

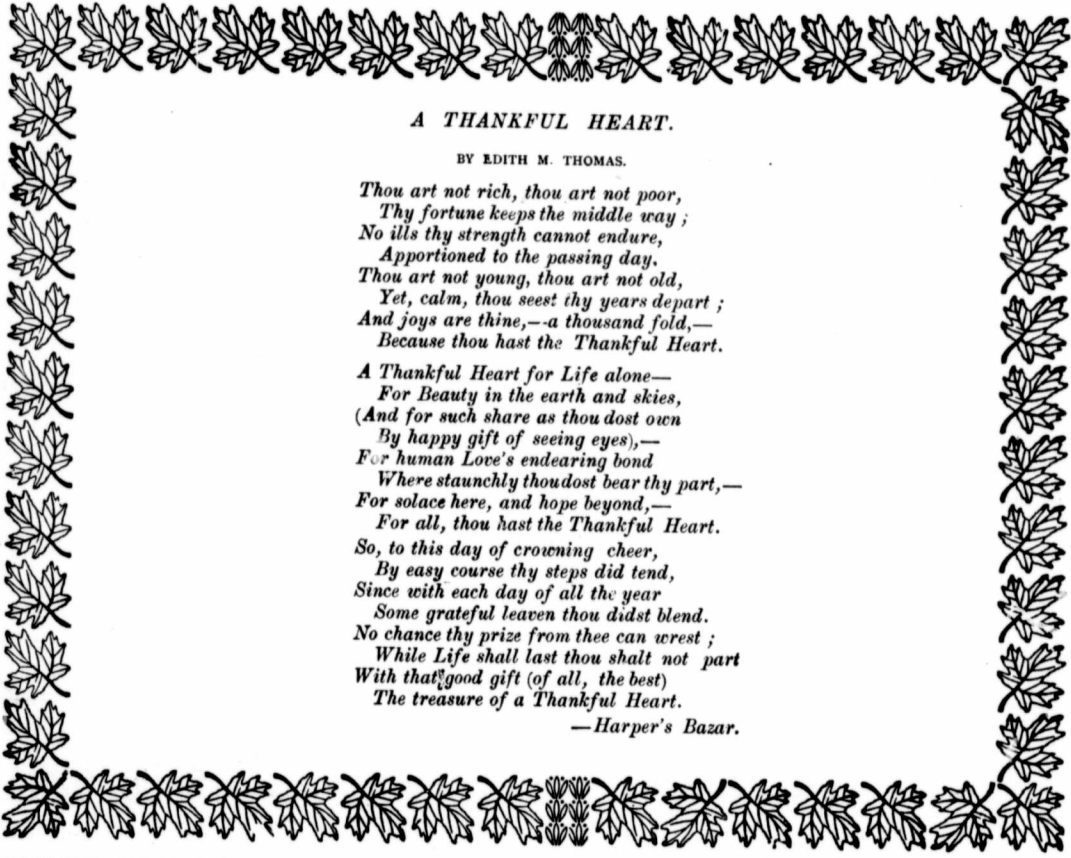
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## A THANKFUL HEART.

BY EDITH M. THOMAS.

*Thou art not rich, thou art not poor,  
Thy fortune keeps the middle way;  
No ills thy strength cannot endure,  
Apportioned to the passing day.  
Thou art not young, thou art not old,  
Yet, calm, thou seest thy years depart;  
And joys are thine,—a thousand fold,—  
Because thou hast the Thankful Heart.*

*A Thankful Heart for Life alone—  
For Beauty in the earth and skies,  
(And for such share as thou dost own  
By happy gift of seeing eyes),—  
For human Love's endearing bond  
Where staunchly thou dost bear thy part,—  
For solace here, and hope beyond,—  
For all, thou hast the Thankful Heart.*

*So, to this day of crowning cheer,  
By easy course thy steps did tend,  
Since with each day of all the year  
Some grateful heaven thou didst blend.  
No chance thy prize from thee can wrest;  
While Life shall last thou shalt not part  
With that good gift (of all, the best)  
The treasure of a Thankful Heart.*

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In Harriston, on the 10th Sept., by Rev. McCameron, B.D., Wm. Davidson of Palmerston to Edith Bell, of Wellington County.

At the residence of the bride's parents, on Wednesday 24th inst., by the Rev. W. G. Hanna, Mr. Robert Stephen Marshall, to Mary Eveline Dale, only daughter of Mr. R. J. Dale, all of Mount Forest.

On Wednesday, Sept. 24th, by Rev. Mr. McGillivray of Newmarket, Miss E. Rose of 126 Elizabeth street to Mr. F. S. Morton of Queensville.

At the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Green, Owen Sound, Miss Agnes Green, to Mr. W. H. Wright, barrister, by the Rev. Dr. Somerville.

At Harrowsmith, Ont., Sept. 24th by Rev. Dr. Jordan of Queen's University, Miss Jennie Shibley, B.A., to Rev. W. H. Cram, B.D., of Cobden.

On Wednesday, September 17, 1902, at "Lark Villa," Stratford, the residence of the bride's sister, by Rev. R. M. Hamilton of Weston, assisted by Rev. Alex. Grant, St. Mary's, Miss Christina, daughter of the late R. D. Hamilton, to Adam McColgan, M.D., of Brooklyn, Michigan.

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## Note and Comment.

The growth of English as a world tongue continues. While at the beginning of the nineteenth century French was the dominant language of the world, English is to-day the language of 116,000,000 people. Russian is spoken by 85,000,000, German by 80,000,000 and French by 58,000,000.

When the motor man of the street car that crashed into the President's carriage the other day near Lenox, Mass., injuring Mr. Roosevelt and his companions and killing two men, was asked why he was running so rapidly, he is reported to have replied, "Because I had the right of way." This, says the United Presbyterian, is the excuse of the saloonkeeper; it explains many deaths, but it will not be accepted as sufficient.

The latest census returns show that illiteracy is on the increase in the United States. Of the male population over twenty-one years of age in the cities, six per cent., are reported illiterate; and in the rest of the country thirteen per cent. of the men of voting age are illiterate. These figures do not deal with the population of any of the newly acquired territory, as Hawaii, the Philippines, or even Alaska.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, the millionaire, has a novel and, we should say, effective method of promoting temperance. In a letter to Dr. Cuyler, enclosing a generous donation to a temperance society, he says: "The best temperance speech I have delivered lately was my offer of 10 per cent. premium on their wages to all employees on my Scottish estate who will abstain from intoxicating liquor." It pays double to be a total abstainer under such circumstances.

Inasmuch as the French government compels the French language to be taught in the missionary schools of Madagascar, the Norwegian missionaries who establish some of the most important academies there have been greatly embarrassed in this work. In view of this fact the Lutheran church of France has just pledged itself to maintain the institution which the Norwegians founded and to supply the necessary teachers.

Canon Tristram has a page article in the Sunday School Times of Sept. 6 wherein he gathers "testimony from the animals to the authorship of Deuteronomy." He concludes that it seems impossible that the list of animals in Deut. xiv, "can have been compiled at any other period, or at any other place, than when and where it purports to have been written, just before the entrance into the land of promise, and on the east of Jordan."

Adding members to the church, making it a power in the community, depends as much on the people and their hearty co-operation as on the pastor. An angel from heaven could not "succeed," in that sense, with a congregation which "hires" its ministers to do its work, and waits to see what will happen. Faithfulness and self-forgetting service, coupled with consistent life and a

trust in the Spirit's aid, will bring success. It may be long till there is the "full corn in the ear," but the harvest we can leave to God.

"What was the secret of Mr. Moody's success?" has been often asked. Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, in a recent address to ministers at Northfield, said this to those who ask such questions: "If your question means that he whom God found and put forward and sent throughout the world to call thousands into the kingdom was a success, and that man there whose name has never been in the paper, but who for twenty five, thirty or forty years has been in one pastorate, feeding the flock, caring for them, training them, teaching them, that man is a failure, I want to say to you that you are liable to make a very great mistake. If God has given you, my dear brother, the gift of the pastor, and he has put you down over some away there in the wilderness, when presently you meet him, if you are faithful to your gift and your opportunity, your reward will be as great as the reward of the man who has been in the front of the public gaze."

The Missionary Record of the United Free Church of Scotland says: A curious and somewhat significant fact is brought out in the just published annual report of the Registrar-General. It is well known that by Roman Catholics marriage is regarded as a sacrament, so that among professors of that faith no union can be properly formed except through the instrumentality of a priest. If, then, the Papacy had increased sensibly in England during the last generation, the circumstance ought to have been made apparent in the larger number of marriages celebrated in connection with it. So far, however, has this increase been from taking place, that the proportion of Roman Catholic marriages to population—41 to the thousand—has continued for thirty years to be precisely the same. Of course, it may be said that greater carelessness now prevails; but this does not throw a more favorable light on the progress of Romanism. If it is growing numerically, it is weakening in earnestness and consistency.

Prof. W. P. Amalzik, of the Warsaw University, recently delivered a lecture at St. Petersburg relating to the discovery of his first skeleton in North Russia of an antediluvian race of giants, the *Pariosaurus*. The skeleton he unearthed measures nearly ten feet in length and is the largest fossil of this reptile that has ever been discovered. Hitherto the British Museum has possessed the largest specimen, found by Prof. Seeley in Cape Colony in 1880, and which measures over nine feet in length. Prof. Amalzik has been engaged in this quest for fossils for several months. He unearthed some thirty skeletons on the banks of the Northern Dwina, but they were in fragments, with the exception of this colossal specimen. The skeletons were found embedded firmly in a hard sand-stone. They will be deposited in the Paleontological Museum, which is shortly to be built at St. Petersburg.

What are we to be allowed to drink as a

beverage in addition to water and milk? Intoxicating liquors are the bane of health, happiness and prosperity. Tea is now claimed to be an injurious narcotic when drunk strong and too freely. And now insurance men are bringing coffee under the ban. Medical examiners for life-insurance societies have added the term "coffee heart" to their regular classification of the functional derangements of that organ, says the Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette. "Its effect is in shortening the long beat of the heart. Coffee toppers, they say, are plentiful, and are as much tied to their cups as the whiskey toper. The effect of the coffee upon the heart is more lasting, and consequently worse, than that of liquor." Clearly we shall be driven to eating and drinking the simplest and plainest foods and drinks if coffee as well as tea is to be placed in the category of things that had better be left alone. By the time people become addicted to hot water and milk, spiced with sugar, some hygienist will startle them with the proposition that great care must be exercised in the use of sugar.

Among the forms of worship giving has been accorded a high place in all the ages and in all religions. The Bible is full of commandments and exhortations urging this duty. "God loveth a cheerful giver." "Bring ye all the tithes into the storehouse," and "let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him." How is giving worship? It is an expression of worship because it is a means of giving God so much of our life. Our money ordinarily has been earned through service. The farmer has turned his toil into money, the manufacturer his skill in making goods, the merchant his service in selling them, the mechanic his day's work, the lawyer his legal learning, the poet or painter his genius; and thus every worker coins his very blood into money, his money is so much crystallized life. In giving this money to God we are giving him our heart's blood and life. We thus declare to him and to the world that he is worthy of our service, the product of our toil and skill with muscle and mind, our most solid and costliest gifts.

Harper & Brothers have received an order for books to be sent to a bookseller in Dawson, Yukon Territory—the first one received—which presents some features of general interest. Dawson is not usually regarded as a reading centre, but the order from this Dawson bookseller would seem to indicate the needs of a community of studious yet electric taste. The list is long and strikingly varied in character, ranging from such works as Gibbons's "Rome" and Macaulay's "England" through Flammarion's "The Unknown" and Mill's System of Logic to the newest novels, such as Merriman's, "The Vultures" and Chambers's "The Maid-at-Arm". Of the thirty or forty authors represented on the list, the books of John Kendrick Bangs and Richard Harding Davis constitute the largest individual items. The order was accompanied by a request for haste, as "navigation will only be open a short time and only letter mail is carried over the ice."

# The Quiet Hour.

## Crossing the Jordan.

S. S. Lessons: Joshua 3: 9-17.  
Oct. 12th, 1902.

**GOLDEN TEXT**—Isa. 43: 2. When thou passest through the waters I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.

Come hither, and hear the words of the Lord your God, v. 9. Thus should it be with all our undertakings, the great and the small. We may be plainly in the way of God's commandments and in the line of His purposes. Our first plans may have been laid under His guidance and with a desire for His glory. Step by step we may have been laid under His guidance. And yet the last decisive step remains. It should never be taken without once more turning to Him. God has always some last word for us which will dispel a lingering doubt, relieve an over anxious heart, lessen the difficulties of the understanding and send us with a firmer step and a lighter heart out upon the untrodden and untried path. Perhaps, if, like these people on the Jordan brink, we drew near once again at the crisis of our lives to "hear the words of the Lord our God," we should more frequently behold His mighty works.

The living God is among you, v. 10. God is the living, loving, personal God, whom Jesus has taught us to call "Our Father." We too may recognize the presence of "the living God" among us by His word, which He still causes to be perpetually proclaimed among us; by His providential dealings with the nations of the earth; and by the progress of the kingdom of Christ in the world, more particularly by the successes of modern missions. Before the hosts of God's Israel to day is not some empty name which has lost its power to inspire His foes with terror and His followers with the consciousness of victory, but the living, loving, ever-victorious Lord, who was dead and is alive forevermore and to whom has been given all power both in heaven and in earth. Draw on this power by prayer in faith. It has been pre-engage for us. "Whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, He will give it you," John 16: 23

He will without fail drive out . . . the Canaanites, v. 10. God is still sifting out the peoples. Those nations that honor Him and obey Him, He will and does honor, sometimes by making them the scourge of wicked nations. Those that despise him are going to the wall. Shaken Spain, and flippant France and decadent Austria are weakening to-day. The warning is plain to us—our own new land—to shun the sins which are driving them out and to seek after that "righteousness which exalteth a nation."

The ark of the covenant . . . passeth over before you, v. 11. The pillar of cloud ceases to be their guide, but they are none the less surely and safely led. It is the ark in which was hidden the "testimony" of the Lord which is their guide now. God's methods of guidance change from time to time; but He never fails to guide. The word of His testimony is still to lead us on and mark out our pathway. Men may see it from different angles in different centuries; new methods of interpretation may be applied to it causing new light to break forth from it, or threatening sometimes to

obscure its clear bright shining, but it remains the Word of God which liveth and abideth forever, and which is a lamp to men's feet and a light to their path.

The priests bearing the ark . . . before the people, v. 14. Ministers of the Christian religion, office-bearers in the Christian church, and Sabbath School workers, are the natural leaders of God's Israel to day. It is not then place to watch the drift of religious opinion, and then follow in its wake, like political opportunists. It is theirs to lead the van in thought and effort. They should be able to stand firm on dry ground, giving no uncertain sound as to the way of life or the duty of the hour. They should be foremost in zeal, in holiness in self-denial, in victory over the world, the flesh and the devil. If it be the duty of the office bearers to lead and of the teachers to teach, it is equally our duty to follow and to learn. We have all much need to pray for a humble and teachable spirit and for grace to follow in the appointed way. Even in the first generation of Christians, it was necessary to warn men to be "swift to hear, slow to speak" (James 1: 19), and the same added, "My brethren, be not many masters knowing that we shall the greater condemnation," ch. 3: 1.

The people . . . passed clean over Jordan, v. 17. Between us and every new and higher good, every great material acquisition, every great intellectual acquirement, every great spiritual gain, every new stride forward and upward, every long step towards the conquest of our promised land, even between us and our heavenly home, lies some rolling, threatening, interposing Jordan of difficulty. It is there not to bar our entrance or stay our progress, but to develop new qualities of perseverance and trust and to give us new experiences of God's power and love, that we may be strong to go on.

## The Duty of Lowliness.

If we cannot, at need, even humiliate ourselves to win our brother, it is difficult to see where our religion comes in, especially when we think what humiliation Christ suffered, that he might reconcile us to God, and make us friends again with our heavenly Father, and renew our broken love. Whatever be our faith and works, and however correct be our creed and conduct, if we are giving place to anger, if we are stiffening ourselves in strife and disdain, we are none of his, who was meek and lowly of heart.

Misunderstandings and estrangements will arise, occasions will come when it seems occasions will come when it seems as if not even love and forbearance can avoid a quarrel, but surely Christ has died in vain if his grace cannot save us from continuance of strife.—Hugh Black.

The very fact that you have troubles is a proof of His faithfulness; for you have got one-half of his legacy and you will have the other half. You know that Christ's last will and testament has two portions in it. "In this world ye have tribulation"; you have got that. The next clause is, "In me ye shall have peace." You have that, too. "Be of good cheer; I have overcome the world." This is yours also.—C. H. Spurgeon.

A rainy Sunday puts to the test the devotion to the house of God of the church member. Allowing that the physical infirmity of some would make it imprudent for them to venture out when the weather is unpropitious, we cannot evade the conviction that the many empty pews on a rainy Sunday prove that a host of church-goers cannot stand this test of their devotion.

Is it regard for their good clothes that causes them to absent themselves? Then we enter a plea for reform. The wearing of our best to the house of God when the conditions are favorable may be commendable, but when fashion so tyrannizes that we will not go to the sanctuary on the Lord's day, unless we can wear our best, it is time to cast off the yoke. A thousand times better come in a "rainy-day skirt" of worsted, than allow a silk or satin to keep you home and rob you of a blessing and others of the inspiration of your presence.

Have you considered what a depressing effect an array of empty pews has upon the pulpit? That sermon was prepared for a houseful not for a handful. Next to the inspiration the preacher draws from God is that which he derives from the upturned, eager face of the listener. Next to the incentive he obtains from the command, "Go preach!" is the encouragement given him by the thought, "Here is a multitude hungering for the Bread of Life whom I must seek to satisfy." The visits of the week have led to the selection of a theme that is designed to meet the needs of several. Sunday dawns; there is moisture in the air, a heavy mist, a chilling drizzle, perhaps a pouring rain, and on account of it the very people for whom that sermon is intended are missing. Except for the possibility that it may suit the case of some one present for whom it was not especially designed, the preacher feels his labor lost. How then can he put enthusiasm in the effort?

Have you thought of the effect of your absence upon the interests of God's kingdom in and beyond your own locality? An important part of the worship of God's house is the offering. "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store as God hath prospered him," says St. Paul. The maintenance of many religious and benevolent enterprises depends largely upon these offerings in the churches. The development and extension of such work is made possible by the increasing gifts of the people. Now think how these enterprises must suffer in consequence of a succession of rainy Sundays! The difference in the average church between a rainy day and a fair day collection is likely to be from \$10 to \$25. What must it be throughout the Church?

Remedy? If the Lord gives you health, come to church with as much regularity as you go to business or come down to breakfast. Why not? And if you must be absent send your offering or make good the loss which different objects have suffered by your absence, by a two-fold or four-fold or ten-fold contribution the next time you come. Let your giving to the worthy objects that appeal to you be reduced to a system, and not be left to chance!—Ex.

If thou seekest Jesus in all things, thou shalt find Jesus; but if thou seek thyself, then thou shalt find thyself.—Thomas à Kempis.



## Gleanings From Mr. Moody's Bible.

Quite frequently one sees references to Mr. D. L. Moody's *Marked Bible*—Bibles we should say, for his biographer says: "He left a score of them," marked and interleaved, filled with the choicest treasures of religious literature placed here and there upon the margin or blank leaf, against certain texts to be used with them at some future time. For example, the text in Job. xi: 16, "Because thou shalt forget thy misery and remember it as waters that pass away," has these words placed opposite: "When the shore is reached at last,

Who will count the billows past?"

How many times we have comforted ourselves with this little couplet, when tossing upon the wide ocean, buffeted by winds and waves, and how true we found it, when on a sunny morn, we sailed into the homeland port, and saw the daer ones from whom we had been separated, forgetting entirely the sea and its terrors in the joy of home!

Opposite other texts, are the following:

"But that thy fires may surely burn

All sordid sensual dross away,

Lord, at the furnace watch and yearn,

Till from the silver heart return

Thine image pure as day."

"Rest not in being one of Christ's friends; aim at being one of His bosom friends."

"Why cannot men begin to glorify God with a yard stick, a pair of shears, a hand saw or pen in their hands and not wait for golden harps?"

"By right an atheist is a half believer in God."

"Humility, the fairest, loveliest flower That grew in Paradise and the first that died, Has rarely flourished since on mortal soil, It is so frail, so delicate a thing.

'Tis gone, if it but look upon itself, And they who venture to believe it theirs Prove by that single thought they have it not. The fruit of the Spirit in the fifth chapter of

Galatians he described thus:

'Joy, is love exulting;

Peace, is love reposing;

Long suffering, is love untiring;

Gentleness, is love enduring;

Goodness, is love in action;

Faith, is love on the battle field;

Meekness, is love under discipline;

Temperance, is love in training."

"Put any burden on me, only sustain me. Send me anywhere, only go with me. Sever any tie, but the one that binds me to Thy service and Thy heart."

"An old colored woman who was an earnest Christian lay dying. Some one asked her why she thought God would save such a sinner as she. She answered: "God is g'win to p'int the angels to me and tell 'em to see what the grace of God can do."

—New York Observer.

## For Daily Reading.

Mon.,	Oct. 6.—Planted by Christ.	
		Matt. 15: 10-13.
Tues.,	Oct. 7.—All things in Christ.	
		Phil. 4: 11-13.
Wed.,	Oct. 8.—Hewn down.	Matt. 3: 7-12.
Thurs.,	Oct. 9.—Known by our fruits.	
		Matt. 7: 15-20.
Fri.,	Oct. 10.—Salt light.	Matt. 5: 13-16.
Sat.,	Oct. 11.—A tree of life.	Prov. 11: 25-30.
Sun.,	Oct. 12.—Topic, <i>Fruitful or Fruitless.</i>	
		John 15: 1-8, 16; Mark 11: 12-14.

When Jesus sent out the twelve disciples, He said, "Freely ye have received, freely give." The reason why we should bear fruit for others is because God has borne such rich fruit for us.

## Our Young People

## Fruitful or Fruitless.

Topic for October 12.

John 15: 1-8, 16; Mark 11: 12-14.

## Our Leader Speaks.

A good many are satisfying themselves with a root life. The root is all for gathering in. Such lives spend themselves in absorbing. Sometimes they absorb learning, and become walking encyclopedias. Sometimes they absorb wealth, and become multimillionaires. Sometimes they absorb power, and become great politicians. But the world is not a whit the better for their learning or their money or their power. They are living root lives, down in the dirt, and ignoble.

Others live trunk lives. They are sturdy and strong. They hold up their family or leaves. They send out their branches. Their household, their children, are well cared for. But they care for nothing outside, and so far as the world is concerned they count for little.

Others live flower lives. They are beautiful to look upon. They are full of promise. Their faces are fair, their intellects are keen, their bearing is graceful. But they end with being flowers, and the life of a flower is a synonym of brevity.

But there are others that live fruit lives. These are they that care for others. They gather nothing to themselves, as the roots do. They make no show of permanence or solidity, as the trunk does. They are not lovely to look upon, as the flower is. But they give themselves for others, they live for the life to come, for the new tree that is to be, or the new plant that is to spring up after the snow.

Though roots and trunks and flowers were increased a thousand-fold, this earth would speedily become a barren waste were it not for the fruit; and though all other kinds of men were to multiply, humanity would perish in misery were it not for the blessed fruit-bearing souls that give themselves for the happiness and well being of their brothers.

## Our Members Testify.

"The fruit of righteousness," said James, "is sown in peace." About the most fruitful thing a man can do is simply to set before men the example of a peaceful, quiet, happy, and contented life. This is the fruit he can bear all the year round.

We are not to think about what we can do for God; we are to think about what God can do through us. It is God who must work in us, as Paul wrote to the Philippians. How what thought will free us from anxiety, and give us confidence and power!

One of the characters in Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" is called "Talkative." Of him Bunyan says, scornfully, "He thinks that hearing and saying will make a good Christian." James has a little parable about such people. "If any one," he says, "is a hearer of the word and not a doer, he is like a man that looks at his face in a mirror and then goes away and forgets what he looked like." That is all that hearing amounts to, unless doing goes with it.

Being fruitful does not destroy our personality. When Peter the fisherman became Peter the apostle, he was still a fisherman,

but he fished for men. When John B. Gough became converted, he did not lay aside his wit, but he consecrated it to the great work of temperance reform. Christ takes us just as we are, and uses the whole of us.

John, in his revelation, heard a voice from heaven saying, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, for their works follow them." Good deeds are as immortal as the doer of them. When we die, we die as the flowers die that sow themselves again with the fruit they have been maturing.

"Faith without works is dead," James said. Jonathan Edwards compared the two to the light and heat of a candle. You cannot get the light without the heat, nor the heat without the light. Faith without works is impossible; so are works without faith.

Farrar reminds us how in many flowers when the blossom is perfectly formed, the withered sepals fall away. So it is with our good deeds. They are often wrapped up in much of ignorance or weakness or folly, but all these drop off when the good deed is brought to its perfect blossom.

Psalms one hundred and ten sings about the beauty of holiness. The Revised Version translates it, "the beauties of holiness," for there are many beauties. It is not enough to bear fruit. Our garden must be attractive as well as useful. The apples must be fair and rosy-cheeked, the oranges must be unmarred and golden, the grapes must wear their bloom.

Christ is the Vine, He is not the branches. The vine does not bear the fruit, only the branches bear it. Christ is not bearing fruit except as His disciples bear fruit. This is a solemn thought, and should fill us with a sense of our responsibility.

## A Ministry Without Words.

If the Christian service were all talking and praying in meetings and visiting the sick, it would be discouraging to some talentless people. But are our tongues the only faculties we can use for Christ? There are ways in which even silent people can do service for God and be a blessing in the world. A star does not talk, but its calm, steady beam shines down continually out of the sky, and is a benediction to many. A flower cannot sing bird songs, but its sweet beauty and gentle fragrance make a blessing wherever it is seen. Be like a star in your peaceful shining, and many will thank God for your life. Be like a flower in your pure beauty and in the influence of your unselfish spirit, and you may do more to bless the world than many who talk incessantly. The living sacrifice does not always mean active work. It may mean the patient endurance of a wrong, the quiet bearing of a pain, cheerful acquiescence in a disappointment.

"Noble deeds are held in honor;

But the wide world sadly needs

Hearts of patience to unravel

The worth of common deeds."

What is wanted in our time is not the dainty music of the lute and the fluttering of a silken curtain; it is the stirring drum-beat, the unfurling of the flag, the appeal to the heroic.

## Our Contributors.

### Surprises.

BY WOODMORE.

This life is full of surprises. It is the unexpected that happens. The unforeseen is evermore "bobbing up serenely" to disturb and disarrange the nicest calculations. "Man proposes: God disposes." Truth is stranger than fiction. Life works out more permutations and combinations than the mathematician knows anything about.

The Irishman said that he had made up his mind to go through life expecting the unexpected so as never to be taken by surprise. I expect that he would find life "too many" for him.

Too many would only come out as we plan. But there is the trouble. As Dr. Talmage used to say, "In the problems of life there is always some knotty fraction that will not work out."

We contrive to move very carefully over the board but our opponent has seen a weak point, overlooked by us, and lo! he has checkmated us. It was but a little slip we made but it has settled the case.

Upon little things depends a man's success, and little neglects and shortcomings spell failure. Hence the surprises we get when we review the careers of those we knew in College days. A—made a brilliant figure in all his classes yet, how strange! he has never come forward since. He did not please "that many headed monster thing"—the public, and must run his course "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife," in some back country hamlet. Little mannerism, it may be, ruined the effect of his clever sermons so that he found no favor in the eyes and ears of the congregational "powers that be." He was cold, unimpassioned or over vehement in manner, or had some other blemish of address that prejudiced him in the eyes of those upon whose good opinion his preferment to higher place rested.

B—was no student whatever. His name appeared at the tail of the lists when it did not fail to find a place in them, and everybody predicted failure for him. But they were false prophets, for he has a high and honored place in the Church. The power was in him all undisclosed. He was earnest, he was practical, he knew how to put things. His knowledge, though narrow in range, was at command always, and was always growing, as he toiled over books in the effort to "restore the years the locusts had eaten."

And yet, from the nature of the case, surprises are not normal, but irregular and extraordinary factors in experience. A surprise of a good sort is found in the excellent judgment as a general thing, displayed by congregations in selecting men. Men get what they deserve very largely. "Trifles make perfection yet perfection is no trifle," and it little foxes spoil the vine; so much the worse for the vines. Knowing the ordeal he had to face, the sacred orator should have prepared himself at all points. God does not need our ignorance, it is true. Yet we may have wide and accurate information and still fail to please and impress our hearers, for it is not altogether what we

say but how we say it. Many a good meal has been spoiled by bad cooking, causing the poor victim to mutter the old saying "God sent the meat and the devil the cook," and many a fine address has fallen dead because mangled in the utterance. We have all heard of the stammering minister who was taking tea with a parishoner, and who, observing that there was some obstruction in the spout of the tea pot, remarked "I notice that your tea pot does not pour well, madam." Her rather blunt reply was "No, minister, its like yourself; it is troubled with an ill d. livery." Yet, hesitation in speech once earned a young man a compliment he had no right to. The youthful preacher was holding forth in a Church, when the famous Dr. Thomas Chalmers walked in. The speaker was so dumfounded that he stood absolutely still for a time, recovered his composure. The only remark the magnanimous and somewhat absent-minded Chalmers made to the preacher was "That was a very effective pause you made just as I entered the church, 'Cultivate the pause, Sir! Cultivate the pause!'"

Perhaps, on some other occasion, I shall speak of the surprises we get in our dealings with that "Kittle creature, man."

### If We Knew.

H. ISABEL GRAHAM, IN FORWARD.

If we knew the heavy burden borne by pilgrims passing by,  
Would we lend a hand to help them, Christ's compassion in our eye?  
Would we pause amid our pleasure just to speak a kindly word,  
That would make the cross seem lighter to the soul with sorrow stirred?  
"Bear ye one another's burdens" would we hear those accents still  
Bend to soothe the weary traveller, and the royal law fulfil?

If we knew how fires of passion change the life and sear the soul  
How the flood gates break in pieces when the angry billows roll,  
Would we sail along serenely close beside the sheltring shore?  
Heeding not the wecks that signal ere they sink to rise no more;  
Would we scorn the one who stumbles, with the Pharisee's disdain  
Proudly draw our mantle closer lest our virtue catch the stain?

If we knew—we cannot fathom Life's strange pain and mystery  
Here we see but darkly, dimly, let us then walk reverently,  
With a smile of love and pity let us stretch a friendly hand  
Even though each others motives we may fail to understand;  
Mizpah be our watchword ever till all strife and discord cease  
Some day we shall meet with gladness when we reach His plains of peace.

### The Century Fund.

At its late meeting the General Assembly carefully sized up the situation of the Common Fund Department of the Century Fund. The payments had been very satisfactory. There was good reason to hope that \$25,000 more would be realized from subscriptions promised to be paid this fall. It appeared, how-

ever, that about \$45,000 would yet be required in order to make up the full \$600,000, together with expenses. The Committee has made no recommendation, but the Assembly took action and ordered the Committee to arrange for a further appeal to all members and adherents, with a view of securing the \$45,000 still required.

The Committee, acting on the Assembly's resolution, have prepared and issued a sufficient quantity of envelopes to reach every family and single person in the Church, and have requested congregational authorities to distribute these, and to appeal for such hearty and liberal response as shall assure the ingathering of amount mentioned. The second and third Sabbaths of October have been suggested for the returning of the envelopes, with the alternative of appointing two other Sabbaths in the Congregations where those suggested may not prove convenient.

The reasons which weighed with the Assembly were such as may well be expected to meet the approval of our Congregations and our people. We had begun the movement with the idea of raising \$600,000 for the Common Fund and \$400,000 for Debt Fund, but now it appears that we have \$900,000 for Debt whilst the Common Fund still lags. No one can fail to understand the importance of paying off so much Debt, and to rejoice that it has been done. But it seems that we should, for that very reason, consider ourselves the more bound to complete the Common Fund according to our original intention and pledge. We have proved that we can do much more than we hoped for at the outset and should never be content till that pledge has been fully implemented. It may surely be assumed that in all our Congregations, and amongst all our right thinking people, this view will be most heartily approved.

Further:—The circumstances of our church and country to day are such that, even if we had fully reached the amount originally proposed, it would be quite in place to make a further appeal. No one could have foreseen at Hamilton the immense strides made in our West Land during three years. No one can estimate to-day the additional requirements of our Mission Work there, during the coming three or five years. The same may be said about our Foreign Work. If we had known the need three years ago as we know it now, would we not have asked at least \$800,000 for Common Fund, and have given very much more largely to these great Missionary enterprises? The Methodist Church has seen the necessities of the case, and the General Conference appeals for at least \$300,000 more, to be given at once and to be wholly applied to their Mission work. Should not their action cause us to realize that not only should we provide the \$45,000 asked for by Assembly, but even make it \$100,000, on the understanding that the surplus shall be wholly applied to our Mission work? An average of one dollar from each family would make up more than a \$100,000 and surely our families, looking to the way in which God has blessed them during the last three years, might well make that average in response to the present appeal.

Some may be disposed to say; "see how much we have already done and do not ask us for more." Let us rather put it in this way; "God has greatly blessed

us during the three years in which we have been doing willingly for Him, and in recognition of His abundant blessing, we shall this year gladly bring the additional gift which His work requires and His church asks for. We may be sure that those who have given well will appreciate the position and give heartily again. It is known that many who could only give a dollar, or less, allowed our subscription books to pass them, but most of these will welcome an opportunity of quietly casting in their mits into the treasury, and that opportunity should now be given them in ever congregation. Again, many amongst us have been greatly prospered and enriched during the last three years. If these, whether they have already given or not, will only consider their obligations and responsibilities and deal with the Lord's work as the Lord has dealt with their work, there shall be many large and generous contributions in response to this appeal. Every where let opportunity be made, and invitations be given that such as these may take a worthy share in the Master's great and pressing work.

Further:—The example of the Churches in the mother land may guide us. None of them have come quite so near the mark yet as we have done, but all are pressing on to full completion of their undertaking during the present year. Though appeal has followed appeal, still the response has not failed and with British tenacity they have determined not to rest till they have reached the goal. We are well able to do likewise. Even within the last three years we are grandly successful in averting threatened large deficits for the ordinary schemes. We know how to make this present appeal successful. All along the line, let there be loyal response and in every congregation let the Assembly's action be heartily endorsed. Thus going together to the work with one accord and one mind, and especially with grateful remembrance of us, there cannot be the slightest doubt that before the year ends the full \$600,000 will be secured.

It will be noted that the Sabbaths suggested by the committee come in close connection with the annual Thanksgiving Day. This year more than in ordinary years, the note of Thanksgiving may sound strong and clear throughout our land, and every heart be filled with gratitude. At such a period, then, two things will easily suggest themselves as thoroughly in place. 1st, That we should supplicate a continuance of God's rich blessing upon our Church and Country. 2nd, That we should bring into His courts such an offering as this appeal proposes. Shall we not all unite in doing this?

R. CAMPBELL.

Although to-day God prunes my twigs with pain,  
Yet doth His blood nourish and warm my root;  
To-morrow I shall put forth buds again,  
And clothe myself with fruit.

Although to-day I walk in tedious ways,  
To-day His staff is turned into a rod,  
Yet will I wait for Him the appointed days  
And stay upon my God.

—Christina Rossetti.

Character abides. We bring nothing into this world; we can carry nothing out. We ourselves depart with all the accumulations of tendency and habit and quality which the years have given to us.—Bishop Edward G. Andrews.

### Notes by Nemo.

I give this week, as being quite sufficient to keep my readers awake for half an hour, the conclusion of "The Unspeakable Scot." The great Scottish bard prayed for the gift "to see ourselves as others see us." Had he known Mr. Crosland he would perhaps have withdrawn the prayer.

"The Scottish gentleman of the old school, as drawn by Dr. George Lockhart, is shown to be an utter delusion; and as for the new school which Mr. Crosland claims to have discovered, it consists, he avers, merely of one man, Dr Robertson Nicoll, who edits certain journals and 'lounges about literature in a paper called 'The Sketch' Between the new school and the old, in fact, there is hardly a penny to choose, so that it is high time the "superstition" were exploded. The chapter on predecessors is mainly valuable for the light it throws on Shakespeare's opinion of Scotsmen, while as for the "pow pow men"—which means presumably, the pow now men, or politicians—it has gained an additional point by the promotion of Mr. Balfour to the Premiership. "In the seats of the mighty," writes our author with fine appreciation, "in the seats of Benjamin Disraeli and William Ewart Gladstone, grins Balfour and dodders Campbell Bannerman." "The Scot in Journalism," the reader will already have guessed, contains some shrewd knocks at Dr Nicholl, while the chapters on the villages of Thrums and Drumtochty and that on Barbie consists mainly of verbatim quotations from Messrs. Barrie, Maclaren and Douglas. No better method of exposing the fatuity and brutality of these benighted Scottish writers could have been devised. Quotation uncovers their nakedness, and in a single judicious line near the end Mr. Crosland points their shame: "To put Thrums, Drumtochty, and Barbie into one vessel to mix them and make a blend of them, is probably to get at the truth about the Scot, and when one has done this, one can only apprehend that the average Scotchman is a compound of two things—to wit, the knave, and the fool." That knave and fool were fitly blended in Robert Burns no one can doubt after reading the essay on the Bard. This chapter, his masterpiece, Mr. Crosland must really print in the form of a tract and circulate among all the Burns Societies. If this be done, the 25th of January will at length be celebrated in Scotland as a solemn fast instead of a day of godless and unseemly revelry. The chapters on the Scot as critic as biographer, in letters, in commerce, and in his cups, lead you by easy and natural stages to the consideration of the Scot as criminal, although in all the aforementioned aspects he has already been proved criminal enough. The Scot by adoption is to be more pitied than blamed, for he is an Englishman who has the misfortune to marry "a daughter of Scotia, ruddy, chapped and sharp of tongue." "The Scot in England" ably manifests the former in his true light as a pauper alien, and gives logical significance to Mr. Crosland's tenth rule for the conversion of Scotsmen, which runs in very large capitals, "If, without serious inconvenience to yourself, you can manage to remain at home, please do."

To sum up, so earnest and downright a criticism of a mean, misguided and

loutish nation cannot fail, in the course of a few generations to produce tremendous results. Personally, I question whether Scotland will survive it." Here endeth the story of "The Unspeakable Scot" and after having thus relieved his mind, we suppose this curious author, will feel that he has done a patriotic duty.

### Charities Convention.

On Wednesday afternoon the 24th instant, the inaugural session of the fifth annual Conference of Charities and Correction was held in the Knox Church lecture room, Hamilton, with the President, Adam Brown, in the chair, the following gentlemen being on the platform: Mayor Hendrie, Canon Bland, Rev. Dr. Wilson, Hon. J. M. Gibson and J. J. Kelso, Vice-President, Toronto. There was a large attendance of delegates and others. In the evening Mr. W. B. Streeter, of the State Board of Charities, Indiana, spoke on the subject of "Child Saving." Prof. C. R. Henderson, who is head of the Department of Sociology in the University of Chicago, President of the National Prison Congress of the United States, and ex-President of the International Conference of Charities, was then introduced. His subject was "Charitable and Prison Reform Work of the Future." Mr. W. L. MacKenzie King, Deputy Minister of Labor, gave an excellent address on the subject, "Social Settlements," and the following gentlemen also delivered short addresses: Rev. Dr. McLeod, of Barrie, Canon Bland, Rev. D. Allis, of Leeds, England, and J. J. Kelso, of Toronto.

On Thursday morning a most interesting session was held. The first paper of the day was by Mrs. Urquhart, of this city, her subject being "The Work of Children's Aid Societies." Mr. J. J. Kelso followed, speaking on some of the points suggested by Mrs. Urquhart. Mrs. L. J. Jarvis, the next speaker, took for her subject, "The Progress of Children in Foster Homes." "Methods of Dealing with Wayward Youth," was the subject of the address of C. Ferrier, Superintendent of Victoria Industrial School, Mimico. Prof. C. R. Henderson gave a brief summing up. He advocated using patience with children, and the sale of certain institutions, from the proceeds of which farm-colonies for abnormal children should be built.

In the afternoon the delegates were taken for a drive, and at the evening session papers were read on "What Prison Reform Stands for," by Dr. A. H. Rosebrugh, Secretary Prisoners' Aid Association of Canada, Toronto, "Penitentiary Experiences," by Mr. Platt, Warden Provincial Penitentiary, Kingston; "Cure or Prevention," by Dr. Gilmour, Warden Central Prison, Toronto; "Boys' Clubs," by C. L. Atkinson; "Child Saving in Indiana," by W. B. Streeter, and "Insanity—its Causes and Cure," by Dr. Russell.

On Friday morning Dr. Edgar read a paper on "Limiting the Ravages of Tuberculosis," and Mrs. Robert Evans, of Hamilton, one on "My Brother's Keeper."

Religion soothes and comforts the poor and down-trodden. Irreligion and anarchy excite them and drive them to desperation and murder.—Rev. James T. Coffey.

A little girl, when asked why she prayed for "daily bread" every day, answered, "Because I like fresh bread."



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### A DIFFICULT LESSON.

One of the hardest lessons to learn is that of toleration. In many of the most advanced nations of the world the problems of civil and religious liberty has not been properly faced, not to say solved. The English speaking people have gone as far as any on this line and they have still some lessons to learn. In Canada we have to be on our guard against enkindling race prejudice and religious passion. In South Africa the real problem has still to be faced; two races with different languages, traditions and ideals have to learn to co-operate for the common good. France and England are both finding out afresh that the question of education is a burning question. When the Roman Catholics gained the upper hand in France they drove out the Protestants, and so sent much of the best blood of their country to enrich other nations; now whether secularism is triumphant some of the most zealous Roman Catholic teachers are being driven from the land. Here we have two extremes and begot the other. In England there is likely to be a fierce fight between the Established Church and Nonconformity. This battle has been going on for several centuries, and the one half of the nation has not yet learned to live with the other half. The friends of freedom in England have to fight to keep the privileges already gained. There are those who think they can go back and destroy the popular system of education. Never was there a time when more attention needed to be paid to education in England. It is important that all should stand together to make education more real, thorough and efficient, and yet the good work is hindered by sectarian strife. What is needed is surely more of the Christian spirit, more faith in truth and less worship of ecclesiastical form. In the beginning when the Church had no political help it conquered the world and made a place for itself and if men have the same faith and enthusiasm the same work can be done to-day. The great lesson of being true to one's own faith and yet tolerant

towards others is hard to learn; it demands the highest Christ virtue, the virtue of conviction combined with charity.

### DR. BARCLAY DECLINES.

The Rev. Dr. Barclay of Montreal has sent a letter to the Secretary of Queen's Trustee Board stating that after careful consideration of the situation he has come to the conclusion that it is his duty to decline the offer of the Principalship. The reasons for the step have been sent to the chancellor and will in due course be presented to the Trustees. In the meantime certain frivolous and irresponsible writers in various journals can supply comments which throw light simply upon the state of mind of the writers, a state of mind in some cases not at all to be envied. There are some people who cannot credit any man with the capability of taking a lofty unselfish view of any question, thereby as we have said, they reveal and judge themselves. The Rev. Dr. Barclay was called to face a crisis both in his own career and in the life of Queen's University, it was a solemn position and was we believe soberly faced. The conclusion he has reached is that it is better for himself, for St. Paul's congregation, and for the University, that he shall stay where he is, and complete his career and preacher and pastor of an influential congregation. Those who were most anxious to secure Dr. Barclay's services are those who will most gracefully concede that the final decision rested with him and that his convictions are to be respected. It was a great call, a noble opportunity, it called for heroic sacrifice, high faith and energetic action, the man to whom it was addressed did not feel that the vision and the call appealed to him with overwhelming force. That is all that can be said. Dr. Barclay has his own sphere of usefulness and Queen's we believe has a great future.

Rev. Dr. J. Monro Gibson of London, G. B., writing to the 'Presbyterian' of that city from Germany, makes the interesting statement that while the German Theological Colleges are dominated by the Ritschlian theology it does not fairly represent the teaching of the pulpits. In thirty or more sermons to which he had listened, he found "every one of them evangelical, and most of them warm, earnest, heart moving and spiritually helpful." The explanation of this condition of things given to him he thus describes:

"I was told by one of the pastors whom I interviewed on the subject that many even of those whose who, as students, had come powerfully under the influence of the Ritschlian teaching of the time, found that as pastors they could not use it, and were led by the exigencies of practical work back into the olden paths. Thus it comes to pass that before they are three years out of college they are preaching, not Ritschlian, but evangelical discourses."

When the human soul gets tired of Rationalistic theories and theological husks, it instinctively turns to the living gospel, "Jesus Christ and him crucified." Dr. Gibson also says that he found German Lutherans "more in sympathy with (English) Evangelicals and Non-conformists than with High Churchmen and Sacerdotalists."

### WAR ON THE IRISH ROMAN CATHOLIC CLERGY.

According to British papers something like an internecine war among Roman Catholics is going on in Great Britain more particularly in Ireland. Recently Rev. A. Galton, domestic chaplain to the Bishop of Ripon, published an article in the fortnightly Review which has created a sensation in Roman Catholic circles. The writer of the article was for ten years a member of the church of Rome, but abandoned that faith several years ago. Mr. Galton now declares that there is a spirit of great dissatisfaction on the part of many Roman Catholics in England with their ecclesiastical authorities and with the Papal Court. But it is in Ireland that the feud is greatest because more open to the public. Michael Davitt has got into a lively controversy with Bishop Clancy, and in a recent reply to that dignitary tells him that the Irish peasantry have done more for their faith than all the Catholic lords and Catholic bishops that ever figured in Irish history. And yet Mr. Davitt says he is "proud of being a Catholic." Evidently he is not very proud of some Catholic dignitaries.

But more significant than this is the vigor with which two prominent Catholic laymen—Messrs. Michael J. F. McCarthy and F. H. O'Donnell—are exposing and criticising what they regard as the indefensible policy and practices of the Catholic bishops and priests in Ireland, in some respects the most Catholic country in Europe. The former, Mr. McCarthy, has written a book entitled, "Priest and People in Ireland." In a review of this book published in the Witness of Belfast, I, some extracts are given, which, if written by a Protestant, or by a convert to Protestantism from Roman Catholicism, would hardly be credited by many Protestants, but more likely be viewed as anti-Romist prejudices run mad. Mr. McCarthy's denunciations and criticisms of the clergy in Ireland can hardly be said to be violent, but they are sufficiently vigorous and emphatic to attract attention outside as well as inside that country. We give the following extracts as samples of Mr. McCarthy's arraignment of the bishops and priests.

"Priestcraft is omnipresent, all-pervading, all-dominating. I am forced to the conclusion, then, that it is folly for us Roman Catholic Irishmen to deceive ourselves by attributing Catholic Ireland's degeneracy to causes which are but secondary, and are not found incompatible with progress and prosperity elsewhere. It is Sacerdotal interference and domination in Catholic Ireland, beginning in the infant school and ending with the legacy for masses after death, that will be found to be the true and universal cause of that universal degeneracy upon which we so commiserate ourselves.

"Our Roman Catholic priests, monks, and nuns now possess an effective organisation in Ireland which outnumbers the services of the imperial and local governments combined. They constitute an unmarried and anti-marriage league, apart from the people, and working for objects which do not tend to enhance the common weal."

"The priest's power lies in the direction of pampering the people with his religious anaesthetics, pandering to their idleness and degeneracy, and taking advantage of their



failings to extract money from them; in a word, his power lies in debasing their character; and that is why I protest against it."

"Our priests preach anything and everything rather than Christ Crucified; and while they are prepared to ascribe the most extraordinary powers to people like Anthony of Padua, Peter of Alcantara, Expedit, Blaise, Blessed Gerard of Clonard Gardens, Belast; and to themselves, and even to the Holy Souls, they deny, in practice, all efficacy and saving grace to the sacrifice of the Incarnate God the Son in whom they verbally profess to believe."

"Those practices constitute the heritage of the faith upon which our bishops and priests so flatter us. To my mind such devotions do not bear witness to faith in God, but rather to distrust of God. The Christians of the Reformed Churches believe that the death of Christ purchased salvation for all mankind who accept the gift. They prove their faith by accepting that assurance of salvation. Emboldened by that faith, and with minds at ease, they go forward to grapple courageously and triumphantly with the problems of life. That is faith. But we have no faith. Our piety is an elaborate series of subterfuges by which we attempt to escape the duty of good conduct in life, and ultimately hope to deceive the Divine Omniscience. That is self-deception, and it leads to failure and ruin."

Coming from a vigorous and gifted writer of the Roman Catholic faith—for Mr. McCarthy is a "B. H.," "T. C. D.," and "Barrister-at-law"—these extracts, and much more of the same that might be given, constitute a very striking indictment of the policy and practices of the Roman Catholic church in Ireland, and are pretty certain to attract widespread attention. What effect these criticisms will have upon the Irish peasantry remains to be seen.

#### Literary Notes.

In the table of contents of the September Contemporary Review are three on the South African question, namely, "Lessons of the South African War," "The Proposed Suspension of the Cape Constitution" and "What is to be the Language of South Africa?" Other articles are: "Paul Bourget, Preacher," "Dr. Fairbairn on the Philosophy of Christianity," "Fossil Plants and Evolution" and "Rural Housing: A Lesson from Ireland." Questions of the day are also discussed, as well is recent literature. Leonard Scott Publication Co., New York.

Harper's Magazine for October has more articles and fewer short stories than we have been accustomed to of late. "Amana, A Study of Religious Communism," "Knickerbocker Era of American Letters," "Plant Battles" "Newest Definitions of Electricity" and "Art Effort in British Cities" are among the articles, while in the way of fiction we have the following well known names: Beulah Marie Dix, Roy Rolfe Gilson, Richard le Gillienne, Mrs. Everard Cotes, and Margaret Horton Potter. Harper & Brothers, New York.

The opening article of The Studio is by Jan Veth on "Modern Dutch Art; the work of Jose Israels." The many illustrations make this an especially interesting article. A considerable portion of the number is taken up with a description of the English section of the International Exhibition of Modern Decorative Art at Turin, and the National Competition of Schools of Art, 1902, is also described at length with many

illustrations. "Illustrations of the May Press in America" will appeal to people on this side of the Atlantic. 44 Leicester Square, London, England.

The September Fortnightly Review deals with several interesting literary subjects under the headings, "A Pre-Shakespearean Richard II," "Hermann Sudermann's New Play," and "Shakespeare's 'Hamlet'". Other articles are "Mr. Rhodes, Lord Milner and the South African Land Question," "The Education Controversy," "Fiscal Problems of To-day," "Mount Pelee in its Might," and "Our D. fenceless Cables." "The Shifting Foundations of European Peace" is suggestive and full of interest. An article called "The Incompatibles: A Revolt from Rome by English Romanist Clergy" opens with the postulate. "It is obvious to every one who studies history, with an impartial mind, that the English People and the Roman Court are Incompatibles." Leonard Scott Publication Company, New York.

Select Poems of Coleridge and Wordsworth. Edited by F. H. Sykes, Ph. D., and Charles Clarkson, M. A., 12 mo. Cloth 50 cents, paper 30 cents.—Toronto, W. J. Gage & Co. The educational public has become so familiar with the quality of the books issued by W. J. Gage & Co., that this edition of University Matriculation literature for 1903, is sure of a hearty welcome. Prof. Sykes's biography of Coleridge is appreciative and informing. The biography of Wordsworth by Prof. Clark of Trinity University is finely sympathetic. The notes prepared by Prof. Sykes with additions by Mr. Clarkson, are admirable in every way, holding the golden mean between paucity and plethora. The opinions, criticism and class-exercises added by the assistant editor are a feature of decided value for aiding the student to gain a wider view of these poems. The Essay on "The Literary Mission of Wordsworth," from the pen of the late Principal Grant, alone is worth the price of the volume.

#### DR. J. WATSON'S FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY.

(From an article in the October issue of The Quarterly.)

I well remember the strange admixture of feelings with which on a beautiful day in September, 1872, I first put my foot on the platform of the outer station Kingston—then the only one—and was driven to the house of the late Professor Mackerras. Approaching the city from the east, I cannot say that I was greatly impressed by the character of the buildings, but as I came in sight of the Court House, with its bold and impressive lines, and its graceful Corinthian pillars, a wild hope sprung up in my mind that this might be the University building. Alas that dream was soon dissipated as there immediately rose into view the structure in which, as I was informed, the sons of Queen's were taught mathematics, literature, science, philosophy and theology. The work of the College was, as I found, carried on in what is now the Medical building, as yet only of two storeys with its little pepper-box on top intended as a belfry and its general air of disdaining the meretricious advantage of architectural ornament and concentrating itself severely on what Aristotle defines as the object of a house—"to afford shelter from the weather." The building, indeed as I afterwards learned had

been for the use of the School of Medicine established in 1854, the founders of which were careful and thrifty men who expressly stipulated that "no architectural ornament" should be employed in its construction—a command which by the too faithful builder was obeyed to the letter. My ideas of a University, on the other hand, had been determined partly by my familiarity with the venerable group of buildings in which the University of Glasgow had its earlier home and partly by the magnificent pile spread over the summit of Gilmour Hill which is its present abode. The former, grimy as they were with the incrustations of some three or four centuries had yet a massive and imposing appearance; while the latter, with its long and continuous front of about 540 feet, its arched and groined gateways, and its lofty tower, was a fit symbol of the wealth and intelligence of the manufacturing city upon which it looked down and of the fertile valley of the Clyde stretching as far as the eye could reach with my mind's eye filled with this vision of a stately university.

It was hardly surprising that, as I looked at the plain and ugly structure in which I was to begin my labors, I felt a curious sinking of the heart. Scottish youth were not, even thirty years ago, quite innocent of American slang, and I am afraid I whispered sadly to myself "One horse college, evidently." And when I began to ask about the number of students, it was not very reassuring to learn that I should have one class of four, another of five, and a third of fourteen; the only consoling thing being that the number of students was obviously on the increase, there actually being an addition of nine in one year. A total of 50 students in Arts and Theology did seem a beggarly array; but a young man of twenty-five has a fund of hope on which he can draw in an emergency, and very soon the sense of littleness began to pass away. If there were a few students and but seven Professors, I soon discovered that the work done was of a solid and substantial kind, and that the graduates who left the University had no reason to regret the hours they spent within its walls in fitting themselves for their life-work. The country was young, the University after many struggles, seemed to have at length secured a firm footing, and the students had boundless faith in their Alma Mater. It would indeed have been hard to despair. The whole atmosphere of Queen's seemed to radiate with hope and enthusiasm, burning steadily in Principal Snodgrass, and leaping into flame in Professor Mackerras, and forming a sort of unconscious medium in my remaining colleagues. Once entered upon my work, I was attracted by the freshness and latent talent of the students, as well as amused occasionally by their somewhat unconventional behavior in the classroom. For thirty years fresh recruits have passed before me on their way to active life, but I have found no change in their character, except perhaps an intensified seriousness and enthusiasm for ideas in some and a more eager effort in others to acquire the graces of society, due, no doubt largely, to the presence of so many lady students as fellow-workers in the pursuit of truth—and a degree.

## The Inglenook.

### NAN'S STORY OF A HOME MISSION BOX.

I wonder if it's wicked for people who decide to be home missionaries to choose places that are comfortable and pleasant. I wonder if home missionaries always live in climates where it is as cold as Greenland in winter, and hot enough to melt you in summer;—if they always had a hard time to get shoes, and clothes, and fuel and food. Because that is the kind of home missionary father is, and he is undoubtedly the best man in the world. Even if he did choose this "field," as he calls it, and even if mother was willing for him to live here, and work and sacrifice with him, it always has seemed to Jack and me a little unfair that we children had to put up with things, when we were not consulted about coming—in fact, we got our first glimpse of the world through the little square window under the eaves in mother's room.

I think we were never meant for missionaries, anyway. We have real wicked thoughts sometimes, and the worst of it is they don't stop with being thoughts, for we talk about them to each other when we are alone—all about how unfair it is for some people, who really don't amount to much, to live in castles and mansions, and go to Europe, and wear silks and velvets and broadcloths (Jack always mentions the broadcloth; I think the silk is more interesting), and have brand new skates that haven't been out grown by somebody else, and sleds that other children haven't broken to smash; while we can't have—or do—or be—or go. Jack's cheeks got red as fire, and his eyes flash, as he makes the chips fly out of the knotty wood Mr. Jenkins always sends on his subscription.

We nearly always have our talks at the woodpile, for Jack is busy there a good deal, and it's far enough from the house so nobody can hear us. It's no fun to grumble before the rest, for father looks solemn, mother grieved and Marion shocked. Marion is like mother—meek as a lamb, and good as gold. It was all right for her to be born here, for she likes to be uncomfortable and make sacrifices, but Jack and I don't. We want to have a warm house and wood enough so we needn't economize—ugh! how I hate that word—and jolly books to read and a general good time. So Marion sits with mother and helps to plan and contrive, and nurse sick people, and give away what little we've got to poor people, while Jack splits wood and I sit on a log and knit, which I hate to do nearly as bad as I hate to be economical. Now you see just how wicked we are. I haven't kept back a thing. I's not that we don't want to be good and useful, but we think that the people who have plenty of money ought to spare a little more instead of making us who have so little divide and divide till there isn't enough to go around.

You see the Board pays father a little, and the church pays him a little, and we get a box almost every fall from some Eastern church. But if the Board gets hard up it thinks "Mr. Thornton's church will supply his needs," and if the church gets hard up—it always does—it thinks, "The Board will take care of Brother Thornton till times are easier with us," so between the two we have

a pretty sorry time of it. As for the boxes—well, it was about one of them I started to tell—if I ever get to it. I will say they are not all like it. Some have been lovely, with warm clothing and bedding, and even money. Others are not so good, and this last one—I'll let it speak for itself.

We knew it was coming, and we had counted on it a lot, for the church salary was away behind, and the Board money, too, and winter was coming, and Deacon Jenkin's knotty wood was almost gone. We had built fine air-castles, Jack and I, and talked about a story we had read of a missionary box where ten dollar bills were rolled up and put in every finger of a nice pair of gloves, and we planned what could be bought if our box was like that one. It was fortunate that we could enjoy the air-castles before-hand.

One morning we sat down to breakfast, and there wasn't a thing on the table but mush and sorghum molasses. Now if there is anything I do hate, it's mush, and that's another sign that I'm not good enough for a home missionary, for mush is about the cheapest thing you can eat. I couldn't help pouting a little, for I'd been out an hour helping Jack drive Mr. Gillespie's stray cow home, and I was hungry. Mother tried to smile at me, but her eyes looked so sorry I just couldn't stand it, and I burst out. "I think it's mean! Mr. Gillespie had ham and biscuit for breakfast, and coffee with cream in it, and he and his crosspatch wife aren't half as good as father and mother, and they only have this horrid stuff!" I pushed back my bowl and choked back my tears. Mother didn't scold—just said as cheerfully as she could, with a lump in her own throat, "Never mind, Nannie dear, maybe the box will come to-day, and bring such treasure that we can afford a royal Thanksgiving dinner."

"But if it doesn't daughter," put in father, "remember that we have as many blessings as for our good—far more than we deserve."

Privately I didn't agree with him, for if it's a question of deserts, it ought to have been father and mother who had the ham and coffee, and Mr. Gillespie the mush. I didn't say any more, though, and Marion began talking briskly about something else; but Jack gave my hand a sympathetic squeeze under the table that helped to make the mush go down.

That was Tuesday of Thanksgiving week, and father had to go away off across the prairie to visit some sick people, and he wanted mother and Marion to go along. Mother's as good as a doctor any day, and Marion's a born nurse. That left Jack and me alone for the day, but we didn't mind that in the least. We watched the creaking old buggy up the road, and wished it had two seats, so the dear occupants wouldn't be so crowded, then turned indoors to do up the morning work. Just as we were finishing up, somebody shouted at the gate, and there stood Mr. Brown's wagon with the box! Oh, joy!—wouldn't Jack and I have fun investigating? Mr. Brown and Jack got it in the house, then Mr. Brown drove away, while my brother went for the hatchet and I executed a pigeon wing on the lid.

"Get off, Nan. Jolly! it's a big one,"

said Jack reappearing. Before we got it open we decided it must be extremely valuable, it was so well nailed up. Jack pinched his finger black and blue and I ran a long splinter into mine before we finally beheld the paper which hid from our sight the interesting contents. Then we began to unpack, and in half an hour our little sitting-room looked like a second-hand clothing store.

There was a black silk dress with holes through the elbows and under the arms, the lace trimming torn to fragments. It was frayed around the bottom and soiled around the top. An overcoat was shinier than the one father was wearing (which is saying a good deal), and moth-eaten into the bargain. Some table linen, sadly in need of mending, and two new towels. A pair of fancy slippers and several pairs of hose which had never made the acquaintance of a darning-needle.

It is not necessary to go on, it is enough to say that not one thing in the whole box except the towels, which I believe got in by mistake, was ready for use till it had been mended, cleaned, pressed, dyed or made over, and some things had no possibilities even for us except as carpet rags or bandages for cuts. Jack and I were alone, so we could be just as mad as we wanted to. We laid those old things down on the floor and walked on them; we rolled them up and played football with them, we tossed them under the couch, then dragged them out again to dance rigs on them—that was after we had examined every pocket (there were no gloves) for the ten-dollar bills. We acted dreadfully—I own it—and right in the midst of the fray somebody rapped.

We were fairly caught; there wasn't time to put things out of sight, so I opened the door with my heart in my mouth. There stood Mrs. Edmunds, the dearest woman in the whole country, with a comfortable-looking basket on her arm. She lives fifteen miles across the prairie, so we don't see her very often, but we all love her. "How do you do, Nannie? and you, Jack? Bless us how you have grown! Where's mother? Not gone—now isn't that too bad when I get to see her so seldom?" By that time she was inside, and the door was shut. "What in this world? My dears, have you gone insane?" she asked as she "viewed the landscape o'er."

"No'm," I answered meekly. "We've had a box."

"It looks more as if you'd had a cyclone. Nannie, child, what does this mean?" And I just told her. I hadn't said a dozen words till I was crying with my head in her lap, and Jack was looking out of the window saying "Ahem!" very hard. When I felt her kind hands smoothing my hair, I poured out the whole torrent of sorrow. The unpaid salary, the empty woodshed, the mush for breakfast, and that dreadful box. She didn't speak till I had finished, then she gathered me up in her arms and kissed me, and held out a hand to Jack who came and sat down beside her trying not to show that his eyes were red. "You dear children—you poor little things!" she said. "I don't blame you one bit. It isn't right for such people as your blessed father and mother to be subjected to such humiliations as this," and she spurned the black silk waist with her foot. "If some of the church pillars don't get a piece of my mind before this day's over it will be because I haven't the ability to give it to them. The idea! Nan, can you keep your mother from finding out about the box tonight?"

"We can if she don't ask us about it,"

we promised.

"Well, don't let her see hide or hair of these things this day. She'll be weary enough when she gets home, without this worry, and I think she'll feel better tomorrow. Carry it all out to the woodshed; they probably won't be home till dusk. I am going now. I have some errands to do, but if I decide to stay in town over night, I'll come in this evening and see your mother. Here is a little jar of butter, and a couple of pounds of honey, and some of my fresh lard and sausage. I want you all to taste them. We think the sausage unusually good this year. Keep up good heart, my dears. God has not forgotten you, even if some of his children seem to have done so."

I felt very meek and subdued as I folded the despised things, and Jack's attempt to whistle died in two minutes. I knew mother would think we had done wrong, first, about the things themselves, and secondly (as father says in his sermons), in complaining to Mrs. Edmunds. Mother never tells anybody about our trials. "They all have enough of their own, dears," she says. "Let us try to scatter sunshine instead of shadows," which is all very easy for mother, but awfully hard for me. If we were objects of charity, it might be different, though even then I don't see much benevolence in high-heeled slippers burst out at the side. But we are self respecting people, able and willing to earn our living, and mercy knows we earn it, too, whether we get it or not.

We had a dismal afternoon after all, and were glad when it was time to begin supper. I made some hot corn pone to go with the goodies Mrs. Edmunds had brought, and set the table as carefully as if for a feast. My conscience felt very uncomfortable, and I suppose I thought by taking extra pains with everything, I could make amends for my naughtiness.

They came just at twilight, and ate enough to satisfy even the cook, after their long ride in the nipping wind. Jack and I avoided looking at each other, for we felt as if the word "box" was written in our eyes. But nobody suspected anything, and no troublesome questions were asked, and after a while the guilty feeling began to wear off.

At seven o'clock we were all gathered around our "economical" fire when another rap came—not gentle like Mrs. Edmunds' but a great thundering knock that shook the door. When father opened it Mr. Jenkins stepped in, and Mr. Gillespie and some more of the church men. Father looked worried, and mother turned pale. Was some new trouble coming? It didn't take long to find out, for Mr. Gillespie always goes straight to the point. "Parson," he said "we haven't done you fair, and we've come to say we're sorry. We aren't none of us what could be called rich, but we've concluded that we're not poor enough to let our good pastor and his family wear rich folks' cast off's that they couldn't give to their servants. No sirree! And we've also decided that it ought to be just as easy to pay our debts when they come due as later and we brought along the little matter of salary that's owing, and here's a few provisions that you may be able to use, not on subscription, but just as a little present from them you've stood by through thick and thin.

"May the Lord bless you and yours, parson, and forgive us poor, inconsiderate beins' who have been so busy filling our own store-houses and barns that we didn't even take time to be honest." Mr. Gillespie blew his nose loud and shook hands so

hard that I forgave him for his good breakfast on the spot. The rest of the men crowded around father, and as he only had two hands to shake they caught hold of his shoulders or patted his back, and mother stood with her head held up like a queen, and her dear face beaming to see father being appreciated.

They only stayed a few minutes, but they left the kitchen nearly full of things they brought—potatoes, turnips, apples, pork, beans, flour and roast—but, best of all, in father's hand a big envelope holding his quarter's salary.

Before we had time to explain about the box, Mrs. Edmunds came with some of the other ladies, and they brought jellies and preserves, and they said things to mother that made us children's cheeks glow, while father took his turn at standing with his chin in the air and looking proud.

Even Jack and I can't afford to hold enmity against that box, for we never had one that did us as much good, not counting the rag rug that we made to lay in front of mother's bed.

Mrs. Edmunds had spent the whole afternoon going about among our church people telling them "the straight truth," as she said, and they certainly did respond well. But Mrs. Edmunds wouldn't have known about things if it hadn't been for that box, and if she hadn't found out, I don't suppose our salary would have been paid up yet. But now Mr. Gillespie has promised father that it'll never fall behind again while he is church treasurer, and as for Mr. Jenkins, he sent us a big load of wood the very next day without a knot in it.

It was after we got up from the table Thanksgiving day, and mother and Marion were fixing some turkey and jelly to send out to some sick folks, that Jack said to me solemnly, "Nan, we might as well own that Mrs. Edmunds was right. I thought that God had forgotten us, or else didn't care about us, but I guess he hasn't."

The fire crackled and snapped as if "economy" had never been heard of, and father stood with his back to it, humming, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow." I looked at mother's happy face, and Marion's serene smile, and I said, "Yes, Jack, Mrs. Edmunds was right, and God is good to us, and I'm just as thankful to him as I can be, and I'm willing to own that the box did a great deal of good, but Jack, I don't think the people that sent it deserve one bit of the credit."—Christian Observer.

#### When Baby Came.

BY MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

When baby came, she brought with her  
A lot of treight the angels carried;  
New joys within our breasts to stir,  
New blessedness that long has tarried;  
Her father felt his arm grow strong,  
Another life on his depending;  
Her mother's heart was full of song,  
From dawn until the daylight's ending.

When baby came, the purse was lean,  
And small the home, the roof but lowly,  
But wealth was brought by hands unseen,  
And all the place grew bright and holy;  
A wealth of love, of truth, of hope,  
Those tiny fingers clasped, possessing  
A secret, heaven had deigned to open  
And pour on us in rains of blessing.

When baby came, we proudly walked,  
Our house was fairer than a palace,  
And inly as we thought and talked,  
We sipped life's cup, a honored chalice.  
We had no fears, we had no grief.  
The millionaire was poor beside us,  
So glad were we, beyond belief,  
At this great gift that did betide us.

#### BABY'S FIRST TOOTH.

##### A Family Event That Does Not Always Bring Unmixed Joy.

Baby's first tooth does not come announced. Inflamed gums and impaired digestion produce a feverish and fretful condition about which the mother often feels concern. The baby boy of Mrs. George McGregor, of Hamilton, Ont., was troubled with diarrhoea while teething and was cross and restless. He did not sleep well and matters became serious. The mother writes as follows: "My sister had used Baby's Own Tablets for her baby and advised me to try them. I got a box and after giving the Tablets to the baby a few times he began to improve and was soon well. He is now a big, healthy baby and whenever he gets fretful or does not feel well I give him a Tablet and he is soon all right again."

Baby's Own Tablets replace with great advantage castor oil and other nauseous, griping drugs. They sweeten the stomach, quiet the nerves and promote healthful sleep. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate and to be absolutely harmless. If your druggist does not keep them you can obtain a full-size box by mail, post paid, by sending 25 cents to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y.

#### Hints to Girls.

The next time you have a bouquet of flowers to keep, add a very little camphor to the water in the vase, and see how much longer its freshness will be retained.

Do you know that a few drops of good perfume extract on a bit of pumice-stone, the bits slipped in bureau drawers or among gowns in a wardrobe, will perfume belongings delightfully?

For the young woman who sings and who occasionally finds herself hoarse at a critical moment the remedy used by a famous prima donna is suggested—the white of an egg beaten to a stiff froth. This is much better than the oft-prescribed lemon juice, whose effect is but temporary.

Here is a sandwich filling that may prove available with a cup of hot chocolate at a divan gossip. Use one part chopped almonds and two parts shredded or grated celery, with a little salt. The mixture is moistened with mayonnaise and spread between thin round slices of sandwich bread or oblongs of brown bread from which the crust has been cut.

A fairly sizable piece of black velvet, perhaps a quarter of a yard, makes the most satisfactory brush for silk that can be had. It removes the dust perfectly, and yet does not injure the fabric.

Four rather small fern-dishes filled with growing-ferns sometimes occupy the central square of a dinner or luncheon table, in which case the actual centre is prettiest filled with a few flowers arranged in a rather tall vase.—Harper's Bazar.

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptation—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.





## Ministers and Churches.

### Toronto Notes.

A farewell service to Rev. W. R. and Mrs. McKay, who are about to leave for Macao, South China, where they will engage in missionary work, was held on Monday evening of last week in Cooke's church, Toronto. Among those present were about 75 Chinamen, who came to show their good-will towards the work upon which Mr. and Mrs. McKay are about to enter. They presented Mrs. McKay with a Book of Praise, and Mr. Mackay with an expressive address. Mr. Hong Woo officiated. The chair was occupied by Rev. A. B. Winchester of Knox church, and addresses were delivered by Revs. Dr. Milligan, Dr. Dickson of Galt, Dr. Parsons and Alex. Esler, pastor of Cooke's church. Mr. and Mrs. McKay will be the first missionaries of the Presbyterian Church in Canada to go to Macao, a part of China whence come many of the Chinamen now residing in Toronto. A large part of their expenses have already been contributed by the Presbyterian Chinamen of Canada.

The Rev. W. H. Walker of Lynn, Mass., is giving a series of lectures in Cooke's church, on "The Gospel According to Moses, or the Tabernacle as a Testimony to Christ and Christian Truth."

Rev. Prof. McFadyen delivered the opening lecture in Convocation Hall, Knox College, on Wednesday of this week.

At the residence of the bride's father 667 Dovercourt-road, the marriage was celebrated, on Wednesday afternoon, of Miss Mary Craig Kerr, only daughter of Mr. M. Kerr, to Rev. Henry J. Pritchard, B.A., pastor of the Alexandra Presbyterian Church, Bradford.

The General Assembly's Committee on Young People's Societies met in Knox church on Wednesday. Rev. Dr. McTavish of Deseronto, presided. There was a good attendance, and several important steps were taken in the interest of young people. An excellent series of literary studies was prepared, and also a course on the life and work of the Apostle Paul. A new manual for members of societies will soon be published. Steps were taken to organize societies where none exists now, and to form Presbyterial Unions. A committee was appointed to consider the advisability of holding a summer school.

On Friday night of last week a special meeting of Bonar congregation was held in the church to commemorate the 25th anniversary of the pastor's ordination, when Mr. and Mrs. McGillivray were presented with an engraved address and a sterling silver tea service. Rev. Alex. Gilray and Rev. E. R. Fiske were present to represent the Toronto Presbytery. They made congratulatory speeches and presented an address on behalf of the Presbytery, to which Rev. Mr. McGillivray responded feelingly.

Rev. Alexander McGillivray of Bonar church, on Sunday celebrated the "silver jubilee" of his ordination, which occurred at Williamsburg, 25 years ago. In the evening Mr. McGillivray took his text from 2 Thessalonians 3: 1: "Finally, brethren, pray for us," the words from which he had preached his ordination sermon; and 2 Corinthians: v. 20. In commencing his ministry it had been with certain ideals and conceptions of his duty. "I have many things to be thankful for to-night," he said, "among them, that I still remain true to the ideals of my youth, still retain the same high confidence in my kind, still find the same pleasure in the service, and there is nothing I can imagine that the future has in store for me that delights me so much as the thought that I can go on for a little while longer to try and fulfil in some measure the God given task I had before me when I took up the work." Rev. Mr. McGillivray has been pastor of Bonar church for nearly 12 years. Prior to that time he spent three years in Brockville. When he took charge Bonar had a membership of 50; now it has 300. The Sunday School was commenced with 76 scholars and teachers; it has now a roll of 573. A year ago extensive improvements and additions, costing \$8,300, were undertaken by the congregation. On Sunday the last remaining \$275 necessary to complete the payment therefor was collected in the offering.

### Montreal.

The next regular meeting of the Presbytery of Montreal is to be in Knox church on Dec. 9th at 9.30 a. m.

The Opening Lecture for the next session of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, will be delivered in the Convocation Hall, (D.V.) on Wednesday evening, Oct. 1st, at 8 o'clock, by the Rev. Professor Scrimger, D.D., on the subject "The Incarnation in Relation to Modern Thought."

### Ottawa.

At the last communion service in Erskine church there were twenty new members received, ten by certificate and ten on profession of faith, eight of whom were men.

### Northern Ontario.

The manse at Penetanguishene is nearly completed, and the church work in all departments is in good shape.

The North Bay Presbytery met in Parry Sound on Tuesday, Sept. 30. The Young People's Convention was held at St. Andrew's church in Parry Sound, on Wednesday.

### Winnipeg.

The Chinamen of Winnipeg gave a touching expression of their esteem for Rev. Joseph Hogg last week. They sent a delegation to St. Andrew's manse, which, with Lee You as spokesman, presented Mr. Hogg with a beautiful clock and a well-filled purse. He was greatly touched, and while thanking them for their gift, assured them of his continued interest in their welfare.

### Barrie Presbytery.

Barrie Presbytery meets at Stayner on Oct. 6th at 2 o'clock p. m. for special business and at Barrie for regular business on Dec. 9th at 10 a. m.

Barrie Presbytery met in Allandale Sept. 23rd. Mr. Cameron was appointed moderator of Edenville, Minesing and Lyndhurst. Mr. Paton was appointed to Angus and New Lowell as ordained missionary for one year. Augmentation and Home Mission grants were passed. "Aids to Family Worship" was approved. Mr. Dow of Gravenhurst, was elected moderator for the next six months. Mr. Rollins was elected permanent Clerk. Rev. Hugh Brown was received from the Presbytery of Lindsay and his name added to the appendix to the Roll. Mr. R. M. Hannah was examined and certified to the Senate of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, as a first year student in Arts. The report on Tourist Supply was most encouraging. Stayner has extended a call to Mr. Ellison. The call will come up on the 6th Oct.

### Eastern Ontario.

The Morewood Congregation and their pastor, Rev. J. M. Kellock are greatly encouraged at the success of their harvest home. Dinner held on the 19th instant from which \$130 were realized.

Rev. Orr Bennett, of St. Andrew's church Almonte presided at a meeting of the Middleville on Monday to moderate in a call to a minister. Rev. Bryce Innis, of Bobcaygeon, was the unanimous choice.

Mr. F. A. Robinson, in charge of Old St. Andrew's Lanark, left for Kingston on Saturday. Last Sabbath he preached a farewell sermon to a very large congregation.

Rev. J. A. Claxton left for the North West last week to begin work at Wetaskawin near Edmonton. Only good wishes follow Mr. and Mrs. Claxton, and all who were privileged to know them will miss them much for many days.

There will be a pro-nata meeting of the Brockville Presbytery held at Cardinal on Tuesday the 14th October at 3:45 p. m., to dispose of a call addressed to Rev. Jno. A. Macfarland of S. Mountain from the congregation of Warkworth in the Presbytery of Peterborough.

The Rev. Dr. Jordan of Queens, preached the sermons at Coldsprings (near Coburg), pastor Rev. R. F. Hunter B. D., on the occasion of the re-opening of the church September 21st. There was a large attendance and very successful services.

Rev. S. S. Burns of Sterling has been appointed interim moderator of the services of St. Paul's, etc., Madoc, in place of Rev. E. W. Mackay of Madoc, who leaves shortly for Scotland. As a temporary grant from the Augmentation Fund is being applied for the congregations were not in a position to present a call at the September meeting of Kingston Presbytery.

At a farewell gathering given by the congregations of St. Peter's church, Madoc to Rev. E. W. and Mrs. Mackay last Thursday evening, Mr. A. F. Wood on behalf of the congregation presented an address and a handsome pocket book containing the substantial sum of \$154.00. Mr. and Mrs. Mackay sail from Montreal by the "Lake Simcoe" on October 2nd and will spend most of the time in Glasgow. During Mr. Mackay's absence probably for eight months' Rev. Donald McKenzie of Toronto will have charge of the work in Madoc.

The anniversary services of Calvin Church, Bathurst, was held on Sunday last and the congregation filled the church to the doors. Rev. Prof. Ross, D. D., of Montreal preached practicable sermons at both services. On Monday evening Rev. Prof. Ross gave a very interesting lecture on "The Unspeakable Scot." The speaker in introducing his subject said that the object of his lecture was to offset the severity in which the book "The Unspeakable Scot" depicts the Scottish character. Before closing Prof. Ross spoke of his former pastorate in Knox Church.

### Western Ontario.

Rev. J. S. Davidson, of Blantyre, has been visiting friends at Warton.

Knox church, Harriston, is advertising for a caretaker.

Rev. T. D. McCullough, of Harriston, has been preaching anniversary sermons at Midway.

Rev. Mr. Shaw, of Egmondville, preached in the Brucefield church on Sabbath of last week.

Next meeting of Bruce Presbytery has been appointed for the first Tuesday of December, at Paisley.

Last Sunday was Children's Day at the Seaforth church. Rev. F. H. Larkin preached a special sermon for the children at the morning service.

Rev. Mr. Paton, Midhurst, is severing his connection with the congregations over which he was placed six years ago.

Rev. W. F. Clark, a retired Congregational minister, died suddenly last week in Guelph. He was a well-known writer on agriculture and bee-keeping.

Rev. S. T. Hall, of Thornton, occupied the pulpit of Knox Church, Acton, on Sunday. Rev. H. A. Macpherson was at Thornton preaching Harvest Home sermons.

Bruce Presbytery, in response to a request from the Board of Management of Knox Church named Rev. Donald Mackenzie, late of Orangeville, and Rev. Prof. Beattie, D.D., of Louisville, Ky., as suitable for the professional position vacant by the death of Rev. Halliday Douglas.

The Presbytery of Bruce has sustained the call from Hanover to Rev. A. L. Budge, of Mandaamin; and provisional arrangements were made for his induction on 8th October; Mr. Patterson to preach, Mr. McLean to address the minister, and Mr. Leslie the people.

The report of the committee appointed by Bruce Presbytery to examine the draft copy of "Aids to Family Worship" recommended its adoption as a suitable manual for the purpose for which it is intended; and, after considerable discussion it was agreed to adopt the report.

A meeting of the congregation of Knox church Hamilton, has been called for the evening of Oct. 1st, for the purpose of extending a call to a pastor. There are at least four names to come up, among them being Rev. Mr. Hendry, of Brandon, Man.; Rev. Mr. Allison, Southampton; Rev. Mr. Glassford, Guelph; and Rev. Mr. Clark, Brampton.

Rev. John Kay of Norwich, a former pastor of Burns church Avonton, is at present renewing acquaintances in the village. Rev. Murdoch of Goderich occupied the pulpit of Burns church on the 21st, and preached with great acceptance.

A special meeting of Stratford Presbytery was held at Lucan on Tuesday the 23rd, when Rev. Alex. Wilson of Wardsville and Newbury was inducted into the pastoral charge of Lucan and Fraser churches. Rev. E. W. Pantton, Stratford, presided, Rev. Mr. Stewart of Motherwell preached, Rev. Dr. Hamilton addressed the minister and Rev. M. L. Leitch the people. In the evening a reception was tendered the newly inducted pastor at Lucan town hall, at which there was a large attendance, and Mr. Wilson received many expressions of the hearty good will of the people.



The Commission of Presbytery appointed to re-arrange the Bothwell &c. vacant charge, met on Sept. 15th as arranged and agreed to drop Grove Mills from the mission station of Florence and Grove Mills and to re-locate Florence to Bothwell and Sutherland Corners.

Owing to the illness of a member of his family Rev. J. S. Conning, of Walkerton, has asked leave of absence from 1st of October till end of December, for the purpose of trying a milder climate. Leave was granted by the Presbytery; and it is probable the Rev. gentleman and family may go to North Carolina or Florida. Knox congregation feel keenly the approaching departure of their beloved pastor; and liberal provision is being made for pulpit supply during the ensuing three months.

The Presbytery of Maitland met in Brussels on the 16th inst., and was constituted by Rev. S. M. Whaley, moderator pro tem. A committee with Presbyterial power was appointed to meet in St. Helens on the 18th inst., for the formal reception of Rev. C. Rutherford, whose appointment as ordained missionary at Dungannon was confirmed. Walton congregation made application for a grant from the Augmentation Fund, and, on motion, it was agreed to ask the commissioners for a grant at the rate of \$100 a year. All the standing committees were re-elected excepting the committee on the Young People's Society, Rev. J. J. Hastie being appointed convener, vice F. J. Maxwell resigned. Mr. McCrae and Mr. McNabb were elected auditors, and Messrs. Dunn and Maxwell representatives on the Young People's Presbyterial executive. Rev. John Ross, of Brussels, was granted four months' leave of absence on account of ill health. Reference was made to the death of Rev. Mr. Hartley, late of Bluevale, and Revs. McLennan and McKay were requested to prepare a suitable minute thereon. Mr. McLeod, who is at present supplying in Brussels, was certified to Knox college. Presbytery adjourned to meet in Wingham on the third Tuesday in December at 10 a. m.

Chatham Presbytery met in St. Andrew's church, Chatham, on the 9th inst. Mr. McGregor was elected Moderator for the ensuing six months. Mr. Tolmie reported that Blytheswood &c., would require only \$50 from the Augmentation Fund this year, and that after that it would be self-sustaining. A commission was appointed to visit Bothwell, Sutherland's Corners, Florence and Grove Mills, with Presbyterial powers to re-arrange the whole field as seemed best; said visit to be made on the 15th. Mr. Millar requested to be relieved from his engagement as ordained missionary at Morpeth. It was agreed that the request be left to be dealt with by the Assembly's Home Mission Committee and that if they grant the request that another ordained missionary be appointed to the field. The following Conveners of Standing Committees were appointed: Statistics, the Clerk; Home Missions, Dr. Battsby; Ch. L. and W., Dr. Jamieson; Sabbath Schools, Mr. McGregor; Young People's Societies, Mr. Radford; Foreign Missions, Dr. Johnston; Aged and Infirm Minister's Fund, Mr. McInnes. The Moderator was appointed to represent Presbytery at the meeting of the Presbyterial branch of the W. F. M. S. Mr. Knowles was appointed to represent Presbytery at the coming celebration of the semi-jubilee of the pastorate of the Rev. Dr. Battsby of St. Andrew's church, Chatham. The students, resident within the bounds, having presented satisfactory exercises, it was agreed that they be certified to their Colleges. Messrs. McInnes and Munro were appointed a committee to examine remits and to report.

#### Northern.

The choir of St. Paul's church, Warton, rendered highly appreciated music at the anniversary of Hepworth church on the evening of the 22nd ult.

Mr. M. Campbell, student in charge of Adamsville, Mar and Red Bay for the summer, preached his farewell sermon on Sabbath last. Mr. Campbell is much beloved and has done excellent work on that field. His departure is much regretted.

On the return of Rev. G. McKay of Caledon from his recent trip to Scotland his people tendered him a very hearty reception presenting him with an appropriate address and a well filled purse. A few evenings later Rev. Findlay Matheson who very acceptably supplied Rev. Mr. McKay's pulpit in his absence, was taken by surprise and presented with a beautiful Morris

chair accompanied by an address which expressed the congregations' appreciation of his services.

Rev. A. E. Dalton, who has resigned the pastorate of Lion's Head, etc., delivered his farewell to his people on Sabbath last. Two new elders have been elected in the Lion's Head congregation in the persons of John J. Greig and John J. Brown.

Communion service was held in Chalmer's church, Flesherton, on the 14th ult., at which there was a large attendance and the congregation listened with rapt attention to an inspiring and uplifting Gospel message from Evangelist Rodge, who also preached at the preparatory service on Friday.

At the recent meeting of Orangeville Presbytery a re-arrangement of part of the field was again before the court and a committee was appointed to visit the effected congregations. The proposition now is to disjoin Alton from Charleston, make the former self-sustaining and join the latter to Caledon under a new pastorate. The Maples would then be closed, Waldeman and Bate's Corners would become a mission station and Price's Corners would remain with Hillsburg.

On Friday evening last Rev. L. W. Thom concluded four weeks of special services at Eugenia, in which he had been ably assisted by Mr. T. A. Rodger, of Hamilton. Though in the midst of harvest, the meetings were well attended and the people manifested a deep interest in the faithful, earnest preaching of Mr. Rodger, who is a consecrated worker for God, and is greatly blessed of Him in winning souls. A goodly number professed acceptance of Christ and believers added their testimony to great blessing received during the meetings. All will join in the observance of the Lord's Supper on Sabbath next.

On the evening of the 22nd ult., the young people of St. Andrew's church, Orangeville, held a very pleasing reception in the basement of the church, which says the Advertiser "was brilliant with a large attendance of the youth and beauty of the congregation, of the high and public schools and of the model school. Rev. R. W. Dickie presided and Mrs. Dickie charmingly and assiduously assisted in greeting the strangers," a short programme was rendered after which refreshments were served and a delightful evening was spent by all.

Sabbath last was childrens day in St. Andrew's church and the services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Mullen of Fergus. Rev. Mr. Dickie conducted anniversary services for Mr. Mullen.

At a temperance Convention, recently held at Flesherton, the Centre Gray Prohibition Alliance was formed to push forward the Referendum campaign. The following energetic staff of officers was elected: President, Rev. J. S. I. Wilson, Flesherton; Vice Presidents, Rev. L. W. Thom, Flesherton, Rev. J. Hunter and Mr. C. W. Rutledge, Markelak; Secretary, Rev. T. R. White, Eugenia; Treasurer, Mr. W. H. Thurston, Flesherton. A Vice President was also elected in each township of the Riding. A mass meeting was held in the evening when inspiring addresses were given, among the speakers being Mr. A. D. Weeks, of Toronto, and our own ministers, Revs. Hunter and Fleming. Mr. Hunter reviewed the whole question in a clear, logical address and was prepared to give the measure his hearty support. Mr. Fleming thought this the chance of a lifetime to secure what was wanted and believed if all threw themselves heartily into the work, the measure could be carried.

#### Algoma Presbytery,

One of the most largely attended meetings in the history of Algoma Presbytery was recently held in Blind River.

The beautiful new church there was greatly admired by all members of the Presbytery. The building is large and neat, one of the largest churches in the Presbytery, and beautifully lighted with electricity. The light of day is admitted through beautiful stained glass windows. The Rev. Mr. Pelletier is to be congratulated upon the erection of so beautiful a house to the worship of God.

A deputation from Tasbut congregation was there asking for a new pastor, but the Presbytery wisely strove to with a divided congregation, and Rev. Mr. Drennon, leaves this field so that the two congregations may be united.

For several years Rev. Mr. Hartley ministered to a congregation called Torbutt. The church being at MacLennan, this congregation received aid from augmentation scheme.

While another congregation was worshipping across the street, and was ministered to by a minister receiving aid from the Home Mission Fund, this was not considered a wise course to continue, and now a man is appointed, around whom both sections will be hoped rally, and a good sum may be saved in this way.

Work is progressing all along the line. New fields are being opened up and old stations are becoming stronger.

Several stations are opened along the A. C. R. requiring more men and it is hoped that young men will be available for this growing work.

The Rev. Mr. Pelletier is released from work at Blind River, and is appointed to visit the lumber camps along the line of railway from Massey station to the Soo, which will do much to provide for a people neglected in the past.

Mr. Burns is doing good work at Gore Bay, while Mr. Pocock is getting things under way at Little Current.

The Sudbury congregation have a good man in Rev. Mr. Graham.

Rev. Mr. White of Coppercliff was appointed moderator in succession to Rev. Mr. MacEachran of Sault Ste. Marie.

The Presbytery opened at Blind River on Thursday morning at 9:30 and the sessions were busy ones as much work has to be done in a missionary Presbytery such as this.

The Presbytery suggested to the senate of Knox college the name of Prof. Beattie for the chair of apologetics etc.

The Rev. James Severight M.A., is sent to Manitowaning for the winter and Rev. Mr. Rennie is to supply Blind River, for that time. Rev. Mr. Drennon is going to Murray Station for a year.

The next meeting of Presbytery will be held at Copper Cliff in March.

The Presbytery passed a resolution expressing sympathy with the family of the late A. J. Hartley, of Torbutt, and expressing their own sense of loss.

A motion was passed and carried, drawing the attention of the Home Mission Committee to the fact that the Superintendents in the West are receiving a greater salary than the Superintendent for Northern Ontario, and expressing the hope that this will be remedied. Would it not be well to consider the advisability of doing without a Superintendent for this section? Ordained men are now fairly well scattered throughout the Presbyteries of North Bay, Barrie and Algoma and they could act as moderators of mission stations, and see to the needs of such fields. The money thus saved would place four ordained men in this region, by supplementing the amount now given to students. This is a question that is open for the serious consideration of the Home Mission Committee.

Another change that would prove beneficial to the work, would be to have the Home Mission Committee of Presbytery, composed from the ministers of Presbytery, than one in self-sustaining charges and augmented ones, rather than to be composed of ordained missionaries, receiving their appointment from the Home Mission Committee of Presbytery, as at present. As now, the members of Committee appoint themselves. The Augmentation Committee should also be composed of others than those receiving aid from that fund.

By having such a change in the personnel of the committee, the work would not necessarily be better attended to, but things would look differently to all familiar with the work in New Ontario.

Doctrine is the nail, and the life is the hammer that drives the nail home.

I think sometimes we waste time in grieving over wasted time.

I have known Christian folks that behave about their sins like a dog with a bone that keeps digging it up again.

#### SPECIAL TO MINISTERS.

The Empire Loan & Savings Company, Temple Building, Toronto, offers excellent opportunities to ministers to add to their incomes by selling the stock of the company. Stock certificates guaranteed and paying 6% semi-annually. Kindly write for particulars when you read this.

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## World of Missions.

### Negro Young People's Congress.

"The Interior" has the following: All the lively expectations of stimulation and uplift for their people which were entertained by the leaders of the colored race in planning the Negro Young People's Christian and Educational Congress seem to have been fully realized in sessions of that convention just held at Atlanta. No such gatherings of the best elements of the race had ever occurred before. The white people of Atlanta freely confessed that it gave them a heightened respect for their black neighbors to see such a demonstration of the culture and dignity which have been attained by the children of slaves. Both the president of the conference, Bishop W. J. Gaines, and its secretary, Professor I. Garland Penn, were, it chanced, members of the African Methodist Episcopal church, but the convention was thoroughly interdenominational in composition and spirit. Forty different religions and social agencies were represented among the 5,000 delegates attending. The speakers were all negroes, and the audiences, numbering all the time near to 7,000, were wholly black. The whole temper and atmosphere of the convention tended to impress upon the delegates the responsibility of the race for self-help and self-development. The spirit of all discussion and outlook was religious, even when the topics advanced far into sociological and civic problems. Booker T. Washington was present, and as always demonstrated the inspiring quality of his leadership among his people. His practical gospel of winning the rights of the race by superabundantly deserving them was the dominant note of the whole convention. Clean, modest, patient, Christlike lives were exalted as the most effectual force for overcoming prejudice and proscription. Dr. D. J. Sanders, the president of Biddle University, the Presbyterian college for freedmen, spoke forcibly of the importance of better trained ministers among the colored people. He pointed out that no other race is so dependent as the African on its spiritual teachers and that the untoward conditions which exist in many of the black communities are due to the ignorance and obstructiveness of the preachers resident in them. The service of all the great religious societies now at work for the negro was presented and methods of better co-operation pointed out. In educational lines the ideal of better preparation for better service was held up, and new incitement given for the betterment of the Sunday schools and the common schools especially.

### Mt. Fuji.

The Japanese love Mt. Fuji. In their pictures it is made the central object in the background. It is painted on their fans, screens, and decorates the dishes from which they take their food or sip their tea. It is dyed upon the cotton handkerchief that the laboring man ties about his head, and is woven with artistic skill into the silken fabrics that are worn by the rich. Foreigners have called it "the peerless mountain." Mt. Fuji, or Fujiyama, is the highest mountain in Japan, and is almost a perfect cone rising 12,365 feet from the plain. There are four paths to the summit, which is two and one-half miles in circumference. This sacred mountain is visited annually by about 20,000 pilgrims.—The Missionary.

## Health and Home Hints

### The Baby Traveller.

"Why do these babies all cry so?" asked a wearied excursionist of his neighbor. "Every baby on this car is crying."

The man questioned happened to be a medical student and a close observer. His quick eye glanced from child to child.

"Don't you see," he answered, "it is because every child here is miserably uncomfortable. The parents are just tired out, and the strongest of them are carrying the babies all twistywise."

It was as he said. Why should not the poor babies be complaining, held in arms trembling with fatigue? Yet where else could that have been laid? There is no other place provided.

A little later in that same journey another family party entered the car. Here, escorted by mother, father and nurse, was a baby enjoying a makeshift traveling seat which was merely a carrying basket, a common bassinet, that really seemed too matter of fact to cause such magic results. It was lined with soft pads; it was just long enough to hold the baby, which might have been anywhere from five to eight months old, and just short enough for easy carrying. As the car was crowded, the nurse at first sat with the basket on her knees until it could be placed in the seat beside her and opposite the parents. It was plain that the basket and the baby were old companions, for it was at home there as one in his own castle. When it wanted to sit up, the curving basket sides held it steady as no arms could have held, and when sleep overcame the little creature it tumbled its small heavy head over into its pads and closed its eyes. The motion of the cars, broken by the unyielding basket, was to that baby but a pleasant lullaby. There was no unquiet in its easy resting place, and when it woke it was to still lie there placid and smiling, kicking its bare feet contentedly. Except when it was fed, and for a loving word and smile now and then, baby was let alone—that shibboleth of good nursing. It was showed nothing out of the window or in the car, and what was evidently the old accustomed rattle and favorite doll were its only playthings. Thus the unaccustomed excitement and motion, the new faces and the strange place were nullified by the familiar belongings. The result was, this is a true saying, a perfectly placid baby doing its hundred miles without a cry, but with woodpigeons cooing and kittenlike slumbers and big restful eyes which told of the quiet mind behind. "If you have one, take it and run," as these parents were running; but why not run after the same fashion—with baby, as it were, under your clock?—Harper's Bazar.

Chili Sauce.—A good recipe for chili sauce, which is taking the place of old-time tomato catsup in many families, calls for a peck of thoroughly ripe, red tomatoes and eight white onions. Peel the tomatoes by dropping them in boiling water and rubbing the skin off. Chop the onions fine and add them to the tomatoes. Put on the fire in a porcelain-lined kettle and let them cook fifteen minutes after they begin to boil. Then add a pint of vinegar and a tablespoonful each of ground cinnamon, allspice and black pepper, and a teaspoonful of ground cloves. Tie the spices in two or three little bags of coarse material. Cook the mixture

## WASTING AWAY.

### THE SAD CONDITION OF MANY YOUNG GIRLS.

MOTHERS SHOULD BE VERY CAREFUL WHEN

THEIR DAUGHTERS COMPLAIN OF HEADACHE, FICKLE APPETITE, DIZZINESS OR HEART PALPITATION.

Many mothers neglect the health of their growing daughters. Not wilfully of course, but because they think the occasional headaches from which they suffer, fickleness of appetite, and pale cheeks, are the natural result of the merging of girlhood into womanhood. This is a serious mistake. There is no period in a girl's life when she needs more attention, and unless the little troubles are successfully treated, more serious ones—perhaps decline and consumption—are sure to follow. What every young girl needs at this period is a tonic medicine that will give her a rich, red blood, strong nerves, and bring her safely through a critical period in her life. For this purpose there is no other medicine in the world can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Thousands of girls throughout Canada owe their present health and happiness to this medicine, and thousands of others who are suffering would soon be strong if they would give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a fair trial. Among the many young ladies who has proved the great worth of this medicine is Miss Jennie Beamer, of Boyle, Ont. Miss Beamer, says:—"Some years ago I became very ill, and my friends feared I was going into a decline. I was pale; suffered from terrible headaches; my appetite was poor, and I grew very thin. I became so weak that I could hardly walk. I remained in this condition for several months, during which time I tried several medicines, but none helped me in the least. Then my mother got me some of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and almost from the outset they helped me. As I continued the use of the pills, the severe headaches left me; my appetite returned and I gained in weight. In fact, I was soon enjoying perfect health, and have since continued to do so. I attribute this entirely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and will be glad if some other weak and ailing girl will profit by my experience."

Pale and sallow cheeks, dizziness, headaches, palpitation of the heart, and the feeling of weariness that afflicts so many young girls will soon disappear if Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are used. These pills also cure rheumatism, dyspepsia, kidney ailments, St. Vitus' dance, and the other troubles that come from poor blood and weak nerves. Sold by all dealers in medicine or sent post paid, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

slowly for four or five hours, or until it is quite thick. Be careful not to let it burn. When it is ready to take off the fire, remove the bags of spice, wet to a paste with a little of the sauce, a tablespoonful of ground mustard, a teaspoonful of cayenne pepper and two teaspoonfuls of white ginger. Stir this mixture into the sauce and add salt to the taste. Seal this sauce up in bottles that have not been used. Put fresh corks in the bottles and cover them with sealing-wax thoroughly, and in addition to this tie a piece of cotton batting over the cork completely to exclude all air. Set the bottles in a cool, dark place.

**Presbytery Meetings.**

**SYNOD OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.**

Calgary.  
Edmonton, olds, 1 Sept. 4 p.m.  
Kamloops, 1st Wed, March, 10 a.m.  
Kootenay, Nelson, H.C., March.  
Westminster, Chilliwack, 1 Sept. 8 p.m.  
Victoria, Victoria, 2 Sept. 10 a.m.

**SYNOD OF MANITOBA AND NORTHWEST**

Brandon, Brandon, 5th March.  
Superior, Port Arthur, March.  
Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mo.  
Rock Lake, Morden, 2 Sept.  
Glenboro, Glenboro, Portage, Portage la P., 2 Sept., 7 p.m.  
Minnedosa, Yorkton, 8th July.  
Melita, at call of Moderator.  
Sagina, Regina,

**SYNOD OF HAMILTON AND LONDON.**

Hamilton, Knox, 4 Nov. 10 a.m.  
Paris, 11 Nov. 10 15 a.m.  
London, London, 9 Sept., 10.30 a.m.  
Chatham, Chatham, 9 Sept. 10 a.m.  
Stratford, 11 Nov.  
Huron, Brucefield, 14 Oct. 10, a.m.  
Sarnia, Sarnia, 23 Sept. 11 a.m.  
Maitland, Brussels, 16 Sept. 11 a.m.  
Bruce, Paisley, 2 Dec. 11 a.m.

**SYNOD OF TORONTO AND KINGSTON.**

Kingston, Belleville, 1st July, 11 a.m.  
Peterboro, Hastings, 16 Sept., 10 a.m.  
Whitby, Bowuanville, 7 Oct. 10 a.m.  
Toronto, Toronto, Knox, 1st Tues. ev. mo.  
Lindsay, Beaverton, 16 Sept.  
Orangeville, Orangeville, 9 Sept.  
Barrie, Almdade, Owen Sound, Owen Sound, 2 Dec. 10, a.m.

Algoma, Blind River, Sept.  
North Bay, Parry Sound, 30 Sept., 9 a.m.  
Saugen, Clifford, 24 June, 10 a.m.  
Guelph, Guelph, 16 Sept., 10.30 a.m.

**SYNOD OF MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.**

Quebec, Sherbrooke, 9 Sept., 2 p.m.  
Montreal, Montreal, Knox, 16 Sept.  
Clongarry, Maxville, 15 Dec. 7.30 p.m.  
Lanark & Renfrew, Carleton Place, 21 Oct., 10.30 a.m.  
Ottawa, Ottawa, Bank St. 1st Tues. Nov.  
Brockville, Lyn, 9 Dec. 2.30 p.m.

**SYNOD OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES**

Sydney, Sydney, March 5  
Inverness, Whycomagh, 2 Sept., 11 a.m.  
P. E. I., Charlottown, 4 Nov.  
Pictou, New Glasgow, 1st July, 1 p.m.  
Wallace, Oxford, 6th May, 7.30 p.m.  
Truro, Midd., Musg'dob't, 16 Sept., 2 p.m.  
Halifax, Chalmers' Hall, Halifax, 26th Feb., 10 a.m.  
Lunenburg, Rose Bay, St. John, St. John, Oct. 21.  
Miramichi, Chatham, 24th June.

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