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WEDNESDAY, DEC. 12, 1906.

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In the Gardens of God

By J. A. Edgerton.

Have you walked in the Gardens of God,
Where each soul is a flower that blows;
Where each thought is an opening bud
And each love is a rose;

Where each face to it lifted is bright
From the Sun ever hanging at morn;
And a dew-drop that trembles with light
In each flower-heart is worn;

Where the language is thought that out-
leaps
Unspoken from soul unto soul;
Where the music swells up from the
deeps,
Like a sweet organ roll,

That is set to a cosmlcal key,
And is universal in chord,
All worlds choiring harmony
Of praise to the Lord?

There time is not counted by measure.
But only by states of delight.
There Truth seems as Beauty, and Pleas-
ure
Is wedded with Right.

There to sow is to garner; to earn
Is to have; to aspire is to be;
To attain is the fruit of to yearn;
And to dream is to see.

There action is one with repose.
There the ages with eider are shod.
There love is the sunlight that glows,
In the Gardens of God.

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BIRTHS.

At Glen Roy on Nov. 24th, 1906, to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Munro, a daughter.
At Maxville, Ont., on Nov. 28, 1906, to Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McColl, a son.

MARRIAGES.

On Nov. 21st, 1906, at the residence of the bride's brother, by Rev. M. McArthur of St. Andrew's, Scarborough, assisted by Rev. Jas. Brown of Agincourt, John Young of Markham to Margaret Marshall of Scarborough.

On Nov. 27, 1906, at the Manse, Avonmore, Ont., by the Rev. Dr. Maclean, Alice Mabel Smith, Avonmore, Ont. (formerly of London, (Eng.)) to Adam Andrews, of Pakenham, Ont.

On December 5th, 1906, Rev. L. H. Currie, B.A., of Forest, Ont., to Jessie Allison, youngest daughter of Mr. James Allison, Toronto, by the Rev. A. M. Currie, M.A., of Dorset, Ontario, assisted by the Rev. A. Esler, M.A., of Cooke's church, Toronto.

DEATHS.

On Nov. 26, 1906, at the residence of his son, James G. Gillean, 380 Matland street, London, Ont. James Gillean, aged 82.

At Vankleek Hill, Ont., on Nov. 16, 1906, John McRae, aged 83 years and one day.

On Dec. 7, 1906, at St. Michael's Hospital, Toronto, John Foster, beloved husband of Marla Gimson, aged 74 years.

On Dec. 2, 1906, at the residence of her son, Edgar B. Walker, 42 Sussex avenue, Toronto, Elizabeth Frances Baldwin, widow of the late Edward A. Walker, of Barrie, in her 80th year.

In Lanark Township, on Nov. 26th, James Dobbie, sr., in his 88th year.

At Warkworth, Ont., on Nov. 29, 1906, in her 95th year, Mary Macdonald, nee of the late Peter Macdonald, Kingston, Ont., and mother of R. Macdonald, Montreal.

In her 88th year, at the residence of her son-in-law, Dr. T. J. Burgess, Verdun, on the 3rd inst., Fannie Moore McPherson, widow of the late Lt.-Col. Alexander McPherson, son of Whitty, Ont.

At St. Catharines, November 22, Rev. Thomas Bone, aged 82 years.

On Nov. 29, 1906, at his late residence, Billings' Bridge, Ont., Charles Billings, aged 81 years and 6 months.

On Sunday, Dec. 9th, 1906, at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Mitchell, 524 Manning-avenue, Toronto, Mary Ann, widow of the late John Armstrong, aged 78 years.

At lot 2, Con. 6, Thorah, on November 18th, 1906, Wm. Lyon, aged 80 years, 7 months, and 18 days.

At Rideau Ferry, on Nov. 26, Bridget McGowan, wife of Mr. Daniel Buchanan, aged 82 years.

At Perth, on Nov. 16th, Mrs. Christopher Donaldson, aged 70 years.

At Ferguson's Falls, on Nov. 21st, Mrs. James Hudson, aged 87 years.

At Maxville, on Dec. 2, 1906, Mrs. John Rory Cameron, aged 80 years.

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NOTE AND COMMENT.

Notwithstanding the excitement because "a woman" was to be hung when Mrs. Rogers was executed in Vermont a year ago, the Legislature of that State has again voted against repealing its death penalty law by 140 to 79.

A Presbyterian Synod has recently been held in the New Hebrides in the very spot where John Williams and his companions were murdered by cannibals seventy years ago. The sessions were opened with prayer by the son of the man who murdered John Williams.

The appreciation of Siam for the missionaries and their work was expressed by a recent utterance of the Minister of the Interior: "I'll sell the missionaries anything in the kingdom, except the palace," and the Crown Prince said, "We regard medical missionaries as our most trusted counsellors."

Our Union is firmly established, says President Roosevelt. But each generation has its special and serious difficulties! and we of this generation have to struggle with evils springing from the very material success of which we are so proud, from the very growth and prosperity of which, with justice, we boast." This idea fits the locality of Canada exactly.

We learn from the Australian Messenger that the legislators of New South Wales have passed a very strong law against gambling in connection with horse racing. "Speed contests" are all well, perhaps; but gambling is evil and only evil continually. Wise people who have a care for the highest interests of the nation and the individual regard the gambling mania with alarm. Its wide prevalence, like a deadly disease, aggravates the alarm.

Queen Alexandra of England is using her personal efforts to dissuade women from wearing the plumage of song birds. Noting this fact the Herald and Presbyter pertinently remarks: "Whether thoughtless or deliberate, the vanity of some women and the cruelty of many so-called sportsmen have been despoiling the forests of their most beautiful attractions, and the orchards, grain-fields and cotton plantations of their most effective protectors. For the empty and heartless pleasure of a few the whole world must suffer."

Whether the Wall Street Journal is sincere or 'n jest, it hits the nail on the head in the following: "What America needs more than railway extension, and western irrigation, and a low tariff, and a bigger wheat crop, and a merchant marine, and a new navy, is a revival of piety; piety that counts it good business to stop for family prayer before breakfast, right in the middle of the harvest; that quits field work half an hour earlier in order to get the chores done and go to prayer-meeting. That's what we need to clean the country of the filth of graft and greed, of worship of fine houses and big lands, of high office and grand social functions." The Christian Guardian makes an effective point when it says: "After all, there is no complete radical cure for the diseases of society save the religion of Jesus. The church of Christ is the greatest reforming agency of all ages."

Chinese newspapers, owing to the cheap quality of paper used, and to the low price of labor, both literary and mechanical, are issued at an extremely small figure. The price of the ordinary Shanghai journal is four cash, or about one-tenth of a penny.

The world's consumption of tea, outside of the countries in which it is grown, may be taken to be about 500,000,000 pounds per annum, valued at \$85,000,000. About ninety per cent. of the tea exported from Asia is consumed by English-speaking people.

A new sort of witness has been found in Detroit. A certain hotel proprietor, wishing to prove that the noise made by a railroad was injuring his property, brought into court a phonograph with records of engines tooting and cars rattling. The witness or evidence—it is hard to decide which to call it—was admitted.

Among the notable and interesting women attending the Woman's Christian Temperance Union Convention in Boston was a Japanese woman, Mrs. Kaji Yajima, the first woman in her country to take up the profession of teaching, and long the head of a Presbyterian school at Tokio. She was accompanied by her grand-daughter from Oakland, Cal., who acts as her interpreter.

There is something pitiful in the story of the negro murderer in Texas who, fearing that he might be lynched, sent for the district attorney, waived all his legal rights, and requested to be hanged. The judge agreed to take up the case the next morning, accepted a plea, pronounced sentence, and let the execution take place immediately. A company of Infantry guarded the jail over night.

Both in England and the United States there is renewed agitation to secure some action with regard to the abuses in the Congo Free State. A delegation waited upon Sir Edward Grey, Secretary of Foreign Affairs, and received the reply that he regarded isolated action by Great Britain as the last resource. But if negotiations with Belgium should prove inconclusive and a continuance of present conditions in the Congo Free State be threatened, it would be the duty of Great Britain to sound the other powers as to what view they held on the subject. It would be impossible, he said, for the British Government to continue to recognize the present state of affairs.

The Church of Uganda, which represents the great mission field and mission work of the English Church Missionary Society in the Uganda Protectorate of Africa, reports 14,959 native communicants, 54,471 baptized persons, 2,586 catechumens, 51 schools with 14,199 male scholars, and 10,901 female scholars. During the past year 4,355 adults and 2,241 children were baptized. The fifty-ninth foreign missionaries are aided by 1,932 male and 322 female native Christian teachers, a portion of whom are evangelists. All of the native workers are self-supporting or supported by the native church. The mission is asking for "twenty-five male missionaries in addition to those now in service, to lead the native forces which are standing ready to go forth preaching and teaching in a way no European can ever do."

In one of his recent airship trials in Paris Santos Dumont sailed his aeroplane 235 yards against the wind in twenty-one and one-fifth seconds, which is at the rate of a mile in two minutes thirty-seven seconds. He flew about twelve feet above the ground. Airship sailing is getting away from the dreams of Darius Green down to the cold fact of the twentieth century.

The Christian Guardian notes that Miss Woodsworth, who goes to China under the auspices of the Women's Missionary Society, is to be supported by the Sunday school of Central Methodist church, Toronto, which school proposes at the same time to fully keep up its regular contributions to missions. That "over and above" idea is a splendid one, and nearly every school, church, or individual that has tried it has found that the extra burden could be carried quite easily.

A new mission has recently been opened by the English Church Missionary Society at Kaiyama, in the Ijo Country in the Delta of the Niger, West Africa. "The people are friendly and are building a place where we shall be able to hold a school and divine service. The work is quite new, and the people have never heard the name of God. The attendance at the school is encouraging. Here is a country wholly untouched and only two missionaries and two West Indian agents to work over 4,000 square miles, and most of the inhabitants must be reached by canoe."

Ralph Connor is out with a new book, "The Doctor," and this is what an American paper says of it: "Such is the interest taken in any book sent out by this popular writer that the first edition of this, his latest story, called for one hundred thousand copies. It is enough to say that this is characterized by the elements of interest that have made its predecessors so pleasing. This Presbyterian minister writes with a purpose, and that to make the world have a better knowledge and grasp of the truth of God as it should be seen in the life of those who are good men and women."

The Belfast Witness publishes the following interesting paragraph suggestive of the thrilling history of a brave and once terribly persecuted people: "The Synod of the Waldensian church met at its historic centre, Torre-Pellicci, two hours from Turin, in September. The Synod was composed of seventy ministers and seventy elders. The most prominent place was given to the report of the Committee on Evangelization. The work of this committee has been for some years under the wise and efficient superintendence of Cavaliere Prochet, who was educated in Belfast, who has thrown into it a zeal and power seldom equalled. Having reached the age of seventy-three years, this trusted leader retires, Rev. Signor Muston, from Genoa, being chosen to succeed him. Some of the delegates from foreign churches were conducted up the mountain side to the cave in which, during times of persecution, the Waldensians of Torre-Pellicci used to meet to worship. The Synod exchanged telegrams with the King of Italy. Under the care of the Waldensian church there are now thirty-two Women's Christian Associations in as many Italian cities."

THE LORD'S PRAYER IV.

"The Kingdom of God, 2."

By Rev. Professor Jordan, D.D.

Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done: Matthew vi., 10.

When we ask the question, what is the Kingdom of God? at once the answer springs to our lips, "All Kingdoms are His for He is the ever present Universal King." This answer is true and beautiful, for in the broadest sense the divine Kingdom embraces the vast domain of the universe, as well as the varied spheres of human life. I remember reading, some years ago, a splendid sermon which made a good and lasting impression on my mind. It was by a thoughtful, earnest preacher, who took for his text the words "And on His head were many crowns." My heart thrilled with loyalty and joy as the preacher unfolded the glorious prophecy that Christ shall be supreme in all kingdoms of human action. That in the realm of science, where men struggle for clear certain knowledge; in the sphere of art, where men aspire after never-fading beauty; in the arena of politics, where men toil for liberty and righteousness, and in many other kingdoms, Christ shall be crowned, so that on His head there will be many crowns. Surely this is a glorious promise and one that we ought to remember when we come to offer this wonderful prayer. If there lies behind the prayer the sorrowful thought that somewhere God has been dethroned, let us not lose the hope of that glorious future, when every knee shall bow to Christ.

We may, however, dwell upon the thought that to our God the universe is one vast Kingdom; that with Him the words ordinary and extraordinary, natural and supernatural, have no meaning, for they simply speak of human weakness, and mark out the limits of human action. It is a grand fact, though we can scarcely here to realize it in all its fulness, that there is one God, and that all varied forms and subtle forces are subject to His sway. The latest science teaches us that even in this world the division between what we have called the various kingdoms of nature is not so sharp as we have supposed. What if God's action is more gradual and regular than we thought; what if you can scarcely tell where the vegetable life ends and animal life begins; what if man is nearer the brutes than he is willing to admit; what if the action of the spirit upon the body and the body upon the spirit is more subtle and real than ever human imagination had conceived; and these things should only help us to realize more clearly the all-embracing, ever-acting government of God. Until we can conceive of thought without a thinker, law without a law-giver, and force without a Strong One who sends forth His living energy, every real revelation of science should only make us feel more keenly that the whole world palpitates with the presence of God. But the general idea of God's kingdom is not one that we must meditate upon now. On this subject it is sufficient to say that if men would sincerely pray "Thy Kingdom Come" their eyes would be opened to see that the divine Kingdom is nearer than they thought, even around them and within them.

What did our Saviour mean when he declared "The Kingdom of Heaven is within you," and taught that God's kingdom is not heralded by startling sensational signs? We may take His words to mean that the Kingdom of God is within. It is not at all a matter of political power or ecclesiastical organization, but it belongs to your personal spiritual life, so that when God is set upon the throne of our hearts, and love becomes the ruling power in our souls, you have entered into the kingdom; that kingdom which is not meat or drink, but righteousness, peace and joy in the Holy Ghost. Or we may put it in another form: The Kingdom of God is among you in the person of its King, and if we can so far overcome our prejudice and pride as to accept the divine power, which manifests itself in human weakness, the divine sympathy which shows itself in human suffering, you may even now enter into the kingdom for which you have looked in vain for so long. So our Lord spoke to the Jews, and so He speaks to us. Thus we gain one broad truth concerning this kingdom. It is small enough

to be realized in a single soul, grand enough to include all that God has ever done for the salvation of the human race. Peter presents the same truth when he says God sent His Son not to set up a worldly Kingdom, not simply to create a new church, but to turn every one of you from his iniquities "to offer Himself a sacrifice so that you might be converted and receive rich times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord." We believe, then, that what our Master especially meant, when he spoke of the Kingdom of God, was the divine action on the human soul; or, in other words, the influence of truth and love on the heart and life of men. I do not say that this is all the meaning; it may require eternity to reveal all the truth that was hidden beneath such simple words. But for us now this is the first and most important meaning. If I desire the coming of God's kingdom I must not sit idly waiting for some hidden revolution. I must not simply speculate about schemes of church government, or of church effort. I must ask is that kingdom firmly established in my soul? Is it a glorious reality with me? Such questions sincerely put probe the soul. They will touch the heart in its secret places and test the hidden motives. That is one direction in which these words should lead our thoughts. Then, on the other hand, the words "Kingdom of God" suggest the grandest ideal the world has ever known. It stretches the most powerful imagination to picture the promises of beauty and blessing which it contains; it carries our thoughts into the future, when Christ shall come in glory and complete His kingdom. Still it is not a shadowy dream; it brings thoughts that are intensely personal and practical. The first revolution must be in the heart; let that be changed then life will be new, and the world will be transfigured.

We seem to have drifted away from the prayer out of which the text is taken; but we must come back if, instead of fancies of our own, we wish to have the pure light of the Saviour's teaching. The words "Thy Kingdom" must be interpreted in the spirit of this prayer.

It is the kingdom of "Our Father."

We read, "Our Father;" Thy Kingdom Come," hence we pray that the Father of all flesh may rule in our spirits and that His love may be so spread that every weary heart may soon find rest in Him. The word "kingdom" may suggest the thought of a king; but kings, such as the majority may have been, are not fit symbols of the Divine King. Thinking of them will only mar our conception of God, instead of making it pure and glorious. But the word "kingdom" itself will tell us much if we use it rightly. In its proper sense it means a state governed by righteous laws and enjoying real freedom, whereas a state ruled by one man was called a tyranny. The despot might be wise and good, but the thought of government by a changeful, capricious ruler was called tyranny; while government under just laws, which recognize the eternal right and an appeal to conscience, was called a kingdom, so God bases his kingdom on the desires and affections which he has implanted. Further, in translating the word, it is not necessary to use the word "kingdom," "rule" or "dominion" will do just as well. The father who weaves his household in a righteous yet kindly sympathetic spirit is in this sense a king. He rules, and in proportion as he is just and loving in his exercise of authority, he is a fit though imperfect symbol of the Heavenly King. The present age has produced some remarkable books; whether many of them live or not is a point upon which I decline to prophesy. However, if they do not survive they will certainly not be killed by excessive modesty. Looking over one sometime ago, I observed that the writer had set before him the task, gigantic it seemed to be of providing a scientific basis for morality. Thinking that the authority of Divine commands and religious sanctions is quickly passing away, he comes forward to put morality on a sure and lasting basis. I am not going to tell how this is done, neither is it my business to criticize His theories, but I must point out that he uses a good, though not original illustration

bearing on our present subject. He remarks that if a father is stern and repulsive, always frowning upon his children and harshly urging to do what he calls duty, these children will probably learn to hate duty and swing right away from it. But a genial, sympathetic father will win the hearts of his children, and with all the might of love move them towards righteousness. This is the illustration as briefly and plainly as I can put it, meant to show that morality has often been made repulsive when it might have been set forth in an alluring form. Very true, but this is not a discovery, and can scarcely be called scientific. Eighteen centuries ago Paul said, "Fathers provoke not your children that they be not discouraged;" and Jesus Christ taught that God's kingdom is the dominion of the Fatherhood; that the Creator is a pure and perfect Father who is ever seeking the good of His children. All joy that is pure and permanent we may have; but from impure, withering, degrading pleasures Our Father seeks to save us. Can morality rest upon a firmer, more scientific basis than upon the will of such a Father? If men are to love aright, and attain both beauty and strength of character, they must believe in such a father and call it religion. Let us have that which is more certain than any science, more beautiful than any poetry—the glorious reality revealed in the Christ, the Father made manifest. He that hath seen the Christ among the fever-stricken poor, in the wilderness solitude, in Gethsemane and on the cross, hath seen the Father. "I came not to do mine own will but the will of Him that sent me." Some honest enquirers may find it hard work to believe in such a truth; they may think it too good to be certain, but such manifestations of mercy cannot be repugnant except to the impure heart and wicked life. If any church had ever lived and taught this revelation in all its heavenly radiance it would have been the mightiest spiritual force the world has ever known. Too often the Christian Church and its disciples have distorted the highest revelation which God has given; but we must not lose hope, for in spite of misinterpretation and imperfection this Kingdom is still coming. Weary souls cannot rest until they know the fulness of the Father's love. Would a man be less loyal to his king because the king was his father? No. If he had the spirit of a son, loyalty would be swallowed up in filial love. So, when we really learn that the King who controls all Kingdoms is "Our Father," we enter upon a new life of sonship and service.

Only to the childlike can this Kingdom come.

Except we become converted and become as little children we shall not enter the kingdom of heaven." To the rebel God appears as an offended King; to the careless God is afar off; to the childlike spirit God is a father full of tenderness and forgiving love. God is revealed to our weakness and lowliness. The heart hardened by prejudice or inflamed by hatred has often despised this truth for its very simplicity; but the humble rejoice in it and find here their only hope of salvation. We need to be converted, we have lost the unselfish childlike spirit, and if we are ever to regain it it must be through the spirit of Christ. He lived it before our eyes, showed it in His atoning sacrifice, and has promised to reproduce it in our hearts. Well may we bow before Him and say "Lord, I believe, help Thou my unbelief." Conquer my selfishness, show me how steadily my faith, so that through the glass I may see my Father's face. Grant that even to me Thy Kingdom may come with rich spiritual power. When Our Lord moves thus upon our hearts He shows us that the essence of this kingdom is the surrender of the individual soul to God. Worldly kings govern by imperfect laws, which act upon masses of men, but Our Father approaches each soul saving. "My son, give me thy heart." This Kingdom of God is, then, a personal matter between the human child and the Divine Father. At first we do not know Our Father, and in our ignorance we fancy ourselves independent and make self the centre of our being. In that way we can never find real life, the higher life; for we are far away from the true centre, away from Our Father's love. Human morality bases itself upon the instinct of self-preservation. The divinest life calls for the surrender of self. "He that seeketh his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life for My sake shall find it." A Father

who has given himself to us through His Son calls us to give ourselves to Him, so that we may learn that love is life and obedience freedom. When we pray "Thy Kingdom come," we offer ourselves to the Father, desiring that self may more and more pass out of our sight and God be brought more into view in our personal experience and common life.

This, then, is the Kingdom of God, so far as it bears upon our personal life; but in a more general sense it includes all the mighty movements by which the Divine Spirit has helped forward the progress of the human race, and, in a special manner, has enlarged the life of God's own people. We cannot understand the strange variety of texts which speak of the coming of God's Kingdom, unless we take this wider view. If, after feeling the powers of this kingdom, we desire to know something of its greatness, we must take in the past, the present and the future.

When Moses, that grand heroic man who trembled before God, said "I am but a little child" when he rescued a degraded people from slavery and brought them into the wilderness that they might learn to worship the living God; when, after the thunders of Sinai, he brought to them the moral law, striking in its simplicity, majestic in its authority, then the Kingdom of God was coming near to men. It came near in wonder because they were not prepared for it, still small and low; but conscience confesses that it did come. "Thou shalt not" is not the last word; it is the alphabet of revelation, the beginning of spiritual life. Still, even in the law which marks out the simplest elements of right and wrong, there is a manifestation of the Divine Kingdom. The law was a schoolmaster to bring men to Christ.

When through the sweet songs of the Hebrew poets, and the startling utterances of the Hebrew prophets, clearer and nobler views were set forth. When it was made known that God is pure, so that He cannot find any satisfaction in fashionable hypocrisy and unclean sacrifice; that the sacrifices of God are a broken spirit and a contrite heart. When earnest men were making known the holiness of God in words that can never die, then the Kingdom of God was coming. Seeds were sown that will make the wilderness rejoice and blossom as the rose; promises of blessing were scattered which shall be fulfilled in the ages to come. The prophets were moved by the spirit of Christ and spoke of Him. The sweet singers of Israel saw the glories of the heavenly kingdom and brought from this higher sphere the music which still comes re-echoing down the centuries.

When Jesus first came, not to destroy the law and the prophets but to give them a deeper meaning and a wider range, then God, who, in sundry times and divers manners, had spoken to the fathers by the prophets spoke in gentler, clearer tones through His Son. At that time the world was strained to a great height of expectation, the human race looked in weariness for some redeemer. Then the Kingdom of God was coming in a manner unexpected. Without sensational splendor or dazzling pomp the Son of God went about doing good. He gathered into himself all the promises of the past and all the hopes of the future. Clearing away prejudices and superstition he taught lessons which the Church had not learnt and which will be an inspiration for all ages to come. Perfect through suffering, victorious through self-sacrifice, He conquered the kingdoms of darkness and brought near the Kingdom of God.

When the disciples, with expectant hearts, waited for the Holy Spirit and were moved to preach Jesus, repentance, forgiveness of sins and the uprising of the dead, then the Kingdom of God was coming. A force was at work in the hearts of these simple fishermen which threw down the old paganism and gave new life to society. New forms of thought were expressed, new modes of life produced, which wield an influence unto this day.

When the German monk, coming from his solitary cell, called men from cold formalism and corrupt superstition, and preached again with power the doctrine of faith in Christ, he was not alone. The trumpet tones expressed a feeling that was deep, a movement that was widespread. In many places men were turning away from vain traditions and childish inventions to search afresh the oracles of God. Then the Kingdom of God was

coming.

When Wesley and Whitfield in England stirred the people by the preaching of the love of God; when in dead, dry time they opened afresh the fountain of the water of life and showed that the living truth had power to meet cold scepticism and dark degradation, then there was a new revelation of God's Kingdom. Other great movements we might speak of. Some of them, however, are too near for us to see their full meanings and influence. These, without controversy, we may use as manifestation of that living spirit of God which ever broods over the life of man. Let us have faith in God, for His kingdom is still a promise, an inspiration; for its fulfillment we must look into the future and daily expect the coming of our King.

But, should any soul be stirred by the power of truth today so that it brings the hunger of the heart and restlessness of the spirit to God, to that soul there will be a coming of God's kingdom now, as Christ speaks powerfully the word of forgiveness and whispers gently the word of hope.

And when the children of God stand at the portals of the unseen, leaving behind them the sin and sorrow of an earthly life and waiting for the call to go up higher, they having learned patience and trust during their toilsome pilgrimage, can look up to that realm of light and beauty and say with full assurance of soul "Thy Kingdom come." Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly. Amen.

PIONEER SPEAKS OF PRINCE RUPERT.

Harbor Test That Could Have Been Chosen—Great Activity in District.

All that immense stretch of country in British Columbia, lying adjacent to the Portland canal of anywhere in the neighborhood of Prince Rupert, the new terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific railway, is being thoroughly prospected by geologists in geological, mineral and mining property. This statement was made in Victoria to a Colonist reporter by J. M. Collinson, a pioneer of that district, who is interested in the Maple Bay copper and gold mines. He further stated that he was authoritatively announced that the transcontinental railway terminus would be at the point selected, there has been a pronounced advance in land, mine and other values throughout the sections anywhere within reasonable distance of the probable route of the railway from Hazelton to the coast.

Several years ago, Mr. Collinson states, it would have been possible to go from one end of the Portland canal to the other without meeting any but native people. This summer all was changed. Everywhere dormant mining claims had sprung into sudden activity, districts which had been mere stretches of waste had been surveyed and converted into thriving town sites, and, in fact, on all hands was apparent the commencement of a heavy influx of settlers and a remarkable development in natural resources. These, Mr. Collinson claims, cannot be estimated even by the persons more or less conversant with the topographical conditions and far less by the individual who has never visited the scene. From a section comparatively unknown and certainly unnoticed as yet by those interested in mining, timber or agriculture, it has become the centre of attraction. "It would astonish you," Mr. Collinson continued, "had you been able to witness the sudden transition of an absolute desert into a spot where the hum of industry can be heard on all sides." He went on to say that it was a striking illustration of the influences of a railway, especially one having communication with all the great Canadian centres, as the Grand Trunk Pacific would have when completed, upon a country much of which has not yet been visited by even the most enterprising explorer.

The site selected for the terminus of the Grand Trunk Pacific is the best that could have been chosen in his opinion. It combines everything that goes to make a great commercial and residential city. In the first place, its harbor is the finest of the many sheltered bays that are to be found along the coast in that vicinity. It is capable of accommodating the largest vessels without inconvenience, the country which it has surveyed for the town site is comparatively level, and when cleared, buildings constructed, and railway depots, with trains arriving and departing each day, completed, should become the ideal city of the west, which the directors of the Grand Trunk Pacific have in their minds' eye. Moreover, the climate is first-class, rivaling that enjoyed in this favored portion of Vancouver Island.

"Up on that Portland canal," Mr. Collinson remarked, "we have a cold winter. There was snow on the ground when I left. But not so at Prince Rupert. For some inexplicable reason the temperature is more equitable there. When we have cold weather with snow, at Prince Rupert there is rain. Taking it all the year round, the temperature experienced at the new townsite is ideal, especially when it is remembered how far north it is located. The summer there is really lovely. From May until September fine, warm, sunshiny weather prevails, with, of course an occasional shower."

Mr. Collinson remarks that there has been considerable preliminary work done at Prince Rupert this summer. The townsite has been thoroughly surveyed. A water supply has been located which would serve as large a population as the city was ever likely to boast of without difficulty. While coming south, the steamer upon which he was a passenger had passed a vessel which it was understood had many thousands of feet of lumber for stowage in the building of a number of large structures. One of these is the new hotel.

Questioned as to the character of the country in the immediate vicinity of Prince Rupert, Mr. Collinson stated that it was better adapted for mining than anything else. He asserted that the wealth of its mountains could not be overestimated. There was no doubt that when transportation was assured by rail and steamer there would be mines opened up which would yield enormous dividends. But back of the coast range of mountains the conditions alter entirely. There was to be found little upon mile of territory which, he believed, would make the finest agricultural land anywhere. The route of the railway would be through this district, naturally it would not be long before large tracts would be taken up by settlers. The possibilities of the country from an agricultural standpoint could not be gauged by the most imaginative mind.—Winnipeg Free Press, November 21, 1906.

An evangelist in a town near Philadelphia, in preaching against functions of which card games are the chief attraction, cited his own son as an example of one made a gambler by such parties. That loathsome drinks make drunkards, that dancing makes unfortunates among women, the world has known for ages. "But," says the Philadelphia Westminister, "we believe the emphasis in evangelistic preaching should be laid on Christ and not on cards, and we cannot keep back reflections as to the character of the home training which cannot hedge a boy in so as to defend him from the gamblers who infest modern society, and as to the quality of the paternal mind which, having failed to safeguard his son, exhibits him to the public as a gambler."

A silly woman has suggested a law providing trial marriages, to be terminated at pleasure by either party, remarks the Christian Work and Evangelist. Of course, here we have a new topic for discussion by those who have nothing better to talk about. But we do not look to the public press to give the subject importance by discussion, nor to the pulpit to formulate its denunciations against it. Yet several pulpits discussed the matter at the Thanksgiving service last week. It is cause for Thanksgiving that with the passing of Thanksgiving day the matter, like the Thanksgiving turkey, will be finally disposed of; at least it is to be hoped it will be.

Rev. Dr. Torrey is holding evangelistic services in Nashville, Tenn., in a building which accommodates 6,000 persons. A choir of 600 voices was led by Professor Townes of Chicago, in the absence of Mr. Alexander, who has gone to China with his invalid wife. There were prayer meetings at noon and great assemblies at night with overflow meetings in the First Presbyterian church. In speaking of the opening meeting "The Nashville American" says the work "bids fair to be the greatest religious revival Nashville has ever known."

SUNDAY
SCHOOL

The Quiet Hour

YOUNG
PEOPLE

JESUS RISEN FROM THE DEAD.*

By Rev. Clarence McKinnon, B.D.

Came Mary Magdalene, v. 1. What is it that has kept the followers of Jesus faithful to Him? Of the postles, one was beheaded (Acts 12:2), another, Peter, tradition says, was crucified head downwards; probably they all suffered a violent death. Many of the early Christians were burned at the stake, or slain by the sword, or thrown to wild beasts. Missionaries to foreign lands in modern times have often lived in daily peril of their lives; many of them have died as martyrs. We see the secret of such devotion in Mary Magdalene. It is love to the Person, Jesus Christ. His love to them shown in His life, and still more clearly, in His death on the cross, has bound them to Himself by ties that cannot be broken. Answering love in their hearts has made them ready to do and dare anything for His dear sake.

Fear not ye, v. 5. A traveler in the West tells us how he used to dread the ford. He has been twice swept away and nearly drowned, and so the fear of them haunted him during all the day's journey. It matter not how often he crossed them; in the mud rivers of the West the ground would shift, and one could not tell the condition in which he might find a ford. White River and Blue River would be successfully crossed, but Red River was yet to come. It was the worst. The next one was always the worst! But when he would come to it and brace himself up to go across, instead of a raging, dangerous torrent, there would only be a streamlet that would hardly reach his horse's knees, and all his fears had been groundless and he had wasted all the enjoyment of the trip in a needless apprehension. That in epitome is the life of many an anxious soul, always borrowing trouble of the future, always dreading the fords that are yet to come. But God's messenger has come to tell the world, that there are no longer any impassable, or even dangerous, fords since Jesus rose, that if we follow in His steps He will lead us by a pathway perfectly secure to His Father's home.

Jesus, which was crucified, v. 5. Dr. McKay, the famous missionary of our church to Formosa, used to relate the following incident. The French had invaded the island, and their soldiers were overrunning the land. Descending into a ravine, Dr. McKay came face to face with eight French soldiers. Instantly their rifles were levelled at his breast. He had been taken for a British or German spy. At that moment, no British or German flag would have saved him. But he held up a white flag of truce. The soldiers lowered their rifles, and the missionary's life was saved. No religion or outward forms can save us, no deeds of ours, however good, and no mere head knowledge of the gospel. From pole to pole, and all around the world, the one way of salvation for guilty sinners is through the blood of Christ.

He is risen, v. 6. Sometimes a traveler has returned from his wanderings with a marvelous story of a land where gold is plentiful. People listened to his tale with wonder, and,

perhaps, with some doubt. But when he produced actual nuggets of gold, they were convinced that he had told them the truth. Now, we are told that these bodies of ours, which must die, will rise again. This is very wonderful, and may seem too good to be true. There is a way to settle any doubts that spring up in our minds. Jesus had a body like ours and He died. But He rose again, and appeared to many in His resurrection body. His coming forth from the grave is God's way of teaching us that our bodies, too, though they die, will be raised again.

Did run, v. 8. When a famous Greek mathematician made a wonderful discovery in science, he shouted, "Eureka, eureka! I have found it!" He could not restrain his delight, but had with haste to impart his discovery to others. When Romante, the South Sea Island chief, first heard from the lips of Williams that God was love, and when once he comprehended this sublime truth, he could not contain himself. He ordered all idols to be collected on his island and immediately consumed in the flames. He hurried from island to island to tell the good news he himself had learned. It is not possible for the heart that understands what God's love and Christ's resurrection mean to remain silent. Even the speed of one's footsteps it is possible to tell the importance of the message.

Jesus met them, saying, All hail, v. 9. And so Jesus will ever and anon, meet us, as we go up and down the world, on our varied errands. In our joys, He will come to us, making our happiness the sweeter for His sharing it; when sorrows overwhelm us, He will give comfort and strength; amid fierce temptations, He will make us conquerors by His grace; and when our path leads down into the dark valley, He will walk by our side, and lead us up to the sunlit mountains of God. "All hail," He says to us, as to the women on their way from the sepulchre, and in that friendly salutation there is the promise of all well-being for time and for eternity.

LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

By Rev. James Ross, D.D.

Sepulchre—A visitor thus describes the only finished sepulchre in the hill mentioned in previous Lessons, the probable site of Calvary. Some years ago the earth which had accumulated where the garden joins the foot of the hill was cleared away, and this disclosed an arched entrance into a tomb of a remarkable character. It is a chamber cut into the solid rock, about ten feet square and six or seven in height. The walls are straight and evenly cut, and the ceiling and the floor are the same, all rock, but smooth and regular, a carefully executed work of art. Close to the wall of the rock opposite the entrance, there is a bed cut in the floor, about half a foot deep, sloping up the sides and towards the end, just large enough to receive a human body, which could lie there undisturbed. Beyond the place where the feet would rest, there is a slab of rock about a foot square left standing up, like a little table, to receive anything which might be placed upon it. The bed is fenced in from the rest of the room by a long slab of what was once white stone, but is now discolored by age and earth. It was evidently a rich man's tomb, prepared with carefulness and elegance.

NOT SAYING IT OUT.

A good many things are so that do not need to be talked about. A man may properly have certain definite intentions as to what he purposes to do, but that fact lays upon him no obligation to say so; on the contrary, the surest way to defeat his own purposes may be to talk about them. So as to what we know, or think we know, about others; we are not obliged to put it into words. We must act upon our belief, but we need not say what our belief is. We may know that a certain man is a liar, and we must govern all our dealings with him accordingly; but we need not tell him that he is a liar. Probably nothing would be gained, and a great deal would be lost, by frankly expressing ourselves on such a point. He is a wise man who knows what not to talk about; and he is a very foolish man who talks about everything that he happens to know is a fact. "Saying it out" accounts for a vast deal of waste and misery and lost efficiency in this world.—S.S. Times.

LIVE IN THE PRESENT.

The only safe way is to live in the present tense. Yesterday we cannot reach, except that we may repent of its sins and be forgiven; and the future has not yet come, and will be sufficient unto itself on its arrival.

To-day is our own. The duty of life with us is "now." To live humbly toward God, to live courageously and generously, reaching out our hands in a brotherly way and doing what good we can to-day is our privilege.

Every day lived right will make it better for us to-morrow, whatever that may be. To live each day as though we only had the one day on earth—the one day in which to do good, the one day in which to praise God, the one day in which to be loyal to Christ, the one day in which to make the world happy—that is the way to live in order to bring something of heaven into the present. And surely that is the way we ought to live; we who are only travellers passing through this world to our home beyond.

GOD'S WAY.

There are two ways of covering sin—man's way and God's way. You cover your sins, and they will have a resurrection some time; let God cover them, and neither devil nor man can find them. There are four expressions in the Bible with regard to where God puts sins. He puts them "behind his back." If God has forgiven me, who shall bring a charge against me? "He has blotted them out as a thick cloud." You see a cloud to-night, and to-morrow there isn't a cloud to be seen. "He casts them into the depths of the sea." Some one has said: "Thank God that it is a sea, and not a river; a river might dry up, but the sea cannot." The greatest blessing that ever comes to me this side of heaven is when God forgives me. Have you been forgiven? The fourth expression is that he removes them "as far as the east is from the west." Do you know how far that is? Perhaps some good mathematician will figure that up. "If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Then make sure that you are forgiven.—D. L. Moody

Faith is the heroism of intellect. As we serve men we get opportunities to serve God also.

I dimly guess from blessings known Of greater out of sight.—Whittier.

*S. S. Lesson, Dec. 13, 1906.—Matthew 28: 1-15. Commit to memory vs. 5, 6. Read Mark 16: 1-13; Luke 24: 1-35. Golden Text—"He is risen, even as he said.—Matthew 28: 6.

SONGS IN THE NIGHT.

In the night we are in the border land, we are separated from the world of the busy day, but the unseen world appears to be nearer. We are susceptible to influence from both. We are between two days and often both meet in our minds, and the cares, burdens, sorrows and joys of both come into the quiet chambers of the soul with, perhaps, a greater reality than in the hours of light and activity. Shadows take form, dreams come out of the twilight as realities, the thoughts range at will over time and into the great beyond. If we are of a reverent spirit, God is nearer to us and we turn to Him in meditation, or in prayer or song, according as our state of mind may be. In such hours how sweet and precious are the songs of the Lord. They respond to our mood and come as the message of the Spirit.

It is, perhaps, after a day of work with some solicitude. Upon our bed the thought of the watchful care of God comes to us with peculiar force, and, recalling the assurance, "The Lord thinketh upon me," we repeat the words of old, "I will both lay me down in peace and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety." The curtain of His love is about us, and we sleep as a child on His bosom.

Or, we waken in the night. In our restlessness our thoughts go on to the morrow and ask, What will it bring to us? Then come to us the words taught us in our early childhood with the "Our Father who art in heaven." "The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want," the first Psalm in the child's Psalter, and the sleep of His beloved comes to us.

"Thou holdest my eyes waking," said Asaph. He was so troubled that he could not speak. He tossed on his bed, his soul refusing to be comforted, until he remembered the years of the right hand of the Most High; then he called to remembrance his song in the night and sang it again, "I am continually with thee; thou hast holden me by my right hand." When we ask, "Has the Lord forgotten to gracious?" his revived faith strengthens us; "Thy footsteps are not known; thou leddest thy people like a flock." Safe in that Shepherd's fold the overwhelmed spirit regains its calmness, and with the morning light goes forth to daily duty.

In the night the songs of the Lord come back to us as we learned them long ago. We do not think of the irregularities of the lines, but repeat them with the freshness of early memory made more precious by the associations of the intervening years. "That man hath perfect blessedness" is as true as when we were taught it with a mother's care. The Sabbath evening of that time comes to mind. There was a peculiar sacredness in the hour as one psalm after another was repeated. That circle is broken, but the psalms are with us, and have the fragrance of the love of those who taught them to us.

The thoughts take a wide range, coming on down through the years. Prayer and song are mingled. "My sins and faults of youth, do thou, O Lord, forget"; send thy light forth and thy truth. Let them be guides to me," voice our present desire and need. We are with the great congregation again, and hear, "All people that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice." Reviewing the goodness of God the old time communion psalm is on our lips:

"O, thou my soul, bless God the Lord, and all that in me is
Be lifted up, His holy name to magnify
and bless,"

and we meditate with happy heart on the Father's love, the heaven-high, tender mercies and the unchanging covenant.

Thus, now one and now another of these songs of the Lord come to us in the wakeful hours of the night, bringing peace and giving strength. And when at any time the earnest prayer seems to be

unanswered and we know not what to do, when the burden is great and fears shadow the heart, we cry to the Lord in the words of the song as we now sing it:

"O Lord, my Saviour, now to Thee.
Without a hope besides I flee;
To Thee, my shelter from the strife,
My portion in the land of life."
and all is well. Blessed be the Lord for His songs in the night.—(United Presbyterian.)

PRAYER.

O Lord, give us the eyes of faith to see the heavenly vision, and show us a token for good. As we ascend the Mount of Worship may we leave the world, its business, its cares, and its anxieties behind, and rejoice in the assured presence of "Jesus only." O Thou Lord of the Sabbath, feed us with the Bread of Life; bless us and make us a blessing. Endue Thy ministers with righteousness, and make Thy chosen people joyful. Look in mercy upon those who know Thee not, and hasten the time when all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of our God. Let Thy mercy lighten upon us, as our trust is in Thee. So will we render to Thee our Father our daily sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, in the Name of Him who loved us and gave Himself for us, Jesus Christ our Lord.—Amen.

THE SECRET OF THE LORD.

God sometimes shuts the door and shuts us in,

That he may speak, perchance through grief or pain.

And softly, heart to heart, above the din,
May tell some precious thought to us again.

God sometimes shuts the door and keeps us still,

That so our feverish haste, or deep unrest,

Beneath his gentle touch may quiet, till
He whispers what our weary hearts love best.

God sometimes shuts the door, and though shut in,

If 'tis his hand shall we not wait and see?

If worry lies without, and toil and sin,
God's Word may wait within for you and me.

—Selected.

THOROUGHNESS IN RELIGION.

"How long halt ye between two opinions? If the Lord be God, follow Him; but if Baal, then follow him" (1 Kings 18: 21). "Thorough," then, is the law here. Here is a call on the whole nature to serve God. To you Christ must be all; wherever He is, let Him be supreme. Make the best of yourself, that you may be the better able to serve and glorify Him. Bring to Him your power of thought, your accuracy of reasoning, your wealth of imagination, your play of fancy, as well as all the fervor of your soul. Jesus is your Saviour and your God; then follow Him with your whole soul—always, in all things, at all cost. With both hands—that is, with all your might; earnestly—that is, with all your soul, serve Him who has given Himself for you. With the heart believe, and with the mouth confess, that Jesus is Saviour and Lord.—Dr. Guinness Rogers.

HAPPINESS.

Bear in mind that your happiness or your misery is very much of your own making. You can not create spiritual sunlight any more than you can create the morning star; but you can put your soul where Christ is shining. Keep a clean conscience. Keep a good stock of God's promises within reach. Keep a nightingale of hope in your soul that can sing away the dark hours when they do come.—T. L. Cuyler.

CHRISTMAS.

Some Bible Hints.

The shepherds "were sore afraid." Christ came to bring Heaven's glories near, and take away our fear of them (v. 9).

The Christmas joy would not be a joy to any people if it were not "to all people." (v. 10).

"First comes 'glory to God'; not until we seek that with all our hearts may we expect 'peace on earth' (v. 14).

The shepherds had the true Christmas idea. What they had seen, they made a Christmas gift to all that would listen (v. 17).

Suggestive Thoughts.

Our year will be a success if we write on every day: Give! a failure, if we write Get!

If we can carry the Christmas spirit it will carry us over all obstacles and to all happy goals.

As it is not what you give at Christmas, so much as how you give it, so it is less what you do in life than how you do it.

The Christmas spirit is greatly promoted by the merry greetings. With changed words, prolong them through the year.

A Few Illustrations.

The Christmas tree must have its roots in the heart, or it will bear no sound fruit on its branches.

Christmas centres around the fire-place because there the family gather, and no solitary enjoyment is Christmas joy.

If Christmas gifts weighed according to the love in them, some pianos would be light as feathers, and some pen-wipers would weigh tons.

"I wish you a merry Christmas!" goes half-way to the goal; "I'll make you a merry Christmas!" touches the goal-post.

To Think About.

Have my past Christmases been full of Christ?

Do my Christmas thoughts centre about myself?

Is giving the best part of my Christmas?

A Cluster of Quotations.

O never-failing splendor!

O never-silent song!

Still keep the green earth tender,

Still keep the gray earth strong.

—Phillips Brooks.

The Lord shall come! His still, small

voice

Bids every human heart rejoice;

By each closed door He stands and

knocks;

Oh, turn for Him these rusted locks.

Arthur P. Stanley.

Christmas is not dead. The news that the Word became flesh and dwelt among us is just as cheering news as it was on the Day of Pentecost.—F. D. Maurice.

Every day should be the birthday of the Saviour to a renewed soul.—C. H. Spurgeon.

DAILY READINGS.

M., Dec. 17. Christ's birth seen from afar. Isa., 9:1-6.

T., Dec. 18. His cheer foretold. Ps. 98: 1-9.

W., Dec. 19. "Good tidings," Isa. 40: 9-11.

T., Dec. 20. Out of Bethlehem. Mic. 5: 1-7.

F., Dec. 21. Son of David. Ps. 89: 20-27.

S., Dec. 22. Sweet story of old. Matt. 1: 18-25.

S., Dec. 23. People—How can we carry the Christmas spirit through 1907? Luke 2: 8-20.

We are dreamers all. But out of the dreams what castles may rise, what futures for the best and the worst of us!

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Under the telling title "The Boycott of Consumptives," a writer in the current number of the Independent Review, deprecates the feeling which is so rapidly closing "health resorts" against sufferers from tuberculosis, and insists that the panic which has fallen on tourists and hotel-keepers is as unreasonable as it is heartless. The article will call out widespread comment, both favorable and adverse. The Living Age of December 8 reprints it.

The final steps have been taken in the deposition of Dr. Crapsey, of Rochester, N. Y., from the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Dr. Crapsey was found guilty of denying the supernatural birth of Jesus, teaching that he was born by ordinary generation; denying also the doctrine of our Lords' ascension; teaching that His body did not ascend into heaven. Dr. Crapsey was found guilty on trial before the court having original jurisdiction and before the court of final appeal, and then resigned his ministerial office, relieving his bishop of the formality of deposition. The radical error in this case, says the Central Presbyterian, is one that is at the basis of all forms of unbelief—an effort to eliminate the element of the supernatural from the Scriptures, and proportionately to exalt the element of human reason; that is, to exalt self in religious teaching and practice. This tendency will explain all the prominent forms of infidelity to inspired truth, and to personal vows of faithfulness to truth. It is sad to see how men who scrupulously conform to the proprieties of secular life, ruthlessly violate obligations of their vows voluntarily assumed as religious teachers.

THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN.

AUSTRALIAN PRESBYTERIANISM.

Presbyterianism in Australia is a sturdy affair, though its concerns come unseasoned before the denomination in Canada. The Australian General Assembly is held in October, a month which in that latitude corresponds to our May. The commissioners and delegates represented a denomination of 42 presbyteries, 580 churches and 400 ministers. The number of communicants is not yet given, as the data need supplementing by further correspondence with the clerks of sessions. But the number of Sunday-school pupils reported is 75,000, with one-tenth as many teachers to be added to make up the total enrollment. During the past year the churches reporting had a net gain of 2,973. The church property held by these congregations is valued at \$10,000,000, with debts upon the same aggregating \$1,000,000. Nineteen new churches were organized during 1905-06. The Assembly passed a series of resolutions strongly condemning private and public gambling, "the curse of the colony," which vice had been greatly fomented by the compromises of the government with race-track owners and hand-book makers. The attempts of the state to "regulate" gambling has resulted in making gambling a continental crime. A letter of fraternal salutation was received from the (Anglican) archbishop of Australia and Tasmania, to which appropriate answer was courteously returned. Next year the Assembly will meet at Adelaide.

EGOTISM.

Self-love, which is apt to complain and grumble when trials and troubles come, or when we cannot have our way is merely a form of egotism. When troubles come to other people, it does not seem to us particularly unnatural; but when they come to ourselves, O what an outcry before God and men! Is it not pure egotism? Who and what are you, that you, and you only, should be exempt from a share of trouble, trial and disappointment. What is good for the swarm is good for the bee, to adapt Marcus Aurelius. We do not get just what we want—but then, why should we? Uncounted millions of men and women are in the same box and must take the best of what comes. By what possible law of proportion should we receive all, and they only half? The absurdity of selfish desires ought to be a joke to us. We ought to laugh at ourselves, not pity ourselves for things denied. And a good, honest, humorous glance at our own deservings will infallibly make us thankful for the blessings we have forgotten about in the manwhit. "Let him who has less than he desires remember that he has more than he deserves," a statement of proportion that each of us might work out and keep in mind daily with profit. Disproportion makes the pessimist; but he who studies the true relations of things is and must be hopeful, cheerful and faithful in increasing measure.

WILL IT BE "MEND OR END."

A very strong feeling, it is evident, is being aroused against the House of Lords in Great Britain, owing to the vigor with which they are emasculating government bills, notably the education bill, and the famous dictum of Gladstone, "mend or end" the Lords is once more coming into full play in public discussion. The blame for the existing situation, an intolerable one to a free people, is being laid at the door, not of the lay lords, but of the clergy lords—"the bishops must be removed"—is being urged. Mr. Clayton, an Anglican, prefers the following charges against the Bishops: "The legislation resulting in the kindlier treatment of lunatics and criminals; the abolition of the pillory, the stocks, and the branding of prisoners; the suppression of bear baiting, bull baiting, cock fighting, duelling, and prize fighting; prison reform; and the prevention of cruelty to animals, was never initiated by bishops nor supported with any spirit by the Episcopal Bench. . . For years humane men pressed Parliament to make an end to flogging in the army and navy, the bishops sat speechless in the House of Lords. . . With the landowners the bishops ranged themselves in opposition; they moved no finger to mitigate the monstrous severity of the game laws; and refused to help Irish tenants." To this must be added that the bishops in Parliament always opposed any just consideration of the rights of Nonconformists. All this indictment is endorsed by an Episcopal clergyman, Rev. Stewart Headlam. The Belfast Witness has this to say: "Besides removing the bishops, we would heartily approve of any reconstruction that would make the House of Lords more representative and more popular. And let us remember that the Republics of America and France have carefully conserved the institution of a Second Chamber."

The needs of the west were told by Ven. Archdeacon Lloyd, of Saskatchewan at Wycliffe College, Toronto, recently. Fifty-three young men were wanted for work in Western Canada—not ordained men, as that number would not be available in all Canada, but earnest, consecrated young men, with common sense and at least a High School education. Each young man would have a parish as large as six townships, a pony, a saddle a stake rope, a tent, a Bible, a few blankets, and a camp kettle. With these he would be expected to do his best.

A Mexican millionaire mine owner, Pedro Alvarado, eight years ago a poor peon, is reported to have made a gift of \$10,000,000 for the benefit of his countrymen. His plan is to build homes for the poor, educate their children, and give the land upon which to cultivate crops. Alvarado seems to be a Mexican Carnegie, for he says that he expects to die poor. We hope both he and Carnegie may live up to their expectations.

NO CHANCE TO DODGE.

By Knoxonian.

One evening, a few years ago, Dr. John Hall preached in a large city across the lines. The church was crowded and the Doctor was at his best. The sermon was intensely practical and sent the truth right home. In the closing part he took up the current excuses that men make for not believing on Christ, and fairly tore them to tatters. Iron logic and strong common sense, mingled with an occasional gleam of humour and the least touch of sarcasm, made the excuses, or at least some of them, appear supremely absurd. The great audience were visibly impressed. At the close of the service a rather careless looking American citizen made this remark to a friend: "The old man gives a fellow no chance to dodge, does he?" Probably that Yankee unconsciously paid Dr. Hall the highest compliment that has ever been paid to him. What better thing can be said of a preacher than that he gives careless sinners no chance to dodge? That style of criticism is so seldom heard that it is both fresh and refreshing. We hear a great deal about the preacher's manner, his voice, his style, his delivery, especially if we worship in a church that is hearing candidates, but we rarely hear it said of preachers that they give sinners no chance to dodge. Perhaps the critics are not in search of those qualities that prevent dodging. Possibly, they don't admire such qualities. There is a remote possibility that some of them would not care to call a man who gave no chance to dodge. And yet what higher encomium could be passed upon a preacher than to say that he gives his hearers no chance to dodge.

"His elocution is simply perfect. His tones are pure, his articulation distinct, his emphasis well timed, his inflections perfect, his pitch just right, his gestures graceful, his delivery faultless." Good! Good elocution is a great thing. The Lord's message should be delivered in the best possible style. A man ought to be ashamed to deliver the glorious doctrines of grace in a slovenly, slipshod manner. But to say that a preacher is a first-class elocutionist is not half as good a thing to say of him as that he gives sinners no chance to dodge.

"The sermon was well composed, the diction chaste, the sentences well rounded, the logic faultless, the illustrations well chosen and light-giving, in fact, the literary execution was high." Capital! It is a good thing to have high literary work on a sermon occasionally. At all events it is a good thing for a preacher to be able to do good literary work if he wishes to. But did this well written sermon give the hearers a chance to dodge? That is the main question.

"As a piece of homiletic work, the sermon was simply perfect. The introduction was suitable and of the right length. It led naturally up to the subject. The division was faultless. The discussion would have gratified Shedd or Dabney. The unity and progress would have satisfied even Dr. Proudfoot. The application was a model. It gathered up the truth discussed, increased in strength and

ended in a fine climax. It was just such an ending as would have pleased Phelps." Splendid! That is the kind of sermon one likes to hear. But listen: Did this model of homiletic art give the sinners a chance to dodge?

One characteristic of good preachers is that they never give hearers a chance to dodge. Nathan didn't give David a ghost of a chance to dodge when he said, "Thou art the man!" Elijah gave his congregation on Carmel no chance to dodge when he rang out the challenge: "How long halt ye between two opinions?" Peter gave the Jerusalem sinners no chance to dodge in his Pentecostal sermon. Paul gave Felix no chance for dodging. Spurgeon never gives any one a chance to dodge. The man who can dodge Talmage must be a very artful dodger. Of course any hearer can dodge if he tramples down conscience, truth and the strivings of the Spirit; but if he does so the responsibility rests on him. The great problem is to present the Gospel in such a manner as to make dodging impossible unless the hearer deliberately takes the responsibility upon himself. That American citizen felt in his heart of hearts that if he dodged, the fault was his own—not Dr. Hall's.

Dodging began when sin began. Adam dodged when he hid among the trees of Eden, and too many members of the Adam family have been dodging the truth ever since. One of the surest ways of dodging the sermon is to go asleep every Sabbath. If a man can get himself soundly asleep he has no further trouble. A man who goes asleep in the early part of the service gives his minister no chance. An unfortunate preacher who had a number of sleepers of that kind in his congregation, addressed them in this way: "Brethren, this is not fair. You go to sleep before I begin. Can't you wait and see whether the sermon is worth hearing or not? Give a man a chance." That brother was right. You have no sort of chance if a hearer dodges you by going to sleep before you begin.

But a hearer may be asleep for all the purposes of the sermon without having his head down or his eyes closed. He may dodge the truth by thinking about his farm, or his office, or his store, or his election, or any one of a hundred other things. The problem the preacher has to solve is to keep him from dodging in that way. It is no easy problem. A ship-builder said he could lay the keel of a vessel while listening to any preacher in Scotland but Guthrie. Guthrie, he declared, would not allow him lay a single plank. He meant precisely the same thing as the American citizen did when he said John Hall would not let him dodge. Without the slightest disposition to find fault, may it not be asked if the art of bringing divine truth to bear directly on the hearts and consciences of men is sufficiently taught in our theological halls? An essay of an impersonal abstract character is of very little use in the pulpit. Men will dodge the essay every Sabbath without the least effort. The art of putting things, the art of bringing doctrinal truth so to bear on the heart and conscience as to influence the will and change the life, is really the main thing in preaching. The very highest work of the pulpit is to do what John Hall did that evening—present the truth so that a hearer has no chance to dodge.

INFLUENCES THAT PLAY.

The influences that play on Canada from the United States are many and varied. There is a coterminous boundary of three thousand miles. Railway lines cross and recross as if there were no such things as international boundary posts. Hundreds of thousands of Canadians have settled in the United States; while in Canada's Great West at least tens of thousands of "Americans" are settling and becoming good Canadians. On visits to friends, on excursions of pleasure, Canadians go as readily to Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago or Boston, as to Montreal, Toronto or Halifax.

Canadians employ the dollar currency like their cousins to the southward. They play Yankee baseball, instead of English cricket. Without scruple they finish off with post-graduate medical courses at Johns Hopkins or Baltimore. Canadians read, chiefly, not English or Canadian magazines, but "American." The newspapers of Australia in appearance and tone take after those of Great Britain; but the newspapers of Canada take distinctly after those of the United States in make-up, style, and, some would say, in a growing taste for the sensational. All this was inevitable. How could Canada and Canadians be neighbors to eighty millions of vital people and receive no impression?

Current Literature for December (New York) has a bright holly cover to designate the holiday season. Otherwise it is pretty much the same as usual—a magazine full of interest, touching on all kinds of topics. Of course the Hohelohe memoirs occupy some attention, also the storming of the English House of Commons by the women, and several other timely subjects. Among the new books reviewed are the following: "Whitman; His Life and Work," by Bliss Perry; "The Poetry and Philosophy of George Meredith," by G. M. Trevelyan; and "Charles Godfrey Leland," by E. R. Pennell. A pretty little story, "In Memory of Columbine," by W. M. Letts, is reprinted from the Fall Mall Magazine.

The most striking article in the November Contemporary is Edward Dowden's on Henrik Ibsen. Beauty is not Ibsen's end. His end, even in his earlier romantic plays, even in plays that are historical or semi-historical, is to free, arouse, dilate. He desires to bring the reader or spectator to some point—a point attained by effort—from which things may be seen more clearly or more deeply, even though this may be only a moment's standing place in some ascent which does not here cease; he deserves to raise questions, even if no satisfactory answer can as yet be given to them, to awaken those who slumber on the easy pillow of traditional opinion and conventional morals, to startle them from the false dream of custom, and, if need be, to combat, to censure, to satirise."

In the November Studio (44 Leicester Square, London, England) we have the second of a series of articles on The Alexander Young Collection. In this number is described The Daubignys, the many illustrations making complete a very interesting article. Other articles are: English Drawing—The Landscape and Figure Sketches of the Older Masters, by T. Martin Woods; The Water-Colors and Oil Paintings of W. Dueres Adams; The Art of Printing Etchings; Some Recent Designs in Domestic Architecture.

Ministers' Wives I Have Known

BY DESTA E. BROWN WOODS

"Tell us something about your travels and the people you meet, Billy."

"Oh, Will, do!" a sweet girl voice chimed in. "That would indeed be interesting, Willie dear," said the mother.

The group were seated under the trees, on the bank of the St. Lawrence, where they had been spending their holidays, and the individual addressed was none other than the Rev. William McIntosh. But to the gentle, gray-haired mother he would always be "Willie Dear." The younger brothers and sisters hailed him as "Billy"; while pretty Gertrude Forbes thought "Will" the dearest name in the world. "Will" was the handsomest man in existence. "Will" represented the wisdom of the ages; and "Will" also conjured up a vision of a manse, in reality very much like other homes, but which Love was soon to make a Bower of Eden.

"How could my story interest alike mother and such a young Hottentot as Sadie?"

"If it would interest Gertrude I will try and endure it," Sadie answered demurely.

Her brother playfully pulled her ear, and then, after a moment's thought, said he would tell them of three ministers' homes he had recently visited.

One bright sunny day, in the early part of June, I reached the little station at Y——— about eight o'clock in the morning. I was only five miles from the manse at R———, so after breakfast at a neighboring hotel, I decided to walk the distance.

The fields and roadsides were carpeted in green, and the air was fragrant with the scent of flowers. A pleasant June day seems a connecting link between the sweet suggestiveness of Spring and the fine fulfillment of Summer. Our minds are likewise influenced, and we look back at the longings and aspirations in the child-soul, and then forward with renewed vigor.

But as I neared the village I recalled my friend as I knew him in college days. "Handsome," "Clever," "Brilliant," sure to make a mark in the world," were the different verdicts passed on him. 'Tis true, none spoke of his spiritual graces with so much enthusiasm but them who can judge of such things.

Ah! this must be the town hall, I said to myself, as a square brick building came in sight. And this, displaying in the window a motley collection of babies' caps, ladies' collars, crockery, and handkerchiefs, is evidently the village store. Here is a boot and shoe store. Just then the heel of my boot caught in an uneven board of the sidewalk and off it came. Congratulating myself that the accident had occurred just where such repairs are made, I entered the shop. But instead of a shoemaker, I found a man seated in a barbers' chair with the tonsorial artist hovering over him. "Pardon me," I said. "Is this not a boot and shoe store?" "Yes, come in. I am a shoe-maker, but I barber a little in my spare hours." I explained my errand and then strolled to the window.

"The man across the street must have a busy time as undertaker and blacksmith." The barber-shoemaker placed the refractory heel in place before he answered.

"Oh! He hasn't done anything in the coffin business for years. He just didn't bother taking down the sign."

"Is that a millinery store?" I asked, pointing farther down the street to the sign "Millinery."

"Oh, no. Miss Emery did keep shop there, but she died some years ago. You see," he explained, "the people around here know where to look for

what they want, and don't keep shifting the signs about."

"Well, as I don't know where to look for what I want, will you kindly direct me to the manse?"

"Straight ahead. The brick house next the church. You can't miss it. I'm a Presbyterian, but I don't do much at it. Mr. Montgomery is so dry. The congregation is drifting away. I generally go to the Hornerites. They act as if they meant it."

"Surely your minister means it," I said sternly. "Well, perhaps, but he's dry."

"What is Mrs. Montgomery like?" I asked. "Oh, the minister's wife is a pretty little creature and a nice singer."

A few minutes later, I rang the bell at the brick house next the church. The lady, who opened the door, was certainly "a pretty little creature." The piquant face, with the rosy cheeks and big, brown eyes, was bewitching; and I did not marvel that the Rev. Paul had fallen a victim to her charms.

Yes, Mr. Montgomery was at home, and as she led the way into the parlor I had time for a closer observation. Her dress had once been expensive material of a gay pattern, and had been pressed into duty for morning wear when it became shabby. The defects were partially concealed by lace and bows; but it gave her a gaudy, cheap look, anything but pleasing. I tried to excuse her, though, on the ground that perhaps rigid economy had to be practised.

The room we entered partook of the same nature. Carpets and furniture had been cheap imitations of expensive styles and were soon shabby. The place was crowded with bric-a-brac of every conceivable kind, and one could scarcely move without endangering some fragile ornament.

Mr. Montgomery's greeting was cordial, and in the rapid questions and answers about mutual friends, and in happy reminiscences of college days, the hours passed quickly until dinner was announced.

The table was loaded with food, badly chosen and badly cooked. The table linen was soiled. The hostess was flushed and worried-looking, but kept up a running fire of small talk. The people of the neighborhood were the subjects of her jests. Their dress, their manners, and even their devotions, were criticized. Then, turning on the husband, she rallied him gaily on his slowness and solemnity at the last communion. Her conversation was bright and witty, but deadly in its effect.

I was glad after dinner when Paul invited me into his study. How often in our college days had our principal said, "Show me what a man reads and I will tell you the kind of man he is." What did the man read? Clearly, not much. Beyond the books collected when a student, he had added a few books containing skeletons of sermons, a book or two of illustrations, some popular works of fiction, a manual on lawn tennis, and a jumbled collection of magazines.

"What are you studying now?" I inquired. "Oh, nothing in particular," he said. "I haven't time, and really I don't have the money to spend in books. Will, I am thinking seriously of going out of the business."

"Leaving the ministry?" I asked in surprise. "Yes, I work harder than any man in my congregation and all for a pittance. I could earn double the amount at anything else. My wife is hampered and stunted. I can't give her the comforts or pretty clothes she had in her father's home. We are eight hundred dollars in debt, although we

started four years ago free." He was walking nervously up and down the room now.

"When we were married we intended to keep help, and Lily was to continue her music. She was so young and beautiful she might have adorned any society, and I have brought her to a life of drudgery and poverty."

"But," I said (here the speaker sought to read the depths of Gertrude's blue eyes), "it is one of the mysteries that a girl sometimes chooses a humble home with one of us, to wealth and distinction with someone else. Your wife doubtless is happier here than in the 'madding crowd.'"

He shook his head sadly. "She is so gay that she makes the most of circumstances; but this life is distasteful to her. She urges me to go into business. Her father offers me a position with eighteen hundred dollars a year for a start."

It was a great temptation, but I made one final appeal. "God has called you to this work. Can you drop it? In the noise and success of a business life won't you miss the joy of shepherding this flock? Won't you long for the time when the people came to you—their pastor—with their joys and sorrows? Will the profits be profits when compared to the pleasure you now have in pointing the soul—"

A light knock at the door and Mrs. Montgomery entered. She had exchanged her tawdry morning attire for a most elaborate afternoon toilet.

"Paul, there is a young man wishes to see you. I knew you were enjoying your visit with Mr. McIntosh, so I tried to put him off. I even proffered my services, but nothing but a preacher and a sermon will do to-day. He wished to see the minister about last Sunday's sermon, and he wanted his prayers."

Her mimicry was complete, but chilled me to the soul. Mr. Montgomery, however, laughed gaily as she added the injunction, "to not pray long or they would be late for the garden-party."

I arose to leave the room, but was urged to remain, and a moment later the young man entered. His manner was awkward and embarrassed, but he had a broad, intelligent brow and a steady eye.

In answer to the minister's brick, "Well, my friend, what can I do for you?" he started slowly. "I went to hear you preach last Sunday. I have been here three months, but haven't been to church before."

"Did you like my sermon?" Mr. Montgomery asked eagerly. "Well, was the slow reply, "I didn't get past the text, 'Count the cost.'"

"I have been going a swift pace since I came here, and last Saturday I lost my place in the mill because I had been drinking. I have no money left, and those words, 'Count the cost,' have been sounding in my ears all week. Last night I tried to count the cost, and as nearly as I can reckon, I have paid out everything and got nothing."

"Well, what can I do for you?" the pastor inquired. "I don't know. I thought perhaps you could help me to get straight," was the answer. Mr. Montgomery's look was one of utter helplessness. "Mr. McIntosh, will you take him in hand?"

Thus appealed to, I took out a notebook. "Let us make out your account," I said. "What have you paid out during the last three months? All the money you earned? What else?" "Time?" "Every evening?" "What else?" The list was a long one.

"Now for the other side of the account. What have you received of real value for this?"

"Nothing." "God has given you many gifts during the last three months. For what are you indebted to Him?"

We made out a long list, but it was necessarily incomplete.

"Then let me state the case. You have paid out health, energy, time.

money, etc., and have received nothing of value. You are debtor to God for life, health, food, strength, etc., and you have nothing to pay. But, my friend, Jesus paid that debt long ago. He only asks that you will let Him assume the debt. Will you?"

Sobs shook the strong frame, but the answer was distinct, "I do."

"Then let us pray."

"I don't know what the prayer was. I know that such a feeling of God's infinite goodness, and of our bankrupt state before Him, came to me, that I was overpowered. When we arose from our knees there were tears in Mr. Montgomery's eyes as well as my own."

We had a long talk, and as the young man arose to go, he said with a hearty handshake, "Mr. McIntosh, with God's help I will keep my accounts straight."

The rest of the afternoon was spent at the garden-party, and here Mr. Montgomery and his pretty wife were perfectly at home.

His love for this little butterfly of fashion had been Paul Montgomery's ruin. He had descended to her level. She had won him away from his studies and from the sacred cause to which he had pledged his life. It saddened me to think of how different it might have been.

CHAPTER II.

The next morning I took an early departure, en route for N—, to visit the Rev. Robert Whitney.

Mr. Whitney graduated the year before me, and shortly after married Helen Graham, the gold-medalist of her year. How we boys congratulated him on winning such a clever wife. Fortune, too, had bestowed financial favors on the pair. Miss Graham was an heiress, and Mr. Whitney had left college with a handsome sum still in the bank. Musing upon an article I had recently read on "The Higher Education of Woman," written by Mrs. Whitney, I neared the manse.

An educated, cultured woman, I mused, standing shoulder to shoulder with her husband in his great work.

A middle-aged servant answered my ring and conducted me to the handsomely-furnished parlor. Mrs. Whitney was out, but Mr. Whitney was in his study.

He had changed since I last had seen him, but the face, though care-worn, was noble and kind. He welcomed me in his quiet way and led the way back to his study. Here were books to delight the soul of any student. All the new works of theology, side-by-side with the old stand-bys, and evidently they were in every day use. He smiled at my enthusiasm over his collection, and in a few minutes we were deep in discussion of our favorite authors, and he was showing and explaining works yet unknown to me. His eye kindled; his whole face lit up. He was a new man. On religious topics he spoke with such tender reverence, such deep and abiding faith, that my heart went out to him.

After an hour or two, we were interrupted by the pattering of childish feet. The door was opened and a dirty, ragged little boy, about four years old, rushed into his father's arms. The father gently rebuked his rudeness and ordered him away to Mary, to be made tidy. But Mary had no other clothes for him, except what needed washing or mending, so the minister went himself to look after it; and also, I fancy, to give some orders about dinner.

Mrs. Whitney entered shortly before dinner. She was dressed in a short tweed skirt, a linen shirt-waist with a stiff collar, and her fair hair was pushed straight back off her high forehead. In fact her costume was what we extol to our sisters as sensible, when we are quite certain they won't take us seriously. She paid little heed to the serving of dinner, or to the small wants of her child. Indeed, Harold always sought

help from his father or Mary. Only once that day did I see him turn to his mother with a request. That was to find the picture of "Little Boy Blue" in the book brought her, but she sent him impatiently away. "Children are such a nuisance," she said. "Harold would worry the life out of me if I had not Mary to depend on." As I made inquiries about different branches of the church work, she confessed her ignorance of them. "I belong to the Ladies' Aid, and the choir, but that is all the church work I have time for. The Literary Club and the Musicales, the Browning Reading Circle, my hospital work, and my social duties, take all my time. I give to the cause of missions but my time is better employed than in sitting sewing for them. I am not fond of children and would only be a failure as a Sunday-school teacher. The people should not expect the minister's wife to lead in all church work. Her talents may not be of that nature."

A wistful look crept into her husband's face, but it passed away as she proceeded to give an account of the Literary Club meeting she had been at tending. Carlyle, Ruskin, Emerson flowed freely from her lips; and as she glided into the politics of the day, she showed herself both clever and well-informed.

Her manner to her husband was politely indifferent. Each had their own pursuits and plans in which the other did not share.

After dinner Mrs. Whitney left us for a meeting of "The Musicales"; and when she returned, she was occupied in writing an article which must go to publication that week.

The minister and I wandered about the town for an hour or so, and then returned to the shade of the verandah.

He told me of his plans for his congregation, of his hopes and fears, of his special preparations, and of his disappointments, while deeper grew my admiration for him as a student, a pastor, and a man. No word about his wife. He had risen above his surroundings, but it was a life of lonely isolation, lacking a wife's sympathy.

That evening as I left I looked back to say "Good-bye". He was standing in the door, a sad smile on his pale face, and a wave of pity swept over me for the lonely, disappointed man.

That was three months ago. He died last week.

Little Harold, entering the study, found his father with his head bowed on his arms on the table. Something in the rigid figure caused the child to scream aloud for Mary. Mrs. Whitney was away, and before she could be summoned, the fluttering breath had ceased.

"Heart failure" the physician pronounced it.

Ah, yes; truly it was Heart Failure.

CHAPTER III.

"How very sad! But have you no brighter pictures to give us, my son?"

"Yes, indeed, mother."

As I entered the little village of S— I met the very man I came to see, "Hello Billy!" he said in his old hearty way. "What good luck brought you here?"

I explained my visit as we entered the manse.

"How is Mrs. Hall?" I enquired.

"She is well," he replied, but greatly taken up with the care of our baby girl."

"A baby in the house?" I exclaimed. "Then my intrusion is unpardonable. I will remain at the hotel."

He laughed his old, boyish laugh.

"Oh, the baby won't hurt you. She is three months old and perfectly harmless. Besides you don't know Mrs. Hall, or you would know that you must stay with us."

The manse was a large, old-fashioned square building with a hall running through the centre. The wide verandahs were draped with vines, which partially

concealed the cosy hammock, rockers, etc., that furnished their "outside parlor," as Mrs. Hall called it. A handsome crimson rambler festooned the bay window, while the Boston Ivy covered the entire side-wall. Indeed flowers, vines, and shrubs abounded everywhere.

Mr. Hall conducted me to the parlor and went to find his wife. The room was simply furnished, but so tasty and cool looking, after my dusty walk that I already felt refreshed.

The floors were stained and polished with here and there a small rug laid to relieve the bareness. The walls were a light buff, and showed to advantage the fine prints and engravings which adorned them. The furniture was simple in style, but every piece was the genuine all-the-way-through kind. A large Boston fern nearly filled the bay window, while from a hanging jardiniere floated the feathery fronds of the Asparagus Sprengeri. A low table held a dish of roses which filled the room with their delicious fragrance. The bric-a-brac was conspicuous by its absence, but a small cabinet contained an excellent collection of minerals carefully labelled; and on a table near by, were several works of geology. A piano and guitar gave evidence that someone had musical tastes.

I took in these details rapidly, as Mr. Hall was only a moment gone when he returned with the mistress of the manse.

Mrs. Hall was not a pretty woman but she had a sweet, womanly face, and gentle dignity that were charming. Her neat, morning dress, by its very simplicity, set off to advantage her graceful figure. She was a queen disguised in blue print.

Her affable manner put me at ease, and in a few minutes we were all chatting gaily.

Charlie was the same light-hearted, merry fellow of college days, but the rather flighty, reckless manner was subdued. Evidently there was a steady influence somewhere.

"Mrs. Hall," I remarked after a while, "You are evidently a lover of flowers, or is it Mr. Hall who is the enthusiast?"

"Oh," she said smilingly, "It, like everything else, is a partnership."

As she left us to prepare dinner, Charlie proposed that I should see the flowers, vegetables and poultry.

"You see we are farmers on a small scale," he said, "and have all the delights of country life."

The flowers were beautiful, and I was initiated into some of the secrets of horticulture. We passed from these to the vegetable garden, and in the trim rows of vegetables, the minister took even greater pride.

"I thought, Charlie, you would have been in one of the city churches before this," I ventured.

"My talents do not lead to the city, and neither does my ambition. I suppose it is a matter of taste," he continued, "but I would not exchange this house with its old-fashioned comfort, its seclusion, and its magnificent view, for the finest house in any of our cities. I would feel cramped and stifled there. The work of architects pale before the works of the Master architect. Nor would I change my congregation for the average, fashionable city audience."

"Does Mrs. Hall share your views?" I asked.

"In an intensified form," he replied.

"And the salary? Your stipend is the minimum, is it not? But of course you live cheaper here than in the city."

"That is a common mistake" he replied. "Our country stores are not cheaper, and our fuel, meat, etc., are regulated by city markets." No; the necessities of life are dearer here than in the city, and the luxuries one can do without whether in country or city.

"Mrs. Hall, though, is a careful manager, and we have paid off my college debt, which

Continued on Page 14.

CHURCH
WORK

Ministers and Churches

NEWS
LETTERS

OTTAWA.

The Men's Association of Erskine church have started a monthly paper called the "Dynamo." It will contain an account of the work accomplished by the various societies of the church, the Sabbath-school, etc.

Rev. Professor Kilpatrick, of Knox College, Toronto, will be the preacher in St. Paul's Church on Sunday morning, 23rd inst. A treat is in store for all who can hear Professor Kilpatrick.

The anniversary services in St. Paul's Church last Sunday were conducted by Rev. Prof. Dyde, of Queen's University, who preached thoughtful sermons morning and evening. The attendance on both occasions was good.

Prof. F. W. Dyde, of Queen's University, in addressing the Ottawa Ministerial Association on Monday made special reference to the kind offer of Andrew Carnegie to give \$100,000 if the university could raise \$400,000. While Queen's as a denominational college could not share in the superannation for professors' scheme, Mr. Carnegie had given his word to Sir Sanford Fleming that he would see that the university would receive superannation for three professors.

At the morning service in Erskine church last Sunday James Sontar and Mr. Ira Hoop were inducted, and Mr. Robert Thomson inducted and ordained to the eldership. This strengthens the session of that church by the addition of six since February, making sixteen elders now in office. The service was conducted by Rev. A. E. Mitchell, the pastor. In a few appropriate remarks based on 1 Peter, chapter 5, Rev. James White, a former pastor of Erskine, dealt with the duties of elders as set forth in Christ's injunction to Peter: "Feed my lambs," and his example of love and care as the Good Shepherd of the sheep. He was followed by Rev. A. E. Mitchell, who commented on the solemnity of the ceremony of induction and ordination and also the all-important solemnity of living the true Christian life.

The annual congregational meeting of St. Paul's Church, on Monday evening was quite a success. The pastor, Rev. Dr. Armstrong, presided, and announced the numbers of a varied and interesting programme. Short, bright speeches were given by Rev. J. W. M. Milne, of the Glebe Church, and by Rev. Mr. Pitcher, of the East End Methodist Church; while the singing and recitations by Mr. Hyndman, Miss Knouffe, Miss McCullough and Miss McLarty added greatly to the evening's enjoyment. The choir rendered an anthem "The King of Love my Shepherd is" in its usual good style. Refreshments were served by the ladies. The hall was prettily decorated for the occasion by Mrs. C. H. Thorburn and Mrs. Hill as a decoration committee. The programme committee consisted of Mrs. Irvine and Mrs. Watters, and the refreshment committee of Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. Ballantyne, Mrs. Wm. Smith and Mrs. Shaw.

Two young women of type which is by no means uncommon were gazing together upon the tranquil beauty of an English landscape. "Oh, don't you love nature?" asked one, turning with clasped hands to her friend. "Yes, indeed," was the response, in a tone of gratifying intensity. "It adds so much!"—Youth's Companion.

TORONTO.

Rev. J. D. McRae, of Knox College, preached last Sunday evening in Knox church, Woodstock.

At a conference of the Young People of Erskine church and the Dominion Methodist church, after an animated discussion, it was decided that church union in Canada would be a good thing.

The congregation of St. John's church (Rev. John M. P. Scott, pastor) has resolved to proceed with the erection of a \$50,000 church and Sunday school on the site at the corner of Simpson and Broadview avenues. At a previous meeting it had been suggested that the sum of \$25,000 should be the outside figure of cost, but the plans submitted involved an outlay of more than \$40,000, so the matter was delayed to secure new plans and tenders. On Wednesday evening encouraging reports were presented, and about \$14,000 cash and subscriptions having been secured it was decided to go on with the building operations in the spring. The site was purchased some time ago for \$3,500, but has since doubled in value.

At the annual meeting of the Toronto Ministerial Association Rev. A. B. Winchester read a paper on "The Church's Duty to the Foreign Population," in which he outlined the origin of Toronto's foreign district, and suggested a scheme of aiding the paupers that lived in that section. Paupers were defined as indolent, thriftless parasites. The various struggling missions about the city were overlapping each other in their work, and there was scarcely a child in St. John's ward but attended one of these. The trouble is with the adults who do not go to church because of mental and moral depravity. No means for reaching that class could be effective unless it helped a man's physical and mental as well as spiritual make-up. The upper class of citizens cannot do without the lower class, and hence the upper class should not allow their poorer brothers to go through the world unaided.

Appropos of the meeting of delegates from various Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches, to be held in the city this week, to further discuss church union, Rev. J. B. Silcox preached a pointed sermon on the subject of "Unity of Churches" at the Bond street Congregational church last Sunday morning. Tracing the history of the church, he showed how the division of the church had come about, and also that the causes of separation did not exist at the present time. It was the duty of all Christians to favorably consider every movement in the direction of church union, as it was the most important problem before the church today. There was no reason, from a doctrinal standpoint, why the three should not be united, as such an object had its birth in a desire for a purer faith and life. As the reformation of the sixteenth century resulted in the division, he looked forward to the reformation of the twentieth century resulting in a re-union.

EASTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. R. Eadie, Hintonburg, preached in St. Paul's church, Kemptonville, on Sunday, and made a most favorable impression.

Rev. Jas. Hastie and Mrs. Hastie, of Moulinette, attended the opening of the Crossley and Hunter revival meetings in Cornwall on Sunday.

Rev. G. A. Robinson, B.A., of Stirling, Ont., gave an interesting lecture, illustrated by a number of fine lime-light views, in the lecture room of Knox church, Beaver-ton, under the auspices of the Mission Band. About \$50 were realized.

Rev. A. G. Cameron, of Apple Hill, has removed to Westboro', and the pulpit was declared vacant on a recent Sunday by Rev. Jas. Hastie, of Moulinette. Mr. and Mrs. Cameron have met with a most cordial reception from the people of his new charge.

Regardless of his age, a man reaches the "dead line" only when he perishes his energies to stagnate.—Charles C. Earle.

ROUND ABOUT LONDON.

Rev. R. W. Light, of Delaware, has been granted three months leave of absence on account of ill health.

Rev. H. W. Reede, of St. Thomas, is moderator of the vacant charge of Aylmer and Springfield.

Mr. D. M. Tait, of St. Thomas, and Mr. J. H. Best, of Fingal, are the auditors of the London Presbytery for the ensuing year.

Rev. James Argo, of Ivan, will moderate in a call to a minister at Nameek and Ilderton, to succeed Rev. A. W. Craw, in a few weeks.

Rev. Dr. McCrae assisted Rev. R. C. McDermid of Fingal at his first sacramental service in the new church. Dr. McCrae preached to large congregations on Saturday and Sunday last.

Mr. John H. Elliott, elder of St. Andrew's church, Westminster, lost his home with contents by fire a short time ago. Nothing was saved. Mr. and Mrs. Elliott and their family have the sympathy of all their friends in their great loss.

At the meeting of the London Presbytery, on the 4th December, the mission of Chelsea Green was continued under the care of Rev. Jas. Rollins and the King street session. Evening services will be continued during the winter.

Mr. John B. Bannatyne, student, who had charge of the services in Chelsea Green during the summer, did splendid service. Thos. Bate, elder of London South, formerly of Westminster, was in charge of the Sunday school in this new suburb.

The Rev. J. W. R. C. of Aylmer and Springfield tendered his resignation of that charge to accept the general secretaryship of the Sunday School Association of the State of Connecticut, to which he has been called. Great regret is felt at Mr. Rae's leaving the London Presbytery and the Canadian Church.

The Presbytery of London, at its last meeting, took strong ground against the new statistical forms, which will blot out the history of half the churches in the Presbytery, as far as the Assembly minutes are concerned. A committee was appointed to consider the whole question, and a special meeting of the Presbytery will be held on the 18th instant to discuss the subject and to consider the church union matter.

The opening of the new church at Fingal, the Rev. R. C. McDermid, B.A., pastor, took place in the 25th of November, the Rev. Dr. Ross of St. Andrew's, London, conducting the services. The building, which is seated for 350, is built of red brick with stone facings and the whole interior is beautifully finished and lighted with acetylene gas. All opening services were largely attended and the offerings amounted to \$418. Mr. McDermid and his people are to be congratulated on their fine house of worship. The total cost of the building was \$8,650.

WEST ONTARIO.

Rev. F. Rae, late of Glasgow, Scotland, has been preaching the Eburo Church.

On a recent Sunday, Rev. Mr. Morrow, of Hespeler, preached an appropriate sermon to a large contingent of Chosen Friends.

Rev. Mr. H. Urquhart, of Kippen, has been exchanging with Rev. Mr. Mitchell, of new St. James church, London.

Rev. T. D. McCullough, of Harriston, has been preaching at Durham, and lecturing at Orangeville on the "Wonders of the World."

Rev. W. A. J. Martin, of Zion church, Brantford, preached anniversary sermons in Knox church, Guelph, where he was formerly pastor. Many old friends were delighted to see and hear him again.

The members of session of Chalmers' Church, Woodstock, spent a pleasant evening at the manse, on invitation of Rev. and Mrs. Dickie.

Rev. Dr. King, of the U. P. Church, Galt, who recently announced his resignation, has been asked to reconsider his decision. A large majority of the congregation are greatly attached to their minister, and have asked him to remain.

Mr. John McVicar, for several years a teacher in school section No. 1, Lobo and Caradoc, is now teaching at Red Deer, Alberta. Mr. McVicar was recently elected an elder of the Presbyterial church at that place.

St. Andrew's was opened today, and special services were conducted by Rev. A. MacWilliams, St. Mary's; Rev. James Murray, Toronto; and Rev. J. A. Wilson, pastor. Rev. Messrs. MacWilliams and Murray were former pastors of the church. Rev. Mr. Murray offered benedictory prayer at the morning service. The services were all well attended, and the congregation now has a beautiful church home, modernly equipped in every particular.

The regular W. F. M. S. meeting held last week in Knox Church, Woodstock, was of more than ordinary moment. It was the first meeting since the Presbyterial held the week before in the same church under the auspices of both chalmers and Knox churches. There was a keynote of gratitude for past successes, hope for future work and faith in the present action, although there must ever be regret that more women of the congregation do not take to themselves the privilege of helping forward the spread of the gospel in the "regions beyond." A most pleasing feature of last week's meeting was the presentation to Miss McMullen of a life membership certificate. Miss McMullen has for many years given thought, time and earnest endeavor to this department of the Master's business, proving the truth of St. Paul's missionary principles, four in number, viz: That evangelization, obligation, accommodation and abnegation develop and demand in the workers self-oblivion and self loss. So it became a real joy and satisfaction to the members of the W. F. M. S. of Knox church to honor their faithful fellow-worker. Miss McMullen thanked the ladies in her characteristic, earnest and sincere manner.

The annual re-union of the officers, Sunday school teachers, choir-members, etc., of Knox Church, Galt, was held on the evening of November 21st, and was a very successful event in every respect. There was about one hundred and fifty present who sat down at the tables spread in the basement, at eight o'clock, to partake of the refreshments provided. Afterwards a very interesting programme was disposed of. It consisted of addresses along the lines of church work by members of the different departments. Messrs. Wm. Slater and Jas. Beattie gave addresses of reminiscences of the late Dr. Bayne, the centennial of whose birth is to be observed tomorrow. They both remember him personally, and had listened to his preaching. What they could recall, incidents of his life and preaching, were heard with great attention and interest by the audience. There were also brief speeches by the following: Dr. Vardon James Webster, Ald. Wm. Cowan, A. McAuslan, W. W. Wilkinson, J. B. McRae, J. B. Dalzell, Chas. Christie, J. R. Cavers, Alex. Sloan, Rev. John Taylor, Jno. Perry, Rev. R. E. Knowles. Then followed a musical programme which consisted of solos by Mr. Adamson, Miss Trotter, Miss Ruby Robertson, and Mr. Walter McCutcheon. Mr. Otto James, organist of Trinity church, was present and played some of the accompaniments. Mr. R. R. Robertson, Chairman of the Board of Management, occupied the chair during the evening.

OWEN SOUND PRESBYTERY.

The regular quarterly meeting of the Presbytery of Owen Sound was held on Tuesday, December 4th, with a fair attendance of members. A long docket of business was disposed of, of which the following were the matters of more general public interest:

The clerk reported the organization of congregation of St. Paul's, Brooke, and the election of elders and Rev. Mr. Bethune was appointed moderator of session. Reports were made of the congregations vacant and the arrangements for their supply. A call was reported from Warton in favor of Rev. J. M. Nicol of Wallaceburg, Division street, Owen Sound, is not yet prepared to call. Presbytery will hereafter elect its moderator yearly.

The treasurer's statement showed a balance on the right side and the rate for Presbytery expenses for next year was set at six cents per member. Hereafter all expenses of deputations of Presbytery to congregations are to be paid by them through the Presbytery treasurer, Mr. M. Rutherford Leith, was appointed to sit as assessor with the session of Johnston till an election of elders is held. It was agreed to accept the offer of Henworth and Skipness congregations to pay \$20 each annually as their share of the expense for the manse at Shallow Lake. Mr. McNabb was reappointed treasurer of Presbytery and cordially thanked for his efficient and valuable services. Session records from Markdale and Allenford were examined and certified. The clerk stated that as all statistics of pastoral charges have henceforth to be reported in one line it will be necessary to decide on names by which charges of two or more congregations would be known. It was decided to call the charge by the name of the congregation in which the manse is or the largest congregation in the charge.

Mr. Bain gave a very interesting report of work in the Indian Peninsula. Mr. Wilson was appointed on the home mission committee instead of Dr. McRobbie. Approval was given to the site chosen for the school room for Knox church, Owen Sound, and the congregation was warmly commended for its zeal and enterprise. A committee was appointed to revise the roll for appointment of commissioners to general assembly, notices of motion were given for annual inspection of communion roll by Presbytery for payment of travelling expenses to meeting of Presbytery for signing of formula by ministers and for supply of vacancies, all to be considered at the March meeting.

Mr. Bethune was appointed to lead the devotions at that meeting and Presbytery adjourned to meet on December 7th, at 2 p.m., to dispose of call from Warton congregation. J. B. Fraser, clerk.

LANARK AND RENFREW PRESBYTERY.

The regular meeting of the Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew was held in St. Andrew's church, Carleton Place, on Monday of last week. Rev. Messrs. Daly and Bennet, of Almonte, accompanied by Mr. A. Sutherland, from St. John's, and Mr. W. J. Paul, from St. Andrew's, as elders, were present. Rev. G. A. Woodside, of Carleton Place, who is convalescent from typhoid, which laid him aside from active work for some weeks, in his capacity as moderator of the Presbytery was to have taken the chair, but did not feel well enough to do so, and the former moderator, Rev. Mr. Peck, of Arnprior, officiated. A number of important questions were before the Presbytery, among them being the call of Rev. Mr. McKay, of Madoc, to St. Paul's church, Smith's Falls. The call was sustained by the Presbytery, and the induction will take place on Tuesday, Dec. 11th, at 2 p.m. The moderator, Rev. Mr. Woodside, will preside, Rev. Mr. Daly, of Almonte, will preach, Rev. A. A. Scott, Carleton Place, will address the minister, and Rev. W. T. B. Crombie, of Oliver's congregation, of Olmiston. The call to Rev. J. M. Miller, of Watson's Corners, to White Lake and Burnstown, was also sustained. Rev. A. A. Scott, of Carleton Place, on behalf of the Home Mission Committee, reported the opening of the new Presbyterian church at Chalk River. A committee consisting of

Revs. Dr. Campbell and D. Currie, of Perth, and O. Bennet, Almonte, was appointed to prepare a Presbytery handbook, giving the standing orders of the Presbytery, schemes for electing commissioners to the General Assembly, and other minor questions of interest to members of the Presbytery. A scheme for the paying of railway fares of commissioners attending the General Assembly was brought up, and it was decided that it be submitted to the sessions and boards of management of the various congregations before any vital action was taken by the Presbytery. Mr. A. G. Farrell, of Smith's Falls, who is going east shortly, tendered his resignation as convener of the committee in charge of the Queen's College endowment fund. Rev. Mr. Daly was appointed in his place. Rev. Henry Keith, of Calcutta, India, a returned missionary, was present at the meeting.

Although the evening was wet and the streets sloppy, a splendid audience gathered in the lecture room of Chalmers church, Guelph, on the evening of November 29th, in connection with the monthly meeting of the Social and Literary Society. Mr. D. Young, President, occupied the chair. The following subject was debated: "Resolved that woman has accomplished more for the betterment of the human race than has man." The affirmative was supported by Dr. McLean and Mr. Mellish, while the negative was championed by Messrs. Laidlaw and Mackenzie. The subject on both sides was ably and cleverly presented, and the keen arguments and clever repartee of the speakers were warmly appreciated by the delighted listeners. The noble list of woman authors, philanthropists, moral reformers and crowned heads, made a formidable case for the affirmative, and although the negative rebutted the many points brought forward by showing that the era of woman's activity along the above lines was very brief, and most of it within the last great century, yet the vote of the audience taken by ballot, was in favor of the affirmative. The musical part of the programme added very much to the enjoyment of the evening. Solos were rendered by Miss Gair and Mr. B. MacDonald, and Miss Grace Walker's instrumental number captivated the large number present.

At the Guelph Presbyterial Women's Foreign Mission Society Convention in Guelph, the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. J. R. Cavers, Galt; 1st vice-president, Mrs. (Rev.) McVicar, Ferguson; 2nd vice-president, Mrs. D. D. Christie, Guelph; 3rd vice-president, Mrs. (Rev.) R. W. Ross, Guelph; 4th vice-president, Mrs. Alexander, Belwood; cor. sec., Miss Kerr, Galt; treasurer, Miss H. Cant, Galt; recording secretary, Mrs. A. McBean, Galt; supply secretary, Mrs. Hobson, Guelph; "Tidings" secretary, Miss McLellan, Guelph. Mrs. Bradley, Berlin, in behalf of the auxiliaries in Berlin, invited the Presbyterial to meet there next year, and the invitation was unanimously accepted.

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Continued from Page 11.

you know was a large one. This year we will place aside a small sum towards an Educational Fund for our child."

We will do what we can to develop our little girl physically, mentally and morally, but wealth we can never give her. However, she will have as good advantages as her mother, and if she is like her, she will make some home happy."

On returning to the house we came past the back porch, which was almost covered with vines.

"Don't you want to see our baby, Mr. McIntosh?" called Mrs. Hall's pleasant voice. "She has just wakened."

As I stepped upon the verandah I looked around in surprise. It was fitted up with a small kitchen-cabinet and table, where Mrs. Hall was busily preparing the vegetables for dinner. A mending-basket, convenient to a low rocker, and a small table with a few sheets of sermon-paper and one or two reference books, showed that this was the family living-room. While in a hammock lay a little bundle of dainty muslins—the future hope of the manse.

"This side of the house is so secluded even without the vines," explained Mrs. Hall, "that we use this verandah as our workshop in the forenoons. We live out doors all we can; but, she added with an injured air, "You haven't even looked at baby."

I am not an authority on babies, but the tiny atom, made up of baby-gurgles and spotless white garments, was evidently very satisfactory to the parents.

Dinner was soon served in the dining-room. The table was carefully laid with fine linen and dainty china. The beef-steak and potatoes were delicious, while the lettuce-salad, the crisp radishes fresh from the garden, and the amber jelly were relishes to tempt even a June appetite.

After dinner, Hall and I adjourned to the library, and here when her work was finished, Mrs. Hall joined us.

Her afternoon dress was a blue and white dimity. It was not expensive, and I'm not sure that it is fashionable for this summer; but I know it was pretty and becoming.

She joined in our conversation, battling valiantly for her favorite authors. Occasionally when we touched on some of the classics, she frankly acknowledged her ignorance of them, but generally she knew and had very decided, and sometimes quite original ideas about the subject discussed.

I was sorry when a ring at the door called her away.

"The Ladies' Aid meets here this afternoon," Mr. Hall explained. "The ladies were loth to elect a new president for either that society, or the W.P.M.S., so Mrs. Hall consented to retain the position, on condition that both societies should meet at the manse. During the last month she has organized a "Mothers' Club," which also meets here. The rest of her church work had to be given up for the present. She made the rule, when we were first married, that she would never neglect her home duties for outside work, and she never has; but she would forget the duty she owes herself, if I did not interfere sometimes."

The hum of voices in the next room had been little more than a murmur, but it was growing louder.

A dispute was pending over how the funds in the treasury should be spent. Two voices rose higher than the rest. One was arguing that new carpets should be bought for the church aisles. She was "actually ashamed when strangers were in the church to have them see the faded ragged thing they had on the floor."

The other angrily declared that, "the floors could go until new window-shades were bought. What good could one get of the sermon with the sun beating into her eyes?"

Then Mrs. Hall's gentle voice glided in, "Of course we all want God's house to be beautiful and comfortable. "We want the children growing up to look back on this church as a holy, pleasant place—a

memory drawing them heavenward. Both the suggestions made were good ones, and are much needed improvements. The question only is which shall we do first?"

"Mrs. Brown do you find a draft from the window?" No; baby won't mind, she is very healthy only for a sore mouth. I have been wanting to ask your advice about that, Mrs. Martin. You have had so much experience with children. "Open your mouth, lovie, till the lady sees."

Then Mrs. Martin's voice, no longer high or excited, was heard advising sundry washes and treatments, that had relieved her children.

"Mrs. Brown" (again it was Mrs. Hall's voice), "let me throw this wrap around your shoulders. You know we don't want another attack of neuralgia to keep you at home from our meetings." "Now ladies let us return to the subject in hand."

"I've been thinking about that carpet," said Mrs. Brown. "It is shabby and after all it had better be replaced first."

"No, since thinking it over," (came quietly from Mrs. Martin), "comfort should come before beauty. After all, the old carpet is only an eye-sore, but with hot weather coming on, the window-shades are most needed."

"Well, ladies," inquires the president, "is it unanimous for the window-shades?" "Unanimous."

"Then, I appoint Mrs. Brown and Mrs. Martin a committee to select the shades," and the meeting was closed.

Tea was served on the front verandah. Bread and butter, cottage cheese, strawberries and iced tea, formed the menu.

After Mrs. Hall had cleared away the tea things, and put the baby to bed, she brought her work and a pleasant hour or so was spent together. Then, as the twilight deepened, we sang to her guitar accompaniment. At first we sang gay old college songs and ballads, then as the darkness deepened we drifted into the sad, Scotch music, or plaintive Southern airs, and then to our grand old hymns, ending at last with that sweetest hymn in the language, "Abide with me."

The next morning Mr. Hall was summoned to a sick bed, so Mr. Douglas (one of the elders) drove me to the station.

On the way we discussed the pastor and his wife.

"Yes, he is a fine man and an excellent preacher," said Mr. Douglas. "The congregation is flourishing, and the young people are being gathered into the church. Every sermon is an up-lift, and every man in the congregation holds the minister as his friend. But I would not give him all the credit. The little woman beside him has crept very close to our hearts. She interprets him to the congregation in a softer, gentler, light. She never fails him nor us. When trouble comes she has a woman's tact and sympathy."

"Last summer, when our little boy took suddenly ill, Mr. and Mrs. Hall were away. When they returned we sent for them. Mr. Hall cheered and comforted us, as only an earnest Christian can, but Mrs. Hall remained after he left. We had a trained nurse, so she coaxed my wife to lie down, and soon left her asleep. 'I am not needed in the sick room,' she said, 'but I can aid in the kitchen.' She

prepared dinner, and somehow anxious as we were, we found we were hungry. She washed and dressed the children, and when my wife awoke, she found a tempting tray beside her and a bright face bending over her. She was like a ministering angel all that week, and many in the congregation have had experiences similar to ours. We love our pastor and remember him in our prayers, but we always couple with his name, that of our pastor's wife. Dear Mrs. Hall, God bless her."

"What a beautiful character," exclaimed Mrs. McIntosh, as the narrator ceased.

"But we must hasten and prepare tea. Sadie, come and lay the table, dear," and soon the groups were scattered, leaving Mr. McIntosh alone with his betrothed.

"You did not tell me how you liked my story, Gertrude," he said.

"Mrs. Hall is lovely, I wish I could know her."

I promised her, dear, that we should visit them as soon as possible, for I could not resist telling them, the great happiness soon to be mine.

"O, Will, how I wish I were like her."

"Why Gertrude you are — — —"
Never mind dear reader what he said. It was just what your Will said to you, when you disparaged yourself to hear the sweet contradiction.

SPARKLES.

Minister—"How is your wife today, Sandy?" Sandy—"Oh, the doctor says if she lives (at the morn he has hopes o' her, but if she disna, he's name."

When a woman tries to tell you how much she knows, ask her to show you in what way she steps off a street car.

Dr. Ends—There is nothing serious the matter with Freddy, Mrs. Blakely. I think a little soap and water will do him as much good as anything." Mrs. Blakely—"Yes, doctor; and will I give it to him before or after his meals?"

Editor's Son—"I asked papa when the millennium was comin', an' if Mars was inhabited, an' if it was going to rain next Thanksgiving Day; an' he said he didn't know. I don't see how he ever got to be an editor."

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8.57 p.m.	Albany	5.10 a.m.
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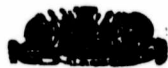
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THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-West Territories, excepting 8 and 25, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one quarter section, of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY.

Entry must be made personally at the local land office for the district in which the land is situated.

HOMESTEAD DUTIES.

A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto, to perform the conditions connected therewith, under one of the following plans:—

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

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of the homesteader resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for the requirements as to residence may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If a settler was entitled to and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead.

(4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land. The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same town, township or an adjoining or cornering township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2), (3) or (4) must cultivate 20 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 20 ac. substantially fenced.

The privilege of a second entry is restricted by law to those settlers only who completed the duties upon their first homesteads to entitle them to patent on or before the 2nd June, 1888.

Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homestead law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

should be made at the end of three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent, or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent, the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, at Ottawa, of his intention to do so.

INFORMATION.

Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the North-West Territories, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing land to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba, or to any of the Dominion Land Agents in Manitoba or the North-West Territories.

W. COBY,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands to which the regulations above stated refer, thousands of a real of most desirable lands are available for lease or purchase from railroad and other corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

PRESBYTERY MEETINGS

Synod of the Maritime Provinces.

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

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

Quebec, Sherbrooke, Dec. 4.
Montreal, Knox, 11 Dec., 9.30.
Glengarry, Van Kleekhill, Nov. 13.
Ottawa, Ottawa Bank St. Ch. Nov. 6th.
Lan. and Ren., Carl. Pl., 27 Nov.
Brockville.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

Kingston, Belleville, Sept. 18, 11 a.m.
Peterboro.
Lindsay.
Whisby, Whitby, Oct. 16, 10.30.
Toronto, Toronto, Monthly, 1st Tues.
Orangeville, Orangeville, 13 Nov.
North Bay, Sundridge, Oct., 9, 2 p.m.
Algoma, Bruce Mines, 20 Sept., 8 p.m.
Owen Sound, O. Sd., Dec. 4.
Saugen, Arthur, 18 Sept., 10 a.m.
Guelph, in Chalmers' Ch Guelph, Nov. 20 at 10.30.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

Hamilton, Knox Church, 6th November, 10 a.m.
Paris, Paris, 11th Sept., 10.30.
London, London, Sept. 4, 10.30 a.m.
Chatham, Chatham, 11th Sept., 10 a.m.
Stratford.
Huron, Clinton, 4 Sept. 10 a.m.
Maitland, 10 Sept.
Paisley, 14 Dec., 10.30.
Sarnia, Sarnia, 11 Dec., 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba.

Superior.
Winnipeg, College, 2nd Tues., 11.30.
Rock Lake.
Glenboro.
Portage-la-P.
Dauphin.
Brandon.
Melita.
Minnedosa.

Synod of Saskatchewan.

Yorktown.
Regina.
Qu'Appelle, Abernethy, Sept.
Prince Albert, at Saskatoon, first Wed. of Feb.
Battleford.

Synod of Alberta.

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

Synod of British Columbia.

Kamloops, Vernon, at call of Mod.
Kootenay.
Westminster.
Victoria, Victoria, in February.

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