

# Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church.

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## LIFE'S SOVEREIGNTY

BY H. G. KENNEDY, SUSSEX, N.B.

Life's true ministry is sovereign,  
Serve we either good or ill,  
Every breath and every heart throb,  
Leaves imprint indelible.

Flowers which grow in wayside places,  
Mid the mosses green and grey,  
Fling their perfume o'er the meadows,  
Tho' they blossom but a day.

Thus our life—God's gift supernal,  
Circumscribed, secluded, caged,  
Unreputed, sin-environed,  
Unapplauded, left unpagéd.

When enthroned, thro' soul emotions,  
Sways a sceptre ocean wide:  
Reaching shores, here, undiscovered,  
Hidden by death's sombre tide.

Life alone is all potential,  
Given to conquer, love, enthral,  
Calvary's King of Life the Life is;  
"Crown Him, Crown Him Lord of  
all."

—Canadian Baptist.

Vast creation's complex kingdom,  
Arched in widening azure zone,  
Nature's realm, Heaven predestined,—  
Makes obeisance to Life's throne.

Oh! how mad is man's surrender!  
See him scorn this proud domain,  
Choose the transient, spurn the eternal,  
A slave to Pleasure, Wealth and Fame.

Wealth,—the sheen of passing pageants;  
Fame,—the echo service brings;  
Pleasure,—symphony's fleet motions;  
Shared by peasants, priests and kings.

Knowledge, Wisdom, Culture, Power,—  
Joys to sages, jests to fools,—  
All are merely life's contingents;  
Old Earth's toys, Time's tenting tools.

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**BIRTHS.**

At 20 Seymour Avenue, Montreal, on 3rd February, 1908, to Rev. John and Mrs. MacKay, a son.

On Feb. 3, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. K. L. McIntosh, 283 Florence Street, Ottawa, a son. Both well.

At Herron's Mills, on Jan. 18th, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Cuthbertson, a son.

In Perth, on Jan. 27, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. James W. Gamble, twins (girls).

In Lanark Village, on Jan. 18th, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Kerr, a daughter.

In Drummond, on Jan. 27, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Matheson, a daughter.

At Margaret Man., on Jan. 3rd, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Paton, a son.

At Covey Hill, Que., on Jan. 29, 1908, a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Edwards.

**MARRIAGES.**

At the Manse, Nananee, January 29th, by the Rev. Jas. R. Conn M.A., Wm. John Gollinger, to Miss Ellen Taylor, both of Richmond Township.

At the residence of Mr. Drummond McNeely, uncle of the bride, January 15th, 1908, by Rev. A. A. Scott, M.A., Mr. Albert E. Hudson, of the C.P.R., to Miss Mildred M. Whyte, all of Carleton Place.

At the home of the bride, January 15th, by Rev. J. J. Mondis, Mr. W. Howard Bain to Miss Wilhelmina Whalen, both of Carleton Place.

At the home of the bride Campbellford, Ont., on Jan. 29, 1908, by the Rev. A. C. Reeves, Fred. Peake, Jr., to Elizabeth Mary, daughter of George Riddell.

At Elmcraft, Smith's Falls, Ont., the residence of Hon. Senator Frost, brother-in-law of the bride, on Tuesday, Jan. 28, 1908, by Rev. E. W. McKay, E.A., Mrs. Amy Stan Fowell to Malcolm Monteth, eldest son of Hon. George H. Ely, all of Elyoria, Ohio.

At Lachute, Que., on Jan. 28, 1908, by the Rev. Thos. A. Mitchell, Alexander Gavin Brown to Edith Jane Boyd, both of Lachute.

**DEATHS.**

At his late residence, "Glinochie," Queen Street, Guelph, on Friday, Jan. 31st, 1908, Robert Torrance, D.D., in his 86th year.

On Jan. 26th, at his late residence, 5 Cottingham Street, James Cuttell, in his 84th year.

At his home, Eglington, on Jan. 26, 1908, after a lingering illness, borne with great patience, Wm. Douglas (native of Toronto), in his 74th year.

At McDonald's Corners, on January 15th, 1908, Elizabeth Jane Playfair, wife of Mr. Thomas Anderson, aged 69 years and 9 months.

On January 22, 1908, at her residence, No. 206 Delaware Avenue, Agnes Maxwell, wife of Wm. Carlyle, in her 65th year.

At the Manse, Prescott, Ont., on Jan. 30, 1908, the Rev. J. Stuart, D.D.

At Toronto, on Feb. 2, 1908, Bessie Anderson, beloved wife of William Wilkie, and mother of the Rev. Dr. Wilkie, of Jhansi, India, entered her rest.

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## NOTE AND COMMENT

Dr. James Douglas, of New York, has made the Protestant Hospital for the Insane, at Verdun, a present of the farm adjoining their property, worth \$42,000.

A London paper says: "Lord Haddo has been ordained an elder in Tarves church, Aberdeenshire. Lord Haddo is in his twenty-ninth year. His father, Lord Aberdeen, and his uncle, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, are also elders in the Scottish Established Church."

A new society has just been organized in the Dutch Reformed Church, its object being the extension of that church throughout New York and the metropolitan district. The title of the society is the Reformed Church Extension Society of New York and vicinity.

A cure, or rector, in a small country place in France refused to pay his taxes, in consequence of which distraint was levied on his personal effects, which were ordered to be sold by auction. At the sale the auctioneer put up an old hat of the rector, asking 25c. Lively bidding was the result, and one of the parishioners finally secured the hat for 147c. which more than covered the amount due for taxes, and made the continuation of the sale unnecessary.

In connection with the work of the London Missionary Society, on whose rolls have appeared the names of many of the greatest foreign missionaries of modern times, 250 Congregational churches of Greater London have organized a great missionary exhibition to be held in June, 1908. It is estimated that an outlay of \$20,000 will be involved and that 5,000 workers will be required to carry out the undertaking successfully and efficiently.

One of the most awkward nosers ever put to a scientific man that might have been imagined, was Cetevavo's inquiry of Sir David Gill, while on a visit to Zululand, how long it would take to go to the sun in a Cape wagon. Lecturing at the Royal Institution, the eminent astronomer told his juvenile audience that he made a rapid calculation on his thumbnail, and to the chief's amazement told him it would take 13,000 years.

During 1907 there were 10,782 suicides in the United States. Of these 8,188 were men and 2,594 women. The most frequent cause reported is said to be trouble in connection with married life. While trouble of this sort may be mentioned in connection with many cases of self-murder, it does not seem to us to be the real cause. The real causes are lust and intemperance. It is asserted that the Salvation Army was consulted by "about 2,500" persons who had thought of committing suicide.

Dr. Carl Peters, who is pushing German expansion in Africa, claims to have discovered the biblical land of Ophir in the southeast part of the Dark Continent. Forsaken mines by the score are there, and no less than 75,000 places where gold has been dug at depths of from thirty to forty feet. There are ruins of towns and villages and remains of temples and palaces. Dr. Peters' strongest argument is that in the Septuagint translation of the Bible, Ophir is called Sofala, and the Arabs to the present day call the Zambesi district indifferently Sofala and "the land of gold."

At the annual meeting of the Verdun Hospital for the Insane last week, Dr. Burgess reported that insanity was increasing in the province, not only relatively to the increase of the population, but absolutely, and not only in this province, but throughout the world. Stringent measures, Dr. Burgess declared, should be taken to prevent marriage among the mentally unfit. That such should be allowed to propagate their kind he considered an outrage on humanity.

The Winnipeg Free Press of the 31st ult. says: "The plan of the proposed union of the Presbyterians, Methodist and Congregational churches was again before the city ministers of these bodies yesterday afternoon for discussion. The meeting adjourned until next Thursday, when it is likely that the completion of the examination of the basis prepared by the union committee will be reached. The next step to be taken will be that of arousing general interest in the question among the people, by holding, perhaps, mass meetings and otherwise. So far as can be learned, there is a general desire among the ministers of the three denominations to see the union an accomplished fact."

It seems an appeal is made to the United Free Church for £150,000 to build churches in the Highlands for those congregations that were dispossessed by the action of the Royal Commission. Yet in every parish there are already two churches, and sometimes three. How much better, wiser, more Christian-like every way would it be for those congregations to unite with some other, since all are Presbyterian, and all alike Evangelical! This, as it seems to us, three thousand miles away from the bitterness and heart-burning of the recent conflict, would be the right course of procedure. Brethren of the United Free and Free Churches! Can't you get close together and unite in carrying on the Lord's work in Scotland in such a way as will bring no blush of shame to the cheeks of your many daughters in the New World!

The Rev. J. Noble Mackenzie thus describes his impressions on returning to the island of Santo in the New Hebrides after a furlough in Great Britain: "We had a royal welcome on our arrival. The Christian chief and some of his men put off in canoes, and were on board to greet us as soon as the ship anchored, while the rest of our people flocked to the beach and stood there awaiting our landing. On stepping ashore we were surrounded by hundreds pressing on us to shake hands. We could not help contrasting it with our advent eleven years before. Then, they were practically all naked savages; now, they were all clothed Christians. Things at the station were in splendid order. We never expected that our property would have been cared for so well in our absence. Our flock of goats had increased, and our fowl-yard was over-crowded. The roads and grounds were in better order than when we left. Hedges were trimmed, fences renewed, and new outhouses built. The house had been left open without a door locked, and I had inadvertently left ten pounds in an open place, but everything was as safe as the bank. The services and daily school had been maintained by Philip, the teacher in charge. As a lad of twelve he came to us a heathen, and after instructing him for three years, he became a Christian, and took a four years' course at the training institution."

In "Thomas Alva Edison—Sixty Years of an Inventor's Life," by Francis Arthur Jones, a well-written and interesting biography just published by Hodder & Stoughton, there are a number of anecdotes concerning the great inventor. He never carries a watch, and there is no clock to be seen in the chemical laboratory where he works. With him it is time to knock-off when a task is finished. The hour has nothing to do with it. An admirer once took his little son to see Edison, and begged that he would say something to the boy which would help to influence his life. Mr. Edison looked down upon the lad, patted his curly head, and then with a smile of unusual kindness said, "My boy, never watch the clock."

We find this interesting item in an Old Country exchange: "Savonarola" is the significant title of a new weekly which is being published in Italy under strong Modernist auspices. Instead of being cowed by the excommunication, the Modernists are launching out into fresh literary activity. In order to bring the results of Biblical and his torical scholarship to the wider knowledge of the general public, a new popular periodical, "La Vita Religiosa," has been started. Another new fortnightly review is "Nova et Vetera"—"Things Old and New"—and it will expound the views of the leading Modernists. It is evident that the movement has not been killed—or died of fright—through the Papal thunder. In France and Germany, as well as in England, there is hope that the Modernists will assert themselves and hold their ground."

The new Presbyterian paper—the West-land—published at Edmonton, says: The indications that the immigration campaign has been a bit over-done are, it must be admitted, quite evident. Who is to blame for it is not so clear, whether it be the land companies, the transportation companies, the Government, or the too eager booking agents. To whomsoever the blame rightly belongs—and all, it is to be noted, disown it—it is apparent that there has of late been overmuch hurry and not care enough for quality. There have been many misfits. Perhaps the times are at fault and some of the almost tragic labor situations are doubtless the result of abnormal circumstances; but nevertheless the warning that, for a year or two, we want not mechanics but farmers and navvies needs to be made emphatic.

Sir Everard Im Thurm, Governor of Fiji (and understood to be Agnostic), makes certain charges against Presbyterian missionaries in the New Hebrides. But they are simply to the effect that the missionaries prefer their own Government in territories won from barbarism to that which the English authorities first set up. Even this charge, Mr. Deakin, secretary of the Australian Mission Board, and Premier of Australia, repudiates, saying that he has been in touch with every Presbyterian missionary in the New Hebrides for many years, and he can personally bear witness that they have always desired the civil authorities to establish courts in districts won by them from heathenism. But he doubts not that some missionaries do prefer their own care of their converts to the treatment they occasionally receive from men who misrepresent the home land.

SPECIAL  
ARTICLES

## Our Contributors

BOOK  
REVIEWS

## THE CHARMED CHAMBER.

(By Rev. J. A. R. Dickson, D.D.)

It is in every house, some time or other. No home can be long without it. And when it discovers itself it rules imperiously over every one belonging to the family, and even exerts its power far beyond it on many others. It gathers about in eager, anxious and sometimes, we might more truly say oftentimes, sleepless thought. It is the centre of attention. To it an unabated stream of sympathy flows. It commands low-voiced speech, noiseless footsteps, subdued light, a muffled knocker, ever open eyes, ministering hands, loving hearts and everything it wills. Its sovereignty is an undisputed sovereignty, and its laws is the law of love. All bow to it, and no burden it imposes, however heavy, is ever spoken of as grievous. All wait on it, and delight in becoming its ministering angels. What is this charmed chamber? It is the sick room. That part of the house, whether lofty or low, spacious or narrow, magnificently or meanly furnished, where disease contends with health and seeks to overcome it. The sick one there, in his weakness and helplessness and danger, gathers about him the strength and wisdom and skill not only of the individual dwelling to which he belongs, but also that of the whole neighborhood. This gracious sympathy is one of God's natural laws, and it is unspcakably grand. It proclaims the true kinship and brotherhood of man. It brings to the surface, what the bustle and business of life covers up and in a great measure hides out of sight, the genuine human affections each has for the other. Ralph Waldo Emerson speaks a great truth in these words: "We have a great deal more kindness than is ever spoken. Maugre all the unselfishness that chill like east winds the world, the whole human family is bathed with an element of love like fine ether. How many persons we meet in houses, whom we scarcely speak to, whom yet we honor, and who honor us! How many we see in the street, or sit with in church, whom, though silently, we rejoice to be with! Read the language of these wandering eyeballs. The heart knoweth." All this kindness is revealed when one is thrown down by disease, and trampled upon by pain, and threatened with death. Then all hearts are touched, and express their sympathy by doing all that can be done to minister, so far as in them lies, restoration to health. And that is a touching sight to look upon.

.....

The sick chamber is a sacred spot. The angel has come down to trouble the waters that healing processes, of the highest order, may go on. God's hand is manifestly there; and it is not there without good reason, either as touching the individual himself or those who may be affected through him. God reached David through the death of his child. God dealt with Martha and Mary and a multitude of others through the death and resurrection of Lazarus. We know nothing of the effects on Lazarus himself. Tennyson has expressed that as only a wise man could:

Behold a man raised up by Christ!  
The rest remaineth unrevealed:  
He told it not; or something sealed  
The lips of that Evangelist.

Whatever effect the affliction may have on those who can be reached through the sufferer, it is intended for good to the sufferer himself. It is a messenger sent to call sin to remembrance; to lead to great searchings of heart, that repentance and reformation may be the result. Sickness to the sinful is God's voice reminding him of his want of love to the Lord, of his rebellious and unbelieving heart, and of the peril in which he is placed. It says: "Seek the Lord while He may be found, call ye upon Him while He is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts; and let him return unto the Lord, and He will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for He will abundantly pardon." Sickness to the Christian—the man who has sought pardon through Christ Jesus—is a means of grace. It is intended to further the divine life in his soul. Such is the explanation given of it in Hebrews xii. 9:11: "We have had fathers of our flesh who corrected us, and we gave them reverence; shall we not much rather be in subjection to the Father of Spirits, and live? For they verily for a few days chastened us after their own pleasure; but He for our profit, that we might be partakers of His holiness." This being the case, we need not marvel at that memorable saying of the great commentator, Matthew Henry: "It is a great loss to lose an affliction." That is, to have it go unimproved; unblest to the spiritual uplifting of the nature Godward.

Of this we may be sure, "That nothing walks with aimless feet." Everything in life has a mission. And sickness is sent to sweep away our dross, to refine our nature, to bring us into line with God's will.

.....

In ministering to the sick, therefore, the interests of the soul must not be forgotten any more than the interest of the body. It is well to seek, by every means in our power, physical well-being; but spiritual well-being must not be overlooked. Then the heart is softened and the memory ready to receive characters and impressions it may retain forever. Then seed may be planted that shall grow and yield fruit in time and in eternity. Then the spiritual vision may be cleansed, and the atmosphere so cleared that heaven and the hereafter may stand forth clearly to view. It was the reading of Witherspoon's "Practical View" that taught Dr. Chalmers the means of a sinner's acceptance with God; but it was a sickness that rested on eternal realities, and lifted up his life to a position of power and blessing. Before this Dr. Hanna tells us that "parochial duty pressed lightly on Dr. Chalmers during the first seven years of his ministry at Kilmarnock.

Kindly inquiries were made, tender sympathy was shown, and needful aid was tendered, but no solicitude was manifested as to their religious condition, no references occurred in visiting them to their state and prospects for eternity, and it was only when specially requested to do so that he engaged in prayer. . . . But the great change came through his illness at Fincraig, and with it a total alteration in the discharge of all parochial duty. From a place of visible subordination, the spiritual care and cultivation of his parish was elevated to the place of clear and recognized supremacy. To break up the peace of the indifferent and secure by exposing at once the guilt of their ungodliness and its fearful issue in a ruined eternity—to spread out an invitation, wide as heaven's own all-embracing

love, to every awakened sinner to accept of eternal life in Jesus Christ—to plead with all that, instantly and heartily with all good will and with full and unreserved submission, they should give themselves up in absolute and entire dedication to the Redeemer—these were the objects for which he was now seen to strive with such a severity of conviction, as implied that he had one thing to do, and with such a concentration of his forces as to idle spectators looked like insanity." What a cleansing of the vision and an elevation of the purpose was there.

.....

The frequent sicknesses of Richard Baxter incited him to great diligence in his work of preaching and teaching and writing books that are yet as live coals from God's altar. How many have reason with the Hebrew psalmist to say: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted; that I might learn Thy statutes." Sanctified affliction is a choice blessing. It is not lost upon us. It carries its own gracious teaching to the heart to renew the fountains of our life; and to lift us up above the thralldom of the things of time and sense.

When we enter the chamber of sickness we need to pray specially for divine help and guidance that we may know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary. Great skill is required to diagnose each case so as to minister to it aright. The power to speak a profitable word to the sick is a divine gift. It demands a thoughtful mind, a sympathetic heart, an appreciation of the circumstances—an ability to understand what is necessary. Where there is wisdom a few words shall be sufficient. The sick should not be lectured, but led gently on to such knowledge as is suitable for them. Christ is to be central, and the light of Him shines on sin to turn the soul against it, and on salvation to win the heart to desire it, and on eternity to cause the soul to seek preparation for it. Christ includes all. How sweet to be able to say as R. M. McCheyne does: "I have been privileged to smooth down the dying pillow of an old school companion, leading him to a fuller joy and peace in believing. A poor, heavy laden soul, too, from Lambert, I have had the joy of leading toward the Saviour."

.....

The conditions may not always seem favorable for a "word only," yet we must remember the command to which is joined an encouraging promise: "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days." It is beautiful to see the sweet flowers and choice delicacies that are carried to the sick ones, and to mark the manifold thoughtful attentions paid to them—these are not to be omitted, for they tell out a deep and considerate affection—but they are to be crowned with Christian regard, uttered in warning, exhortation or promise. "A word spoken in due season, how good it is!" Jonathan Edwards' resolution may be taken as our motto, subjectively as applying to ourselves, and objectively as applying to others: "Resolved to improve afflictions to the uttermost."

.....

Michigan Presbyterian: It is harder to make a short speech than a long one, harder to preach a short sermon than a long one, harder to write a short article than a long one. And yet it is generally the short, pithy, pointed speech or sermon or article that tells. This is often seen in lies. In battle the small hot shot of the riflemen are more effective than the missiles of the big guns. It is worth while for speakers and writers to study the power of brevity.

## THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC MUST GO!

In a recent sermon, Rev. Dr. DuVal, the veteran minister of Knox church, Winnipeg, dealt in trenchant terms with the demand for longer hours for bar business, claiming that the hours should be curtailed instead of lengthened. In part the Doctor said:

"Now, I believe the time has come when we have to deal seriously with some phases of our social order. . . . There is little wisdom in struggling to elevate men with one-half of our social power and with the other half constantly degrading them. There is little good in pouring water into the top of the barrel, while we are boring holes in the bottom to let it out. . . . To be blessed in our work we must feel the sense of success in it, and if the matter is not seriously inquired into, and some steps consistent with boasted enlightenment taken to correct our present ills, there is great danger of good people losing heart in fighting a losing battle. This whole question of practically legalized intoxication is stirring the heart of this continent as never before. The day is passed for talking about the degrading effect of intoxication upon the individual. The waste and wretchedness wrought by it are so great that it has passed into the realm of social and national economy. Coming up out of a past darkness, physiology, pathology and therapeutics have assigned alcoholic stimulation to the apothecary's shop, along with other toxics, and arraign a general indulgence in it, along with unguarded indulgence in other drugs, injurious to the human system."

"Now, the object of organized society is the well-being of the people. When anything, therefore, is defined to us as injurious to that well-being, and we do not remove it, we are criminal. I have thought on this matter of publicly authorized process of indulgence in intoxicating drink for over forty years, and I am more and more persuaded that whatever place you give to intoxicants that place must not include the liberty of promiscuous indulgence to create fictitious unnatural thirsts that tend to the pitiable destruction of manhood, and the entailment of wretchedness and misery upon men, women and children."

"The day will come that we will look back with horror upon our former stupidity, cruel administration of the public weal in this matter. I will not stop to talk to you of the hundreds of millions of dollars yearly wasted in Christian lands on this vice — millions more than raised for education and philanthropy—millions that might avail for the comfort of the poor, and the elevation of the masses, and yet I am told that some of our bundles of pitiable pretentiousness, who think they are statesmen, took great umbrage at one of our greatest, noblest citizens for giving an exposure of the way in which laboring men get their wages knocked out of them."

"Knock-out drops? Investigate! What legal gabble! What secret culprit will confess his crime! What maudlin victim is fit to testify; who tests the liquor and sees if it is pure! There are some honest men live who keep public houses, just as in other callings. There are some dishonest and untrue who are not over scrupulous about the good of the poor wretch who has money to offer for drink. But why so troubled about knock-out drops! Is not the whole glass of impure stuff a knock-out glass? Look at the poor stupid maudlin dirty creatures that drink it. They are knocked out of their better senses, their money, their ability to earn money. They are knocked out of their husbandhood, fatherhood, manhood; Look at out of their very humanity. Look at the crime it generates. Look into the face of that 16-year-old boy. Wherever he got his drink, whether at a blind

pig in one town or a pig with both eyes open in another, intoxication dulls the moral sense, just the same and lets loose the best in man."

"And what is the government's attitude. Well, they wish it were not so bad, because it is confusing. But they must wink a little, although the Book of Wisdom saith: 'He that winketh with the eye, causeth sorrow.' But what is a little sorrow for the other fellow compared with any political success? This is a question that must be handled carefully. Don't make too much of a show of friendships lest you alienate some good folks' votes, but wink judiciously at the boys to hold their full support. This is the nice, the princely, the polite, the diplomatic way to do it."

"And now the plea comes up to extend the time for dealing out intoxicating drinks—let us have till midnight to get in our work. A more sensible plan is to close the bar with other business houses. What will the loafers do? Go to their homes if homes they have. . . . And as for such as have no homes there is always something going on in music, games and healthful sport to entertain a man. The poor man's club, the saloon, should be looked upon as his den of degradation."

## QUEEN VASHTI.

(By George W. Armstrong.)

In ancient story it is told,  
A fact, though many centuries old,  
Truth, strange as any fiction;  
Ahasureus was the Persian King,  
Right regal as the poets sing,  
Unused to contradiction.

His consort was a noble Queen,  
Of dignified and stately mein,  
As e'er wore diadem;  
She scorned to heed the King's behest,  
And spurned immodesty's request,  
Before assembled men.

The King in wrath uncrowned his Queen,  
Divorced, and sent her forth I ween,  
From Shushan's princely halls;  
Divorced, but not disgraced that day,  
Queen Vashti held more queenly sway,  
True virtue never falls.

Queen Vashti, glory and renown,  
Virtue and honor are thy crown,  
Sweet modesty and grace;  
For though thy crown of worldly state  
Be lost, as ancient books relate,  
None can thy deeds deface.

Thy noble conduct as a star,  
Brighter than constellations are,  
Thy deeds of good report;  
A lustre bright and fair and clear,  
In contrast with the darkened sphere,  
Proud Ahasureus' court.

Right worthy Queen of royal blood,  
In history's page Vashti the Good,  
Imperial in they fall;  
Better to fall in virtue's name,  
Than wear a crown enshrined in shame,  
Such honors but enthrall.  
London, Ontario.

The return of railway statistics for the year ending 30th June, prepared by Mr. J. Lambert Payne, comptroller of railway statistics, shows that there are now 22,452 miles of railway in operation in the Dominion, an increase of 1,099 in the year. The mileage of double track was increased from 734 to 1,076 miles. The number of miles actually under construction is estimated at 3,000. Ontario has the largest railway mileage, total length 7,639; Quebec is second with 3,516; then Manitoba, 3,074; Saskatchewan, 2,025; British Columbia, 1,685; New Brunswick, 1,503; Nova Scotia, 1,329; Alberta, 1,233; Prince Edward Island, 267; Yukon, 97. Canada is declared to stand first among the nations in transportation facilities in proportion to her population.

## RUSSIA'S TRIBULATIONS.

There is hardly a year but some portion of Russia is smitten with famine. Indeed a scarcity of food, more or less serious, seems to be well nigh perpetual in one part or another of the Czar's wide domain. In twelve provinces starving people are to-day crying for food. An appropriation of \$7,500,000 for their relief has been voted by the Russian Parliament, which action comprises the entire legislative product of the first six weeks of the Third Duma, barring a few local bills. A large part of the money voted is to be distributed through the Zemstovos and other organizations. This course is adopted because the centralization of relief work such as prevailed in 1900 showed the danger of abuses. The Russian Empire seems to have no end of tribulation, some of which is self-procured. Of course, it is in the power of no government to prevent the scourge of famine when crops fail through drought; but any government can prevent the curse of drunkenness if it will. By this great evil Russia is cursed to-day as never before, and it only has itself to blame for it. Since the year 1894, there has been in operation in Russia a system of government monopoly of the liquor traffic. The manufacture, distribution and sale of liquors are controlled as a branch of the civil administration. The design of the system was to regulate and restrict the consumption of intoxicants, and so minimize the disorders and evils which result from their use. The following informs us of the workings of this system:

The correspondent of The London Globe, writing from St. Petersburg, tells of the enormous consumption of liquors in late years. There has been more than 50 per cent. increase in the last five or six years. In 1901 the quantity consumed was 160,900,000 gallons; last year it was 277,550,000 gallons. So disastrous is the effect that Russian villages, which were never very enlightened or prosperous, are now dying from drunkenness. From many of these villages, he says, the thoughtful people, deeply concerned for the welfare of their communities, have petitioned the government to close the drink shops before it is too late. But their prayers are denied. The Finance Minister, in his latest circular, declares against lessening the number of drink shops, and declines to make any restrictions. Instead, he declares that it is "necessary to increase the number of places for the sale of drink, and that no restrictions should be placed on fresh dramshops being opened in towns and villages." The government wants the revenue derived from the traffic, and therefore, encourages it, at no matter what cost of poverty, and distress and death to the people. The revenue from this source has about doubled in the last ten years. There has, also been a like enormous increase in drunkenness and degradation and crimes of every kind. If the facts were not abundant and notorious, it would be inconceivable that any government, even that of Russia, would pursue a policy so utterly heartless and wicked, and economically so absolutely ruinous. The very life forces of the nation are being destroyed for revenue.

New York Observer: In the great sea the big fishes live off the smaller ones, and there seems to be hardly a fish so small but that he can find some lesser form of life than himself on which to feed. It is too generally so in human life — the bigger fellows devour the smaller. Merciless competition is the devil's law of trade—a law only too faithfully obeyed by multitudes. There is a legitimate competition, but that which throttles industry, whenever such industry represents the enterprise of others, is under the condemnation of God.

SUNDAY  
SCHOOL

## The Quiet Hour

YOUNG  
PEOPLE

## JESUS HEALS THE NOBLEMAN'S SON.\*

By Rev. P. M. McDonald, B.D.

A prophet hath no honor in his own country, v. 44. The habit of thinking very little of the persons and places that are near us, is a very old one. But age does not improve it. It is an unkind and unprofitable habit. The leal and true hearts are more likely to be found in our own homes than elsewhere. The great men are our fellow citizens, and we would see it thus, if we would but put off our envious eye-glasses. Far fields seem fair and fertile, but the hills of home are, as a matter of fact, better. It pays to persevere in our appreciation of what we have. Sir Launfal, in Lowell's poem, compassed the world, searching for the Holy Grail, and found it at his castle gate, when he returned there, broken in health and wealth. The miner who keeps digging at his claim gets more gold for his work than those who are constantly pulling up tent pegs and rushing to some newly-found, distant land. The gold of character is near us, and the best that can be found is in our own land.

A certain nobleman, whose son was sick, v. 46. Among the Spanish is a proverb, "There is no home without its 'hush'". The "hush" is an account of some existing defect or sorrow, or some painful memory in the home. The talk of the family flows along, but if it should become boisterous, it will disturb the sick one or the sleeping one, and the "hush" is whispered by the thoughtful. Or, perhaps, the conversation touches on the absent boy or girl whose empty place means a green mound in the graveyard, and again the "hush" is uttered.

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,  
But one dead lamb is there."

The nobleman had in his home many rich treasures, no doubt; but he had a sick boy, and a need for "hush".

For he was at the point of death, v. 47. When we have done all in our power for our sick ones, and then stand helpless before the coming of death, we grasp at any means that we then hear may help. Men have given the last penny of their fortune to save their loved ones, and felt it was an exchange never to be regretted. This man came helpless, but hopeful. He had done all he could. Now, he hoped Christ would cure his son. If he had once been proud and haughty, he was no longer so. He wanted help, and came as a suppliant.

"I saw him in the flush of pride,  
When round him stood his worshipped  
peff."

"This is the truth, good friend," he  
cried,  
"God helps the man that helps him-  
self."

"I saw him in the fall of pride,  
When round him lay his shattered  
peff."

"This is the truth, good friend," he  
cried  
"God helps when man can't help him-  
self."

\*S. S. Lesson, February 16, 1908.—John 4: 43-54. Commit to memory vs. 49, 50. Golden Text—The man believed the word that Jesus had spoken unto him, and he went his way.—John 4, 50.

The man believed, and he went his way, v. 50. Faith is to knowledge and reason what the telescope is to the eye. By the use of the telescope we can see the rings of Saturn and all the wonders of "smaller worlds on larger worlds attending" in the blue vault above. By means of the telescope a map of Mars has been made, and now we may study the geography of the red star. Its canal-like seas, its islands, its high mountains with snow caps are there mapped out. So faith brings the distant near to us and makes the unseen real to us, and allows us to dwell in the wonderful righteousness and peace and joy of heaven, while we are yet on the earth.

Thy son liveth, v. 51. There is an old legend of the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine, who went to the Holy Land to find the cross. Excavations were made, and they found three crosses. But how they were to know which was the true one? They took a dead body and laid it upon one after another of the three crosses, and as soon as it touched the Saviour's cross, it started into life. The way to test Christianity is by its life-giving results. It makes dead men live. It gives new heart, new hope, new will to those who had hearts of stone and were filled with despair, or were driven by the tempests of temptation as leaves before the winter wind.

Every year is a fresh beginning,  
Every morn is the world made new;  
Ye who are weary of sorrow and sun-  
ning,  
Here is a beautiful hope for you.

## LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

By Rev. James Ross, D.D.

Fever—This illness was, in all likelihood, malarial fever, which was, and is still, very common in the valley of the Jordan and neighborhood, and which is there sometimes accompanied by jaundice. Within the past ten years, it has been proved by extensive and oft-repeated experiments, that the germ of this fever is introduced into the system by the bite of a certain species of mosquito, which breeds in the stagnant waters of the swamps, from which it was formerly supposed that the noxious miasma causing the fever arose. Great efforts are now made in civilized countries to get rid of the insect which cultivates and communicates the germ.

## PRAYER.

O Lord, have mercy upon us! Multiply Thy loving kindness toward us and comfort us with new supplies. Where there is special sorrow let there be special gladness also; where the grave has been dug under the hearthstone, let there be a great filling up of vacant spaces by a renewed and enlarged vision of Thyself. Then shall men not seek the living among the dead, but say over their very graves,—Our loved ones are not here; they are risen. We bless Thee for bright example, for words remembered with sweet thankfulness, for patience in trial, for heroism in difficulty, and for the gentle charity that added new beauty to life. The Lord remember the bereaved and the sorrow-stricken and the sad, and give them brightness in the night-time—yea, a great multitude of stars, and one brighter than the rest promising early day. Amen.

## PREACHING TO THE UNCONVERTED.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

I am convinced that, with happy exceptions, there has been a decline of direct, pointed, faithful and persuasive preaching to the unconverted. Too many discourses are directed to nobody in particular; preaching to Christians has been relatively overdone, and preaching to the impenitent underdone. I do not mean denunciations that only irritate, or mere exhortations that are often a waste of breath. I mean that the preacher should hold up the ugliness and the doom of sin before the sinner's eye so that he should feel his own guiltiness, and so present Jesus Christ that that sinner should flee to him as his only Saviour. "Warn them from Me," is God's solemn injunction to every minister. He has, therefore, no more right to cap Sinai or conceal hell than he has to hide the sin-stoning Cross of Calvary. In short, I mean logic set on fire by love.

Ministers ought to go back to the fountainhead, and remember that Jesus Christ "began to preach, and to say, Repent, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." They ought to remember that Peter began the great apostolic campaign by preaching repentance to the unconverted, and Paul ceased not to warn night and day with tears.

They ought to remember that the most successful preachers, from Whitefield and Wesley on to Spurgeon and Moody, were men whose chief aim was to awaken the unconverted, and to lead them straight to Jesus Christ. Spurgeon never had any "revivals" in his great church; and for the good reason that there were no spiritual declensions to be revived from. He sowed the gospel with one hand and reaped conversions with the other. His church was like the orange trees I saw in California; there were white blossoms on some limbs and ripe golden fruit on some other limbs. Unless a minister intensely loves souls, and longs for souls, he will never save souls; if he does, and uses the right means seasoned with prayer, God will give him souls converted as his rich reward.

In my own experience of forty-three years of pastoral work, I delivered hundreds of discourses to the impenitent, and did not limit them to seasons of special outpourings of the Holy Spirit.

My Bible gave me abundant ammunition in such texts as "choose life," come, for all things are now ready," "Jesus only," "quench not the Spirit," and that piercing passage, "past feeling." Preaching to the unconverted is not easy work; it costs more mental labor than any other sermon work—except during a great descent of the Holy Spirit, and at such times all sermons make themselves. Preaching is a luxury when every stroke echoes in converted souls.

Don't turn away from the path of duty because the electric light of pleasure seems to have been cut off.

True happiness (says Scott) is not the gentle growth of earth, the toil is fruitless if you seek it here.

Without hard work and earnest purpose all that is best in the world perishes. We cannot even have a proper game without earnestness.

The double reward of kind words is the happiness they cause others and the happiness they cause ourselves.

## WHEN "TIME APART" IS MOST NEEDED.

We most need to pray when it is hardest to pray. We most need quietness and patience when everything within us and about us is clamoring and impatient. Yet we constantly yield to the temptation of supposing that prayer will be most profitable only when we are spontaneously in the mood for it, and that time is to be given to quiet communion with God only when it is easy to devote time to this. Because so many make this mistake, there is a constant ignoring of the source of power; and most persons, waiting for a time to come which never will come, grow steadily less able to make the most of the time that is theirs. At a gathering of friends who had met for a day of quiet Bible study and prayer, one remarked that, to him, the strongest reason for the necessity of such a "quiet day" was the increasing difficulty of getting to it. The high pressure of modern life accounts for this difficulty; and that same high pressure demands in us more and more of the power that comes only from prayer and communion. The busiest man is the man who can least afford to let his business cut into his leisure.—S. S. Times.

## GOD'S WILL BETTER THAN ARITHMETIC.

"Greatest good to the greatest number" has a plausible sound to it; but it is never a safe guide to duty-doing. One who bases his work on that principle is likely to spread himself so thin that neither a great number nor a small will get much good from his efforts. Christ's rule was to give himself chiefly to serving one at a time. He suggested that "he that is least among you all, the same is great"; and He announced the awarding of eternal life to those who have ministered "unto one of these My brethren, even these least." Nowhere does the Bible even hint at great numbers as a test in determining one's duty. The only test a man need consider is: "Is this God's will for me?" God may call him to serve a great multitude; but when God does, He will make the duty plain by other reasons than merely the count of heads. And those who serve great numbers effectively do so by virtue of concentrating their efforts chiefly on one at a time; for the one-at-a-time method is the secret of the greatest good to the greatest number.

## CALLED TO BE COMFORTERS.

Every one whose life we touch is made either stronger or weaker by contact with us. It is an awful thing to be a weakener of our fellows, a stumbling-block in their paths. Therefore it is our duty to be comforters all; for "strength-added" is what the word comfort really means. Comfort is a broader thing, at root, than merely consolation for the sorrowing. It comes from two words meaning strong, and together. Because "I can do all things in Him that strengtheneth me," therefore the Spirit which Christ sent to take His place with his followers is our "Comforter"—or "one called alongside of for help." Christ would have us pass this comfort on,—adding strength to every life that we touch. If we challenge our every word to or action toward our fellows, making our test-question "will it strengthen or weaken?" and resolutely bar out that which does not build up, we shall begin to be comforters indeed. And no other aim in life is worth while.—Sunday School Times.

The child of God flourishes like a palm tree, which pushes all its strength upward in one erect column without a single branch. It is a pillar with a glorious capital. It has no growth to the right or to the left, but sends all its force heavenward, and bears its fruit as near the sky as possible. Lord, fulfill this type in me!

CANADIAN PIONEER PRESBYTERIAN FOREIGN MISSIONARY.  
REV. JOHN GEDDIE.

By Rev. W. F. Murray.

From good old Pictou town, in Nova Scotia, to the island of Anetiteum, in the New Hebrides group off the east of Australia, some 20,000 miles, was a far cry by the sailing routes of sixty years ago. Yet it was by that route, around stormy Cape Horn, that Rev. John Geddied went, nothing daunted, to his life task of evangelizing the savage cannibals, many of whose sons and daughters are now confessed followers of Christ.

Mr. Geddied was born in Banff, Scotland, on the 10th April, 1815, but was brought by his parents to Pictou when an infant, and received his collegiate training in the famous Academy of that town.

With the hope that the church in the Lower Provinces might eventually be led to take up Foreign Mission work, Mr. Geddied at first accepted a call to Cavendish, P.E.I., and was inducted there on March 13th, 1838. In the very year in which he was ordained he organized a missionary society in his own congregation. His marriage to Charlotte, daughter of Dr. Alex. McDonald, of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, took place on September 21st, 1839, with the solemn compact, that should God open the way, they should enter upon Foreign Mission work. This work Mr. Geddied felt that the Presbyterian Church of Nova Scotia should take up, small and poor as she then was.

How this idea was finally spread throughout the church and how she was led to embark on the enterprise,—though many were doubtful and some (were) opposed, is one of the most interesting chapters in our church history. Mr. Geddied's unquenchable zeal and persistence are a large part of it.

On November 30th, 1846, Mr. Geddied, his wife and two children, sailed in the brig Acadian to Boston, where, after some delay, they secured passage in a small brig bound for the Sandwich Islands. Of the six months' voyage, the doubling of the Cape, and the terrific storms encountered, Mr. Geddied has left excellent memoranda.

They were first landed at Honolulu. After a residence here of seven weeks, they obtained a passage to the Samoan group, where they were landed on the island of Futuila, already occupied by missionaries from Scotland. At a missionary council held here, it was decided that Mr. Geddied had better remain for some months to study the Samoan language, so as to be able to place Samoan teachers; and to prepare material for a house, so that, on the arrival of the London Missionary Society's vessel, he might proceed to some island of the New Hebrides group and begin his work among the heathen. Finally, the 29th July, 1848, Mr. and Mrs. Geddied landed on Anetiteum, which was to be the scene of their labors, their sorrows, and their joys, for well nigh a quarter of a century.

The work was truly pioneer. Not only had our first missionaries to find their passage as best they could, before the days of organized traffic and ocean liners, but they had also to find their location, and meet situations as they arose, deciding the most difficult questions with little or no opportunity of taking counsel with brethren. Literally their souls "waited only upon God."

The people of Anetiteum and the kindred islands were degraded savages, related in blood to the Australian negro and the Malay race—a mixture. They were cannibals, constantly at war with one another; polygamists; and very degraded. The islands produced luxuriantly, the climate was tropical, a living was easily secured; hence indolence, and

all the other vices that follow in its train, were strongly entrenched.

It was in these surroundings that Mr. Geddied began his work. Helpers were very few, from the first. The work accomplished was all the more remarkable. Preaching was begun, the language was reduced to writing, portions of the scriptures were printed, churches were built, schools were established, school books printed. Deacons, elders, teachers, and Sunday school workers, were secured from the population. War was abolished. Councils of justice were formed. Cannibalism, widow murder, theft, polygamy, infanticide, became things of the past. In brief, the island and some surrounding islands changed from naked savagery to Christianity.

Mr. Geddied's skill in preaching, teaching, housebuilding, boatbuilding, printing, etc., marked him out as a man who, in civilized lands, would have been in the forefront. Added to these qualifications, he was an indefatigable worker, and a man who, much in the spirit of the disciple John, used love as his only weapon.

He won a great mastery over savage chiefs, with whom he was necessarily brought much in contact. They trusted him, and because of their trust they received his teachings and religion.

In the later days of his work, Mr. Geddied was gladdened by the arrival of faithful and zealous brother missionaries, who put the future of the mission beyond a doubt. But the heavy toil, the anxious days among many dangers, domestic griefs, and the strenuous years, had told heavily upon Dr. Geddied. On the 14th December, 1872 in his 58th year—he rested from his labors. His remains repose in the cemetery at Geelong, Australia—he had gone to Australia in feeble health to have the Old Testament printed in Anetiteumese.

An excellent record of his work is to be found in Dr. George Patterson's Life of Geddied. It is a thrilling story of the devotion of a life of true greatness and power to the old task of preaching the cross. There is no name that appeals in greater degree to our church in the Maritime Provinces than that of Geddied. We have now many well beloved foreign missionaries; but John Geddied was our firstborn.

## Daily Bible Readings.

- M.—Dedicated to God, 1 Sam. 1: 20-28.
  - T.—Saving one soul, Ezek. 33: 1-9.
  - W.—An undoubted call, Ex. 3: 1-9.
  - T.—Not disobedient, Acts 26: 12-23.
  - F.—Praying and working, Ex. 14: 13-20.
  - S.—The Islands rejoice, Ps. 97.
- Sun. Topic, Canada's Pioneer Presbyterian Foreign Missionary: Rev. John Geddied, Acts 8: 4-13.

Methodist Protestant: A sermon that is not genuine gospel is a dish with something left out. A sermon that does not bring Christ into view as a present and all-sufficient Saviour, is a dish with the most important part missing.

Central Presbyterian: The holidays have passed with their usual catalogue of crimes—committed under the influence of strong drink. A friend takes the life of his companion in revelry; a husband murders the wife whom he loves; a mere boy reddens his hands and blackens his life with unprovoked murder on the highway. These things continue to be promoted by the plea of a free country and personal liberty, liberty to make desolate homes; liberty to blast lives and wreck immortal souls! We must learn to interpose to save men from the maddening intoxicant that impels to self-destruction and the destruction of fellow-beings. May the year 1908 surpass all the years of the past in the progress of temperance reform.

\*Young People's Topic, Feb. 23, 1908. Acts 8: 4-13. Rev. John Geddied.

We were not fashioned to be at home in sin.—G. H. Morrison.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,

Manager and Editor.

OTTAWA, WEDNESDAY, FEB. 12, 1908

In Toronto, the other day, in a case where a druggist was charged with selling Peruna to a license inspector, Dr. Naismith, Public Analyst of Ontario, testified that this so-called medicine contained 39.3 per cent. of proof spirits, or 22 per cent. of pure alcohol. And still this stuff, it is said, has a large sale among people who would not allow a bottle of whiskey or brandy to come into their houses.

It is noted in some quarters as surprising that Mr. D. W. Mills, K.C., son of the late Hon. David Mills, should be announced as one of the speakers at meetings in North Ontario in behalf of the sitting member, Mr. W. H. Hoyle, who is a Conservative. Aside from party politics altogether, Mr. Hoyle is a fine specimen of what our representatives in Parliament ought to be—clean, intelligent and devoted to the best interests of the country. For our part we cannot see why partyism should cut any large figure in the Provincial Legislature. There, as in the Commons, honest, capable men are what the country requires. Mr. Hoyle will well fill the bill.

There are some queer problems in the working of the Local Option Act. Nothing is more common than to hear that liquor is sold "as usual," or even in larger quantities than usual in many of the towns in which the Act is supposed to be in force. A detective goes to one of these towns, makes some arrests, and, as a rule, the alleged seller will swear he never sold any, and the alleged buyer will swear he never bought any. On the sworn testimony of those who know most about the business there is no liquor sold. The Act is an unqualified success—if you can believe the people who know most about its effects.

**"THE CHURCH OF OUR FATHERS."**

Presbyterians use this phrase more frequently than any other denomination. We hear it on all special occasions, and on some occasions that are not very special. It is often found in ordination sermons, induction addresses and missionary speeches. It is a good phrase to point an appeal or round a sentence. When used by a good speaker it always has power, especially over audiences composed mainly of old country people. No wonder that it should have power. So long as men admire the noble, the brave, the heroic, the true, the history of Presbyterianism cannot fail to move their hearts. How can we best show our love for the Church of our fathers? By doing all in our power to help forward that Church at home, and plant her principles in every land under the sun. The man who talks about the "Church of his fathers", but fails to pay his pew rent, does not love his fathers' Church as much as he loves his own money. There are such men. The man who boasts about the heroic achievements of his fathers' Church, and gives five cents a year to plant the principles of that Church in Manitoba, thinks more of the five cents than he does of the Church. The good man who cheers to the echo every reference in a speech to his "martyred forefathers," and pays twenty-five cents a year to send the gospel that served these "fore-fathers" to the heathen, is scarcely the material out of which successors to these martyrs could be made. By all means let us be proud of and grateful for the great deeds of our fathers, but let us shew our appreciation and gratitude in a practical way. The man who won't give his time and his money to disseminate the principles of his fathers' Church, doesn't care much for his fathers or the Church either, no matter how he talks.

Rev. J. F. Dickie, D.D., formerly minister of St. Andrew's Church, Berlin, Ont., but for several years pastor of the American Presbyterian Church in Berlin, Germany, has just resigned. The resignation, it is said, is the outcome of a bitter quarrel between the minister and Ambassador Tower. A press report says: "Pastor Dickie remains in Berlin, however, in order to finish his book. He has won the personal friendship of the Kaiser, and on Friday he visited Dr. Dickie's church without permitting the American embassy to know of his intention, which diplomats consider a slight for Ambassador Tower."

The British Temperance League, the oldest and one of the largest of English temperance organizations, is making an appeal to all sections of the Church to take in an effective measure of temperance reform. Among other things urged are Sunday and earlier closing, prohibition of the further engagement of barmaids, and an early termination of vested interests created in licenses. Over two thousand replies have been received from the clergy of the Church of England, and of these eighty-six per cent. give their emphatic adhesion. The signatures include twenty bishops.

**THE PRESS AND SENSATION-ALISM.**

Dr. Joseph Parke, the great preacher of the City Temple church, London, once said:

If it were in my power to preach the most splendid sermon ever uttered by mortal lips, not a newspaper in the world would take the slightest notice of it; but if I put up an umbrella in the pulpit, or tore the pulpit Bible in two, many a paragraph would report the eccentricity. A splendid sermon would be thought of as interesting only to a few, but an act of folly would be regarded as of universal interest. Thus it is (though it may not seem so) that things get into history. Any man living can have a world-wide notoriety tomorrow, can have his name telegraphed throughout the whole range of civilization, and be the subject of editorial comment throughout Christendom.

Ten thousand preachers may preach good Gospel sermons on any given Sabbath, and the telegraph and daily press are quite silent about them. But if one preacher in a large city should stand on his head in the pulpit or slide down the pulpit railing backwards to illustrate the sin of backsliding, the world would hear of his eccentricities early next morning. It is in this way that heresy always gets so well advertised. A sensible, helpful sermon is heard by the congregation it is preached to; a senseless, sensational or heretical sermon is telegraphed over the world.

Why should the news columns of the daily press be largely filled with the follies and crimes of mankind? The explanation is too easily given—because that is the kind of matter too many people like to read. The fault is not mainly that of the publisher. Presumably publishers know what their patrons wish to read, and are willing to pay for. If a man who reads every day much of what is called "news" wishes to keep his mind in a healthy condition, he should be careful to read enough of better matter to counteract the effect of the "news." If he does not do so, he must soon come to the conclusion that the human family is mainly composed of knaves and fools.

Mr. W. Thomson Smith, an office-bearer in St. Andrew's church, Strathroy, who recently resigned the management of the Traders' Bank in that town, was recently the recipient of a valuable chime-clock. The presentation was made by Mr. John Pool, manager of the Traders' Bank, St. Mary's, representing a number of young men now occupying positions of trust in various banks at different points in Canada. Mr. Thomson Smith is held in high esteem by the two score or more of those who look their training under him; and they will greatly value through life the good example and high ideals which he constantly placed before them.

We direct attention to the annual report of the North American Life Assurance Company, which indicates continued prosperity for this well-managed institution. Mr. John Blaikie, the veteran president, is still at his post; and Mr. G. L. Goldman continues as Managing Director. It will be seen that the business of the year was considerably in advance of that reported at the previous meeting.

## CONCERNING POOR SERMONS.

By Knoxonian.

Henry Ward Beecher once said that he had as good a right to preach a poor sermon as any other man. No doubt he had and he sometimes exercised the right. All preachers exercise that inalienable right. The very best of preachers may go below zero sometimes in their pulpit efforts. The only preacher who is absolutely certain never to go below his own standard is the man who always preaches so poorly that he never can get any worse. He is always sure to be himself.

We once heard a youthful pastor say that his highest ambition was to make his people think that he never could preach a poor sermon. He didn't make them feel that way very long. Had he not been possessed of the maximum of conceit and the minimum of sense he never would have tried to make them feel that way at all. Any sensible, intelligent congregation knows that its pastor can and must preach poor sermons occasionally. The conditions under which sermons are prepared and delivered are so various and often so trying that so long as preachers are human their pulpit efforts must vary in merit. It is easy to say that the message is always the same. True; but the human channel through which the message comes is far from being always the same, and in spite of all we can do the message will more or less take its tone from the messenger.

Sermons come to congregations through a human organism. It was to men that our ascending Lord gave the commission "Preach the gospel to every creature." No doubt there are people in the Church now who would have improved on that standing order had they been at Mount Olivet that day, but they were not there and the Master did not enjoy the benefit of their advice. The people who can make things perfect are very seldom present when they are needed. As matters now stand preaching must be done by men, and so long as the best of men are merely human and work under varying and often trying conditions, sermons will vary in merit.

But do they vary any more than the work done by other men with voice or pen? Is there more difference between the best and poorest work of a fairly good preacher than between the best and poorest work of a lawyer, or of a political speaker, or of a writer of any kind of literature? Is there a man in the public life of Canada to-day who does not vary in his speeches from his best down to zero? Is there anything more common than to see people come home utterly disappointed from a political meeting at which some distinguished man spoke? Two factors usually cause the disappointment. They expected too much and the man was not himself. He was not up to his own mark. He was perhaps overworked and underslept. His physique was not in good form, or perhaps he was worried and out of sorts generally. Anyway he

made a poor appearance and his expectant admirers went home asking the painfully suggestive question, "Is that all?"

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Those who are familiar with the courts know that the efforts of lawyers who speak often vary greatly in point of merit. Of course if a counsel speaks only once or twice in a month he has ample opportunity to keep himself up to his best, but the men who are on their feet nearly every day with little time for special preparation must go up and down the scale from the best forensic eloquence down to mere talk. One of the most bitterly disappointed men we ever met was a litigant who had just been served by one of Ontario's greatest jurists. The great jurist was not himself. As Spurgeon said after he failed partially before an Edinburgh audience, his "chariot wheels were clogged." Any man's chariot wheels may get clogged at the Bar, on the platform, in Parliament or in the pulpit. Railway trains don't always run sixty miles an hour. No clock strikes twelve every time. Perhaps Dr. John Hall was the best all-round preacher in America, and even John Hall was a long way from being up to his own mark all the time. Like lesser men he was human.

Is there any more difference between the best and poorest in sermons than between the best and poorest in any kind of literature. Shakespeare writes and even Homer nods. The greatest historians have written some sentences that are now chiefly used as illustrations of bad syntax. Writers on style set up these long turgid sentences as terrible examples of the way English ought not to be written. There is a mighty difference between the best and the poorest work of any poet. Perhaps Macaulay comes nearer uniform excellence than any other writer, but even Macaulay goes up and down the scale of excellence.

Is the Bible all the same? Is there no difference between the 17th chapter of John and the 2nd chapter of Ezra. Are the sermon on the mount and the 1st chapter of 1st Chronicles the same?

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Leaving for a moment the realm of the mind and coming to the material arena, might we not well ask do men who work with their hands as well as with their brains always display uniform excellence. Is there anything more notorious than that the best mechanic sometimes does poor work? Is there anything better known than that the best business men are sometimes caught napping? Does anybody need to be told that the shrewdest politicians sometimes make the most stupid moves?

If every other kind of a man, editors, of course, always excepted, varies in his work, why in the name of fairplay should a preacher be blamed if he does not always come up to high-water mark. Perhaps under his conditions he is working far harder when he preaches poorly than when he preaches well.

After all, is any sermon poor that has gospel enough in it to save a sinner?

## THE MARKS OF TRUE RELIGION.

By Rev. Henry Dickie, D.D.

"If any man among you," says James "seem to be religious." There is religion which is only a seeming. And plentiful as it may be, it is "vain."—empty, says this apostle. It has no quality. It lacks vitality and truth. The genuine article, however, does exist. And James tells us how we may know it. The marks are three in number.

First, self-control. "If any man among you, brideth not his tongue, this man's religion is vain." The tongue is the member by which we most frequently express our personality, so that if a man has a bridle upon his tongue, it is pretty good evidence that he has a bridle upon himself. Self-mastery, then, is an infallible mark of true religion. The religious man is self-masterful, self-controlled, ever subordinating the lower to the higher! And, "they that are Christ's" says Paul, "have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts."

The second mark, according to James, is "visiting the fatherless and widows in their affliction," or to use a modern term, philanthropy. This stands for a man's interest in the world outside of his own little interest. It recognizes the claims upon one, of those in need. A man has something more to do than attend to saving his own soul. He has something to do in helping other people. Here we are simply upon the common platform as children of God, members of human society, each having a work to do, and each valuable in his place. This we call philanthropy, which must be a power in a Christian man's life. It is a large word, and full of meaning. It means churches, and schools, and hospitals, and asylums, and houses of refuge, and deeds of kindness and mercy, not, of course, to take the place of salvation by faith in Christ, but as an expression of this salvation. And is not the world becoming more and more awake to the power of this philanthropy, which is going forth into all lands?

James' third mark of true religion is, "keeping oneself unspotted from the world," that is, free from that which contaminates. This is none other than the demand that a man must be holy. But surely they were wrong, who, in some of the early centuries, thought that a man could only be holy in proportion as he cut himself off from his fellows. There never was a greater mistake than giving the name of a religious life to going out of business, banishing oneself from society and shutting oneself up in a monastery to a mere round of devotion and worship and meditation. The best and saintliest men have been busy men—men working hard with brain or hand, or both, who had little leisure, who put their religion into their business, served God in it, carried it on as unto the Lord, and amid all the pressure of business were earnest students of the Word, and found time for prayer, and maintained a close walk with God.

Woodstock, Ont.

Writing in the "Cosmopolitan Magazine," the Bishop of London says: "Before I went over there the folks on this side said I would be constantly asked what I thought of that magnificent country. Only one man asked me that question, and he was a very young reporter."

The Presbyterians and Methodists in Nova Scotia have decided that hereafter works not to be begun in any field by either body without a conference of the two denominations on the subject. British and foreign

STORIES  
POETRY

## The Inglenook

SKETCHES  
TRAVEL

## AN AFTERNOON CALLER.

(By Cora S. Day.)

"I won't be gone more than half an hour. You will be a good girl, and stay right in the house or close by, Madaline, that's a dear," Katie put on her sunbonnet and turned to smile persuasively back at the small maiden who was busy at her play on the shaded kitchen door-step.

"Yes, I will stay right here, Katie, of course. I couldn't go 'way and leave my Agnes Elinor sick abed, you know," was the solemn response, as Madaline bent tenderly over the stricken doll in its improvised box bed. Katie smiled again, and went on her way rejoicing, to spend half the afternoon with her sister who worked on a neighboring farm. That her own mistress had gone away and left her in charge of the house and the small daughter for the day troubled her not at all.

"For it is not bit of danger that Madaline will get into any mischief in just the little while that I shall be gone," she argued with her own mind. "And as for anything or anybody coming along to harm her or the house, there is little danger of that, either, on this lonely back road. I might just as well run over and have a nice little visit with Belle as to stay here all day and do nothing."

Madaline crooned a little song to herself and the doll for a little while, happy and content in her solitary possession of the big farmyard and house. She coaxed the gray kitten to come and sleep with Agnes Elinor in the comfortable box, and laughed softly to herself when the two were cozily settled for a nap. Then she wondered what she should do while they obtained their much-needed rest.

"O-h, I know," she said to her small self, presently, with a sudden brightening of her blue eyes. "I'll get my money box, and see how much I have saved. It'll be Christmas fore long—even if it is summer time now, and I've such a lot of presents to buy. O-h, won't I have fun when mother takes me 'long to town to get the Christmas things." Her dimpled face was smiling as she tripped into the sitting-room and drew her treasured money-box from its place in the sideboard drawer. It had long ago been decided that it was useless to put it in any more remote place. She usually counted her accumulation of pennies and nickels and dimes two or three times a day.

In a moment she was back in her seat on the broad step, spreading the coins out before her, and counting them over as painstakingly as if she had never done it before. In her absorption in the interesting task, she did not hear the gate open, or the crunch of a footstep upon the smooth path. It was not until a voice addressed her that she looked up, with a start of surprise.

Before her stood a tall young man, a grip in his hand and a tired look in the dark eyes that surveyed her with a curious light in their depths.

"Well, well," he said, a slight smile coming to his lips, as her eyes looked straight up into his fearlessly, in spite of her surprise, "this looks as if you were quite a wealthy young lady. And is it all really yours—every cent?"

Madaline was smiling back, even as he spoke. There had never in all her small experience, come an occasion when she had reasons to be afraid of any one. The few people she had met in her quiet country home or her few trips abroad had been all friends and neighbors; people to whom she gave her confidence and trust and friendship as freely as she did

to her own people. So now, though she had never seen this stranger before, his pleasant greeting and friendly smile received instant response.

"Yes, it is all mine—every cent," she replied. "I've saved it all since last Christmas, too," with pardonable pride in her own frugality. The stranger smiled again as he set down his bag and took off his hat to wipe his brow.

"You have done well," he said. But his voice lacked the intimate tone of his first remark. There was an absent-minded note in it that her sharp ear caught. Her pretty child face was grave when he asked his next question.

"Are your folks home?"

"No, sir. Mother and father went to Aunt Mary's to spend the day," she explained, carefully. He looked surprised. "And left you here alone?"

"O-h, no," the smile coming back and bringing the dimple with it. She enlightened him as to the existence of the faithless Katie, and her present whereabouts. He frowned over the reply, as if something displeased him. Then he turned and looked slowly about him; over the big yard and fields beyond, through the open door of the clean, empty kitchen, and back again to the child.

"And your folks will not be back until evening?" he asked, half carelessly.

"Not till milking time," she corrected him, indulgently. He looked as if he was not quite familiar with the rural expression, but said nothing for a moment. When he spoke again it was with a faint note of weariness in his tone.

"I wonder if you would give me a drink of milk, dearie," he said, with a motion to seat himself on a bench that stood beside the doorway.

The housewifely instinct awoke in the small maiden instantly. She sprang up with a sudden realization that she had not been very cordial in her welcome to her caller.

"Yes, sir. I will get you some milk and some cookies—if you like cookies," with sudden memory of the strange indifference of some grown folks to her favorite dainty. "Won't you come in, sir?" and she led the way into the kitchen, he following her as he answered:

"Thank you, yes. I am very fond of cookies."

She set a chair for him at the uncovered table, and in a few minutes had a pitcher of cool milk and a glass and plate of cookies before him. He murmured his thanks once more, and set to work upon his lunch with evident relish. She watched him with pleased satisfaction for a few seconds; then she slipped from the chair she had taken, and brought out another glass for herself. In a moment they were lurching together sociably, chatting as they demolished the cookies and emptied the pitcher.

"So your father and mother went to see Aunt Mary, did they?" he said, more for something to say than from any real desire to know their whereabouts—just so they stayed away until he had finished his lunch with this confident little hostess and gotten safely away.

"Yes. But father was going on to the bank this afternoon," she amended her former statement. Into the dark eyes that watched her face there leaped a sudden flash of light.

"To the bank? What was he going there for?" He tried to make the question as careless as the first, and she did not notice the suppressed eager interest.

"He was going to get a whole lot of money," she said, frankly. Then, glad of such an attentive hearer, she made the most of her uncommon opportunity to entertain a caller all herself.

"You see, there is a man who has a—a—something they call a mortgage, that belongs on this place, and father is going to get a lot of money and buy it, and bring it home with him to-night. I don't know what it is, exactly. Father says it is just a piece of paper, but I don't see how that can be worth so many dollars. But he has been saving his money, like me—only he has been saving a long time before Christmas—years and years, he told me. I hope he gets the paper. I want to see it," she ended, with a smile of happy anticipation.

The dark eyes opposite her looked absent-minded, and she was a little disappointed with the apparent failure of her story to interest her caller.

The man was seeing a vivid mental picture that her story had called up—a strong, honest farmer, toiling eagerly, happily, in his fields year after year; crops hauled to market, and the money carefully deposited in the little country bank, to accumulate slowly, bit by bit, until there was enough for the great event of his life, the paying of this "moogle" which "belonged on the place." His eyes wandered to the grip, which he had set inside the door as he entered.

And then he saw something which banished the vision instantly. A big, slouching, unkempt figure was bending over the step, where Madaline had left her treasure outspread upon her awakening to her duties as hostess; a dirty hand was stretched forth, in the very act of sweeping the coins together. In all the years of freedom from tramp visitations, the one exception had come in the absence of all the older members of the household.

"Hi, there—drop it," cried the caller, springing to his feet with a suddenness that made the glasses jump. Madaline looked about quickly, and in her confiding, hitherto fearless little heart there awoke a vague terror that was a strange and awful sensation.

The tramp straightened up, and gave the man within an ugly look. His hand slid into his pocket, carrying with it a good part of the money. Then he turned swiftly and started for the gate at a rapid run. Madaline gave a little cry of fear and indignation.

"O-h, please make him stop! He's took my money."

Her guest was out of the door and in swift pursuit before she had finished the appeal. He was in far better condition for the race than the burly specimen of tramped, and caught him before he had gotten down the lane and out on the road. Madaline ran to the gate and saw the capture with a thrill of joy—her one thought that she would not lose her money now—that her unknown friend would get it for her.

And he did. There was a short, fierce struggle—a wordless encounter, that took all the youth and skill of the one to overcome the more brute force and bulk of the other. But when it was over he carried back in his hand the few small coins, and laid them beside the others on the step. He sank down beside them, gasping, breathless, speechless for a moment. But when she sank down beside him, white and frightened at his inability to answer her eager thanks, he smiled reassuringly, and for one instant he put his arm about the small figure and held her close to him. Then he stood up, and looking down into the eager, excited little face, spoke.

"I must go now, little one," he said, with a new note of haste in his voice. "I think there will be no danger of that fellow coming back to disturb you. He will not know but what I am still here, you know. I wish I could stay

with you until some of the folks came, but—" He stopped and did not finish the sentence. "Come, we will gather up the money, and put it away. You must not spread it out that way again. Then you must go into the house, and fasten the door, and stay in until they come. Will you do that, for me?" and he smiled coaxingly into the blue eyes that were raised to his trustfully.

"Yes," she promised. "But you must not go. Wait to see my father and mother, and Katie—" but he shook his head decidedly, and she paused.

"No, I cannot. Good-bye, little one." She had not even told him her name. "Be sure to stay in until some one comes to take care of you," and he turned away.

"Wait—you have left your bag," she called after him, with a sudden thought. He turned and paused, half-way down the path. The dark eyes did not look tired now, in spite of the encounter of a few minutes before. There was a curious light in them—an uplifted look that puzzled the child.

"No, I did not forget it. Tell your father that it is for him—that I left it for him—for the sake of the mortgage and the little daughter who was so good to me," he said, steadily. "Can you remember, and tell him just that way? Let me hear you say it after me."

She repeated the message correctly. Then a troubled look came into her eyes. "I don't want you to go," she said, with a hint of tears in her voice. He looked across the fields, and saw a figure hurrying toward the house—the girl who ought not to have left it. Then he turned to the child.

"Come here," he said, and she obeyed. Stooping, he put his arm about her once more, and kissed her once lightly on the forehead.

"Katie is coming, Run and meet her, and tell her all about the man who was taking your money," he said. The little trick served its purpose. Her attention diverted, she let him go, and scampered away to meet the girl at the pasture bars, while he strode rapidly away in the opposite direction from the village and the departed tramp.

An hour later the father and mother made their appearance. But there was no joy in their home-coming. Madaline was not old enough to understand the white despair in the face of the man and woman who came in and sat heavily down. It was Katie who heard the story with open-eyed wonder.

"It was an old safe—I suppose the combination was an easy one, for he did not even blow the doors open. And every cent of the bank's funds is gone, and not a sign of a clue to the robbers," he said, unemotionally. What good would emotion do? It could not bring back the long-boarded dollars which he had lost. He rose to go out to his evening duties—duties that seemed a mockery of his lang, wasted industry, now that the toilsome fruits were swept away in a night. His eyes caught the bag, that still sat by the door. Madaline had sturdily refused to let Katie even touch it, much as she would have liked to peer into its mysterious depths. His question brought the story which the child had scarcely finished telling the girl; the story which she waited with impatience to tell to him.

"Well, well, I don't know who he could have been, or what he means by this, I'm sure," he said, in a puzzled tone. But he knew when he opened the bag. It held the missing bank funds.

And for the sake of the "mortgage" and the child who had been so innocently trusting and friendly—for the sake of the smile she had given him, and the light of undimmed faith in the goodness of men in the blue eyes that had looked so fearlessly into his own—for the sake of the atom of good that she had made to stir in his heart—a man, far away on the road had turned his back

upon the life of evil that had held him in its clutches, and, with set face and steady dark eyes, had made his vow to God that he would walk the earth as honest a man as a child had thought him.

#### CONDESCENSION.

Gwendolen Jones was chubby and sweet. And her age was half-past three: And she lived in a house on Wellington Street, In the yard with the walnut tree.

Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith Was almost half-past four; And he said, when they gave him a base ball and bat, That he'd "play with the girls no more."

Gwendolen Jones she gazed through the fence; At an end were all life's joys. As she saw the friend of her youth depart "To play with the great big boys."

Harold Percival Marmaduke Smith Up to the field marched he; But his eye was blacked, and his head was whacked, And his ball no more did he see.

And the boys called him "Baby" because he cried, Did Teddy and Willie and Tim: And they chased him away when he threatened to tell, And said they'd "no use for him."

Gwendolen Jones came down to the fence, And her face wore a joyful smile When Harold Percival Marmaduke said He'd play with her "once in a while." —St. Nicholas.

#### THE PRICE OF A DOG.

A German newspaper recently published an account of a London dog show and mentioned the prices at which some of the prize specimens were held by their owners. "Lady Holland's little Japanese spaniel," said the correspondent, "could not be purchased for 200,000 marks, and no one could put a price on Queen Alexandra's prize greyhound. There are, in fact, hundreds of animals on view, any one of which is worth a fortune." A few days after the article was published a peasant went to the newspaper office with a large, shaggy mongrel and asked to see the man who wrote about the dogs. "He is in England," the man was told. "Well," he said, "possibly you can tell me what this animal is worth. My wife wants me to keep him, but if dogs are so valuable I am willing to part with Hans." The publisher smiled and told the man that his dog was not of the valuable kind. "Not? Not valuable? Two years ago, when my wife and I were both in the fields, our hired woman left the children alone, and while she was gone the house took fire. This dog ran in and carried down the little one and chased the others out. He saved them all, and you say he's not valuable. What has the 200,000 mark dog done?" "Probably nothing," was the answer, "but he is perfectly bred and beautiful." "Now I understand," said the peasant, "great family and fine clothes—just like our nobles. Come Hans!"

Central Presbyterian: The best thing we can wish for and ask for is the kingdom of God, in ourselves, among our fellow-men and in all the world. It is the perfect submission to God's will, and the absolute reign of God's holy will among men. And that is the blessing beyond which we can imagine nothing.

If you want your good resolutions to last put some backbone into them.

#### BABY'S OWN TABLETS,

#### A SMILE IN EVERY DOSE

The mother who, in her gratitude for what Baby's Own Tablets have done for her child, said that "There's a smile in every dose" coined a very happy and very true phrase. The tablets cure all the minor ailments of babies and young children, and make bright, smiling, happy little ones. Mrs. John Young, Auburn, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for more than a year and I think they are the best medicine that can be given a baby. They are splendid at teething time, and for stomach and bowel troubles. You don't need a doctor if you keep Baby's Own Tablets in the house." That's about the highest praise a mother can give and it's true, every word of it. You can get the Tablets from any medicine dealer or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

#### IN THE LAND OF MANDALAY.

Elephants dearly love a joke," says a keeper of these unwieldy creatures. "When engaged in the timber trade in Burma, I observed some queer pranks played by them. I saw a calf play a most ludicrous trick on its mother. The older animal was hauling a log, which fifty coolies could not have moved, from a river to the saw-mills, quite unsuspecting of any angle in the beam of her offspring. The youngster took a turn with his trunk round one of the chain traces and pulled back with all his might. This additional weight caused the mother to stop and look behind her; but, discovering the cause, she gravely shook her head and prepared to resume her task of drawing the log to the mill.

This was just what the little imp expected, and before the strain was put on again, he kicked out the iron hook which fastened the long chain to the log. As the mother again began to pull, he held back with all his strength on the chain until her muscles were in full play, and then suddenly let go. The effect was disastrous in the extreme. Down went the old elephant on her knees, and the driver descried a most graceful and prolonged curve before he landed on the ground. But like a cat, he struck on his feet, and, blurring out some heavy Burmese exclamations of wrath, he whispered a few words in the ear of the amazed victim of this unskillful practical joke. She seemed to understand him at once, and there ensued one of the most exciting chases it has ever been my good fortune to witness.

"The calf scented danger and fled, pursued by the mother. The youngster was quicker in turning, but at last he was cornered. The maternal trunk smote him on his loins. He gave a shriek; at a second stroke he dropped on his knees and took his punishment bravely and patiently. A few minutes later he walked past us to the shed; but his trunk was drooping, and the great tears were coursing silently down his India-rubber cheeks. I was sorry for the poor little fellow, and I noticed that at dinner time his mother was gently rubbing him down with her trunk and manifesting many signs of affection." —Popular Magazine.

The hand that carries a basket of food to the poor is serving the Lord as truly as the hand that rules empires.

The fellow who prates about righteousness and gives 14 ounces to the pound needs readjustment at both ends.

By resisting the storms the fiber is strengthened; by yielding to them the end of life is at hand.

Liberality is too often a tree that little men climb for the purpose of looking over their neighbors' fences.

CHURCH  
WORK

## Ministers and Churches

NEWS  
LETTERS

## WINNIPEG AND WEST.

The girls' auxiliary of St. Andrew's church Indian Head, Sask., has ordered a new pipe organ from the east, which will be installed at an early date.

Rev. J. B. McLaren, of Kenton, has been inducted into the Second church in Brandon. Rev. James Hood has been inducted into the charge of Humesville. This leaves three vacancies in Rock Lake Presbytery.

The Kildonan Presbyterians have had a very successful year in spite of the lessening of the communion roll on account of the removal of many of the congregation to the West. The total loss is 10 families. The minister, Rev. Mr. Cameron, has tendered his resignation to the Presbytery.

Roland and Myrtle have had a prosperous year. They have 36 families, 189 communicants, gave \$553 to missions and benevolence. The debt on the Myrtle church is reduced to \$150. The Sunday school has an average attendance of 103. The Young People have contributed \$50.

At a special meeting of Winnipeg Presbytery last week the resignation of Mr. J. H. Cameron of the Kildonan charge was considered and accepted, the Presbytery placing on record its high appreciation of Mr. Cameron's work and regret at his removal. Rev. Prof. Hart was named interim moderator of Session; and Rev. Clarence Mackinnon was appointed to take Mr. Cameron's place as convener of the committee on Church Life and Work.

In pressing his resignation of the Kildonan charge, Mr. Cameron made a statement in part as follows: During the ten year of his pastorate its annual givings had nearly doubled; the contributions for missionary purposes had increased from \$200 to \$430; and the Sunday school attendance from 27 to 90; but he felt that the spiritual progress of the people had been disappointing. He realized that he was no longer doing his best work amid such circumstances. Then besides he felt that the influence of this somewhat severe climate was as oppressive to him. In his present condition of life he was unable to do his best work amid these climatic conditions, and he felt that it was his duty to remove to the Pacific coast where several years of further usefulness might be open to him.

The Rev. William Macdonald, for sixteen years pastor of St. Paul's church, Fredericton, N. B., has sent in his resignation to the Presbytery of St. John. Things have not been going smoothly for some time. The resignation is the outcome of friction with an element of the congregation. Mr. Macdonald succeeded Rev. Dr. Mowatt, now of Erskine church, Montreal.

At the close of the annual congregational meeting of St. John's church, St. John, on the 15th ult., the pastor, Rev. Dr. Fotheringham, was presented with a purse of \$140, in recognition of his long and faithful services. The presentation was made by Miss E. Smith, a little daughter of J. A. Smith, and the address accompanying it, which was signed by the trustees and representatives of the session and congregation, was read by W. J. Parks. Dr. Fotheringham made a fitting reply. Rev. G. M. Campbell, Rev. H. C. Read, Rev. W. O. Raymond, Rev. L. A. McLean, Rev. A. A. Graham, Rev. Gordon Dickie and Rev. D. Lang also spoke briefly.

## WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. A. H. MacGillivray, of Chatham, Ont., is laid up by an attack of grippe.

The East End London mission is soon likely to develop into a regular appointment. It is expected that two stations can be grouped, and a student placed in charge.

St. Andrew's Church, Wingham, reports one of the most successful years in its history. Rev. D. Perrie, the efficient pastor, has reason to feel encouraged in his work.

The severe snow storms of the past fortnight compelled ministers, in order to keep appointments, to make use of out-of-the-way means in order to do so. The Orillia Packet says that "Rev. A. McD. Haig reached Eson from Jarratt by the ski and snowshoe route!"

Rev. R. W. Craw, of St. Helens, is called to Melville Church, Fergus, vacant through the recent resignation of Rev. J. H. MacVicar, now in Edinburgh, Scotland. Mr. Craw is one of four brothers in the ministry. The stipend is \$1,200 a year, with a month holiday and fine manse.

The Session report at the annual meeting of St. Paul's Church, Ingersoll, indicated a membership of 518, a net increase of 47. The following had been elected to the eldership:—Messrs. R. N. Thurtell, A. Beattie, A. McNevin, D. Gerrie and Wm. Agar. The total income was \$6,496.79.

Much sympathy is felt for Rev. Dr. and Mrs. Armstrong, of Baden, in the sore loss sustained by them in the death of their youngest daughter, after a protracted illness. She took a deep interest in all good work, and was greatly beloved in the congregation and in the community.

The Penetanguishene Church made gratifying progress during 1907. At the close of the year there was a surplus of \$112 in the treasury, and it was unanimously agreed to increase the pastor's stipend by \$150. During the year thirty-five were received into full membership—ten by certificate, and twenty-five on profession of faith.

At the annual meeting of Knox Church, Acton, Rev. J. C. Wilson, B.A., (pastor) Mr. David Henderson, M.P., presided, as might be expected, in a most efficient manner. The total receipts amounted to \$4,588.09, and of this sum \$884.00 were given to missions. After a very free expression of opinion, it was resolved to ask the pastor to dispense with all addresses at funerals. During the year the mortgage debt had been wiped out, leaving the church property free of all encumbrance.

The Presbytery of Guelph met last week at Glenallan for the induction of the Rev. H. H. McPherson, M.A., B.D., into the charge of Glenallan and Hollin. Dr. Dickson acted as Moderator in the absence of Rev. W. R. Ross, M.A., of Guelph. The Rev. Mr. Brown, of Fergus, preached. Dr. Dickson asked the usual questions and offered the induction prayer, and addressed the minister on his duties, and the Rev. Mr. Edgar, of Hawkeville, addressed the people. There was a large attendance of members and adherents, notwithstanding the inclement weather and bad roads. Mr. McPherson enters on his work with promise of great success. After the induction all were invited to a banquet prepared by the ladies of the church, and an hour of social intercourse was enjoyed.

The wife of a workman named Young, living in Lillie Road, Fulham, has presented her husband with triplets—three girls, who are to be named, Faith, Hope and Charity.

## EASTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. A. J. McMullan, of Merrickville, was the preacher at Russell on a recent Sunday.

Rev. Wm. A. Guy, of McDonald's Corners, has accepted a call from Regina, Sask. He was also called to Strathroy, Ont.

The following have been elected managers of Melville church, Eganville, for the ensuing year: Messrs. D. F. McGregor, C. W. White, G. J. Gourley and W. R. McKenzie.

Rev. Norman MacLeod, of Brockville, has left for a lengthened visit to Great Britain. His many friends will wish him a good voyage and a pleasant holiday season.

Rev. Mr. Monds, of St. Andrew's church, Carleton Place, preached anniversary services in Renfrew on a recent Sunday, and Rev. Mr. Hay took the pulpit in St. Andrew's.

Arrangements have been made for a weekly Tuesday evening service in Manson Warner's hall, Mille Roches, to be conducted by Rev. N. H. MacGillivray, M.A., of St. John's church, Cornwall.

The anniversary services of Calvin church, Pembroke, were conducted last Sunday by Rev. Prof. A. R. Gordon, of the Presbyterian College, Montreal. The attendance was very large, and much interest was manifested in the services.

Rev. James Stuart, D.D., for thirty-five years minister of the Presbyterian church of Prescott, died at his home last Thursday. He was a graduate of the University of Toronto and of Knox College. He graduated in 1872, and was settled at once in Pakenham, and after a few years at Prescott, where he continued in the pastorate until he died. He was a man of rare gifts of character. Knox College conferred upon him the degree of D.D. in 1888.

At the annual meeting of St. Andrew's church, Appleton, the treasurer's report showed a balance on hand. The retiring managers were John Stewart and James Syme. Mr. Wm. Spalding was appointed in place of Mr. Scott, and Mr. Syme was re-elected. James Turner, sr., was appointed treasurer for the Sunday school, and Mr. James Syme was re-elected treasurer for the church. J. A. Turner was appointed treasurer for the Home Missionary Society.

Rev. E. W. MacKay, M.A., of St. Paul's church, Smith's Falls, has been lecturing in Knox church, Perth, on "Literature and Life" in an interesting and instructive manner. He traced the beginning of literature in the folk lore of eastern lands, the mythology of Greece and Rome, the ghost stories of Scotland and other lands. He demonstrated how the literature of a people shows what they were thinking about and that genuine literature preserves the life of a nation. He pointed out that the literature of the Jews, the Bible, which preserves to us the religious experience of this remarkable people, is the greatest of all literatures. The lecture was very much enjoyed by those present.

Recently under the direction of Rev. W. W. Peck, M.A., of Arnprior, Convener of the Presbytery's Committee, a very successful series of Sabbath school and Y. P. S. C. E. institutes were held in the Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew. Afternoon and evening meetings were held at Perth on Monday; Carleton Place, Tuesday; Arnprior, Wednesday; Renfrew, Thursday; Pembroke, Friday. The attendance was exceptionally large throughout and the workers of the congregations and the general public were pronounced in their praises of the practical nature and helpfulness of all the addresses. It is

intended to repeat the institutes next year. Of the Tuesday meeting "The Almonte Gazette" has the following item: "The Sabbath School and Y. P. S. C. E. institutes held in Carleton Place on Tuesday of this week under the auspices of the presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew were singularly successful. The attendances were good, the addresses given were excellent, and the conferences were most profitable. The speakers were Rev. D. Currie, B.D., of Perth, who told of the good results obtained from the organization of home study classes in the country districts connected with his congregation, over fifty children who were unable to attend Sunday school being thus brought into connection with the school, and the study of the International lessons. Rev. J. C. Robertson, B.D., Toronto, secretary of the General Assembly's committee, spoke on missions in the Sunday school, and showed how children may be interested in this great work. In the evening Mr. Robertson spoke on the "Organized Bible Class," and instanced schools where new life and vigor and increased usefulness had been secured in Bible classes which were in dormant condition by forming a regular organization with officers and committees, the class in one instance at least having been given the power even to choose their own teacher. The idea was new to many and will, doubtless, be adopted by some Lanark county schools. Rev. W. S. McTavish, Ph.D., Kingston, convener of the General Assembly's Y.P.S.C.E. committee, spoke interestingly and profitably both afternoon and evening on the Christian Endeavor movement."

#### TORONTO.

Rev. Alex. Gilray, D.D., of College Street Church, has returned from Clifton Springs, N.Y., where he had been recuperating for several weeks after his serious illness. He is in excellent spirits and feels quite restored to health.

The first annual meeting of the Papine Avenue Church has just been held and the minister in charge, Rev. J. A. Miller, B.A., and the elders are delighted with the splendid progress and the good showing made. It was unanimously decided to adopt the weekly envelope system for missionary contributions.

The annual meeting of Emmanuel Church, East Toronto, was very satisfactory in every respect. The net debt at the beginning of the year was \$1,300, which has been practically wiped off, though a floating indebtedness of some \$300 still remains. The Sunday collections during the year totalled fully \$100 more than last year.

Last Sunday was celebrated the fourth anniversary of the settlement of Rev. P. M. Macdonald, M.A., as pastor of Cowan Avenue Church. Rev. Dr. E. D. MacLaren preached in the morning and Rev. Dr. R. P. Mackay in the evening. The attendance on both occasions was large and much interest was taken in the proceedings of the day. It is expected that the indebtedness of \$6,600 has been fully met.

The managers of Knox church, Agincourt, have been instructed to offer for sale the manse and glebe, comprising six acres of land, with the view of building a more modern manse on a lot adjoining the church. The old manse held a succession of ministers who had more than a local reputation as preachers, and several of whom, in after years, occupied prominent positions in the church. Rev. John Laing, D.D., afterwards minister at Cobourg, who died at Dundas; Rev. D. H. Fletcher, D.D., for so many years the beloved pastor of McNab street church, Hamilton; and Rev. George Burnfield, who left Agincourt for the First Presbyterian church, Brookville, and who is now laboring in Philadelphia, Pa.

#### ST. ANDREW'S, SAULT STE. MARIE.

On Sunday, 2nd February, the fine new building just completed for St. Andrew's congregation, Sault Ste. Marie, was opened with special services, conducted by Rev. R. E. Knowles, of Galt. The people anticipated great things and their anticipations were fully realized. Taking as his text for the dedicatory sermon Luke 7: 29, he delivered a powerful discourse, replete with polished diction, ennobling thought and rich spiritual food. At the Sunday school service at 3 p.m. the regular class teaching was dispensed with and appropriate addresses were delivered by Rev. Mr. Knowles, L. A. Green, B.A., assistant superintendent of R. G. Campbell, superintendent of the Chinese Sunday school, Dr. Fleming, president of the Y. M. C. A., Rev. A. D. Reid, pastor, and John McKay, superintendent. Mr. Knowles preached again in the evening, and his sermon, based on II Cor. 4: 1, was by many of his hearers considered more effective even than that of the morning. At the morning service it was estimated that the attendance was about 1200. In the evening there were 200 or 300 more, and though the aisles and stairs were crowded and many stood throughout the service scores were unable to enter.

The following description of the new St. Andrew's church is taken from the "Soo" Express: The new church adds decidedly to the ornamental appearance of the head of East street, and was erected at a cost of over \$33,000. It is built of native stone with the exception of the buttress caps, which are red sandstone from Marquette, Mich. The roof is of British Columbia cedar shingles. The beautiful stained glass windows give a fine effect, especially when the electric light is turned on at night. The basement contains seating capacity for 600, besides the furnace room, kitchen, etc. The main floor and gallery which extends across the end and along both sides of the church, have a seating capacity of 923. The gallery and basement are reached by two pairs of stairs each from the front and rear. Besides the front door which faces East street, there are rear and side doors. The seats, beams and gallery railing are of quarter oak, the latter being mounted with polished brass. The organ shows up beautifully behind the pulpit and is ornamental in a high degree. The pulpit is at the rear of the church. The choir is placed in front and to both sides of the pulpit and the organist is seated directly in front of the pulpit. The organ is operated by hydraulic power under the direct control of the organist. The pastor, Rev. A. D. Reid, and congregation are to be congratulated on the successful opening of this large and commodious place of worship.

Says the Acton Free Press:—The last number of the Reporter of Oconto, Wis., contains a sermon preached in Knox Church, fifty years ago, and bearing the following preface: "The following sermon was preached in the Presbyterian Church, at Acton, Ont., on Sunday, January 3rd, 1858, by Rev. John McLachlan, by whom it was presented to the mother of John McLean, who handed it to us for publication." It was a New Year's sermon and was based upon Rom. 13: 12. "The night is far spent, the day is at hand, let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armor of light." Rev. John McLachlan was the first settled pastor of the Presbyterian Church here. He was inducted on the 20th August, 1857, and resigned on the 4th February, 1861. Rev. Mr. McLachlan was afterwards minister of Knox Church, Beaverton, where his memory is still cherished because of his high Christian character and sterling worth as a preacher. His death took place while minister at Beaverton.

#### QUEBEC.

The Rev. Roderick MacLean, minister of the congregation of Hampden, Presbytery of Quebec, died on the 27th January, after undergoing an operation. Mr. MacLean was inducted to his late charge in 1906, and had won the love of his people to a large degree. He served a long pastorate in P. E. I. before coming to Quebec.

The annual meeting of the congregation of English River and Howick was held in the church, English River, on the 30th inst., the Rev. J. M. Kellock, M.A., in the chair. The various reports were presented and showed a successful year. The sum of \$904.20 was raised for the schemes of the church and benevolent purposes, and about \$2,000 for all purposes. The membership is 260. During the year there were 7 baptisms, 7 marriages and 8 burials.

The annual meeting of St. Andrew's church, Three Rivers, was held on 5th February, Rev. J. R. MacLeod presiding, and Mr. Allan McDougall, secretary. The session reported an increase in the membership and in the number of families, the latter being a new feature. The treasurer's report showed a satisfactory year financially, the total revenue reaching very close on \$1,700, \$284 of which was for benevolent and missionary purposes. The "Ladies' Aid" had done good work. Messrs. H. Blair and Alex. Houston were re-elected to the Board of Management. Mr. R. W. Williams was elected chairman of the board, and Mr. Allan McDougall secretary treasurer.

#### MONTREAL.

Encouraging reports were presented at the annual meeting of St. John's church. Eighteen members had been added to the roll during the year, and the total receipts amounted to \$940. The pastor's salary was increased by \$100; and Mrs. Morin's services as organist were acknowledged in an appreciative address, which was accompanied by the presentation of a beautiful piece of cut glassware.

Last week the choir of St. John Presbyterian church surprised their pastor, Rev. Dr. Fotheringham, by a visit and the presentation of a magnificent bouquet of twenty-five carnations with their congratulations on the completion of his twenty-five years pastorate.

#### BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

St. David's U. F. Church, Dundee, has been sold for use as a motor garage.

In Oban district a two years' course of forestry instruction has been inaugurated.

Miss Jennie Fernie, Leslie, Kinross-shire, has not missed a Sabbath school attendance for ten years.

Three workmen of Loch Leven Power Works at Ballachulish died near there the other day from exposure.

Kintyre Presbytery has rejected the overture to amend the formula of subscription to the confession of faith.

It is proposed to provide a permanent memorial to Lord Kelvin in Belfast. It is suggested that the statue should be erected in the City Hall grounds.

A man considered to be a harmless lunatic called at Windsor Castle, announced himself as a nephew of William IV., and said he wished to see Mrs. Guelph. After examination by a surgeon he was sent back to his friends at Oxford.

The annual report of the registrar-general for Ireland shows that the population of Ireland is steadily declining. There were 103,536 births in Ireland in 1906, and 74,427 deaths, but the loss by emigration was 35,344, making a net loss in population of 6,235 during the year. The total population of Ireland in the middle of 1906 was 4,388,006.

## HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

To stop bleeding. A handful of flour bound on the cut.

Potash put down the drain pipes will prevent the plumber's bill.

For cough roast a lemon very carefully without burning it; when it is thoroughly hot, cut and squeeze into a cup upon three ounces of sugar finely powdered. Take a spoonful whenever your cough troubles you.

A flannel cloth dipped into warm soapsuds, and then into whiting and applied to paint, will remove grease and dirt. Wash with clean water, and dry. The most delicate paint will not be injured and will look like new.

Vanilla Sauce.—Cream together quarter of a cupful of sweet butter and a cupful of pulverized sugar. Add the beaten whites of two eggs and a cupful of hot milk. Flavor with vanilla.

Graham Pudding.—Two cupfuls of graham flour, one cupful of thin sour cream (or rich milk), one cupful of molasses, one cupful of raisins, a small teaspoonful of soda and a pinch of salt. Boil or bake as above.

Delicate Pudding.—One pint of flour, one egg, four tablespoonfuls of melted butter, one coffee-cup of sugar, one coffee-cup of sweet milk, and four teaspoonfuls of baking powder. First beat the egg, sugar and butter to a cream, then add the milk; sift the flour and baking powder together, before stirring them in with the other ingredients; flavor with lemon. Sauce to your fancy. Bake in shallow pans.

Pommes en Surprise.—Choose some nice large apples, peel and take out the core. Put them whole into a syrup flavored with cinnamon or lemon peel. When thoroughly done, take them out carefully and place in a compotier. Then fill up the middles with a little preserve and crystallized fruit, cut into small pieces and strew over with pounded macaroons. Boil the syrup in which the apples were cooked until quite thick, and pour into the dish.

Save your Saucepans.—An easy way to keep enamel saucepans, pie dishes, etc., clean: Take a small piece of emery cloth, or a cloth well rubbed with soap, dampen it, and rub all soiled parts; rinse well first in soapy then clean water, when they will be found quite spotless and quite new.

Marmalade Apples.—Core some large, fine sweet apples. Fill the cavity with crisp bread crumbs and orange, or some other marmalade with plenty of spice and sugar and a pinch of salt, and on top of all put a ball of butter the size of a walnut. Then set the apples in a baking pan in which is a cupful of water, well mixed with syrup or molasses. Bake very slowly, so that the apples become candied and luscious. They are served with whipped cream, hot or cold, as one may fancy.

## OUT OF THE WAY NOTES.

One Amsterdam factory alone cuts 400,000 diamonds every year.

The elephant's span of life is one century.

Ten pounds of blood are sent through the human system at each pulsation of the heart.

The Kimberley diamond fields have been developing only since 1871.

A new London library has a room set apart for conversation on literary matters.

Accident insurance is compulsory among the workmen of Holland and sickness insurance voluntary.

The whale is thought to be the longest lived of the animal kingdom. Its average age is about 500 years.

The Italian government is making efforts to divert the tide of emigration from the United States to Africa.

## SPARKLES.

—Eph: "How'd you git along ridin' in them there sleepin' cars when you took your trip?"

Simp: "Got long all right, but I caught a colored feller tryin' to sneak away with my boots an' made 'im bring 'em back."

A little girl was told by her teacher that ferment means to work, and was requested to write a sentence containing that word. Her sentence was: "I would rather play out of doors than to ferment in school."

—Principal of Public School: What are your views on the subject of corporal punishment? Do you approve it? New Boy's Mother: No, indeed, sir. I think when they're bad ye should just give 'em a good thrashing.

"You refuse me!" said the ardent youth.

"I do, indeed," replied the beautiful girl.

"Ah, then, I shall go off to war. Suppose I return minus an arm, minus an ear and minus a chin. Suppose I return a mere remnant of a man! What would you say?"

The beautiful girl brightened up. "I should accept you on the spot. I always had an irresistible fascination for remnants."

With new hope the modern Romeo started off for the scene of battle.

She—"Now that we are going to be married we must begin to save. Promise me you will do nothing you cannot afford."

He—"But in that case I would have to break off the engagement."—Life.

Elsie—"Miss Timmins told me to-day in the geography lesson that Stonehenge was over two thousand years old."

Jack—"What nonsense! Why it's only 1903 now!"—Punch.

A young man of Boston who had failed to pay his laundry bill endeavored to turn his Chinaman aside from inquiry by an attack upon the Celestial's manner of speech. "Why do you say 'Fliday,' John?" he asked. "Say Fliday because I mean Fliday," replied John, stoutly. "No say Fliday, and mean maybe week after nex', like Melican man."—Selected.

"It's hard," said the sentimental landlady at the dinner table, "to think that this poor little lamb should be destroyed in its youth just to cater to our appetites."

"Yes," replied the smart boarder, struggling with his portion, "it is tough."

## LOVE AND OLD AGE.

We forget that the inward craving of old age conceives of no analogies and knows no reason why the old-time cares and fondling should be things of the past. It transmutes everything into neglect. Age softens the heart, and the soul pines for the touch of the hand that would stroke the golden locks of a rattling child. Let's love them more than by mere sentiment! What would we do without these saints? Amid these reverses, we recall the lines of Elizabeth Gould:

"Put your arms around me—

There, like that;

I want a little petting

At life's setting.

For 'tis harder to be brave

When feeble age comes creeping

And finds me weeping

Dear ones gone.

Just a little petting

At life's setting;

For I'm old, alone, and tired

And my life's work is done."

—Homiletic Review.

## MEAL TIME MISERIES.

Indigestion Can be Cured by the Tonic

Treatment of Dr. Williams'

Pink Pills.

There is only one way to cure indigestion and that is to give your system so much good, red blood that the stomach will have strength enough to do its natural work in a healthy vigorous way. Many dyspeptics dose the stomach with tablets, syrups and other things alleged to assist in digesting food, but these things merely give temporary relief—they never cure indigestion—and the trouble grows worse and worse, until the poor dyspeptic is gradually starving. In a case of indigestion a half dozen boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are worth all the mixtures and so-called medicated foods in the country. These pills cure indigestion because they strengthen and tone the stomach, thus enabling it to do the work nature intends it should do.

Mr. Paul Charbonneau, St. Jerome, Que., says: "For months I suffered tortures from indigestion. After every meal the misery was intense, so that I finally ate most sparingly. I tried several so-called indigestion cures, but they did me no good. My general health began to run down. I suffered from headaches and dizziness and pains about the heart. Often after the lightest meal I would be afflicted with a smothering sensation. Finally my mother induced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Under the use of this medicine the trouble began to disappear, and in less than a couple of months I had completely recovered my health and can now enjoy a hearty meal as well as any one."

It is because they make new, rich blood that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills always cure indigestion, anaemia, rheumatism, heart palpitation, neuralgia, sciatica, St. Vitus dance and the headaches, backaches, and other indescribable ills of girlhood and womanhood. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## ABOUT ELEPHANTS.

"Elephants are easily trapped," said a zoo keeper. "Very easy trapped, very easy tamed. The trapper chooses a spot that is a popular elephant haunt, and here he digs a hole five feet deep and twenty foot square. He surrounds this hole with a high board fence, except in one place, where he hangs a swinging gate. So far so good. Next he finds a herd of elephants, chooses the animal he wants, maddens it, and makes it chase him. Lickety-split, lickety-split, the man tears along on his nag, the elephant thunders closely after, and just at the gateway the man everties to the right, but the elephant, too heavy to evertie, bangs right on through, ker thump, into the hole. He's mad at first, outrageous, terrible. But they give him no food nor drink, they build around the pit fires of damp wood that suffocate him nearly with the smoke, and they daze him with shouts and the bangin' of brass pans. That there wild elephant is completely broke and subdued in three or four days. He comes forth and follows the trapper humbly and timidly, with tears in his eyes. Monkeys are trapped—ain't it a shame!—with booze. You rush in among a flock of them, and they take to the trees, chatterin' and watchful. You roll out some bottles of strong, sweet booze, pretend to drink from them, then lay them down and go away. On your return an hour later the floor of the jungle is strewn with the limp, alm bodies of drunken monkeys. The only animal impossible to trap is the gorilla. Too strong and fierce."

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4.40 p.m.	Toronto	6.50 a.m.
12.30 p.m.	Tupper Lake	9.25 a.m.
6.57 p.m.	Albany	5.10 a.m.
10.00 p.m.	New York City	3.55 a.m.
5.55 p.m.	Syracuse	4.45 a.m.
7.30 p.m.	Rochester	8.45 a.m.
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MONTREAL

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*Herald and Presbyter.*

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**PRESBYTERY MEETINGS**

**Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.**

Quebec, Quebec.  
Montreal, Montreal, 5th March.  
Glengarry, Lancaster, 5th Nov.  
Ottawa, Ottawa.  
Lan. and Renfrew, Smith's Falls, 17th Feb., 3.30.  
Brockville, Prescott.

**Synod of Toronto and Kingston.**

Kingston.  
Peterboro', Colborne, 30th Dec.  
Lindsay.  
Toronto, Toronto, Monthly, 1st Tues.

Whitby, Brooklyn, 15th Jan, 10 a.m.  
Orangeville.

North Bay, Magnetawan.  
Algoma, S., Richard's Bldg.  
Owen Sound, O. St., 3rd Dec., 10 a.m.

Saugeen, Drayton.  
Guelph, Knox Ch., Guelph, 21st Jan., 10.30 a.m.

**Synod of Hamilton and London.**

Hamilton, Knox Ch., Hamilton, 7th Jan., 10 a.m.

Paris, Brantford, 14th Jan., 10.30.  
London, First Ch., London, 3rd Dec., 10.30.

Chatham, Chatham.  
Huron, Clinton.  
Maitland, Teeswater.  
Bruce, Paisley.

**Synod of the Maritime Provinces**

Sydney, Sydney.  
Inverness.  
P. E. Island, Charlottetown.  
Pictou, New Glasgow.  
Wallace.  
Truro, Truro, 18th Dec., 10 a.m.  
Halifax.  
Lun. and Yar.  
St. John.  
Miramichi, Bathurst.

**Synod of Manitoba.**

Superior.  
Winnipeg, College, 2nd Tues., bimbo  
Rock Lake.  
Glenboro', Cyprus River.  
Portage-la-P.  
Dauphin.  
Brandon.  
Mellita.  
Minnedosa.

**Synod of Saskatchewan.**

Yorkton.  
Regina.  
Qu'Appelle, Abernethy, Sept.  
Prince Albert, at Saskatoon, Battleford.

**Synod of Alberta.**

Arcola, Arcola, Sept.  
Calgary.  
Edmonton.  
Red Deer.  
Macleod, March.

**Synod of British Columbia.**

Kamloops.  
Kootenay.  
Westminster.  
Victoria, Victoria.

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# The North American Life Assurance Company

Held its Annual Meeting at its Home Office, in Toronto, on Thursday, the 30th day of January, 1908. The President, Mr. John L. Blaikie, was appointed Chairman, and the Managing Director, Mr. L. Goldman, Secretary, when the following report of the business of the Company for the year ended December 31st, 1907, was submitted:—

<b>New Business</b>	The policies issued for the year, together with those revived, amounted to the sum of \$4,622,635.00, being greater than the new business transacted for the previous year.
<b>Saving in Expenses</b>	The business has continued to be conducted on a conservative basis, resulting in a further reduction in the ratio of expenses to premium income of over two per cent. This percentage of reduction has resulted in a material saving in expenses of \$26,918.17, as compared with 1906.
<b>Cash Income</b>	The cash income for the year from premiums, interest, etc., was \$1,815,097.69, showing the satisfactory increase for the year of \$68,553.69.
<b>Payments to Policyholders</b>	The amount paid on policyholders' account was \$607,347.44, and of this amount the sum of \$266,825.95 represents payments for dividends, matured endowments, and investment policies.
<b>Assets</b>	The assets increased during the year by the sum of \$936,811.63, and now amount to \$8,735,876.08.
<b>Net Surplus Increased</b>	After making ample provision for all liabilities, including the special Contingent Fund of \$155,173.35 to provide for the temporary depreciation in the value of debentures, bonds and stocks, and paying the sum of \$97,304.79 for dividends to policyholders during the year, there was an addition made to the net surplus which now amounts to \$673,556.04, the year's work from every standpoint being highly satisfactory.
<b>Assets Safely Invested</b>	The assets of the Company continue to be, as heretofore, invested in the best class of securities; a detailed list of these will be published with the Annual Report for distribution.
<b>Monthly Audit</b>	A monthly examination of the books of the Company was made by the Auditors, and at the close of the year they made a thorough scrutiny of all the securities held by the Company. In addition to the examination of the securities by the Auditors, a committee of the Board, consisting of two Directors, made an independent audit each quarter.

The Officers, Field Representatives and Office Staff deserve to be commended for their efficiency and diligence.

L. GOLDMAN, Managing Director. J. L. BLAIE, President

The Annual Report showing marked proofs of the solid position of the Company, and containing a list of the securities held, and also those upon which the Company has made collateral loans, will be sent in due course to each policyholder.

**A. W. PENNOCK, District Agent**  
CITIZEN BUILDING, OTTAWA, ONT.



## Synopsis of Canadian North-West.

### HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, excepting 8 and 24, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 15 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

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

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:—

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

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

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

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

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

Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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