

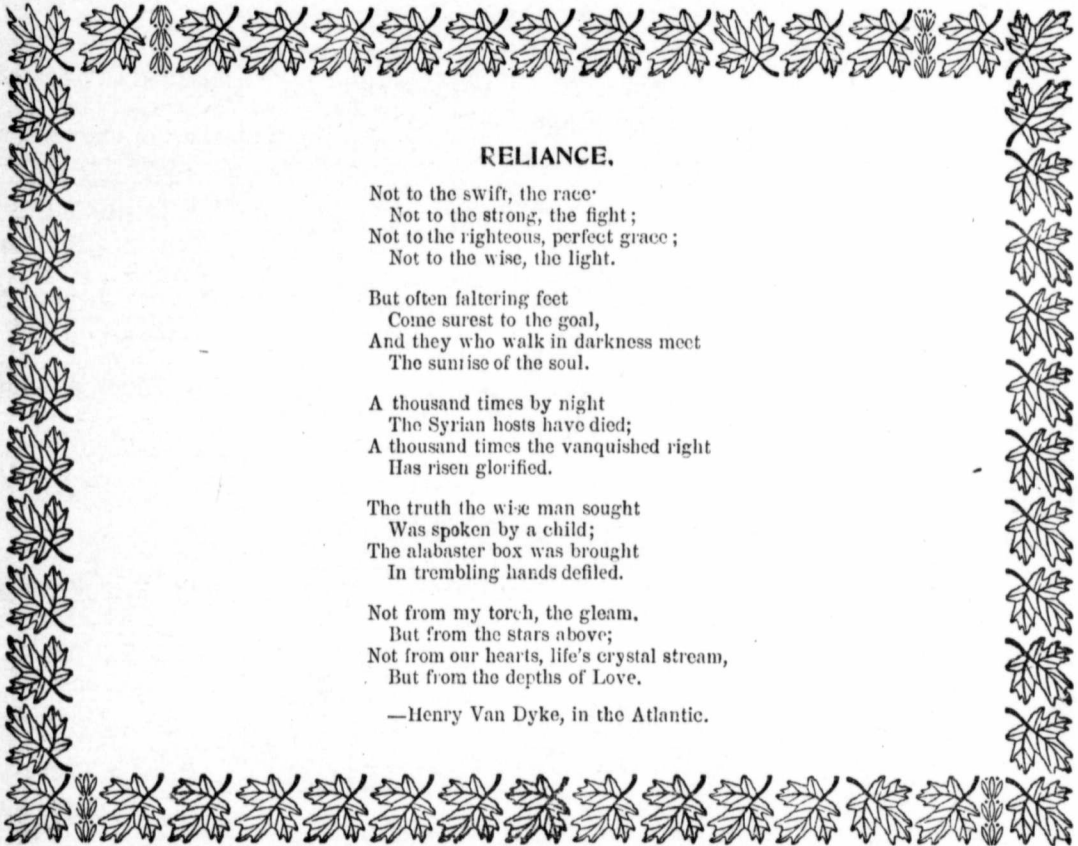
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Not to the wise, the light.

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And they who walk in darkness meet
The sunrise of the soul.

A thousand times by night
The Syrian hosts have died;
A thousand times the vanquished right
Has risen glorified.

The truth the wise man sought
Was spoken by a child;
The alabaster box was brought
In trembling hands defiled.

Not from my torch, the gleam,
But from the stars above;
Not from our hearts, life's crystal stream,
But from the depths of Love.

—Henry Van Dyke, in the Atlantic.

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MARRIAGES

On Wednesday, August 31st, at Carleto Street Church, by the Rev. J. V. Smith, assisted by the Rev. John Gray, D.D., of Orillia, Pegal May, second daughter of J. L. Spink, to William Ogilvie Watson, son of the late John Watson, Toronto.

At Perry Sound, on August 31st, 1934, by Rev. W. F. Roadhouse, Mr. Isaac Hall, to Mrs. Cammie Heslip, both of town.

On Tuesday, August 30, 1934, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Dr. Ramsay, Jean Dickson, eldest daughter of Mr. Alex A. Blyth, 172 Sussex St., Ottawa, to Mr. Arthur J. Cameron, also of Ottawa.

At Antrim, Ont., on August 16th, 1934, by the Rev. Mr. Young, of Pakenham, Oscar Douglas Skelton M. A., associate editor of the *Book-lovers' Magazine*, Philadelphia, Pa., son of J. Skelton of Cornwall, to Miss Isabel Murphy, M.A., daughter of Alexander Murphy, of Antrim.

At Chicago, Ill., on the 10th, of August, by the Rev. D. H. Cornell of the Sixth Presbyterian Church, Margaret, daughter of Mrs. Robert Elliott, to Mr. John Shaw, Cameron of Ingersoll, Ont.

At Toronto, on the 1st of Aug. at the residence of the bride's parents, Castle Frank Crescent, by the Rev. John Neil, D.D., A. Baillie Hutton, of New York, to Katherine, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Carroll, Toronto.

At the Manse, Melrose, by Rev. D. O. McArthur, B. D., Aug. 24th George R. Sexsmith and Alice C. McAlister, both of Tyendinaga.

At Napanee, at the Manse, by Rev. J. R. Conn, M. A., Monday 29 Aug. Stella M. Fraser, of Deseronto and Chas. A. Pierson, of Rochester N.Y.

BIRTH

At the manse, Ancaster, on July 30th, to Rev. and Mrs. J. I. Manthorne, a son.

At Burks Falls, on Tuesday, August 2nd, the wife of Rev. R. J. Sturgeon of a daughter.

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Note and Comment.

About a year ago the Y. M. C. A. was organized at Treadwell, Alaska. Since then the saloons and gambling rooms have lost their patronage largely and the jail has comparatively few occupants.

In a village near Ho tsm, Shan si, China, the village "elder" is a Christian. He has got the people unanimously to consent to his tearing down two heathen temples in order to build a Christian church out of the materials.

In 1899 the religious organizations known as "The Gideons" began with three members. It now has more than 5,000. It is composed of commercial travelers who make use of every opportunity to say a good word for Christ and to lead men to an acceptance of him.

The Presbyterian Standard states the interesting fact that a Waldensian colony of 6,000 has settled upon the Platte River, in South America, in both Uruguay and Argentine. They have already established a Christian college there for their children. Presbyterianism and education go hand in hand, even when the kind of Presbyterianism is ramed Waldensianism.

Lord Cromer, the British Commissioner in Egypt, in a recent journey up the Nile, noticed a great contrast between the attitude of the natives in British territory and that of those seen in the Congo Free State. In the first case the people swarmed the banks, full of good-will, in the other they fled, full of terror. The experience was a curious confirmation of brutality against Congo officials.

The Rev. Dr. Pentecost, lately returned from the East, asserts as the result of his personal observations on mission fields, that Christianity is making more progress in Korea than in any heathen country of the world. No people are more easily reached by the Gospel preacher than the Koreans. They readily respond to the preached Word. The testimony of an English missionary is, "I can get thousands to hear the Gospel preached. Every time I open my church—which is one of the largest in Korea—I can get from 700 to 1,500 people to attend." There is great instrument of evangelization is preaching.

It is a Roman Catholic writer, in the *Catholic Times*, who asks and answers questions as follows: "Which are the leading powers of the world? The non-Catholic states of Great Britain, the United States, Germany, Russia. What a fall has been the fall of Spain! How France collapsed before Germany! Does the condition of Catholicism in Italy please any Catholic? Look at the Catholic nations of South America. How many of them are a credit to civilization?" There are, probably, many members of the Roman Church who are thickly deep of the facts which this one so bluntly expresses.

Pastor Lormann, chairman of the society of Scientific Research in Anatolia, during a recent journey in Northern S'era, acquired a coin of pure silver in excellent preservation. Examination revealed a perfect Aramean inscription of Panammu Bar Rerub, King of Schamol, who reigned 800 years before Christ. It is the oldest known coin in the world. Hitherto in the Lydians have been regarded as inventors of money, but this find shows that the Semitic Arameans used coins two centuries before the Lydians, as evinced by the latter's oldest coin.

This is said to have been the way in which Lord Kelvin found the mirror galvanometer. He was puzzling over the difficulty of perfecting the ordinary telegraphic apparatus used on overhead wires, which was not suited for the varying current passing along wires. The problem was how to invent a means of interpreting clearly and easily all the delicate fluctuations. One day Lord Kelvin's eyeglass fell off and swung in front of the magnet, reflecting its movements, and instantly the idea of the mirror suggested itself.

Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court is reported as having said a few days ago concerning Chinese exclusion:

"I think that the time will come when the people of the United States will look back to the barbarous laws excluding the Chinese as citizens as Massachusetts look back to the hanging of the witches. America is the great composite photographer of nations, with a duty to take all the various races of the earth, with all the various elements of these nations, and put them on the canvas to make one picture, one race."

What is known as the "Los von Rom" movement in Bohemia and other parts of Austria is making rapid progress. A report recently made in England by the secretary of a Protestant society working in those regions, sums up the results of June, 1903. He says that 22,766 former Romanists have joined the Lutheran Church; 2,276 the reformed Church; 9,393 the Old Catholics, and 4,000 others have not as yet affiliated themselves with any Christian communion. Protestant services are regularly held in 134 towns and villages for the first time since the arrest of the Reformation. There have been erected fifty-eight new Protestant places of worship. In all Bohemia before this movements began, there were but eighteen Protestant congregations.

Much is said about the impossibility of making men sober by law, and of the impropriety of attempting it. This kind of argument is supposed to have much force. A temperance journal deals with it in the following fashion: "But we submit that it is exactly the wrong way of putting this case. It is not a question of making men sober by law, but of making them drunkards by law; and that is a very different proposition. Men are sober, they are born sober; except those who inherit a taste for strong drink from drunken parents, they all incline to temperance. It takes the tempter and the dramshop to make them drunkards. Without the dramshop there would be few drunkards.

It is the drunkard maker. When it is established by law, then it is the making of people drunkards by law that is to be considered and not the making of men sober by law."

The United Presbyterian reports an instructive victory for defence of the Christian Sabbath won through efforts of Dr. Wilbur Crafts. He saw the announcement that companies of the Nebraska State Militia would give sham fights on two successive Sabbaths in a park near the state line. It was too late to stop the first fight, but he appealed to the state to prevent a second violation of the spirit, if not the letter also, of the Sabbath law by companies organized to defend the laws. He prompted local business men and pastors to support his appeal, but before any of these except one from the president of the pastors association reached Governor Mickey, of Nebraska, he made the following reply, which should be urged as a precedent upon the governors of every state whose militia are being used to break down the Sabbath: "I have called the attention of the Adjutant General to this matter, and he will see that no more Sabbath sham battles are given by any department of our state militia." The paper quoted says such a victory should encourage courteous protests all over the country against all forms of Sabbath desecration, many of which could be stopped by like effort. We would include Sunday church parades in the category of things should be stopped.

A writer in the *New York Observer*, speaking of the growing Sabbath desecration in the United States, the loose sentiment of many people—not excepting professing Christian people—on the question of Sabbath observance, and the growing difficulty of enforcing Sabbath laws, says: "We believe that this is due in a great measure to a change in the views and habits of religious people, clergymen as well as laymen, upon the subject. Clergymen often travel on Sunday long distances in order to preach or attend conferences, or fulfil engagements, and Christian laymen who believe in Sunday worship and religious teaching, do not hold as they once did to the absolute sanctity of the Sabbath. They have adopted a liberal tone about the fourth commandment, which they do not use respecting any other, and regard the fourth as a Jewish ordinance while holding the others binding upon all mankind. It is needless to say, that neither the Jewish nor Puritan methods of Sabbath keeping are the best examples of how the first day of the week should be spent by pious people who wish to obey God, honor the Lord's day, and make the Sabbath a delight; but the other extreme, of utter worldliness, unlimited amusement, and abstinence from labor only at convenience, is fraught with danger to morals and full of future evils. Worldliness and neglect of religion do not grow less when Sunday amusements and Sunday labors are increased; neither do gross violations of Sunday rest, and abuses of the holiday in the interest of lust and unlawful gain and boisterous revelry, cease or diminish, when larger opportunities are afforded to crowds in our great cities to spend Sunday just as they choose, with a liberty that knows no law."

Our Contributors.

The Meaning of Caps and Gowns.

At most college functions, and particularly so during commencement festivities, the academic cap and gown are in constant evidence. Undergraduates and newly-fledged bachelors, proud of their right to the distinctive garb, visiting alumni glad thus to link arms once again with a vanished past, the august faculty body, and those of the official guests whose scholastic attainments entitle them to the privilege, all don the flowing robe, and top it with the quaint and tasseled mortar board.

Some persons may call this peculiar attire a piece of antiquated flummery, but even they admit that the sombre robes, relieved here and there by the brilliance of the hood linings, and of the many hued velvet facings, lend beauty as well as dignity to the assemblage gathered upon the platform.

The casual glance notes little, if any, difference in the appearance of the various gowns, but the initiated eye can tell instantly not only the exact degree of scholarship attained by the wearer, but also the faculty of learning that awarded it, and the university where it was obtained. There are other distinguishing points, but the main ones may be summed up as follows:

Matriculation at the college entitles the student to wear a gown and a mortar board of black woolen material, usually serge. When he wins his bachelor's degree he may attach a hood three feet long to his gown, made of the same woolen stuff, and lined with the colors of his *Alma Mater*. When the bachelor attains the master's degree or the doctorate, he is entitled to a silken gown and hood, the latter four feet long. The doctorate entitles him also to wear a panel, outlined with his college colors, beneath his hood and to exchange the black tassel on his mortar board for one of gold.

Even the sleeve changes with the value of the degree. The open pointed sleeve of the bachelor's gown is closed for the master, and the doctor wears a round one trimmed with bars of velvet.

The doctor's degree being the highest in the gift of a university, his attire is the most distinguished in appearance. He may, if he choose, adorn his gown with velvet facings, black, or of the color that indicates the special faculty which recommended him for the degree. White stands for the school of arts and letters; blue for philosophy; scarlet for theology; purple for law; yellow for science; and green for medicine.

Understanding these distinctions, the visitor at a college function, watching the long procession of notables file to their places upon the platform, can recognize at a glance the degree attained by each, the faculty that recommended him for it, and the university that conferred it. Occasionally he may err in the last point, for a man officially connected with a college courteously displays its colors in his hood, instead of those of his own *Alma Mater*—The Epworth Herald.

Whoever prays most, helps most.—
William Goodell.

A Celtic Review.

Such is the designation of a Review the first number of which has recently been published. No unkindness is done to all previous Reviews or magazines which had to do with Celtic literature when it is said that the Celtic Review promises to excel them all, and that if it is liberally supported as it ought to be and as it doubtless will be, it will render very important services indeed to the cause of Gaelic and of Celtic literature generally. It is truthfully remarked in the preface that "the importance of Celtic studies is being realized more and more, not only by specialists but by the reading and cultured public. In philology the study of Celtic languages is of first rate importance. In the history of Great Britain and Ireland and the early history of much of the European continent * * * the study of the Celtic literature of the past opens a wide field of investigation as yet comparatively untouched."

The appearance of the first number of the Celtic Review is very attractive. The type is clear and large and the paper is of a superior quality. The consulting editor is Professor McKinnon of the Celtic Chair in the University of Edinburgh. The Acting Editor is Miss E. C. Carmicheal, a lady who has already gained for herself an eminent place among the Celtic scholars of Scotland. The Review is published by Norman McLeod, 25 George IV Bridge, Edinburgh.

Several articles by the foremost Celtic scholars of the day appear in this the first issue of the Review. In the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, are several Celtic manuscripts which have not yet been deciphered. They must contain much useful information regarding the doings of the almost forgotten past. Prof. McKinnon has an article on the Glenmaran Manuscript, a manuscript which has a curious history and which cannot fail to be very interesting now that it appears in an intelligible attire. Mr. Watson, who is an authority on Highland Place-names, has an article dealing with the Topography of the North of Scotland. Those who are acquainted with Robertson's able and instructive book on the Gaelic Topography of Scotland are aware that Topography has much to do with determining many difficult questions regarding the early settlement of Scotland. There is a Gaelic article by Malcolm McFarlane. There is an article by the famous Irish scholar, Dr. Hyde. Mr. Nutt is well known for his great devotion to folk lore. He has an able article on the Critical Study of Gaelic Literature. In his Spirit of the Times Donald MacEacharn shows that he is a close student of the trend of modern thought, and that he can express in vigorous Celtic the leading incidents of our day.

To the Review are appended references to books of interest that have recently made appearance. Mr. Nicholas, Bodley's Librarian in the University of Oxford, has in recent years brought great ability and learning to bear in deciphering Ogam manuscripts that have to do with the Picts. The Highlander * * * is indeed in the vast majority of cases simply the modern Pict and his language modern Pictish."

Lucid reviews of other books that have to do with Celtic literature are given. It is

happily quite evident that the Editors of the Review have been successful in enlisting the prominent Celtic scholars of the day on their side in conducting the Review. It will be gratifying to find that at home and abroad numerous Gaels and friends of Celtic literature will extend this generous assistance to the Celtic Review. It is to be published quarterly, the price per annum is \$1.95. Cannot several readers of the Presbyterian become subscribers and obtain their copy from the publisher, Mr. Norman McLeod, 25 George IV Bridge, Edinburgh? Cornwall Neil MacN'sh.

Collector's Luck.

A professor at the University of Pennsylvania relates the remarkable experience of a lady of his acquaintance, who is a book collector. While in Holland three or four years ago, she picked up a fine old quarto edition of Shakespeare, which was sold to her at a ridiculously low price because one volume of the set was missing. Two years afterward the lady chanced to be in an old bookshop out in Ohio, when her eyes fell on a familiar looking book on the shelf. Taking it down she discovered the missing volume of her Holland purchase, the fly-leaf with the identical signature.

All collectors have bits of such experience at times, and it is a joyful thing to have such tales to tell the envious or emulative collector who visits us. "Collector's Luck" should form the title of a fine lot of fragmentary reminiscences of our finds and pick ups. Big fish or little the play is exciting and the thrill of successful landing is the same. Come one and all and swap yarns of your longest chase, your last worm that caught the biggest fish, or even sing of the glories of the one that got away or took another's hook before your nose. Let us, in these long summer days when there are few current doings to record, fill the time with tales of by-gone prowess.

We have fished for such small fry, ourselves, that we have little to tell of our own catches. But it was good fun in its little way that day we missed the ferry and poked about a West Forty-Second street junk shop waiting for the next. We could feel something alive in that old box of bottles and broken plates, and presently drew forth a disreputably dirty but entirely genuine Wedgewood bowl with Flaxman cameos, with one long crack across the bottom. The sleepy junk man said no one would buy it, "Cause you can't put nothin' hot in it, you know," and it cost us just fifteen cents.

In a Broadway furniture auction shop window we saw some books one day, and followed the trail. It was a ten volume, half morocco Century Dictionary, latest issue, sold at one hundred and fifty dollars; and it came to us for fifteen. The man in charge called our attention to "them red books over there," and presently a complete Thistle Stevenson was ours for ten dollars. We acted first and questioned afterwards, and the tale we were told was this. A man whose hobby had been books, found another hobby in another man's wife. Having spent all his money on her, when it suddenly became advisable to depart for Europe he picked up his furniture and books and flung them away for the price of a voyage. What does a furniture auctioneer know about

books? And thereby did an ill wind blow good books into a modest but respectable haven!

Next?—The Literary Collector.

Ruinous Marriages.

BY C. H. WETHERBE.

Thousands of people, if they could have had the good sense upon reaching manhood and womanhood which they now possess in middle life would not have married so foolishly and ruinously as they did. A vast number of young people need a good deal more common sense in relation to marrying than they have. It should not be a matter of mere love for one another, although the entire absence of true love is deplorable and dangerous. Other elements should enter into the marriage contract. No young woman, who has any true respect for herself and regard for her future welfare, should marry an intemperate young man, even though he be wealthy. Nor should any young woman marry one who has been intemperate but makes strong promises of reforming himself, yet many thousands have done so, only to be grossly deceived and blasted in life. The *Lutheran Observer* says: "A young lady in Iowa, against the earnest wishes of her parents and the advice of her friends married a man addicted to the use of liquor. He had promised that he would reform that after they were married he would not touch a glass of liquor, and she believed him. A year of married life was sufficient to dispel the illusion. The husband drank deeper and deeper and sank lower and lower, till the wife felt that she could live with him no longer, and applied to the Supreme Court for a divorce. Her petition was denied the court informing her that, having voluntarily chosen a drunkard for a husband she must discharge the duties of a drunkard's wife. 'His failure to keep a pledge of reformation made before marriage', said the court, 'does not justify you in deserting him. Having knowingly married a drunkard you must make yourself content with the sacred relationship.' That woman ought to have heeded the awful warnings which she must have seen in similar instances. She doubtless knew of many young men who, in order to induce a young lady to marry them, had promised to quit intemperance, but, after getting married indulged more freely than ever.

Chinese Exclusion an Injury to Trade.

A little side-light on the state of feeling existing toward us among the more enlightened and progressive elements in China on account of our unjust exclusion law—and a feeling which is certain to increase should the law be re-enacted—was afforded in this dispatch from Shanghai, a few days ago, to the effect that two Chinese officials who purposed to visit the United States to buy machinery for the government arsenal in Sze Chuen had changed their minds on account of the difficulty of getting into this country and were going to England. The wonder is that any self-respecting Chinaman will come to the United States for any purpose under present conditions. Self-interest, if nothing more, should now impel us to adopt the same attitude toward China that we do toward other nations and countries within whose boundaries we are seeking trade. There is every reason for the belief that China had already entered upon an era of intellectual and material development which, within the space of a brief

period, is certain to bring its vast population and enormous resources to the front and to open up one of the richest fields for industrial and commercial enterprise in all the world. If we continue our present harsh, cruel, and discriminating policy toward the Chinese people, can we reasonably expect to share any of the advantages which new and greater China will offer to commercial nations of the world? Could we blame the Chinese people if they should do unto us as we have done unto them, and shut us out, so far as possible, from all intercourse?—*Leslie's Weekly*.

The Gospel of Slavery.

The death of Sir Henry M. Stanley has brought out many incidents connected with the life of the intrepid explorer; one of which is well worthy of consideration by those who are questioning the value of missionary work. When Stanley had returned to Zanzibar, after bringing back to that port his followers who had accompanied him across the continent, he was the guest of officers of a British man-of-war employed in suppressing the slave trade. At this naval mess, which certainly was not a place where the sentiment he uttered would be likely to meet special applause, he said: "The true way, and the best way, to stop the slave traffic is to multiply mission stations in the interior. You will never stop slavery in Africa until you mark the country with the sign of the cross. Wherever the missionary goes slavery is doomed."

In actual numbers the non-conformists of England are rapidly overtaking the Established Church. In 1700 they were only one to twenty in the population. A hundred years later they were one to eight. In 1902 the aggregate membership of the Free Churches was 1,946,959, against 1,974,626 members of the Established Church. While thus about equal in numbers, the Nonconformists are far more active and aggressive in every department of work, at home and abroad, and all the indications point to a still greater development. About one-half the resources of the Established Church for maintenance and extension is derived from the endowments long ago provided through the properties turned into the State Church.

A little consideration of what takes place around us every day would show us that a higher law than that of our will regulates events; that our painful labors are very unnecessary and altogether fruitless; that only in our easy, simple, spontaneous action are we strong, and by contenting ourselves with obedience we become divine. Belief and love—a believing love—will relieve us of a vast load of care. Oh, my brothers, God exists!—*R. W. Emmerson*.

The missionary problem is a personal one. No sacrifice can be too great if we can only get the Church to take time and wait unitedly before the throne of God, to review her position, to confess her shortcomings to claim God's promise of power and to consecrate all to his service. *Andrew Murray*.

Christian Observer: Undue parental indulgence spoils many a child. And the spoiled child will grow up to be no comfort to parents, to be very unhappy in its own mature years, and a general nuisance to those about it as it is growing up.

Sparks From Other Anvils.

Religious Intelligence: There is no test of love for Christ so searching as interest in mission work. The great scholar and students of religion, Max Muller, well said: "The very soul of our religion is missionary, progressive, world-embracing. It would cease to exist if it disregarded the parting words of our Lord."

Michigan Presbyterian: It is well for us that our carefully laid plans so often end in utter failure. If they did not we should never stop to try and discover where we are weak and where we are strong. We should live in an atmosphere of self-complacency that is the very essence of selfishness. But after the most careful planning we find ourselves sometimes up against a granite wall. We cannot penetrate it. It is too high to climb. There seems to be no end to it on the right hand or on the left. In such a position a man has to stop and consider. If he has learned nothing else than his own fallibility in that one lesson, he has learned a great deal. He is ready then to learn some other much needed lessons. If he shall learn to put his life in God's hands he has learned the fundamental lesson of life.

Herald and Presbyter: What shall we render unto the Lord for all his benefits? We must receive them with thanksgiving. What shall we render for the greatest of these benefits, the gift of his Son? We will take the cup of salvation; we will accept the gift; we will call upon his name; we will pay our vows; we will meet our obligations, 'This was David's thought when he meditated upon divine mercy, and it is a thought which naturally comes to all who realize the providence of God.'

United Presbyterian: The consciousness of God's nearness is one sublime source of the soul's repose. It is the secret of life long power—God in us willing and doing. It brings broader sympathies and higher conceptions of duty. No man can be narrow who has God dwelling in him. He will be generous in his ministries, yet loyal to his convictions and his desire to bless the race will be as urgent and imperative as the love of God is tender and persuasive.

The Westminster (Philadelphia): All things are relative. There is and can be no destruction of identity, but the law of relative change is always in action. Conversion is obedience to this one scientific principle. The change that comes to the believer is one of a different relation to his God. Before he was a creature, now he is a child. Before he walked after his flesh, now he follows the spirit. The man remains the same, but the relative condition has changed.

Lutheran Observer: The goodness of God is without partiality. That is what Christ says. Your heavenly Father "maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." This does not mean, of course that there are not blessings exclusively for the righteous. The Scriptures abound in exceeding great and precious promises to God's obedient children. The secret of the Lord is with them that fear him, and it is always true that he can reveal himself to his children in gracious ways that he cannot unto the world. But his favors are not confined to them.

The Quiet Hour.

Israel Reproved.

S. S. LESSON, Amos 5: 4-15. Sept. 18, 1904.

GOLDEN TEXT—Seek the Lord, and ye shall live.—Amos 5: 6.

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

Seek ye me, and ye shall live, v. 4. There is only one way by which men may attain unto life, and that is in the seeking after God. This is life eternal, to know the only true God and Jesus Christ whom He hath sent. To seek implies a desire and an endeavor on the part of those addressed. Sometimes people speak as though one might turn aside any day and find God. But this is not the message of scripture, Old or New Testament, nor the message of experience. If God is to be found, there must be the earnest seeking after Him. But He will never deny the soul that thus desires Him, and when He is found, life eternal is the priceless blessing that rewards the search.

Let him break out like fire, v. 6. If the attitude of man's spirit is not one of reverence towards God and desire to find Him, then it will be the attitude of self-seeking, and upon all such shall break the judgment of the Divine, who has been scorned. To seek God is to set ourselves in line with the purpose and intent of the Power that controls the universe: but to refuse to seek Him is to place ourselves in opposition, and such puny antagonism shall be overthrown and destroyed, even as by the breaking forth of fierce flames. There is no third way. We are either God's children sheltered by His power and love, or rubbish to be destroyed.

The Lord is his name, v. 8. The stars, the day dawn, the falling of the night, the irresistible might of the sea, everyone of these appeals to our sense of wonder. How men have pondered on them, and have told each other strange tales as to how it was that all these persist in beauty and in regularity! But the highest thought of all is that all these marvels, and the greatest of them, are but the servants of the Almighty; the Lord is His name. What a joy to the servant of God to rest in the consciousness that all of Nature's wonders are controlled by him who is our Father:

"In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
'The Hand that made us is divine.'"

They abhor him that speaketh uprightly, v. 10. When men give themselves to evil-doing, it invariably results in them hating those who do righteously. There is an abiding antagonism between the worker of unrighteousness and the man who would do the will of God. Many have tried to serve God and Mammon: to give themselves to evil, and at the same time not to set themselves in opposition to godliness; but no one ever yet succeeded. When one finds himself antagonizing good men because they are good, he had better look out for his own footing. He is already in slippery places.

Ye have built houses of hewn stone . . . ye shall not dwell in them, v. 11. How often in the history of mankind has this same thing happened! Men have forgotten God's claim upon them and out of ill-gotten gains have heaped up for themselves wealth and built fine houses, and yet have never lived in them; or even where they have lived in them, have not been able to enjoy them.

Many a rich man who has obtained his wealth by iniquity has found it a curse and his luxuries have turned to dust and ashes.

For I know your manifold transgressions, v. 12. It is one of the curious follies of which men are guilty, that they blind themselves into thinking that they may cover over and hide their transgressions. True, they may themselves forget them; but God remembers and sees. There is no oblivion for transgression, except that which comes when we have trodden the hard way of penitence, and made humble and sorrowful confession to God. Then He, who knows our transgressions, will, according to another scripture, cast them behind His back, and remember them no more forever.

Hate the evil . . . love the good, v. 15. This is the one way and the only way in which we may have hope that God will be gracious to us and pardon. Men have sought in many ways to win the favor of the Divine, but there never has been and never will be other than the one way. When men persist in ill-doing, and yet profess to believe that they have found favor with God, they are deceiving themselves. True godliness must ever manifest itself in high morality. "Not everyone that saith unto Me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven." And what is that will, but "to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" This message which came to ancient Israel is just as much needed to-day, and each and all of God's servants should make it known. The fruit of genuine religion is a pure and upright life.

A Creed.

I believe in human kindness.
Large amid the sons of men,
Nobler far in willing blindness
Than in censure's keenest ken.
I believe in Self-Denial,
And its secret throbbing joy;
In the love that lives through trial,
Dying not, though death destroy.
I believe in Love renewing
All that Sin hath swept away,
Leavenlike its work pursuing
Night by night and day by day.
In the power of its remoulding,
In the grace of its reprove,
In the glory of beholding
Its perfection—I believe.
I believe in Love Eternal,
Fixed in God's unchanging will,
That beneath the deep infernal
Hath a depth that's deeper still!
In its patience—its endurance
To forbear and to retrieve,
In the large and full assurance
Of its triumph—I believe.
—Norman MacLeod.

Sweetness of temper is a precious heritage. It gives beauty to everything. It keeps its windows open toward the spice country and fills the home with perpetual delight. The fortunate possessor of a sunny soul is God's evangel in a dark world. He is a living gospel which no one will ever repudiate, and the blessedness of which all men will appreciate. The body will grow old and the smooth brow will be furrowed, but a happy disposition is an aureole to the gray crown of age. Blessed is he whose life looks out upon the land of Beulah and whose soul is responsive to the outlying vision.

Life's Strange Uncertainty.

No lesson is oftener impressed upon us than this of life's strange uncertainty, and no other lesson are we so slow to learn. We act as if we were to live forever. We plan and build for years ahead, and lo! we are crushed before the moth, and our houses, that we fancied were on rock foundations, are consumed by fire or swept away by flood, and the places where they stood yesterday are vacant to-day. Our very names seem writ in water, and we spend our years as a tale that is told.

At times, with sharp and terrible insistence, this lesson of life's terrible incertitude presses upon our souls. A dear one in the prime of youth and joy is snatched hence by death, while the aged and feeble remain. A fortune that had appeared safe from accident melts away like snow in a thaw. A good name that had been stainless is darkened by reproach. Friendships that had been cemented by years of pleasant associations are shattered by misunderstanding. Life's grim uncertainty is accentuated when physical health is undermined by an unsuspected malady. We grow melancholy when we dwell on this aspect of life, and we tread as those do who walk on a lava crust, or whose lightest misstep may start a falling avalanche.

Another and more cheering aspect there is to those who look upon life as taking hold upon eternity. This strange, panoramic, swift changing, swift fitting life is bearing us out on a tide that seeks a steadfast shore. Our trials are for our testing to be compensated in the future. The one solution to our puzzles, the one clue to life's mazes, the one comfort in our manifold sorrows, is the belief that the Lord reigns, and the assurance that we belong to him, and are precious in his sight.

Earthly life is uncertain. Let this fact, that no one denies, teach us to be more considerate of others, gentler, less selfish, more solicitous to plant the gardens of our mortal life with flowers that catch their fragrance those radiant coasts where evermore life torills, and knows no ending.—Margaret E. Sangster.

A Prayer.

O Lord, inspire us with thy Spirit until we rise to that love of thee that shall give us joy to be counted worthy to suffer for thy name's sake. Prevent that we should suffer because of sin; prevent that we should ever suffer because we have forgotten thee or thy Son. But, O, give to us courage and love and grace, so that if it be necessary to suffer for well-doing we may not only enter it with resignation, but may find joy set before us as Christ did, looking to the glory that in the other life is to be ours. We ask this benediction of thee in Jesus' name. Amen.—By Russell H. Conwell.

The English Language.

English is said to be one of the most difficult language in the world for a foreigner to learn. The verbs and propositions are particularly puzzling. A professor in Columbia School of Mines tells of the troubles of a Frenchman with the verb "to break."

"I begin to understand your language better," said my French friend, M. De Beauvoir, to me, "but your verbs trouble me still. You mix them up so with prepositions.

"I saw your friend, Mrs Berky, just now," he continued. "She says she intends to break down her school earlier than usual. Am I right there?"

"Break up her school, she must have

said."
 "Oh, yes, I remember; break up school."
 "Why does she do that?" I asked.
 "Because her health is broken into."
 "Broken down."
 "Broken down? Oh, Yes. And, indeed, since fever has broken up in her town—"
 "Broken out."
 "She thinks she will leave it for a few weeks."

"Will she leave her house alone?"
 "No; she is afraid it will be broken—broken—how do I say that?"

"Broken into."
 "Certainly; it is what I meant to say."
 "Is her son to be married soon?"

"No that engagement is broken—broken"
 "Broken off."
 "Ah, I had not heard that!"

"She is very sorry about it. Her son only broke the news down to her last week. Am I right?"

"He merely broke the news; no preposition this time."
 "It is hard to understand. That young man, her son, is a fine young fellow—a breaker, I think."

"A breaker and a fine fellow. Good day."
 So much for the verb "break."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

"Compassion one of Another."

A little thought will show you how vastly your own happiness depends on the way other people bear themselves toward you.

The looks and tones at your breakfast-table, the conduct of your fellow workers or employers, the faithful or unreliable men you deal with, what people say to you on the street, the way your cook and housemaid do their work, the letters you get, the friends or foes you meet—these things make up very much of the pleasure or misery of your day. Turn the idea around, and remember that just so much are you adding to the pleasure or the misery of other people's days. And this is the half of the matter which you can control. Whether any particular day shall bring to you more of happiness or of suffering is largely beyond your power to determine. Whether each day of your life shall give happiness or suffering rests with yourself.—George S. Merriam.

The Gain of Suffering.

The apostle, in writing of the Captain of our salvation, said that He was made perfect through sufferings. He was a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief. His life was one of toil, poverty, privation. Notwithstanding it all, there was a joy set before him which inspired Him to endure the cross and despise the shame. Therefore, as children and heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ, we are called to suffer with Him, that we may be also glorified together. The fruit of the Spirit develops and ripens more rapidly in the shade of trial or sorrow than in the sunshine of health and prosperity. It becomes the divine Husbandman to cut back and prune with severity the branches of the true vine that they may bring forth more fruit. We are in school under tutors and governors until the time appointed of the Father. Many of the lessons we receive are hard and test our faith and patience to the utmost, but if we "endure as seeing the invisible," the cloud, as it passes, will wear a silver lining, and at eventide it shall be light.—Christian Uplook.

The man who finds fault with the Church is usually the man who has done least to improve its condition.

Our Young People

Sept. 18. The World Improving.

Some Bible Hints.

Evil forms within itself its own poison, but righteousness forms within itself its own food (Ps. 37: 2).

There is a time to be patient—when God is at work; and impatient—when the devil is at work (Ps. 37: 7).

Let evil men make the earth as fine as they please; they are heaping up riches for the good to inherit (Ps. 37: 9).

To say that "former days were better than these" (Ecl. 7: 10), is to say that God is growing less mighty, and His servants less efficient in His strength.

Suggestive Thoughts.

If a man is growing better, he is likely to think that the world is growing better; but if worse, that the world is getting worse.

The world is growing more generous; more money—that is, life—is given each year for good objects than during any former year.

The world is growing more loving—more thoughtful of the weak, the sick, and the sorrowing, and less ready to go to war.

The world is learning more about itself each year, and more about God, who is the only solution of the enigma of itself.

A Few Illustrations.

Who can say just when the night ceases and day begins? Equally gradual is the passing away of moral darkness.

Some count the spots on the sun, and forget the night which the sun has banished.

If you want to prove the world's motion, you must look off at the stars. If you want to see the moral progress of the world, look away from the world.

Those that live with a child do not notice his growth so much as those that see the child but seldom. Worldlings are the last to see the growth of the world.

To Think About.

What am I doing to help the world grow better?

Do I really care whether the world grows better or not?

If all the world were like me, would it be growing better or worse?

A Cluster of Quotations.

There is a budding to-morrow in midnight. —Keats.

Courage open wide the gates has flung, To meet the King who still returneth ever. —Woolson.

Still through our paltry stir and strife, Glows down the wished ideal;

And longing molds in clay what lie Carves in the marble real.—Lowell.

Hope evermore, and believe, O man, for e'en as thy thought

So are the things that thou seest, e'en as thy hope and belief.—Clough.

Endeavor Afloat.

Your society may engage in forming Floating societies, if it is near a large lake or river or the ocean. Get permission from the captain, go on board in force, young men and young women, call the sailors together, hold a brief, breezy service, explain what Christian Endeavor is, and tell what it has done for other sailors; read them the pledge, as necessarily modified for the sailor, who can not regularly attend the services of any church; and then ask for signatures. Before the ship leaves port, aid in the organizing of the sailors who sign, into a society, however small, and give them a full supply of Chris-

tian Endeavor guide-books for all the kinds of committee work they will need, as well as for the officers. These societies may well be small at first, but they are sure to grow. Keep in touch with them by correspondence, and send them little reminders from time to time—a work in which inland societies also may engage.

Sun and Shadow.

It is the sun that makes the shadows possible beloved; do not forget that! So shalt thou learn the first of all needed lessons for dark days! When it is midnight even, the sun has not gone out; the dark old earth has rolled its bulk between its face and the sun; it is dark because it is in its own shadow. How often, O my soul, hast thou turned thy back upon God and mourned because thou wert in darkness! Turn thee to the Light, my soul! Thy sun shall not go down, however dark the clouds above thee! Nay, as the moon and earth light each other because they face a common sun, so shalt thou give God's reflected light to other souls in present need and thou thyself shalt see God's light in their face when cometh the hour of darkness.—W. E. Barton, D. D.

Daily Readings.

- Mon., Sept. 12.—A redeemed world. Rom. 5: 12-21.
- Tues., " 13.—Satan is overthrown. 1 John 3: 1-8.
- Wed., " 14.—Christ its Saviour. Matt. 28: 16-20.
- Thur., " 15.—Is being made new. 2 Pet. 3: 10-13.
- Fri., " 16.—Is Christ's world. John 1: 1-13.
- Sat., " 17.—He has power in it. Ps. 8: 1-9.
- Sun., " 18.—Topic—How the world is growing better. Ps. 37: 1-13. Ecl. 1: 10.

"Thy Kingdom Come."

A soldier of the English army declared that they could place a proclamation given to them in the hand of every soul in the world inside of eighteen months. The Church of Christ has failed to do it in eighteen hundred years. But the happy sign is that she is waking up to the consciousness that she can do it. We believe that it will speedily be done. When the Carthaginian troops were investing Rome the spot outside the walls on which stood the tent of Hannibal, the dread invader, was up for sale at auction in the forum. After a brisk competition it was knocked down to a citizen who bid for it a large sum of money. He and the other bidders had faith in the triumph of their armies although the foe was thundering at the gates. Such faith ought every Christian to have in the redemption of this whole world to Christ, since it has been given to him for his inheritance. All who call themselves Christians should see to it that the work is sustained, and should manifest the same faith in the triumph of Christ's kingdom as did those old Romans in the final triumph of their city, though the enemy had shut them up within its walls. Let us take God at his word, and work and live and give accordingly, and upon the ears of the next generation there may break the angelic announcement: "The kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ."—Rev. G. B. F. Hallock, D. D.

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D. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Manager and Editor

Ottawa, Wednesday, Sept. 7, 1904.

The women of Kalamazoo, through their Civic Improvement League, have just concluded a most interesting experiment in the way of showing how the streets of the city may be effectively cleaned and kept so. They asked for permission to take charge, through the Department of Health, of the cleaning of Main Street for three months for a distance of six and a half blocks, the city to pay them a sum equal to that usually expended for this work, and, further, to provide the appliances customarily supplied. Permission was granted; the women have demonstrated that the streets can be kept clean. They inaugurated the Waring system, had the streets frequently flushed, and, most important of all, secured the co-operation of the abutting property owners and tenants, and produced the enforcement of long-neglected ordinances. After the experiment had been successfully concluded, a most interesting report was prepared by Mrs. Caroline Bartlett Crane, who had initiated the movement, which will repay study. This Kalamazoo experiment clearly indicates what women can do; what officials can do if they will only go about the work in the right way; and that the average community does not so much need more laws, ordinances, and regulations as it needs the enforcement of those already on the statute books. The local authorities of Kalamazoo have learned their lesson, as they have agreed to continue the good work begun by the women.

THE WAR.

What is likely to be known as the most sanguinary war in the history, that between Russia and Japan, still wages its way, with the preponderating advantage constantly in favor of Japan. As far as can be seen and said at this stage, Russian prestige has been set back a hundred years. There is a new alignment and valuation of nations; and Japan, the ally of Great Britain, now steps forward as one to be reckoned with among those of

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front rank. A largely Providential plan is working out before the eyes of the world.

AFTER THE HOLIDAYS.

People and pastors being again in their places the time for congregational activity of every kind is at hand. What sort of a record, outwardly and numerically, shall our congregation make? And what sort, inwardly, as an exponent of God's kingdom on earth? What sort of prayer-meetings? What is a good prayer meeting? We were struck with the remark of an eminent and successful minister, that in a prayer meeting quality rather than quantity was the criterion; that attendance was the least perfect test imaginable; he thought it a mistake for the minister to be continually nagging at the people to attend prayer-meeting.

Then there is the Sabbath School to rally, quicken, and strengthen. Along with strength of teaching, there needs to be bright singing, a cheerful atmosphere, and as little ugliness as possible. Our own hymnal contains hundreds of hymns suitable for the Sabbath School. Do not be confined to the so-called "children's hymn;" the scholars are capable of learning to appreciate the best, both in music and words. Let it never be forgotten the church's one foundation for singing is good singing in the Sabbath School.

The next meeting of the Congregational Union of England and Wales will assemble Sept. 28 at Cardiff. One year ago a committee was appointed to draft articles for some scheme of federation to be presented for adoption or rejection at the session of 1904. The report of the committee has recently been laid before the public through the denominational press; and as was to be expected from the drift of opinion in late years, the paper seems to be strong in the direction of Presbyterian polity. In other words, it recognizes the real unity of the Church of Christ as has never before been done by our Independent brethren except in the early days of New England. Among other purposes which the scheme is designed to secure, is "a common standard of admission to denominational privileges," that is to say a Confession of Faith assert to which shall be required of all candidates for the ministry. It proposes also to erect additional "safeguards to Congregational trust property," so that it will not be possible for the conversion of the property of hundreds of evangelical churches into Unitarian societies, as was done in the Eastern states of our own country about one hundred years ago. According to the proposed plan there will be a mass meeting of ministers and laymen each year, to be called the Assembly, and a smaller meeting of 300 members elected by the "County Unions" for the transaction of denominational business. There is no doubt that the past polity of English Independence has left the denomination ineffective as compared with other churches. There can be little doubt that it means brighter days for the Congregational body.

OUR NEW GOVERNOR GENERAL.

Earl Grey has been appointed Governor-General of Canada in succession to Lord Minto. Earl Grey is a man of high character, statesmanlike instinct, breadth of view; he understands and is in sympathy with the best traditions of British Constitutional government. Some of the British newspapers make curious comments on the new governor-general's ability to "rule;" apparently oblivious to the fact that the people of Canada through their chosen delegates rule themselves and propose so to do. Yet a governor-general, as the visible representative of the Crown, can exercise a useful, uniting and moderating service, just as the King himself can and does. There is no reason why Earl Grey should not be met with the welcome of most hearty good wishes.

BRILLIANT ACHIEVEMENTS OF RUSSIAN WOMEN.

In Russia the progress of women in medicine is difficult and uncertain because everything can be stopped and the labor of years can be swept away without appeal or redress by the stroke of an official pen. Between the years 1872 and 1882 women were allowed to attend medical classes, set apart for them, which were held by the same masters and consisted of the same courses as those of men, but in 1882 this was abolished, in spite of the many brilliant successes of the women students, and the valuable service rendered by them during the Turkish war of 1878. On February 19, 1898, was celebrated the twentieth anniversary of the day upon which in 1878, no less than sixty women gained their degrees as doctors. These were the first to obtain them; they were thus the pioneers of the medical profession for women in Russia. Many of these noble women, who gained their laurels by dint of sheer hard work and perseverance, now hold the highest positions which women may hold in that profession; for though the conditions for her training are extremely trying, yet a woman is not allowed to enjoy the same privilege or to hold such high positions as a man in the medical profession.

After the medical school was closed to women in 1882 (the ground stated being that it was a hot-bed of Nihilism) no medical education was available for Russian women till the young Czarina, Princess Alice's daughter, brought her influence to bear. Under her patronage a new Medical Institute for Women was inaugurated in Russia in October, 1897. It contained at that time 185 students, ranging from 20 to 35 years of age. Before being admitted into this institution a woman must have a written permission from her parents or her husband.

Have you a son or daughter away from home? What better present can you send either of them than a year's subscription to THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN.

BOOK THIEVES.

Several public librarians have recently reported to The Library Journal their experiences with book thieves. In the June number is a letter from E. W. Gaillard, librarian at the East Side House, New York. Mr. Gaillard had advertised for a copy of March's Thesaurus, and had been notified by another librarian that a copy of the same work had been stolen from his library, and could be identified, if it turned up, by a private accession mark. Before Mr. Gaillard got through with March's Thesaurus, he had learned of ten copies that had been stolen from different libraries; had recovered three of these; and had turned over to the police a courteous, affable, and apparently ingenuous man, who must stand trial in New York and then be turned over to a neighboring state to answer to the same charge. Mr. Gaillard says: "I am inclined, to believe, from what has been brought to my notice, that at least three men operate together. One investigates, one steals, and one sells. The territory covered seems to extend from Boston to Washington, perhaps further. Books are so treated that identification is extremely difficult. Where library marks cannot be effectually removed the pages are cut out and replaced by others. Book plates and embossed stamps are removed with great skill." The actual thief is an expert. One library lost both volumes of the large Rand & McNally atlas; one bookseller lost six copies of the Webster International Dictionary in one afternoon. I have heard of first editions which have been loaned for reference, and a few days after it was found that dummies were substituted and the real first editions were stolen.

"In consequence of my investigation I am convinced that there is an organized body of men who know book values, library methods, and who are skilled in book alteration, who prey upon public and semi-public libraries."

Since this letter was written an accomplice has been caught and plead guilty, but the expert thief is still at large.

From the Public Library at Somerville, Mass., about two hundred books, valued at \$1,600, had been stolen since last November, and the librarian, Mr. S. W. Foss, finally traced them to a "special research" student supposed to be writing a history, and therefore allowed the freedom of the Americana room, which he frequented with his bulky manuscript. He was finally caught by the identity of his registry signature with that on a receipt given by him to a bookseller. Many of the books have been recovered, and the thief was held to the grand jury and sentenced—The Literary Collector.

The Royal Historical Society of London is planning publication of a scientific bibliography of British history from 1458 to 1901. The details of the undertaking were set forth in a recent address of Dr. G. W. Prothero, President of the Society. The bibliography will begin at the point at which Charles Gross's bibliography of mediaeval England ended.

The chief ecclesiastical dignitary of the Established Church of England has been spending some days in Quebec, Montreal and Toronto, on his way to the United States, where he has gone to attend a conference of the American Episcopalian church. There is the more interest in this visit from the fact that it is the first time an Archbishop of Canterbury has ever left the shores of Britain. Dr. Davidson is Scotch by blood; and at one time his name was mentioned as a possible friendly arbitrator in the recent celebrated Scottish Church law case. He is an able, upright, broad-minded, tactful man, and has demeaned himself while in Canada in a manner befitting the scope and dignity of his high position.

The people of Canada of all classes and creeds will wish the Archbishop a visit not only personally pleasant but instructive to his hearers and to himself.

A GOODLY TREE.

In the late meeting of the Pan Presbyterian Alliance, the secretary, Rev. Dr. Matthews, presented an elaborate statistical report of Presbyterian Churches of the world. The following are some of the main items of the exhibit: European continent—Ministers, 5106; communicants, 947,258; Sunday-school scholars, 366,045. United Kingdom—Ministers, 5,313; communicants, 1,536,807; Sunday school scholars, 1,041,334. Asia—Ministers, 216; communicants, 62,844; Sunday-school scholars, 8,779. Africa—Ministers, 352; communicants, 211,724; Sunday-school scholars, 54,110. North America—Ministers, 15,557; communicants, 2,280,485; Sunday school scholars 2,234,610. South America—Ministers, 41; communicants, 6,000. West India Islands—Ministers, 28; communicants, 12,017; Sunday-school scholars, 12,283. Australasia—Ministers, 754; communicants, 80,793; Sunday-school scholars, 100,650. The total of Presbyterian, communicant members now found in the whole world is 5,137,128. Since the organization of the Alliance this total has stood as follows at its successive sessions: 1888, 3,721,680; 1892, 4,125,66; 1896, 4,627,149; 1899, 4,852,096

Literary Notes.

The most noteworthy book discussed in the September Current Literature (Current Literature Publishing Company, New York) is undoubtedly that entitled A History of Marimonial Institutions, by George Elliot Howard, Ph. D., Professorial Lecturer in the University of Chicago. This is a large work in three volumes, and of it the reviewer says: "An *opum magnum* so deserving of the name as this does not challenge our attention once a year. Its extent, the long patience which its preparation has required, the careful, and effective presentation of the great mass of its material, the nice balance of its judgment at many critical points—all these particulars will elicit profounder admiration in proportion as the reader understands the seriousness of such labor as is here involved." From the review given we can understand that this is a valuable work of its kind.

The Magazine of Art' whose term of life has been long and whose contents were of a high order, has suspended publication, the July number being the valedictory.

Dodd, Mead & Co., have issued a facsimile reprint of Thomas Hariot's A Briefe and True Report of the New Found land of Virginia, from the first edition, 1588. Only seven copies are known of this, "the earliest printed original book in English language relating to the region now comprised within the limits of the United States." An introductory note is inserted by the editor, Luther S. Livingston.

The Pillar of Light, by Louis Tracy, author of The Wings of the Morning, McLeod & Aller, Toronto, Publishers. This is a bright, readable story suitable for a warm summer day when one does not care to think nor be moved too much in anyway—simply to be interested for the time being. Without being trashy the book is quite improbable, and all the most approved coincidences of the old fashioned romance happen. The setting, however, is original for the scene is laid almost entirely in a light-house. A terrific storm is raging when the story opens, and the light-housekeeper, who by the way is a man of wonderful educational gifts and of course turns out to be a nobleman in disguise, with his daughter and her adopted sister, manage to save some hundred passengers from a wrecked vessel. Of course each of the girls finds a lover and the adopted child discovers her father, an American millionaire, but then all Americans in the world are millionaires. With all its extravagance in the way of plot the tale is well told and should find plenty of readers.

The Studio for August (44 Leicester Square, London, England) opens with a criticism of Mr. Moffat P. Lindner's water-colours of Venice, by C. Lewis Hind. The first paragraph is as follows: "What art does for us, what it has done, what it should do, are questions to which there can be no final answer, for the solution of the problem must always depend upon the personality of the inquirer, and till the last man asks the last question of the universe such questions will be repeated. Nobody will deny that the power to feel and to express beauty is one of the essentials of the artist's equipment, although a vast number of painters flaunt their want of this gift every year at the Royal Academy, the New Gallery, the saloons, and at Munich. But beauty of line, of form, of quality, of tone, of colour, if it be inherent in the artist, must be expressed although he be skied, intermittently rejected, or left altogether to his lonely dream. Beauty occurs anywhere, any time, and when it occurs joy uprises and passes from the work to the observer. If he feels it to be beauty, it is beauty. With many artists this power of communicating beauty would seem to be an occasional gift; they use it unknowingly. Others turn naturally to the expression of beauty as young birds to the air, working slowly, selecting from nature, synthesising their impressions, content to produce only from an artistic impulse, disregarding of exhibitions with their temptations to show something that will outstream the neighbouring canvasses. In this category artists, who see nature across a temperament, in Zola's fine phrase, and who strive to interpret the beauty of the world, I should place Mr. Moffat P. Lindner."

The Inglenook.

A Practical Penitent.

BY ELIZABETH PRICE.

That there was a contrast in our rooms I fully realized, but the mistake I made was in thinking it didn't matter. Tom was only a boy at the awkward age, when he was composed principally of long legs and clumsy arms, which he seemed to have forgotten how to manage. He was always knocking things down, or tipping them over, and I trembled every time he touched my belongings for fear something serious would happen. He seemed to realize the danger himself, and seldom crossed the threshold of my sanctum, even before I had dressed it up.

My room is a dear—blue and white. Nobody knows just how I worked and planned and saved to make it what it is. If you had seen me divesting the old furniture of its original finish by means of sal soda and ammonia, you could have readily accounted for the condition of my hands during the next week. I did it in fear and trembling, too, for grandmother had given a most reluctant consent to my experiment, and if it failed I could expect nothing better than to sleep on a mottled bed, and dress before a pic-bald bureau the rest of my existence. However I didn't fail, and the white enamel paint behaved beautifully.

The little niches in the carving over the looking-glass, where I couldn't get the old stain cut perfectly, I covered with dotted swiss drapery that matched the curtains at the windows. Then the floor. How I did stain and oil it, then go over it with pumice stone and oil it again! I even hung the wall-paper myself, for I wouldn't let Tom help—I was afraid to. It looks perfectly sweet, too, though on one breadth one butterfly wing rests on each spray of forge-me-nots, while the other wing of each pair and the fat yellow body repose one-sidedly beneath. I don't know how I ever made such a mistake, but it had to go, for I couldn't get any more paper. I had bought a remnant because it was cheap. Still this was unimportant after all, for the head of the bed covers it nearly all the way up, and a picture hides the rest. It's a picture that looks better hung high—on the principle that "distance lends enchantment to the view." I seldom looked at it anyway, because at that time there hung, where I could see it earliest and latest, a sweet portrait of my mother. It was my dearest treasure—mine, because I am her oldest child; and I knew Tom loved it, too, by the wistful look he always gave it when he came to my door. He never said anything about it but once, and that was when I went in suddenly and found him standing before it. His lashes were wet, and he said huskily, "Kitty, a fellow couldn't think a bad thought with those eyes on him, could he?" Then he went out quickly. He never says much when he feels most, but his heart is good as gold and true as steel.

Well, I painted all the woodwork white, and I did some pale blue morning glories on the panel of the door, and after everything was done—the cushions and covers in place, the dainty draperies hanging gracefully over the big sunny windows, I could just have cried for pure joy. It had been my dream for years to get my old ugly things out of

the way and new ones in their places. The fact that the furniture I had used was great-grandmother's, and therefore antique, didn't reconcile me in the least to its dark ugliness any more than it helped me to admire the hideous hair-cloth chairs down in the parlor, or the carpet with stiff designs three-quarters of a yard square. I had yearned and dreamed and planned. I'd picked berries and crocheted lace and knitted socks to earn money to buy what had to be bought before I could "turn myself loose," as Tom says.

And now, to think the happy day had come and beside all this, there was in my work-box a ten dollar gold piece that Aunt Hannah had sent for my birthday, which was to add the finishing touch in the shape of a darling rosewood desk, at which I could scribble as much as I pleased, with no one to molest or make me afraid. I had picked it out as an object of my desire months before, but I never expected to own it, for Aunt Hannah's presents are as uncertain as her moods, and I never count on them. I was to go to town the very next day after my room was finished to bring home my treasure.

I stood in the door at last trying to take it all in, too happy to believe what I saw. I dreaded to turn away to the contrast elsewhere, for grandmother—bless her dear heart—is satisfied if things are spick-and-span clean and whole, while grandfather looks askance at "fur belows." You see they were born and raised with another generation when many things were very different from now. A crooked shade or a dusty window-pane grandmother couldn't endure, but the fact that the shade is a ghastly green and the pane set in an ugly blue frame doesn't disturb her in the least. I often try to imagine how things would have been if our own dear parents had lived, yet even that thought seems almost disloyal to the best and most patient of "grand people," as Tom calls them.

Tom came to look over my shoulder as I stood there. "Very fine, ma'am," he said. "Isn't it sweet?" I questioned eagerly, then at a sudden remembrance, "Tom, don't take my towels any more to clean your gun-case. They are new and I don't want 'em spoiled." "Are they new? I'm no end sorry I meddled, but I couldn't find one high or low in my room. If you can manage to keep one on my rack, I'll never bother yours," he promised. I winced. I'd been so absorbed in my own affairs for some time that I had undoubtedly neglected his, but it did seem to me he might have got on somehow without disturbing my things. I said so and added a little crossly, "You think that nothing matters only your old hunting and fishing and gaming. I believe you would as lief wipe your old stogy shoes on my new floor rug as not."

Tom laughed, and asked what it was there in the way for if not to be used, and I retorted, "Just like a man! If a thing isn't good to eat or to put to some immediate practical use, it isn't appreciated. Because you don't know or care whether your room looks like a barn or a wood shed, you think I ought to feel the same!" Now Tom never gets cross with me and perhaps I do presume a little upon that fact, and speak rather plainly sometimes. I love him better than anybody, in spite of his perfectly immense

feet and hands, but it was provoking to find my new blue bordered towel all wadded up in a dirty little roll in one corner of his room. I did feel a little ashamed when my brother looked down on me with a half quizzical, half pathetic expression and said, "I don't care, eh? Don't know when my bed's rot made, I suppose, or the dust swept under the bureau and left there? Well some people are very stupid, and I'm evidently one of that brand." Then he turned and sauntered down the hall, whistling "The girl I left behind me."

You could almost have knocked me down with a feather. It was the first time he had ever intimated that he was conscious of my carelessness. Not that I was in the habit of doing things so untidily, but just sometimes when one is in a desperate hurry, it is so easy to slight a little bit where you think it won't make any difference to anybody.

I sat down limply in my little white rocker and thought as hard as I could. Little things that I hadn't noticed at the time, began coming back to my memory—maybe, after all, Tom cared more than I gave him credit for. Gradually I began to dimly guess that I'd been selfish as I had heeded and worked for nobody in the wide world but myself. It didn't matter for grandfather or grandmother, for they were better contented with their own things in their own way than they would be with my alterations. But Tom was young—younger than I by more than a year. Why shouldn't he care for the same things I did, outside of the difference that comes from my having a girl's tastes and his, a boy's?

But even if he hadn't cared or hadn't realized that he cared, wasn't that very fact a reason why I should try to help him to more refining influences, externally as well as internally? And of them all, surely few had a more important place than neatness and order.

At last I went to reconnoiter, after peeping to see that the coast was clear. It was not that I wasn't perfectly familiar with Tom's room, for I knew every inch by heart, but I looked it over with new eyes, as it were. The room itself was pleasant, the wall-paper clean and neat, the carpet well enough, though its rather vivid colors were toned down to unwonted dullness by a coat of undisturbed dust that made me blush. (Grandmother rarely comes up stairs. Her room opens out of the dining-room and I am left to reign supreme on the second floor.) The windows were dim, the woodwork dingy; the bed wore an ugly patchwork quilt. A wooden arm-chair with the rocker off, another with its cane seat broken through, a washstand with one castor gone and a broken-nosed water pitcher sitting in the bowl. The bureau without a cover, all strewn with odds and ends that didn't belong there, and hadn't been disturbed for some time. On the table lay tacks and cartridges among collars and ties. The book-shelves held hopeless confusion; Robinson Crusoe standing on his head, Gulliver travelling sidewise, Tom Brown at Rugby doing penance on his face, and Tales of a Wayside Inn preparing to become tales of a wayside Inn, as it hung precariously over the extreme edge of the lowest shelf. These were the things I saw.

I'd seen them all—alas—before, but not as I saw it then. I sat down in the uncomfortable chair and looked about, and it tears of joy had almost fallen awhile before, tears of shame and sorrow altogether descended now. My dear, big, awkward, good boy—so true and loyal—so patient and uncomplaining! Then and there I resolved that never

gain while I had breath in my body, should find a wisp of dust under his furniture! I had to go down soon to help get supper. I paused once more for a peep into my nest, but the zest had gone out of it, and I only saw the comfortlessness of the room I had just left.

Next day, according to my plan, I went to town, but I didn't get my desk, for I found I didn't need it near as much as I had thought I did. A long earnest meditation by one's self in the night, clears one's vision wonderfully sometimes, even though it is as dark as Egypt and one's eyes are tight shut.

I spent my ten dollars, however, and on the way home confided in grandfather and he aided and abetted my plan of keeping Tom out of my secret. So the next day Tom was sent over to a farm several miles away and given errands enough to keep him busy most of the day, and then I went to work. Every inch of washable surface in that apartment was scrubbed until it shone. Pretty new shades were hung at the polished windows, a brand-new white spread hid the patchwork quilt, a new letherette collar and cuff box stood on the tidy bureau cover, a pair of military brushes lay side by side on a little wicker tray. Tackle and ammunition were packed out of sight in an unused drawer, bookshelves and table were neatly covered and put to rights.

I knew that rugs and draperies would really annoy him, so I didn't attempt them, but spent the rest of my money for a chair that I knew would delight his boyish soul. Strong, and roomy and comfortable, just the thing to read in by the hour beside the clean lamp, under its new green shade; this, with an easily spared chair from downstairs, replaced the broken seats which were promptly relegated to the attic. The washstand stood squarely on four reliable castors, and the noseless toilet pitcher gave place to a whole new one. And at the foot of the bed where her dear eyes would rest upon her boy the last thing at night and the first thing in the morning, hung mother's picture. At last it had glimmered through my selfishness that Tom's turn had come.

It was dusk when Tom drove into the barnyard that night. I was ready for him, and it was hard to tell whether I or the dear old grandpeople were most excited over the surprise; but we all kept ourselves back till after supper. Then grandmother and I slipped away upstairs, while grandfather said, "Tom, where is that book you were reading last night?"

"In my room sir. Do you want it?"

"Why, yes, I believe I will let you get it for me."

"All right, sir," and Tom dashed off at his usual breakneck pace, with grandfather—would you believe it?—close behind in his stocking-feet.

Grandmother and I were in the closet peeping through the crack of the door. Tom bounced in headed for the table, and got half across the room before he saw the change. Then he halted and slowly looked about him.

I wish I could describe that boy's face. I actually thought once he was going to cry, and the way he held out his arms to mother's picture just broke my heart. I couldn't hold back any longer but threw myself into those empty arms and he hugged me tight and said, huskily, "There, there, Kitty, don't cry. It's the dearest surprise a fellow ever had, and I didn't deserve it."

"Oh, but you did," I declared. "You deserve a great deal more than you've ever had from me, and I'm going to be a better

sister to you, Tom."

Then the grandpeople came out of hiding and we all talked at once, and Tom admired everything to our heart's content. Yes indeed, it paid. Since I've begun to do my duty by him he is as thoughtful as any one could ask about taking care of his belongings. When I spoke of it the other day he turned red under his ear, but he said: "It's worth while, Kitty, to look out for things when somebody beside yourself is interested."

I don't dread to have him come into my sanctum now, for he is much more gentle, and we have ever so many cosy talks together with Tom's stogy shoes resting on my rug, and it doesn't hurt it a bit.

He never let me guess that he suspected why I didn't get my desk, but at Christmas time he gave it to me—the very one I wanted—though it must have meant real sacrifices on his part, for ten dollar bills are not very plentiful with my brother and me. But I prize it one hundred times more than if I'd bought it myself, just as Tom does his rocker and things, and I'd rather have written all my letters to my dying day on the back of our old geography, than to have missed the chance of gaining an influence over my boy that, please God, shall help him and his sister so long as we both shall live.—Christian Observer.

A Sportsman's Mecca.

There is no more delightful place in the Western Hemisphere for out-door life and perfect sport with rod and gun than the famous Muskoka Lakes region of the "Highlands of Ontario," about 100 miles north of Toronto. Canoeing is one of the many pleasures the district affords. The Grand Trunk reaches it with ease and comfort, whirling its passengers through some of the grandest scenery on earth.

Handsome, illustrated, descriptive matter sent free to any address on application to J. Quilan District Passenger agent, Boneventure Station Montreal.

Reminding the Hen.

It's, well I ran into the garden,
Said Eddie, his face all aglow,
"For what do you think, mamma, happened?
You never will guess it, I know.
The little brown hen was there clucking;
'Cut-cut!' she'd say, quick as a wink,
Then 'Cut-cut!' again, only slower,
And then she would stop short and think.
"And then she would say it all over—
She did look so mad and so vexed,
For, mamma, do you know, she'd forgotten
The word that she ought to cluck next;
So I said, 'Ca-daw-cut, ba-daw-cut!'
As loud and as strong as I could,
And she looked round at me very thankful
I tell you, it made her feel good.
"Then she flapped and said 'Cut-cut-ca-daw-cut!'
She remembered just how it went then—
But it's well I ran into the garden—
She might never have clucked right again!"
—Baby World.

The Average Woman.

"The average woman" does not sound like a phrase of high compliment. Yet the average woman is doubtless the most needed woman in civilization. It is interesting and inspiring to see that she has made marked progress during the centuries. She is much more capable and more lovable than three hundred years ago. Her advance is some-

A Wise Mother.

A wise mother never attempts to cure the ailments from which her little ones suffer by stupefying them with sleeping draughts "soothing" preparations and similar medicines containing opiates. This class of medicines are responsible for the untimely death of thousands of little ones, though some mothers may not realize it. When your little ones are ailing give them Baby's Own Tablets, a medicine sold under a guarantee to contain no opiate or harmful drug. Mothers who have used the Tablets always speak in their praise. Mrs. A. Johnston, Eddystone, Ont., says: "I find Baby's Own Tablets all you recommend them to be. My baby was troubled with eczema, and was very cross and restless, but since giving her the Tablets she has become quite well and is now a strong healthy child." Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing to Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

what due to the work of those few leaders who make new paths, and encourage more timid souls to follow them. But for the most part it can be traced to the steady, slow improvement all along the line—an improvement traceable directly to the average woman herself.

She makes better bread and better soup than she used to make; she reads more books and better ones; she has a firmer hand and a more understanding heart with children; she gives more discriminatingly in charity; her household, small or large, is better ordered; her love has more purity and more fire; her religion is more Christlike in its wisdom and its compassion.

Perhaps every average woman in the world longs to do more than the average. Even that longing is her part in the general store of aspiration and works for good. But it is a kind of graspingness of which circumstances are pretty sure to cure her. The Persians have a proverb, "God takes good care the trees do not grow into the sky." Wordsworth translates that into English poetry, and tells us that even a woman who is "a phantom of delight" must also be

A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food.

Youth's Companion.

The Real Secret.

"Tell me not of your doubts and discouragements," said Goethe, "I have plenty of my own. But talk to me of your hope and faith." The tone of complaint is one which we are all too ready to accept, and which is not only injurious to ourselves, but hurtful to all who come in contact with us. In speaking of a young woman who had filled several good positions, but with no degree of success, an older woman said: "She could have kept either position and earned a good income if she had not been so dissatisfied. She was continually finding fault, and never felt that she was appreciated."

It may be safely said that this attitude of mind is one that almost predetermines failure in any line of work. Patience under adverse circumstances will often bring about favorable results, while complaint only accentuates and fixes the cause of complaint. Avoid mention of the disagreeable things that may come into your life. If you cannot be patient, you can at least be silent. The secret of success lies not so much in knowing what to say as in what to avoid saying.—Boston Traveler.

Ministers and Churches.

Ottawa.

Rev. Dr. McMeekin has returned from Buckingham, where he supplied the pulpit of Rev. Mr. Patterson for two Sundays. Mr. Patterson, who was away for his holidays, is expected home this week.

Toronto.

Arrangements were completed for publishing a new missionary text-book. This will be a book of 200 pages, and will deal largely with the various fields where the Presbyterian Church is carrying on missionary operations.

H. M. Parsons, D.D., pastor emeritus of Knox Church, accompanied by Mrs. Parsons, has left for Winnipeg, where for four Sabbaths he will occupy the pulpit of C. B. Pilbado, D.D., Westminster Presbyterian Church, of that city.

In Knox Church, Toronto, on Thursday of last week, the Presbyterian General Assembly's Committee on Young People's Societies met, under the convenship of Rev. Dr. MacTavish, Deseronto. There was a good attendance, and a large amount of business was transacted.

The Executive Board of the Ontario Lord's Day Alliance referred to a special committee reports regarding the running of steamboats on Sunday from Toronto, in Muskoka, Georgian Bay, and Bay of Quinte; the growing frequency in this city of Sunday parades; the opening of post-offices, and the running of excursions.

The Rev. Dr. Milligan, Moderator of the General Assembly, returned from his trip to Britain last week and his congregation at Old St. Andrew's on Sunday next will find him in the best of health and as full of vigor as ever. He reports his trip as being in every way pleasant and profitable. He went as far north as Tain, where he preached twice. He was in Scotland at the time of the announcement of the House of Lord's judgment in the Church case, and describes the effect of that judgment as an ecclesiastical earthquake. One good result of the judgment, he says, will be the more thorough cementing of the two original parties which formed the union and created the United Free Church. In that respect the judgment will do good. He altogether disapproves of what seems to him to be an act of utter spoliation.

Messrs. Drummond and Reeds of St. Thomas, will supervise the work of organizing new societies and Presbyterian unions. An effort will be made, under the direction of Rev. G. C. Pidgeon, of Toronto Junction, to keep in sympathetic touch with the many young people who are constantly moving from the smaller centres to the cities of the Dominion. Several changes were made in the statistic forms sent to societies, the aim being to ascertain methods and principles rather than figures. Courses of study in general literature and missions were outlined. Representatives were appointed to visit the theological colleges to bring before the students the advisability of forming societies in mission fields.

Western Ontario.

Rev. Dr. Talling, of Toronto, preached in Knox church, Hamilton.

Rev. Dr. MacKay of Woodstock, preached in Knox church, Embro, on Sunday.

Rev. F. Ballantyne conducted the services in First church, London, on Sunday.

Rev. R. Martin, Hamilton, has returned from his vacation and preached in Erskine church on Sunday.

Rev. A. J. Mann, of Speedside, and Rev. A. Hamilton, of Fergus, exchanged pulpits last Sabbath.

Rev. and Mrs. Roxborough of Smithville, who have been away enjoying their holidays, have returned home.

The pulpit of Knox church, Stratford, was occupied on the 28th, by Rev. J. W. H. Milne, B. A., of Ottawa.

Rev. C. H. Daly, pastor of the Church at Lyn, narrowly escaped being killed while horseback riding near his home.

The morning service at MacNab Church, Hamilton, was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Fletcher. The Rev. J. D. Cunningham preached in the evening. In Central Church, Rev. J. D. Cunningham, M.A., preached in the morning and Rev. James Little; B.A., in the evening.

THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN

Rev. Dr. W. A. MacKay preached to large congregations morning and evening in the Embro church on Sunday.

Rev. A. McWilliams, B.A., who has returned from vacation, occupied the pulpit of the First church, St. Mary's, on Sunday.

Rev. Dr. McLeod of Atwood, who has accepted a call to Truro, N. S., preached his farewell sermon on Sunday, August 28th.

Rev. Dr. McTavish, Deseronto, has spent the past two weeks at his old home in Nassagaweya. He occupied Knox church, Acton, on both Sundays.

Rev. A. R. Gregory of Toronto, occupied the Norwich pulpit on Sunday, and Rev. John Kay, M.A., the pastor, is expected home this week to resume his duties.

Rev. E. C. Gallop of Mohawk, occupied the pulpit of Knox church, Galt, on Sunday. Rev. R. E. Knowles, B.A., has sailed from Liverpool and will be home some time this week.

The resignation of Rev. J. L. Simpson, who has been pastor at Thornbury for some time, has been accepted with much regret by his congregation. His resignation is due to ill health.

The Rev. James Kay, formerly of Woodstock, and now pastor of the Presbyterian church in Mason City, U. S., preached in Knox church, Woodstock, on Sunday morning.

Rev. R. S. Laidlaw, B.A., last year assistant pastor of Knox church, Woodstock, preached there previous to taking up his work as pastor of St. Andrew's church, Belleville. He was welcomed by a large congregation.

At the farewell meeting held on the Friday evening before, Mr. James Dickson, Donegal, presented the retiring pastor with a purse of \$100 in behalf of the congregation and expressed the warm appreciation of the people of the value of his work and character. The best tribute that could be paid to the success of a minister's work was the great regret felt by all that he was leaving them. Mrs. McLeod was also presented with a handsome bible.

Rev. G. C. Patterson of Embro, occupied the pulpit in Chalmers church, Woodstock, last Sabbath, and was heard at both services by large congregations. In the evening Mr. Patterson found his text in the 26th chapter of Matthew, in the account of the last passover and the institution of the Lord's Supper and his sermon was thoughtful and inspiring. He found occasion for a brief reference to the movement for church union in Canada. He expressed the fear that in seeking mechanical arrangement to secure uniformity, we might lose sight of the fact that the church of God has always from earliest times been one. Unity in the midst of diversity is more to be sought after than uniformity at the expense of life.

Eastern Ontario.

The lawn social held on the manse grounds at Finch last week, was a decided success.

Rev. A. H. Macfarlane of Frankton, preached in St. Andrew's church, Appleton, on Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Johnston, of Fitzroy Harbor, preached in St. John's church, Antrim, last Sunday morning.

Rev. Mr. Barnett of Summerstown, preached in St. Andrew's Church, Cornwall, on Sabbath morning.

The manse at Finch was broken into a few nights ago and a fur jacket, an overcoat and other goods to the value of \$150 carried off.

Rev. Donald Tait, late pastor of Chalmers church, Quebec, preached in Knox church, Lancaster, last Sunday, and will occupy the same pulpit next Sabbath.

Rev. Mr. Scott of Perth, preached in Knox church, Cornwall, on Sunday morning and in St. John's church in the evening. Rev. Dr. Harkness filling his pulpit at Perth.

At a congregational meeting held on Wednesday, the members of the Reformed church, Almonte, decided to show their appreciation of their pastor, Rev. Mr. Boyd, by raising his stipend \$150.

Rev. D. L. Gordon, who has occupied the pulpit at St. Andrew's church, Picton, the past four Sundays, returned this week to Fernie. His sermons were very much enjoyed by the congregation.

Rev. Mr. McKellar, of Martintown, preached his farewell sermon in Barn's Church on Sunday, On Monday a lawn social was held at Philip McGregor's, King's Road, where a purse of over

two hundred dollars was given to Mr. McKellar. Mr. McKellar and family will be very much missed throughout the community.

Two special services were held in St. Andrew's church, Ashton, on Sunday. In the morning Rev. G. T. Bayne of Appleton, preached specially to the children and in the evening to the young people. Both services were well attended, and the church was tastefully decorated with plants and flowers.

Sunday was a great day among the Cobourg Presbyterians. For several months the congregation have been worshipping in the Sunday school hall and the Opera House, while the church building was undergoing extensive alterations. On Sunday the church was reopened and dedicated by the pastor, Rev. William Beattie, who preached at both services. The pastor asked the congregation for an offering of \$2,300, and to the delight of all it totalled \$2,685.

Northern Ontario.

The Rev. Dr. Grant of Orillia, occupied his own pulpit again last Sunday.

Corbetton and Riverview congregations each recently held a very successful garden party. At the latter \$175 were realized.

The Ladies Aid of the Church at Depot Harbor are holding very successful picnics and teas at Mowat Island on Wednesday afternoons.

Union evangelistic meetings are to commence Presbyterian, Methodist and Baptist churches, Flesherton, on Sabbath, September 11th, at which the pastors are to be assisted by Evangelist A. H. Ranton.

Rev. Mr. Dobson, of ForJwich, occupied the pulpit of Knox church, Clifford, last Sabbath, morning and evening, and conducted the superintendence of the Sabbath school in the afternoon. Mr. Dobson is an able preacher and delivered two excellent practical sermons.

The Cedarville and associate congregations are doing exceedingly well under the ministrations of Mr. W. D. Lee, of Knox College. At a joint meeting of the congregations recently held it was unanimously agreed upon that Mr. Lee be asked to continue as missionary in charge, subject, of course, to the consent of the Senate of Knox College.

Rev. James and Mrs. Buchanan of Dundalk, have returned from their holiday trip to Scotland and Ireland. In a letter to the local press Mr. Buchanan has among other things said: "Canada lacks very much that Britain has, but she possesses a purer and sweeter moral atmosphere and no doubt her religious life is higher." Mr. Buchanan spent a day at a Regatta in the north of Ireland and says "the air was simply saturated and laden with the fumes of liquor." Temperance reform is a subject for Ireland.

Mrs. Glendinning, of Swan river, Man., has the sincere sympathy of many friends at Flesherton, Markdale and Dundalk, in her season of deep sorrow through the death of her husband, Mr. H. E. Glendinning, editor of the Swan River Star, who, after a painful and lengthy illness with cancer of the stomach, entered into rest on the 16th inst. Mr. Glendinning was a member of the Session at Swan River, and had also served the church in the same capacity in Ontario, before going West. He was an active Christian worker and shed an influence for good in whatever community he lived, therefore "he being dead yet speaketh."

Rev. John Hunter of Markdale, who is in Scotland on a visit, has received a call from a charge there in consequence of which he has tendered his resignation of the Markdale and Berkeley charge in which he has laboured the past ten years.

Referring to his resignation the Markdale Standard says:—"In the departure of Mr. Hunter from the pastorate of Cooke's church, Markdale, loses one of its best preachers and indefatigable workers. He has proven himself a man of starting worth, superior financier and industrious pastor, while his estimable wife and talented daughters are worthy examples to follow."

Peterborough.

Rev. Dr. Torrance and family are holidaying at Fort Hope.

Miss Helen Davies, soprano soloist at St. Paul's church, is holidaying up Stony Lake.

The exodus from the lakes is already beginning, and full churches are looked for next Sabbath. The ministers are in good heart, and plans for the fall work are being formulated.

Rev. J. H. Edmison, B. A. of Cheltenham, has been spending his vacation among Peterborough friends.

Mr. William, student in charge of Mill street church, Port Hope, has been enjoying a few days outing on Lake Ontario.

Mr. Herb King, another Peterborough "old boy," sang in St. Andrew's church on Sunday evening to a large congregation.

Cobourg people were pleased to welcome back their popular pastor, Rev. Wm. Beattie, from his trip to the old country.

Rev. Geo. Yule and family of Springville, are spending a few weeks vacation at Port Hope. Mr. Yule is a hard worker and his vacation is well deserved.

Rev. Robert Hyde supplied the pulpit of St. Andrew's church during the pastor's absence, preaching able sermons on each occasion.

Mrs. Waddell of Kansas City, a former Peterborough lady, delighted St. Paul's people on the Sabbath morning last with an exquittely rendered solo, "Rock of Ages."

Rev. J. A. Wilson has returned from his trip to the World's Fair at St. Louis, and Rev. J. T. Potter from his two weeks pleasantly spent at Northfield Conference, Massachusetts.

Rev. G. A. MacLennan of Norwood, Rev. W. L. Atchison of Warsaw, Rev. D. A. Thomson of Hastings, and Rev. Wm. Johnston of Millbrook, have all returned from their annual vacation.

Considering the great number of Peterborough people who spend July and August "up the lakes," the services in the various town churches have been fairly well attended this summer.

Six new elders were recently appointed at St. Paul's church, the full number now being twenty-four. St. Paul's is an important charge, and with its four hundred families and eight hundred communicants, both pastors are kept busy.

Rev. James Cattanaack of March Chunk, Penn., preached at Centreville on the 21st, and in St. Paul's, Peterborough, on the 28th. Mr. Cattanaack was formerly pastor of Centreville church, and his many friends in this neighborhood were glad to see him again.

Introduction of W. A. McIlroy.

Considering the inclement character of the night a surprisingly large congregation assembled in the Stewarton church last Friday evening to witness the introduction of Rev. W. A. McIlroy.

Rev. Dr. Ramsay, Moderator of Presbytery, presided. There were present Rev. Dr. Armstrong, Rev. A. E. Mitchell, Rev. J. H. Turnbull, Rev. A. S. Reid, Rev. Dr. Wardrop and Rev. D. J. Craig, evangelist.

Rev. A. S. Reid, of Plantagenet, preached an excellent sermon from 1st Corinthians, 1-23 and 24. "But we preach Christ crucified," etc. The subject of the preaching was "Christ crucified," the object of the preaching was the salvation of lost sinners. The crucified Christ is the keystone of the Christian religion. Some of the world religions might exist with their authors dropped out of their systems, but if Christ were dropped out of Christianity there would be little left—the system would collapse. The preacher must point to the beneficence of Christ's personal life as the Son of man and our exemplar, but the central thought of the gospel story is that He gave His life to ransom lost sinners. The gospel story proved a stumbling block to the Jews, because they looked for an earthly king and kingdom; to the Greeks, with their plan of elevating human kind by a dry philosophy the gospel story became foolishness; but to those who accepted it, it became the power and wisdom of God. Christ crucified must be the central theme of all true and faithful preaching.

The Moderator then briefly narrated the steps taken leading to the call to Mr. McIlroy and his acceptance thereof, and put to him the acceptance of the formula, which being satisfactorily answered, he declared him duly inducted into the pastoral charge of the congregation and welcomed him as a member of Ottawa Presbytery joined.

Rev. Mr. Turnbull then addressed the newly-inducted minister, speaking of the larger responsibilities and duties of his new pastorate, and outlined some phases of ministerial life to which he would have to give attention in his preaching and pastoral work.

Rev. Mr. Mitchell addressed the people on the duty they owe to their pastor—to be a

united congregation; to be a praying congregation. He urged them to co-operate with him in his plans, to extend to him their earnest sympathy, and to realize that their spiritual up-building would help and stimulate him in his work.

After the benediction had been pronounced by the Moderator, Mr. McIlroy was conducted to the door of the church, where he had an opportunity of being introduced to the people as they passed out of the church.

Introduction of Rev. Dr. Ross as Pastor-ate of St Andrew's church London, Ont.

The induction service was conducted by Rev. Walter Moffet, of Chalmers Church. Following the opening hymn, Rev. James Rollins, pastor of the King Street Church, delivered the sermon. Then Rev. A. J. MacGillivray, of New St. James Church, who has been acting as interim moderator, explained the steps leading up to last evening's service. He pointed out briefly that on Dec. 1st, 1903 the pulpit was rendered vacant by the resignation of Rev. Dr. Johnston. Since then the congregation had heard several ministers, and not only the supply but the attendance has been satisfactory. The call to Rev. Dr. Ross had been unanimous and most hearty. The call was sustained by the Presbytery of London and as interim moderator he had prosecuted it before the Montreal Presbytery. The call was accepted, and, the edict having been read and returned, they were there to induct Rev. Dr. Ross as pastor of St. Andrew's Church.

Rev. W. J. Clark's address to the newly-inducted pastor was one that was of equal interest to the large congregation present. "My dear Dr. Ross," he said, "In common with the Presbytery of London, I heartily rejoice in the fact that calls us together this evening to induct you as pastor of this church." He said he felt the more embarrassment in addressing his remarks to Dr. Ross, in the presence of so large a company when he considered the doctor's superiority in point of years, learning and equipment, but he spoke for the court of the church and hoped to have things balanced by the counsel he should receive from him. Mr. Clark dwelt upon four thoughts. The first was a pastor's responsibility to his charge. Especially great was it in this case, St. Andrew's Church having last year a membership of 973, a seating capacity of 1,400, families connected with the church of 325, and single persons, aside from the above families, of 150, and last year having added 106 and lost 116 members. With the doctor's experience and increasing knowledge of human nature, he felt sure he would fully apprehend the responsibilities of the position. Then there was the thought of the opportunities. There was no greater opportunity than that which came to the minister of the gospel. The joy and reward were great, too. One did not have to wait for the future for reward. Was there any other man that knew so strongly the deep affection of men and women and little children? There was also the reward of duty well done, and the joy of proclaiming the truth. Mr. Clark's thought was the Great Companion, whom Dr. Ross would have in his ministry, and the speaker expressed his best wishes for the pastor.

Rev. A. J. MacGillivray made a short address to the congregation. He said, the general conviction among ministers, was that a professor's chair was the highest possible office in the gift of the church. Dr. Ross had held one firmly. Yet he listened to their call and stepped back into active work. That was encouragement for the pastors, and showed a need on the part of the congregation to be loyal and devoted, so that he might never think he had made a mistake by coming to St. Andrew's Church.

Rev. Dr. Fletcher of Hamilton, ex-moderator of the general assembly, and a personal friend of Rev. Dr. Ross, was introduced. He congratulated the congregation on securing Dr. Ross. He came to them in possession of a large experience as a pastor and teacher, of a strongly-cultivated intellect, of a bright scholarship, of a warm and generous Christian heart, and of sanctified common sense, something pre-eminently useful to ministers. This congregation had enjoyed a number of eminent and saintly pastors but in his judgment, Rev. Dr. Ross was a worthy successor to the best of them. He asked them to honor their new pastor by being in their pews every Sunday, to speak kindly of him in their homes, and to give him a place in their prayers.

The sermon, which was preached by Rev. James Rollins, was taken from Luke's words; "And he went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them; but his mother kept all these sayings in her heart. And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature and in favor with God and man."

At the close of the service Dr. Ross was introduced to the congregation and heartily welcomed.

Introduction of Rev. John McKinnon at Pinkerton.

According to appointment the Presbytery of Bruce assembled in the Presbyterian Church, Pinkerton, for the induction of Rev. John McKinnon, M. A. B. D., late of Springbank. Rev. Thos. Wilson, the Moderator, presided. There were also present, Rev. F. O. Nichol, acting clerk, and Rev'ds. Anderson, Budge, McLennan, ministers and Messrs. Eckford and Bell, elders. Rev. Prof. Munison of Toronto was invited to sit as corresponding member.

After the usual preliminaries, the Moderator ascended the pulpit, which was beautified by a bank of flowers and foliage, and conducted a very impressive service. He chose for his text the words "Pray without ceasing." The usual questions having been satisfactorily answered, the new minister was solemnly inducted.

Rev. Dr. McLennan of Tiverton, then charged the minister on behalf of the presbytery. Among other things he urged that the high ideal of an early ministry, be not allowed to lower, in spite of all the discouragements, and temptations due to the worldliness of this proud age. He was followed by Rev. A. L. Budge of Hanover, who addressed the people. It was pointed out here, that as in the pastorate of our Saviour and His disciples, there were both joys and sorrows, so that in this they might look for both. There was a joy in saving men. But the hardness of the human heart, would often bring grief. At the close of the service Mr. McKinnon was formally introduced to his people. The ladies having provided refreshments, a very pleasant re-union, of a large assembly, took place.

Mr. McKinnon comes well equipped for his work. He is a distinguished graduate of Queen's. For twelve years he labored in his first charge with marked success, and the prospects are bright that he and Mrs. McKinnon will enjoy the work in their new charge.



A Temperance Fruit Colony.

CITRONA PARK is situated 2 1/2 miles from Orland, Glenn county, California, and 160 miles north of San Francisco, in a district that is practically IMMUNE FROM FROST AND EXCEPTIONALLY HEALTHFUL. The soil is a deep clay loam mixed with fine gravel. The drainage, both on surface and in subsoil, is perfect. There is an abundant and unfailing supply of water. The orange, lemon, fig, almond, apple, peach, pear, apricot, olive, grape and all kinds of fruit flourish here in perfection. The rainfall is abundant, so that no artificial irrigation is required except for citrus trees.

A CLAUSE IN EVERY DEED PROHIBITS THE MANUFACTURE AND SALE OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS FOR ALL TIME.

TERMS.—\$65 or 75 per acre according to location, cash or easy payments. Ten acres make a comfortable homestead. If desired the lots of absentee owners will be planted and cared for at lowest cost.

For prospectus and other information apply to REV. T. F. FOTHERINGHAM, D. D. 103 Elliott Row, St. John, N. B.

Tobacco and Liquor Habits.

Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price \$2.

Truly marvellous are the results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. It is safe and inexpensive home treatment; no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, 75 Young street, Toronto.

Health and Home Hints

The Whipping of Cream.

How to make a Light Fluffy Whip and a Heavy and Solid One.

Cream is usually skimmed from milk which has been standing for twelve hours. It is then comparatively thin. Set it aside for twenty-four hours or so longer and it will be perceptibly thickened. In many of our large cities cream is divided into three grades—thin cream, which is quite new; coffee cream, which is somewhat thicker, and heavy or "double" cream, which is very thick, the price varying according to its body or thickness. The first two grades of cream may be used for whipping where a light, fluffy whip is desired. Where a heavy or solid whip, such as needed for filling meringues, adding to hot chocolate or to a Bavarian cream, is needed the heavy or "double" cream is chosen.

To whip cream so as to produce a light froth, turn the cream into a bowl and stand the bowl in a pan of cold or iced water; if it seems quite thick pour in a little milk. Have ready also a sieve, over which is loosely laid a piece of cheesecloth—place this on a soup plate or in another bowl. The whip or churn used is a long tin cylinder pierced round the lower end with holes and containing a dasher, which may or may not be perforated. Place this in the cream so that the lower end touches the bottom of the bowl, slant it a little and work the dasher up and down with short quick strokes. In a moment bubbles will begin to rise. Stir the first under; then, when the froth rises in a uniform manner, skim it off with a spoon and lay it on the covered sieve. Continue to do this until no more froth will rise, returning to the bowl the liquid which has drained from the whip.

To whip heavy cream the same whip or churn may be used, or the cream may be placed in a small tin churn with wire paddles and a crank; if very thick, an egg beater will be sufficient. Whip slowly but steadily stirring down the froth as it rises, until the cream thickens uniformly to such an extent that it can almost be cut with a knife. With cream of such body it is very necessary that the whipping should not be continued for a stroke more than is necessary or the novice may find that she has changed her desired whip into a fine lump of butter. It is for this reason that great care must always be taken to have the cream as thoroughly chilled as possible before whipping, and in summer it is usually desirable to stand the bowl in a pan of cracked ice or iced water.—Table Talk.

Let the GOLD DUST twins do your work



Are you a slave to housework?

GOLD DUST

has done more than anything else to emancipate women from the back-breaking burdens of the household. It cleans everything about the house—pots, pans, dishes, clothes and woodwork. Saves time, money and worry.

Made only by THE J. H. FAIRBANK COMPANY, Montreal, C. S. C., New York, Boston, St. Louis, Makers of COPCO SOAP (toilet cake).

THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN

World of Missions.

Does the Hindu Believe in His Idol Gods?

BY REV. H. J. BRUGE, SATARA, INDIA

One often wanders, when hearing of the degrading and sometimes revolting forms of Hindu idolatry, whether it is possible that an otherwise intelligent human mind can actually believe in the efficacy of such worship. We are often surprised to see highly educated men, lawyers and others, engaged in their religious rites around their idols of stone. Are they sincere, or are they doing it simply to make their friends think they are true Hindus, and so retain their position in caste? One or two instances have recently come under my observation which indicate the utmost sincerity on the part of the worshippers.

Sitarampent was the secretary of the municipality. His duties were to keep the records of the city, and to act as the executive officer of the municipality. He was a Brahman, and a fine-looking man. He was kind and obliging, and it was a pleasure to meet him when I had any municipal business to attend to. When plague was prevailing it was his duty to look after the infected parts of the city—to warn the people to leave their houses and go out in the fields for safety, and to arrange for the disinfection of houses where the plague had appeared. In the recent epidemic the plague was raging in the immediate vicinity of Sitarampent's house. People were dying all about him, and dead rats were found everywhere. The civil surgeons warned him that he should leave his house and go out into camp, but he hesitated and delayed. The surgeons urged that he should go at once, otherwise he might find it too late. He replied that he had an idol god in one of the rooms of his house which had come down from his forefathers, and whatever happened he should go there daily and perform his service. He believed the god would protect him. So he went into the fields to live but returned daily for his worship. After some days, seeing that nothing happened, he began to stay longer at the house and finally to take his meals there. The result was that he was taken with the plague and died. It was his sincere faith in that idol god that led him to expose himself to a danger he was constantly warning others to avoid.

Duttoopunt was a highly skilled artisan. He could repair anything from clocks and watches to typewriters and tongas. I believe he intended to be perfectly upright. Once when I asked him why he charged so little for his work, he replied, "I fear God." He, too, had his household god, and frequently when I went to his house in the early morning I would be told that he was engaged in his worship. The plague visited his neighborhood, also, and the municipal order was that the people should go out into the camp. Duttoopunt would not go. When I asked him why he did not go, he said, "My God is very great." The plague came into his house and took two members of his family, but still he stayed on. "All that a man hath will he give for his life." Would a man expose his life to the terrible plague in confidence in a god in whom he did not sincerely believe? I think not.—The Herald.

"A Summer Fairyland."

To those who are planning a summer outing and seeking "green fields and pastures new," some place where they may cast care aside and commune with primitive nature,

where, though the sun shines ever brightly cooling breezes always blow, and great heat is unknown, it is safely promised that among the rocks and lakes of the Muskoka district, about 100 miles north of Toronto, situate in the Highlands of Ontario, (1000 feet above sea level), they will find enchantment.

Handsome, illustrated, descriptive publications will be sent free to any address on application to J. Quinlan, D. P. A. Montreal.

"Bridget Dear."

And why not?

All day the thud, thud, thud of the iron had echoed in the hot kitchen. All day dark, old, faithful Bridget had traveled around in a burning treadmill from the stove to the ironing table and clothes-horse, from the clothes horse to the ironing table and stove. The soles of her feet felt nearly as hot as the palms of her steamed and blistered hands.

First, the worn boots had been kicked off into a corner: soon the stockings were tossed to them for company, and barefooted Biddy had for a moment secured coolness and comfort.

Only for one moment. The doorbell rang sharply over her head, and up from the basement she must toil. She hurriedly shuffling on her footgear, she had started up the back stairs when down into her very soul there floated the sweetest and most heavenly thing—"Bridget dear, it's all right; I've been to the door." The visitor sitting in the cool parlor heard the message wafted down. What a revelation it was of tender and precious womanhood!

At the bottom of the stair, with one foot raised, stood the flushed and tired servant; at the head of the stairs stood—an angel! Such to Bridget seemed her mistress that day as the sweet tones went from her lips to the servant's heart. Forgotten were her hot face and smarting feet, and the kitchen seemed a bit of heaven as she carried back to it a heart gladdened by "a word fitly spoken."

How much spontaneous kindness and goodwill are barred out of lives and homes by a theory. It would never do to speak a loving word to our servant; she might presume upon it and take liberties with us.

When she some day tells us that she is going to leave us we wonder at the ingratitude, the lack of love for us, which finds her packing up her belongings with a light step and snatches of a song. Have we tried to win her loving service by giving her what money cannot buy?

In a home where papa, mamma, and the children were always *good-night* *deared* a child asked,

"Why don't we say *Hilda dear*?" retreating to the cook.

The mother replied, "It will be all right to say it if it is in your heart."

From the top of the stairs a little white-robed creature cheerily called out.

"Good-night, *Hilda dear*!"

A quick patter of feet and the beaming face of the little Swedish maid appeared at the foot of the stairs with a *dear* tacked to the end of her good-night. The English was far from perfect, but the *dear* was an exact echo of a loving heart far from the fatherland.

Did we but take pattern from the natural ways of children we should be surprised at the beautiful paths into which a little child would lead us.—Mrs. C. A. Beckwith in *The Advance*.

Presbytery Meetings.

SYNOD OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.
 Calgary, Edmonton, Strathcona 5th Sept
 Kamloops, Vernon, 26 Aug.
 Kootenay, Fernie, R.C., 13 Sept, 13 p.m.
 Westminster, Chilliwack 1 Sept. 8 p.m.
 Victoria, Victoria Tues. 5 Sept. 2 p.m.

SYNOD OF MANITOBA AND NORTHWEST
 Portage la Prairie, 5 March.
 Brandon, Brandon.
 Superior, Port Arthur, March.
 Winnipeg, Man. Coll., 2 d Tues bi-mo.
 Rock Lake, Pilot M'd., 2 Tues. Feb.
 Glenboro, Tr'hene, 3 Mar.
 Portage, P. la Prairie, 8th, March
 Minnedosa, Minnedosa, 17 Feb.
 Melita, Hartney 2nd week in July.
 Regina, Moosejaw, Tues. 1 Sept.

SYNOD OF HAMILTON AND LONDON.
 Hamilton, F.C.S. Catharines 6 Sept 10 a.m.
 Paris, Paris, 13th Sept. 11 a.m.
 London, St. Thomas, 5 July 1.30 a.m.
 Chatham, Chatham, 1 Sept 10 a.m.
 Stratford, Knox, Stratford July 12, 10.30

Huron, Thames Road, Sept 6 10.20 a.m.
 Sarnia, Sarnia, St. Andrews Sept. 11
 Maitland, Wroxeter 29 Sept. 10 a.m.
 Bruce, Paisley 6th Sept 11 a.m.

SYNOD OF TORONTO AND KINGSTON.
 Kingston, St. Andrews K.C. 29 Sept a.m.
 Peterboro, Campbellford 17 Sept 10 a.m.
 Whitby, Whitby Oct. 18 10 a.m.
 Toronto, Toronto, Knox, 2 Tues. monthly.
 Lindsay, Sunderland, 29 Sept. 11 a.m.
 Orangeville, Orangeville, Sept 13
 Barrie, Barrie Mar 1 10.30 p.m.
 Owen Sound, Owen Sound, Division St, 6 Sept 10 a.m.
 Algonia, Blind River, March.
 North Bay, Caledonia, Sept 28 9 a.m.

Faucon, Guthrie Ch. Hardiston, Sept 21
Guelph, Knox Ch. Guelph, Sept 29 10.30

SYNOD OF MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.
 Quebec, Sherbrooke, 13 Sept. 2 p.m.
 Montreal, Montreal, Knox 18th, Sept 9.30 a.m.
 Glenagarry, Avonmore, 5th Sept 7.30 p.m.
 Lanark & Renfrew, Zion Church Carleton Place Oct.
 Ottawa, Ottawa 6 Sept 10 a.m.
 Brockville, Kemptonville, Feb. 22 5 p.m.

SYNOD OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES
 Sydney, Sydney, Sept. 2
 Inverness, Whycoomagh 10 May 11 a.m.

P. E. L. Charlestown, 3 Feb.
Pictou, New Glasgow, 5 May 1 p.m.
Wallace, Tatamagouche 2 Aug.
Truro, Truro, 19 May 10 a.m.
Halifax, Canada 5 July
Lanenburg, Labase 5 July 2.30
St. John, Fredericton 3 July 2 p.m.
Miramichi, Campbellton Sept 27 2 p.m.

R. A. McCORMICK
 CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST.
 ACCURACY AND PURITY
71 Sparks St OTTAWA
 PHONE 159.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for the Meaford Breakwater," will be received at 11 o'clock until Monday, June 27, 1904, inclusively, for the construction of a breakwater at Meaford, County of Grey Ont., according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of H. A. Grey, Esq., Engineer in charge of harbor works, Ontario, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, on application to the Postmaster at Meaford, Ont., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa. Tenders will not be considered unless made on the form supplied, and signed with the actual signature of tenderers, accompanied by cash, in the amount of \$100,000, must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract, or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.
 By order,
FRED GELINAS,
 Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
 Ottawa, May 27, 1904.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department, will not be paid for it.

A Great Club Offer.

A radical change from old methods and prices was announced by the Toronto News this week. The eyes of the newspaper world have been upon the News for the past few months, during which time several departures have been made which have given that paper a wide-spread reputation for enterprise and originality. This latest move is to place the News at the price of \$1.00 a year by mail. Only a deep-founded belief in the future success of the News could lead the publishers to make such a reduction in price. But just as the dollar magazine has taken hold of the people, so we venture to predict, the News will secure a vast and ever increasing circulation, based not only on the popular price at which it is sold, but mainly upon the intrinsic merits of the paper itself.

We have made arrangements which will enable us to club the News with THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN at \$1.80 a year in advance. Such a combination presents many unique features, our weekly giving you all the home and foreign Church news, and the big 12-page daily keeping you in touch with events all over the world. Send us your subscription to the News, or if you would like to see the paper first, write us and we will secure a sample copy.

The Dominion Presbyterian,
 Ottawa, Ont.

CANADIAN PACIFIC.

The Merchant's Bank of Halifax
 After January 1st 1905.

TWELVE TRAINS DAILY (except Sunday)
 BETWEEN
OTTAWA AND MONTREAL
 FROM UNION STATION

Leave Ottawa 4.13 a.m. daily,
 8.15 a.m. daily, except Sunday.
 3.10 p.m. daily.
 6.20 p.m. daily except Sunday

FROM CENTRAL STATION (Short line.)

Leave Ottawa 8.45 a.m. daily except Sunday
 3.30 p.m. daily,
 4 p.m. daily except Sun
 6.25 p.m. Sunday only.

EIGHT TRAINS DAILY (except Sun. Between Ottawa and Almonte, Arnprior, Renfrew and Pembroke.
 Leave Ottawa (Union)
 1.50 a.m. daily
 5.29 a.m. daily except Sunday.
 1.15 p.m. daily.
 5.09 p.m. daily except Sunday.

Through connections to all New England and Western points.
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RICE LEWIS & SON
 LIMITED
 TORONTO,

The Royal Bank of Canada.

HEAD OFFICE HALIFAX N.S.
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 (Office of General Mgr., Montreal, Q.)
 Capital Authorized \$3,000,000.00
 Capital Paid up — 2,000,000.00
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Highest rate of interest paid on deposits in Savings Bank and on Special Deposits.
 Letters of Credit issued, available in all parts of the world. A General Banking Business transacted.

H. J. GARDINER,
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OTTAWA BRANCH,
 Cor. Sparks & Elgin Sts.



THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

Any even numbered section of Dominion lands in Manitoba or the North-west Territories, excepting land 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purpose, 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 may be made personally at the local land office for the District in which the land to be taken is situated, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the Local Agent for the district in which the land is situate, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee of \$10 is charged for a homestead entry.

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) or any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry upon the provisions of this Act, resides upon a farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.
- (3) If a settler has obtained a patent for his homestead, or a certificate for the issue of such patent counterfoiled in the manner prescribed by this Act, and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence 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 township or an adjoining or contiguous township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clause (2) (3) or (4) must cultivate 30 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 30 acres substantially fenced.

Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homesteader 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 the 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 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 lands 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 Lands Agents in Manitoba or the North-west Territories.

JAMES A. SMART,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—In addition to Free Grant Land to which the regulations above stated refer thousands of acres of most desirable land are available for lease or purchase from the road and other corporations and private firms Western Canada.

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Plans and specification can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the party tendering declines to enter into a contract, when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,
FRED GELINAS,
Secretary and Acting Deputy Minister,
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, Sept. 1, 1904.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

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