

Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church.

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Notes and Comments

Captain Dreyfus will spend the winter in Egypt.

Several thousand Chinese are said to have perished from the plague.

Earthquakes on an island in the Malay archipelago a few days ago destroyed a village, and 4000 perished.

A German expedition in Southwestern Africa was led to ambush recently by a guide, and 100 soldiers were slaughtered.

It is reported at London that the British Postmaster-General is considering the feasibility of introducing three-penny telegrams.

The Japanese Government will introduce in the Diet a law freeing foreigners from all restriction to the mining business in Japan.

The Christian Register says that Unitarianism has "no more resolute and vigorous opponent" than the Presbyterian church.

The Sultan of Turkey has issued a decree promising reforms to Armenian, and exercising clemency toward sentenced prisoners.

The majority, the Uitlanders, pay in taxation £25 a head. The minority, the Boers, pay less than £4 a head. But the minority alone have the political power.

The Religious Intelligencer says that when a man refrains from supporting a cause because those favoring it are in a minority he shows that he is a moral coward.

The New Zealand compulsory law, after a five-years' trial, is declared by William Reeves, general agent of the colony in London, to have worked wonders. Labor troubles have ceased.

Interest in the medical mission in foreign lands is constantly increasing, natives in the north of Africa coming long distances for treatment, and wild Bedouin characters, encouraged by the Sultan and living in lawless independence, who treated their own women as cattle, are singularly amenable to the women missionaries.

England is now the most densely-populated country in the world, having recently outstripped Belgium, which previously occupied that pre-eminence.

The Aberdeen Free Presbytery resolved last week to co-operate with the Presbytery of the United Presbyterian Church in organizing a public meeting in the city in connection with the Union movement.

Amid a scene of great disorder, which at one time threatened to end in a serious riot, the Lord Mayor of Dublin on Sunday, the 8th inst., laid the foundation stone of a monument to Mr. Parnell.

Efforts are being made to persuade the Emperor of Japan to visit the Paris Exposition. Should he go, it would be the first time in the history of Japan that its ruler had undertaken a trip to a foreign country.

Amid all this enthusiasm for our soldier-sons, let us not forget the brave little band of Canadian women who go with the contingent as nurses. Those nurses may be more needed and have sterner work to do than some of the men.

On Sunday evenings, the Rev. G. H. C. Macgregor, of Notting Hill, is preaching a series of sermons on "The Saviour and His Salvation," showing successively how our Lord deals with our sins, our sorrows, our temptations, and the other ills that beset us.

H. L. Hastings, editor of The Christian, Boston, died on Saturday morning last. He was the author of the famous hymn, "Shall We Meet Beyond The River?" and was widely known for his writings against infidelity.

California proposes to establish a quarantine against consumptive tourists. New Zealand already has such a law. Human life is becoming more and more precious, and even sufferers are compelled to recognize more definitely their brother's rights to a minimum exposure to disease germs.

A writer in the Advocate of Peace says: "There are multitudes of people who think war can never be done away with, but such people are in error. Causes are at work continually that are diminishing wars. Human nature is changing for the better. Human sympathy is growing all the while, and an enlarged and enlightened human sympathy is making war less and less possible."

The finest scenery in Ireland is on the north wests coasts of Connemara, Mayo and Donegal. There are no grander headlands in Europe than these broken, precipitous highland masses towering above the Atlantic.

The scarcity of theological students at the different college entries throughout Scotland is still a subject of serious thought. The Established Presbytery of Glasgow has just been thinking this matter over. The Free Church Students' Missionary Societies are in straits, not knowing where to find delegates sufficient to visit the congregations for purposes of pleading their missionary schemes.

At the opening of Princeton College, President Patton announced that \$1,000,000 had been donated for establishing a chair in political science. President Patton is looking for a man who is distinguished not only as a political theorist, but is a practical politician. Canada can furnish several such professors. Hon. George E. Foster or Hon. David Mills would creditably fill the bill; but we do not wish to see either leave this country for the United States.

We think of Jerusalem as being a Mohammedan city, and yet, though the Mohammedans are in authority, they are numerically in the minority. Out of the 60,000 population, 43,000 are Jews, 9,000 are Christians, and 8,000 are Mohammedans. These have as their quarters that portion of the city which includes the old Temple grounds. It may be that their rule here will be broken, and their domineering in the Holy City be made to cease. It would be very pleasing to the whole Christian world if this could be brought about.

That was a fine tribute paid by the premier of the Ontario legislature to the missionary, when he said that "the British Empire is greater to-day because of her missionaries—the missionary is one of the bulwarks of the state." We had rather accept that statement from the lips of one who has been chosen for his high position because of his Christian integrity, than put our faith in the mere assertion of the man whose knowledge of the operations of missions has been gained by listening to the talk in an officer's room while he was smoking the said officer's cigars. Neither man has had personal observation of the work of the missionary in the foreign field, but the sources of information, and the man behind the assertion, are widely different in each case.

World of Missions

Looking Zionward.

Attention is again directed to the Jewish movement towards Palestine by the holding of the third congress of Zionists, which has just finished its sessions at Basle, Switzerland. The congress at least shows the movement for the recovery of Palestine is now well defined. Its primary object, as stated in the inaugural address of the president, Dr. Theodor Herzl, is to acquire a charter from the Turkish Government authorizing Hebrews to establish settlements in the Holy Land. It is significant that Dr. Herzl, who was received in special audience by the Emperor of Germany during the latter's recent visit to Jerusalem, has been decorated by the Sultan with the important insignia of the order of Medjidie. This would make it appear that Zionism is something more than a dream. It is said that considerable sums are coming in to the Jewish Colonial Trust at London, sent from Jews living in all parts of the world; and, according to the report of the directors the number of shareholders now exceeds one hundred thousand. In estimating the strength of this movement two facts must be kept in view:—one, that for centuries the Jews themselves have been praying incessantly for the restoration now contemplated. The opponents of Zionism are the few "reform Jews," who, with Moses Mendelssohn, hold that Judaism stands for only a religious brotherhood. Another fact is this, that Zionism is daily materializing in the settlement of Palestine by Jews. Twenty years ago there were only 14,000 of that people in Palestine; now there are at least 40,000, out of a total population of 2,000,000. These colonies are flourishing, being engaged extensively in the cultivation of the soil and in dairying. The Sultan through the Grand Vizier has declared the impossibility of parting with his sovereignty over Palestine upon any terms; still it is expected that eventually the Sultan will officially give his sanction to the efforts of the Zionists. Abdul Hamid cannot fail to understand that the building up of Palestine and surrounding country by a race so superior to the Syrians would mean the development of the dormant resources of his country, and corresponding advantage to the Ottoman Empire. And then, the Jewish colonial bank now in existence would be the very institution with which the Sultan should desire to entertain the friendliest of feeling. Meantime this Zionist movement will be well worth watching. The gathering of Jews at Palestine is certainly something of an event, even if at the present time the beginning is small. Once before, when a handful of exiles from Babylon decided to build the waste places of Judaea, the foundation was laid for the advent of the Son of Man and the world changing conquest of the Nazarene. When once more the branch that was cut off is planted in native soil and takes root, who can tell what flowers and fruit it may bear—what "new birth" may come to the world through that event? But one factor in this problem must not be lost sight of; and that is the fact that the chief opposition to the consummation still comes from the Jews themselves, especially from the American Jews, who with comparatively few exceptions disbelieve in the wisdom of the plan and have little confidence in its practicability. They are becoming remarkably successful manufacturers, and are making themselves a power in the markets of the world. What have they to gain by a begonia to Palestine? Certainly nothing for themselves. Indeed here, and elsewhere, where like conditions prevail, it becomes certain that the movement into Palestine can become only partial, and limited at that. And it is to be noted that the opposition of the most prominent of the Jews of Western Europe and America, which

manifested itself in comparative mildness when Zionism in its present phase was first projected, has increased greatly, and, as Max Nordau said in his speech, the bitterest foes of national Jewdom are the great ones among the Jews. While Dr. Theodor Herzl, the well known Jewish journalist, is the enthusiastic advocate of Zionism, and indeed the inspirer of the present movement, and while Max Nordau is its chief, at least its most vociferous, opponent, among American Jews the only prominent friends of Zionism appear to be the Gettheils—father and son, and Dr. Stephen S. Wise, rabbi of the Synagogue B'nai Jeshurun, in Madison avenue, this city. The senior Gettheil is the scholarly and influential rabbi emeritus of Temple Emanu-El, of New York; the other is professor of Semitic languages at Columbia University. The latter was a delegate to the congress. Altogether, not a handful of American-born Jews are interested in Zionism, and the majority of even the Russian and Polish immigrants seem indifferent to it. And yet something may come from it, and many thousands of Jews now unprovided for and less fortunate than others of their race may yet find remunerative labor and happy homes in that country where prophets spake and people waited upon God.

Canada's Transvaal Contingent.

God speed the Boys!
Not every one can go. These are the chosen ones
To defend this flag,—
And to demand our brother's right throughout the world;
They go for us, our duty they perform,
They do it cheerfully and will do it well.

God speed the Boys!
They were not forced to this. No conscripts in their ranks.
They prove the meaning of the flag,
The unity of the empire in every clime.
A place for heroes, there's the honor roll;
No man doubts their courage. Loyal sons of loyal sires.

God speed the Boys!
On Africa's sunny shore, with the picket of British arms
Shoulder to shoulder under the flag,
They fight for justice. This is the cause of God;
Their fathers taught them this, that free-born men were free.
It's not a war of hate, it's a conflict for the right.

God speed the Boys!
A royal task is theirs. They're our Ambassadors
To show to all our love of Queen and flag,
The temper of this nor-horn man. That patriots here
Do not die out. We give to them this task,
They'd rather die than fail—fail they never will.
—Selected.

I know He is, and what He is,
Whose one great purpose is the good
Of all. I rest my soul on His
Immortal Love and Fatherhood,
And trust Him as His children should.
—[J. G. WHITTIER.

A Hidden Bond of Union.

A missionary in Persia writes of a striking scene at his station and of his meditation as he sat before the visible evidence of the division of Christendom:
"The other day we were invited to attend a service at the French Mission in honor of President Faure. The service itself was an imposing one,

though not a pleasant one to a Protestant; but the most impressive thing was the audience. There we sat—a Roman Catholic bishop in full robes, with mitre and crozier, his brother bishop of the Chaldean rite, and attendant monks; the black-robed monks of the Russian Mission, the Anglican priests and Protestants from America, England and Germany. Besides these there were Armenian and Nestorian Christians, representing the Oriental churches, and most decorously polite Moslem government officials. Only the despised Jew was absent to make full representation of the worshippers of one God. It was a picture of the divisions of Christendom—Catholic, Greek, Protestant, Oriental and Anglican. The Protestant could not but feel that the differences were real, as the Mass was performed—in name the same as the memorial bread and wine of the simple room, in Jerusalem—and as the bishop and his clergy marched around the black-robed coffin representing the great statesman so suddenly called before the King of kings.

"Not was one reassured by looking at the representative of the Church of Russia, knowing that there, too, was a real gulf. The Anglicans have points of common faith with each of the others, but the events here, as well as in England, show that the Anglican and his work, with his anxious search for Catholicity, are less permanent than any of the others. There is no reason to doubt his sincerity, but his is a transitional form of faith. Yet in Christ, in love and in loyalty to him, there is a hidden bond of union which we may believe exists more often than we know.

"And what of the Oriental Christian who is sought for by these four types of Christianity? Is it any wonder that he is bewildered and unsettled? What of the Moslems who look on? Our Lord says, I am the Door, one Door and one Shepherd, what then are all these; and suppose the Moslem should follow Christ, who is the Way, which path should he follow? This is an old and humiliating thought, but it never came before me more forcibly than when we gathered together on the occasion of the calamity in one of the most godless of lands."

Stevenson Among the Lepers.

In the October instalment of Robert Louis Stevenson's letters now appearing in "Scribner" we have the author's description of his visit to Molokai, when he saw Father Damien and his lepers. Stevenson was strongly affected; he wrote thus to his wife:

"Presently he came up with the leper promontory—lowland, quite bare and bleak and harsh, a little town of wooden houses, two churches, a landing stair, all unlighted, sour, northerly, lying athwart the sunrise, with the great wall of the pali cutting the world out on the south. . . . I do not know how it would have been with me had the sisters not been there. My horror of the horrible is about my weakest point; but the moral loveliness at my elbow blotted all else out; and when I found that one of them was crying, poor soul, quietly under her veil, I cried a little myself; then I felt as right as a trivet, only a little crushed to be there so uselessly."

In a letter to Mr. Colvin, he gives a further impression:

"I have seen sights that cannot be told, and heard stories that cannot be repeated; yet I never admired my poor race so much, nor (strange as it may seem) loved life more than in the settlement. A horror of moral beauty broods over the place; that's like bad Victor Hugo, but it is the only way I can express the sense that lived with me all these days.

"Of old Damien, whose weakness and worse perhaps I heard fully, I think only the more. It was a European peasant; dirty, bigoted, untruthful, unwise, tricky, but superb with generosity, residual candor, and fundamental good humour; convince him he had done wrong (it might take hours of insult) and he would undo what he had done and like his corrector better. A man with all the grime and paltriness of mankind, but a saint and a hero all the more for that."

All through Ireland this year the winter has begun early.

"The Robber Who Feared Future Punishment."

BY THE REV. DANIEL L. GIFFORD, SEOUL, KOREA.

"Here is a story a little old man in Chung-wa, to the south of Peking Yang, told the visiting missionary of his experience with robbers: One night four robbers suddenly entered his home and began to help themselves to the property in the house. By the coarse, rough language they used, they were evidently very wicked men. His little girl was terrified nearly to distraction and the robbers, fearing that her loud cries would attract the attention of the neighbors, spoke to her very roughly, so that she dropped upon the floor and hid her face in her hands. As the robbers went on with their work, the thought occurred to the old man that the Bible says you must pray for your enemies. As he knew of no one who was at the present time more of an enemy to him than these robbers, he sat down upon the floor and began fervently to pray for them aloud. However, as he prayed his eyes followed the robbers, and when they came to the shelf which contained the Christian books and began to take them down, it was too much for his feelings and with tears in his eyes he plead with them to take everything else in the house, if they must, but just to leave him his Christian books. Thereupon one robber started with surprise and addressed to his companions the remark "Why, this man is a Christian! This will never do. It would be a great sin for us to rob a Christian man and would bring upon us a fearful punishment in the future." His companions apparently agreed with him. They returned all the old man's goods to the places where they found them, reassured the little girl with a few kind words, and silently took their departure. The face of the old man as he told this story was wreathed in smiles and it was evident that his experience of God's faithfulness in answering believing prayer had made a deep impression upon his heart."

Chinese Missions.

The Ottawa Free Press gives the following particulars of a recent interview with a missionary returning to his field of labour:—Rev. Dr. Riddell and wife, of Swatow, China, are at the Russell. Dr. Riddell has been in China for 18 years as a missionary for the English Presbyterian church. He has been home on furlough and is now on his return to the mission field.

He is stationed in South China and has a parish 200 miles by 50 miles. In eighteen years there have been 600 conversions in his district and altogether in South China there are 6,000 communicants. Owing to his lengthy residence and practical experience Dr. Riddell was asked by the Free Press for an expression of opinion as to the outlook for evangelizing China.

"I am perfectly satisfied," said Dr. Riddell, "with the outlook. We find the Chinese intellect strong and quite capable of grasping the truths of Christianity. With education the Chinese mind is equal to the Anglo Saxon. As in all parts of China ancestral worship is the greatest barrier to the progress in Christianity. The worship of ancestors contributes to a social solidarity which makes it very hard for a member of a family to break away. When a man definitely accepts Christianity and publicly announces his faith open opposition ceases, but of course, a coolness is created in families. Native preachers are being used with great success. The yearly gifts of the native Christians on an average is equivalent to three weeks' wages of an artisan.

The medical work is meeting with great success. At one hospital inland and off the line of general travel the number of inmates were 74, and 7,000 outdoor patients were treated. Dr. Riddell finds no difficulty in gaining access to the homes in his capacity as a physician. Taken on the whole the work in South China is favorable to progress and is now accomplishing gratifying results.

General News Items.

Rev. McDonald of Cedarville and Thom of Flesherston exchanged pulpits on Sabbath last.

The Presbyterians of Port Morica, P. E. I., have placed the manse in a thorough state of repair.

Rev. P. Fleming of Maxwell has charge of Proton Station until next meeting of Orangville Presbytery.

Rev. Mr. Atkinson of Toronto spoke on missions in Erskine church, Dundalk, on the evening of Thanksgiving Day. Owing to disagreeable weather, the attendance was not large, which was to be regretted on account of the excellence of the lecture, which the Herald of that place says was "one of the most interesting mission lectures ever heard in Dundalk."

A union Thanksgiving service of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist congregations was held in the Methodist church, Flesherston, on Thanksgiving Day. Rev. L. W. Thom preached from Deut. 1:10-12, under the following divisions: Our heritage, our appropriation, our danger, our thanksgiving. A collection was taken up in behalf of the B. and F. B. S. The Markdale Presbyterians worshipped in their own church, addressed by their pastor, Rev. John Hunter. In Priceville, Rev. J. A. Matheson preached from Ps. 117:1. Rev. P. Fleming of Maxwell chose the Sabbath following to address his congregations on the subject of Thanksgiving.

The Eugenia congregation held their annual Harvest Home festival and entertainment last Thursday week and it was a pleasant affair. Rev. J. Hunter of Markdale and J. V. Plunkett, (Methodist) Eugenia, delivered addresses and the choir and others furnished abundant music. The pastor, Rev. L. W. Thom, presided.

The Ladies' Aid Society in Rev. Peter Fleming's congregation, at Feversham, gave a fowl supper and concert a fortnight ago, which was well patronized and proved a very gratifying success.

Rev. J. A. Matheson of Priceville has been appointed interim moderator of Dundalk and Ventry sessions in place of Rev. L. W. Thom, resigned.

Rev. A. G. Jansen, of Hamilton, preached highly appreciated sermons in Chambers Church, Flesherston, last Sabbath week, and on Monday evening lectured on "Holland and the Hollanders." For two hours the lecturer took his audience to and through his native land, describing its physical features and speaking of the wonderful achievements of the Dutch people in mastering the sea by means of dykes and redeeming from its bosom much of their land, which lies many feet below sea level. He also gave an interesting historical sketch, touched upon the magnitude and far-reaching extent of their commerce, noted their scrupulous cleanliness, the excellence of their dairy products, and humorously dwelt upon the country life, manners and customs of that people.

The Presbyterian ministers of London had a general exchange of pulpits last Sabbath and presented the Century Fund project to the different congregations. The city and presbytery are being well organized for a vigorous canvass for the fund.

The Gorrie Auxiliary of the W. F. M. S., held their annual thank-offering meeting on the afternoon of October 18th. Mrs. (Rev.) Morrison, Presbyterial President, giving a most instructive address; after which a social tea was partaken of, all having spent an enjoyable time. Rev. W. Dobson, the pastor, addressed the gathering in the evening.

Rev. N. A. McDonald, B. A., Cedarville and Esplin, exchanged with Rev. L. W. Thom, of Flesherston, last sabbath.

Rev. Robert Johnson preached a very able and eloquent sermon to a large congregation, in the King Street Presbyterian church, London, on Sunday evening, 29th ult., on behalf of the Century Fund. He said that whatever was right was possible. He believed that this was a crisis in the history of our church, and that we should seize the op-

portunity to go forward, for the wide extension of Christ's kingdom.

Dr. Campbell, Moderator of the General Assembly, met the members of session and managers of the different Presbyterian churches in London, in St. Andrew's church, on Monday evening, 8th October.

The members of Dr. Nichol's class in Zion church Sunday school, Brautford, held a reception to their friends last Monday evening, about sixty being present. Addresses were made by Revs. W. A. J. Martin, R. G. McDiarmid, Cruikshank, and Messrs. Dr. Lochend and Brown.

Mr. William Macpherson of Quebec, president of the Molson's Bank, has given a proof of his interest in St. Andrew's College, which occupies his old home in Chestnut Park, Toronto, by offering two prizes of \$20 each for competition in the college. He says:—"I have every desire to see your school succeed, and it will be a pleasure for me to offer the students a prize which, I hope, may prove a stimulant for them to bring honor to themselves and to the college." The prizes are to be known as the "William Macpherson prizes," and are to be awarded for proficiency in modern languages, the French language being especially named, and modern history.

The other night at Hamilton an enthusiastic meeting was held in the Central church in the interests of the Century Fund, Mr. George Rutherford presiding. Rev. Dr. Campbell, Moderator of the General Assembly, and Rev. Dr. Warden, Toronto, gave addresses. Dr. Warden said he thought the Hamilton Presbytery should give \$75,000 towards the fund. He stated that Mr. John Charlton, M. P., of the Hamilton Presbytery, had contributed \$5,000 to the fund unsolicited. The following local laymen spoke in favor of the fund: Hon. J. M. Gibson, Messrs. James Gill, John E. Brown, R. MacRae, John Knox and George Rutherford. Every hing indicates that Hamilton Presbytery will give a good account of itself.

Presbyterian Century Fund.

Subscriptions received from ministers towards The Century Fund to Oct 31, 1899:

Rev. W. H. Haig, Millbank.....	\$ 50
" K. MacDonald, Williamstown	25
" M. B. McLeod, Englishtown, C.B., N.S.	60
" P. McNabb, Kilsyth.....	100
" W. D. Bell, Cornua.....	25
" D. Stewart, Laguerre.....	25
" A. D. McDonald, Montrose, P. E. I.	40
" W. M. Reid, Leaskdale.....	60
" J. Fraser, Indian Brook, North Shore St. Anns, C.B.	60
" John McEwen, Toronto	50
" W. H. Jamieson, Blenheim.....	25
" William Leacock, Scotch Ridge.....	25
" J. McNair, Oakville.....	60
" James Hood, Cypress River, Man.....	30
" Dr. Battisley, Chatham.....	150
" J. L. George, Montreal.....	75

558 subscriptions amounting to..... \$57,263

The Congregationalist, referring to the announcement of Rev. B. Fay Mills that he will "take a long period of rest" says: "A number of efforts have been made during the last quarter of a century to establish independent meetings in Boston led by preachers who have withdrawn from their denominational relations. None of them, so far as we remember, has continued longer than three years." Mr. Mills went from one extreme to the other. Salvation for the individual was the burden of his message when he was a revivalist. From that extreme he passed to that of a social reformer. Salvation includes the two, but you cannot build up a church on the latter idea.

Our Young People

Dr. Duff and Missions in India.

By Woodford.

"Wherever I wander, wherever I stay, my heart is in India, in deep sympathy with its multitudinous inhabitants, and in earnest longing for their highest welfare in time and eternity.

Dr. Duff's latest published words.

No name more fitting than that of Alexander Duff could be coupled with the subject of Missions in India, for he, Burns and Livingstone "are the three mightiest" of the whole band of Scottish worthies whose labours in the fields of heathenism, India, China and Africa respectively, have given lustre to the annals of this century. This noble missionary was born at Moulin, Scotland, and when 15 years of age was sent to St. Andrew's University. His father gave him twenty pounds to begin with; for the rest of his course he worked his own way by means of bursaries and prizes. At the University he came under the influence of Dr. Chalmers, which of itself was a splendid incentive to study. Before the completion of his art course a "Students' Missionary Society" was formed of which Duff was an enthusiastic member. After eight years from the time he entered college he was licensed to preach the Gospel, delivering his first discourse from 1 Cor. 2: 2, in historic St. Giles' church Edinburgh.

The church of Scotland in 1815 had sent as chaplain to Calcutta Rev. J. Boyce, who organized a Scotch church there but made no effort in the way of missionary work among the Hindoos. Not until nine years later and then it was on the suggestion of Ram Mohun Roy, an enlightened Brahman, did Mr. Boyce memorialize the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland to begin missionary and educational work in India. In response to his request it was decided to send out one ordained minister and two teachers. The position was offered Duff, but he declined in favor of his friend, John Urquhart, who, while preparing to go, was cut off by death. In the year in which he was licensed Duff accepted the appointment, and on Oct. 14th, 1829, he and his wife sailed from London for India.

Soon after his arrival in India Duff, although opposed by nearly all the other missionaries, commenced the work of teaching. He saw that the false science of the so called sacred books of India was inseparably connected with their religious teaching, and came to the conclusion that the thorough education of the Hindoos would be subversive of the native superstitions. He, therefore, not without the wish of being misunderstood by his committee at home, deliberately adopted what may be called his educational plan. "Give me the school-books and schoolmasters of a country," Duff said, "and I will let any one else not only make its songs, but its literature, science and philosophy too. What has made Brahmanism the hoary power it is but the Shastars? What has sustained the force and passions of Islam for centuries but the Koran read in every college and school from Gibraltar to the Straits of Malacca?" "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God?" said Paul, and believed Duff.

Ram Mohun Roy, who had advised Mr. Boyce to ask the church at home for missionaries, handed over to Duff his institution in which he himself taught, and sat at the new teachers' feet, helping, until his death came in 1843, in every way he could this man who had come over to help them. Good work was done in the college, despite the opposition and denunciation of the orthodox Hindoos.

These years there Duff labored to convert the edu-

cational plans of the Indian government into auxiliaries that might lend their aid to preparing the way for the spread of the gospel. Where a government seminary was founded to demolish idolatry and superstitions there ought also to be a Christian institution to be instrumental in rearing the beauteous structures of Christianity on the ruins of all false philosophy and false religion. Where a government library was placed to satisfy the thirst for knowledge there also there ought to be Depositories for Bibles and other religious publications to salivate the expanding minds of the Indian youth with the life-giving principles of eternal truth. By seizing such opportunities he believed the government schemes of education improvement in India would be overruled by a gracious superintending Providence for the ultimate introduction of Messiah's Kingdom. In these efforts nothing less than intellectually and spiritually to reform the universal mind of India—he had the sympathetic support of Lord Bentinck the governor general, and of such officials as Lord Macaulay and Mr. Trevelyan.

The health of the hard-working missionary broke down in 1831 and he had to return to Scotland. The apathy regarding, and even opposition, to foreign missions fired the soul of the hero. In Scotland and England his impassioned eloquence awoke all who heard him to a sense of their duty to the heathen. His address to the General Assembly aroused a "tumult of emotions," and in it he fully justified the course he had adopted for giving success to the missionary enterprise and achieving the Christianization of India. The assembly was spell-bound while the great missionary expounded his method for overthrowing Hindooism by the combined agencies of a sacred education and of the Bible. The result of his visit was that the income for missions increased fourteen fold in five years, the best men of the other colleges volunteered for mission work. Scotland was roused and pledged to aggressive work in the foreign field. The esteem in which he was held was shown by his having conferred on him the degree of D.D. by Aberdeen University before he returned to India.

When the disruption took place in Scotland, as Duff and those associated with him joined the Free church, new buildings for college, school and church purposes had to be secured. The munificence of those in Calcutta, who were interested in religious work was so princely, and the support of the church at home so heartening, that any difficulties were quickly overcome, and the work proceeded almost as if there had been no breach. During the years that followed much opposition was encountered, threats of maltreatment and even assassination were made. To all such Duff's reply, spoken and written, was "It is our resolute purpose, by the blessing of God, to persevere."

When Dr. Chalmers passed away in 1847 Duff was asked to take his place. "For the sake of the heathen, and especially the people of India, let me cling all my days to the missionary cause," was the answer he gave. The sorts and conditions of men in India were so impressed by the nobility of his refusal, that a fresh impetus was given to the work so dear to his heart.

Before accepting the invitation to re-visit Scotland in 18 0, he visited other parts of India, making careful notes of all he saw, with a view to establishment of missions in the several places he passed through. His visit to the Mother country enabled him to develop and organize missionary effort in Great Britain. The year after he reached Scotland he was Moderator of the General Assembly. At this time he journeyed to the United States and Canada, doing there

what he had already done in Great Britain. It was the middle of October, 1855, before he and his wife left for India the third time.

Within two years after their arrival the terrible Indian Mutiny broke out. Then, as before and after, Duff's words were "But my hope is in the God of Providence." Workers fell but the work went on. When Dr. Duff founded his system in Calcutta there were, as a result of a century's evangelizing on this old method in South India, not more than 27,000 native Christian Protestants in the whole peninsula, and the adjoining lands of Ceylon and Burmah. By 1850 a census shows that the number had become 127,000. When the anarchy of Islam and Brahmanism were let loose in 1857, there cannot have been more than 150,000. Since the mutiny and because of the mutiny the Church of India, now indigenous and self-developing as well as fostered by foreign overseers, has become mighty in numbers and in strength. At the end of 1871 the census showed 518,368, an increase of 6-10 per cent. by birth and accretions.

Dr. Duff's mission had never been so prosperous, spiritually and educationally, as in the mutiny year. When in 18 8 the Maharajah of Gwalior, with the Governor-General, visited the college, the Maharajah's surprise was unbounded at finding 1200 boys, voluntary students in this institution, that he was informed was supported wholly by private Christian benevolence. If Christians could do that the Maharajah of Gwalior thought he could not afford to be behind them. Such an incident is proof of the importance of maintaining in a state of efficiency, and on a scale of magnitude fitted to attract strangers to it, such an institution as that over which Dr. Duff presided.

Death and disease made the year 1859-6) a hard one for the mission. Several were called away, and although the mission was reinforced by younger men, the addition to the burden laid on Mr. Duff, himself fast aging from 30 years of toil, was too heavy. In 18 3, as in 1847, the cry reached Dr. Duff from Scotland "Come home to save the missions." He was neither moved by committee nor General Assembly until his old enemy dysentery laid hold of him, then he was forced to return. Almost every class and creed in Bengal opposed his going away, but despite the willingness of Duff's spirit to remain, the flesh was altogether too weak.

The work of this man was recognized by the endowment of Scholarships in the University; two of the colleges procured oil portraits of their benefactor; his own students, Christian and not Christian, placed a marble bust of their teacher in their college; a few of the Scottish merchants of India, Singapore and China, offering him £11,000—the capital of this sum being destined for the invalid missionaries of his church. On the interest of this sum he lived, refusing all the emoluments of the offices he held. The only personal gift which he was constrained to accept was a home in Edinburgh, which the Scottish merchants insisted on purchasing for him.

In Scotland he received an enthusiastic welcome; he was appointed convener of the Foreign Missions Committee. A chair of evangelistic theology was established, and Dr. Duff was appointed Professor. In 1873 he was appointed, for the second time, Moderator of the General Assembly. Then in the interests of the India he loved, he was enabled to labor until, Feb. 12th, 1878, he was called to rest from his labors.

When he left India for the last time Bishop Cotton said of him that his name might well be honored in all churches since he arrived in the midst of a great intellectual movement of a completely atheistic character and at once resolved to make that character Christian; and that the work he did in India could never be undone, unless they whom he had left behind were faithless to his example.

In Duff's own address to his students when he left there, he said that the only befitting epitaph for his tombstone would be "Here lies Alexander Duff, by nature and practice a sinful creature, but saved by grace through faith in the blood and righteousness of his Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. By

(Continued on page 685.)

Literary Models.

By T. Darley Allen.

In this literary age, almost every person possessing a fair education seems anxious to write something for publication. English composition is, therefore, a subject that should receive much attention. Every one who desires to present his ideas in print should be able to express his thoughts clearly and concisely, and, if possible, with elegance of diction. And in order to attain excellence in the art of composition, it is necessary to study the best written books. And chief among well-written books is the Bible. Whoever reads the Book of books carefully will find that it will greatly help him to become a good writer. Bunyan, the author of the greatest allegory ever produced in our language, possessed few books, and among them was the Bible, which was his constant companion, and to the reading of which he was indebted for his excellent literary style.

Charles A. Dana, the great journalist, said concerning the Bible: "There is no book from which more valuable lessons can be learned. I am considering it now, not as a religious book, but as a manual of utility, of professional preparation and professional use for a journalist. There is, perhaps, no book whose style is more suggestive and more instructive, from which you learn more directly that sublimity, simplicity which never exaggerates, which recounts the greatest event with solemnity, of course, but without sentimentality or affectation—none which you open with such confidence and lay down with such reverence; there is no book like the Bible."

The recent utterance of Frederic Harrison regarding the Bible as a literary model presents some excellent advice, and it shows that, in spite of his Positivism, the great author is not blind to the literary excellence of the Scriptures. He said in a letter on "Style in English Prose," delivered not many months ago before the students of Oxford University, "Read Smith, Defoe, Goldsmith, if you care to know pure English. I need hardly tell you to read another and better book. The book which begot English prose still remains its supreme type. The English Bible is the true school of English literature. . . . If you care to know the best that our literature can give in simple, noble prose-work, learn and inwardly digest the holy Scriptures in the English tongue."

It was the custom of Edmund Burke to read a chapter in Isaiah each morning before going to the House of Commons, in order to be able to speak impressively. Edward Everett was, to a large extent, indebted to the Book of Proverbs for his power as a rhetorician.

The student of English composition who neglects to study the Bible in the English tongue is making a great mistake. Far better it would be to neglect every other book than this. Among all the books in the language, it is pre-eminent for literary merit, and is undoubtedly the best model for literary workers that exists.

Alcohol and Opium.

At Ningpo I began to study the effects of opium smoking, nor was it possible to dismiss the subject as long as I remained in China. The conclusion to which I was brought is that to the Chinese the practice is an unmitigated curse. Whether it is worse than the abuse of alcohol among us I shall not undertake to decide. The contrasts between the effects of the two drugs is remarkable. Liquor makes a man noisy and furious; opium makes him quiet and rational. The drinker commits crime when he has too much; the opium smoker when he has too little. Drinking is a social vice, drunkenness a public nuisance; opium smoking is mostly a private vice indulged at home; but even in opium shops it is more offensive to the nose than to the ear or eye. Alcohol imprints on the face a fiery glow; opium an ashy paleness. Alcoholic drinks bloat and fatten; opium emaciates. A drunkard may work well if kept from his cups; an opium smoker is good for

nothing until he has had his pipe. A drunkard can in most cases cure himself by force of will; the opium habit is a disease, which to break from requires in all cases the help of medicine. It takes years for alcohol to reduce a man to slavery; opium rivets its fetters in a few weeks or months. It does not take the place of tobacco, which, used by all classes as a more or less indulgence, is indispensable to the opium smoker, nor does it take the place of alcoholic drinks, which are consumed as much as ever. Even its moderate use unfits a man for most pursuits. A thousand opium-smokers were at one time dismissed from the army as disqualified for service. In the long run the insidious drug saps the strength, stupefies the mind, and of course shortens the span of life. The expense, though great in the aggregate, is nothing in comparison with the loss of time and energy sure to follow in its wake.—W. A. P. Martin, D.D.

"His Mercy Is Over All!"

BY MARY D. BRINE.

It is wiser to count our mercies, the blessings which
strew our way,
Than to wearily ponder the troubles we stumble
upon each day.

It is wiser to welcome the sunshine that gladdens the
sky overhead
Than to fear for the sometime shadows which darken
the way we tread.

It is wiser to joy in the beauty of the roses which
open each morn
Than to pass them by unheeding for dread of the
prick of the thorn.

If we only will count our mercies, we'll find that they
far outweigh
The thorns, the shadows, the troubles, we're doomed
to meet each day.

And so, though sorrow must meet us, and tears
must oft times fall,
Yet ever will be this comfort: "His mercy is over
all!"

—C. E. World.

Adversity.

BY MRS. W. H. PAGE.

A storm raged over all the land last night,
And when I stood upon the hills to-day
I saw the distant mountains newly crowned with
snow;
Whose rugged peaks are God's storehouses,
Where he keeps for us
Refreshing streams against our time of need;
And when the parching, dusty summer comes,
His heat unlocks them and they trickle down
In clear and cool fountains, blessing the thirsty
lands below.

So with adversity:
His bitter blasts howl round us and enfold us with
chilling mantles;
But by and by God's sunshine falls on our cold
hearts,
And from them flow rich streams of sympathy
To bless the toiling souls below.

—Herald and Presbyter.

When You Weep—and Why.

Tears are the common legacy of every human being, and if you should be asked whence they come and where they go, you would probably display a surprising amount of ignorance about a very simple subject.

Our eyes are always wet with tears, not only when we weep, but always. Our eyeballs are subjected to a constant flow of the lachrymal fluid, even when we are asleep, and were the stream to cease only for an hour, miserable indeed would be the lot of the human creature.

At the outer corner of every eye is what is called the lachrymal gland, which nestles under the overhanging bone of the forehead. The organ secretes the fluid which flows over the eyeball to the inner corner, and there it disappears through a little orifice, whence it is in turn conducted to the nostril. That

is why you require so many extra handkerchiefs, when you have a cold.

Now comes the question. How do the tears find their way to the nose? Examine your eye in the mirror, and you will find a small elevation upon the lower eyelid, near the nose. Place your finger upon the lower eyelid just below this small elevation, so as to turn it outward. There you will see a small hole, like a pin prick, and there you have found the little passage which conducts the tears into the nostrils.

This little orifice, for various causes, frequently becomes obstructed, in which case you are bound to weep incessantly until relief is afforded you by the removal of the obstruction.

The overflow of tears which follows some grief is created by the lachrymal gland under pressure of mental emotion.

Why are tears salt? Literally, our tears are distilled from the very springs of our inmost vitality, for they are separated by marvellous machinery and chemistry from the arterial blood freshly circulated from the heart; and as this contains about six or seven parts in one thousand of saline constituents, so tears contain one-third per cent of chloride of sodium, besides a very small proportion of other salts, ninety-eight per cent being water. The office of this alkaline fluid is to clear, clean and moisten the cornea, which, having no blood vessels, would, of course, wither and dry up without this moisture, and we would become blind.

Density of Population in Canada.

Prince Edward Island is the smallest of all the provinces, but it is more than twice as thickly populated as any other province, the population being 54.4 persons to the square mile. Nova Scotia comes next in density of population, with 22.0 persons. The following is the order in which the provinces stand, according to density of population, as ascertained by the census of 1891:

P. E. Island	54.5
Nova Scotia	22.0
New Brunswick	11.4
Ontario	10.0
Quebec	6.5
Manitoba	2.5
British Columbia	0.8
Provincial districts	0.2
Canada	1.5

If the whole of Canada were as thickly populated as Prince Edward Island its total population would be over 215,000,000.

Unseen Doorkeepers.

Sometimes we see the angel who opens to us the door of opportunity, but more often we do not see him. Sometimes God makes very plain to us the leading of His providence, but far more often things seem to happen "of their own accord."

Yet nothing happens of its own accord. No gate opens without the gate opener. If any blessing has come into your life, you may be sure that some one put it there. If you hear any call, there is a mouth behind the voice. Not at haphazard has any opening of your life come to you; some hand has taken down the bars, some arm has pushed back the doors.

The cloud of witnesses are more than witnesses; they are preparers; they are assistants. Your dead father is still helping you, if you will let him; your dead mother is still lifting your burdens. The angels are God's ministers sent on his errands, and what errand more pressing than to aid God's children?

When next you approach some closed door, whether it be closed by sickness or poverty or former failure or what not, do not see the door, do not think of it, but think only of the unseen angel waiting beside it. And remember: it is only by following the angels you see that you can obtain the good offices of the angels you do not see.—Christian Endeavor World.

The Quiet Hour

(For Dominion Presbyterian.)

Rebuilding the Walls of Jerusalem.*

By Rev. Prof. Jordan, D.D.

We see here the fulfilment of the exhortation to "Watch and Pray," in stirring times and under hard conditions. Nehemiah is a good specimen of an earnest patriot, a religious zealot and a practical statesman in one, a very good combination, and one that was needed in those days when Jerusalem was in a ruined condition and its inhabitants harassed by unfriendly neighbors. In the last lesson we saw Nehemiah preparing for his great work by earnest prayer; now we see him on the scene of action, engaged in a difficult and almost hopeless task. From his intelligence and perseverance in prayer we predict his perseverance in work, and we are not disappointed. The previous lesson was from the first chapter of the Book, which bears the name of Nehemiah, and which seems to be largely founded upon his memoirs, this section is taken from the fourth chapter. The two may be linked together by the following brief summary: The evil tidings from Jerusalem, Nehemiah's prayer, Nehemiah receives a royal commission to visit Jerusalem, the work of rebuilding the temple is undertaken, the distribution of the work, the opposition from without. It is the last item with which we have to deal. The next section shows that there are also great difficulties within the city; altogether it is a confused and perplexing situation. At the beginning of this chapter we are told that the enemy used a powerful weapon, namely, that of mockery; the toil of noble men who sought to build the wall was turned to ridicule. But this is met by the still more powerful weapon of prayer. The cry is wrung from the soul of the patriot: "Hear, O our God; for we are despised." How easily we are vexed and dismayed by ridicule, when bitter-tongued men turn to scorn the work that seems to us to be so important; fear and shame make us feel wroth. It is good then to commend ourselves to God, who sees the true spirit of our work. Heartened by prayer the people carried on the work of building the wall, for they had a mind to work. It was not forced work, slavish drudgery, but a labor of love for their church and

the land of their fathers. Then the motley crowd of enemies were angry, the steady determination and patient toil of those devoted workers kindled their fierce wrath. If they would effect their purpose and stop the work they must use something more violent than sarcastic speech. They conspired together to come and fight and cause confusion—an unholy conspiracy for a wicked purpose! The timid and faint-hearted felt that the work was heavy enough without the actual appearance of the scoffing foe before the walls. Then was the time to watch and pray. "But we made our prayer unto God, and set a watch against them day and night, because of them." Which means we trusted in God and did not neglect our duty. There were fears within and fighting without; when the enemy was mustering in strong force there were some who began to complain that the work was hopeless. It is too much; we cannot do it, is their cry. At such a moment the presence of a good, God-sent leader is a great blessing. Then the Jews outside the wall sent their piteous appeals for help. Surely it was a very distressing situation. The church passed through many such dark days, but when the enemy has uttered the premature shout of triumph God has been near to help. Without a strong leader having great faith in God and in a righteous cause the case would have been hopeless. Three things are here emphasized: Organization, to arrange the forces in the best way so that all available strength may be given to working, and if need be to fighting. To plan so that there might be union to repel the attack at any given point, and that the strength of all might be used for the defence of each. This was the first work of wise leadership. Organization is important, but it is not all; there must be mechanical order, and within the order an inspiring spirit. This can only come from faith in God. "Be not afraid of them; remember the Lord which is great and terrible." This is the great fear which casts out base cowardly fear. When men can feel that on their side is the great and terrible God they are strong to face the foe. We cannot face the hardest battle of life unless we remember the Lord and have a vivid realization of His presence. The men in such an hour must have clearly before them the importance of the cause for which they are fighting. "Fight for your sons and your daughters, your wives and your houses." This was to them the greatest

of causes; it was their all—country and religion, everything that men count dear and that makes life worth living. In response to such an appeal men fight with desperate energy. There are for us two great lessons from such a story. We who have civil and religious liberty and live in peaceful surroundings need to be reminded that our privileges have come to us through the toil and tears of faithful men. True, these blessings are from God, but they do not drop down from the clear sky; they come through the storm and battle. Without great sacrifices on the part of those who held the truth as the dearest possession, we could not have had the truth which makes men strong and free. In our quiet hours let us remember the troublous times and the heroic conflicts to which we owe so much. Let us remember that in some form we must fight the same battle. We cannot live upon the memory of past victories; each generation has its own enemies to meet, its own battles to fight. There are still ill-disposed men, who conspire against the building of God's churches; aggressive work will still rouse opposition. When the church is praying, working and fighting, she must face scorn and violences. If we stir up little opposition it may be because we are sleepy and half-hearted. There is no need for bitter bigotry but there is even less need for weak compromise; the church to-day must give a clear testimony and speak with a strong voice against all that would sap the strength of society and weaken the work of noble men. If there are foes without and foes within we may still say: "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in time of trouble."

A Prayer.

By Rev. George Matheson, D.D.

The fetters Thou imposest, O Lord, are wings of freedom. There is no liberty like the liberty of being bound to go. When Thou layest upon me the sense of obligation, that moment Thou settest my spirit free. When Thou sayest that I must, my heart says, "I can." My strength is proportionate to the strength of those cords that bind me. I am never so unrestrained as when I am constrained by Thy love. Evermore, thou divine Spirit, guide me by this instinct of the right. Put round about my heart the cord of Thy captivating love, and draw me whither in my own light I would not go. Bind me to Thyself as Thou bindest the planets to the sun, that it may become the very law of my nature to be led by Thee. May I be content to know that goodness and mercy shall follow me, without waiting to see them in advance of me. Amen.

We cannot know what future honor may depend on the way we do the simplest, most common-place thing to-day.—J. R. Miller, D.D.

*International Sabbath School Lesson for November 12th.—Nehemiah iv., 7-18.

Golden Text—"Watch and pray."—Matthew xxvi., 41.

(For Dominion Presbyterian.)

Patient But Not Passive.**The Rev. J. Hamilton.**

To be patient is not to be passive. We must not give ourselves credit for being patient if we are simply dull,—too placid and passive to have any eager, earnest longing. David could say, "I waited patiently for the Lord." But then he adds, "He inclined unto me and heard my cry." So there was a cry. That shows that David's patience was not stupidity or dullness. He could wait for God, but while he waited he cried. Elsewhere he tells us that his soul waited for the Lord "more than they that watch for the morning." That striking figure shows us how the eager outlook is consistent with the patient, waiting trust.

I think I shall not transgress the bounds of good taste if I illustrate this point by an incident in my own experience. I was returning home from a visit to America. The steamer was sailing up the Mersey; she was nearing the dock; soon our feet would touch the shore of Old England. Of course we were all eager to get ashore. I was especially eager, for I had hoped to catch the train from Liverpool, and every minute it was becoming more doubtful if I would attain my object. It was very irritating to see the sedateness and composure with which the ship ploughed her way through the water. All my eagerness did not hasten our arrival by one moment. What could I do but wait? Perhaps there are no circumstances in which you feel more truly helpless than on board of a slow steamer. All your hurry and bustle and smartness will not get you along a bit quicker than the most phlegmatic passenger on board. So what could I do but wait with the rest? Yet there was one thing that I could do. I could be ready, so that not a moment would be lost when the vessel touched the shore. So I got my baggage together: I persuaded the customs officer on board to pass it; then the moment the vessel touched the dock I was ashore; the next moment I was in a cab, and by dint of sharp driving just caught the train.

Now this may illustrate how we are to wait for God. In my waiting I suppose there was too little patience and too much eagerness. Still we must have the two things. The great matter is to have them blended in the right proportion. I had to be patient to wait the proper time; but if I had not been eager too, I should not have been ready to act when the time came. So we have to wait for God, and we have to wait patiently where we can do nothing to help ourselves. At the same time we are to have an eager outlook for God's appearing; and if we have

that, we shall certainly be putting ourselves in a state of readiness to move and act when he opens the way.

Critical Moments.

Every now and then come critical moments, when we have to make a deliberate choice, when we have to give our thought and our will to what is to be done, when there is no longer room for mere impulse, but the circumstances compel us to know fully, as fully as our capabilities will enable us, what it is that we are doing. Such times may no doubt vary very greatly in importance. They may be supreme moments in our lives, and on our decisions may depend the whole current of the rest of our days. One road may lead us straight to nobleness of soul, to truth of character, to purity of heart; the other may lower us permanently to a different rank in the Spiritual estimate. Or again; the decision may have no more importance than it gets by being deliberate and expressing the real act of the will. But in either case what is the aim at which our eye is gazing? At these crises, when, if ever, the whole soul is called fourth, what is the determining question in our minds? Is it the question of duty, and of duty only? Then surely, if ever, we ought to be able to rise to the dignity of self-sacrifice. Then surely above interest, and above pride, and above self-will, and above every attraction that can draw the soul, ought to stand that one desire to do what is really right which God has set before the conscience as the image of His very self. Compel yourself to recognize that all else will certainly perish, all that you can enjoy, all that you can win, all that you can do, but that the one eternal thing on earth is the duty that has been left undone; and when you have done that, you will have for your own the single eye that lights up all the nature; and till you have done that, you will find the sentence true to the letter of yourself and of all your life, "The light that is in thee is darkness, and how great is that darkness!"—Archbishop Temple.

A little boy is said to have remarked: "I know why flowers grow. They want to get out of the dirt."

There are often elements in a work which did not enter into the calculation when it was undertaken. Manhood and ability are shown in being equal to these emergencies. Any one can meet the anticipated.

It is best to think twice before taking upon us the burden of a hatred for any fellow-being. It weighs heavier every year, and exhausts the strength that ought to go in loving and bettering others instead.—Wellspring.

The Ministry of Joy to Grief.**By George Matheson, D.D.**

There shall be no night there.—REV. xxi. 25. How, then, can there be a serving of the sorrowful? You tell me that heaven is a land of ministration. How can it be if my heart is to have the joy of morning? Can joy minister to grief? Yes, joy alone can. It is not night that ministers to night, it is nightlessness. To meet the clouds of others I should myself be clear. If I have lost a child, and my neighbor across the street has lost a child, the common experience does not itself make either of us helpful to the other. To be helpful to my neighbor it is not enough that I have passed into the same valley; I must have passed through. 'Yes, though I walk through the valley' is a saying of deep significance. It is not the darkness that makes me a comforter; it is seeing the exit at the foot of the lane. It is being able to say, 'I have passed through; you will also.'

O Thou who art training me to be a ministering spirit, let me enter into Thy joy. Ere I go with Thee into the wilderness, let me stand with Thee by the glad streams of Jordan; let me see the opened heavens and the descending dove. It was by the joy set before Thee that Thou didst bear my cross; how else shall I bear Thine? Thou hast said that Thy yoke of ministration is easy and its burden light; but to whom? To those who have found rest to their souls. Thou hast bidden me learn of Thee; and that is Thy experience. It was the gleam of Olivet that made possible Thy Calvary. In vain shall I seek my brother's night if there is night in my own soul. In vain shall I stand by when he drinks the cup of sorrow, in vain shall I participate in his cup of sorrow, if I have not seen the sparkle in the bitter draught. Show me that sparkle, O Lord. Reveal to me the sunlight in the cup. I would not go forth to help the sad on the mere ground that I have myself been sad. I would see Thy crown in my own waters before I say to my brother, 'Peace, be still.' Reveal to me Thy gold ere I go. Let me stand with Thee one hour on the mountains ere I descend to meet the valley. Let me catch the morning rays ere I confront the evening shadows. My heart will be a minister to the night when there is no night there.

You can, of course, do as you please, but you will have to settle the matter with your God some day.

He who, in poverty, or sickness, or solitude, can preserve a merry heart and a cheerful countenance is a benefactor to society, a testimony to his God, and the best of all possible friends to himself.—Bishop Thorold.

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Saturday, November 4th, 1899.

What an erratic thing the patriotism of the masses is! Montreal was piqued because local officers were passed over, and her sons went to the war without even a brass band to play "God save the Queen" as they passed out of the railway station. In Toronto the contingent could scarcely pass along the streets for the huzzing crowd. How deep does such patriotism go?

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Is it not strange that the offer of the Young Men's Christian Association, to send a man with the Canadian contingent was accepted, and the offer of the church to furnish a chaplain was refused? Was it only a matter of dollars and cents—the association, we understand, agreeing to pay the way of its representative? We would like to know on what ground the choice was made.

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The band struck up Rule Britannia, and the people sang the chorus. The mother who had come to see her boy off could not resist the thrill of enthusiasm that vibrated through the crowd, and she too sang the chorus. But the last note died away in a moan, and she said, "Ah, Britain rules, but they may kill my boy!" In many hearts that is the sad refrain to the song of Britain's supremacy.

◆ ◆ ◆

The members of session in the majority of our country congregations are keenly intelligent men, but the church is no gainer thereby. Would it not be possible to gather the session together once every month during the winter, either in the house of the minister, or in an elder's home, for an hour's conference upon the practical work of the session? A suggestion from a hitherto silent elder may be the means of inculcating blessings to a congregation. Why should we not utilize this reserve force?

◆ ◆ ◆

Of all men the ministerial "Cad" is the most contemptible. To curry favor with the families of wealth and influence in his congregation he will forbear to express his convictions. To retain the good-will of a prominent discontent he

will listen to an accusation against a brother minister knowing it to be utterly false. We have known of one of this genus who actually lent himself to a plot to get rid of a minister whose only fault (?) was that he preached the truth too plainly, and practised it sturdily. Such men are sadly in need of regeneration.

Helping the Weak.

With the approach of the severe weather there come appeals to our doors for aid. Some of us have been the victims of imposition, and, with scant courtesy we dismiss the beggar. At times our peace of mind is disturbed by a newspaper report of one who spent a day in vain appeal for aid, and, when the night came down upon him sought rest from it all in death. We turned one from our door. Was it that one? More often we read an unmistakable description in the police news of the following day, of the beggar we did help, figuring among other drunks.

Is it not possible to check this evil of the door-to-door applicant? In some cities there is a bureau of Charities, with an officer whose whole time is devoted to investigating the cases of all who apply for need. Should any one apply for aid to a business man in his office, or to the women in the home, no aid is given there, but, furnished with the card of the one to whom application is made, the applicant is directed to the office of this bureau, and an immediate enquiry into the circumstances of those seeking aid is made. So, too, if application is made to the charitable institutions of the city, or to the organization of the individual congregation, or society, aid is not given to any extent, till there has been conference between the representatives of the several charitable organizations, and it has been learned that the applicant is not a "rounder." In this way the enterprising pauper is checked, and, it may be, rescued from sinking into abject pauperism.

To toss a quarter to a brazen applicant, or to a cringing, beggar is not helping the weak. Too often it assists in sapping the strength of the strong. Whatever destroys self-reliance destroys true manhood and womanhood. Whatever preserves and fosters self-respect is the truest help. To aid a man or woman to secure food or clothing, or medicines, if need be, by the use of their own skill or strength, is to help them. The gift of food or money is a last resort.

This is the problem of the city and the town, and not of the country. And yet the country is the tramp's paradise, if he had not such an inherent dislike to it. It is a rare thing for a tramp to be refused a good meal at a farmer's house. Partly from fear, lest his buildings or stock should suffer, more largely from genuine good-heartedness, the appeal for food or a night's lodging is freely given. Yet it is mistaken kindness in many instances. There are odd jobs about the farm-house waiting for an idle moment, and it is a greater kindness to these men to set them to work than it is to feed and lodge them freely. It is more trouble! Of course it is! But is it not worth some trouble to send a tramp away with some self-respect, and a glimmering desire to get back to true manhood again?

The October Fortnightly.

The October Fortnightly gives the place of honor to an article upon "The Rennes Verdict." Events have emerged with startling rapidity during the past few weeks, and the English-speaking people have all but forgotten the Dreyfus Case. Yet this article will be read with great interest as, instead of dealing with any narrative of that travesty of justice, it discusses the weakness revealed, in the course of the trial, as existent in the men who lead the French army. There is an almost complete absence of moral rectitude, an abuse of military power, a lack of self-respect and so a lack of power to command respect, on the part of the officers, that bodes ill for France were she to engage in war. In view of the rumored understanding between Russia and France in the present British crisis this article furnishes interesting reading. It is signed "An English Officer." It is followed by an academic paper in which Miss H. C. Foxcroft endeavors to establish a parallel between the Popish Plot, which she designates the Dreyfus Scandal in English history, and the Dreyfus Affair.

Two articles upon Australia are of more than passing interest. Federation is a burning question there at present, and Harold A. Parsons traces the growth of the Federation idea. It originated with the younger generation, with the men who are tasting the fruits of the franchise and learning its power. The politicians detest the idea, but, thinking it harmless, they adopted it as one of their political cries. The people took it up, and adopted the idea, much to the chagrin of the politicians, who would rather have the pickings of the Home Government and provincial autonomy. The second paper deals with the part the sailors have played in the colonization of that great island-continent, a part that was poorly rewarded during their life, and that has had no recognition since their death. It is an interesting and most readable article.

Two articles are devoted to the Church crisis in England. Canon MacColl, very courteously, but most effectually, deals with the weak points in the argument with which the Archbishops support the Lambeth Decision. That they should have considered argument necessary the Canon considers a weakness, but that they should have advanced such argument he considers deplorable. In another article an "Oxford Tutor" minimizes the present crisis, asserting that it is largely newspaper excitement awakened by the entrance of Sir Wm. Harcourt into the field of ecclesiastical controversy. It is an interesting paper, but will not carry the judgment of the majority of readers.

One would like to speak at length upon other papers, especially upon Geoffrey Drage's article upon the "Problem of the Aged Poor," or upon "Municipal Trading," by Walter Bond, or upon the exceedingly interesting articles in lighter vein, such as the critique upon "Mrs. Gaskell's Short Tales"; or "The Paris Market Women"; but space forbids. And, at any rate, one desires to read such articles for himself.

The Century Fund,

Toronto Meeting.

On Thursday evening of last week the first public meeting in the interests of the Century Fund in Toronto, was held in Cooke's church. The sanguine ones doubted the capacity of even that great auditorium to hold the crowd that would come, the pessimists mournfully shook their heads, and wondered whether there would be a couple of hundred present. The sanguine ones were nearer right, for the church was fairly well filled, and those who were there were representative Presbyterians.

Dr. Warden was chairman, and, in his twenty-minute opening address gave the text for the evening. This million dollars was to be our thanks-offering to the Lord. The chairman's theme was "our obligation." He illustrated it by the wonderful progress our church has made during the century, and especially since the union. We had twelve ministers when the century began, we have 1,300 now. We had 360 ministers when the union was consummated in 1875, we have 1,300 at present. We had 80,000 communicants twenty-five years ago, we have 220,000 to-day. When united we raised \$982,000 for all purposes, last year we raised \$2,500,000. And this progress is ours because of the rich blessing of our God upon the labor of His people. His goodness has placed us under a deep debt of gratitude.

The Century Fund is some small recognition of that debt. It has been well received, in the General Assembly, in the Presbyteries, since the Assembly, and by the ministers, to whom alone an appeal has yet been made. They were asked to give \$100,000, and 600 of them have already responded with upwards of \$60,000. With 700 to hear from, the balance of \$40,000 should be forthcoming. What will the elders do? Dr. Warden asked, and the Hon. G. W. Ross answered,—just what the ministers have done, nothing more, nothing less. In justification of this appeal to classes, and pitting of class against class, Dr. Warden quoted the appeal when the Temple was built as a precedent, and so far as the record of the response is concerned, the precedent might hold.

Toronto Presbytery is asked to contribute \$150,000. There are about 13,000 communicants in the bounds, and this will mean less than \$12 per communicant during the two succeeding years. That ought to be within the possibilities. If only the idea of stewardship be kept prominent, there will be no difficulty.

Keeping to the text, the general agent, Dr. Campbell, who was the next speaker, dwelt upon "Our Opportunity." God has given us great leaders, statesmen in the church, who could forecast the times, reading the future in the light of the present, and these men urged us to embrace the present opportunity. It was our flood-tide, and if taken, would result in wonderful achievement in the succeeding century. Into the great Northwest were pouring men from all other lands as well as from the older-settled portions of our own. A nation was being built there, the first foundations were being laid. We have the opportunity of giving it form

and direction. God has entrusted to us this mighty work. Shall we prove true to the trust, or recreant to it?

Rev. A. S. Grant of Dawson City had spoken but a very few minutes when a ripple of applause, the first of the evening, though the mutterings of it had been heard, ran round the room. He spoke of "Our Great Need." One million would not meet it, and before Grant had done speaking we were ready to agree with him, though he took our breath away when, in his opening sentence, he asked for ten millions. The speaker did not tell us of our duty, but he spoke of the possibilities in the work in Alaska, and we "sensed" our duty pretty clearly before he was through.

The address to the young members was entrusted to Mr. G. Tower Ferguson, and he introduced a new element. To our mind he dwelt upon the basal element in this whole movement—the unifying influence of contributing to one common fund in order that the church may be free to prosecute her legitimate work effectively. If only we can obliterate the old dividing lines, and forget where they were; if only we can present an unbroken front as we face the work that has been laid upon us, then work will be easy, and results beyond anticipation will crown our effort. The church in Canada has never formed a fair estimate of her strength. When all her forces have united under one whom God shall give to lead us, she will simply be irresistible.

But the address of Hon. G. W. Ross fittingly closed an evening that had been growing in interest since the opening hymn. There was more than humor in his treatment of the question as a government measure, introduced by the finance minister, and which the government had pledged itself to carry through. \$1,000,000 was asked for by the measure! What reason had been urged in behalf of the vote for this sum? Was it valid? There was no doubt about that, for the reason was—we are under deep obligation to our God. None would deny the validity of that reason. Lest there might be some doubter Mr. Ross outlined the growth of our nation, under the good providence of God, during the century it has been proposed to mark by this movement. But what of the purpose for which this vote is being asked? Is it a worthy one? We are asked to contribute \$400,000 to pay our own debts. That surely is worthy. We are asked to contribute \$600,000 more to advance the work of missions, of education, and of benevolence. We ought to show our gratitude to the men who laid the foundation of our Presbyterian church in Canada. None will refuse to contribute to the assistance of the fatherless children and the widow of the minister suddenly cut down. The work of the theological schools is too evidently important to cause hesitation in that respect. It was quite evident that, were the speaker not held by loyalty to the common fund he would make his personal contribution payable to the fund for theological education alone. In his opinion the man who comes from our theological hall should be the best educated man in the community. His education should be broad enough to enable him to see on every side of a question, and to estimate the good in all things. Then, too, it

surely was good business to provide sufficient funds to carry on the work of the church without the necessity of being carried for months by the banks, at an annual cost of some thousands of dollars. On the whole he thought this vote for \$1,000,000 should pass, and that it would pass triumphantly.

Such meetings arouse interest, and give information. Men will talk of the Century Fund now who had only heard of it before. Opinions may differ, and different opinions may be ventilated, and will be the sweeter for it. The appeal for contributions will begin soon, and, before that time, men will understand the movement pretty thoroughly. That is what the average Presbyterian demands before he will respond to an appeal for money. Sentiment will not draw a cent from him; but to a rational appeal he will always respond.

An Opportunity.

It does not occur to the average man that a call for service is to him an opportunity. The call often breaks in upon his own carefully pre-arranged plan. It is frequently a call to service for which he has no inclination. It sometimes means the sacrifice of personal comfort, and the giving up of long-cherished plans. To call this an opportunity seems to him playing with words.

We usually think of opportunity as the opening of a door hitherto closed, allowing access to better things than we have formerly enjoyed. The sacrifice of an ambition, or of a long-cherished desire would scarcely be called an opportunity. Yet it may be the opportunity of a lifetime. It was so to McKay of Uganda. A successful career in his profession was opening to him, and with the keen ambition of a young Scotchman, he looked forward to it. Then came the unmistakable call to serve in Africa. It was the opportunity of his life, he accepted it, and from that day God's riches began to pour, in an ever-increasing stream, into his life.

The opportunity is coming to some in these closing months of the century, to follow out a plan long since formed, or to listen to a call that has come athwart that plan only recently. If this call be from God it is our opportunity, and we shall do well to accept it, and let the other go. It is worth an hour of conference, apart from God, to know whether this call be from God or not.

We note this item in an exchange. "We have a friend in this city who has made one hundred and eighty business applications without success. He is known, and respected, but his hair is grey." We have frequently heard it said that in all professions and callings but the ministry, age and experience were at a premium. It seems that the age-limit holds outside the ministry.

It was said of one that as he prayed he spoke as if God was near, and talked with him so really and confidently, that those who were beside him found themselves almost looking around to see where God was.—Taylor.

The Inglenook

An Every-Day Story.

"You aren't going to try to arrange that cupboard yourself, are you, mamma? You look tired. Close the doors, and let's forget its existence."

Mrs. Jordan smiled; the suggestion was so like Bettie.

"No, dear, it ought to be done at once. I can't bear to have such a disorderly corner about the house. I'm sure I don't know when Susan will be back, and I don't much care. She never does anything thoroughly."

"Then let me do it, mamma," Bettie spoke more cheerfully than she felt. She had mapped out a different plan for these Saturday morning hours.

"You dear child! It would be such a relief, but I don't like to put it on your shoulders."

"Oh, nonsense!" laughed Bettie. "My shoulders are stronger than you think, mamma. What do you suppose all my physical culture lessons have been good for?"

So Mrs. Jordan was ejected out of the room; and Bettie, perched on the baby high chair, attacked the upper shelves. It was a pleasant sight to Aunt Lydia, sitting by the fireplace, under whose deft fingers a little sock was taking form and shape. Her needles never slackened, even while her eyes were fixed on the slender, girlish figure. How unselfish Bettie was growing! What was the reason? Was the little silver cross, with its three suggestive letters, in the secret?

As the work progressed, Aunt Lydia felt a slight uneasiness. Would Bettie prove faithful, she wondered, when she reached the lowest shelf?

You see, the day before Aunt Lydia had gone to this same shelf in search of some article, and had come across a box away at the further end. In the one swift glance she gave it as she raised the cover she had a glimpse of Tom's top, some battered tissue-paper flowers, tangled embroidery silks, and sundry old gloves and ribbons; while there were indications of equally interesting developments beneath. Evidently, Susan had made a sort of dumping ground for "odds and ends." And now Aunt Lydia wondered if this would not prove too much for Bettie's good resolution.

"Behold," said the unconscious Bettie, at this juncture, with a flourish that imperilled her standing on the high chair. "The top shelves are in a state of precision that it would do your heart good to see." And then she descended to give Aunt Lydia a great hug, and prepare for an attack on the lower shelves. "Do you know," she went on, confidentially, "I have turned over a new leaf. I detest work of this kind, but I make myself do it. It's a 'discipline for the mind,' as Miss Brownlee says about algebra. No, that isn't my motive either." And the round face grew suddenly serious. "I made up my mind that I must improve, or I should feel as if I were dishonoring that." And Bettie touched the little silver cross.

A minute later Mrs. Jordan put her head in at the door.

"Can't you leave that awhile, dear, and take this letter to the post-office? It ought to go on the next mail."

"Of course, I can," said Bettie, promptly; "and glad of the chance. I'll be ready in just two minutes."

Left alone in the dining room, Aunt Lydia laid down her knitting and vanished up the stairs. She was back in her place, however, and knitting as placidly as ever, when Bettie returned with her

girlish face glowing from exercise and contact with the crisp, frosty air.

"It's delicious outdoors, auntie. I was tempted not to come back till time for luncheon." And Bettie shook her fist menacingly at the unfinished work. "But, then, I'm nearly through. Only two more shelves to do, and they're easy." Evidently she was in blissful ignorance of the miscellaneous collection in that neat-looking pasteboard box.

Aunt Lydia watched her pretty niece when the last shelf was cleared, and the discovery made Bettie always sang over her work; and she was in the midst of "God make my life a little light," when a sudden impulse led her to open that whited sepulchre. The song ceased abruptly. Another minute and the cover was replaced—the box pushed back to the end of the shelf. Bettie's voice piped up again; but it was constrained now, and not so clear as before.

"All through, dear?" said Mrs. Jordan, entering just as Bettie was closing the cupboard doors. "Yes, I see you are. How beautifully you have arranged everything! What would we ever do without our helpful Bettie, Aunt Lydia? You don't know what a relief it is, Bettie, to know that everything is in order here." And, with a kiss that brought the blood to Bettie's cheeks, her mother left the room.

Early in the afternoon Ethel Manderson called. "Put on your things, can't you, Bettie? Mamma wants you to go sleigh-driving with us."

Of course, Bettie flew to her room for her warmest wrappings; and the result was a long, blissful ride through city and country roads, to the music of jingling sleigh bells.

It was not till evening that she thought again of the slighted box. She felt uncomfortable when she joined the group around the fireplace in the library.

"Let's have anagrams," suggested Tom, ruminating for the box of letters. "You give me a word, Bet; and I'll give you one."

"Well," but Bettie's voice was somewhat reluctant. She was bright and quick, however, and guessed her words too easily for Tom's satisfaction. "Say, now," he protested, "you guess them too fast. I haven't made out the one you gave me yet. Here's another word for you, though. It isn't very long, but it puzzled me the other day."

Tom shook the letters vigorously in his two hands, and delivered them over to Bettie.

"That isn't hard," she announced, almost immediately. "It's 'daughter.'"

"Well, now, aren't you smart?" And Tom looked disgusted. "You can wait awhile for the next one. I shan't bother with you till I guess my own."

"That suits me," said Bettie. "I'm going down stairs, anyway. There's something I want to do there."

No one but Aunt Lydia suspected what the business was, and she did not guess the cause of the sudden decision.

It was that last anagram, so unconsciously given by Brother Tom. Bettie's conscience was in a sensitive state that evening, which made it an easy transition from the word in her hand to the thought of the daughter she claimed to be the "King's Daughter"; and her resolution was taken. The detestable box should be cleared before she slept that night.

It wasn't pleasant to sit there all alone in the dining room, asserting that heterogeneous collection; for Bettie was a sociable little body. But the coals glowed brightly in the open grate, as if they wanted to cheer her; and, as her fingers flew over the distasteful work, a warm feeling crept into her heart.

There were other compensations, too. Long lost treasures, it seemed, had found their way to Susan's dumping ground. "If here isn't my best paint brush!" And Bettie's eyes shone, as she drew it out of its long handle; "and, actually, my tube of yellow ochre!"

"What in the world is this?" she said, as she found a neat little tissue-paper package, and opened it wonderingly. "If it isn't Aunt Lydia's lovely pink pincushion! And here's a paper pinned to it." So there was; and on it were just three words, "For faithful Bettie." Well, well! What a wonderful woman Aunt Lydia was, anyway!

How did she know anything about the box, when even Bettie had been ignorant of its existence? How could she have been that Bettie would not shirk, or she would never have placed there that dear little reward for her to find! Aunt Lydia must have been disappointed in her. The thought made Bettie's fingers fly faster than ever, till the work was finished. Somehow, she did not want to throw her strong, young arms around Aunt Lydia until her conscience was quite, quite cleared.

It was a light, quick step that came behind the arm-chair a few minutes later.

"Who's a darling?" whispered Bettie, to cover her embarrassment; "and gave her horrid niece her very prettiest and pinkest pincushion?"

"Who's a dear little King's Daughter?" answered Aunt Lydia.

"What are you two talking about?" said Tom. "Give me conundrums? Come over here, Bet. I've got a new word for you a regular puzzler!"—Christian Register.

The Meadow Lark.

When the first September rain
Has gone sparkling down my pane,
And the lilies have come again,

And with pearls each leaf is shaking,
Then a soft voice rises near,
Oh, so mournfully and clear
That the tears spring as I hear—
"Sweet—O Sweet—my heart is breaking!"

Gone the white mock-orange sprays,
Gone the clover-scented ways,
Gone the dear, delicious days,

And the earth soft tones is taking;
But who could the spring forget
While that soft voice rises, set
Deep in passion and regret—
"Sweet—O Sweet—my heart is breaking!"

Was it only yester-year
That I stood and listened here,
Without heartache, without tear,
For a burst of joy mistaking
Those old, lyric notes of pain,
Mourning yet and yet again
From the meadows wet with rain—
"Sweet—O Sweet—my heart is breaking!"

I know better, lark, to-day;
I have walked with sorrow; yea,
I know all that thou wouldst say,
And my heart with tears is aching
When across the fading year
Thou goest calling far and near,
Oh, so mournfully and clear—
"Sweet—O Sweet—my heart is breaking!"

—Ella Higginson, in Independent.

She was in the service of an English family near Oxford, and one wet day, happening to step into a heap of mire, she returned home with her clothes covered with dirt. "What have you been doing?" asked her mistress. "Oh, I stepped into a hump-lock o' g'laur," said the Scotch girl. "And what's g'laur?" "Just clairs," "But what's clairs?" asked the mistress. "It's just clabber," replied the girl. "But, dear me, what's clabber?" "Clabber is drookit stour." "But, dear me, what's drookit stour?" asked the amazed mistress. To which the girl replied: "Weel, weel, 'ave nae patience wi' ye ava; ye sud ken as well as me it's just wat dirt."

Pigmies of Africa.

Herodotus records the existence of pigmies in Africa—"a nation of little men who wore garments made of palm leaves." Hundreds of years after the Father of History wrote, Stanley saw them in the gloom of a Central African forest, and held an interview with one of their princesses. Later, Captain Barrows, of the Congo Free State, came across these little freaks more than once, and in his book, "The Land of the Pigmies," he describes their make and manners.

The Pigmies' height brings them to the shoulders of a man of average stature, although some of them stand no higher than his chest. There are black pigmies and red pigmies. The bodies of the red pigmies are not so hairy as those of negroes, but the blacks' bodies are covered with down. Although a well proportioned race, they are socially inferior to other tribes. They are nomads by nature and wander from place to place, supporting themselves by hunting. One place seems to be as much a home to them as another, if it is good hunting ground.

Their revengeful nature and their hardihood in war cause them to be feared. They will lie and deceive, but they will not steal.

The pigmy is an excellent archer. He will shoot three or four arrows, one after another, with such rapidity that the last will have left the bow before the first has reached its goal. When an arrow misses its mark, the pigmy flies into a violent passion, breaking his bow and arrows in his rage. When it hits he pats his left arm with his right hand and chuckles.

A certain chief of the Monvuis was big, and so corpulent that he had to be carried about in a litter borne by four men. On a certain occasion he was going with his warriors to fight a neighboring chief, for he always accompanied a fighting expedition and directed its attacks from his litter. His wife, a massive matron, was in the litter with him. As they passed an invisible pigmy encampment whose inhabitants he had offended, a flight of arrows from a concealed foe caused the chief and his wife to drop from their sitting posture and turn over on their faces.

A pigmy darted out from behind a tiny bush, shot off two arrows, hit both the chief and his wife, and then, uttering a cry of gratification and putting his right arm with his left hand, disappeared behind the bush.

The pigmies take up their abode near the village of a big chief, where banana plantations abound, from which they may glean when they please. They have two methods of gleaning. One is as follows:

A pigmy will mark out a bunch of bananas in a plantation by shooting an arrow into the stalk. The arrow signifies that the pigmy desires that particular bunch when it is sufficiently ripe. The owner of the plantation stands in such fear of the pigmy's vengeance that he never dreams of removing the fruit or the arrow, but leaves both to be claimed by the awe-inspiring dwarf.

By the other method the pigmy buys the bananas, he fixing the price and paying for it in that which his fiat makes currency. On returning home from a day's hunting, with several pieces of meat wrapped in grass or leaves, he goes to a plantation, selects several bunches of bananas, slips up the tree, cuts off the bunches, and in payment affixes one of the small packets of meat to the stem by a wooden skewer. He has not stolen the bananas—he has bought them. His is "the good old rule" on which Rob Roy acted:

The simple plan,
That they should take who have the power,
And they should keep who can.

The pigmy's appetite for bananas is such that he will eat sixty at a meal. Then he will lie and groan throughout the night, but when the morning comes he is ready to repeat the meal.

"Yes," said a pigmy to Captain Barrows, when he expressed surprise at the dwarf's appetite, "there were a few bananas there on a bunch, and I ate

them. I suppose that is what they were there for. I should like some more."

Strangers passing through the bush are fair game for pigmies, who are cunning in the art of compelling a man to make a target of himself. The pigmy fastens a cord to his foot and affixes the other end to the bough of a tree that stretches across the forest path. Concealed a few yards off, the pigmy waits till he hears some one coming; then he gently pulls the string so as to shake the boughs. The stranger stops to watch the moving branch, and is shot in the back by the pigmy.

"But," said a pigmy, when rebuked by Captain Barrows for such treachery, "he was a stranger. He had no business to be there." It is the old story told in one of Leech's pictures in Punch: "A stranger! 'Eave 'arf a brack at 'im!"—Youth's Companion.

Alone.

Since she went home—
Longer the evening shadows linger here,
The winter days fill so much of the year,
And even summer winds are chill and drear,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The robin's note has touched a minor strain,
The old glad songs breathe forth a sad refrain,
And laughter sobs with hidden, bitter pain,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
How still the empty rooms her presence blessed;
Untouched the pillow that her dear head pressed;
My lonely heart hath nowhere for its rest,
Since she went home.

Since she went home—
The long, long days have crept away like years,
The sunlight has been dimmed with doubts and fears,
And the dark nights have rained in lonely tears,
Since she went home.

—Robert J. Burdette.

A Child's Evensong.

The sun is weary, for he ran
So far and fast to-day;
The birds are weary, for who sang
So many songs as they?
The bees and butterflies at last
Are tired out, for just think, too,
How many gardens through the day
Their little wings have fluttered through,
And so, as all tired people do,
They've gone to lay their sleepy heads
Deep, deep in warm and happy beds.
The sun has shut his golden eye,
And gone to sleep beneath the sky.
The birds and butterflies and bees
Have all crept into flowers and trees,
And all lie quiet, still as mice,
Till morning comes like father's voice.

So Geoffrey, Owen, Phyllis, you
Must sleep away till morning, too,
Close little eyes, down little heads,
And sleep—sleep—sleep in happy beds.

—Richard Le Gallienne.

Helping Grandma.

There is nothing more beautiful in this world than to observe the tenderness of some girls towards their aged relatives. Dear grandmother cannot thread her needles as easily as she used to do, and is sensitive on the subject, and does not like to be too obviously helped—to have attention to her failing eyesight, which she so much regrets, and does not like to admit. There are two ways of meeting the difficulty. Mattie, a kind-hearted girl, without much tact, will exclaim, "O grandma! what perfect nonsense for you to fuss over that needle! You know you cannot find the hole where the thread should go in—your eyes are too old. Give me the thing; I'll thread your needles." The intention is most excellent, but the old lady is hurt, and stifles a sigh. She had young eyes once, and she has the same independent spirit still. Edith, in the same circumstances, manages in another fashion. She simply threads a dozen needles and leaves them all ready for grandmamma in her needle-book, saying pleas-

antly, "It saves so much time, dear, these busy days to have one's needles all ready and waiting."
—Harper's Round Table.

Gibraltar.

Gibraltar might be said to be in a continuous state of siege, says the Youth's Companion, according to the account given by Mr. Chatfield Taylor in "The Land of the Castanet." The rigorous rules of a military post are never relaxed. The fact that it is a foreign post, held by force in a foreign country, is never forgotten. At retreat the gates are closed; at reveille they are opened.

None but Englishmen are allowed to enter without a pass, and none but residents permitted to spend the night. The Spanish laborers from San Roque who come for the day are forced to leave at night-fall. A bell of warning clangs like an alarm of fire before retreat is sounded, and then the streets are thronged with grimy workmen from Spain—men, women, even children, hurrying to get beyond the gates before the closing of the town.

At sunset the warden, bearing the keys, marches through the streets to the stirring strains of the fife and drums or the braying notes of Highland pipes, and locks the gates for the night. Again at the hour of taps, martial music echoes through the town as pipers of the Black Watch or the drummers of some regiment of the line swing through the narrow streets, their red coats glinting in the lights which glare from shop or tavern, their feet falling in measured time upon the glistening cobbles of the pavement.

The batteries of ponderous modern guns, and El Hacho, the signal tower, are now closed to visitors, so one no longer gazes, as at a former visit, across the straits to the misty hills of Morocco, where the Moorish cities of Tangier and Ceuta nestle by the sea.

You used to scramble on donkeys over the crest of the rock, and visit St. Michael's cave below; Cockney gunners used to point the great guns at Africa, and detail their carrying power and caliber; but the authorities have grown suspicious, and now but half the "Gib" is shown to the foreign visitors, while even the whereabouts of the newest batteries is kept a secret.

Last Hours.

"I say good night and go up-stairs,
And then undress and say my prayers,
Beside my bed, and then jump in it,
And then—the very next minute
"The morning sun comes in to peep
At me. I s'pose I've been to sleep;
But seems to me," said little Ted,
"It's not worth while to go to bed."

—SIDNEY DAYRE, in St. Nicholas.

Watering House-Plants.

I am satisfied that not one person in twenty is aware that too much water is more dangerous to the plants than too little. Some gardeners seem to have the idea that to take a watering pot in hand to supply the needs of plants is an easy duty, and that to give a dash here and to soak the soil there is all there is to the matter. One thing is to be observed: Neither all plants under all circumstances, nor, indeed, the same plants under different circumstances, require the same amount of water. It is necessary, therefore, to study the nature and habits of kinds, so that each may be treated according to its needs. A vigorous blooming plant, say a fuchsia or geranium, might be said to represent the maximum need of water; the same when in a state of rest, in cool damp weather, the minimum requirement as to this. Therefore, to give exactly the same quantity of water in both conditions named, would be to cause harm by not giving enough water to some and too much to others. One safe rule is to wait until the ball of earth begins to get rather dry, and then to give enough water to moisten the soil through and through. Then do not water again until the former state of dryness is reached, he that time six hours or six days.—Vick's Magazine.

Ministers and Churches.

QUEBEC.

Rev. F. D. Miller, D.D., of Kennerly's Gomers is taking up some past grammar work in the Presbyterian College, Montreal.

The pulpit of the Presbyterian church, East Templeton, was occupied by Rev. A. D. McIntyre, B.A., of Cumberland, two weeks ago.

At the last communion in Ardahan, congregation six new members were received. The preparatory services were conducted by Rev. P. H. Hutcheson, of Huntington.

Col. Fraser, of Montreal, visited Elgin and Ardahan Sunday Schools last week. His vigorous and practical addresses will result in a new zeal, as well as increased interest in Sunday School work.

On account of the missionary anniversary in the Methodist church, Harrington, the Presbyterian church was closed on Sunday evening. There was, in consequence, a large attendance at St. John's church; and the congregation was addressed by the Rev. P. H. Hutcheson, of St. Andrew's church, and Rev. D. Shaw, of Montreal.

Thanksgiving Day was well observed in East Templeton. A correspondent of the Buckingham Post writes:—"Our village was honored by a visit from Rev. Prof. Ross, D.D., of the Montreal Presbyterian College. The Professor preached an eloquent patriotic sermon in the morning to a large and interested audience. In the evening the church was well filled again with an appreciative people who enjoyed listening to Dr. Ross' popular lecture on "Scottish Life and Character." In addition to the lecture, Rev. Wm. Patterson, B.A., of Bonkingham, gave a recitation, which was thoroughly enjoyed. Mrs. Patterson and Mrs. Scott sang a beautiful Scotch song, which added to the pleasure of the evening."

EASTERN ONTARIO

Rev. I. A. Mackenzie, of Oakwood, preached at Sunderland last Sabbath.

Rev. D. W. Best, of Beaverton, has returned to pastoral work after a brief holiday season.

The *Almonte Gazette* speaks in high terms of "two very thoughtful sermons" recently preached in St. John's church, by Rev. E. C. Gallup, of Ottawa.

Rev. P. J. McLaren, B.A., of Bellwood, has been preaching in St. John's church, Almonte, while Rev. E. A. Mitchell occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church, Parkenham.

Rev. D. Robertson, the ubiquitous superintendent of missions, conducted services in Knox and St. Andrew's churches, Stratford, last Sunday. The great cause of Home Missions did not suffer at his hands.

Rev. J. C. Potter, of Peterboro, lectured in North church, Foxboro, in the interest of the B. and F. Bible Society. His subject, "Better Than Gold," was handled in such a manner as won the plaudits of the audience.

At the recent anniversary services at Omeenee, Rev. A. Macgillivray, of Toronto, preached morning and evening, the Rev. J. W. McMillan, of Lindsay, taking the afternoon service. The attendance was large at each diet of worship.

The Peterboro Examiner speaks in terms of commendation of Rev. Mr. Kennan, of Omeenee, as "a preacher of more than ordinary ability," who is "generally adding in every respect to the prosperity of the church" since his recent settlement there.

Rev. J. B. McLaren, of Columbus, recently gave an address on "Horatius Bonar and his hymns," which the *Whitney Chronicle* tells us interested the readers was much enjoyed and appreciated. The various hymns of the writer contained in the *Book of Praise*, was made use of to illustrate the address.

At a public meeting in St. Andrew's church, Renfrew, held last week to select a successor to Rev. Dr. Campbell in the pastorate of that church, the question was asked "How many of those present were also present at the meeting at which the call was given to Rev. Dr. Campbell, twenty-eight years ago?" Twenty-eight stood up.

Prior to his leaving Scarborough, where he ministered for ten years, the Rev. John Chisholm was tendered a farewell banquet by the members of Melville congregation, by whom he was also presented with a kindly worded address, as well as

with a large purse of gold. The tables were spread in the basement of the church, and the attendance represented the various denominations in the neighborhood. Rev. Mr. McAuley, who represented the Presbytery, spoke feelingly of the loss which they were sustaining by Mr. Chisholm's removal. His aid in organizing and encouraging disheartened congregations had been invaluable, and it would be long before they would cease to regret his going. The local Anglican and Methodist clergymen were present and gave generous evidence of the esteem in which Mr. Chisholm was held by their people. The address from the congregation, among other things, bore testimony to the energy displayed by their departing pastor. Their revenue had increased over a hundredfold, and to Mr. Chisholm they declared the credit almost solely belonged. It would be long, they believed, before they could fill his place as he had filled it. Mr. Chisholm has accepted an unanimous call to Knysville, where his induction takes place at an early date.

WESTERN ONTARIO

Rev. J. C. Cameron has been preaching at Blainville.

Rev. Alexander Gilray, of Toronto, conducted services in Ester last Sabbath.

Rev. M. C. McEwen, of Alma, preached in the Harrison Church last Sabbath.

Rev. Mr. McNabb, of White church, officiated in Knox church, Elora, last Sabbath.

Rev. Mr. Short, of Kingston, is occupying the pulpit of Glenora church, for two Sabbaths.

Rev. F. O. Nichol, formerly of Sarnia, has accepted the call from Pinkerton and West Brant.

Rev. Dr. Abraham, of Burlington, is announced to conduct anniversary services at Cayuga next Sabbath.

Dr. Dickson, of Galt, preached anniversary sermons in First Presbyterian church, St. Marys, last Sabbath.

Rev. Mr. Cosgrove, of St. Marys, gave a thoughtful address to the young people of Chalmers Church, Woodstock.

Rev. John Ross, from Sutherlandshire, Scotland, was the preacher in St. Andrew's church, Stratford, last Sunday.

Rev. Dr. Moffatt, of the Upper Canada Religious Tract and Book Society, has been preaching in Knox church, Acton.

Rev. Hugh Cavan, of Chatham Presbytery, has been unanimously called to Shakespeare, vacant through the recent resignation of Rev. R. Pyke.

Rev. Dr. Johnson, of London, and D. R. Drummond, of St. Thomas, are visiting churches in the interest of the Presbyterian twentieth century fund.

Rev. J. A. Cosgrove, of St. Marys, has been appointed to declare the Mitchell pulpit vacant, on the 12th inst.; and he will act as interim Moderator.

Anniversary services on the 25th ult., in Knox church, Camlachie, were conducted by Rev. W. D. Bell, of Cornwall, who also addressed the C. E. Society.

A sermon, preparatory to the communion, was preached in Knox church, Camlachie, on Friday afternoon of last week, by Rev. W. G. Richardson, of Wyoming.

A hearty and unanimous call has been extended to Rev. D. D. Macdonald, of Lorneville, by the congregation at Caledonia, without a stated pastor since the removal of Rev. J. S. Conning to Walkerton.

At the recent meeting of Guelph Presbytery, Rev. A. Bradley, M.A., of Mitchell, signified his acceptance of a call to St. Andrew's church, Berlin, and on motion of Rev. Dr. Hamilton, translation was granted.

The *Sarnia Observer* of a recent date contains an account of a painful accident to Rev. F. O. Nichol, who was thrown off his wheel, "sustaining a bad fracture of the right shoulder blade and seriously bruising the shoulder and arm."

Rev. E. H. Sawers and family left Milton Grove for Brucefield amid the sincere regrets of the community. Miss Sawers was presented with a handsome opal ring by the Y.P.P.S. along with a kindly worded address; and Mrs. Sawers was made the recipient of a valuable gold locket from the W.F. M.S. of which she was president, as a slight token of the esteem in which she is held by the membership.

The following Sabbath evening subjects will be preached upon in King Street Presbyterian church,

London, by the Pastor, Rev. Thomas Wilson, on following dates: Nov. 7, "Is Christianity Hindered by Christians?" Nov. 12, "Presenting Helpful to Christianity?" Nov. 19, "Should Christians Take Any Part in Politics?" Nov. 26, "Do London Politics Need To Be Improved?" Nov. 3, "The Kind of Men Needed to Govern a City."

The Rev. Dr. Dickson is one of the oldest ministers in active work in the Guelph Presbytery, having been pastor of the Central church, Galt, for twenty years, and occupies a high position in the Presbyterian church in Canada. Dr. Dickson is also an author of several useful books, which have run into large editions. He is also well known as a frequent and welcome writer for the religious press; and readers of the *Dominion Presbyterian* may soon expect to see something from his facile pen in these columns.

A pretty event was that which took place on Thanksgiving Day at Fairview Hill, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. George Cornack, of Woodstock. It was the occasion of the marriage of their eldest daughter, Marjorie, to John W. Rutherford, of Toronto. The ceremony was performed at one o'clock by the Rev. K. G. Sinclair of Canard, Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia, assisted by the Rev. W. A. Mackay, B.A., D.D., of Chalmers church. Guests to the number of fifty were present from Toronto, Bradford, London, Stratford, Mr. Pleasant and Woodstock. The young couple will live in Woodstock.

At a large social gathering in Knox church, Stratford, the other evening, Mr. and Mrs. George Malcolm were the recipients of well deserved tokens of esteem from the congregation. Mr. Malcolm has, for many years, with much ability and thoughtfulness, taught the Bible class, and in slight acknowledgment of his valuable services, he was presented with a warmly worded address, also with a handsome writing desk and revolving chair. The address made mention of Mrs. Malcolm's unwearied services, and she was given a beautiful centre table. The pastor of the church occupied the chair; the address was read by Miss Nellie Ball, and the presentation was made by Dr. J. A. Berthel. Mr. Malcolm briefly replied for himself and Mrs. Malcolm, thanking the congregation for their beautiful and serviceable presents. The proceedings was pleasantly varied by a short musical programme.

NORTHERN ONTARIO

Ashburn is now the only augmented congregation in Whitby Presbytery.

Rev. A. McAuley, B.A., of Pickering, is interim moderator of Dunbarton during the vacancy.

At the recent meeting of the Bradford Auxiliary of the W.F.M.S. Mr. W. S. Fraser presided; Rev. Mr. Fogue, of Stayner, gave a stirring address; and the thank-offering amounted to \$21.54.

Presbytery of Whitby has left in the hands of Rev. J. H. Turnbull, M.A., to arrange with the executive of Christian Endeavor Societies within the Presbytery, for a convention in Bowmanville at some convenient time before the close of the year.

On Sunday last the Presbyterian church at Nipegon, recently erected, was opened for public worship, the service being conducted by the Rev. S. C. Murray of Port Arthur. The missionary in charge, Mr. James Russell, has been most untiring in his efforts to secure a church at this point, and has succeeded beyond the most sanguine expectations of his friends. The local congregation were quite unequal to the task of erecting a church, but substantial assistance has been rendered by outside parties. The church and manse building board made a grant of \$170 and Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal kindly sent his check for \$100, while the C.P.R. employees all along the line have generously assisted. The church is a neat frame building on an excellent stone foundation. A small tower and belfry believes the plainness of the front, while a vestry 12 feet square extends from the rear. The entire property is valued at \$1,250, and after the opening services, which will be continued by a special week night service, as well as on November 8, when Dr. Robertson is expected to officiate, the building will be entirely free from debt, as only a few dollars more is required to meet all demands. Nipegon is a popular summer resort for American and Canadian tourists, and this comfortable church is a most desirable and necessary acquisition at this point.

A student at one of the great missionary colleges was conducting a prayer service, and in an outburst of enthusiasm he prayed, "Give us all pure hearts, give us all clean hearts, give us all sweethearts," to which the congregation responded, "Amen."—*The Evangelist*.

Dr. Duff and Missions in India.

(Continued on page 676.)

profession a missionary, by his life and labours the true and constant friend of India."

So this great missionary by his writings and impassioned eloquence awakened Britain and America to the importance of Indian missions. His work in India, educational and evangelistic; his influence with those in power—all subordinate to his devotion to Christ; and consequent zeal for the bringing of the heathen, have made him to be one in the forefront of those who are called to be witnesses to the work of a risen and living Lord.

The effect of such labours can only be given in part by statistics. Cruelty and heathen abominations have had to yield to the kindly influence and purifying power of christianity; natives of India are now taking up the work of evangelization; a new spirit is being shed abroad in that nation. There are now 2800 Protestant missionaries in India, of whom 340 were sent out during the past year. Of these 470 are Presbyterians; 298 are Methodist; 480 are Baptist, and 528 are Episcopalians. The influence of books counts for much also, last year over a thousand English books, many of them dealing with religions, having been published in India. There are about 500 medical missionaries laboring among the poor, and the interest in Zenana mission work is growing.

The Presbyterian church in Canada has a growing mission in Central India. There are at present 27 from Canada doing mission work there; in all 46 have been sent out. A hearty study of Dr. Duff's life and work and of the needs of India ought to result in heartiest support and liveliest interest in our missions in Central India.

MONTREAL.

In the German Lutheran Church on Sunday special services were held in commemoration of the Reformation.

If any minister has a spare pulpit gown to give away, he will find an Elisha by communicating with the office of this paper.

The Rev. G. Colborne Heine, M.A., is also among the war preachers. His sermon was an eloquent and stirring expression of patriotism.

The church at La Guerre, after being extensively repaired, was re-opened on Sunday, Oct. 15, when the Rev. Dr. MacDonald, of Dundee, preached in the forenoon and the Rev. Donald Stewart, the pastor, in the evening.

The Rev. W. D. Read, B.A., B.D., of Taylor church has been down at Three Rivers giving his lecture on "The Land of the Turk" in St. Andrew's church. Reports say that the lecture was highly appreciated.

Mr. Robert Reid has for the third time won the Kinnear wreath, a prize given annually by the North American United Caledonian Association for best song or other poem on a Scottish subject. Mr. Reid's best-known poem is probably "Kirkbride."

The Bible society has been taxed by the city and has notified the board of assessors that it claims exemption from taxation. Two of the city attorneys are of opinion that, according to the new city charter, the society is within its rights in making the claim.

The meetings in Stanley street church, for the deepening of spiritual life, have been well attended. The Revs. G. Osborne, Troop and Adam Murrain on Monday evening were followed on Tuesday evening by Rev. C. B. Ross of Lachine, who spoke on "The Holy Spirit and the Word of God." The Rev. Prof. Jas. Ross, D.D., spoke on Wednesday evening and the Rev. Principal George on Thursday evening.

The Rev. Principal MacVicar was the victim of a sad and serious accident one evening last week. The accident occurred while he was getting down from a street car and in a perfectly mysterious manner. The doctor was jolted, picked up unconscious and taken home in a cab. Nothing further appears to be known about the process. A city paper demands that the case should be investigated in the public interest. The doctor is progressing favorably.

Another undenominational conference, regarding the amelioration of the condition of the poor, was held last Friday in the Y.M.C.A. Ministers of all Protestant denominations were present and a deputation from the local council of women. Mrs. G. Drummond submitted a scheme to establish a charity organization in Montreal in the interests of the economy and right direction of relief. This scheme was adopted. The society will not dispense aid in any form. Its work will be to co-ordinate

and simplify the work of existing charitable societies and individuals, and thus to make relief more effectual, while preventing its duplication. A central office will be established. It was resolved to appoint a committee to wait up on Archbishop Brochei and solicit the co-operation of the Roman Catholics.

A meeting of the Presbytery was held on Friday morning. Arrangements were made to induct at Beechridge the Rev. G. F. Kinnear, now a missionary at Megantic, should he agree to the translation. The resignation of the Hemmingford congregation by the Rev. Mr. Mackay was accepted by the Presbytery and the Rev. J. Patterson was appointed to declare the church vacant on Nov. 12, and also to act as moderator pro tem of the congregation.

A correspondent in Saturday's "Witness" wishes to know why the solos and quartettes which are introduced at the ordinary services in Presbyterian churches are omitted from the service when the communion is observed. From this omission he infers their unfitness for use in worship at all. The editor finds the explanation in "the conservatism which surrounds all religious observances and which asserts itself most in connection with those observances which are held most sacred." The complainant might also be reminded of the fact that the solemnity of the communion and the sad thoughts evoked by such a memorial service make such things unsuitable, and even specific itself to some sensitive minds, at least, almost an impertinence and an intrusion. What is fitting at ordinary services may be inappropriate at the communion service.

Rev. John McEwen of Toronto, has been visiting friends in Lakefield, where he is always welcome.

Rev. James S. Scott preached farewell sermons in the Presbyterian church, Hespeler, last Sunday to large and appreciative congregations.

Rev. William Patterson of Cooke's church, Toronto made many new and strengthened many old admirers of Ireland and the Irish, in John street Sunday School, Belleville, on Monday evening. He told, without seeming to, much of the history of Ireland from its first discovery until the present time, showing that in a number of ways Ireland and Irishmen have changed very little in the passing centuries. He spoke for over an hour, telling many interesting and instructive things of the Emerald Isle in such an amusing style that the time passed far too quickly. Prof. Coleman made an excellent chairman; and a short musical programme was discussed.

At the recent annual meeting of the Ontario Sabbath School Association at Acton, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Dr. Harrison, Keene; Vice Presidents, Hon. James Young, Galt; Wm Johnson, Belleville; Hon. S. H. Blake, Toronto; Geo. Rutherford, Hamilton; Wm. Bowman, London; W. N. Hossie, Brantford; J. K. Macdonald, Toronto; H. P. Moore, Acton; J. A. McCrea, Guelph; R. J. Score, Toronto; A. J. Donly, Simcoe; T. McGillicuddy, Toronto; D. W. Beedle, Toronto, and the Presidents of county and city associations; Rev. D. Strachan, Guelph; Mr. James Kerr, Waterloo, and Rev. C. R. Morrow, Alma, were elected on the Executive and Mr. H. P. Moore, Acton, on the Central Executive.

Marriages.

At Midhurst, on October 24th, 1899, by the Rev. Thomas Fatou, Mr. Chas. O. F. Wright, of Mining Station, to Miss Annie Stewart, Midhurst.

At the residence of the bride's mother, Orillia, on 25th of October, 1899, by the Rev. R. N. Grant, D.D., Edwin Campbell, of Cobourg, to Miss Perle Maud, eldest daughter of Walter Cooke.

On Oct. 25, 1899, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Colin McKerchar, Donald R. Fraser, of Vankleev Hill, Ont., to Mary C. Fraser, daughter of William Fraser, of Lost River, Que.

At Thorold, on Oct. 25th, 1899, by the Rev. W. A. Cook, assisted by Rev. Johnson, of Preston, a brother of the groom, George L. Johnson, of North Bay, to Jessie A. Munro, youngest daughter of Mr. James Munro.

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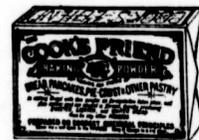
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British and Foreign.

Rev. Andrew M'Laren Young, U.P. Church, Southend, Campbellton, has received a congratulatory address from the session on attaining his semi-jubilee in the ministry.

A tablet in memory of the late Dr. Brewster is being erected in Kilmany Church.

Rev. S. Skelth, Bo'ness, has on his semi-jubilee been presented with several valuable gifts.

Dr. K. Torrance, F.R.C.S., Buccleuth Place, Edinburgh, died on Oct. 4.

The Rev. David Macrae is going on a "bust." He is to be sculpted, and the bust is to be placed in the lobby of the Gilfillan Memorial Church at Dundee.

There died at Seabrook, on October 2d, Rev. John Dunlop, D.D., editor of the Jewish Herald, London, and native of Galston.

Under the proposed union of the Free Presbyterian Churches Galashiels has been made the seat of the new Presbytery of Selkirk and Peebles.

Rev. K. Menzies Ferguson, of Loggie, has presented to Stirling Library copies of his books entitled, "A Student of Nature" and "Alexander Hume."

Robert Bonner's will is to be contested in the name of two grandchildren, whose mother receives no share of the estate.

Mr. David B. Ivison has presented a handsome manse to the First Presbyterian church, of Rutherford, N.J. It will be occupied by its new minister, Rev. S. Ross McClements, late of Toronto.

It was a Scripture lesson in a school a few miles north of the Tweed. "Who was David's father?" A child answered, "Jesse." "And who was Jesse?" "The Flower o' Dunblane," replied the child, ironically.

A few days ago a Kansas City man who had proclaimed himself an infidel for 25 years died and left a curious will. In it his fortune of \$150,000, with the exception of \$4,000 was given to religious and charitable organizations. No explanations was made.

The death is just announced of Mr. James Smith, J.P., L.L.D., F.E.I.S., of Uddingston in his 78th year. He was an elder of the Free Church, Uddingston, since 1814 and was session-clerk at the time of his death.

The Rev. R. Bruce Taylor, M.A., of Newmilns, Ayrshire, who will probably accept the call to Ferryhill Free Church, Aberdeen, is, besides having popular gifts, a specialist in Old Testament theology.

Lord Kelvin, in a lecture, stated that as a result of recent investigations it was estimated that the earth had been the abode of life for about 30,000,000 years.

One reviewer asks who will deny that Mr. Crockett is a great writer, and quotes as a proof the following dazzling bit of description from "Kit Kennedy":—"The light had begun to ooze up from the East like gray through the crust of a pie!"

Public indignation against the light sentence passed on Dr. James Colquhoun is still unabated. His position as a great total abstainer, a F. C. elder, a city magnate, his high legal position, and academic connection gave him special facilities for fraud; and they were quite as much his instruments as is the jimmy to the crackman.

Overdoing is undoing. A cake burned to a crisp is as much a failure as a cake half baked. An audience wearied, confused and vexed with too many points in a sermon, or too many addresses at an anniversary, is an audience hindered instead of helped. It is a great faculty to "make things go," but one of the ways to do it is to stop before going too far.—Churchman.

The Salvation Army.

THE LIFE OF THESE SELF-SACRIFICING WORKERS OFTEN ONE OF HARDSHIP.

WHILE ON DUTY CAPT. BEN, BRYAN WAS STRICKEN WITH A SUPPOSED INCURABLE DISEASE AND FORCED TO RELINQUISH THE WORK—HE HAS NOW RECOVERED HIS HEALTH.

From the News, Alexandria, Ont.

The life of a Salvation Army Worker is very far from being a sinecure. Their duties are not only arduous, but they are called upon by the regulations of the Army to conduct out-of-door meetings at all seasons and in all kinds of weather. This being the case, it is little wonder that the health of these self-sacrificing workers frequently gives way. Captain



Ben Bryan, whose home is at Maxville, Ont., is well known through his former connection with the Army, having been stationed at such important points as Montreal, Toronto, Kingston, Guelph and Brockville, in Canada, and at Schenectady, Troy and other points in the United States. While on duty he was attacked by a so-called incurable disease, but having been restored to health through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, a representative of the Alexandria News thought it worth while to procure from his own lips a statement of his illness and recovery. He found Mr. Bryan at work, a healthy, robust man, his appearance giving no indications of his recent suffering.

The story of his illness and subsequent cure by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills reads like a miracle, and is given in his own words as follows: "While stationed at Deseronto, in July, 1897, I was attacked with what the doctors called 'Chronic Spinal Meningitis.' The symptoms were somewhat similar to those preceding a pleuritic attack, but were accompanied by spasms which, when the pain became too severe, rendered me unconscious. The length of these unconscious spells increased as the disease advanced. After spending four months in the Kingston General Hospital, and on the Salvation farm, Toronto, I regained some of my former strength and returned to my work. The second attack occurred when I was stationed at Schenectady, N. Y., in October, 1898, and was more severe than the first. The symptoms of the second attack were very similar to those that preceded the first, the only apparent difference being that they were more severe and the after effects of longer duration. Owing to the precarious state of my health, I was compelled to resign my position after the second attack and return to my home at Maxville. While there a friend advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I began using them in March, 1899. I have used only a dozen boxes and am once more enjoying perfect health. I feel that I am perfectly well and can cheerfully say that I attribute my present state of health to the effects produced by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mrs. Bryan has also used the pills and has been benefited very much thereby."

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Health and Home.

Rice Custard.—Boil one teacupful of rice; when soft, drain off the water and add one tablespoonful of cold butter. When cool, mix in one and one-half cupfuls of sugar, a teaspoonful each of grated nutmeg and cinnamon. Add four eggs, the whites and yolks beaten separately; stir in gradually one quart of sweet milk and pour in slowly, stirring all the while; add half a teaspoonful of lemon or vanilla extract. Bake in a buttered pudding dish for one hour.

A most excellent recipe for "Dutch Apple Cake" is the following: Mix one pint of flour, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one heaping teaspoon of baking powder; rub in one-fourth of a cup of butter, and add a beaten egg mixed in a cup of milk. The dough should be thick enough to spread one-half inch in thickness in a shallow baking-pan. Pare and cut sour apples in eights, lay in rows (sharp edge downward), sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon on the top and bake. Eat hot with cream.

Chocolate Cream.—Grate and melt over hot water four ounces of bitter chocolate, add to it three-quarters of a cupful of sugar, and when dissolved one quart of scalded cream. Stir for five minutes over the fire, then set aside until cold. Add eight well-beaten eggs and one teaspoonful of vanilla, pour into a buttered mould, set in a pan of hot water, cover and cook slowly over the fire until a skewer or knife blade will come out clean; this will take about an hour. Set aside until very cold, turn out carefully and garnish with cream sweetened, flavored and whipped.

Pressed Chicken.—Boil a fowl in just water enough to cook it until the bones will slip out easily. Take off the skin, pick the meat from the bones and mix the white with the dark. Skim the fat off the broth and season with salt, pepper, celery salt and lemon juice, and boil down to one cupful. Butter a plain round or oval mould, and arrange slices of hard-boiled eggs upon the bottom and sides alternately with thin slices of tongue or ham cut into round or fancy forms. Mix the broth with the meat and pack it carefully, and garnish the platter with celery leaves and points of lemon.

Egg Dumplings for Stews or Soups.—Put one tablespoonful of butter and one-half of a cupful of milk in a saucepan and heat to the boiling point. Add quickly one-half of a cupful of dry flour and stir until the mixture becomes a thick smooth paste; take from the fire and set aside until quite cold. Add the beaten yolks of two eggs, one-quarter of a teaspoonful of salt and one tablespoonful of finely chopped parsley and beat until thoroughly incorporated. Add gradually the whites of the eggs whipped to a stiff froth. Drop small teaspoonful of the mixture into boiling broth or salted water, boil or turn until done—about five minutes. Drain and serve as a garnish to a stew or fricassee or in a soup.

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