

# Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church.

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OTTAWA WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1908.

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## Christmas Chimes.

Sweet Christmas chimes proclaim your joyful story,  
The tidings that we all delight to hear;  
That earth becomes the home of Heaven's glory,  
Of peace, good-will, and love that knows no tear.

Oh! let us take meet off'rings<sup>\*</sup> rich, and royal,  
To that lone manger of our lowly King,  
Of gold, and frankincense,<sup>\*</sup> and myrrh, and aloe,  
A heart's devotion, and a voice to sing.

The angel sang, "All hail! to God the Father,  
All praise to Christ for love so sweet and rare;  
Who, with the Holy Dove forever liveth,"  
That we may know, and feel Him everywhere.

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## BIRTHS.

At the manse of Knox Church, Calgary, A. S., on Sunday, November 15, to the Rev. J. A. and Mrs. Clark, a son.

At 59 Grenville Street, Toronto, on Saturday, the 5th December, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. Wellington A. Cameron, a son.

In Carleton Place, Dec. 2nd, the wife of Mr. J. W. Patterson, of a daughter.

## MARRIAGES.

At the residence of the bride's mother, 431 Cooper Street, Ottawa, on December 9th, 1908, Frank Alison, son of D. B. Cockburn, Toronto, to Enid, daughter of Mrs. John Cooper Lyon.

Dec. 1, at St. Andrew's Presbyterian manse, Vancouver, by Rev. R. J. Wilson, Andrew Fulton, of Enderby, B.C., to Ethel Mortimer.

On Nov. 30, at St. Michael's Church, Vancouver, by Rev. G. H. Wilson, Herbert Glover, of Lansdowne Avenue, to Helen Alexander, formerly of Montreal.

On December 2, at St. Andrew's Presbyterian manse, Vancouver, by Rev. R. J. Wilson, Ralph Switzer to Mary Murray, both of Vancouver.

On Nov. 30, at the Mount Pleasant manse, Vancouver, by Rev. J. W. Woods, John Arbuckle to Margaret B. Tennant.

On Nov. 30, at 2756 Westminster Road, Vancouver, by Rev. J. W. Woods, R. F. McMorran to Mabel Sheriff, both of Victoria, B.C.

At 473 St. Clair Avenue, Toronto, on Dec. 2, 1908, by Rev. A. E. Armstrong, M.A., and Rev. R. P. Mackay, P.D., Matilda Mary Donaldson to John McDonald, of Tillsonburg.

## DEATHS.

Suddenly, at his late residence, 293 John Street South, on Thursday, 3rd Dec., 1908, William Anderson, in his 89th year.

On Friday morning, December 4th, 1908, at the residence of his son, Fred H. Ross, 49 Chloera Avenue, Toronto, John Ross, aged 73 years.

At London, on Tuesday, December 1, 1908, John Cameron, aged 65 years.

At St. Mary's, Ont., on Nov. 18, 1908, John Webster, in his 89th year, father of Rev. Dr. C. A. Webster, Bevrant, Syria, and of Dr. J. D. Webster, Toronto.

At the manse, Beamsville, Ont., on December 1, 1908, Eliza Maule Walker, beloved wife of Rev. Dr. MacIntyre.

At 702 Ontario Street, Toronto, on Dec. 2, 1908, John Mackay, a native of Kildonan, Sutherlandshire, Scotland, and for many years a resident of E. adford, after a brief illness, at his residence, 75 Winchester Street, Toronto, on Friday, Dec. 4, 1908, James L. Morrison, in his 73rd year.

At her son's residence, Winnipeg, Man., on the 15th ult., Jane McIntyre, widow of the late John Childerhose, Stafford Township, in her 87th year.

At the residence of her son, W. G. Gibson, Rockburn, P.Q., on Nov. 25, 1908, Agnes, wife of the late Samuel Gibson, aged 78 years and 3 day.

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## NOTE AND COMMENT

The liquor traffic presents a striking case of a huge industry inducing people to buy what harms them. It is militant capitalism rotting human lives and characters to distil dividends.

Arrangements are already being made for the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance meeting, which is to be held in New York next October. This will bring delegates from all lands having Presbyterian or Reformed churches.

As a useful New Year's gift to an absent member of the family we can commend a subscription to *The Dominion Presbyterian*. Send us One Dollar and we will mail a copy of the paper to any address in Canada or Great Britain for one year.

The Sikhs in British Columbia have emphatically refused to go to Honduras. They are content where they are, and in Vancouver a couple of weeks ago, refused even to listen to the government report describing the charms of Central America.

Austria, according to the latest reports, is, in spite of the well known wishes of the Emperor and the people, said to be drifting aimlessly, but steadily, towards war. The brunt of the blame is being laid on Baron von Aehrenthal, the Minister for War, and his withdrawal is said to be contemplated.

Higher education of girls in Prussia with a view of preparing for university courses is not open for every and any one. Experience at home and abroad has taught the High School Board to admit only such girls as pass a physical examination successfully. The examination is performed by lady physicians.

Trade between Canada and Newfoundland last year shows an increase over the previous year. The exports to Canada were \$1,863,784, the imports from Canada were \$4,257,648, making an aggregate of \$6,121,432, or rather over one-quarter of the total. Canadian exports increased by \$217,304, and Canadian imports by \$589,549, making \$840,853.

A bill for granting the suffrage to women at State elections has been passed in Victoria, which is now brought into line on this question with the other States of the Commonwealth and New Zealand. The local option poll in New Zealand has shown an enormous increase in the prohibition vote. It is estimated that about 148 public houses will be closed in consequence.

The Methodist Episcopal Church began its foreign mission work in Africa in 1833; South America, 1836; China, 1847; Germany, 1849; Norway, 1853; Sweden, 1854; Switzerland, 1856; India, 1858; Denmark, 1857; Bulgaria, 1857; Italy, 1871; Japan, 1872; Mexico, 1873; Finland, 1884; Malaysia, 1885; Korea, 1885. They are in Protestant, Roman Catholic, Greek Church and non-Christian countries. The missions that have been established in Protestant lands are in Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Finland, Germany and Switzerland. The missions in Roman Catholic lands are those in South America, Italy, Mexico and the Philippine Islands. The missions in Greek Church lands are those in Bulgaria and Russia. The missions in non-Christian lands are those in Africa, China, Japan, Korea, India and Malaysia.

The Immanuel Presbyterian Church of Los Angeles, Cal., celebrated recently the 20th anniversary of its founding, the celebration taking the form of a series of events running through an entire week. One feature was a reception to the old-time members by Mrs. W. J. Clibchester, the widow of the first pastor and founder of the church. In the twenty years 4,142 members were enrolled.

There are fourteen Wilsons in the ministry of the Canadian Presbyterian Church, and all doing well in their respective fields of labor. Rev. R. J. Wilson, of St. Andrew's Church, Vancouver, appears to be a favorite with the young people, as in one issue of the Vancouver World he is credited with four marriages. Rev. J. W. Woodside, another Eastern man, had tied the knot for two couples, as announced in same paper.

The Church of Scotland Foreign Mission Committee have appointed the Rev. William Borland, of Dunbar, to visit their mission stations in India. The appointment is due to the gift of an anonymous donor who intends the visit of a deputy to be an annual one. The Presbyterian churches of the Mother Land have always recognized the importance of frequent visits to their Foreign Mission Fields; and our own church, none too soon, last year took a step in the same direction. We feel certain that Dr. MacKay's visit will be found so fruitful in rich results that every two or three years will see himself or some other member of the F. M. Committee re-visiting our widely scattered fields in China, India and elsewhere.

In our experience it oft-times happens that readers complain that they see nothing in the Dominion Presbyterian from their own congregation. But did they ever send us a news item? Certainly not. If they had written an account of the social, presentation to the minister, etc., it would have found a welcome place in our columns. The Confederate of Mount Forest, neatly makes a suggestion in the following terms:—Straw was used in the sun-dried bricks of ancient Egypt, to hold the clay together. It was a great hardship when the Israelitish slaves had to make bricks without straw. Editorial slaves are pleased when they get good items ready made, but that does not occur often. They are quite content to supply the straw if they can get the clay of facts. Send them the facts.

The Church of Scotland has a communicant membership of 702,783. These are gathered into 1,412 parishes, giving an average of about 500 to a parish. This suggests that in this State Establishment, they know little or nothing about the problem of keeping alive weak churches. Not only are the churches strong numerically, but they all have permanent incomes adequate for their support. The older churches are supported by tithes from property held since pre-reformation days, and the churches of more recent establishment by endowments gathered by private subscriptions. There are only 235,000 scholars in the Sabbath Schools; and only "123 Theological students in all their faculties." This is an amazing statement in view of the fact that this church has four schools of theology—thus giving an average of only 32 to each college. The proportion of students to the membership is about 1 to 5,500.

The breweries of Chicago are making a decided decrease in their production of beer. During the first eight months of 1907 the output of Chicago breweries amounted to 3,292,678 barrels; during the same eight months of 1908 the output of the same breweries amounted to 3,144,496 barrels showing a decrease for Chicago alone of 148,182 barrels in eight months. During the month of August 1908, only 480,335 barrels were produced, showing a decrease of 47,797 barrels as compared with the month of August, 1907. These figures from an exchange make suggestive reading. It would be interesting to know to what extent the local option victories in so many localities in our own country have affected the production and sale of beer. Perhaps the Pioneer can tell us?

The death is announced of Mrs. (Rev.) A. McKay, at Kingussie, Scotland. Some three years ago Mr. McKay and family went from Lucknow to take charge of the Free Church congregation at Kingussie, Scotland. Mrs. McKay had been in poor health for some time and had undergone two operations in Edinburgh hospitals, but she kept gradually getting weaker until she passed away. Hers was a beautiful Christian character. She was the daughter of Mr. Mark, of Strichen, Aberdeenshire, Scotland, and was married to Mr. McKay 26 years ago at the home of her sister, Mrs. George Gall, Toronto. Mr. McKay was then in charge of the Presbyterian church at Eramosa, Ont., and later was called from there to Lucknow, where he labored until he left for Scotland. A sorrowing husband and three sons and four daughters mourn the loss of a loving wife and mother. The eldest son is a civil engineer in Jersey City, but reached home about three weeks before she died. The second son is in the Northwest. All the others are at home at Kingussie.

Though in recent years the number of religious papers has decreased, there has been a notable advance in their quality and circulation. The decrease in number has been occasioned more by consolidation than by elimination; this has improved the quality and secured a larger circulation. Says The National Printer Journalist:—We can not argue that the religious paper is declining when we acknowledge its constantly growing circulation. Let us see. In 1900 the aggregate circulation of the 803 religious periodicals was 11,717,887; in 1907, 15,269,067—a gain since 1900 of 3,551,180, or an increase of over 30 per cent., which is greater than the rate of increase in population for the same length of time. In 1898 the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, in North Carolina had one newspaper with a circulation of 6,500. Now it has two papers with a circulation of over 16,000, a gain of 150 per cent. No class of secular papers in the State can report such a gain. The religious population of the United States offers an inviting field for religious journalism. It is estimated that there are about 35,000,000 church communicants. The religious reading constituency is much larger. Besides, the field of religious journalism takes in more than the church-member and the members of the church-member's family. This makes encouraging reading in view of the oft-repeated statements that religious journalism is on the wane—its influence declining. We fancy the report of increasing circulation in the United States can be duplicated in Canada.

SPECIAL  
ARTICLES

## Our Contributors

BOOK  
REVIEWSUNTO US A CHILD: A CHRISTMAS  
STORY.

Margaret H. Olyde.

The congregational meeting of the Presbyterian church was a tumultuous one. The old question of building a parsonage was up again. Mr. Marksman, the shrewd president of the board of trustees, was there early. He had long contended that it was a disgrace for a church of their size and ability to provide so inadequately for their pastor. The matter could easily be arranged, he was confident. "A subscription list to begin with, a few oyster suppers and strawberry festivals to continue with, a debt of a few hundred dollars to end with, and the thing would be done.

On the opposite side of the room sat Elder White, unquestionably the spiritual pillar of the church. He had always argued that there was no need of a parsonage. The early apostles had gone forth without purse or scrip, they had entered, strangers, into strange cities, and they had been cared for. Would God be less provident for his servants to-day? As for these worldly methods of money-getting, had not Christ said: "Make not my Father's house an house of merchandise?"

There were many opinions expressed. With a new minister coming within a month the time had come for decision. The cost of building materials was discussed, possible sites for the house suggested, propositions made and objections interposed, and still the question remained unsettled. Then Mr. Marksman, singularly inactive thus far, rose and made a startling announcement.

The Judge Mason property, next door to the church, was for sale, he said. Miss Sybilla had decided to part with it and the church might have it at a remarkably low figure by accepting the offer at once.

Miss Sybilla! The congregation stared, for Miss Sybilla Mason was the arch enemy of the church. She was a kind of ancient landmark, one of the village curiosities. Just as one showed visitors that curious rock-formation up the mountain side, called the Devil's Den, so one pointed out the forbidding house on the main street from behind whose closed blinds she flouted religion. For thirty years she had not been inside a church, and when on one occasion the minister had called at her house, she had shut the door in his face. Her townspeople regarded her with a kind of deprecating pride. That the spirit of Satan should so possess a woman's heart was deplorable. But, nevertheless, she was picturesque. Not every country village could boast a genuine atheist. And here she was offering them a house for their minister. Surely the day of miracles was not past.

Miracle or not, the chance was too good to lose. The bargain was struck and the building turned over to the carpenters, plasterers, painters and paper-hangers, who speedily converted the old office where Judge Mason had practiced law for many a year, into a modern dwelling.

"It's not a bad house," conceded Elder White, eyeing it from the church window on Sunday morning. And many others of the congregation agreed.

If the church members on the east regarded the parsonage with complacency, Miss Sybilla Mason on the west regarded it with consternation. For when the house became the property of the church the most surprised person in the whole village was that lady herself. She would sooner have out off her right

hand than so much as acknowledged the existence of the church.

In short, the whole affair was one of Mr. Marksman's wily schemes. Miss Mason's western investments, reported to be large in the vagueness of village rumor as hills loom high in the fog, had been giving her trouble. It became necessary to raise some money promptly. Her lawyer, being consulted, advised the sale of the office property adjoining her house. The suggestion seemed good. Between long periods of vacancy and short periods of slow-paying occupancy, the building had been nothing but a trouble to her for years. She agreed to let it go at almost any figure for the sake of the few hundreds she must have at once. The lawyer undertook to arrange the sale, and not until the deed came to be signed by Mr. Marksman, as president of the board of trustees, did she discover that he was acting in an official, not a personal, capacity. So the house became the property of the Presbyterian church, and she could only grind her teeth in futile rage.

It was the last of August when the new minister moved in. Anger had by this time given place to that curiosity which is peculiar to the solitary. She stationed herself behind her green blinds and made an inventory of the minister's possessions. The dining-table was much too large for the room, she decided. And did all those boxes contain china and silver?

At noon there came a lull in proceedings and she had time to get a hasty dinner. But she had hardly washed the last plate and hung up the dishpan when she heard another wagon-load arriving. She scurried to her post, Blackstone following in unseemly haste. Blackstone rarely forgot himself thus. He was ever mindful of the dignity for whom he was named. Whether engaged in sitting by the kitchen drain to watch for spiders or in following his mistress about begging for milk, he wore always an air of judicial calm. Miss Sybilla had finally dusted the books in the Judge's old library for too many years not to be on familiar terms with their names. Yet she would have been surprised, I think, if you had told her that Blackstone was a man as well as a book. And she might have hesitated to bestow his name upon the small companion of her solitude. But the name fitted. Wasn't he the blackest cat that ever lived!

Blackstone took his place upon the bench—the bench beside the window, I mean—and watched developments. His absorption was equal to Miss Sybilla's, but his calm was greater. She was obviously excited. "Look," she cried, "them little cases must be for books. Glass doors to 'em in front. Looks as if they'd took a real bookcase and pulled it to pieces." Blackstone yawned.

"That bedroom crockery ain't well packed. He'll find some of it broken, I'll be bound."

The minister was bustling about, unpacking the boxes, carrying smaller articles into the house, pulling the wrappings from larger ones as they stood on the porch.

Another load arrived. "Bedding, Blackstone, and here comes a big old-fashioned four-poster, 'most like the one we've got in the spare room. His grand-mother must have left it to him or something. What's he untrapping now? It's brass, a little brass—why, it's a crib! Blackstone, they've got a baby."

At half-past three the minister dusted off his knees, picked the superfluous excelsior from his coat, and settling his hat upon his head, started off to meet

the train. Miss Sybilla watched impatiently for his return. "If he expects 'em now," she commented, "he'll have to hurry to get them beds up before night."

Blackstone offered no response. He had selfishly gone off to sleep. He did not even wake up in time to see them arrive, the minister, the minister's wife and the baby. The baby proved to be a boy, quite big enough in his own estimation to take care of himself. He surveyed the premises with the air of a specialist. He seemed to decide that this parsonage compared favorably with other parsonages of his experience and agreed to take possession.

The minister's wife was slim and girlish. She took off her hat and fanned her flushed face, sitting on a packing-box to get the general effect before entering the house. Her brown hair wandered in little curls across her brow. It was very undignified hair, especially for a minister's wife.

"Robert," remarked the minister's wife a few days later, "I've been asking about that queer old maid next door. They say her father died nearly thirty years ago and she's lived all stark alone ever since. I should think she'd go crazy."

"Maybe she has."

"Honestly, Robert? Then I'd better keep Bob's shut up in the house. He might wander over there and—and—. Do you really think she's—"

"Nonsense; no, Mary, I'm only joking. She's all right, and besides, you might as well try to chain lightning as to keep that boy in the house."

"Now, Robert," she pleaded, for the subject was a familiar one, "you're too hard on him. He hasn't run away once since we've been here."

"Of course not. He hasn't finished investigating the house and the yard yet. Give him time, my dear. He's not the great-grand-nephew of an African explorer for nothing."

"If the African explorer had been your great-uncle instead of mine," replied his wife with dignity, "you wouldn't have so much to say about him."

"Certainly not, certainly not. Modesty would forbid it. But I rejoice to have married into a distinguished family, and I am proud to see my son following in the footsteps of his illustrious ancestor."

"Robert, what I started to tell you was that I've found out what is the matter with that woman. She was—now don't laugh—she was disappointed in love."

"Disappointed in love! Well from her general appearance to a vinegar bottle I should have said it was a clear case of love being disappointed in her."

"And that," continued the minister's wife undisturbed, "is why she wears her dresses to her shoe-tops and a little red shawl, and why she scrubs the porch on her hands and knees before we're fairly up, for she won't have anyone come to the house to work for her. She has plenty of money, but she hardly spends a cent except to buy food for herself and that cat. I think it's dreadful. If being disappointed in love makes people look like that I'm glad I—I—was n't."

The minister's antipathy was soon realized. Bobs exhausted his own domain and set out upon a quest which brought him in due time to Miss Sybilla's back porch. With the flat of one hand he beat against the door. With the other he clutched a struggling mass of black fur.

"Is this your cat?" he inquired, as the door opened about two inches. "I

"I—found him." Even his baby conscience hesitated over the phrase. If chasing a terrified cat three times around the yard and over the fence, cornering him finally and carrying him, kicking a vigorous protest, to his own doorstep, can be called finding, then Bobs had found Blackstone.

"Yes," replied Miss Sybilla acidly, "that's my cat. You put him down and go home."

It was hardly three days before Bobs again "found" Blackstone. This time Miss Sybilla opened the door wide and said, "Here, little boy, you take this cooky and go right back to your mother. And don't pick up that cat again, he might scratch."

"I don't care," he replied indistinctly, his mouth being much occupied.

"That's so," commented his father, who had witnessed the scene. "Bobs isn't daunted by scratches, feline or human either."

After the cooky episode the child found occasion to call upon his neighbor every day. When the finding of Blackstone wore out he invented other excuses. And his hostess came to expect his visits eagerly. She no longer sent him home, she kept him sitting on the back porch talking while she did her morning work. Bobs loved to talk. He had always talked with grown-ups and he talked like a grown-up. His father attributed it to the fact that he was accustomed to sit at table upon Webster's Unabridged. What child wouldn't have a remarkable command of language, he argued, who was brought up on the dictionary!

But Bobs had never been inside Miss Sybilla's house. He wanted to go, but some inexplicable feeling of delicacy kept him from asking and some other feeling equally inexplicable kept her from inviting.

In November Bobs and his mother went away on a visit. The lonely woman bore it well for a few days. But she finally admitted that it was the longest week she had spent since those awful weeks years and years ago when—ah! but one must not think. She called Blackstone and proceeded to get supper.

Thought, however, will not be denied. The past repulsed from waking consciousness returned to haunt her sleep. So all night long she trod the paths of youth in dreams.

The next day she lighted a candle and climbed the garret stair. Bleak winds swirled about the narrow windows. The autumn of the year looked coldly in upon the autumn of a human life. Her fingers shook as she turned the key in the old trunk. Yes, it looked just the same, the same lace, the same pearls, the same heavy satin, only yellow now with age. It had been lying there for thirty years, the wedding gown she had never worn. Three weeks, just three, before the wedding day he had deserted her. Three weeks of agony! After the day itself had passed, it was a little easier, not that it hurt less, but pride and rebellion had come to her support and upon pride and rebellion she had depended ever since.

"Oh, God," she groaned, pressing her face against the hard edge of the trunk, while tears scalded her face, "it isn't any easier after thirty years to know that you wern't wanted."

Beneath the wedding-gown lay a narrow box. It was small, but ample for its contents. Only a ribbon and a faded rose, the burial garb of love. Only a ribbon and a faded rose, yet out of them crept the past. She was a girl again, yielding a rounded form to his passionate embrace. The night-wind was deep and sweet with flowers as it touched her face, hot with his kisses. There was no angular old maid kneeling beside a trunk on a late November day. There was only a sensuous woman drunk with June.

The dreary desert of her solitude was as though it had not been. She was still facing a future sweet with hope, when turning suddenly, half-blind with weeping, she heard, "Why, Miss Sybilla, I've looked everywhere for you."

Bobs stood regarding her, solemn as an owl. Behind his apparent calm he was quaking. To have entered the house unbidden was presumption. To have tracked her by a trail of open doors to her hiding-place might be the unpardonable sin.

But she caught him in her arms and kissed him fervently. Then she set him down, flushing deeply, not with the awkward embarrassment of middle age, but with the shame of maidenliness; for in spirit she had held to her heart not the minister's child, but to her other children who never were.

"Robert," stated the minister's wife, coming into the study one December day, "Bobs has run away."

"Shades of the African explorer! Where did he run? To Miss Sybilla's?"

"This isn't any joke, Robert. He's not in the yard where I left him and Miss Sybilla doesn't know where he is any more than I do. He's been gone an hour. He's had time to—to—drawn or anything."

"Don't worry, Mary," replied the minister, reaching for his hat. "He can't have gone far, and when I find him I'll punish him severely and stop this trick of his."

But when after hours of searching he did find him. Lost in the woods, hungry and cold and wet to the knees from fording a stream, he carried him home with never a word about punishment.

Of the two women who awaited him, the mother was the more restless, going from window to window until she caught sight of him in his father's arms. Miss Sybilla sat grasping the arms of her chair, her face set in lines of despair.

They all three undressed him and put him to bed. He was tossing there hoarse and feverish, when the doctor arrived. Afterward she sent the parents down to their belated supper. She, herself, refused to leave the child. When they came back he was asleep and she was bending over him, her face in the shadow.

"Now, my good friend," began the minister cheerfully, "you must go down and—"

"Why, Miss Sybilla," interrupted his wife, "why, what is the matter? You mustn't cry."

The woman lifted a quivering face. "If he dies," she declared fiercely—

"But he isn't going to die. Really it isn't serious. Of course he's caught a hard cold, getting wet out in the woods, but I've often seen him this way before. He always was a croupy baby."

"Well," said Miss Sybilla, "something's always happened to everybody I ever loved."

"How so?" questioned the minister quietly.

"To begin with I never knew my mother and I never had any brothers or sisters. When I grew up I had a great—disappointment. And I wanted to die. But God wouldn't even let me do that. After awhile I began to think that maybe He was keeping me alive to be company for father. And I told Him one day that I'd do my duty if He'd just let me keep my father. It wasn't three weeks after that that father had his first stroke. He lived a year, but half the time he didn't even know me. Then he died. That ended it. I told the Lord I'd given Him the last chance. I'd never have anything more to do with Him. And I never have."

"He must be very grieved, when He loves you so."

"Loves me! Why He hates me. He must hate me. I wouldn't treat my worst enemy the way He's treated me."

"Listen," interrupted Bobs, waking and sitting up in bed. Clear upon the frosty air came the sound of music. The children at the church were rehearsing the Christmas hymns:

O little town of Bethlehem  
How still we see thee lie!  
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep  
The silent stars go by.  
Yet in thy dark streets shineth  
The everlasting Light.  
The hopes and fears of all the years  
Are met in thee to-night.  
"Papa, tell me the story about the little baby Jesus."

The child listened intently to the old story. The stern-faced woman listened intently, for to her the story seemed a new one.

The child dropped asleep again, and the minister, turning to Miss Sybilla, concluded, "I think that God sent Christ down here to be a baby to make it impossible for us not to love Him. When we think of Him as great and powerful in heaven, it is hard, as you say, not to feel that He is indifferent, even cruel, to us sometimes. You see we can't comprehend Him. But when we think of a little clinging child—we can't help loving a child, can we? Suppose Bobs, here, were still out in the woods, in the dark and the cold—lost. Well, Christ is out in the darkness, too, seeking home in our hearts. Can we shut Him out?"

#### LITERARY NOTES.

The Christmas numbers of *The Quiver* Cassells and Little Folks will bring unmixed pleasure to readers in many homes. The beautiful colored covers, fine printing and numerous illustrations leave nothing to be desired. In each case the letter press is rich in Christmas reading, and it is all of the best. Cassell & Company, 42 Adelaide street west, Toronto.

GO FORWARD, by J. R. Millar, D. D., Toronto: The Upper Canada Tract Society. Price 30 cts. One of the best booklets of the season, chaste in composition—as everything written by Dr. Millar is sure to be—beautiful in printing and illustrations. Will make a useful and attractive holiday present.

THE ANGEL AND THE STAR, by "Ralph Connor," the only book from his pen during 1908, promises to be an immense favorite with the public. It is a fascinating story of the birth of Christ, written in Ralph Connor's inimitable vein. There are eight full-page colored illustrations by an artist of front rank. An ideal gift for a friend. Paper edition, with frontpiece, in special mailing envelope, net 75 cents. Toronto: The Upper Canada Tract Society.

THE GENIUS OF SHAKESPEARE, AND OTHER ESSAYS, by W. F. Osborne, M.A., Professor of English Literature, Wesley College, Winnipeg. (Toronto: William Briggs.) \$1.00.

This little volume of 150 pages is made up of three essays, the longer one—*The Genius of Shakespeare*—giving the title to this work; the other two being studies of Tennyson's "In Memoriam" and "Idyll of the King." The author writes with much skill and from a full knowledge of the subjects he has treated in so satisfactory a manner. One of the marked characteristics of Shakespeare, says Prof. Osborne, is his vitality. "Practically the whole mass of work attributed to Shakespeare is superbly alive. . . . The literature that provokes comment, either favorable or the reverse, is alive, the literature that provokes none is just as surely dead. No one responds to this test so well as Shakespeare."

Whatever else the season brings, or fails to bring, God's "Unspeaking Gift" may be yours.

SUNDAY  
SCHOOL

## The Quiet Hour

YOUNG  
PEOPLE

## \*SOLOMON'S DOWNFALL.

(By Rev. C. MacKimon, B.D.)

Turned away his heart, v. 4. A tiny black spore falls on the ground, and lies there all winter. In the spring, it germinates and produces a plant so infinitesimal that it can be seen only through a microscope. This little plant produces a few more tiny spores. One of them is carried by the wind to a leaf of a barberry bush. It grows into a thin parasitic mould that eats into the leaf and brings forth myriads of fine, dust-like spores, which are scattered by the breezes over the growing wheat fields. They alight on leaf and stem. They put their thread-like suckers into the cells and steal the nutriment, and blight the stalk and destroy the crop. A farmer might laugh at the tiny black spore, it looks so small; but when it becomes wheat rust and infects his fields, it fills his heart with anxiety, and even affects the markets of the world. The beginning of evil may seem as insignificant as the tiny rust spore. It may be swerving ever so little from the right way, under the influence of some bad companion, or the reading of a hurtful book that lodges some unworthy thought or purpose in our hearts. But no seedlet of sin is so small that it should not be feared and fought against. For in it there lurks the power to destroy the harvest of peace and happiness that God means us all to reap from our lives.

Went not fully after the Lord, v. 6. The doctor put a sheet of glass on four glass feet, and said to his friend, "I want you to stand on this." He then connected him with an electric battery, and charged him with electricity. This done, he touched him all round with a fine rod, and every time elicited a spark. "Now," he said, "step down." The friend did so. As soon as his foot had touched the ground, the doctor said to him, "You are empty. There is no more electricity in you." And bringing the rod near him, it could no longer draw forth a spark. The glass sheet was an insulator. The one who stood on it could be filled with electric energy; but as soon as his feet came into contact with the ground, the electricity would no longer stay in him. We must be insulated from sin, if we are to be filled with heavenly influences. While Solomon sought after the Lord, no man was so wise as he. When he began to worship heathen idols, his wisdom immediately left him. If we touch sin in any way, the power of God will depart from us.

The Lord was angry, v. 9. There is a fearful picture of Noah's flood. A man is seen on the top of the last mountain, and the waters are creeping up upon him. He has his old father on his back. His wife is clasping him round the waist. He has one arm about her. One child clings to her neck, another grasps her hand. But the picture represents the branches as breaking to which the man so desperately clings, the wife is dropping, and the child is just letting go. It is a scene of agony, that shows how impossible it is for human endurance to hold out against the judgment of God. Though He is so long-suffering and so reluctant to punish, the punishment of sin will surely come. There is but one refuge for sinners, and that is the Rock of Ages.

For David my servant's sake, v. 13. A soldier came home during the time of

\*S. S. Lesson, December 20, 1908 — 1 Kings 11 : 4-13. Commit to memory v. 11. Read 1 Kings, chs. 9 to 11. Golden Text—Thou shalt have no other gods before me.—Exodus 20 : 3.

war, and announced to a wealthy man that he had a letter from his son. But the messenger's garments were patched and torn, and the father suspected him of being an impostor. The poor soldier fumbled for the letter, at first in vain; and the father in anger was about to drive him from his door, when the letter was discovered. One glance at the well known handwriting convinced the father that the soldier's story was genuine. The letter introduced the bearer as a dear friend, and said that anything done for him would be the same as if done for himself. The attitude of the father was immediately altered, the doors of his home were thrown open, and there was no hardness within his power that he would not show to the friend of his son. Solomon had sinned darkly against God, nevertheless, for David's sake, He was prepared to continue mercy. We have nothing to commend us to God. We have done many things to provoke Him to wrath; nevertheless, for His Son's sake, in whom we believe, He has promised to blot out our sins and give us everlasting life.

## "ASK WHAT I SHALL GIVE THEE."

"Christmas comes but once a year," but birthdays come round very often in a large family. Both are seasons for the interchange of affectionate tokens of love; great preparations are often-times made, and suspicious secrecy carried on in the making and selecting of presents, with a view to surprising the recipients. Frequently it is difficult to ascertain what gift would be most acceptable, and parents have to fall back on the question, "What shall I give?"

Now, my reader, if the question were put to you, "Ask what I shall give thee?" what would you say?

When Solomon was asked the question, he did not ask for long life, nor riches, nor the life of his enemies, but he asked for an understanding heart to judge the people; and God gave him that which he had not asked, riches and honor.

When Elijah was about to be translated, he said to Elisha, "Ask what I shall do for thee, before I be taken away from thee." And Elisha said, "I pray thee, let a double portion of thy spirit be upon me."

When Esther went with trembling to make her request to the king, she received the gracious welcome, "What wilt thou, Queen Esther? and what is thy request? it shall be even given thee to the half of the kingdom."

Now then, reader, what wilt thou? First of all, let me say I have found a faithman which supplies my every wish, and yet, further, that I am commissioned to tell you of One who will grant you your heart's desire. It needs no wishing-cap for you to reply, in a brief sentence, "I want happiness here and Heaven hereafter." "Ask," then, "and it shall be given you!"

On one occasion, blind men came to Jesus and called on Him for mercy. Hear His gracious word, "What will ye that I shall do unto you?" and immediately the compassionate Lord gave them not only physical sight, but the salvation of the soul. And so it is now: "Every one that asketh receiveth." "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved."

Oh, the happiness of sins forgiven! Oh, the peace salvation gives! Oh, the ineffable joy of the hope of glory! This is the portion of all who believe in the Lord Jesus. He died for sinners, and He says, "Come unto Me, and I will give you rest."—Cheyne Brady.

## LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

(By Rev. James Ross, D.D.)

Molech—Called also Malcham and Milcom, was a deity of the Ammonites, who dwelt beyond the river Arnon. He has been traditionally pictured as the image of a man, of hollow brass, with the head of an ox, and his arms outstretched to receive the children who were thrown into them, after the interior of the image had been filled with fire, into which the children rolled and were consumed, their screams being drowned by a medley of music and cries.

Zidon—Was a city of ancient Phoenicia situated on a prominent crag which overhangs the Mediterranean Sea. It had a double natural harbor which gave shelter to its ships both in summer and winter. It rose by its exceptional position, and by the enterprise and daring of its inhabitants, to be one of the first cities of its day. Its shell fish, purple murex, formed a valuable dye, the white sand of the river Belus was made into glass, and its work in gold and silver, in ivory and bronze, was the wonder of Greece and Hebrews in the time of Homer. It had colonies in several countries and its commerce was known all over the world, and that commerce produced a more convenient form of writing than had been known up to that time. The Phoenician alphabet was the original of the alphabets of all Eastern and Western nations.

## A PRAYER.

Almighty God, give us grace that we may cast away the works of darkness and put upon us the armour of light, now in the time of this mortal life, in which Thy Son Jesus Christ came to visit us in great humility. We praise Thy mercy in the yearly remembrance of Thy beloved Son. Grant that as we welcome our Redeemer, His presence may shed abroad in our hearts and in our homes, the light of heavenly peace and joy. Make known unto all men, by Thy Word and Spirit, the Gospel of His blessed incarnation, whereby Thou hast clearly revealed Thy love for the world. And help us so to celebrate this day, in humility and gratitude, in unselfish love and cheerful service, that our keeping of Christmas may be a blessing to our souls, a memorial of Christ, a benefit to our fellowmen, and a thanksgiving unto Thee for Thine unspeakable gift of the Saviour. Amen.—Book of Common Worship.

## DOES GOD CARE?

Winnie laid away her largest, rosiest apple to give to a sick girl. "What do you do that for?" asked Johnnie.

"Because I want to please God, and He likes me to be kind to sick people."

"Do you think God cares about such little things?" said Johnnie. "Isn't He too busy taking care of big things? He has to make the sun rise and set, and to make things grow, and keep people alive. Would He have time to care for a little sick girl?"

Winnie pointed to mamma, who was just then lifting the baby from the crib. "Do you think that mamma is so busy with the big folks that she forgets the baby? Of course not; she thinks of baby first, because he is so little that he needs her most. Don't you think God knows how to love as well as mothers?"—Selected.

The miracle of Christmas lies not so much in what it is, as what it means. Those who deny the angels must explain the song. And there lies the greatest miracle of all.

## THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN

### A CHRISTMAS MEDITATION.

It is Christmas eve. The last parcel is tied, ready for the morning. The last sprig of holly is in place at door or window. The last log is sending its cheery blaze up the wide chimney. Weary, happy, dreaming, we two sit on either side the hearth. For Christmas eve is not a time to dream alone. One's dreaming must be done in words, spoken to a sympathetic heart.

"Listen!" says the friend across the hearthstone. "It is twelve o'clock, and Christmas is begun—Christ's birthday. But who, to-day, will remember the Christ? In the churches they will celebrate His birth; in the homes children will laugh and sing; but who will remember the sweet Christ Himself, lost sight of in the thronging events that crowd His day? Who will tell, simply, lovingly, the story of His coming? For my heart is hungry to hear the old, sweet story—just that itself, and not men's thoughts about it."

And I make answer, "I will. I will tell it to you now."

"In the stable cave behind the khan there is silence. A weary woman lies on her bed of straw, staring sleeplessly against the dark, with great clear eyes in whose depths is dawning the transfiguring light of brooding motherhood. There was found no room for her in the inn.

"Miles from Bethlehem, on a bleak hillside, the sheep lie folded. Wolves have threatened the flock, and dogs and shepherds are on watch. Half dozing, they sit or lie about a fire, dying to glowing embers as the mid-night watch goes past. A rough figure rises, to throw more wood upon the blaze. The flame rises; but the brightness that shines upon the startled shepherds is not from its light. For the angel of the Lord has come upon them; the glory of the Lord is shining round about them, and they are sore afraid. So to the shepherds of Bethlehem comes the message of the coming of the Shepherd of Israel, who has dwelt between the cherubim; of that One who shall gather the lambs with His arm and carry them in His bosom; of that Good Shepherd who shall give His life for the sheep. So to these humble laborers comes the song of peace to men of good-will. And even as they leave their flocks to dogs and wolves, and hasten to the town to see what in their humble faith they are assured has come to pass, a child's cry rises in the darkness of the stable, and in Mary's arms is laid her Son, the Saviour of the world. She loved Him then, even as men and women have loved Him in the ages since—even as we love Him now."

"The fire dies into glowing ashes. Without the Christmas bells 'anewer each other in the mist.' Within, my friend across the hearth draws nearer and her hand clasps mine.

"And suppose," she wonders, "suppose that Saviour were among us to-day, as once more one of us. How would He spend His birthday?"

"Surely, we know. In gladness of heart, rejoicing that for one day in the year good-will reigned, in for one at least; in seeking out the little children, that He might make them glad, as long ago He blessed them; in loving all who crossed His path; in prayer to His Father for the world of His love. From Him, no one would look for costly gifts—His gift was long ago bestowed. In His presence, frivolous merriment would grow sweet; dissatisfactions and jealousies and burnings of heart would vanish; the treasures that we have set our hearts upon would fade into insignificance. Upon our simple pleasure of little children would rest His smile; but at the rash extravagance of the rich His face would sadden. He would grieve when men and women went upon their careless way, unreckoning of the meaning of the day, to them a time for selfish pleasure; He would be glad when others spent their leisure and their wealth in satisfying need, hunger or cold or sad-

ness, for such bring gifts to Him. He would ask no gifts for Himself but only one—a rich, true love, poured on His altar in gratitude and consecration and devotion. The hearts of men are all that they can give as Christmas gifts to the King."

The fire is out. The clock is striking one. And in the chill of the Christmas morning, silently, upon our knees, we bring to Him our gifts.—M. D. H. in Philadelphia Westminister.

### THE UNSHELTERED CHRIST.

How could that narrow inn provide  
Sufficient room for Jesus' birth—  
Or Caesar's palace high and wide,  
Or grander mansions of the earth?

The stable, open to the sky,  
Was nobler place in which to lie,  
Where stars with unrestricted light  
Might look upon the Babe that night.

O brothers! when on Calvary's hill  
In after years the Cross uproce,  
Did not the measure of it fill  
All space where human spirit goes?

No shelter framed by mortal men  
Could compass Him who suffered then;  
The bounds of Christ's imperial home  
Are spreading world and starry dome.

—Springfield Republican.

### A FAITHFUL GOD.

By C. H. Wetherbe.

There is vast meaning in these words from the epistle to the Hebrews: "He is faithful that promised." Here is much for us to meditate upon. There is a great deal more in the possible meaning of these few words than I am able to comprehend. But the simple truth that God is faithful ought to bring indescribable gladness to every Christian who intently thinks of it. How very reliable God's promises are! What makes them so? The very fact that He is faithful. And not only so, but the further fact that He is abundantly able to completely fulfill all that He has promised to give or to do. All this is very different from many of the promises which human beings make. Some of them make very pleasing promises, but they are unable to fulfill them. But God's promises are never beyond His ability to perform them.

Then, too, some of our friends forget some of their promises to us. They have the ability to perform them, but they soon forget to carry them out. Our faithful God never forgets any promise that He ever made. This is a grand feature of His faithfulness. In all this there is the idea and fact of God's unchangeableness. He cannot be fickle in respect to His promises. He does not make a promise to-day and recall it to-morrow. It stands. It is good for all time.

Dr. A. Maclaren, of England, has written the following stirring words: "If we have a God immutable and unchangeable to build upon, let us build upon Him immutability and unchangeableness. If we have a Rock on which to build our confidence, let us see that our confidence that we build upon it is rock-like too. If we have a God that cannot lie, let us grasp His faithful Word with an affiance that cannot falter. If we have a truth in the Heavens, absolute and immutable, on which to anchor our hopes, let us see to it that our hopes, anchored thereon, are sure and steadfast. What a shame it would be that we should bring the vacillations and fluctuations of our own sincerities and changeableness to the solemn, fixed unalterableness of that Divine Word! We ought to be faithful, for we build upon a faithful God."

When we are tempted to be unfaithful in our duties toward God, let us at once think of His unceasing faithfulness toward us. When we have made a promise to either God or man, let us think of His faithful promises.

### \*CHRIST'S BIRTH.

#### Some Bible Hints.

Since Christ's kingdom is not of this world, Christians should not want the things of this world, except to further the kingdom (v. 36).

Christ's kingdom cannot be forwarded by worldly methods, but it is a constant temptation to use them (v. 36).

Christ being born to bear witness to the truth, was born to bear witness to Himself, for He is the Truth (v. 37).

If we cannot hear Christ's voice, it is because we are not of the truth. All insincerity dulls the ears of the soul (v. 37).

#### Suggestive Thoughts.

Christ a King! No statement ever made was more unlikely. No statement has been more gloriously fulfilled.

Christ's kingdom of truth is to be entered only with Christ.

Christ came also to free us from sin, to show us the Father, that His joy might be ours—no one view can show us why He came.

Think, on Christ's birthday, how much was born with Him!

#### A Few Illustrations.

A king requires obedience; his word is law. Thus there is to be no debating with Christ.

The citizens get the chief advantage when a kingdom is well ruled; king and kingdom are all for them.

The subjects of a great king are proud of him and his kingdom. So should Christians be wonderfully proud of Christ and Christendom.

It is the Republic of God—we choose Him; it is the Kingdom of God—He chooses us.

#### To Think About.

What does Christmas really mean to me?

Am I thinking more, on Christmas, of worldly gifts than of the great Gift?

What am I doing to pass that great Gift to others?

#### A Cluster of Quotations.

If we are really and always ready to do whatsoever the King appoints, all the trials and vexations arising from any change in His appointments, great or small, simply do not exist.—Frances Ridley Havergal.

The kingdom of God asks our time, and it is only by giving it that the kingdom can be kept in its true place, first every day, and all day.—Andrew Murray.

The reign of Christ on earth is nothing more or less than the subjection of the whole soul to Himself.—Madame Guyon.

Habituate yourself to seek for the kingdom of God in your own heart.—Fenelon.

#### DAILY READINGS.

- M., Dec. 14.—The King was born to fulfill prophecy. Mic. 5: 1-4.
- T., Dec. 15.—To fulfil the covenant. Acts 3: 22, 26.
- W., Dec. 16.—To subdue disease. Matt. 11: 2-6.
- T., Dec. 17.—To overcome Satan. Luke 4: 1-13.
- F., Dec. 18.—To pardon sin. John 3: 14-21.
- S., Dec. 19.—To overcome death. 1 Cor. 15: 20-28.
- Sun., Dec. 20.—Topic: Why was the King born? John 18: 33-37. (A Christmas meeting.)

There is a special Christ-birthday to every believer—a time when the Spirit of God entered the little world of our life. We may be able to give it no date, still it was. For this we thank him, and because of it hope one day to see him face to face.

\*Y.P. Topic, 20 Dec.—Why was the King born? John 12: 33-37.

## The Dominion Presbyterian

IS PUBLISHED AT

323 FRANK ST., - OTTAWA

AND AT

MONTREAL AND WINNIPEG

Terms: One year (50 issues) in advance, \$1.50.

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Sample copies sent upon application.

Letters should be addressed:—

THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN,  
P. O. Drawer 563, Ottawa.

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,

Manager and Editor.

OTTAWA, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 16, 1910

As a New Year's gift to an absent member of the family we venture to suggest a year's subscription to The Dominion Presbyterian. It will be a weekly reminder of loved ones at home for twelve months. Special offer, one dollar till 1st January, 1910.

The United Free Church deserves credit for its generosity. After the adverse decision of the House of Lords an appeal was made for £100,000, which was given. Then came an appeal for £150,000, wherewith to build churches and manse for dispossessed congregations and ministers in the Highlands. This sum, too, has been practically raised. The old spirit is there.

A religious census of Barrie, under the auspices of the Ontario Sunday School Association, has been completed. The figures show the total population to be 6,852. The various denominations are: Methodist, 1,281; Presbyterian, 1,500; Anglican, 1,308; Roman Catholic, 729; Baptist, 285; Congregationalist, 228; Reformed Episcopal, 24; Salvation Army, 151; miscellaneous, 227. The population over 18 years of age is 4,735.

The Canadian Council of the Laymen's Missionary Movement are trying their utmost to persuade Mr. J. Lovell Murray, B.A., of New York, at present educational secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, to become field secretary of the Laymen's Missionary Movement of Canada. The salary offered is reported very liberal, as Mr. Murray is regarded as an excellent man for his post. Mr. Murray is a distinguished graduate of Toronto University and of Knox College. He is a son of the Rev. Dr. J. L. Murray, who recently resigned the pastorate of Knox Church, Kincardine, and who is now residing in Toronto.

### MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Once more the Christmas joy encircles the world. Again the Christmas tree, its boughs laden with the rich fruit of household love, and gleaming with tapers, is the central adornment of many a household. Gifts are exchanged between members of the same families, and amongst friends and kindred. For weeks the thought in our hearts has not been "what shall we receive, but what shall we give at the Christmas-time?" and the more it is in our power to give, the fuller we are of gratitude and happiness.

To some of us the Christmas anniversary is saddened because of the loved ones we miss. As we grow older, to all days of festival comes a shadowed side, though the shadows are heaven-lighted and cheered, if we have faith in the goodness and grace of God, who gathers all the severed threads and binds them into the bundle of life.

All grudges, all selfishness, all which is unworthy, should be put away from us, often as we reflect on the precious love which came into the world for its redemption.

Let us think of our Saviour, of the Babe of Bethlehem, and at His feet, on Christmas morning lay our gifts, the gold, the frankincense, the myrrh.

Increased membership, more generous contributions, greater efforts in working for the Master, are good signs of spiritual life and growth in grace. These last are the elements of congregational prosperity. Without these, sustained external progress is impossible. With their presence, blessed work can be accomplished. For these and all real good in the Church, there must be humble dependence on the Divine Spirit and true consecration to Him who is head over all things to His Church, and who will yet make Zion a praise in the earth.

Dr. Donald MacLister, recently selected for the position, is the first lay principal of Glasgow University since its foundation, 400 years ago. He is a justice of the peace, a K.C.B., and has the degrees of M.A. and M.D. from Cambridge, D.C.L. (hon.) from Durham, and LL.D. from four universities, including Montreal and Toronto. He is vice-chancellor of Glasgow and a fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge. With so many academic distinctions he should be as well qualified as any cleric to fill the principalship.

No man is better qualified than John R. Mott, General Secretary of the World's Student Christian Federation, to deal with the problems which confront the church in its efforts to carry out its legitimate work—the evangelization of the world. Last winter and spring he gave a number of lectures at Toronto, under the auspices of the five theological colleges—Knox, McMaster, Trinity, Victoria and Wycliffe, and also at a number of colleges in the United States, in which he dealt with the problem which is causing so much anxiety in the minds of Christian workers, namely, where the supply of men, for the foreign field especially, is to come from. These lectures, revised and enlarged, are now presented in book form, under the title "The Future Leadership of the Church." The question, in all its aspects, is discussed in an intelligent and suggestive manner, such as only a man of Mr. Mott's experience can bring to bear upon it. An offer has been made by the publishers, the student department of the Young Men's Christian Association, New York, to supply copies at a very low rate to Mission Boards for distribution among ministers in Canada. We trust the offer will be accepted; they all should have it.

### CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ANNUITIES.

The Annuities Act passed by the Dominion parliament at its last session is now in operation, and is attracting considerable attention. Canada leads the van in this matter. In England there is an old age pension scheme, and in some other countries there are plans by which those who have become old and helpless are provided for by the state, but in no other country has the government undertaken to provide annuities by which provision may be made for every man, woman or child against want and poverty when old age comes, or the earning powers have declined. The measure was conceived and carefully thought out by the Right Honorable, Sir Richard Cartwright, and was passed by the Senate and the House of Commons without a dissenting voice.

All that is necessary to take advantage of this Act is to deposit from time to time in a post office savings bank or money order office, or remit direct to the department at Ottawa, such sums as it may be desired to set aside for the purpose. These amounts will be placed to the credit of the person for whom the annuity is desired, and compound interest thereon allowed at the rate of four per cent per annum, all of which will be returned in the form of an annuity at a fixed date. Provision is made by statute that the annuity cannot be seized for debt of any kind, that it cannot be forfeited, and that it is inalienable. There is no medical examination required, and there are no lapses. The annuitant receives exactly in proportion to what he pays in. If he dies before the annuity becomes payable, all he has paid in, with three per cent. compound interest, is returned to his family or heirs. The contract for an annuity may begin at age 5, or any subsequent age, but except for invalidity or disablement no annuity shall be payable before the age of 55, though it may be deferred till a later age. No annuity shall be less than \$50, or more than \$600 a year, and it is payable quarterly.

There are many variations of the plan, but anyone may ascertain how it will work out in their own, or any other specified case, by filling in particulars as to present age, age at which annuity is desired to begin, and amount of annuity required, on a card which may be obtained from any postmaster, and mailing it to the Superintendent of Annuities at Ottawa. Literature giving full particulars of the plan, with rates, etc., may be obtained on application at any post office in Canada.

The plan must commend itself to the ministers of the Presbyterian, or any other church, as one by which provision may be made for old age at a minimum of cost. Congregations might take the opportunity to provide in this way for their minister. No other system we know of provides such advantages at so small a cost, while the security is absolute, since the government is behind it. We are justified in commending it to the consideration of all.



## A CHRISTMAS MEDITATION.

What a vast amount of Devil's talk goes on continually in the name of patriotism! Patriotism, cynically exclaimed a famous writer, is the last refuge of a scoundrel; a statement of the red pepper variety, somewhat needing cooling connective; but not to be entirely disregarded either. What to do with the chronic war-mongers; what to do with those pestilential people who seek to set nations by the ears, and to provoke international ill-will, it is hard to say. Just now the air is again blue and brimstone with talk, in this year 1908, of the Prince of Peace, of the necessity for bigger armies and bigger fleets where-with each nation may slaughter the other! As George Brown used to say, isn't it enough to sicken a horse! Here is our friend the German Emperor, every now and then sending other militarists into convulsive fits. Her' is our friend Lord Roberts, sending a shiver down the backs of Britons by cheerfully pointing out how easily (f) Germany could land 200,000 armed men in England some fine morning and gobble up Old London and all its treasure. And there are always the night-haunting alarmists, who insist that Great Britain must build bigger and bigger ships of war, to the extent of always possessing a naval strength equal to the two or three other next largest navies of the seas. One of the most sensible articles on this latter subject is by the London (Eng.) Nation, a political and literary publication of great ability and influence. That journal says Great Britain, with 40,000,000 people, is not able to maintain a navy equal to the united navies of the United States and of Germany, with a combined population of 140,000,000; and insists that while it may be necessary to keep a judicial eye on the naval programme of Germany, the people of Great Britain will not be goaded into a navy-building campaign as against their friendly English-speaking kinsmen of the United States.

## WORK FOR WOMEN.

The Local Council of Women in Pictou county, Nova Scotia, have this season turned their energies in a somewhat unique but very practical and useful direction. It appears that a weed known as ragwort is very abundant in the locality, and the council has made a very determined effort to eradicate it. Prizes were offered, and the services of about forty young people were enlisted, who gathered and burned over two million stalks of the weed in a bonfire.

That the pest, which is a recent importation from England, has gained such headway is the result of careless methods of farming. It is a perennial and grows in pasture fields. Prof. Macoun, botanist of the Geological Survey, was in Nova Scotia in 1893, and again in 1898, and gave a note of warning which appears have gone unheeded. It is easily eradicated if the roots are pulled up and destroyed, but if the stalks only are burned, being a perennial, it will grow again.

If the local councils are willing to take up such work—and it is one in which they can be of very real service to the country—there are many other pieces in which similar work might be undertaken with advantage. It is better than trying to secure votes for women, for example.

## IS IT RIGHT?

A little over twenty years ago two freshmen met for the first time in Queen's College, Kingston. One intended studying for the bar, the other for the pulpit. Both finished their course and graduated. The theological student was quite as successful in his studies as the gentleman who intended entering the legal profession. Both entered upon the duties of their chosen professions. Where are they now? The theological student has for years been a faithful, devoted and earnest minister. During part of his ministerial life he preached four times each Sabbath and drove twenty-six miles. His income has barely kept the wolf from the door—not always even that. His college friend who probably did not work so hard, has an income away up among the thousands, and is said to earn a hundred and fifty dollars per day at election trials. Each time he puts on his gown he probably earns as much money as the minister in question receives for half a year's honest work in the Gospel ministry.

Now if people will have it so, let us assume that handling briefs is much more important than preaching the Gospel, dispensing ordinances, and doing pastoral work. Let it be taken for granted, that doing legal business for men is more important than trying to save their souls. Taking all this for granted, is there AS MUCH difference as the present positions of these gentlemen indicate? Two young men of about equal scholarship start life together, one studies divinity, the other law. In twenty years the lawyer finds himself in the receipt of thousands, and more offered than he can find time to work for. The minister finds himself poor, loaded with anxiety, barely able to support a family, pinched with that horrible thing—genteel poverty. We ask the Presbyterians of Canada—is that right? And we could find scores of illustrations quite as good as the one we have given.

## THE TAG DAY NUISANCE.

The Y.W.C.A. in Toronto want a gymnasium. This is a very commendable desire, but we can hardly endorse the method they adopted to secure the necessary funds. They fixed upon a certain date, which they called tag day. This is a method of extracting money, in most cases from the pockets of unwilling givers. A number of young ladies are turned loose for the day, with contribution boxes and cardboard on ribbon tags. They are at liberty to go into the highways and hedges, or wherever they choose, and solicit contributions from every man they meet, stranger or otherwise. In return for the contribution a tag is affixed, which gives the individual immunity for the rest of the day. Having contributed and been tagged he can walk the street with the same feeling of security as a man who has been vaccinated.

We do not know where the system of tag day originated, but we trust it will not come into general use. It is not a very dignified position for young women to assume. In Toronto it did not succeed any too well. The amount secured did not by any means come up to what was expected. A second tag day was determined upon, but even then not enough was obtained to ensure the object aimed at. Tag day is perhaps a degree worse than bazaars, church fairs, and such like methods of raising money for worthy causes. But none of them encourage giving from proper motives.

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

We are sure that Uncle Jim's Canadian Nursery Rhymes will receive a warm welcome at the hands of Young Canada. At any rate they will merit such a reception. The Rhymes as well as the illustrations are racy of the soil; and the well executed cover design by Mr. C. W. Jeffreys, who illustrated the book throughout, is a well told story in itself. Toronto: The Musson Book Company.

"Whither Thou Goest" (Toronto: The Upper Canada Tract Society) is the title of a new book by J. J. Bell, the author of Wee Macgregor, which was so popular. This new book is a love story, and is without the humour which characterized Wee Macgregor, nevertheless the plot is well worked out, and the fact that the author has written so many popular books will doubtless secure for it a large sale. Price \$1.25.

In "The Fact of Conversion," (Toronto: The Upper Canada Tract Society, Price \$1.50) Rev. Geo. Jackson, B. A., has written a book with charming skill and in a delightfully fresh style. "In it," says an English reviewer, "a great subject is sanely and reverently handled. Much of the recently acquired psychological is brought under review, and, better still, the old experience of influencing souls is recalled and reinterpreted." To those "who are seeking to bring men and women to the love and service of God, but who are troubled by the exaltation of the emotions of conversion at the expense of its reality," this book is especially recommended.

"The Master of Life," by W. D. Light hall (Toronto: The Musson Book Co.) is a remarkable series of Indian sketches and legends which the author has contrived to weave into a most attractive romance of the Five Nations, and of Prehistoric Montreal. In the preface Mr. Lighthall tells us that "Field scholars now identify the Mohawks with the Hochelegans, who had been driven out from the Montreal country by Algonquins, assisted by the Hurons of the West, shortly before the formation of the Five Nations or Iroquois. The description of their town, Hochelega, by Jacques Cartier in 1535, and its subsequent disappearance, is one of the most fairy-like tales in history. The present book is an attempt to picture the strange ideas of the Red Man's mind, life, and melancholy. It is an aboriginal romance without a white man in it. The publishers have turned out a handsome volume, with numerous full-page illustrations. It should have a large number of readers.

"The Harvest of Moloch," by Mrs. J. K. Lawson, (Toronto: J. M. Poole and the Upper Canada Tract Society), Price \$1.25 It is long since Mrs. Lawson earned a high place for herself as the writer of good, clean fiction. For many years her stories have been read by thousands in the British Islands and Canada; and in the Harvest of Moloch she has produced a novel that will increase her well-earned reputation. The story is a tragic one, enlivened, however, by many gleams of humor. In it the sterling qualities of the Scottish nature, the national virtues and the national vices, are portrayed with the pen of a keen observer and a powerful thinker. In striking contrast to the simplicity and charm of the homely Scottish scenes are the pictures of the free, wild life of our Canadian Northwest. Yet under both skies we see the same struggles for mastery between good and evil, between love and hate, between blind passion and unerring justice.

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STORIES  
POETRY

## The Inglenook

SKETCHES  
TRAVEL

## THE APPLEBANK'S CHRISTMAS.

The girls stood over the register during the recess between the Sabbath-school and churches service, and listened to Mrs. Williams' Lcherry, persuasive voice, as, with a little book in her hand, she was flitting about like a bird among the congregation.

"What is she begging for now, I wonder?" said Annabel Monroe, with a curl of her pretty lip. "I never saw any one like Mrs. Williams. She is always and forever asking for money for something. I believe she has money on the brain."

"Oh, it's for a present for the organist," said Lida Rees. "Mrs. Shipley don't have much to live on, and she has played in Sabbath school so long. I heard them talking about it at the social the other evening. She needn't come near me, I haven't a single cent for her. I haven't half enough to buy presents to go round among my friends."

"I actually have to go in debt every year," said Annie Lee, "in order to get all my friends a little something, and then I never am satisfied. I can't afford to get nice presents; just some silly little thing I know nobody cares for. Do you know, girls, I don't think we keep the Lord Jesus Christ's birthday in a very Christ-like manner! I have a great mind to make a new departure this year."

"How?" said the two girls.

"Well," said Annie, flushing a little, "I can't help thinking every single Christmas of what he said, you know: 'The poor you have with you always, but me you have not always; and 'Inasmuch as ye do it unto one of the least of these ye do it unto me.' And I think every time, now, next year, I'll give lots of Christmas presents to the poor; but Christmas comes and goes, and my relatives and friends get it all; and they don't need it a bit."

"That's so," said Annabel, "but what can we do? We have to give presents to our friends because they give to us. And there are so many. Why, ten dollars will not begin to cover mine this year."

"Well," said Annie, thoughtfully, "I haven't got ten dollars to buy presents with, but I believe I'll apply what I have some other way this year. It is Christ's birthday, and he ought to have the gifts. I've been thinking of the Applebanks. Johnnie is the best boy in my class. They are such good folks and so poor. Mr. Applebanks has been down with inflammatory rheumatism for six weeks, and the mill has stopped running, and Sarah is out of work, and the only way they can get anything is by Mrs. Applebanks taking in washing. I feel so sorry for them."

"Well, I'm as sorry, too," said Lida Rees, "and I wish I could join you in making them a nice Christmas. But my money is all laid upon the altar of friendship."

"And mine, too," said Annabel. "But, Annie, I'll try to save something next year to make the right kind of presents. I never thought of it before, but you are right. Christ ought to be the central thought of our giving."

It was the day before Christmas—a cold day, promising a colder night, and the Applebanks were suffering. Their fuel had become completely exhausted, and Mr. Applebanks was enduring agonies from his rheumatism as the rooms grew colder with the waning of the fire. Again and again Mrs. Applebanks searched her worn-out purse for some stray change that possibly might have escaped her notice by slipping in between the lining and the leather, and, finally in despair, had gone herself, across the road to a kind neighbor to borrow a

wheelbarrow load of wood, the children being ashamed to "ask favors." It made Sarah cross to witness the inexhaustible patience of her toll-worn mother and to hear her pathetic voice singing with a faith in God which it seemed as if nothing could shake.

"It may not be my way,  
It may not be thy way,  
But in his own good way,  
The Lord will provide."

"He doesn't seem to provide anyway," she fretted, as her cold hands tucked the covers more closely around her sick father. "I don't see how she can keep on believing. God's people never give us a thought."

"Blessed is he who hath not seen yet; hath believed," said her father, softly. "Your mother's faith is a great comfort to me, Sarah."

"Whoa!" Such a loud whoa as it was. Johnnie and Jimmie were at the window directly, and the next minute they called Sarah.

"Sade, here's a man, don't you think, throwing off a load of wood; a great, big load, too. I guess you don't know it all. Sade Applebanks. Ma said the Lord would provide in his own way and time, and he has."

Happy Mrs. Applebanks! How her faith flamed up with the glorious fire they made up to "warm the corners of the room." And Sarah's heart was kindled also, when the grocer's wagon drove up with a beautiful basket of Christmas provisions from a pair of plump chickens to a big pound of assorted candy. There was only a little card in the basket, on which was written, "From a friend. 'In his name.'" The Applebanks never knew who gave them such a happy Christmas, but God and the angels knew, and Annie Lee felt satisfied with the simple cards and booklets she distributed among her friends who had no need.

## THE BIRD'S CHRISTMAS DINNER.

In most of the provinces of Norway there is a pretty custom of feeding the wild birds on Christmas day. All the animals belonging to a family have an extra allowance for their usual dinner and share in the great festival.

The kind-hearted peasants also fasten up wisps of oat straw all about their houses for the birds, who are quick at telling each other the news and flocking down in great numbers to peck at the grain.

In the towns great bunches of unshredded oats are brought to the marketplace and, no matter how poor the people are, they will be sure to have one bit of money saved to buy the birds a feast.

The little sheaves are seen fastened on the housetops and outside the windows, and nobody in Norway would frighten a bird that day if he could help it.

It certainly is worth while to make the least of God's creatures happy, and many of those fowls of the air who do not gather into barns are good servants of the farmer and eat up the insects that would destroy his crops.

Suppose the girls and boys take a lesson from the Norwegians this year and throw out a dinner of crumbs for some of the birds and tie a bunch of grain here and there on the trees and fences for the wanderers who may need food in the cold days, that are to come.—Exchange.

There is some show for us gaining peace in heaven if we are doing the best we can to make peace on earth. Blessed are the peacemakers here as well as hereafter.

## THE SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS.

Of all the literature ever written about Christmas, there is nothing, in our judgment, which has ever surpassed that remarkable story of Dickens, "A Christmas Carol." It is worth reading once a year, for it sets forth with wonderful vividness the contrast between the true Christmas spirit and that sordid, selfish spirit which seems so commonly to hold us in its grasp as we hurry forward our self-centered lives. It seems to be more than fiction that, at the Christmas time, some genial spirit from the better world walks abroad in the crowded marts of men and warms the cold hearts and lights the gloomy faces of many a tight-fisted Scrooge. Have you ever asked why it is that the spirit of Christmas Day seems so different from that of the common days? Is it not because on this one day of the year, men really act upon that great truth uttered by him who was born in Bethlehem, "It is more blessed to give than to receive?" Christmas cheer comes not so much from what is received as from the possession of that spirit which prompts us to give. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," and it is that thinking of the love thoughts, that attitude of good will toward men which brings the peace and joy of Christmas.—Selected.

## A PATHETIC PLAIN.

Nothing in all Carlyle's fiery pages burns with a fiercer light than his pathetic plaint over his dead wife when he exclaimed: "Oh, if only I could have five minutes with her to assure her that I loved her through all that." Carlyle had the reputation of being cross and crabbed with his wife during her life, as he was in some degree with everybody else, but he repented bitterly of his lack of appreciation and kindness after her death, when it was too late. How often does this pathetic plaint find utterance in our lives. Many a home knows little expression of kindness and love, even when it lies abundant in the depths of the heart, until separation or death comes, and then the great deeps are broken up and floods of regret and remorse pour forth as it is realized that the loved one is gone beyond our power to express our love. Let us diffuse our love through all our life and let our loved ones know how much we love them. Better one warm word now than a thousand regrets after they are dead. Better put one red rose in their living hands than smother their coffins with flowers. We are together here for but a little time; let us so live in love with one another that there shall be no passionate plaints when the parting comes.

The Living Age is printing, in nearly every issue, some humorous "Discussions" from Punch. The authorship is not indicated, but it would be a safe guess that they are written by E. V. Lucas whose series of "Life's Little Difficulties," appearing also in The Living Age, were so keenly enjoyed several years ago.

Jesus was born by the roadside of duty. Joseph and Mary were on their way to the Holy City. There they were to enroll themselves as the chosen of God. How often the same fact found illustration in his after life! More than once as the disciples journeyed Jesus himself drew near. He would suggest companionship, association, presence. No one ever turned his face toward duty and went alone.

THE REAL SANTA CLAUS.

Early Christmas morning James and Edward knocked at the door of their sister's room and shouted:

"Merry Christmas, Mary! Merry Christmas, Flossie! Come, let's go down and see what Santa Claus has put into our stockings."

These stockings were hung up in the dining-room downstairs. In this room there was a big wood-stove, which was lit only on very cold days. Father and mother had said that as there was no fire in it, Santa Claus would choose that way to come into the house. So the boys and girls had arranged their chairs around that stove, and on them had hung their stockings. To save Santa Claus trouble, Edward had opened the stove door.

The girls quickly joined their brothers, and they went down together to see what Santa had brought them. Edward and Flossie made a run in the dark for their chairs and stockings, while James and Mary got a lamp, and after lighting it, carefully placed it on the table. Then they went over and examined their gifts.

Edward soon had his mouth full of candies and raisins, and was riding a big, handsome rocking-horse. He had also received a bright red sled, and this he had in front of him on the rocking-horse. Flossie had a piece of candy in one hand, in the arm of which she held a doll, and was fixing up a doll's carriage with her other hand. Mary was rejoicing her gift of a muff and a pair of gauntlets of real fur, just what she had sent to Santa Claus for. James was also in glee because he was the recipient of a pair of nickel-plated steel skates. After examining their own gifts, they began showing them to each other. Edward was not satisfied until he had given Flossie a ride on his rocking-horse. James, however, threw a bombshell upon their fun by saying: "I don't believe in Santa Claus. He couldn't bring Edward's rocking horse and Flossie's carriage down the chimney and through that stove-pipe."

"Oh, but he's a little man and a fairy," said Mary.

"There's some soot on one of the handles of my dolly's carriage," said Flossie. James carefully examined this evidence. Sure enough, there was a scrape at the edge of the handle, and some soot. This somewhat shook his unbelief.

Edward became interested in the question, and investigated the stove for evidence.

"Les, he did," he shouted. "Santa Claus did come down through the stove. See, here's some bits of broken candy he dropped in the ashes!" His little head was in the stove door, and his fingers were in the ashes.

"And here's a toy that was scraped off his pack," he called out from inside the stove.

James looked at the candies, which Edward had found, and also the toy. He was greatly puzzled. Santa Claus might be real after all. He was still doubtful but he said:

"Well, I'm going to show my presents to mother, and I'll ask her."

"I'll show mamma all my presents, and papa, too," added Flossie, gathering up her things, and crowding them into her doll's carriage.

So, in the dawning light of Christmas morning, the happy four, loaded with their Christmas gifts, burst into the bedroom of their parents.

After the first happy greetings of Merry Christmas, James nestled up to his mother's side and told her of his doubts. His mother drew her boy's dark, curly head to herself. She slipped her arm around his neck, and printed a kiss upon his brow.

"The best way for you to settle your doubt is to be a Santa Claus yourself. Any one who will do a kind act, who will make somebody happy, and yet not

let the person who is blessed know who did the kind deed, is a real Santa Claus.

"Santa is represented as a round, plump little man—when your heart is full of love, and you do some one a secret kindness, you have a laugh inside of you, which makes your heart merry, and also makes you feel round and plump. Santa has a kindly smile—so has every one who does a kind, loving deed, and does it for the sake of doing good, and not for winning praise. Some Santa Claus has brought you these beautiful things, and made you happy; now go and be a Santa Claus to somebody else."—Southern Churchman.

MERRY CHRISTMAS.

M is for Music; for laughter and cheer  
Belong to this one, of all days in the year.

E is for Everyone. Oh, that each may  
Know all of the pleasure that comes  
Christmas day.

R is for "Roaring." So happy are we  
Because the day's brimful of such  
Jollity.

R 's also for Reindeer, for tho' horses  
Must go  
E'en the automobile with old Kris  
has no show.

Y is for Yuletide, which means Christ-  
mas time;

It is also for You, as you read o'er  
this rhyme.

C is for Candy and Cake—all you wish.  
Please help yourself, then we'll heap  
up the dish.

H is for Hearth, where our stockings  
must be.

For Santa Claus comes to fill them,  
you see.

R 's for the Red of his jolly round face,  
How we'd miss him if somebody else  
took his place.

I is for Icicles, sparkling and bright,  
Like the spears with which giants of  
old used to fight.

S is for Sleds and for Skating and Snow,  
Alack! and alas! how soon they must  
go.

T is our Tree, with the oddest of fruit,  
The taste of each one of the family  
to suit.

M is for Mistletoe, waxen and white,  
That makes of our rooms a fair bower  
of delight.

A is for apples we roast by the fire,  
As we throw on more wood, and the  
flames mount up higher.

S is for Sleighbells, whose jingles we  
hear.

Hurrah! then for Christmas! Best day  
of the year.—Selected.

LITTLE ACTS OF COURTESY.

How seldom we appreciate at their  
just value little acts of courtesy, and  
yet how much these small, unremem-  
bered deeds of kindness have to do with  
our happiness and well-being in life.

One day last summer a man at a sub-  
way entrance helped an elderly lady,  
apparently a stranger, to board a train,  
saying to the guard, "Please see that  
this lady gets off at such a station."

The station was at a good distance from  
the starting point, but the guard said  
cheerfully, "I surely will attend to it."  
And so he did. Before the requisite  
station was reached he went to the pas-  
senger and notified her to be ready and  
helped her out of the train as if he  
had been her son. So much criticism is  
so constantly made upon the manners  
of ticket agents, railway guards and  
other officials that most of us forget how  
constantly taxed all these people are,  
how weary they must often be, and fur-  
ther, how often they go out of their  
way to be kind and polite.

In the home, the little acts and words  
of gentleness mean more than the great  
sacrifices on the balance sheet of the re-  
cording angel. Fathers and mothers toil  
and strive to lay up wealth for their  
children, or at least to make an ade-  
quate provision against want for a fu-

ture rainy day. They do not spare them-  
selves, they work late and early and  
endure hardness. Yet in their self-de-  
nial they are often cross, unreasonable  
and undemonstrative. The children ac-  
cept the greater good without recogni-  
tion, very possibly knowing little about  
it, scarcely, suspecting continual effort,  
while they would remember with joy  
and thankfulness a sunny disposition,  
a cherry word, a tender look and smile.  
It happens sometimes that men and  
women do not value their parents aright  
until they reach middle life, and are in  
their own persons bearing the burden  
of the day. By this time, when the  
parents are under the sod, the children  
see what they were and understand what  
they have missed. They did not do  
justice to the sterner virtues because  
there was too much austerity, too much  
rigor, too little fun and petting.

In so slight a thing as sitting at the  
table and the tastes of different mem-  
bers of the family, the mother may fur-  
ther the general enjoyment. One daugh-  
ter may have a dislike for butter or  
milk, or custard may be to her an abomi-  
nation. Another may crave what seems  
an inordinate amount of sugar. To a  
person who does not wish a grain of  
sweet it is incomprehensible that some-  
body else may want three or four lumps  
to make a palatable cup of coffee of tea.

In the end, in family life, these small  
differences manage to strike an aver-  
age, and by a little tact and forbear-  
ance on the part of the powers that be  
every one is pleased and life at the  
table moves smoothly forward. Three  
times a day the ordinary family gathers  
at a meal. The table is the place for  
familiar conversation, for telling inter-  
esting happenings of the day and for the  
exchange of pleasantries. Fault find-  
ing and irony, sharp words that hurt  
and blister and discussions that end in  
anger should always be ruled out of  
table talk. Unless the family are in  
substantial agreement as to politics it  
is as well not to let them form the  
staple of conversation at meals.

We pass this way but once. No one  
can look back over a twelvemonth or  
across the space of several years without  
realizing that changes have taken place  
among friends and acquaintances, that  
the nearest and dearest, it may be, have  
been called away, and that when the  
muster-roll of the comrades is called  
there are those who do not answer. Does  
it not behoove us to be more than ever  
careful not to wound those we love?  
This is the negative obligation. On the  
opposite side, may we not try day by  
day to add to the sum of happiness  
around us? We may do this by being  
fair all around, by being just, and  
above all, by letting people be happy  
in their own way even if it be not our  
way. Let us not overlook the opportuni-  
ties for doing little kindnesses.—Aunt  
Marjorie in N. Y. Christian Intelligence.

THE LOVE OF BOOKS.

"I have learned to leave books alone,"  
spoke a rather intelligent person. He  
continued: "I have no love for books. I  
know I am to blame. But when a boy  
of fifteen I gave up reading and by  
habit I am left to-day without a desire  
to read the best books. A few years  
ago I might have had a good position,  
but my knowledge was so sparse they  
could not employ me. I have made a  
grave mistake, and I hope while young  
you will not be as unwise as I have been  
for it is hard to change the habits of an  
old man. If I were to speak from my  
own experience, I would say: 'Begin  
early to cultivate a love for the best  
books, books which have influenced  
men, manners and matters. Not many,  
but a few books will work wonders in a  
young person's career.'"

"Hate should have no place on Christ-  
mas day. If you have an enemy, for-  
give him. Peace and Good-Will are the  
throne kings of the hour.

CHURCH  
WORK

## Ministers and Churches

NEWS  
LETTERS

## OTTAWA.

Rev. Dr. Herridge, of St. Andrew's church, Ottawa, was the preacher in Crescent street church, Montreal, last Sunday. Rev. Principal Springer of the Montreal College taking the services for Dr. Herridge.

The annual social of St. Paul's church will be held next Friday evening, when addresses will be given by the pastor, Rev. Dr. Armstrong, Rev. Mr. Nicol of Erskine church and others. The musical programme usually furnished has always been of a higher order of merit, and will doubtless be so on this occasion.

## EASTERN ONTARIO.

The Presbytery of Kingston met there on the 8th inst. The attendance was small. The induction of Mr. McInnes takes place at Harrowsmith on the 10th inst. Mr. Laidlaw called attention to securing larger contributions to Knox College, Toronto. The Presbytery agreed to this. Rev. James Wallace, Lindsay, representing the Home Mission Committee of Synod, addressed the Presbytery on the duty of obtaining larger support to this important scheme of the church. The Presbytery resolved to ask ministers and sessions directly and earnestly to bring this subject before their congregations with the distinct view of securing larger funds for the object. Dr. McTevisch agreed to defer his motion for the division of Presbytery to a fuller meeting in March next. Several subjects remitted to Presbyteries by the General Assembly were considered.

Help the Publisher to the enjoyment of this holiday season by remitting your subscription for the ensuing year. If the printed label on your paper indicates arrears, pay a postal note and forward to this office at once. At this season of the year the money will be specially welcome.

"My Dogs in the North Land," by Egeron R. Young (Toronto: The Musson Book Company). This is one of the Musson popular "Canada" series, and the average boy or girl will peruse these chapters with keen and sympathetic interest. Mr. Young writes about "My Dogs" as if they were familiar friends—and doubtless they are. A wholesome book to place in a Sunday school library, and an appropriate Christmas Gift. Price 75c.

The well-known publishing house of Cassell & Company, London, Toronto and Melbourne, on bringing out in the People's Library a series of standard books marvellously cheap, looking at the quality of paper, printing and binding. The volumes are handy in size. This is brought about not by using small type but by printing on good thin paper. Thus such books as Scott's Ivanhoe, or Samuel Lover's Handy Andy, are got into a small compass, while giving a clear, bold type that even the aged will find it a pleasure to read. The published volumes in this series has already reached beyond 100, and new volumes are being constantly issued from the press. It would be almost impossible to name a standard author not represented in this library—Carlyle, Macaulay, Kingsley, Darwin, Ruskin, Dickens, Burns, Elliot, Austen, Thackeray, Bunyan, Browning, Tennyson, Stevenson, etc., etc. But you had better write for a catalogue.

## WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. R. Thynne, who recently resigned the charge of Underwood, is now residing at Palmerston.

The Presbyterian congregation, Callander, has extended a unanimous call to the Rev. R. Drinnan of Roseau.

Rev. A. E. Mitchell, of Knox church, Hamilton, alleges that the citizens spend \$12,000 per week on amusements.

Rev. J. R. Hall, of St. Paul's church, Sarnia, has been elected president of the Port Huron and Sarnia Ministerial Association.

Rev. D. J. Graham, pastor of the MacVicar Memorial church, Montreal, has been suffering from a bad attack of pleurisy, but is now recovering.

The Ladies' Aid of Knox Church, Galt, are to be congratulated on the success of their bazaar, the proceeds of which were \$582, which will be donated to the Sunday School Building Fund.

Knox church, Listowel, recently held a most enjoyable banquet for men. The laymen's missionary movement was discussed. A resolution was passed to raise \$1,000 as Knox church's contribution to the movement.

Acton Free Press: Rev. J. C. Wilson, B.A., preached anniversary sermons at Drayton last Sunday. Rev. W. J. McNamara, of Drayton, occupied the pulpit of Knox church very acceptably in the morning. In the evening the congregation attended the anniversary services in the Methodist church.

Members of The Banks church met at "Mountain Home," the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Malcolm, and presented Rev. Alfred McFarlane, who had just resigned the pastorate, with an address accompanied with a handsome gold watch and fob. Mr. McFarlane responded in happy terms, and the evening was pleasantly spent listening to a programme of vocal and instrumental music, interspersed by short speeches. Mr. Samuel Graham presided.

The new Presbyterian congregation in Rosedale, Toronto, organized a little over a year ago, has decided to extend a call to Rev. D. Strachan, of Brookville, to be the first minister. Mrs. Strachan is a daughter of the late Dr. John Thompson, of Sarnia, and both Mr. and Mrs. Strachan will find an ample and encouraging field for their activities. The next move will be to provide a church edifice.

A little over a year ago the session of New St. James Church, London, opened a Sunday school at Knollwood Park. Ever since that time a regular Sabbath school session has been conducted each Sunday afternoon by some five or six workers from New St. James' Church. Last summer the Presbyterian Council empowered a committee, consisting of W. T. Brown, Walter Bell and Dr. Merchant, to purchase a lot at the corner of Oxford and Quebec streets, and to put thereon a suitable building for the needs of the district. The work of the committee has been completed, and on a recent Sabbath the new structure was opened. The attendance was very large, many having to stand throughout the service. The pastor of New St. James' presided; Rev. J. G. Stuart, of South London, read the Scripture lesson, and Rev. Archibald Stewart offered the prayer of dedication. Rev. John Gibbon Inkster, B.A., of the First Church, preached a most appropriate and very much enjoyed sermon upon responsibility, taking his suggestions from the life of Gideon. "You may run away from your task," said the preacher, "but God will not run with you. He stands by it." The entire service was uplifting.

## REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

The Web of Time, by Robert E. Knowles, The Upper Canada Tract Society, price \$1.50. Our esteemed contributor, "J. B. H.," gave an appreciative notice of the Web of Time in the Dominion Presbyterian of the 2nd inst. Of the author an American writer says: He knows and loves and understands men. He writes with marvelous insight into human nature, and with a very tender and discerning sympathy. He appeals to the best, and not to the worst that is in the reader, and he moves him alternately to laughter and to tears." All of which is well said and quite true. The book is having a large sale.

The Cross in Christian Experience, by W. M. Clow, B.D.; Toronto: The Upper Canada Tract Society, price \$1.50. A most readable book on a great theme. Not a book of sermons, as the author tells us, but a "series of addresses arranged so as to present the Atonement as a faithful saying and worthy of all acceptance." "There is nothing more needed at present," says the Scottish Review, "than such a statement of 'The Atonement' as will commend itself to the modern mind and heart. Mr. Clow writes very effectively. 'The Cross in Christian Experience,' is a vital and most valuable book. It is 'modern' in the best sense, while upholding 'the one faith'; and we cordially wish it a large number of readers among ministers and people.

The Story of Old Kingston, by Agnes Maule Machar (Toronto: the Musson Book Company), will still further advance the reputation of the author as an accurate and painstaking writer. Commencing with the founding of Fort Frontenac in July, 1673, through successive chapters, the history of "Old Kingston" is for the first time presented as a connected whole, and as it is so interwoven with that of the country, the background of contemporary events has been indicated in the following pages sufficiently to make the story they contain intelligible to readers who may not be familiar with its past history. But as the "Story" is of "Old Kingston," the persons and events of the present generation have not been touched upon, except so far as was necessary to complete the story of the past." The volume is well printed, handsomely bound and illustrated by numerous engravings. "Old Kingston" will make an attractive present at this season of the year.

Within the past twenty years Mr. W. M. MacKeracher, M.A., has been a frequent contributor of verse to the press of Canada, many of his productions finding a welcome place in the Dominion Presbyterian and the Montreal Witness. Under the title "Canada, My Land," a small volume containing a few of these poems has been published by William Briggs, of Toronto. We can only find room for a single specimen verse just now, but will return to the subject on some future occasion. Here is the closing verse of an Address to Canada:

"Eternal blessing rest upon thy head!  
Abounding plenty heap thy board with bread!  
Justice and Peace upon thy steps attend,  
And Virtue be thy Guardian and thy friend!  
And Righteousness, like thine own  
Maple tree,  
Flourish and rear her shelter over thee,  
O Canada, my country and my love."

## DEALING WITH IMPURITY IN POLITICS.

## Prince Edward Island.

In August last it was my privilege to share in organizing a Moral and Social Reform Council for Prince Edward Island. This Council organized local councils in the different counties. These appealed to the clergy throughout the Province to preach upon the subject of Political Impurity; had distributed, through the press and otherwise, full information about the election law; sent speakers to the various political meetings that were held to press upon the electors and election workers the peril and crime of irregularities of various kinds, and appealing to them to use every endeavor to prevent all bribery and corruption.

Mr. T. C. James, of Charlottetown, secretary of the council, writes as follows of the results:—

"Looking at the results, the universal testimony from all quarters, and from both parties, is that the late election was the purest in the history of the province. With very few exceptions the polling was conducted with perfect order, and there was a marked absence of drunkenness in almost all districts. At several railway stations liquor, which had been shipped out before polling day, was left unclaimed, and after election was shipped back to the place from which it had been sent out, unopened.

"While it is not claimed that there was absolute freedom from corrupt and improper practices, the workers for electoral purity have reason to congratulate themselves and the province on the results secured, and on the universal testimony that to the council, and its allied forces, the marked improvement in the last campaign is due."

The friends of political purity throughout Canada will be glad to read this encouraging report from Mr. James, demonstrating as it does the possible influence of an organization like the Moral and Social Reform Council, even though it resorts only to educational methods in its efforts to promote political purity.—J. G. SHEARER.

Study Style. Writing is not literature unless it gives to the reader a pleasure which arises not only from the things said, but from the way in which they are said; and that pleasure is only given when the words are carefully, or curiously or beautifully put together into sentences.—Stafford Brooke.

"The Old Loyalist," by Allan Ross Davis, (Toronto: William Briggs.) We fancy this is the first literary venture of Mr. Davis, who, however, tells his story in such a manner as will keep the reader's attention from start to finish. The scene of the narrative is laid in the picturesque Bay of Quinte, and the date towards the class of the year 1865. We are at once introduced to the home of Squire Clinton, the old loyalist, who, with his wife, three boys and two girls and a faithful servant, Quinte Brown, make up the household. A good deal of interest centres in the discovery of a Fenian plot to invade Canada from Oswego, and in dealing with this part of the story the reader gets glimpses of Attorney-General Macdonald, who was a prime favorite with all parties in that part of Canada, so largely settled by U. E. Loyalists, as well as of the social life of the people. Among the actors are a Canadian Pacific Railway contractor, a civil engineer, and an attractive trained nurse, who plays an important part in the development of the story. A mysterious black walnut box will claim the reader's attention; and what its contents did for the Clinton family will be ascertained on a perusal of the book.

## CHURCH UNION.

TORONTO, Dec. 11.—The joint committees of the Presbyterian, Methodist and Congregational churches, which has been discussing the details of the proposed united church, succeeded this afternoon, after a lively discussion, in framing a reply to the communication from the Anglican Church in Canada setting forth the conditions on which that body would consent to consider church union. The joint committee spent over an hour of arduous argument in wording the reply. The obstacle in the way of a union between the Anglican and the three other churches was the communication from that body which set forth the question of the 'Historic Episcopate.' The joint committee replies to this as follows:

"This committee regrets that it is unable to accede to this condition, but if the Church of England in Canada shows that it is willing to interpret the 'Historic Episcopate' in a liberal spirit and to meet the joint committee on a free and equal basis to explain its interpretation, the conference on church union will be glad to meet with the proper representatives."

The discussion of the report of the sub-committee on administration was finally brought in and adopted. It provides for common funds where practicable, separate trusts where this would be found inequitable, and safeguards for all claimants on the funds.

The finding of the committee will now be submitted to the supreme courts of the churches concerned, and by them to the lower court, and by the latter to the individual congregations, who will be asked to vote upon it. The hope was expressed that by the close of 1910, or the beginning of 1911, this process would be completed, and the organic union of the three churches would be an accomplished fact.

Principal Patrick, of Winnipeg, in an address following the decision expressed the opinion that it marked the greatest step in the religious world since the Reformation. Principal Gordon, of Queen's University, Kingston, moved a resolution, which was carried by a standing vote, expressing the thankfulness of the delegates at the happy result of the meeting, which then adjourned.

Nine students of the Bible Training School have recently left Toronto to engage in missionary service in foreign fields. Mr. George Sanderson has gone to Northern Nigeria; Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Austin are the first Canadian missionaries to the Indians of Peru; Miss E. Jaeger, now Mrs. T. E. Hitch, is to begin mission work in Japan; Miss Etta Leaper, now Mrs. Waters, will labor among the natives of Swaziland in South Africa; Miss Charlotte Varcoe and Miss Helen Reikie have just sailed from Vancouver for China; Miss Carrie Zimmerman has gone to India for service among the Telugus. Last week Miss Jessie Breckon sailed from New York to join a party of missionaries in England, who expect to labor in Central Africa. During the past twelve years more than eighty students of the Bible Training School have gone to foreign fields in every quarter of the globe in connection with the different evangelical denominations.

One of the best tributes to the life and worth of the late Rev. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) is that furnished by Principal Marcus Dods, who thus refers to the story of his life by Dr. Robertson Nicoll, the third edition of which has just been issued:—

"I have finished 'Ian Maclaren' not only with admiration but with a profound impression of his goodness. No book I have ever read has made me so ashamed of my own ministry. The book cannot fail to do much good, especially among ministers."

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Callander, Perthshire, school board refuse to provide for teaching Gaelic in the schools.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh laid the memorial stone of the Dairy Church of Scotland recently.

The Franco-British Exhibition which has closed, was visited by about 15,000,000 people.

A general temperance mission was opened in all the Belfast churches on Oct. 4 by the Capuchin Fathers.

Mr. J. M. Hamilton, the popular Scottish tenor, has left for a concert tour in the United States and Canada.

There is shortly to be erected in the Grange cemetery, Edinburgh, a monument to the memory of the late Dr. Guthrie.

Mr. Andrew Fisher, who is prime minister of Australia, is an Ayrshire man, and at one time worked with Mr. Keir Hardie as a miner.

At Liverpool Presbytery the Rev. Alex. Connel, of Sefton Park Church, was appointed moderator for the ensuing six months.

Gold, silver and lead mines are, it is said, to be worked extensively in the bleak district of Inishowen, Co. of Donegal, Ireland, overlooking the Atlantic.

The king will make more use of Balmoral as a residence than he has done hitherto. He has given orders for extensive alterations to be carried out there during the winter.

The Mormon "missionaries," who have for some time past been prosecuting a somewhat futile campaign in Ireland, have reached Omagh in search of converts.

The proportion of aged persons applying in the Western Highlands for old age pensions is the greatest in the kingdom. In one township one-half the population have applied.

Eight cattle belonging to Mr. Shiel, Cootehill, near Drogheda, were tied together by the tails, and in their struggles to free themselves five of the animals tore off portions of their tails.

Some improvements have recently been made at Holyrood Park, and the walls of the palace have received attention. Queen Mary's bath, close by, has been put into a state of thorough preservation.

The famous "Wishing Chair," from Dunluce Castle, Co. Antrim, has been sold to a friend of Mr. Pierpont Morgan for 200 guineas. Tradition has it that those troubled with a run of bad luck will leave it behind having once sat in it.

The erection of a statue of the Virgin and Child upon a baptismal font in St. Cuthbert's church recently formed the subject of grave discussion at the Edinburgh Presbytery. The ministers and Kirk session are to submit a written explanation of the innovation.

The Cullinan diamond, on the completion of its cutting, was presented to the King and Queen at Windsor Castle on Saturday. It has been split into many stones, the largest weighing 518 carats. In its original state it weighed a pound and a half.

In "John Horden," Mr. A. R. Blackland, M.A., tells the story of a missionary bishop's life on the shores of Hudson Bay where John Horden labored faithfully among the Indians for forty-two years. He was "faithful unto death." Toronto: The Mussion Book Company. Illustrated. Price 35 cts.

The history of the nations is not a record of the clash and conflict of forces, but of the steady sittings of a holy God working out his most wise purposes.—Anon.

## THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

**Christmas Pudding.**—One pound suet, one pound sugar, one pound flour, two pounds currants, two pounds raisins, one-half pound citron, eight eggs, one-half cup molasses, soda size of pea, dissolved in molasses, mace, nutmeg, cinnamon, and cloves to taste, wine-glass of brandy. Boil seven hours.

**Plump the Turkey.**—After a turkey or any fowl is all cleaned and stuffed lay it on a platter in the sink and pour a kettle of boiling hot water over it. It will puff up all over and be nice and plump, and remain so; also nice and juicy when done, not dry and tasteless, which is the case sometimes. Then proceed to season. Put it in a hot oven; also set a small dish of water in the oven to prevent the gravy from burning. This is simple, costs nothing, and every woman will be thankful when she sees the result if she tries it.

**Dressing for Turkey.**—One loaf stale bread crumbled finely, two fair-sized onions, chop very fine, summer savory (Pure Gold), two heaping teaspoons, two eggs well beaten, butter size of two eggs. Moisten with a little milk, add pepper and salt. Mix thoroughly before milk and egg is added.

**Christmas Cake.**—One pound butter, one pound sugar, one pound flour, two pounds currants, two pounds raisins, one-half pound citron, eight eggs, one-half cup molasses, soda size of pea dissolved in molasses, mace, nutmeg, cinnamon, and cloves to taste.

## CELERY CONSOMME.

Blanch the feet of two chickens and put in a soup kettle with necks, gizzards, livers, and tips of wings. Add one and one-half pounds knuckle of veal, cut in small pieces, three thin slices lean bacon, and two quarts cold water. Bring slowly to boiling point, and let simmer two hours, then add one-half cup carrot, cut in cubes, one-half cup onion, cut in slices, one-fourth cup turnip, cut in cubes, and one tablespoon salt. Again bring to boiling point, and let simmer four hours. Strain, cool, remove fat, and clear. Wash and scrape celery, then cut in thin slices; there should be one-half cup. Cook in a small quantity of stock until soft, drain, and add to hot consommé.

## FROZEN APPLES.

Wipe, pare, core, and cut ten apples in quarters. Put in a stew pan, sprinkle with sugar, and add a few grains salt. Cover with boiling water and cook until apples are soft, when water should be nearly evaporated. Rub through a sieve, and add two-thirds cup cider and the juice of one-half lemon. Freeze to a mush, and serve in cups made from bright red apples.

## CURRANT WAFERS.

Cream three-fourths cup butter and add, gradually, one-half cup sugar, continuing the beating; then add one egg well beaten, and two and one-fourth cups pastry flour. When well mixed, toss on a floured board, roll very thin, and shape with a small round cutter, first dipped in flour. Put on a tin sheet and garnish top of each with three currants. Bake in a slow oven until delicately browned.

Give a stubborn man his way and he will credit you with having good judgment.

If you wish to be miserable, think about yourself, about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch, you will make misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose.—Charles Kingsley.

## SPARKLES.

**Brown**—Have you a recommendation from your last employer?

**Chauffer**—No, sir; but I can get one in the course of a month or two.

**Brown**—Why the delay?

**Chauffer**—He's in the hospital.

Scene: Grammar class. Dialogue between teacher and Johnnie.

**Teacher**: What is the future of "he drinks?"

**Johnnie**: He is drunk.

**Susie**—Auntie, dear, are you an old maid?

**Auntie** (hesitatingly)—Certainly, Susie; but it is not nice of you to ask such a question.

**Susie**—Now, don't be vexed, auntie; I know it isn't your fault.

If you woke up in the night thirsty, what would you do? Look under the bed and find a spring.

What would you do for a light? Take a feather from the pillow, that's light enough.

What would you do in case of fire? Go to the window and watch the fire escape.

If hungry in the night, what would you do? Take a roll.

If you wished to write a letter? Take a sheet.

If you were feeling sad, what would you do? Look on the bed for a comforter.

"What's the good of Christmas, anyway?" a teasing beau of one of the young white misses asks of old Uncle Ned. The decrepit old dorky stares at him in wonder.

"De good o' Chris'mus!" he says slowly. "Why, man, an't you nubbu read de Good Book o'-de beeginnin' o' Chris'mus? Chris'mus is de holiday time o' joy, de foahsas' e o' de holiday Eternal!"

## A CONTEST OF EXPERTS.

Ian MacLaren used to tell a story of two Scots worthies, douce elders of the Kirk, who found themselves alone in the compartment of a railway carriage travelling in Perthshire; and thrown upon each other for company, they fastened on a knotty point in theology to beguile the time. The subject of controversy was whether a man is saved by faith or works. The discussion became heated, and the train drew up at the destination of one of the debaters not a moment too soon. Loath to give up the argument, they continued to wrangle until the train began to move out of the station, and the discharged passenger had to run along the platform to eke out the precious moments left for a last word. The subject seemed to hang fire for a perilous moment—the train was accelerating its speed—when back from the figure leaning far out of the carriage window came the cry: "Hebrews—ten—thirty-eight!" ("The just shall live by faith.") Quick as lightning the other lunged after the receding Antinomian: "James—first—twenty-four!" ("By works a man is justified, and not by faith only.")

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## SLIPS IN ENGLISH.

It is said that a teacher at Wellesley College has prepared for the benefit of her students the following list of "words, phrases and expressions to be avoided":

"Guess" for "suppose" or "think."

"Fix" for "arrange" or "prepare."

"Ride" and "drive" interchangeable. (Americanism.)

"Real" as an adverb in expressions—"real good" for "really" or "very good," et cetera.

"Some" or "any" in an adverbial sense, for example: "I have studied some" for "somewhat;" "I have not studied any" for "at all."

"Some" ten days for "about" ten days. Not "as I know" for "that" I know.

"Storms" for it "rains" or "snows" moderately.

"Try" an experiment for "make" an experiment.

Singular subject with contracted plural verb, for example: "She don't skate well."

Plural pronoun with singular antecedent: Every "man" or "woman" do "their" duty, or if you look "anyone" straight in the face "they" will flinch.

"Expect" for "suspect."

"First rate" as an adverb.

"Nice" indiscriminately.

"Had" rather for "would" rather.

"Right away" for "immediately."

"Party" for "person."

"Promise" for "assure."

"Posted" for "informed."

"Post graduate" for "graduate."

"Depot" for "station."

Try "and" go for try "to" go.

Try "and" do for try "to" do.

"Cunning" for "smart," "dainty."

"Cute" for "acute."

"Funny" for "odd" or "unusual."

"More than" for "beyond."

Does it look "good" enough for "well" enough.

The matter "of" for the matter "with."

"I like" I do for "as" I do.

Not "as good" as for not "so good" as.

Feel "badly" for feel "bad."

Feel "good" for feel "well."

"Between" seven for "among" seven.

Seldom "or" ever for seldom "if" ever or "seldom or never."

Taste and smell "of" when used transitively.

More than you think "for" for more than you think.

"These" kind for "this" kind.

"Nicely" in response to an inquiry.

"Healthy" for "wholesome."

Just "as soon" for just "as lief."

"Kind of," to indicate a moderate degree.

## HELPING SOMEBODY.

A beautiful story is told about Sir Bartle, an English nobleman who was once the governor of Bombay in India, and of Cape Colony in Africa.

He went away from his home on a trip, and on his return his wife went down to the railroad station to meet him. She took with her a servant, who had never seen her husband. When they arrived at the railroad station she said to the servant, "Now you must go and look for Sir Bartle."

"But how shall I know him?" asked the servant.

"Oh," answered the lady, "look for a tall gentleman helping somebody."

The answer was sufficient, for when the servant went to look for Sir Bartle he found a tall man helping an old lady from the car, and this tall man proved to be Sir Bartle himself.

There is an example here which every girl and boy would do well to follow.

Christmas is the children's day. And how it has transformed childhood wherever it is celebrated! We hear echoing through the Christmas songs the Saviour's "Suffer all little children."

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12.20 p.m.	Tupper Lake	9.25 a.m.
4.57 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.
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*Herald and Presbyter.*

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Department of Railway and Canals,  
Canada.

TRENT CANAL  
LINDSAY SECTION.

#### NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed, "Tender for Trent Canal," will be received at this office until 16 o'clock on Tuesday, 17th November, 1908, for the works connected with the construction of the Lindsay Section of the Canal.

Plans, specifications, and the form of the contract to be entered into, can be seen on and after the 19th October, 1908, at the office of the Chief Engineer of the Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, and at the office of the Superintending Engineer, Trent Canal, Peterboro, Ont., at which places forms of tender may be obtained.

Parties tendering will be required to accept the fair wages Schedule prepared or to be prepared by the Department of Labor, which Schedule will form part of the contract.

Contractors are requested to bear in mind that tenders will not be considered unless made strictly in accordance with the printed forms, and in the case of firms, unless there are attached the actual signatures, the nature of the occupation, and place of residence of each member of the firm.

An accepted bank cheque for the sum of \$10,000.00 must accompany each tender, which sum will be forfeited if the party tendering declines entering into contract for the work at the rates stated in the offer submitted.

The cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective contractors whose tenders are not accepted.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

By Order,

L. K. JONES,  
Secretary.

Department of Railways & Canals,  
Ottawa, 17th October, 1908.



SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Supply of Electric Light Fixtures for the addition to the Parliament Building, Ottawa," will be received until 4.00 p.m., Friday, December 18, 1908, for the supply of the fixtures mentioned.

Plans and specification can be seen on application to Mr. C. Desjardins, Clerk of Works, Post Office, Montreal, and at this department, where all necessary information can be obtained.

By Order,

NAPOLEON TESSIER,  
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, December 11, 1908.

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

## 500 ACRES IN NURSERY STOCK

AGENTS wanted at once to sell for Fall 1908 and Spring 1909 delivery; whole or part time; liberal terms; outfit free.

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Practical addresses to the young men and women of the Northfield Conferences. By Robt. E. Speer - \$1.00 net

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Containing Chapters on "Love's Supreme Disclosure," "Love in Four Dimensions," "Jesus the one Mediator," etc. By W. M. Clow, D.D. - \$1.50

**Bethlehem to Olivet**  
The Life of Christ, Illustrated by Modern Painters. By Rev. J. R. Millar, - \$1.25

**Go Forward**  
By J. R. Millar, D.D., Paper. A new booklet illustrated in colors - 30c. net

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Containing twelve chapters on "Marred Vessels re-made" "Love made Perfect" "Temptation and Victory," etc. By J. Stuart Holden - 70c.

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A Christmas Booklet by Ralph Connor, Illustrated in Colors by Cyrus Cuneo, 25c. net

**The Soul of Dominic Wildthorne**  
By Joseph Hocking - \$1.25

**The Harvest of Moloch**  
A strong story, original in plot and of intense dramatic interest. By Mrs. J. K. Lawson - \$1.25

**The Web of Time**  
By Rev. R. E. Knowles - \$1.25

**The Trail of the Lonesome Pine**  
By John Fox, Jr., author of "The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come," - \$1.25

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**The LIVING AGE CO.**  
6 BEACON STREET BOSTON, MASS.



## Synopsis of Canadian North-West.

### HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

A NY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district in which the land is situated. Entry by proxy, may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother, or sister of an intending homesteader.

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

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming and owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself must notify the agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.



SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Residence Chief Astronomer, Royal Observatory, Ottawa, Ont.," will be received at this office until 4.00 p.m. on Saturday, November 28, 1908, for Residence Chief Astronomer, Royal Observatory, Experimental Farm, Ottawa, Ont.

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

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

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fall 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,

NAPOLEON TESSIER,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works,

Ottawa, November 6, 1908.

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