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Dr. Newman Hall has recovered from his recent indisposition.

Only four students have entered the Divinity Hall of Aberdeen University this season.

The congregation of Cults, Aberdeenshire (Rev. Hugh Morrison), has decided to build a new church.

The centenary of Count von Moltke will be celebrated on Oct. 25th, 1910, the 100th anniversary of his birth.

On and after November 1 the maximum size of private post-cards in Britain will be raised to 2½ inches by 3½.

A new Norwegian flag no longer bears the symbol of union with Sweden. It is regarded as a step towards separation.

Kirkcaldy Presbytery recommends that the name of the United Church should be the "Presbyterian Church of Scotland."

The census of Havana is now estimated at 224,000. This is 6,000 less than the population shown by the Spanish census taken before the war.

Dr. Hutchinson, of Bonnington, has been appointed to conduct the classes of the late Professor Bruce in Glasgow College during the ensuing session.

Anderski, the pianist, is to give a recital in London for the benefit of the fund for the families of English families who have gone to the Transvaal.

The employees of an American railway have been ordered henceforth to use the word "Madam," instead of "Lady," when addressing female passengers.

A new church for a new congregation has been opened at Woodvale, Belfast, by the Moderator of Assembly. The church will seat 1,000, and will cost £5,000.

There are now six vacant pulpits in the London, England, Presbytery North: Muswell Hill, Willesden, Wembley, Reading, (Caversham road), Millwall and East India road.

Dr. Cuyler is lamenting the falling-off of candidates for the Presbyterian ministry. Five years ago the number of students preparing for the pulpit was 959; last year it was only 787.

George A. Kruger, of Chicago, nephew of President Kruger, and Miss Berta Buck, of Chicago, were married at Sandwich, Ont., recently, because he wished to avoid yellow journal notice in the "Windy City."

Egremont congregation, Liverpool, have decided to call the Rev. James G. Gould, M.A., of Dumbarton. The pulpit has been vacant owing to the resignation of Dr. Muir, and the translation of Rev. Armstrong Black to Toronto.

The Rev. Dr. James McGregor was met last week by St. Cuthbert's congregation, Edinburgh, and presented with his portrait in oils and a cheque for £300, in recognition of over twenty-five years successful ministry among them.

The annual conference was held recently (at Forties) of the four Northern Presbyteries of the United Presbyterian Church. Among other speakers were Rev. Dr. Walton (Aberdeen), on "Present Need of Revival;" Rev. Eaton Ogilvie (Roschearty), on "Personal Consecration;" Rev. Matthew Leithman (Lossiemouth) and Rev. Mr. Rogerson (Banff) spoke on Home Work; and Rev. Mr. Martin (Buckie) and Mr. Thomas Strachan (Aberdeen) on Foreign Missions. At a public meeting on Tuesday evening Rev. Mr. Stirling (Kaffaria), and Mr. William J. Sloman (Glasgow) gave addresses on Foreign Missions; while Rev. Dr. John Smith (Edinburgh) spoke on "Some Reasons for Enthusiasm about Church Union."

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Note and Comment

The total number of people on relief works in India now exceeds half a million.

Like many other famous men of action, Sir Redvers Buller is a man of few words, and not given to explanations.

In a single week recently Miss Helen Gould received 600 begging letters, in which the total amount asked for was £203,001.

Last year 25,000 persons were killed by wild animals in India. Tigers were responsible for about 1,000 deaths, and many were devoured by man-eating wolves.

Mr. J. M. Barrie has completed the sequel to his "Sentimental Tommy." It is to be called "Tommy and Grizel," and its opening chapters will appear in the January Scribner.

The *modus vivendi* established with France expires in January, and a member of the Newfoundland Government is quoted as saying it will not be renewed, adding that definite Imperial action must be taken in the near future.

At no previous time when Great Britain was involved in war was there such hearty, benevolent and patriotic action displayed for the care of soldiers' families and the comfort of the men in the field by both Government and people as at present.

Excluding the two capitals, there is not a single city in the whole of Russia, properly so called, which would be deemed a large town in Britain. Only twenty have a population exceeding 50,000, and only 150 count more than 10,000 inhabitants.

Princess Beatrice, says "Cassell's Journal," is the greatest photograph collector in England. She has 300 photographs placed about her various rooms, while she has thousands stored away. She has been an assiduous collector of them since she was a child.

Recent fogs in London, though dense, have not been of the proverbial pea soup hue. The *Lancet* thinks that this may be the result of "the strong measures taken during the year to abate the smoking nuisance," which have made the air of London cleaner.

One of the special correspondents of the *London Mail* in South Africa is a woman—Lady Sarah Wilson, aunt of the Duke of Marlborough. Recent despatches from Cape Town tell of a journey of 200 miles from Mafeking, made by her on horseback in an attempt to get news for her journal.

The German navy is to be doubled in the next seventeen years, according to a scheme just published by the German Emperor. The cost will be from three to four million sterling per annum. The reason is stated to be German dread of the Anglo-American alliance.

The Queen, when visiting Bristol this month, will be accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, Princess Christian and Princess Beatrice. Her Majesty sent £100 to the father of the young Frenchman who was accidentally shot dead by a British gunboat.

It will be of interest to Canadians to know that President Kruger's private medical adviser is a Canadian, Paul Gillespie, who practiced in Streetsville for a few months about 8 years ago, going from there to Pen-tanguishene and later to the Transvaal. Dr. Gillespie is also a Presbyterian.

The Michigan Presbyterian notices that in the city churches the very cream of the membership has been trained in country or village churches. Therefore, both from gratitude and self-interest, city churches should help support country churches. On the same principle rich suburban churches should help the depleted down-town churches.

During the war special prayers are offered up in the Queen's household for the preservation of the British army, and though her Majesty does not join in the public prayers in ordinary circumstances, she is always present for those which are said during troublous times. It is Princess Beatrice who has read the prayers in the Queen's palaces for years.

The Independent comments on the respective attitudes of two prominent Presbyterian churches in New York. They are both seeking new pastors, but "The Fifth Avenue Church has given, apparently, scarcely a thought to an American. Its committee have canvassed Great Britain and Ireland." On the other hand, it is said, that the Brick Church congregation will look for an American.

In certain parts of Sweden, where the most absolute confidence is reposed in the honesty of the people, a very informal postal system is in vogue. As the mail steamer reaches a landing place a man goes ashore with the letters, which he places in an unlocked box on the pier. Then, when a person expects a letter he opens the box, turns over the letters and selects his own, unquestioned by anyone.

In the *African Review* the story is told of a little girl and some Boers. One or two of the Boers were walking up and down the corridor of a railway carriage singing some doggerel about the prowess of the Boers and the ease with which they had thrashed the Englishmen. It was distinctly provocative—intended to be. "Mother," said one of my little girls, springing to her feet—"mother, do let us sing 'God Save the Queen!'"

The *London Lancet* gives an account of an instrument called the *neutone* for applying a gentle electric current to the skin. The apparatus is contained on a base plate, at the bottom of which are mounted the two electrodes which are applied to the skin. They consist of polished metal plates $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches long by 1 inch wide with a suitable gap between. The batteries are connected to the apparatus with a flexible cord. It is held in the hand and moved over the affected places about the same way a flat iron is used in ironing clothes. The current can be varied to suit the different requirements of the patients by a regulator on the base.

A two days' conference, arranged by the Church of Scotland, has been held in Inverness. It was the outcome of a proposal made by the Home Mission, Christian Life and Work, and Highland Committees, and cordially approved by the General Assembly. At the opening service, which was largely attended, Rev. Dr. Pagan preached from "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord," and gave an instructive address.

Principal Hutton, in opening the session of the U. P. Theological Hall, Edinburgh, pointed out that ecclesiastical union was useless without a deeper and inward unity of the Christian spirit, and declares that the leading barriers to co-operative, and still more to incorporate Christian unity, were those erected by priesthood and sacerdotal claims and practice, of which Romanism was the chief source and example, followed by an imitative Anglicanism.

In France it is common for the children to have a bank account. In the common schools the pupils deposit with their teachers from one sou upward and a representative of the savings bank comes around once a month to collect these little hoards. Nearly every parent endeavors to make provision for starting his children in the world—a marriage portion for the girls and an education for the boys by which they can earn a livelihood.

There are many antiquities now on view at Ephesus, having been unearthed by the excavation of the Austrians. A great theatre has been dug out, the whole of the columns of the proscenium and the passage and anteroom, with mosaic pavements, have been opened up and work is going on still in the upper portions of the theatre. In the street in front are the marks of chariot wheels along the pavement. There are also the whole series of buildings behind and underneath the gymnasium, including marble water troughs, sculptured with oak and oak wreaths and fine marble doorways in situ. A semi-circular marble portico with its steps, which occupy the whole east side of the harbor is now being excavated. It is believed St. Paul landed at these steps.

It is difficult to listen with patience to the arguments of Ritualists, says Prof. Goldwin Smith, who contend that Transubstantiation, the Mass, and the Confessional have as historical and legal standing in the English Church. What drove Newman and the other leaders of the Tractarian movement out of the Church of England into the Church of Rome but the conviction, at which they most reluctantly arrived, that in the Church of England there was no standing ground for their system? After the series of religious revolutions and counter-revolutions which filled the years between the Secession of Henry VIII. from the Papacy and the settlement of Elizabeth, some relics of the old phraseology and the old ceremonial were pretty sure to be left and to afford openings for ingenious interpretation. But is the character of a spiritual body to be determined by ingenious interpretations? That the Church of England was Protestant down to the time that the Tractarian movement commenced can be disputed by no decently informed and honest man. The people of England, unless they have undergone a miraculous change, will resist the conversion of a public establishment into an engine for restoring medieval superstitions and the priestly domination of the dark ages. Kensit would have been powerless if he had not had a strong body of opinion behind him.

Our Young People

Thanksgiving Meeting.

Topic for November 26.—“Our return for thn Lord's benefits.”—Ps 116: 12-19.

Thanksgiving.

BY WOODFORD.

The verbs “think” and “thank” are from the same root; the actions are also closely allied. Those who “exercise the power of thought” will make acknowledgment of gratitude for benefits, favors, or kindnesses. There will not be many in our Canadian C. E. Societies, who, although Thanksgiving Day for the Dominion has been observed, if they care to think, will not find much to interest them in a second consideration of a Thanksgiving Topic.

TOPIC.—What definite answer will those who study their topic give to the question in v. 12 of this reading? In the daily readings that follow a clear line of thought is suggested, showing that our returns for all our benefits ought to be to God for His favors to individuals, to the church, to the nation. When the first has been thought out, and the blessings to the individual, the church, the nation outlined there may well follow papers on giving of thanks by word and by life.

MONDAY.—Thanksgiving is to be to God for we ourselves are not our own but His. And from Him cometh down every good and perfect gift. He made us to be capable of receiving, appreciating, and using these good gifts. His mercy and faithfulness are shown alike in our creation, redemption, and sanctification. In His works God hides Himself, in the multitude of His good works, as the stalks of some rose trees are themselves hidden by the profusion of bloom. This reading seeks for recognition of Him in and behind these manifestations of His love so that all our gratitude to nature, to nation, to father, to mother, to companion, to friend: could be thanksgiving to Him. In the alchemy of piety all our joy may be turned into gratitude.

TUESDAY.—Think carefully before going to the meeting of the works and acts, the greatness, goodness, and righteousness, the tender mercies, the longsuffering, the mercy, the glory of the kingdom, the power, the raising, the sustaining power of God, His open-handedness, how gracious He is in all His works, how high He is to all who call upon Him in truth. One great cause of our insensibility to the goodness of the Creator is the very extensiveness of His bounty. Think how God has shown Himself to you in all the ways spoken of in this psalm, and see if your mouth shall not also speak the praise of the Lord, and that in such a way that your doing of the same will in some way be the means of bringing all flesh to glory in His holy name.

WEDNESDAY.—The joy of the whole earth, as that is the Lord's, is in the

church of God; the salt of the earth and the light of the world are the saints of God. The palaces of the church have at times been the dens and caves of the earth, but there as much as elsewhere God has made Himself known for a refuge. Kings and rulers have taken counsel against her, but their counsels came to nought, for it is written: “The gates of hell shall not prevail against her.” Who can outline God's favors to the Presbyterian church in Canada during the past year, in connection with our congregational work, our home and foreign missions, the inspiration rousing us to shoulder-to-shoulder support in the matter of the Century Fund? What shall we return unto the Lord for all these benefits?

THURSDAY.—Plans were formed last year for the nation, some bad, some good. Some of both fell through, not all of either. But since it is righteousness which alone exalteth a nation it is good that the bad miscarried; and because God standeth behind the shadow keeping watch above His own we know that if we continue to put our trust in Him He will make all that is bad to miscarry and prosper what is right now and forever. For all gifts then, all overruling, all inspiration resulting in spiritual uplifting let us thank God—as also deplore all abuse of His mercies there has been in our natural life.

FRIDAY.—If it has been thought out why our acknowledgement of favors is due to God, and the facts calling for thanksgiving have been clearly outlined it is now in order to consider how we ought to express our thanks. Let us speak our thanks to God then for His goodness, and cry unto Him in our trouble that He may deliver us out of our distresses. Forget not His promise that He will satisfy the longing soul, and fill the hungry soul with good. It shall indeed be good for us to think so carefully that we shall be able to put in words a certain measure of thanks for some of the innumerable blessings He has bestowed upon us.

SATURDAY.—There is the danger of course of approaching Him with our lips while our hearts are far from Him. It is possible for people to content themselves with saying “Lord, Lord” and not seeking above all to do the will of the Father in Heaven. Such a life as is set forth in this Psalm is true thanksgiving—saying and doing are both alike the expression of a regenerate nature.

Who knows? God knows, and what He knows
Is well and best.
The darkness hideth not from Him, but glows
Clear as the morning or the evening rose
Of east or west.

—Christina Rossetti.

Missing Praise.

It is said that once when Sir Michael Costa was having a rehearsal, with a vast array of performers and hundreds of voices as the mighty chorus rang out with thunder of the organ and roll of drums and ringing horns and cymbals clashing, some one man who played the piccolo far away up in some corner said without himself, “In all this din it matters not what I do;” and so he ceased to play. Suddenly the great conductor stopped, flung up his hands, and all was still, and then he cried aloud, “Where is the piccolo?” The quick ear missed it, and all was spoiled because it failed to take its part.

O my soul do thy part with all thy might! Little thou mayst be, insignificant and hidden, and yet God seeks thy praise. He listens for it, and all the music of His great universe is made richer and sweeter because thou givest Him thanks. Bless the Lord, O my soul
—Mark Guy Pearse.

Thanking God First.

The conduct of men in great emergencies often rebukes the ingratitude and lack of self-control in every-day life. Nansen's countryman, Dr. Sven Hedin, after suffering from hunger and thirst for hours in unexplored Asia, found a large pool of clear water. “I thanked God first,” says he, “and then I felt my pulse. I wanted to see the effect that drinking would have on it. Then I drank.” Religion and science, in the face of the imperious demands of the physical nature thus asserted their controlling power.—
The Youth's Companion.

Hints for Talks and Testimonies.

How is it possible in everything to give thanks? What are some of the Lord's benefits that we are most likely to overlook?

What reasons are there for giving thanks?

What are some of the causes that will prevent thankfulness?

What connection is there between gratitude to man and gratitude to God?

How is thankfulness connected with other Christian graces?

How does recognizing God's benefits add to one's joy?

In what way does God expect us to make return for His benefits?

How may we make return to others for the Lord's benefits to us?

What are tests of sincere thanksgiving?

For Daily Reading.

Mon., Nov. 20.—To God. Ps. 100: 1-5

Tues., Nov. 21.—For blessings to the individual. Ps. 145: 1-21

Wed., Nov. 22.—For blessings to the church. Ps. 48: 1-8; 97: 1-7

Thurs., Nov. 23.—For blessings to the nation. Ps. 124: 1-8

Fri., Nov. 24.—By word. Ps. 107: 1-9

Sat., Nov. 25.—By life. Ps. 15: 1-5

Sun., Nov. 27.—Topic. Our return for the Lord's benefits. Ps. 118: 12-19. (A thanksgiving meeting.)

Speaking upon the question of the decoration of St. Paul's Cathedral, at a meeting of the City Corporation, Mr. Morton said a great deal of money spent on the decorations had been wasted on High Church accessories utterly out of place in a Protestant cathedral.

For Dominion Presbyterian.

"Mother of God."

BY T. FENWICK.

This month's number of the "Presbyterian Record" has an article on "Rome in England," in which mention is made of Lord Halifax, a leader among the ritualists, advocating the use of the title "Mother of God" to the Virgin Mary. As is well known, it is one which Roman Catholics often give her. Let us examine it.

I have no doubt that to most of my readers, the views which I am about to express will be quite new and startling. Perhaps they will appear to them worthy of severe censure. I ask of them a calm consideration of what I shall say—which is not asking what is unreasonable.

It is quite true that we never find in the Bible the title "Mother of God." But do we ever find there any language like it? That is an important question. Now, what is meant by the expression "Mother of God?" As far as I have seen, Protestants invariably understand it as meaning that the Virgin Mary was the Mother of God, the same as Elizabeth was the mother of John the Baptist. Hence, they say: "God has His being of Himself; therefore, He could not be born of anyone. Therefore, to call any one His mother, is alike absurd and blasphemous." Intelligent Roman Catholics do not use the expression in the sense stated. But in what other meaning can we understand it? Theologians have a term "koinonia idiomaton" to describe the closeness of the union of the human nature and the divine natures in Christ, on account of which, in Scripture, sometimes that is affirmed of the one which is properly true only of the other. Of this we shall presently have illustrations. I believe, therefore, that intelligent Roman Catholics, by the term "Mother of God," mean that the "Virgin Mary" was the mother, as regards the humanity, of Him who was also "very God." Let us now consider like expressions which we find in Scripture.

The angel Gabriel really called her the "Mother of God," though not in these very words. Luke tells us that he said to her: "Thou shalt bring forth a son, He shall be called the Son of the Highest." That is, he whose mother thou shalt be, shall be so called. But Christ is the Son of the Highest only as God. He further said to her: "That holy thing which shall be born of thee" (that is, whose mother thou shalt be) "shall be called the son of God." Christ is the Son of God only in His divine nature. The Jews rightly maintained that Christ by saying that God was His Father, made Himself equal with God. Elizabeth also really called the Virgin Mary the "Mother of God," though not in these very words. She addresses her as "the mother of my Lord." Only as God was Christ Elizabeth's Lord. Peter said to the Jews that they had killed the "Prince of Life." Christ was such only as God. Therefore, as such, He could no more be killed than He could be born. Paul says that the princes of this world crucified the "Lord of glory." What I have just said on the words of Peter is equally true here.

The views which I have expressed above are, no doubt, as I have already said, quite new to my readers. No

doubt, also, many will look on me as defending the Romanists in their use of an expression which to them appears alike absurd and blasphemous. For my own part I never apply the title "Mother of God" to the Virgin Mary. I shrink from doing so. But I wish to show what can be said in defence of the use of it. We should be willing to listen to what can be said in defence of even an infidel. It seems to me that one like, for example, Bernard of Clairvaux, might, in imitation of such Scriptural expressions as those which I have quoted, apply with very becoming feelings, the title "Mother of God" to the Virgin Mary, even though the use of it may not be commendable.

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BY GEO. W. ARMSTRONG.

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Read through Time's successive ages,
On each revolving sphere;
Written in characters divine,
Sun, moon and stars are words that shine,
Writings of God most clear.

They tell of power, of wisdom great,
Of universe of vast estate,
Incredible the lines;
And every planet that we view,
Set in ethereal vellum blue,
Are hieroglyphic signs.

The same great book we also read,
In plant and fruit and flowery mead,
And verdure's emerald shade;
Which are to earth as stars to heaven,
Rich jewels by our Father given,
On every hill and glade.

When Nature's book we read aright,
And faith is coupled with the sight,
Each page reveals our God;
Great, mighty, wise in all His ways,
Fit object of our highest praise,
Beneficent and good.

London, Ont.

All the Same.

In a New England poem which has become one of the classics of the school-room, a dear little child "hates to go above" her school-mate, and gives as her reason: "Because, you see, I love you."

The incident was lately repeated in a class of children in China, one of whom was able to make the Golden Rule his guide in a trying situation.

The youngest of the children had, by hard study, contrived to keep his place so long that he seemed to claim it by right of possession. Growing self-confident, he missed a word, which was immediately spelled by the boy standing next him. The face of the victor expressed the triumph he felt, yet he made no move toward taking the place, and when urged to do so, firmly refused, saying, "No, me not go; me not make Ah Fun's heart sorry."

That little act implied great self-denial, yet it was done so thoughtfully and kindly that spontaneously from several lips came the quick remark: "He do all same as Jesus' Golden Rule."—The Gleaner.

Brethren, we are all sailing home; and by and by, when we are not thinking of it, some shadowy thing (men call it death), at midnight, will pass by, and will call us by name, and will say, "I have a message for you from home; God wants you; heaven waits for you.—H. W. Beecher.

Century Fund.

Further sub-criptions from ministers toward the Century Fund:

Rev. H. Edmison, Rothesay.....	\$ 50
" Dr. Falconer, Pictou.....	150
" J. L. Small, Keewatin.....	130
" D. V. Ross, St. George.....	25
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" A. B. McLeod, Valley Station, N.S.....	20
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" A. L. Geggie, Truro.....	100
" J. B. Mackan, Stewiacke.....	40
" M. Mahor, St. Andrew's, N.B.....	50
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" Dr. Thompson, Sarnia.....	500
" W. L. Atkinson, Innisfail, N.W.T.....	50
" James Gilchrist, Minden.....	10

626 subscriptions, amounting to..... \$62,718.00

A General Gordon Story.

During the Crimean war there was a sortie, and the Russians actually reached the English trench. Gordon stood on the parapet in great danger of his life, with nothing save his stick in his hand, encouraging the soldiers to drive out the Russians. "Gordon," they cried, "come down! You'll be killed!" But he took no notice, and a soldier who was near said: "It's all right; 'e don't mind being killed. 'E's one of those blessed Christians!"

Many are sick of evil without the courage to be well.

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Thursday, November 16th, 1899.

The perceptive faculties are sharpened by practice. We know a worthy brother who can detect a fault with unerring accuracy and swiftness, but the good man sees nothing else but faults. He is an accomplished pessimist. What a lovable man he would have been had his keen perceptions been developed in the direction of discovering the good rather than the evil in men.



Ian MacLaren's method of dealing with the "Mutineer in the Church," as related in the November "Ladies' Home Journal," is decidedly interesting reading, if only as a bit of description. He is presented as a 'miscreant,' an 'incendiary,' a 'coward,' a 'bully,' and several other things not usually associated with a pleasant companion. It is evident that the old country type of this article is anything but an agreeable person.



A Christian man, who is also a director on the board of a company that habitually does unchristian acts, must decide whether by remaining in the company he can prevent, or even check, in a measure, such acts, or whether it is right for him to continue to receive a portion of the ill-gotten gains of such a company. It is scarcely sufficient that he shall quiet his conscience by an occasional protest against these acts.



The council of the Evangelical Alliance has issued a call for united prayer on the part of all Christians, because of the present war, and the persistent rumors of further complications. The suggestion has been made that the early morning of each Sabbath be observed privately, or in concert, and that the first Sabbath of December be specially set apart for prayer, that all these events may be over-ruled for good, and that the people of God may be preserved amid evil.

THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN

"As of a Mighty Rushing Wind."

Earnest prayer has been silently ascending from many of God's servants for some months past because of the prevalent formalism and worldliness. It has been felt that while there is every appearance of life there has been no evidence of it in fruit. This condition of the Church has lain like a great burden upon the spirit of those who watch for the progress of the kingdom of Christ, and who find their vision limited and disappointed by this continually interposing wall. But even some of those who have been set apart as ministers of that kingdom find no cause for alarm in prevailing religious conditions, but rather cause for congratulation in the tolerant attitude of the world toward the Church. To the watchers this tolerant spirit is evidence of the approach of the church to the world standard, and so prayer has of late been rising, not so much for the world as for the Christians who are in the world, and who are becoming of the world also.

To many there has seemed to be little sign that an answer is being vouchsafed to this prayer for a religious awakening. The dreamy Indian summer of the religious life has settled upon us, and we are indolently content with things as they are. It is beautiful all about us; what if it be the beauty of decay? The winter is not yet! We yield ourselves to the dream of non-resistance, and decline to believe that the abundant religious life about us is entirely, or even to any considerable extent, heartless.

There are those among us who have been turning their faces to God in earnest pleading that the Divine Spirit would come in power into the lives of men once more, and some of these are now turning to us again, with shining faces, to tell us that already they can hear the sound as of the mighty rushing wind. They are men whose judgment we have learned to respect. They are not mere visionaries, though they have learned to place the Kingdom of Christ above all other things. With them the spiritual life has become keenly sensitive to spiritual movements. They are speaking, even with confidence, of the near approach of a great awakening, bidding us prepare for its coming, and for the results that will surely follow.

It was significant that a great part of a busy session in the Toronto Presbytery, at the last meeting, was given up to a consideration of this need for spiritual quickening, and of the signs that point to its near approach. One could not but note that, while the discussion opened with a note of penitent sorrow, because of prevailing worldliness, even within the Church, as it proceeded, the tone of discussion changed, till, ere it closed, there was an eager anticipatory spirit underlying the words of those who spoke. With a unanimity that was wonderful in so large an assembly, it was agreed to hold

a special meeting for prayer and conference for spiritual quickening, on the afternoon and evening of the 20th of November, and to invite all members of Presbytery throughout the entire Presbytery to this conference.

What may grow out of this movement none can tell, and few care to speculate. There seems to be but the one mind—that this is of God, and that it is wise to follow closely the way by which the spirit is leading. Men have come to feel as if treading on holy ground. There is no disposition to plan beyond the day. There is only the desire to be able rightly to interpret the mind of the Spirit and to follow him closely.

For the Preservation of the Sabbath.

The Christian people of Ontario are slowly awakening to a knowledge of the danger that has, for some time past, been threatening our Christian Sabbath. Men who are making haste to be rich demand a seventh day in which to make money, in defiance of that word which says: "Six days shalt thou labor, but the seventh is a Sabbath unto the Lord thy God, in it thou shalt not do any labor." It has been claimed that it is absolutely necessary to continue operating on the Lord's day, but, in scarcely a single instance, has the claim been justified. It is noticeable that, in our own land, at least, the demand for Sabbath labor has not come from the people, nor from individuals, but from corporate bodies. It was the Hamilton Street Railway Company that asked for running powers on the Sabbath, not the people of Hamilton. So too in Toronto and in Ottawa. It was made to appear as if the people demanded it, but no intelligent man believes that fiction. It is the Toronto Street Railway Company that has run its cars during the summer to a point outside the limits of the city, in direct defiance of the statute passed by the Legislature in 1897. It was the Grand Trunk Railway Company that called upon their men to work in Midland in the loading and unloading of grain on the Sabbath, it was not the citizens of Midland, or the workmen engaged at the elevators that asked for it. It was not the pleasure-seekers of St. Catharines that asked for the running of the steamboats on the Sabbath, but the company to increase their dividends. And it is this greed for increased dividends that is robbing us of our Day of Rest.

The Lord's Day Alliance exists for the preservation of the Sabbath. It does not stand for any particular method of keeping the Sabbath day, it is not a Sabbath Observance Association, but it seeks to preserve the day inviolate from unnecessary labor. In this effort it should have the support of the laboring men of all classes in the community. It has the support of a very large section of the labor-

ing men, and is commending itself every day, more fully to them. The words of Mr. D. J. O'Donohue, representing the wage-earners at the recent Convention, when he said, "the laboring men are with you, though the demands made upon them make it impossible for them to contribute much to your support," represent fairly, we believe, the sentiment of the labor men of Ontario. These men will give an immense strength to the movement for the preservation of the Day of Rest.

The report presented to the Ontario Alliance at its annual Convention this year was the most hopeful in its history. The financial support given to the Alliance has increased by thirty per cent. There were but twenty-eight branches in connection with the Alliance a year ago, there are now sixty-seven branches throughout Ontario, and this number will easily be doubled during the coming year. Then, too, the Dominion Alliance has awakened into new life, and seeks to affiliate all Provincial Alliances with it.

The forward movement of last year—the appointment of a strong Organization Committee—has been so successful that another forward step has been unanimously decided upon for this year. It has been decided to appoint a Field Secretary, if a suitable man can be found, and his salary and expenses guaranteed. The man is ready, and the guarantee is under way.

The Rev. Principal Caven has again consented to accept the Presidency of the Alliance, and his presence at the head of the movement will commend it to the Christian people of all denominations. He will be supported by an efficient Executive Board, and by a general executive composed of representatives from all parts of the Province of Ontario. The through organization now established at the headquarters in Ontario, together with the excellent branches formed at many centres, will give the Alliance a place in the mind of the public it has never before held, and it will thus be able to make its influence felt, not only in local centres, but in the Legislative Halls, and in the Courts of Justice.

Century Fund.

Dear "Dominion Presbyterian":

The campaign on behalf of the Century Fund has begun and already there are cheering indications of the success which, as we are all assured, must attend the movement.

The indications as yet cannot be set before the public so much in the form of telling of amounts subscribed in various localities, and that for the good reason that in approaching our larger congregations, it is of importance that we should "make haste slowly." The first step in this case, as in all cases, must be to give information and thus create an atmos-

phere. Then, when sympathy has been enlisted and the need of the work is understood, congregations and individuals will be prepared to give intelligently and heartily and in such amounts as shall adequately meet the need. Already under this educative process there are congregations that in their congregational meetings or through their representative boards have undertaken to raise certain amounts, in some instances \$25,000, and \$30,000; and in others we expect that even larger amounts will be pledged. The smaller congregations that have been dealt with in the same way are, according to their ability, doing quite as well, and such as these could be mentioned as preparing to give two, three, four and five thousand dollars.

Mention is made of these beginnings in order that the church may be somewhat seized of what is going on, and going on so quietly that there is no fuss being made. Also, this mention needs to be made that it may be everywhere understood how this work is being done and what methods are relied upon by the Central Committee. Some congregations may perhaps be impatient and may be tempted to go on in their own way and at once, because, as it seems to them, the Committee is not hastening to come their way. There seems to be no feeling that any shall be overlooked, as the Committee will be only too pleased to reach every congregation, and in every family in the church. But, as Rome was not built in a day, so this work cannot reach everywhere in a days or week. Let our friends be patient and their time will come. First of all, then, and till the time comes, we would ask our friends everywhere to be studying the Catechism, and holding consultations about the matters which it so summarily sets before them.

Let the matter be up in session meetings and in joint meetings of sessions and managers. Get a grasp of the thought that an average congregation must aim at getting at least \$10 a family over and above all that it has been giving for all purposes in the past. Don't write yourselves down as poor congregations, unless you really are poor. Don't be too quick to say we are not up to, and even away above the average. It may be hoped that many congregations will rate themselves as away beyond the average, able to reach twice, thrice, ten times that amount. Get your minister to look up the blue book and see how you stand, and be guided to a hearty and loving hearted view of what you should do, and be getting ready in that way for doing it when your time comes.

In the second place let every congregation be looking for the coming of the agent or sub-agent of the fund, or the member of Presbytery who has charge of your group. Likely he may come on a

Sabbath, and knowing of that, it should, in each congregation, be a special service, to be attended by every member and by whole families. After you have heard the story of what is to be done, and what results are expected, there will be a final conference about what your congregation should do. The minister and the elder and the managers, and perhaps some other friends will then go to every family and to every adherent and subscriptions will be taken, and the names of all subscribers will thus be preserved. No doubt we could get the million from 10,000 families who are well able to give it, and who, as we believe, would have the heart to give it too. But that would leave 100,000 families without the opportunity of giving. So we want no one to be missed, and will ask our agents to see a few families and so give the list a start. Then we will ask the committee of the congregation (and we want on that committee the best men in it) along with the minister, to spend time in patiently going to every house so that all our families may give even if it be but a mite.

I know a minister who is doing this just now. He is taking with him an elder or a manager, or both. He sends word beforehand to the families to be seen on a certain day. He asks them if unable to receive him on that day, to notify him so that the day may be changed to suit their convenience. He wishes that the whole family may be there, if possible. They will talk over the matter, and the act of Christian liberality will be sealed by the act of prayer. It will be a visit to be remembered in those homes, and a means of spiritual uplift to them as we cannot doubt. It is not a wealthy congregation, but we have no doubt it will share in the giving and will share in the blessing that shall surely follow such concerted, wise and loving action.

The committee will not forget you, but they look on their plan as worthy of consideration, and, when followed up, as certain to secure the results aimed at, which are not the gathering of a million dollars, but the touching of hearts and the spiritual benefit which shall flow from giving in the right spirit to the Lord for the doing of His work.

If all our ministers and elders and other interested friends shall only take hold in the way illustrated, who shall doubt that there shall be showers of blessing on individuals, on our homes, on our beloved land, on our church in all her congregational and home and foreign and educational and benevolent work. So let us work and wait and work and pray and God shall give us the increase.

I am yours sincerely,

Perth, Nov. 11th, 1899. R. CAMPBELL.

P. S.—Note that collecting books are in the hands of sub-agents who will bring them to congregations. Additional books may be applied for to the agent, Perth, Ont. Congregational Treasurer's books are also just ready and will be sent out as required.

R. C.

The Quiet Hour

Woes of Intemperance.

At the present time we are thinking of the horrors of war and praying for peace, but there is one thing for which we must be thankful, for the horrors of war are, in civilized communities, the exception and the fact that we realize how terrible they are makes sensible men shrink from them. But alas the woes of intemperance are always with us working insidiously, and producing a regular crop of evils which, if less striking and sensational, are as real and lasting as those of war. Sorrow and strife, wounds and woe, these we are told are the results of intemperance. Though wine may produce a contentious spirit that ends in quarrels and bruises, there can be no controversy about this statement. Men may differ as to the need or duty of total abstinence, or the best means of dealing with this evil on its social side, but without controversy stands the fact that intemperance of every kind, and especially in the form of drunkenness, brings woe, bitter and lasting. This is written in large letters in the book of experience as well as set forth in strong terms in the book of God. The question who has woe? may admit of many answers, but in this connection the answer lies near and is very evident. "They that tarry long at the wine." If one tarry there at all, it is likely that he will tarry long, for any tarrying is too long. The man may have no intention at first of tarrying long, but the appetite grows, and after a while he deliberately seeks the dangerous excitement. The temptation is very powerful, the indulgence is very attractive, the beautiful glitter of the wine in the cup is a symbol of this. We think ourselves superior to the temptation, and those who think that they can easily stand very often fall. Many a young man has scornfully rejected warning because he thought himself strong, and has come to fearful shame through the "social glass." This pleasant glass, when once its poison begins to work, brings into his life bitter, bewildering influence. At first there is shame and the sense of having made a fool of himself. In that mood there is hope; it is the time to flee from the apparent danger and seek forgiveness and God's help. But when the danger signal has been disregarded, it comes to be despised and moral deadness, lack of spiritual sensibility, is the result. This is one of the saddest of all results, the loss of self respect, the degradation of manhood, the beginning of the most awful and complete slavery. What more terrible picture than that of a man who has in this way made shipwreck of faith and has come to be a creature whose will-power is destroyed, and who is under the dominion of an intense crav-

*Sabbath School Lesson for November 26th:—
Proverbs xxiii, 29-35.

Golden Text—"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."—Proverbs 20.

ing for that which has caused the evil, and can easily make it worse. This is the individual woe, the loss of manhood, the degradation of the personality.

There are physical woes; the glory of a young man is his strength, but there is nothing that saps strength quicker than false stimulants. These stimulants are the most dangerous in that stage of life when they are least needed. What does a strong young fellow need with stimulants? He does not need, when the muscles are strong and the blood full of natural heat, to take strong drink, which inflames and can only lead to dangerous excitement, which leads to bitter re-action and ends in weakness.

There is also mental weakness and distortion; it has been proved that men do not do their best intellectual work when under the influence of false excitement. They may say flashy, trashy things that glitter and seem to be clever, but it is a hollow brilliance; it is the sober hour that produces strong and lasting work. Reliance on stimulants brings at last weakness and confusion.

That there is the social side of the evil, the homes wrecked and the families scattered; and the economic side, the money wasted, which spent in wholesome ways, might employ labor and produce real happiness. There is cause for rejoicing that in our land much progress has been made, and a strong helpful sentiment created, but in this case also the saying is true "that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." We need to be watchful of our personal habits and on our guard against the evils which attack the life of the community. We must never forget the teaching of this lesson, that intemperance is the fruitful source of many kinds of woe.

Be Not Weary.

Yes, He knows the way is dreary,
Knows the weakness of our frame;
Knows that hand and heart are weary;
He "in all points" felt the same.
He is near to help and bless;
Be not weary, onward press.

Look to Him who once was willing
All His glory to resign,
That for thee the law fulfilling,
All His merits might be thine.
Strive to follow day by day
Where His footsteps mark the way.

Look to Him, the Lord of Glory,
Tasting death to win thy life;
Gazing on that "wondrous story,"
Canst thou falter in the strife?
Is it not new life to know
That the Lord hath loved thee so?

Look to Him who ever liveth,
Interceding for His own;
See, yea, claim the grace he giveth
Freely from His priestly throne.
Will He not thy strength renew
With His Spirit's quickening dew?

Look to Him and faith shall brighten,
Hope shall soar, and love shall burn;
Peace once more thy heart shall lighten;
Rise! He calleth thee; return!
Be not weary on thy way;
Jesus is thy strength and stay.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.

Our Thought.

Until you have learned to control your thoughts, you will never be able to live a godly and righteous life. As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he; and it is because the thoughts that we entertain in the hostelry of the soul are such worthless and vain ones that our words and acts often bring so heavy a disgrace on the name we love. Well might the wise man say, "Keep thy heart above all keeping, for out of it are the issues of life." When the heart is right, the ear and the eye and the mouth and the foot will necessarily obey its promptings; but when the heart is wrong, filled with tides of ink, like the cuttlefish, it will develop itself in the impurity to which it gives vent. . . . If you habitually permit evil things to have their right of way through you, or lodging within you, remember that in God's sight you are held equally guilty with those that indulge in evil acts, because you are withheld, not by your fear of Him, but by your desire to maintain your position among men.—
Rev. F. B. Meyer.

Prayer.

Spirit of the Living God, by whom we are endowed with life from above, so quicken in our hearts all pure affectations, right desires and holy thoughts, that we may fulfill Thy work and grow in the likeness of our Lord. Show us our sin, but open to our hearts a vision of the beauty of Christ's holiness. Warn us of peril and keep us in the hour of temptation. Increase our patience and our courage, our humility and our self-respect as children of God. Give wisdom and zeal, justice and fervent charity. Teach us to forgive, to conquer anger and to love our enemies. Take of the things of Christ and show them unto us. Purify our hearts that Thou mayest enter in and dwell with us for peace and service. And this we pray in the name of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

What We Owe Others.

BY J. R. MILLER, D. D.

The world is very full of sorrow and trial, and we cannot live among our fellow men and be true without sharing their loads. If we are happy, we must hold the lamp of our happiness so that its beams may fall upon the shadowed heart. If we have no burden, it is our duty to put our shoulders under the load of others. Selfishness must die, or else our own heart's life must be frozen within us. We soon learn that we cannot live for ourselves and be Christians, that the blessings that are given to us are really for other people, and that we are only God's ministers to carry them in Christ's name to those for whom they are intended.—Christian Work.

You need not toss about the sea of care outside; the harbor is within; and Jesus is the entrance to the harbour, the true Refuge of the soul. He will help you all your days to trust in God, and be at rest.—Rev. T. A. Seed.

For Dominion Presbyterian

A Divine Voice of Consolation in the Night.

Isaiah, chap. 41, v. 10.

BY REV. B. B. WILLIAMS.

It was a dark night in the history of Israel just now, for they were exiles in Babylon and as such their position was trying in the extreme. They felt themselves to be strangers in a strange land. Some of them remembered the temple where they and their fathers had once worshipped, they remembered also the songs of Zion in which they had taken part, and the remembrance made them unutterably sad. (Notice the touching picture of their grief in Psalm 137, 1-6.) The love of the father-land was strong and deep in them all, and they all longed with a passionate longing to be there, but there seemed no prospect of return and so the night grew darker and darker.

To these exiles, apparently without a ray of light or hope, there came a Divine voice bearing a most gracious message—"Fear not, for I am with thee, be not dismayed, for I am thy God." This may justly be called "a Divine voice of consolation in the night."

Great interest attaches to this message as sent to a benighted and spirit broken people some three thousand years ago, for it reveals to us God's nearness to and tender concern for them. As a mere matter of history its value can scarcely be overstated, but the point of special interest to us is that this message is being constantly repeated, that it comes fresh and warm from the throne to those, who, like Israel of old, are in the midst of night dark and starless. Thousands are at this moment in the depths of night. It may be that of secular embarrassment, sorely straitened circumstances, or that of exile from home with all its sacred associations. The night may be one of mental perplexity caused by the pressure of the many dark problems of life, or it may be that of deep religious depression, giving rise to strange questionings, painful doubtings, terrible heart shakings, an untellable gloom. The night may be one of sickness in the home—a precious life in the balance; what the issue will be is most uncertain; if there be any hope it is strangely mingled with trembling and forebodings. The storm is simply terrible; at length perhaps the angel of death comes and the grave closes upon all that is mortal of the beloved one. Oh, the darkness and dreariness of that night!

The Father in Heaven, who faithful vigil keeps, to whom the darkness and the light are both alike, sees it all, and He speaks not less truly than in the days of old.

We know what takes place when there is a child of very tender years in the home. The child sometimes awakes suddenly in the night and cries out in great fear. There is one who is sure to hear, for love ever makes the ear quick to hear; it is the mother. She speaks and the very sound of her voice quiets and comforts the troubled child. This is a simple picture of God, who is both father and mother, and who, hearing the benighted cry, speaks pointedly and specially, saying, "fear not."

When He speaks is His voice heard?

To hear a sound is one thing, to recognize in that sound a voice is quite another thing. Hearing a voice speak, is it known whose voice it is? That depends upon the spirit that is in us; if it is the true child spirit it will instinctively and readily know the voice as that of the Father.

The message is structured not in the line of remonstrance or chiding, for He who sends it knows our frame and remembers that we are helpless and He speaks accordingly. It is well that we should read it carefully and ponder each word. It contains the doctrine of the Real Presence, not as taught in some of the churches, but in a far truer and nobler sense. "I am with thee," nearer than thou art to thyself. We miss, however, the full meaning if we suppose that it is mere nearness that is taught, valuable as that thought is. "I am with thee," identifying myself with thee, entering into, sharing thy experience.

To encourage and strengthen faith in the "Real Presence" and all that is involved therein, these wondrously gracious words are added, "For I am thy God." Therein lies a pledge that He will be close at hand and will enter into, and share, as no other can, our difficulties and troubles. It is as if a man were to say to his son, "such help as you may need either in word or deed, I will, up to the measure of my power, give you. Your perplexities shall be mine, your sorrows shall be mine—into all these I will enter, for I am your father, and as your father your interests are mine."

The fact of nearness and true Fatherly interest guaranteed by close and special relationship is followed by a promise that is well fitted to carry with it a powerful and healthful inspiration. The promise is three-fold—"strength," "a renewal of strength," "a constant renewal of strength."

The night, whatever its nature, gives rise to fear, for we are all but children of a larger growth, hence we are naturally afraid in the night. Fear is always weakening, indeed there is no force so weakening and paralyzing. What we need, therefore, is to be strengthened. We never become strong simply by resolving to be so. We must be made strong and God alone can do this. How and in what way He does this is not of so much moment as to believe and remember that He has promised to strengthen and will make that promise good. The method may vary much but the fact remains.

Now it is not the Divine method to supply strength once and forever, leaving us to ourselves to live on upon the portion given us at a certain time; nay, God's will is that we should live a life of continued dependence upon Him; that as the manna of old fell day by day and only in sufficient measure for the day, the strength is to be given and only enough for the time being. We are not permitted to ask for yearly, nor monthly, nor weekly bread, but daily bread. In like manner, it is to be in the matter of strength. "I will help," that is, I will renew the strength; for there is a constant expenditure going on, and there must be a fresh supply, or a break-down is inevitable.

Would that we were more willing to be

helped by God in every part of our life! would that we were ready to welcome Him as an active partner!

Sometimes, alas! too often, we imagine ourselves to be strong enough without God's help, save in a very small measure. In this state of mind there is no room in us for the entry and working of the strength of God. 'Tis when we feel ourselves to be poor, weak, helpless orphans, that we are in the most favorable position to be helped by our Father in heaven. "When my father and mother forsake thee, then the Lord will take me up."

Helped by God, our work would be better done, trials would be more successfully borne, our life in all its parts would be of a higher and nobler form.

Lest the thought should lay hold of us that the supply of strength may fail us in our sorest need, at some solemn crisis, there is an assurance given in the message that there shall be a renewal of strength. "I will uphold thee with the right hand of My righteousness," with My faithful right hand.

Human promises may be broken, human help may fail when most urgently needed, but God's promise cannot be broken, His help cannot fail unless His heart loses its love, and His right hand its power.

It would be well to look closely into the "Book," concerning the right hand of God. With His right hand He upholds.

Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, for this "message of consolation in the night." Let the words ring in our ears, let them live in our memories and work in our spirits; then despite the horror of a great darkness that may come upon us, then amid the longest and dreariest night that may overtake us, we can move onward with a bold step, feeling brave and calm as to the Sacred Shrine we go—singing as we move:

"Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from Thee;
Thou art He, who never weary,
Watchest where Thy people be."

It was for the sake of a Christ to be crucified that God could deal mercifully with Israel; it is for the sake of a Christ who has been crucified that He can think thoughts of peace concerning us.—Rev. W. Thorp.

Sometimes when the gold goes into the fire you can scarcely see the gold. It is mixed with various elements, all dress nearly, but when the smelting process is over, you see the pure gold. So it is with many Christian characters.—Rev. W. L. Pickard, D.D.

Counting up our mercies and our everyday reasons for gratitude, and looking at the hundred little things and large things, gentle words, loving smiles, flowers sent to cheer us, children to greet us, old friends to advise, and middle-aged friends to uphold us, good books to read, dear songs to sing, meetings in gladness, even partings in hope for the better life, we do not know where to end the list. The only thing to do is to live always in an atmosphere sweet and vital with thanksgiving.—Margaret E. Sangster.

Ministers and Churches.

OUR TORONTO LETTER.

The ministers and elders throughout the Presbytery are looking forward with considerable interest to the Conference that has been appointed for Monday afternoon and evening next. It will be held in Knox Church, and will be entirely devoted to prayer and conference respecting the need for spiritual awakening and the necessary preparation for it. It is expected that there will be a large attendance from all parts of the Presbytery. Preparations have been made to entertain those who come from outside the city.

Parkdale church was again well filled on Friday evening last, when the congregation met to welcome their new minister. Parkdale has certainly given the Rev. A. L. Geggie a cordial home-coming, for it has become his home now, and if numbers and enthusiasm count for anything, this settlement is one of the most satisfactory the Presbytery has seen. We believe Mr. Geggie will meet all the expectations his people cherish concerning him.

An unfortunate rumor gained currency by appearing in one of the daily papers last week. It was stated that East Church had declined to such an extent that it was obliged to come to the Presbytery asking assistance, and that were this assistance not given, the doors must be closed. Of course there was no truth in the statement. An enterprising reporter had learned that East Church had asked for an advisory committee from the Presbytery, and that the congregation desired a readjustment of its mortgage indebtedness. He had gathered sundry other items, and read this conclusion out of the various shreds of information thus gathered. Other congregations, Mimico, Weston, and Woodbridge, were also included in this doleful statement, because they too had asked for advisory committees. Those who have had much to do with Presbytery matters will know that it is not at all uncommon for congregations to ask for such a committee when difficult questions crop up. It will be long ere the doors of these churches are closed, and only when better churches replace them, we trust.

Toronto Junction is likely to have a struggle to introduce Sunday street cars in the near future. The Toronto cars now run into the town, and these cars have the privilege of running on the Sabbath within the city limits. It would be in direct contravention of the Act of the Ontario Legislature passed in 1897 should the company attempt to run its cars on the Sabbath in the Junction, but this company cares less for acts of the Legislature than it does for revenue, and will likely put on its cars on the Sabbath. In this way divided seeking corporations all over the province are trying to break down the Lord's Day Act.

Two of the wealthy congregations of Toronto have planned liberal things for the Century Fund. Bloor Street has announced its intention to contribute \$25,000, half to the Common Fund and half to the Debt Fund. This is not in accord with the recommendation, but the congregation pleads its very heavy debt. St. James Square promises \$25,000 and has over \$8,000 of that amount already promised. The minister of St. James Square is confident, and anticipates that \$300,000 will be reached ere the two years close. At this rate Toronto will reach the amount asked of her, and pass it.

The appointment of the Rev. Alex. Macgillivray as sub-agent for the Presbytery of Toronto will commend itself as a wise step. It is folly to attempt to carry out this canvass with the ordinary machinery of the church. Of course, there will be some who cannot see the need of special agents, who perhaps do not see the need of appointing a general agent for this great work, but these are not numerous, and, as the immensity of the work dawn upon them, and its far-reaching effects become apparent, light will break in upon these, and they will yet be the most ardent supporters of a generous policy. All honor to the men who, in addition to giving a handsome personal subscription to the fund, give unstintingly of their time and energy to further it. But the busy pastor should not be asked to neglect his congregation to do this kind of work.

A novel method for suppressing crime was recommended by the Grand Jury recently. Believing that a great portion of the crime committed is directly attributable to strong drink, it was proposed that, having divided the city into equal districts, the cost of the suppression of crime directly traceable to drink within each district should be borne by the liquor-sellers of that district. This would make them more careful in the indiscriminate sale of liquor, and would tend to lessen drunkenness and crime. The proposition is worth considering.

Of the two who presented themselves to the Toronto Presbytery for reception from other churches,

one, the Rev. E. W. Watson, from the English Congregational church, has been appointed to the Northern Ontario Mission Field and will leave shortly for the Algoma District. Mr. Watson has done good work in his native land, and was selected to do educational work in India, returning only when the college work there was abandoned. He will do good work, should he be received by our church.

Rev. Dr. Warden has gone to Halifax in the interest of the century fund.

At the Dominion Convention of the W.C.T.U. which is in session at Halifax, N.S., Mrs. A. O. Rutherford of this city was elected president.

Rev. Dr. Morrison, formerly of East Presbyterian Church, occupied the Knox Church pulpit last Sabbath, Rev. Dr. Parsons being at Clifton Springs.

The Deer Park Church held its anniversary gathering on Nov. 13; the pastor, Rev. John Kay presided, and addresses were given by Rev. Dr. Milligan and Rev. Robert Atkinson.

A valuable course of free lectures, to which all ladies are invited is being given at Knox College, under the auspices of the Ewart Missionary Training Home. Every Monday from 8 to 4, during the session, Rev. Prof. MacLaren lectures on "Christian Doctrine"; on Tuesday, from 3 to 4, Rev. Principal Caven on "The New Testament"; on Thursday, from 3 to 4, Rev. Dr. Turnbull on "The Old Testament," and on the same day, from 4 to 5, Rev. J. W. Kae on "Sabbath School Work and Practical Training"; on Friday, from 3 to 4, Rev. Prof. Ballantyne on "Church History," and from 4 to 5 Rev. Wm. MacWilliam on "Evidences of Christianity."

NORTHERN ONTARIO.

Rev. S. H. Eastman, B.A., of Meaford, conducted anniversary services in Dr. Somerville's Church, Owen Sound, on Sabbath last.

Rev. R. B. Smith, of Elmsdale and Nov., has tendered his resignation. He has been transferred to the Orville station for the winter.

Rev. G. L. Johnston, B.A., of the Presbyterian Church, North Bay, last week brought his bride home. Mr. and Mrs. Johnston were tendered a reception by the congregation.

A new furnace has been put into the Manse at Dornoch and Rev. Mr. Graham and family appreciate the many kindnesses shown them by the congregations in connection therewith.

The thanks offering of the W.F.M. Society of Division Street Church, Owen Sound, at the recent annual meeting amounted to \$82.83 and that of the Daywood and Johnson auxiliary \$13.

A new organ is being placed in the Church at Ventry. Some time ago the Christian Endeavor Society undertook the task of raising funds to pay cash for an instrument, and their efforts have been so successful that there is now in hand a snug sum over the amount required.

Rev. Robert Rodgers, of Owen Sound, although advanced in years, can still preach with much of his old time vigor yet. On Sabbath week last he occupied the Methodist pulpit at Brooke and preached an edifying sermon on "following holiness," at the conclusion of which the Lord's Supper was dispensed.

On Sabbath, November 5, Rev. Dr. Waits, of Knox Church, Owen Sound, chose for his text Matt. 19: 30 and preached to a very large congregation on "The use of reverses, or how disaster may be turned into blessing," making special reference to the war in South Africa and the reverse met with by the British troops at Ladysmith. The music was of the service in behalf of the wounded soldiers and mourning relatives of the killed.

The attendance at the Lord's Supper in the Presbyterian Church, Orillia, on Sunday last, says "The Packet," was one of the largest in the history of the congregation. The body of the edifice was almost entirely filled with members. The pastor was assisted by the Rev. Dr. Gray. Dr. Grant expressed the wish that those who did not partake of the sacrament should remain in the church, and his appeal was so effectual that no one left at the close of the regular service.

On Sabbath evening, Nov. 5, Rev. Dr. Somerville, of Owen Sound, selected for his Scripture lesson and text the 21st chapter of Isaiah and preached to a very attentive audience a sermon of much thought and convincing argument on the principles

involved in the present South African struggle, and justifying Great Britain in her attitude on that question, contending as she does for equal rights in justice and liberty, which are the foundations of a righteous nation. Dr. Somerville referred feelingly to our gracious Queen and her sadness of heart at the thought of bloodshed. The choir appropriately rendered "Eternal Father, Strong to Save" and the music throughout was in keeping with the sermon.

Sabbath November 5 will be an anniversary day long memorable in the Chatsworth Presbyterian congregation both for the eloquent and edifying sermons preached to crowded congregations by the pastor, Rev. John Little, and the gratifying financial results of the day. In response to an appeal from the pastor to wipe out a long standing debt on the Church by means more Scriptural than teas and collection plates on Sabbath. Later \$21 more was handed in, making in all the handsome sum of \$1,496, being \$220 more than required to cover the Church debt. Pastor and people are to be congratulated and their example could well be followed by many debt-carrying congregations.

EASTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. J. P. McInnes, of Puce, is visiting friends and about Vankelee Hill.

The congregation of Manotick has extended a call to Rev. Mr. Moore, late graduate of Knox College.

Rev. R. P. McKay occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church, Williamstown, last Sunday afternoon.

The next meeting of the Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew was appointed to be held, January 13, in Zion Church, Carleton Place.

Rev. J. Cameron, of Athens, Ont., had charge of the services in the second consecration of Lancaster and Carry Hill on November 5.

At the thank-offering meeting of Brockville's Young Women's Mission Band a good programme was provided and ably carried out.

On November 1 a successful Box Social was held under the auspices of the Young People's Society of the Presbyterian Church, Stittsville.

Rev. W. T. Wilkins, of Trenton, preached in the Presbyterian church, Wellington, on Sunday afternoon, Nov. 5, and at Hillier in the morning.

The anniversary services of St. Andrew's Church, Brighton, were held on November 5, Rev. James Hodges, B. A., of Oshawa, occupying the pulpit.

Rev. A. S. Ross, of Cobourg, has accepted a call to the church at Merivale and will be inducted as soon as arrangements can be completed for that event.

Mr. John Maclean, son of Rev. M. W. Maclean, M.A., of Belleville, who has been in Wyoma for a short time for the sake of his health, is improving very much.

As the students at Casselman and South Indian cannot celebrate communion, Rev. T. A. Sadler of Russell was appointed moderator by the Ottawa Presbytery.

On Sunday evening, November 12, Rev. Robt. Laird of First Presbyterian Church, Brockville, and Rev. D. Strachan, of St. John's Church, Brockville, exchanged pulpits.

Rev. Dr. Armstrong, of Ottawa, lectured under the auspices of the W.F.M.S. of Vankelee Hill Monday evening. He dealt with his subject: "We and Our Fathers," in a happy and instructive manner.

The Picton Times says: The annual bale of goods for the Northwest mission from the Presbyterian church here was so valued excellent by the re-packing committee in Belleville. Nothing had to be discarded.

Arrangements are being made for the students to meet Principal Grant of Kingston on his arrival home this week. It is the intention that the students assemble in a body at the railway station in academic costume, accompany the Principal to his residence, and there present him with an address.

The Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew has rearranged the congregations of the Colden district. Colden and Osceola were organized into a charge under Rev. G. E. Loughheed; Ross was made a separate charge with Rev. Robert McNab as interim moderator; Scotland and Stafford were associated for future work and an ordained missionary will minister to them.

MONTREAL.

Dr. R. A. Kerr was ordained to the eldership in the Maisonneuve Church on Sunday evening.

The funeral of the late Mr. D. S. Thomson, held last week in the American Church, was one of the largest seen in the city for many years.

At the annual meeting of the Canadian Branch of the Royal Caledonian Curling Association Rev. Dr. Barclay, of the Thistle Club, was chosen chaplain.

The arrangements have been completed for the new hospital at Point St. Charles. The officials have been elected, and the hospital is to be opened about Dec. 1.

The grand jury returned a true bill against Norman Murray, charged with circulating obscene literature, who a few weeks ago created a scene in court by tearing up a Bible.

The sale of useful and fancy articles held for three days last week in Taylor Church was uncommonly successful. On one evening alone the sum of five hundred dollars was taken in.

Mr. W. W. Ogilvie has contributed another thousand dollars to the arts faculty of McGill University, the sum to be devoted to bursaries and exhibitions which the faculty is trying to increase owing to the advance in seasonal fees.

On Sunday evening, Nov. 12, the pulpit of Crescent Street Presbyterian Church was occupied by Mr. Wellesley C. Bailey, an elder of the Established Church of Scotland, Edinburgh, Secretary and Superintendent of the Mission to Lepers in India and the East.

Mr. Chas. K. Ober, who is engaged in developing the foreign department of Y.M.C.A. work, has been visiting the Association here. He reported that there are at present eighteen missionaries from the associations of North America. Three of these are supported from Montreal.

The Rev. T. S. McWilliams, of the American Church, delivered a most interesting lecture on his trip to the Holy Land, in the Inspector Street Mission on Friday evening. The lecture was illustrated with views by Mr. John Currie, head of the mission, who possesses one of the best electric lanterns in the city.

The Rev. Principal Shaw delivered an address last Friday evening on "The present conditions in the Province of Quebec." He put the question, "What is our duty as Protestants?" and answered it as follows: first, not to exaggerate evils, take moderate views of things, recognize what is good and do our utmost to put down evil; secondly, to show the spirit of charity, without weakness or compromise; thirdly, manfully, courageously, and persistently to stand for all our rights.

The Knox Church choir, whose recent Irish concert was so great a success, gave a nautical concert on Friday evening in the lecture hall of the church. The platform was decorated to represent a ship, and the performers were attired in sailor garments. The numbers all had reference to a life on the ocean wave. The large crowd present, the novelty of the idea, and the high standard of excellence realized in the performance, all contributed to make the entertainment a decided artistic and financial success.

MARITIME PROVINCES.

Mr. A. J. McNeil has accepted the call to Orwell, P.E.I., and will be inducted on November 21.

Rev. H. G. Gratz has accepted the call to Alberton, P.E.I., and will be inducted November 23.

Rev. P. M. McDonald has resigned the charge of Wolfville, N.S., and goes to Scotland for rest and study.

Rev. A. M. Thompson, of Ferrona, has recovered from his recent illness and occupied his pulpit last Sabbath.

The "Sardine" season is in full swing; 148 hogheads were taken at St. Andrew's, N. B., on Monday night last.

The V. P. S. C. E. of St. Andrew's church, Chatham, N. B., has placed a Bible in each room of the Chatham hotels for the use of guests.

Rev. Jas. Sinclair, of Bridgeville, Pictou Co., N.S., is supplying for Rev. E. D. Millar, Yarmouth, while he canvasses the congregations of Halifax Presbytery in the interests of the Century Fund.

The manse at Portauquique, N.S., was destroyed by fire early last Monday morning. Rev. W. H.

Ness, his wife and daughter were compelled to escape in their night clothes. The total loss will be about \$2,530. Nearly all the contents of the house were destroyed. Already the people have raised \$150 for the purpose of reimbursing Mr. Ness and more will doubtless be added.

The Stanley church troubles are now in the hands of the civil courts. The trustees recognized by the Presbytery forced the door of St. Peter's church and changed the lock. On this the Mullin trustees brought action for trespass. This was met by a writ staying proceedings and calling upon the Mullin-ites to prove that they are the owners of the church. This point will be tried in the Equity court. Meantime Rev. J. S. Mullin preaches every Sabbath to his adherents in spite of the suspension of Presbytery.

The congregation of St. James' church, Charlottetown, petitioned the Presbytery unanimously not to accept the resignation of their pastor, Rev. T. F. Fullerton, who has gone as chaplain to the Canadian contingent. The Presbytery very willingly acceded to the request and granted Mr. Fullerton the necessary leave of absence. Rev. W. H. Smith, of Summerside, was appointed to preach and intimate this to the congregation next Sabbath. Mr. McLeod, of Zion church, is interim moderator of session. Rev. A. H. Foster has declined the call to Cavendish, P.E.I.

The University of New Brunswick is in deep water just now. The college faculty forlornly "initiated" of freshmen, but a few of the merrier sophomores undertook to "haze" the "freshies" in a very mild fashion. They were sentenced very severely. To some of them the penalty amounted to the loss of a year. The senate has overruled the faculty and considerably mitigated the stern rigor of the dominies, in which public opinion supports them. Thereupon three of the professors, Messrs. Stockley, Dixon and Raymond, have tendered their resignations, and if he had the courage of consistency, President Harrison would also retire. Dr. Inch, the Superintendent of Education, has requested the resigning professors to retain their chairs until the close of the current academic year, or to name the conditions on which they will do so.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. T. A. Cosgrove of St. Mary's preached in the Presbyterian church, Mitchell, on Nov. 5.

Rev. Prof. Ballantyne of Knox college, Toronto, preached in Chalmers' church, Woodstock, Nov. 5th.

Rev. R. Pogue, of Stayner, conducted services in the Presbyterian Church of Hesjeler, last Sabbath.

The evangelists Messrs. Crossley and Hunter, are still holding successful meetings in the different Stratford churches.

Rev. Alex. Henderson, of Appin, has been appointed moderator of the Glencoe session by the Presbytery of London.

Rev. R. E. Knowles, of Galt, lectured in St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, Brantford, Nov. 10, upon "The Sunny South."

On November 5th the pulpit of Knox Church, Galt, was occupied by Dr. Dickson, of Trenton, N. J., who, when a boy, lived in Galt.

The recital given by Agnes Knox in St. John Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, on Nov. 10, was a grand success, the church being crowded to the doors.

Mr. J. A. Wilson, who had charge of the work during the past summer in Balfour Street Presbyterian Church, Brantford, conducted services there last Sabbath.

Anniversary services of Y.P.C.E. Society were held in King Street Church, London, last Sabbath. Rev. Geo. Gilmore, Pottersburg, preached in the morning and Rev. J. G. Stuart in the evening.

At St. John Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, Nov. 3, the pastor, Rev. J. H. Young, gave an interesting lecture on "Scene and Story of the Sunny South," in aid of the Sunday School Fund.

The annual meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of Knox Church, Embro, was held November 8. The reports showed that the Society has done good work during the past year.

Meetings have been held in the different London churches, in reference to the Century Fund, and the general feeling seems to be in favor of giving as a Presbyterian body and not as separate congregations.

The Rev. Joseph Hamilton, of Mimico, is preach-

ing a series of Sunday evening sermons on "Bible Wars," the first entitled "The Battle of the Nine Kings," and the next "Abraham, the Shepherd Warrior."

Rev. Dr. Smith began a course of Sabbath evening lectures in Knox Church, St. Catharines, on Nov. 12. (1) Lot, a business failure; (2) Absalom, a willful failure; (3) Solomon, a brilliant failure; (4) Pilate, a political failure.

Rev. Robert Johnston, D. D., of London, conducted anniversary services in Erskine Church, Hamilton, last Sunday. The congregation was organized fifteen years ago and has greatly prospered under successive faithful pastors.

The congregation of Balfour Street Church, Brantford, are anxious to get an ordained minister. A subscription list has been opened and it was decided last week that a connection should be made with some neighboring church, whereby an ordained minister could be called upon to carry on the work.

A very successful thanksgiving meeting of the W.F.M.S. of the First Presbyterian church, London, was held on Thursday evening, at which the offering was \$98. Rev. W. J. Clark gave a very practical, earnest address and Mrs. Clark sang a solo. At the close refreshments were served by the Ladies' Aid Society.

St. James Church, London, is nearing completion. It will be a fine building with all modern improvements, including up-to-date Sabbath School facilities. It is situated in a growing residential neighborhood. At present the services are being held in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium. Last Sunday Rev. R. P. McKay preached morning and evening.

Much sympathy is felt for Rev. D. Y. Ross, of St. George, and for Mrs. Ross, in the loss of their second son, Chester, who died suddenly at the Isolation Hospital, Toronto, on November the 8th. The lad was 17 years of age, and had been in Toronto only a few weeks attending the business college when he contracted quinsy and diphtheria, and in three days was called away.

Rev. W. J. West, M. A., and Mrs. West, have returned to Bluevale charge after an extended wedding trip. A hearty reception was tendered them by the Bluevale congregation at the manse on the evening of Nov. 1, when a kindly worded address of welcome, congratulation and appreciation of pastoral work was read and Mr. and Mrs. West were presented with a handsome and valuable suit of parlor furniture.

A Brucefield correspondent, in describing the induction of Rev. E. H. Sowers to the pastorate of the Presbyterian Church in that place, says: "The induction services took place in the afternoon, and were witnessed by a large congregation. In the evening of the same day a reception for the new pastor was held. The church was filled to its utmost capacity, and the occasion was a most pleasing one in every respect."

St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Berlin, was the scene of a most impressive service Monday evening, when Rev. W. A. Bradley, late of Mitchell, was inducted into the pastorate of that congregation. Rev. R. W. Ross, of Guelph, preached the sermon; the moderator of Guelph Presbytery, Rev. R. J. M. Glassford put the usual questions; and Rev. Dr. Torrance made the induction proper. A reception was then held in the lecture room.

Rev. J. S. Scott, B. D., of Hesjeler, was inducted as pastor of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Brantford, on November 7. Rev. W. H. Johnston of Chesterfield, presiding. The sermon was preached by Rev. W. A. I. Martin of Zion Church. Rev. M. McGregor, of Tilsonburg, addressed the minister, and Rev. G. C. Patterson, of Embro, the people. In the evening an enjoyable reception was held in honor of the new pastor, who was presented with a beautiful gown by the ladies of the congregation.

Deaths.

HOSSACK—At Cobourg, Nov. 18th, Barbara Bethune, widow of the late Jas. Hossack, and mother of Rev. D. C. Hossack, of Parkdale, Toronto, aged 82 years.

ROSS—Suddenly at the Isolation Hospital, Toronto, on Wednesday, November 8. Chester Hamilton, second son of the Rev. David Y. Ross, M.A., St. George, Ontario, aged 17 years.

The Inglenook

How Annetta Was Cured.

Annetta loved Tom very much; perhaps, because nobody else had ever loved him, for he was an old cat and not at all pleasant to look at. He was black and white and yellow spotted; a little bit of his tail had been snipped off in the trap and he had lost part of one ear in a street fight; for he had an unpleasant disposition and was always getting himself into difficulties. Ever since he was a little kitten, he had been a source of great anxiety to his mother on account of the late hours and low company which he kept, and, at the tender age of six weeks, with a defiant toss of his little tail, he shook off all maternal restraint and became a tramp. For a long time he wandered about the streets picking up what he could find to eat, and sleeping at nights under culverts or in door ways.

This was not a pleasant life to lead, for dogs chased him and boys threw stones at him, and he was often very tired and hungry. One gloomy evening he came out of an alley, and after looking about him for a little while, turned into a narrow side street. It had been raining hard all the afternoon, and now as the twilight came on it was more dismal than ever. Dirty drops of water chased each other down the dusty shop windows; little muddy torrents went singing along the gutters, and there were many puddles upon the uneven sidewalk.

It had been a hard day for Tom. He was strolling along slowly thinking of a number of things and keeping his eye out for a good opening for a mouse, when he met Jamie and Annetta. They had a very large umbrella over them, and a very little sack of cheese between them, out of which from time to time they each took a small bite; and when Annetta saw the hungry old cat, she stooped down and laid a morsel of the cheese on the sidewalk before him. When he had eaten that, she gave him another piece, and as she seemed to be such a kind little girl, Tom decided to follow her home and live with her for a while.

This arrangement was very agreeable to Annetta, but Annetta's mother didn't enter into it with that enthusiasm which Tom could have wished. She said he was an ugly cat and had a wicked look out of his eye; and once when he was sleeping on the back steps she swept him off with the broom. But Annetta overlooked all his faults and considered him the embodiment of feline perfection. She never forgot to put his meals on a little tin plate in the back yard; it was Annetta who smoothed his rough fur and picked the burrs out of his tail when he came in after a long tramp from nobody knows where.

And Tom was very sensible of this kindness and laid many mice at the little girl's feet, as tokens of his gratitude. And once he brought her a little dead bird, and then Annetta scolded him, and that afternoon she and Jamie buried the bird in the back yard with much funeral pomp, and they tied a black veil over Tom's head and made him march in the procession as chief mourner. After that he ate his birds away from home.

Tom had been stopping at Annetta's for about two months, when one morning as Jamie was crawling through the fence to show his new overalls with straps across the back, almost like suspenders, Annetta's mother called to him and said: "Don't come over to day, for we are afraid Annetta is taking the scarlet fever," and by evening the news was confirmed, and a little yellow flag was hung out; and then Annetta's mother called across the fence again and said:

"Annetta wants to know if Jamie will take care of the cat while she is sick."

Now, this was not a pleasant task for the little

boy, for he and Tom had never been the best of friends. He undertook it very cheerfully, however, for he was in the habit of obeying Annetta implicitly, and, after all, he was a little bit proud of the trust.

He followed the old cat around from morning till night. He arranged his meals as he had seen Annetta do. He was not happy if his charge was out of his sight for a moment, and Tom's reckless habits and wild ways worried him so that his little face took on a worn and anxious look.

The only real peace he got was in the evening, when he had seen Tom eat his supper and stretch himself out to sleep in the pleasant twilight; then, after feeling his nose to see if it was cool (for Annetta, who knew a great deal about cats, had told him that as long as a cat's nose was cold no anxiety need be felt about his health), he would sit down wearily on the back steps, feeling that he had done his duty for that day, and could give a good report to Annetta; for every morning Annetta would print in very large letters upon her slate, How is T. TODAY? and her mother would hang it up in the window. And Jamie would print a very abbreviated list of Tom's doings for the day upon his slate and hang it on his window, and in this way they kept each other posted.

Annetta had been ill about a week when one evening after he had his supper and had his nose felt to the satisfaction of Jamie, Tom disappeared through a hole in the back fence in company with a disreputable looking white cat, who lived with an old lady in the next square. And all that night he didn't return, and when Jamie got up in the morning, he found the cat's little box with a piece of old comfort in it, cold and empty.

The little boy climbed on the back fence and looked this way and that. At last he was relieved to see the old cat coming slowly down the alley. He crawled through the fence feebly and laid down in the shade as though he were very tired. Then he got up and ran round and around, and jumped over an old chair and yowled, and bristled out his tail, and Jamie was running after him trying to catch him when his mother came hurrying out of the kitchen and cried:

"Come into the house, Jamie, I am afraid the poor cat has a fit."

The little boy stopped short and leaned against the fence. It seemed too dreadful to be true! What would Annetta say, and how could he answer her anxious inquiries about her pet? But that morning no slate appeared in Annetta's window, and the little girl would not have known her old cat if he had jumped upon her bed. He might have laid any number of choice mice at her feet and received no crossing pat from her little hot hands.

Jamie wandered disconsolately about the yard trying to think of some way out of his difficulties. He wished Annetta was here to advise him; but one thing was sure, Tom was entrusted to his special care and must be cured. So that afternoon he tied a string about the cat's neck and led him out into the street. As they passed by the house where the owner of the rabbit lived, they saw him sitting on his steps his chin buried in his hands, and he spoke to Jamie very kindly.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"I am taking Tom to a doctor," Jamie replied promptly. "He has had a fit."

The owner of the rabbit was interested at once. He came down to the fence and looked at the invalid.

"What made him have it?" he said. James shook his head.

"Maybe he has went out and eat a lot of raw beefsteak," suggested the boy.

"No he hasn't," said Jamie decidedly, "for I have just been feeding him scraps and things, like Annetta told me to."

Here Tom put his paw to his face and smiled, for he knew very well that he and the white cat had stolen a large steak from the old lady and eaten it all the very night before.

"Do you know what would be good for him?"

Jamie went on in an anxious tone. The boy made a hasty mental review of his list of remedies; after thinking deeply for a while he asked:

"Have you tried burying a pin?"

"A what?" said Jamie, and even Tom raised the hair on his back, for he thought it possible that the pin was to be buried in him. He was much relieved to hear that it was only to be put under the ground at a cross road.

"It's good for warts," the boy continued, "but I don't know whether it will do him any good or not. If a cat's fitty, there ain't nothin' much you can do for him, nohow. And that cat looks like he might be."

Jamie's heart sank as he hurried Tom away. He knew exactly where he was going, for once when he and Annetta had gone down town to see a parade they had stopped to rest in a doorway, where Annetta had said there lived a great doctor, who cured thousands of people every day, she guessed, and as she seemed to have such a high opinion of his ability, Jamie had at once decided that this practitioner should try his skill upon Tom.

He found the place without much difficulty. The stone steps to the office felt very hot to his little bare feet, as he trudged sturdily up them with the cat in his arms.

With a beating heart he went into the waiting-room and sat down in a leather covered chair with Tom upon his lap. How many people there were, coming and going all the time. Jamie wondered if they were all sick, and if any of them had the scarlet fever. There were no other cats there, but surely a doctor who could cure a person could cure a cat.

For a long time he sat there, and the sunshine grew more and more slanting as it streamed through the window and made little dancing patterns on the floor. By and by the people went away, and then a door opened and the doctor himself came out. He was an old man with a high shining hat. There were so many charms upon his watch-chain that they jingled when he walked. He carried a little brass-bound medicine case under his arm, and was putting on his gloves as he came. When he saw the little boy he stopped and looked down at him.

"Are you lost?" he said, "or are you waiting for someone?"

"No, sir," Jamie replied, swallowing a lump in his throat. "I've come to get some medicine for Tom, he has had a fit. He is run round and round and nobody couldn't catch him."

There was a typewriter girl in the office who, when he held up the cat, put her handkerchief to her mouth and left the room.

"She needn't be afraid," said the little boy, contentedly, "they ain't ketchin' me and Annetta has played with Tom for weeks and weeks, and we ain't never had any."

"How many has your cat had?" asked the old man.

"He ain't my cat," Jamie replied, "he is Annetta's cat, and I am taking care of him until she gets well. She is the little girl that lives beside of me and she is awful sick. I 'spect she's goin' to die. She has got the scarlet fever, and is ist speckled all over," and Jamie waved his arms to show how completely the dire disease had laid hold of Annetta. The doctor looked into the little boy's anxious face for moment, and a queer look came over his own kind face as he turned quickly and went into his own private office. Presently he returned with some powders done into a neat little parcel.

"You're to give him one of these," he said, "if he shows any signs of being sick again. Let him drink all the milk he wants and I think your cat will be all right."

Jamie took the powders in his hand, and worked himself down off the chair. "I haven't any money to pay you for this now," he said, "for me and Annetta spent all our money for a rabbit, but I will have a quarter Christmas, and I will bring you that. Annetta will have a quarter, too, and I 'spect I could get that for you too."

"I usually do a cash business," said the old gentleman, stroking his chin, "but under the circumstances we will let it go. It's always a good thing to have money coming in at Christmas time." "Wait," he called as the little boy started out the door, "I'm going to drive home, and if you will show me where you live, I will put you out there."

Jamie could hardly believe that he heard aright, and it was not until he and his cat had been lifted into the doctor's rubber-tired road cart that he gave himself up to the pleasure of the situation. He leaned far back in the cushioned seat, with his little feet straight out in front of him. And all the way he kept his hand on Tom's nose, lest the excitement should recall the trouble of the morning. And what a ride that was. How skilfully the old man guided his high stepping horse through the crowded streets, going just close enough to other vehicles to make things exciting, but not close enough to cause any accidents.

Jamie hoped that the owner of the rabbit might be in a position to see his triumph, and the effect produced upon this young man came up to his highest expectations. It was getting dark now, the lights were beginning to wink in all the shop windows; and, as they turned into the little street where Jamie lived, he saw his mother walking anxiously up and down the sidewalk. And at last Jamie was helped out, still grasping the precious medicine in his little sweaty fist.

"And now," said the doctor briskly, "where does the little girl live?" and before Jamie had time to answer, he had caught sight of the yellow flag, and was taking himself, his high hat and his little brass-bound medicine case straight up the path, and was knocking at Annetta's door.

When Annetta's mother opened the door, he went in and closed it very softly behind him. If the neighbors in that little street were surprised to see the great doctor's turnout before Annetta's house, they had better be getting over it, for it appeared there again and again, and at last the hateful flag was taken down, and there came the joyful news that Annetta was very much better, and would soon be able to resume her work up in the mud-pie bakery, which she meant to enlarge and carry on upon a more improved scale than ever.

Then, one happy day, Jamie's mother told him if he would be very good, he might go over in the morning and see Annetta. He and Tom were up very early that morning. The little boy smoothed the cat's rough fur and fastened a bow of green tissue paper around his neck, so that he might look very smart and well cared for.

Then he polished up a piece of blue glass he had found in the alley and wrapped it in a little piece of newspaper. This gem he meant to present to Annetta to look at the sun through, and when all was finished he sat down and folded his little hands in quiet joy until the time would come to go. And when at last it did come, he found Annetta sitting in her rocking chair beside the window. She thanked him for his present, and greeted him very kindly; but in a lofty and dignified manner befitting a little girl who had just recovered from the scarlet fever; and while he was standing before her, feeling a little bit strange and awkward, the kitchen door opened and Annetta's mother came in.

She had been busy washing, for she had her sleeves rolled up, and was wiping her hands on her apron. She didn't say a word but just knelt down and took the little boy and the big cat in her arms, and she kissed Jamie a great many times; yes, and she kissed Tom too, and looked so funny, that for a moment Jamie thought she was going to cry; but upon reflection he decided that this was a mistake, for you know there was nothing to cry about now her Annetta was cured; and Tom, I have heard, has been perfectly well from that day to this.—The Interior.

For Dominion Presbyterian.

The Book of Nature.

Written in words of one syllable for little children by
REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON.

If a man writes a book, that book shows what is in the man. At least it shows part of what is in the man, for the man has more in his mind than he can put in the book. But all that is in the book must have been first in the man's heart and mind. Now this world we live in is one of God's books. The green earth is a page in this book; the blue sea is a page in this book; the bright sky is a page in this book; and we find in this book what is in God's heart and mind. He writes here in His book things he wants us to know. We can read in this book that God is good, that He is kind, that He is wise, that He is strong. Yet this book does not tell us all that is in God's heart. It does not tell us how much he loves us, and how he gave His son to die for our sins. We learn that in the Book of books. But the book of the earth and sky is a nice book too, and if we read it right it will make us wise and good.

For Dominion Presbyterian.

Parson Green.

BY W. M. M.

Old Parson Green has a bright bald head,
And a grizzly beard has he;
And when he waddles along the street,
Or clambers up to the pulpit seat,
He is a sight to see.

His nose is big, and his eyes are small,
And his teeth are never seen;
His face is wrinkled and lean and brown;
He's the oddest, funniest man in town,
Is curious Parson Green.

His voice has a squeak like a new pair of shoes,
And he laughs like a cackling hen;
And they say that a stranger who saw him smile
Once fell from his seat and rolled out in the aisle,
And couldn't get up again.

His coat is shabby, his collar is dark,
His bosom has many a stain;
And his curious, circular, broad-brimmed, flat,
Shallow, episcopal, clerical hat
Is gray with sun and rain.

But I never once think of the garb he wears,
And I never consider him odd,
As he rises up with a chastened look,
And lays his hand on the Holy Book,
And says, "Let us worship God."

And a heavenly music fills his voice
As he lifts our thoughts above
In fervent prayer to the throne of grace,
And the glory of heaven lights his face
As he tells of the Father's love.

If his hat is shallow, his brain is deep,
And his heart and soul are clean;
And I half believe that since time began
God never has made a handsomer man
Than beautiful Parson Green.

Sooner or Later.

"Sooner or later the wrong shall be righted,
Sooner or later the wicked will fall;
Sooner or later the dark will be lighted,
Sooner or later the good will prevail."

A Beatitude.

FROM AMIRI'S JOURNAL.

Blessed be childhood, which brings down something of heaven into the midst of our earthliness. These eighty thousand daily births, of which statistics tell us, represent, as it were, an effusion of innocence and freshness, struggling, not only against the death of the race, but against human corruption and the universal gangrene of sin. All the good and wholesome feeling which is intertwined with childhood and the cradle is one of the secrets of the providential government of the world. Suppress

this life giving dew, and human society would be scorched and devastated by selfish passion. Supposing that humanity had been composed of a thousand millions of immortal beings, whose number could neither increase nor diminish, where should we be, and what should we be? A thousand times more learned, no doubt, but a thousand times more evil. There would have been a vast accumulation of science, but all the virtues engendered by suffering and devotion—that is to say, by the family and society—would have no existence. And for this there would be no compensation.

Blessed be childhood for the good that it does, and for the good which it brings about carelessly and unconsciously by simply making us love it and letting itself be loved. What little of Paradise we see still on earth is due to its presence among us. Without fatherhood, without motherhood, I think that love itself would not be enough to prevent men from devouring each other,—men, that is to say, such as human passions have made them. The angels have no need of birth and death as foundations for their life, because their life is heavenly.

Effect of Storms on Birds.

The effect of approaching storms upon song birds is the subject of an interesting contribution by Mr. C. E. Linney to The United States Monthly Weather Review. It appears that during the night of August 15-16, 1898, severe electrical, wind, and rain storms prevailed over the northern district of Illinois. An observer in Henry County, Mr. W. W. Warner, noticed that for forty-eight hours before the storm not a sound was heard from the numerous song birds in the district. This observation was so full of interest that Mr. Linney wrote for additional information, with the result that he received numerous letters, some confirming it; others stating that birds sing louder and more persistently before a great storm, and nearly all agreeing that they are more restless than usual at such a time. Mr. Linney has found the following weather proverbs referring to song birds and storms: When birds cease to sing, rain and thunder will probably occur. If birds in general pick their feathers, wash themselves, and fly to their nests, expect rain. Parrots and canaries dress their feathers and are wakeful the evening before a storm. If the peacock cries when he goes to roost, and, indeed, much at any time, it is a sign of rain. Long and loud singing of robins in the morning denotes rain. Robins will perch on the topmost branches of trees and whistle when a storm is approaching. The restlessness of domestic animals and barnyard fowls before an approaching storm is well known, and many of their peculiarities have been noted; but the actions of song birds do not appear to have previously received particular attention.

One of the American journals has a good story of "a grave thoughtful man" who met a petite blonde at dinner recently. "Then you must admire Sir Walter Scott?" he exclaimed with sudden animation. "Is not his 'Lady of the Lake' exquisite in its flowing grace and poetic imagery? Is it not—?" "It is perfectly lovely," she assented, clasping her hands in ecstasy. "I suppose I have read it a dozen times." "And Scott's Marmion," he continued, "with its rugged simplicity and marvellous descriptions? One can almost smell the heather on the heath while perusing its splendid pages." "It is perfectly grand," she murmured. "And 'Scott's Emulsion'?"—he continued, hastily, for a faint suspicion was beginning to dawn upon him. "I think," she interrupted, rashly, "that it's the best thing he ever wrote."

The Living Age, which recently reprinted from the Nineteenth Century a caustic criticism of the Women's Congress, written by a woman, presents the other side in its issue for Nov. 4, in an article written for the Nineteenth Century by Fanny H. Gadney, president of the American Woman's Council.

World of Missions.

Door-Step Scenes in Syria.

Syrians are a peculiarly social people. They are apt to look upon strangers who come among them as cold and unfeeling because they are so often under pressure of work. The Syrians think that a short call might as well be no call. So we sturdily put aside our list of many engagements and the problem of fulfilling them, and start out on our calls with a calm exterior, ready to devote time unlimited as the case may require.

In that happy-go-lucky, ease-loving country, where *deshabille* is the normal condition, the guest who sends no warning always takes the family by surprise. But the welcome is none the less graceful and cordial. On one occasion, a Beirut woman was caught doing an extra day's washing in the middle of the week. She was in her little front yard, bending over the inevitable kerosene-tin, in this case adapted for a clothes-boiler. She was clad in a calico sacque and the usual baggy trousers, which were now tucked up about the belt and reached only to the knees. Both garments were dripping. Her switch was hung for safe-keeping on a mulberry-tree overhead. But disconcerted? never! Her poise and hospitality were perfect. At the visitor's request that the work should not be interrupted, a straw cushion was placed for her under the tree, and the hostess resumed her lowly work over the wash-bowl on the ground, chatting pleasantly all the time. No wash-board nor modern contrivance was used, of course; but the clothes were rubbed clean, wrung out, and jiled in wet coils in another bowl. With a graceful apology, the woman rose to hang the garment out to dry. Her visitor could not help smiling at the near view, as she stepped lightly about, in bare feet, her wet clothes clinging—and hair still waving from the twig overhead! Presently she returned to attack a pile of unwashed dishes on the door-step. In all delicacy let me say, she washed them first in the hot sud, which had been used for the clothes, but she rinsed them by pouring cold water over them from a pottery jug and wiped them with a cast-off garment of her husband's, and had the comfortable satisfaction of being a neat housekeeper. Work over, the guest was invited into the house, the hostess arrayed herself in her best, and the call ended with a flourish. The beauty of it all was that no sense of incongruity was felt throughout.

In making calls in Beirut, we are apt to break in upon a picturesque group of silk spinners. The women cannot earn more than two or three, perhaps four, cents a day at this work; but it is light and favorable to the dearest element in the Oriental's existence, social intercourse. The women are pleased by our interest in their work. We ask with concern: "Does not biting off the knots of thread all day injure your teeth?" "Oh, yes," they answer; "we wear them all away; such is our unfortunate life." "But why do you not use your scissors?" We ask, noticing a pair on the floor. "That would be a good plan," they assent. "Praise God who has given you foreigners broader thoughts than ours! But you see, lady, we have been accustomed to doing it with our teeth, and it is easier for us to keep on the old way."

In our calls on the Lebanon, we see more primitive ways. The most common door-step scene is the bread making. The woman takes a lump of dough as big as her fist, and pats it out on a board into a flat cake. This she throws deftly from one hand to the other till it is thin as a wafer and two feet in diameter. She then throws it upon a cushion and with the cushion slaps the cake upon a heated iron disc. As it bakes it peels off of itself from the disc, and the woman transfers it to the tray in readiness and slaps down another loaf. The bread supply is the main dependence of the family. Their olives, onions, and stews, are merely a relish to make the bread go down.

We ask the housekeeper to show us her store for the winter. With some pride, she takes us into a recess where various utensils and provisions are

kept. Around the walls are earthen barrels (made like the walls, of mud) containing wheat, lentils, and beans. When the housewife wishes to take out her daily supply, she pulls out a rag plug from a hole near the bottom of the barrel and lets as much as she wishes of the contents run into a vessel placed under the hole. This was no doubt the barrel which the widow of Sarepta used. The medium for the miracle was perfect. The stopper would be taken out, and the meal from an unseen source would pour out.

The life of Syrian peasants shows much of the simple trust of the widow in the days of the prophet. Their life of dependence has taught them to look to God as the source whence all their needs are supplied. It is a great help in mission work to have this groundwork to begin on; and when we complain of their failings in some other ways, we do well to remember that in simple trust we have much to learn from them.—"Woman's Work for Women."

Working Together With God.

BY M. AINSWORTH.

God is working his purpose out, as year succeeds to year;

God is working his purpose out, and the time is drawing near—

Nearer and nearer draws the time that shall surely be;

When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

From utmost East to utmost West, where'er man's foot hath trod,

By the mouth of many messengers goes forth the voice of God.

Give ear to me, ye continents—ye isles, give ear to me;

That the earth may be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

What can we do to work God's work, to prosper and increase

The brotherhood of all mankind—the reign of the Prince of Peace?

What can we do to hasten the time, the time that shall surely be,

When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea?

March we forth in the strength of God with the banner of Christ unfurled,

That the light of the glorious Gospel of Truth may shine throughout the world;

Fight we the fight with sorrow and sin, to set their captives free,

That the earth may be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

All we can do is nothing worth, unless God blesses the deed;

Vainly we hope for the harvest, till God give life to the seed;

Yet nearer and nearer draws the time, the time that shall surely be,

When the earth shall be filled with the glory of God, as the waters cover the sea.

—Missionary Intelligencer.

From Afar.

The difference in manners in different countries is illustrated by the fact that in Africa a chapel that would be thought only large enough for sixty Europeans holds two hundred of the natives.

One woman in Turkey was reported by the missionaries as showing her eagerness to read the Bible by putting on three pairs of spectacles at once as helps, occasionally looking over their tops to ask a question about some difficulty.

As some missionaries rose from their knees after prayers in a Turkish cafe where they were spending the night, the Turks crowded around and asked whether they were Protestants. "What are Protestants?" they were asked. "They are those who do not tell lies," "Those who do not cheat," "Those who believe only in the Bible, and try to live as it tells them," were the Turks' definitions.

A traveller in Africa came across a man having across his shoulders a fragment of a coat made of English cloth. The traveller learned that the coat had been given ten years before by a white man who

had made an impression then that could not be forgotten. He had treated black men as his brothers, and he would long be remembered as one whom it was a pleasure to serve. The description left it no doubt that it was Livingstone whose memory was so cherished.

Home and Foreign Missions.

The great work of missions—the bringing of men to know and love Jesus Christ—is one in all lands. The claims of foreign and domestic missions are too often compared as if they were two separate and even antagonistic forms of Christian service. They are essentially one; they are the fulfillment of one command, "Go ye and teach all nations;" they are inspired by one motive, love to man fired by love to Christ; they are the utterance of one message, "Christ came into the world to save sinners." "Go ye into all the world" means equally the next street and the antipodes; an American village and a South Sea island.—Christian Intelligencer.

A Trying Experience.

A NOVA SCOTIA FARMER SUFFERED FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.

CONSULTED FOUR DOCTORS, BUT THE ONLY RELIEF THEY GAVE HIM WAS THROUGH INJECTIONS OF MORPHINE. DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS RESTORED HIM TO HEALTH AND ACTIVITY.

From the News, Truro, N. S.

Mr. Robert Wright, of Alton, Colchester Co., N. S., is now one of the hardiest and hardest working farmers in this section. But Mr. Wright was not always blessed with perfect health; as a matter of fact for some fifteen years he was a martyr to what appeared to be an incurable trouble. In conversation lately with a News reporter, Mr. Wright said:—"I am indeed grateful that the trouble which bothered me for so many years is gone, and I am quite willing to give you the particulars for publication. It is a good many years since my trouble first began, slight at first, but later intensely severe pains in the back. Usually the pains attacked me when working or lifting, but often when not at work at all. With every attack the pains seemed to grow worse, until finally I was confined to the house, and there for five long months was bed-ridden, and much of this time could not move without help. My wife required to stay with me constantly, and became nearly exhausted.

During the time I was suffering thus I was attended by four different doctors. Some of them pronounced my trouble lumbago, others sciatica, but they did not cure me, nor did they give me any relief, save by the injection of morphine. For years I suffered thus, sometimes confined to bed, at other times able to go about and work, but always suffering from the pain, until about three years ago when I received a new lease of life, and a freedom from the pains that had so long tortured me. It was at this time that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for pale People were brought to my attention and I got two boxes. The effect seemed marvellous and I got six boxes more, and before they were all used I was again a healthy man and free from pain. It is about three years since I was cured, and during that time I have never had an attack of the old trouble, and I can therefore strongly testify to the sterling quality of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Since they did such good work for me I have recommended them to several people for various ailments, and the pills have always been successful.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood, and strengthen the nerves, thus driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that each box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

Health and Home.

It is always the hope of those who prepare articles for a housekeeper's page, to be able to say or suggest something helpful or of value to those who read. And there are two things in particular that might be written for the benefit, present and future, of the housekeeper who is comparatively young. The first bit of advice is briefly stated; train the little folks to understand that you, not they, are to choose for them what they shall eat and drink. Then, the second consideration will take a few more words. A lady of experience remarked some time ago, that nearly all matters pertaining to the household had a way of adjusting themselves, given sufficient time. And housekeepers, young and old, may learn, if they will, that it is mere foolishness to worry over the subject of meals. In the natural rule of succession dishes suggest themselves. If there is roast beef for dinner, there must necessarily be cold sliced meat, meat balls or a nice "tasty" mince meat for breakfast or lunch. Cold boiled potatoes are very nice creamed. Any kind of fish left over, suggests an appetizing minced fish, made very nice with "a suspicion of onion," a little curry, Worcestershire sauce, or an egg sauce. A loose lot of various cold vegetables can serve with almost any meat bone and its bits of adhering meat to make a truly delectable vegetable soup. Bits of bread make the relishable bread pudding. Heat the pieces, butter them, pour over them a weak custard,—if you have only one egg, put to it a pint or more of milk, a half cup of sugar and pinch of salt, add some raisins, and bake the pudding so as to serve soon after it is done. This is wholesome and is liked by nearly everyone. Cold coffee is better in some kinds of cake than it is to be warmed over for drinking. Stale cake make a nice pudding prepared the same as the bread pudding, without buttering the pieces. In this way nearly everything left over from one meal can be utilized for another. Don't worry. A little forethought on the part of those who must plan their 1935 meals a year, will make the task a diversion as well as a care. God meant these duties to be wholesome, not irksome; natural, not strained to a point, making of them a distressing dread. For those whose ample purses make the several-course dinners and the variety of dishes breakfasts a fashionable necessity, we offer no suggestions. Sufficient unto such tables are the hired housekeepers, butlers and chefs, who go with high livers and wealthy providers, making the furnishing of tables the profession of their lives. But remember, the rich enjoy their food no more, be it ever so profuse and luxurious, than do all other cheerful, happily disposed persons, who take thankfully what God gives, making no hardship of one of the pleasantest, commonest needs of the household.—Christian Work.

If you do not have plenty of cistern water for washing, add enough borax to the well water to soften it, and it will make the washing easier without injuring the clothes. Leave your silverware in a hot solution of borax and water a few minutes, then wipe dry, and you will not have to polish it so laboriously or often. Water in which a little borax has been dissolved is also good for cleaning table cloth, removing finger marks as if by magic.

A delicious hot gingerbread was served at a home luncheon the other day. It was fresh from the oven, spicy, and tender, and on being broken, it proved to be full of almonds. They had been split into halves so as not to be heavy enough to sink to the bottom of the dough during the cooking process. The combination of flavors is to be recommended.

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