.

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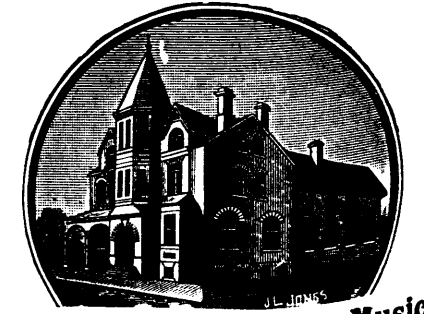
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# THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

Vol. 25.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2nd, 1896.

No. 36.

## Notes of the Week.

A writer in the *Christian World* says: "We have been permitted to see a private letter from one of the members of the American Venezuelan Commission to a personal friend in London in which the writer says: 'As to Venezuela, unless the two parties directly involved shall settle it soon, we shall, I doubt not, present a line on which both can agree, without the slightest sacrifice of justice or of dignity.'" Of course, but for the jingoism it might have been done before this, and if they will now keep their hands off and tongues quiet the end will be becoming both to justice and dignity.

It is disappointing that after the most elaborate and expensive preparations made to observe at different points the late eclipse of the sun, they were in two or three cases either a partial or complete failure, because of unfavorable conditions of weather. It is some consolation and mitigation of the disappointment that most excellent observations of the sun were obtained by Mr. Shackleton, an astronomer, who was conveyed on Sir George Baden-Powell's yacht, the *Otaria*, to Nova Zembla. He obtained a number of photographs which will go far to neutralize the failures of the astronomical expeditions to Norway and Japan.

The death of Sir David Macpherson was one in its circumstances and surroundings that appeals to the heart and sympathy of all. Sick, feeble, dying indeed one might say, yet anxious to reach his home in Canada, his end came in mid-ocean. His passing away cuts another of the few remaining links that now exist in the survival of the men who were leaders in public affairs in a bygone day. How many does his death recall of the names of men who took an active part in those struggles amid which and by which the foundations of the Dominion were laid, and upon which it now remains for the present and future generations to build.

Lord Russell in his famous address at Saratoga, speaking of the power for good which Britain and America together could wield, said: "If they have great power they have also great responsibility. No cause they espouse can fail: no cause they oppose can triumph." If that is so, one cannot help asking: How did it come about that two such peoples, who are really one, and who have such power and such responsibility did not espouse the cause of the Armenians, and say to the Sultan in such a way as he dared not disobey, "Hands Off"? Upon which of all the nations does the chief responsibility lie for that bloodiest chapter, if not of all history, at least of modern European history?

Our gracious and well-beloved Queen has this month entered upon the sixtieth year of a reign which will be ever memorable in the annals of English history. As it is in several respects now more memorable than any which has preceded it, it may well be that another millennium or more will elapse before another equally to be remembered will be seen. There has been shown a very general desire in Britain to anticipate the close of the sixtieth year, and as soon as possible commemorate in some suitable way so unusual an event. Her Majesty with her usual good sense, and with the moderation natural to her years, has expressed a desire, which will be at once acceded to,

that the sixtieth year of her reign should be closed before any celebration of it take place. Her subjects everywhere will pray and desire that her life may be spared so that when its celebration takes place, it may, in every part of her great empire, be one of joy and gladness and thanksgiving.

The statue of Highland Mary lately unveiled with much ceremony at Dunoon, so far as the cuts seen in the papers enable us to judge, appears to be one of singular grace and beauty. To Lady Kelvin fell the honour of unveiling the statue and on the occasion many beautiful, pathetic and patriotic sentiments were uttered. Men were present from widely scattered lands, all admirers of Scotland's immortal bard. The Hon. Wm. MacCallough, of Auckland, New Zealand, in his remarks pointed out a purpose served by Burns not often referred to, namely, the potent influence of Burns clubs in keeping alive the sentiment of nationality in the colonies of the British Crown, which he describes as silver bands which help to bind the British Empire together.

Our parliamentarians are now hard at work. Judging from indications so far, the Government will have to fight to hold every inch of ground, and every advantage gained. The Opposition is both alert, vigilant and determined, and will faithfully watch the Government and keep it to a strict account. Let it by all means. Very weighty responsibilities lie upon it, and an honest and capable Government will not shrink from but court the freest investigation and enquiry. In every honest transaction the fuller, the more public, the stronger the search-light cast upon it so much the better for it. All that either side should ask or expect of the other is fair play; so long as that is given neither Conservative nor Liberal has any reason to complain.

We do not profess to be scientific enough to understand the process as it is given in detail of a recent most notable discovery, but we realize to some extent the vast importance of the results which it is claimed will follow from it, if the claim should be found upon full investigation and sufficient test to be well founded. The discoverer is Dr. William N. Jacques, of Boston, who has found a practical method of converting the energy of coal directly into electricity. He claims to have secured by this method 82 per cent. of the theoretical efficiency of burning coal, and his experiments and figures are vouched for by Prof. Charles R. Cross. If this process can be made of practical commercial value it represents the greatest single advance in the development of power since the introduction of steam. At the present time the finest of compound or triple expansion engines only realize something like 15 per cent. of the potential energy of the coal consumed. At a bound Dr. Jacques proposes to increase this several hundredfold. That is, he makes one pound of coal do what, under the most favourable conditions, takes now five and a half pounds.

As we write these notes Toronto is being visited by a no less distinguished visitor than the Lord Chief Justice of England, Lord Russell of Killowen. His visit has led to the giving to the public in a brief form the main facts of his life and rise from humble beginnings, and the salient events in his eminent career, the great cases which he has been connected with and upon which his fame rests. They are full of profit as well as of interest, showing that in addition to great

ability, the road to such eminence as he now enjoys is by honest hard work. His address at Saratoga before the American Bar Association on "International Arbitration," given to a great audience of over 4,000 people, reminds one in its tact, as speaking to Americans, in its weighty sentence, its calmness and felicity of expression, of some of the utterances of his distinguished fellow-countryman, Lord Dufferin. Read as it will be by thousands of the most intelligent English-speaking people over the world, it will, we believe, have a great and abiding influence in promoting the great object so ably elucidated and supported in it: International Arbitration of national differences.

Although for the moment a block has been put in the movement for street cars on Sabbath, there is no reason to expect it will be allowed to stay the agitation. It will not if by any possibility the advocates of street cars can help it. The papers in the city have ranged themselves on the one side or the other, or are taking as far as possible a strictly impartial and independent course, or are laboriously and determinedly keeping aloof altogether from the whole question. The latter either have no convictions upon the subject, or if they have any, have not the courage of their convictions. We cannot but think it an unworthy course for one of our great dailies which will contend might and main for one alderman rather than another as a member for the city council, not to be able to make up its mind, or not to think it worth its while to express an opinion upon a subject being keenly debated in the city, and in which an interest is felt by thousands of its subscribers all over the Province. It was not always thus. Why is it that the organ which lately did such valiant service for one political party, which has not been wont to shrink from having convictions on all public and municipal questions and expressing them, appears to have none on this matter?

The *Saturday Review*, referring to the treatment of Dr. Jameson and his fellow-raiders, says: "What an extraordinary country is England, and how strange its laws and customs! We hailed Clive before a committee of the House of Commons, as we are going to hale Mr. Rhodes, and we censured the conqueror of India as we shall censure the conqueror of Rhodesia. We persecuted Warren Hastings for twenty years, and left him to die in obscurity and embarrassment. Dr. Jameson has added Matabeleland to the Empire—away with him to Wormwood Scrubs! Mr. Rhodes has added Bechuanaland, Mashonaland, Pondoland, and Gazaland to the Empire—put him in Pentonville! How we have ever got our Empire together is a mystery, seeing how we treat our Imperial adventurers." The *Review* evidently does not think very much of this kind of treatment. Of the Imperial Commission appointed to investigate this whole business it says: "There will be no peace so long as this muddy pool is being stirred by Parliamentary agitators and bitter partisans. The Select Committee can find out nothing that is not already known, and can do nothing but mischief. Let us have an amnesty all round. A jail is not the proper residence for those who give us provinces." A good many will say, "That is so!" Restitution is the proper logical or at least Christian sequence of wrong-doing. Are those who are loudest in condemnation of Clive, Hastings *et al.* ready to advise that course? It would be the cruellest kindness. Fancy what India would be if handed back to the management of its diverse and antagonistic people.

## PULPIT, PRESS AND PLATFORM.

Jean Ingelow: I have lived to thank God that all my prayers have not been answered.

Scots Proverb: True love's the waft o' life; but whiles it comes through a sorrowfu' shuttle.

Earl of Eglinton: God keep ill gear out o' my hands; for if my hands anco get it, my heart winna pairt wi't.

John Ruskin: If you do not wish for His kingdom, don't pray for it. But if you do, you must do more than pray for it; you must work for it.

Rev. R. S. MacArthur, D.D.: Great Britain and the United States are the two great nations that march side by side to the music of Christ's name for the conquest of the world for God.

The Gospel Banner: The Corinthian babes were fed with milk; that proves that they were *living babes*—nor were they backslidden because they were carnal, but they were not sanctified.

The Christian Index: Too much stress cannot be laid on the power of habit in church and prayer meeting attendance. A habit of dropping in when it is convenient, or when nothing prevents, greatly multiplies occasions for remaining away.

The Sun: The principle of Protectionism, that is, of taxing the community at large for the benefit of the capital invested in particular industries, whether under its own name, or under the alias of National Policy, has, we rejoice to think, gone to its long home.

Bystander: By the conviction and sentence of Dr. Jameson and his associates, notwithstanding the sympathy which their irregular daring had evoked, England has given welcome proof that she does not countenance filibustering and that her Empire, to whatever region it is extended, is to be an Empire of law.

Duke of Argyll: Christian argument has been far too apologetic in its tone of late as if it had a very uphill work to do to defend the rationality of Christian belief. Of course, much has been taught as Christianity which really forms no part of it, and this has damaged the credit of the whole. Christ Himself seems to have tried to commend His teaching to the reason and consciences of all men.

Dr. Parkhurst: Your power will be according to your experience, but your experience must be your experience and not somebody's else. Faith in your father's faith is not faith in God. Intimacy with your mother is not knowing your mother's Saviour. Reading the Bible is not necessarily walking with Christ. Knowing a good deal about Him is not the same thing as knowing Him.

A. T. Pierson: He who lives near God, and keeps there, catches God's own spirit, which is simply Love; and love is unselfish and self-imparting life. It gives—gives all it has, and gives to all that need. Foreign missions simply represent the farthest off and most needy, and a man who loves as God loves, cannot limit his own love, and say, "I will love the souls near by, but not afar off," any more than the streams flowing down the mountain can determine only to go so far.

## Our Contributors.

### KNOXIAN ABROAD: THIRD LETTER.

Edinburgh is the city that stirs the blood of a Presbyterian. Every square yard is classic ground. Ancient and modern architecture meet on Princess Street—the ancient on the one side and the modern on the other; ancient and modern church history meet in the old part of the city and may be studied together. Near the sacred spot on which the National Covenant was signed and in which the martyrs sleep until the Master for whom they died returns, the General Assemblies of the Auld Kirk and the Free meet each May and make more or less modern history. Anywhere in or around Edinburgh a Presbyterian may see something to make him thank God for enabling the men of other days to do and suffer for the truth. The walk from Greyfriars' Churchyard to Holyrood—and it is not a long walk either—is one that no good Presbyterian can take without feeling his blood tingle. In old Greyfriars' the National Covenant was signed in 1638. Some of the ablest men Scotland ever produced preached in that church. Sir Walter Scott worshipped there when a boy, and his father is buried in the Greyfriars' Churchyard. Alexander Henderson, one of the delegates from Scotland to the Westminster Assembly, and the principal author of the Shorter Catechism, sleeps here among hundreds of the best and brightest and strongest men that Old Scotland has given to the world. A short distance from the church stands the Martyrs' Monument, which marks the spot where the Covenanters rest until their Lord returns to crown them. Along with a small party of Canadian Presbyterians—most of them connected in some way or other with the "cloth"—I spent an hour or two in this historic and consecrated ground. We were all lively enough when we arrived there, for we had just "done" The Castle, and were having a good time. When we got to Greyfriars' we gradually quieted down and spoke softly if we spoke at all. When we stood before that monument and looked at the inscription we instinctively uncovered our heads and stood in solemn silence. No sermon that I heard in Edinburgh impressed me half as much as that monument did. But we must not linger much longer at Greyfriars' or we shall never get to Holyrood. On our way east we pass the house in which the poet Allan Ramsay kept a small book shop; a house in which Robert Burns lived for a time, and, if I rightly remember, a house in which Sir Walter Scott once lived. There are so many houses around here in which noted men have lived that one is very likely to get them mixed. Now, however, we come to a house on High Street about which there can be no mistake. It is the house in which John Knox lived. On our way we passed the famous St. Giles' Cathedral in which Knox used to preach. It was in St. Giles' that Jenny Geddes, of immortal memory, hurled the stool at the Dean of Edinburgh when he announced that he would read the collect for the day. Both the stool and Knox's pulpit may be seen over in the Antiquarian Museum on the other side of the city. There is no doubt about the genuineness of the pulpit, but we should not be very much surprised to find some one questioning the identity of the stool. It is a common camp stool, quite like those used on the decks of steamboats and in similar places. Were stools of that kind made and used in churches three hundred years ago? If stools of any kind were needed in St. Giles' at that time, service there must have been much better than at present.

John Knox's house may have been a good one in its time, but it is not much to look at in these modern days. The inside may be seen for sixpence on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and of course every Presbyterian tourist goes. The ceilings are low and the rooms small, and perhaps a modern architect would say very poorly planned.

The study is the smallest minister's or student's study I ever saw, and that is saying a good deal. Almost opposite the house in which Knox lived is the house in which that man of blood the Regent Moray spent a part of his days. There is a small balcony on the upper story from which it is said he and a small party of select friends used to watch the sufferings of the martyrs he condemned to death. Near by is the house in which David Hume wrote the greater part of his history.

But we have passed a building of great historic interest—the old Parliament House, now used by the Court of Session. The Great Hall in which the old Parliament of Scotland used to meet before the Union is now used as a promenade by the lawyers and others. It is a magnificent hall, 120 feet in length, 40 in breadth and 60 in height. This hall is said to be the greatest place for gossip in the United Kingdom. The court rooms are ranged around this Great Hall, and seem small and dimly lighted compared with the court rooms in Osgoode Hall. The Advocates' Library contains 200,000 volumes and 2,000 manuscripts. The Writers' Library 60,000. No educated Scotchman can ever get on without something to read, and Scotch lawyers, of course, need a library in keeping with the book-devouring habits of the nation. But here we must stop for a week.

London, August 17th, 1896.

### ST. MATTHEW'S GOSPEL.\*

BY THE REV. THOS. NATTRESS B.A.

This commentary, as is claimed for it by the publishers, is on an original plan, a fact which becomes quickly evident on an examination of this volume on Matthew. To begin with, the introduction is short almost beyond precedent. A pastor's life is too busy for any considerable part of it to be given to the reading of introductions to commentaries.

Following the introduction, the plan is uniform in the handling of the successive chapters. It is as follows: first, Critical Notes; second, Main Homiletics of the Paragraphs; third, Homiletics on the Verses. The critical notes are strictly critical. Where nothing requires to be said nothing is said. They are given first in the study of the chapter, from a page and a half to four pages only being devoted to them; and where this maximum number of pages is occupied it is by reason of general remarks or supplementary notes of great value.

The Homiletics of Paragraphs and Homilies on the Verses are alternated. Each distinct paragraph in the chapter is dealt with homiletically by itself, and this homiletic treatment is followed up by homilies on sub-paragraphs and single verses. It is from the homilies on the verses that the preacher and pastor will receive the greatest benefit, and to these by far the greatest amount of space is given. The extent of the homiletics depends, of course, upon the length and importance of the main paragraphs of the chapter; but on the fifth chapter of Matthew, which may be taken to illustrate, there are but six and a half pages. Homilies on the verses of this chapter, on the other hand, take up forty-five pages.

With the single exception of the fifth chapter, to which fifty-five pages of the book are devoted, the number of pages per chapter varies from fourteen to forty. Sunday school teachers, for whose use the volume is very well adapted, as well as the preacher, will thus be able to glean the maximum of good from this commentary in the briefest time possible. An index of subjects at the end of the book will be found very serviceable.

Further mention of the special or supplementary

\*The Preacher's Homiletic Commentary: Gospel according to St. Matthew. By Rev. W. Sunderland Lewis and Rev. Henry M. Booth. Funk & Wagnalls Co., New York, London and Toronto.

mentary critical notes might be made to show upon what subjects they bear. The following summary will answer the purpose: Matthew's use of the term "Kingdom of Heaven"; the temptation of Jesus; the sin against the Holy Ghost; the parables of Jesus; release by "Corban"; peculiarities of Matthew's last chapter; and the reason why no record of the ascension of our Lord occurs.

Many authors are quoted, including not a few great sermon writers, and in every case the author's name is given—a fact that adds materially to the interest of the book. In a few instances references are made to authorities and articles that could not be quoted at length.

When one has left off being hypercritical and descended to the common-sense plane of the practical, such a book as this new commentary on the Gospel according to St. Matthew is exceedingly refreshing and helpful.

Amherstburg, Ont.

### FRAGMENTARY NOTES.

The holidays (not Christmas holidays) are again here and will soon be past, and busy men, before it is too late, have been anxious to get away from business to the usual retreats either by the sounding sea or the blue waters of lake Ontario, or the dark and placid waters of the Muskoka Lakes; the latter abound with pickerel and bass, and furnish good sport not only to professional anglers, but to ladies and children who are desirous of handling the rod.

Muskoka has become a favorite resort for Toronto citizens and those of other cities, many of whom have cosy cottages; but the greater part of the visitors come from the Western and Southern states, including South Carolina, Texas, St. Louis and other States.

There are several popular resorts, which are largely patronized, and seem to draw every season. Among others are Port Carling, Beaumaris, Fern Dale, Windermere, Maplehurst, Rosseau and Port Sandfield. There are many beautiful and costly cottages which are owned by Americans and Canadians, which, notwithstanding the hard times, seem to flourish, and continue to give evidence that Muskoka has not yet fallen a victim to the free silver craze, but stands upon the solid rock of sound money and gold coinage.

Among the private cottages in the neighborhood of Windermere where this correspondent was rusticated, may be mentioned those of Senator Sanford, of Hamilton; Timothy Eaton of the T. Eaton Company, Toronto; J. O. Anderson, of Rosedale; P. H. Burton, Charles Street; Mr. Paton and Mrs. Paton, *sen.*, all of Toronto.

The cottages of Mr. Eaton and his son Edward occupy a commanding position, and both cottages are accessible by the steamers passing each way. The grounds are beautifully laid off, and every provision for comfort and convenience is supplied. Mr. Eaton has a beautiful steam launch, and is very generous with his friends from Toronto and other places by taking them for a run through the islands, and pointing out to them the various visitors and their cosy homes for the time being. He is a native of the north of Ireland, a successful merchant, and an attached member of the Methodist Church. Mrs. Eaton is very active in relieving cases of sickness or distress, should any occur of which she hears.

Windermere is among the most prominent of the summer resorts—is about two and a half hours from Gravenhurst, which, by the way, is to be the seat of the Consumptive sanitarium; has two good hotels, which were filled to their utmost capacity.

The season, at this date, was in full swing in this famous summer retreat, and to the delight of mammas there were notably few young men among the guests, so that there was no danger at any time of late hours being kept, which is a general custom in seaside

hotels. The dresses worn by the ladies were remarkable for freshness and elegance and good taste, or even for grace.

The bicycling craze had reached long before we arrived and many were the wishes for good roads so that a decent "spin" could be indulged in, but alas this could not be. If the "wheel" craze is open to the charge generally of lessening the number of marriages, Muskoka will be free, as there is no opportunity for indulging in this exercise owing to the state of the roads.

During my stay here a "Lawn Tennis Tournament" was held, which lasted two days, and an interesting regatta took place on the following day which drew many visitors from the outside islands, and all returned to their camps, and cottages, some pleased, some disappointed and all tired and ready for bed.

The islands seem well supplied with religious ordinances. In Windermere there is a Presbyterian service every Sabbath evening in the Mechanics' Institute, which is supplied by the missionary, Mr. Inkster. The English Church has an occasional service in the same place in the morning, and the Methodists have a nice church with full service morning and evening, which at present is supplied by Mr. Bewley. The denominations are all on friendly terms, the Methodist missionary boards with the Presbyterian elder, who is also a Justice of the Peace, and the Presbyterian missionary boards with a Methodist, and supplies three stations each Sunday. Let brotherly love continue.

Without knowing anything of the local circumstances this would seem a good place to try the "give-and-take-method," and see if one of the three denominations could not supply the neighbourhood with all the needed religious services. The times are stringent and every denomination should husband its resources to the fullest extent, as the people cannot expect to be flush of money for at least some time to come. K.

Windermere, 20th August, 1896.

### HYPOCRITES OUTSIDE OF THE CHURCH.

BY REV. T. FENWICK.

There is a great deal of shouting about hypocrisy in the Church. Many make the hypocrites in it an excuse for remaining outside. They wish to keep themselves pure. Evil communications corrupt good manners, you know. It was well said to one of that class, "Come in, there is always room for another."

Hypocrites are not so very plentiful in the Church, as is commonly believed. There are many communicants who are far from being what they ought to be, but they are formalists—a very different class from hypocrites, properly so called. There are far more hypocrites in the world than in the Church.

We have a sickening display of hypocrisy in the outcry at present being made for street cars in Toronto on God's day. The arguments used by the S. S. C. A. (Sabbath Street Car Advocates) are just a mass of unmitigated drivel. I cannot think that these gentlemen are so lacking in common sense as to see any force in them. I am pretty sure that the brigade is made up of—1. Those who desire amusement on God's day; 2. Infidels who would chuckle with great glee if they could get that day blotted out of being; and 3. Members of the Street Railway Co. who desire to get more wealth by "this craft," and hope to do so by Sabbath cars. The last named work unseen, like divers working under the water.

If those who use these arguments are convinced by them, they should have persons to wait on them lest they put their food into their ears instead of their mouths, and their boots on their hands instead of their feet.

Woodbridge, Ont.

THE SINGLE-TAX ADDRESS.

MR. EDITOR,—Most of your readers, doubtless, have perused the address presented to the several Church Courts at their last annual meeting, and I daresay many of them have also read the reply to that address printed as editorial matter in the *Christian Guardian*. Permit me to make a few remarks in reply to the *Guardian*.

It begins with a criticism of the literary style of the address. This, I think, is unfortunate. Further on, the *Guardian* declares its intention to look through the address "in a spirit of sympathy;" but the carping verbal criticism with which it begins its examination seems to me to put it at once into an antipathetic attitude—seems indeed to be a revelation of the fact that the writer feels himself to be talking down from a lofty height of condescension to "mere working men;" an attitude which one who speaks for the Christian Church should not assume.

Equally unfortunate is the attempt to show that the framers of the address erred in supposing that they had a right to appeal to the churches on the sole ground that our existing laws in their practical working wrought injustice to the majority. While Mr. Holbrook, as quoted by the *Guardian*, is undoubtedly right in saying "that the New Testament is not, and does not purport to be, a treatise on economics, sociology, civics, or political liberty," it is equally true that no one should suppose himself to be informed by the spirit of the New Testament if he can look with quiet toleration on the working out of false and inequitable economic, social, civic, or political systems. The Christian should be a knight-errant. Given a wrong, he cannot rest in peace till he has done what in him lies to find and apply a remedy.

Another objection made to the address is that the language in which it describes the social conditions brought about by the economic and political errors complained of, is exaggerated as applied to Canada. This is almost ludicrous. The argument of that part of the address is, that there are certain fundamental errors in our political economy, and that these inevitably produce certain evils, the reply of the *Guardian*—shorn of its verbiage—is, that these evils are only just beginning to show themselves in Canada, and that we should wait until they have become chronic and malignant before we talk of finding the remedy!

Let me come now to the central question. The *Guardian* quotes Henry George, and is therefore without excuse if it misstates the position of Single-Taxers. And it certainly does misstate it. Were I dealing with the work of a partizan politician, I should say that, relying upon popular ignorance of the Single-Tax theory, he was endeavoring to discredit it by a smart travesty of its doctrine. Single-Taxers are represented as contending that the ownership of land must make a man rich, and that nothing else can! And having set up this man of straw, the writer proceeds to knock him down by pointing out that many Canadian land-owners have become poorer in recent years, and, he proceeds to tell us, "brewers and distillers are growing wealthy, are buying landed property." Why do they buy it, may I ask? Plainly because they believe it to be the best investment they can make.

Take, again, this sentence. "Rent is not paid simply for the use of land. It is paid partly for the use of buildings, partly for the advantages of improvements, and only partly for the value of land pure and simple as a producing agent." This, calculated to produce the utterly false impression that Single-Taxers wish the State to take all rent, is inexcusable from one who professes acquaintance with the works of Henry George.

Curiously enough, the paragraph immediately following the sentence, or rather part of a sentence, just quoted, concedes the whole case to the Single-Tax men. It states that, were it possible to determine

just what proportion of rent is due to land value pure and simple, "there might be a reasonable claim that the State, the people as a whole, should receive that amount in revenue." Just so. Single-Taxers say that ground rent in cities, and the rental value of land "pure and simple"—that is, land irrespective of improvements—outside of cities, can be much more easily ascertained than the value of many things now subject to taxation, and all they ask is, that this rent be taken by the State, and that all other taxes—or, more properly, all taxes, be abolished.

"Single Tax" is acknowledged to be a misnomer. The theory is, that all taxes are unnecessary and unjust. Take, for illustration, a tract of land lying out in the wilderness. It affords a squatter a living, but it has no other value, nor does it entail any charge upon anyone. After a time men come in hundreds and thousands, and we have a city. Two things are created. One of them is land value. Men are willing to pay a certain rent for land upon which to build their houses and stores. Plainly this is not created by any individual. It is created by the presence of the community. The other thing so created is the necessity for government expenditure. Streets, lighting, water, police, etc., have to be provided for. The community must pay for these. You have then a value, or fund, created by the community, by the people as a whole, and you have an expenditure the necessity for which is also created by the community, by the people as a whole. Single-Taxers say that, until this common fund is exhausted, you have no right to touch one cent of any value created by the individual, for the discharge of the debts of the community.

Roughly, that is the basis of the theory. Let us follow the matter up a little. Suppose our city governed by present methods, and you have a buying up of, and holding on to, the lots into which the town-site is divided. Result, the poorer people must get back to the outskirts in order to find homes within their means. So we have a population which could live quite healthily and comfortably on one square mile of land, scattered over five. Streets, light, water, police, for five miles instead of for one. Largely increased expenditure, largely decreased efficiency. Individuals burdened by taxation, public services hampered for want of revenue—waste, inefficiency, a host of evils, while the fund created by the community, and rightly belonging to it, and which would be ample to furnish public services and public conveniences of the very highest order, is diverted into private pockets.

Single-Taxers start from the proposition that the Creator has stored the earth with resources ample for the support of all who inhabit it and of millions more; and that the people living upon the earth have a life interest (and no more) in these resources. Allow every man, they say, to use his right—to enjoy freely his life interest in these natural opportunities or natural resources—and you banish involuntary poverty. The shiftless and the dissolute would still have to be dealt with, the mentally or physically incapable would still have to be cared for; but we should no longer have millions able and eager to work and yet hovering always on the brink of starvation.

But, you say, in a highly organized society, men cannot go, each for himself, to field and forest and river and sea, for the supply of their wants. True; and further, without fixity of tenure, civilization would be arrested. The Single-Taxer admits all this, but he says that the difficulty is easily overcome by requiring each one who is using a "natural opportunity"—which, by the way, is what a Single-Taxer means when he speaks of "land"—to pay a fair rent to the State, the whole body of the people, for such use; and so long as he pays that rent let him be undisturbed in his possession.

This rent providing an ample revenue, all taxation would be abolished; government

would be greatly simplified, and many causes of corruption removed. The government of the country would find itself in a position to assume the ownership of transportation services, the governments of municipalities could undertake the lighting and water services, and these things would be conducted for the benefit of the people as a whole. Large individual accumulations of wealth would be impossible; but grinding toil for a bare livelihood would no longer be necessary. Thus—without removing healthy incentives to individual exertion—would be taken away the two sharp spurs, the ambition for great wealth and the fear of want, which goad men on in the mad scramble for the "almighty dollar." Men would have time then for the cultivation of their spiritual, moral, and intellectual nature. To my mind, this is essentially a religious question. No man can deny the abundance of the provision made by Him who openeth His hand and satisfieth "the desire of every living thing"; who "maketh His sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." Shall we then be silent while the greed of the few, in the name of law, turns aside from the many the bounties of the Father? Shall the Church turn a deaf ear to the cry that is raised against this chartered wrong, or meet it with a smirking recital of charitable doles, or cold sermonettes about spiritual sonship and wholesome poverty? If it does, surely it should not wonder if many are ready to say with Romola, "If of such be the Kingdom of Heaven, let me and let those I love stand outside of it."

R. A. DIX.

THE BICYCLE ON SUNDAY.

The bicycle can no longer be viewed as a "craze." It is now recognized as one of the necessities of our swiftly-moving age. We rejoice to learn of the many blessings that are following in its train. It is diverting the youth of our land from the theatre and from morally unhealthy "sports" of various forms. Very remarkable also has been the decrease in the sale of tobacco and intoxicants. Every friend of youth rejoices in these results of the extensive use of the bicycle. But the bicycle can be made a means of evil as well as of good, and unfortunately one of the evils is causing much anxiety to many who are seeking the highest welfare of the youth of our land. We refer to the increasing prevalence of bicycling on Sunday. The use of the wheel to attend church, or to aid in the discharge of Christian duty, no one will raise serious objections to; but the misuse of it as a source of pleasure or selfish gratification, is nothing less than Sabbath desecration in one of its most seductive forms. Thousands of young people—and older people, too, alas!—are seen spinning along with their faces toward the parks or the country, from morning till night, all bent on pleasure-seeking. The Law of God is ignored, His house is forgotten and His holy day is turned into a holiday. Here is an opportunity for Christian Endeavorers to exert a strong influence for good. It would be better not to use the bicycle at all, even to attend church, than to give countenance to desecration of the Lord's day. This will afford a splendid opportunity of declaring your allegiance to Christ, and of exhibiting the spirit of self-denial for His sake. Such self-sacrifice will not be without its reward. "If thou turn away thy foot from the Sabbath, from doing thy pleasure on My holy day; and call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable; and shalt honor Him, not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words: then shalt thou delight thyself in the Lord; and I will cause thee to ride upon the high places of the earth, and feed thee with the heritage of Jacob thy father; for the month of the Lord hath spoken it."—*Christian Endeavor Herald*.

Teacher and Scholar.

BY REV. A. J. MARTIN, TORONTO.

Sept. 11, 1896. { DAVID'S GRATITUDE TO GOD. } 2 Sam. xxii. 40-51.

GOLDEN TEXT—2 Sam. xxii. 2.

MEMORY VERSES.—17-50.

CATECHISM—Q. 73, 80.

HOME READINGS.—M. 2 Sam. xxii. 1-25. T. 2 Sam. xxii. 26-51. W. 1 Kings ii. 1-11. Th. 2 Sam. xxiii. 1-7. F. 1 Chron. xxix. 1-9. S. 1 Chron. xxix. 10-19. Sab. 1 Chron. xxix. 20-30.

This week we study the last of our series of lessons from the life of David. Throughout we have found him a man with a single purpose. Jehovah must be magnified, and His worship established in Israel, both for the sake of His glory, and for Israel's lasting security. More than once we have found things wholly inconsistent with such an aim, yet we must not judge of David from the few spots which marred the brightness of his godly career, but from the true light which shines from that career as a whole. Though the words we study this week were probably written about the middle of David's public life, yet perhaps none are better fitted to give us a view of David in proper perspective, and therefore most appropriately may they be taken as a closing study. Let us glance briefly at the *Victories Recorded* and the *Victor Acknowledged*.

I. *Victories Recorded*.—David's life as king had been one long-continued warfare, so that because he was a man with blood-stained hands, he was excluded from building God's house. Here David recounts, in general terms, the dangers which have beset him, and the victories he has achieved. First of all, from his enemies among the nations around him God has given deliverance. For them there was no deliverance, for there was no Jehovah to whom they could look. Therefore these enemies met with utter destruction, were beaten "small as the dust of the earth," and were as the "mire of the street" under their conquerors' feet. Then there were dangers from within the kingdom itself; from the strivings of his own people God gave David deliverance. Clearly, it seems to me, David recognized the fact that he was kept by God, and given these victories because he had a mission to perform. David recognized that Israel, as a nation, was intended by God to be the light-bearer unto the Gentiles. Therefore God had kept him "head of the heathen," and he looked for a time when nations he knew not should serve him, when strangers should obey as soon as they heard, or else should flee away to hide from his face. Nor was it to him personally that this submission should be made, but to him as the leader of God's chosen people, the head of God's Kingdom.

II. *The Victor Acknowledged*.—David did not take the glory of these victories, either past or anticipated, to himself. "The Lord liveth" was his watchword. The Lord who was his rock—his sure stronghold—the rock of his salvation. God was his avenger, God the subduer of people under him, God that gave him the victory, and lifted him up above his enemies round about him. It is this humble heart-felt acknowledgment of God as the victor, which shows us that David regarded himself as the typical representative of the leader of God's hosts. What God did for David He had not done simply for David's sake, but for the sake of the cause which David represented—the Kingdom of God upon earth. Therefore David concluded this psalm of acknowledgment with a renewal of consecration. "I will give thanks," "I will sing praises" among the heathen is a pledge of self-surrender, as well as a faith breathing of victory. In the very last words comes out distinctly the thought we have been trying to develop. In the mention made of "his seed for evermore," we see clearly the keynote of the whole psalm. David's enemies were the enemies of God's cause, his victories were victories for God's cause, his anticipations of widespread, nay universal, triumph were of the triumph of the "seed," to whom the promise had been given. This will help us to a practical application of the lesson. First, to the cause of Christ in the world to day. The pages of history tell us of the marvellous preservation of God's Church from her enemies, of their utter destruction, as enemies, before her. They tell us of that Church torn by dissensions within, yet kept and made victorious. What God has done is but an earnest of His readiness to fulfil the promises made to the eternal "seed," that He will "give Him the heathen for His inheritance and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession." What should be the effect of these things upon us? Just the effect which David's victories had upon him. They should lead us to lean more unreservedly upon God. He will give us the victory and He is the rock of our salvation. Or, we may apply the lesson to the struggle which each Christian finds himself called upon to face. Attacks from the enemy without, and strivings from the lusts within. Yet to every child of God there has come deliverance in some measure. Let us recognize God as the author of our victories, let us take courage in these earnestness of the complete victory promised us, and, above all, while we strive for this victory, let us do it in the strength of the Lord and for the glory of His name.

## Pastor and People.

### WALK WITH GOD.

And this is mine, the joy of knowing Je-u,  
And walking in the sunlight of His smile,  
Mine is the peace that floweth like a river,  
Deeper and broader growing all the while.

No more a transient guest my Saviour cometh,  
To bless me but awhile and then depart,  
But with me now He evermore abideth,  
A-d with His own glad presence fills my heart.

Sometimes when busy with my daily labor  
Yet thinking of the mighty love He bore,  
Some precious promise unto me He giveth,  
Oft read perhaps, but never mine before.

Content I walk in paths of His own choosing,  
Since He will hold my hand along the way,  
Content to know that I am journeying homeward,  
And brighter grows the pilgrim's path each day.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

### THE OPENHANDEDNESS OF GOD.

BY REV. W. G. JORDAN, B.A.

"He looks abroad into the varied field  
Of nature, and though poor perhaps, compared  
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,  
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.  
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,  
And the re-plendent rivers: his to enjoy  
With a propriety that none can feel,  
But who with filial confidence inspired  
Can lift to heaven an unpretentious eye  
And smiling say, My Father made them all."  
—Cooper.

The Church is in danger of being too much shut up. Our religion easily becomes a thing of the cloister. It is well for many reasons to bring the world of nature into the house of worship. Our religion will lose some of its stiffness, narrowness and conventionality, in so far as we realize that the whole world belongs to God, and to the godly man. The Bible will help us in this respect because it is a big, broad book. The Hebrew religion was not confined to synagogue or temple; it recognized clearly and beautifully the universal presence of God. The wine, corn and oil upon which the bodily life and comfort of men depended were regarded as special gifts for which the whole nation ought to give thanks. The Christian religion was cradled in the open air, the first disciples had their church by the hill-side or on the lone shore. The parables of our Lord drew their illustrations not from books, but from the varied life of the natural world; they speak of the sower and the seed, the lilies and the sparrows, the sunshine and the storms.

The Psalms are religious in the deepest sense, but they are not conventional or sectarian; they deal with the great things of life and God. The eighth Psalm says of man's place in nature "a little lower than the angels," the nineteenth declares the glory of God as set forth in the splendour of the starry sky, the hundred and fourth Psalm is a glorious hymn of creation in which the life of day and night is pictured with many sweet, simple touches. These songs were not written in the first place to teach the doctrines of religion, they are addressed to God, not to man. They are the voice of humanity in its highest mood rising up to the throne of God. These inspired poems avoid the two extremes into which religious poetry is apt to fall—polytheism and pantheism.

The Greeks and Romans sang their hymns to Bacchus, the god of wine, Ceres, the goddess of corn, and to many other deities which were supposed to dwell in groves and fountains, on the cloud capped mountains, or in caverns underneath the sea. This poetry was very beautiful, there was a rich, sensuous attraction about it, but at the same time it was often coarse and impure. From such a confused mixture of gods, small and great, there could be no true inspiration, and little help for weary, stricken souls.

Many modern songs about "Nature" are thin and vague. They sing the praise of "the weighty whole" and speak of ever present subtle forces, but there is in them no sense of God the Father who pities His wayward children. Such songs, rich in high-

sounding words and splendid phrases, have no food for the hungry heart. The "songs of Zion" bring to us a living, personal God, who sendeth rain and scattereth hoar frost like ashes, who maketh His angels spirits and His ministers a flame of fire, who maketh the waters run among the hills so that the valleys are covered over with corn, and "who openeth His hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing."

This meditation reminds us that God in nature, providence and grace is One. The same God manifests Himself in the majestic sun and the tiny flower, in the movements of great nations, and in the experience of the individual soul. The highest manifestation is in Jesus Christ, and the cross is the source of heaven's richest blessing. Science has made the old pagan beliefs impossible for intelligent men, but it has illustrated with all its greatest discoveries the unity of God. The keenest thought and the simplest devotion may meet in the faith that there is "one God and one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus."

How appropriate, then, to the present season of the year is the thought that God is openhanded. The clenched fist holding fast what it has grasped is a picture of greed; the open hand is a symbol of the large-hearted generosity which scatters its blessings freely. There is both truth and beauty in such an expression. This is a song of faith, not a cry of doubt or a murmur of criticism. The man who wrote it knew the difficulties that perplex us. He knew full well that men must sow if they would reap, he knew that storms sometimes came with destructive violence, or that grasshoppers passed over the land in devouring hosts; that robbers carried off the hard-earned harvest, or unjust laws deprived the poor man of his reward. Still he could acknowledge the generosity of God. When he sees the fruits and flowers given in such plenty and in dazzling beauty, he does not speak of them as chance, but declares, "Thou openest Thine hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing."

In this land there is great cause for gratitude. If some places have suffered from excessive heat and drought, if to some the grasshopper has been a burden, and storms have done a little damage, yet how much there is to stimulate the thankfulness of the thoughtful mind. "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad." He does not stint us. He who feeds the birds and clothes the flowers has dealt generously with us. How easy this is for God; as easy for Him to feed a world as for a man to open his hand. It is a very hard thing for some men to open the hand; they cannot part willingly with anything they possess. They say "my land," "my money," "my fruits," and do not realize how much they owe to God, or what are the claims of their fellow men. Such men are not open-hearted or openhanded. But God is love, generosity is of the essence of His nature, He simply opens His hand and out of it flow great blessings. The silent shining of the sun, the gentle descent of the rain, the budding of the trees, the upspringing of the flowers, this is the opening of God's hand.

The great world, the limitless universe, is a constant testimony to the generosity of God. Even this small earth on which we tread is rich with life; it is full of living things, small and great; the very dust teems with life, the sea swarms with countless creatures, the forests are the dwelling places of wild animals, the birds lodge in the branches of the trees. Surely God has created a great family, and it is wonderful how this great family is fed from day to day. This is the secret, "Thou openest Thine hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing."

There has been so much said of late about "the struggle for life," that we are in danger of forgetting the healthy satisfaction that there is in the world of nature. We see the birds and beast enjoying their life. They have no perplexities, no unbelief; they are satisfied with their food, and delight to

display their energy. The fresh water, the pure air, the sweet grass is pleasant to them. It is good sometimes to see the calm content of the beasts that graze in the fields, or the playfulness of the young ones that gambol on the plains. Such simple sights enable us to say with deeper feeling, "Thou openest Thine hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing."

Can we not see the generosity of God in our own life? He might have made it very different; He might have kept us on prison fare. If the world gave merely what was needed to keep us alive here, it would be a poor bare world. But how rich it is! how full of beauties and revelations! And rich as it is, it will not meet all our need, we must still wait the opening of God's hand for higher blessings. If while we give thanks for common mercies, for daily bread and daily blessing, for the beauty of earth and sky as well as for its fruitfulness; if when we thus enter into the "joy of harvest" there comes into our heart a feeling that even all this world cannot meet our deep undying hunger, that

"Tis life whereof our works are scant,  
Oh, life not death for which we pant:  
More life and fuller, that I want."

Then shall not God show Himself generous to our greater needs? The cross of Christ is the answer to this question. It is through our faith in Jesus Christ, "the first fruits of them that sleep," that these words receive for us the high eternal meaning, "Thou openest Thine hand and satisfieth the desire of every living thing."

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

### SCRIPTURE TEXTS ILLUSTRATED.

REV. J. A. M'KEEN, B.A.

"He that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."—John vi. 35.

The Venus of Milo is a marvel in stone, mutilated but still beautiful. When I first saw this piece of statuary I could not help associating with it an incident in the life of Heinrich Heine. It was in those last sad years of his life, and the last time he was able to visit the Louvre, he found the place in the palace that is sacred to the Venus of Milo. In extreme physical exhaustion he fell fainting upon the floor, and there, as he says, wept till the cold stones of the pedestal must have pitied him, and he stretched out his hands to the Lady of Milo imploring her for help, "but alas," said he, "she had no arms to extend."

Some of the ideals of our day give us no more than the sense of beauty. They refine and elevate but they do not make for righteousness. There may be the satisfying of æsthetic taste in the deification of culture but there is in it no pity for the sinking soul, no succour for the sinking sinner. It is as unsympathetic and as helpless as the cold stones of the armless statue.

Why will men hide their faces from Christ. He is the living, sympathizing Saviour, who says, "He that cometh to me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on me shall never thirst."

"Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts  
Thou fount of life, Thou light of men;  
From the best bliss that earth imparts  
We turn unfilled to Thee again."

Orono.

### THE JEWISH MOTHER.

As an instance of heroic faith and resignation, nothing could be more beautiful than the story of the heroic, wise-hearted Jewish mother who lost her two sons during the absence of her husband, Rabbi Meir. When the Rabbi returned to his home, ignorant of the calamity which had befallen him, he was met on the threshold by his wife. "My husband," she said, gravely and calmly, "a great Lord once lent me two precious jewels, begging me to keep them for Him until He should reclaim them. In your absence He has sent for them; so I gave them up fearlessly. Will you not say that I did well?" "Well, in truth," answered the Rabbi quickly, but without guessing what she meant, "what would you do otherwise?"

Then the mother, full of faith, led her wandering husband into an inner chamber, where her sons lay in the sleep of death, and said, "See our reclaimed jewels! The great Lord has taken them. We cannot murmur for they were His own."

### A WEAK POINT.

We Presbyterians are chargeable with a want of zeal for our own denominational principles. Some of us are so anxious to avoid the imputation of bigotry, that we suppress every manifestation of attachment to our distinctive views and institutions. Our lay members are not easily recognized as a society by any sectarian peculiarities. A pronounced Churchman, or Methodist, or Baptist lets every one know where he stands; but a Presbyterian is comparatively reticent on topics that would indicate his ecclesiastical connection.

We think this is all wrong, not because we like the sectarian spirit, but because we desire its extinction. Presbyterianism is an approximation of Reformers towards the embodiment of Scriptural Christianity. So far as it is successful, it is Catholic, and presents a basis for unity. We hold that in doctrine, worship, and polity, we are always making an effort to conform to the Scriptural standard. Brethren of other denominations will only help our cause if they can point out wherein we have failed to do so.

A Church engaged in this effort to represent true Christianity before the world, ought not to be lukewarm in its zeal, or timid in the profession of its principles. It is much to be deplored, therefore, that so many of our members take pains to hide the blue badge under which they are enrolled. One reason for this defect is the impression often made upon them by charges against their Church by sectarian prejudice. Some rival bodies deny her ministry, some pronounce her sacraments invalid, and others denounce her doctrines as harsh and intolerable.

A due knowledge of the Bible ought to teach us that all these accusations originate in neglect of its authority. Any one familiar with the word of God must know that the "hard doctrines" imputed to us are much milder than the express language of inspiration. The validity of our sacraments cannot be impugned by citing any explicit directions that we violate. The burden of proof devolves upon those who charge us with unscriptural usage. And, in regard to our ministry, that our ordination is void for want of apostolical succession, is nothing but a sheer assumption dictated from Rome.

Too many of our members are in the dark on these points. They are familiar with the accusations, but not posted upon the Scriptural defence. Hence, in popular circles, they cultivate a timid backwardness, as if their system were only defensible by learned casuists. They seem to feel that the maintenance of our principles would be equivalent to an aggression upon others. It is a great mistake. In neither of the points referred to does Presbyterianism impugne the validity of other denominational institutions. We recognize a member of the sister denominations as evangelical and validly organized. A Presbyterian, therefore, who defends his Church and her principles does so on the most liberal and Catholic grounds. There is no arrogance or bigotry in it. It is decent squabbling over the word of God against our taste. But the private members of the Church ought to bring all their disputations to that touchstone, if they argue at all.

This is the thing which I know—also, which if you labor faithfully you shall know also,—that in Reverence is the chief joy and power of life; reverence for what is pure and bright in your own youth; for what is true and tried in the age of others; for that which is gracious among the living, great among the dead, and marvellous in the Powers that cannot die.—Ruskin.

Missionary World.

A WONDERFUL STORY FROM UGANDA.

Mr. Pilkington thus summarises the position in Uganda:—"One hundred thousand souls brought into close contact with the gospel, half of them able to read for themselves; two hundred buildings raised by native Christians in which to worship God and read His Word; two hundred evangelists and teachers entirely supported by the native church; ten thousand copies of the New Testament in circulation; six thousand souls eagerly seeking daily instruction; statistics of baptism, confirmation, adherents, teachers, more than doubling yearly for the last six or seven years; the power of God shown in changed lives,—all this in the centre of the thickest spiritual darkness in the world." No less than 2921 adults were baptized during last year, besides six hundred children of Christian parents; and Bishop Tucker within three months of his arrival had confirmed 1,200 converts.

The work is spreading not only through the provinces, but beyond the bounds of Uganda proper. Busoga is gradually opening to the gospel, though the principal chiefs have for the most part opposed it. Toro, beyond the western boundaries of Uganda, near the Ruwenzori Mountains and the Albert Lake, though it has never yet been visited by a European missionary, has congregations meeting in two churches. Koki, also beyond the borders of Uganda to the south-west, was visited by Mr. Fisher in June, 1895. He found that of the 80 great chiefs in the country, four professed to be Romanists, and the other 76 called themselves Protestants; of the latter 24 could read a Gospel, and 12 were learning to read. Mr. Pilkington, in a statesmanlike paper in the *Intelligencer* for May, propounds a scheme by which the whole country within a radius of two hundred miles from Mengo might be evangelized in the next three years by bands of African evangelists directed by European missionaries.

THE PROTESTANT SOCIETIES OF FRANCE.

*Evangelical Christendom* supplies some notes of the annual meetings of the Protestant societies of France. We give a few of the leading features. The *Societe Centrale d'Evangelisation* supports 140 agents, has 300 places of worship, and visits 195 localities. It records the conversion of 387 Catholics, and the opening of four new stations during the year. The *Mission Interieure* has been at work for a quarter of a century. It conducts evangelistic meetings in different districts, leaving to the care of the nearest churches those gathered in. This work is being prosecuted with revived activity. The McAll Mission still holds on its way. Though several stations have had to be abandoned for lack of funds, there has been much success. In particular, the work done by the Mission Boat on the Oise, the progress of temperance work, and the steady ingathering of converts from Catholicism give cause for thanksgiving. The *Societe de Missions de France* has enjoyed financial prosperity, all the expenditure having been met. The operations of the Society in Africa and Tahiti are extending, and much blessing has been received. Other agencies in France are carrying on their work with success in a noble spirit of self-sacrifice, and with great hopefulness. In all directions the outlook is bright.

The annual reports from Livingstonia all tell of spiritual blessing and educational extension. The British and Foreign Bible Society have granted 100 Zulu Bibles to the Ngomi part of the mission. And here is a significant sentence:—"The people gladly pay 3s. 6d., or one month's wage, for each copy of the whole Bible."

NOTES.

A pathetic story that comes from China gives an illustration of how medical missions prepare the way for the advance of Christianity. A military graduate was successfully treated for a cataract at the mission hospital in Hankow. As he returned to his home, forty-eight other blind men gathered about him, and begged him to lead them to the wonderful foreign doctor. So this strange procession of blind men, each holding on to the other's rope, walked for 250 miles to Hankow, and nearly all were cured. One, who could not be cured, received while in the hospital the better gifts of spiritual healing.

The uniform testimony of missionaries and travellers who take the trouble to look into missionary matters, is that the reception of the gospel into the hearts of the heathen makes a decided change in the expression of their faces. The well-known traveller, Mrs. Isabella Bird Bishop, writing about some Korean converts, says: "As I looked into those lighted faces, so different from the ordinary apathy of the Korean expression, and on some now washed and sanctified, whom, I had been told, were among the vilest of men in that vilest of cities, I felt that the old gospel of love has lost none of its transforming grace, but that it is still the power of God unto salvation to everyone that believeth."

An affecting incident connected with the massacre at Oorfa was that of a mother, in whose presence her two sons were caught by the mob, while men with drawn swords, ready to cut them down, demanded of the young men that they should accept the Moslem faith. But the mother called out to them, "Die, but don't deny the Lord." They stood firm, and were immediately cut down. An illustration of the thoroughness of the massacre is furnished in the town of Sevelek, in Central Turkey, where there were recently three of the original members of the Protestant community formed forty years ago. Two of these became martyrs, one while praying on his housetop. The third denied his faith in order to save his life. It is said that every minister and priest in the place sealed his faith with his blood, excepting one Catholic priest who saved his life by flight.

Medical missionaries are divided as to the wisdom of attempting to make the medical missionary work self-supporting, some contending that the example of Christ and the purely unselfish character of the work should preclude the acceptance of any remuneration or requiring in any way payment for medical help; others contending that it is as desirable to make the medical work self-supporting as the evangelistic, and that the effects of gratuitous medical help in communities where the medical missionaries are known are as deleterious as the effects of other beneficence which is detached from any service or sacrifice on the part of the beneficiaries. Dr. Wachter, of Slam, in stating his position, probably expresses the view of the majority of the medical missionaries. He says: "Any case of emergency brought to me is treated and the question of pay is not brought up by me until the patient is about ready to leave. Then he may pay me the sum I ask or may not pay at all, or pay more: all this has happened. Children and old people as a rule receive treatment at half rates or without any charge. I have never yet charged any patient as much as a native doctor would charge. And I am convinced that the people are more able to pay the medical missionary's bill than the people at home are able to pay their doctor's bills. This fact is important in its bearing on the self-support of our churches. If medicines and treatment are free, how can we expect the Christians to pay for the preaching they get? The amount of money wasted in gambling and drinking is astonishing. A man who lives from hand to mouth may lose ten to fifteen francs in one evening. But it costs them so little to live that they don't mind it."

Young People's Societies.

CONDUCTED BY A MEMBER OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY'S COMMITTEE.

PLEDGE EXPANDERS AND PLEDGE CONDENSERS

Some young people are pledge-condensers. They belong to the Doolittle family. They are good at packing. They can pack their Bible-reading into a verse, their daily prayer into two sentences, their prayer-meeting participation into "Please sing No. 62," and "Want to reconsecrate myself," their committee work into attending one committee meeting and sending excuses from the rest. They are absent from two consecutive consecration meetings, but manage to get around regularly to the third. Their motto is not, "What I can do," but "What I cannot help doing." They are pledge-condensers.

Then there are other young people that are pledge expanders. They read between the lines of the pledge, and get out of it everything that is in it—and there is a great deal. If obliged to be absent from any meeting, they send a message. They not only do what the chairman of their committee tells them to, but they hunt up side-jobs of their own. They actually think of the subject of the prayer-meeting all the week. They do not jump at the first thought upon it that occurs to them, and glad to get that but they think up a great many thoughts, and carefully choose for the meeting only the very best. Their daily Bible-reading is a regular and thorough course of study in the Book of books. Their daily prayer—twice a day, by the way, with many times in between—is a long, earnest talk with their Father. Their motto is "How much." They belong to the great Goodmeasure family, who came over with William the Conqueror, and have been conquering ever since.

And now, dear Endeavorer, are you a pledge-condenser or a pledge-expander? Honor bright, now!—*Golden Rule.*

A CALL FOR HEROES.

When Garibaldi met some of his veterans and asked them to enlist for another campaign they asked him, "What will you give us if we follow you?" Knowing the kind of men he had to deal with, he answered, as their eyes met, "Marches, wounds, hunger, deaths—and victory." They returned his gaze a moment, and then they flung their Neapolitan caps into the air, and cried, "We are your men; we are your men." All the world knows how they followed him.

So our great Leader comes to us, asking us to be ready to forsake all and follow Him, to dare to do right, and to suffer for it, saying, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," to take our stand with Him who was reviled and spat upon and crucified; and thus with a call, not to ease and luxury, He makes His appeal to the heroic within us, asking us, "Are ye able to drink of My cup, and to be baptized with My baptism?"—*Prof. W. W. Andrews.*

A CURE FOR INERTIA.

A society that lacks vigor and usefulness can well revive its members by finding some definite work to do. *The Endeavor Herald* tells of one such society which was probably saved from dissolution by undertaking to decorate the church for a denominational gathering and a pastoral induction, and by assisting to receive the guests. Incidentally, this brought the young folks into much more cordial relations with the church authorities.

Pliny the Younger said of his faithful wife, "She is in love with the immortal part of me." So was Jacob in love with Rachel. No man has any right before God to offer himself to a woman he does not love; and no woman ought to accept the proposal of any man who does not give unmistakable proof that he loves not merely her appearance or attainments, or social position, but her—the immortal part of her.—*Rev. H. J. Taylor, in Christian Endeavor.*

OUR TONGUES FOR CHRIST.

REV. W. S. MITAVISH, B.D., DESERONTO.

Sept. 23—Prov. xv: 1, 2, 4-7, 10-14, 23-26, 28.

We hear a good deal about the coated tongue, the sharp tongue, the ready tongue, the sarcastic tongue and the bitter tongue, but we hear little about the consecrated tongue. But why should not the tongue be consecrated to the Master's service? The Biblical idea is that we should present our bodies living sacrifices to God (Rom. xii: 1); and that we should yield our members as instruments of righteousness unto God (Rom. vi: 13). But surely if the body is laid upon the altar of God, the tongue must go with it, and if the other members are to be instruments of righteousness, the tongue cannot be reserved. The tongue will probably be the last member to be brought into subjection to Christ, for there is no member more difficult to control.

It has been said that half of the sins of which men are guilty are sins of the tongue. If this be so, we should try hard to control this little member. We should resolve as the Psalmist did to keep our mouth with a bridle that we sin not with the tongue. It is stated on no less authority than that of Christ Himself that by our words we shall be justified, and by our words we shall be condemned. It is further stated by Elim that for every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. Since these things are so, and since the gift of speech is man's crowning distinction, we should see to it that this gift is rightly used, never abused.

A few years ago there was organized in England an association known as the "Speak No Evil Society." Its members were urged before speaking evil of any one to ask themselves three questions: Is it true? Is it kind? Is it necessary? A few Scripture texts bearing on evil speaking were printed at the foot of the membership card. We have not had the means of tracing the history of this society, but the probability is that it would never become a large body, for the gossips who form a large class in every community would not care to join it, or if they did become members, they would find the conditions so irksome that they would embrace the earliest opportunity of getting out of it. But these three questions we should ask ourselves whenever we are tempted to speak evil of anyone, and we should set our faces like a flint against the spreading of an evil report. We should heed the advice first given by the Psalmist and then reiterated long afterwards by the Apostle Peter, "Keep thy tongue from evil and thy lips from speaking guile" (Ps. xxxiv: 13; 1 Peter ii: 22).

The tongue which is truly consecrated to Christ will not be guilty of cursing, of swearing, of the irreverent quoting of Scripture, of tale-bearing, of slander, of idle gossip, of uncharitable statements, or of vulgarity. A truly consecrated tongue will help to lift conversation out of the rut. Dr. Stalker says, "It is a rare gift to be able to lift conversation out of the ditch and lead it to manly and profitable themes." What a pity! With the exception of a few mutes, everybody talks. It is pitiful indeed if all this talk must keep down in the ditch. The late Dr. John Lord, the brilliant historical writer, was of the opinion that men and women did not become great conversationalists until they were past middle life and had time to read and see almost everything. But is there any reason why this should be the case? It is very true that all are not equally endowed with the gift of language, yet if we paid more attention to the art of making conversation helpful, might we not attain our end? Cowper says:

"Though conversation in its better part  
May be esteemed a gift and not an art,  
Yet much depends as in the tiller's toil,  
In culture and the sowing of the soil."



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5 JORDAN STREET, TORONTO.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2ND, 1896.

AN interesting designation service of two lady missionaries, Miss Robb and Miss Weir, who are about to proceed to the foreign field, will be held in Bloor Street Church on Friday evening, and on Thursday evening a meeting will be held in St. James' Square Church, to bid farewell to Miss Pyke, who has been connected with that church, and whose designation for work in China, took place this week in Brantford.

OWING to the absence from their homes at this season of so many of our ministers, we have delayed the publication of the important overture brought before the last General Assembly by the Rev. R. G. McBeth, M.A., of Winnipeg, regarding greater unity and consistency in the policy of the Church in raising and allocating the Church's contributions to its different schemes. It will appear next week, and we bespeak for it the attention which its importance deserves.

PARENTS will notice in our advertising columns the opening of the different Ladies' Colleges in more or less close connection with our Church. These are "Brantford Presbyterian Ladies' College," "Presbyterian Ladies' College, Toronto," and "Coligny College, Ottawa." These all provide ample facilities for the education of young ladies, especially of those connected with our own Church, by competent instructors in the various subjects taught, surrounded as far as possible with the comforts of home life, and in all of them the pupils will be under those moral and religious influences, and receive that kind of religious instruction which the parents belonging to our Church naturally desire to secure for their daughters. All of them are doing good work, and we trust that they may all receive the patronage they deserve, and that the year they are entering upon may be marked in each case with abundant success.

THE approaching opening of Knox College, which will very soon be upon us, will be an occasion of more than ordinary interest because of the unwonted circumstance of the induction of two new professors, namely, Professor G. L. Robinson, to take the place left vacant by the late lamented Professor Thompson; and to take that of Rev. Dr. Gregg, happily still with us, the Rev. James Ballantyne, B.D. The college opening, which always brings a considerable number of ministers and others to witness and take part in the ceremony, it is expected, will this year be largely attended. In order to make provision for the expected larger attendance, the induction services will be held, not as usual in Convocation Hall, but in Bloor Street Church, which is convenient to the college and will furnish ample accommodation and enable all who may attend to be seated comfortably and to hear with ease.

IT is stated that the result of the last census taken in France shows a population of 38,228,969, being an increase of only 133,000 in five years, which is regarded as an ominous state of things. But it is most significant to note the light in which this small increase in France, as compared with Germany for instance, is viewed. It is in the light of the fighting power of the two people, and how far it will enable the one to keep down the other.

"France's population, it is remarked, is now inferior to that of the German Empire by some 14,000,000—the equivalent of more than 1,000,000 fighting men—and this, notwithstanding one Frenchman emigrates to quite six Germans who leave their native land. At the present rate another ten years will give Germany a superiority over France of quite 2,000,000 men capable of bearing arms—a practically fatal preponderance."

It indicates where the civilization of to-day stands, that the disparity between two neighboring nations should be viewed primarily in this light.

## TRAINING FOR LIFE WORK.

IN the last number of the *Nineteenth Century* is a very noticeable article by the Rev. Father Clarke, S. J., a Jesuit of twenty-five years' standing, on "The Training of a Jesuit." After a short introduction in which, in a general way, it is made to appear that the Society of Jesus is a most harmless and innocent organization, and that the hatred and opposition to it, which at different times have been shown in every country, and even within the bosom of the Papacy itself, has been due to fanaticism, misunderstanding and ignorance, he proceeds to enquire into the causes of its acknowledged success. After touching lightly on those which he calls the supernatural, he pauses to consider and set forth with some detail one cause especially, which, regarded from a purely natural point of view, he thinks largely accounts for it. This is the training which every Jesuit must undergo. It is a very striking account indeed, and if anything could succeed, because of the pains taken to secure success by a system of preparatory training, the Society of Jesus must succeed. We briefly sketch as a piece of interesting information for our readers what this training consists in, and then apply a special part of it to the preparation for the ministry of the gospel.

In the first place, great care is taken in the selection of fit subjects for the training, and for the character and work which, as Jesuits, will be expected of them. This being done, the approved candidate enters upon a novitiate of a trying kind, to test character and promote spirituality extending over two years. When this is finished he enters upon a course of intellectual cultivation which occupies from five to seven years. A third stage of equal length is spent in a college in teaching boys or taking part in what is called the "discipline." He then turns to spend three or four years in the study of theology, and in the last and finishing stage, he goes back to spend a year in the exercises of his novitiate which consists in performing the most menial offices of outdoor and indoor work, such as, "dusting, sweeping, washing up dishes and plates, laying the refectory for dinner, sometimes cleaning and scrubbing and other menial offices of the humblest description; or it may be chopping and sawing wood for fuel, sweeping up leaves, picking up leaves, weeding the flower beds or similar occupations, allotted them by a master." The whole course will occupy seventeen years or more, and when it is done the subject of this course of training will be a man of nearly forty. The course is exceedingly exacting and severe, a great part of the time being required to be spent in silence, as well as in study and work or exercise of some kind. The result of it is enabling the subject of it all to obtain the most absolute mastery of himself, the very effacement of self; and its object to secure prompt, absolutely unquestioning obedience to the commands of a superior, obedience not only of the will but even of the judgment, so that it will not even occur to it to ask "the reason why?"

The whole object of this training is in most respects so different from that for the gospel ministry, for example, as not to be at all applicable to it. It is almost wholly intellectual, and so far as the account before us goes, appears to repress if not to starve and obliterate the heart and affections, whose free play is indispensable to success in the Christian ministry. But the method pursued in a part of the Jesuit's course of training appears to us to be so admirably adapted to promote mental awaken-

ing and quickening, to make the mind swift and alert in its operations, and to secure on the intellectual side at least full and thorough equipment and knowledge, and is moreover so easy of adaptation to and employment in some subjects in our colleges in arts, and especially in our theological halls, as to make it worthy of serious attention with a view to this end.

We shall give the best idea of it by simply quoting the writer's own account and estimate of it: "Besides the lectures which are given in Latin, the students are summoned three times a week to take part in an *academical exercise*, which is one of the most valuable elements in the philosophical and theological training of the Society. It lasts one hour, during the first quarter of which one of the students has to give a synopsis of the last two lectures of the professor. After this two other students, previously appointed for the purpose, have to bring against the doctrine laid down any possible objection that they can find in books or invent for themselves. Modern books are ransacked for these objections, and the "objicients" do their best to hunt out difficulties, which may puzzle the exponent of the truth, who is called the "defendant." Locke, Hegel, Descartes, Malebranche, John Stuart Mill, Mansel, Sir William Hamilton, and other modern writers are valuable contributors for those who have to attack the Catholic doctrine. Everything has to be brought forward in syllogistic form, and answered in the same way. The professor, who, of course, presides at these contests, at once checks any one who departs from this necessary form and wanders off into mere desultory talk. This system of testing the soundness of the doctrine taught, continued as it is throughout the theological studies which come at a later period of the young Jesuit's career, provides those who pass through it with a complete defence against difficulties, which otherwise are likely to puzzle the Catholic controversialist. It is a splendid means of sifting out truth from falsehood. Many of those who take part in it are men of ability and experience and who have made a special study of the subjects discussed and are well versed in the objections which can be urged against the Catholic teaching. Such men conduct their attack not as a mere matter of form, but with the vigor and ingenuity of practised disputants, and do their best to puzzle the unfortunate defendant with difficulties, the answer to which is by no means simple or obvious at first sight. . . . So far from any check being put on the liberty of the students, they are encouraged to press home every sort of objection, however searching and fundamental, however blasphemous and profane that can be raised to the Catholic doctrine. In every class are to be found men who are not to be put off with an evasion, and a professor who was to attempt to substitute authority for reason would very soon find out his mistake. . . . Every one has full freedom to ask of the professor any question he pleases on the matter in hand and may require of him an explanation of any point in which he is not satisfied. It is needless to say that full advantage is taken of this privilege, and the poor professor has often to submit to a very lively and searching interrogatory. Any fallacy or imperfection on his part is very speedily brought to light by the raking fire he has to undergo, and while all respect is shown to him in the process, he must be well armed if he is to win the confidence of the class by his answers."

The applicability and utility of this method of instruction to many subjects in arts, and in our theological schools is too obvious to need pointing out, and it is just as easy in the one case as the other. Its value as a means of mental quickening and discipline, as a stimulus to store the mind with full and exact knowledge, and as an aid in bringing it into ready use, is patent upon the surface. The difference in the training of a Jesuit in these respects, with what many students of our University College of a former day, whatever it may be now, will remember as the dull, inane, mechanic exercise of laboriously writing out "my notes," a practice some antiquated teachers still follow, is as great as that between night and day, or the clear shining of the sun and the feeble glimmer of a tallow dip. The training of a Jesuit is really education of the best possible kind; it is adapted to make full men, to call all the faculties into play and train in the use of them with the celerity and exactness of the skilled athlete or gladiator. Why should we not have more of it in our theological schools? It might be begun in some subjects early in the course and continued and extended as

it went on. It appears to be peculiarly suitable for post-graduate courses when the students are somewhat advanced in years and in mental discipline, and devoting themselves to special subjects under those who are supposed to be specialists. The battles which Christianity has to fight in these days with error and enemies of every kind are as sharp and severe as they ever were, they need men as well up, as well equipped, and as skilful in the defence of truth as in any previous age, and the professors and teachers in Protestant and Presbyterian schools and colleges should not hesitate to take a hint and learn from any quarter, and adopt those methods which will best fit the friends of truth and revealed religion to defend them against all comers, however well equipped they may be and from whatever quarter the attack may be made.

### WHY SUNDAY STREET CARS?

IN addition to the argument, "for the sake of the poor man," so plausibly urged, and we have no doubt honestly by very many, there is that other, "to afford an opportunity of having some rational pleasure on Sunday, to relieve the intolerable dullness of Toronto's Sabbath, which makes it shunned as if it were a 'pesthouse' by enterprising commercial travellers and others who go to Hamilton, or Buffalo and elsewhere; anywhere, anywhere out of Toronto." What is a pleasure may be a subject of debate, and what to one would be a Sunday of pleasure would to another be insupportably dreary. We use the word here as it is commonly understood in connection with the Sunday Street Car agitation—a day of rushing out to parks and cemeteries and rushing back again, of amusements and games, of feasting and providing means for it of various kinds.

Many who advocate street cars ask and expect only a limited service, but others take a quite different view. "If a partial service would be good," they say, "a full service would be better; if it would be good for one part of the day why not for all? if good for the central parts of the city it is still more needed for the suburbs." And there is force in this latter view.

If once begun the tendency will most likely be to extend until there will be no difference in our street car service on Sabbath from any other day. That has been the course of the movement elsewhere, in the United States for example, and our proximity to them makes us especially liable to be influenced by their example. On this point the testimony of experience is of more value than any amount of argument, and here is that of the Rev. Dr. Hershey, of Boston, as given very lately in Cooke's Church in this city:

"Sunday cars meant Sunday amusements, and Sunday amusements meant that the Lord's day would become a play day. Sunday cars first, then Sunday excursions, next the Sunday theatre, followed by the Sunday saloon. That was the historical order, the logical order. That was the way things went in Boston, after the introduction of Sunday street cars. If two hundred cars were run in Toronto one Sunday two Sundays afterwards five hundred would be required to accommodate the excursionists. Then, when the fall and winter time came the class of people who had largely patronized the Sunday car excursions in the summer would demand amusements in the city. In five weeks after the introduction of the Sunday car service Toronto would have a Sabbath like that of Boston."

Things may not follow precisely in this order or rush just so fast, but it indicates truly what we believe to be the tendency, and what will be the result of Sunday cars in the end. An incidental but powerful argument against throwing our Sabbath open for a day of amusement has just come to hand. It is found in the second report of the Select Committee of the House of Lords on Sunday Observance, which has just been published. It contains a memorial signed by 734 members of the dramatic and musical professions, expressing the hope that the law prohibiting opening places of amusement for pay on Sundays will be upheld in order to protect half a million persons against Sunday labor. The experience of Western cities of the United States is quoted as evidence in support of upholding the law.

It is argued by many that if we have a limited service we do not need to have a Continental Sunday or one such as is to be seen in many of the large cities in the States. Very few, we should hope, want this, but the irrepressible tendency of the movement should not be lost sight of, and it is so strongly in that direction as inevitably to land us where they now are. We can be stopped short of that only by supposing that we are proof against the arguments, inducements and temptations which have led them on from bad to worse. Assuredly

we have no such superfluous amount of civic virtue to plume ourselves upon that we can be assured of indemnity from the failings by which other cities have deteriorated in Sabbath observance, and when once the downward course is entered upon the descent becomes easy and rapid. A leading advocate of Sunday street cars in the city, glorified the Paris Sunday and openly declared this as the goal of his desires with any dissent from those who accompanied him to the City Council. His idea of Sabbath and what should be done to make Toronto attractive or even fit to live in, is to make it a day of gaiety and merry-making of all kinds, of which a Paris Sunday is the perfect type. This is what is wanted by many, and the citizens of Toronto will be asked to sanction the first step in a course of which this will be in time the end. This whole aspect of the case is so well discussed in a daily contemporary, the *Mail and Empire*, and expresses our view of the matter so well, that being free from the charge or even suspicion of narrowness on this subject for which religious journals are apt to be blamed, we quote a large part of it:

"A great many people who have spoken in favor of a Sunday car service do not wish for the Continental Sunday. They are moved by the argument as to convenience. Doubtless, also, some hold that a limited arrangement would be useful to numerous church-goers, and that it would not impose an inordinate amount of labor upon anybody. But it must not be forgotten that the Continental Sunday is the end at which certain leading advocates of the Sunday cars aim. This was admitted frankly by a member of the last Sunday car deputation that visited the City Hall. It is not the question of convenience, or of rapid transportation to the houses of sick friends and to church, or of fresh air for the workingman that prompts some of the advocates, but rather the desire to introduce in Toronto the Sunday as observed in Continental cities. The new situation must induce those who are indifferent equally with those who have viewed with favor the argument as to convenience, to think over the matter once again, and to determine seriously whether the Continental Sunday is really the thing that we want, or that we ought to have. Can we have the Continental Sunday without setting half the population of the city to work ministering to the pleasures of the other half? Is the convenience which the Sunday cars will furnish bought at too high a price when it is understood that the Continental Sunday is to be the ultimate goal? Will all workmen get fresh air and pleasure when so many people are required to follow their usual avocations on Sunday in order to provide these advantages? If the Sunday car demand holds good as a part and parcel of the Continental Sunday, then surely we ought to have, in order to be up to the mark, to make Toronto an attractive place for Americans, and to find pleasure for the workingman, the Sunday theatre. They have it in the United States and we know how much it contributes to the prosperity of the cities in which it prevails. We have to look at the question now, not as a mere street car question, but as a question confessedly involving a great deal more than a Sunday service."

This is the way in which the *Mail and Empire* looks at and judges this question, and we fancy that those who know best the spirit and real aims of the men most prominent in this movement, will agree that this is the proper light in which to regard it, and by which they should regulate their conduct in giving their vote when the time comes to give it.

### THE SATURDAY HALF-HOLIDAY.

THE Saturday half-holiday is in Toronto so well established by custom that it has become firmly imbedded in our industrial economy, more so, indeed, than it were the result of a statutory mandate. For, indeed, though a Parliamentary enactment might seek to compel an unwilling obedience, the Saturday half-holiday, as known amongst us, is based on a higher principle, that of a happy compact between employer and employed, written, not on paper, but on the willing hearts of the wage-payer and the wage-earner. And the great reason for its establishment and continuance is that the Sabbath is not with us a holiday, but a Holy Day, not a day of rest only, but a day of rest and of worship. Let the Sabbath-day become a day purely and simply for recreation and pleasure, and you at once put the axe to the root of the Saturday half-holiday. If the reason for its existence ceases the thing itself will soon cease to exist. This consideration has an important bearing on the Sunday Car Question. If the working men of the city by their votes help to overthrow Sabbath restfulness, let them well consider the effect on the Saturday half-holiday. If they pave the way for Sabbath pleasure to the full, why should the employer any longer accord them the Saturday half-holiday for their recreation? Working-men! we have a day of rest and worship now, and the half-holiday for recreation. Will you do anything to change this for one day which has as its chief end recreation? Let us hold what we have and not give way a foot, for if we lose any ground it will not be regained. Ask the Christian working men of New York and Chicago, and they will tell you what losing any ground has meant for them.

### Books and Magazines.

In *Woman's Work for Woman*, for September, Japan is the foreign mission field taken up and there are letters from India, Korea and China. The Home Department covers several subjects and a large territory. [*Woman's Work for Woman*, No. 156 5th Avenue, New York, U.S.]

No. 2721, Aug. 29th, of *Littell's Living Age* contains seven articles which are as follows: "Sir Edward Hamley," "The Ploughing of the Sunny Fields," "Rabel Levin and her Stories," "The Training of a Jesuit," "A Strange Episode in the Life of Major-General Sir James Browne," "Gustave Adolphus" and "Splendide Mendax." To supply these there are laid under contribution the *Quarterly Review*, *Cornhill*, *Blackwood's* and *Macmillan's* and *Nineteenth Century*. [Living Age Company, Boston, Mass.]

The frontispiece of the *Century* for September is a portrait of the late Harriet Beecher Stowe, and later on is followed by an interesting sketch of the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," with illustrations. "Midsummer in South Spain" passes in review many interesting localities and is fully illustrated. In the shape of stories are "An Open-Eyed Conspiracy, an Idyl of Saratoga," with illustrations; "Prisoners of Conscience, a story of Shetland," and "Sir George Tressady," continued. "The Life of Napoleon Bonaparte," by Sloane, still goes on. A very interesting and fully illustrated article is "Prehistoric Quadrupeds of the Rockies," by Professor Henry Fairfield Osborn. "The Gold Fields of Guiana" is a timely article, and "Glave's Journey to the Livingstone Tree" will be read with a pathetic interest. The bicycle has a place in *The Bicycle Outlook*. [The Century Company, New York, U.S.]

The Editor-in-Chief opens the *Missionary Review of the World* for September with an article on Christian Missions, "The Peculiar Enterprise of God." "The year 1896 in Japan," is a review of various matters in that interesting country by Rev. George William Knox, D.D., and by a Korean Christian we have "Confucianism in Korea." Biographical sketches are given of Dr. William Burns Thomson, and Rev. William John Mackenzie, of Korea. Other articles are "The Spiritual Outfit of the Medical Missionary," and "About Foreign Hospitals and Dispensaries." The International Department treats with considerable fulness of several important subjects, and other departments are full and varied. [Funk & Wagnalls Co., 30 Lafayette Place, New York, U.S.]

The *Methodist Magazine and Review* is always varied in its contents, readable and interesting. In the number for September there is one of a series of articles on Great Britain's Keys of Empire, viz., on "The Greater Britain of the Southern Seas." A paper on "Pioneer Life in New Guinea" gives a record of a remarkable adventure in that great island continent. "Deep Sea Missions" is on a subject of increasing interest. A fine study of "Dante," well illustrated, a brilliant paper on "Catherine of Siena," by Prof. Wallace, and W. T. Stead's character-study of Canon Butler, "A Modern Saint," are of intense interest, as are also Prof. Young's fascinating article on the "New Astronomy," and Dr. Lyman Abbott's somewhat radical paper on "The Treatment of the Criminal Classes." In lighter vein are "The Minus Sermon," by a Canadian writer, and the "Man Trap," and "Hiram Goll's Religion," by favorite authors. The departments of "Current Thought," "Popular Science," and "Book Reviews," are well maintained. [Rev. Wm. Briggs, Methodist Bookroom, Toronto.]

*Harper's Magazine* holds its time-honored and well-earned place among American magazines. That for September has as special features with numerous illustrations, "First in Peace," (Washington, 1783-1789,) by Woodrow Wilson. "The Art of Driving," "A Summer Among Cliff Dwellings," by T. Mitchell Prudden. "Old Silver," by Theodore S. Woolsey. "Among the Trees," "Musical Celebrities of Vienna." Mark Twain's novelette, "Tom Sawyer, Detective," will be completed, and with the September instalment eleven illustrations by A. B. Frost will be given. The concluding part of Langdon Elwyn Mitchell's "Two Mormons from Muddlety" will also appear, with illustrations by Gilbert Paul. "The Death of Espartero," a vivid account of a Spanish bull-fight. A striking example of successful surgery will be described under the title "Where had John Been?" by Helen H. Gardener. Three short stories will appear in the Number, "A Picture of Saint Cloud," "The Mortuary Chest," and "His Duty." Charles Dudley Warner, in "The Editor's Study" discusses our relations to Mars, and "The Editor's Drawer" contains a variety of humorous anecdotes and illustrations. [Harper Brothers, New York, U.S.]

The *Atlantic* for September contains two articles that have a timely bearing on the political situation, "The Problem of the West," by Professor Frederick J. Turner, of the University of Wisconsin. This very thoughtful and practical article is followed by "The Election of the President," by the historian, John B. McMaster. The story of the unparalleled success and effect of Uncle Tom's Cabin, is told by Charles Dudley Warner, and is followed by an article on "The Awakening of the Negro," by Booker T. Washington, who explains the revolutionary work done at Tuskegee, Alabama. The fiction in this number consists of the first third of Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin's novel, "Marm Lisa," the second instalment of Mrs. Catherwood's "The Spirit of an Illinois Town." Sarah Orme Jewett, the most successful portrayer of New England life, contributes further chapters of "The Country of the Pointed Firs." The conclusion of "Athenaise," Mrs. Chopin's delightful story of Creole life, with the next last instalment of Henry James's powerful novel, "The Old Things," complete the fiction. Bradford Torrey writes of "A Day's Drive in Three States." The life of girls in a New England factory village is the subject of a paper by Lillie B. Chace Wyman. A discriminating paper is "The Teaching of the Spirit of Literature," by W. P. Trent, Professor of Literature in the University of the South. "Comments on New Books," and "The Contributor's Club," complete the number. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, Mass., U.S.]

## The Family Circle.

### ISN'T IT WONDERFUL?

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,  
How the creeping grasses grow,  
High on the mountain's rocky brink,  
In the valleys down below?  
A common thing is a grass-blade small,  
Crushed by the feet that pass—  
But all the dwarfs and giants tall,  
Working till Doomsday-shadows fall,  
Can't make a blade of grass.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,  
How a little seed asleep,  
Out of the earth new life will drink,  
And carefully upward creep?  
A seed, we say, is a simple thing.  
The germ of a flower or weed—  
But all earth's w. kmen, labouring,  
With all the help that wealth could bring,  
Never could make a seed.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,  
How the wild bird sings his song,  
Weaving melodies, link by link,  
The whole sweet summer long?  
Commonplace, is a bird, always,  
Everywhere seen and heard—  
But all the engines of earth, I say,  
Working on till the Judgment Day,  
Never could make a bird.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,  
How a little baby grows,  
From his big round eyes, that wink and blink,  
Down to his tiny toes?  
Common thing is a baby, though—  
All play the baby's part—  
But all the whirling wheels that go  
Flying round while the ages flow  
Can't make a baby's heart.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN

### THE BROKEN CORD.

ANNIE R. SMITH.

It was a bleak December night in London. The wintry wind was whirling great wreaths of snow down into the streets, and then, as though not satisfied with leaving it there, it caught it up again and drifted it farther along the pavement and into every crack and crevice where it could find an entrance. It was quite late, and the few pedestrians still on the street gathered their wraps closer about them and hurried homeward, trying to forget the cold and storm by thinking of home and loved ones.

In the great opera house of T—, a large crowd had gathered, and, if you could have looked into the faces of those present, you would have seen expectancy depicted in every countenance. To-night a "prima donna" was to come before them, brought out by Professor H—, who had failed in a previous attempt to introduce a singer. All eyes were turned toward the stage as the figure of a lady appeared before them. She was strikingly beautiful, and they waited with almost breathless expectation for her to commence singing. She started with a clear, steady voice, but the excitement was too great for her, and after having sung only a few lines she had to retire. Professor H— had failed a second time to bring before his audience a singer that would please.

As the disappointed people passed through the great doors and turned their faces toward home, none of them seemed to notice the forlorn figure of a little boy standing near the doorway, where he had crept in, partly for the sake of warmth, but chiefly to hear the music. He was quite a small boy, apparently about eight years old, with curling brown hair falling over his shoulders, and he clasped to his breast a violin. As he raised his beautiful brown eyes to gaze into the faces of those passing, there was a look in them so pitiful and pleading as would surely have caused the people to look at him again had they not been so much preoccupied with their own thoughts.

All had gone but two men, who

seemed to be the managers of the opera. Little Paul, for that was the boy's name, was turning despairingly away, when a hand was laid on his shoulder. He turned quickly, and saw one of the two gentlemen he had seen inside. The gentleman had placed his hand on Paul's shoulder and was gazing down upon him with a look of mingled curiosity and pity. As his eyes fell upon the upturned face of the child, he gave a little start; there was something so pitiful, so expressive, in the pale face and beautiful eyes that he asked, "What are you doing here, my child?"

Poor little Paul. What could he say? Had he done wrong to come in? and would the gentleman punish him, or perhaps take him away so he could never go back to the old tenement house where his dear mother lay sick, the only friend he had in all the world?

"Oh! please sir, don't be angry with me; I did not know it was wrong to come in; but I was so cold and tired, and I wanted to hear the music; I wanted to learn a new song, because I've played the old ones so often, and mother cries when she hears them. Oh! please, sir, let me go home to my mother; she's sick and she'll worry about me, but the music was so nice I forgot I'd stayed so long."

"Don't be afraid, my boy," said the gentleman, "you shall go to your mother, if you know where to find her this awful night; but first come in here where it is warm," taking the boy's hand and leading him through the inner door. "Now, my little boy, I want you to tell me about yourself; who you are, and where you come from; and why you are out on the street this stormy night?"

Won by the manner of the gentleman, who was none other than Professor H— himself, little Paul soon told his sad, sad story. His father, a German violinist, had played in an opera in Berlin, but the orchestra in which he played had come over to England. Here Paul's father, through the treachery of a so-called friend, had lost his place in the orchestra, and was in great distress. He could earn nothing with his violin, and so went to the country and worked on a farm. While there he married the daughter of a doctor who lived in a neighboring village, but he never lost his love for the violin, and it was always the dear desire of his heart to go back to his beloved motherland. At last, by dint of strict economy, they did so, but he found things changed even in Berlin. He could find nothing to do but give violin lessons, and, as there were many other teachers, he earned but little, so that it was only by hard and constant work he managed to support his wife and little son, who from his earliest childhood showed great musical talent, and the few hours free from giving his lessons the father spent in teaching his boy to play. But never being strong, the work proved too much for him, and one month ago he had died, leaving his wife and child almost penniless. Paul's mother then determined to return to England, and, by the kindness of friends, was enabled to do so, but the strain on her delicate nerves was too much, and she fell ill on reaching London. She had but little money left, and so was able to rent only a poor little room in a tenement house, and two days ago the last penny had gone. Since then she and her child had nothing to eat but a few crusts of bread.

Brave little Paul had stood seeing his

poor mother in such want as long as he could, and, to-night, while she was asleep, he had taken his dear father's violin and started quietly out to try to earn a few pennies playing on the street, but the night was so stormy no one would stop to listen, and so, cold and tired, he had crept into the opera house, where the Professor had found him.

As he finished his pitiful story the Professor wiped away the tears that would come in spite of himself, and turning to his friend, said, "Well, what shall we do?"

"I do not know," answered the other, "would he do to play in our opera next night, do you think?"

"I don't know; I've tried twice with strangers now, and I am quite discouraged, but I have a mind to try him, the boy is a genius. I can see it in his face. Come, Paul, let us hear you play."

Tremblingly little Paul took his violin and tried to begin, but his excitement was intense, and the memories of his sick mother and dead father filled his heart with pain, and he made two or three vain attempts to play the piece he wished.

"I fear you are mistaken in your genius, Professor," said the other gentleman.

"Try again, my boy," said the Professor.

Paul tried again, but this time failed worse than before.

"Oh! come on, Professor; it's getting late and he can't play," said the other.

"Oh, no, no, sir; please let me try again; I will play," said little Paul. The hope that had been rising in his heart seemed to be dying out. Oh, if he could only play well, the Professor might give him a penny. If it was only a penny it would buy some bread for the dear mother he loved so much.

He started again, and this time he played a beautiful air from one of the great musicians. As the music proceeded, the men stared, almost breathless with wonder. Then as it stopped the Professor exclaimed joyfully,

"There, did I not tell you? the boy is a genius."

"It is wonderful," said his friend. "But come, let us take him home, his mother won't know where he is. Where do you live, my boy?"

Little Paul was almost overwhelmed at the thought that they appreciated his playing, and that they were going to see his mother. Poor mother, would she not be glad?

He told where he lived and they started off and soon reached the dismal attic room. As they neared the door, little Paul gave a jump, opened it, and ran to his mother, who was almost wild with anxiety about him.

"O, mother! mother!" he exclaimed; "see, I played for the gentlemen and they came to see you."

The poor mother, at the sight of her dear boy, almost fainted, but she caught him in her arms, exclaiming, "O my boy, my boy, where have you been? Thank God, I have you once more."

The gentlemen came into the room, and, as it was getting late, the Professor at once explained the cause of his visit, and inquired into the musical education of the boy. The mother, delighted at the thought of her boy's success, told how his father had taught him, and how quickly he had learned. "Sir," said she, "I am dying, and, O, if I could only see my child provided for, I should die happy."

"Well," said the Professor, "I shall bring him before the audience in the opera house two nights hence, and if he gains success that night, rest assured his fortune is made."

"O, sir!" responded the mother eagerly, "I will gladly consent to that. I can never repay your kindness, but God will; only may He grant that I live till that night."

The gentlemen left after arranging about his practising, and next day it was published throughout the city that little Paul Kressler was to play the following evening in the opera house of T—. That day Paul went to practise with the Professor who kindly accompanied him home. As they reached the door and opened it they saw Mrs. Kressler lying quite still, with a peaceful look on her face. As they drew nearer her bedside she opened her eyes, and holding out her white, wasted hand to Paul, said,

"So you have come, my darling; the dear God has spared me to see you once more. I am dying, Paul, but I am not afraid to leave you alone now, for you, sir," she said, turning to Professor H— "will take care of my boy, will you not?"

"May God never hear me again," he said, "if I fail to do so."

"Good-bye, Paul; play to-morrow; play as father would like to have you play. Good-bye, good-bye; I am going now, but I leave you in God's care." She drew her boy close to her side as she spoke, and kissed him tenderly, and in a few moments her soul had fled.

The mother was laid away to rest next morning and Professor H— took poor, broken-hearted little Paul to his own home.

"Do you wish to play to-night, Paul?" he said just before the time to go on the stage had come. "If you do not, you may wait till some other night."

"O, no, sir, no," replied Paul quickly; "I promised mother I would play to-night, and I will."

As the time for his appearance on the stage drew nearer, Paul's face became flushed and his eyes seemed to burn with an unnatural light. The hour at length arrived—the great hall was crowded to the doors. As the curtain rose and Paul stepped out before them, the people leaned forward in almost breathless expectation—what a small child he was, how could he play, they wondered.

The air selected by Professor H— for Paul to play was from Wagner, and the young player started all right, but the thought of the crowd before him, and the parting words of his mother, "Play well, Paul; play as father would have you play," caused his heart to swell, and in his excitement he forgot the air he was playing, but still continued to play, pouring forth as it were his whole soul in the music of the violin. At first it was low and sweet and had such a soft tone of sadness that it brought tears to the eyes of many listeners. Then, as his hopes rose, and he thought, "O, if I play well, perhaps God will take me home to father and mother." The violin seemed to catch the inspiration of hope, for its music grew louder, and clearer, and seemed to pour forth the soul of one filled with an ecstasy of joy and expectation. Paul's breath came and went in quick short gasps; his head seemed to grow dizzy, and he felt so faint and tired that he had only a dim consciousness of playing. The music seemed to regain its old, sad, sweet tone and then to die gradual-

ly away, and little Paul sank on the floor.

"He has fainted," said the Professor, raising him in his arms; but just as he spoke Paul opened his eyes and asked, "Did I play well, as father would have me play and will God take me home now, too?" As he spoke a sharp snap was heard from the violin Paul still held in his hand. "O!" said he, "a string has broken; I'll never play again. Take me, mother, I'm coming." He stretched out his arms, and sinking back gradually, his eyes closed in death. Brave little Paul, you will never play again, for another cord had broken—that precious, fragile, golden cord of life.

A QUARTER OF A CENTURY OF PROGRESS.

An old resident was the other day taking note of the changes wrought in opinion and practice within the last twenty-five years in the use of intoxicating liquors. We have all heard of the usages anterior to the beginning of the last quarter century, when a barn-raising could not be held, a harvest field reaped, a pastoral visit paid, without the mediation of the glass.

Looking back, one sees the operation of social and moral evolution. Regarded from the standpoint of the hour, progress in every line of life often seems slow enough. But view the quarter of a century as a whole, and what progress alike in science and society! The electric light, the trolley street car, the telephone, the now universal bicycle—a quarter of a century ago these were little more than dreams!

The changes in public opinion are not less marked in matters social and moral.

Take the employments of women. Twenty five years ago the employments considered allowable to women could be counted on the fingers of one's hand. The latest census returns show that in Great Britain and the United States women are to day doing their share of the work of the world in hundreds of occupations.

A great advance towards at least the unorganic unity of differing denominations has been made within the quarter of a century. Twenty-five years ago what might be called preaching bouts between denominations were common. To-day, there is a large measure of practical Christian unity. So far as Canada is concerned two of the largest Protestant bodies, the Methodist and the Presbyterian, have lately, by unanimous resolutions of their highest courts, made appointments of joint committees to arrange details for what may be termed a loose form of federal union, for the consideration and adjustment of matters of common interest. Twenty-five years ago this would not have been possible.

To the evolutionary progress made by the temperance cause in twenty-five years, many things have contributed. It has been common to attribute this progress to men like Neal Dow, J. B. Gough, and other "stalwarts." And no doubt men of this type, and women of this type, did much to direct attention to the evils of intemperance, and that in times when it was less popular than to-day to be an advocate of such views. But, after all, those who are identified with certain movements are often as much an indication of the drift of an evolutionary tendency, as its moving causes. No one cause, no one person, no set of persons,

can take the credit for the advanced position in which the temperance movement finds itself to-day. A dozen causes, moral and industrial, have contributed each their quota. The pulpit comes easily first. The press has helped. The school has done much. The railway organizations, in putting a necessary premium on sobriety in their employes, become powerful promoters of temperance. The bicycle is said to have substituted the stimulation of fresh air and healthful exercise in thousands of instances for the stimulation of strong drink. And so might be named a dozen causes that have contributed to the evolution of a predestined end.

An important point in any moral or social reform is to carry your public with you. Within a few years the advocates of restriction have made a notable advance; for example, in London, in the latest reduction of the number of licenses from 70 to 40, and holding to the latter figure in the face of a yearly advance of population—a result equivalent to a moderate continuous reduction in the number of licenses annually. This great achievement was not accomplished by tantrums of any description, but by the union of common sense and quiet persistency, the enlisting of citizens of good will from both of the political parties, including many citizens who could by no means be described as total abstainers, and by the avoidance, in the course of advocacy, of all offensive cant.

Yes; there has been a great advance within the last twenty-five years. There is no reason why moderate, united, well-considered effort should not aid in a further evolutionary advance during the next twenty-five years, particularly if, in our attitude as to the future, we avoid pessimism on the one hand and undue impatience on the other.—*London Advertiser.*

WHENCE CAME SOME FLOWERS.

From the Alps came the ranunculus and from Italy the mignonette in 1528, rosemary from the south of Europe in 1534, the jasmine from Circassia about 1548. The year 1567 saw the introduction of four time-honored favorites, the auricula from Switzerland, the pink from Italy, the gillyflower and carnation from Flanders. Spenser, by the way, in the "Shepherd's Calendar," (1579) classes the carnation which he calls "coronation," with the purple columbine and the gillyflower as lovers' flowers. Now, the carnation is generally supposed to have derived its name from the carnation or flesh color of the original species. But the word used by Spenser suggests that "carnation" is merely an abbreviation of "coronation," in allusion to the crown-like appearance of the flower, and its specific name, *Betonica coronaria*. Lavender was imported from the south of Europe not later than 1568, and the laburnum from Hungary about 1576; while Sir Walter Raleigh is credited with having brought the snowdrop back with him from his short-lived colony of Roanoke, an island off North Carolina, in 1584.—*Chambers's Journal.*

A California family walked four miles over the mountains to attend a missionary meeting held by visiting Christian Endeavorers. This was the first Gospel service these people had attended for years. After the meeting some of the Endeavorers returned home with them, and helped organize a Sunday school and a Christian Endeavor Society.

Our Young Folks.

SAND HOUSES.

Three little Sillies, one sunny day,  
Went out on the sandy beach to play;  
Blue-eyed Harry,  
And black-eyed Joe,  
Ted, with light curls  
All in a row,  
Built great houses,  
Of sand, you know,  
And then they put up fences of sand  
To separate their acres of land.

Three little Sillies, that sunny day,  
Began to quarrel over their play:  
Blue-eyed Harry,  
And black-eyed Joe,  
Ted, with light curls  
All in a row,  
Quarrelled about  
Their land, you know.  
"It's mine!" said Harry. "It's mine!" said Ted.  
"But my fence ought to come here!" Joe said.

Three little Sillies, that sunny day,  
Forgot the ocean in all their play;  
Blue-eyed Harry,  
And black-eyed Joe,  
Ted, with light curls  
All in a row,  
Stopped their quarrel,  
Sudden, you know;  
Old Ocean wiping out every line,  
"You Sillies!" said he, "It's every bit mine!"  
—*Youth's Companion*

A QUEER HORSE.

Jealousy is an exceptional trait in a horse, although a very common one among dogs and even cats. A Chicago physician has a horse which may fairly be said to be in love with his master; and it is an infatuation remarkably human. When the doctor enters the stable he receives a most affectionate greeting from the stall. Mack pricks up his ears, raises his head and whinnies joyously. When his master is in the saddle the horse is entirely manageable and always ready for a long gallop. The slightest pressure of the reins suffices to control him. A single word is enough to quicken his pace or to bring him under absolute command, but the physician alone can give the order.

One stable-boy after another has attempted to ride the horse, and has been thrown within a hundred yards of the stable. Expert horsemen have made the venture, and have soon found themselves on the ground. Mack has invariably given warning of his intentions by a sullen, reproachful and even indignant glance, and then has started down the road with a mad rush, only to turn about suddenly and sling off the rider whom he disliked. He is not a vicious horse, but only one that loves his master and is determined to be loyal to him. He also insists upon engrossing the attention and affection of his master.

The doctor bought a second horse and rode him several times. Poor Mack was in despair. He lay down in his stall and hid his head in the darkest corner. He refused to take his oats until the doctor had gone out with him for a canter. He was apparently overwhelmed with melancholy, and would not be comforted until his rival had been banished from the stable.

THE NOBLEST MEN.

"A kiss from my mother," said Benjamin West, "made me a painter." The noblest characters are found among those men who in youth yielded most to a mother's influence. To love your mother well is the sure mark of a true boy or girl. And you will love your mother rightly, if you have the spirit of Timothy, or, rather, of Timothy's Saviour, whom even the pain of the cross did not separate from his mother.

THE FAITHFUL POSTMAN.

One autumn, when chilly days first came on, Baby Winifred wakened with a hoarse cry. The young mother's heart was filled with fear. The dreaded croup had come, and she was alone; there was no one to send for the doctor. Just then sober old Sally, the tortoise-shell cat, came slowly up the garden-path from the barn. The mother remembered that Sally had been trained to carry notes to the store—grandpa's store at the foot of the lane. She had never been known to fail in carrying them safely. Calling old puss, she hastily wrote: "Send the doctor at once; baby has croup." She tied it about the soft, plump neck, and said: "Run Sally, as fast as ever you can! Run on the fence; hurry, and give it to grandpa!"

Off went Sally, never minding the barks of impertinent dogs or friendly calls of her relations; and the doctor was in the house in ten minutes.

"I was on the street," he said at the door, "when old Sally came running on the fence as fast as her four feet could carry her. I feared there was trouble, and awaited till she could reach me. I think Sally has never forgotten how I took fishbones out of her throat with pincers; she always seems so glad to see me."

The very next day Sally had a new collar; on it was engraved, "From baby to his faithful postman."—*Our Little Ones*

MODES OF MEMORIZING.

How to strengthen the memory is an interesting question. I think the best way is to use it constantly, making it serve you by giving it definite facts and events to carry, as a pack-horse might on a journey. There are many phases of the problem, some people finding that they can not fix dates in their minds, others forgetting the faces and names of friends, and others still having great trouble in committing anything by rote. Devices of rhymes and associations help some persons, and others simply depend on memoranda, and do not tax their memories at all. As a rule, the more we give the memory to do, however, the more quickly and faithfully it will respond to our wishes. In little children memory is very retentive, because their minds are at the stage when impressions are easily made, you know the line which says that in childhood our minds are "Wax to receive, and marble to retain." So that we should be very careful indeed about what we say, what we do, and what we teach, where the dear little ones are concerned. Some girls have a great deal of trouble in remembering the rules of syntax, the Latin conjugations, and the pages of history which their teachers require to be recited exactly as they are in the book. Try the method of studying aloud. Go away by yourself to commit your lessons to memory, and then, over and over, slowly, carefully, with your mind and attention fixed on what you are doing, read phrases, sentences and formulas, over and over, and over and over, and by-and-by you will have them by heart. I have often done this when I have wished to learn a hymn or a poem, and I know that hearing what one is studying assists the mere seeing. Then having other people in the room, talking and laughing, is very distracting to the attention. Try my method and report results.—*From Harper's Round Table.*





REV. T. DE WITT TALMAGE

In one of his wonderful sermons very truthfully said, "My brother, your trouble is not with the heart; it is a gastric disorder or a rebellious liver. It is not sin that blots out your hope of heaven, but bile that not only yellows your eyeballs and furs your tongue and makes your head ache but swoops upon your soul in dejection and forebodings,"—and

Talmage is right! All this trouble can be removed! You can be cured!

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But to-day well, and stay so.

There is no doubt of this. Twenty years experience proves our words true.

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The Ottawa Citizen, of a week ago Monday, says: "Rev. C. J. Cameron, pastor of St. John's Presbyterian Church, Brockville, on invitation of Knox Church congregation, preached two eloquent sermons in that edifice. Mr. Cameron has long been regarded as one of the most able pulpit orators in Eastern Canada, and his discourses yesterday proved that his reputation is well deserved. His style is forcible, and he throws great earnestness into his utterances. He made a most favorable impression on his hearers. The reverend gentleman will again preach at both services next Sunday."

The Rossland Prospector reports that Rev. Mr. Dadds, of Knox College, has been preaching in the town on the subject of Sabbath desecration. It adds: "Coming from such a godly city as Toronto, the reverend gentleman was perhaps more forcibly struck with the plenitude of Sunday labor here than he would otherwise have been. People coming from other parts of Canada express surprise at the building operations going on and the mines in full swing on the Sabbath. But they forget that Rossland is almost an American city, and they do not know that south of the boundary line baseball matches and horse races are usually Sunday fixtures. It may not be generally known that in Canada Sunday labor is illegal, the general law of the Dominion, if enforced, being sufficient to put a stop to it. But most Canadians coming here soon get used to it; it is only the new-comers who are surprised."

Mr. C. R. Williamson, who has been supplying St. John's Church in this city during the summer, is being very highly spoken of by the secular press. The Mail and Empire says: Mr. Williamson studied at Knox College and is a graduate of Toronto University. He has for some time been studying at Princeton, N.J., but leaves there shortly for Harvard University. Mr. Williamson is a close reasoner, a fluent speaker and possesses a splendid command of language. He will be a decided acquisition to the ministry." The Galt Reformer refers to his early training at the Collegiate Institute of that town, and says that even at that time, preaching at New Dundee, he displayed "ability of a high order."

Rev. Dr. Milligan, of this city, spent several days in Montreal on his way home from the Pan-Presbyterian meetings in Glasgow. To a Montreal Witness reporter he described the meeting as one which indicated great force in the Church, and which was productive of good in giving countenance to the work of the Church on the Continent of Europe. To ministers scattered about in Roman Catholic countries, where Protestants were not numerous, it was good that they should come into touch sometimes with their brethren. Presbyterianism was a force on the increase rather than standing still. Being asked whether the reports were true that a spirit of formalism was making headway in the Presbyterian churches in Scotland, Dr. Milligan said there was in one section of the Presbyterian body an attempt to imitate the ritualism of the Anglican Church, but that it was not extensive. He very warmly asserted that the force and intellectual courage of the Scotch Presbyterian ministry in facing the higher criticism and their willingness to accept light upon biblical history were admirable and destined to do good service. Dr. Milligan preached three times in London in the Rev. Dr. Gibson's Church, St. John's Wood, and on one of these occasions Dr. Gibson was absent at Birkenhead, preaching the jubilee sermon for a congregation organized by his father fifty years previously in that place. Dr. Milligan also preached on Pan-Presbyterian Sunday in Glasgow Cathedral, and comes home in excellent health and in good spirits.

The Toronto Conservatory of Music entered upon the tenth season of its educational work on 1st September, the annual calendar for which has recently been issued. The success of this institution, and the thorough character of its work, has been very practically demonstrated during the past season by the increased attendance, the large number of students who were prepared to successfully pass the examinations, and by the fact that a higher standard of scholarship was attained. Fifty-four concerts and recitals were given, for which students were prepared to successfully perform the exacting works of the best masters. The new calendar is very tasteful in appearance, and it contains much information respecting the Conservatory, which is not only the leading musical institution in Canada, but it is the oldest, largest and most completely equipped for affording a thorough and comprehensive education in all branches of study, which are detailed under their respective headings in the calendar and include piano, organ, voice, violin and other orchestral instruments, theory, all branches, elocution, languages, etc. The staff includes musicians of highest eminence and reputation. Many free advantages are offered pupils. Scholarships of the value of \$1,200 were awarded last season, gold and silver medals, diplomas and certificates are also granted. Mr. Edward Fisher, the musical director, supervises all departments of work, and it may be said that, to his energy, ability and judgment, much of the success and wonderful growth of this excellent educational institution is due.

NEVER KNOWN TO FAIL.

The Three Great South American Remedies Always Cure—Mrs Edward Purr of Surrey Centre, B.C., Once Paralyzed on One Side, Is now "As Well As Ever" Because of South American Nerveine—W W Brownell of Avonmore, Ont., Thought He Would Die From Rheumatism and Neuralgia, Cured by South American Rheumatic Cure—South American Kidney Cure the Only Specific for Worst Forms of Kidney Disease.

To do all that one undertakes to do is commendable in these days of broken promises. The application is apt in the case of proprietary medicines. In the three great South American Remedies, are found specifics that square up to every every claim and promise.

The wife of Edward Purr of Surrey Centre, B.C., was taken bad last August with nervous prostration, which later developed into paralysis of one side. Her husband writes: "She tried many remedies, but only in vain. South American Nerveine was recommended, and I am glad to say the result, after taking three bottles, was astonishing to myself and family. We believe it worked a wonder for Mrs. Purr, and we cannot speak too highly of the remedy."

As an aftermath from an attack of typhoid fever W. W. Brownell of Avonmore, Ont., became a victim of most painful rheumatism and neuralgia. He called in the best medical aid, but got no relief. His words are: "I thought I must die and many nights thought I could not live till morning, the pain was so severe. The doctors said I must go to the springs, but I secured a bottle of South American Rheumatic Cure from Mr. E. H. Brown, druggist, of Cornwall. The first dose gave me relief and after taking two and a half bottles the pain all left me and now I am as well as ever."

There is no experiment in the use of South American Kidney Cure. It is not a pill nor powder, but a liquid, that immediately dissolves the hard stonelike substances, that constitute kidney disease, and doing this it becomes an absolute cure. D. J. Locke of Sherbrooke, Que., says he spent \$100 in treatment for a complicated case of kidney disease, but received no permanent cure until, to use his own words: "I began to use South American Kidney Cure, when four bottles completely cured me."

FITS OR EPILEPSY CURED

To the Editor:-

I have a positive Remedy for Fits, Epilepsy or Falling Sickness. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been cured.

So proof-positive am I of its power, that I will send a Sample Bottle Free, with a valuable Treatise on this disease, to any of your readers who are afflicted, if they will send me their Express and Post Office Address.

H. G. ROOT, 186 Adelaide St. W. Toronto, Canada.

Rev. John Mordy, Presbyterian minister at New Kirk, Oklahoma (a native of Renfrew County, Ont.), recently put himself at the head of a movement for better enforcement of the law in that newly settled region, with some success. The result has been most wholesome. Public officials of all kinds have mended their own ways and have enforced the laws against gambling and Sabbath desecration, while a demand has been created for a higher class of officials, so that in future better men are likely to be put forward as candidates. Mr. Mordy will be remembered by many as a former Canadian who studied in Kingston and Montreal, and for a time exercised a ministry in Ontario.

Mr. Hamilton Cassels, of Toronto, who is at present conducting the correspondence of the Presbyterian Foreign Mission Offices has received a letter from Rev. Dr. Menzies, dated at Chu-Wang, in Honan, China, stating that the missionaries in that district are all well, and that the work is progressing favorably, but that this being harvesting season a large number of people are away into the rural districts, and the meetings are rather poorly attended. Dr. Menzies says the summer has been excessively hot. A letter has also been received from Rev. K. McLeenan, at Kami, Yama, in Japan, in which he speaks very hopefully of the work in Japan, though, he says, the Japanese do not seem very anxious about the Christian religion and do not care to attend meetings. Dr. Marion Oliver stationed at Indore, Central India, writes to say that all the missionaries in that locality are well, but that several cases of cholera and a great deal of dysentery have appeared among the natives, and the weather has been extremely hot, even for India.

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Agricultural College, GUELPH.

The Ontario Agricultural College will re-open October 1st. Full courses of lectures, with practical instruction, at very small cost, for young men who intend to be farmers. Send for circular giving information as to course of study, terms of admission, cost, etc.

Guelph, July, 1896.

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**British and Foreign.**

Of the natives in India about two millions can now read English.

Dr. Vaughan, the Dean of Llandaff, has just entered upon his 81st year.

Lady Henry Somerset and Miss Willard, accompanied by their bicycles, have arrived for a six weeks' stay in a quiet village on the Norfolk coast.

Li Hung Chang, the Chinese statesman, is of humble origin. His father was an ignorant woodchopper and his mother spent her girlhood as a servant.

The colored people of Cincinnati have been holding memorial services in honor of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and have resolved to erect some public monument to her.

Rev. Dr. Bachman, once a Confederate drummer-boy, is resigning the pastorate of the First Presbyterian Church, Utica, after twenty years' service, to return to the South.

Last year Dr. Clark travelled 37,000 miles in the interest of Christian Endeavor. He sailed for England on July 23rd to give a year to the work in other lands than his own.

Dr. Piper and Mr. Christie, English Presbyterian missionaries to the Jews in Aleppo, are busily engaged in administering relief to the distressed Armenians in that district.

Rev. Dr. Bruce, of North St. Leonards, has been unanimously nominated as Moderator of the next General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church of New South Wales by the Goulburn Presbytery.

A unique asylum is that founded not long since for needy authors, artists and professional persons. It is called the Home Hotel, and is situated in the upper part of New York City in a pleasant locality.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Barrie have arrived from London at Strathview House, Kilmuir, where they intend to make a short stay. All available accommodation in this now famous town is taken up by visitors.

Lady Tennyson, widow of the late Poet Laureate, died at Aldworth, lately, aged eighty-three. She was the eldest daughter of Mr. Henry Selwood, solicitor, of Horncastle, and was married to the Poet in 1850.

There are fifty-three colored ministers now at work in the bounds of the Southern Presbyterian Church, and of these thirty-four were trained during its nineteen years of faithful work by the Stillman Institute at Tuscaloosa, Ala.

The Year-Book of the Manchester Presbytery reports thirty-one churches, 6,578 communicants, 8,331 Sunday and 2,972 day scholars. The Presbytery takes in amongst other places Blackburn, Bolton, Preston Oldham and Rochdale.

The Wesleyan Home Mission Committee, England, now comes into possession of five, Gospel cars, which have cost from £130 to £190 each, including £30 worth of stock for each car, at a merely nominal sum. These are to be utilized for evangelistic work in the rural districts.

The Established Presbytery of Glasgow met lately in the Cathedral and inducted the Rev. Dr. Pearson McAdam Muir, lately of Morningside, Edinburgh, to the pastoral charge, in succession to the late Dr. Burns. The Rev. Professor Story presided and conducted the service.

Natal is preparing to celebrate the fourth centenary of its discovery. Meetings have been held in furtherance of a scheme for an exhibition next year, and the people of Durban, the port town, are especially active in the matter. The colony is at once a beautiful and thriving one, and has long enjoyed the blessings of peace.

**A REGULAR CRIPPLE.**

THE STORY OF AN OLD SETTLER IN DUFFERIN COUNTY.

Suffered Terribly with Rheumatism, and Had to use Mechanical Appliances to Turn in Bed—Friends Thought he Could Not Recover.

From the Economist, Shelburne, Ont.

Almost everybody in the township of Melancthon, Dufferin Co., known Mr. Wm. August, J.P., postmaster of Auguston. Mr August, now in his 77th year, came to Canada from England forty years ago, and for thirty eight years has been a resident of Melancthon. During some thirty years of that time he has been a postmaster, and for eleven or twelve years was a member of the township council, for some years holding the position of deputy reeve. He has also been a justice of the peace since the formation of the county. It will thus be seen that Mr August stands high in the estimation of his neighbours.

In the winter of 1894-95 Mr. August was laid up with an unusually severe attack of rheumatism, being confined to the house and to his bed for about three months. To a reporter of the Economist, Mr August said: "I was in fact a regular cripple. Suspended from the ceiling over my bed was a rope



which I would seize with my hands, and thus change my position in bed or rise to a sitting posture. I suffered as only those racked with rheumatic pains could suffer, and owing to my advanced age, my neighbours did not think it possible for me to recover. I had read much concerning Dr Williams' Pink Pills and at last determined to give them a trial. I commenced taking the pills about the 1st of Feb, 1895, taking at the outset one after each meal, and increasing to three at a time. Within a couple of weeks I could notice an improvement, and by the first of April I was able to be about as usual, free from the pains, and with but very little of the stiffness left. I continued the treatment a short time longer and found myself fully restored. It is now nearly a year since I discontinued taking the Pink Pills, and I have not had any return of the trouble in that time. I have no hesitation in saying that I owe my recovery to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These pills are a perfect blood builder and nerve restorer, curing such diseases as rheumatism, neuralgia, partial paralysis locomotor ataxia, St. Vitus' Dance, nervous headache, all nervous troubles, palpitation of the heart, the after effects of la grippe, diseases depending on humors of the blood, such as scrofula, chronic eczypelas etc. Pink Pills give a healthy glow to pale and sallow complexions, and are a specific for troubles peculiar to the female system, and in the case of men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. or Schenectady, N. Y., at 50c a box or six for \$2.50. See that the company's registered trade mark is on the wrapper of every box offered you and positively refuse all imitations or substitutes alleged to be 'just as good.' Remember no other remedy has been discovered that can successfully do the work of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

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It is not generally known that flies dislike the oil from bay leaves so much that they will not remain in a room in which a dist. of it is placed. It is not expensive, and is an easy way to get rid of a troublesome pest.

The Russian Y.M.C. Associations exist at nine centres, and an excellent report is to hand of the work they are doing. At St. Petersburg there are ninety-five members; at Revel, thirty-two; at Mitau, 130; at Jurjev (Dorpat), thirty-nine; at Moscow, forty-five; at Schemacha, twenty; at Lodz, 122; at Riga, 245; and at Liban there is a small Association meeting in a private house. Several of the Associations have their own buildings.



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### MISCELLANEOUS.

The King of Korea wants to destroy the idols worshipped in that country; so it is said. He has destroyed thirty temples. This would probably pave the way for Christian faith.

The Transvaal has passed an Education Bill remedying so far the grievances of the Outlanders, and the principle of a Bill for forming a municipality of the Rand has been approved.

The American line steamer *St. Paul* has broken the westward record from Southampton. Her time was six days and thirty-one minutes. Her average speed was 21.08 knots per hour.

#### SICKNESS AMONG CHILDREN

is prevalent at all seasons of the year, but can be avoided largely when they are properly cared for. *Infant Health* is the title of a valuable pamphlet accessible to all who will send address to the N. Y. Condensed Milk Co., N. Y. City.

In England, of course, members of Parliament receive no salary, but in New Zealand they receive annually £100; Japan, £160; South Australia, £200; Canada, £200; Victoria, £300; France, £360; Queensland, £400; Brazil, £600; Mexico, £600; United States, £1,000.

Moliah Reza, who, on the afternoon of May 1st, assassinated Nasr-ed-Din, Shah of Persia, by shooting the monarch with a pistol as he was entering the inner court of the shrine of Shah Abdul Azim, near Teheran, was hanged for his crime on August 12th. Immense crowds of people witnessed the execution of the assassin.

A novel form of missionary work is that undertaken by some Traverse City (Mich.) Endeavorers. They have formed a Christian Endeavor Bicycle Club, and make frequent runs on the evenings of week days out into the surrounding country to form new Christian Endeavor Societies, to visit and help existing ones, and to do other religious work.

An interesting presentation has just been made to Mr. Robert Crockett, uncle of the author of "The Raiders," on his retirement, after twenty-seven years' service as porter at the railway station at Castle Douglas. The old gentleman, who is a great devourer of books, is naturally very proud of the successful career of his nephew, for whose college course in Edinburgh he managed to save enough out of his modest wages. There were many subscribers to the presentation, which took the form of a gold watch and chain.

A Washington correspondent some time ago started a story about Prohibitionist Hull, of Iowa, to the effect that he once admired a knife of Representative Chickering's which had in it a hook, "designed," Chickering said, "to remove stones which might become fastened in a horse's hoof on a rocky road." Hull admired it so much that Chickering gave it to him, and Hull took it home to show to his wife. Mrs. Hull looked at the knife and then at her husband. "John," said she, "any man who has served three terms as Secretary of the State Senate, been twice Lieutenant-Governor, and served two terms in Congress, must be a pretty good man if he doesn't know a champagne-opener from a hoof-cleaner." The story was copied all over the State, and commented on in a variety of ways. Then the congressman met the correspondent who first published the story. He was smiling all over. "You did me a great service," Hull said, wringing his hand affectionately; "all the Prohibitionists are taking my wife's view of my ignorance, and all the 'antis' are insisting that I'm a devil of a good fellow for imposing so successfully on my wife. It works in my behalf whichever way you take it."

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It immediately relieves Distress after Eating, Sour Stomach, Flatulency, Headache, etc., and is the mighty curer for all other forms of

### INDIGESTION

Highest Endorsements.

The fund for providing an annuity for Mr. Joseph Arch, M.P., is progressing satisfactorily. Upwards of £700 has already been received. Among the subscribers are Mr. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Tweedmouth.

In another column in to-day's paper will be found a new announcement of an old favorite, viz.: Warner's Safe Cure. From this time on a new advertisement will appear in each issue of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN. Many honest words of praise have been spoken of the kidney and liver cure in question, and judging from its popularity in all parts of the globe and the time it has been before the public it must necessarily possess merit.

## A Recount Not Needed

Wins in Every Contest—This Is the Record of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—Mrs. W. T. Rundle of Dundalk, Ont., Cured in One Day—Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder the Only Remedy to Do Sylvester Lawrence of Wyndham Centre, Ont., Any Good—Dr. Agnew's Ointment a Certain Cure for Piles—Dr. Agnew's Liver Pills Cure Constipation and Headache.

Continued experiments are needed to test the certainty of some things, but this has no application in the case of Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. No matter how severe the pain, it will immediately relieve. Relief comes within one half hour. The disease may be of years' standing, this specific will remove it. Mrs. W. T. Rundle, wife of a well-known cattle dealer in Dundalk, suffered severely for a considerable time from heart disease. As she says: "I was for some time unable to attend to my household duties. No remedies did me any good. I was induced to try Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and I must say the result was wonderful. The pain left me after the first day and I have had no trouble since."

Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is recommended by all classes of people. The leading clergymen of the country, over their own signatures, have borne testimony to its effectiveness. Nearly 100 members of the late House of Commons have done the same service. It has cured the worst cases of deafness, an outcome of catarrh. Sylvester Lawrence of Wyndham Centre, Ont., says that this remedy is the only thing that he can use with ease and comfort. His words are: "It is the best remedy I have ever tried and I have used a good many."

The very best thing that can be said of Dr. Agnew's Ointment is that in the case of piles it will cure in from three to six nights. It is a certain cure for tetter, salt rheum and all eruptions of the skin.

Simple and yet most effective are the Little Liver Pills of Dr. Agnew. They are easy to take and cure sick headache, constipation, biliousness and indigestion as by magic. 10 cents a vial—40 doses.

A movement is on foot to raise £14,000 as a thank-offering for the Jubilee of the Church of Scotland Endowment Scheme to be held next year. This would enable the committee to complete the endowment of the nine churches remaining out of the fifty it was resolved to raise to the status of parishes in 1857. Since the commencement of the Endowment Scheme in 1847, 397 chapels have been constituted parish churches, quoad sacra, and each provided with an endowment of not less than £3,000.

**FREE TO MEN.** Any man who is weak or run down, can write to me in perfect confidence and receive free of charge, in a sealed letter, valuable advice and information how to obtain a cure. Address with stamp, F. G. SMITH, P. O. Box 388, London, Ont.



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He knows also that when the digestion is weak it is better to break up cod-liver oil out of the body than to burden your tired digestion with it. Scott's Emulsion does that.

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MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

- ALGOMA.—At Gore Bay, September 22, at 7.30 p.m. BRUCE.—At Paisley, on Sept. 24, at 1.30 p.m. HARRIS.—At Barrie, on Sept. 29th at 10.30 a.m. BURLINGTON.—At Cardinal, on Sept. 8th, at 2 p.m. CALGARY.—At Pincher Creek, Alberta, on September 2nd, at 8 a.m. CHATHAM.—At Chatham, in St. Andrew's Church, on Sept. 8th, at 10 a.m. GUELPH.—Adjourned meeting in Knox Church, Guelph, on Tuesday, 15th Sept., at 11 a.m. Conference on Young People's Societies, in Knox Church Guelph on Monday evening, 14th Sept. HURON.—At Clinton, on Sept. 8th, at 10.30 a.m. HAMILTON.—In the First Presbyterian Church, St. Catharines, September 15 at 10.30 a.m. KINGSTON.—At Kingston, in St. Andrew's Church, on Third Tuesday in Sept., at 7 p.m. LANARK AND RENFREW.—At Carleton Place, Sept. 7. LONDON.—In First Presbyterian Church, London, on Tuesday, 8th September, at 11 p.m. MONTREAL.—At Vincennes, Sept. 15, at 11.30 a.m. MONTREAL.—At Montreal, in Knox Church, on Tuesday, 22nd September, at 10 a.m. OWEN SOUND.—At Owen Sound, in Division Street Church, on Sept. 15th, at 10 a.m. PARIS.—At Paris, September 8, at 10.30 a.m. PETERBOROUGH.—In Milbrook, on fourth Tuesday in September, at 1.30 p.m. PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.—At Portage la Prairie, on Sept 7th, at 7.30 p.m. SHERBROOKE.—In Sherbrooke, September 5. REGINA.—At Grenfell, September 9, at 9 a.m. SARNIA.—In St. Andrew's Church, Stratford, September 22, at 11 a.m. SAUGER.—In Mount Forest, Sept. 8, at 10 a.m. SUPERIOR.—At Rat Portage on September 9th, at 2 p.m. STRATFORD.—At Stratford, in Knox Church, on Sept. 8th, at 10.30 a.m.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES 25 CENTS.

BIRTH.

At St. Andrew's Manse, Sherbrooke, on Sunday, the 23 d ult., the wife of the Rev. Wm. Shearer, of a son.

On Saturday afternoon, August 22, the corner stone of the new French Presbyterian Church, Cornwall, was laid in the presence of a large Assembly. The chair was taken by James Dingwall, Q.C., chairman of the Building Committee, who delivered a short, appropriate address. The Hundredth Psalm was sung, after which the Rev. Jos. E. Charles, B.A., the pastor, read the Scripture both in French and English. The Rev. Dr. Amaron, of Montreal, offered up prayer in French and the Rev. James Hastie, of Knox Church, did likewise in English. The corner stone was then laid by Dr. Amaron in due form, followed by an eloquent address in French and a shorter one in English by the rev. gentleman. Short congratulatory speeches were delivered by Rev. Mr. Currie, Baptist; Rev. E. Tennant, Methodist; Rev. N. A. McLeod, B.D., of Woodlands, and John Matheson, B.A., of Martintown, Presbyterian. The usual offering was made, and the interesting proceedings were brought to a close by singing "God Save the Queen," and with the benediction. The building is to be finished before Christmas. The architects are Messrs. Brown and McVicar, of Montreal, and the contractor, Mr. James Johnston, Cornwall. The venerable Dr. Chiniquy was invited to lay the corner stone, but a telegram was received a few days before saying he could not be present, and Rev. Dr. Amaron was obtained, who discharged the duties of the hour to the satisfaction of all. Mr. Charles has labored very zealously for the past two years, and has good reason to be encouraged in his work in Cornwall and elsewhere in the Presbytery of Glengarry.

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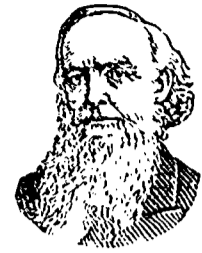
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EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK., May 21, 1894.

The above is a letter written by the late Rev. W. E. Penn, the noted Evangelist, to Mrs. W. H. Watson, New Albion, N. Y.

Cured in '92, Well in '96.

34 years ago I had risings in my head, had Catarrh 30 years, hearing failed, for many years could not hear loud conversation two feet away, had continual roaring in ears, hoarseness, throat sore and dry, intense pain over eyes, and "stopped-up" feeling in my head. General health so impaired was not able to work. I used Aerial Medication in 1892. It stopped the roaring, pain and soreness in my head and throat, fully restored my hearing, and for four years have been free from Catarrh, and able to work. WM. F. BOWERS, Howell, Ark.



Aerial Medication has triumphed and I am cured. One thousand dollars would be nothing compared to this. I have had bitter suffering from Catarrh. Since I had La Grippe the disease settled in the back of my head and my sufferings have been almost unbearable. I thank God I ever heard of your treatment, which has no equal. I can speak in the highest terms of Aerial Medication. MISS E. S. ORR, E. Harpswell, Maine.

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To introduce this treatment and prove beyond doubt that Aerial Medication will cure Deafness, Catarrh, Throat and Lung Diseases, I will, for a short time, send Medicines for three months' treatment free. Address,

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The publisher of this paper has reliable information that Dr. Moore is a reputable physician, and recommends every interested reader to write him at once and investigate Aerial Medication. CANADA PRESBYTERIAN

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