

Dominion Presbyterian

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OTTAWA WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 21, 1910.

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MY OWN.

BY LUCY LARCOM.

I do not own an inch of land,
But all I see is mine—
The orchard and the mowing-fields.
The lawns and gardens fine.
The winds my tax collectors are,
They bring me tithes divine—
Wild scents and subtle essences,
A tribute rare and free;
And, more magnificent than all,
My window keeps for me
A glimpse of blue immensity—
A little strip of sea.

Here sit I, as a little child;
The threshold of God's door
Is that clear band of chrysoprase:
Now the vast temple floor,
The blinding glory of the dome
I bow my head before;
The universe, O God, is home,
In height or depth to me;
Yet here upon thy footstool green
Content am I to be,
Glad when is open to my need
Some sea-like glimpse of thee.

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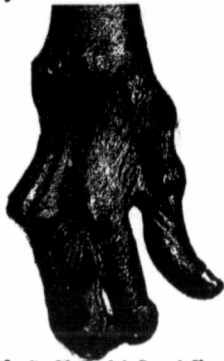
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BIRTHS.

At the manse, Hamilton, on Sept. 16, to Mr. and Mrs. Beverley Ketchen, a son.

At 50 Church street, Toronto, on Sunday, Sept. 4, 1910, the wife of V. D. McLeod, of twin sons.

At the manse, Orillia, on Sept. 6, 1910, the wife of the Rev. D. C. MacGregor, a son (still-born).

At Orillia, on Aug. 20, 1910, by the Rev. D. C. MacGregor, Miss Christena L. Graham to Mr. John Bird, both of Orillia.

In Perth, on Wednesday, Sept. 7, 1910, by Rev. D. Currie, Robert G. Baxter, of Smith's Falls, to Mary Isabella, daughter of James Cooper.

MARRIAGES.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Parry Sound, on Aug. 24, by Rev. F. Mahaffy, Mr. Norman Paterson, of Toronto, to Carrie, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Fleming.

On Sept. 14, at Chalmers church, Toronto, Cyril Douglas Hughes MacAlpine, son of Dr. MacAlpine of Lindsay, to Lena May, eldest daughter of Mrs. John Thompson, Toronto, Rev. H. A. MacPherson officiating.

At the Presbyterian manse, Alexandria, on Aug. 31, 1910, by Rev. Donald Stewart, assisted by Rev. J. H. Anderson, Eben-er D. McNaughton, of Dominionville, to Annie Christine, daughter of Donald McMillan, Lochiel.

At 492 Bronson avenue, Ottawa, on Sept. 7, 1910, by Rev. W. A. McIlroy, Peter Donald Munroe, of Port Arthur, to Barbara (Birdie) Leslie, of Ottawa.

At the home of the bride's mother, Cornwall, on Sept. 13, 1910, by Rev. Dr. Harkness, J. Sime Mercer, of Pitchburg, Mass., to Miss Caroline E. Binnie, daughter of the late Rev. Robert Binnie, At McLeod's, Que., on Sept. 7, 1910, by Rev. R. Mackenzie, Stornaway, brother-in-law of the bride, assisted by Rev. D. Fraser, M.A., Hampden, John M. MacRae, of Dyer, Ont., to Miss Christina Jane MacIver, McLeod's (Victoria), Que.

At Knox church manse, Cornwall, on Sept. 14, 1910, by Rev. Dr. Harkness, William N. MacGregor to Annabella, daughter of the late Andrew McBain, both of Charlottentown township, Glengarry.

On Sept. 14, 1910, at 54 South Drive, the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr. J. H. Thom, by the Rev. Daniel Strachan, assisted by the Rev. James Thom, Christine Mackenzie, younger daughter of the late John Bigham, M.D., Cataragui, Ont., to James Plant Catlin, son of Mr. Thom, Dean Catlin, Ottawa, Illinois.

DEATHS.

At 119 Glen Road, Toronto, on Monday, Sept. 13, 1910, Louisa M. Craig, beloved wife of R. L. Johnston.

At his late residence, 3rd Concession, Lancaster, on Sept. 13, 1910, James Wightman, aged 74 years.

At No. 19 Hess street south, Hamilton, Wednesday, 14th Sept., 1910, William Ross, aged 78 years.

At Maxville, on Sept. 7, 1910, Dr. D. McDiarmid, Public School Inspector for Glengarry, aged 70 years.

At Bonville, on Sept. 5, 1910, Allan, son of Nathan McLaughlin, aged three years and one month.

At his residence, The Glen, near Williamstown, on Sept. 5, 1910, D. D. McDonald, aged 85 years.

Int he Fourth Concession of Charlottentown, Glengarry, on Sept. 1, 1910, James McNaughton, aged 54 years.

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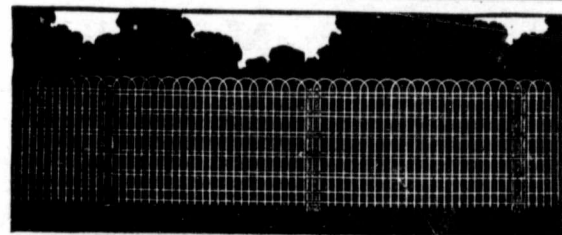
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NOTE AND COMMENT

The Present King of Siam has abolished slavery, and in 1905 he issued a decree revoking the licenses of gambling houses, although these have furnished a large part of his revenue.

Sabatier declares that the adherents to the Catholic Church in France do not number over 4,000,000. In the public schools of France there are 2,270,000 boys, while in Roman Catholic schools there are but 409,000.

Girls who operate the typewriter will be interested to know that the young Princess Mary, only daughter of King George V., has learned to use the typewriter, and assists her father in his private correspondence.

The American Pharmaceutical Association in national convention at Richmond, Va., May 4, again placed itself on record as advocating the abolition of alcohol as a commodity of sale in all American drug stores. It also earnestly urged the elimination of all traffic in what is termed "habit-forming" drugs.

From all quarters comes the message that Russia is ready as never before for the gospel. The Russian is naturally a religious person. He is tired of the husks of ritualism. The Presbyterian Molokani are increasing in number and influence. They have already established a training school for preachers.

The attempt to gather all the different denominations of Christians of South Africa into one body is meeting with some difficulties. The Wesleyan Methodists have absolutely refused to go into the union. In addition to this an influential presbytery of the Presbyterian Church has adopted an overture to the General Assembly, praying it to discontinue union negotiations. It declares the constitution which has been proposed for the new Church is "obscure or unacceptable and impossible in vital particulars."

The will of the late Dr. Goldwin Smith disposes of an estate of \$522,000, about half of which is in mortgages, and the rest in stocks, bonds, real estate and sundries. Deceased made provision for his several servants with him for so many years, legacies of from \$500 to \$5,000 for each of them. The famous library, valued at \$10,000, goes to the University of Toronto, and the Grange, his late residence, is left to the city of Toronto for a museum and art gallery. One thousand dollars each is left to Beverley street Baptist church and the Labor Temple. The residue of the estate, about \$700,000, goes to Cornell University.

The Year Book of the Congregational Churches for 1910 has just been published. It shows a net loss of fifteen in the total number of churches, and a gain of 11,523 members, the present membership in the U. S. being 730,718, to which should be added 73,671 in foreign lands, making a grand total of 804,389. The Sunday school membership, including about 50,000 enrolled in independent schools, is 746,143. The Young People's Societies show a decline in membership of 1,852. The benevolent contributions for the year show a total of \$2,812,242, an increase of \$453,991 over last year. The home expenditures, current expenses, etc., for the year were \$9,107,519, an increase of \$184,812. A table is printed showing that more than half the churches received less than ten accessions during the year, and of the whole number almost one-fourth (1,289) reported no new members whatever.

The Papal Envoy to the Eucharistic Congress appears anxious to make himself acceptable to all sides. The immense throng assembled at the Congress "reminded him of the Middle Ages"; at the same time he congratulated Canadians on their freedom of conscience and religious service. The Middle Ages and freedom of conscience are not usually associated, but to a trained ecclesiastic impossibilities become easy.

Tarsus in Asia Minor, which was "no mean city" when Saint Paul was on its roll of citizens, is introducing the modern improvements. A mile and a half above the city power has been taken from the rapids of the Cydnus River, and by means of an eighty-horse-power turbine made to drive a dynamo of a capacity for lighting a thousand lamps of sixteen-candle power each, about one half of which are used in the streets of the city. The new regime in Turkey encourages modern improvements.

Two recent incidents have served to increase the long-existing friction between Greece and Turkey. One is the election to the Greek National Assembly of several prominent Cretans among them the Cretan leader, Venizelo, who is committed to the annexation of Crete to Greece, and is a candidate for the office of Greek premier. The other is the extension of the boycott of Greek goods and ships in Turkey. The Greek minister at Constantinople recently protested strongly against this boycott, but was met by remonstrances and warnings regarding the attitude of Greece towards Crete.

A missionary from Seoul, Korea, on the way home from a service outside the East Gate, overtook a couple of women with their Bibles and hymn-books tied about their waists climbing one of the hills. On asking one of them whom he recognized, where they had been, she replied, "Over to that village," pointing to a cluster of houses in the valley below. Although the hill was rather steep, the women did not seem to notice it, and when we stopped, after some puffing on my part, I asked their ages. The one said sixty-six, the other sixty! "Does not this walking tire you?" I asked. "Oh no," they replied, "for we go so often, and much further than this." "Oh, you are Bible women?" "No; we go to read and pray with the women, for we wish them all to know of our happy faith," was the answer, with such bright faces as carried conviction of their joy. With such home missionaries, is it any wonder Korea is becoming a land of Christians?

The greatest danger which threatens Japan in the immediate future is on the moral side. The sanctions of the old religions are largely gone. The Emperor's rescript, issued in 1890, is made the basis of all the moral teaching in the schools, and, although this is an excellent exhortation in reference to all human relations, it lacks the inherent, compelling sanctions needed to secure obedience to it. Materialism and Mammonism are largely ascendant, and are increasing. The tendency to luxurious living is so great that the Emperor has issued a rescript in regard to it. A materialistic or pessimistic philosophy is very common among the students in the higher schools, and many among them commit suicide in their discouragement. Japan is to be swayed in the immediate future either by materialism or by Christianity. Which it is to be is the great question at present. Japan is influencing Korea, Manchuria, and China, and, in a lesser degree, Siam, India, Turkey, and Persia. As has been said, "Japan is leading the Orient but whither?"

MINISTRY OF "SHUT-INS."

By Robert E. Speer.

We are sometimes told that we ought not to use military language in describing life, that life should be regarded as a growth and not as a conflict. But our language must suit itself to the facts. There is fighting, and is bound to be, not to recognize this is merely to play into the hands of our foes. Fleshly lusts are going to war against our souls unless we war against the fleshly lusts. The devil is lying in wait to vanquish us. If we do not resist him, we shall be his easy prey.

But, some say, at any rate we can reduce the warfare to narrow limits and so arrange our life as to escape from constant conflict. The best men, the true achievers, do not reason so. "Battle I know," says Myer's St. Paul, "as long as life remaineth." And one of our negro poets, Paul Laurence Dunbar, has put the nobler view in his verse.

Long since, in sore distress, I heard
one pray;

"Lord, who prevailst with resistless
might,

Ever from war and strife keep me
away;

My battles fight!"

I know not if I play the Pharisee,
And if my brother after all be right;
But mine shall be the warrior's plea to
Thee—

Strength for the fight!

Armor is furnished for this warfare. It is good to notice that there is none for the back. All vulnerable parts are protected, and truth, which is the mightiest thing in the world, is to gird us where we need it most, but God's warriors are not intended to turn their backs. They are to be like him who

"Never turned his back

But arched breast forward * * Held
we fall to rise,

Are baffled to fight better, sleep to
wake."

The devil is no human phantom foe. We may not be sure that Martin Luther saw him and had such dealings with him as he believed at the time, but there is a power of evil in the world which we have to fight and which cannot be adequately accounted for by merely identifying it with the badness of men. Man is a poor enough sort of creature but he doesn't have it in him to exert the influence and do the harm that some power of evil is effecting. We know that in the evil that whispers to us within and the evil which seeks to allure us from without, we have an ingenious and malignant foe to fight and a foe who is as real as our own souls.

We can resist the devil best by drawing near to God. There all evil grows weak. That atmosphere stifles it and it dies. When evil thoughts assail us we can conquer them only by good thoughts which we are able by our own wills to call in to drive the others from the field. When we are tempted to be selfish we can conquer the temptation best by deliberately going out and doing something unselfish and friendly. The evil of bad books can easily be routed by simply replacing them with good. And the devil can best be conquered by contempt, not the contempt that underrates his power, but the contempt that makes full preparation and overmasters him and derides his claim; "The devil," said Luther, "is very proud and what he least likes is to be laughed at." Therefore let us laugh at him and triumph over him by the grace of God.

SPECIAL
ARTICLES

Our Contributors

BOOK
REVIEWS

THE QUARRY OF CHARACTER.

By A. W. Lewis, B.D.

The greatest thing in life is character. "Man needs but little here below, nor needs that little long." That is the body; but man is a soul, and his soul needs are great, and its possibilities are unlimited. Character is something that we can never get rid of. Death only gives it full control. Let us consider a few moments the quarry from which character is made. As the temple of Solomon was made from stones made ready at the quarry, under the Holy City, so the immortal life of man is determined by its quarry.

Nature is emblematic; hence the truth and the beauty of Christ's parables. There is an analogy between the works of man in Nature and in his own self-conscious life. The Temple of Solomon illustrates four different truths in the life of man. Jesus spoke of Himself as a part of the Temple of the Church, rejected and yet the chief corner stone. Peter followed this thought—"Ye also as living stones are built up a spiritual temple." John in apocalyptic vision was told that "He that overcometh shall be a pillar in the temple of God." Phillips Brooks wrote on this truth—"Slowly the temple of God is being built." Under this interpretation, man when tried, is being hewn into shape and adorned for his future sphere of life. The world is the quarry; and the Church is the building founded upon the rock of Christ's divinity, against which the gates of hell can never prevail.

Again home is the quarry; and the state is the temple. This is patriotic, as Jesus ever was. "Our citizenship is in heaven," or the body is "the temple of the Holy Spirit." Or character is the temple, "made in secret, and curiously wrought in the hidden depths." "For we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." Let us look for a moment at the quarry of character.

Public opinion is much in the moulding of our life, as well as in our influence. The outward life is important in both directions. Yet a man may outwardly be a perfect gentleman, "smile and smile, and be a villain." When the outward is dissolved the inner life of the soul will be manifest. A hundred years from now we shall seem just what we are. Our real self depends upon the quarry and the work done in the quarry. The temple is made ready at the quarry.

We should inspect the quarry. Sometimes in life God unearths the quarry, to everybody's consternation. The factories in the jungle are the quarries from which flesh is curiously wrought into canned goods. We have here in government inspection. St. Petersburg is one of the earth's most beautiful cities, adored by unpolitical citizens of other cities. The wife of an American Ambassador had a presentiment of an unseen guest, mainly through the sense of smell. Finally the housekeeper, in love for the Ambassador's child, told that in the basement as is the custom in that city, there was a family, and the children had diphtheria. The wife of the American representative introduced American ways. It is disgraceful when any person fails to inspect the quarry of their life, the basement of their silence and of their private behaviour. We cry out "Search me, O God, and know my heart, try and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way of everlasting cleanness, and Wholesomeness"

Goethe said, "Life is a quarry, out of which we are to mould and chisel and complete a character." What

is done in the quarry is permanent. Outward things may be only whitewash. Sostratus, an Egyptian architect, was commanded to engrave the name of the king on the pyramid he was building. In the quarry he cut his own name deep in the stone. He then filled in plaster, and cut in it the name of the king. In a century the stucco fell out; but the name of Sostratus remains to this day. If we live a true life, deep set in the quarry, then it matters little though our fellowmen may whitewash us, with mud.

The material of the quarry is our heritage from our parents. We must use only the parts that are true and honorable. There must be no flaws or discoloration, no flinty nodules nor sandy incoherences. A kind and cultured life of such consistency has great possibilities. Near Calgary, on the western prairie, there is a quarry of stone, easy to cut; and when exposed to the elements in a building it hardens, to be like granite. So character becomes more and more permanent.

The workmanship may be better than that of Michael Angelo. He took a castaway piece of marble, and he carved out one of his immortal works of art, "Moses." Our thoughts are our quarries. As Nebuchadnezzar put his name on every brick in repairing Babylon; so our thoughts engrave their characteristics on every piece of work. If we are honest, we live our creed and materialize our meditations.

If left to themselves, our thoughts are prone to be a lazy crew. What energizes thought is emotion; and the heart-thoughts are the superintendents of the quarries. The heart makes us think to some purpose. If we strive to think God's thoughts after Him, His love in our heart will transform our ideals into character imperishable.

The Temple of Solomon was finished, without noise, without confusion, without excitement. The work was well done at the quarry. God has a plan for the character of each one of us, which will display some feature of the infinite loveliness of Christ. We know the Father by the Son. As we consult Christ and are one with Him, we learn the specifications of the Divine Architect of our personality.

"We shall stand with Christ in glory. Looking o'er life's finished story." The story of our life in character. Millinocket, Maine.

EDINBURGH—ST. ANDREW'S.

It was a great privilege to worship in St. Giles Cathedral the Sunday which we spent in Edinburgh. There are certain accessories to the worship as conducted in St. Giles that are not palatable to the taste of a plain, unpretentious and unaffected non-conformist. The verger, clad in a gown with scarlet yoke and bearing a mace, marched up the aisle, followed by three gowned ministers, looking as solemn as a high-class funeral. This aisle passes in front of the pulpit and terminates at a long table in one end of the church. Here one of the three ministers—the preacher of the day—seated himself at one end of the table, and the other two disappeared. The pastor of the church arose in the pulpit and conducted that part of the worship which precedes the sermon, except that a young minister, standing at a desk opposite the pulpit, read the Scripture lessons—one lesson from the Old Testament and one from the New. When this part of the worship was over, the verger in the same solemn and stately manner marched down to the long table, and taking in tow the preacher of the day, Rev. Dr. Raymond, of Buffalo, N.Y., marched back to the pulpit. Leaving there Dr. Raymond, he took the pastor in tow and marched him

down that same long aisle and seated him at the long table. When the sermon was over, the verger went after the preacher and marched him down to a seat at the opposite end of the long table. The other two ministers now appeared and took seats near the table. A collection was taken, a chant was rendered by the choir, and then the pastor asked the people to resume their seats after the benediction, and remain seated till the clergy passed out. Whereupon, he pronounced the benediction, the people did as directed, and the verger led all four of the clergy in funeral procession through the full length of the church, and out at the door. All of which looked to us like a far away and feeble attempt at the priestly pomp and pageantry of Rome. We take comfort in believing that such an unnecessary display of solemn and formal dignity has not descended from John Knox.

The pulpit which John Knox was "like to ding into blades and jump out of" is no longer seen in St. Giles. No more is the ever-to-be-venerated stool which Janet Geddes flung at the dean's head. They are to be seen at the Antiquarian Museum, on Queens street, along with certain instruments of torture which help to bring into vivid memory "the good old times" for which many disconsented saints are sighing.

Just back of St. Giles, in the middle of the street, on one of the stones of which the street is paved, are the letters I. K., the Latin initials of John Knox. This stone marks the place where John Knox was at first buried—his ashes now rest elsewhere. It has been suggested that he was buried in the middle of the street that people might at length "run over" him, a thing none could ever do while he lived. Presumably, however, when he was buried there that spot was not in the street.

Hearing that there would be a service for children in Old Gray Friars church, at 5 p.m., we purposed to worship there at that hour. There was some mistake—the church was not open, but we took advantage of the occasion to stroll through the historic grave-yard that surrounds the church. On one of the flat stones, covering a grave, is an inscription which tells you that according to tradition, on that stone the National Covenant was signed, February 20, 1638. This, then, was the stone about which we had read so many times in connection with those stirring days when Charles I. and his indiscreet adviser, Archbishop Laud, were trying to convert Scotch-Presbyterians into Episcopalians. Here, in this very spot, the people, high and low, gathered, and with boundless enthusiasm, and even tears of joy, signed the old Covenant which had been drawn up and first signed in 1580. By this act they served positive notice on their king that he was not lord of their conscience, and that they would remain Presbyterians till death, and probably longer.

In another part of the grave-yard is the "Martyrs' Monument." It was erected to commemorate all those, from the Duke of Argyll to Renwick, who preferred to die rather than to renounce the Covenant they had signed.

We have in these two stones the key to Scotland's glory. One stone shows how in an age when kings ruled by divine right and were not willing that their subjects should call their souls their own, Scotians had sons who dared to band together, and lifting up holy hands to heaven, swear to live according to what they individually believed to be the will of God. The other stone points out that those men, thus daring and thus swearing, when confronted with the stern fact that it meant death in forms of horrible cruelty, were able to remain steadfast, and, to the number of 18,000, give themselves a sacrifice to liberty of conscience.

St. Andrews is a little off the main lines of travel, and for this reason is quite generally left to one side by sight-seers. But the Presbyterian who has a pride in his ecclesiastical ancestry can not well afford to slight it. This grave and venerable city was once the ecclesiastical capital of Scotland, and impressive remnants of the Cathedral palace of the primates are still standing. The gigantic proportions of this, the most magnificent church of Scotland in pre-reformation days, may still be traced, and its beautiful and elaborate ornamentation may be judged by the few specimens remaining. The total internal length from east to west was 358 feet, and from north to south, including the transepts, 166 feet.

Very near to the ruins of the Cathedral are the ruins of the castle. To stand within the enclosure indicated by scattered portions of the walls still remaining, and to recall the history wrought on that spot, is almost enough to make the blood run cold at this distance of time. Just in front of this castle, two of the earliest martyrs of the Scotch Reformation were burned, Patrick Hamilton, in 1528, and George Wishart, in 1546. The annals of that period contain few nobler names, and few that excite a more pathetic interest. Patrick Hamilton was of noble birth, according to the flesh, and when born of the Spirit, he became a choice servant of Christ. After completing his education at Paris, and learning the ways of the Lord more perfectly by reading the works of Luther and Melancthon, he retired to his native land, filled with a restless desire to make Christ known to his benighted fellow-countrymen. The tragic result is soon told. He preached a few weeks, was apprehended, asked to recant, and refusing, was tied to a stake and burned. Eighteen years afterward, the gentle and lovely Wishart suffered a like fate in the same place. From an upper window of this castle, Cardinal Beaton, then the Primate of Scotland, looked out on the burning form of Wishart, and gloated over his dying agonies. The patient martyr had friends. These secured admission by night to the castle and assassinated the Cardinal. They then fortified themselves and endured a protracted siege. John Knox, who had been a disciple of Wishart, knowing that those who had burnt the master would be glad to see the pupil put out of the way, took refuge in the castle with the assassins of the Cardinal. It was during the time of the siege that John Knox was called by a congregation of the inmates of the castle to preach. We are standing, then, on the spot where that mighty voice was first lifted up to proclaim Christ's evangel. That event marked a new era in the history of Scotland, and of the world.

The most interesting object which we saw in the old castle, or for that matter in St. Andrews's, was the Bottle Dungeon, so called from its being shaped somewhat like a bottle. The keeper led us down into a subterranean vault, and pointed our attention to what looked like the mouth of a large well. This is the opening of the neck of the bottle. He hooked a lantern on a pole and lowered it in the hole, and by means of the light we could see where the neck ended and the bottle began. The neck is seven feet in diameter, and the bottle seventeen. The dungeon is twenty four feet deep. Prisoners were lowered through the neck of the bottle by means of a basket. When at the bottom, they found themselves in the heart of a solid rock to which not one ray of light was admitted. The idea of escaping from there could only be entertained by a lunatic. It is said that Hamilton and Wishart were confined in this gloomy pit before their execution. It is further said that the assassins of Cardinal Beaton, having no other way to dispose of the body, put it in salt and threw it down here, where it lay for seven weeks.—Editorial Correspondence, Presbyterian Standard.

What's Wrong with the School System?

The other day a young man, shovily garbed in the very pronounced style of dress affected by present-day youth, swaggered into a large city restaurant

which I sometimes frequent, and, with all the arrogance of the nouveau riche, seated himself opposite me. Thrusting forth his legs, without taking any pains to avoid kicking my shins, and, what was a degree worse, without apologizing for the injury inflicted, he took a comprehensive view of the room, as if to behold the impression he had created, and then reached across the table for the bill of fare, which chanced to lie beside my plate. I forestalled his move and politely handed the card to him. Without vouchsafing "a thank you," he literally snatched it from me and proceeded to look over its contents. By this time a waitress had come up, and stood awaiting the youngster's orders.

"Bring me some of this here liver and bacon," he commanded haughtily, "and apple pie, with a good big hunk of ice cream on it. Get a wiggle on, Susie."

This done, the youth condescended to notice me. His look wore that half-resentful, half-supercilious air, which seemed to say, "Well, old guy, what's the matter with you? What business is it of yours how I behave? I'm not in school any longer; I can do as I jolly well please."

Before Susie had returned with his liver and bacon, and his apple pie, with a big hunk of ice cream on it, I had finished my repast, and betaken myself sadly away, wondering what the rising generation was coming to, anyway.

Business men, who have occasion to employ boys and girls in their offices, have many complaints to offer now-a-days about the capabilities, the deportment, and even the honesty of a great part of those who enter business life. There seems to be a serious lack somewhere, and the deficiency is very generally attributed to defects in the school system. The nature of these defects evidently impresses different people in different ways, for an investigation carried on among a number of business men revealed quite a variety of opinion. On only one point were they unanimous, and that was in the belief that the school system must be remedied before there can be any decided improvement.

A manufacturer gave it as his opinion that the schools had been turned into machines, that the scholars were treated individually on identically the same lines, despite marked differences in constitution and ability, and that they were each and all educated up to a pattern. The human element and the kindly guiding hand were conspicuously lacking. The result was that boys and girls were crammed full of knowledge which was out of harmony with their gifts—that they missed many things which would have helped to develop their abilities along congenial lines, and that they were started in life improperly equipped for the work to which they were later consigned.

How far is this true? Let any one who reads these lines take a retrospective view of his school life, and see how it fits in with his own case. Did any one of the half-dozen teachers in your public school course depart from the every-day routine of prescribed studies to take a personal interest in your work, to encourage you to take up and follow out those studies for which you had a special aptitude, to fit your present training to your future calling? Perhaps some few may have experienced the blessing of having such teachers, but the number of these great men and women educators is few and far between. They were mostly content to get through the day's drudgery in the ordered way, and to cram into their scholars the text-book lessons as they came along.

But, it will be objected, it is not the system you are blaming, but the teacher. Not at all, the inefficient teacher, the system teacher, is the fruit of the system himself or herself, and is limited by the requirements of the system. Until the system of teaching is reformed, there can be no teachers of the kind eulogized. Some years ago before the system became so very much systematized, there were teachers of strong personality and originality, who graduated from their schools boys and girls of like qualities. These boys and girls went into the world to cope with the problems of the times, and they solved them in the strength of their own

initiative. But to-day, the average system-graduated boy seems powerless to act outside of the limits in which he has been trained.

THE LAW OF INCREASE.

It is illustrated by the harvest field. The abundant grain into which the farmer drives his reaper does not spring up by some happy chance, so that he goes to sleep with his fields uncultivated and bare and wakes to find them waving with wheat and corn ready for the garner. What he gathers is the increase of what he sowed. The soil, the air, the sunshine, and the rains have enlarged his stores because he gave them something to work with. He brought to them what he had, and they have rewarded him by giving him more.

This law is illustrated in the accumulation of wealth. Men who have grown rich by their own exertions have told us that the greatest difficulty they had to surmount was in getting together their first thousand dollars. After that success came more easily, and as the thousands multiplied, more easily still. It was because in the processes of trade money makes more money. If a man can bring capital into the industrial or commercial operations of the country, they will give him good returns, and the larger the capital he brings, other things being equal, the larger will be his increase. He gets more by investing what he has.

The law is illustrated in the accumulation of intellectual treasures. The youth who has learned to read and write, and gathered some scraps of information will not become educated and wise by mere wishing. If he wants more knowledge, he must begin by using what he has. His ability to read must be applied. If he wants to be able to think in wider ranges and on more various subjects, he must commence by thinking clearly and intently within the range that is now open to him, and on the subjects with which he is already familiar. Between the crude knowledge of Isaac Newton, the boy, and the luminous learning of Isaac Newton, the discoverer of the law of gravitation, there was an unbroken continuity.

The law of increase is illustrated in the Christian life. We grow in the graces by the practice of them. They may be feeble in their beginnings, but such as they are, they must be the seed of larger growths if we are to have them at all. Take patience for example. With what a small amount of it we start! Nor will the Spirit help our infirmities of temper, curing us of our irritabilities in some magical way, so that we will wake up some day to find ourselves rulers of our spirits. The only way to increase our patience is to cultivate our present stock of it. If we can preserve our serenity, under the raspings of to-day's work and cares, we will find it easier to do it tomorrow.

And what is true of patience, is true of all the other Christian graces. It is through exercising ourselves in them that they grow from more to more, and in no other way can we expect them to increase.

But it is one of our strange inconsistencies that we too often ignore this law of increase as it operates in the Christian life. We recognize it as decisive in other relations, and we conform to it if we are in earnest, as farmers, business men or students. We do not, of course, dispute it, theoretically, in the higher sphere, but so faras practical consequences are concerned ignoring it is as disastrous as denying it. The natural explanation would seem to be that we are less interested in religious values than in secular ones. Certain it is that if we addressed ourselves to the problem of how to be better men and women as we do to the problem of how to get on in the world, our treasures in heaven would be vastly greater than they now are. Nor would we find it a hardship to do for the sake of imperishable character what we are glad to do for the sake of accumulating more of the riches that perish in the using. Nay, by as much as the former transcends the latter in importance, by so much the more earnestly would we conform to the law of increase in those higher relations where the gains become an eternal possession. Lutheran Observer.

SUNDAY
SCHOOL

The Quiet Hour

YOUNG
PEOPLE

RESPONSIBILITY.

By Rev. Professor Stalker, D.D.

The parable of the Ten Virgins and this Parable of the Talents form a pair. The theme of both is the preparation necessary for meeting Christ, when he comes to judgment. But the one parable sets forth preparation by watching, the other preparation by working.

The Good and Faithful Servants.—The mechanism of this parable is based on a form of slavery more elevated than we are wont to think of. In ancient times slaves were sometimes trained to trades or professions, which they exercised in the interest of their owners, but with a good deal of independence. Sometimes they were even entrusted with a certain amount of capital and allowed to trade with it, according to their own choice and judgment, only of course with a reckoning impending at a date fixed beforehand or at the master's pleasure. In the case supposed in the parable, the sum entrusted was not inconsiderable; for a talent is something like a thousand dollars; and, if the difference between the purchasing power or money in ancient and modern times be taken into account, even this figure will have to be multiplied by four or five.

"Talent," nowadays, designates a natural gift; but in the parable it signifies rather the work which this enables its possessor to accomplish. The talents were distributed "to every man according to his several ability," this phrase being nearly exactly equivalent to our word "talent." This explains how the talent taken from the man who had made no use of it could be given to him who had ten ten; a "talent," in the sense of a natural gift, could not thus be given from one to another, but, in the sense of an opportunity for exercising such a gift, it could easily be transferred; for opportunities multiply in proportion as gifts are used, whereas they are taken away from those who do not make use of them. The man with five talents exactly doubled the capital entrusted to him; and the man with two talents did the same. This must have required time, even when trade was good—indeed, it is expressly said that the reckoning did not take place for "a long time"—and it must also have involved judgment and assiduity. So delighted was the owner with the result that he instituted a banquet, at which to regale and congratulate the two. But there may be a deeper meaning in what is called "the joy of their lord," for one form of manumission in ancient times was by inviting a slave to eat with his master; so that these slaves may have been rewarded for their faithfulness by being set free.

The Wicked and Slothful Servant.—The emphasis of the parable falls, however, on the conduct of the other slave, as, in the foregoing parable, it does on the foolish, not the wise virgins. The lesson taught is of great severity; yet as in the previous parable, the conduct condemned is painted not in glaring but in studiously low tones, sympathy being almost awakened at every point save one, in order to bring out decisively where the guilt lies and the sentence falls.

Thus, it may appeal to thoughtless sympathy that this man received only one talent; for he could not be expected to feel the same sense of responsibility as those entrusted with more numerous gifts. Then, he did not waste his talent but restored it intact to his owner. Many waste their talents; aye, even when these amount to as many as five; the most gifted of human beings may not only set an example of utter thoughtlessness, but even be ringleaders in sin. Thirdly,

his motive was a commendable one; for was it not humility? The risks of business are always great; he who plunges into the whirlpool of commerce, instead of doubling his capital, may lose it all; or, if he is not quite so unfortunate he may seriously impair it. While gifted men, like the man with five and the man with two talents, may venture boldly into the struggle and rejoice in its hazards, is it not wise for one less gifted to keep outside altogether and at least be able, when the reckoning comes, to let the owner have what is his own? Is it not possible, in attempting to serve God, and to better the world, to do more harm than good? Men and women of originality are rare; and, if those who are only moderately endowed take it upon them to leave the conventional track and strike out an original course they are apt to come to grief.

To the modesty displayed in such considerations the parable accords a certain amount of justification; for the lord says that, if the servant did not feel qualified for trading on his own account, he might at least have given his money to the bankers, who having traded with it for him, would have paid him interest, which he could have given to his lord at the same time as the capital. The unoriginal can thus range themselves under the original in accepted ways of doing good; and there is room in God's work for those willing to occupy not the first, but the second and third, and even the thirty-second place. The slave revealed himself in a much less favorable light when he ventured to tell his lord to his face that he was a hard man, reaping where he had not sown and gathering where he had not scattered. This betrays that his heart had not been right with his master from first to last; at the bottom of his laziness there was lovelessness. The master does not contradict this caricature of himself, but he turns it as an argument against him by whom it is advanced. If such was the slave's conception of him with whom he had to do, all the more ought he to have acted so as to be able to meet him with joy and not with grief. No excuse whatever will be accepted in place of a life-work equal to every one's gifts and opportunities.

THE POWER NEEDED IN THE
WORLD.

It is a Word used by the Spirit that is the mightiest and most blessed power in the world. All honor to the preacher, or the teacher, if you will, who reverses the Word and makes the beginning and end of his work the unfolding and heralding of the Word. Nothing else any right to place in a sermon save as a help to expound it. He who preaches the moralities, the humanities, science, agriculture, politics, and any other thing, needs to be taught again what Paul taught Timothy, "Preach once one is often called on to suffer, to the Word." It is a sickening performance: the elaboration of the thoughts of the literary prodigies of the ages in place of the proclamation of Jesus Christ, the divine Son of God, crucified instead of the lost sinner as the "glorious Gospel of the Son of God." The Bible only has the very energizing power the world needs. As a gifted speaker said recently: "Huxley said that the only true education is that which enables a man to do what he knows he ought to do, at the time he ought to do it, regardless of the consequences. I would emphasize that the Bible, as no other writing, communicates power, enabling men to take that difficult step which y and I are called on to take many times each day, the step between knowing our duty and doing it. It is at this point that the other religions so hopeless break down, according to their own confession. They tantalize their followers.

Presbyterian Standard.

BUYING COSTLY PICTURES.

Most of us have seen pictures, in our mind's eye, of changed spiritual conditions in the lives of those close to us which are so infinitely more beautiful than the reality, that we have supposed that such pictures are not for us, but must ever remain beyond our reach. It is well to see such pictures, and to cultivate the power of seeing them. But it is a mistake to suppose that they are beyond our owning. The more beautiful, the more nearly ideal, such pictures seem to us, the greater is the reason for our possessing them. For God never gave any child of His a vision of this sort in order to mock or torment or discourage him. But there is a heavy cost involved in buying such a picture, as it were, and entering into its real possession. When we paint a picture of this sort, in the richest colors and designs that we are capable of conceiving, and then ask God at what price we can have it for our own, the answer comes back that the price is nothing less than ourself. If we are willing literally to sell ourselves into the bondage of Jesus Christ and the service of our fellows, and live, pray, and work during the rest of our lifetime for the permanent possession of these beautiful pictures, Christ can give them to us. Think of the art gallery of pictures of radiantly changed lives that belonged to the apostle Paul when he left this world—all purchased, through Christ, by Paul's own life-blood. Our trouble is that we do not dare to think that we can own just such pictures ourselves. But Christ intends that we should, if we are willing to make the great venture of faith by selling ourselves and all that we have in order to possess them.—Sunday School Times.

AFTER FALLING.

One sin need not lead to another. It often does, for the Devil tries hard to make it do so; and he succeeds so often that many a man has come to believe that this is a law from which there is no escape: when he yields to some old temptation he does not expect to get on his feet again until after the first failure has been followed by a series of others. But to let ourselves suppose that this succession of sins in the Christian life is a necessity is to leave Christ wholly out of our reckoning. To one who knows Christ, a falling into sin is not like falling from a cliff, which, once started, there is no stopping until the bottom of the canyon is reached. For Christ's power is always at hand, from the first instant of falling; and it is greater than the gravitation-attraction of hell itself. He will stop our fall and lift us up whenever we reach out for his hand.

LOVING WITH A WILL.

Only when love gets into the will as well as into the feelings do our lives become really loving. It is easy to love when we feel loving; it is hard to love when we do not feel loving. Yet those alone who love when it is hard to love have learned the meaning of love. It was said of a man who did not show the tenderer, softer side of his nature as much as do some whose feelings lie nearer the surface, that, to him, "love was not so much a sentiment as a guiding principle." And that means that his love was worth more, went deeper, lasted longer, and accomplished more in the lives of others, than the love of those to whom the word means chiefly an emotion. To love others is to hold their interests always dear, and to be guided in all our actions toward them by that purpose. Have we learned to love with our wills?

REGARDLESS OF COST.

By Rev. G. B. Young.

A few years ago a young physician was suddenly taken ill with appendicitis. He rapidly grew worse and was hurried away to one of the best hospitals in our city for the purpose of undergoing an operation.

After the operation everything seemed to promise a speedy recovery, when a change for the worse occurred. As it became evident that the life of the young physician was hanging in the balance, the father-in-law of the patient, a man of large means, impressed upon the minds of the skilled physicians that they must, regardless of cost, bring into instant action every help in order to save his son. The best physicians of Greater New York were summoned. The latest discoveries in medical science were applied for the one purpose of saving that precious life. Regardless of cost he must be saved! That has ever been love's way.

Passing back through long centuries, we stand beside that strong-minded man, Moses, and see him leading 3,000,000 bondsmen out towards the land of liberty. But the people are stubborn! They are rebellious! They are stiff-necked! And yet Moses goes down upon his face and pleads with God for them, saying, "Oh, these people have sinned a great sin, and have made them gods of gold. Yet now if thou wilt forgive their sin * * *, and if not, blot me I pray thee, out of thy book which thou hast written."

So completely has Moses identified himself with the people, so deep-rooted is his love for them that his attitude is this: Lord, if you will not forgive them and save them, then pass me by also. Let me share a common fate with them. Moses is willing to risk all, even his eternal salvation, for the sake of others. Is it any wonder, with a love like that, that God's choice fell upon him? One such man can move an empire.

Again we scan the centuries till we come to the days of the prophet Samuel. We see him weeping. All night long he has wept. The record is: "And it grieved Samuel, and he cried unto the Lord all night." He cried, not with his lips, merely, but his cries came from a heart that was breaking with anguish. God draws near and speaks to him, saying, "How long wilt thou mourn for Saul, seeing I have rejected him from reigning over Israel?"

What would not the noble-hearted Samuel have given could he but have saved Saul, "the choice young man," from the awful fate that was to overtake him on Mt. Gilboa? What price would he not have paid? No sacrifice would have been too great.

Upon the pages of the New Testament stands the name of another man who counted not the cost in his unceasing purpose to save souls—St. Paul. Behind the story of his deeds there lives a love which burns at white heat—a love which prison walls cannot quench, which hunger and thirst, and cold and nakedness cannot diminish, which falsehood and treachery, shipwreck and loneliness and fatigue cannot abate. No, these things but add to the brightness of that love which ever burned within his heart. This man in his high and holy zeal for Christ and the children redeemed by him at such countless cost, flung away his life in one long heroic effort, summing up his career by saying: "Howbeit what things were gain to me, them have I counted loss for Christ. Yea, verily, and I count all things to be loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my lord for whom I suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but refuse, that I may gain Christ and be found in him, not having a righteousness of mine own, even that which is of the law, but that which is through faith in Christ, the righteousness which is from God by faith."

Whenever or wherever we find a true life, this principle of not counting the cost in the one supreme effort to save others has prevailed. It was this that prevailed with Martin Luther, making him willing to risk all, even life itself, that Germany and the world might come to the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ, and be saved thereby.

The lives of John Huss, Savonarola, Wycliff and a host of others, tell us in clarion tones the same message. This nation, in order to set 4,000,000 slaves free counted not the cost. Our best sons fell, the accumulated treasure of the nation was poured out like water, but the war went on. Not till freedom had been purchased was there a cessation of the warfare. When "Chinese Gordon" was travelling back and forth across the vast sands of the Soudan, under a blazing tropical sun, seeking to put a stop to the slave traffic with its awful horrors, he said, "I declare solemnly that I would give my life to save the sufferings of these people." And again, he writes: "I am a fool, I dare say, but I cannot see the sufferings of any of these people without tears in my eyes."

And where have men learned this fine lesson? Whence has come into their hearts that depth of devotion, that unflinching zeal, and that inflexibility of will which would not let them turn back in their effort to save the world, even when the way led through the midst of the fiery furnace, or into the lion's den, or out into the lonely desert of a long exile. It was because they had been led by God's infinite grace to fix their gaze upon him who counted not the cost, who willingly laid down his holy and blessed life upon Calvary's Cross in our place, that we might never die, but have the gift of eternal life, who voluntarily allowed himself to be condemned in our stead, to the end that we might never be condemned but might, through his atoning blood, be forgiven and stand justified before God—this alone accounts for the heroic effort made by all God's true servants to save the world. With one consent they all could say: "The love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge that if one died for all then all were dead, and He died for all that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them, and rose again." (2 Cor. 1: 6.)

WE COME TO THEE.

O Thou who tollest in the night,
 We come to toll with Thee;
 Thy shadow is our perfect light,
 Thy valley is our mountain height;
 Within Thy cloud, we see!
 Within Thy eldsh burdens care
 Our selfish burdens fall;
 We take Thy load, we lose our share,
 Our single sorrows melt to air
 In the great fire of all!
 Thou bearest crosses not Thine own
 Along that doleful way;
 We could not let Thee tread alone
 The path our human hands have sown
 With darkness and dismay.
 We come, we come to share with Thee
 Thy sympathy with man;
 Thy tears for souls that burdened be,
 Thy strength for such as cannot flee,
 Thy light for those that can;
 It is our wants that make us one;
 Thy cup joins hand to hand;
 Our ways diverge with day begun,
 We nearer draw at setting sun;
 We met a shadow-land.
 And where we meet, there Thou art found—
 The beautiful, the Best!
 Revealed on sorrow's common ground,
 On altar fires where all are bound.
 All find in Thee their rest.

"Thy Word have I hid in my heart. It matters not how much of it we hide. If we only hide enough of it to control our life, it will transform it and enable us to accomplish the purpose of God. It is not necessary a pipe should be full in order to carry water, or that the ravine should overflow to bring sufficient to refresh the thirst of those who wait. Any vessel can be filled at a pipe half full. We may not be able to grasp the significance of all the prophets preach or all the poets sing, or all the historians tell, but though our mind be ever so limited, it can suffice to form a channel through which there can be carried to the heart enough to fill it to overflowing with love for God. — W. J. McCaughan.

There is no higher praise than to say of a man, "He did his best." But not many of us are worthy of that praise.

FORWARD STEPS IN OUR SOCIETY.*

One of our evangelists in the earlier days was accustomed to tell a story of an old farmer who in the prayer-meetings of his church was wont in describing his Christian experience to use the phrase "Well I am not making much progress, but I am established." One springtime when the farmer was getting out some logs, his wagon sank into the mud in a soft place in the road and he could not get out. As he sat on top of the logs reviewing the situation, a neighbor who had never accepted the principle of the old man's religious experience came along and greeted him. "Well, Brother Jones," said he, "I see you are not making much progress, but you are established." To be stuck on the road is not a very satisfactory type of establishment, but it is not uncommon.

And it is as unchristian as it is common. The Christian attitude is one of ceaseless pursuit, of unresting effort at improvement. "This one thing I do," said Paul, "I follow after." This does not mean that nothing is let alone, that all the plants have to be periodically pulled up to be planted in new places, that nothing is ever regarded as acceptably done and finished. The very reason we move on in Christian life and work is that we can afford to leave the work we have done and go on from it to new work.

Often the only way to complete one task is to take up another, upon whose doing the successful completion of the first task depends. We need to have the courage to do this, to attempt bravely. The first foreign missionaries of both ancient and modern times did this. Paul went forth to the Gentiles long before the Jews were won. Indeed, the Jews have never been won, and such as are won now are won through Gentiles. William Carey went forth to India not because England was already won, and the effect of his going to take up a new work has been the immense increase of the forces at work for the spiritual conquest of the home field. To press on to new duties is the best way to complete the performance of old duties.

And we must not be afraid of larger things. All plans of spiritual purpose are large and bold. The idea of getting a man to change his mind on any economic or political question is daring, but to get him to change his ideas about God and duty, and the soul, and to surrender his being to the new truths and to set out upon the struggle for character, this is an even more daring thing. But it is the thing that God is making possible wherever his children in faith attempt it for Him.

After all, the show of strength which evil or spiritual indifference or moral lethargy or selfishness makes it hollow. God is greater than all that opposes or resists, and while it is in the power of the human heart to shut the Saviour out, it is not in its power to satisfy itself apart from God. We work in accord with its deepest needs and longings as well as with the omnipotent and loving God when we attempt larger things.

Let us not be weary or content in our present manner of doing for God. Let it be only the prelude of far larger doing.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

Mon.—Our light to guide (John 11: 9, 10; 12: 35, 36).
 Tues.—No standing still (Heb. 6: 9-15).
 Wed.—Inaugurating advance (2 Cor. 1: 1-11).
 Thurs.—Planning great things (2 Sam. 7: 1-11).
 Fri.—Resisting reforms (1 Thess. 2: 13-18).
 Sat.—Aim ever higher (Matt. 5: 17-20).

*Y. P. Society Topic, Oct. 9, 1910: "Forward Steps in Our Society. (Exod. 14: 9-15.)

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The Living Age for September 10 has a short article on "The Royal Letter-Bag," which describes interestingly the process by which the voluminous royal mail is sorted, read and answered.

A new book by Rev. James Hamilton, author of "Our Own and Other Worlds," "The Spirit World," etc., is announced. It will be published by the American Tract Society, a guarantee, if any were needed, of the high character of the work.

Rev. Douglas Davidson, M.A., B.D., a distinguished graduate of Toronto University and Knox College, has been appointed to the chair of Old Testament Exegesis, rendered vacant by the resignation of Professor McFadyen, who retires to Glasgow University.

A plebiscite has been taken in Sweden on the question of the total prohibition of alcoholic liquors. 1,845,240 voted for prohibition and 16,471 against. The vote for this temperance was stronger in the small places than in the large cities. But this plebiscite has caused a great surprise, and has led to the conviction that at a date not far distant Sweden will entirely proscribe all spirituous liquors.

The Board of Moral and Social Reform and Evangelism has several capable soloists and directors of song temporarily engaged in Simultaneous Campaigns. Presbyteries or individual congregations requiring the services of one or more of these workers during December or subsequent months should apply at once. Particulars may be obtained by addressing the above Board at 435 Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

Old St. Andrew's church, Toronto, has extended a hearty and unanimous call to Rev. Professor Law, of Knox College. Stipend \$4,000, with two months' holidays. Professor Law has discouraged any movement in this direction by the congregation, and his reply will be awaited with no little interest. The Professor's name has also been mentioned in connection with the vacancy in St. Paul's, Montreal, caused by the resignation of Rev. Dr. Barclay.

Ald. J. C. Miller, in the Packet, says: Orillia had liquor licenses for 35 or 40 years. During the last six or seven years under licenses the arrearages of taxes accumulated to \$1,000, all in comparatively small sums, which the collector declared the people were unable to pay. But so great was the paying power of the people enhanced that in six months after Local Option had come into force there was not \$1,000 of tax arrears left on the rolls.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC REVIVAL MEETING.

The Eucharistic Congress was a revival meeting. The next one is to be held in Spain. The church needs it. Then the Austrians are to be revived. France will have its turn as the next most needy field. The United States made an appeal for an early meeting but it was officially stated that it was to be held where the "church has been having trouble."

All good Christians do not begrudge seeing a neighbor having a rich harvest of souls. Presbyterians do not exclude the Church of Rome from the community of Christians. It has been hinted for years that in spite of the outward show of Catholicism in Quebec "the men were only nominally members." Hence just as it is expected that this fall will see a Simultaneous Campaign of Evangelism in Toronto as a centre, when the blessing will sweep not only over the city but a very wide field, so Montreal and the Roman Catholic Church far and wide has been stimulated as never before in the history of this country.

Few Protestants every pray that the members of the Catholic Church might be "poor Catholics." On the contrary it is better to find them mindful of their Rosary and Mass. It will not make them better citizens to have no religion. Nor yet will it remove the present day unrest to know that the number of the careless and indifferent is much larger than usually reckoned. There is no question of Christian charity in Protestantism to pray that the worship of the Real Presence may be a soul uplift to all who attended the Congress from the Premier of Canada to the humblest penitent.

It is unfortunate, however, that the Congress has not stamped its mark more deeply upon the whole Christian Church as a spiritual revival. If the initial procession of ships up the St. Lawrence, the varied fetes at which the Papal Legate was honored and the spectacle on Sunday afternoon fading away in the twilight at the base of Mount Royal be the essence of Christianity, then we confess that we have not been born into such a world of light. As such we have not known the Son of God or have seen Him. And if we have read His Gospel aright we cannot but believe that as was often his wont, from much of what transpired in Montreal, He "withdrew Himself apart."

Although the meeting was held under the British flag, Protestantism came in for not a little condemnation. The age of the Reformation was bewailed as a catastrophe. That is sound Romanism. The glory of the Hierarchy in wealth and color took the mind back to the palmy days of the Papacy. And those discordant cheers for the Pope led by the Archbishop of Montreal on the steps of the altar under the brow of the mountain, though shocking to Christian ears under the circumstances revealed the unadulterated spirit of Rome.

Thus reflecting upon the whole great event, we cannot but conclude sadly that it was not so much a revival of the soul as a great boom to the Papacy.

Referring to the departure of Prof. McFadyen, the Toronto News says:—Canada's loss is Scotland's gain. For some years Prof. John E. McFadyen has been a tower of strength to Knox College, to the Presbyterian Church, and to the cause of evangelical religion in this country. A profound scholar, a gifted teacher, a devout and courageous exegete, it is largely owing to his faithful work and writings that the Canadian churches have come through a period of theological disturbance with increased strength and inspiration. George Adam Smith was accounted the foremost exegete in the world, and the mantle of his greatness falls upon Dr. McFadyen. The pupil takes up his former master's task in Glasgow.

THE CROP THAT PAYS.

No farmer can make the broad statement that one crop pays better than another. The amount of the return depends largely upon the character of the land on which the crop is grown. One kind of land brings the greatest returns from a certain crop; another piece of land of different quality would perhaps yield a very small return if sowed to the same crop. Finding out the particular class of crops the land is best suited to grow is therefore a very important matter for the wide-awake farmer.

A splendid example of what can be gained by the intelligent adaptation of crops to soil conditions is to be found in the county of Norfolk, Ontario. In certain parts of that county there are considerable areas of sandy land that cannot hope to compete with heavier, richer soils in the growing of wheat and other staple grains. Thus, farmers who attempt to grow these crops found that their profits were not as satisfactory as might have been desired. Some years ago, however, a few men noted that the soil and climate of the country were well suited to grow fruit, especially apples. The Norfolk Fruit Growers' Association was formed and forthwith started on a reputation making campaign. All members agreed to care for the spray their orchards as stipulated by the rules of the Association. Incidentally, too, all fruit was to be marketed through the central agency. The results have been little short of phenomenal. The orchard acreage has been largely increased, Norfolk apples are now held as second to none in the markets of the world and the profits have been most gratifying. As a consequence, land values, in the last six years, have doubled.

And this has been accomplished mainly by selecting the crop best adapted to the soil. The work that the Commission of Conservation has undertaken, of classifying lands according to the character of the soil to determine what crops can most profitably be grown, is therefore a task of no small importance. If the Commission points out the crops that pay the best on different soils, both the farmer and the nation will be the richer for it.

Messrs. Hunter and Longhurst, England, have lately published a little book called "Religious Beliefs of Scientists." It consists of one hundred hitherto unpublished letters given without change from the hands of their writers, who are scientists, in the answer to the two questions.

1. Is there any real conflict between the facts of science and the fundamentals of Christianity?

2. Has it been your experience to find men of science irreligious and anti-Christians?

In almost every case the replies have been frankly and emphatically in the negative. Known to English-speaking people the following names high in science stand firm also in belief of the Christian virtues: Faraday, Kelvin, Maxwell, Newcomb, Henry, Stokes, Le Conte, Max-Muller, Sir William Dawson, Lyell, Herschel, and Sir J. J. Thomson.

Sin is a destroyer of everything that makes life worth living. The love which helps and blesses is not wrought of music and moonlight—it is service, unselfish and un solicited.

LITERARY NOTES.

The review of the world's doings which stands first among the departments in "Current Literature," (The Current Literature Publishing Company, West 29th Street, New York City), in the September number, devoted largely to the attack upon Mayor Gaynor, or the conflict between the Vatican and the more progressive elements in Spain, and to the several political movements that are now attracting attention in the republic to the South. The education of the new Prince of Wales is an article that will appeal particularly to Canadian readers.

The September number of that excellent publication, The Studio, can not fail to be satisfying to the lovers of art. There are numerous beautiful reproductions in colors of oil paintings and water color drawings. There are articles on Alfred Philippe Kroll, painter and sculptor, by Leopold Honore, 23 illustrations; A Glasgow Painter, by William Wells, R.B.A., 10 illustrations; Japanese Art and Artists of To-day, No. 11, by H. Shugio, 13 illustrations; the National Competition of Schools of Art, 1910, at South Kensington, by W. T. Whitlay, 33 illustrations. "Studio Talk" contains valuable notes by correspondents from nearly every capital in Europe.

"Blackwood" is never opened without finding in its pages much that is interesting and informing. The September number is no exception to this rule, containing as it does a dozen articles by able readers on a wide variety of subjects, as well as a dozen or more timely topics treated in a bright way under the heading: "Musings Without Method," and Chaps. XXV and XXVII of "Fancy Farm," the continued story, by Neil Munro. "The Committee to Promote National Self-Government for Scotland" is handed without gloves, and "Home Rule" for North Britain, which this committee is said to be aiming at, is denounced in terms that leave the reader in no doubt as to the writers meaning.

The September fortnightly is particularly rich in political papers of present interest. In the article on imperial and foreign affairs, current topics, having reference to large questions such as Small Egypt have a "Constitution" by Felina Edgar, a name not unknown to Canadian readers; the British in Egypt, by Max Monteleone. In What Does India Want Politically? a native writer, Sami Nihal singh, says: "In the past five years the native of India has cast aside his abject, slavish state of mind. To-day the slogan of Hindostan no longer is 'Good Government.' The banner around which the Indians are gathering is 'Self Government.' Other articles are The Personality of America, An Old Time Colonial Secretary, Divorce for the Poor, Cardinal Rampoli, Motorists and the Roman Road, and a story, The Witness, by Violet Hunt. Leonard Scott Publication Co., New York, \$4.50 per year.

From Cassell and Company, 42 Adelaide street, Toronto, we have received the September Little Folks, The Girls' Realm and Cassell's—three popular magazines. Children will find the first full of attractive letter press illustrated by numerous engravings; the second furnishes for the young folks wholesome stories, choice poems, along with many helpful articles dealing with amusements, educational matters and suggestions on "Health and Beauty"—all profusely illustrated; while the third is so well known as to require no words of commendation. This number of Cassell's is rich in short stories of more than average merit, Katharine Tyman, J. J. Bell, and Eleanor M. Ingraham being among the writers. The Girl With the Red Hair, a striking serial by Max Pemberton, is completed. The illustrations are numerous and well done. The current issue of another favorite publication of Cassell's—the Quiver—has not yet come to hand. When it does we shall have a word to say about it. It is safe to take into your homes any of the publications of Cassell's; and their Toronto office renders it easy to reach them.

The mere mention of the items in The Nineteenth Century's table of contents for September will furnish some idea of its attractiveness to the man in search of solid mental pabulum: Free Trade in its Relations to Peace and War, The Blight of the Land Taxes, Canada Growing, the Problem of Army Remounts, Middle Class of Two Hundred Years Ago, The Diary of Mrs. Gaskell, Heredity as the Direct Action of Environment, Sedan—and the Human Aspect of War: a Recollection, Towards Educational Peace, the Genius of Gibbon —1. Gibbon the Man, Folk-Lore in Word-Lore and the Librarian Problem. New York: Leonard Scott Publication Company, \$4.50 per year.

Mind and Voice; Principles and Methods in Vocal Training, by S. S. Curry, Ph.D., Litt.D., President of the school of Expression, Boston. To any one aiming at correctness in public speaking and the proper use of the voice we commend this book of nearly 500 pages. The hints given will be found suggestive and helpful. Of the author Dr. Matthews of the Chicago University says: More than any man of recent years Dr. Curry has represented sane and scientific methods in the training of the speaking voice. He has never been a teacher of young men and women who wished to declaim lunny pieces or who wished to be coached as to tears and gestures; he is in this regard, Yale, Boston University, Newton Theological Institution, and in his own school of Expression in Boston, he has educated preachers, public readers, and, above all, teachers. This is high praise, but we believe it to be well deserved. The book may be ordered from James Hope and Sons, Ottawa.

Dr. E. J. Dillon, in his usually bright and incisive style, tells the readers of the Contemporary of September how the fight between Spain and the Vatican goes on. In part he says: "How the real battle will be fought time will tell. On the side of the enterprising premier are the parliamentary majority, the army, the most influential press organs of the kingdom and several powerful and well-organized parties. On the opposite side stand the Episcopate, which is powerful and wealthy; the clergy, the monks and the friars whose influence over good, believing Catholics is enormous, the Conservative party, and Spanish women, of whom in religious matters it may still be said with some truth, 'C'est que femme veut, Dieu veut.' We are told that Cardinal Merry del Val has made serious tactical errors." Dr. Dillon continues: The Spanish Cardinal who advises Pope Pius X., has risked too much for too little. * * * What in the interests of his cause he should have done was to grant far-reaching concessions to the Spanish Congress in the matter of the congregations, the treatment of "heretical sects" and other contentious matters still pending. That would have strengthened the hand of Senor Maura and given a new lease of power to the only political party with which the Vatican can hope to strike up a modus vivendi. * * * The issues were so clear even to the undiplomatic, the adjustment of means to ends so simple and obvious that one cannot explain Cardinal Merry's policy by any theory that would harmonize with his claims to the name of possible statesman. Meanwhile the opposing forces face each other, and there is little sign of weakening on either side. The premier says clearly "Our aim is not anti-religious. It is merely to exercise the sovereignty inherent in every independent state. * * * Why should the Vatican have it in its power to produce deep-reaching political convulsions among us? It is we ourselves who have hitherto conferred this power upon Rome. It shall be so no longer. This is a domestic matter, and I will treat it as such, and whoever desires the good of the nation will support me." Other articles of more than passing interest are High Churchmen and the Crisis in English Education, Nationalism in Ireland and Asia for the Japanese. The literary supplement contains reviews of a number of recent books. New York: Leonard Scott Publication Co., 218 Fulton street, \$4.50 per year.

SPARKS FROM OTHER ANVILS.

Presbyterian Standard: God commands all men to repent. This command lies await every man's path. To make one step, to live one moment without it is disobedience. This fact carries solemn responsibility. Christians have enough to repent of daily. And if Christians are not in a penitent frame they justify impenitent sinners.

Presbyterian Witness: One of the greatest barriers to good city government is the influence of party politics. It is a common thing for a party to support an incompetent or inferior man rather than accept a superior man of a rival party. Until national and provincial politics are left out of our civic government, we cannot hope for much progress in this direction.

British Weekly: A tender-hearted man is, by that token, in touch with the Absolute and the Everlasting. Amid time's shadows and illusions, he has experience of the One enduring reality. He is united with that love which was in the beginning, and is now, and ever shall be. For God is love, and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.

Presbyterian Witness: The utterances on the subject of temperance in the Roman Catholic Congress as well as in the Anglican Congress have been in sympathy with advanced legislation. This is very pleasing to hear. It is never a matter of indifference for us what brethren of other denominations believe and teach. The influence of the Roman Catholic church is deservedly great in this direction.

United Presbyterian: We should use our experience for the benefit of others. We live in fellowship, and should ever be ready to lend a helping hand. Often there is no way in which this can be better done than by giving to others that which we have suffered or grieved. Others are plodding along, seeking the way, stumbling and sometimes falling; it is true manhood to give them the benefit of our experience to indicate the right path and how to walk in it. In this there is the touch of life for which everyone is so grateful, and by which so many are saved.

Canadian Baptist: The inspired writers evidently firmly believed that when spiritual conditions are complied with, the needful material results will follow. They said "then shall the earth yield her increase." "I will open the windows of heaven," etc. If each believer and each church would begin each day's work in the spirit of the question asked by St. Basil, "Tarus, there would be large increase of the reservoir of spiritual power, and there would be a prompt stopping of many of the leakages by which churches and individuals fritter their strength away.

Lutheran Observer: There is scarcely a community anywhere in which there is not enough decency to vanquish the evils that afflict it. But the task of cleansing it is left to the few. It is no more their duty than it is the duty of other citizens. The responsibility is one which they all alike share. The man who complaining that nothing is done, yet does nothing himself, is adding his part of a common burden to the load which is being carried by the little company of earnest people who are honestly trying to improve conditions. That is why so many reform movements fail. In the community, as in the home and in the congregation, each member most surely and effectively helps others by doing his own part well. He bears others' burdens by faithfully bearing his own.

Mrs. Alfred Sidgwick's "The Severns," which is now running serially in The Living Age, is of quite different quality and range of interest from "The Story of Hauksgarth Farm" which was recently completed in that magazine; but its vivacious portrayal of present-day social conditions and types in London, and its record of the vagaries of a rather Bohemian household make it extremely entertaining.

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

THE COUNTRY POSTMAN.

By David Lyall.

His name was Andrew Howden, familiarly "Andra" in Leerlelaw, where he had carried the bag for over thirty years.

"What Andra doesna ken about folk," Lisbeth Gow, of the Craw's Inn, would say, "that same's no worth kenin'."

He was a small, weary-faced person, with a slight hitch of the left shoulder and an impediment in his speech, which, when he was excited, was apt to render him almost unintelligible.

But usually he was of a placid temperament; and the neighbors, to do them justice, knowing his weakness, refrained from working upon it.

He had so many good qualities, and was so faithful a servant of the public, that he was highly respected. He stood much upon his official dignity, with which he permitted no liberties to be taken.

The bag and its contents were sacred to him, and he would not deliver letters out of their due course, or to any "orra" person, no matter who the applicant might be.

"Na, na, Laird," he observed pawkly one day, meeting that important personage driving towards the station; "I'm due to leave Drumcleugh letters at Drumcleugh this side o' eleven o'clock an' they shall be there then. My orders frae the Department are explicit. I canna misregard them, even for you." The Laird, being a good-natured man and quick to grasp a point of humor, merely guffawed and drove on.

But others, less tolerant and more fiery, would fall upon Andrew with unparliamentary language, and threaten him with all sorts of dire usage.

Andrew, however, secure in the knowledge that he was backed by the "Department," pursued the even tenor of his way, as if his persecutors were so many insects to be swept from his path. He was inordinately curious himself, and made no secret of the fact that he perused all the postcards before he passed them on to their rightful owners. This he doubtless regarded as one of the perquisites or privileges of his position. He would forestall family happenings in this wise.

"You'll ha'e Jennet on Saterdag by the fower o'clock train, Mrs. Anton. I daursay she comes toddling hame frae the toon gey an' often." Or, "Your guid sister's laid by wi' the jaundice, Alec. It's your brither Tam that has written himself." He has a better hand o' write than you, Alec, but a guid smith should never be a penman."

Leerlelaw took all this in good part, because they knew right well that Andrew would never betray any of their innocent secrets or family tit-bits to the general public. He was not given to clashes, but was as secret as the grave. Postcards Andrew despised and abhorred. He thought them hardly decent, and openly declared that they cheated the "Department" out of its just dues. They had added considerably to his labors, of course, which partly explained his abhorrence—sometimes he would have to walk an extra mile to deliver one that had but a few words upon it, or even no message at all, but merely an address on the back of a "silly picter," which nobody could be the better of seeing. For letters Andrew had the deepest respect. He handled them reverently, and was as careful of the poorest and most obscure as of the created envelopes addressed to the Laird. That Andrew could ever tamper with a letter was unthinkable; nevertheless, great men have their unguarded moments, and there was one episode in Andrew's otherwise irreproachable career as a servant of the public which would not have borne strict investigation. Also, once committed, it sorely troubled his con-

science until he laid it on the shoulders of someone else.

It happened in the autumn of the year in which Ann Carfrae died, after a long illness, brought on through fretting about an absent and ne'er-do-weel son. Leerlelaw missed Ann consumedly when she died; she was what they called "everybody's body," that is to say, she was at the service of all who needed her sympathy, her help, or her care. Her own sorrows, which had been many and bitter, had not soured her. Now, though Andrew Howden was elderly and ill-favored, and had never had his name coupled with any woman body's in his life, he was not incapable of romance. The whole romance of his life had circled round Ann Carfrae. She, poor soul, never guessed it either, as maid, wife, or widow, but was kind and womanly gentle to the postman, as she was to gentle and simple alike.

Many a crack they had over the garden gate, where she would wait for him morning after morning, expecting the letter that never came.

"Better luck next time, Andra," she would say, after he had laboriously sorted out the contents of his bag for her inspection, precisely as if he had not been aware that it contained no letter for her.

After she passed away to the land where there are no more tears, Andrew seemed unlike himself. He became very grumpy in his manners, and was "off his meat," so that he became thinner and more weary-looking than ever. Many noticed the change, and even spoke of it to him; but they got very little more than a grunt out of Andrew.

One evening the minister was surprised by a visit from him, and when he entered the study, thought how ill he looked.

"Come in, Andrew. I am very glad to see you," he said kindly. "I hope there isn't anything wrong. Mrs. Fleming was only saying to me yesterday that you did not look like yourself."

"I'm weel enough in my body," replied Andrew darkly. "It's my mind that's no weel."

"Not a very uncommon occurrence my man," observed the minister cheerfully. "The best of us have to suffer our ill days."

"Aye, ill days," repeated Andrew with dour emphasis. "Days when the deevil winna let us alone, but harasses us like a roarin' lion, seekin' to strom he may devour."

"Struck by the ferocity of the postman's words, the minister regarded him with a mild astonishment. Had he not been perfectly certain that Andrew was a teetotaler, he might have had his doubts.

"But I'm to get the better o' him this verra nicht," pursued Andrew grimly. "Him an' me's to come to grips, an' I'll begin by makin' a clean breist o'd, and syne daur him to dae his worst."

"Won't you sit down?" inquired the minister with a perplexed note in his pleasant voice. "You look desperately uncomfortable."

"As a man wi' a load o' guilt on his soul should look, Maister Fleemin'! I pit it to ye, has a black sinner any right to be comfortable?"

"What is the meaning of all this, Andrew? Have you been getting into any kind of trouble? I should never believe it unless I heard it from your own lips."

"Weel, I'm tellin' ye, if you'll only gie me a chance, I'm a rogue an' a valgabond, an' I've laid mysel' open to the handcuffs an' the jail. I'm a forger, Maister Fleemin'."

"A forger, Andrew! Why, bless my soul!"

"Ay, a forger," repeated Andrew firmly. "Let me tell ye, an' dinna you speak a word or I'm through. D'ye mind how Ann Carfrae was set on a letter frae Tam in Austreealy a long while afore she died?"

"Yes, of course. The joy it gave her when it came at last was one of the most touching things I have met with

in my experience. They buried it with her, poor soul—laid against her heart. Lisbeth Gow told me that. It was a very touching thing; and when the lad hears of it, it should surely make a better man of him."

Andrew groaned as if in anguish. "It was me that wrote that letter, Maister Fleemin'. Tam never put pen to paper on it. I wrote every word o' it myself, an' I got a stamp off an auld Austreealian letter at Meggot's post office. I clipped it oot, and pasted it on the letter for Ann. She never kent, an' I only did it," he added doggedly, "after the doctor tellt me she couldna live mair nor two or three days."

The minister was silent a moment, regarding in wonder Andrew's unvoluntarily visage, all working with the torrent of his emotions.

"What was the reason, Andrew?" he inquired, and his pleasant voice had a very gentle note.

"I was driven to it, I tell ye I was!" Andrew cried fiercely. "If ye had been me, and had had to pass that yett every mornin' for seven year, an' see her face an' the hunger in her een, ye might have done it yourself." I'm gied I did it! I wad dae it again if I had the chance! They tellt me she slept an' that she died happy. It was worth it. But noo I canna rest. I'm wullin' to gie mysel' up. Will you write to the Department, an' I'll set my name till the story. Of course, they'll pee me af; an' if it be the jail forby, weel, I'm ready."

The minister smiled a trifle unsteadily.

"Andrew, it was a Christian act! It made a poor dying woman happy. We can safely leave judgment with Him who trieth the reins and searcheth the hearts of the children of men. Make your peace with Him. This thing need never be known. We'll bury it deep to-day for ever."

It was a long time before Andrew's heart could be comforted or his conscience appeased. But at last he departed, a better and a happier man. It was his first and last obsession from the pathway of righteousness, and his secret was safe with the two kind hearts that held it. For the minister told the story to his wife, and as she listened her gentle eyes filled with tears.

THE TIRED BEE.

There was once a very busy bee.

He worked hard all day, flying from flower to flower, sipping the sweet nectar, and then flying back to his hive and depositing it in the honey-comb.

One evening he was very, very tired. He looked around and found he had flown a long way from home. It would be after dark before he could get back, for he was so tired he could not fly fast. He knew that by the time he reached home the doors would be locked and the other bees gone to bed. He decided to fly to a nearby hive and ask for shelter for the night.

The bees of this hive said, "No, we have no room for tramp bees."

The poor tired bee felt very sad. He flew to a tulip and told his sad story. The tulip felt sorry for him and said, "You may stay here in my house all night and rest." She then closed her doors.

The tired bee found a nice, soft bed inside and protection from the wet dew that night.

In the morning, as soon as the sun awoke, the tulip opened her door. The tired bee was rested now. He thanked her kindly and flew quickly to his own hive.

When the tulips are in bloom, watch some night when the sun is setting and see how they close their doors.

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

"Mr. Conductor," said little Louis Rhodes, pulling at a gilt-buttoned sleeve, "please tell me a story."

"Bless my life!" exclaimed Captain Sam, of Express No. 55. The train had just pulled out from Newcastle, and as there was a long run without a stop, the tired conductor had dropped into a back seat to rest a bit, when Louis came up and asked for a story.

"Bless my life!" said Captain Sam, "I don't know a story to my name, except 'Here is the house that Jack built.'"

"Don't tell me that," answered the little boy. "I know that myself," and he began to rattle off:

"This is the house that Jack built;
This is the rat that lived in the house that Jack built;
This is the cat that caught the rat."

"Stop right there!" said the conductor. "That reminds me of something. On my last trip East, as I went through one of the coaches to look at tickets, I found a little girl about your size sitting by herself. 'Tickets,' I said, without thinking. 'Mamma has 'em,' says she, 'and she's gone to get a drink of water. But won't you please take my orange to that little girl back there with the red handkerchief on her head?' Her mamma has forgot to give her any."

"I looked for the little girl with the red handkerchief, and saw a poor woman with five children. They didn't have on much clothes. They didn't look as if they had had much to eat, but nobody was paying any attention to them."

"Maybe your mamma won't like you to give away your orange," I said.

"The little girl opened her eyes very wide, and says she, 'Why, Cap'n my mamma just loves me to give things!'"

"All right," says I, and I went back to the little party and gave the orange; and says I, in a loud tone of voice, 'This is from the little girl whose mamma just loves her to give things.'"

"At this ever so many mothers pricked up their ears, and presently I saw another little girl bring a box of lunch to the poor children. 'Ah,' said I to myself, 'this is like that old song about the house that Jack built. This is the cat—' When I got that far a lady pulled a pretty little cap out of her bag, and said, 'Won't you let your little girl wear this tam-o'-shanter?'"

"I went on singing to myself, 'Where is the dog that worried the cat, that killed the rat that lived in the house that Jack built?' And, sure enough, here was a boy giving something out of his pocket—I don't know what. So it went on till those forlorn little chicks had more things than a few; all because one kind heart gave 'em her orange. Now, small boy, get off my knee. I've got to ring the bell for the engineer to whistle. Go and see if you can't start another house that Jack built."

HOW OLD MUST I BE?

"Mother," the little child once said, "how old must I be before I can be a Christian?"

The wise mother answered, "How old will you have to be, darling, before you can love me?"

"Why, mother, I have always loved you; I do now, and I always shall. But you have not told me yet how old I shall have to be."

The mother replied: "How old must you be before you can trust yourself wholly to me?"

"I always did," she answered; "but tell me what I want to know," and she put her arms about her mother's neck.

The mother asked again: "How old will you have to be before you can do what I want you to do?"

Then the child whispered, half guessing what her mother meant: "I can now, without growing older."

Her mother said: "You can be a Christian now, darling, without waiting to be older. Don't you want to begin now?"

The child whispered "Yes." Then they both knelt down, and in her prayer the mother gave her little one to Christ.

THREE SONGS.

By Edward Rowland Hill.

"Sing me, thou singer, a song of gold!"

Said a careworn man to me;
So I sang of the golden summer days,
And the sad, sweet autumn's yellow
blaze,
Till his heart grew soft, and his mel-
low gaze
Was a kindly sight to see.

"Sing me, thou singer, a song of love!"

A fair girl asked of me;
Then I sang of a love that clasps the
race,
Gives all, asks naught—till her kindled
face
Was radiant with the starry grace.
Of blessed charity.

"Sing me, O singer, a song of life!"

Cried an eager youth to me;
And I sang of the life without alloy,
Beyond our years, till the heart of the
boy
Caught the golden beauty and love
and joy
Of the great eternity.

WOMAN'S RIGHT.

Why deprecate the art in women of looking well? One writer says: "The girls of the present day are more skilled in curling their hair than in baking hot biscuits!"

If I were a woman, I would not marry this man if I had a chance. To begin with, I don't believe him. I cling to the belief that the girls of to-day are just as practical a class as they were in "those good old days." Society and modes of living have changed in fifty years; but woman has not retrograded in ways warranted to make home happy!

Again, for me, I prefer that my wife spend a little time on her toilet, as well as on her biscuits and beefsteak. I would rather have a neat, clean-appearing, attractive wife meet me at the close of a day's work than the savory smell of hot biscuit.

Too many men make household drudges of their wives, pulling them down to a delectable cooking three times a day. A woman who makes a slave of herself, not taking time to look sweet and lovable, is in a fair way to lose the admiration of her husband. It is a fair proposition that a woman work at least no harder than a man. She will make a mistake if she spends all her time baking biscuit and none of the time curling her hair! There is a golden mean and I believe these bright American girls of ours know about where it is located.

THE SMOOTHERS OF THE WAY.

"She always made things easier," was the tribute paid a little while ago to a quiet woman, not much known outside the four walls of her household and in a charity or two, but who left an aching void behind her when she passed on into the larger life. No one who knew her could help recognizing the simple completeness of the statement. From her husband to her housemaid, everyone in the family felt his or her daily way smoothed and straightened by her tact and system and gentleness. She was a living example of George Eliot's saying: "What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult for one another?"

To some girls and women perhaps this seems a small end to live for. Yet that it is so often approached makes the hope and happiness of home. Life is increasingly difficult, increasingly complex, in many communities to-day. The husband, the children, the friends, of the woman who "makes things easier," more and more rise up and call her blessed. Her work is worth living for, because it continually makes every life within its influence seem better worth living. And when she is gone—how rugged the way, how heavy the burden, without her gentle ministry! We hear a great deal nowadays about the superfluous woman. Some branches of women's work may be overcrowded—but never, never, surely, the high vocation of the smoother of the way. —Harper's Bazar.

CRIED DAY AND NIGHT.

Mrs. R. E. Sanford, Inverary, Ont., writes:—"My baby was sickly for over a week with bowel and stomach trouble and cried night and day. Nothing I did helped her in the least till I began giving her Baby's Own Tablets. They helped baby right away and now she is a big healthy child with fine rosy cheeks. The Tablets are certainly a wonderful medicine and I recommend them to all my friends who have children in the house."

What Baby's Own Tablets have done for Mrs. Sanford's baby they have done for thousands of other little ones, simply because they go to the root of so many childhood ailments—that is, they drive all impurities from the stomach and leave it sweet and healthy. Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

CHINESE DENTISTRY.

If the Chinese boast that nothing is new to them, and that all the arts and sciences are old stories in the Celestial kingdom, it is still true that for operations in dentistry an American or European would hardly care to go to a Chinaman. Despite their boasts, the Chinese have not been slow in recognizing the superiority of American dentistry, although there are some who adhere strictly to ancient methods, and it is averred that every year one or two Chinese dentists of the old school come to the Chinese quarter of every large town and remain until their customers have had their teeth "put in order."

The work is ludicrously primitive. The operator extracts all teeth with his fingers, and it must be admitted that his success is astonishing. From youth to manhood he is trained to pull pegs from a wooden board. This training changes the aspect of the hand, and gives the student a finger grip amazing in its strength, equivalent in fact to the lifting power of three or four hundred pounds. For toothache he employs opium, peppermint oil, cinnamon oil and clove oil. He sometimes fills teeth, but does it so bunglingly that the fillings stay in only a few months.

An element of superstition runs through all the work. According to the system all dental woes are brought on by tooth worms. The nerve pulp is such a worm, and is always shown to the patient. For humbugging purposes, also, the dentist carries about in his pocket some white grubs, and after he has extracted a tooth he shows a grub to the sufferer as the cause of all the trouble.

HOW TO STAND IN A CAR.

A Brooklyn man who probably speaks from long experience, writes to Shop Notes Quarterly to give advice upon how to maintain equilibrium when compelled to stand in a car.

"Many persons," he says, "sway backward and forward as well as from side to side. This often throws them into awkward positions, especially when carrying parcels, which makes strap-hanging impracticable."

"To overcome the difficulty, one should place the feet seven or eight inches apart, and one a little behind the other, say about three inches, with the toes pointing out. I have seen business men reading newspapers and standing in this way, when riding to and from work with little more inconvenience than if standing on solid ground."

The green crown on the top of pineapples should be twisted off if the fruit is not to be used at once as these leaves, if left on the fruit after it is ripe, will absorb both flavor and juice.

Dainty colored blouses may be safely washed if stood in cold water with one pennyworth of powdered alum, soak for half an hour, then wash quickly in the usual way.

CHURCH
WORK

Ministers and Churches

NEWS
LETTERS

OTTAWA.

Rev. J. H. Woodside, North Gower, moderator, presided at last meeting of Presbytery.

Rev. George MacGregor has resigned charge of Aylmer, and Presbytery accepted same. Mr. MacGregor will remain in the neighborhood, but without in the meantime looking for another church.

Rev. Kennedy Palmer, who has been efficiently discharging pastoral duties in Erskine Church during Rev. Mr. Nicol's absence, will continue in charge in the meantime, and until the congregation make other arrangements.

Rev. C. W. Nicol, of Erskine Church, who has had leave of absence for the past six months on account of illness, tendered his resignation. At the request of the session it was laid on the table for two months, when action will be taken thereon. The hope was expressed that before the expiry of two months Mr. Nicol may be able to resume work.

St. Paul's Church, renovated and re-dedicated throughout, will be re-opened next Sunday morning, when the pastor, Rev. James Little, B.A., will preach and conduct the service. In the evening the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be observed. Preparatory service on Friday evening at 8 o'clock.

The Ottawa Ladies' College, the only ladies' college under the control of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, came up for a lengthy discussion at last meeting of L. and R. Presbytery. The college and grounds are owned by the Presbyterian Church. There is a small debt of \$1,000 upon the property, and it was agreed by Presbytery to take steps to pay its share of this debt (\$1,500) in the near future.

The Cardinal church, which has been thoroughly renovated, was reopened on Sunday, 4th inst. The church looked very pretty and the new electric light fixtures are a very great improvement. The services were very well attended and much appreciated. The Rev. Dr. Armstrong, pastor emeritus of St. Paul's church, Ottawa, and President of the Ottawa Ladies' College, preached both morning and evening, who was assisted at the evening service by Rev. H. Walker, B.D., of the Methodist church, which had in a brotherly spirit withdrawn their service for the occasion. Rev. T. A. Sadler, the pastor, took the opportunity to thank minister and people for their courtesy in this connection.

The September issue of the F. M. Tidings contains the following list of new nie members: Mrs. Wm. Beaton, presented by W. F. M. S. Auxiliary, Forest; Mrs. A. T. Taylor, presented by a friend, Cooks' Church, Auxiliary, Toronto; Mrs. R. J. McQueen, presented by Miss Annie Watt, Knox church Auxiliary, Elora; Mrs. Thomas Anderson, Roger, presented by Knox church Auxiliary, Owen Sound; Mrs. Lawson Coates, presented by St. Paul's Auxiliary, Brandon; Mrs. Peter McCallum, presentation, St. Andrew's Auxiliary, Almonte; Mrs. J. Moore Hart, St. John's church Auxiliary, Toronto; Mrs. Bella Isard, St. Andrew's Auxiliary, Hamilton. A birthday gift from her husband; Mrs. Janet Hogg, W.F.M.S. Auxiliary, Seaford; Mrs. Thos. Wallace, W.F.M.S. Auxiliary, North Bay. Presented by her son, J. M. Wallace; Mrs. John B. Graham, Foreign Branch St. Giles church Auxiliary, Hamilton. A birthday gift; Miss Christabel Anderson, presented by Knox church Auxiliary, Goderich; Miss Mara McGillivray, presented by the Mission Band, W.F.M.S. Auxiliary, Van Kleeck Hill; Mrs. Jas. Taylor, presented by Knox church Auxiliary, Guelph.

EASTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. James H. Borland, M.A., of Columbus and Brooklin, has resigned his charge.

Rev. A. A. Scott, M.A., Zion church, Carleton Place, is moderator of L. and R. Presbytery for the ensuing six months.

Rev. A. T. Barnard, of St. Andrew's, Burk's Falls, exchanged pulpits with Rev. Mr. White, Katrina, on a recent Sunday.

Rev. J. A. McKeen, B.A., Orono, preached most acceptably in the Oshawa Presbyterian church at both services on a recent Sunday.

L. and R. Presbytery appointed deputations to visit the various charges with the view, if possible, to bring the stipends of ministers up to \$350 and a manse.

Rev. S. D. McPhee and his wife, on their return from a holiday trip to the Maritime Provinces, were presented with a kindly worded address and a purse of \$333 by the friends in the Avonmore congregation.

Rev. N. H. McGillivray, pastor of Taylor church, Montreal, preached on Aug. 28 to large congregations in Knox church, Lancaster, who listened with rapt attention to his sermons, strong, practical and instructive.

The sacrament of the Lord's supper was observed last Sabbath by the St. Columba congregation, Kirk Hill. There was a large attendance. Rev. Dr. McPhail was assisted by Rev. H. N. McLean, Ph.D., of Avonmore.

On leaving Napanee for Cannington, after a pastorate of seven years, Rev. J. R. Conn was presented with a well-filled purse by his late congregation. Mrs. Conn was also remembered. Both will be greatly missed in Napanee.

The question of union between the Congregational, Methodist and Presbyterian churches will have first place on the docket at the next meeting of L. and R. Presbytery, to be held at Arrnprior, 28th November, at 7:30 p.m.

The report of the L. and R. Presbytery's Committee on Evangelism was presented by Mr. McDonald, of Lanark. The results of the simultaneous campaign held in the county of Renfrew in the early summer were spoken of in terms of warm appreciation. The congregations where meetings were held have been quickened and lasting benefits are believed to have been attained.

Miss Mabel Clazie, of Belleville, was designated in Shannonville Presbytery as a missionary to Formosa by Rev. R. P. McKay, Foreign Missionary Secretary. Rev. A. S. Kerr of Belleville represented Kingston Presbytery, and Mrs. Binnie of Tweed spoke in behalf of the Women's Foreign Mission Society. Miss Clazie will shortly leave for her field of labor accompanied by Miss Gay, recently designated at Toronto for China, and by Dr. and Mrs. Leslie, who are returning to China after the usual furlough.

The Beaverton Express says: The sudden bereavement which has fallen upon the family of the Rev. D. W. Best, pastor of St. Andrew's church, has filled all hearts with sorrow for the loss of a most engaging and promising little son. While suffering for a few days from what was thought to be only infantile indisposition which did not require medical attention, the child was most dangerously stricken and not until too late for medical assistance to be of avail was the serious nature of the case suspected. The funeral to St. Andrew's stone church cemetery was very largely attended, and it is needless to say the family have the heartfelt sympathy of all in their loss.

Congregations in Brockville Presbytery will be invited to contribute \$250, to the Robert Memorial Fund.

The Union question will be discussed at the December meeting of Brockville Presbytery, which will be held at Iroquois.

The resignation of Rev. Horace Peckover, Morewood, has been accepted, and Rev. S. A. Woods, B.A., Chesterville, was appointed interim moderator of the session.

Rev. N. McLaren, of Bishop's Mills, accepts the call to Woodlands, and he will preach his farewell sermon on the 16th October. Rev. M. F. Boudreau, of Merrickville, was appointed interim moderator at Bishop's Mills.

Rev. J. Fraser Campbell, D.D., at home on a brief furlough, on a recent Sunday, brought the work and needs of our great Central India mission to the attention of St. Andrew's congregation, Kingston. He also spoke on the same day in Cooke's Church.

The pulpit of Mill Street Church, Port Hope, is again vacant through the resignation of Rev. W. H. Brokenshire, who preached his farewell sermon on the 11th inst. During his pastorate of three years Mr. Brokenshire has done excellent work, and his withdrawal is very generally regretted.

Rev. J. A. Shaver, the recently inducted minister of St. Andrew's, Pictou, and his wife, were welcomed at a congregational social at which much good feeling was manifested. Addresses were given by Messrs. McKenzie, Worrell, Buchanan and Boulter, who spoke on behalf of the congregation.

Under the leadership of Mr. W. W. Peck, an attempt will be made to introduce the duplex envelope into all the congregations of the Synod of Montreal and Ottawa for weekly offerings to congregational revenue and for missions. The Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew gave its warm support to this movement and it is hoped this method of giving will be adopted by all the congregations within the bounds.

Elsewhere the resignation of Rev. James Hastie, of the Sawyerville charge is noted. The congregation made strenuous efforts to retain the services of their pastor, but Mr. Hastie pressed his resignation as he desired to return to Ontario. Members of Presbytery expressed their deep regret at Mr. Hastie's departure, and their appreciation of his services. Mr. Hastie's new address will be Moulente, Ont.

After a thorough renovation and re-seating, at an expense of over \$400, St. John's church, Pittsburgh, was reopened by special services conducted by Rev. Prof. Laird, of Queen's University. The other churches in the neighborhood having kindly closed their doors for the day, there were crowded congregations morning and evening. The Ladies' Aid Society, Mrs. Reide, president, raised the necessary funds, and the members have the hearty thanks of the congregation for their noble work in this connection.

Rev. P. A. McLeod, B.D., of Truro, N.S., is called to St. John's Church, Cornwall, in succession to Rev. N. H. McGillivray, recently inducted as minister of Taylor church, Montreal. The Maritime Provinces—Prince Edward Island especially—seem to have an almost inexhaustible supply of McLeods. Well, the samples already received are of the best, and Western congregations appear ready to accept many more. Mr. P. A. McLeod is a brother of the minister at Martintown. The stipend offered is \$1,500 with manse and four weeks holidays.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. J. W. Mitchell, of Mitchell, is the new moderator of Stratford Presbytery.

The congregations of Dornoch and Rocky Saugeen are still looking for a minister.

Rev. Norman Lindsay, of Dresden, has been preaching in Knox church, Wallaceburg.

Rev. James Rollins, M.A., has been elected president of the London Ministerial Association.

The Uptergrove congregation does not yet appear ready to call. Another yet is to be heard.

Rev. Dr. Isaac Campbell, of Harrow, is called to Lucan. Stipend \$800 and two weeks' holidays.

Rev. D. C. MacGregor, M. A., of Orillia, will conduct anniversary services at Road Head next Sunday.

Rev. James Russell, Wolsley, Sask., was the preacher in Erskine church, Hamilton, on a recent Sunday.

Rev. E. A. Earchman, B. A., of Toronto, recently preached anniversary sermons in Knox church, Uptergrove.

Stratford Presbytery certifies Rev. McVannell to the Senate of Knox College on the usual conditions being complied with.

At the last communion in St. Andrew's church, Hamilton (Rev. J. A. Wilson, pastor) eighteen new members were received.

Rev. W. G. Wilson and Mrs. Wilson, St. Andrew's Guelph, have returned from a six weeks' trip to Victoria, B. C., Edmonton and other points.

Rev. J. W. Currie, M. A., of Blenheim, has resumed work after holidaying for several weeks at his old home, Nottawa, near the Georgian Bay.

Rev. T. J. Thompson, M. A., of St. Andrew's church, Stratford, formerly of Belleville, is called to Collingwood. Stipend \$1,700, manse and five weeks' holidays.

The induction of Rev. R. M. Phalen, of Hornlins' Mills, to Markdale is set for 29th inst., at 7 p.m. Presbytery of Owen Sound will meet previously at 4.30 p.m.

Rev. R. Martin, B. D., of Stratford, on his return from a trans-Atlantic trip, received a warm welcome from the members of Knox church. A largely attended reception was tendered him, at which Dr. D. Smith presided.

Rev. R. E. Knowles, of Knox church, Galt, has resumed work after a holiday season spent across the Atlantic. Another book by the author of "St. Cuthbert's" will soon be in the hands of the reading public. It is sure of a cordial welcome.

On their return from the west Rev. D. N. Morden and family, of St. Marys were accorded a hearty welcome at a reception given them by the First church. Mr. F. G. Sanderson presided, and Mr. Fergus McMaster read a cordially worded address.

An essay on Dr. Law's book, "The Tests of Life," read by Rev. J. H. Fritchard, of First church, Galt, before the Galt Ministerial, was received by the members with warm words of commendation, because of his able treatment of the subject.

Says the Sundridge Echo: Rev. Mr. Cochburn under the auspices of the Dominion Alliance last Sunday preached two masterly sermons in the Presbyterian church in the forenoon and in the Methodist church in the evening. He gave a brief history of the advance of the prohibitory movement, and gave instance after instance of business men who have changed their views in regard to local option.

At Barrie Presbytery Rev. L. McLean, Churchhill, was elected moderator for the ensuing six months; and it was agreed that the important matter of church union would be considered at a special meeting to be held the 8th of November. It was decided to hold a simultaneous evangelistic campaign throughout the whole Presbytery during the fall and winter. Rev. J. D. Byrnes, B.A., B.D., the new superintendent of missions in Northern Ontario was present and gave an address.

Rev. James Russell of Wolsley, Sask., has been visiting his brother, Rev. S. B. Russell of Erskine church.

Rev. F. Matheson, B. A., Chatsworth, Owen Sound Presbytery, has been translated to Embro, Paris Presbytery. The pulpit will be declared vacant on 16th October. Rev. N. T. C. MacKay, Keady, Ont., is interim moderator, and will be glad to hear from ministers available for call.

A new church building, suitable in every respect to the requirements of the Presbyterian congregation at Depot Harbor, to be known as the Child-erose Memorial Church, was opened last Sunday by Rev. J. D. Byrnes, superintendent of missions in New Ontario, who preached appropriate sermons morning and evening. Rev. R. J. Craig, M.A., is the minister of this growing charge. A pleasant congregational "At Home" was held on Monday evening.

At the last meeting of Saugeen Presbytery it was decided to hold simultaneous evangelistic services in all the charges in the Presbytery during the first two weeks of January. Sessions are to select ministers from other Presbyteries to assist. Mr. R. H. Caulfield, Egremont, was recommended for Home Mission work and will probably receive an appointment to a field in the west. The next meeting will be held in Mount Forest in December, and will be a very important one, as it will be mainly devoted to a discussion of the question of union.

PARIS PRESBYTERY NOTES.

The Presbytery of Paris met in Zion Church, Brantford, on September 13th. Deep regret was expressed at the absence through illness of the pastor, Dr. Martin, and the Presbytery set to him a special letter of sympathy.

A call from Embro to Rev. Finlay Matheson, of Chatsworth, was sustained and ordered to be sent to the Presbytery of Owen Sound, commissioners being appointed to support it.

Leave was granted Charles Church, Woodstock, to erect a new church on a new site. It will cost \$35,000.

East Oxford Church (whose first pastor was the Rev. James Robertson, the superintendent) has been enlarged and a tablet is being erected there in memory of Dr. Robertson. Rev. R. G. MacBeth will represent the Presbytery on the occasion of the unveiling.

Rev. Andrew Allan, late of Glasgow, was inducted into the pastorate of St. Andrew's Brantford, at the evening sederunt. Mr. Allan, who has labored in South Africa, Australia, England and Scotland, was accorded a hearty welcome.

The Presbytery of Kingston met at Belleville on the 20th inst. The attendance was good from all parts of the Presbytery. The Report of Home Mission Committee showed that faithful work has been done in many of the fields. Special notice was taken of the excellent service rendered by Rev. J. M. Mitchell, who is now leaving manse after four years' work under very trying conditions.

Systematic giving has made progress during the past year; but the average giving per communicant in the whole church, has not been reached, and a special effort is to be made to meet the demands of the work. A call was received from Little Current, Algoma Presbytery. It is to be dealt with at a meeting at anan, missionary from India, briefly addressed the Presbytery. The most interesting item of the day's business, that on Church Union, was taken up at the evening sederunt. Principal Gordon, in an able speech, moved a resolution by Rev. H. Gracey. Dr. Mackie spoke strongly against Union under the conditions involved. The discussion lasted several hours. The prevailing opinion was that this is a question for the people, and that the members of the Church should have a full opportunity of expressing their judgment. The debate was adjourned till the March meeting of the Presbytery.

QUEBEC NOTES.

The Presbytery of Quebec, at their recent meeting, dissolved two pastoral ties by accepting the resignations of Revs. J. A. McFarlane, of Levis and Jas. Hastie, of Sawyerville. Representations were made by both congregations indicating their regret at such a step. Mr. Macfarlane was released because of his appointment by the General Assembly to the work of exploring, ministering to scattered families in destitute parts and superintending various of the church activities within the bounds of the Synod of Montreal and Ottawa. Mr. Hastie's resignation was accepted because of personal and family considerations that rendered the course necessary. Thus there are added two more vacancies to list which is already alarmingly large.

As an offset to these resignations, a call was submitted, for Lake Megantic addressed to Rev. J. R. Douglas, of Milford, N.S., which was sustained and forwarded to the Presbytery of Truro.

The Presbytery pledged themselves to put forth effort to aid in meeting the desire of the Committee on Augmentation to make the minimum stipend \$850 at least, and to aim at the \$900. Several congregations that were below the \$850 have come up themselves without aid.

Standing committees were appointed, of which the following are conveners: viz: Augmentation, Dr. Kellock; Home Missions, Mr. H. C. Sutherland; Moral and Social Reform, Mr. H. Carmichael; Y. P. S., Mr. P. D. Muir; French Evangelization, Dr. Love; Sabbath Schools, Mr. W. T. Mackenzie; Evangelism, Mr. J. C. Nicholson; Immigration, Mr. Wylie Clark.

All the ministers who were favored with having holidays are back and in harness—J. R. MacLeod from Sydney, C.B., and surrounding, Wylie C. Clark from Cap a L'Aigle; Dr. Love from Orchard Beach.

Everywhere throughout the bounds it is felt, if not always declared, that Father Vaughan, of congress fame, in many of his utterances, put the ninth commandment under great strain—yes to the breaking.

THE LATE DR. McDIARMID,

Donald McDiarmid, M.D., for many years Inspector of Public Schools for the County of Glengarry, reached the end of his earthly life, at his home in the village of Maxville, on the morning of Wednesday the seventh day of September inst. He had passed his seventieth birthday by about four months.

For the past six years Dr. Diarmid served as an elder of the Presbyterian church of Maxville, in which position he showed, as in all others, uprightness of character, kindness of disposition, and that mental grasp, which made him a much valued and valuable counsellor. Not given to change or love of novelty, he yet loyally and gracefully accepted the decision of the majority of his brethren, and assisted in carrying those decisions into effect.

The kindness and tenderness of his nature were felt and appreciated by every one with whom he held intimate relations. He left behind him immediate mourners, a widow, four sons and two daughters; but all who knew him are their fellow mourners.

HAMILTON.

Rev. J. A. Wilson of St. Andrew's church has returned after several weeks spent in touring the British Isles.

At the September meeting of Hamilton Presbytery held at St. Catharines two resignations were received—that of Rev. Dr. MacIntyre of Beamsville, and that of Rev. F. W. K. Harris of Chalmers and Barton churches. Rev. Dr. MacIntyre has been in the Beamsville charge for thirty-two years and has the esteem of everybody. Rev. Mr. Harris has made many friends during his short pastorate, but his strength was hardly equal to the energy required by the two charges.

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Linen that has yellowed with age is whitened by boiling in milk and soap, one pound of soap to a gallon of milk.

When using cornstarch or arrowroot for thickening, always wet it well with cold milk or water before stirring into the hot liquid.

Coarse salt wet with vinegar is an excellent cleansing paste for enamel ware which has become discolored through use.

Keep lemons in a wide-mouthed jar covered with cold water. Change the water ever day and there is no danger of moulding.

Sour Milk Griddle Cakes.—Into a quart of curdled milk stir a quart of flour, a teaspoonful of salt and two beaten eggs. Mix thoroughly then add as much flour as will be needed to make a good batter. Last of all, add a teaspoon of baking soda dissolved in a tablespoonful of hot water. Bake at once on a very hot griddle.

Apple Float.—Whip whites of eggs to a stiff froth. Add sugar to taste and whip until it stands. Peel one apple at a time and grate it to egg, keeping well stirred, or apple will turn dark. Whip again until stiff and dry, and when you think you have it stiff enough, whip a little longer, or it will turn to water. You can use jelly or cooked fruit in place of apple, but fruit must be mashed smooth first. A little lemon juice may be added if desired. Serve with cream.

Tomato and Cheese Toast.—Peel three-quarters of a pound of tomatoes. Stew them in a little butter for ten minutes. Then add a teaspoonful of finely-chopped onion. Continue cooking for about eight minutes, and then stir in half a teaspoonful of finely grated cheese. Work well, stirring all the time, and finally spread on round croutons of fried bread. Sprinkle a very little grated horse-radish over each and serve at once.

Potato and Nut Salad. — Take some cold boiled potatoes which have not been overcooked. Slice them thinly and lay them for five minutes to soak in a dressing of oil and vinegar, black pepper and salt. A little onion-juice added to the oil improves the flavor. Then wash the inner stalks of a head of celery and scrape it into shreds. Place in a salad bowl, adding the potatoes and some chopped pecan nuts and shelled walnuts. Pour the dressing over the top, and decorate with sliced beetroot and hard-boiled eggs.

Grape Jam.—Six pounds of grapes, three pounds of sugar, two teaspoonfuls each of cinnamon and cloves. Pulp the grapes, cook and strain the pulp, boil skins tender, add sugar, spices and vinegar, if liked, boil down until it thickens, can and seal.

Good Recipe.—Peel and slice several pounds of ripe tomatoes, add three and a half pounds of sugar, a pint of vinegar, a teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of cinnamon, and a teaspoonful of cloves. Boil slowly two hours. Cool in the kettle and put in pint cans. It is well nigh impossible to make a jam of spiced fruit directly over the fire, or even on the griddle, without its sticking to the kettle and scorching. Make in a double boiler, or set in the oven when ironing, or have a continuous hot fire.

THE BOY AND HIS SURROUNDINGS

A boy's room has every chance of being one of the most interesting rooms in the house. It may be a workshop in the basement or in the rear extension, an improvised corner in the open attic, or a small study, but if it enters into the spirit of a boy's activities, it is sure to be a good-looking and well-furnished room. The mind is all powerful in the basement or elevation of a material, and a boy should early realize this power over his surroundings. There is no material so humble but it can be ennobled through thought. — St. Nicholas.

SPARKLES.

Angler (who is telling his big fish story).—What weight was he? Well, they hadn't right weights at the inn, but he weighed exactly a flatiron, two eggs and a bit of soap.—Punch.

Uncle Ethan was in a cautious frame of mind. "Which," somebody asked him, "do you think is the worst, a flood or a drought?"

Uncle Ethan scratched his head. "It always depends," he replied. "I should say that a flood was a great deal worse, providing, of course, that there WAS a flood."

Mr. Microbe—Horrible catastrophe! Ten million lives lost!

Mrs. Microbe — Good gracious, Mike! What happened?

Mr. Microbe—The First National Bank, without a word of warning, sterilized a dollar bill.

Picking up a sharp knife from the meat stand, the customer extends it to the butcher, with the remark:

"I haven't any use for it, but you may cut it off and I'll take it along, anyhow."

"Cut what off?" gasps the astonished butcher.

"Your hand. You weighed it with the meat, you know, and I want all I pay for."

"So you're a butcher now?"

"Yes," explained the former dry goods clerk. "The ladies don't try to match spare ribs or steak."

"He always was a lucky fellow."

"What do you mean?"

"When he fell out of his airship he plunged straight through the skylight of a hospital."

A bright little tot of three years asked at the breakfast table for a biscuit, and not being waited on as promptly as she desired, said, in a very aggrieved tone:

"Please give me a biscuit—I am waiting as fast as I can."

"O, John," cried the farmer's wife, so Punch avers, "I'm afraid I've taken that dreadful new disease!"

"What makes you think so, dear?" he asked, alarmed, gathering the frail little woman into his arms and stroking the thinning hair, as she sobbed out the story of her fears upon his broad shoulder.

"Well," she explained, "after I have gotten up, dressed myself and the children, cooked breakfast, washed the dishes, prepared the children for school, strained the new milk and set it away to cool, churned and worked the butter, swept and dusted, done the ironing, given the baby his bath, cooked dinner and washed the dishes, sewed all afternoon, cooned supper and washed the dishes, undressed the children and put them to bed, and sat down for the evening, I am too tired to do any darning. I never used to feel so. It must be the hookworm!"

Let the GOLD DUST twins do your work.



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St. Vitus dance is the commonest form of nervous trouble which afflicts children, because of the great demands made on the body by growth and development, and there is the added strain caused by study. It is when these demands become so great that they impoverish the blood, and the nerves fail to receive their full supply of nourishment, that the nervous debility which leads to St. Vitus dance.

The remarkable success of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in curing St. Vitus dance should lead parents to give their children this great blood-building medicine at the first signs of the approach of the disease. Falor, listlessness, inattention, restlessness and irritability are all symptoms which early show that the blood and nerves are failing to meet the demands made upon them. Mrs. A. Winters, of Virden, Man., says: "When my little girl was six years old she was attacked with scarlatina, which was followed by St. Vitus dance. Her limbs would jerk and twitch. Her speech became affected, and at last she became so bad that she could scarcely walk, and we hardly dared trust her alone. She was under the care of a doctor, but in spite of this was steadily growing worse, and we feared that we would lose her. As Dr. Williams' Pink Pills had cured her older sister of anaemia I decided to try them again. After the use of a few boxes, to our great joy, we found they were helping her and in the course of a few weeks more her power of speech fully returned, and she could walk and go about as well as any child, and she has been well and healthy since. When illness comes to any one of our family now, we never call in a doctor, but simply use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and they never disappoint us."

Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Doctor — Have you consulted any one else?

Patient—I went to see a chemist and he told me—

Doctor (interrupting)—Don't tell me that you asked the advice of a chemist. No one except a lunatic would take the advice of a chemist.

Patient—I was about to say that he told me to come to you."

"What kind of a career have you mapped out for your boy, Josh?"

"I'm goin' to make a lawyer of him," answered Farmer Cortnasel. "He's got an unconquerable fancy for tendin' to other folks' business, an' he might as well git paid for it."

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for construction of Pier at Brockville, Ont.," will be received at this office until 4.00 p.m., Wednesday, September 21, 1910, for the construction of a Pier at Brockville, Leeds County, Ont.

Plans, specification and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department, at the office of J. G. Sing, Esq., District Engineer, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, Ont., and on application to the Postmaster at Brockville

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, stating their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for the sum of one thousand dollars (\$1,000.00), which will be forfeited if the person tendering decline to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

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

By order,
 R. C. DESROCHERS,
 Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
 Ottawa, September 2, 1910.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

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6.57 p.m.	Albany	5.10 a.m.
10.00 p.m.	New York City	3.55 a.m.
5.55 p.m.	Syracuse	4.45 a.m.
7.30 p.m.	Rochester	8.45 a.m.
9.30 p.m.	Buffalo	8.35 a.m.

Trains arrive at Central Station 11.00 a.m. and 6.35 p.m. Mixed train from Ann and Nicholas St., daily except Sunday. Leaves 6.00 a.m., arrives 1.05 p.m.

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