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THE LIFE OF CHRIST

A MEDITATIVE LYRIC

BY FREDERIC B. DUVAL, D.D.

"The life was the light of men," John 1, 4:

O Thou, the only holy life,
Ordned the light of men to be,
I turn from all my mental strife,
And pray Thee to enlighten me.

Through all the avenues of earth
My soul has wandered in its quest
Of lasting good, but finds a dearth,
And meekly turns to Thee for rest.

There is a spirit all men feel.
A mystic form they could not trace,
A kinship needful to their weal
That lingered long with veiled face,—

Winnipeg, Dec. 1907.

This heavenly kinship, gracious Lord,
In Thy pure life I fain would see:
This hidden glory, long adored,
Thou dost in love reveal to me.

It lights the way to life divine,
And strength affords to walk therein;
It upward draws to love like Thine,
And purifies the heart from sin.

With sorrow for the worthless past,
I turn repentant toward Thy way;
With chastened hope of peace at last
I'll walk with Thee, my light and stay.

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BIRTHS.

At Sedley, Assa, on the 7th, to Mr. and Mrs. R. D. Mitchell, a son.
 At Beaverton, Thursday, Dec. 5th, to Mr. and Mrs. D. B. McKinnon, a daughter.
 At Tamsui, Formosa, Japan, a daughter to the Rev. Milton Jack and wife.

MARRIAGES.

At the Manse, Bathurst, on Dec. 11, 1907, by the Rev. H. J. McDiarmid, Mr. Geo. E. Norris to Miss Jennie Ritchie, both of South Sherbrooke, County Lanark, Ont.
 At Winnipeg, on Nov. 21, 1907, by the Rev. J. L. Gordon, Alice Gingell, late of Brockville, to P. Gordon MacTavish, late of Montreal.

On Nov. 20, 1907, at the residence of the bride's parents, 62 Gwynne Avenue, Toronto, by Rev. A. L. Giegler, Annie Bell, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McDonald, to Frederick Calverley Wilson.

At 6 Hepburne Street, Toronto, by the Rev. Jas. Wilson, of Dovescourt Presbyterian Church, on Tuesday, Dec. 3rd, Anna Isabel, third daughter of Mrs. B. Emery, to Mr. Samuel George Boyle.

At the residence of the bride's parents, on Dec. 11, 1907, by the Rev. Dr. Nell, Mary, second daughter of John Morrison, Esq., to Edmund G. Staunton, both of Toronto.

At Westminster Church, Toronto, Tuesday, Dec. 10, by the Rev. D. Nell, assisted by the Rev. C. J. James, M.A., Roger Clarkson, third son of E. R. C. Clarkson, to Hazel Kirkland Morrison, second daughter of Curran Morrison.

On December 12, 1907, at Terrace Garden, St. Catharines, the home of the bride's mother, by Rev. J. H. Ratcliffe, D.D., father of the groom, assisted by Rev. W. Harvey Grant, B.A., of Honan, China, brother-in-law of the bride, Wm. Grigg Ratcliffe, M.B., to Jeanette C. McCalla, fourth daughter of the late W. J. McCalla, both of St. Catharines.

DEATHS.

At Vernon, British Columbia on Dec. 7, 1907, Elizabeth Jane, beloved wife of John Galt, consulting engineer, Toronto.

At the residence of her mother, 25 North Street, Toronto, on Saturday, the 14th December, Mary Eliza, eldest daughter of the late Moses Staunton.

At Rosedale Farm, Howick, Que., on Dec. 14, 1907, Flora Elizabeth, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. H. Craik, jr.

At Almonte, Ont., on Dec. 16, 1907, James Robertson, in his 72nd year.

At Tamsui, Formosa, Japan, on Nov. 20, 1907, Lillian Jean, infant daughter of the Rev. Milton Jack and wife, aged three days.

At the General Hospital, Montreal, on Dec. 16, 1907, Richard Scott.

At Bordeaux, P.Q., on Dec. 17, 1907, Blanche, eldest daughter of David Fairbairn, Teeswater, Ont., and beloved wife of J. F. R. Fairbairn, of Bordeaux, aged 45 years.

On Dec. 10, 1907, at the residence of her son-in-law, John Blyth, Orangeville, Sask., Elizabeth Valentine Hammage, beloved wife of Angus Robertson, aged 80 years, formerly of Cumberland, Ont.

At Inverness, Que., on Dec. 10, 1907, of paralysis, Margaret McKenzie, aged 74 years, youngest daughter of the late John McKenzie.

At the Montreal General Hospital, on Dec. 17, 1907, John McNaughton, of Hemmingford, Que., in the 67th year of his age.

W. H. THICKE

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NOTE AND COMMENT

The physicians of Paris have decided that hereafter Sunday visits to patients shall be treated as night visits with double charges. Dr. Loredde, the father of the movement, declares that it was initiated to secure Sunday as a day of rest. Of course, patients who are decidedly ill will need their physician just as much on the Sabbath as any other day but where it is not absolutely necessary the chances are that the call will be postponed until the next day if the patient is charged double price for the Sunday visit.

A British M.P., speaking on the Licensing question in England, said all were agreed that facilities for drinking were too many. Alluding to "compensation" demanded by the brewers and distillers—he caustically remarked: "If I make an investment in a small corner of hell, is the state to share its policy that I might always have tenants for my property?" The "trade" thrives on the demoralization of the people. He said they would have to go on with their temperance work, and God would find them a Joshua to lead them into the promised land.

Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell, the heroic medical missionary of Labrador, who recently attended the international convention of the Young Men's Christian Association, at Washington, gave two lectures at Johns Hopkins University, November 22. In the afternoon he lectured before the Johns Hopkins medical students and nurses, pointing out a great field for those who wish to relieve suffering humanity. At night he gave an illustrated lecture in McCay Hall to a large audience concerning his work and experiences in Labrador, taking an optimistic view of the future of that bleak country.

Viscount Wolsley, who has resigned the Colonelcy of the Royal Horse Guards at the age of 74; has seen active service in all quarters of the globe. In connection with the Ashanti War, he commanded the troops on the Gold Coast, and after defeating the enemy, Sir Garnet Wolsley, as he then was, entered Kumasi, and received the submission of the King. For his services in Egypt in 1882 he was created Baron Wolsley, and three years later was raised to the dignity of a Viscount for his great work in connection with the relief of Khartoum.

A cablegram from Manila to the New York Tribune says: "Much discussion has been caused here by the fact that no liquors were served at the entertainments in Mr. Taft's honor at the palace. This step is said to have been taken at the direction of the secretary." The Michigan Presbyterian hopes the statement is correct, and that it marks the beginning of an era in which liquors shall be excluded from all functions given by or in honor of officials of the United States government. Canada, too! It would save many a young man (and old men, too) from insidious and dangerous temptation if the wine and champagne which almost invariably figure at public and semi-public functions were conspicuous by their absence. Many a man can point to such functions as the starting point in his downward career. Let us have the new "era" when intoxicating liquors shall be excluded from all such functions.

The Presbyterian house and its interesting exhibit at the Jamestown, Va., Exposition attracted many visitors from many lands. A number of incidents connected with these visitors are told. One day a Hindoo, dark, erect and alert, came in. "What God do you worship?" was asked by one of our ministers. And the Hindoo answered, "Buddha." There came another visitor in strange garb, and he also was asked. "What God do you worship?" He bowed his head and said, "The Lord Jesus Christ is my Saviour; I worship Him." He was an Afghan from the borders of India and Afghanistan, a far-away trophy of Christian missions, who told of the Christian woman who had taught him to know Christ, and open his heart to His coming. "Many shall come in that day from the North and the South and the East and the West."

In a recent issue of Harper's Monthly Magazine, Dr. Lonsbury, professor of English in Yale University, discussed "The Coming and Going of Expletives," in which he has a passage that all men would do well to consider: "It is not until men have reached a high degree of cultivation that they begin to appreciate the efficacy of understatement. To a very great extent the practice of swearing is specially characteristic of a rude and imperfect civilization. With the advance of culture profanity declines. It declines not so much because men become peculiarly sensitive to its viciousness, but they do to its ineffectiveness." He thinks the practice has been "steadily, even if slowly, diminishing for centuries. The growth of refinement, both in the individual and in the community, tends more to its disuse than all the exhortations of moralists or the rebukes of divines." It will be remembered that about a year ago, an Englishman giving his impressions of the Canadian people, remarked on the prevalence of profanity wherever he went—the shame of Canada. Doesn't Dr. Lonsbury's deliverance remind us that "swearing is specially characteristic of a rude and imperfect civilization." Time for us to mend our manners and habits.

General Joubert Pienaar, formerly of the Boer army, is in England for the purpose of calling the attention of the British government to the slave trade which, he says, is carried on in Portuguese Africa by officers of the Portuguese government and by others. After the Boer war he went into Portuguese territory on the west coast, on a commercial enterprise. He asserts that nothing that has been told of conditions on the Congo is more vile or detestable than the shameless traffic which is carried on openly, unhindered by the Portuguese government in this territory. He declares that the horrors that are perpetrated upon the slaves cannot be told in print. The trade, however, is carried on under the forms of law. Men and women are driven in by the traders, who are Portuguese half-castes. A Portuguese official reads a paper to these poor creatures, and when the reading is finished they are told to say "Yes." He then certifies that they have accepted the contract, though they have not understood a word of it, nor even known that it was a contract. The paper is then bound about their necks and they are ready for shipment. General Pienaar says that he is determined to rouse the interest and the sympathy of the civilized world for the suppression of this slave trade.

The people are better educated than formerly in regard to hygiene, and are taking better care of their health. Hence in most communities better sanitary conditions are observable and there is less sickness. This hygienic education should be instilled into the minds of the youth of the land, and the next generation will be improved morally and physically.

The recent action of the Episcopal Convention which met in New York, in passing a resolution which practically opened Episcopal pulpits to the ministers of dissenting churches, has evoked a lively controversy in The Canadian Churchman. That paper, so far as we have noted, has not taken a definite stand on the question, but some of the correspondents have for and against—the controversy ranging around "the seat of authority." One of the writers in favor of "the open pulpit" says: "The proper attitude for every member of the Church is concern for the will of God rather than for the dictum of 'authority,' so-called. So long as a man's conduct is in harmony with the Spirit and in accord with the great principles and doctrines enunciated by Jesus he need not fear the onslaught of authority's votaries. It is evident that he is most faithful to the Church and most pleasing to those in authority, who most effectually builds up the Church. I think we should admire the man who turns aside from the well-worn way when there is need and a call to do so, for in so doing he adorns his Church and edifies his fellowmen. But it seems that some would follow the example of the priest and Levite rather than that of the good Samaritan. In so doing they bring shame upon themselves and injury to their Church. This cry about authority is doing an immense amount of harm to the Anglican Church and to the Church Universal."

Lord Cromer the builder of modern Egypt, speaking recently at the dinner of the Unionist Free Trade Club, took his stand in favor of free trade. The British Weekly, from which we quote, says the tariff reform agitation has lost much of its interest for the public, though little of its sound and fury. The dwindling ranks of the Protectionists are no longer reinforced by eminent names. Mr. Balfour's Birmingham speech can have given no real satisfaction to the militant members of the party. Lord Cromer, from his unrivalled experience, says our contemporary, shows that in its Imperial aspect Free Trade and not Protection is the true policy of the British people. He reminds us that the rule of perfect equality in trade has helped us in every region of the globe. We have been permitted to advance quietly in the Sudan, in Egypt, and in India, because it was understood that under our rule no preference would be given to the trade of any one nation. The arguments of Lord Cromer were in substance the same as those with which Lord Rosebery, at the opening of the controversy, opposed the speeches of Mr. Chamberlain. The following sentence is a golden saying for Free Traders: "One of the main reasons why, in spite of the difficulties of the situation, we have been able to do a good piece of work in Egypt, and why we have eventually been able to get Europe to acquiesce in our continuance of that work, has been that, during the whole course of the occupation, the principles of free trade have been rigidly applied in that country."

SPECIAL
ARTICLES

Our Contributors

BOOK
REVIEWS

VICTORY THROUGH RETREAT.

(By Rev. James Hastie.)

It is the last thing we would expect of Elijah—this retreat to Cherith—judging from the man, and from his opening attack on Ahab.

Sudden us a thunderbolt from a clear sky, and as unexpected, the prophet confronted the monarch and exclaimed, "As the Lord God of Israel liveth, before whom I stand, there shall not be dew nor rain these years, but according to my word." (1 Kings, xviii.1)

Good generalship, we would suppose, demands that the coup de main be persistently followed up till victory be complete, and rather than retreat the hero would fall. But, the campaign was of God's designing, and His strategy like himself puts to scorn the wisdom of men.

Elijah retreated because God sounded retreat. But, why order retreat at the present juncture?

(1) For Ahab's sake. Bad men are notoriously superstitious. Superstition is peculiarly affected by what is concealed and mysterious. Elijah's absence, therefore, would terrify Ahab vastly more than his presence would. Famine was devouring man and beast meantime. Ahab was at his wits end to know what to do. Fain would he hold a conference with the awful prophet, but he was ignorant. The presence of the famine and drought, the absence of the famine-producer were a double distraction to the monarch; while positive and present ills were still further augmented by the hallucinations of a guilty imagination as to what might yet take place. It was of great moment to paralyze Ahab's hand, and confuse his mind, and this could be done most effectively by keeping Elijah out of sight while the judgments were doing their terrible work. Hence one reason for Elijah's retreat to Cherith.

(2) But, the main reason was for Elijah's own sake.

(a) To protect him. Could Ahab only get his hand on the "Troubler's" throat how soon he would dispatch him. True, God could as easily work a miracle for Elijah's rescue as to stop rain by a miracle. But the divine method is not to employ miraculous agency so long as natural means will suffice. In this case concealment will accomplish for the prophet all that is needed; hence the order to retreat into the wilderness.

(b) Mainly, however, to train Elijah for those future exploits which he was destined to achieve later on. Three years hence and the pitched battle between truth and error shall be fought on Mount Carmel, and for that grand Waterloo Elijah must be specially fitted. To this end he is sent to college, shall I say, up yonder by the lonely brook Cherith. Twelve months of seclusion from society, twelve months of solitary life in a weird wilderness, followed by two years more of concealment up at Sidon with a poor widow—what a strange curriculum to pass through! Nay, more than strange, how trying, extremely trying to a man of Elijah's temperament an upbringing. He was a born man of war. Mountain bred, he was naturally in love with danger. Just in his element he was thundering the truth into Ahab's ear, or breaking to pieces false gods. Like Job's war-horse, he smelled the battle afar off, he mocked at fear, and was not affrighted, neither turned he back from the

sword. He said among the trumpets, Hal hal!

Fancy what a trial it was to be bidden retire into the wilderness, seemingly to do nothing. How irksome to sit there month after month, silent and idle, while idolatry and licentiousness ran riot over the land; while Ahab and Baal (seemingly at least) reign in undisputed sway. But, the first qualification of a great commander is to learn to obey. God peremptorily commands a retreat, and Elijah shews greater bravery in promptly obeying than in confronting Ahab at his own palace.

Now, here comes into prominence a great principle which claims a few moments' careful study—the principle of secret and unseen forces. Winter is a reign of death apparently, yet what is winter but nature's great laboratory wherein full preparation is made for all the beauties and bounties of next spring and summer, and for the fruitage of autumn. While asleep we seem to be losing time and money, yet nothing pays so well as sound sleep and plenty of it and never are we really accomplishing so much as then. Much the same in the moral sphere. In a fast and fussy age like ours how apt we are to fancy we are doing nothing for God or man unless we are performing some public labour, serving on committees, e.g., conducting meetings, teaching in the Sabbath school, preaching, writing for the press, giving large contributions, etc., while biding still awaiting God's orders, passing months in the sick chamber, only a tax and a trouble to others, shut up in prison, maybe for conscience' sake, this we count time lost and a calamity.

This incident in Elijah's life sets us right on this point. It reminds us that John Bunyan while in Bedford Gaol twelve years, was doing more to demolish Satan's kingdom than when abroad preaching the Word; Paul while a prisoner at Rome was doing much as when traversing sea and land proclaiming the blessed Gospel; Jesus, while forty days in the wilderness, enduring temptation, is as fully employed as when preaching the sermon on the mount, or casting out devils.

***** "God doth not need:
Either man's work or His own gifts:
who best Bear His mild yoke, they
serve Him Best, His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding
speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without
rest:
They also serve who only stand and
wait.

Brother, hold yourself ready to visit lonely Cherith. It is God's way with His own. If He has any special honour in store for you, any unusually important work for you to do, He will send you to school for a while in the valley of humiliation.

The gold must pass through the fire to remove the dross. The kingdom and the crown can be reached only through much tribulation. Only make sure that you understand your marching orders, then carry them out, cost what it may. This is Christian life. This is serving God.

THE FIRST TRUE GENTLEMAN, with a fore word by Edward Everett Hale, D.D. (The Musson Book Company, Toronto.) This pretty booklet is a study on the human nature of our Lord. It will make a suitable gift at this season of the year.

RELIGIOUS OPTIMISM OF THE
MODERN POETS.

By Rev. C. F. Wishart.

The business of the poet is to reveal the heart of humanity to itself. The scientist and philosopher may give us the "freezing reason's colder part." But when the human heart stands up in wrath to assert the things that it has felt, its desires, longings and instincts, the poet is its true interpreter.

It is an impressive fact that in an age when material science has been fast drifting toward religious negation and despair, the great poets have been steadfastly and consistently the poets of religious optimism. As teachers of religion we shall fall of a great inspiration for ourselves and for those to whom we preach, unless we perceive the true significance of this fact. It means, that, however the head may reason itself into the blackness of darkness, the heart has ever an instinct for the light. It is true that some of our poets have been pessimists. Matthew Arnold sang the dirge of a dead Christ. But Arnold was a singer of the family faultless and icily regular type. In him the intellect dominated and the Promethean fire was conspicuous for its absence. It is safe to say that wherever we have had real poets, they who, with the flash of genius, turn the searchlight on human motives, clothe our deepest thought in garb of language, grant speech to our dumb groping instincts, hold the mirror up to the human heart. In them have we found something of the hope.

"That all is well though faith and form,

Are sundered in the night of fear;" that some how "good will be the final goal of ill."

* * *

Prof. Browne has called the materialist Haeckel "the last of the Mohicans," and has intimated that materialism in philosophy has had its day and ceased to be. We may well take courage from the judgment of an authority so able and renowned. But twenty years ago it was not so. And it is profoundly noteworthy that in the very heyday of materialism, when Huxley and Spencer stood as prophets in the highways of thought calling men to religious despair, the great Victorian poets were singing the clearest and the most ringing religious optimism, the most valorous strains of trust in God, confidence in the spiritual order, hope for the world, and vision of the blessed country "where beyond these voices there is peace." It is true that the optimism of the poets has not always rested on the same basis—perhaps not always on a stable basis. For instance, there have been those in whom hope for humanity and the world and the future was merely instinctive, and perhaps blindly instinctive. Prof. James quotes Walt Whitman, who was an optimist simply because he was "built that way," and could not help himself:

"To breathe the air how delicious!
To speak, to walk, to seize something
by the hand!
To be this incredible God I am . . .
O amazement of things even the least
particle!
O spirituality of things!
I too carol the sun, ushered or at noon,
or at now, setting:
I too thro' to the brain and beauty of
the earth and of all the growths of
the earth . . .
For I do not see one imperfection in
the universe,

And I do not see one cause or result
lamentable at the last."

Of course he did not. And why? Simply because he was such a great hulking, healthy creature, with such thoroughly sound nerves and good digestion and all round capacity to taste the joy of life, that the evil and pain and sorrow of the world had no grip upon him, rolled from his healthy soul as water from the proverbial duck's back.

On the other hand here is R. L. Stevenson, a bed-ridden invalid, whose soul was as healthy as his body was morbid and diseased. He, too, refuses to look at evil; he, too, merrily challenges fate, and while his body must needs abide within the "land of counterpane," his great soul sought knightly adventures by land and sea. Sickness and pain and sorrow were the jests of an hour. Let them come—he would play out the game like the merry gentleman he was. "The day returns and brings its petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man, help us to perform them with laughter and kind face. Let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely about our business all this day long and bring us to our resting beds at night, weary and content and undishonored and grant us at the end the gift of sleep." Thus he prays. And when he sings, the note is the same.

"If I have faltered more or less,
In my great task of happiness:
If I have moved among my race
And showed no glorious morning face:
If beams from happy human eyes
Have moved me not; if morning skies,
Books and my work and summer rain
Knocked on my sullen heart in vain,—
Lord thy most pointed pleasure take,
And stab my spirit broad awake;
Or, Lord, if too obdurate I,
Choose thou before that spirit die,
A piercing pain, a killing sin,
And to my dead heart run them in."

Here are poets who are optimists, instinctively, blindly, temperamentally. If evil appears before them, they will shut their eyes upon it and conjure out of the imagination something that pleases. They are the Christian Scientists of song.

Then there are those whose hope is of the broad, universal and impersonal type. You remember how Margaret Fuller, in her large transcendental Boston way said, "I accept the universe." "Gad," snorted Carlyle, "she'd better." There are singers who, according to Carlyle's philosophy, have accepted the universe because they have to, and good or bad are determined to make the best of it. Mr. Kipling may perhaps be rated as one of these. He is not sure of how the individual person is coming out. But he sees large hopes for the universe getting itself worked out through the person. Kipling's comfort is that of the coral who is glad because its body is by and by to form part of an inhabited island. His determinism would make a man not only willing, but glad, to be lost for the glory of God and the cosmic plans of the universe. "A rose, in tatters on the garden path,
Cried out to God and murmured 'gainst
His wrath

Because a sudden storm at twilight's hush
Had snapped her stem alone of all the bush.

And God who hears both sun-dried dust
and sun,
Had pity, whispering to that luckless one,

"Sister in that thou say'st we did not well,—
What voices heardst thou when thy petals fell?"

And the rose answered, "In that evil hour,

A voice said Father wherefore falls the flower?"

For lo, the very gossamers are still.
And a voice answered, "son by Allah's will."

Then softly as the rain mist on the sward,
Came to the rose the answer of the Lord;

"Sister before we smote the dark in twain,
Ere yet the stars saw one another pain,

Time, Tide and Space, we bound unto the task
That thou should'st fall and such an one should ask."

Whereat, the withered flower, all content,
Died as they die whose days are innocent;

While he who questioned why the flower fell
Caught hold of God and saved his soul from hell."

Pretty grim Calvinism that! But you will notice that the one hope and joy of the rose is that by falling and being destroyed it may work out God's plans for the universe. Such writers are tinged by the materialistic fatalism of the day. But they cling to hope even though it be no personal hope, but only cosmic hope. Most of us cannot just feel that way. We are glad enough to see the universe get on. But we like a personal share in the good fortune ourselves.

The two great poets of the Victorian age—Tennyson and Browning—were neither blind nor impersonal optimists. They had essentially the Christian's hope. True, their theology is not always orthodox nor evangelical. But poets cannot be held to account for nice theological distinctions. They hoped not in the blind instinctive "Christian science" but of suffering and sorrow. They did not shut their eyes and bid the world feel good because they saw no "cause or result lamentable at last." They saw lamentable causes and lamentable results, but they held that out of them grew victory and peace if they were met and conquered; that one might rise on stepping stones of his dead self to higher things; that he could

"Arise and fly
The reeling faun, the sensual feast"
And move upward, working out beast,
and bidding the ape and the tiger die.
Around four great points their optimism revolved—God incarnate in Christ—personal immortality—duty and love. And here lay no impersonal hope, but a glorious outlook for the individual life which made a man of more value than fine gold; yea, a man than the gold wedge of Ophir.

"Grow old along with me,
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:

Our times are in his hand,
Who saith 'A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid.'"

Beating through the thick night of doubt and pain, both singers came out at the same point.

"Strong son of God, Immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove."

That was Tennyson's credo, and here is Browning's:

"I say the acknowledgment of God in Christ,
Accepted by thy reason, solves for thee
All questions in the earth and out of it."

In Tennyson, the greater poet, this

hope was less sure of itself. It faltered betimes where it had firmly trod, and sometimes fell on the world's altar stairs that sloped through the darkness up to God. But in Browning, the greater man, thus faith has never a waver nor a falter. It is ever robust, full throated, triumphant. He rejoices as a strong man to run a race. Aspiration, struggle, development, failure, pain, were all parts of a great plan which reached down to the personal good of every soul which loved God. And over us was God, and all around was love, and straight ahead was immortality. These men have struck deeper than all the scientists and all the philosophers. While the materialist has been feeling around the surface of things, these singers have touched the inner chord of the heart, the sure instinct that binds men to a personal God and a personal immortality as unerringly as the homing pigeon flies back to the hand that sent it forth. They have taught us that no materialism can ever permanently grip the human intellect. They have steaded us to the truths of the spirit world in an age when men taught us that "the brain secretes our thought as the liver secretes bile." And over the pains and the disillusiones and the despairs of life under the sun, they have lifted a note of hope, a regal and reasoned optimism, that sings the love of immortality and the immortality of love." At the last, the one sings his hope to meet his "pilot face to face." But the other makes his valediction more than hope. It is triumph. As in the tragedies of Shakespeare, his funeral dirge is a victor march.

At the midnight, in the silence of the sleep time,
When you set your fancies free,
Will they pass to where—by death fools
think—imprisoned—
Low he lies who once so loved you,
whom you loved so,
—Pity me?"

"Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken!
What had I on earth to do
With the slothful, with the mawkish,
the unmanly?
With the aimless, helpless, hopeless,
did I drive
—Being— who?"

One who never turned his back but
marched breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break,
Never dreamed, though night were
worsted wrong would triumph,
Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight
better,
Sleep to wake.

"No, at noon-day in the bustle of man's
work-time,
Greet the unseen with a cheer!
Bid him forward, breast and back as
either should be,
'Strive and thrive'—cry—'speed—fight
on, fare ever
There as here!'"

PARLIAMENTARY GUIDE.

The Canadian Parliamentary Guide brought thoroughly up to date, has just been issued, and contains the customary mass of information, valuable alike for politicians and the public in general. The book contains corrected lists of the Imperial and Dominion Governments with a list of members and condensed biographical sketches. There is also a list of Canadian holders of titles and decorations, both civil and military, with the alphabetical index makes reference easy. The edition is limited, and the price is the modest one of \$2. Orders will be filled by Mr. Ernest J. Chambers, P. O. Box 513, Ottawa.

SUNDAY
SCHOOL

The Quiet Hour

YOUNG
PEOPLE

AFTER VICTORY—LOOK OUT!

By S. D. Gordon.

The story of God's messenger nation, or of the coming kingdom, is the one continuous subject of this year's lessons. The first quarter is the getting of the man who becomes the father of the kingdom family. The failure in Eden, and then outside by Adam's heir, and then by the whole race, leads to the choosing and separating of the man through whom is to come the kingdom family, and in time the kingdom nation, and later the kingdom itself. The second quarter is the getting of the nation; yet a nation only in numbers, not in any other sense. The third quarter is the molding and training of the nation. The last quarter tells the story of the failure of the nation in its own homeland, but the saving of its ideal. During its first half, things go on well as long as Joshua lives. Then with his death there comes a bad drop. The clouds gather thick and black. But at the close, the great ideal that they are God's peculiar people, with a mission, swings strongly to the front again, in the coming leadership of Samuel.

Lack of leadership explains the bad slump in Israel's history in the period covered by this quarter's lessons. After Joshua's death every man did what was right in his own eyes, with every indication of a very low standard of right. Joshua seems to have made a bad slip in not training a strong leader as his successor. Men must have leaders, either good or bad. The crowd always follows somebody, either weak or strong, up hill or down. When the time was ripe to get Israel out of Egypt, God began by choosing a remarkable man for leader. The whole national movement swung about him. Long years before his death, Moses had picked out his successor and began training him. And as long as Joshua lived, and those of his generation, the Mosaic ideals and standards prevailed. Then Joshua died without having chosen and trained a successor. It does seem to be a very weak spot in this noble man and faithful leader that he failed here. He followed Moses fully in all but this, yet this was a critical point. The Book of Judges, indeed the whole after history, would have been radically different. In the absence of a strong leader to keep the whole nation up to concert pitch, the crowd soon lost both tone and tune. The old ideals were forgotten. There was no one to insist on high ideals, and very soon there was a weak dropping to low levels, and then to lower.

There would have been no such bad chapter as Judges records had Joshua been as forehanded and thoughtful as Moses was in choosing a successor. Let the man entrusted with leadership, whether in a large way or small, not forget that he is responsible to plan and pray for the continuing of his work when he is called away from it. And those of us who are not leaders need to watch carefully whom we follow. For every man follows some one else, and is followed by others. Sometimes, too, leadership is not a matter of action, but is simply the strong insistence upon high ideals. Blessed is the man who gently and sanely, but firmly, insists upon the highest ideals. A whole generation shall know the sweet, wholesome influence of his unconscious leadership. There is a defeat lurking in the shadow of every victory. The wise man watches keenly to make sure that it

never gets any nearer. The first half of this quarter tells a great story of splendid victory, the land boldly entered, Jericho taken, thirty-one Canaan kings captive, and a solemn renewal of loyalty to God. But the second half tells quite another story, of defeats, compromises, idol-worship, and a shameful letting down on all sides to the level of the Canaanites. The lurking defeat comes out of the shadow, swings to the front, and forever spoils the fine flavor of the victory. The brighter spots have been picked out for study, but in between it is very dark. Temptations are never scarce. There's a new one following fresh and hard upon the heels of the last one you have fought and overcome. If you have, with a fine flush of faith, been taking some Jericho, better keep your eyes keenly alert, and do extra work wearing down the door sill into your prayer room, for there's danger aiming straight for your life. It may come through your physical exhaustion, as with Elijah under the juniper after the hard tension of Carmel. Maybe it will come through sharper attacks by the tempter, as with the Master in the wilderness after the Jordan baptism. And perhaps it will come through a sleepy contentment over what has been achieved, a lowering of the whole tone, as with these Israelites after Joshua's splendid victories. But come it will, as surely as in this quarter's history. "Each victory will help you some other to win," if you are on the keen outlook, and determined to win; but not otherwise.

The steady walk-step is the hardest to strike and to keep, both individually and nationally. This quarter records the first distinct, decided, and long continued drop from the ideals of Horeb. There had been spasmodic, impulsive breaks before, but always followed by quick rallies. But after Joshua passed off the scene of action there is a long, bad slump by the whole nation. They could take Jericho, and the thirty odd leading tribal chiefs, but they found it hard to settle to a steady pace up on that level, and hold it. It always takes more strength to hold than to get. It is harder to keep up to a high level than to get up. Mounting up on wings as eagles is fine; running without wearying is finer; but settling into a steady walk without growing faint and dropping out is finest. It can be done only by the man who has learned the secret of "waiting on the Lord."

Madison, N. J.
Review S. S. Lesson, December 29, 1907.

Loving Jesus, meek and mild,
Look upon a little child!

Make me gentle as Thou art,
Come and live within my heart.

Take my childish hand in Thine,
Guide these little feet of mine.

So shall all my happy days
Sing their pleasant song of praise;

And the world shall always see
Christ, the holy Child in me.
—Charles Wesley.

No city is better or greater than the men and women who compose it.

Party rule is the bane of municipalities.

The gauging of our Christianity may be indicated by our interest in the missionary operations of the Church.

CHRISTIANS ARE THE REAL MILLIONAIRES.

1 Pet. 1:4, 5.

By Rev. A. J. Reynolds.

Everywhere people are talking of money, gold, silver, investments, trusts, how to get rich, etc. Peter, who wrote this letter to the persecuted Christians, was a poor man—"Silver and gold have I none," he said. "But he had the healing power of Christ. When he was called to pay his temple tax, he did not draw a check on a multi-millionaire bank. Peter had supreme love to Christ continually. "Thou knowest that I love thee, was his watchword and counter-sign. Peter was eminent as an apostle, an orator, and a letter-writer. The two letters he wrote prove this.

"Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ . . . who hath begotten us again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation ready to be revealed in the last time." 1 Pet. 1:3-5. Oh what a splendid inheritance belongs to the Christian! Note the inheritance—a gift. It is a palace, a royal residence.

"We have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." 2 Cor. 5:1. Its foundation is the Rock, its walls are Salvation, its gates Praise. "In my Father's house are many mansions." John 14:2. Bunyan in *Pilgrim's Progress*, gives an animated description of the House Beautiful, and of Christian's entertainment there.

The title to this palace is incorruptible. This mansion is undefiled. Those who live there are robed in pure robes, washed white in the blood of the Lamb.

This inheritance is in the midst of the paradise of God. The palace has beautiful gardens and fine scenery surrounding it. The trees are ever green, and the flowers are un fading.

Notice, moreover, that this palace is laid up in heaven for the saints. It is waiting for us; God is keeping it for us. John 10:28; Heb. 1:14. And we are guarded until we enter our inheritance. Rejoice in the prospect. "All things are yours. Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things present or things to come, all are yours; and ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's." 1 Cor. 3:21-23.

In apostolic times the most popular philosophy in the Roman Empire was Stoicism. Philip Schaff in his history of the Church has drawn this fine contrast: "Pride is the basis of Stoic virtue, while humility is the basis of Christian holiness; the former is inspired by egotism, the latter by love of God and man; the Stoic feels no need of a Saviour and calmly resorts to suicide when the house smokes, while the Christian life begins with a sense of sin, and ends with triumph over death. The resignation of the Stoic is heartless apathy and a surrender to the iron necessity of fate; the resignation of the Christian is cheerful submission to the will of an all-wise and all-merciful Father in heaven. The Stoic sage resembles a cold, immovable statue; the Christian saint, a living body, beating in hearty sympathy with every joy and grief of his fellow men. At best Stoicism is a philosophy for the few, while Christianity is a religion for all."

GOLDEN TEXT—Thou crownest the year with thy goodness.—Psalm 66; 11.

JOY IN TRIBULATION.

It is not an easy thing to "glory in tribulation," and yet there is a ministry in suffering. What people were more oppressed than the ancient Hebrews? But who will declare Moses mistaken when he affirmed it to be better to choose the afflictions of the people of God than the pleasures of sin which are for but a brief season. It is tribulation that appeals to the heroic in our natures, and develops the best of characters. Pain brings forth the greatest possibilities, and illumines the greatest names in history. The greatest sufferers are often the greatest doers. None would be fitted to really enter into work of the Master unless first passing through some kind of suffering. Although God had one child who knew no sin, nevertheless he had none who knew not sorrow, so that it is nothing unusual to know the meaning of it, for that path alone leads to the land where sorrow is unknown. The greatest triumphs follow along the way of trials, and all they who ever reached the blest abode in glory above found thorns and briars along the road. God loves us, but he also chastens that he may bring forth for us the best of robes.

We have schools of learning for various professions and callings, and so in the great school of life God is preparing graduates for mighty achievements in heaven, but to do so he has among others the teachers of tribulation and pain. When St. John beheld in his vision such in glory, he asked from whence they came, and the answer was: "These are they who came up out of great tribulation." The heroes of faith both on earth and in heaven passed through this school, and without having there learned the lessons of wisdom, they would not be heroes. It is tribulation that makes man humble and drives him to God. Suffering therefore is often but an evidence of man's nearness to God, and not of God's displeasure with man. "Whom he loveth he chasteneth." As followers of God we must follow in the footsteps of his Son, and, suffering with him, we shall at last reign with him; "suffering with him, we shall be glorified together." Many in the hour of pain and anguish declare that God has forgotten them and that he has forsaken them, but afterward they learn from their rich experience that their trials have wrought for them greater faith and patience, greater love and sympathy, greater charity and kindness, greater appreciation and joy, so that they "count it all joy."

"Most gladly, therefore," said St. Paul, "will I rather glory in my weakness that the power of Christ may rest upon me."

Let us, therefore, take our troubles to God in prayer, for he is our God and cares for us. "I am poor and needy," said the Psalmist, "yet the Lord thinketh on me." Alone we cannot bear life's burdens, but "casting our cares on Him who careth for us" all things are possible. "My grace is sufficient for thee" is the divine promise, and "not one of his promises have ever failed me," is the precious declaration of Joshua after long years of rich experience of faith in God. "That ye may be perfect, entire, wanting nothing," is the plan of God in his dealings with us, that all things may work together for our ultimate good, and that at last we may receive the crown that is immortal, incorruptible, and that fadeth not away. Wherefore "hold fast to the faith," and "count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations, knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience." These are they who win the final race, and attain the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus.—Lutheran Observer.

IDEALS OF WORSHIP.

How can we know the experience of the spiritual cleansing and healing which belongs with worship? How can we know its relief, its joy, its exaltation and its peace? First of all, it must come from an assured sense of communion with God. If we confess our sins, it must be to One whom we know is faithful and just to forgive us our sins. If we express our gratitude it is because the good things we have received bear the marks of our Father. If we offer praises, they will be the spontaneous tribute of adoration of the perfect being who values our wondering love. If we ask for anything from God it is because the things sought seems to us worthy in itself and worthy of the thought of Him who is "able to do exceeding abundantly above all that we ask."

Such worship is uplifting in proportion to our conception of the worth and dignity of the object of our worship. "Shall I lift up mine eyes unto the mountains to seek the source of the help I need?" sang the Hebrew worshipper. "Nay, but to the Maker of the mountains and of heaven and earth." One is carried out of and above himself when he bows down before Him who dwelleth in the high and lofty place, who inhabiteth eternity.

But He who is above all must also be near us if we are to worship Him. He is a spirit and must be worshipped in spirit. But He is the Spirit who anointed Jesus of Nazareth to preach good news to the needy and to be a ministering presence. Is it a thing to be wondered at that men pray to Jesus Christ who manifests to them the Father, and that it is through him that they have access to the Father?

Simplicity befits worship in which reverence and love blend in the outpouring of the heart. We speak to God in our closets because thought and feeling crave expression in words. But we do not speak for the sake of speaking, nor because we think He does not know our needs till we tell them.

Worship is enriched by being shared. The communion of worshippers is only second in importance to communion with God. Spiritual exhilaration through the worship of believers together is one of the most real and vital elements of religious experience. The man who does not cultivate it loses a large and precious portion of the life allotted to him in this world. The pastor who does not make that the constant object of his labors will miss the main fruit of his ministry.

From the uplifting of worship in common with other children of God in His house of prayer we return to our closets with renewed joy and power to meet Him who sees in secret and rewards openly. There pulses constantly the heart of the Church of Christ.—The Congregationalist.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

By Margaret Slattery

Oh God my Father, looking up at the shining stars of the cold December sky I remember the patient mother and the rock hewn manger in lowly Bethlehem, where lay cradled Thy Love for the world. In the shadows of the silent stall I stand beside the Child. Speak to my soul as I wait, I pray Thee. Let the trusting, loving spirit of the Child steal into my life until it calms all anxious fears and soothes all bitterness and pain.

In willing surrender and passionate longing let me take the Christ Child to my heart, that henceforth I may live as He lived, love as He loved and following in His footsteps bring help to the needy, courage to the weak, comfort to the sorrowing and hope to the lost. Amen.—Selected.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.*

These two letters will suffice to illustrate the progress of the work in Korea, where there are more than 150,000 church members and adherents:

F. A. McKenzie, vice correspondent of the London Daily Mail, writes:

"I believe in Foreign Missions because of what I have seen of the lives and the records of the representatives of the churches in distant lands. In Northern Korea we have to-day one of the most remarkable examples of what the modern missionary movement is succeeding in doing. . . . I have tested the converts of this church. I found them the most faithful and most enthusiastic and the most daring native servants I have ever known."

Major-General Arthur MacArthur, of the United States Army, wrote after his return from Korea:

"I wish to express in a formal manner the warmest appreciation of the splendid work the missionaries are doing in the hospitals, and the great satisfaction that should accrue to all who are concerned in the creation of such an admirable institution. In a very extended tour of the entire East I found no institution doing more beneficent work than the Severance Hospital in Seoul. I desire further to speak in the highest terms of commendation of the missionary work I saw elsewhere in Korea.

Of the enormous change in China a recent visitor writes: "The proudest and most secluded nation under heaven has begun to go to school to the rest of the world on a scale which has never characterized any other nation." The revolution of her ancient educational system has been nothing less than marvelous. The spirit of nationalism is gathering momentum on every hand. The influential classes are open to truth of all kinds as never before. . . . What is done in the next five years will be vastly more important than what is done in the subsequent fifteen years."

Of Japan it will suffice to quote the testimony of Mr. Makino, Minister of Education:

"Christianity is gaining ground rapidly in Japan, as it is also in China. Many of Japan's leaders in the government and in the social and commercial world are now Christians. The people in general are now coming to look upon Christianity with much favor. As an evidence of the effect of Christianity I should like to say that the best young men and the most reliable young men of Japan and China whom I have known have been Christian young men."

Of India, Dr. Charles Outburt Hall says:

"All over India are men unprepared to identify themselves with any Christian denomination, to whom the popular forms of the ancient faith have become inadequate, if not distasteful, and for whom the name of Jesus Christ, and the distinctive truths connected with that Name for the redemption of individuals and the reconstruction of the social order, are taking on new attractiveness and value."

What is true of Korea, China, Japan, and India, is true in its measure of every mission field. There is no hindrance in the condition of the world to the effort of the Church immediately to obey the last command of Christ.

Daily Bible Readings.

MON.—"In the last days" (Micah 4: 1-5).
TUES.—A promise of restoration (Hab. 2: 20-23).
WED.—A fountain (Zech. 13: 1, 2, 9).
THURS.—The forerunner (Mal. 3: 1-3).
FRI.—The spiritual Israel (Hos. 11: 4-9).
SAT.—"The valley of decision" (Joel 3: 13-17).

*Sunday, December 29, 1907. Foreign Missions: The Coming Triumph of the Cross; How May We Hasten It? (Isa. 11: 1-10).

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,
Manager and Editor.

OTTAWA, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 25, 1907

We wish our readers, one and all, a very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

The most distinctive thing about Christmas is that it celebrates the birthday of the child Jesus, and so brings us all into sympathy with child-life and child-joy. Children weep vehemently, but they soon throw off grief because life beckons them, so let us feel the beckoning of the endless life, and realize that the interruptions of sorrow must be brief and let us stop on the shadowed road and hear the angels sing.

Many of our subscribers are still two or more years in arrears. Will they kindly remit before the close of the year? Our thanks are due to those who promptly responded to our recent request for a remittance. If all went and did likewise it would be a great comfort to the publisher, who has large bills for paper, printing, etc. to meet, and can only look to subscribers for the money.

Mr. J. R. Booth has offered to give the Ottawa City Council \$2,000 as a recompense for any revenue the city might lose for withholding licenses next year from three or four premises where liquor is now sold in the neighborhood of the Booth mills at the Chaudière. That is the estimate of the ill-effects of licensed bars in the vicinity of industrial works made by a man of large experience and sound judgment. If it is worth \$2,000 to Mr. Booth to have bars removed from the neighborhood of his mills, what would it be worth to the industries of the whole Dominion to have prohibition generally adopted? We are often told that prohibition would injure business. Mr. Booth does not think so.

WEEKLY MISSIONARY ENVELOPE.

Most up-to-date congregations have by this time discovered that no system of raising money for the maintenance of the local church is equal in effectiveness to the weekly envelope system. Many a person who would find it difficult to plank out \$52 in one lump for the support of Gospel ordinances, manages without much trouble to put \$1 into the envelope each week. It's the aggregation of littles that does the business. The weekly envelope system for local congregational purposes, while not universal, is pretty general. But in the matter of contributions for missions, the most usual thing is a monthly contribution by envelope or otherwise. If the missionary contributions of Christians are to be in the aggregate doubled or trebled, with the view of evangelizing the whole world within the present generation, in accordance with the spirit of the Great Commission, we know of no suggestion better than a Weekly Mission Envelope. With good leadership, constant instruction, much prayer, and the weekly offering, there are few congregations which might not easily double their contributions for missions and the kindred associate objects. Apart from what the noble women do, let every man in the congregation use the weekly mission envelope, and the result at the end of the year will be both gratifying and surprising.

PRESIDENT FALCONER.

President Falconer, of Toronto University—(who seems likely to prove as great a success as his friends predicted)—was the chief speaker at the dinner in Toronto, of the Bishop Ridley College Old Boys. The difference between men, said Dr. Falconer, was not so much one in abilities or endowments, as in the method of using one's abilities. Success was not so often to the flashy or the brilliant man as to the plodding man, who through a reserve of character and power does not flag. Nor was it only the great, outstanding men who are known to the world who influenced us most strongly. Those friendships formed in college, because the character is at that period maturing, were more lasting in their influence than the ones formed at school, powerful as these often were. Friendship was gauged by the ability to support one another in the deepest things of life. The evidence of the worth and nobility of our nature was the ability to form friendships, and to see not men's small faults but their great virtues. It was a sign of a healthy-minded man to be able to admire strongly, to have great enthusiasm and not be afraid to show it.

Our barques strand on hidden reefs. Ships do not often go down on high and open seas.

In Christ's humility he is not forgotten by the heavenly country. God makes the very night luminous with his glory and, accentuates the glory with the angel's song.

OUR SOUTH CHINA MISSION.

By A. E. Armstrong, Toronto.

In his sumptuous and entertaining volume, entitled "The Awakening of China", just off the press, Dr. W. A. P. Martin, sometime President of the Imperial University, Peking, states that the pretty Portuguese town of Macao is the oldest foreign settlement in China, dating from 1544,—only forty-six years after the discovery of the route to India. "The city of Macao" the writer continues, "stands a monument of Lusitanian enterprise. Beautifully situated on a projecting spur of an island, it is a favorite summer resort of foreign residents in the metropolis (Canton). It has a population of about 70,000, mostly Chinese, and contains two tombs that make it sacred in my eyes, namely, that of Camoens, author of "The Lusiad" and poet of "Gama's Voyage", and that of Robert Morrison, the pioneer of Protestant missions."

Canadian Presbyterians may have only a very vague acquaintance with the patriotic epic poet of Portugal, but they may well share with Dr. Martin a deep and abiding interest in Macao because the remains of the man who laid the foundations of Protestantism in the Chinese Empire are buried there and there also we have our youngest mission field. It is worth while noting that the place in which the Gospel was first preached to the Chinese is now the field of our latest foreign mission development. Historic associations cluster round that insular city and the present city gives it special prominence, being the centennial anniversary of the arrival of Morrison, the Protestant pioneer missionary.

It is particularly appropriate, therefore, that we should give special consideration to our mission at Macao, since it occupies such an honored position. The feature of the year has been the extension of our field occasioned by the transfer of the San Di district from the American Presbyterian Church to our care, because of our closer proximity to that section. By this transfer we secure three chapels at a cost which, our missionary, Mr. W. R. Mackay, writes, "is only a fraction of the value of the property handed over to us". Besides,—and for which we pay nothing, we get two small chapels, two churches, in two large cities which are practically self-supporting together with the well-established work which is the result of many years' labor on the part of our American friends. Such splendid generosity from the American Church surely merits more than the resolution of grateful appreciation which was forwarded. Shall we not undertake to carry on the work in a manner commensurate with the pressing needs and magnificent opportunities? Churches and chapels, crowded at all services, must be enlarged, a hospital is urgently needed, houses must be provided for our new missionaries,—these are immediate requirements.

Last April the Foreign Mission Committee asked the Church for a Morrison Memorial thank-offering of \$10,000.00 this year that the necessary buildings may be erected. Many congregations have not yet responded and as the end of the year is at hand the Committee respectfully urge ministers and people to come to its aid with a special New Year's gift for an object that must commend itself to everyone. Individuals, Sunday schools, and young people's societies, would find it attractive to support a native preacher. The estimates for 1908 include a list of ten such,—two

at \$100.00 each; one at \$85.00; five at \$80.00 each; one at \$60.00; and one at \$45.00. That they are good men is evident from the following statement by Mr. Mackay, concerning one of them:—"Mr. Ue is an ordained minister, is a splendid man, well-educated, and will be of great assistance to us in beginning work in this district." The Foreign Mission secretary will be glad to correspond with anyone regarding these workers and can arrange to assign them for special support and to furnish information concerning them direct from the field.

Our South China staff now numbers nine Canadian missionaries and with over 2,000,000 people for whose evangelization our church is entirely responsible, many more must be sent at the earliest possible date. But Canadian Presbyterians have both the men and the money, and the Laymen's Missionary Movement has inspired us to say:—"We can do it and we will."

The Presbyterian Church takes strong ground in favor of Local Option. At the Presbytery of Toronto the other day the following resolution was passed: "The Presbytery reaffirms its loyal adherence to prohibition as the ultimate goal of temperance reform, and with a view of securing this end and lessening the evils of intemperance meantime, we would urge those under our jurisdiction to co-operate with others in advocating local option, in pressing for the abolition of the public bar, in placing the residue of the sale of drink, in places where local option cannot be carried at present, in the hands of the public, to be managed by strong commissions appointed by Government, thus eliminating the element of private gain." Our ministers, wherever a Local Option campaign is being carried on, are active in placing the question properly before the people; and to their intelligent and vigorous presentation of the case much of the success attending the fight is due.

At the annual dinner of the China Association in London, a few weeks ago, Dr. G. E. Morrison, the Peking correspondent of the London Times, spoke of the development of the Chinese press in the following terms: "Every city of any importance now had its own newspaper; there were, he believed, more than 200 newspapers in China, and the courage and outspokenness they displayed was worthy of all praise. Their leaders showed a constant increase in political knowledge and insight." Dr. Morrison also referred to the opium evil. The newspapers unanimously support the Chinese Government in its attempt to deal with this curse. "It was as yet too early to do, wisely, but he ventured to express the opinion that what had already been done in endeavoring to give effect to the Imperial decree and in extending throughout the empire the anti-opium movement was both hopeful and encouraging." Encouraging, too, was the spread of Western education.

The Geological Survey department at Washington, is sending out some most timely and important bulletins. It recently issued a warning to the people in regard to the indiscriminate and unscientific use of reinforced concrete in building. One of its latest bulletins calls attention to wastefulness in deforestation. It shows that the American people allow more timber to be destroyed every year by preventable fires than is used in all the lumbering industries. It draws attention also to the fact that there is an enormous amount of coal left and lost in the mines because of reckless processes of mining. Such wastefulness in industrial enterprises is very costly—not only in the United States but also in Canada.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

LIFE ON THE UPLANDS. By John D. Freeman. (William Briggs, Toronto.) This is the second edition of a book dealing in an attractive manner with the Shepherd Psalm. The writer treats his subject comprehensively under the following headings: A Life in Love; A Morning Meal on the Meadows; A Mid-day Rest at the Well; An Afternoon Climb on the Paths; Adventures in the Shadowed Glen; Supper on the Darkening Wold; Twilight at the Sheepfold Door; Night Within the Gates; and Foregleams of the Heavenly Dawn. Near the close of his study of the Psalm our author writes: "It is worth repeating, that out of his intimate, personal relations with the Shepherd David drew the boldness to affirm, 'I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever.' . . . 'Yes, it was a notable achievement of David's faith when he uttered these last triumphant words. The utterance not only crowns the psalm with splendor, but constitutes the richest fruitage from David's religious experience, and his chiefest contribution to the religious thinking of mankind."

THE LAST ROBIN; Lyrics and Sonnets. By Ethelwyn Wetherald. (William Briggs, Toronto.) In a book of about 200 pages is given to the reader in attractive form the collected poems of that sweet Canadian singer, Miss Ethelwyn Wetherald, whose earlier poems, giving promise of the good things yet to come from her pen, first appeared about fifteen years ago in the columns of *The Week*. Read the following, entitled *Mother and Child*, one of the many gems in the collection, and go buy the book:

I saw a mother holding
Her play-worn baby son,
Her pliant arms enfolding
The drooping little one.

Her lips were made of sweetness,
And sweet the eyes above;
With infantile completeness
He yielded to her love.

And I, who saw the heaving
Of breast to dimpling cheek,
Have felt, within, the weaving
Of thoughts I cannot speak;

Have felt 'myself the nestling,
All strengthless, love-enlised;
Have felt myself the mother
Abroad above her child.

JUST ONE BLUE BONNET. (William Briggs, Toronto. Price \$1.00 net.) In this little book we are given the "Life Story of Ada Florence Kinton, artist and salvationist, as told mostly by herself with pen and pencil. In a foreword by her sister, who edits the work, it is said: "Florence Kinton might be regarded as insignificant and unknown to the world, but commonplace she is not! Most uncommon is a character such as hers, in which the love of beauty was so strong a passion, so delicately expressed; and pity for the lost a stronger passion still, expressed in self-renunciation. A spirit high and rare was hers, seeming almost too good for earth. Yet earth needs just such to teach of the possibilities of this humanity of ours." Miss Machar, of Kingston, writes an appreciative introduction, and the carefully edited letters written from England, Australia, United States, and various places in Canada—all rendered, if possible, the more attractive by numerous illustrations—make up a book that will attract a wide circle of readers.

DUCK LAKE, By E. Ryerson Young. (The Musson Company, Toronto. Cloth gilt, price \$1.00.) Under this title is given a number of stirring tales of Canadian life in the backwoods. The reader's interest is secured in the first chapter; and in all probability he will not put down the book until the last page is finished. It is appropriately illustrated by Mr. J. Macfarlane.

UNDER THE HOLLY BOUGH. (Musson Book Company, Toronto.) This is a collection of Christmas Poems compiled by Mr. Russell Warren, who in the preface says: "Christmas has ever been a favorite subject with poets, and many sublime hymns have been sung to it in all ages, so that it has not been difficult to include here many of the fine things written by the older English poets. . . . I leave it to the reader to select that which appeals most to his fancy, hoping that those who are sorrowful may be comforted; those who are happy will be cheered; and all those who love the mistletoe and holly bough may find something to their liking." The selections have been made with nice discrimination; the illustrations are numerous and appropriate; and altogether the work, in its tasteful binding and beautiful typography, makes a most attractive holiday gift-book.

THE WINGS OF THE MORNING. Addresses from a Glasgow Pulpit, by Rev. G. H. Morrison, M.A. (The Tract Depository, Toronto: Cloth, 328 pp. Price \$1.00 net.) We have already noticed in these columns several previous volumes by this writer, the high literary merits of which established his right to be heard. The present volume, containing thirty-one discourses, is marked by the same facility of expression, a wide knowledge of literature, and a wholesome evangelism. To any one prevented by illness, or any other proper cause, from attendance on the stated services of the sanctuary, "The Wings of the Morning" will prove a storehouse of good things for quiet perusal at home.

MARCHING TO AVA. By Henry Charles Moore. (Gal and Inglis, Edinburgh and London.) This is a stirring story of the first Burmese war, which every properly constituted boy will delight to read. The hero of the story—Guy Clifford—secures a cadetship in the service of the Honorable East India Company and at once proceeds to Bengal, where the breaking out of war between Britain and Burma gave him opportunity to see active service, with plenty of adventure, as well as rapid promotion. Incidentally the author tells a good deal about the natives of Burma, their customs, peculiarities, etc.

THE DAWN AT SHANTY BAY. By Robert E. Knowles. (The Upper Canada Tract Depository, Toronto; Fleming Revell Company, Chicago. Price \$1.00 net.) This is Mr. Knowles' third book and in our opinion the best yet produced by his pen. It will have many readers, every one of whom will pronounce it altogether too short. Its mingled humor and pathos will elicit smiles and move to tears. The publisher properly styles *The Dawn at Shanty Bay* the "Sweetest Canadian tale of Christmas"; and we predict for it thousands of delighted readers.

UNGAVA BOB, By Dillon Wallace. (Revell Company, Toronto, New York, and Chicago. Price \$1.25 net.) Another book by the author of "The Lure of the Labrador Wild" is sure to have numerous readers; and this tale of the Fur Trappers, with all its well-told incidents and vivid pictures of life in the little-known interior of Labrador, will prove itself a great favorite with old and young.

ATHABASCA BILL, a Tale of the Far West. By Bessie Marchant. Numerous colored illustrations by Harold Pifford. (The Musson Book Company, Toronto. Price \$1.00.) Another wholesome, yet sufficiently sensational, story from this reliable publishing house. The boy who gets "Athabasca Bill" as a gift or prize will be entirely well-pleased with it. The book is attractive in appearance and the contents well match the handsome exterior.

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

A SELF-MADE CHRISTMAS.

By Helen Butler Smith.

Letty Ashworth, only eighteen, desperately homesick in an institutional boarding-house, and almost at the end of her money! Is it any wonder that she saw everything through a blue haze? The fact that it was the day before Christmas aggravated the situation. She had sent every dollar she could spare up to her Vermont home to go into the ever-gaping mouth of the farm mortgage, and now in the midst of all the Christmas chatter and planning she felt an outcast—she who loved to give and could not.

"I haven't a single thing to give to anybody," she said to herself. "O dear! I do hope none of the girls will wish me a Merry Christmas. If they do, I shall just scream—or cry."

She looked about her cell-like room. It was very clean and very dreary; differentiated from the fifty other rooms in the Young Women's Home only by the faces in the photographs tucked into the mirror frame and hanging from the gas fixture. Her room-mate had gone home for the holidays, and although she was not specially fond of her, her absence added an atom to the general depression.

But it was breakfast time, and we must eat even if our hearts break, so Letty started for the dining-room three hours below. As she closed her door, a girl dashed out of a room near by and came running after her. At the top of the stairs the new comer tripped and would have fallen headlong but for Letty's quick grasp.

"Bless you, Miss Ashworth! you've saved my life this time," cried the girl, steadying herself by a hand on Letty's shoulder, while she stood on one foot and tried to untangle the other from a loop of dress braid. "I expected this wretched braid would bring me to grief before it was fixed. I've had a new braid in my work-basket for a week, and haven't had a minute to put it on. There!" freeing her foot by a sudden jerk which tore off still more of the braid. "Now I've got to get into another skirt," and she hurried back to her room.

Down in the dining room an animated conversation rippled up and down the long tables. "Did you see those lovely combs at Hofner's—only fifty cents?"

"No, I shouldn't dare select a necktie for him. I'm going to give him handkerchiefs."

"Did you finish dressing your little sister's doll?" etc.

Letty bore it as long as she could, then, leaving her half-eaten breakfast, went back to her room. The underwear factory where she worked had shut down till after Christmas, to repair the engine, so she had the day before her. If she only had some money, what a nice chance to go round the stores and buy things; or to go home for Christmas. Home! The thought was too much, and the clouds began to drop rain.

There was a knock at the door, and the chambermaid came in.

"Why, what's the matter, Katy?" asked Letty, detaching herself from her own misery enough to notice the girl's swollen face and the dark circles round her eyes.

"It's an ulcerated tooth," groaned the girl. "Not a wink of sleep did I get all night."

"I'll take care of my room today," said Letty, "and I just as lief tend to the other rooms on this corridor. I'm not working to-day, and it will do me good to be busy about something."

As Letty went from room to room

making beds and straightening rugs and chairs with the precision required in the Young Women's Home, somehow her heart grew lighter, and when she came to the room where a skirt with trailing braid was thrown over a chair, a pleasant thought came to her. Finding a new braid in the workbasket, she took the skirt to her room, rebound it neatly, darned a tiny tear, sewed on a loose hook, and pinning a Christmas greeting on it, hung it on the chair again.

As she finished her rounds she stopped at the laundry door. "You seem to be flying round in here," she said.

"We're a little short-handed," said the laundress. "Katy helps us sort the clothes, but she has gone to bed sick, and it looks as if our work would run over into Christmas day."

"Can you use a green hand?" asked Letty. "I've nothing to do, and I'd like to help. You can call my services a Christmas present," she added, with the first smile of the day on her face.

"'Twould be the best kind of a Christmas present. Come right in. Those clothes on the racks are ready to sort, and then be sent round to the rooms."

So Letty stood up to the long racks and sorted and folded with willing hands, and the neat piles of clothes disappeared like magic. And when the tables were cleared the laundry girls came up with smiling faces and said, "Thank you for your Christmas present, Miss Ashworth," and Letty went down to dinner with quite an appetite. And there a new chance for service presented itself. Two or three of the girls were bewailing belated errands which required daylight.

"Behold your slave!" said Letty. "Make out your lists, and I will go through them or perish in the attempt."

So, after dinner, Letty went hither and thither, matching ribbons and silks and tassels, and coming home with loaded arms, found a box, from her Vermont home, a box filled with holly. If the waxen leaves suddenly gained a new lustre, the dewdrops which caused it were not wholly tears of unhappiness.

The day had been lived through, but the long evening was to be faced. Many of the girls had gone home for the holidays, and others were busy with their Christmas gifts, so Letty sat alone, the tide of homesickness rising higher and higher. She heard the occupant of the next room come in and shut her door. "I wonder if Miss Wilbur is homesick, too," she mused. Miss Wilbur was a comparatively new comer, a silent, reserved girl who had no intimates in the Home. Letty had always stood a little in awe of her, but now she felt a sudden impulse to go to her.

"May I come in?" said Letty, as the door opened to her knock, showing the room to be in darkness. "I'm just dying of homesickness."

"Then there are two of us," said the other girl, extending her hand and drawing her in.

"You see," Letty hurried on, with a catch in her voice, "My mother is two hundred miles away, and it may be a year before I see her."

"My mother is farther away than that," said Miss Wilbur, "and I may be a good many years before I see her again;" and remembering the other's black garb, Letty understood.

For a time the two girls wept together, and when their tears had lightened their hearts a little, they talked tenderly of their homes and kindred, and came nearer together than in a year of ordinary intercourse. Then Letty had an inspiration.

"There are two or three of the girls

I wanted to remember," she said, "there's Miss Crosby—she's going to the hospital in a few days, for an operation, and she dreads it awfully; and Gertrude Gray's brother has gone wrong and she's just broken hearted; and Milly Bishop is very sad over her broken engagement. I'm awfully 'short' just now, but I have just thought of some bright pieces I have which would make little cushions or headrests, and I've plenty of fir balsam to fill them. Will you come in my room and help me?"

In a few minutes the girls were busy over some scraps of silk, and when the dainty little gifts were finished, Letty brought out her box of holly and fastened a spray on Miss Wilbur's shoulder, saying, "Now let's make some big wreaths for our windows."

"Yes," said the other, "or—"

"Or what?" asked Letty.

"Wouldn't it be nice to put a piece at every plate, so all the girls could enjoy it? You suggested it, pinning this piece on me."

Letty caught at the idea at once. "We'll be breaking it up, and after everybody is abed, we'll go down and distribute it and won't they wonder where it came from?"

A couple of hours later, the two girls crept noiselessly upstairs and as they parted at Letty's door, Miss Wilbur stooped and kissed her cheek, whispering, "I believe you saved my heart from breaking tonight," and slipped into her room before Letty could answer.

When the girls trooped down to breakfast Christmas morning and saw the long white tables bordered with shining leaves and bright berries, there were many "Ohs" and "Ahs," and much wonderment, and soon the girls were pinning them on their dresses or tucking them in their hair. Everybody was in high spirits, and Letty found herself giving and receiving "Merry Christmases," right and left. She had no thought that she had helped toward the cheer of the day, but Katy and the girl with the hanging dress-braid and the laundry girls and the girls with errands and the night watchman—or to speak accurately, the night watchwoman—had told tales, and when Letty went up to her room, she found on her table a vase of tall chrysanthemums, and the card with them said, "For the one who has done the most to give the Home a Merry Christmas."

And upon the girl who in homesickness and poverty had lived the Christmas spirit, fell the Christmas peace—Congregationalist.

THE FOOT AND DOOR TRICK.

In his book, *Work in Great Cities*, the Bishop of London writes: "You have often not only to learn but to practice what may be described as the 'foot and door trick.' It is ruination to the foot and sometimes hurts the toe; but it consists in rapidly but quickly passing the foot in the moment the door is opened, in order to secure, at any rate, a few minutes' parley." As to what may happen he writes: "After long hesitation it will be opened by a little girl about half a foot; and then you will hear a distant voice from the washtub in the rear, 'Well, Sally, who is it?' Then Sally will answer at the top of her voice. 'Please, mother, it's religion.' You will require all your presence of mind to cope with that." The time came, however, when every door was thrown wide open to welcome "our bishop."—*London Christian Globe.*

BOTTLE DOLLS.

Though there is a fragile sound to the name, dolls of glass are quite substantial and almost unbreakable. What is more, they stand firmly erect and won't topple over or fall down. It requires no particular skill to make them, either, for they are nothing but glass bottles in tissue-paper clothes. Gather up your bottles (probably you possess a number, as they accumulate in every household), lay in a stock of white and colored tissue paper, and you will have abundant material for a brand new entertainment for the children.

Any bottle and all bottles will answer, provided they are empty and clean. Big and little, fat and slim, with high shoulders or slender waists, you can make some kind of a doll of almost any bottle.

Round bottles with long necks make the best lady dolls, while slim, short-necked bottles, either round or flat, are best for men dolls. Almost any shape will answer for the children and babies.

Whatever kind of a bottle you use, always put a cork in it first, then make a head by pasting a strip of rather stiff yellow wrapping paper around the neck, extending it a trifle above the mouth of the bottle. Paste the paper together at the edges so that the head will be slightly cone-shaped, wider at the top than at the bottom, then cut off the point formed at the lip. If the head slips down too far paste will hold it in place. Draw the features with pen and ink, and the hair with a paint brush dipped in ink. There should be room on the paper to extend the neck a quarter of an inch below the chin.

The skirts, waists, cloaks, hats, caps, and bonnets of the women and children are all made of tissue-paper cut in circles of various sizes. Of course, the size of the circle must depend upon the size of the bottle you are dressing, and you will have to measure to find out just how large to make it. In making a skirt, measure from the waist down, allow about a quarter of an inch, and let that length be the length of half of the square from which you cut your circle. First cut your square, which will be twice the length of the skirt, then fold it through the middle into an oblong; bring the two short edges of the oblong together and make a square; fold the square diagonally through the middle and make a triangle, fold the triangle through the middle and make a sharper triangle.—From "Hints and Helps for Mother," in St. Nicholas.

A SUGGESTION FOR MOTHERS.

It there is one thing that most mothers are careless about it is insisting that their children dress for dinner. The establishment of this habit means more than is at first apparent. It means the forming of a social law, the worth of which is inestimable, one that will continue throughout a life time. In fact, it is more essential that children should dress for dinner or the evening meal, whatever it may be, than for grown-up people to do so. They play about and accumulate dirt, and their garments naturally become grimy and are not fit to be worn to the table before they have been thoroughly brushed and aired. Their shoes are heavy and have lost their polish, their hair is in disorder, sadly needing attention. Children should be required to allow a half hour for making their toilet for dinner; this to be as much a cast iron rule as the prompt attention at meals. Grounding children in such habits makes a mother's life easier in the long run, and what is of even more importance, it, saves children in the end self-discipline, and makes them agreeable companions and acceptable guests.—Chicago Record-Herald.

A REMARKABLE FIND.

A few years ago a shabby old book was sent from a parish library in England to be sold by auction in London. It was seven inches long and five wide. It consisted of thirty-eight leaves of vellum, on which were inscribed the four gospels. It had four illuminated illustrations, representing the evangelists, each seated in a stool, holding his gospel, and each having a circular gold nimbus.

The book was bought by the Bodleian Library for £6. Months afterward, when it came to be catalogued, a poem was found written on the fly leaf, containing a reference to the rescue of the book from the bed of a stream, where it had been dropped by a careless servant, and where it lay until discovered by a passing knight. Of course the poet attributed the recovery of the sacred volume to a miracle.

The verses casually referred to the fact that when the book was lost it was being "conveyed to the king and queen."

"What king and queen, I wonder?" mused the librarian.

"Why, a story like that was told of the gospels belonging to Margaret of Scotland," said his woman assistant. Sure enough, a little research showed that there was scarcely a doubt that the book had belonged to Margaret, Queen of Scotland who died in 1093. This book was fully described by her confessor more than eight hundred years ago. He related its being lost in the brook, recovered and conveyed to its royal owner, and used by her for many years.

So the worn old book which the Bodleian bought for a song is now one of the great library's priceless treasures—identified by a girl's knowledge of a queer story in the life of a queen.

CHRISTMAS JOY.

By James Russell Lowell.

"What means this glory round our feet?"

The Magi mused, "more bright than morn?"

And voices chanted clear and sweet,

"To-day the Prince of Peace is born."

"What means this stir?" the shepherds said,

"That brightens through the rocky glen?"

And angels answering overhead,

Sang, "Peace on earth, good-will to men?"

'Tis eighteen hundred years and more

Since those sweet oracles were dumb;

We wait for Him, like them of yore:

Alas! He seems so slow to come.

But it is said, in words of gold

No time or sorrow e'er shall dim,

That little children might be bold

In perfect trust to come to him.

All round about our feet shall shine

A light like that the wise men saw,

If we our loving wills incline

To that sweet life which is the law.

So shall we learn to understand

The simple faith of shepherds, then;

And kindly clasping hand in hand,

Sing, "Peace on earth, good-will to men!"

A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

What can I give him,

Poor as I am!

If I were a shepherd,

I would bring a lamb.

If I were a wise man,

I would do my part—

Yet what can I give him,

Give my heart.

—Christina Rossetti.

A TINY MISSIONARY.

"Gertrude, could you spare a dolly for the missionary box?" asked mamma. "The ladies have a small corner not filled and we want to send it to-day. The minister has a little girl three years old who has never had a doll in her life, so I think you ought to let her have one of your children. Which shall it be?"

"Why, mamma, I don't see how I could give up any of my dollies," said Gertrude. "I love every one of them. I might send Polly, since she has lost her wig, but that is the only one. I'll tie her hood on and maybe the little girl will think all dolls are like that if she has never had one. The others are too nice to go to that cold country papa was telling about."

Some one was speaking to mamma from the kitchen, so she did not hear what Gertrude said. The ladies met that afternoon to pack the last things and send the box away, so when they were in the sitting-room mamma called to Gertrude and Guy to bring their things for the children. Everything but the one corner of the big box was filled, and the dray had been engaged by four o'clock.

"You are not going to give your very best books and ball, are you Guy?" said Gertrude, as her little brother brought his nicest things for the missionary box. "Don't you know that isn't the way to do? Why, mamma and the other ladies gave their very oldest things, and I'm going to send Polly because she's lost her wig. Folks only put in the missionary box what they don't want themselves."

"I'm going to give these," said Guy sturdily. "If they only get old things in the boxes, they can have a little s'prise party with my good books. I guess the baby will like the ball if he can't read."

"I am afraid Guy is right," said one of the ladies, with very red cheeks, while Guy's mamma fell on her knees beside the box and took out a very shabby old dress.

"Let's follow Guy's example and send something very nice this time," said another lady. "In an hour we can get lots of things together and I'm going to try."

Guy did not know what it was all about, but the ladies all hurried away and came back in a short time with nice new clothes for the missionary and his family, some lovely shoes for the baby, pretty handkerchiefs, and even some candy and popcorn.

"Isn't it going to be a missionary box, mamma?" asked Gertrude, with wide-open eyes. "I thought you never sent nice things to the poor people in the West."

"We are going to this time," said mamma, crowding the nice new clothes into the vacant space. "Do you want to send Polly?"

"Not if you are going to take out all the old things like that. I'll send Josephine, for she is the very nicest child I have. Do you know, mamma, I'm glad not to lose Polly for all she has no wig? I'm glad those poor people are going to get some nice presents, aren't you?"

And all the ladies kissed Guy and said he was a dear little missionary himself for giving his pretty things first.—Cum berland Presbyterian.

Two little negro boys were having a difference of opinion. One was talking with great volubility, while the other was listening. The speaker was pouring into his companion's ears all the vials of his wrath in the characteristic language of his race. Finally he seemed to have exhausted himself, and paused for breath.

Said the listener, "Is you done?" "Yes, I is done," replied the first speaker.

"Well, den," said his companion, "all dem t'ings you say I is, you is."

CHURCH
WORK

Ministers and Churches

NEWS
LETTERS

OTTAWA.

On Tuesday of last week the Ladies' Aid of Bethany Church, Hintonburg, presented Mrs. Eadie, wife of the esteemed pastor of the church, with a beautiful fur-lined coat and sable muff. The presentation was a unanimous mark of esteem for the faithful services Mrs. Eadie had rendered in many ways to the congregation during the eighteen years of her husband's pastorate.

The lecture hall of Stewart Presbyterian church was well filled last evening when another very successful concert was given under the auspices of the progressive choir of that church. The program, which was unusually well selected, consisted entirely of Scotch songs and music and only the gems of Scottish airs were contributed. The concert was highly appreciated and reflected nothing but the utmost credit upon Choirmaster Cooke and his singers.

The annual social of St. Paul's Presbyterian church held Monday evening of last week was a very successful one. The hall had been artistically decorated for the occasion with flags, flowers and Christmas bells and presented a very pretty appearance. Rev. Dr. Armstrong occupied the chair and a programme consisting of musical and elocutionary selections was given including vocal duets, "I Know a Bank," by Mrs. Gray and Miss Whillians; "O, Wert Thou," by Mrs. Grew and Miss Murphy; solos by Miss Askwith, Miss Bourne, Miss Whillians, Mr. Kidd and Mr. Stratton, were much appreciated as also the readings by Miss Fanny Vilas and Miss Greta Jackson. Short addresses were also given by Rev. G. McGregor of Aylmer, Rev. A. E. Mitchell of Erskine, and Rev. J. Tallman Pitcher of Eastern Methodist. At the conclusion of the programme supper was served by the ladies and a very pleasant evening spent by all present.

TORONTO.

The first Bible conference of the Toronto branch of the Bible League of North America will be held in Association Hall in this city Jan. 14 to 16. On Wednesday and Thursday evenings, Jan. 15 and 16, meetings will be held in the new convocation hall of the University of Toronto, Queen's Park. A strong programme has been prepared.

Preaching in the University Convocation Hall yesterday, Prof. McFadyen of Knox College gave an instructive discourse from the text: "Mary and Martha at Jesus' feet." He emphasized the importance of students cultivating a habit of a quiet hour daily for spiritual communion with Jesus Christ. The secret of the successful life was gained through the power to meditate and listen to the words of those wiser than ourselves, and more especially those of the Lord, the great creator of all mankind.

Another Church has been opened on Pape Avenue in this city. In the morning Rev. Dr. McLaren was the preacher, and Rev. James A. Murray, pastor of the Erskine church, officiated in the evening. A Sunday school rally was held in the afternoon, when addresses were delivered by Rev. J. McR. P. Scott, of St. John's Church, and Rev. J. C. Robertson, secretary of Sunday schools. Rev. Mr. Millar is the pastor; and there is still a debt on the Church property of \$2,500 which it is expected will soon be paid.

EASTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. D. C. MacGregor, of Orillia, has been preaching a temperance sermon in Knox Church, Uptergrove.

Rev. Wm. Moore, lately of Bræside, has commenced his pastorate at Pickering and Brougham under most favorable auspices.

Rev. James Hastie and Mrs. Hastie, of Monkland, spent Thursday and Friday of last week in Montreal. Mr. Hastie conducted pre-Communion services in Apple Hill a week ago last Saturday.

Rev. Dr. Talling, Toronto, who has been supplying St. Paul's church, Peterboro, during the time it has been without a pastor was presented with a century Bible by the members of the Bible class.

Rev. Prettie, of Vernon, occupied the pulpit of the Russell Church on the 15th instant, and announced the resignation of the pastorate by Rev. T. A. Sadler, who has accepted the call to Cardinal.

The Presbyterians of Falding used their new organ for the first time last Sunday. They have been fortunate in securing the services of Miss May Rankin as organist, who will ably fill the position.

As usual the social of the Maxville congregation this year was a most successful affair. The first hour, spent in social and friendly chat, was plainly interesting to old and young. The next hour was given up to a very excellent and varied programme of vocal music, drills, readings and instrumental music.

The Womens' Foreign Missionary Society of the Gravel Hill Church held their annual meeting on Tuesday of last week. Miss McDougal of Maxville addressed the ladies in the afternoon, while Rev. Mr. Lee of Apple Hill preached an inspiring missionary sermon in the evening. Both meetings were well attended.

Rev. T. A. Sadler was presented on Monday with a well filled purse of gold on the occasion of his retirement from the pastorate of Russell Presbyterian church, which he has held for some eleven years. Accompanying the purse was an address expressive of the regret of the congregation in parting with Mr. Sadler and of hopes for his future prosperity in his new charge at Cardinal to which he goes in the beginning of the year.

The Presbytery of Kingston met in St. Andrew's church, Kingston, on the 10th inst. Twenty-three ministers were present. Suitable minutes were approved relating to the removal by death of Rev. M. W. MacLean and Rev. C. E. Gordon-Smith. Several matters referred by the Assembly to Presbyteries were considered, and suggestions made. The Presbytery agreed that the Gen. Assembly should pay the legitimate expenses of all its members, and adopt measures to secure this. It also approved of the report of the Toronto Presbytery relating to the supply of vacancies. The recommendation of the committee on Students that greater attention be paid by those in divinity to securing certificates of their standing from Presbyteries, and that the Superintendent of H. Missions be invited to visit Queen's University, and confer with those students likely to engage in mission work, was adopted. The application of Rev. Mr. Black of the Congregationalist Church to be received into the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, was received and encouraged. Rev. J. McClung was transferred from the Poland H. M. field to

Queensboro. It was agreed that a special meeting for considering the Union question be held on the first Monday of March at 3 p.m., just prior to the regular meeting next May.

Rev. Mr. McIlroy, of Ottawa, conducted anniversary services in the Franktown church on a recent Sunday. The social on Monday evening was well attended and an attractive programme was provided. The pastor, Rev. A. H. McFadane, presiding. An interesting feature of the service at the close of the programme was the burning of the mortgage, the new church building now being free of debt.

A very hearty reception has been accorded to Rev. W. J. Knox, and his wife, by the congregation of Calvin church, Pembroke. An informal programme was a pleasing feature of the occasion. This was made up of music by a male chorus, male quartette, solos, and short congratulatory addresses by resident and neighboring ministers, Rev. Mr. Knox contributing to the enjoyment of those present by the splendid rendition of two solos. Dainty refreshments were deftly served by young men of the congregation. It was an enjoyable evening, giving a pleasant opportunity to the new pastor to become acquainted with his people.

Brussels Presbyterians will erect a fine new church to replace the present edifice built 35 or 40 years ago.

Rev. J. B. Mullan, now of Elora, physically weak but mentally as bright and alert as ever, has been taking part in the Local Option campaign now going on in Mount Forest, and gives the "traffic" no quarter.

"Why was he opposed to the bar?" he said. "Because it puts a brand upon a man and his family the moment they enter a hotel, in their social life, in their municipal life. The bar puts a man into temptations which very few can stand. He will give drink to those who should not have it. He will put water and deadly drugs into his stock to add to his gains. The greatest law breaker that you know of is the liquor traffic. It puts inflated values upon property, and this makes the question difficult to deal with. It makes the hotel-keeper think he is a philanthropist in paying taxes—license fees are really blood money. The bar is a regular nuisance in a hotel, or any where. It should be put down."

Speaking recently in New York, Rev. Dr. Griffith John, who has spent over half a century in Mission work in China, had the following to say about the situation in that country:—"I am amazed at the achievements of Jesus Christ in China. When I went to China fifty-two years ago there were not 100 foreign missionaries in that Empire; now there are four thousand. Then there were but few native helpers, now 10,000; then but few schools, now 2,000; with 50,000 scholars, besides four hundred high schools, with 15,000 students. Then no hospitals, now four hundred, treating over 1,000,000 patients annually. These are some of the achievements of Christ in China. The need of China today is the gospel of Jesus Christ, and the way to give it to her is by a forward movement of all the churches. No new schools are needed—preaching, teaching, healing, all hold their place as before—but these old methods must be newly applied to the new problems which are constantly arising."

WESTERN ONTARIO.

The pulpit of the Presbyterian church, Newmarket was filled by Rev. W. M. Fee on last Sunday.

Rev. Thos Wilson, of Walkerton, preached anniversary sermons at Moorfield last Sunday.

Rev. W. H. Geddes, of Ailsa Craig, preached in Westminster church, Mount Forest on the 15th inst., and Rev. Urquhart, of Kippon, last Sunday.

Rev. R. B. Cochrane, minister of Knox Church, Woodstock, has been asked to be a candidate for the new board of education. Rev. Dr. McMullen, his predecessor, was on the Collegiate board for a great many years.

The congregation of St. John Church, Port Stanley, declared vacant on the 22nd instant, is now without a pastor. Rev. A. Henderson, London, is appointed interim moderator.

A very pleasant event was the concert held at the opening of the new manse at Chalmers Church, Chatham township. Refreshments were also served. The church where the concert was held, was beautifully and tastefully decorated for the occasion. The proceeds amounted to \$58.53.

At the last meeting of Saugeen Presbytery the Rev. M. C. Cameron, of Harrieton, was given a three month leave of absence in hope that his health may be restored. Mr. Farquharson was appointed to take his place as interim moderator of the Mt. Forest congregation and Mr. Cranston to take his work as Presbytery treasurer. In view of his long services as treasurer he was given a parting grant of twenty five dollars.

At the recent meeting of Chatham Presbytery part of an afternoon was devoted to a discussion of church union. Rev. Dr. Battieby opened by giving a statement of the work of the joint committee, following which Rev. Mr. McInnis took up the doctrinal basis of church union. In the ensuing discussion, the Chatham News says, a considerable divergence of opinion was apparent, from which it may be inferred that church union is still a matter requiring time.

In a recent sermon, Rev. Dr. Dickie, of Chalmers' church, Woodstock, referred in soothing terms to the equipment and sanitation of one of the public schools in that city as being simply disgraceful. The doctor made mention of the County of Pictou in Nova Scotia, where he was raised, and the district of Zorra lying north and west of Woodstock. These two districts had sent out to the world more professional men and women and more ministers of the gospel in proportion to population, than any other district probably in the whole world.

The Rev. W. L. Nichol was ordained and inducted to the pastoral charge of Duff church and Tai's Corners in the Presbytery of London. His popular sermon on Ezek. 36:25-27, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you," etc., in his trial exercises received expression of high commendation from several members of Presbytery. He was ordained in the presence of a large congregation that filled the church, Dr. Macdonald, of Mosa, presiding. Dr. McCrae, of Westminster, where Mr. Nichol was raised, delivered the charge to the minister, and Dr. Barnett charged the congregation. After the service was over the congregation was entertained to a reception supper in the basement, and, thereafter, to music and congratulatory addresses in the auditorium of the church, in the course of which a handsome pocket-book, handsomely plished by the joint congregations, was presented to Rev. James Malcolm, the retiring moderator of sessions.

JUBILEE OF ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, WINDSOR.

The Windsor Record of 3rd. December contains a well written historical sketch by Mr. Alex Bartlet, of this Church which has just celebrated the fiftieth year since organization. From it we glean the following particulars:

Up till 1854 there was no church organization either Protestant or Catholic in existence within the present city limits. In this year a mission station was established and the Rev. John Hog, then of Detroit, but now of Winnipeg, invited to take charge. The first elders were Mr. Alex Bartlet and Mr. David Johnston.

In 1861 the Rev. William Bennett, now of Peterboro', was called and inducted on the 22nd of October, 1861, and continued with us for two years. He was a very earnest, evangelical preacher, but sadly handicapped for the want of a church-house to meet in, and there were difficulties in the congregation which interfered with his work. After his leaving us in October 1863 we reverted to the condition of a mission station.

In 1864 we began to prepare for building a church, and in 1865 lots were procured from Mr. Dougall at the head of Ferry street, whereon a church was erected and opened for worship on the first Sunday of October in 1865. The Rev. Stephen Balmer, of Detroit, preached in the forenoon, the Rev. Mr. Griffith, of the Baptist church, in the afternoon, and the Rev. Dr. McCorkle, of the Presbyterian church in Detroit, in the evening.

In March 1866 some correspondence took place with the Rev. Mr. Kemp, formerly of St. Gabriel street church, Montreal, who made a proposal to the congregation that he would engage for a year to supply the congregation at a stipend of \$1,000 per annum. The congregation unanimously resolved to call Dr. Kemp, and his induction took place on the 9th of May, 1866.

In 1868 a difficulty arose in the congregation about instrumental music which necessarily created some bad feeling, Dr. Kemp being strongly in favor of introducing instrumental music. At a meeting of the congregation a resolution passed allowing the introduction of a melodeon. In 1869 it was easy to be seen that Dr. Kemp was anxious to occupy a larger field than our small congregation provided. During his pastorate for a little over four years there were additions made to the church of 67 new members.

Mr. John Gray was called in September 1870, at a stipend of \$850, and the call being accepted his ordination and induction both took place on 16th Nov. Mr. Gray continued in the pastorate until March 1893 when his resignation was accepted.

In 1883 the foundation of the new brick church was laid. A handsome building was erected, together with a Sabbath school. The church was duly opened on the 15th June, 1884, Rev. Dr. McLaren, moderator of the General Assembly preaching in the forenoon and the Rev. D. M. Gordon, the present principal of Queen's university, in the evening.

In October 1893 Rev. J. C. Tolmier the present minister of the Church was called, and having accepted, his induction took place on 11th Dec. The stipend offered was \$1,600.

All branches of the church work showed increased activity until the church edifice was destroyed by fire on Saturday afternoon, the 16th day of March 1895. It is needless to say that this misfortune was a great setback to the congregation, but soon a new site was selected and plans adopted for another building. Contracts were let for all the matters connected with the erection of the present church and Sabbath school, which were finished and

opened for public worship on the 14th June, 1896, the late Dr. McKay of Montreal preaching. On the 21st of June the Rev. Dr. McLaren preached at both services, and was very much appreciated.

The new church was built to contain in the auditorium 800, but the seating room soon became rather straightened and in 1903 contracts were let for the erection of galleries in the church, which added about three hundred seats to the sitting room of the church. The church was reopened on 29th Nov. 1903, by Rev. Dr. Fletcher, of Hamilton, then moderator of the General Assembly. The membership in 1894, when the present pastor took charge, was 455; it is now about 750.

In ending this summary of the history of the congregation it may be stated, says Mr. Bartlet, that during the fourteen years' ministry of the present pastor he has admitted to the membership of the church 456 persons by profession of faith, and 535 by certificate, in all 991.

At the meeting of the Church of Scotland Congress, held recently in Dundee, the Bishop of Carlisle (Anglican) spoke in the following terms on the question of Church union: "Being a dreamer, he dreamed of the day when they would all be known by a united Christian name, and not be any divided denomination name. He believed that this was the Moderator's hobby, and he hoped he would ride that hobby-horse, not to death, but to life. He did not want to make them Episcopalians—he was quite sure they would not make him a Presbyterian, but he was quite certain that they must get back to greater nearness to New Testament teaching, and that they must annul a good deal that had taken place between the ascension of our Lord and the day in which we live. The simpler their creeds, so long as they were creeds of the Gospel, in his judgment the better and the truer they are. He was not thinking that the time for union was near. He believed it would come. It would come gradually, and they would not hasten its coming by trying to be in a hurry, but if they seized every opportunity that presented itself to them to meet together and discuss such questions as they were to consider that night, they might do something to break down the barrier that had been dividing them."

Father Tyrrell, the English Jesuit who criticised rather sharply the Pope's late encyclical on "modernism," it is explained by an English bishop of the Roman Church, was not excommunicated, but only "suspended from the communion!" The explanation does not seem to satisfy the daring Jesuit, and Tyrrell replies that the one is practically the same as the other, and that with "this elementary right of a Catholic" gone he wants to know what privilege is left. He answers his own question by saying, "None that I shall heed or value!" Evidently the Englishman has no idea of capitulation to the Pope. "It is said to have tremendous influence, and the outcome, with reference to the man, and to English Romanism, will be worth watching."

THERE'S EVERYTHING IN BEING FIRST.

The first train in Canada was operated on what is now a part of the Grand Trunk Railway and this great system has ever been on the alert to stay in the first rank. In keeping with this general policy the "International Limited," the premier train of the Grand Trunk System, is also the finest and fastest train in Canada, and one of the fastest long distance trains in the world. Leaves Montreal every day at 9.00 a.m., Toronto 4.40 p.m., arriving Detroit at 10.00 p.m. and Chicago at 7.40 a.m.

A RAINY DAY CLOSET.

A rainy-day closet is a device intended for the alleviation of the care of mothers. In it are placed toys to be mended, games from which the interest has temporarily departed, pictures to be cut out and pasted in scrap books, specimens of rocks to be classified, a book of conundrums, one on familiar science, from which easy experiments could be taken for trial, a charade book, story books (new and old for all ages), crane paper for making flowers, sheets of old calendars, from which first thirteen figures the game of Numerical Patience could be made, pictures of persons and places mounted on cardboard, and intended especially for the convalescent ward in the children's hospital; sewing, knitting and crocheting materials; stamps to be pasted, materials for kite making—in a word anything. A list of the articles and shelf where each was to be found was placed in the inside of the door, and a custodian, generally the oldest daughter, appointed, who saw to it that the articles chosen was delivered to the child choosing it. The door was kept locked at all other times. No one was allowed to ask for anything different under an hour, although articles could be amicably interchanged.—Scientific American.

A Bostonian died, and when he arrived at St. Peter's gate, he was asked the usual questions: "What is your name, and where are you from?" The answer was, "Mr. So-and-So, from Boston."—"You may come in," said St. Peter, "but I know you won't like it."

"You are wasting your time painting pictures," "But I sell my pictures," protested the artist. "And that convinces me that you can sell anything. Such being the case, why not take up life insurance, or steel bridges, or something with big money in it?"

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SPARKLES.

"I can't be with you Christmas Day. Do you think that absence makes the heart grow fonder?"

"I doubt it—but I'm quite sure that presents do."—Ex.

A young member of a Sunday-school was soliciting recruits to her class, and called upon a newly married couple who had moved near her home. After a few pleasant remarks of a general character, she said:

"I am trying to get new scholars for our Sunday-school. Will you send your children to our school?"

She was much disappointed when told that the lady had none, but in a moment her face brightened and she asked:

"Will you send them when you do have them?"

A teacher in one of our public schools was having a lesson upon latitude and its effect upon climate.

"Now, who can tell me," she inquired, "why it grows colder as we travel toward the north?" A youngster cried out:

"It's because you get further away from the Creator."

"When in trouble," said the eminent lecturer, "refrain from worrying."

"But, doctor," asked a woman in the audience, "how can we?"

"Anyway," replied the lecturer, "refrain from worrying other people."

A very mild North of England vicar had for some time been displeased with the quality of milk served him. At length he determined to remonstrate with his milkman for supplying such weak stuff. He began mildly: "I've been wanting to see you in regard to the quality of milk with which you are serving me." "Yes, sir," uneasily answered the tradesman. "I only wanted to say," continued the minister, "that I use the milk for dietary purposes exclusively, and not for christening."

Enthusiastic Supporter of Robinson.—"Gentlemen, Mr. Jones, the retiring member, has been a mere cypher in the council, and in my opinion Mr. Robinson will make equally as good a representative."—(Loud Applause.)

A middle-aged farmer accosted a serious-faced youth outside the Grand Central station in New York the other day. "Young man," he said, plucking his sleeve, "I want to go to Central Park." The youth seemed lost in consideration for a moment. "Well," he said finally, "you may just this once. But I don't want you ever, ever to ask me again."—Everybody's Magazine.

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MONTREAL

FIRST AND BEST.

A little girl was playing with her doll while her mother was writing. After a while she called the child and took her on her lap. The little one said:

"I am so glad; I wanted to love you so much, mamma."

"Did you, darling?" and she clasped her tenderly. "I am glad my daughter loves me so; but were you lonely while I wrote? You and dolly seemed to be having a happy time together."

"Yes, mamma; but I got tired of loving her."

"And why?"

"Oh, because she never loves me back."

"And that is why you love me?"

"That is one why, mamma; but not the first one or the best."

"And what is the first and best?"

"Why, mamma, don't you guess?" and the blue eyes were very bright and earnest. "It's because you loved me when I was too little to love back; that's why I love you so."

This reminds us of the blessed verse John wrote: "We love him because he first loved us." (1 John iv. 19.)

A BIT OF GOLD.

An exquisite little lyric, by Eugene Field, is a bit of gold for Christmas. Learn it by heart:

"Come Thou, dear Prince, oh, come to us, this holy Christmas time! Come to the busy marts of earth, the quiet homes, the noisy streets, the humble lanes.

Come to us all, and with Thy love touch every human heart.

That we may know that love, and in its blessed peace

Bear charity to all mankind."

"I suspect," said the observant citizen, "that people do not pay as much attention to campaign speeches as they used to." "They don't," answered Senator Sorghum. "The business instinct is permeating the masses, and they regard a campaign speech merely as a promissory note without any mortgage behind it."

"Papa," wrote the sweet girl, "I have become infatuated with calisthenics."

"Well, daughter," replied the old man, "if your heart's set on him, I haven't a word to say; but I always did hope you would marry an American."—Houston Post.

Life Insurance Examiner.—Of what did your father die, Pat?

Pat.—I don't know, doctor; but I'm sure it was nothing serious.

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of
A Dominion Lands in Manitoba,
Saskatchewan, and Alberta, ex-
cepting 8 and 28, not reserved,
may be homesteaded by any per-
son who is the sole head of a
family, or any male over 18 years
of age, to the extent of one-
quarter section of 100 acres, more
or less.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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