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Toronto Sept 16, 1897

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

One of the speakers at the Toronto Fair laid stress on the importance of conscientious work in the matter of judging exhibits. The judges, he urged, should not only be thoroughly competent, but in addition should be absolutely fair. Men of honor, integrity and moral worth were required in the ring just as much as on the bench and in the pulpit. The speaker was, of course, quite right. One of the outstanding needs of the day is a large infusion of such men in every line of business. The world is finding out the value of honest men, as it has done at all times. Whatever the appearance of things to the contrary the saw holds that “honesty is the best policy.”

The truth of this is not self-evident to all people, especially to the young who lack experience, and to the old who are morally blind. Certain methods in business, questionable in themselves, though probably within legal bounds, yield glittering results, and the love of money and the luxury and splendor it may bring, carry away men and women, otherwise estimable enough, into courses which conscience would condemn. They suppress any passing qualm by the thought that they are not worse than their neighbors and that the practices of the age must be conformed to. But that idea was exploded long ago. The Psalmist observed the practice and exposed the fallacy: “I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo, he was not; yea I sought him, but he could not be found. Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace.” And though

times change truth remaineth, its incidence is now as then, and the dishonest course can have but one ending—not success but failure.

The orator at the Fair backed up his remarks by showing how an error in judgment, arising from prejudice or incompetence would seriously injure an exhibitor's business, and from that practical standpoint his argument was conclusive. But the area might well be extended beyond the ring. There are judges in many walks of life. In the market, the store, the office, the professions, and in the church judging is ever going on. The housewife rightly throws a critical glance over the goods she wants to buy, but the competing vendor too readily cries down his neighbor's wares, and this wrong extends through business. One merchant extols his merchandise at the expense of his fellow-merchant and of truth, and his competitors and customers suffer wrong. To do so may be business, but it is also wickedness.

The professions are robed with etiquette which is supposed to help to a high standard of honor. The lawyer observes a certain code of honor to his fellows; and the doctor is hemmed in by the good forms of his profession. But these are often violated in the race for business, mayhap in the struggle for existence in these days of overcrowding. The teacher and the preacher are too often subjected to ill-conceived and jealous criticism, divorced from charity and usually entirely against the facts. In professional life—in whatever department may be named—reputation is as the breath of life and to play fast and loose with it from base motives is not only most cruel, but most criminal. Alas that the practice prevails and that it is indulged in so often for selfish gain. The plea of the exhibitor at the Fair holds good in the whole business and professional arena, and furnishes a suitable weapon for the social and religious reformer.

It will be noted with satisfaction that the Ewart Missionary Training Home, which, it is expected, will be formally opened on the 1st October, will be under the charge of Mrs. Anna Ross, formerly of Brucefield, Ontario, as lady superintendent. Mrs. Ross is well-known to our readers as a valued contributor to our columns, and in Western Ontario as the wife of the late highly revered Rev. John Ross, the “Apostle of Bruce.” The institute has been fortunate in having secured her efficient services.

The approach of the 250th anniversary of the completion of the Shorter Catechism of the Westminster Assembly of Divines is to be celebrated in various ways, but one of the most appropriate is by a fac-simile of the first edition of the book. On the 28th November, 1647, 600 copies of the Catechism were published by order of Parliament, for the service of both Houses, and the fac-simile is of one of these copies preserved at the British Museum. It has been reproduced by photographic process and will be in absolute

fac-simile. The volume with an historical introduction and bibliography by William Carruthers, F.R.S., will be issued shortly and ought to be much prized by Presbyterians.

THE COLLEGE FUND.

THE following statement on the College Fund, by Rev. Dr. Warden, we commend to the liberality of the Church:--

By appointment of the General Assembly, the annual collection for Colleges takes place on the fourth Sabbath of Sept., 20th inst. The following are the amounts required from the congregations of the Church over and above interest from investments, etc. :--

Knox College	\$12,000
Queen's (including deficit of \$9,000)	13,000
Presbyterian College, Montreal	5,000

It will be observed that the estimate for Queen's College is greatly in excess of preceding years because of the deficit from former years being included.

Since the abolition of the Common Fund in 1888, congregations contribute to one or more of the Colleges as they think well. A growing number divide their contributions among all the Colleges, instead of giving the entire amount to any one. It is earnestly hoped that every congregation and Mission Station in the Church will contribute for theological education, so that the amount required by each of the Colleges may be secured. Students and other Missionaries will please see that the collection is made in the mission fields under their care. Where congregations are vacant, it is hoped that the Session will attend to the collection being made.

As the opening of the Colleges is near at hand, it is most opportune that in connection with the collection on the 26th inst., special prayer be offered in all our churches on behalf of Professors and students.

A GOOD EXAMPLE FOLLOWED.

THE *North and West*, one of our most welcome contemporaries from "over the border," appears this month in a smaller and improved form. It has, in fact, followed the example set by the *PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW* a few years ago, as have, indeed, not a few other church papers in the United States. It is needless to say that *North and West* in its new form, is brimful of good things as of old and we welcome it with the hope that it may long hold its influential position in the Western field.

THE KESWICK BRETHERN.

THE addresses delivered by the representatives of the Keswick Brethren are attracting attention. The meetings held in London, Ontario, were well attended and are said to be productive of good results. The special points on which stress are laid by the Brethren and the views entertained and inculcated by them have been more than once alluded to in our columns and need no repetition. There is much to be admired in the movement and something also that should be received with caution. The delegates at present visiting Canada represent the Presbyterian, the Anglican and the Methodist Churches and are Revs. John Sloan, Glasgow; F. Scott Webster, M.A., Birmingham, and Chas. Inwood, Belfast. A sample of their ideas may be presented by an extract from one of Mr. Webster's sermons on the characteristics of a true Christian:

"Where the gospel of Christ comes in truth and power, the handwriting of Jesus Christ is easily recognized. The gospel is the ministration of righteousness, as well as of love and mercy. It is to emphasize that that the present mission to this city is being held. The Gospel is God's righteous way of making men righteous—not an easy way of getting around the law, not an easy way of succeeding

Many do not grasp this feature of the gospel. What are the marks of the handwriting of Jesus Christ? The first mark is a deep sense of sin—a sense which the culture of the nineteenth century is doing much to minimize. The Christian knows that sin is something real and terrible, and as he grows in grace this sense will become greater. The second mark is a blessed sense of peace within. The ministrations of the church cannot give this. It must be obtained through direct contact with Jesus Christ. He is the Prince of Peace, and He stamps His own peace on every heart that is truly His. The third mark is a knowledge of life from above—the Holy Spirit enabling you for every duty. The fourth mark is that of the cross. If you have never experienced a cross for Jesus Christ's sake, I am afraid the handwriting of Christ cannot be seen in you. You cannot escape the cross without denying the Crucified One. If you want to follow Jesus Christ, you must take up the cross daily. Do we often wonder why the heathen have such strange ideas of Christianity? It is because so often the handwriting is not legible."

Many Christians have drawn fresh inspiration from the earnest teachings of the votaries of the Keswick movement.

ADVERTISING SCHEMES.

OCCASIONALLY newspapers are tempted to try schemes that do not seem to be quite reputable in order to increase their circulation. Premiums are offered, and prizes also, on conditions that are lop-sided and apparently unjust. The Church papers are more careful as a rule, being jealous of their good name and standing with the better minded classes of people. But recently a number of church or religious weeklies of high repute have been caught napping and in their columns are advertisements offering objectionable premiums in the interest of circulation. And such papers as the *Independent*, the *Interior*, and the *Living Age* have not refused their space to the advertisements—no doubt because they are well paid for the insertions. It is with regret we note the fact for we regard such periodicals as called upon by the position they occupy to set a good example to the profession.

PRINCETON'S BAR-ROOM.

PRINCETON University has been subjected to much criticism on account of the part taken by several professors and Alumni in connection with establishing a license for selling alcoholic drinks in the grill-room of the University. Naturally the countenancing of such a thing called forth unfavorable comment and on any ground it is difficult to justify it. Nevertheless, a defence has been put up by the *Presbyterian Journal* and letters from Alumni sustaining their action have been published. The position assumed is that the serving of such beverages in a respectable place would prevent the students from visiting disreputable saloons—the old time argument, so often refuted that it is scarcely worth while alluding to it. The bar-room degrades whatever institution it may be connected with, whether it be a club, a summer hotel or a legislature and the tendency of opinion is emphatically against the multiplication of the evil. Of all places a Presbyterian College ought to be free from the contaminating influences of the bar-room and saloon and the fallacy of Princeton's argument is too apparent to satisfy any one interested in the welfare of the students and of the University.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

THE regulations governing F. M. Work in India under the new constitution; the regulations with respect to the Ewart Training School Toronto, the reports by Messrs. Hamilton Cassels and A. Jeffrey on work in British Columbia and the North West respec-

ively, and by Prof. Baird on Indian work, constituted the principal business disposed of by the Foreign Mission Committee on Tuesday.

THE ALLIANCE MEETINGS.

THERE is much to be thankful for in last week's meetings of the Lord's Day Alliance. We believe the outspoken utterances then given expression to will find a friendly echo in the hearts of many of the best people in this wide Dominion. We agree with Mr. A. F. Wood's opinion as to the crisis which we have reached in which "Ontario and Toronto especially, have lost in their status on this continent to an extent that but few really comprehend," by the innovation of street railways in Toronto and by the late decisions of the courts.

The situation is fraught with danger and the convention met none too soon. It was preceded by a business meeting on the day before at which the Executive Committee presented a comprehensive report, describing the situation. On the Hamilton case the report contained the following suggestions :

The Government having refused to obtain an authoritative interpretation of the Lord's Day act by means of an appeal from the judgment in the Hamilton case, three courses appear to be open to the Alliance, viz :—

(1) To appeal to the Privy Council before March 2nd, 1898.

(2) To proceed under statute of 1890 for referring to the court's constitution and other Provincial questions, for which an order in Council would be necessary.

(3) Accepting the adverse judgment of the Court of Appeal as final to endeavor by means of legislation alone to bring within the Lord's Day act both local passenger traffic and all other classes of business now held to be exempted.

The manner in which the Government's attitude was viewed may be gathered from Mr. S. H. Blake's statement that "the invasion of God's law would be visited upon any Government when it came to an election. The question of Sabbath Observance would," he said, "surely be made an issue in the next political campaign, and the power that would go out from the convention would be a powerful factor. Shame upon us, he continue, that we have to hand down to our children a birthright shorn of so much of its glory."

These words will infuse hope into hearts well-nigh despairing, for if the legislature is to be honestly and energetically taken to task, better laws may be hoped for. The trouble in the past has been that too great a deference has been paid to party or individual interests. A bold fight and no compromise of principle will win the day. The Alliance endorsed the report and remitted it for execution to the executive.

The Executive, therefore, has an exceedingly grave duty assigned to it. Which of the three courses outlined, it may follow is not yet known, but its decision will involve an active campaign in any case. It is not likely that the Sabbath-breakers will yield any advantage they may have lately gained, without a hard struggle and the friends of the Sabbath must be prepared for a prolonged fight. Whatever plan may be decided upon will involve self-sacrifice and toil, and the outlook is by no means upon a sunny, clear, horizon.

The 200 delegates present heard many good things. The president, Mr. J. K. Macdonald, went to the core of

the Toronto trouble when he referred to the want of unanimity in the ranks of the clergy. Those who look to the pulpit for guidance in such matters could not help being impressed and influenced by the conflicting views given expression to by several gentlemen of the cloth. Were the clergymen united in opinion, and in the expression of it, many believe the small majority in favor of the cars would not have been possible, for many refrained from voting after having arrived at the conclusion that the running of the cars would not be a violation of the Fourth Commandment. It is well to keep this fact in remembrance, for the causes as well as the results must be removed.

Principal Caven's address was on the "Divine Foundation of the Lord's Day." He contended with force that the Sabbath was a part of the moral law, and advised clergymen to make use, as a rule, of the theological, rather than the social and labor, arguments against Sunday labor. The Sabbath was given not for the Jews only but for the human race; and was a permanent institution. It was commemorative not only of the creation but of the redemption and resurrection. The Lord's Day was the heir-at-law of the old dispensation Sabbath, substantially and essentially the same institution. Coming to present duty the veteran Principal appealed for united, effective action. It was for the people of the Province, not of certain cities in the Province, to declare what the law of the Province should be on Sabbath observance and he had the hope that there were those who loved the Lord's Day who would push back the hosts that would rob us of that day—who though beaten a hundred times would stand up in God's strength to maintain its integrity.

In the discussion that followed there was but one opinion as to the importance of the utterances of Dr. Caven. It was considered important that more intensive educational work on the Divine authority of Sabbath observance, be the rule for preachers. "The Bible and the ballot should go together" was the advice of Rev. W. F. Wilson, and we trust it will not be forgotten in Municipal, Provincial and Dominion elections.

The reports from districts showed that there exists a decided need for the Alliance, and that the extension of its work ought to be undertaken at once. In this connection the remarks of Mr. G. M. Macdonnell, were opportune. They were to the effect that no narrow platform should prevent the co-operation of every man and organization in the Province who desired to preserve the Sabbath as a day of rest. We agree with him also that much still remains to be done by pulpit and press. The pulpit will influence the people and the press, and we hope ministers will stir up their congregations. There ought to be a committee in each congregation to keep the claims of the Sabbath always to the front.

At the meeting of the Assembly's Committee on Young People's Societies held last week it was agreed that the denominational topics for next year be on the same lines as last year, but that more attention shall be given to the biographies of our pioneer missionaries. The work of organization will be pushed in the mission fields.

The Ewart Missionary Training Home, although established primarily and chiefly for the training of Foreign Mission candidates, will receive as boarders other Christian workers desiring to avail themselves of its advantages, subject to the approval of the Board of Managers, W.F.M.S. Applicants are directed to Mrs. Shortreed, Foreign Secretary W.F.M.S., 224 Jarvis Street, Toronto.

THE DUTY OF PUTTING UP WITH THINGS

Putting up with things is most excellent practice. Patience, and the habit of closing the mind against disagreeable and annoying conditions, is one of the marks of a high character. To acquire the habit so effectually as to hide even from one's self any sense of suffering or offence from contact with such conditions is what the truly cultivated aim at. Life is full of trying things, but to let the mind dwell upon them only serves to increase their offence to the feelings or the senses. It is much better to restrain thought about them, a thing quite within the power of the average will, if one determines so to exercise it. There are people, of course, who are incapable of self concentration, and whose imagination, left free to gad about, seems always to fix upon an exaggerated every element of disturbance. They live in an elementary stage of moral discipline, are perpetually fretting about things they cannot help, and are never able to shut down the will against any unpleasantness. They permit merely accidental conditions to exercise a kind of tyrannical sway over them, which, were their mind once bent to the practice of putting up with things, would cease to present any annoyance whatever. It is difficult, no doubt, to be indifferent to material conditions, to food, clothing and shelter, though undue worry about these things may savor of rebellion against providence. But to fret because one's nose turns red in cold weather, or because there is an odor of peppermint or onions in the house, is simply to betray inability to subordinate the senses to the higher demands of the soul.

There are thousands of excellent people, moreover, who, though ready enough to put up with the material conditions in which providence has placed them, are utterly unable to bear annoyance on their æsthetic side from those around them. They are the thin-skinned, high-sniffing people, who want to banish or suppress everything offensive to their tastes or distracting to their sublime minds. They are the people who rail against hand organs, who affect a horror of post-election celebrations, and who want to stop by law the ringing of bells and the noises of the street. They are over-refined, the super-sensitive, who are disrespectful of everybody's likings but their own, and who have no conception of the duty of self-renunciation in deference to the likings of the greatest number. For no one who thinks for a moment will fail to admit that the great mass of people like noise, and that it does constitute one of the attractions of urban life. How could the great heart of the people be fired without noise, and how much of the stimulant and attractiveness of the city would be lost without the cries of the streets and the dull roar of heavy traffic? The masses are not fastidious and thin-skinned. They do not love to meditate, have no capacity for self-concentration, and do not object to the piano-organ, the old clothes man, the vegetable peddler, and all the innumerable company of itinerant vendors and musicians who contribute to the noises of the streets. Why should they be asked to give up their pleasures in order to gratify the tastes of the æsthetic and high-strung classes who affect to like quiet and tranquility?

The fact is that if the democratic principle of the right of the majority to rule should obtain anywhere, it should do so in the matter of noise. It will be admitted, of course, that in questions of public morality, of sanitation, and of national finance the rule of an uninstructed majority might be mischievous, and that the classes, as containing the experts, should be consulted. But no such plea can be made on the question of noise. Nobody will claim that it is detrimental to public health, or that the piano in a truck rasps more nerves than it soothes. It is a simple question of taste, and in taste the preferences of the majority should prevail. The thin-skinned classes who affect to suffer from noise, and are debarred from going out into the wilderness, should learn to conquer their disgusts, and put up with things. Self-denial practised in order to increase the pleasures of others will be a far more wholesome lesson than to pamper the tyranny of their over-cultivated senses. Moreover, the truest morality lies in the sacrifice of individual preference to the popular will, where no moral principle is involved. And if this be true, it follows that self-denial in the matter of enduring noise is quite as requisite to the development of the highest character, as is any fresh skill in discriminating between sweet and harsh sounds. Were the high-sniffing people to practice putting up with things, the world would be pleasanter to live in, and their own

natures would grow softer and more mellow with the permission they give to others to follow their own preferences.

Of course, the duty of putting up with things may, like every other duty, be carried too far. The man must be thin-skinned indeed who protests against the modulated voice of the charcoal tender, or even the organ grinder, or the German band. Yet some sympathy must be reserved for him who neighbors on both sides own pianos, and play them, or worse still, who live in apartments where ten of these instruments are likely to be all played at once. Among this number are always certain to be some who "crack the voice of melody and break the legs of time," or who vary practice on the piano with attempts to master the wayward tones of the violoncello. There is no way of interfering without compromising the liberty of the subject, however much the instruments of torture may turn their discordant screws into the brain. To exercise a piano, a trombone, or the musical talents of a family generally is not illegal, but quite within the limits of the law. But suppose a family next door, or, rather, nine families next door, in which the mother is an accomplished musician, who gives lessons on the piano, who has a daughter, also a pianist, a son who plays the fiddle, and a husband who inclines to the clarinet. Suppose that the first notes are heard at eight o'clock in the morning, and continue without intermission until twelve at night, and that at intervals are heard the voice of the clarinet and the screech of the fiddle. Suppose, too, that a brief epistle of remonstrance brings out the information that the family are about to extend their musical knowledge by devoting their spare moments to acquiring the rudiments of the zither, the piccolo and the concertina. How far is the duty of putting up with things to go? But, after all, musical people must live in houses; and though it might seem advisable in some instances to adopt the German law which forbids the playing of the piano between certain hours, the complications, which would arise would doubtless exceed in sadness those which grew out of the house that Jack built. To put up all around is perhaps the better way.—*New York Observer*.

THE NORTHFIELD CONFERENCE.

The Northfield conference have never yet taken a backward step; and in the numbers attending, in definiteness of aim and breadth of influence, this year shows a distinct advance. One of Mr. Moody's difficulties now has come from the ever increasing appetite for meetings and addresses. After beginning with three meetings a day, and bluntly asserting that he thought there was danger of spiritual dyspepsia in hearing too much, he has extended the programme, in answer to the popular demand, until one may be listening nearly all day long if he so wishes.

Those who have watched the conferences from year to year from the inside note the growth in attendance. It begins to fill the galleries in the great auditorium. It taxes the accommodations of the hotel, of the seminary buildings, which are all used as temporary hotels, and of the village houses. More campers come and set up their white tents, which add so much to the pilgrimage aspect of the wide campus. The number of country teams hitched along the roadside in the shade and of bicycles lining the outer wall and the corridors of the auditorium tell of the influx from the neighboring towns. From 1,200 to 1,500 people gather twice a day, and more on Sunday, in this little inland town, with its imperfect means of communication with the outside world, to hear plain, pungent and exceedingly personal gospel teaching; and the demand is so insatiable that it is proposed this year to extend the work by a series of post-convention addresses continued six times a week well into September.

Watching the quiet inner working of the conference, it is hard to see whence the rumor of Mr. Moody's impending abdication could have come. There is no change in his beneficent dictatorship, and no abatement of the vigor with which he speaks upon his favorite themes. He still arranges the programme, keeping expectation at its height by never making announcements more than a day in advance. In answer to the question what the subject for the following day would

be, one of the most prominent of the foreign speakers said: "Ah! but we never know. Mr. Moody never tells us beforehand who is to speak. I know that I am not to preach to-night, but I don't know about to-morrow." It must be a trying experience for the speakers, who must be always ready and are never sure when they may be called upon, but it answers the double purpose of keeping expectation on the stretch and allowing the leader to shape the course of thought and study according to the changing need of the moment. A mistake may be rectified, an extreme utterance modified or offset, a false start headed off or withdrawn.

An interesting proof at once of the latent enthusiasm of the audiences and of Mr. Moody's cool good sense came almost at the close of the conference. After the evening sermon Dr. A. T. Pierson, in one of his most intense and eloquent moods, spoke of the embarrassment of the mission boards and the number of young men and women who are ready, but who cannot be sent to foreign fields for lack of money, and then impulsively proposed that there should be a Northfield supplementary fund to be used in spreading information and in sending out workers whom the boards had no means to send. The audience responded instantly; large sums of money were offered and larger sums pledged. The whole new movement was apparently launched, but through it all Mr. Moody sat quietly and said never a word, except to tell people who came to him to give him their names but not their money. After the meeting was over he pointed out in private conference that the plan involved the setting up of a new mission board in Northfield, where there was no provision for it, and that it was likely to be misinterpreted and taken to imply lack of confidence in the boards. In the morning the whole plan was withdrawn by a rising vote proposed by the mover of it, and Mr. Moody was cheered when he proclaimed his entire confidence founded on personal knowledge of the agents of the American Board and the other boards, and urged people to send them money they had offered, and yet more, to these recognized and honored agencies.

The purpose of this general conference of Christian workers, this year more fully apparent than ever, is development of the personal life with Christ by devout study of the Bible. This is the touchstone. A speaker is free on the Northfield platform, but once he has spoken a word which dishonors the Book he has spoken his last word there. The method, which is after Mr. Moody's own heart, has perhaps never had a more perfect exposition than in the preaching of the two young English preachers who have carried the heavy end of the convention work. They are both London pastors, Rev. George Campbell Morgan of the New Court Congregational Church and Rev. H. C. Macgregor of the Notting Hill Presbyterian Church, of which Dr. Saphir was the pastor. Both had been in America, but they had never met until upon receiving Mr. Moody's invitation to speak at the conference they made an appointment for half an hour's talk. They are entirely different in method and singularly fitted on that account to supplement each other. When one speaks the other ordinarily follows. Mr. Morgan's clear analysis and insight lend force to his pungent appeals to conscience. Mr. Macgregor speaks from as full a study of the Bible with effective simplicity and earnestness. Carrying out the purpose of the conference, they have sought to edify rather than to urge to service, believing that the highest type of Christian character cannot fail to make itself felt wherever it is found. This is the growing sense of opportunity at Northfield. It is not evangelism but holiness, and this is the thought which Mr. Moody—wisely or unwisely—has carried into his recent evangelistic campaigns. Christ manifested in the church will draw the world. If the church can be quickened and raised to a higher type of living, great results for the world must follow.

The earlier conventions for students naturally take on a somewhat different color. There is more instruction and more personal work. Six hundred college men were in Northfield in early July representing the organized Christian students of six continents. Dr. Mackenzie, Dr. van Dyke, and Mr. John R. Mott, who has just returned from a world tour, in which he has

visited and organized the students for Christian work, were the most useful speakers. The girls' conference is not so exclusively of college students nor of declared Christians. It fell this year on a week of heavy rains, which made it difficult to hold public meetings, but the smaller meetings in the separate buildings were all the more significant and useful, and among the 300 attendants there were many conversions.

It is the devotional life which is the crown of the Northfield year. There is intellectual stimulus, abundant opportunities for social enjoyment and out-of-door life are provided, but a stranger must yield to the devotional spirit or feel himself out of place. For spiritual help and sympathy, for opportunities of devotional—not critical—Bible study and meditation the opportunity is unique in America, if not in the world. It already attracts visitors from the ends of the earth. Those who have tasted its feast return again and again. It ought to become a retreat and an inspiration for many more.—I.O.R.

LI HUNG CHANG AND THE BIBLE.

Dr. Colman, of Peking, writing under date of May 15, 1897, relates the following very remarkable interview with that eminent Chinese statesman, Li Hung Chang:

"At a recent visit I made to His Excellency, Viceroy Li Hung Chang, I found him reading a beautiful Russia-leather bound copy of the New Testament, that had just been sent him by Rev. George Owen, of the London Mission. The type and paper were of the same kind as that presented to the Empress Dowager on her jubilee celebration a few years ago. The old gentleman was so intent on his reading that he did not notice me for several minutes, and as I could see the title of the book, I put up a silent but earnest prayer that God might send him some message in his reading that would appeal to his heart. In a little while he raised his eyes, and looking attentively at me, said, 'Dr. Colman,' or as he addressed me in Chinese, 'Man Tai fu, do you believe this book?' 'Your Excellency,' I replied, 'if I did not believe that book I should not have the honor of being your physician. I thoroughly believe it.' 'Are you sure it is not all rumor and report?' he again asked. 'Very sure,' I replied. 'How do you know?' he continued. 'By a test given in the book itself. Does it not say in the book that a bad tree cannot bring forth good fruit, nor a good tree bad fruit? Your Excellency has admitted to me previously, that the condition of the people in Western lands far surpass anything in the East, and I can assure you that the happiness and prosperity of the various nations you have recently visited is in direct proportion to the earnestness with which they live to the precepts taught in that Book. Would that Your Excellency also believed it.' Why, 'I believe that you would like me to turn Christian,' he said, in a half-joking, half-earnest tone. 'Not only you,' I replied, 'but your young emperor and all his people.' 'We have Confucius,' he replied, 'and you have your Jesus; are they not much the same?' 'By their fruits ye shall know them,' I replied. Then, before we could carry on the conversation further, important dispatches were brought in, and the viceroy had to give them his attention; but as a servant took the book from his hands to place it in his library, he said, 'Don't carry it to the library; take it to my bedroom table. I wish to look at it again.'—*The Church at Home and Abroad.*

MAKE A NOTE OF THIS, YOUNG MEN.

Young men who read Dr. Nansen's (the famous Arctic explorer) book and are so greatly interested, should make a note of what he says concerning alcoholic liquors. Coming from such a source the statement carries great weight. He says, "It is often supposed that even though spirits are not intended for daily use they ought to be taken upon an expedition for medicinal purposes. I would readily acknowledge this if any one could show me a single case in which such a remedy is necessary; but till this is done I shall maintain that this pretext is not sufficient, and that the best course is to brush alcoholic drinks from the list of necessities for an Arctic expedition."

When Dean Swift was arguing one day with great coolness with a gentleman who had become exceedingly warm in the dispute, one of the company asked him how he could keep his temper so well. "The reason is," replied the Dean, "I have truth on my side."

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP

THE STORY OF A POOR SCHOLAR

BY D. ALCOCK, AUTHOR OF "THE SPANISH HEROES," ETC.

CHAPTER II.

After a sound sleep of two or three hours, Wenzel woke up suddenly. Through the tiny unglazed window the moon shone brightly in. It was very cold; but what did he care for that, as he nestled snugly and well covered up in the clean warm straw? He was quite comfortable, and content with his surroundings. Being wide awake now, he began to think. "I wish I had told that kind old man a little more," he mused. "It would have been good to have a talk with him about home. But perhaps he will ask me more in the morning, before I go away. I hope he will. Then I shall say to him—what shall I say? I will tell him my father was a knight and noble, who fought well under Kaiser Karl; and that he was also a true Brother of the Unity, who counted all things but loss for—how does it go?—for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus. He came home to Bohemia to confess his faith in peace and freedom, as he hoped. But there persecution followed him. Almost my first recollections are of evil days—of terror, flight, hiding in the mountains, sometimes even in frost and snow. At last my mother died; and some time afterwards, whether long or short I scarcely know, my father was taken away to prison. Once they let me see him—oh, I shall not be able to tell much about that; it won't do to talk of it, though there is nothing I remember half so well, and I shall never, never forget it. His every word, his look as he blessed me, and bade me take the poor scholar's staff and knapsack, and beg my way, if need be, to the land of freedom, and to Wittenberg—Dr. Luther's Wittenberg. But not as I ought to tell truly, for Dr. Luther's sake only, since we have kindred there. Years ago my father's brother took refuge there from persecution, bringing with him his wife and child, and, I think a sister also. These, if they live yet, will welcome me, I doubt not. Soon afterwards, I heard of my father's death in prison. I burned to fulfil his charge, but was hindered for a while by my mother's kindred, who were Catholics, and wanted to keep me with them. However, I escaped their vigilance, and here I am. That is what I have to tell grandfather Fritz to-morrow. I am sure he will bid me God speed, and wish me good luck in the name of the Lord. Then I shall go on my way to Wittenburg, and get there soon, no doubt. I shall learn in the famous School, and study hard, night, noon, and morn. Oh, as for living, 'twill be easy enough to live there! If I find my kindred, all will be well, for no doubt they will help me. In any case, I can help myself, for my hands are strong, and my heart too. At the very worst I can serve for bread while I study, as some say our Master John Huss did himself; or sing for it, like the great Dr. Luther, when he was a boy. To be sure I am nobly born. No reason why I should not serve, if need be, though good reason why I should also practise the exercises befitting my degree. And then one day perhaps, scholar though I be, I may fight and win battles, and gain renown, and make the fair name of my father's an honored name again, as in the days gone by." At this point his thought began to grow confused. He was talking with his young cousins in the cattle yard of Melnik, his uncle's residence; he was cleaning Dr. Martin Luther's boots in Wittenberg; he was bartering a battered Virgil for a long sword with a basket hilt;—in fact, he was once more fast asleep.

He woke again; this time not in stillness and moon-light, but amidst noise and glare. A bright red light flashed through the unglazed window, and the air was full of voices that screamed and shouted. He sprang up and looked out. To his horrified eyes the cottage seemed a sheet of flame. Outside, a group of children in the scantiest clothing clung screaming to their mother; while the old grandfather seemed to be making a desperate, vain attempt to climb the pear tree. Wenzel rushed out, buckling together as he went the clothes he had not thrown off.

"God sent you!" gasped the old man, pointing to the little upper window, like a half-closed eye in

the thatch. "Two children there—and Gretchen!" Wenzel made a rush to the door of the burning house.

"Not that way!" cried the old man. "No passage. The pear tree! You are light. You can climb."

That was easy enough. Wenzel found foothold near the top, and saw at the little window—too awfully bright—the white face of Gretchen. She was silent, but the children with her were shrieking aloud in their terror.

"Put one through to me. I can reach over. The smallest first," cried Wenzel.

Gretchen handed out the toddling wee thing, next in age to the babe in arms. Wenzel caught her in his arms, descended rapidly, and gave her to the grandfather, who was waiting below. But the next was a harder task. It was very difficult to push the stout child of three, who was struggling and kicking lustily, through the little window; and Wenzel, in trying to catch and hold him, nearly fell to the ground. Still he managed, he never knew how, to get him safely into his grandfather's arms, and ascend the tree again; for a piteous cry was sounding in his ears—

"Oh come—come quick! I'm burning!" Never doubting his strength, though his foothold was none of the surest, Wenzel stretched out his arms. "Come to me," he cried.

Oh the anguish in the voice that wailed, "I can't—can't—get through!"

Wenzel stooped down. "An axe!" he cried breathlessly. "An axe!"

It was brought by the eldest boy, a smart little lad of ten.

"Climb as high as thou canst, and hand it up."

The boy obeyed. Wenzel, leaning down, caught it from him, and sprang across to the blazing roof. Heedless of the smoke that was choking him, of the flame that was scorching his face, he flung his whole soul into the mighty strokes he was dealing against the woodwork of the window-frame. It gave way quickly.

"Out now!" he whispered. "Drop down. They will catch you. I—can—no more."

A sense of burning heat, and of falling, falling, falling—a sudden thought that for him the end of all things had come—and Wenzel knew no more.

(To be continued.)

THE HOME CIRCLE.

COURAGE

Wounded! I know it, my brother,
The sword hath pierced thy heart
Courage! in silent endurance
Play thou the hero's part.

Make no sad plaint or moaning,
Smile as in days before;
Wrap thy mantle around thee,
Cover the bleeding sore.

Fight! yes, fight with God-weapons
Give blow on blow—but smile;
Heel up! step out! march steady
I ramping the long Life mile.

Brother, the road thou'rt treading
Thy Captain Himself trod
Shrink not, if His order come ringing,
"Forward! the city for God!"

Finch not, though comrades be falling,
Though loudly death-drums beat
The Buglers of God are sounding
"Forward! and no retreat."

Pledged to follow thy Captain,
Through good report or ill;
With a cheer take the post set thee,
Rejoice to do His will.

Rejoice, if He think thee worthy
To front the fiercest foe;
And wrap thy cloak around thee,
Thy wound let no man know.

BRAVE MARGARET CARGILL.

Margaret Cargill was a lovely and cultivated Scottish girl, who, early in life, had the faith and the courage to leave home and friends, and, with the noble young man to whom

she had plighted her troth, set forth to face all the horrors and dangers of cannibalism in the South Pacific Islands.

Mr. and Mrs. Cargill sailed from England in October 1832. Their first field of labour was Tonga. Mr. Cargill had many thrilling experiences while pursuing his missionary labors from island to island. More than once his frail wife accompanied him on these trips, helping him teach and sing, and otherwise taking her part in speeding on the blessed work of redemption through these sin-darkened isles of the sea.

It was when Mr. Cargill received his appointment to Fiji that the true test of his devotion and that of his heroic young wife was made. At that time the Fijians were among the most savage and debased creatures on the face of the globe. Not many weeks before, news had come of a fearful feast on one of these islands, during which two hundred men and one hundred women had been slaughtered, cooked, and eaten.

Now what did this noble, heroic young woman say when she heard of the call that was to carry them right into the midst of these harrowing scenes, perhaps to be killed and eaten themselves?

"Well, David, I did not expect it to be so; but the Lord knows what is good for us. If it be His will for us to go to Fiji, I am content."

After a perilous trip because of the rough sea the little schooner that bore them finally came in sight of their destination, the island of Lakemba. So great was the peril they ran from the hostile natives that the captain dared not take the vessel near to the shore until he knew how the Fijians, who were expecting the missionaries, would receive them. Seeing the captain's hesitation, Mr. Cargill said: "Send us ashore in your boat. We will go and see the island chief."

As the little boat neared the beach, two hundred natives, mostly men, armed with spears, clubs, and arrows, stood on the shore. They were nearly nude and their gleaming bodies were smeared with paint. They gazed with astonishment on the missionaries, but gave no sign of assailing them. Then one of the savages spoke through an interpreter. "The king is waiting in a house near by," he said. "He wants to know who you are and what you want."

The missionaries went at once to the king's fortified house. God gave them the very words to speak that went straight to the king's heart. Learning that their errand was one of love and peace, he at once bade them welcome. He staked off a piece of land and made preparations to build them a house. That night they slept in the king's own canoe, sheltered by the royal boat-house on the beach.

To follow this brave and noble young woman in her labors among the degraded savages of Fiji would take a volume. Her work lay especially among the women and children of Lakemba. They soon said of her: "She is a lady of a loving spirit, therefore we love her." Ah, what will not love do?

Within a month after landing, she and her husband had won their first converts. Other missionaries came to help. Soon there were over five hundred converts on the islands.

But the faithful and devoted Margaret Cargill was called from her labor to her reward ere she had seen much more than the first-fruits of the subsequent glorious harvest. On June 2, 1840, when only thirty one years of age, her sweet spirit took its flight.

When he saw the end was near, her husband, choked with sobs, bent over her and asked: "Are you really going to leave me, Margaret?"

Her reply was: "Yes, David, because Jesus bids me come."

One of the Fiji chiefs, viewing her dead body, said: "There lies a lady who was never angry with us, and who always smiled when we entered her house."

Few women, in the short span of years allotted her on earth, have left such a record as Margaret Cargill. And there is no young woman, reading this, who can say truthfully from her heart: "There is naught that I can do for my Saviour." How much there is, if only she will seek it!

SUNSHINY WOMEN.

The sunshiny woman, who always greets you with a smile that warms you to the heart, is one of the divinest gifts of God to man. Her name is not legion, neither is the priceless gem found in vast numbers, but, like the diamond, she scintillates the more brilliantly amid dark and gruesome surroundings. The sunshiny woman as a girl is the partic-

ular star in the circle of classmates who in after years perhaps forget the others, but who always dwell lovingly on the name, even in memory, of the gentle being who turned away the shadow and made the presence of the sun more evident. In the home she is the one to whom mother looks for joyous sympathy and in whom father finds a restful delight after the fatigues of the day. If cook is cross, the children fretful or the financial bureau in a state of depression, the sunshiny woman can always find even in such a doeful triumvirate something of a cheering character, something which, once brought to light, raises the spirits of the household in proportion to their depression heretofore.

When the sunshiny woman becomes a wife she brings into her husband's life an element of joy that no future calamity can entirely eliminate. She is a helpmate in very truth, though she may not be able to make a loaf of bread and has the most extraordinary ideas on the subject of domestic economy. She is a sort of mental bracer, the effervescence of the sunbeam brightening all within the radius of her influence. Life to her is never so gloomy but that it could be gloomier. She revels in the very joy of living, and even when physical misfortunes pursue her, the beautiful soul smiles forth from the patient eyes, until we inwardly remark, "God bless her," and know that the world would be better if there were more like her.

READING ALOUD.

A lecturer on reading recently made some remarkable statements, such as:

Thus to read aloud agreeably at sight requires great intellectual development on the part of the reader. One must see, hear, and enunciate at the same time, and not only enter into the thought of the writer, but be able to project that thought—a thing that very few of us can do.

This is most true. The horrible travesty of reading, often heard in the pulpit, results from the fact that the lessons and hymns have not been carefully studied before reading, and the reader has not the intellectual development sufficient to read aloud agreeably at sight.

It was said years ago by a great teacher that he had heard a number of ministers of different denominations read, and there was but one among them that he would not have put at the foot of any class which he had in his school. His statement was challenged, and he invited an editor to accompany him, and the editor said afterwards that the statement was incorrect, because it implied that a teacher of his grade would admit such a reader to his school at all!

This was not all that the lecturer said of importance. The following is suggestive:

One reason why people are so fearful of attempting to read anything at sight is that they are in the habit of reading without pronouncing the words to themselves, and consequently have no idea that they can do it, or how the words sound. They catch the thought and let the words go. This manner of reading is unrivaled as a method of creating chaos and confusion in the mental order. Among other things, it ruins the memory and limits the reader's vocabulary. To pronounce mentally when reading enables one to hold the ideas, and has a wonderfully steadying effect upon the mind; and while this will be found slow and difficult at first, it will soon come to be as easy and natural as the ordinary method.

Many may not be aware of the fact that it is possible to sing without uttering a sound. So we heard an eminent professor of that art say, received the statement with incredulity, but found by practice that it can be done. Long afterward we saw the statement that Mozart composed in that way. A little practice will enable most singers of average ability to tell precisely how the notes would sound if he uttered them as he writes them.

OPPORTUNITY.

A sculptor once showed a visitor his studio. It was full of gods. One was very curious. The face was concealed by being covered with hair, and there were wings on his feet.

"What is his name?" said the spectator.

"Opportunity," was the reply.

"Why is his face hidden?"

"Because men seldom know him when he comes to them."

"Why has he wings on his feet?"

"Because he is soon gone, and once gone, can never be overtaken."

MISSION FIELD.

ANURADHAPURA, THE BURIED CITY OF CEYLON.

BY REV. SAMUEL W. HOLLAND, D.D., OF DETROIT, MICH., CEYLON.

The American Mission in Ceylon is working among the Tamils in Jaffna, who are of the same race as are fourteen millions of people in southern India. But the southern and central portions of the island are peopled by Sinhalese, who have a different language and religion. In some of the jungles in the interior there are some tribes of wild people called Veddahs, who live by hunting and wear little or no clothing. They are supposed by many to be the aborigines. The Sinhalese came from somewhere near the Ganges in 613 B.C. Their name means the lion race, from *sinha*, lion. They are supposed to have intermarried more or less with the aborigines, whom, however, they called demons. Their capital was made in the city of Anuradhapura, in the north central part of the island.

In the second century B.C., Buddhism was either introduced or revived by a noted missionary from northern India. The Queen and her companions wished to be initiated into the mysteries of this religion, and for this purpose the sister of the missionary was sent for. When she came she brought a branch of the sacred Bo tree, under which Gautama sat on the day that he attained to Buddhahood. This was in the year 245 B.C. The story of this tree has been handed down by a continuous series of authentic chronicles. It has been carefully tended, and there is no doubt that this is the oldest historical tree in the world. Three terraces have been built around it, so that only the branches are now above ground. Other trees of the same kind are growing near, but its leaves are easily distinguishable, being more oval. It is the *ficus religiosa*, a kind of banyan, but without root from the branches, and is held sacred by the Hindus also. Thousands of Buddhists come here to worship it in the months of June and July.

Not far from this tree are the dagobas. The oldest of these was built in 307 B.C., to enshrine the right collar bone of Buddha. It is sixty-three feet in height and bell-shaped. There are many of these dagobas in this city. One of the largest is called Ruwanweli, or Golden Dust. It was begun in 161 B.C., and was originally 270 feet high, and contained many costly offerings and relics. It was built to commemorate a victory over the Tamil invaders. For many centuries the city lay desolate, and these dagobas, originally white and glittering, became covered with shrubs and trees. Somewhat recently the Buddhists have attempted to repair and restore them. This one is now 159 feet high. The wall is not very strongly built, and a few weeks ago a portion of it was washed down by heavy rains. The bricks of which the dagoba is composed are largely decomposed by exposure. Around the base was a circle of brick elephants. There are four large statues of the king and others, once covered with gilt, and there was said to be an underground passage to the room in the centre. The holes in the wall are left by the masons for scaffolding.

The Abhayagiriya Dagoba, or mountain of safety, is the largest of them all, having been 405 feet in height and 357 feet in diameter. This was two-sixths of the height of the great pyramid in Egypt. The Chinese traveller, Fa Hien, who visited this city about 412 A.D., and gave a full account of all, says that this dagoba was 400 cubits high, and adorned with gold and silver and precious stones, and that there were 5,000 monks in its monastery. Certainly there are very extensive remains of monasteries and chapels around it. The present height is 261 feet. As it was fast falling into decay, the government undertook its repair, restoring the ancient form so far as possible. It is said to have been begun in 59 B.C. by the then reigning king, in gratitude for the recovery of his throne after a war with the Tamils. Some think that in those times Anuradhapura was the largest city in the world.

Its ruins cover many miles, and its magnificence must have been very great. Its prosperity depended entirely on a system of irrigation works, the most extensive ever known. The invaders destroyed these ultimately, and the country was ruined and speedily became jungle. Some of these artificial lakes have been restored, but it will take generations before the malarial fevers are conquered. The country is being gradually brought under cultivation, and the railway now being decided upon will hasten the process. There are other remarkable buried cities in Ceylon, but this is the most noticeable.

JEPHTHAH'S DAUGHTER.

The preacher rose in his pulpit to plead for God's work in the mission field. It was his favorite topic—foreign missionary effort; and his rare gifts of eloquence and pathos were seldom displayed to more advantage than when pleading with an audience to devote time, money, and talents to God's service among the heathen.

There was a rustle of expectation among the crowded congrega-

tion as the preacher rose. Two or three ladies drew out their pocket handkerchiefs in case their susceptible and easily moved feelings brought on a display of tears.

Close under the pulpit sat a lovely girl just budding into womanhood.

"Such a clever girl," said her friends.

"A graduate, too, I hear?" asked one.

"And no wonder," would volunteer another; "she has had every advantage of education and social position, and no money spared on her accomplishments."

"She will marry well," prognosticated many.

But her father always shook his head and smiled, saying: "I hope not; she is the very apple of my eye, and now that school duties are over I hope to keep her many happy years at home, to be my sweet companion and my greatest joy."

The preacher preached his sermon. It was a very remarkable one, famous for its pleading pathos, asking for volunteers for the mission field. He addressed himself to the audience, pleading with overpowering fervor. "I claim all for Jesus," he cried; "He deserves the best that you can give—the fairest flower, the richest gem, the sweetest song, the loveliest gift that man's heart ever conceived. I want your youth fresh and fragrant, your beauty of face and form, the best powers and talents of your redeemed body and soul."

And then he turned to the young among his hearers and pleaded for their personal sacrifice to Christ, drawing a vivid picture of the reward which awaited those who forsake all for Christ's sake, ending with a tender appeal that touched every heart and bowed every head with tears.

The sermon was over, the benediction pronounced, and the congregation dispersed.

The preacher walked slowly home through the darkening streets, to be greeted as he entered the threshold of his home by his beautiful young daughter. Her face was glowing with the zeal of an inspired purpose.

"My father!" she cried; "I have heard the Lord's call to-day, and I have answered it; I am ready to go forth. 'Here am I; send me!'"

The preacher looked at his child like one bereft of sense, then put his hands before his eyes as though some fearful sight had met him, and said in a voice that he could hardly command: "What did you say, my daughter?"

"I know that you would be overjoyed, dear father," cried the girl, mistaking his emotion. "You who so pleaded for Jesus (Christ to-day will be only too glad to give me to His service. I know that you love me dearly, and that is just why you will like me to obey His call, for you said that nothing was too good for Him. O father, dear, I love you much, but to-day I have learned to love Jesus better."

Then the father, with cold, cold hands and dry lips that would not frame an answer in words, put the fair young face away from him, and in silent agony of soul, like one in a terrible dream, made his way to his library. Looking the door, he threw himself on his knees and buried his face in his hands. "O God, I cannot, I cannot!" he wildly cried. "She is my child, my darling child, the joy and brightness of my lonely life—take anything but her! Thou hast flocks and herds; leave me my own ewe lamb."

Then he rose and paced the room. He had never thought of this! His cherished daughter laid upon the altar! A small volume of poems lay upon the table. Mechanically, hardly knowing what he was doing, he took it up and read:

"O fond, O fool, and blind,
To God I give with tears;
But when a man like grace would find,
My soul puts by her fears."

Was it God's voice, God's call to the grudging father? The preacher thought it so, and accepted the heavenly censure as from the lips of a father. Pulling himself together, he unlocked the door and went straight in search of his daughter, whom he found sitting alone, her bright face clouded, for she had been bewildered by his reception of her decision.

"My child," he said, folding her in his arms, "Christ deserves the best, and I freely yield you to Him."

From that moment he accepted her sacrifice in the spirit in which it was offered, and which he had himself inspired. His daughter became a missionary, and carried out to the letter, throughout her life, the advice that he had given so bravely to others from his pulpit that memorable day, little dreaming that it would reach the heart of his own child.

Is not this the story of Jephthah's daughter lived out in the nineteenth century? How many of us would like to feel that God might at any moment take us at our word? We sing such solemn words, we repeat such wonderful truths, we call upon others for

sacrifice; but how about ourselves? Do we realize the solemn words, do we grasp the wonderful promises, do we make the great sacrifices that we think so easy for others? Christ deserves the best of everything; nothing short of entire consecration to Christ and His service can keep our hearts attuned to His great heart of love!—*Eva Travers Evered Poole, in Rest and Reaping.*

THE BIBLE CLASS.

FROM EPHESUS TO ROME.

(For Sept. 26th.—Review.)

BY PHILIP A. NORDKILL, D.D.

The quarter's work covers that portion of the life of Paul which intervenes between the close of his long ministry in Ephesus, as narrated in the Acts, and the close of Luke's narrative in this book. It leaves Paul still a prisoner in Rome awaiting his trial before the imperial court.

FROM EPHESUS TO CORINTH.

Paul's work in Ephesus practically closed with the riot stirred up by Demetrius. His anxiety concerning the church in Corinth, to which he had written a sharp letter and to which he had sent Titus to ascertain more definitely the situation, prompted him to leave Ephesus and go to Troas where he had agreed to meet Titus. The failure of Titus to keep this appointment stirred Paul with still greater anxiety. He had no rest in his spirit. Pushing on to Macedonia, where he seems to have been greatly assailed by enemies, he finally met Titus, who brought news from Corinth that was in the main comforting. Paul's severe letter had not alienated but humbled them. Still there was some in the church who assailed his character and denied his apostolic authority. This occasioned the writing of the letter known as 2 Corinthians. Shortly afterwards he himself reached Corinth. During this journey through Macedonia one of the chief matters on his heart was the completion of the great collection for the poor saints in Jerusalem, as a testimony of the love and loyalty of the Gentile churches. From Corinth he would gladly have gone on to Rome, but the desire to present the collection in person delayed this visit. In the meantime he wrote from Corinth the Epistle to the Christians in Rome for the purpose of preparing the way for his coming, and of instruction in the fundamental truths of the Gospel as apprehended by himself.

FROM CORINTH TO JERUSALEM.

A plot of the Jews to kill him as he was on the point of sailing for Syria changed his course. The delegates in charge of the collection were sent on to Troas while he himself went on to Philippi where he spent the Passover week and was rejoined by Luke. At Troas also he spent a week, the last night of affectionate leaving and earnest counsel being marked by the restoration of Eutychus. At Miletus he met the elders of the Ephesian church to whom in an address of touching pathos he recounted his faithfulness in his work among them and exhorted them to like zeal and unselfishness. A few days were spent at Tyre and at Cesarea, in both of which places he encountered ominous predictions of his impending fate at Jerusalem. Disregarding these he pushed on to the Jewish capital.

FROM JERUSALEM TO CESAREA.

In Jerusalem the church welcomed him with joy and timidity. In transferring to the elders the great collection he completed what he regarded as his crowning work for the union of the Gentile and Jewish Christians. The elders, fearful of violence from provincial Jewish Christians who had come up to the feast with bitter prejudices against him, persuaded him to engage in certain Jewish rituals to prove thereby his loyalty to the Mosaic law. Paul consented, but was soon afterwards set upon by a mob of unbelieving Jews, who would have killed him had he not been rescued by the Romans. His request to address his countrymen was granted, but at his mention of his divine mission to the Gentiles the storm of hatred broke out again. The Roman officer, ignorant of the reasons for such demonstration, supposed his prisoner to be some noted desperado from whom a confession ought to be extorted by scourging. An appeal to his Roman citizenship saved the Apostle from this indignity, and from that moment secured him kind and courteous treatment from his custodians. A hearing the next day before the Sanhedrin ended in another stormy scene from which Paul was again rescued by the Roman officers. The discovery of a determined plot against his life led to his immediate transfer to Cesarea where his accusers were summoned to appear.

FROM CESAREA TO ROME.

Paul's trial before Festus would have resulted in his release but for the vanity of the governor. Here he was kept in lax confinement for the space of two years, or until Felix was recalled to Rome to answer for his numerous crimes. At the succession of Festus, Paul had another trial which would also have resulted in his release had he not appealed to Cesar. As Festus was unable to transmit with the prisoner adequate charges, he availed himself of a visit of King Agrippa to acquire the desired information. Paul's address before the king again vindicated him from having in any way transgressed Roman law. Then followed the eventful voyage to Rome, the horrors of the storm, the shipwreck at Malta, the wintering there, and the completion of the voyage the following spring. Arrived in Rome at length he was quartered near the Prætorian guard, and enjoyed many liberties. His effort to win the Jews in Rome to a reception of the Gospel proved in large part a failure and resulted in his turning to the Gentiles. Here the progress of the Gospel was very marked, furthered rather than hindered by his bonds. While in Rome he wrote the Epistle to Philemon, and that to the Philippians, probably also those to the Colossians and to the Ephesians. For the space of two years he lived in his own hired house, chained to a soldier, indeed, but rejoicing that the word of God was not bound.

FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL

International S. S. Lesson.

LESSON XIII.—REVIEW OF THE QUARTER.—SEPT. 26.

GOLDEN TEXT—"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven."—Matt. v. 16.

REVIEW CHART:—

- I.—Acts xvi. 6-15, First Converts in Europe.
- II.—Acts xvi. 22-34, Paul and the Philippian Jailor.
- III.—Acts xvii. 1-12, Paul at Thessalonica and Berea.
- IV.—Acts xvii. 22-34, Paul Preaching in Athens.
- V.—Acts xviii. 1-11, Paul's Ministry in Corinth.
- VI.—1 Thess. iv. 9; v. 2, Working and Waiting for Christ.
- VII.—1 Cor. viii. 1-13, Abstaining for the Sake of Others.
- VIII.—1 Cor. xiii. 1-13, The Excellence of Christian Love.
- IX.—Acts xix. 21-34, Paul Opposed at Ephesus.
- X.—2 Cor. ix. 1-11, Gentiles Giving for Jewish Christians.
- XI.—Rom. xii. 9-21, Christian Living.
- XII.—Acts xx. 22-35, Paul's Address to the Ephesian Elders.
- XIII.—Review.

QUESTIONS:—

- I. What is the title of the first lesson? Time? Place? Golden Text? Persons mentioned? In what city did Paul first preach the Gospel in Europe?
- II. What is the title of the second lesson? Time? Place? Golden Text? Persons mentioned? Can you repeat the story of the jailer's conversion?
- III. What is the title of the third lesson? Time? Place? Golden Text? Persons mentioned? How are the Jews of Berea compared with those of Thessalonica?
- IV. What is the title of the fourth lesson? Time? Place? Golden Text? Persons mentioned? What was the text of Paul's sermon in Athens?
- V. What is the title of the fifth lesson? Time? Place? Golden Text? Persons mentioned? What did the Lord tell Paul about his people in Corinth?
- VI. What is the title of the sixth lesson? Time? Place? Golden Text? Persons mentioned? With what words did Paul comfort the disciples in Thessalonica?
- VII. What is the title of the seventh lesson? Time? Place? Golden Text? Persons mentioned? What did Paul teach about Christian liberty? How may this become a stumbling-block to others?
- VIII. What is the title of the eighth lesson? Time? Place? Golden Text? Persons mentioned? How is charity or love described in this lesson?
- IX. What is the title of the ninth lesson? Time? Place? Golden Text? Persons mentioned? By whom was Paul opposed at Ephesus?
- X. What is the title of the tenth lesson? Time? Place? Golden Text? Persons mentioned? What reasons did Paul give for Christian liberality?
- XI. What is the title of the eleventh lesson? Time? Place? Golden Text? Persons mentioned? Can you give some of the rules for Christian living found in this lesson?
- XII. What is the title of the twelfth lesson? Time? Place? Golden Text? Persons mentioned? Where did Paul meet the elders of Ephesus?

*An Exposition of Lesson 39 in *The Bible Study Union Sunday School Lessons on "The Three Great Apostles."*

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

DAILY READINGS.

First Day—The King's Daughters' Psalm. Psalm xlv.
 Second Day—Luther's Psalm. Psalm xlvi.
 Third Day—The Prodigal's Psalm. Psalm li.
 Fourth Day—A Psalm of Soul Thirst. Psalm lxxiii.
 Fifth Day—A Thanksgiving Psalm. Psalm lxxv.
 Sixth Day—A Psalm of our King. Psalm lxxvii.
 PRAYER MEETING TOPIC, Sept. 26—ETERNITY.—John v. 17-29.

ETERNITY.

Eternity will be one glorious morning, with the sun ever climbing higher and higher; one blessed spring-time, and yet richer summer, every plant in full flower, and every flower the bud of a lovelier.—*Macduff*.

Eternity is duration, without beginning and without end.

That which lasts forever is all important; that which must end is but a trifle.

The following question was put in writing by a boy in the deaf and dumb school at Paris, What is Eternity? He wrote as an answer, *The lifetime of the Almighty*.

"Because I live, ye shall live also" is the delightful intimation which the Saviour gives us, that we are partakers of eternal life. We had never found this jewel if He had not rolled away the stone which covered it.—*Spurgeon*.

BLESSINGS OF ETERNITY.

O vast eternity! how dost thou swallow up our thoughts, and entertain us at once with delight and amazement. This is the very top and highest pitch of our happiness, upon which we may stand secure, and look down with scorn upon all things here below; and how small and inconsiderable do they appear to us, compared with the vast and endless enjoyments of our future state.—*Tatterson*

EVERLASTING STRENGTH.

Oh how good it is, rejoice in the strength of that arm which shall never wither, and in the shadow of those wings which shall never cast their feathers! In Him that is not there yesterday, and here to-day, but the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. For as He is, so shall the joy be.—*Andrew's*.

"Time restores all things." Wrong! Time restores many things, but eternity alone restores all.

Look not mournfully into the past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the present, it is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy future, without fear, and with a manly heart.—*Longfellow*.

The following sentence forms the striking inscription to be found in an inn at Savoy. "Understand well the force of the words, a God, a moment, an eternity;—a God who sees thee, a moment which flees from thee, an eternity which awaits thee; a God, whom you serve so ill, a moment, of which you so little profit; an eternity, which you hazard so rashly."

THE LITTLE FOLK.

THE ROBE MADE WHITE.

BY THE REV. G. CRITCHLEY, D.D.

Once upon a time there lived a boy whose name was Philautos. The country in which he lived was a very curious one, for there was something in the light, or else there was something in the people's eyes, that made everything which belonged to another very much worse than it really was, while everything that belonged to one's self appeared very beautiful indeed.

Now, Philautos was pretty much like all the other people living in this place. In his own estimation he was quite a superior sort of boy. His own dress, manners, and education gave him the very highest satisfaction. He felt good all over, and so did his neighbors.

But the king of this country had been very much displeased with his people's self-conceit, and consequently had moved away from his palace in the city to one in a distant town. Yet he still tried to bring them to a better mind, and so he sent a message to them from time to time that if any one would come to his house wearing a really white robe he should receive honour and reward. For, said the king, "Such shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."

Well, the king's messenger arrived, and after sounding his trumpet, made this proclamation:

"Oyez! Oyez! this is to give notice that whosoever will go to the king's palace wearing a robe without spot or stain shall receive honour and reward."

Now, it happened that just as the king's messenger was making this proclamation, Philautos was passing across the great market place of the city and stopped to listen. He was greatly pleased, and said to himself: "Why, I am just the very one to go. I am the only one in all the crowd with a spotless robe."

So he hurried away. But just outside the city gate he met a venerable looking old man, one of the attendant's of the king's messenger, who said, "whither away, young sir? You seem to be in haste."

"So I am," was the reply, "I am going to see the king."

"You?" exclaimed the old man. "The proclamation says, 'a robe without spot or stain.'"

"Just so," said the lad; "and that is exactly why I am going. Look at my dress. There is not one single spot or stain to be seen upon it."

The old man did look, and then, with a strange smile upon his face, took from his pocket a black leather case, from which he drew a pair of spectacles. Offering them to the boy, he said, "Please put these on and look at yourself with them; they are genuine Orthopanoptikon spectacles, which show all things as they really are."

Philautos, full of self-confidence, placed the glasses across his nose, and then gave a great "Oh" of surprise. His robe was not white—anything but that. All down the right side was a great smear of red, stamped with green letters—P-r-i-d-e. Down the left side was a streak of dull blue, stamped with sleepy-looking gray letters—S-l-o-t-h. Down the front was a yellow stain with black letters—S-e-l-f.

Tears of shame gathered in his eyes, and he said, "Oh, sir, am I really so bad as this? Then I can never see the king."

But as he was turning away, the old man said, "Stop! stop! all these stains may be removed; you need not despair."

"What must I do?" said Philautos.

"Come with me," said the old man, and led him a little distance along the road, until they came to a narrow path that stretched away across the fields and hills farther than the eye could reach. A strange path, for all along it were red stains, as if someone had walked there with bleeding feet. And pointing with his finger, the old man said, "Follow that path, and you will find out how such robes as yours are made white and clean."

Uttering a word of thanks, Philautos hastened on his way, and after a pleasant walk through some fields and woods he came to the bank of a river. It was neither very deep nor very wide, but it was swift, and the banks were lined with mud. Suddenly; just as Philautos was going to cross the bridge, he heard a cry, "Help! Help!" He thought he knew the voice, and looking over he saw his own little brother struggling in the dangerous stream. He began to run, but then stopped, for the thought came, "Dare I go down there and get my robe more stained?"

It was only for a moment, for, to his surprise, he saw that the crimson trail left by the bleeding feet went straight down to the place where the child was crying in its need.

He plunged in and saved his brother; but, alas! for the robe, it was worse now than it had ever been before.

But while he was grieving over it, his old friend suddenly appeared and asked what was the matter, and why he was so cast down.

The boy pointed despairingly to his bespattered dress. But the old man only looked at him with the strange smile once more, and drawing out the magic spectacles, said, "Look at yourself again and see what you really are."

Philautos did so, and lo! the great yellow stripe of selfishness was paler, and actually the robe looked cleaner than it had ever done before.

And the old man said, "Never be afraid to follow where the footmarks lead; nothing you meet with on that way ever leaves a stain."

So the lad was mightily encouraged, and never hesitated from that hour to go wherever the crimson footmarks led.

Now, as time went on, the boy changed into an aged man, and his dress grew travel-stained and old. And one day, when he was very tired, he sat down and said to himself, "Alas! the king's palace is still very far away, and my dress, instead of growing white, is wearing into rags; what shall I do?"

But again his old friend drew near and asked the reason of his grief, and Philautos said, "Oh, sir, look; it is so old, so unclean, so unfit."

The spectacles were used once more, and with delightful astonishment the pilgrim saw that the stains were almost gone, and scarcely a trace of those ugly words—pride—sloth—self—were left behind.

"But it is ragged," he said.

"Never mind that," replied his friend. "Our king does not mind rags, so long as they are the rags of a white robe."

And so it proved to be, for when at last the pilgrim reached the royal palace and knelt before the king, the old travel-worn garment changed into a pure white robe of matchless beauty, and the king said, "Well done, good and faithful servant! thou shalt be called no more Philautos, Self-lover, but Philochristus, Christ-lover, because for love of me thou hast trodden the pathway with the crimson stain. Thou shalt walk with me in white, for thou art worthy; and so I bid thee welcome home."—*Children's Friend*.

KNOX CHURCH, WOODSTOCK

OPENING OF THE NEW CHURCH
DESCRIPTION OF THE
BUILDING DEDICATION SERVICES.

An event of unusual interest to the Presbyterians of Western Ontario, was the



REV. DR. McMULLEN, WOODSTOCK.

opening, on Sabbath last, of the new church erected by Knox congregation Woodstock. It is a handsome edifice, and is considered one of the most beautiful and comfortable church buildings in the West. It is situated on the corner of Hunter and Riddell streets, a prominent site, and has a striking elevation with a tower 108 feet high. The building is of terra cotta brick and with the equipment will cost about \$46,000. It is amphitheatrical in form and is in the Romanesque style of architecture. It consists of an auditorium 67 feet square, with transepts on the north and south sides, 8 feet deep and 37 feet wide. Between the towers and at the rear of the auditorium is a commodious vestibule 13 feet wide, containing the principal stairs to the gallery. This can be opened into the auditorium, giving increased accommodation for about 80 persons. The gallery surrounds three sides of the auditorium and has curved stairways at the pulpit, giving access to the main floor. The pulpit platform is located at the west end of the auditorium, and immediately behind it is the choir and organ, under an arch some 29 feet in width. The total seating accommodation is 1,400. The school room adjoins the main body of the church at the rear and is 53 feet by 96 over all. Class rooms are arranged in both the ground floor and the gallery, and in all accommodation is found for a school of about 700. The basement of the school is arranged for a supper room capable of seating 400 persons. The architects of the church were Messrs. Burke & Harwood, Toronto, the work being superintended for them by Mr. Alex. White of Woodstock. The general contractors were Messrs. McIntosh & Griffiths of Woodstock. The news and pulpit furniture were made by the Globe Furniture Co. of Walkerville.

The organ, admittedly one of the finest in that section of country, was built by the well-known firm of Harn Warren Co., Woodstock, and is a most creditable construction.

DEDICATION SERVICES.

Immense congregations assembled to the dedication services, resulting in the necessity of holding overflow meetings in the Central Methodist Church, kindly placed at the disposal of Knox church, by the trustees. The preachers were Rev. Principal Grant, in the new church and Rev. J. A. Macdonald, Toronto at the overflow meetings. In the afternoon a mass meeting was held at which addresses were delivered by local and visiting ministers. All the services were impressive and were greatly appreciated.

The subject of Principal Grant's dis-

course in the morning was "The Signs of the Times." In the course of a scholarly treatment of the subject he said that men were prone to identify the material with the spiritual; that was one of the great mistakes of human nature. The spiritual so infinitely transcended the material that we should never identify the two. The Jews of old required a sign. That was their great weakness. It had been the weakness of the Christian church ever since. It was the weakness of human nature. Jesus came into contact with the same carnal conditions at the outset of His career. The devil tempted Him in the same way. The spirit could not be reached by external signs. Jesus Himself was the sign to that generation, but they could not see it. The indications of the Scriptures were that people should discern the signs of the times. God was the living God, and expected us to see the meaning of His dealings with us, and to learn our duty in the movements of men and nations. It seemed to him the signs of the times with ever increasing urgency had been saying to all who had ears to hear, quite. We heard that word in 1867, and again in 1871, accompanied on both occasions by the protests of many good men and sacrifices on the part of many, yet, looking back upon these things, was there a man in church or state who did not see that it was God's will, and that we had risen to a higher height in consequence. In closing he called upon his hearers to unite against the forces of evil.

Church News

[All communications to this column ought to be sent to the Editor immediately after the occurrences to which they refer have taken place.]

MONTREAL NOTES.

The Rev. Principal MacVicar has returned to town from his holiday at Bic in good health and spirits for another session.

Dr. Scrimger spent last Sunday at Grand Mere on the St. Maurice River and preached in the Presbyterian Church there. This is the only Protestant church in the place and the point is becoming one of considerable importance, though the Protestant population is never likely to be larger. At the present time the Laurentide Pulp Company is making an extensive addition to its plant with a view of making paper for export to Britain out of the wood pulp which they are now sending away as an unfinished product. These additions will involve an expenditure of about \$1,000,000 and when completed will furnish constant employment to a large number of people. The work is being pushed forward rapidly and the buildings are expected to be covered in before the winter opens. The church is at the present time cared for by a student missionary, but it is important that the work should be continued during the winter and that there should be a minister resident in the place.

The Protestant Ministerial Association is engaged in making arrangements for the visit of the Keswick brethren during the first week in October. This movement as all know has evoked some criticism, but one cannot help sympathizing with the object aimed at by it,—the elevation of spiritual life among Christians.

The Rev. Dr. George, the new Principal of the Congregational College, has arrived and will begin his work at the opening of the session. Dr. Barbour the late Principal has gone to reside at Middleboro, Mass.

The congregation of the American Presbyterian Church are to be congratulated upon the completion of two of the most elegant memorial windows to be found anywhere. The windows occupy two large spaces above the gallery on the Drummond street side of the church, and are the work of the Tiffany Glass and Decorating Company of New York. They are of what is known as favrite glass. The colors, instead of being painted on the surface, are in the body of the glass, and the shading is effected by varying the thickness of the glass. The result is a new, deeper and richer effect than can be produced by the old method, and is especially adapted to Canada where we have so much clear sunshine. The window nearest the pulpit is erected by the congregation in memory of their late pastor, the Rev. George H. Wells, D.D. The

subject is the "Good Shepherd," designed by Frederick Wilson.

The other window is put in by Mr. Charles Lyman and his sister, Mrs. Elah, in memory of their father, the late Benjamin Lyman, who was so long and so actively identified with that church. The subject is "The first Easter evening," the designer being Mr. E. P. Sperry. These windows were dedicated in connection with the morning and evening service, respectively, last Sunday, the pastor, the Rev. T. S. McWilliams, taking the subject of the windows as the themes of his sermons.

MARITIME NOTES.

St. Church, Labara, is receiving a new coat of paint on the outside. Rev. Geo. A. Leck is pastor of this church.

Rev. D. MacGillivray was not able to return to Lunenburg, after his holidays, owing to the serious illness of his niece, Miss Jessie Fraser, of Pictou Co., N. S. Rev. W. M. Toffis, who was visiting in the vicinity, occupied his pulpit last Sabbath.

Rev. F. C. Simpson, of Bridgewater, after three months absence in the Old Country, filled his own pulpit Sept. 5th. During his trip his pulpit was supplied largely by pastors of the city churches of Halifax Presbytery.

Rev. J. H. Stewart, of Riversdale, late of Calgary, now of Lunenburg and Sholburne Pres., is pushing the completion of the church building at New Germany, a rapidly growing section of his field.

GENERAL.

Rev. W. T. Herridge occupied St. Andrew's pulpit Ottawa on Sunday Sept. 5th for the first time since his holidays.

Large congregations attended the services conducted by Rev. Dr. Parsons, of Toronto, in the two Presbyterian congregations in Fergus on Sept. 5th.

Rev. Dr. William Moore, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, preached in his own church on Sept. 5th returned a few days ago from Ireland.

Rev. Dr. Lyle pastor of Central Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, was tendered a reception, Sept. 7th, by his congregation in celebration of his recent return from Germany. Mr. J. Harvey occupied the chair, and nearly all the clergy in the city were present, irrespective of denomination. Mrs. J. M. Gibson and Mrs. Harvey, on behalf of the ladies of the congregation, presented the popular pastor with a handsome silk gown.

A joint meeting of the managers and congregation of St. James' Presbyterian church, London, was held Sept. 5th, for the purpose of discussing the resignation of Rev. M. P. Talling B.A., whose term expires on Sunday, Sept. 26th. The meeting was a large one. It was unanimously decided by a standing vote not to oppose the resignation of Mr. Talling when the matter shall come before the Presbytery, which meets on Sept. 14th. Rev. D. C. Johnston was appointed to represent the elders, and Messrs. Neil McNeil and Thos. McCurdy to represent the congregation. They were instructed not to

Clergyman's Statement

Nerve Strength Gained by Taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

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

Hood's Sarsaparilla
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into popular favor through any charitable disposition on the part of consumers. Not at all—

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oppose their pastor's request to be relieved from further duties, and to urge upon the Presbytery their desire that candidates be heard with a view to filling the vacancy; also to express the congregation's high estimate of the faithful services of both Mr. and Mrs. Talling. Mr. T. A. Rowat acted as chairman, and Mr. James Gray as secretary. Short addresses were delivered by Rev. D. C. Johnston, Neil McNeil, Thos. A. Rowat, James Gray and Thos. McCurdy, in which deep regret was expressed that the link binding pastor and people for seven years should now be broken. They paid a high tribute to Mr. Talling for the earnest energetic and devoted manner in which he had applied his abilities. A resolution embodying these sentiments and wishing Mr. Talling every success in his new field of labor was unanimously carried. Mr. Talling goes to Toronto to pursue post-graduate work. During his term as pastor many great improvements have been made, both to the manse and church.

CORRESPONDENCE.

MISSIONARY SENT TO THE KLONDYKE.

The following letter received by Dr. Cochran from Dr. Robertson, (received too late for publication last week) will be interesting to our readers:

WINNIPEG, Sep. 3rd, 1897.

DEAR DR. COCHRAN, When in British Columbia I found that a large number of our young men had gone off to the Klondyke and that quite a number were likely to winter at Dyea. After consultation with the brethren at Vancouver it was decided

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to send one man to Dyea this winter and that others should be sent as the Committee thought advisable next season. To show you the rush, let me say that from Wellington over sixty of our young men have gone off; and about thirty from Union in one batch; eighteen from Bloccan City, and other points have contributed their quota. It will never do for us to leave 100 of our young men in the far North without gospel ordinances and it will do much to help the Home Mission Fund to know that a missionary was sent to Dyea, for Commissioner Herohmer tells me that 1,500 to 2,000 men are expected to winter there. The man selected was Mr. R. M. Dickie, a student of the second year at Manitoba College. I had Mr. Dickie go to the doctor to be examined and he is pronounced sound throughout. I am asking the Presbytery of Westminster to ordain him in accordance with the extra-mural regulation of the Assembly and he can complete his course by passing an examination on returning a year to college afterwards. There is needed to be a good man sent to Dawson City next spring to be a sort of director of our work. At the close of winter Mr. Dickie will accompany the party from Dyea and it will be to him a great gain whatever part of the mining district he visits, that he will be compelled to meet with men with whom he spent the winter. Action had to be taken promptly if one was to be sent in at all, and I do not like the idea of our being unrepresented on the west coast this winter. As things mature, I shall write you again. Mr. Dickie gave his consent only yesterday.

Yours truly,

J. ROBERTSON.

"WHITHER ARE WE DRIFTING?"

Editor Presbyterian Review:

Sir, — I notice in your issue of 26th inst., that a correspondent has several questions to ask regarding our new Hymnal. While the matter is to the front I would like to be informed on the following points, viz.:

Why has the word "Amen" been added to each and every hymn in the new Book of Praise? The authors have not certainly in all cases used the word. Whenever I have attended service in the Episcopal Church of England I have always looked upon the use of this word at the end of each hymn as nonsensical and not indicative of that common sense that should pervade the worship of the *Supreme Being*. Has the addition of this word been submitted to the Presbyteries? It may be considered a small matter by some, but to many it looks like the entering of the thin edge of Episcopacy, and no genuine Scotch Presbyterian whose forefathers were so persecuted by Episcopalians, cares to, in the slightest degree, play the ape to the Church of England. The latter may be good enough for Englishmen but not for Scotchmen and their descendants, worthy of the name.

Why was the word in question not affixed to the selections of Psalms given in the new Book of Praise?

Why was the consecutive numbering of the Psalms and Hymns not continued right through, and not have each numbered separately? If the former plan were adopted, strangers in church would have less difficulty in finding the psalm or hymn given out to be sung.

While in the humor of asking questions, I would ask why Presbyterians have abandoned the old time respectful position of standing during prayers and have adopted the disrespectful one of sitting. Although I believe standing to be the proper position for public prayer, I would not object so much to the kneeling posture. I, however, positively object to sitting. Would any individual presenting a petition to Our Gracious Queen think of sitting while doing so? Should we not, at least, be as respectful when presenting our petitions to the King of Kings? I trust some of our Church Fathers may throw some light on these questions.

Yours, etc.,

COCHRAN.

CENTRAL BUSINESS COLLEGE.

The Central Business College, of Toronto, began the regular work of the Fall Session this month, with the largest number of new members ever registered at the beginning of any term. This is surely a good indication.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

Is the Rare Treasure of Perfect Health.

A Nova Scotia Lady Says "I Consider Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a Priceless Boon to Suffering Humanity."

From the Amherst, N. S., Sentinel.

The rugged and the strong do not appreciate to its full extent the blessing of perfect health. It is only those who have passed through a trying illness, who feel that health is a treasure to be prized more than silver or gold. Among those who have experienced the truth of this is Miss Sabra Rector, of West River Hebert, N. S. This lady has passed through a trying and wearisome illness, from which happily relief was found through the medium of a medicine that has brought health and strength to thousands of others, and whose medicinal virtues will work equally good results in all cases where it is given a fair trial. Miss Rector says:—"I feel it is my duty to recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, as they have done wonders for me. About two years ago I became very ill with a complication of diseases. I was suffering with indigestion, biliousness and the resulting nervous disorders, such as sick headache, loss of appetite, and flashes of heat and cold. I began doctoring, and although I had the best of care I seemed to grow worse every day. I slept but little and when lying down would grow so hot and suffer from a sensation of smothering that I would find it necessary to arise. Then the other extreme would come and I would shiver with cold. Time wore on and there was no improvement in my condition. I was not able to do any work about the house and even the exertion of moving about would tire me out. If I attempted to walk any distance or hurried in the least I would gasp for breath and could scarcely speak. I had a very poor appetite, and what food I ate did not seem to agree with me or furnish needed nourishment, and I also suffered with a severe pain in my side and back. During this time I tried many remedies, but they gave me no relief whatever. I had become so weak, and my system was so run down that life was a burden to me. At this stage my attention was directed to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I determined to give them a trial. After using four boxes I felt so much better that hope and encouragement came to me once more. I continued the use of the Pink Pills and found myself steadily gaining health and strength. By the time I had used four boxes more I had fully regained health and strength and I am not only able to do my full share of household work, but also attend to my Sabbath school class and other church duties. I look upon Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a priceless boon to suffering humanity."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific for the troubles which make the lives of so many women a burden, and speedily restore the rich glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. Sold by all dealers, or sent by mail postpaid, at 50c. a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. Beware of imitations and substitutes alleged to be "just as good."

SPRINGFIELD, O., O.

and return, only \$9.15 from Buffalo, via Nickel Plate Road, account Free Coinage Camp Meeting. Tickets good going Sept. 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th, and returning until Sep. 21th.

Call on your nearest ticket agent, or address F. J. Moore, Gen'l Agent, 23 Exchange St., Buffalo, N. Y. 106

GOLDEN THOUGHTS ON LIFE INSURANCES.

It is difficult to frame language suitable to describe fully and completely or attempt to fathom the depth of meaning of life insurance.

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