

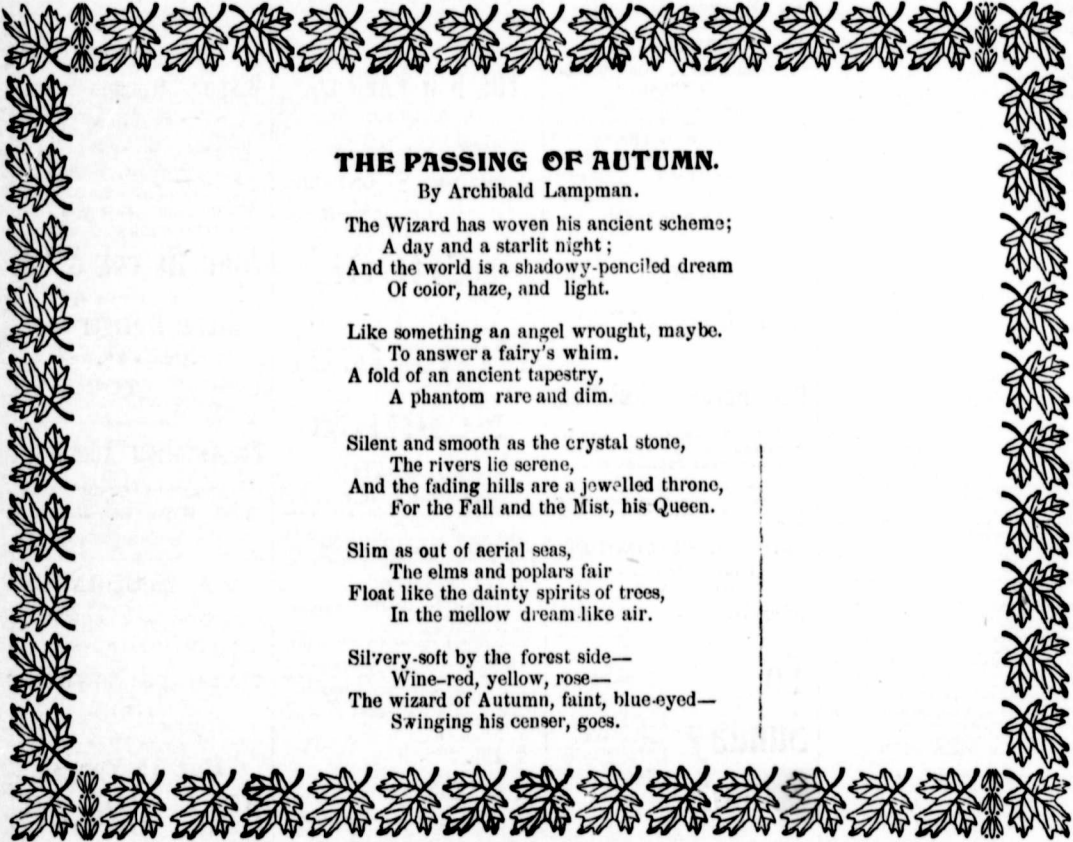
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For the Fall and the Mist, his Queen.

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Float like the dainty spirits of trees,
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On Friday, Sept. 18, 1903, at the Presbyterian Manse at Olds, Alta., W. J. Bee, C. P. R. agent at Bowden, Alta., to Bessie, eldest daughter of Mr. W. E. Easton, Ailsa Craig, Ont.

On September 30, 1903, by the Rev. Neil McPherson, at his residence, Hamilton, Robert Burns Gray, of Stony Creek, to Elsie May Smith, daughter of J. L. Smith, of Glanford.

At her father's residence, Mr. R. Jennings, Brampton, by Rev. R. N. Burns, on Sept. 28th, Percy Smith of Orangeville, to Lillian Jennings, Brampton.

At Maplehurst, Burlington, on Tuesday, Sept. 29th, by Rev. Wm. Buchanan of Meaford, father of the groom, William A. Buchanan of St. Thomas to Alma Mary, elder daughter of Mr. E. B. Freeman.

At Cedar Dale, Sept. 21st, by Rev. J. Hodges B. A., Wm. Donald McLeod Oshawa, Miss Robina Alberta F., youngest daughter of Geo. Annand, Cedar Dale.

DEATHS.

At his late residence, 57 Elm Ave. Rosdale, Toronto on Sunday, Sept. 27th, George E. Lumsden, F.R.A.S., aged 56 years, eldest son of the late Rev. Wm. Lumsden.



SEALFD TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Post Office, &c., Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.," will be received at this office until Wednesday, October 14 1903, inclusively for the workabove mentioned, according to plans and specification to be seen on application to Messrs. O'Flynn, Goodwin & Weeks, Sault Ste. Marie, and at the Department of Public Works Ottawa.

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The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
By order,
FRED. GELINAS,
Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
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Note and Comment.

In the Dakota Presbytery, composed entirely of Indians, there are twenty-seven churches and 1,458 communicants, ministered to by fifteen Indian preachers.

While sojourning at Balmoral, King Edward follows the example set by his illustrious and revered mother, in attending the services of the Church of Scotland.

A second Presbyterian congregation has been organised at Glace Bay, C.B. There is room for both for "Canada's growing time" is at work in the far East.

Principal Caven, of Toronto, the Belfast Witness says, will preside over the meetings of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance, to be held in Liverpool next year. The inaugural sermon will be preached by Dr. John Watson.

A movement has been set on foot to erect in the capital of the Transvaal a Presbyterian church, to be a memorial to all the soldiers (officers and men, volunteers, doctors, and nurses) of that denomination who fell during the war.

The Presbyterian Witness publishes the names of more than twenty Presbyterian ministers from the Maritime provinces who are "holding the fort" in various parts of Canada's great western heritage from Port Arthur up to the distant Yukon.

The chief of the Halifax fire department is (or was) proprietor of a licensed saloon. Recently the city council voted that he be allowed ten days to give up the saloon or his position as fire chief. That is quite a step in advance for the Halifax city council and is a good sign.

The Second Presbyterian Church, Chicago, has invited Rev. Clarence McKinnon, of North Sydney, C.B., to be their pastor. The salary is said to be \$8,000 a year. Presbyterians of the Maritime provinces will be loth to part with Mr. McKinnon.

Rev. Dr. George J. Bond, who came from Halifax to edit the Christian Guardian in Toronto has resigned that position and has gone to Newfoundland with his brother, Sir Robert Bond. Dr. Bond has been in ill health since the death of his wife a short time ago. He is an experienced journalist as well as an able preacher.

The cordial detestation by Roman Catholics of Cardinal Vaughan continues to find frequent expression. While the man was alive these voices were silent. Now that he is dead the condemnation is universal. In support of these assertions the Belfast Witness quotes the following attack upon his memory of a Roman Catholic writer: "Tact, sound judgment, and a conciliatory spirit are, indeed, of more value than scholarship, and these were all absent in the new Archbishop's predecessor, who was also no scholar." Moreover—"A learned laity, a sense of the possible as well as of the actual, and a good dose of that fraternal charity which is not held to be the foremost charac-

teristic of the Roman Church in that country, would help the bishops as much as it would dignify Roman Catholicism. A bishop with the qualities above named, backed and informed by such a laity as this, would be guiltless of such manifestoes as those on the death of Queen Victoria and on 'liberalism,' or as the swift condemnation of Mivert." It seems safe, then, to judge that Romanists in England are not in a particularly united condition, even by the admissions of Romanists themselves.

At its recent session the Nova Scotia Free Baptist conference passed a resolution endorsing all efforts to stop Sabbath breaking or desecration of the Lord's day, such as making it a day of pleasure and of visiting, forgetting that God has said, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy." The Christian churches should keep this duty prominently before their people.

Rev. Dr. Black, of St. Andrew's church, Halifax, has demitted his charge and is going to London, England. Dr. Black is a clever preacher and a scholarly man. His book on "The Christian Conscience," published some ten years ago, is evidence of his ability as an author. There is a rumor that St. Andrews and Fort Massey may be united into one congregation. Both churches are at the South End, about three hundred yards apart, a relic of the days before the Union of 1875. United they would form a large and strong congregation.

Rev. Robert Magill of Maghera, Ireland, who was recently nominated by the Board of the Presbyterian Theological College, Halifax, to the vacancy caused by the removal of Dr. Gordon to Kingston, has intimated his acceptance of the nomination. The appointment, no doubt, will be made by the Synod of the Maritime provinces now in session at Charlottetown, and it is expected that Mr. Magill will be ready to enter upon his duties at the opening of the forthcoming session of the college.

The Board of the Presbyterian College, Halifax, has unanimously nominated Rev. Robert Magill, M.A., Ph.D., of Maghera, Co. Derry, Ireland, to the chair of Apologetics and Systematic Theology, vacant by the appointment of Rev. Dr. Gordon to the principalship of Queen's University, Kingston, Ont. It will be remembered that some time last year Rev. James Croskery, also an Ulster man, was called to fill the vacancy, but his sudden and untimely death intervened. Mr. Magill is spoken of in the highest terms by Dr. Monro Gibson of London, Prof. Hamill of Belfast, Prof. Dickey of Magee College, Derry, and several others, including Rev. Wm. Patterson of Bethany church, Philadelphia, formerly of Cooke's church, Toronto. The letter says of Prof. Magill: "My mother and brother are connected with Dr. Magill's congregation in Maghera, and as I visit them every summer I have the privilege of meeting and hearing him frequently. He is a splendid preacher, clear, concrete and interesting, but he excels as a teacher. He is very much loved by all the people in his large congregation. It is not necessary for

me to speak of his scholarship, further than to say that he is looked upon as the best scholar in the Irish Presbyterian Church, by all the ministers with whom I am acquainted in the north of Ireland. He is a perfect gentleman in the highest sense of the term and is of a very winning manner. He is a man of fine executive ability, and has done much along this line in connection with the Church and schools, since he came to Maghera. Above all he is a man of splendid Christian character and truly devoted to the cause of his Master."

A converted priest, Mr. Joseph McCabe, of the Presbyterian Standard says, has been telling the truth about Catholicism in Spain, in a way the Catholics do not at all relish. Mr. McCabe spoke of the "bulls," the old indulgence against which Luther protested, which in Spain are signed and sealed documents which any one may purchase for 15 cents, granting a plenary indulgence. Dr. Rivier, a Catholic defender of the faith, writes in the Catholic Union and Times that "the penance for certain venial sins of not too serious a nature, can be commuted to a small fine," and cites the instance of President Roosevelt recently commuting a sentence against a military officer, but the officer did not know that he could purchase immunity in advance.

Scotland's glory as a Sabbath-observing nation seems to be passing away—at least we judge so from the following deliverance in the Belfast Witness: "It is sad to think that at the very time many of the Continental Protestants are working a league for the better observance of the Lord's Day; at the very time that some of the bishops at home, both of the Church of England and the Roman Catholic Church, are lifting up their voices on behalf of the preservation of the Sabbath from the attempts to secularise it by amusements and by works of toil, Scotland should give in its capital the smallest help to the enemies of God and man in their defiant attempt to rob them of their birthright." Does not this serious view apply with great force to Canada?

According to the "Glasgow Herald" a scheme for the erection of works for the utilization of peat at Mid-Locharwoods has been formulated by the Scottish Peat Industries, Ltd. Already there are similar works in operation at Racks, Dumfries, which turn out solid dry blocks as fuel, almost as dense as coal, which ignite easily, and burn slowly with little ash. In Germany the industry has been developed to a considerable extent. There, steel is manufactured by means of peat charcoal, and at least twenty-seven glass factories use peat fuel. In Bavaria, peat is largely used in locomotives, and in Russia, Sweden and Holland it is similarly applied, and also for moss litter. The Belfast Witness thinks it would be "good news for Ireland, and the Highland laird and the Highland cotter alike, if our thousands of acres of peat land could be so utilised as to supply fuel to our towns and villages." These facts should be of some interest to those who are endeavoring to develop a peat industry in Canada.

Our Contributors.

Tree-Planting and its Teaching.

BY REV. A. J. MOWATT, D.D., MONTREAL.

"And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water, that bringeth forth its fruit in its season, whose leaf also doth not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."—Ps. 1: 3.

Tree-planting has an interest of its own. Arbor day is now a recognized institution with the schools in some parts of the country, and teachers and children look forward to the day, and enter into its special exercises with zest and joy. Not of course in our day and generation, but in our children, and children's children's day, will the wisdom and utility of Arbor-day make itself seen and felt. The man, it has been said, and it cannot be sufficiently emphasized, who plants a tree, who does only that for the generation he belongs to, deserves well of the future, and his good work will not lose its reward. The tree he planted will be his monument.

THE PLANTING OF A TREE.

Despise not the planting of a tree. Despise not me because I am preaching about it. An American writer in a recent article makes out that the floods and droughts that have of late been working such havoc in the country are because of the reckless destruction of the forests, and he calls upon the government and the people to awaken to the danger, and remedy the evil, before it is too late.

Go back far enough, and you find the Lord God planting trees. Yes, it is Arbor-day yonder in Eden, and a great day for the world it is—that first Arbor-day. All the angels sing as the tree-planting goes on.

Think of it, the Lord God an husbandman! You see Him planting trees, the Divine Three-in-One, the blessed Elohim, Father and Son and Holy Spirit. They do not think it unworthy of them to plant trees. You hear their Divine talk about it, their holy counselling: "Let us plant a garden. Let us plant it with trees, adorn it with shrubs, beautify it with flowers. The tree of life—where will we plant it? This will we do—we will plant it in the midst, on the bank of Eden's river. And we will plant the tree of knowledge beside the tree of life."

Oh the planting of the trees! And the work had an interest in that first Arbor-day. I hear the Divine tree-planters talking together about the trees as they plant them, for it will not do to make a mistake in a matter of so much moment: "The vine—what about the vine? Will it do to plant in Eden the tree whose fruit men's inventions in the coming ages will make such a curse of? Yes, we will plant the vine in Eden. The garden would be incomplete without the vine. The oak, too, they will build into battleships, and incardine the seas with blood. Still, we will plant the oak. And the apple tree—what about it? If we plant it, the boys will steal its rosy-checked fruit. Still, Eden cannot be Eden, and no garden can be complete, without the apple tree. So we will plant the apple tree."

Thus we celebrated the first Arbor-day, and the Lord God with His own hands planted the trees, selecting the choice varieties worthy of a place in Eden.

Now, have you a tree to plant? There is a time to plant. You are not to forget that. Some people always intend to plant a tree,

to do some good in that direction. But they are slow about it. They are so slow about it that it is never done. The seasons come and pass, and there tree is never planted. Oh what if the Lord had forgotten the tree-planting yonder in Eden! Have an Arbor day of your own. With your children around you, singing, shouting, rejoicing, plant your tree. Under its shade in the coming years your children's children will gather, and as they eat its fruit, they will bless you for your tree-planting.

But you remind me that trees grow without any of your planting. And that is true. They grow wild. But you do not want your Eden to be filled with wild trees. The Lord God planted His garden. And you are to plant yours, yes, you are to be particular about your tree-planting, if a generation is to rise up and call you blessed. If you leave nature, nature poisoned with your sin, to grow your trees and shrubs and flowers, in her own free wild way, you will not have much of a garden. You know that. So you enclose your garden, and plant your trees, and you are particular about everything. You have to be, if your Eden is to be an Eden, if your tree-planting is to be a success.

THE TREE OF YOUR LIFE.

Some of us have nothing to do with tree-cultivation nor tree-planting. We have no tree to plant. And if we had, we have no ground to plant it in. We do not own a foot of land anywhere. You cannot plant a tree on a five-storey flat, and so tree-planting has no interest to us.

But, my brother-men, my sister-woman, you have your own life. That is your tree, and the most interesting tree it is. It came to you as a little plant. And a very delicate little plant it was, a puny thing that had to be kept from wind and sun and rain, if it was to come to be anything. But it has grown somewhat since that.

Now, your life like a tree needs planting and looking after, if it is to be a true success. You may let it grow wild, many a life is growing wild—no cultivation, no planting, no pruning, no care. Ah! there is plenty of the wild life. But it is not the life we want to live, nor is it the life God wants to have in His garden.

It is with life as with a tree. What a difference it makes of a tree to plant it, to look after it. If it is a fruit-bearing tree, what a difference it makes in the quality of its fruit as well as fruitfulness. It is simply wonderful what wise gardening and skilful scientific horticulture can do for the growth and development of fruits and flowers. But the gospel can do just as much for your life. Let it have a chance with you, and there will be no disappointment.

THE TREE OF LIFE PLANTED BY THE RIVER OF LIFE.

When the Lord God planted the garden of Eden, He planted the tree of life in the midst of the garden, and close by the river that watered it. The psalmist sings here of the tree planted by the streams of water, bringing forth its fruit in its season, and its leaf never fading nor falling. But the Seer of Patmos has something still more wonderful to say about the tree of life. He has a vision, and in that vision of his he sees the tree of life planted on both sides of the river

of life—two rows of it—and it is marvellously fruitful, yielding a new crop every month twelve crops in the year. That is grace, fruitfulness. The best nature can do is two crops in the year, and we call that over-cropping. But here is a fruit-tree so fruitful that it yields twelve crops in the year. O new Jerusalem, golden city, glorious things are indeed spoken of thee! Grace can do wonders for us, making our poor barren lives fruitful beyond all telling. But then, it is only when we are planted by the river of life we yield our best results.

Now, beloved hearer, the tree of your life, what about it? Have you planted it yet? You have only one life, and so you cannot afford to experiment with it. The man who has half a dozen trees can experiment with them, planting one here, another there, and delaying the planting of others to some more convenient season. But if you have but one tree, then you must at once make up your mind what you are to do with it, whether to throw it away or plant it. Unless you plant your one tree, it will soon not be worth planting. You know enough about tree-planting to know that. And it is just as true of the tree of your life. To neglect its planting, or needlessly delay it, is to throw it away.

Is it not true of many that they are not planted yet? And the season of their opportunities for being planted, not to say fruit-bearing, is well nigh passed. O foolish one, get your one life planted. Yes, make haste, and get rooted. Do not lie round in a useless way, no good to yourself nor any one else. Dig a hole somewhere, and get down into it with your tools, and patiently stay there, and grow. That is the way trees have to do. And that is the way Christians have to do. There is no other better way for trees or men, Christian men. The tree that is a globe-trotter, that is forever pulling itself up by the roots, and seeking better soil and climate, will never amount to anything. You will find it tumbled off on some roadside, left to rot there. And the Christian that goes the round of all the churches, looking for some place to be planted, and never finding it, will very soon find himself nowhere, his one life all run to waste.

Let me try to put what I want to say here into a sort of parable.

THE PARABLE OF THE TWO TREES.

They are young trees, young fruit trees of a choice variety, and I hear them talk.

"What are you going to do with yourself, young sprout?" the one says to the other.

And the other answers: "I am going to get planted just as soon as I can. That is the first thing. There is a hole over there beside a stream where some fruit trees are growing; my mind is to get rooted there, and here comes the gardener with his shovel to do it for me. But, neighbor, may I make free to ask you what you intend to do with yourself? I am told by those who profess to know that you are of very fine tree-stock, and great things are expected of you in the way of fruit-bearing."

And then the young aristocrat lifts up his proud head, and answers thus: "I am verily surprised that you are so easily pleased that you take the very first chance. As for me I mean to move round and see the world a bit before I settle down and take root. I am sorry to part with you. But since you are a stay-at-home, there is nothing else for it. And so I am off. Good-bye! I will send you some of my foreign fruit from over the seas in the by-and-by."

And so they wave their parting adieux, and the one goes abroad, and the other stays at home. The one that stays at home is soon planted in a little garden by a gentle stream. Every morning when it awakes it sees itself in the stream. The surbeams know just where to find it. The gentle breezes play with it as they pass. The showers never forget it. And so it grows and grows. But tree growing at best is slow work, and fruit-bearing is often most disappointing work. But the tree planted by the little mountain stream keeps growing, and by and by there is a little fruit, a very little, and not all at first class. After a while, however, there is a little more, and a little better too. And so patience and pains have at last their perfect work, a great field—the thirty-fold, the sixty-fold, the hundred-fold, of abundant fruitfulness.

But what about the travelling tree that goes abroad to see the world? Does it grow? Does it bear fruit? How can it? It does not stay rooted in any one place long enough to grow. And so it comes to pass in the long last it finds itself no good, and it is hewed down as worthless wood.

You know my little parable. Ask the oak that crowns the mountain's brow to-day, and is the glory of the forest, the monarch of all the trees, how he came to be what he is. And he will tell you: "I stayed here and patiently grew. That is all there is about it. I was planted early, and I stayed planted. I did not go running about seeking a better place, a higher mountain, for a young ambitious oak. I was content to be a sapling for twenty years. And so I grew and grew, until I am what I am, and men come and take off their hats, and wonder at me, and call me the king of trees."

And here is an apple tree. It has never been abroad. But every year it is loaded down with a great yield of splendid fruit. What is the secret of it all? Simply this. It was planted early, and it stayed planted. It was willing to be nothing season after season till it grew. And now it is what it is—the pride of the orchard, a blessing to many.

THE STORY OF THE GOOD MAN.

We have his story here in the text:

"And he shall be like a tree planted by the streams of water,
That bringeth forth its fruit in its season,
Whose leaf also doth not wither;
And whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

The good man plants himself early in life where the river of life flows, where the Sabbath is kept, where the gospel is preached, where the Bible is read, where religion is a reality, where truth shines. If you expect great things the first season, or the second, you will be disappointed. The growth that makes trees and Christians goes slowly on. But if you will wait and pray, the day will come when all that the psalmist sings here is fulfilled in him. We have seen it.

The psalmist in another psalm sings of the trees planted in the courts of God's house, how they flourish, and bring forth fruit in old age. Are you planted there? Do the years bring no changes to you except to deepen your roots, and broaden your sympathies, and enlarge your usefulness? If so, when others fade and fail, you will be found prospering, even in old age bringing forth fruit, your last years your best years. Your leaf also shall not wither. You will be a spiritual evergreen. And whatsoever you do shall prosper.

The true success of a life does not always lie in its surroundings. Does it ever? You will find a palm rising out of burning sands laden with fruit. You wonder how it can live there, much less bear fruit. But if you

will dig down deep enough, you will find its roots are where waters flow. And say not there is no chance for you. You can find Christ where you are. The Water of Life, and where He is, there will be the true success, beauty and fruitfulness even amid life's sand-wastes and storms. The lower down you get on your knees, the higher up you will rise, and the wider out your usefulness will reach, and the more of fruit you will bear, and the more of good you will do. And so you are to be like a tree planted by rivers of water, always fruitful, always green, beautiful, prosperous. Such are some of the lessons we find here, the teaching of God's tree-planting.

God in Nature!

BY GEORGE W. ARMSTRONG.

Nature, vast handiwork of God,
Seen in the azure realms of light;
Where suns and stars and planets shine,
Great beacons of the day and night.
Celestial orbs that do His will,
From devout souls deep reverence draw;
Revealing majesty divine.
Inspire and fill with secret awe.

So on this planet we call earth,
Exhaustless beauty everywhere;
Where mountains, valleys, boundless plains,
Oceans and lakes His might declare,
The verdure sweet on hill and dale,
And trees, and fruit, and grain, and flower,
Proclaim His wisdom and His care,
His goodness and His gracious power.

Nature in quiet stillness moves,
Stately and constant, awftal, grand
In splendour glorious, sublime,
Submissive to divine command,
And so obedient to His will,
In storm and whirlwind, avalanche;
Midst lightning, thunder, hail and rain,
The cyclone and the floods advance.

The smallest insect that can crawl,
Or bird that rises on the wing;
Or beast that grazes on the plain;
Or serpent with its deadly sting;
Or fishes swimming in the sea,
The rivers, or, the inland lake;
Are creatures which His hand hath made,
And of His nature all partake.

Of all God's work the greatest, best,
The King of Nature—noble man!
Made in God's image, pure and good,
The centre of vast nature's plan;
To rule, to govern, guard, control
Endowed with power by God's decree,
To hold dominion over all
That moves on earth, in air or sea.

—London, Ont.

The Children.

BY N. A. O.

Respect the children and treat them kindly. There are plenty of reasons. The Lord Himself became a child and honored their estate. When He came to be a man He loved them and, and as heaven's Ambassador, took them from the arms of the eager mothers into His own arms and blessed them. Respect them that they may respect themselves. If you do not do so, they may lack incentive. Feeling that their presence is but tolerated they may, at a very early stage, begin in their hearts to over-ride discipline. In order to repent of wrong and, later on, of sin the little chap must love. Now he cannot love you long if he feels you do not think well of him. But respect him and he will both respect himself and come to look on life as purposeful. An old time German professor in the university of Erfurt used to raise his cap to salute his pupils on entering the class room. Other men of his place and time did not so, but protested. "There are among these boys," said he, "men of whom God will one day make burgomasters, chancellors, doctors and magistrates." Both

child and youth are encouraged by slight exhibitions of regard.

Here are some rules to try: I will not discourage the children. . . . I will encourage them. . . . I will not emphasize their peculiarities of speech and manner. . . . I will hear them patiently. . . . I will be what I would like them to be. . . . I will try to show them how to be what I would like to be.

One reason why the children, passing out of childhood, are so shy about religion is this, they have been taught to fear the Lord, Jesus, as an offended judge, instead of to reverence and love Him as a reconciling Saviour. "T'would frighten a grown man. It did frighten Martin Luther for a time, till Stanpliz, vicar-general of the Augustinian monks said to him: "God is not angry with you, it is you who are angry with God,"—words good for many a man to meditate upon.

It is a good thing for a man not to forget he was a child, for if he be not childlike in the practice of the noble virtues he is very apt to be childish in many of the details of life. Remembering "I was a child," you will then more readily incline your child's will and heart to Christ, as Saviour and Lord, and will go far to secure for him naturalness in his religious life. Follow the scripture chart in initiating the young sailors on life's sea. There may come to them death-like calms in their religious and moral experience, as there assuredly will be occasion to weather heavy seas. But you will be able to assure yourself and to speak to them assuringly, as Abigail assured David, 1 Sam. 25: 29 Thy soul "shall be bound in the bundle of life with the Lord thy God." Believe it, man! The loving Father has assumed the responsibility.

At a time when the name of Carlyle is being dragged in the mud by his detractors, it is refreshing to come across Ruskin's testimony in one of the delightful letters which he wrote to Mary Gladstone. "The death of Carlyle," he writes, "is no sorrow to me. It is, I believe, not an end, but a beginning of his real life. Nay, perhaps also of mine. My remorse, every day he lived, for not having enough loved him in the days gone by, is not greater now, but less, in the hope that he knows what I am feeling about him at this—and all other—moments." It seems that in England, where the Letters of John Ruskin to M. G. and H. G., was privately published, only a few copies are now available, and the book is likely to become rare.

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Pulmonary Diseases.**

The Quiet Hour.

David's Confession.

S. S. LESSON—Ps. 51: 1-17. October 18th, 1903.

GOLDEN TEXT—Ps. 51: 10.—Create in me a clean heart, O God.

BY REV. W. J. CLARK, LONDON, ONT.

Have mercy upon me, O God, vs. 1, 2. In the beginning of this cry of the penitent sinner we have the ground of hope. He seeks for mercy, not because of any desert in himself but because God has revealed Himself as a God of mercy. His transgressions have been many and grievous, but God's mercy is more than sufficient to cleanse them away. We may take this thought into our hearts and upon our lips. If there is to be salvation from our sin, it is to be found in the mercy of the divine character, and in no other way. Sometimes men have made other things imperative, and have found in themselves the ground of forgiveness, but to think thus is to deceive oneself.

For I acknowledge my transgressions, v. 3. As long as we attempt to conceal our sin—and it is the natural impulse to seek to conceal that which is to our discredit—it will afflict us. The way that leads to deliverance is the way of open confession. There may be sins by which we have wronged our fellows and which call for confession not to God only, but also to man. But whatever the sin may have been, there must be a confession of it to God, if we are to be blessed with the sense of forgiveness. Many an offender has sought some other way, but has found, as David did, that his sin is ever before him. Even when some temporary distraction has seemed to banish it, there will be still the feeling that something is clouding the life and the old fault will present itself. To know and to confess one's fault is the first step in the way that leads to peace.

Behold thou desirest truth in the inward parts, v. 6. The righteousness that God requires is no external, superficial thing, but that which is seated in the heart, the very core and centre of a man's being. It is a lesson that constantly needs to be emphasized that God's demands for service cannot be met by any external righteousness. It must be from the heart. And His grace is sufficient to impart that righteousness. But nothing else can. The cleansing of the soul from the taint of sin can be wrought by the power of God only. He who created can redeem. This is one of the foundation doctrines. "I believe in the forgiveness of sins" And this man of the long past had grasped that great truth, and cried out to God for cleansing. Happy are we if we have such a faith!

Make me to hear joy and gladness, v. 8. His prayer for cleansing answered, he is ready to look forward and taste of joy. What happiness can approach the happiness of the man who has the consciousness of forgiven sin. "Blessed is he whose transgressions is forgiven, whose sin is covered," and we may put "happy" in place of the word "blessed" for it means the same thing. We have known what it was to have a friendship interrupted by some misunderstanding, and to have it renewed. How great the joy when the cause of misunderstanding was removed. If this is so in our relations with one another, how much greater the joy when there is no longer a barrier between us and God!

Create in me a clean heart, v. 10. The

man who is conscious of sin forgiven still feels his dependence on God's Spirit if he is to walk uprightly in the future. Sanctification is as necessary as justification. And the experience passed through in the time of condemnation will set an edge upon the desire for a pure and holy life. Let it be remembered that one is dependent on the help of God for the new life of righteousness, as well as for the forgiveness of sin.

Then will I teach transgressors, v. 13. No one who has obtained forgiveness and rightly understands his blessing, will be content to selfishly clutch and hold it for himself. He will long to make known to others the benefit he has himself received. His past experience will fit him to teach others, and the undertaking in which he will find the greatest joy will be that of blessing his fellows with the blessing he himself has known.

For thou delightest not in sacrifice, v. 16. These verses are very remarkable in the spirituality of the ideas expressed. Do we not need to ponder upon them? We have not yet learned the great truth contained in this statement. Not in religious services, but in the heart service, is to be found that which is pleasing to God. The psalmist does not teach that formal services are of no value. But if they are to be acceptable to God, they must be the outcome of the broken spirit and the contrite heart. God must be worshipped in spirit, and with worship thus rendered God is well-pleased. If the heart is right, it matters not so much whether the forms of worship are simple or more elaborate.

Carried Hell With Him.

Ungodly people need not go to a place which the bible calls hell, in order to suffer the pangs of hell. The fact is many a person is even now carrying hell with him, wherever he goes. If such an one were to enter a Christian church during the Sabbath services, he would carry hell with him into that place. Not long ago the experience of a man, who had murdered another man, was reported in a city daily paper. After fleeing from the place of the crime and remaining awhile, he returned and asked to be executed for his deed. Here is his significant story: "From that moment my mind has never been at rest. I wandered about town for two or three days, trying to get rid of the sight of that fellow's face, but at night was when I suffered. The moment I dozed off I could see him in my dreams beckoning and laughing as he dragged me over some cliff and I waked up cold with fear. No one knows what I suffered. I left the city. I went to Denver. I went to Bertie. I traveled everywhere, but wherever I went, night and day, that dead man was hovering around me. I couldn't sleep, and my mind began to weaken. One night I went into a gambling den. I thought the excitement might drive that vision out of my head. Right before me I saw that printer's face, just like I see you now, grinning as the dealer dragged in my money. I ran out of that club like a crazy man and wandered about town till I saw a freight train pulling out of the yards. I climbed into an empty car and lay down in the corner to rest. For a few moments the face was gone. Suddenly a flash of lightning lit up that car, as bright

as this cell, and there, just a couple of feet from me, I saw that man I'd killed plainer than I see you. I screamed and jumped out of the car. They found me next day lying beside the track, and they got me to a hospital. I've been in a lot of places since that, but I never got over it. Finally it got so bad I couldn't stand it, and I came back here to Chicago to confess." That man carried hot hell with him. An eternity of such torment, wherever the subject of it may be, is just such suffering as very many will experience in the future spirit world. It is a fire, but not a material one; and it is a fire which can never be quenched, for it exists in a spiritual conscience.—C. H. WETHERBE.

Bible Treasure.

"Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I might not sin against thee." "By taking heed to thy word I have kept me from the paths of the destroyer." So said David. It is not less important for those in this day who would be kept from sin, to hide God's record in their hearts. There is, it is to be feared, not enough storing the mind with Bible truth. The young should be encouraged to commit to memory passages of the Bible. A verse or two at a time may seem of little importance, and very slow work, but is really of very great importance, and one who commences it will be surprised to find what a great treasure of truth he will have stored up in a little time. The Christian Intelligencer well says:

"Savings of this kind, though laid up little by little, if laid up regularly, will constitute a large and invaluable fund from which the depositors may draw to their great comfort and their soul's health, during all their future life, in every vicissitude of trouble or of joy. There are acquisitions that are more showy, and studies that are more pretentious than passages of holy Scripture or verses of pious hymns, but there are few that will prove of more lasting pleasure or benefit throughout the whole of our travels and voyagings from the cradle to the grave. A verse or a hymn learned in early childhood will remain imprinted upon the mind when ten thousand things which at the time seemed of greater consequence shall have faded from the memory; and they will exert a softening, tranquilizing, purifying influence upon the heart which these other things could never produce.

Let children then, in every Sunday School, on the first day of the week, every one of them, lay by in store treasures taken out of God's word or from holy songs written by his servants, and thus constitute a fund from which to draw in after years when they are tempted, or sorrowful, or penitent; when they are suffering under reverses or when they are enjoying prosperity. Thus shall their love and gratitude ever find a voice at all times and in all places, and their hearts be strengthened and lifted up to the God of all mercy in every trial or calamity that may oppress them."

Thank God every morning when you get up that you have something to do that day which must be done whether you like it or not. Being forced to work, and forced to do your best, will breed in you temperance, self-control, diligence, strength of will, content, and a hundred virtues which the idle never know.—Kingsley.

The mark of a saint is not perfection, but consecration. A saint is not a man without faults, but a man who has given himself without reserve to God.—B. F. Westcott.

A Heavenly Home.

The most attractive view of heaven is that in which it is represented as a home. "In My Father's house." "The whole family in heaven." The word "home" is sweet and the meaning familiar. Who does not look back to the home of childhood with fond recollections? The home may have been primitive and humble, destitute of those luxurious and comfortable appointments which we have seen in fine city houses. But the house is not the home. The home is the family—the father, mother, brothers and sisters. In the home there are freedom, confidence, sympathy and love. There are cheerful songs, delightful conversations, happy voices, merry laughter and sacred fellowships. But that home is no more. The father and mother grew old and feeble and have been gathered to their fathers. The brothers and sisters are scattered and the home is a memory. Then new relations were formed and new homes established. Those who were once children became heads of families, and sons and daughters are growing up about them. Again there are freedom, confidence, sympathy and love. But these homes are temporal also. Soon they will be only a memory. And is this all? Shall the homes of men and women go on forever rising and falling, growing and decaying? No; there is an everlasting home. There is a heavenly Father who is from everlasting to everlasting. His children gather about him with freedom, happiness and love, with music and gladness, and that home shall abide forever.

Life.

How like a candle is the life of man,
The burning taper's emblem of his span;
Both, in life's morn, with luster gay do shine,
And, in life's darkling twilight, both decline.
How soon the light doth flicker and decay,
And man's brief days how fast they fleet away!
Their lives the same—both have their 'pointed span,
How like a candle is the life of man.
—Weekly Leader.

Prayer.

Our heavenly Father, may we more deeply and richly realize thy Fatherhood over us and our childhood to thee. We lose our sense of this relation until we seem to be only creatures of the earth with no other needs than the cravings of the flesh. May thy Spirit stir us out of this unworthy life and cause our hearts to cry out for the living God. As the hart panteth after the water brooks so may our souls pant for thee, O God. We would see the light of thy face and ever live in thy presence. Draw us into conscious fellowship with thee that we may share thy life and love. Feed us out of thy Word and make us strong and joyous in thy service. Help us to be unwearied in good work, patient in provocation, charitable in judgment, submissive under burdens, and trustful in the dark. So may we live as thy children until our earthly education is complete and thou dost send for us to come home. And this we ask in Jesus' name. Amen.

Nobility of soul is the efflorescence of duties rightly performed. To neglect our obligations is to neglect the fundamental conditions of life. It is to hinder all moral growth. It is to starve character and personality and send them out into the world lean and hungry, paupers and beggars at the doors of respectability and success.

Our Young People

Sun., Oct. 18. Great Men of the Bible: What Moses Teaches Us.

Ex. 34: 28-35; Matt. 17: 3, 4; Heb. 3: 1-5.

A Lesson of Choice.

Moses was born of a despised race and adopted into a ruling one. He was educated as a prince and trained in all the leaning of the Egyptians, while the Israelites were ignorant slaves. He had the chance of living in power and riches all his life.

But the side of poverty, obscurity, and contempt was the side of God. Moses put God first, and so chose God's people as his. Leaving the magnificence of Pharaoh's court, he took up life among a race of slaves.

We see Israel becoming a great nation. But Moses did not see what was coming except by the eye of faith. He chose God's people because he loved God above all else. Those of us who are tempted by the world, and who find many faults in the Church, should learn from Moses how to choose. It is better to be with God's people, no matter what their shortcomings, than to cast in our lot with the world, no matter how brilliant.

The Meekness of Moses.

Moses, like many strong characters, was originally a man of hasty spirit. We know this from his killing of the Egyptian oppressor. This tendency was fostered by his training as a prince. The Pharaohs were an arrogant and unbending race, accustomed to abject homage. The last thing taught to Moses in his early training would have been humility or meekness.

But religion transforms the soul in many ways. Having renounced all for God, this grace of humility came to fill the place of the old arrogance of spirit in Moses. His exceeding patience with his people makes us marvel. Pride was gone, and steadfast meekness was in its place.

A besetting sin can be repelled by a conspicuous grace of character. Moses teaches us this lesson. He consecrated his whole being to God, and God so transformed it that meekness took the place of passion, and humility of pride. Such transformations are as possible today as in Egypt.

The Reward of Moses.

After all his toils Moses never entered the promised land. Another guided the people across the Jordan. This seems hard at first. But as we study further we see that Moses' work belonged to all time. To see his full reward it would have been necessary for him to live until now.

His reward was as large as his work. It was an eternal reward. As he had stood on Sinai, so he was to stand upon the mount of transfiguration and see the Messiah. Joshua led Israel across Jordan; but Moses, and not Joshua, has been remembered by Jew and Gentile as Israel's greatest leader and the world's greatest lawgiver. We can trust the matter of reward to God, for he gives larger rewards than our short views can see.

God's Opportunity.

Some one has said that "each human life is another opportunity for God to display His grace and power." So it is, and the thought will grow upon you as you meditate upon it. Just think, "I am God's opportunity!" Isn't it wonderful! Isn't it glorious! When we look at others whom God has richly blessed and honored in service,

we can see how it is; but do we ever think of ourselves as God's opportunity?

Every one that responds to God's call, "Come!" gives God a larger place in the world.

Every one who obeys God's command, "Go!" assists God in gaining a larger place in the hearts of men. Every regenerated heart and life is a new garden in which God plants his seeds of love and grace; a fountain out of which flow constant streams of healing power.

Take it home, dear young friend, and say to yourself, "I am God's opportunity." Be that and your life will become unutterably grand and your experience unspcakably sweet.—A. W. Spooner, D. D.

Daily Readings.

Mon., Oct. 12.—To rise above humble birth.	Ex. 2: 1-10
Tue., Oct. 13.—To give up our own way.	Ex. 2: 11-14
Wed., Oct. 14.—In the school of humility.	Ex. 2: 15-25
Thurs., Oct. 15.—In the school of reverence.	Ex. 3: 1-6
Fri., Oct. 16.—In the school of opposition.	Ex. 5: 1-11
Sat., Oct. 17.—In the school of rebellion.	Ex. 32: 7-14
Sun., Oct. 18.—Topic—Great men of the Bible: What Moses teaches us.	Ex. 34: 28-35; Matt. 17: 3, 4; Heb. 3: 1-5

There is no such thing as absolute independence in this world. Those who are mightiest are oftentimes the weakest when their power is taken away. Who is more helpless than a rich man bereft of his inherited treasure? And even when endowed with that for which he had not labored his dependence was greater than when in poverty. His wants were greater and it required more to supply them. More servants were needed. More desires must be gratified, more wishes must be pandered to. He needed artists, and sculptors, and footmen, villas by the sea and in the mountains, and for the gratification of all such desires and fancies he was dependent upon others. Others must bow to him, drive for him, run errands for him and cater to his wants. He must be fed by the grocer, clothed by the tailor, housed by the builder, shaved by the barber, doctored by the physician, embalmed by the undertaker, prayed over by the minister, and his final home prepared by the grave-digger. Poor man! He pretended to independence, but for every breath he breathed he was indebted to an overruling providence. For the light of day he was dependent upon the sun; for the beauty of his ancestral estate upon the clouds of heaven. What did he have that did not come from others? His education, the adornment of his home, the carpets on the floor, the statuary in the hall, the paintings on the wall, the silver on his table, the books he read, the music he sang—how little he possessed that was not fashioned by other hands than his. After all what little reason there is for any man to exalt himself above his fellows. Humility becomes the greatest as well as the least.

Certain thoughts are praises. There are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees.—Victor Hugo.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Manager and Editor

Ottawa, Wednesday, Oct. 7 1903.

To Sabbath School Superintendents: Notwithstanding the explicit instructions sent out by the Sabbath School Committee, a number of Sabbath Schools are forwarding their Children's Day collection by mistake, to the Rev. R. D. Fraser. These should be sent to the Rev. Robert H. Warden, D.D., Confederation Life Building, Toronto. Will Superintendents kindly ask the Treasurers of their Sabbath Schools to attend to this?

Bible S. Study. Guilds and Bible Classes desiring to take up a course of systematic Bible study can scarcely do better than adopt the course prepared by the Assembly's Committee on Y. P. Societies, on the Life of Christ. One of the Bible class primers—the Life of Christ—by Principal Salmond will be used as a textbook, and in connection with it, students may read any of the standard works on the same subject. The course will be published in the Y.P.S. Manual, but a leaflet containing this and other studies may be had separately.

There is more ground, says the Orillia Packet, for apprehension of the American invasion because of the effect it may have on Canadian ideals and customs than of any danger to our national independence of the United States. The Rev. T. A. Moore the Secretary of the Provincial Lord's Day Alliance, touched on one of the points upon which we must guard against the influx of American ideas, when he told of the determination of some who have come from that country to push their business for seven days a week, in defiance of Canadian law and practice. We are glad to have the help of Yankee energy and capital in developing Canada's resources but only on condition that they aid in upbuilding Canadian character as well as in increasing the store of Canadian wealth.

THE POINTE-AUX-TREMBLE'S MISSION SCHOOLS.

ANNUAL THANKSGIVING-DAY COLLECTIONS.

The Pointe-aux-Tremble's Mission Schools were re-opened on the 1st ult. Two hundred and twenty applications for admission have been received, of these one hundred and fifty have been accepted, about one half of them coming from Roman Catholic homes.

The proposed enlargement and improvements of the schools authorized by the last General Assembly are evidently an urgent need.

The Pointe-aux-Tremble's schools stand for a sound elementary education for our French Canadian youth of both sexes and the bible has the first and largest place among the subjects taught.

The character of the work done by Principal Brandt and his devoted assistants is attested by the yearly increasing number of applications coming from all parts of the province and representing the rank and file of the people.

A little reflection on the sad state of our French Roman Catholic fellow-Canadians from an intellectual and spiritual point of view and its cause; on the place they have and the part they must play in the problem of our common national destiny should call forth a deep interest in and large support for these schools which are of the most potent forces making for freedom, progress and unity in Quebec.

We ask for the Pointe-aux-Tremble's schools a place on Thanksgiving-day in the prayers of our people for the recognition of God's manifold blessings upon them and for renewed supplication for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon teachers and scholars and the homes from which they come.

We beg to call to mind also the Annual Thanksgiving special collection.

In the Name of the Executive,

A. J. MOWATT, D. D. S. J. TAYLOR,
Chairman. Secretary.

A HUNDRED YEARS OF CANADIAN PRESBYTERIANISM.

It is an exceedingly interesting booklet—Historic sketches of the Pioneer work, and the missionary, educational, and benevolent agencies of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, edited by a committee of the executive of the Twentieth Century Fund. Those who receive copies would do well to preserve them for future reference, as their value will become, we might almost say, incalculable as materials towards the next historical summing up, and the next, and next.

As the authors state, at the beginning of the 19th century there were no more than 20,000 Presbyterian people, with 22 ministers, scattered far and wide through the old Provinces, and there were at least three branches of that Church, even among so few. As the century closed there were nigh 900,000 people, with 1500 ministers and missionaries, and these formed one Church, whose operations extended from ocean to ocean and far into the regions beyond.

This record of figures of a century is glorious, and to all appearance, the century upon which we have entered will not lower the flag. There is room for a deeper enquiry, namely, for what do these figures stand? What sort of an influence have these Presbyterians had on the inner life, not only of individuals, but of the country as a whole? It is matter for solemn thankfulness that a satisfactory answer can be returned. It is not blowing the denomination horn to say the influence of Presbyterianism in Canada during the century has been salutary; that it is a combination of doctrine and practise which has shown wearing qualities. In the average amount of contribution to religious and moral objects; in intellectual interests and co-operations; in commercial acumen combined with commercial integrity; in all that goes to make up intelligent, progressive and desirable citizenship—in all these things, the outcome of a hundred years of Canadian Presbyterianism does not need to fear honest comparisons.

CHARITIES CONFERENCE.

On September 29th a representative gathering of ladies and gentlemen from many parts of Canada attended the opening in the City Hall, Ottawa, of the sixth Canadian Conference on Charities and Correction. The chair was taken in the afternoon by the President, Sir Louis Davies, who delivered a most interesting address. Mayor Cook extended a hearty welcome, to which responses were made by Messrs. J. J. Kelso, Mayor Urquhart and James Massie, Toronto, and A. M. Crombie, Montreal.

In the evening the principal speaker was Mr. E. T. Devine of New York, editor of "Charities," and a prominent worker in benevolent circles in that city. His address was extremely interesting, as showing the methods adopted in larger centres. He strongly condemned indiscriminate almsgiving, and said that in his city there was a law against street begging which had done valuable work. The tenement reforms in New York were also described and commended.

On Wednesday the morning was given over to the subject of neglected and dependent children. The principal address was by Mr. J. J. Kelso, superintendent of that work in Ontario. In the evening Judge McDonald of Brockville addressed the convention on the care and reformation of criminals.

On Thursday the conference came to a close. The following officers were elected: President, Adam Beck, M.P.P., Mayor of London; Vice-Presidents, J. J. Kelso of Toronto, Sir Louis Davies of Ottawa, Senator T. L. Beigue of Montreal; Treasurer, James Massie, Toronto; Secretary, Dr. A. M. Roseburgh, Toronto; Assistant Secretaries, John Keane of Ottawa, and Joseph Saunders of London; committee, Frank J. Walsh, Rev. James Lediard of Owen Sound, Mrs. E. H. Bronson of Ottawa, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings of Toronto, W. L. Scott of Ottawa,

Rev. Dr. Chown of Ottawa, John Urquhart of Hamilton, R. H. Lane of Montreal, Mrs. Yarker of London, Sheriff Cameron of London, T. N. R. Dick of Montreal, and Lieut.-Col. Burland of Montreal. London was selected as the place of meeting next year.

MONTREAL NOTES.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Board of French Evangelization held last week, the following committee was appointed to set on foot the movement that has in view the raising of \$60,000 for the extension of the Pointe-aux-Trembles schools: Rev. Dr. Scrimger, convener; Rev. Dr. Mowatt, Revs. Jas. Fleck, W. R. Cruikshank, E. H. Brandt, Dr. Amaron, and David Morrice, A. C. Hutchison, Dr. F. W. Kelley and Wm. Meldrum. The executive asked Dr. Amaron, of St. John's church, to accept the position of Agent of the Board for a period of time, to present the scheme to the Churches and make a canvass of the congregations. At a congregational meeting of St. John's church, it was agreed to release Dr. Amaron for six months, in view of the importance of pushing forward the educational work carried on at Pointe-aux-Trembles. Dr. Amaron will begin the work on the 15th October. A thorough canvass of the city of Montreal will first be made, to be followed by a visitation of the congregations, in the Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

It was not without some hesitation that the Board resolved to take away the pastor of St. John's church for six months, in view of the important position which this church occupies. At the last meeting of session, among the new members received, were a priest of the church of Rome, and a man of Montreal, whose son is a priest in the same city. The confession of the latter was most touching. He has been persecuted by his children, but said that he felt strong since the Gospel had enlightened his mind and heart.

Just at the time Dr. Amaron was called to the important work the Board is undertaking, he was vigorously at work trying to wipe off the balance of debt which remains on St. John's church. This church was established by the old Kirk before the middle of last century and is planning to celebrate its diamond jubilee, but the session is anxious to remove the debt before doing so. We understand that if St. John's could receive \$2,000 from sister churches of Montreal and elsewhere, their debt would be a thing of the past. Dr. Amaron is naturally very anxious to raise this sum between this and the 15th October, so as to be able to start out with a light heart, free from anxiety, and enter with enthusiasm upon the new enterprise in connection with Pointe-aux-Trembles. We feel assured that the people of the Presbyterian Church will help in this most laudable effort.

Doest thou love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.

THE PLAGUE IN INDIA.

Letters have been received recently from Central India, at our church offices, which give some idea of the terrible ravages of the Bubonic plague at Mhow and Indore. The letters state that the mortality has increased to a most alarming extent. A letter from one of the mission staff at Indore says that Indore is like a city of the dead. All the people are fleeing, and some are dying as they go. The officials are advising the people to leave their homes and live in straw "chappers," but as the rainy season is on now these are not much protection. Many victims of the disease lock themselves in their houses and die there. The police break into all locked houses, and often find for sole occupants, three or four or five dead bodies. These are laden in carts and taken to the "burning ghat," which blazes night and day, and are then cremated. The famine was considered a terrible calamity, but this baffles description.

The death rate at Mhow is even greater than at Indore. A letter from the former place says in part, "Words cannot describe the terror and desolation of these days. Men, women and children die in great numbers every hour. Men parade the streets, wan of face and wasted of figure, and cry in deep spectral tones, 'Bring out your dead; bring out your dead!' The dead are then brought out and laid at the doorways to await their turn to be taken in the carts to the graves. Many bodies are consigned to each grave. The Hindus at Mhow have been forced to cease cremating for the want of wood to burn.

"Food is most difficult to get, as it is not safe to purchase from the few shops which remain open. The college and all the mission schools are closed at Indore, and organization work is practically at a standstill. Some of the missionaries and an infinite number of the school children, have already succumbed to the dread scourge.

"The situation is in every sense of the term, terrible."

The recent death of Rev. Dr. Menzies from plague adds to the interest that we all feel in such a terrible affliction.

Literary Notes.

Arithmetics for High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, by Alfred De Lury, M.A., Associate Professor of Mathematics, University of Toronto. Cloth, 60c. Canada Publishing Company, Toronto. There has been urgent need for this textbook and its preparation could not have fallen into more competent hands; for Professor De Lury is a mathematician of high rank and has the rare power of making an abstruse subject luminous. Here he gives more attention to explanation of the theory of arithmetic and the working of normal problems than to the solution of those that are strange and artificial. Parts 1 and 2 contain a course of arithmetic for students who are preparing for business or for entrance to the universities. Part 3 contains a more extended course for teachers and includes series with logarithms.

Commencing with the October part, which will be the first of a new volume, The Studio will be permanently enlarged by the addition of a considerable number of pages. The series of articles on the subject of the late Mr. Whistler, accompanied by many illustrations in colours and in black and white, will be continued.

Answers to Prayer from George Muller's Narratives. Compiled by A.E.C. Brooks. Fleming H. Revell Company, Toronto, 50c. In the preface we read: "Mr. Brooks, in this compilation, has endeavoured to select those incidents and practical remarks from Mr. Muller's Narratives that show in an unmistakable way, both to believers and unbelievers, the secret of believing prayer, the manifest hand of God, and His unflinching response, in His own time and way, to every petition which is according to His will." The selections have been well chosen and the little volume answers the compiler's purpose very well indeed and will prove of interest to its readers.

Tennyson—Select Poems. Edited with Introduction and Notes by Pelham Edgar, Ph.D., Professor in Victoria University. Cloth, 50c. Paper, 30c. George N. Morang, Toronto. With this volume we take leave of the hackneyed method of editing English poems and find an interpreter who with fulness of expert knowledge puts himself into true sympathy with the mental status of the student. A modern characteristic of Professor Edgar's work is penetrating insight, and with this he combines the power to inspire the feeling for beauty and poetic pleasure in the study of Tennyson. The introduction is illuminating and the annotation vitalizing. The special introduction to each poem establishes a new standard for Canadian editors, and the exercises for classroom work have exceptional practical value for the student. The illustrations are well chosen.

A Young Man's Questions, by Robert E. Speer, Fleming H. Revell Company, Toronto, 80c. What a young man's questions are depends upon the young man. There are, however, many questions which may be called general, being common to all young men at least in a Christian community. Young men are suspicious of advice, but Mr. Robert E. Speer has shown such sympathy with their problems, difficulties and aspirations that they lend to him a willing ear. The author takes up such subjects as "Why a young man should be a Christian?", "Shall I join the Church?", "Shall I drink?", "Shall I Smoke?", "Is it wrong to bet?", "As to the theatre," "The young man and money," "His amusements," "His reading," "His work in the world." The problems are met from the various standpoints of religion, morality, propriety, expedience and courtesy. The tone of the book is healthy, the counsel sane, the style simple and direct. It is a good book for a young man to have on his book-shelf. Even those who have passed the period of young manhood may read it with profit.

The Inglenook.

Dicky-Bird and the Student.

BY WINIFRED M. KIRKLAND.

Dicky-bird is five. He is the youngest member of the faculty except one, but that one is only a three-months' baby, and a girl beside. Dicky-bird's hair is so curly that it will not hang square about his face, fashionably, as his mother and his barber desire. Dicky-bird's eyes are those of a baby Napoleon, but his lips are rosebud round and his dimples irresistible, so that perhaps if you are intrepid and stupid beside, you may try to turn up the chubby face for a kiss, but you never try twice.

Dicky-bird lives on Faculty Hill, which looks across the meadow-land of the athletic field and the bit of wood beyond, to the other hill where the college stands. From Dicky's house you can see the spires of Gray Chapel above the trees and hear the tinkle of its chimes every hour. Over there in those buildings, some gray, some dusky red, and all bright with Virginia creeper in these early November days, live the students.

Dicky-bird does not like students. He wishes there were no students, for then his father could play with him in the mornings instead of bolting his breakfast, and skipping down the stone steps, running across the athletic field and then up again on the other side, all to be in time to teach students at nine o'clock. In the morning students go hurrying over the campus in silly black gowns that flap. In the afternoons they are a little more sensible, for they wear short skirts and play tennis or basket-ball or hockey or golf. But morning, afternoon, or night, students are troublesome, always in the way. Dicky-bird could stand them if they would only let him alone, but they won't! They come trooping up the stone steps, and past his yard, on their way to the road and country walks beyond. And always they stop to talk to Dicky-bird, playing—as if he had time to talk to students! He does not even look up, but there they stand and call to him, or perhaps are quiet, watching—as if one could keep on playing even the Trojan war with people staring! Sometimes they suggest improvements in the game or beg to join in—girls at that! Sometimes when Dicky-bird is obdurate, they make remarks to each other about his hair and his dimples and his lost tongue, until, driven beyond bounds, Dicky-bird charges the group, shovel in hand, and abuse upon his tongue. Then they fall back laughing, and leave him in peace. Sometimes in the later afternoon, when the college turns itself out-of-doors, there are so many students passing Dicky's playground, that he has to retire under the piazza to get away from them.

To-day it is still early, only two o'clock, and yet Dicky-bird has already suffered insult, and is sulking over it, sitting hunched up on the steps. She had seemed inoffensive, that student just disappearing under the trees on the other hill. She had merely offered him some of the sweet chocolate and chestnuts she was munching, and Dicky-bird had accepted. Thereupon the student had marched across his yard and seated herself on his steps and claimed the right to play and be talked to. Dicky-bird had scowled while he crunched his chestnuts, and had responded only in signs and monosyllables. The student had persevered for a while, and then

left reproaching him. It was exasperating; he had not asked her for her chocolate and chestnuts; if she wanted to give him some, why couldn't she give and go home, and let him alone! As she went down the steps, she had called back so sweetly, "Good by, Dicky-bird." This again was a bitter grudge against students that they should call him by his dear mother-name, when they knew perfectly well that his name was Richard. The other name was his mother's to call him, that rosy young mother who played golf all day with her sleeves rolled up, and turned in at meal time, blowsy and glowing, and gathered her little son up into such glorious hugs. She had been a student once, but if she had not said so herself, Dicky-bird would never have believed it; it seemed impossible that any student could grow into such a precious playmate as that mother who had named him Dicky-bird, and whose cheeks were made for kissing over and over again—all alone, those two, in the twilights.

There were no students in sight now, and Dicky-bird went into the house and brought out his tin soldiers, resolved to play Valley Forge near the road, beside which the tiniest of brooks runs down the hill. But Dicky-bird was still so cross that he stood the Father of his Country on his head among the pebbles because the general refused to stand upon his feet.

Over at the college, in a room under the gables of Croft, Jean Dawson was in a pretty rage. Five minutes before she had been cheery, whistling softly while she braided her hair and tugged on her sweater preparatory to an early game of hockey—but now, since the coming of the mail! Her roommate thought it wiser to turn her chair so that she looked out of the window instead of toward Jean. The roommate was a freshman and it had only taken one week to teach her that she was not only not to be seen or heard herself, but also not to see or hear other people. Furthermore, she had just finished the first draft of her first essay, and was engaged in going over it and pinning in paragraph transitions, so that she really was almost oblivious to Jean's mutterings and stampings and tearings up of paper.

Jean had read the letter over ten times; she seemed to hear the ringing of his voice through it, and see the fire in his eyes. He was a dear boy—it was just that which made her angry with him—her tall twin brother, with the foot ball hair, the tense lips, the changing eyes. But there lay the obstinate letter:

"Dear Jean: Your letter does not affect my decision in regard to the Christmas vacation. I shall spend it as I please. It is not the first time you have interfered with my plans for my own amusement, but I wish to say that it may as well be the last time.

"It's no use trying to tell you how sick I am of the city. To be here in Boston is bad enough, but you ask me to go to New York! To Aunt Lucile's house-party, to theatres and dinners and parties—no sleep and no fresh air, and nothing but racket day and night! No, it's Cousin James's good old Vermont farm I'm going to, a hundred miles from a city, and five miles from anywhere, where I can breathe and tramp and ride and skee, and have a taste of woods and hills. Why you want to go to New York is beyond me! It's no use trying to make you under-

stand, but you may as well understand this much, that I'll do my playing as I please, and a fellow's play is the last thing you've a right to interfere with. That was the best thing about mother, that she never bothered, that she always let me play the way I wanted to. I can't make you see it. I suppose mothers understand boys—sisters don't.

"But the worse thing in this whole business is the way you try to force me to go with you to Aunt L's. You say I owe you something because of what you did for me last fall, getting uncle's promise to take me into the office when I'm through the Tech. next June. I wanted the job more than anything I can think of. I know uncle thought me too young, and only did it for you, and I thought I was as grateful to you as you could want me to be. I'd rather carry bricks next year than feel that such a service is a bargain giving you a right to my time, that you, my twin sister, gave me something I wanted so that I might afterwards do something you wanted—that you feel that you have bought me! Thank you for your services. The way you state them makes me feel that you are further away from me than mother is.

"Since you are so displeased with me, it is hardly necessary to say that I shall not keep to the plan of spending Thanksgiving with you. I had looked forward to having a bully time, but I don't feel much like coming now.

"Your aff. brother,

Robert Lynn Dawson."

Jean dashed off four separate replies, each shorter than the preceding. This was the last:

"Dear Rob: I certainly fail to understand. You have no right to disappoint me, after all I've done for you.

"I should think you'd get enough of solitude in camp in the summer, and that two weeks with me in New York at Christmas wouldn't hurt you.

"I don't believe mother would understand you any better than I do.

"You are right not to come Thanksgiving. We'd both have a pretty poor sort of time.

"Your loving sister,

Jean Dawson."

Jean sealed her letter, thrust the envelope up under her sweater, grabbed her hockey-stick, and stormed out of the room, down-stairs, and out of doors. She hurried to the athletic field, but when she got there, she found herself too cross to play, and went on up the stone steps, and past Dicky's house, toward the road, and the country beyond. Striding along unseeing, she stepped over Dicky-bird, playing Valley Forge.

"Hi, there," he cried. "Keep off the Delaware!"

"Why?" the tone was as cross as Dicky's own.

"Cause George Washington doesn't like students."

"Don't care—it's not his Delaware!" and stout-shod as she was, Jean continued to walk down the hill right in the Delaware.

"You'll be drowned." Dicky-bird called after her, gloomily, for he had stopped his play to watch her. This was a new sort of student. He didn't remember ever to have seen her before. Somehow her snappishness fitted his mood. He dropped George Washington, he pattered down the hill. The student faced about.

"Who asked you to come along?" she asked, glaring at him.

"Nobody didn't." Dicky-bird was frightened but resolute.

"I didn't, remember that," and the student turned on her way. Dicky-bird trotted abreast, his blouse well protruded in

front, hands thrust into his belt at the back. The student, in her white sweater and crimson velveteen skirt, had her hands behind her, too, dragging her hockey-stick.

They trudged on, not speaking, making a great racket with the dead leaves. It was a wonderful wood road, arched by branches all crimson and gold. In the crisp air was a faint smell of autumn bonfires. It was very hard to stay cross as one fared on and on through such blue November weather. Once a squirrel, disturbed in his nutting, scolded at them loudly. Dicky-bird laughed. "Cross-patch!" he said, pointing at the furry mite; "but then we bovered him, didn't we?"

"Yes," said the student—she was not quite ready to talk. On they went. Dicky-bird was enjoying himself immensely; he didn't know why. From time to time he stole a glance up at the student's face, and always dropped his eyes well pleased. Yes, he liked her, this tall student, whose eyes looked ever ahead, regardless of his small person. At last a sudden turn brought them on a vista of autumn landscape, corn-stacked fields, stretches of woodland, and beyond blue hill lines against the sky. The student stopped, threw back her head, drew a deep breath, and smiled.

"O isn't it nice?" she said. "Aren't you glad we came?"

"Yes," said Dicky-bird. "Let's play babes in the wood; there's lots of leaves."

"Let's!" cried the student.

They turned from the road into the woods for a romp. They were the babes, the wicked murderers, the kindly robins, by turns, then they forgot the game in rolling over and over in the crisp brown leaves. They laughed, sang, shouted, having a glorious playtime, alone in the still woods. Then, Dicky-bird, sitting in a pile of leaves, breathless and bright-eyed, said, suddenly: "I was awful cross when we started."

"So was I," said the student.

"I was cross at a student," said Dicky-bird, looking hard at her.

"I was cross at a boy," said she.

"Not me?" inquired Dicky-bird, anxiously.

"Not me?" she echoed.

"No," they reassured each other.

Dicky-bird came a little nearer. "I like to play with you," he said. "Will you be my sister, if I ask my mother may you?"

"I'll have to ask my mother may I?"

"Cause he wants to play with you himself?"

"No, he doesn't want to play with me," said the student, suddenly gloomy again. She shook the leaves from her skirt. "We must go home now," she said shortly.

The walk home was almost as silent as the other, only it was different, because now the student carried her hockey-stick over one shoulder, and with the other hand grasped Dicky-bird's dirty little paw. Whether Dicky-bird skipped or danced, or merely shuffled the leaves, not for worlds would he have withdrawn his hand from the student's. On their way they made a circuit around by the village, stopping at Ebhart's to buy sweet chocolate. Arriving at Dicky's house, they sat out on his steep piazza, tapping their heels against the lattice work while they ate.

Dicky-bird had been thinking hard, the present refreshments reminded him of the earlier afternoon and the other student. He spoke abruptly: "You wouldn't give a boy something he wanted just to make him do something you wanted."

The student started. "Wouldn't I?" she asked.

"No. That student wanted me to play

with her just because she gave me things."

"Was that why you were cross at her?"

"Yes. Wouldn't you be cross at her?"

"I don't know."

Dicky-bird was still making a mental catalogue of his student's superiorities.

"You wouldn't bover a boy. You didn't bover me. You'd let the boy do what he wanted. You wouldn't bover him. You'd let him play the way he liked."

"Would I?" whispered the student.

Dicky-bird's little brain was still over-busy. "I want you for my sister," he said, with emphasis. "I think you'd be most as nice as a muvver. But muvvers are nicest—muvvers—muvvers." He was plainly struggling with his thought.

"Mothers understand boys?" suggested the student.

Dicky-bird beamed at her penetration. "Yes," he cried. "Do sisters understand boys?"

"I don't know," then, gazing down at his intent, unwinking little face, smirched with wood mould and chocolate, she added, "I think perhaps sisters could understand boys—if they wanted to—I think perhaps sisters can understand boys." She jumped down lightly. "I must go home," she said; "I must write a letter to my brother."

"To ask him may you be my sister?"

"To ask him if he wants to play with me himself."

Dicky-bird sat on the stone steps and watched his student out of sight. "She didn't bover me," he whispered to himself.

This was the letter Jean mailed that evening:

"Dearest Bobs-boy: You do not mind my calling you mother's name for you? For you and I are going to understand each other. I think sisters can understand boys if they want to. "You have a right to do as you please with your vacations. Never mind about my 'services.' Let's forget we talked like that. I don't want to give a boy things he wants just to make him do something I want. "I'm a little afraid to suggest it—only you have already wanted me along—should I be very much in your way if I went with you to Cousin James's? You know I'm as tough to stand cold air and exercise as you are. May I go with you, and will you teach me to skee? "You must come Thanksgiving. I want you to come and play with me. I'll let you play the way you want to. I won't bover you. "This letter is largely quotation; I'll explain at Thanksgiving. It is nineteen days until then. "TWINLIE."

—The Interior.

October Moonlight.

The moon is up at half past five,
She frightens me among the pines;
The moon, and only half past five!
With half the ruddy day alive—
So soon, so high, so cold, she shines,
This daylight moon among the pines.

The moon is sleeping in the trees,
So early is she tired of heaven,
The moon is dreaming in the trees,
Her shepherd boy she sees! she sees!
Asleep; and it is only seven!
O moon, that is so tired of heaven.

Richard Le Gallienne in Harper's Magazine

How the School Read It.

The Sabbath school lesson for the day was "Joseph Sold Into Egypt," and the teacher of the infant class asked a bright little boy to tell the lesson story.

He went on with it all right until he said, "His brothers murdered a little child and

Saved Baby's Life.

Mrs. T. Brisson, Gold Rock, Ont., writes:—"Baby's Own Tablets saved my little boy's life when there seemed no hope, and he is now a bright, rosy healthy child. He suffered more than tongue can tell from obstinate constipation and medicine gave him no relief until I gave him Baby's Own Tablets. I would not be without the Tablets in the house, and I think they should be kept in every home where there are young or delicate children."

All the minor ills of childhood, such as indigestion, colic, stomach troubles, diarrhoea, worms, constipation, simple fevers, and colds are promptly relieved and speedily cured through the use of these Tablets. They are guaranteed to contain no opiate and may be given with absolute safety to the youngest and most delicate child. Sold by all medicine dealers or sent post paid at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville Ont.

dipped Joseph's coat in the blood."

"What?" asked the teacher.

"That's what my lesson paper said," persisted the boy. "So did mine," and "and mine," added one child after another.

"Let me see it," said the teacher, and the children passed a regular shower of little pink lesson papers.

"There, see!" said the boy. "They killed a kid and dipped the coat in the blood."

This actually happened in Northern New England, where the children are not familiar with goats.—S. S. Times.

Felling Trees by Electricity.

In some of the forests of France trees are now felled by electricity. A platinum wire, heated white hot by the current, is stretched between two poles and used as a saw. There is much less work than with an ordinary saw, no sawdust is produced, and the charring of the surface of division tends to prevent decay. In some cases the time required to fell a tree by this method is only one-eighth of that necessary by the old system of sawing.

Tactful.

"Keep off the grass" is a form of command that arouses antagonism in some dispositions. "Please keep off the grass" is a shade more conciliatory, but the following sign on a eollege lawn in Hanover, N. H., combines delicious humor and profound philosophy:

"Every one who likes fair play will keep in the walk, and give the grass a chance."

The rights of the grass on that lawn are respected.—The Lutheran.

"If, instead of a gem or even a flower, we could cast the gift of a rich thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels give."

ALLEN'S
LUNG BALSAM
Cures
Deep seated Colds
Coughs - Croup - Bronchitis.
LARGE BOTTLES 50c.
MEDIUM 30c. TRIAL SIZE 25c.

Ministers and Churches.

Toronto.

The Old Criticism and the New—A Plea for Christian Apologetics will be the theme of Rev. M. Robertson's opening lecture of Knox College.

East Toronto, Emmanuel Presbyterian church was crowded to the doors last Sunday, at all of the three services, this being the tenth anniversary of the church. In the evening Rev. J. A. MacPherson, B. A., of Chalmers Church, Toronto, preached an able sermon from Isaiah xliii., 19: "Behold, I will do a new thing; I will even make a way in the wilderness."

In Cook's church Rev. F. Esler said: "Jezebel of old promulgated doctrines that seduced God's servants. She was endowed with superhuman power and wisdom, and was able to do marvelous things, but her gifts were from the prince of evil. Mrs. Mary Baker Eddy, a head of the Christian Science movement, is a modern Jezebel, possessor of marvelous power, which she uses to seduce Christians. Her doctrines are fundamentally at variance with those of God, and her followers walk in spiritual darkness."

At College Street Presbyterian Church last week a Young Men's Enquiry Circle was organized, with the following officers: Hon. president, Rev. Dr. A. Gilray; president, Mr. Ogle Hamner; leader, Mr. James Robinson; secretary-treasurer, Mr. Norman Mutch; visitors, Messrs. Fred Rose and T. B. Douglas. The Circle will meet Sabbath afternoons at 2 p. m., and during the week from time to time for literary and other purposes.

The opening of Knox College this week is being signaled by the installation of Rev. Mr. Robertson, of North Berwick, Scotland. The name he bears is one not unknown in our church in Canada. Among the most honoured names is that of the late Dr. Robertson who may be said to have built up Presbyterianism in the West. Mr. Robertson comes to Knox with a good reputation. He is a man of scholarly attainments and was closely identified with the educational board of the Free Church to which he belonged. He is a frequent contributor to the theological periodicals, his articles proving him to be in touch with present day theological thought. High hopes are entertained that his presence on the college staff will be a strength to Knox and that he will add lustre to that institution as a place of theological learning.

The daily papers give publicity to the following interesting item. "Mahlangeni, the 19-year-old son of a Kaffir chief, is now enrolled as a student at St. Andrew's College. His father is a wealthy farmer in South Africa. A tutor trained the youth in the English language, and with a desire for a medical education, Mahlangeni landed in the United States about three months ago. He was restless away from the British flag, however, and two days ago arrived in Toronto. He visited University College, where the officers of the Y.M.C.A. took an interest in his case. He was not sufficiently advanced to enter into work of the University, nor the Jarvis Street Collegiate Institute, but he was passed on to Rev. Dr. Bruce Macdonald, principal of St. Andrew's College, where it has been arranged he shall receive instruction. He expects to remain here seven years to finish his medical education."

"If the Rev. Mr. Clark, of Cowan avenue church is appointed to the pastorate of the Calgary Church," said Rev. R. C. Tibb, B. A., "It will complete a quota of our very best young ministers, all of whom are in the Great West. There is Rev. J. W. MacMillan, who went from Lindsay to Winnipeg; Rev. R. W. Dickey, at Brandon; Rev. J. J. Patterson, at Regina; Rev. J. S. Henderson at Westminster, and Rev. R. J. Wilson, at Vancouver. These are all among the very first of the young ministers of the Canadian Presbyterian Church to-day. Of course the West needs them, but it shows what men it is drawing away from us. It is notable, too, that these places are all strategic points. Winnipeg will, undoubtedly, develop into the great Western intellectual centre, Brandon will be a great place of business, Regina Legislative, and Calgary will be the mission centre of the West."

The semi-annual meeting of Cooke's Church Chapter of the Brotherhood of Andrew and Philip, was held last week in the lecture room of the church. A number of representatives of various churches in the city, and also of the Young Men's Progressive Bible Class, were present to see the working of this new institution of the church in this city. Very favorable re-

ports were received bearing on the extensive work of the Brotherhood and showing its fast growth. The membership is now over one hundred. Preparations are being made to institute other Chapters in the various churches of this city and Province. The election of officers resulted as follows: Hon. President, Rev. Alex. Esler; President, W. J. C. McCrea; 1st. vice-president, John Hammond; 2nd. vice-president, H. R. Gray; Chaplain, K. A. Maciver; Treasurer, Jas. W. Slater; Secretary, S. A. McFadden. Chairman of Committees—Lookout, J. D. Hunter; Social, H. Henderson; Organization, K. A. Maciver.

In St. Enoch's church a congregational singing class has been organized. The purpose of the institution of the work, is that opportunity may be given to many to study the music of the book of Praise, with a view to the further development of praise throughout the congregation. The class is under the instruction of Mr. William Selby, an elder of the congregation, who is prosecuting similar work in several congregations. As an introduction to the weekly class work, the pastor, Rev. Alex. MacMillan, on Sabbath evening last (27th. Sept.) preached a sermon on Sacred song in the early church. Particular emphasis was laid upon the supreme importance of the united praise of the people, such an effort is to be commended, as a crusade for the improvement of congregational singing would add greatly to the power of worship in the house of God.

"It is a crying shame, I say, and a disgrace to our country that we have no law on the statute books to prevent the gambling which takes place at the Woodbine," said Rev. G. M. Milligan in the course of his sermon at Old St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, on Sunday morning.

Dr. Milligan was preaching on national ideals, and took the occasion to warmly denounce betting on horse races, and more particularly the law which permitted it to flourish.

Dr. Milligan also censured what he called "the pleasure-loving crowd of Toronto." Their lives, he said, were unreal, and he felt mean when he saw what poor material some of them were made of, more especially those who could not stand prosperity. They lived in a bad atmosphere, and made little or no attempt to cultivate their better nature.

The Cabinet crisis in England was indirectly referred to by the preacher. The ordinary Britisher, he said, saw no further than the end of his nose, and it was the Secretary of the Colonies, Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, who had undertaken to educate the people and thus enable them to take a larger and more elevated view of life.

Ottawa.

The Thank offering meeting of the Stewarton Auxiliary to the W.F.M.S. was held on Friday. The box sent to Rolling River reserve is valued at \$47.45. The Thank offering amounted to \$23.05.

Rev. Jas. H. Turnbull, M. A., of Ottawa addressed the young people of St. Andrew's church, Carleton Place, last week on the importance of Missions. Recitations were given by Mrs. Weekes and Miss Brown, and solos by Mrs. J. F. Macdonald. Refreshments were served during the evening.

At the re-opening meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of St. Andrew's church, it was decided to assist in the bazaar to be held for the Perley Home in November, by having charge of a candy table. It was also decided to join with the other churches in serving lunches at the Dominion convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union to be held.

The members of the Home Mission Society of St. Andrew's church listened with much interest Friday afternoon to a talk by Mrs. Herridge on her visit to the Swan River Mission field during June. Mrs. Herridge told of the difficulties in reaching the settlements, but of the warm reception she received from the congregation. She arrived on Friday evening and remained until Wednesday, during which time she was taken to every part of the Mission field and visited every family. On the Monday evening a reception was held in her honor, the church being beautifully decorated with flowers. Mrs. Herridge also showed a number of photographs, one of which was a picture of the interior of the church during the flower social with a number of the congregation. Mrs. Herridge herself beside the minister, Rev. David Johnstone, on the platform. This picture had been sent as a gift to the society. There was some talk afterwards of devoting this year's funds toward the building of a manse for Mr. Johnstone.

Eastern Ontario.

At an adjourned meeting of the Presbytery of Kingston it was agreed to grant the translation of Rev. Alex. Rannie B. A., from Roslin and Thurlow etc. to Nairn and Beechwood in Presbytery of Sarnia. Mr. Rannie's connection with Roslin, Thurlow, etc., ceases on and from 12th of October next.

Western Ontario.

Rev. Mr. Neilly, of Dover Centre, preached in the Dresden church on Sunday.

Rev. W. H. Johnson of Chesterfield conducted the preparatory service in St. Andrew's church, Shakespear, on Friday Sept. 25.

The quarterly communion service was held in Knox church, Hamilton, last Sunday both morning and evening, when 30 new members were added to the roll. The subject of Rev. E. A. Henry's evening sermon was "The condition of knowing God."

St. George's Church, London Junction, celebrated its eighth anniversary last Sabbath, the preacher for the morning being Rev. James Rollins, B. A., and for the evening Rev. Dr. McCrae. The congregation has flourished under the fostering care of St. Andrew's Church and hopes soon to become self-sustaining. The anniversary services were followed by a social tea and entertainment on Monday evening.

Messrs. J. W. Ross and D. A. Budge, delegates appointed by the American Church, Montreal, to wait upon Rev. Dr. Johnston, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, and extend to him an invitation to become pastor of the Montreal church, were in London on Saturday for that purpose.

Mr. Geo. W. Carter, B.A., of Guelph, who has been in charge of the Cedarville congregations during the summer months, reports very favourably of the work there. The congregations are now a separate charge, and are moderating in a call to a minister. Mr. Carter will resume his duties at Knox College this week.

Peterborough Presbytery.

Rev. G. H. Bonfield, British delegate to Canada in the interests of the Bible Society, speaks in Peterborough this week.

Mr. S. H. Pickup, who has had charge of the Lakehurst mission field, and Mr. W. L. William, who has been in charge at Mill St. church, Port Hope, leave this week to resume their studies at College.

Baltimore and Coldsprings charge has not yet recovered from the disappointment felt in Mr. Macdonald's not seeing his way clear to accept a call. Rev. C. S. Lord, of Grafton, is moderator.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed in many of the churches on Sunday last. Rev. Dr. Torrance officiated at St. Paul's church, Peterboro', preaching a most forceful and able sermon on "Brotherly love," taking as his text Rom. 12: 9, 10.

The Local Executive of the Sabbath School Association for Peterborough town, with Rev. J. A. Wilson as President, are making arrangements for a systematic house to house canvass of Peterborough and Ashburnham in the interests of the various Sabbath schools and churches. The different churches are entering heartily and unitedly into this work.

A move in the right direction was made by the Peterborough Ministerial Association at their October meeting held on Monday of this week, when the following resolution was passed:—"Resolved: That this Association deprecates indiscriminate sale of tickets, or other canvassing for financial support of particular congregations, or enterprises connected with them, among professional men or merchants not connected with the congregations named."

One of the most interesting induction services ever held in this Presbytery was that at Omemee on Thursday last week, when Rev. J. M. Whitelaw, M. A., B. D., of Kinnear's Mills, Quebec, was inducted into the pastoral charge of Omemee, Lakevale, and Mount Pleasant. The church was crowded, and the addresses were all of a high order. Rev. H. E. Abraham, of First church, Port Hope, preached; Rev. G. A. McLennan, of Norwood, addressed the minister; and Rev. G. Yule, of Springville, addressed the people. The settlement promises to be a happy one.

Christian Endeavor Convention.

The annual convention of the Ontario Christian Endeavor Union was held in Stratford on the 29th and 30th of September and the 1st of October, the meetings being most successful. The opening one was held on Tuesday afternoon in the form of a preparation service in the city hall. In the evening Dr. Lyon, of Ottawa, the President of the Association, presided, and addresses were given by the Mayor; Rev. Dr. W. F. Wilson, of Hamilton; Rev. Dr. Langford, of Stratford; Rev. E. W. Panton, Stratford; Mr. T. Moir, Stratford; and Rev. W. F. Wilson, who spoke on Echoes from the International Denver C. E. Convention. At the conclusion of the meeting refreshments were served and a welcome was given to the visiting delegates and their hosts.

On Wednesday morning the session was opened by a Bible study conducted by Rev. Dr. Elmore Harris. A devotional service followed, conducted by Rev. E. W. Panton of Stratford. President Lyon of Ottawa, told of the growth of the movement and of its past history, gleaned therefrom much cause for encouragement in the future. The Secretary, Mr. A. T. Cooper of Clinton, read his annual report, in which he said they could not report a large increase of societies or members, yet the testing period had made the young people more energetic and more successful. There are now 2,156 societies and 1,806 young people's societies. Mr. Cooper suggested the appointment of a man in the field to devote his entire time to Christian Endeavor work, a suggestion which met with general approval. The treasurer, Mr. T. E. Clendenning of Ottawa, reported receipts of \$513.04 and expenditure of \$308.40.

Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark of Boston, arrived Wednesday morning and was received with a welcome which befitted the founder of the Christian Endeavor movement. He conducted a short school of methods at the conclusion of the meeting, in which he discussed how they might enlarge and improve their work.

Rev. R. J. M. Glassford, of Guelph, presided at the afternoon session, which was opened by a missionary song service. Rev. W. J. McKay, of Stratford, conducted a devotional service, and was followed by Rev. W. Johnson, of South Zorra, who spoke upon "Methods of Work of Missionary Committees: How to Work to Best Advantage." Rev. Alexander Esler of Cooke's church, Toronto, gave an inspiring address upon "Buying up Opportunities," and Rev. Dr. W. F. Wilson of Hamilton, spoke on "Christian Endeavor's Future in Canada, and the Individual's Responsibility." Rev. Dr. Clarke was the last speaker of the afternoon. His topic was "The Christian Endeavor watchwords—organize, vitalize, evangelize."

In the evening rallies were held in the Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Evangelical and Congregational churches of Stratford.

On Thursday the Convention was concluded by an excellent series of meetings. At 7:30 o'clock a junior breakfast was held in the Central Methodist church. At 8 o'clock a conference was held of junior workers. At 8:45 a Bible study class was conducted by Rev. Elmore Harris, D.D., his topic being "The Gospel of the Son of God." At 10:45 Rev. T. A. Moore led in the devotional service, which was followed by the receipt of reports from the Nominating Committee and others. The Nominating Committee reported the following officers for the ensuing year, and the meeting adopted the report:—President, Rev. A. Esler, Toronto; Vice-Presidents—Dr. M. Steele, Tavistock; Rev. Geo. S. Clendenning, Elgin; Rev. G. A. McKenzie, Stratford; Rev. J. B. Reid, Hamilton; Councilors—A. T. Cooper, Clinton; Dr. W. F. Wilson, Hamilton; Rev. W. O. Hehn, Chesley; Rev. T. A. Moore, Toronto; H. C. Hunt, Belleville. Editor, Rev. R. J. M. Glassford, Guelph; Secretary, Dr. V. H. Lyon, Ottawa; Treasurer, Thos. R. Clendenning, Ottawa.

Invitations for the next annual convention were received from Toronto and Belleville. As the new President is from Toronto, it was decided to have the next annual convention there.

The matter of the appointment of a field secretary for Ontario came up for discussion at the morning meeting, and the President called upon Rev. F. E. Clark, D.D., to speak upon the subject. He upheld the suggestion. It was decided to devote the \$150 balance in the treasury to such a service, and the delegates undertook to give \$270 from their local associations, to be paid by January 1. It is expected that by that time enough will have been received to justify the making of an appointment.

In the afternoon the junior rally was held in the Central Methodist church, and the final meeting was held in the evening at the city hall. Rev. T. A. Moore gave an address upon Our Imperilled Lord's Day and His Defence. In Knox church Rev. Dr. Clark gave an address in which he spoke of the worldwide strength of the Christian Endeavor movement.

Presbytery of Kingston.

Next ordinary meeting of Presbytery of Kingston on 2nd Tuesday in December, at 11 a.m. in John Street Church, Belleville.

The Presbytery of Kingston has granted translation of Rev. Alex. Rennie, B.A., to Presbytery of Sarnia with a view to his induction to the charge of Nairn and Beechwood. His connection with the charge of Roslin, Thurlow, Sidney, etc., terminates on the 12th inst. The Presbytery passed a motion highly appreciative of his services in the field he is leaving. Out of his recent charge with Fuller added the Presbytery has formed two new charges, viz., Roslin, Thurlow and Fuller, of which Rev. Jas. Binnie of Tweed is moderator, p.t. and which is ready to receive candidates; and Sidney and Foxboro as a H.M. charge of which Rev. O. Q. Burns of Stirling is moderator, p.t., and which is prepared to receive an ordained missionary whose salary is provided for.

Algoma Presbytery.

The Rev. Mr. Drinnan of Massay was elected moderator of the Presbytery for the year.

The Presbytery missed the Rev. Dr. Armstrong formally of Thessalon, who removed from our bounds since the last regular meeting.

This Presbytery presents some strange things to an observer, things are done so differently from the course presented in other Presbyteries.

Dr. Findlay acts by virtue of his office of convener, as moderator of all vacancies when a call is about to be extended. The Dr. presented a call from Manitowaning congregation in favor of Mr. H. Currie, a recent graduate of Knox College, Toronto.

Dr. Findlay who is superintendent of missions for Muskoka, is also convener of the Augmentation committee of Presbytery of Algoma so that he can control the men coming into the Presbytery, either as ordained missionaries, or as pastors in augmented churches.

The retirement of Rev. Jno. Rennie from the work left the convensorship of the Home mission vacant, and the Rev. D. MacEachran of the Soo was appointed convener, the right man in the right place, but he has associated with him Revs. Drinnan, MacLennan, Peltier, who are Home missionaries. Would it not be better to have men on this committee who are independent of it than for these men to appoint themselves?

A committee consisting of Revs. Dr. Findlay, Kenzie, Peltier and MacLennan, were appointed to visit the congregation of Forbitt and mission stations of MacLennan, for the purpose of undoing what these leaders caused the presbytery to do some few years ago. Hymn singers, organ players and users of the churches lesson helps for S. S. purposes are in MacLennan mission, while the Forbitt congregation is opposed to the lesson helps, S. S. papers, hymns and organ. The Superintendent has allowed this division to go on for years though the churches are less than 200 yards apart. It is to be hoped that this venerable committee will reunite and that all will be happy, among these Highlanders once more.

The Augmentation committee is composed of Rev. Dr. Findlay, convener, and Rev. J. MacEachran, who draws a grant from the fund.

There is a government party here and all work is done in secret caucus.

The party (of the government) is too strong for the opposition, but it might do well for the Home Mission Committee at Toronto to say to Algoma Presbytery, "Elect your Committee from among others than ordained missionaries, and to the Superintendent, 'attend to Home Mission work and leave Augmentation work alone.'"

The regular semi-annual meeting of the Presbytery of Algoma was held at Gore Bay on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday of last week. Rev. Mr. Drinnan, of Massey, was elected moderator. After the usual routine of business, the Rev. Mr. Duncan introduced a motion to divide the Presbytery of Algoma into two parts by a line from Blind River northwards to Chapeau. This would give in round numbers ten ministers and forty-five mission stations to

each of the new Presbyteries. He supported the motion by urging three reasons: First—On the ground of extent—It extends a distance equal to that from Ottawa to Hamilton, and beyond. Second—On the ground of expense—In Older Ontario few ministers have more than 50 miles to go to attend Presbyterial meetings, but it is a common thing for ministers and elders in Algoma to go 150 miles. This is a heavy tax on new settlers in a new country. Third—On the ground of the official discharge of Presbyterial functions—It is found by experience that when the territory is too large, the work of the church cannot be so well done. Presbyterial conventions are impossible; mission stations are neglected because their needs are imperfectly known, etc. This motion was laid over to be dealt with at the next regular meeting. Rev. John Rennie, having been placed on the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund, withdraws from the Presbytery of Algoma, and from the active duties of the ministry to enter upon a well-merited rest. His services were recognized in a most substantial manner by the members of Presbytery.

His Work Appreciated.

At the last ordinary meeting of the Presbytery of Kingston the committee appointed at the July meeting to draft a minute expressive of the Presbytery's appreciation of the long and faithful services of the Rev. M. W. Maclean as Convener of its Home Mission Committee, submitted the following, which was adopted, and a finely engrossed copy, under the seal of the Presbytery was presented to Mr. Maclean.

The Presbytery of Kingston, recognizing the reasonableness of Mr. Maclean's request that he be at length permitted to retire from the office of Convener of its Home Missions Committee, which position he has occupied continuously for over 20 years, has reluctantly consented to the appointment of another Convener. While so doing the Presbytery desires to place on record an expression of its high appreciation of the valuable services rendered to the church by the very efficient manner in which, throughout so long a period, Mr. Maclean has discharged the onerous duties of the responsible office from which he now retires. The position of Convener of the Home Missions Committee of Presbytery is one to which no salary is attached, and certainly cannot be considered as a sinecure. The responsibility connected with it and the arduous nature of the duties attached, the amount of correspondence, of toil and of travel, may to some extent be appreciated by those who know that the Home Mission fields of the Presbytery are scattered over portions of no less than seven counties and fifteen or twenty townships, and that during the period covered by Mr. Maclean's services as Convener of the Home Mission Committee more than 120 student missionaries and some 25 ordained missionaries have labored under the direction of the committee.

The Presbytery is gratified to know that although no hope of pecuniary reward has stimulated Mr. Maclean in what has been to him a work of faith and a labor of love he has, nevertheless, not been altogether unrewarded nor left to utter the mournful plaint, "I have labored in vain and spent my strength for naught." He has been permitted to see several new mission stations opened and some of them raised to the position of being served by regularly ordained missionaries, while others have been transferred to the list of augmented charges or become self-sustaining. Though now, at his own request, relieving him from the arduous duties of Convener, the Presbytery hopes that, as a member of its Home Missions Committee, it may long enjoy the benefit of his wise counsel and of the valuable experience which his long service as Convener of its Home Mission Committee has given him.

Northern Ontario.

Mr. W.A. McTaggart, the student missionary at Dunchurch, occupied the Magnetawan pulpit last Sunday. His services were much appreciated. Rev. R. V. McKibbin, B.A., of Magnetawan, was looking after the interests of the mission at Dunchurch. The Dunchurch congregation is about to furnish their pretty church with new seating to cost upwards of \$100, which amount is on hand. They are to be congratulated on the prosperity they are enjoying under the pastoral care of the student missionary. Mr. McTaggart, during whose ministry some fifteen additions have been made to the membership, and the interest in other ways has been greatly increased.

When Your Joints Are Stiff

and muscles sore from cold or rheumatism, when you slip and sprain a joint, strain your side or bruise yourself, Perry Davis' Painkiller will take out the soreness and fix you right in a jiffy. Always have it with you, and use it freely. **USE**

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Health and Home Hints

School Luncheons.

In some large private schools hot soup, cocoa, milk, and other things may be purchased,—a most excellent arrangement, since a cold luncheon is decidedly conducive to dyspepsia,—but since this is not to be found in every school, as soon as the child is old enough to be trusted she should be provided with an alcohol lamp with a tin cup into which the lamp will fit and a small flask of alcohol; these may be kept in the desk, and the small bottle such as cream comes in, with the wired top, may be brought from home every morning with bouillon or beef tea or anything which is nourishing; many a delicate child will rapidly gain strength simply from this addition to her luncheon.

Fruit must also be considered a necessity of the wholesome lunch, and even at the time when it is most expensive. However, it need not always be fresh, for a little jar of nice apple sauce, stewed figs or dates, or a peeled and baked apple will by no means be despised.

The last essential to the perfect luncheon is the surprise. Any one who, as a child, took her luncheon to school will remember the delight with which she unearthed from the very bottom the bit of candy, the handful of nuts, the pieces of preserved ginger.—Harper's Bazar.

The Perfect Omelette.

To the average cook an omelette is simply eggs, salt, pepper, and butter, in combination with a hot skillet. To those who eat the omelette it is well known that it is of all dishes the most uncertain. One may draw a prize in the shape of a tender, delicate, creamy omelette flavored to a turn and tempting to the last degree, or the dish may be tough and leathery, solid and tasteless—a most unappetizing blank. The omelette is usually made with the eggs broken together in a bowl and beaten just enough to mix thoroughly. The skillet should be kept for the purpose, and should be perfectly clean. Holding a bit of butter the size of a walnut, it is put over a clear hot fire. Pour

in the egg and fold over as it "sets," taking care to add the salt and pepper just before it is taken from the fire. An expert chef puts a few drops of vinegar in the edge of the pan, letting it run around the omelette, which gives an additional touch of delicious tenderness. The omelette puff has the whites and yolks beaten separately and thoroughly, the whites folded in carefully as the egg is poured into the saucepan. A delicious breakfast dish these early autumn mornings is to fold into the omelette, just before serving, triangles of firm ripe tomatoes made from thick slices of the vegetable.—Harper's Bazar.

World of Missions.

A Hindu Missionary in Africa.

It is interesting to notice how results of missionary labors on one continent are sometimes found on another. *The Missionary*, of Nashville, Tenn., says: "In the building of the railway from the east coast of Africa to its central kingdoms the English have employed East Indian laborers, and some of the most efficient railway officials on this line are those who have been trained in mission schools in India. A report comes of an inspector on the Uganda Railway, who is an East Indian Christian, a very earnest and enthusiastic evangelist, who, aside from his official labors, is taking efficient part in evangelistic efforts in the heart of Africa."

Growth of Christianity in India.

Much has been said of the slow increase of the number of Christians in India. Thus, for example, some take pleasure in referring to the last census as showing that the increase in the number of Mohammedans was nearly nine times as great as the increase of Christians. But five millions was, in proportion, a much smaller increase in the Mohammedan population than the six hundred and thirty-nine Christians. The Protestant population of India has nearly doubled in ten years. In addition to this the forces and agencies of the Mohammedan and native religions are stationary. They have no more power than a half century ago, indeed they have much less; but the Christianizing forces have been very greatly increased, new institutions have been established, and the number of native laborers greatly increased. Mission work is cumulative, and greater results are ever in the immediate future.

Christian Village in the new Hebrides.

The converts at the mission stations in Malekula have built a Christian village in which they live. All are clothed. They begin and close every day with praise and prayer, and are very happy with each other, giving a daily object lesson to the heathen of their joy and peace of Christianity. To their village they welcome all new converts, teach them and help to protect them; and if they resolve to live there, all unite and assist in building a new house for them after a given plan on straight streets running parallel with each other, and with streets at right angles. All houses are built on strong wood foundations, wattled and plastered with lime, and whitewashed. The cottages are neat, and are all kept clean—a great contrast to the heathen village. The village is on a healthful site, bought for the purpose near the mission house, so that they may have the help and advice of the missionary in all difficulties raised by the heathen, and may also help the missionary in his work, and receive his constant teaching and care.—John G. Paton, in *Missionary Review*.

Motherly Advice.

From one whose Daughter was Restored to Health.

Had Suffered From Headaches, Dizziness and Fainting Spells—Feared at one Time that Consumption Would Follow.

All the freshness of youth, the rosy cheeks and bright eyes of girlhood, the charms of budding womanhood, are due to pure rich blood and healthy nerves. When the face is pale and the eyes lack lustre, when there are headaches and backaches, shortness of breath and palpitation of the heart the blood is seriously out of condition, and decline and consumption may well be feared. In emergencies of this kind there is no medicine so certain in its beneficial results as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every pill makes new rich blood, strengthens the nerves and puts the sufferer on the road to health. Proof of this is found in the case of Miss Bertha Milloy, Port Dalhousie Ont. The story of this young lady's restoration to health is told by her mother as follows: A few years ago my daughter Bertha began to decline in health. Among the early symptoms were loss of appetite, loss of strength and an aversion to exertion. These were followed by severe headaches, and fainting fits; her color left her and she was greatly reduced in flesh. In fact her condition was such that I feared she would go into consumption. We tried a number of medicines but they did not help her; then a doctor was called in, but there was no improvement, and things looked very hopeless. At this stage acting on the advice of a lady friend (who, by the way, was studying medicine and is now practicing in Chicago) I started giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In the course of a few weeks there was a decided improvement in her condition and by the time she had taken nine boxes she was again enjoying perfect health. During her illness her weight was reduced to ninety-five pounds and while taking the pills it increased to one hundred and ten pounds. My advice to other mothers who have weak or ailing girls is to lose no time in giving them Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Nearly all the ills of life are due to bad blood, and they are cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills simply because these pills make new, rich blood thus bringing strength to every part of the body. That is the whole secret, and is the reason why these pills have cured after other medicines have failed. All medicine dealers sell these pills, but there are some who offer substitutes; see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is printed on the wrapper around every box. If in doubt send direct to the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont. and the pills will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50.

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CAUTION—There is only one Pond's Extract. Be sure you get the genuine, sold only in sealed bottles in buff wrappers.



Presbytery Meetings.

SYNOD OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.
 Calgary,
 Edmonton, Fort Saskatchewan.
 Kamloops, Vernon, 26 Aug.
 Kootenay, Nelson, B.C., Feb. 17.
 Westminster, Chilliwack, 1 Sept. 8
 p. m.
 Victoria, Victoria, Tues. 1 Sept. 2 p. m.

SYNOD OF MANITOBA AND NORTHWEST
 Portage la Prairie, 8 March.
 Brandon, Brandon.
 Superior, Fort Arthur,
 March.
 Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mo.
 Rock Lake, Pilot M'd., 2 Tues. Feb.
 Glenboro, Souris, Dec 1
 Portage, P. La Prairie, 11 July, 1.30 p.m.
 Minnedosa, Minnedosa, 17 Feb.
 Melita, at call of Moderator.
 Regina, Moosejaw, Tues. 1 Sept.

SYNOD OF HAMILTON AND LONDON.
 Hamilton, Knox, Hamilton 3 Nov 10 a.m.
 Paris, Woodstock, Ched., 10 Nov 11 a.m.
 London, Glencoe, 8 Dec. 10.30 a. m.
 Chatham, Chatham, 8 Dec. 10 a. m.
 Stratford, Stratford 12 May,
 Huron, Clinton, 10 Nov. 10.30 a.m.
 Sarnia, Sarnia, 15 Dec. 11 a.m.
 Maitland, Wingham, 15 Dec. 10 a. m.
 Bruce, Paisley 6 Dec. 11 a. m.

SYNOD OF TORONTO AND KINGSTON.
 Kingston, Belleville, 9th Dec. 11 a.m.
 Peterboro, Mill St. Port Hope 15 Dec.
 Whitby, Whitby, 20th Oct.
 Toronto, Toronto, Knox, 2 Tues. monthly.
 Lindsay, Lindsay, 17 March. 11 a.m.
 Orangeville, Orangeville, 10 Nov
 Barrie, Beaton 15th Sept 9.30 p.m.
 Owen Sound, Owen Sound, Division St.
 1 Dec. 10 a.m.
 Algoma, Blind River, March.
 North Bay, Powassan 30 Sept. 9
 a.m.
 Sauguen, Harrison, 8 Dec. 10 a.m.
 Guelph, Guelph, 17 Nov 10.30 a. m.

SYNOD OF MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.
 Quebec, Sherbrooke, 8 Sept.
 Montreal, Montreal, Knox, 8 Sept.
 9.30 a. m.
 Gleungarry, Vankleek Hill, 8 Sept.
 11 a.m.
 Lanark & Renfrew, St. A. church, Car-
 leton Place, 20 Oct., 10.30 a.m.
 Ottawa, St. warton Church, 3 Nov.
 Brockville, Spencerville, 6 Oct. 2.30 p. m

SYNOD OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES
 Sydney, Sydney, Sept. 2
 Inverness, Baddeck, 17 Nov. 2 p.m.
 P. E. I., Charlottown, 3 Feb.
 Pictou, New Glasgow, 5 May 1 p.m.
 Wallace, Oxford, 6th May, 7.30 p.m.
 Truro, Truro, 10 May 10 a.m.
 Halifax, Chalmers' Hall, Halifax, 15th
 Sept 2.30 p.m.
 Lunenburg, Lunenburg 5 May 2.30
 St. John, St. John, Oct. 21.
 Miramichi, Bathurst 30 June 10.30

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