

Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church

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Note and Comment

The number of homestead entries in Manitoba and the Northwest Territories last year was 4,426, against 2,383 in 1897. The number of immigrants is placed at 27,171.

Le Soleil, of Quebec, asks that all trials for libel in the Superior Court should be by jury, and suggests that Article 422 of the Code should be amended in this sense.

Mr. Carmichael, of New Glasgow, who accepted a senatorship the other day, is the sort of man the Senate wants: an able, sensible and conscientious man, with a deliberative mind. He takes the place of the late Senator McFarlane; is a staunch Presbyterian, and will be a decided acquisition to the Upper Chamber.

The Cumberland Presbyterian concludes an editorial on the present status of the Mormon church with these words: "Nobody who knows anything about the purposes and spirit of the Mormon church particularly no man who has seen Mormonism as it is in Utah, believes that our troubles with polygamy and its kindred evils in Mormonism are over."

There are other battles in France besides that over the sad Dreyfus business. Just now there is a great conflict as to which is the most serviceable form of education, one that is classical or one that is scientific and modern. It is a big battle, as Messrs. Ribot, Lemaitre, Faguet, and a host of front rank literary men are engaged in it. Probably Mr. Grant Allen would settle it for them in a few minutes.

The returns of the Presbyterian Church of England show an increase in the number both of congregations and of members. There are 327 churches and preaching stations, as compared with 271 in 1876, affording accommodation for 162,044 persons. The number of communicants has increased to 71,444, and the value of the church property to £1,801,215, on which there are debts amounting to £81,073. There are 323 Presbyterian ministers in England. In the Presbyterian Alliance, of which the next council will be held in Washington in September, there are now 26,578 affiliated congregations, with a membership of 4,059,751.

The Rev. Dr. Chiniquy died at the residence of his son-in-law, the Rev. J. L. Morin, 65 Hutchinson street, Montreal, at 9.55 o'clock Monday morning. The venerable divine passed away peacefully, at his bedside being his wife, two daughters, his son-in-law, and the Rev. R. P. Duclos, the latter of whom held the hand of the dying man until the end. Although he had suffered much during the last days of his illness, he appeared to be quite free from pain when death came.

Death has claimed a great personality, says the Witness, in the Rev. Charles Paschal Telesphore Chiniquy. His name has been interwoven with Canadian and universal religious history during the past forty years, and will go down to posterity representing one of the leading aggressive controversialists of the age. Dr. Chiniquy was born in the same year as Mr. Gladstone. His father, the late Charles Chiniquy, lived in the quiet little village of Kamouraska, Que., and it was in this place on July 30 1809 that the future divine first saw the light. Nurtured under the religious influences of earnest Roman Catholic parents, and possessed of a refined sensibility to sacred things, the boy grew up, as if born for the ministry. He was educated at the Quebec Seminary, and was ordained to the Catholic priesthood in 1833, at a comparatively early age.

His breaking from the Church of Rome is told as follows:—Dr. Chiniquy possessed a strong nature and his faith in the infallibility of his 'Mother Church' was seriously undermined. He had hoped to accomplish a reform in the temporal government of the Church. This was the ruling idea in the priest's mind when Bishop Smith sent his Vicar-General to Kankakee to inform Dr. Chiniquy that they were all very glad that he had fought down the bad bishop, O'Reagan; but, since he had handled that functionary rather roughly, some of the Catholics at a distance were afraid that he was about to turn Protestant, though they (The Bishop and the Cabinet) knew better; but for the peace of the Church and the assurance of those whose minds were unsettled, he intimated gently that Dr. Chiniquy had better sign a paper which could be made public, if occasion

required, acknowledging his loyalty to the Church, and his submission to her authority. To this he assented, and accordingly wrote to the Bishop as follows:

My Lord, we wish to live and die in the Holy Catholic Apostolic Roman Church; and to prove this, we promise to obey your authority according to the Word of God, and the Gospel of Jesus Christ.

But this paper did not meet the requirements of the Bishop, who said, "You must cancel the words 'according to the word of God and the Gospel of Jesus Christ' and insert in lieu thereof, 'and I promise to obey you in all things, without condition.'" To which Father Chiniquy replied, "What you require of me is not an act of submission, but an act of adoration; and I absolutely refuse it to you." To this the Bishop answered, "Then you can be no longer a Catholic priest." Whereupon Father Chiniquy raised his hands and eyes to heaven and said, "May Almighty God be forever blessed," took his hat and left.

Liberty was dear to him, and in September, 1858 he bade good-bye to Rome, and took a congregation numbering over a thousand worshippers, away from the faith also. He had long been studying the Presbyterian forms of worship and was shortly afterwards ordained as one of its ministry.

Curious creeds are not confined to the lower classes of society. The Evangelical Churchman mentions vagaries in this line among the upper classes of England, where we would expect better things. It says: "Lord Pollington, eldest son of Lord Mexborough, is a self-confessed Buddhist. The Duke of Northumberland and his family, including Lord and Lady Percy, are Irvingites, as are Sir Herbert Maxwell and Lady Frances Balfour, a daughter of the Duke of Argyll. Lord and Lady Radnor are credited with being ardent spiritualists. The late Lady Charlemont was a Jewess, not by birth, but by conviction, and Lord Stanley of Alderly is said to favor the principles of Mohammed." There is no accounting for tastes, inclinations, predilections and beliefs among men, whatever their station in life. He who keeps not in the Bible track is sure to get out of the right way. Error is multifarious, and takes root in divers forms where divine and saving truth is ignored.

The Quiet Hour

Christ at Jacob's Well.*

Here we have another incident which shows us the Christ imparting the sublimest spiritual truth to a solitary individual; and that individual not merely a woman, and a Samaritan woman, but also one of the world's outcasts. He who explained the need of a new birth to the timid Jewish ruler, sets before the Samaritan woman a lofty view of religion. In both cases there is the same human prejudice and narrowness to be conquered, but when there is no longer escape from the searching influence of His tender teaching, the woman acknowledges the divinity of the revealing light.

Oud Lord was journeying northward with His disciples, and, coming near to the city or town of Sychar, sat down to rest on the well called Jacob's Well, while His disciples went into the town to buy food. Here we note the lowliness of Our Lord, that He took upon Him real humanity, with all its liability to hunger, pain and weariness. This is no phantom body, as men have sometimes thought. "The Word was made flesh and tabernacled among us." But He was never too weary to take a deep interest in the life of a human soul. He did not keep His great discourses for immense crowds or confine them to the select few. This greatest preacher of all, of Whom it was said "The common people heard Him gladly," could speak persuasively to one. The one is a type of the many. Each spirit has its own lonely life, its secret struggles, known only to the living Saviour.

It was no mere accident that this woman came to the well at a quiet hour of the day and found there the lowly man of Nazareth. There was a Providence watching over a life that seemed so feeble and worthless. Without entering into the theological subtleties of the question whether it is right to say that the divine Christ was a Jew, we affirm that He was to all intents and purposes a Jew. With other limitations He took those of the Jewish nation and church. But in spirit He passed beyond such local bounds; though a Jew, He would speak to a Samaritan woman and beg a favor of her. He can become so interested in her as to forget food and drink in the thought that His meat and drink is to do the Father's will.

The paradox of Our Saviour's life is this, that we always meet a great claim

and a great condescension side by side; two things are combined which seem inconsistent, the truest lowliness, and the grandest self-assertion. He must speak the truth; and, if only the truth was known, there would be a change of position. She, of whom a favor is asked, would be a suppliant at His feet. The small favors that Christ asks of us are not for His benefit, but to stir our life and lift us into a higher world. Some of the noblest women of that time were those who, with devout reverence, ministered to Him of their substance. Thank God they have had their successors in all succeeding ages. When this poor woman really knows who He is, she will find something more interesting than the town's small gossip; she will know what it is to be carried away by an eager desire to speak His praises.

If this woman, like all of us, is fettered by the same literalism and materialism that limited the vision of Nicodemus, she at least discerns the great claim that lies behind His words. The well is deep, and He has nothing with which to draw; but perhaps this strange man thinks himself to be greater than the patriarch Jacob. But how could any common present-day man be greater than the great father of the people, whose memory is sacred with the associations of many centuries. For the moment she, with her bucket and picher, is tempted to think herself better equipped for meeting the real needs of life than this lonely stranger, but there is something in His presence that forbids the thought. So many to-day think that because their science has improved so much upon the Samaritan woman's outfit, they are independent of the Christ. That thought only lives when we do not know Him and are at the same time ignorant of self. If only His pleading tones are heard they find their way into unexplored depths of the soul.

He is not afraid to meet comparison with Jacob or any other venerable patriarch. This well is good, its waters sweet, a refreshment to the weary traveler; the man who digs a well is a benefactor, a helper of his fellow-men. But there is a thirst that this water does not touch. Day by day men need water and seek it eagerly, but the Christ ministers to the soul, and can bring into it a living spring, a source of satisfaction which the world cannot give and cannot take away.

This is what we all need; a life within, a never-failing source of joy. Things

cannot satisfy, they weary us unless we can subdue them and make them instruments of the spirit. Love is our life, and where shall we find love in its purest form save in Him who gave His life for us, and promises to give His life to us. This nimble-witted woman could not dream of this, but the conversation which brings the truth to her soul is to us a revelation of this redeeming love. Over all our pleasures, which ever grow paler and poorer; over our ambitions, which at first seem so golden, and so soon turn to dust, Our Lord writes this golden text: "But whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the water that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

No wonder that the response was quick; crude, mistaken though it may be, it is a real expression of human need. "Sir, give me this water that I thirst not aither come hither to draw." There is testimony to the power and impressiveness of His words; if also there is proof that in our human weakness we want a religion that will be labor-saving and ease-giving, something to end with one mighty stroke the ceaseless struggle for sustenance and help. In a far nobler way will our Lord meet that need by giving us such a spirit that life's toil and temptation shall not conquer or destroy us, but develop the life which He implants. At His invitation we may drink of the fountain; and be strong.

All Your Burthens Bring.

Ye weary, heavy-laden, and oppress,
Look not upon this careless world for rest
But come, come hither, all your burthens
bring.
And taste this pure, refreshing, drainless
spring.
Oh, 'twill revive, 'twill soothe each aching
heart,
And quenching draughts of healing balm im-
part;
'Twill shed its cooling sweets with tender
power.
Like summer rain upon a dying flower,
'Twill soften, as it falls, and melt the soul,
And every sorrow, every pang control.

(Lines written on the fly leaf of a Bible over fifty years ago.)

Explanatory Notes.

The Judaean ministry of Jesus largely filled what is sometimes called "the year of obscurity" in his public work. At its close he returned from Samaria to Galilee.—Sychar (v. 5.). The name was once supposed to be another name for Shechem, but it is probably that of a small village near Shechem that still bears a like name.—The sixth hour (v. 6.) Either noon or six in the afternoon, according to the way of reckoning that John followed.—Samaria (v. 7). The country in general, not the city, which was about seven miles away.—Living water (v. 10). A phrase that was used to distinguish spring-water from water kept in a cistern; but some of the prophets had used it as a symbol as Jesus here did.

*International S.S. Lesson for January 29th.
John iv. : 5-15; Golden Text, John iv. : 14.

The Real Character.

On account of the Emperor William's visit to Constantinople, on his way to the Holy Land, the newspapers of the whole civilized world have been printing recently the portrait of the Sultan of Turkey. It is said, however, that these portraits give an utterly false impression of the Sultan as he really looks to-day. Abdul Hamid has not had his photograph taken for twenty-two years, and the pictures which have appeared in the illustrated papers represent him as he was he when he ascended the throne. The Sultan was born in 1842, and is therefore fifty-six years old. He wears a long beard, which is now turning gray, though his published photographs make him look like a young man without a beard. The Sultan, in thus seeking to deceive the public as to his actual appearance is only doing what multitudes are seeking to do who are trying to appear before their fellow men as good and generous and noble, while within the heart is full of all uncleanness and is a graveyard of dead men's bones. But although men may be deceived, God is never deceived. He sees the real character, and only goodness that will stand the light clear down to the motive and purpose will pass muster at His judgment seat.

The Heart as a Clock.

An inventor named M. Noll, hailing from the Black Forest, has on exhibition in Brussels a wonderful clock. The clock, in addition to keeping the time of the day, marks the four seasons, as well as the chief church festivals. These are heralded to the minute by automaton figures, choral services, church music, or the song of birds, according to the season. A feature of the mechanism is the hourly procession of the twelve apostles before the figure of Christ, and the morning and evening chant of monks, who are summoned from the cloister by the monastery bell, tolled by the sexton in view of the public. There is a re-creation of the earth's course round the sun, and of the moon around the earth, and other celestial phenomena. Its movements are regulated by the calendar for the next one hundred years. That is indeed a marvellous clock for a man to build, but it is a very simple piece of work when compared with the human heart, with all its perplexing problems of love and hate, of hope and fear, of doubt and faith. There is only one who is able to take the heart in His hands and heal it when broken, and set it again when disarranged, and cause it to keep time in harmony with the procession of God's loving providence. If we surrender our heart to Christ completely, He is ready to perform the great task for us as He was for Nicodemus.

A Song of Trust.

I cannot always see the way that leads
To heights above;
I sometimes quite forget He leads me on
With hands of love;
But yet I know the path must lead me to
Immanuel's land,
And when I reach life's summit I shall know
And understand.

I cannot always trace the onward course
My ship must take;
But looking backward I behold afar,
Its shining wake
Illumined with God's light of love, and so
I onward go.
In perfect trust that He who holds the helm
The course must know.
I cannot always see the plan on which
He builds my life;
For oft the sound of hammers, blow on blow,
The noise of strife,
Confuse me till I quite forget He knows
And overrules,
And that in all details, with His good plan
My life agrees.

I cannot always know and understand
The Master's rule;
I cannot always do the tasks He gives
In life's hard school;
But I am learning with His help to solve
Them one by one,
And when I cannot understand to say,
"Thy will be done,"
—Gertrude B. Curtis, in the Advance.

Value of a Young Life.

The Rev. James Carruthers, of New Glasgow, N.S., in a recent sermon, made the following stirring appeal:—

"To the Church I would say, Church of God, learn to see in the child what what Christ sees, and you will value your position as He would have you value it. The greatest effort the Church should put forth is for the child convert, far more than for the mature convert. Do you object to this, you man past the middle of life? I expect you to object. But consider the proposition seriously and see if it is not true. You hardened gray-headed sinner, what are you worth? Why should the Church waste its time upon men with burnt-out energies? When there are plenty of fresh candles, what is the use of agonizing to get possession of old candles that are burnt down to the socket and that are flickering in the wick?"

Prodigal of 60, now that you have wasted your substance and squandered divine grace, what are the dregs of your life good for? That is a pointed question. It would take all the rest of your uncertain years to untwist the evil kinks out of your nature. What and if the Church shall give this serious thought? What and if you find it turning its attention in another direction? What and if you hear it say, 'Ephraim is joined to his idols; let him alone.' Awake to your present situation! You cannot say that they are wrong. Put yourself by the side of the boy convert, whom the Church gets before his nature is kinked and crooked. There are no old habits to spoil his life. He brings a working power into the Church which will save souls and change the current of the world's history. Like the child Samuel he will reform his country; or, like the youthful Timothy, he will become a missionary, to wheel nations into Christ's

lines. The Church can have no such hope of the convert of sixty.

Church of God, you must wrest the children early in life from the grasp of an evil and cruel world. If not, the world will make these children as evil as itself. Are not men and women full of wickedness producing children of their own moral likeness? Think of the picture the church has given us of our homes and tell me what is to become of the children that are born and bred there? Church of God, you must rescue the children and be quick about it. Tom Paine says he was made an infidel during the first five years of his life. You must take the opening years of the lives of these children and put them under the influence of the regenerating forces of Christ. You must tell them the story of the Cross and melt their young hearts. You must put before them the pictures of Christ's young life. You must bring them into the Christian fold. You must teach them to sing the songs of Zion, that they may love them as well as the latest doggerel hat goes under the name of popular song. You must pray with them and teach them to pray for themselves. If they are to have a beautiful behaviour and beautiful life, they can get these things only from a growth inside. You must put Christ and His grace into their hearts, so that Christ may live in them and through them. And then, when you have taken them to Him, what wages? 'I will pay thee.' Not only weekly, or monthly, but every hour you shall receive the joy of faithful service. Far more joy than they who rejoice in wine and oil.

All things that are on earth
Shall wholly pass away,
Except the love of God,
Which shall live and last for aye.
—William Cullen Bryant.

The greatest miracle that I know of is that of my conversion. I was dead, and I live; I was blind, and I see; I was a slave, and I am free; I was an enemy of God, and I love Him. Prayer, the Bible, the society of Christians—these were to me a source of profound enmity; while now it is the pleasures of the world that are a weariness to me, and piety is the source of all my joy. Behold the miracle, and if God has been able to work that one, there are none of which He is not capable.—Vinet.

* * *

I may state as the conclusion of the whole matter, that the Bible contains within itself all that under God is required to account for and dispose of all forms of infidelity, and to turn to the best uses all that man can earn of nature.—Sir William Dawson.

* * *

Speaking of the Bible Carlyle once said: "A noble book! All men's book. It is our first statement of man's destiny and God's way with men on earth."

Our Young People

Topic for January 29: "God's Army." Ps. 20: 1-9.

Christian Endeavor Day, 1899.

God's Army.

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How full of good cheer for all Christian Endeavorers is the glorious little Psalm to which our thoughts are directed to-day! Few subjects and few passages in all the Bible could be so appropriate to our anniversary as this. And let this be our watchword to-day: "In the name of our God we will set up our banners." Eighteen years ago the first recruits for our Christian Endeavor Army were mustered into service.

Unlike the recruits for most armies they were not subjected to a rigid examination as to height and health and eyesight and physical endurance; in fact, some of them were far below the age of military service; some of them belonged to the so-called weaker sex (which, by the way, often proves in Christian work, to be the stronger sex); but this one question was asked of these new recruits; "Are you on the Lord's side, and is it your purpose always to fly your colors?" or to put it in different words, "Are you willing to acknowledge each week that Jesus Christ is your Saviour, and is it your purpose to serve the church with all your heart?"

Those that said "Yes" enlisted that night, for signing the Christian Endeavor pledge meant an affirmative answer to these questions. This was the recruiting officer's standard; this was the test by which the new soldiers should measure themselves.

But, simple as this standard was, it was a very high one, and was meant to be a high one, for the whole purpose of the Society then and ever since has been to raise the standard of the young recruits in the army of the Lord.

How did the army grow? Quietly, slowly at first, and always without ostentation; but it did grow. The tens multiplied into hundreds, the hundreds into thousands; the thousands became millions; and this growth can be accounted for in no other way except by the standard set up and adhered to, the standard of devotion, of loyalty, of service; the standard that demanded large things of the new recruits and had faith to believe that the young soldiers would measure up to them.

Comrades of the Christian Endeavor Army, the world around, never lower

standard. Raise your banner ever higher and higher. Keep the pledge as a sacred thing, a covenant between yourself and God, if you would succeed in fighting the good fight of Christian Endeavor.

But the victories of the army during these eighteen years cannot be accounted for by its lofty and stalwart principles alone. The psalm to which we referred tells the rest of the story. The Lord has sent us "help from the sanctuary" and strengthened us "out of Zion." Then let us learn the lesson of the past, and with the psalmist continue, as we look forward to the future, to rejoice not in our strength but "in his salvation." Now let us re-echo the psalmist's splendid burst of confidence, "Some trust in chariots, and some in horses; but we will remember the name of the Lord our God." "The name of the Lord our God," that is our only confidence. In that name we will set up our banners. In that name Christian Endeavor will go forward to new and greater victories.—Rev. Francis E. Clark, D.D. in C.E. World.

For Daily Reading.

Monday, January 23.—The Lord of Hosts. Ps. 24: 1-10.
 Tuesday, January 24.—The battle is the Lord's. 1 Sam. 17: 45-51.
 Wednesday, January 25.—With us is the Lord. 2 Chron. 32: 1-8.
 Thursday, January 26.—The soldier on service. 2 Tim. 2: 1-12.
 Friday, January 27.—Turned back in battle. Ps. 78: 1-11.
 Saturday, January 28.—This is the victory. 1 John 5: 1-5.
 Sunday, January 29.—Topic, God's army. Ps. 20: 1-9. (Christian Endeavor Day.)

It is said that during the Franco-Prussian war, whenever the dead body of a Prussian officer was found, a map of France was usually found in his pocket. Gen. Francis A. Walker once remarked to a friend that he never looked over a stretch of country without considering its facilities as a place of battle. Even so should God's army know the enemies' country, and be planning its battles.

"And there came men of war who could keep rank, to Hebron, to make David king over all Israel." That is what we need to-day, to make King David's greater Son king over all the earth—hosts that shall be able to "keep rank," men who shall come trained to use the sword of the Spirit, men who shall know how to obey orders and to stand steadfast in their places, true to their pledged word.—H. J. Nicolls, D.D.

"Why do so many missionaries come home from Turkey now that the massacres are over?" was the question recently asked of a F. M. Secretary in Britain. The answer was: because they have passed through such terrible strain from the shock of the massacres and the suffering among the people that followed it, the wonder is that they do not all need to come home. A missionary who had come from the scene of awful experiences said recently: "The gentlemen at our station do not attempt to write much with a pen since the massacre, because of trembling hands. They are all compelled to use the typewriter."

To be a Christian is stout performance as well as holy exercise; it is belonging to the front rank of society, but marching with the rear rank, and helping to carry the knapsack of those that are tired. Loyalty to Christ means carrying forward in our century the work he began in his; not only keeping up with the rush of the times and the push of necessity ourselves, but helping to keep in trim and in step some poor stragglers that have fallen out, and have no heart and sound legs to keep up with.—Chas. H. Parkhurst, D.D.

The Disobedient Squirrel.

(The special Christmas number of *La Patrie*, of Montreal, was a specimen of journalistic enterprise that does credit to the Dominion; its literary budget was of varied character and high quality. One feature was the stories sent in by young people who took part in the prize competition. Six hundred and forty-nine juveniles took a share in this contest, and, of this large number of competitors sent in, twenty-two were handed to the judge, Mr. Louis Frechette, the well-known French-Canadian poet. His comments on the literary efforts of little people are interesting, and show that his task was not discharged in any perfunctory manner. The young people who read the *Dominion Presbyterian* are, no doubt, interested in the life of children who dwell in the same land, though speaking a different language, and we take the liberty of translating for them the story which, under the signature of "Marguerite," received the first prize of ten dollars. Other prizes of five dollars each were awarded.)

It was Saturday. We had gone with all our household to the wood. It was nutting time, and we took a basket which we wanted to fill. The sky was clear, and the sun seemed as if it would protest against the approach of winter. It is impossible for me to describe the beauty of the woods when the leaves have taken on their autumn tints. The slender maple, the beech tree with smooth trunk, the knotted oak, have donned again their purple mantles, and, with the green fir-trees, form a picture of unique beauty.

We took our position under a beech-tree, and, like a brood of partridges, we were scratching the leaves and seeking for beechnuts. Suddenly our attention was arrested by the cries of a squirrel stuck to the trunk of a neighboring tree. Its cries expressed the most horrible anguish. We were puzzled, and turned in that direction. It came slowly down the trunk as if drawn by an irresistible force. At first we were under the impression that our presence had annoyed

him; when Leonie, who had gone on ahead, drew back terrified, at the sight of an enormous adder rolled up at the foot of the tree. Its uplifted head, and its forked tongue going rapidly in and out of its jaw, at last explained to us the despairing protestations of the poor animal. The adder had charmed him, and he advanced, slowly but surely, towards his tomb, which would be the serpent's slimy, disgusting body. As we approached, the reptile lifted itself up and darted its threatening head towards us. Our father, with a blow of his stick, bruised its head. The squirrel, delivered from the eye of the charmer that had fascinated him, eagerly regained the higher parts of the tree, and, leaping from branch to branch, from tree to tree, disappeared in the depths of the forest. This disappearance, without ever casting a grateful glance towards his deliverers, caused me pain, so much the more lively as I had always admired and loved this gentle animal which adorns our woods.

After this incident we set ourselves to work, and, as the nuts were plentiful, we soon filled our baskets and returned hastily, as the sky was very cloudy. We had scarcely got home when the storm came on with great violence. At night, lying in my warm bed, when the wind and rain were raging outside, my thoughts reverted to the one we had protected in the daytime. I saw myself seated at the foot of a beechtree, and the little squirrel, leaping from tree to tree and from branch to branch, came towards me, no longer uttering cries of anguish, but in a soft repentant tone, told me the following tale: 'I first saw the light of day far from here, on a pleasant slope, at the bottom of which there runs a clear stream. I had three little brothers, who, like myself, were cared for by our mother. Our dwelling-place was in the hollow trunk of an oak. When the weather was fine, our mother, with many injunctions to us to be careful, allowed us to follow her on the great branch near to our hole. I avow with shame that I did not always listen to her wise advice, and I often ventured as far as the neighboring pine, at the risk of being devoured by a bird of prey. One day I went farther than usual, and, intent upon my play I did not perceive that I was very far from my father's house; and when I wished to return, to my great sorrow, I could not find the way. I wandered thus for a long time, and night surprised me before I could find the door of our lodging. To pass the night I squatted down where two branches met, making myself as small as possible so as to escape the quick eye of the owls, of whose nocturnal exploits our mother had often told us. What a horrible night I spent! How I regretted the little nest so soft and warm, where my little brothers were trying to console my mother for the loss of a beloved child.

"In brief, after three horrible days and

nights, Providence, touched by my sincere repentance, decreed that you were to be there to save me from certain death. It was given to me to find my own people again, and I promise to spend the rest of my days near to my mother."

And I, warmly wrapped up in the bed-clothes, while the rain and wind roared outside, saw in a dream the little squirrel running away, leaping from branch to branch and from tree to tree, and throwing to me from a distance this last word: "Children, when you are tempted to disobey your parents, call to mind the story of the little squirrel, an exile in the forest, far from its mother's caresses."

"A Terrible Heresy."

By Geo. H. Smith, M.A., B.D.

It was a terrible heresy; but fear not, gentle reader, for it happened once upon a time, long, long ago, and all the parties to the case are now "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest." In the present century, there had come from William Penn's colony a band of German Mennonites, some of whom settled in a sequestered valley in the township of Blank, County of Dash, in Canada West. Even to the present day they endeavor to preserve that exclusiveness synonymous with their sect; progress being as foreign to the Mennonites as to the Greek Church. There might be original interpretations and unique explanations for difficult passages, but the least deviation in matters of use and wont from the path the fathers trod was looked upon with grave suspicion. The village was regarded far and wide as something sui generis. The white wooden houses were arranged, like soldiers, around a large square, with their gables facing the centre, in which stood a cubical structure with a pyramidal roof. This unpainted building was the meeting house. When death caused a vacancy in the pulpit, any man of the community was eligible for nomination. The Shultz, or chief man, presided, a number of hymn books, corresponding with the number of nominations, was placed on the table. Each nominee picked out a book, and he whose book contained a blank paper or "lot" was declared elected. It may be imagined that the lot did not always nor necessarily fall to the most intellectual. But when, in the fifties, Adam Snyder had been so elected, it was agreed by all that he possessed more than ordinary ability. Old Adam, for he had always seemed old, held office for ten years, and might have been allowed ten years more of peaceful reign had it not been discovered that he was guilty of a very serious innovation. It was a matter of deep concern, the like had never been known before. The "heresy" was a serious one, especially as it entailed the interests of some forty families. It was spoken of from house to house in whispers. It was really terrible, and there

was no denying the charge, for it was apparent to all save Adam, who, while he must have heard the murmurings of the people, seemed all too innocent of the real and terrible guilt which rendered him worthy of excommunication. But human endurance is finite, and the community could stand their reproach no longer. Appeal was made to the Bishop, who was urged, in the interests of the good name of this part of his large and scattered flock, to make a thorough investigation. Now it chanced that this good dignitary to whom the "lot" had once fallen was distinguished rather for ignorance and arrogance than for any virtue. This pompous Bishop, all eager for an opportunity of magnifying his office, thought nothing of the long and unpleasant journey he must needs take to Menno Valley to judge this serious case. On the day appointed the meeting house was crowded. Adam sat facing his accusers, ignorant still of what the charge might be. Strange to relate that in the crucial hour, bravery deserted even the boldest, and only after dire threats from the Bishop did the first speaker come forward. This gave courage to the other five, all of whom told practically the same story, each with his own embellishments. The sun was disappearing behind the western hills as the last speaker resumed his seat. The solemnity was becoming more and more oppressive. But when all was said, the terrible charge amounted to this, that Adam Snyder, minister, had allowed his beard to grow; and, by singularly logical argument, it was clearly demonstrated that such was a serious detriment to the spiritual welfare of the community. After some debate, Adam was accorded a few minutes in which to make his defence. He expressed deep contrition, but pleaded that the infirmities of age rendered his hauling a razor dangerous. "But," said he, "rather than hinder the growth in grace of my dear people, I will drive every week to the nearest barber." At this the six spokesmen arose with all the show of offended dignity. Such a proposition was wholly unreasonable. To go to a godless town and be shaved by an ungodly barber, was adding insult to their injury. The accusers loudly cried for blood; and at last, in the gathering gloom, the ecclesiastical judge arose, cleared his throat, adjusted his brass-rimmed spectacles, opened the Bible and paused. The hour was terribly solemn. Great destinies hung upon the decision. "My brethren," said the reverend Bishop, in almost sepulchral tones, "this heresy is terrible, and its consequences must be great, for we read in the word that He shall separate the sheep from the goats, and put the one on the right hand, and the other on the left, and I believe that any man who allows his beard to grow to make him look like a goat, ought to be put out of the church. I therefore suspend Adam Snyder for six months."

This incident is a fact in history.

World of Missions

A Notable Communion Season in Central Africa.

By the Rev. Donald Fraser.

"We have just concluded a Communion season after the old Highland fashion. The people gathered in from all the out-stations, and spent five days together, humbling themselves before God and waiting on Him. For weeks before hand prayer had been offered at all the stations for the presence of the Lord among us, and a spirit of expectation had been created.

"On Monday, 2nd May, the strangers began to arrive. The first to come were from Mperembe's, the great warrior chief. Mateyu, the teacher, marched at their head, and behind him in a long line followed nearly seventy people. They brought with them a sheep and a goat, which Mperembe had sent as his contribution to Sabbath's collection.

"Next day, towards evening, the Njuju people arrived. We could see them winding their way down the hill-side in a straggling line, which stretched back for nearly a mile. Through all the forenoon of Wednesday bands of people continued to arrive, sometimes marching up the road in solid phalanx, with a swinging step, and sometimes in long drawn-out Indian file.

* * *

"The paths to the south were alive with people. And men sat on the ant-hills as the companies passed, and cried out, 'What mean these things? Has an army come in among you? Are you going to a new country?' And the people cried back, 'We are going to the baptisms. Come and see.'

"As the strangers arrived at the school here they were received by Johane and Amon, the chiefs, and a number of the Christians, and conducted to the villages where they were to stay. More than one thousand people came, but accommodation was found for all.

"On Wednesday afternoon the services proper began. We met within a large grass screen, which served admirably as a church. A covered-over platform had been erected in the centre for the speakers. Here we gathered every morning at nine o'clock and at half-past ten. The audiences usually numbered between 2,000 and 3,000, and were addressed by Mr. Stuart, the Rev. James Henderson and myself. In the afternoons the native teachers addressed meetings in six of the chief villages, and in the evenings

held a great number of informal services.

"From the first a spirit of earnest expectation prevailed. The people listened as I have never seen them listen before. They had come up expecting to meet with Jesus, and I believe that many were not disappointed. For a long time we have been very conscious of the lack of deep experimental religion among the Christians, and not less among the teachers. These services were planned to meet this need in part. Earnest prayer was poured out for a deepening of spiritual life among the Christians. And so the addresses ran largely on that line. We spoke of sin on Wednesday and Thursday, and then of consecration to Christ, and the sanctifying work of the Holy Spirit.

"Among some of the teachers God seemed to be moving mightily. At one of the evening meetings with them, after I had spoken of backsliding and the need of reconsecration, we had a time of open prayer. Man after man prayed, making broken confessions of sin, some were sobbing aloud, others gave way to severe physical emotion and became hysterical. But this noisy demonstration I sternly checked, and afterwards there was only the awful stillness that comes when God is dealing with men. Out in the bush during the night, or in the quiet of the early morning, more than one teacher confesses to having spoken with God, and claimed from Him His great gift. If this is to be the beginning of a new spirituality among the teachers, and if some of them did indeed open themselves out to the fulness of the Spirit, what praise shall we give to God? How solemn it is to stand by and see the birthday of a church. Whereunto shall this thing grow? Shepherd of the flock, let Thy rod and staff comfort.

* * *

"On Saturday morning we intended to baptize the adults who were to be received into the Church, but owing to a cold, drizzling rain, we deferred it to the afternoon. But what a day that was. None such has ever been seen in Nyasaland. We baptized 195 adults, and on Sabbath afternoon eighty-nine children, in all 284 souls.

"On Communion Sabbath our monthly collection was taken at the beginning of the service. What a collection that was. We counted £1 8s. in money, 3 lbs. 6 oz. of small beads, 11 knives, 1 axe, 2 hoes, 5 finger rings, 3 bracelets, 1 spear, 14 pots, 16 baskets, 1 mat, 67

fowls, 2 goats, 2 sheep, 233 lbs. maize, 34 lbs. of potatoes, and 62 lbs. of pumpkins.

"A great congregation, numbering nearly 4,000 people, assembled. On the raised platform we three missionaries sat, along with our seven native elders. Arranged in rows before us was the little native church, and, crowding on all sides, the great mass of people. Hundreds of poor, naked, wondering women stood around on the right, and on a large ant-hill to the left sat some sixty or seventy men, many of them old warriors, looking down at the feast below, and wondering what it all meant. It was indeed a royal banquet, for to many the King was very near. And some faces that had been heavy and dull with the memory of sin, caught the radiance of the joy of the Lord.

"As we gathered together on Monday morning at sunrise to give God thanks, the note of joy was ringing. And we believe that more than one man went home conscious of a new fellowship with God the Holy Ghost."

Religion in India.

From an English magazine we cull the following: "Bhavani town is situated on the river Bhavani. It is a fairly large river, and at the end of the town it runs into the well known river, the Cauvery. It is a very large river, and sacred to the South Indians. On the way we met a large number of people, (principally young men), returning after having had their sacred bath. Nearly all of them were carrying little brass pots on their heads, full of water from the Cauvery. Asking them what they intended doing with it, they replied, 'We are going to pour it upon the gods (idols) in our own villages.'

"When we arrived at Bhavani the main street was crowded with people. Making our way to where the people were bathing, the first thing that drew our attention was the large number of beggars sitting on each side of the road. There were at least a hundred of them. Some did not look at all like beggars, others were really 'hard up' and many of them suffering from various diseases. The people who came to worship gave them grain and sometimes money. We soon found our way to where the people were bathing. Before going under the water they put a small coin on their heads, and as they go their sins go with it. We told them of Him whose blood was shed for the remission of sins, and not for ours only, but for the whole world. Some listened attentively, and others laughed at such a simple remedy. Others passed by and took no notice of what we were saying. We had several meetings and gave away Gospels which, we trust, will bring forth fruit. They say the crowd is not so large this year. May this be a sign that they are losing faith in their religion!"

The Coming European Congress.

The date has been fixed for the seventh international congress against the abuse of intoxicating liquors. It is to be held in Paris from April 4 to 9, 1899. This series is known on the continent as the A. twerp series. The previous gatherings held were held at Antwerp, 1885; Zurich, 1887; Christiana, 1890; the Hague, 1893; Basle, 1895; Brussels, 1897. Various other congresses have been held, but of a national character.

The arrangements for this gathering of next spring is in the hands of a committee of 50, among whom are senators, bishops, pastors, noblemen, state councillors, judges of high degree, members of the French National Institute, medical academicians, Sorbonne professors, university lecturers, inspectors of colleges and schools, headmasters, directors of departmental affairs, doctors of medicine, tutors, teachers, philanthropic ladies and gentlemen, journalists, etc. The honorary president of this preparatory committee is Senator Theophilus Roussel, M.D., and M. Legrain, M.D., physician of the lunatic asylums of the Seine department, is the "active" president.

The congress will be held in three sections. The first section will deal with the educational side of the movement, with special reference to anti-alcoholic instruction in public schools, hospitals, prisons, etc., and a discussion of results obtained where this plan has been inaugurated.

The second section will deal with the economic, political, and social side of the matter. Such topics as legal prohibition, the Gothenberg system, local option, temptations for workmen, action of alcohol on intellectual and muscular development, retreats for inebriates, longevity, etc., will be discussed.

The third section will be devoted to anti-alcoholic propaganda. Substitutes for the saloon, coffee-houses, and various associations against drink practices.

This is the first time that total abstinence or prohibition has ever been introduced into a French Congress by Frenchmen in the history of the movement.

Africa is rapidly opening to missions. The victory at Omdurman has opened the Soudan to the extension of Christianity. A number of pagan tribes hitherto remote of access can now be approached. Even the Mohammedan population, despite their well known obstinacy to conversion, offer a field for missionary effort. As usual the American Presbyterians are in the forefront of missionary advance, and will be the first to open schools at Khartoum.

* * *

Dr. John G. Paton's reports for the past year tell of 1,102 South Sea Islanders won from cannibalism to Christianity, one missionary alone receiving two hun-

dred adults into church membership. A translation of the New Testament into another of the island languages has been finished by Dr. Paton, and will soon be issued.

* * *

It is estimated that since the opening of this century at least 4,300,000 souls have been brought out of heathen darkness into the glorious light of Christian truth. There are to-day 1,166,217 communicants; 4,542 native ministers preaching the Word of Life to their own people, and 59,112 are employed as catechists, lay readers and helpers.

The Best Church Hymns.

Dr. Louis F. Benson, of Philadelphia, by comparing the hymn-books of English speaking people, has made this list of the hymns which at the present time are in the widest actual use in all the churches the world over. He thinks they lie closest to the heart of English-speaking Christians. All of them, we believe, appear in our Book of Praise.

1. Rock of Ages, cleft for me.
2. When I survey the wondrous cross.
3. Jesus, Lover of my soul.
4. All praise to Thee, my God, this night.
5. Jesus, I my cross have taken.
6. Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear.
7. Awake, my soul, and with the sun.
8. Hark! the herald angels sing.
9. Abide with me, fast falls the even-tide.
10. Jerusalem my happy home.
11. How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.
12. Nearer, my God, to Thee.
13. From Greenland's icy mountains.
14. Our God, our Help in ages past.
15. Jerusalem the golden.
16. Lo, He comes, with clouds descending.
17. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.
18. Glorious things of Thee are spoken.
19. Hark, the glad sound, the Saviour comes.
20. Come, let us join our cheerful songs.
21. All hail the power of Jesus' name.
22. Hail to the Lord's Anointed.
23. O worship the King, all glorious above.
24. Christ the Lord is risen to-day.
25. Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.
26. Just as I am, without one plea.
27. God moves in a mysterious way.
28. Jesus, the very thought of Thee.
29. Children of the Heavenly King.
30. There is a land of pure delight.
31. Thou, whose almighty word.
32. Brief life is here our portion.

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"Theology and Insanity."

Sceptics have sometimes tried to make out that religion drives men mad, while many devout people have declared that, if it were not for the hope that religion throws upon life's mystery, and the consolation it gives in sorrow, neither body nor brain would stand the strain of the burden and battle. Recently the Bishop of Rochester delivered a lecture to the students of St. Thomas' Hospital, London, on the above subject, in which he attempted to disprove the popular idea, that religion is or has been, one of the principal exciting causes of insanity, and that, indeed, religion is "a force which makes for sanity." This lecture no doubt called forth a variety of comment; for the present we confine ourselves to the review of it in the January number of the North American Review, by John H. Girdner, M.D. It is interesting to note the views of the doctor alongside of those of the minister. The one is apt to be regarded as a mere apologist for religion, while we are sometimes inclined to suspect the other of materialistic tendencies. This opening paragraph shows that the subject is to be treated in a sympathetic spirit.

"Every one who has had experience in the care of the insane, and who is familiar with the history of this branch of medical science, will agree with the Bishop that the true religion of kindness, sympathy and love, as taught by Christ, is a powerful force, which makes always for mental peace counts in the New Testament of the so-called casting-out of devils, illustrate the power by which Jesus of Nazareth soothed perturbed minds by His presence and quelled outbursts of disordered brains by His words."

The doctor is of the opinion that the expressions "religious mania," "religious insanity" are met with sufficiently often throughout all literature to justify the prevalence of the idea that religion has in some way been an important factor in dethroning human reason, but he contends that "a careful study of the history of the mental disease amply proves that not the religion of Christ, but the theologies of man, have caused so many minds to give way and develop settled delusions and hallucinations of a so-called religious type. The Christian religion has been charged with producing insanity, because of the very common mistake of confounding the two very dissimilar terms, viz.: religion and theology." This article handles reverently but critically,

the question of diabolical possession, and is therefore worthy of careful attention; the following passage will show the mode of treating this subject as it affects the gospel record.

"The miracles of healing which were performed by the Master and His Apostles seem to indicate that it was the custom to diagnose those cases of disease which presented no pathological changes in the body appreciable by the senses as cases of possession by one or more devils, or evil spirits, or unclean spirits; and the act of restoring them to health was viewed as the casting out of these spirits. In this group was naturally included most diseases of the brain and of the nervous system; for these are either functional—that is, they have no morbid anatomy at all—or the changes are only to be detected after death and by microscopic examination."

The cases traced to possession were, on this view, the cases of mystery; that is, the morbid conditions for which no physical cause seemed to be present. Thus insanity was not, as now, regarded as a disease; and the insane were cruelly treated to drive the devils out of them. We cannot discuss these points now further than to note that this authority regards the action of this and other dogmas upon weak minds as a cause of aggravation of insanity. The strain of life, theological or material, overpowers those who are lacking in clear intelligence and steady faith. This, of course, is only one branch of a great subject; there are many causes of mental disorder that are not touched here, as the title shows the limitations of the discussion. This is not supposed to be specially a theological age, and yet we are afraid that, in many civilized communities, insanity is on the increase; it would appear then from the following paragraph that theology is not responsible. So much for the fact as the form of this strange disease.

"The insane are not now tormented by the devil and his imps, but telephones and phonographs are continually ringing in their ears. Others suppose they have steam-engines in their heads, and many imagine they are persecuted by men of large fortunes or of great political power. Formerly those who were afflicted with delusions of grandeur were prone to imagine themselves to be the Saviour of the world, or the Virgin Mary, or some eminent saint. Now they are more apt to think themselves to be great inventors or powerful politicians, or the possessors of untold wealth. As already intimated, the delusions of the insane always take their form and color from the questions and problems which are most absorbing at the time."

All this is quite true; but we accept the point upon which the Bishop and the doctor are agreed, viz., that true religion makes for sanity, that many men who have fought a good fight would have broken down under life's great strain but for the relief of prayer, and a childlike faith in the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, Who bids us "cast all our care upon Him because He cares for us." When we turn to the Bible there is nothing that strikes us more strongly than the sanity of the truly great prophets and apostles. They passed through great spiritual ordeals, they were moved by great enthusiasm, they could tell of wondrous raptures, but their lives were healthful and their minds well-balanced. They denounced the trickery of sensation-seekers and warned

men against morbid excitement. Their religion could not have been the great power it was, if it had not taken strong hold upon them; but the result of the influence was the quickening and purifying of their noblest powers so that when the cold worldling thought them "mad" they could utter the protest which after ages have confirmed that they were merely speaking with unusual power: "words of truth and soberness."

The Examination for License.

That the present method of Presbyterian examination for license is unsatisfactory is universally granted. It will not make it more satisfactory to make the Presbytery merely presiding examiner while the candidate writes his answers to a set of questions prepared by an Assembly committee, as a metropolitan Presbytery is proposing. When a candidate presents a degree from a university of good standing and a diploma from a reputable Theological College, may we not accept these as good evidence of his literary attainments? The information desired is rather that of character.

Three years ago, the man who now seeks license declared his motives for entering upon a course of Theological study in preparation for the Gospel ministry, and the Presbytery declared them worthy. He has now completed his preparatory training and desires permission to enter upon active work. Is he fully prepared? His literary attainments are satisfactory, but what is the resultant in character of the years of training through which he has passed? What is his conception of life? What is his outlook upon it? What forces are impelling him to step out into it, and what allurements does he follow? He asks to be permitted to enter upon this work, what estimate has he formed of his relation to it, and of his ability to satisfy it?

To learn these things the examiner must meet the candidate face to face, and with the utmost skill and patience invite and win his confidence. Instead of asking six men, selected at random while the Court is sitting, to meet with candidates and examine and report within an hour, let the Presbytery select three of its wisest and most spiritual members, and ask them, during the month preceding the meeting of the Court, to meet with the candidates, one by one, and by the most kindly yet searching examination, be prepared to report upon the worthiness of the men, as men, to receive the imprimatur of the Church to preach as ambassadors of Christ.

Such an examination should be sufficient for all purposes. There need be no preliminary or subsequent examination. The certificate of the Theological College from which he has received his diploma should suffice for the one, and the certificate of license would suffice for the latter.

The World and Christ.

Prof. Newman, of McMaster University, Toronto, in a published address, which was originally delivered before a Baptist Congress in Buffalo, closes his review of Baptist "opportunities in present religious progress," with this paragraph:

"In conclusion I would say that Baptists have grown, prospered, and achieved, not by seeking to adapt themselves to the ways of the world, but by seeking in all things to be faithful to Christ. Latitudinarianism is contrary to Baptist traditions, and is in its very nature ineffective. Staunch fidelity to principle is still, I humbly believe, the way to success."

Those who know best the history and work of the Baptist people will be the least likely to deny or question the correctness of Dr. Newman's statements. We may feel irritated at their exclusiveness, and at their persistent efforts to proselytize, but it is impossible to doubt their zeal or to ignore their success. Their denomination—they refuse to call themselves a "church"—is in Canada not very large or influential, but it is rapidly growing in both numbers and importance. Its success is on the whole well deserved, and for just the reason Dr. Newman gives.

It behooves the Presbyterian Church to look closer into this very matter, the larger a denomination is the more closely its members should scan the tendencies which from time to time make themselves apparent. Above all things latitudinarianism should be avoided and discouraged. The church can dispense with worldly wealth, or intellectual attainments, or esthetic capacities, desirable as these things are, better than it can do without spiritual mindedness throughout its membership, and especially in its ministry. "Staunch fidelity to principle" is, among Presbyterians as among Baptists, "the way to success." And if success is deserved, it matters less whether it comes or not.

The Lord's Day Alliance.

The Ontario Lord's Day Alliance has for some months been making a strenuous effort to awaken Christians to the peril threatening the Lord's Day. Meetings under its auspices have been held in all the centres of the province, and these have been, on the whole, well attended. Organization has been effected in most of these centres, and thus it will be possible to act at once, when any breach of the Sabbath law has been committed. This is a great step in advance. Cases could easily be cited where Sabbath breaking is openly practised, and the community has grown accustomed to it, because, at the first, no one would take action to stop it. There is now a definite organization, with the strength of the Alliance behind it, ready to grapple at once with a first attempt to introduce Sabbath labor or any other form of Sabbath desecration.

In order to be most effective, however,

this local organization should at once make its existence known in its own locality, and should publish the name of the executive officer repeatedly, so that application may be easily made to him when an instance of Sabbath desecration is noted. Prompt measures taken in one or two cases will do more to establish public confidence and secure public sympathy and co-operation in preserving the Sabbath, than any amount of literature and eloquent appeal. The former is seldom read, the latter is soon forgotten; but an act of desecration checked is a permanent reminder to a community. Let the branches of the Alliance act promptly when the occasion demands it.

The Desire for Externalism.

Religious life is now very much in evidence. It is measured by the number of meetings attended, by the number of addresses given, sometimes by the number of dollars subscribed. The person who stands first in any one, or in all of these, is thereby assured of a position of authority in the congregation. Motive is not investigated, the surface indication is accepted as sufficient.

One result of this worship of externalism is seen in the development of an enthusiasm for attending religious service, and convention, and conference. Should the home be in a locality from which attendance is difficult, it is a constant plaint that many meetings must be given up, and that the spiritual life is suffering because it is denied the nourishment and stimulus supplied by these public services. The children of the home, it is said, are being deprived of spiritual training, because the Sabbath School is at too great a distance, and the young people cannot take an active part in the many meetings for the young for a similar reason. Indeed, we have known a mere handful of families, shut off from the regular church service by a mile of good sidewalk, earnestly plead with a Church Court to establish a place of worship at their doors, so that they might attend meetings. And the reverend Court has sometimes listened to such pleadings, to its infinite sorrow afterwards.

Is there any spiritual potency in the home now? Has the mother of the present generation entirely given over her prerogative to train her children, to the Sabbath School teacher, or to the President of the Young People's Society? Men have grown strong by entering the closet, shutting the door, and praying to the Father, who seeth in secret. Has the promised reward been withdrawn? Would it not be the part of wisdom to encourage the religion of the home and the heart, rather than that of the Assembly and the rostrum?

Never fear to bring the sublimest motive into the smallest duty, and the most infinite comfort to the smallest trouble.—Heber.

Refined Cruelty.

The treatment of convicts in prisons is one of the most troublesome problems of our modern civilization. Before the time of Bentham the motive of punishment was retribution; since the general acceptance of the views of that humane and philosophical jurist it has been reformation. Prison management has, of course, undergone some change in consequence of the alteration of society's point of view, but the improvement in practice has not kept pace with the improvement in theory.

On one point all penologists are unanimous: there is no hope of bettering the individual convict unless he is kept steadily at some useful toil. Work of some sort is absolutely necessary, and the old tread-mill was better than nothing; but any physical drill that does not engage the intellectual faculties of the performer becomes mere degrading drudgery, and crushes out of the prisoner any sense of self-respect which he has left.

A good example of the mischief that may be done by interference with this well-established and beneficent penological truth is afforded by the recent experience of the State of New York. A year or two ago the Legislature passed a law prohibiting the employment of convicts at any work except what was furnished by the State. The supply of such work has been entirely insufficient for the great number of prisoners, and through enforced idleness some of them have become insane. The law will no doubt be modified, but—not before it has become a means of awful torture for hundreds of people who might have been usefully employed to their own advantage and that of the public at large.

La Patrie of January 12th has a paragraph headed "The ex-Father Chiniquy, His Death Expected at any Moment. Mgr. Bruchesi offers to visit the sick man." The letter of the Archbishop to Rev. J. L. Morin is given and contains this sentence: "Though he has been long separated from us, I cannot forget that in the eyes of the Church he is always present and I think I am fulfilling a duty of my pastoral charge in placing my services at his disposal." Professor Cousirat replied for Mr. Morin, sending this message from Father Chiniquy: "I am grateful to the Archbishop, but have definitely withdrawn from the Church of Rome. I am perfectly happy in my faith in Jesus Christ. God and Jesus are sufficient for me. I long for the moment of my departure."

In many localities clubs are being formed for The Dominion Presbyterian. The dollar rate is a popular one. It only requires that our offer of the paper till 1st of January, 1900, be brought before the people to insure a club

The Inglenook

A Back Wood's Bride.

On account of an important engagement in connection with the New Brunswick reformatory, it was needful that I should reach my Canadian home by a certain hour on a certain wintry day in 1868. I had been far up country to lecture at a place called Peticodiac, in New Brunswick. To get back I had to start at ten o'clock for a twenty-mile ride through the pine forest.

Two capital horses were at the door. The sleigh was well supplied with buffalo robes. I was well protected in a fur coat. A fur cap covered my head and the lapets my ears.

The driver was a capital fellow. I dared not talk in the cold air, but he was communicative.

At first the ride was exhilarating, then I begun to feel the cold. My scarf soon became hard with frozen breath.

"Keep me awake, driver."

He tried. Ever and anon he nudged me. "Are you awake, sir?"

"All right."

Silence again. The iron runners of the sleigh crunch along over the frozen snow. How weird! Straight the line in front. Dark pines on either hand. It seemed interminable and wearisome. Only here and there a log hut, but no light from the windows, for it is late.

After twelve miles we came to a hut; and I begged the driver to stop and see if we could not get warm, and perhaps obtain a little hot drink. The backwoodsman opened the door, welcomed us, and stirred up the great log. I thawed my scarf. It might have choked me. Coffee was soon provided, and while drinking it one heard the driver and the host talking. "It is well you have not had a snowstorm like that which overtook Arthur Pirbee."

I enquired further, and found that this young man had fallen in love with Kate Cameron, the daughter of the neighbor of my host.

"She was a jolly girl. Arthur lived about fifteen miles to the east of me. But you know that distance is nothing to us here when we can run the sleigh."

I thought it was something, having just come a dozen miles, and, feeling frozen, I dreaded the remaining eight.

"Hurry up that coffee, sir," said my driver. "The horses must not stand long in this frost, although I have covered them up. I will tell you the story."

"All right." Away we went.

The driver was a very intelligent man,

and in thrilling language described the sad event.

"Arthur Pirbee was accustomed to go over to see Kate as often as possible. He was a rare, fine fellow. Soon the wedding day was fixed, and, as it was only last winter, it is all fresh in my mind. I had the pleasure of being present at the wedding. Why, sir, it was the talk of the backwoods for weeks; and when we have so little to excite, we were glad to have something so joyous to make a ripple on the quiet surface of our lives.

"From far and near the backwoods-men came, each bringing his wife or daughter with him. Not only so, but each had some useful present, such as a bucksaw, or barrel of flour, or small case of tea, or barrel of sugar. They did not trouble about jewellery or finery, you see.

"The minister from the little manse by the rough log church came to unite them. The ceremony was in the house. The room had been decorated with pine branches; and the table, behind which stood the minister, and behind which stood bridegroom and bride, was gay with clusters of Christmas roses and sprigs of wortleberry.

"The ring was on. 'Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder,' was said. Congratulations were poured upon the newly wedded. Smiles were on the face of the bridegroom, and blushes on that of the bride.

"After the ceremony many betook themselves to the barn for the various games that Canadians love, and for the refreshment so lavishly provided. The young couple soon left in the comfortable sleigh, which now came to the door. The buffalo robes were well tucked in. Happy man! Happy woman!

"Snow began to fall. The way was somewhat difficult. Arthur Pirbee mistook the road and spent some time in recovering the path. He had to retrace.

"Alas! it grew colder. Something like a small blizzard came on. He wished they were home.

"'Katie, keep awake; it is dangerous to sleep in this cold,' he said to her.

"Away the sleigh went. Merrily tinkled the silvery bells in that pine forest. The straight path was clear before them as before us, right on between those rows of sepulchral-looking trees. Now and then a jolt against a bit of uprising rock, or over a portion of corduroy road, seemed to arouse her, but she only murmured, 'It is cold.'

"He kept nudging, but after a time he could get no response.

"Here is the lane leading to the house, now. Wake up, Katie.'

"No answer.

"There's mother. She's heard the sleigh-bells. She's waiting for us. Wake up Katie.'

"No answer.

"He pulled up at the house at last. 'Here we are mother.' He flung the reins on the back of the horses, all steaming with the quick pace and the heavy drag through the deepening snow. He pulled off the buffalo robes, throwing them over the horses for a moment, then stretched out his hands to help his bride to step down.

"There was no movement. Her head drooped backwards. His heart stood still.

"Carrying her within, he chafed her hands, piled more logs on the fire, tried to lift the stiffened arms. His mother helped all she could. At last he gave her one long, agonized look and whispered: 'Mother, Katie is dead! O God!' he cried, lifting up his hands, 'help me to bear this crushing blow.'"

* * *

"Now, sir, we are near Hampton. You have not slept in the sleigh. Thank God, we have had no blizzard to-night!"

Thus, bit by bit, my driver had told me the story and kept me awake.

As I sat in the room where the stove was made to glow, and the long pipes cracked with the heat, I was thankful I had had such a thoughtful backwoodsman to drive the horses and keep me awake. But that story, how it has clung to me! How often it has suggested to me duty! What if I should not arouse others to spiritual needs! What if in the great future I should find that those who had gone by my side in life had been dead to God's call and Christ's love! What if I should disappoint the Saviour by only coming to him myself and by myself! What if children or friends should spiritually perish at my side! What if any to whom one might speak of Christ and his salvation should be hard to wake! If I had tried to do my duty I should be clear, but if I had neglected duty, how I should condemn myself!

* * *

After the horses had been attended to, the driver came in and I said, as we sat at our very late meal: "That was a sad story you told me in the sleigh. Surely the poor girl did not perish."

"Well, I could not tell you more, it grew so cold, but it was a wonderful chance, or providence, or whatever you like to call it. That very night a neighbor also had been compelled to stop at Arthur's house for shelter, and seeing the state of Kate, he set to work to help to restore her. He tried rubbing her with snow and other methods, and after a time she began to show signs of returning consciousness. She was saved, and though she had a long illness, she recovered, and is now living only a few miles from Peticodiac. Her husband was

in the audience to-night, and you little know how some of your words would awaken in his mind memories of what he passed through that fearful night. He is a most devoted husband to Kate, and moreover is a thorough Christian. He felt that God had so wondrously answered his broken and agonized prayers that from very gratitude he devoted himself to God.—Rev. F. Hastings in C. E. World.

Carlyle in a Tender Mood.

The "unpublished letters of Thomas Carlyle" which have been appearing in the Atlantic Monthly throw new light on the lovable side of the great Scotch Philosopher. Not easily forgotten is this picture from his journal for December 3, 1867, more than a year after his wife's death:

"One evening, I think in the spring of 1866, we two had come up from dinner and were sitting in this room, very weak and weary creatures, perhaps even I the wearier, though she far the weaker; I at least far the more inclined to sleep, which directly after dinner was not good for me. 'Lie on the sofa there,' said she—the ever kind and graceful, herself refusing to do so—'there, but don't sleep,' and I, after some superficial objecting, did. In old years I used to lie that way, and she would play the piano to me; a long series of Scotch tunes, which set my mind finely wandering through the realms of memory and romance, and effectually prevented sleep. That evening I had lain but a few minutes, when she turned round to her piano, got out the Thomson Burns book, and to my surprise and joy, broke out again into her bright little stream of harmony and poesy, silent for at least ten years before, and gave me, in soft, tinkling beauty, pathos and melody, all my old favorites: 'Banks and Braes,' 'Flowers of the Fÿest,' 'Gilderoy,' not forgetting 'Duncan Gray,' 'Cauld Kail,' 'Irish Coolen,' or any of my favorites, tragic or comic. . . . That piano has never again sounded, nor in my time will or shall. In late months it has grown clearer to me than ever that she had said to herself that night, 'I will play his tunes all yet once,' and had thought it would be but once. . . . This is now a thing infinitely touching to me. So like her; so like her. Alas, alas! I was very blind, and might have known better how near its setting my bright sun was."

Another son of a Glasgow Presbyterian manse has gone over to the Episcopal Church—Mr. Archibald Reith, M.A., son of Dr. Reith, of the Free College Church. Dr. Marshall Lang's son was one of the earliest secessionists to the Episcopal Church.

The Wit of Preachers.

Preachers as a rule are great admirers of humor, and are often themselves among the wittiest of men. As example is always preferable to precept, and as the value of a remark lies in its application, we here record some of the witticisms of clergymen.

The wit of the late Mr. Spurgeon was always clean cut, as witness these few instances. Addressing his students he used to give them sound advice as to their work; on one occasion he told them to put piety in their sermons. "After hearing some discourses," he went on, "I have been reminded of the farmer boy's request—'Missus, I wish you'd let that chicken run through this broth once more!'" At another opportunity he warned them not to select texts out of keeping with the occasion on which they were to preach, and then he pointed the moral and adorned the tale. "One brother," he said, "preached on the loss of a ship with all hands on board from 'So he bringeth them to their desired haven,' and another, on returning from his honeymoon based his remarks on 'The troubles of my heart are enlarged. Oh, bring me out of my distresses!'"

Archbishop Magee, of York, was famed for his eloquence and also for his witty repartee, as witness this. He saw the way things were tending, and, in giving his suffragan, the Bishop of Hull, a few words of warning as to his future, said—"They will send for you to open churches, cemeteries, schools, windows, clocks, vestries, and cloak-rooms, and before long the clergy will want you to come and open an umbrella."

A clergyman lost his wife, and on her tombstone had inscribed:—"The light of my eyes has gone out." A few years flew by and the late lamented's husband took unto himself another wife. Strolling past the first wife's grave the attention of a high dignitary of the church, noted for his epigrammatic wit, was drawn to it, and he was asked what would be a suitable addenda to the inscription on the stone under the altered circumstances. Quick as thought came the reply, "I should make the inscription read thus—"The light of my eyes has gone out, but I have struck another match!"

Here we must cry "Halt!" but from the foregoing illustrations it may be gathered that gentlemen of the cloth are not the dry-as-dust kind of folk they are often said to be, but are mostly the embodiment of wit.

While lecturing in Cambridge a short time ago a High Church clergyman said, "We have now in connection with the English Church, more convents and sisterhoods than when Henry VIII. commenced the dissolution of the monasteries."

Health and Home

If dyspeptics would study the "science of the moth" more closely, there might be fewer of them.

Cyclers' Danger Signal.—A physician, who has given much thought to the subject, says that so long as the cyclist can breathe with the mouth shut, he is reasonably safe from heart strain.

Jellied Oranges.—Dissolve a quarter of a box of gelatine in one cupful of cold water; add one cupful of sugar and the pulp and juice of a lemon and one cupful of boiling water; strain. Pare four nice, sweet oranges, remove every particle of white skin. Divide into quarters and slice.

When the atmosphere in a room has become close and impure, one may easily render it sweet and habitable by placing one-half ounce of spirits of lavender and a lump of salts of ammonia in a wide-mouthed fancy jar or bottle and leaving it uncovered. This makes a pleasant deodorizer and disinfectant, filling the room with a delicate perfume which will be soothing to the nerves and senses.

Onions make a nerve tonic not to be despised. They tone up the worn-out system, and if eaten freely will show good results in cases of nervous prostration. If a sprig of parsley is dipped in vinegar and eaten after the onion no unpleasant odor from the breath can be detected. And in addition to this cheerful bit of information, onions eaten freely are said to beautify the complexion.

Potato Chowder.—Peel and slice a dozen medium-sized potatoes, put a large teaspoonful of butter and a quart of hot water in a stewpan, add salt, and cook slowly for half an hour. Add a pint of milk, let it just come to a boil, add more seasoning if necessary, thicken slightly, and serve immediately. A little pulverized, dried parsley or celery seed, or both, will improve the chowder if added a few minutes before serving.

Sprains are sometimes fully as painful and disabling as fractures, and like fractures they should not be made the object of unnecessary meddling. No injury is more frequent with the tourist than the sprain, particularly of the ankle. The mode of vacation life, with its mixture of athletic sports and unaccustomed exercise, particularly predisposes to this accident. The laity should learn to avoid arnica, turpentine, and other abominations in favor of immediate immersion in hot water for a considerable period, followed by elevation of the extremity and gentle retention of the parts by a bandage, the material for which may well consist of elastic flannel.—Medical Record.

Ministers and Churches

OUR TORONTO LETTER.

We notice that several changes are being made by resident ministers of the same and of other denominations. Some of these are widely advertised, with the evident object of attracting a crowd and securing a collection. The practice is degrading, and we are glad to note that it is more and more the exception.

We like to hear a new voice at intervals. It utters the same message, but there are turns of thought and of expression that let in the light from a different angle, and suggest new trains of thought. But the familiar voice is doubly welcome again. A sense of home steals over us when, at the next service the tone, that, perhaps first penetrated to the recesses of the soul, is heard through the church, calling us to praise and to prayer.

A new impetus is being given to Church work during the present week by the reports at the congregational meetings. All we have seen are encouraging; and we take them as an earnest of what are to come. St. John's has again done nobly for missions, and bids fair to lead the van in missionary effort. Central will doubtless maintain its old place for Foreign Missions; but we fear St. Andrew's can hardly be expected to reach its usual contribution to Augmentation this year. We shall look for the reports with interest.

New workers will take their places in the various organizations after this week, and it may be that some of the work will be carried on under an entirely new management. And this is right. All should take their place among the workers. The new should enter under the old, and finally take up the work of the old. Methods soon grow stereotyped, and interest lags. The simple device of a new voice has often revived a declining cause; and the unselfish leader recognizing this will quietly step aside.

Much depends upon the spirit shown in the reports presented at the annual meeting. We have known the hands of a congregation paralyzed by the designedly poor report of a discontented treasurer. This is a crime. It is scarcely less criminal to allow the discouraging features to become prominent undesignedly. Let the reports be encouraging. Dwell upon the brighter side, upon the successes of the past year, upon the prospects and possibilities opening out. Ask for volunteers to make the new possibilities actual, and there will be response. But there will be few to attach themselves to a cause which is declared to be failing.

The discussion upon matters remitted to Presbyteries is unusually brisk this year. Every other man you meet in ministerial circles has an opinion to air upon "reduced representation," on "Supply of Vacancies," or "The Elder as Moderator." Even a literary-religious journal, that has carefully held aloof from such common discussions hitherto, descends into the arena, and delivers a judgment, and stands back inviting discussion of the matter through its columns. So much in earnest have even the literateurs become in the current questions!

At one point we do not agree with the judgment pronounced by our literary contemporary. We think it is the duty of Presbyteries to provide an opportunity for each man licensed to be heard as a preacher. Why did they license him? Surely not because he asked them to do so. If he fall after fair opportunity has been given, then we agree that the Presbytery is not bound to provide work for him. And we presume that the present Probationers' Committee, in its effort to secure appointments for all upon its list, has simply been trying to secure that such fair opportunity shall be given to each man. After two years' unsuccessful candidating with even the meagry supply the Schemes of Affairs, his name is dropped from the list. Yet the present system is not satisfactory. In the direction of change the proposal to establish a central bureau of information is meeting with general favor, but beyond that is an unsettled region.

Considerable irritation was occasioned during the past week by the utterances of a clergyman in a paper read before the Alumni of Trinity College, in which the daily press was rather severely scored for pandering to the

popular taste for sensationalism, and even nastiness. In justice to the Toronto press it for so severe a criticism. There is still much to be desired in the moral tone of even the best, but we are disposed to accept the statement that in most cases the moral tone of the daily newspaper here is rather above than below the popular demand. We have seen men of good standing, turn at once, even in a public conveyance, to the nastiness and scum served up, before they even glanced over the rest of the paper. The press may be a most powerful instrument in elevating the moral tone of the community, and many enjoin upon it are making an honest effort in this direction. They deserve support, not censure. M.

OTTAWA AND VICINITY.

Miss McLean, a returned missionary from Persia, has been lecturing under the auspices of the W.F.M.S. of Bethany Church, and delighted her audiences with her graphic descriptions.

Mr. George Simpson, the Toronto Globe's Ottawa correspondent, was married Monday night at Winnipeg to Miss Dewar, sister to Rev. Mr. Dewar, of Dugald, Man., and formerly of Toronto. Rev. Principal King officiated, assisted by the bride's brother. The young couple have the hearty good wishes of many friends for their future happiness and prosperity.

At the annual meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Auxiliary of Erskine Church, Miss McCuaig presided. The reports showed the society to be in a healthy condition, a great deal of aid having been given the church, and a large sum expended on missionary work. The Society has also increased largely in membership. The election of officers resulted as follows: president, Miss McCuaig; vice-president, Mrs. L. Stewart; secretary, Mrs. Younger; treasurer, Mrs. Anderson.

The induction of Rev. N. A. McLeod to the pastorate of the New Edinburgh Presbyterian church, took place on the 13th inst. There was a large attendance. The sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Erskine Church. The induction service was performed by Rev. Dr. Campbell. Rev. W. T. Herridge, B.D., of St. Andrew's, addressed the pastor on his duties to God, to his people and to himself. Rev. D. M. Ramsay addressed the people on their duties to the pastor. After the service Rev. J. A. McFarlane introduced the new pastor to the members of the congregation, and then all retired to the Sunday School Hall, where a social evening was spent.

The annual report of Bank Street Sunday School shows that the total number of scholars on the roll last year was 312. Girls, 179; boys, 133; teachers, 31, officers, 8. Total membership, 351. The average attendance during the year was 215, not including July and August, 235. Total receipts, \$293; total expenditure, \$220, leaving a balance on hand of \$73. The officers and teachers for the ensuing year are: Superintendent, Mr. Neil McKinnon; assistant superintendent, Richard McGillin; secretary, Frank O. C. Hutchison; recording secretary, Miss Emily E. Shiels; treasurer and librarian, Mr. Jas. H. Thompson; assistant librarians, Mr. Crawford Ross, Thos. R. Browne; organist, Mr. J. Thorp Blyth, with a long array of capable teachers.

At the annual meeting of Bethany Presbyterian Church the treasurer's report showed the general finances to be better by some \$50 than last year, besides over \$100 having been collected for a building fund. The membership is now 102, and a session had been formed with Messrs. Wm. Laflour, Robt. Scannell and J. McAdoo as the first elders. An unknown friend, through Miss Isabella Durie, presented the church with two silver collection plates and a baptismal font. The report of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, read by Miss Reid, indicated an advance in membership and givings; while the Ladies' Aid report, presented by Mrs. Eadie, gave \$156.49 as the total amount collected during the past year. The S.S. is in a flourishing condition, there being 178 names on the roll.

MONTREAL.

The annual meeting of St. Gabriel Church was held last evening. The Rev. Robert Campbell, D.D., presided and Mr. W. C. McAllister acted as secretary. Most encouraging reports were read from the Session, Board of Trustees, Missionary Society, Sunday School, Young People's Society and Christian Endeavor Society. It was announced that during the past year \$4,028 had been raised for congregational purposes alone. The retiring trustees, Messrs. Arnott, Beckingham and McAllister were re-elected, and Mr. D. M. Brophy and Mr. W. Clelland were chosen to fill vacancies on the Board.

The annual meeting of St. Cuthbert's Church, St. Lambert, was held last Wednesday. The pastor, Rev. James Nairn, presided over a large audience. The reports from the various organizations, and the financial statement showed a healthy state of matters. The income is up to what it was last year, although a very large number of families left the place to reside in the city. The retiring managers were re-elected along with several new members, who have recently joined. The greatest harmony and good feeling and spirit prevailed all through. At the Communion service last Sunday, seven new members joined the congregation, the first for many years to enrol as members. Everything looks well for this year, when St. Lambert is expected to become a busy place, owing to the opening of the new Victoria Bridge in May.

At the annual meeting of Erskine Presbyterian Church, (Dr. Ault in the chair), Mr. E. H. Copeland was elected president for the ensuing year. The announcement was made that steps have been taken to provide for the abolition of the mortgage on the building, amounting to \$30,000. It was considered desirable that there should be no debt on such a place of worship, and it was felt that if the congregation was given an opportunity in that direction, it would be gladly availed. The proposal was made by Mr. Wm. Robb, to divide the amount into twelve hundred shares of \$25 each, so that every one in the congregation, no matter how young, would be able to take a share in the clearing off of the debt. It was announced that almost half of the required amount had been taken up without any cashing being made. A social followed the business portion of the meeting.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. A. R. Linton, of Port Credit, filled the pulpit at Ashburn very acceptably for the last two Sundays.

The Rev. A. L. Manson has resigned the Moderatorship of Chatham Presbytery, and the Rev. Thos. Nattress has been appointed in his place until next meeting.

Rev. J. A. Turnbull of the West Presbyterian Church, Toronto, is suffering from a severe attack of the grippe. Though still confined to his bed he is recovering.

Mr. N. D. Keith, licentiate, a recent graduate of the Montreal Presbyterian College, has accepted the call from Leamington, and provisional arrangements for his ordination and induction have been made by the Chatham Presbytery.

Rev. Robert McIntyre, of St. Thomas, occupied the pulpit of King Street Presbyterian Church, London, last Sunday morning and evening. The pastor, Rev. Thomas Wilson, preached anniversary services in Knox Church, Dutton.

Rev. W. G. Jordan, B.A., of Strathroy, lectured on the "Life and Character of Gladstone" before the Musical and Literary Society of the First Presbyterian Church, London, on Monday evening. The lecture was pronounced a great treat by all who heard it.

The annual business meeting of St. Andrew's congregation, Merriton, was held on the evening of the 11th inst. The income for the past year was \$1,100, an average of \$44 per family. This does not include any contributions towards the Rebuilding Fund. For Schemes of the Church over \$14 were paid, about three times the amount raised in any previous year.

The reports presented to the annual meeting of the Norwich congregation were of an encouraging character. The total congregational receipts amounted to \$368.32. Mr. S. R. Lee occupied the chair. The meeting was characterized by a great pleasantness and unity of spirit; and the pastor, Rev. J. M. Millar, is greatly encouraged in his work.

Rev. D. C. Hossack, Cowan Avenue Church, Toronto, conducted anniversary services in Elm Street Methodist Church, Toronto, last Sunday evening.

At the last meeting of the Presbytery of London, leave was granted Rev. Mr. Lawrence to moderate in a call to Alisa Craig and Carlisle; similar leave was granted the Rev. Mr. Currie in the case of Aylmer and Springfield, and to Rev. Mr. Ross for Mossa.

Rev. Mr. Henderson's report on Systematic Benevolence, presented at the last meeting of the London Presbytery, was heartily adopted and ordered to be printed for distribution throughout the bounds.

The death is announced of Mr. Thomas Todd, a prominent member and office bearer of Central Church, Galt. The funeral, which was largely attended, was conducted by Rev. Dr. Dickson, assisted by Rev. H. P. Knowles, of Knox Church, and Rev. H. P. Whidden, of the Baptist Church. Deceased had been a resident of Galt for many years, and was universally esteemed.

The resignation of Rev. Mr. Colter, of the Comber and West Tilbury charge, has been accepted by the Chatham Presbytery. The Rev. J. Radford, of Blytheswood, was appointed Interim Moderator of session.

Rev. Thos. McAdam, formerly professor in Morrin College, Quebec, was drowned in Toronto bay some time during the night of the 16th inst. After supper he left his boarding house, 50 Mutual street, and went out for a walk with his pet dog, a cocker spaniel. That was the last seen of him alive. In the early hours of the morning his dog was heard barking and moaning on the ice beside a hole near the wharf at the foot of West Market street. Several night watchmen tried to drive the dog away, but the faithful animal would not leave the place, nor stop making a noise. A seal cap was subsequently found on the edge of the ice and it was identified as that worn by Mr. McAdam. The body was recovered at noon to-day. His watch had stopped at 9.25. Mrs. McAdam is seriously ill as a result of the shock. The deceased was 68 years of age and was a superannuated Presbyterian minister. His last charge was at North Bay. He had been living in Toronto for the past few months. Deceased's presence on the bay cannot be accounted for. His fellow-lodgers say that he was in excellent spirits and health when he left the house at seven o'clock last night. He evidently fell off the wharf into a hole at the edge. He had a nasty cut on the left forehead, which was probably caused by contact with the ice in his fall.

EASTERN ONTARIO.

The Rev. Prof. Ross, of Montreal, has been preaching in St. Andrew's Church, Carleton Place.

Rev. Geo. MacArthur, of Cardinal, occupied the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church, Brockville, last Sabbath.

The first of a series of sermons on skepticism was delivered in the Oshawa Church by the pastor on the 8th inst. His subject was "The Supernatural."

The Rev. D. Currie, B.D., of Perth, preached in the Presbyterian Church, Middleville on the 8th inst. Special collection was taken up in behalf of missions.

The Rev. J. J. Cameron, M.A., of Athens, will have the deep sympathy of many friends in his sore affliction. Mrs. Cameron's death took place at Brockville on the 12th inst.

There was a large congregation at St. Andrew's Church, Whitby, last Sunday evening to hear Mr. Norman H. McGillivray deliver his first sermon in Whitby, which was based on the text "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life." Mr. McGillivray gives every indication of becoming a successful preacher, and his friends will watch his career with interest.

HAMILTON.

The meeting of Erskine Church congregation was quite harmonious. The treasurer's report showed that savings for all purposes was \$5,764. Of this amount, \$1,362 was for missionary and benevolent objects. It was decided to pay off \$1,000 of the debt before August. These new managers were appointed: T. Reiger, W. T. Murray, J. W. Sutherland and W. Johnson.

The annual meeting of Central Presbyterian Church was largely attended and harmonious. The various reports showed the church was progressing. It was expected there would be a hot discussion on the musical services, but the reports concerning them passed with little discussion. The Board of Managers recommended that the Church be thoroughly renovated, and it was decided that the following form a committee to join the trustees and managers in presenting a suitable scheme to the congregation: A. T. Wood, M.P., B. F.

Charlton, J. B. Fairgrieve, J. M. Eastwood, George Rutherford, James Dunlop, George H. Gillespie, James Turnbull and Roland Hillis. Some of the progressives want to spend \$8,000 on the renovation. The managers appointed were: W. Lees, Jr., J. B. Turner, John Crerar, H. S. Stephens. Adam Zimmerman was appointed trustee, to succeed the late J. W. Murton.

Our Library Table.

The reviewer in Literature is quite enthusiastic over "Black Rock." He says "Ralph Connor" need not be ashamed of his handiwork. It has rarely been our good fortune to come across a book in which the freshest humor, the truest pathos and the most exquisite tenderness are so freely displayed, etc.

In the biography of Lewis Carroll one may learn how "Alice in Wonderland" came to be published. The author had not intended to publish it at all and only did so on the persuasion of Mr. George Macdonald. The author brought it out at his own expense and expected to lose heavily over the transaction, but it brought him a large income, and was translated. The version of Jabberwocky in Latin elegiacs is certainly a curiosity, and contains such words as "peranicul," "peranacutic," "chorticulture." A student would no doubt be startled if he found the following on his examination paper:—

"One, two! one, two! and through and through
The verbal blade went snicker snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back."
"And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms my beaming boy;
O frabjous day, Callooh! Callay!
He chortled in his joy."

Literature, among other things, makes the following interesting statement about "The Literature of Christmas." Books about Christmas indeed—mostly pamphlets and chap-books—have existed in our language for centuries, but the "Christmas Book" as we now understand it, is less than a hundred years old. A glance at the literary periodicals of the last century—the Spectator, the Idler and their companions—will show that they either ignored Christmas altogether, which was Johnson's plan, or used it as an occasion for a sermon, which was Addison's. The modern custom, which makes Christmas one of the most important dates in the publishers', if not the literary year, may be traced to American and German influences. Washington Irving, in the "Sketch Book," which he published on this side the Atlantic in 1820, pointed the way to that literary treatment which reached its culmination in the hands of Thackeray and Dickens, having asserted his own belief that it was inspiring "to read even the dry details which some antiquaries have given of the quaint humors, the burlesque pageants, the complete abandonment to mirth and good-fellowship with which this festival was celebrated" but in his delightful sketches of an old-fashioned English Christmas at Bracebridge Hall he pointed a better way.

Both the Spectator and Literature are enthusiastic over Kipling's booklet, "A Fleet in Being." One reviewer tells that he intended to give it only a perfunctory notice, but was compelled to review it at length. It seemed to be against all precedent to devote more than a column of a high-class journal to a shilling pamphlet; but it must be. The great present-day poet of patriotism gives a series of articles on his naval voyage. Here is a specimen:—

"The loneliness of a captain is society beside the isolation of an Admiral. He goes on the after bridge and moves some £10,000,000 worth of iron and steel at his pleasure. No man can stop him; few dare even suggest. Then comes the sea, as it did round the Orkneys, and a little roaring "roost" marked with a few hair lines on the chart—a terrific racing between ledges—buffets his bows and galleons and drives them out of all formation. One never connects a clergyman with St. Paul's, but one cannot look at an admiral without speculating on our apostolic Succession of the Sea. With these powers were clothed Nelson and the rest, Admirals all, and this particular piece of flesh and blood is of the same order, and rank, and breed, and responsibility, Admiral in command of the Channel Fleet. And now it is peace ("Yes, I have enjoyed my visit very much, Sir.") But if it was come to-morrow? What would he do? How would he be? What does he think about now? He would go up to the bridge with the flag lieutenant, and the ships would be cleared for action. ("No, I've never seen a Temperly transport at work.") and then—and then"

Richard le Gallienne, an English litterateur with a French name, in a little volume, "In Memory of Robert Burns," published a couple of years ago, makes the following declaration, which will no doubt be gratifying to lovers of the Scottish bard. "There can be little question that Burns is the most popular great poet in the world. Herne and Beranger come nearest to him in popularity, but the language in which they wrote, being less widely diffused, there is no song of theirs that is so sure of awakening heartfelt echoes in any latitude, however remote, as "Ye Banks and Braes Bonnie Doon;" and "Auld Lang Syne" might be called the international anthem of home the world over. We fear this little volume of selected poems is not so well known as it should be.

Gregory, the Armenian. By Helen R. Robb. Boston and New Chicago: The Pilgrim Press. The first incidents in this story occur a couple of years before the beginning of the Russo-Turkish war, and the narrative is continued up to the persecutions and massacres which shocked the whole Christian world a few years ago. The scene is in and around "that old seige-rent, battle-scarred Erzurum," Avedis Vartanian, and the interest centres in the minister, his family and friends. Indeed he is the real hero of the story, although his son, Gregory, gives it its title. Gregory is a mere child of seven when he is first introduced and it is only in the last few chapters that he plays a part in any way important. The book is full of sometimes pleasing and oftentimes thrilling incidents, and although the author has never visited Asia Minor, we are assured that she has succeeded in producing a very accurate picture of life as it is in that part of the Sultan's dominions. Had it been published a couple of years ago, when newspapers were filled with accounts of Turkish atrocities in Armenia, it would have found a public eager for its reception.

The Story of Oberlin. By Delavan L. Leonard. Boston and Chicago: The Pilgrim Press. Oberlin, one of the strongest educational institutions in the United States, is not unknown to Canada. Its unique history is very attractively told in this handsome volume of nearly four hundred and fifty pages. It originated in 1832 with two men, one a Presbyterian Home missionary and the other recently returned from the far southwest. They were "without liberal education, unendowed with more than ordinary intellectual gifts, and wholly without financial resources; but they were intensely earnest. Their plan was to secure a considerable tract of land upon which to plant a colony of Christian families, and to found a school combining various grades and departments, to educate their own children and those of their neighbors, and especially to train teachers and other Christian toilers for the desolate fields in the West. Manual labor, to enable poor students to support themselves, plated seminary. Before selecting a site or the distinguishing features of the contemplated seminary. Before selecting a site or raising a dollar or taking a single step towards organization, the enthusiastic founders decided to call the proposed colony and school Oberlin, after a famous Alsatian pastor, whose biography had been recently published. How a site in the unbroken forest was selected, how funds were raised, how the institution was started, what vicissitudes it encountered, and what hostilities it overcame is too long a story to tell here. It is enough to say that it rapidly outgrew the limitations of its founders and attained the structures of its early days have given place to a large group of Halls, Houses and other College buildings, located in the centre of a village of five thousand inhabitants, to whom, during term, are to be added about twelve hundred students. Its growth as an institution for imparting a superior education is shown by the increase of its teaching force during the last forty years. "The catalogue of 1859 named a faculty of eleven members, by 1866 the number had increased to twenty, but in 1896 six pages are covered with the names of twenty-nine professors, six associate professors, thirteen tutors, and nineteen other instructors of various grades, making a total teaching force of eighty-seven." The book has many portraits and pictures of buildings.

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British and Foreign

Rev. Dr. A. K. H. Boyd has now somewhat recovered.

Allyth United Presbyterian congregation Graham, probationer, Galashiels.

Renfrew Free Church, Glasgow, has agreed to introduce instrumental music.

Rev. Alex. F. Moir, senior minister of Woodside Church, Aberdeen, who retired in 1894, has attained his ministerial jubilee.

The total number of Congregationalist churches, branch churches and missions in Great Britain and Ireland and the islands of the British seas is 4,815.

The Rev. C. Stuart Wallace, Traquhair, has been appointed assistant to the Rev. James Sharp, minister of Inveresk parish.

A new archiepiscopal residence is to be erected in the cathedral precincts of Canterbury. The remnant of the ancient archiepiscopal palace will form the nucleus of the new residence.

Forfar Free Presbytery has been discussing the Union question. On the motion of the Rev. Mr. Cumming, seconded by the Rev. J. D. Fisher, it was agreed to approve of the Union, one Elder only dissenting.

The new Parish Church of Morven was opened on Sunday of last week by Dr. Norman Macleod, of Inverness, who preached in both Gaelic and English, and administered Holy Communion to large congregations.

The congregational committee of Arbroath Parish Church have agreed to nominate the Rev. James D. Gordon, B.D., B.Sc., and the Rev. W. J. Nichol Service, B.D. St. George's, Edinburgh, to the vacancy in the pastorate of the church.

The old parish church of Eckford, situated on the banks of the Teviot near Kalemouth, was recently re-opened for public worship, when the Rev. Dr. Leishman, Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, preached an appropriate discourse.

The Chinese are gradually blending themselves into the social community in Australia. The Rev. John Wai, a Celestial of great ability and learning, was the other day inducted to the pastorate of the Chinese Presbyterian Church in Surrey Hills, an important suburb of Sydney.

At the annual reunion of the French Church in Glasgow, Drs. Donald Macleod, A. R. McEwen (U.P.), and McAdam Muir all joined in congratulating the pastor, Mr. Ernest Favre, on the success of his work. The congregation is composed of French and Swiss people.

The Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, after sentencing some prisoners for serious crimes attributable to drunkenness, said drink was a terrible curse. He had seen whole families ruined by it. He had known one family consisting of seven children, and every one of them died of drink.

Dr. Monro Gibson reports that the £1,000 which he received from an anonymous Methodist donor for Presbyterian extension in England, was contributed through Rev. D. M'Lellan, of Liverpool. Of this sum £750 has been applied to church extension and £250 to Westminster College, Cambridge.

The Edinburgh town council has decided that the remains of a number of distinguished men, whose remains are interred in Greyfriars churchyard should be inscribed on panels fixed into the new boundary wall. The names of the divines will be those of Alexander Henderson and William Carstairs.

A proposal is being made for the formation of a union for prayer among Free Church ministers. The circular is signed by Principals Douglas and Rainy, Dr. Alex. Whyte and a number of professors and prominent ministers. It is suggested that ministers should devote one evening a month to "prayer for an outpouring of the Spirit of God upon our Church and upon the nation."

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Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of six per cent. per annum on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the two months ending 31st December, 1898, payable on and after the first day of February, 1899, at the office of the Company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide Streets, Toronto.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 31st January, inclusive.

Notice is hereby given that the General Annual Meeting of the Company will be held at 2 p.m. on Wednesday, February the 15th, 1899, at the office of the Company, for the purpose of receiving the annual report, the election of directors, etc.

By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD,
Managing Director.

Toronto, December 21st, 1898.

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Births.

At 4477 Western avenue, Westmount, on Sunday, January 8th, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. John Hugh Peattie.

Marriages.

On Thursday, Dec. 29th, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. John Mackie, Walter W. McVicar, of Daleville, Que., to Lizzie A. Armstrong, daughter of Robert Armstrong, Lachute.

At 72 Prince Arthur Avenue, Toronto, the residence of her brother, Mr. John A. Ferguson, barrister, on January 11, 1899, by the Rev. Stuart Acheson, M.A., of St. Paul's Church, Warton, brother-in-law of the bride, Herbert W. Burgess, to Amy Bell, youngest daughter of the late Colonel T. R. Ferguson, M.P., and granddaughter of the late Colonel Ogilvie R. Gowan, M.P.

At the residence of the Principal, at Winnipeg, on Jan. 9, 1899, by the Rev. Principal King and the Rev. William Dewar, B.A., brother of the bride, George Simpson, Ottawa, to Helen Primrose, youngest daughter of the late Rev. Robert Dewar, of Annan, Ont.

At Ottawa, on January 12, 1899, by the Rev. Dr. Moore, at Lovat Place, the residence of Mr. J. Carling Kelly, Alice Maude, daughter of Mr. David Bayne, of Carleton Place, to the Rev. F. W. Gilmour, of Sawyerville, Que.

At the residence of the bride's mother, on the 11th inst., by the Rev. N. Waddell, Mr. Frank Henry Harris, of Sarnack Lake, N.Y., to Miss Amelia Law, of Lachute, Que.

In this city, on January 12, 1899, by the Rev. A. J. Mowat, Mr. Wm. H. Walkley, to Miss Isabel J. Fetherston, daughter of J. W. Fetherston.

On January 11, 1899, at the residence of the bride's sister, No. 224 Gloucester street, Ottawa, by the Rev. D. M. Ramsay, Miss George Young, of this city, daughter of Mr. Wm. Young, of Tweed, to Mr. Wilbert Woodcock, of Deseronto.

At 16 Sussex Avenue, on January 10th, 1899, by the Rev. A. B. Mackay, D.D., Carl W. Kimpton, of Philadelphia, to Alice R. Munro, of this city.

In this city, on January 12th, 1899, by the Rev. A. J. Mowat, Mr. William H. Walkley to Miss Isabel J. Fetherston, daughter of J. W. Fetherston.

On January 11, by the Rev. Robert Campbell, Duncan Wright to Sarah J. Sweetman, both of Montreal.

At Hamilton, Ont., on December 28th, by the Rev. Dr. Fletcher, Mr. Frederick Le Mesurier to Margaret, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Patterson.

At Montreal, on December 31st, by the Rev. F. M. Dewey, T. H. Johnson, of Smith's Falls, Ont., to Christina Beaton, youngest daughter of the late James Beaton, H. M. Customs, Stornoway, Lewis, Scotland, and niece of the late James McKenzie, of Poolewe, Rosshire, Scotland.

On December 28th, at the residence of the bride's uncle Mr. A. G. Burns, by the Rev. K. J. McDonald, B.A., Miss Mary C. Burns, to Mr. Neil Morrison.

At the Manse, Beaverton, December 28th, by the Rev. K. J. McDonald, Miss Isabella Lepard, Mara, to Mr. Robert E. Hamilton, East Gwillimbury.

In the city, on December 14th, 1898, by the Rev. W. R. Cruikshanks, Mr. Harry Lawson to Miss Agnes Gorman, daughter of David Gorman, of Montreal.

At the Central Church, Toronto, by the Rev. Dr. McTavish, on 21st ult., Rev. Richard Whiteman, B.A., pastor of St. John's Church, Port Perry, to Miss Myra L. Greny, of Toronto.

Deaths.

At Williamsport, Pa., on the 5th inst., Norman Macdonald, father of J. K. Macdonald, Westmount, aged 87 years. Interred at Williamsport.

Of pneumonia, at the residence of her son-in-law, S. R. Hart, No. 21 Wilcox street, Toronto, on Jan. 5, 1899, Mrs. Wyllie, widow of the late G. B. Wyllie, Toronto, in the 82nd year of her age.

At North Lancaster, on January 2nd, Norman Mackay, aged 85 years.

At Baltimore, on December 23, 1898, Oliver William Ketchum, eldest son of the late Jesse Ketchum, of Orangeville, and grandson of the late Jesse Ketchum, of Toronto.

On January 16, 1899, at his residence, 65 Hutchison street, Montreal, the Rev. Charles Chiniquy, D.D., aged 89 years, 5 months and a half.

Funeral on Thursday, 19th inst., from the residence, at 2 o'clock, to Erskine Church. Friends and acquaintances will please accept this intimation.

Rev. Andrew Murdock, in an obituary notice of "Elder Slayht," a well-known and exceedingly worthy Baptist minister of the County of Norfolk, tells this incident which has an interest for Presbyterians all over Canada. "In 1782 the leaders of the Liberal party were looking for a man who would be likely to gain a victory in Norfolk. The late Hon. George Brown wrote to Mr. Slayht, strongly urging him to allow himself to be nominated. Mr. Slayht at once declined. He, however, suggested the name of Mr. John Charlton, headed a deputation which waited on him, secured his consent to run, and so exerted himself that Mr. Charlton was elected, and has worthily represented Norfolk in the Dominion Parliament ever since."

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