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SEND FOR CALENDAR.

Presbytery Meetings.

SYNOD OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Calgary, Lethbridge, 5 Sept.
Edmonton, Edmonton, 4 Sept., 10 a.m.
Kamloops, Kamloops, last Wednesday of February, 1901.
Kootenay, Rossland, February, 27.
Westminster, Vancouver, 1st ch., Dec. 4, 2 p.m.
Victoria, St. Andrew's, Nanaimo, Feb. 21, 1901.

SYNOD OF MANITOBA AND NORTHWEST.
Brandon, Brandon, December 4.
Superior, Fort William, 2nd Tuesday in March, 1901.
Winnipeg, Man. Coll., 11 Sept., bi-mo.
Hoop Lake.
Glasgow, Glenboro.
Portage, Neerawa, 3 Sept.
Moosegoose, Shoal Lake, March 5, 1901.
Narrows.
Regina.

SYNOD OF HAMILTON AND LONDON.
Hamilton, Hamilton, 8th Jan., 10 a.m.
Paris, Paris, January 15, 1901.
London, St. Thomas, Knox church, 2nd Tuesday in Jan. at 11 a.m.
Chatham, St. Andrew's, Chatham, Dec. 11, 10 a.m.
Stratford, Stratford, Knox, January 15, 1901.
Huron, Seaforth, 15 Jan., at 10:30 a.m.
Maitland, Wingham, Jan 15, 10 a.m.
Bruce, Paisley, Dec. 11, 11 a.m.
Sarnia, Sarnia, Dec. 18.
Brandon, Brandon, Dec. 4

SYNOD OF TORONTO AND KINGSTON.
Kingston, St. Andrew's, Belleville, Dec. 11, 11 a.m.
Peterboro, St. Paul's, Peterboro, Dec. 18, 9:30 a.m.
Whitby.
Lindsay, Lindsay, 18th Dec, 11 a.m.
Toronto, Toronto, 1st Tues. ev. mo.
Orangeville.
Barrie, Barrie, Dec. 11, 10:30 a.m.
Algonia, Sudbury, March.
North Bay, Novar, March 12, 10 a.m.
Owen Sound, Division St., Owen Sound, Dec. 18, 10 a.m.
Saigon, Mt. Forest, Dec. 11, 10 a.m.
Guelph, Chalmers, Guelph, Nov. 20, 10:30 a.m.

SYNOD OF MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.
Quebec, Sherbrooke, Dec. 11, 8 p.m.
Montreal, Knox, Montreal, Dec. 11, at 10 a.m.
Glengarry, Maxville, Dec. 18, 11 a.m.
Lanark, Renfrew & Carleton Place, Jan. 15, 10:30 a.m.
Ottawa, Ottawa, Bank St., 7 Dec., 10 a.m.
Brackville.

SYNOD OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.
Sydney, Sydney, Dec. 5, 10 a.m.
Inverness, Whycecomagh, Jan. 29, 1901, 11 a.m.
P. E. I., Charlottown, 7 Aug., 11 a.m.
Pictou.
Wallace, River John, 7th Aug., 10 a.m.
Truro, Truro, 3rd Tuesday of January.
Halifax.
Lunenburg, Rose Bay, 4th Sept., 10:30.
St. John, St. John, St. A., 18th Oct., 10 a.m.
Miramichi, Newcastle, Dec. 18, 10 a.m.

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NOTES ON CHOICE HOLIDAY BOOKS

FROM LEADING PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS.

From Dana Estes & Co., Boston.

THE BOY DUCK HUNTERS, by Frank E. Kellog. Is there a boy who does not long to possess a gun? Is there one who does not delight in shooting? And the next best thing to having a gun and the fun of shooting is to hear the adventures of boys who have been more fortunate. All our boys will be delighted with "The Boy Duck Hunters." It tells about the many adventures of two small boys who have a great many good times with their guns. The heroes are bright, manly lads, and are sure to be liked by all.

TRAVELLER TALES OF SOUTH AFRICA, by Hezekiah Butterworth. These "stories which depict modern history" are written by the author of those popular books "Zig Zag Journeys." The writer says in the preface: "My purpose in this book is to present by a connected narrative, with interpolated stories and many illustrations, a picture of the present political condition of South Africa, and the manner in which this part of the austral world has become so active and important a factor in the progress of mankind." The book should be a popular one, judging by the success of the "Zig Zag Journeys" and by the interesting way in which the stories are told.

RITA, by Laura E. Richards. All young girls read and enjoy Miss Richards' stories—they are so fresh and wholesome and interesting. Rita is one of the "Three Margarets" described in the book of that name. She is a fiery little Spaniard—though her father was an American—who lives in Cuba, and the story tells of the Spanish-American war and the hardships endured by the women at the hands of rough soldiers. The letters that open the book show the passionate Rita up in arms against the tyranny of her father's widow; while those that end it show her happy in the love of a genuine American lad, who, we feel sure, will make her life "happy ever after."

FOR TOMMY AND OTHER STORIES, by Laura E. Richards. This is the daintiest little volume of the prettiest stories, which will come as a surprise to those who know Miss Richards only as the writer of stories for girls. "For Tommy" tells of a tramp who decides that it does not pay to be honest, and so makes up his mind to steal; but everyone with whom he comes in contact shows faith in his honesty, and therefore compels him to remain honest. The little sketch of the minister's young wife, whose clothes are considered by the congregation as too "dressy" for her position, shows the plan she adopted to stop the criticism. It is an amusing little story and very true to life; while the description of another minister's sister, who has to wear the gay clothes which are sent her by her wealthy cousin, is really pathetic. The author has a delicate humor which is delightful.

WHAT DID THE BLACK CAT DO? GUESS, by Margaret Johnson. This charming book for little children consists of a number of short stories about the doings of a certain black cat. And the stories are not just ordinary ones, for the littlest child, the one who has not yet learned to read, can help make out the story, for every line or two a word is omitted and in its place is a picture to represent it. This makes the book almost like a puzzle for the children, but it does not take so long to guess. The illustrations are by Miss Johnson, too, and very pretty they are. This will be a favorite book with our little ones.

THE COUNTESS OF THE TENEMENTS, by Ethelred Breeze Barry. This is the story of a real little Italian countess who lives part of her life in a New York tenement house. Her widowed mother had sold the beautiful old family estate in Italy and after a few years died, having lost the money the sale had brought. The countess, a child of four or five years, is left in the care of a faithful servant, Carlo, who decides to take her to America and make enough money there to buy back the home of his countess. His unselfish care for his adored mistress and the way in which they do at last return to the home in sunny Italy, is told very sweetly, and all children will love the book, for it seems like a fairy tale and yet might be true, and isn't that what children like best? The cover is a dainty green linen, and there are several illustrations. Montreal; Drysdale & Co.

THE LITTLE FOLKS ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL is the very nicest book of the season for small children, for it contains enough reading matter and pictures to keep the average child interested for months, and both stories and pictures are of the very best quality. The stories are of all kinds, for both boys and girls, and the many beautiful pictures will make them delightful to even the littlest tots, who sometimes find stories long and wearisome. The poetry is especially good. The following is called "The Three wishes:"

It was down at the Orphan Asylum one day,
That three little maids sat round the fire,
Each telling the thing she wished for most,
If she could have her heart's desire.

"I'd like a pony as white as snow,"
Said Maud, "and I'd ride it each day, of course,
And never would stop as I rode along,
And say, "Look at the child on the snow-white horse."

Said Alice, "I'd like to own a ship
And I'd sail clear round the world, I guess,
And bring back presents for all the girls,
And a beautiful crutch for dear little Bess."

Then came little Bess, with her gentle voice,
Said, looking around from one to the other,
"I'll wish for the loveliest thing in the world—
That every one of us might have a mother."

THE ANIMALS OF ÆSOP, by Joseph J. Mora. Mr. Mora has adapted and pictured Æsop's fables so that they will delight the smallest child. The book is beautifully printed, and each fable is profusely illustrated. Most of the pictures are very amusing, and all aid in impressing the fables on the childish mind, while the dozen colored pictures give a pleasing variety to the pages. Any normal child would be smugly enraptured at receiving this beautiful big volume from Santa Claus; and the child could not learn to recognize the different birds and animals in a more enjoyable way than by reading the fables often.

From the Publisher's Syndicate, Toronto.

THREE LITTLE MAIDS, by Ethel S. Turner. One of the nicest of new books for young girls is "Three Little Maids." It tells of three sisters and their mother, who are left in straightened circumstances, and who leave their English home to go to far-off Australia. The story of their struggles there, and of the happy home they find at last, is very interesting indeed, as are also the literary efforts of two of the girls. The book is natural and fresh, and the children are most amusing in their little escapades. Any girl would be delighted to receive this book on Christmas day.

From George N. Morang & Co. Toronto

THE LANE THAT HAD NO TURNING, by Gilbert Parker. This new volume of stories, dedicated to Sir Wilfrid Laurier, contains some of Parker's strongest work. The opening story, which gives the title to the volume, is exceptionally good. The scenes are laid in a Pottic, which is not, he assures us, the Pontiac of his Valmond and of history, but is a typical settlement of French Canada. The temperaments of the settlers are still as French as their *patois* and their habits, and no one clings more closely to the old traditions than does the local *seigneur*, the hero of the story. When he married the blacksmith's daughter, the beautiful singer of world-wide fame, there was no warning of the terrible hereditary deformity that came upon him and accentuated his peculiarities by rendering him abnormally sensitive. The character of Madelinette, his wife, is a beautiful one, and the whole story is remarkable. The other stories are less ambitious but quite as typical of the place. They picture the simple life of the habitant, neither poor nor rich, whom Parker described as being "born with the golden spoon in his mouth." Ottawa; James Ogilvy.

THE STICKIT MINISTER'S WOOING, by S. R. Crockett. In these stories Crockett goes back to the field which most people prefer to the scene of the rather too thrilling tales he has been writing of late. They exhibit all that intimate knowledge of Scotch life, its nobility, pathos and humor, which we know so well in Crockett. The book takes hold of the heart, because it is human nature that is described. All who have read "The Stickit Minister" are glad to hear of him again, and for those who took pleasure in "Lad's Love," there is Hempie, surely the most lovable of all Crockett's sweet heroines, and her love story. Ottawa; James Ogilvy.

THE INFIDEL, by M. E. Braddon. This new book by Miss Braddon comes as a surprise to readers who know her for so many years as a writer of rather sensational works; for "The Infidel" is quite modern in its tone, though the setting is the reign of George II, and the spirit of that time is well given. Miss Braddon has made us feel that we are indeed back in the time of Walpole and Wesley. The heroine of the story, the daughter of a London rengaude clergyman and hack writer, was brought up steeped in the free thought of Voltaire and the Encyclopaedists. Later, by marrying an Irish lord on his death bed, she gains wealth and position and becomes a leader of society; but coming under the influence of John Wesley, she accepts his doctrine. The picture of the torchlight preacher of Whitfield is most vivid, as are also the wretchedness of the poor and the heartlessness of the rich. The book is altogether a striking one and worthy of a careful perusal. Ottawa; James Ogilvy.

IN CUPID'S COURT: A collection of love verse ancient and modern, discerningly chosen and edited by Ira Russelle Warren. These are set in old style type, and beautifully bound in cloth, stamped with gold. Decorative borders and full page half tone cupids by Titian, Franceschini, Guercino and Raphael, help to make up a delightful and fascinating volume especially adapted for the holiday season. Price \$1.25. R. H. Russell, Publisher, New York.

(Continued on page 766.)

Our Young People. On the Threshold.*

A New Year, a New Century, a New Life.

BY REV. E. N. PELLOUBET, D. D.

Standing on the threshold of a new year, we are like travellers who, after a toilsome way over the hills of life, have reached a mountain ridge. Here we rest for a moment and look back over the way we have come, and then, like Moses from Pisgah's heights, peer eagerly over the Promised Land of the future which stretches out before us.

Our first duty is to see clearly what has been wrong in the past, that we may avoid it in the future, letting the "dead past bury its dead" in forgiveness and oblivion; and to see clearly what has been right and true in the past, that we may hold it fast, and use it, and improve on it, making "the goal of yesterday to be the starting point of today."

There is an interpretation of one of the passages selected for our meditation today which is new, and more helpful than the one I have been accustomed to see. The new wine for the new year must be put in new bottles, or leather wine-skins. This new wine is the "must" or unfermented juice of the grape; for "fermented wine may be put in any bottles, old or new." And it was intended that this pure grape-juice should not ferment, should not become intoxicating wine. For grape juice intended to ferment "could not be kept in any leather bottle, whether old or new," so great is the rending force of the pent-up gas formed by fermentation. Our Lord, therefore, speaks not of intoxicating wine, but of "the forever sweet" juice, tuns of which are kept for years in France and the East. It improves by age, is rich and refreshing, but non-intoxicating. And it must be put in new bottles, because there is matter left in the old wine-skins, like minute particles of leaven, which will produce fermentation and cause the bottles to burst.

Let us see, then, how this applies to us as we look into the possibilities of the new year.

Our first longing and prayer should be for the new spirit of life and of love, new devotion, a clearer vision of our true ideal, a breathing in a more heavenly atmosphere, a fuller consciousness of God's presence and love, a deeper longing to serve God and man with wisdom and power. It is the same old spirit, renewed, revived. Like "the old, old story," it is forever new.

Then, like the "new wine" described above, it must be kept from the leaven of worldliness, from the imperfections that have clung to the "old bottles," the old forms in which we have been living.

Every new influx of life and light needs new channels in which to flow, new forms in which to embody itself. The greatest danger is in imagining that, if we only get "new bottles," then we have made some gain. The new is good only as it is the natural and best expression of a new life. It must be an evolution, not a revolution. It is the unfolding of the bud into a flower. If we are only full of the divine life and give it freedom, that life will take on new forms, or modify the old, in the best way, as the chambered nautilus leaves its smaller cell and forms a new one for its larger growth.

Do not be afraid of good resolutions, be-

cause sometimes they have been broken or imperfectly kept. It is not true that "the road to hell is paved with good resolutions." It is the way to heaven that is paved with good resolutions. They are an army of Try-agains. When one fails, another leaps into its place. The loss of one battle does not lose a cause. It is only when one ceases to fight that the cause is lost. A broken resolution is not a sign of failure. The only failure is when one ceases to resolve, and keep on resolving. It is thus that every great victory is won, and every great good attained.

Only a new purpose can make a new year.—Anon.

A year of self-surrender will bring larger blessings than fourscore years of selfishness.—Anon.

O Lord, pinch me into the remembrance of my promise, that so I may re-enforce my old vows with new resolutions.—Thomas Fuller.

What we need is not a new compass every year, but a new determination to steer straight by the old compass, which is the word of God in Christ.—Henry Van Dyke, D. D.

Notes on New Books.

"AMONG THE GREAT MASTERS OF MUSIC" and "Among the Great Masters of Literature" are companion volumes, each with thirty-two re-production of famous paintings, and text by Walter Rowlands. The first named is bound in green and gold, while the other is dainty white and gold. The paper and printing are excellent, and the short talks on the great authors and musicians are very interesting; but the chief interest centres in the illustrations. Raphael's St. Cecilia, song without words by Poetzelberger, Paganini in Prison by Earth—these are but a few of the well-known paintings which are re-produced. The volumes are sold separately, boxed, and will make a delightful gift. Boston; Dana, Estes & Co.

ESSAYS ON BOOKS AND CULTURE, by Hamilton Wright Mabie. Dodd, Mead & Company, New York; Ottawa, James Ogilvy; Montreal, Wm. Drysdale & Co. This dainty little green-clad volume, just the size to slip into one's pocket, contains twenty-four essays in Mr. Mabie's happiest style. They are simple, but helpful, and will give food for much thought. In the first essay the writer says: "It is with the hope of assisting some readers and students of books, and especially those who are at the beginning of the arduous, the delights, and the perplexities of the book lover, that these chapters are undertaken. They assume nothing on the part of the reader but a desire to know the best that has been written; they promise nothing on the part of the writer but a frank and familiar use of experience in a pursuit which makes it possible for the individual life to learn the lessons which universal life has learned, and to piece out its limited personal experience with the experience of humanity. One who loves books, like one who loves a particular bit of a country, is always eager to make others see what he sees; that there have been other lovers of books and views before him does not put him in an apologetic mood. There cannot be too many lovers of the best things in these pessimistic days, when to have the power of loving anything is beginning to be a great and rare gift."

We wish our readers, one and all, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!

From Publishers Syndicate Toronto.

LUTHER AND THE GERMAN REFORMATION, by Professor T. M. Lindsay. Ottawa: James Ogilvy, Montreal: Wm. Drysdale & Co. This volume is one of a series called "The World's Epoch-makers," and there can be no doubt as to Luther, "the monk that shook the world," being an "epoch-maker." The words of this, his latest biographer, are hardly too strong. "Luther occasioned the greatest revolution which Western Europe has ever seen, and he ruled it to his death. History shows no other man with such kingly power." Professor Lindsay quotes Harnack's clear, strong words: "What an inexhaustible richness his personality included! How it possessed in heroic shape all that the time most lacked—a wealth of original intuition which outweighed all the elements of culture in which it was defective; a certainty and boldness of vision which was of more value than any insistence on free investigation; a power to hold on what was true and to conserve what would stand the test of time, compared with which the merely critical faculty is pointless and feeble; above all, a wonderful ability to give expression to strong feeling and true thought, to be a seer and speaker, to persuade by the written and spoken word as the prophet must do." Let those who wish to know how the peasant's son became a prophet, read Dr. Lindsay's book. We can cordially commend it. The index, chronological tables and bibliography add to its value for the student, while its clear style makes this biography suitable for the general reader. Though there have been many books on the great German Reformer, there is certainly room for this one.

HERSCHEL AND HIS WORK—by James Sime, M.A. Ottawa: James Ogilvy. Montreal: Wm. Drysdale & Co. This volume is one of the series called "The World's Epoch-Makers," and the saying of Arago is quoted on the title page, that "The life of Herschel had the rare advantage of forming an epoch in an extensive branch of astronomy." This story of the life and work of the illustrious astronomer is written in an exceptionally interesting manner. The writer has allowed Herschel and his contemporaries to tell their own story and relate their own impressions whenever possible, thus giving a more vivid effect to the book. The great man's discoveries are treated of in a simple yet scholarly way, which will make the book valuable to both student and ordinary reader.

THE CANADIAN ALMANAC FOR 1901 is an indispensable adjunct to the business office, the library and the home. The issue for the opening year of a new century is far ahead of any of its predecessors, being made up of nearly 400 pp. of all needed information concerning the Dominion of Canada. Toronto, The Copp Clark Co., Publishers. For sale by James Ogilvy, Ottawa; Wm. Drysdale & Co., Montreal, and all booksellers.

E. P. Dutton & Co., of New York, have always excelled in publishing calendars which are truly works of art, and those for 1901 are not below the high average already attained. The artistic color work of flowers bits of landscape furnish a most beautiful setting for each calendar month, the pages being tied together with suitable ribbon. Hung upon the walls these calendars will greet the eye pleasantly throughout the year.

The Ottawa Ladie's College has just closed a most successful term. Classes will be resumed on the 9th January.

*Topic for December 30.—"The old and new: your purposes."—Matt. 13: 51, 52; Luke 5: 36-38.

From Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

EDNAH AND HER BROTHERS, by Eliza Orne White. Ottawa, James Ogilvy; Montreal, Wm. Drysdale & Co. This is a volume of short stories, all about the same children, but each perfectly complete in itself, and therefore suitable for reading aloud. Ednah is nine years old, and her three brothers are smaller. The stories tell of experiences at the seashore, and of little parties and different kinds of frolics that the children enjoyed. They are attractive, natural children, and their doings are amusing without making the remotest suggestion of mischief.

THE PRODIGAL, by Mary Halleck Foote. Ottawa, James Ogilvy; Montreal, Wm. Drysdale & Co. It is unnecessary to say that Mrs. Foote has a charming literary style. She is too well known through her stories of Western life, in which she has no superiors, to need any commendation. Her work is true and convincing, and about it there is a freshness and vividness, which are delightful. The "Prodigal" is a young Australian, and the story tells of his adventures and reformation. His father is an Australian capitalist, whose San Francisco correspondents are surprised one day by the appearance of the prodigal son, who arrives in a very forlorn state—weather-beaten, toil-worn, half clothed and hungry. Of course he wants money, but he is allowed only a small sum each day, for which he has to call at the office. A friend and a girl manage to bring about the reformation and make of him a first-class man. The book is a beautiful one, daintily bound and well illustrated, and is an ideal gift book.

THREE YEARS WITH THE CHILDREN, by Amos R. Wells. Our author gave Sunday School workers a useful book in his "Sunday School Success," who will welcome "Three Years with the Children." The latter work contains appropriate talks for the various seasons, holidays and anniversaries, on missions, temperance, the Bible, the great Christian doctrines, and many stories and parables. Mr. Wells is no novice at dealing with the young folks. He says, "You will not 'talk down' to the children, nor will you talk over their heads. . . You will repeat enough to fix your points, and you will not wander. Every sentence will be clear as crystal and straight formed as an arrow." Many useful hints can be got from this compact volume of 280 odd pages. Toronto, Fleming H. Revell, Co.; Montreal, Wm. Drysdale & Co.

THE MASTERS BLESSED, by Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D. This devotional study of the beatitudes is in Dr. Miller's best style. In his introduction the author tells us: "The Bible is a book of beatitudes and benedictions. 'Blesseds' shine all over the inspired pages, like stars in the heavens God's mercy lies everywhere. Wherever we see Jesus in the Gospel story he is giving out blessings as the sun gives light and warmth." A number of beautiful thoughts, full of bright, helpful suggestions is furnished in this attractive volume, which is certain to have many readers at this season of the year. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company; Montreal: Wm. Drysdale & Co.

SELECTED NOTES ON THE INTERNATIONAL LESSONS FOR 1901, by Rev. F. N. Peloubet, D.D., and M. A. Peloubet. Upper Canada Tract Society, Toronto. Peloubet's notes are so well and favorably known as to require no lengthy notice at our hands. The series for the coming year is marked by all the useful features that distinguished previous issues.

From Dodd, Mead and Co., New York.

THE ISLE OF UNREST, by H. S. Merriman. Henry Seton Merriman never writes a dull book, and in "The Isle of Unrest" he has achieved another success, second only to that of "The Sowers," which is by all odds his most powerful work. The action of the new story takes place in Corsica, "The Isle of Unrest," and the South of France, and the characters are all French or Corsican. As usual with Merriman, the hero is a good fellow, endowed with all the qualities that go to make up a man. The heroine, too, is altogether charming, and the villain is not too much of a villain, but has many good qualities and in the end shows himself a brave soul, with all his faults. The time of the story is of special interest. It shows France in her struggle with Germany, and Merriman depicts well the sorrow and the patriotism of all Frenchmen at the downfall of their country. The book is delightful reading throughout. We might quote the writer in Blackwood's, who says that Merriman is "one of the few English novelists of the present day who writes like a gentleman, and not like a prosperous grocer, a boisterous ruffian, a dyspeptic pathologist, or a dissipated snob." Ottawa: James Ogilvy.

WANTED—A MATCHMAKER, by Paul Leicester Ford. This is by far the most attractive looking book of its kind that we have seen this season. The story is a pretty little one with not very much to make one remember it; but the get-up of the book is beautiful. Each page is handsomely decorated, and the four illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy are in the usual style of that well known artist, and form not the least of the attractions of the book. The binding lends a very Christmasy flavor—green linen adorned with holly and mistletoe. Altogether "Wanted" will surely prove a favorite gift for the coming Christmas. Ottawa: James Ogilvy.

FROM THE LAND OF THE SHAMROCK, by Jane Barlow. This new volume of stories by Miss Barlow, the well known delineator of Irish life and character, contains some of her best work. Her tales are, for the most part, of the peasant class, with whose peculiarities she is thoroughly familiar. She writes her little sketches with inimitable humor and charm. One of the best in the new volume is "A Christmas Dole," which tells of the faithful servant who is resolved that her old mistress shall not know that she can no longer afford the "Christmas dole" she has given for so many years. The way she carries out her device for several years, until the death of the mistress, is told remarkably well, and with humor as well as pathos. Miss Barlow has the art of idealization which takes literature out of the commonplace of life. Ottawa: James Ogilvy.

FATHER TUCK'S ANNUAL. Raphael Tuck and Sons, London, New York; Ottawa, Jas. Ogilvy; Montreal, Wm. Drysdale & Co. This gem of a book for children is full of all those things which the little ones like best in a book. There are stories of every kind— fairy stories with the most delightful pictures of elves and pigmies; stories of dear old Santa Claus, and a fine picture of him climbing down a chimney with his pack on his back; dear little poems, just right for the children to learn by heart. The cover has a bright-colored picture of three tots out in a snow-storm, and every page has a picture, some being colored. Oh, there never was a nicer book!

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Literary Notes.

THE BIBLET for December, (T. B. Mosher, Portland, Me.) contains "Lyrics from the Hills of Dream" by Fiona MacLeod. The editor thinks very highly of these lyrics, and certainly we must admit that they throb with living passion. We quote the brief poem from which this volume takes its title:

"Across the silent stream
Where the slumber-shadows go,
From the dim blue Hills of Dream
I have heard the west wind blow.

Who hath seen the fragrant land,
Who hath seen that uncannied west?
Only the listless hand
And the unspurring breast.

But when the west wind blows
I see moon gleams gleam
Where the Host of Faerie flows
Athwart the Hills of Dream.

And a strange song I have heard
By a shadowy stream,
And the singing of a snow-white bird
On the Hills of Dream.

Rev. John Neil, B.A., Convener of the Assembly's Sabbath School Committee, writes us to say: "The question has often been asked, when does the time expire for the recitation of the memory verses selected for 1901? The recitations must take place before the beginning of February 1902. Any pupil correctly reciting the verses selected before that date will receive a diploma. Permit me again to remind superintendents and teachers that cards indicating the verses selected, also giving full instructions as to the conditions on which diplomas will be granted can be obtained by applying to Rev. R. Douglas Fraser, Presbyterian Sabbath School Publications Office, Toronto,

Nan's Ride With Santa Claus.

BY E. LOUISE LIDDELL.

"Now mamma, I'm really and truly going to watch to-night till I see Santa Claus," said Nan.

Mamma sniled, as she put an extra pillow under the little girl's head. She had not forgotten how Nan had gone off to Dreamland last Christmas Eve while watching for Santa.

"I don't see what made mamma laugh," thought Nan, when she was left alone. "I'm a whole year older than I was a year ago, and of course I can keep awake."

But it was tiresome waiting. The clock struck nine, then ten, then eleven. "I don't s'pose he'll be here much before twelve," said Nan, with a sleepy yawn.

Almost at the same instant she heard a faint tinkling of bells, followed by a scuffling sound in the chimney, and then a queer little figure bounded into the room.

Of course it must be Santa. There were the rosy cheeks and snowy beard, the fur coat and big pack. But this little man wasn't more than half as large as Nan had imagined Santa Claus to be.

"Dear me!" she said to herself. "I wonder why they always have such a big, tall Santa Claus at the Christmas trees?"

But the little girl was too much interested in watching her visitor to waste time in wondering about his size, for he was very busy filling her stockings. A shining gold thimble went into the toe. A nice sealskin pocket-book just filled the foot. Handkerchiefs, gloves and candies followed. Then Santa Claus took a Noah's ark from his pocket and looked at it.

"The idea!" thought Nan. "I guess he doesn't know I'm nine years old, or he wouldn't think of leaving that. I do wish he'd look at me!"

But Santa swung his pack on his back and seemed to be getting ready to leave, so Nan coughed gently.

Santa started and looked around. "Bless me!" he exclaimed. "I had no idea you were awake!"

"Why, I stayed awake on purpose to see you," said Nan.

"Well, I declare!" said Santa, with a rollicking laugh. "I wish you a merry Christmas, my dear. Sorry I can't stop and talk awhile, but you know this is my busy day—night, I mean."

"I suppose you couldn't bring your sleigh and the dear little reindeer down the chimney; so I could see them?" hinted Nan.

Santa shook his head.

"No, they draw the line at chimneys," he said. "Couldn't get 'em down. But see here! What's to hinder your taking a ride with me?"

Nan's eyes shone with delight. "Oh, will you take me?" she cried. The words were hadly out of her mouth before she was gliding up the chimney, perched on Santa's broad shoulders. And the next moment she was on the roof and Santa was bundling her up in a long sealskin coat that covered her from head to foot. Nan clapped her hands as she caught sight of the dainty sleigh and the eight prancing steeds, who were tossing their heads as though they were anxious to be off.

* * *

Santa helped her into the sleigh and tucked her in. "Just wait a minute," he said, "while I get my rope ladder out of the chimney."

"Ladder?" repeated Nan, in surprise.

"Yes, ladder," returned Santa. "You

didn't really suppose I could run up the wall or the chimneyside like a fly, did you?"

A moment later, Santa cracked his whip, the bells jingled, and away flew the reindeer, their tiny hoofs flying in the air.

"Oh, my, what fun!" cried Nan, as they whirled past chimney tops, and leaped (Nan couldn't tell how) from one roof to another.

"You see, I had made all my calls in your neighborhood before I stopped at your house," Santa explained, as he drew up before a very aristocratic-looking chimney. "I guess you'd like to go in here with me." And the next thing Nan knew, she was making a journey down the chimney with her funny little friend.

"I don't let the grass grow under my feet," said Santa, as he stepped out of the fireplace. "I think you are a very rapid man," said Nan, who was a little bewildered by this sudden change.

Santa laughed, and going up to a big Christmas tree that stood in one corner of the dimly-lighted room, he began to load it with all sorts of beautiful things.

"Isn't it nice, here?" said Nan, looking up at the lofty ceiling, and the glittering chandeliers. "And, oh, do you hear that lovely music? I'm sure there's a band somewhere.

The door leading into the next room was slightly ajar. Nan crept towards it, and peeping in, could hardly keep from crying out at the sight that met her eyes. For there was a company of little folks, arrayed in quaint costumes of years before. The boys in knee-breeches, gayly colored vests, velvet coats and lace ruffles, with bewigged heads. The girls in trailing robes, and high-heeled slippers, with high-topped combs on their powdered puffs and curls. They might one and all have just stepped from the massive picture frames which hung on the walls, enclosing the portraits of their great-great-grandfathers and grandmothers.

They were dancing a minuet, and Nan watched with wondering eyes, while the miniature men and women moved through the stately measures of the graceful dance. She was sorry when the music stopped, and each cavalier with a stately bow, led his wee partner to a seat.

At that moment, the lights on the Christmas tree flashed up.

"The tree! the tree!" cried the excited little folks, starting to their feet, and crowding toward the doorway where Nan was concealed. Santa had barely time to whisk her up the chimney before a joyful shout from the little men and women told the listeners that the tree had been discovered.

"A narrow escape," said Santa, puffing and laughing as they reached the roof.

"Oh, but wasn't it lovely! It was just like a picture," cried Nan. And her head was so full of quaint costumes and sweet music that she did not notice how long they had been riding, or how many calls Santa had made before he invited her to get out again.

* * *

"Have to go through the window here," said Santa, as he hung the rope ladder down the side of the house; "because they have a stove in the fireplace."

Nan thought that a stove wasn't of much use without any fire in it, and she couldn't help noticing that it was a very poor house they had come to. Rags were stuffed in the broken window panes, and there was scarcely any furniture in the room. A candle was burning dimly on a table, by which a pale-faced woman had fallen asleep over her work. On a cot in one corner lay two hungry-looking little fellows, fast asleep. A scrap of pa-

per was pinned to the ragged quilt.

"See if you can read it," said Santa. "I left my specs at home." The letter was printed in very uneven characters, but Nan managed to make it out.

"Deer Santy Claws" (it read) "please bring us sumthin for dinner an a nos soot ov klose, an we wud like sum toys if it want to much trubel, n nuts and kandy, yoors trooly, Tom and Jerry.—Extry, we never had no krismus all our lives."

Nan felt sober when she had finished reading this letter, and she was sure she saw tears in Santa's eyes. But he went to rummaging his pack, and fished out two good warm suits of clothes and some heavy shoes and stockings. Nuts and candy and some t'vables went into the empty cupboard.

Then Santa looked at the poor mother. "She ought to have a warm dress and shawl," said Nan, quickly.

"Anything else?" asked Santa.

"Well, should think some money to buy coal and flour and such things would do her lots of good," said Nan.

Santa pinned a five-dollar bill to the heavy shawl he had thrown over the sleeping woman. Then he blew out the candle, and he and Nan stole softly out of the room.

"Oh, dear!" said Nan, with a sigh, when they were on their way again. "Are there many folks as poor as that?"

"Too many," replied Santa, looking very grave. "And some even poorer. The worst of it is, I can't possibly get around them all every year."

"People ought to help you," said Nan.

"Yes, they ought," returned Santa. Then he added, "Now, I dare say you have some cast-off clothing and old toys at your house that would help to make a Merry Christmas for some poor child, or children.

"Yes, indeed," said Nan, "and I'll ask mamma to let me give away a big basket of things to morrow."

Then Nan fell into the brown study, but she wasn't dreaming about powdered wigs and dainty costumes this time, but of poor little Tom and Jerry.

* * *

"I believe," said Santa, after he had made several more visits, "I'll have to take a run home and get some more presents."

"Home!" exclaimed Nan. "Why, do you live anywhere in particular?"

"To be sure," replied Santa, coolly; "I live up close to the North Pole, my dear. I have a big storage house up there."

"Oh, how funny," said Nan. "But how do you ever get anything to put in your storage house?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you," said Santa, "though it's a great secret. You see, in the summer-time, I just put up my business suit and go 'round the stores. I pick up a good many nice things on the bargain counters."

"My," exclaimed Nan, "how queer! But it must be lots of work to get your goods up to the North Pole."

"Oh, I don't mind that," said Santa. "I know all the short cuts."

"Dear me!" said Nan. "And to think that so many people have been trying for so many years to find the North Pole! Why don't you show some of them where it is?"

"Bless me!" cried Santa, after a burst of laughter, "they wouldn't thank me for spoiling their fun. Don't you see, they really enjoy making a 'dash for the pole,' and taking up relief expeditions once in a while."

Nan and Santa had left the cities and towns behind them long before this, and

were flying over the frozen ground. After a while, Nan noticed great mountains of ice looming up on every side.

"I suppose there isn't any danger of our getting lost, is there?" said she, looking around a little fearfully.

"Lost!" said Santa. "Why, I couldn't get lost. See, there's the North Star. That is my guiding star."

"Oh!" cried Nan, "what is that—a fire?" For, while Santa was talking, a deep pink glow had crept above the horizon. The icy peaks around them took on a rose-colored hue. Then streaks of orange, purple and red shot up into the heaven.

"Don't be alarmed," said Santa. "That's only the Aurora Borealis."

Nan had never dreamed of anything half so beautiful, and thought she would never tire looking at the wondrous sight. But her eyes had seen so many strange things since she left home that they began to grow heavy, and her head would nod to and fro.

"Better take a nap," said Santa. "I'll wake you up when we get there."

"You don't suppose you'd forget—" said Nan, doubtfully.

"No, indeed," said the little man.

A moment later Nan was fast asleep, with her head resting on Santa's broad shoulders.

* * * * *

"Nan, little sleepyhead, wake up!" cried a familiar voice.

"Have we got there?" asked the little girl, drowsily.

"Got where?" said the same voice.

Then Nan opened her eyes and saw mamma bending over her.

Reminiscences of Septugenarian.

1854—Then and Now—1900.

FINIS.

"Then cometh the end" are serious words to write and solemn words to read. They call to memory scenes of anxious watchings during long seasons of sickness, that terminated in death and the laying away in the narrow house the beloved forms to sleep their last long sleep. They make us recall farewells that had to be spoken by trembling lips; of affection, to companionships and associations long cherished, that must be interrupted and severed, and to do this the hour has come.

My summer's work terminated with September. It was the most pleasant summer of all my life; and I left Dalhousie lakes and river and godly, friendly, simple people with deep regret.

I revisited them twenty two years after anticipating a renewal and repetition of my delights, but alas! all was changed and scarcely anybody recognized me. Death had done its work, and emigration lent a helping hand—and twenty-two years absence finished it. I left in a fit of "the blues" and never had a desire to return.

At the same time I revisited Black's Corner's, Beckwith, and again last summer, and all were gone that composed my first acquaintance in '54. But the church remains (a stone one) and has been renovated and beautified by being re-seated and repainted; also a beautiful organ and arrangement for the choir; all of which had it been attempted fifty-four years ago, would have caused bloodshed. But the earth moves, and the church wisely keeps step. The people treated me generously for my services and provided for my return to college. But the Presbytery of Perth turned a deaf ear to my claim, not even deigning a

reply to dunning letters beautifully written and couched in respectful terms. It is no wonder to me that they were wiped out and absorbed.

Old Peter Brown, known as "Banner" Brown, accosted a collector on the street in Toronto one day and enquired where he was off to. On being told that he was going out on a collecting tour, he asked him into the office and handed him a bundle of accounts due "The Globe" and promised him a liberal commission.

When dealing with a delinquent with faint hopes of success, he was agreeably surprised to receive full and prompt payment, for which he was very grateful. But when he presented arrears for the Globe the response was "Get out—I'm not come to that 't yet."

In like manner Perth Presbytery met my claim. "What is bred in the bone is with difficulty taken out of the flesh."

One of the noblest, most cheering instances of commercial integrity occurred during this last year of the nineteenth century. A prominent firm noted for its high, honorable character, was compelled through misfortune to make an assignment; and was cheerfully granted a favorable compromise. The announcement was hailed with proud satisfaction whenever it was known, that having recovered themselves they had paid up principal and interest the sum that had been deducted by the compromise—and from which they were legally acquitted by their generous creditors.

I give the Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew an opportunity to do the fair and square thing as heirs of the defunct Perth Presbytery. If they honor my claim, I pledge myself to add five dollars to the twenty dollars owing to me and let it all go into the Century Fund (Common). Now let Dr. Campbell, the honored and enthusiastic convenor, work out the problem.

My object in acceding to the request from various sources to put in writing some reminiscences was not all fun! My desire was to initiate a needed reform.

When merchants or politicians send out their representative men as travellers or deputations, they furnish them with adequate amounts to carry them through.

Let the Church keep step, and when Presbyteries send in a requisition for missionaries (student or probationer) let the Assembly's Home Mission Committee have the authority to decline to assign a single man until the Presbytery applying for him, through its convenor, or otherwise deposits a guarantee to Dr. Warden or the convenor for a sum that shall amply meet the expense of reaching the field of labor.

A Presbytery is more able to furnish the money than the student from college, where he has expended his funds and is left stranded with an empty purse. If I succeed in securing a reform of this nature I shall feel that I have not lived in vain, neither written in vain.

In conclusion, as I am preparing my stocking for hanging up when I go to bed on Christmas eve, I have no time nor inclination to draw the three usual inferences, "having" as the phrase is, "been practical throughout"—instead whereof, with good will and praise on earth to all men, I wish everybody a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, with many returns of The Century!

NEMO G. D.

The old firm of Messrs Wm. Drysdale & Co., of Montreal, now occupy new and commodious quarters on St. Catherine street, where book buyers will always receive a warm welcome.

SPARKS FROM OTHER ANVILS.

Canadian Baptist.—A great widespread revival is possible. There is nothing to prevent the preaching of the Gospel. There is no sufficient reason why we should be without the power of the Holy Ghost. We can have the revival if we will. If we do not have it the fault is ours.

Presbyterian Review: The number of families in the Presbyterian Church, in Canada, subscribing for a religious paper is surprisingly small; probably not more than one in every six. There are several religious papers published in Canada. Is the Church not allowing an opportunity to escape, which might be used for the greatest good?

Christian Guardian.—The precise date of the Nativity cannot be a matter of vital importance, or it would have been revealed to us. It is enough for us to know that the Saviour was born in "the fulness of time," just when he was most needed, and when the Jewish and Gentile world was fully prepared for this central fact and turning-point in history.

Herald and Presbyter.—But the best preparation, after all, that should not be lost sight of by any, is to be sure that a place is made ready in our hearts for Christ. No one can be so glad and happy as those in whose hearts Christ has been born. Where he dwells is a perpetual feast. Each day is a Christmas. Each night the angels sing in the sky above such hearts.

United Presbyterian.—"Ye shall keep my Sabbath and reverence my sanctuary," says the divine lawgiver. Reverence for the worship of God in the sanctuary and Sabbath observance have a very close relation with each other. When one ceases to have any delight in the worship of the sanctuary, and absents himself from the house of God, but little can be expected of him in the way of Sabbath observance. The precepts in regard to Sabbath keeping and reverence for the sanctuary are joined together, suggesting the intimate relationship which the observance of the one has to that of the other.

Catholic Register.—With the great advances in musical art the Church has always kept pace, and thus we find that at the present day she employs in her services all that is best and noblest and best in music. The fact must not be lost sight of, however, that church music must be considered as an aid to worship and devotion and with this distinctive object in view it is obvious that care must be exercised by Catholic choirs in the selection of music to be rendered, and that preference must be given for that which is solid and devotional, rather than to that flip-pant and catchy music which might be entertaining in a concert hall, but which is utterly out of place in serious Catholic worship.

Presbyterian Journal.—A correspondent in one of our Southern exchanges sees Presbyterianism the one solution of the negro question. He is a minister, and lives near three colored churches in connection with our Northern Assembly. The worship of these churches, he says, is carried on with the same propriety as those of their white brethren. As to the morals of the people, they live in a community where locks are unknown, and yet stealing is exceptional. The court records of those townships for a whole year do not show the names of a single negro. The writer concludes that if we regard the welfare of the negro, give him Presbyterianism "just as we have it." Testimony from this source is worth considering.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,
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Ottawa, Wednesday, 10th Dec., 1900.

THE CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL.

We do not profess to regulate our religious life by an elaborate ecclesiastical calendar. There are many fasts and feasts set down in the rubrics of various churches which we cannot recognize or profess to observe. When we hear of them they are to us mere names with no tender associations or sacred suggestions. With Christmas it is different. Both the name and the thing are full of meaning to Christians the world over. Were we ruled by etymology instead of common sense we might even cherish scruples as to the use of a name a half of which only appeals to us. But while we may respect the scruples of our Puritan forefathers, we do not intend to quarrel with usage or quibble over a name. We welcome the Christmas festival, and in a spiritual sense gladly respond to the invitation, "Come and let us go now even unto Bethlehem." Bethlehem has lessons for us at all seasons of the year; but in the grey days of the dying year when the family festival comes round, it speaks to us with an ever new voice.

Last Christmas there was a cloud over the British Empire which even yet has not wholly cleared away. When the call came to celebrate the festival of peace the clash of arms was ringing in our ears, and we were compelled to think of the dead and dying in the distant battle field. We may have recovered somewhat from the shock that was given to our pride, our thoughts as a people may be turning to other cares and interests; but in many a home this year also the silent tear will be shed for those who went forth with youthful ardor and patriotic enthusiasm, and have left a place that can never be filled. In any case, after years of experience, the joys of Christmas are tinged with sad memories because of those whom we have loved and lost. This feeling is still deeper and more widespread when, mingling with

the sound of Christmas bells, we hear the echo of the cannon's awful roar, and when we are most impelled to pray for peace, find our souls still haunted by the sad memories of recent war. And yet even here we may meet the inspiration of hope. He who came as a child, came to die as well as to beautify this life in passing through it, and to give a new meaning to death. He died as He lived, not for a country or a class, but for all mankind. The shadow of the cross was over His cradle, but that cross was to banish from the life of man shadows more grim and terrible than even the shadow of death. So through Him we learn that love may exalt life and defy death.

This thought of the coming of the child reminds us of the secret of the Christian religion; the secret of its divine life, and perennial power. Peace is a permanent need for the nation as well as the soul, and we trust that war will be a vanishing evil. When we pass away from the large social aspect of things and come closer and deeper into the personal life we learn again the great lesson that in our religion is found the true union of the divine and human, the sublime grandeur and the simplicity of lowliness. The Nineteenth Century has been for the Christian religion an age of strife, as every age has been since our Lord uttered the memorable words: "I am come not to bring peace but a sword." The Christian faith has met fierce foes, and it can cope with all on the battle field which they choose. In no age has it shown more wonderfully its grandeur. But when we come to Christmas our thought moves in a simpler realm; our thought is of the child coming into the cold world, and bringing benediction to the mother's heart and creating new hope for the children that are yet to be. There is the real approach of the Christ. He may nerve His followers to do daring deeds and to fight magnificent battles; but first he comes gently into the world of our spiritual life, teaching us that it is in tenderest form that the Lord of all comes to take captive our wayward hearts. Childhood thus becomes more sacred to us when we remember that the revelation for which the ages had waited and hoped came as a little child.

What is there as frail as the life of a little child? It is the very picture of helplessness, yet through it the highest helpfulness is made known. The little child, the manifestation of the divine purpose, the revelation of the divine love, has proved to be the mightiest force in all this wide world, and all later history took new colour and meaning from the cradle of the child. Again we learn that the greatest movements begin in lowly ways; that the mightiest message comes in the gentlest tones. Let us not think that the modest beginning can fail of its purpose, or that the thing that seems so fragile can be crushed by all the evil forces of the world,

for it is the Power of God which chooses so to clothe itself that it may enter the more deeply into the life of man.

Jesus came first to the home. Since then He has entered all spheres of human activity and influenced many realms so that some have already seen a partial fulfilment of that great word: "On His head were many crowns." He has touched art, philosophy, literature, and made them witness for the cross. He has created practical philanthropy and exercised great power in the world's politics. But first he came to the home as a gentle presence, a possibility, a suggestion. So must it be now. The real forces that guide the nation's life are at work in the home. If Jesus is known and honored there, His influence will find its way out into larger spheres where there is more noise, but not more significance.

"This baby's face is as the sun
Upon the dimness of our way,
This child's arm ours to lean upon
When mortal strength and hope decay.

Our path, erstwhile so desolate,
His dear beatitudes adorn,
Earth is a heavenward-opening gate
Since unto us this child is born.

Born unto us, who vainly seek
The fair ideal of our dreams,
Among its mockeries hurried and weak,
He crowns the manhood He redeems.

To us who trust that men will grow
Grandier than thought or guess of ours,
When this pure life through theirs shall flow
His Health divine stirs all their powers."

This is what we need—more of the Christ in our homes and in our hearts; and then He cannot be hid, but His presence will radiate bright and helpful influences, and we shall be quickened to carry something of the Christmas spirit into the common round of the whole year. For the spirit of Christmas is the spirit of kindness, reverence for woman and child, pity for the poor and care for the helpless, and surely we need this spirit all the time. If our life is to be saved from coarseness, from sordid meanness, from selfish strife; if it is to be stirred to holier efforts and touched with nobler meaning, it must be by the coming of the Christ; that we may leave behind a dead past, the old worn out year of our life, and enter upon a new year with new hope.

It pays to take time to plan how you are going to do a thing. If you watch the average man for five minutes you will see him doing at least five unnecessary things in that interval, and the same average may be seen at any hour of the day, if the man is not asleep. What an amount of energy would be put to good use were men to plan how to do their work, before beginning.

A liquor organ complimented the chief constable of Edinburgh the other day in these terms: "Mr. Ross is imbued with the very sensible notion that it is the duty of the policeman to protect the publican, not to persecute him." We have that kind of policemen over here, says the Christian Endeavor World.

THE LIFE OF LIVES.*

The author of Farrar's Life of Christ may be quite certain of interested readers when he returns to his early theme and gives us, "Further studies in the life of Christ." The preface warns us that the present book does not re-narrate the external incidents in the mortal days of the Saviour of Mankind "but deals with questions of high importance which the gospels suggest and aims at deepening the faith and strengthening the hope in Christ of all who read it honestly." The object could perhaps hardly be stated in more definite terms, but this object the book is probably well fitted to accomplish with many for Dr. Farrar knows how to reach the minds of the mass of readers at least as well as many a fresher and deeper thinker. There is nothing very profound nor too original here. This book will hardly rival its predecessor even in popularity but it will fill a place of its own with those whom the magic of the life of Christ attracted to its author.

The first four chapters deal, one may say, with the supremacy of Jesus over all other men. Four or five chapters in the middle discuss the teaching of Jesus in various aspects and wholly as it is given in the Synoptic gospels. Several chapters towards the close are taken up with the sufferings of Jesus and the title of one of these is "The Atonement." The rest of the book is occupied with a variety of topics such as, "Lessons of the unrecorded years," "The Messianic hope," "The titles of Jesus," "The order of events," "The final issues." It will readily be seen that there is no great unity or completeness but a selection has been made out of many topics which might have been treated and it may be acknowledged that many of the questions handled are of great importance.

Farrar's characteristics are by this time well-known. His style is never open to the reproach of baldness but it will not perhaps be judged that it is overloaded with ornament in this instance. His quotations especially from the poets abound. They are not trite but he seems hardly capable of stating an idea in his own words when he can quote from others. He has not ceased to hate "the ghastly dogma of eternal torments in hell-fire" nor to hold that "the claim of priests that they can absolve from sin entirely perverts the true meaning of Christ's words." The parable of the prodigal son "shatters to pieces all the common theological conceptions of God the Father as a wrathful judge whose flaming countenance can only be softened by the compassion of God the Son" if there be any lurking in dark corners of the earth who hug such delusions. But our author, let it be added, quotes with approval the words of Hooker, "We care for no knowledge in the world but this, that man hath sinned and God hath suffered, that God hath made Himself the sin of men, and that men are made the righteousness of God."

AT BETHLEHEM.

To many a child the story of Bethlehem will be told over again during the coming week. In many a little brain there will be a more or less distinct picture of the Babe in His strange crib out in the stable among

*The Life of Lives—Dean Farrar. Dodd Mead & Co., N.Y., Publishers, Montreal William Drysdale & Co.

the cattle. Mixed in with that first picture will be that of the wondering, worshipping shepherds; and later that of the wealthy Eastern merchants bringing their costly gifts to the Babe and His mother. There is a wonderful sweetness and freshness about the old story that makes it interesting every recurring Christmas season.

Yet as an incident how insignificant it was. A young mother brings forth her firstborn just as she reaches her journey's end. Her surroundings are peculiarly trying, for the only inn of the little village is crowded to overflowing, and the only resting place under cover is the outer court where the animals are housed. But the birth of the little one would cause as little comment as the birth of a child in a hotel where we might be staying for a day or two. Probably there were some there who knew nothing of the birth of Jesus, for it was only the child of a peasant woman, and a Galilean at that. It was of no moment at all to them.

But how closely that event was connected with the life of each one in that inn. It meant life to them that this little babe had come into the world. He came from the Father, He will live among men for a generation, then He will return to the Father. But in that interval He will offer to unite their life with His own; and when He rises it will be not carrying back with Him His own life only, but the life of all those who have put themselves under His keeping. They rise with Him, and their life is indissolubly united to His own, now and eternal.

How weak the little babe must have looked to the shepherds, as they gathered about His crib. Yet what mighty power has been His! To come among men He had laid aside the power that had been exerted to create the world. As He looked about Him, up towards Lebanon, out to the Great Sea and over it, up to the heavens with their myriad worlds, into the flower with its exquisite beauty, upon man with his wonderful powers. He looked upon His own workmanship. His hands had made them. His brain had planned and erected it all. One wonders whether he ever regretted having laid aside His great power during those thirty years.

This is a pleasant bit of history, always fascinating as it falls from the lips of a mother telling it to her little ones. Is it nothing more than a story for Christmas? Does that little babe coming into the world nineteen hundred years ago mean anything to us today? The question should not cast any gloom over the Christmas festivities. It should brighten the meeting of parents and children, of friend and neighbor. With the natural joy of loved ones there may be the deeper, the holier joy of having at the festive board the Unseen Guest, Who again comes, not in weakness as before, but with all power in heaven and earth given into His hands.

Ogilvy, Ottawa; Drysdale, Montreal; and Morang, Toronto, announces in other columns an attractive lot of choice holiday books.

A FITTING RECOGNITION.

At the last meeting of the Presbytery of Montreal the following resolution was unanimously passed:

RESOLVED:—That as the next Assembly will see the closing of the Century Fund effort, and as the Rev. Dr. Warden, agent of the church, has had so large a part in the work, first by initiating the movement in the General Assembly, and then as Convener of the Century Fund Committee, it would be fitting that the Assembly should mark its appreciation of the same, and also his management of the finances of the church, by electing him to the Moderator's chair; and the Presbytery of Montreal, of which he was so long a member, begs respectfully to nominate him for that position.

We are certain this note, so happily struck by the Montreal Presbytery, will be taken up over the whole church, and that Dr. Warden's name will be unopposed for the Moderatorship of the first Assembly of the New Century. Apart from his special work in connection with the Century Fund, he has given to the church for many years the benefit of his financial ability, and the present good standing of the funds of the church is largely due to his foresight and skill. But his work in connection with the Century Fund has placed him easily first among those whom the church ought to honor with the highest position it is in her power to give to any one of her members.

Library Table.

A KENTUCKY CARDINAL AND AFTERMATH by James Lane Allen; Copp, Clark Company, Toronto; Ottawa, James Ogilvy; Montreal, Wm. Drysdale & Co. This new edition of James Lane Allen's best known work is "a thing of beauty," and will certainly give untold joy to those who may be fortunate enough to find themselves possessors of it. It is unnecessary to speak of the story, which charmed all on its first appearance—charmed by its quaintness, its simplicity, and, above all, by the intense love for nature shown therein. But what we do wish to dwell upon is the illustrations which make the book the most beautiful gift-book of this season. The story is singularly adapted for illustration, and the artist has done his work with admirable judgment. The pictures are old-fashioned, as they must needs be to illustrate the story; but it is impossible to give any idea of their charm. "Georgiana with her little curls and her undersleeves and hoopy skirt; Adam in his 'high gray wool hat, fine long-tailed blue cloth coat, with brass buttons, pink waist-coat, frilled shirt, white cravat, and yellow nankeen trousers'—both are perfect, as, indeed, is the whole book. The beautiful red and gold cover complete the tout ensemble of the book.

STUDIES OF THE PORTRAIT OF CHRIST, by Rev. George Matheson, D. D. Toronto, Upper Canada Tract Society; Montreal, Wm. Drysdale & Co. In his preface the author says: "The Portrait of Christ is to me the united impression produced upon the heart by these four delineations (as furnished by the Four Evangelists). My office is not that of a critic; not that of a creator; not that of an awarder; but simply that of an interpreter; I study the picture as it is." Approaching the subject in this attitude and dealing with the portrait of the Christ in a loving, reverent spirit, our author has furnished a study that will prove a solace to many a heart.

THE WINSTALLS A TALE OF LOVE AND MONEY

OF
NEW YORK

BY
REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON.

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Author of "The Starry Hosts" a prize book of the Science and Art Education Council of England.

CHAPTER VIII. (Continued)

While Mr. Stuart gave that example of the practical working of the Golden Rule he was careful to say that he did not commit himself to every detail of management in that factory as necessarily the best. We might expect imperfection in details. What he contended for was the principle of mutual love. Imbued with that principle, we would be likely to discover the methods of working it out. He concluded by citing the supreme example of Him who was rich, yet became poor that we through his poverty might be rich.

Then followed a hymn and a prayer, and the meeting was over. Mr. Stuart then mixed freely with the people, cordially greeting every one; and it did not take him long to work his way down to the door where our two friends had found a seat. Finding that they expected the carriage to meet them, he walked out with them to see them on their way.

There was a carriage a little way off, surrounded by a knot of people to whom the driver seemed to be addressing some kind of harangue. Drawing nearer, our friends found it to be the carriage they were looking for, but the coachman's condition seemed hardly in keeping with the function of driving two young ladies home from a prayer meeting. His hat was stuck on the back of his head; he was wildly excited; he was gesticulating fiercely with his whip; and he was making a speech to the bystanders in tones very loud but mostly incoherent. In a word, Jerry McCoy was very drunk.

It may be explained here that Jerry was an importation from the Green Isle—in fact had come from Belfast, Miss Pearce's own city. He had been coachman for Mr. Winstall for the past four years. There was no more faithful or careful coachman in New York than Jerry when he was sober. He took splendid care of his horses too, and they came to know Jerry's ways so well that they made it a point to be on their best behavior when Jerry's grip of the lines showed them he was not quite himself. The consequence was that Jerry so far had no serious accident, though quite often came near it.

On a few occasions, when there seemed to be an unusually narrow escape, Mr. Winstall would have discharged him, but then Jerry would be so penitent, that on promising a radical reformation, Mr. Winstall would give him another chance. When certain friends protested that it was dangerous to keep such a man, Mr. Winstall would say that Jerry drunk was better than most men sober. It was a long time now since Jerry had made a break, and the Winstall family had indulged the hope that he had done with liquor forever.

Miss Winstall, therefore, took in the situation at once. She appealed to Mr. Stuart as to what was best to be done. "We might take the cars," she said, "but if we leave Jerry to bring home the carriage he will surely have a smash."

"Let us see first," said Mr. Stuart, "If we cannot quiet him down a little. He won't keep up this racket very long, I should hope."

The moment Jerry saw Mr. Stuart he did quiet down a little. He stood in a degree of awe of Mr. Stuart, yet liked him very much, and would do more for him than perhaps any other man in New York. He was very proud of him, besides, as a fellow countryman, and when exhilarated a little would boast that he had no equal on this continent.

Mr. Stuart, being aware of Jerry's friendly feeling for him, hoped he might be able to turn it to some good account in this crisis. So he accosted Jerry in a friendly tone, not seeming aware that anything was amiss.

"Ah, Jerry," he said, "I see you have come for the young ladies. Of course you will be careful of them, for you know they don't like fast driving. I see your horses are in fine fettle as usual. You are a splendid man for taking care of horses. But you must hold them in a little, and not go too fast."

"Sharitly your reverensh," said Jerry, "I'll take good care of the ladiesh and no mishtake."

As Jerry was certainly a little calmer now, Mr. Stuart thought he might go a point farther.

"I say, Jerry," said he, "I am going your way a little. Would you allow me to ride on the box with you? I like to ride on the box behind such horses as yours."

"Of coursh," said Jerry, "come up and welcome."

Mr. Stuart handed the ladies into the carriage with a few reassuring words that all would turn out well—a point that was doubtful enough to himself. Then he mounted the box.

"Now Jerry," he said, "I have always admired your driving. There is no better driver, they say, in New York. Would you give me a lesson to-night? Give me the lines, and tell me just what to do. "Now," he said, reaching for the lines, "some hold them this way—and others this way. Which is right?"

Jerry, completely off his guard, allowed Mr. Stuart to take the lines, and showed him the professional way of holding them. Mr. Stuart was a crack driver himself, but acted the novice to perfection. The horses had been goaded to a dangerous state of excitement by Jerry's wild gesticulations with the whip before starting, and might easily have made a break. They were a little calmer now, and when they felt Mr. Stuart's firm hand they knew they had found a master, and might as well go quietly. Two problems, however, remained to be solved. Would Jerry permit Mr. Stuart to keep the lines all the way? And could Jerry be persuaded to relinquish that dangerous whip?

"Now," said Mr. Stuart, "wouldn't it be well to take the wider streets to night? It is a little farther around, but we can go quicker." Mr. Stuart believed they might need the very widest streets in the city if Jerry got the lines. As Jerry stupidly assented, Mr. Stuart turned the horses into Vincent street, then through Regent street, and thence through the Park. In these wild thoroughfares he let the horses out. The point now was to get home before Jerry would want the lines back. But a new danger threatened. Jerry began to get sleepy.

He nodded and webbled on the box in an alarming fashion. Mr. Stuart slackened his speed a little, gently drew the whip from Jerry, and putting one arm around him, kept up as much speed as he deemed safe. He managed to keep clear of all obstructions, and after ten more minutes of very hard work drew up within a few yards of the Winstall mansion.

Shaking Jerry into consciousness, Mr. Stuart descended from the box, and opened the carriage door. The ladies heartily thanked him, and invited him into the house.

"No," he said, "I think not. I drew up here that we might not be observed. I must go into the yard and see that all is made right. If you will kindly send out Methuselah he and I will fix everything. Jerry is no good for anything to night. I think it would be better not to worry Mr. Winstall with the adventure."

"Very well," said Miss Winstall. "we will keep quiet. And we will tell Methuselah so too. But papa will be so sorry, if ever he knows, that he could not thank you."

"Oh, that is all right," said Mr. Stuart. "And now good night. And don't be dreaming about runaway horses and drunken coachmen." As Miss Winstall went towards the house she gave one glance backward. He lifted his hat. She turned, and he was gone.

Methuselah soon appeared in the yard, and with Mr. Stuart's help unhitched the horses, and gave them all proper attention. When told by Mr. Stuart not to say anything of this in the house he gave a bow of solemn gravity that showed that he had quite taken in the situation.

Jerry had a comfortable room over the coach house, and there Methuselah helped him to bed. Jerry had come back to a semi-conscious condition, and was mauling a little about the Pope. Methuselah, taking no stock in the Pope, placed a pitcher of cold water within Jerry's reach, and left him to his slumbers.

Meantime the ladies approached the house.

"I say," said Miss Pearce, "I want to laugh. I must laugh. I would have done it in the carriage, but was not sure how this jaunt would end. But we must not give ourselves away. Better not give your papa any chance for questions. Can't you make some excuse that we may retire?"

"It might be better," said Miss Winstall. "I have a reason for not exposing Jerry."

Meeting Mr. Winstall in the hall Miss Winstall said, "We have had a fine day. But it was a long day, and I presume Miss Pearce is tired. Pray papa, excuse us. Good night."

Miss Pearce followed Miss Winstall into her room, and shutting the door, burst into a long, unrestrained laugh.

"Oh, what a glorious time we have had," she said at length. "To have two such gallant Irishmen on the box. Who is there in this big city of yours that can keep two such coachmen as we can? And do you remember Jerry's speech, and the audience he had? The transition from the inside performance to the outside one nearly tickled me to death. Oh, the Irish are a versatile race, and no mistake."

"But what was Jerry talking about, do you know?" asked Miss Winstall. "I could not distinguish a word he said."

"Oh well, but I could," said Miss Pearce, "I heard it all before, and done very much in the same way. Jerry was making a loyal speech and he gave all the usual points that a Belfast Orangeman gives when he is in a similar condition. Did you hear no

mention of Derry, Aughim, and the Boyne? Did you get no hint of the glorious, pious, and immortal memory? Did you not hear the Pope consigned to very warm quarters? Oh, it was too funny. I really thought I was in Belfast. To think I should come to New York to hear all this. For Mr. Stuart to be preaching good will and love to everybody, and the next minute for Jerry to be cursing the Pope was too comical altogether." And Miss Pearce relieved herself by another long spell of merriment.

"Now," she said at length, "I shall not encroach farther on your quiet slumbers. Good night. I am sure that man Jerry will haunt my dreams." She had no idea that possibly her friend might be haunted by visions of the other coachman. Whether she really was so has not been revealed.

The evening's adventure had raised a more serious thought in the mind of Miss Winstall, which prevented her responding heartily to her friend's mirth. She had been asking herself if she had ever made any serious effort for poor Jerry's reformation. She had to confess that she had made no such effort. And had she not been repining that she could find no worthy mission in life? Was there not here a mission at her very door that no one could perform so well as she, and she had neglected it? This idea had struck her very quickly on seeing Jerry's condition, and accounted for her ready concurrence in the idea of keeping the matter secret. If her father knew the facts might he not at once discharge Jerry, and so give her no chance of aiding him? Besides, when Jerry would find that Miss Winstall was shielding him, that would surely give her an advantage in any effort she might make.

These were the thoughts that occupied her in the quiet of her own room. What she could do she did not see at present, but the duty of making some earnest effort was very clear. And the lesson of the evening came back to her with renewed force. Was not here an opportunity of putting the Golden Rule into practice? Ah, she must be not only a hearer of the word, but a doer. With a prayer for guidance and strength she resigned herself to sleep.

The Christmas Table.

The mahogany table at which places for ten were laid was round and bare, highly polished of course, so that it shone like the crystal and silver with which it was set. It had no cloth and the side lights in the room were turned down, so that all the shine and lustre in the apartments were concentrated on it. The drop-light from the chandelier was brought low, so that it was only a little above the tops of the candles. This was shaded with red. The candles also had red shades, and each shade was decorated with a bunch of red holly berries with their leaves. A wreath of red holly was placed in the centre of the table. Bunches of red holly were scattered about the table, one in each napkin, too. The bonbons were red and shaped like the holly berry. I doubt whether half the charm could have been lent to such a table had a cloth been laid. The white linen would necessarily have been a distraction. In this instance the appointments were so exquisite, and the effect so lovely, that one forgave the innovation. A long, narrow table, one seating twenty persons, would have to be carefully studied before the cloth was omitted, and the table, before all else, would have to be like this one—of mahogany and highly polished, so that the suggestion of light and glitter could

always be given. Then again, no side lights should be permitted in the room.—Harper's Bazar.

Near and Far Off Duties.

"Elsie dear, will you take care of baby for an hour? I would like to finish these button-holes before dark."

"Why, mother, I'm sorry, but I must go to the Reading Club at the church. It's so useful and benevolent, you know."

So fair Elsie trips off to read to a dozen poor children, who would have been just as well attended to by Miss Lawrence or Mrs. Warner, or any of the other half dozen ladies who were there, while her tired mother rocks the baby to sleep, and works a score of button-holes by the wearing gas-light.

Was it inclination that blinded Elsie's judgment, or selfishness, or thoughtlessness? When we meet a distasteful duty, how often does temptation assume the form of a lighter or less irksome task with which to drug our conscience and make us satisfied with our selves? We need to pray the old deacon's prayer: "Lord, give us grace to know thy will, and grit to do it!"

A Merry Christmas.

I wish you a Merry Christmas, my dears!

The merriest one of all the years,
With a merry heart and merry lip,
Merrily let your footsteps trip,
May your souls be ever as pure and gay
As snowflakes that fall from heaven today,
And the days of the year as they glide along
Merrily echo your Christmas song.

I wish you a thankful Christmas, my dears!

The thankfullest one of all the years;
May you say, when the bells of Christmas chime,
"I am thankful, O Lord, for this good time,"
When you take your gift from the Christmas tree
You may thank the Lord, whatever it be;
A thankful heart will bring you, my dears,
The merriest Christmas of all the years.

The Reason.

I've often sat here and wondered,
Whatever the reason may be,
That no matter how naughty I've been to her,
Mamma's always so good to me.

Today when my very best doll tore her frock
I punished that child severely,
And locked her up in a cold, dark room,
Till she should repent sincerely.

But after I'd turned the key in the lock
I felt so unhappy, and sorry and sad,
That I just had to bring her right out again,
For I loved her though she was so bad.

Then it came to me all in a minute
As I rocked with my doll on my knee,
That mamma is only a great big girl
And her very best dolly is me.

At Christmas Time.

Buy no more than you can afford.
Give no gift where you do not delight to.
Shop no more than you have the strength for.

Entertain only within your means.
Keep your Christmas nerve and muscle and heart and hope and cheer, first, for your own home, your own fireside, your dearest, closest, your sweetest; and then for the homeless, the fireless, the unloved, the "undear'd": and be true, true, true to the last Christmas card that goes to your post office, or to the last "Merry Christmas" that crosses your lips.

We are a generous people, and a happy people, and a Christian people, and we keep our festival with sincerity, honor, intelligence and good sense, if we would keep it alive and "in his name."—Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

Loyal to His Mother.

The late Dr. John Hall told of a poor woman who had sent her boy to school and college. When he was to graduate he wrote to his mother to come, but she sent back word that she could not, because her only skirt had already been turned once. She was so shabby she was afraid he would be ashamed of her.

He wrote back that he didn't care anything about how she came. He met her at the station and took her to a nice place to stay. The day arrived for his graduation, and he came down the broad aisle with that poor mother, dressed very shabbily, and put her into one of the best seats in the house.

To her great surprise he was the valedictorian of his class, and carried everything before him; he won a prize, and when it was given him he went down before the whole audience and kissed his mother, and said: "Here, mother, is the prize. It is yours; I would not have had it if it had not been for you."—Christian Standard.

A Good Dog.

A little child was once lost in the woods. Its parents and friends had hunted everywhere, but could not find it. At least some one thought of a great dog that belonged to a man a few miles away.

They had sent for him, and he came at once with his dog. He asked for a stocking that the baby had worn; then he took the dog to the place where the baby had last been seen, let him smell the stocking and told him to "seek."

The dog ran around in a circle two or three times and then put his nose to the ground and started into the woods. The man who owned the dog followed with the baby's father, and pretty soon they came back with the baby. The dog had found it at the foot of a tree curled up fast asleep.

The dog was hugged and petted almost as much as the child; he seemed to know he had done something very smart, and for a long time afterward he would come every day to see the child and would play with it for an hour or so and then trot off to his own home.

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Ministers and Churches.

Our Toronto Letter.

The Bloor Street Presbyterian congregation has a special service each Sunday evening during the month of December. A series of subjects was selected by the minister, Rev. W. G. Wallace, and at the close of the evening service the half-hour service of the Christian Endeavor Society goes on without interruption. It is held in the body of the church, and is the usual prayer-meeting service.

The services in Knox church, Toronto, were concluded last Sunday by the Rev. Walter Reid, B. D., Weston. Though Mr. Reid has resigned his charge he is a vigorous preacher yet and quite able to take charge of a congregation where there is not too long a drive, and too great exposure to the winter weather. He is a preacher of more than ordinary ability and acceptance, and some of the congregations that find it hard to make up their minds whom to call, might do much worse than invite Mr. Reid to take charge for a couple of years. There are other good preachers with some grey hairs, without charge, whose names we would also like to suggest to congregations wishing good preaching.

Appropos of this matter of putting ministers in connection with congregations that wish pastors, we see that the Presbytery of New York has established a bureau of supply somewhat similar to that mentioned in THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN once or twice last summer. This undertakes to supply the pulpits of ministers who are called away for a day, or who may be off on vacation. It goes one step farther, however, and undertakes to put ministers without charge and congregations with vacant pulpits in communication. Some simple scheme like this would be much better than any cumbersome system that Presbyteries will certainly refuse to carry out. For after all the Presbytery is not likely to pay much heed to regulations passed by the Assembly, if these are not in line with its own desires.

Anniversary services are now in order. That of Cowan Avenue congregation was held last Sabbath. The Rev. Dr. Milligan was the preacher in the morning, and Rev. Alex McMillan in the afternoon, and the Rev. John Neil in the evening. The congregation is prospering under the pastorate of Mr. Clark, and the report presented this year will be better than that for any previous year. South Parkdale, and indeed, the whole of that section of the city, is filling up rapidly. It is a beautiful and healthy location, and the citizens are beginning to find out that Parkdale is really no farther from the centre of civilization than is the Annex. The churches are benefiting by the popularity of this section, and the people are being benefited by the excellent preaching in all the pulpits of that suburb.

Special services are being conducted in the Norval and Union charge under the ministry of Rev. W. M. McKay. The pastor is being assisted by the neighboring ministers, and the meetings are being well attended. In all probability other services will be started when these close. There are some fine young ministers in that section, and this may be the means of drawing them into a united campaign for Christ. It is a source of great sorrow to all of them that the young minister of Hornby, Mr. Tough, is laid aside, and will not likely enter his pulpit for some months, as THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN noticed last week.

Great preparations are being made for a so-called Carnival, to be given in the Massey Hall, under the auspices of the public schools of Toronto. We suppose it is all right; but it does seem to us that altogether too much of the time that might be given to read education is taken up in the preparation for some nonsense that has no educational value. The time given to its production is nothing compared to that lost while the children are being trained for the stage play that is called acting.

Already the several charitable institutions are putting in their plea for a contribution. The poor are fed and coddled till it is thought to be a good thing to make poverty as widely known as possible. We heard of one case recently where a certain beggar, not in rags, but in a Prince Albert coat, coolly asked a victim who had been in the habit of giving him one dollar a year, to just make his subscription for this a forty-year payment, as there would be increased expenditure. When a man gets to that stage it is time to turn him into some honest calling. That man

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we know, and he is better able to work, physically, than forty per cent of the laboring men of Toronto.

The date for the induction of the Rev. A. B. Winchester has not yet been fixed, but it is expected that word will be received during the coming week, and the date will be at once announced. It is not at all likely that Mr. Winchester will be able to reach Toronto before the end of the second week in January, and his induction will be fixed for some date, as early after that as possible.

The next regular meeting of the Presbytery of Toronto will be held on the Thursday after the New Year, instead of on Tuesday, as usual.

Northern Ontario.

Several items for this department were received too late for last week's paper.

The Flesherston Sabbath School, under the superintendence and instruction of the pastor, and the choir leader, Mr. T. J. Sheppard, are preparing for their anniversary entertainment on Christmas evening.

The regular quarterly Communion was held in the Flesherston and associated congregations on Sabbath last, the pastor officiating throughout. Rev. Peter Fleming, of Maxwell, preached appropriate sermons at the preparatory services on Friday.

A handsome portrait of the late Rev. James Cameron has been placed in the vestry of the church, Chatsworth. Mr. Cameron was the first minister of the congregation, to whom he ministered for nearly a quarter of a century, and by whom he was greatly beloved. His remains lie in the churchyard near by, and "he being dead yet speaketh."

The elders and their wives of Chalmers church, Flesherston, were a few evenings ago very pleasantly entertained at the manse by the pastor, Rev. L. W. Thom and his sister, Mrs. Watt. In the course of the evening a very interesting meeting of session was held at which much pertaining to the spiritual welfare of the congregation came under consideration, and a large amount of church business was transacted.

As a result of Rev. J. G. Shearer's visit to Flesherston a branch of the Lord's Day Alliance has been formed with a membership of thirty, the officers being Wm. Henderson, president; J. F. Van Dusen, vice-pres., and T. J. Sheppard, Sec. Treas. At a meeting held in Chalmers church on the evening of the 29th ult. the Constitution of the Alliance was regularly adopted, and Messrs. Jas. Felstead, Chas. Stewart and Geo. Wilson were appointed a committee to do organizing work at outside points.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Flesherston congregation held their last regular meeting for the current year on Wednesday of last week. The secretary-treasurer's report was very satisfactory, showing that the finances were in a good condition; that 36 members were on the roll; amongst whom the greatest harmony prevailed, and by whom aggressive work had been done during the year. At the conclusion of general business the present officers, Mrs. James Dyer, President; Mrs. A. S. Van Dusen, vice-pres., and Mrs. Joseph Blackburn, sec.-treas., were re-elected for 1901 and were given a hearty vote of thanks for their efficient services during the year. The Society has proven itself a valuable auxiliary in carrying on the work of the church.

The anniversary of the induction of Rev. Jas. Buchanan to the pastorate of the Dundalk and Ventry congregations was fittingly celebrated on Sunday and Monday the 2nd and 3rd inst. The Sabbath services, largely attended, were ably taken by Rev. Prof. Connery, of Toronto, an old friend of the pastor. A tea meeting was held on Monday evening which was a decided financial success, though finances were not so much sought as having pastor and people come together for a social evening, which was accomplished in the most gratifying manner. Short addresses were given by Revs. Thom, of Flesherston, Matheson, of Pricerville, Little, of Cobolton Hill, (Anglican) and Campbell, (Methodist), Dundalk, and Mr. A. M. Gibson, elder, Flesherston, who when a lad played on the same street as did Jas. Buchanan in old Paisley City, Scotland. "The addresses were," says the Herald, "excellent and showed the high estimation in which the talented pastor of Erskine church is held. The Rev. Mr. Buchanan filled the chair in his usual genial manner." The proceeds were \$75.00.

The Rev. I. A. McGillivray, of Newmarket, will conduct the anniversary services in the Coldwater church on the last Sunday in December.

At Barrie presbytery the induction of Rev. J. Fraser Smith, at Bradford, was fixed for the 27th inst., and Rev. J. K. Henry accepted the call from Tamworth and Camden, in the Presbytery of Kingston.

Rev. J. Little, Chatsworth, and Rev. Dr. Somerville, Owen Sound, have been exchanging pulpits. Dr. Somerville's visit to Chatsworth was in connection with the Century Fund, and the result was eminently satisfactory. Mr. Little's congregation last fall raised the sum of \$1400 to pay off a mortgage on the church property.

The Young Woman's Missionary Society of the Presbytery church, held a most enjoyable "At Home," says the Orillia Packet. The object of the social was to introduce the new Society in a practical manner to the young women of the congregation, as well as publicly to explain the reason for its having changed from the Couchiching Mission Band to what will be known in the future as the Young Woman's Missionary Society. The President, Miss B. Ross, spoke for a few minutes to the young people asking them to hand in their names and take a practical interest in this movement—not only to join themselves, but to bring others in also.

Western Ontario.

Rev. W. C. Clark, Brampton, has been lecturing at Rockwood on the "Union Jack."

Fuller references will be made next week to the re-opening of the renovated and beautiful Knox Church, Galt.

At the meeting of Chatham Presbytery the Rev. A. H. Drumm was received by certificate from Bruce Presbytery.

Miss Craig, of Toronto, has been appointed by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbytery church, to succeed the late Mrs. Jeffrey, as secretary for Indian Missions.

A taking subject and one well presented is Rev. Dr. Robert Johnson's lecture on "Heroes of Scotland in Church and State." The minister of St. Andrew's church, London, is strong both in the pulpit and on the platform.

The Hamilton Times says:—"The many friends of Rev. Dr. Geo. Booth, will be pleased to hear that he received and accepted the call to the Second Presbyterian church at Johnstown, Pennsylvania, which is a progressive city of about 40,000 population.

In McNab street church, Hamilton, Rev. J. Goforth told of two natives who were votaries of opium, but clever men. These were converted and cured of the opium habit, and for three years they assisted him in his work until the trouble broke out in China. All that is necessary to civilize China, he said, is the Christian religion. There are quite a number of converts in China, and the prospects were becoming very bright just before the Boxer movement.

Eastern Ontario.

Rev. J. Matheson, Summerstown, has been preaching in Knox church, Cornwall.

Rev. A. Givan, Williamstown, occupied the pulpit of Knox church, Vankleek Hill, last Sabbath.

The annual meeting of the W. F. M. S., Brockville Presbytery, is announced for the last Monday in February in St. John's church, Brockville.

Rev. J. A. Sinclair, recently returned from the Klondyke, is in great demand as a lecturer on that far-away region. He is to speak at Perth shortly.

Rev. J. A. McFarlane, M. A., of Ottawa, has been giving the people of Almonte a treat in the way of a lecture on "A Trip Through Palestine," illustrated by lime light views.

Rev. C. H. Cooke, Smith's Falls, has been preaching in First Presbyterian church, Brockville. The Recorder says: "The sermon was an able effort and much appreciated by the congregation."

The mission fields in Brockville Presbytery are reported in a prosperous condition; and the Century Fund canvass is practically completed, more than \$41,000 having been subscribed by the twenty congregations and two missions of the Presbytery.

Ottawa.

Rev. Dr. Campbell, formerly pastor of the Erskine Presbyterian church, has given up the editorship of the *Kemptville Advance*.

Rev. J. W. H. Milne, pastor of the Glebe Presbyterian church, is at present giving a series of Sunday evening sermons on Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

The session of St. Paul's church made no mistake in securing the presence of Rev. Prof. Ross, D. D., for their anniversary services last Sunday. His subject in the morning was "Cross Bearing," and in the evening he preached from the text, "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you." In both cases the presentation of the Gospel message was able, earnest and effective. The anniversary social on Monday evening was presided over by Rev. Dr. Armstrong, who made an admirable chairman. There was a large attendance and a very enjoyable programme was rendered. It consisted of good music, readings and addresses by Rev. Dr. Wardrope, the first pastor of the congregation, and Rev. A. S. Ross, of Westboro.

At a special meeting of Ottawa Presbytery on Tuesday, (Rev. Mr. Milne, Moderator pro tem) the call from Erskine church to Rev. A. E. Mitchell, Almonte, was sustained; the Moderator of session, Rev. D. M. Ramsay, was thanked for his action in the matter; and the call—which was numerously signed and quite unanimous—was ordered to be forwarded to Mr. Mitchell, through the Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew. Provisional arrangements were made for Mr. Mitchell's induction should he accept. The people of Erskine look for an acceptance; and from all the kind things said in Presbytery of Mr. Mitchell, we should say the congregation will be fortunate in securing him as pastor. It should be added that Mr. Mitchell has not preached for a call; he was heard in Erskine church about three years ago on an anniversary occasion, and hence the present invitation to the pastorate.

Montreal.

The call from St. Hyacinthe to Rev. S. Rondeau has been sustained.

Rev. P. H. Hutchison, B. D. Huntingdon, was elected Moderator of Montreal Presbytery.

Rev. D. J. Graham has been appointed to "The Annex," and it is hoped that under his care the new cause will greatly prosper.

Rev. D. Amaran, Revs. S. J. Taylor, G. C. Heine, Dr. Cousserat and Principal MacVicar took part in the solemn proceedings. After a hymn by the school the meeting was dismissed with the benediction by the Rev. Mr. Brandt.

The induction of Rev. E. H. Brandt as principal and pastor of the Pointe aux Trembles schools took place on the 7th inst. The Moderator of Presbytery, Rev. Z. Ductos, B. A., who presided, preached the sermon in French, taking for his text the words, "the glory of a young man is his strength."

Rev. Dr. Robert Campbell, in the Montreal Presbytery, moved a resolution accepting the resignation of the Rev. Dr. Patterson, of St. Andrews, and recording the presbytery's sense of the high personal qualities of gentleness and devotion which endeared Dr. Patterson to the flock which he served for over forty years.

In Montreal Presbytery Rev. Prof. Ross, D. D., gave the report of the Home Mission Committee. The various fields are in good condition and are fully supplied for the winter months. The debt of nine hundred dollars on the church property at Verdun has been paid by an anonymous friend, who has received the cordial thanks of the Presbytery.

The new Westminster church building, on Atwater Avenue, was formally dedicated last Sunday. The Rev. Dr. MacVicar preached in the morning, the Rev. Dr. A. B. MacKay in the afternoon, and the Rev. A. J. Mowatt in the evening. All the services were well attended and the collection large. This church was organized on April 20th, 1892, at the corner of St. James and Cathedral streets, in an upper room. Early in 1893 after the present site had been secured, a temporary building was erected, and opened on the first Sunday in May of that year, with a membership of 72. In the course of time a more suitable place of worship was required, and the present place was built; which is in every sense a fine edifice. The Rev. M. Stewart Oxley, who ministers there, may be well congratulated on the success which followed his earnest labors in this field.

Quebec.

An effort is being made to secure the early settlement of a pastor at Sawyerville.

A Conference on French work will be held at next quarterly meeting of Quebec Presbytery.

The missionary at Grand Mere, Presbytery of Quebec, was recently presented with a valuable fur coat by his friends in the mission.

Arrangements have been made for the ordination of Mr. Louis Abram, licentiate with a view to his appointment to St. Valier French field, which will take place in the French church, Quebec, on 22nd January, Rev. D. Tait to preside.

A report presented at last meeting of Quebec Presbytery, anent the Century Fund, indicated the amount subscribed as about \$20,000, over \$5,000 of which is for the common fund; and that the canvass is still in progress in several congregations.

At the last meeting of the Presbytery, the Rev. J. M. Whittlelaw, minister at Kinneear's Mills, stated that his name was being associated in the public press, with a certain letter sent by him to Dr. Warden, (which should have contained two hundred dollars, but which on reaching Dr. Warden contained no money at all), in such a way as to effect his reputation and usefulness, and requested the Presbytery to enter upon a judicial investigation of the matter. His request was granted. A commission of Presbytery was appointed for this matter, consisting of Revs. Dr. Kellock, A. Stevenson, E. Macqueen and A. T. Love, and Mr. P. Johnston, Quebec, elder, to report to the Presbytery on the 15th January next.

Winnipeg and West.

The next meeting of Brandon Presbytery will be held at Brandon on Tuesday, 5th March.

Rev. R. A. Finlayson has tendered his resignation of the pastorate of Breadalbane congregation.

Mr. D. Carswell was appointed Moderator of the Douglas and Crawford session during the vacancy and Mr. E. A. Henry of the Chats and Humesville session.

Miss Edith J. Millar, the well known and popular contraltist and soloist, has been appointed leading singer in the choir of Westminster church. The congregation is to be congratulated on securing the services of Miss Millar, who only recently returned to Canada after a prolonged absence in New York.

At the meeting of Brandon Presbytery Rev. J. Ferry resigned the pastorate of Chater and Humesville; and Rev. E. Mason that of Douglas and Crauford. The Presbytery appointed Mr. Mr. Kirk to declare the former pulpit vacant; and Mr. Finlayson is to discharge a similar duty in connection with the latter charge.

The new Presbyterian church at Suthwyn was formerly opened, the services being conducted by Revs. J. Harvey, H. H. Hargrave, pastor, and Rev. Dr. Bryce. At three o'clock a service was conducted by Rev. C. B. Pitblado, assisted by Rev. A. Matheson, of Fernton. In the evening Rev. Mr. Matheson preached an appropriate sermon from Exodus xx, 24.

The Presbyterian church of Virden has been changed from what Dr. Robertson publicly styles as a "barn," into a handsome white brick edifice. The "barn" doors have been removed, and in their place is an ornamental window. The front entrance is now through an artistically designed corner tower. A ceiling of British Columbia cedar, the walls beautifully tinted, wood work grained, and the circular seats, make an auditorium which few, if any, equals outside the city of Winnipeg. Sunday morning the Methodist congregation worshipped with the Presbyterians, their pastor assisting in the devotional exercises. Rev. Mr. Dickey preached both morning and evening. The social on Monday evening was a great success.

A subscriber at Port Robinson writes regretfully about the lack of service there during the fall months. There was no worship in the Presbyterian church during November; and the same may be said of the English church. At this season of the year most of the men—who are largely engaged on boats and dredges—come home; and as it is unlikely they have many opportunities of attending service during the summer, it seems a pity that the churches should be closed on their return. Perhaps this undesirable state of things may be remedied another season.

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STUDIES OF THE PORTRAIT OF CHRIST by Rev. George Matheson, D.D., 2 vols. in box, \$3.00. Each volume separate.....	1 50
LIFE OF HENRY DRUMMOND, by George Adam Smith, 8 vols. cloth, two portraits, WINDSOR WOLANHOOF, Familiar talks on Life and Conduct by Margaret E. Sangster.....	2 00
PHILOSOPHY OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION, by Rev. Principal Fairbairn.....	3 50
THE SPIRIT OF GOD, by Rev. C. Campbell Morgan.....	1 25

Recent Popular Books.

TOMMY AND GRIZEL, by J. M. Barrie, 12mo cloth.....	\$ 1 25
THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE, by Elmo Glasgow, 12mo cloth.....	1 15
THE GENTLEMAN FROM INDIANA, by Booth Tarkington, 12mo, cloth.....	1 25
A WOMAN TENDERFOOT, by Mrs. Ernest Seton-Thompson, 8vo, cloth, illustrated.....	2 00
EVEN HOLDEN, by Irving Bacheller, 12mo, cloth.....	1 50
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THE REIGN OF LAW, by James Lane Allen 12mo, cloth, illustrated.....	1 25
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Notes on Books.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 755.

From Fleming Revell Co., Toronto.

CHINA'S ONLY HOPE: An appeal by Chang Chih Tung, translated by Rev. S. I. Woodridge. This is a small well printed book, said to be the most remarkable and influential publication that has appeared in China for 600 years. It is said to have been the prime cause of the Emperor's reform movements, which resulted in the *coup d'etat* and culminated in the present uprising. One cannot read the book without feeling that in China there is a powerful party in favor of progress, and it is this party that ought to be put in power at the present time. Chang Chih Tung is a master of literary style, and anyone who is interested in China and begins to read "China's Only Hope" cannot stop until he reaches the end. Montreal; Wm. Drysdale & Company.

THE WRONGS OF INDIAN WOMANHOOD, by Mrs. Marcus B. Fuller. Fine paper and good printing mark the mechanical appearance of this work, making it well worthy the excellence of the contents. Mrs. Fuller brings special fitness and long experience to the treatment of her deeply interesting theme. Nothing has ever been written on the subject that can at all be compared with it either for clearness of presentation, fearlessness of statement, or delicacy of touch. The tender pathos that pervades in many passages cannot fail to touch the heart. Our lady readers interested in the trials and disabilities of their sisters in India will doubtless buy this book. Montreal; Wm. Drysdale & Co.

WINSOME WOMANHOOD, by Margaret E. Sangster. Mrs. Sangster needs no introduction to our readers. She is well known from her connection with many American publications. This new book is a very lovely one, both in dress and matter. The illustrations are photographic studies from life of beautiful young women reproduced in sepia from pictures by W. B. Dyer. The pages are decorated with exquisite initial pieces, copies of famous lace handkerchiefs. The book is addressed to all women, but Mrs. Sangster's love for young girls makes it specially suitable as a gift book for them. It is divided into four parts—Daybreak, High Noon, Eventide and Rounded Life. It is difficult to imagine a more beautiful book, or one written in a sweeter spirit and with more knowledge of the needs of womanhood. Montreal; Wm. Drysdale & Co.

From Lee & Shepard, Boston.

THE HOUSE-BOAT ON THE ST. LAWRENCE, or Following Frontenac, by Everett T. Tomlinson. This is the second book Dr. Tomlinson has written about the same four boys, who are all jolly young college chums. This story tells of how they spent their summer on the beautiful, historic St. Lawrence river. One lad, who takes a great interest in history, has read up Frontenac, and in the evenings he tells his companions interesting stories of this leader in the new world. The book is bright and sparkling with fun, while the descriptions of the river are delightful. Altogether it is a most desirable book for boys.

BETWEEN BOER AND BRITON, by Edward Stratemeyer. This book is very timely, coming as it does when the eyes of all the world are fixed on the war which is ending in South Africa. It relates the experiences of two boy cousins, one American and the other English, whose fathers were engaged in the Transvaal. The scene opens in Texas on a cattle ranch, whence it is transferred to South Africa, where the cousins meet. While the two boys are off on a hunting trip the war suddenly breaks out and they find themselves placed between two hostile armies. Their thrilling experiences are well told by the author, and a good idea is given of the war from the beginning to the fall of Pretoria.

From Upper Canada Tract Society, Toronto.

BROWNIE, by Amy LeFevre. Miss LeFevre is well known from her "Probable Sons," which is such a popular book for children. This new book should be quite as widely read, for it is a dear little story. Brownie and Buffle are the children of a young widow who earns her livelihood by her pen. The little heroine is a very sweet, imaginative child, and the story of her fancies and her adventures with her brother is charmingly written. Throughout the book there is a strain of religious thought which without being oppressive will be helpful to the little ones. The cover is very dainty, and several illustrations add to the pleasure that children will take in this attractive book.

From Copp, Clark Co., Toronto.

THE HOSTS OF THE LORD, by Flora Annie Steel. Any one who has read "On the Face of the Waters" will be anxious to read Mrs. Steel's new book, which is just as strong in its way as the first great success. The scene is again laid in India, but the revolt of a mere handful, not a great mutiny, is the theme. Mrs. Steel tells her story with a peculiar vividness, which brings the characters before us in picturesque array. The action takes place in the space of a few days and never drags. The book deals with that most fascinating theme which must always occupy the attention of the writer on East Indian life, the contact of two civilizations. The usual contingent of British officers and civilians figure in the story, as well as the native who apes the fashion of the English. The book is one that should not be overlooked. Ottawa; James Ogilvy.

TOMMY AND GRIZEL, by J. M. Barrie. "Sentimental Tommy" implied a sequel, and now Barrie has given us "Tommy and Grizel." We must confess to a feeling of disappointment in the book so eagerly expected. As a character study it is remarkable. It is seldom that so searching and true an analysis of the "artistic temperament" is made. But as a story it is a failure. There is practically no plot; all the details seem to owe their presence simply to the fact that they bring out the character of Tommy. Moreover, throughout the story we cannot rid ourselves of the feeling that Barrie is laughing at us, that he is parodying his first conception of his hero, until the denouement compels us to think that he is serious. To have Grizel's husband hanged by his over coat when attempting to follow the haughty Lady Alice, in order to continue to make love to her, is not tragic—it is burlesque. And yet the strength, the conscientiousness of the work is undeniable; and everybody will read the book for the sake of "Sentimental Tommy," if for no other reason. Messrs. Charles Scribners Sons, New York, also send us a copy of this work. Ottawa; James Ogilvy.

THE HOUSE OF EGREMENT, a romantic novel by Molly Elliot Saewell, author of "The Sprightly Romance of Marsac." This is the longest and most pretentious of her stories, the hero has a wonderfully varied and trying career but comes to his inheritance at the end, with recompense for his years of waiting. The time of the story is the closing years of the seventeenth century, when William of Orange came to England and King James was forced to fly to France. Roger Egremont, the hero, on his own estates in Devonshire was one of the first to meet the royal invader, entertained him against his will and displayed his resentment by flinging a platter of beans in the face of the prince as he sat at the table to which he was not invited. Roger is imprisoned, escapes and flees to France, where adventure is plenty—meeting with the Princess Orantia; his love for her; her marriage with the Prince of Orlamunde; the princess, death, and finally the death of Hugo Stein the pretender to the Egremont estates, the recall of Roger by King William III. and the princess already free and won, goes to England with him. Price \$1.50. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers, New York

From W. J. Gage and Co., Toronto.

SPRINGTOWN ON THE PIKE, by John Uri Lloyd. This story was selected as the Bookman serial for 1900, so that it goes without saying that the book is well written. But it is more than that; it is a distinctly strong book. The scene is laid in Kentucky, and the action begins at the time of the War of Secession, when the hero is a ragged, little urchin trudging along the dusty pike, and continues until the boy is well into manhood and has become a professor of chemistry in an Ohio university. The book is fresh and vigorous, full of fire and dramatic situations; while the weird negro superstitions of Cope, the son of an African king, forms the centre point of the story, for this old negro sees written in the ashes of the fire all the events which come to pass in the lives of the chief actors. His belief in his own powers of divination, and the way in which his prophecies are fulfilled, compel attention. The book is full of negro dialect and negro superstition, and in that way is a study. Ottawa; James Ogilvy.

THE SHADOWS OF THE TREES: And other poems, by Robert Burns Wilson: a charming book of nature poems with twelve beautiful illustrations from nature, by C. Grant LaFarge, reproduced in photogravure. We cannot resist quoting the following verses from "Lines to a Child," which will show the author's style:

Dear little face,
With placid brow and clear up-looking eyes,
And prattling lips that speak no evil thing;
And dimpling smiles, free of fair-seeming lies,
Unschool'd to ape the dreary words of pretence,
Sweet imager of cloudless innocence,
The tenderest flower of nature's fashioning:—
A dewy rose amidst the wilderness,
Amidst the desert a clear-welling spring,
So is thy undissembling loveliness,
Dear little face.

Dear little heart
That never harboured any ill intent,
That nothing knows of bitterness or care,
But only young life's nestling wonderment
Amidst thy strange new joys—thy incomplete
Unfledged emotions and affections sweet,
Veiled by the unived years, thy field, but there
The sowing for thy harvest has begun:
When thou shalt reap and bind, may no despair
Rise from thy ground, betwixt thee and the sun,
Dear little heart.

The volume is daintily bound in green and gold cloth, price \$1.50. R. H. Russell publisher, New York.

ROCHEFOUCAULD'S MAXIMS: These maxims written by a cavalier of Richelieu's times, one who knew the world as few have an opportunity of knowing it, are witty, suitable and true. The author has grasped the whole of life; the weakness of human nature, of fashion, and conventionalities is strongly depicted. This volume is one of a series of literary masterpieces, or living thoughts of master minds in poems and essays, printed on deckle edge paper, full leather, limp cover, boxed 75 cents. H. M. Caldwell Co., Publishers, New York and Boston.

Houghton Mifflin & Co., Boston.

THE HALF-HEARTED, by John Buchan, Mifflin and Company, Boston. This is a very strong story of a psychological turn. It deals with a young Scotchman who comes of a long race of gentlemen, but who is cursed by something in his nature which makes him "the half-hearted." A fatal hesitation stamps all his actions. When the story opens he has just returned home from foreign travel, heralded by a remarkably clever book on Kashmir. He shows his constitutional half-heartedness in a love affair and in the contest for a seat in the House of Commons, failing in both. Disheartened he goes to the frontier of India on a somewhat dangerous errand. Here in the end the half-hearted became the great-hearted and "was caught up by kind fate to the place of the wise and the heroic." The book is among the best of the year, and is well worth reading.

Christmas Candies of all Kinds.

Good candies, which are enjoyed by both young and old at this season of the year, are expensive if bought at the best shops, and cheap candies should be avoided by all. Candies made from pure sugar, worked carefully at home may be used in moderate quantities, and if properly made will prove quite equal to the best which can be bought. Begin four days before Christmas day, making the fondant first, and using a pound of sugar for each batch. Purchase, before you begin your candy-making, a wooden paddle, two or three candy dippers, a small five cent paint brush, three or four granite saucepans, one very much smaller than the others. Purchase half a pound of almonds, half a pound of English walnuts, half a pound of dates, half a pound of peanuts and, if you can afford it, a pound of pistachio nuts, two quarts of roasted peanuts and half a pound of pine nuts. Blanch and dry the almonds carefully. Dip them in a plain or chocolate cream fondant; or they may form the inside of nut candies; use whole or chopped. Shell the peanuts, rub off the brown skin; roll not too fine with a rolling pin on a broad board.

To make peanut candy, stir constantly over a hot fire one pound of granulated sugar when melted and a light brown add a pint of rolled peanuts; mix, and roll out quickly, first dusting the board with a little of the dry material. Cut into squares, and when cold break apart for peanut brittle.

The Turkey's Jubilee.

BY JOSEPH WHITTON.

So Christmas once again is here,—
The turker's jubilee;
All hail and crown it with good cheer
And echoing roars of glee.
Yet don't forget that crying Need
Stands shivering at thy door,
But ope thy purse with kindly heed
To help her starving store.
And when thy race through life is run
That little Christmas deed
May reckon up a helping one
In thine own hour of need.

Christmas Dinner.

- Oyster Soup
- Roast Turkey
- Bread Stuffing
- Cranberry Jelly
- Mashed Potatoes
- Pease
- Celery Mayonnaise
- Wafers
- Mince Pie
- Cheese
- Plum Pudding
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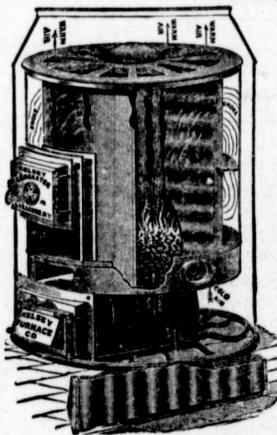
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