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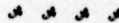
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Chinese Christian Endeavourers are said to number over 10,000.

The congregation of Brechin East Free Church has resolved to present a call to the Rev. Edmund Thomson, Abington Free Church, Lanarkshire.

The Rev. THOMAS CRICHTON, assistant, Dumfries, has been unanimously elected minister of Logie and Gaudry Free Church, in the Presbytery of Cupar.

There appears to be a general impression that Dr. John Watson will be selected for the Moderatorship of the next Synod and that he will accept the appointment.

By appointment of Dingwall Presbytery a day of thanksgiving for the harvest has been held. There was an almost complete cessation of business in the town of Inverness.

The Rev. Mr. M'Conn, late of the Secession Church, Kirriemuir "Thrams", has been appointed locum tenens in the parish of Blair Athol during the absence of the Rev. Mr. Fraser in Australia.

The customs of Turkey do not permit of mixed societies of Christian Endeavor, but in the Central Turkey college there are two flourishing societies, one of over a hundred young men, and the other of about fifty young women.

The committee of Ferryhill Free Church, Aberdeen, are to recommend that a call be given to Rev. R. B. Taylor, from the Presbytery of Irvine, as successor to Rev. Dr. Kilpatrick, now a professor in Manitoba College, Winnipeg.

Dr. John Watson preached in St. Columba's Church, Liverpool, at the ordination of Rev. A. J. Gossip to the pastorate. The new minister was introduced to the congregation on Sunday morning by Dr. Alexander Whyte, of Edinburgh.

At a free fight which took place last Friday among a number of students in Edinburgh in connection with the contest for the Lord Rectorship, a West Indian student sustained a fracture of the leg, and had to be removed to the Royal Infirmary.

The remains of Mr. Grant Allen were cremated at Woking. Mr. Frederic Harrison delivered a eulogy. No disease, no care or anxiety, he said, could stifle the intense earnestness of the deceased to follow out his own ideas and push on the work in hand.

Dr. Robert Blair urges that a great amount of missionary work might be undertaken among the fashionable residents in Edinburgh. There were many who thought it more manly to take to their bicycles on Sunday, or to the game of golf, than to go up to the house of God.

Last week a public meeting, under the auspices of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches in the town, was held in the Chambers Institute Hall, Peebles. Dr. John Connell presided, and on the platform were the Rev. Principal Wainy, Rev. Professor Orr, and Professor Simpson.

The London School Board contemplates providing dinners for underfed scholars. Out of an average daily attendance of 419,945 children, 55,060 are said to be underfed. If provided, the dinners would be open to all the scholars and would be paid for by tickets sold to parents able to pay, and given to those unable to do so.

By a narrow majority the U. P. Presbytery of Hamilton agreed to recommend "The Presbyterian Church of Scotland" as the name for the United Church in preference to "The United Free Church." It may be noted that the question of name has already been discussed by a number of U. P. Presbyteries. The "Frees" have not yet seriously faced the matter at all.

An interesting meeting took place in the Royal Institute, Glasgow, when Rev. John Henderson, recently ordained by the three presbyteries as pastor to the deaf and dumb, was presented with a purse containing £100, a writing table, and other gifts. Mr. Henderson, in acknowledging the gifts, spoke by word of mouth and the sign language simultaneously.

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Note and Comment

Everyone is very much encouraged by the reports of General Methuen's two great victories. Decided action is a relief after the seeming uneventfulness of the past ten days.

It is said that the buried city of Pompeii has not yet yielded up half of its artistic treasure. At the present rate of progress seventy years will elapse before it is thoroughly unearthed.

A friend of McGill University has offered to contribute a sum of money to establish a new chair in memory of the late Sir William Dawson. The offer is conditional on the provision that Lady Dawson will enjoy the income during the remainder of her life.

Emerson has characterized "fashionable religion" as the kind which "visits a man diplomatically three or four times—when he is born, when he marries, when he falls sick, and when he dies—and for the rest never interferes with him." How long will it be before that kind of religion disappears forever?

The *Osservatore Romano*, the semi-official organ of the Vatican, referring to the Dreyfus case, asked recently, "Why should the Church be blamed for not espousing the cause of a Semite accused of treason?" To which the London Times replied, "Who founded that Church but a Semite accused of treason?"

While Christian men everywhere will be grieved over the news of the illness of Dwight L. Moody, they will be glad to know that his state is not so serious as at first reported. Mr. Moody has been working beyond his strength; and no man can do that without paying the penalty in the end. A good period of rest, it is to be hoped, will bring back health to Mr. Moody.

The postmistress at Lady Gray, Cape Colony, showed great bravery when the Boers appeared and took possession of everything. She denounced them in such vigorous terms that they fled, but not before they had repeatedly posted proclamations annexing the district, which the postmistress had as repeatedly torn down, displaying at the same time Sir Alfred Milner's proclamation against treason.

The cultivation of fruit trees along the highways of France is being extended each year, the government having adopted this practice as a source of revenue, so that now roadside fruit cultivation has become an important branch of national industry. This practice, it seems to us, is worthy of imitation in Canada. The cultivation of fruit trees on road allowances would serve a double purpose; it would insure a revenue from the fruit, and at the same time serve to beautify the country.

It is an interesting fact that Queen Victoria, though a member of the Church of England, is also a communicant of the Church of Scotland. Near her Highland home is the Church of Craithie. Its worship is the simple Presbyterian form. The people sit when they sing and stand when they pray, and the sermon is the principal part of the service, and Her Majesty listens most attentively. Norman MacLeod was her favorite preacher, and his prayers for the royal family always touched her.

"The Scotch enjoy one great advantage over us in their church life," says the Michigan Presbyterian. "Their ministers who go to country churches are not treated as if they belonged to an inferior order of the ministry in consequence. In this country a city congregation usually looks suspiciously, if not contemptuously, on a country pastor, although in intellect and piety he may be the peer of any of his brethren. In Scotland some of the most eminent preachers, theologians, ecclesiastics, pastors, never had a city charge, and no one thinks less of them in consequence. In this respect Scotland is vastly ahead of us." We fear Canadians are not any better than their American cousins in this regard.

The ritualistic clergy who refuse to discontinue the use of incense have been told by the Archbishop of York that "the position taken up by the clergy who definitely refuse to give obedience was one of simple Nonconformity. They were Nonconformists in the truest sense of the word. By adopting this position they must inevitably shut themselves out from that fellowship with their bishop and with their brother clergy which would be their natural right, and they could not expect to be dealt with by their bishops in the same way as those who had fulfilled their ordination promise." This is rather hard on the ritualistic clergy, who hate Nonconformists with intense hatred.

Christian Work says: "Although the army canteen has been established in this country under the aegis of the United States Attorney General and in spite of the law, they have been managing this thing better in Canada. In that country to the north the sale of intoxicating liquor in the army camps of instruction has been prohibited by general orders since 1881. In October of last year, the Minister of Militia, having been informed that the regulations were not strictly enforced, issued strict orders that the law must be enforced in its entirety, and now we are told by The Montreal Witness that "not one drop of intoxicating liquor is allowed to be sold at any of the military camps of Canada." We are glad to note that when they have a statute in Canada they enforce it. The nullification of statutes does not seem to form one of the prerogatives of the Attorney General's office in the Dominion." A good word for Canada and her government!

The lines of railway now existing in Asia form a total length of about 30,000 miles, of which two-thirds belong to British India. The portions of the Transcaspien and Transsiberian railways already constructed represent a length of 3,200 miles. In China, a number of European syndicates have obtained concessions for 8,600 miles of railroad, which will traverse regions which are rich in mineral and vegetable products; these lines are for the most part in course of construction. The Chinese government has about 300 miles of railway, these lines being very productive, especially that from Peking to Tientsin. Japan is well provided with railway communication, having 3,200 miles. French Indo-China has at present but 120 miles, but French possessions in Cochin China, Annam and Tonkin will shortly have 2,400 miles, which will develop the mineral and agricultural resources of these countries. The Dutch Indies are well provided, Java alone having 1,000 miles. In British India the greatest length is to be found; here there are 21,000 miles of railway. As to Persia, there are as yet no railroads of any consequence, but Turkey in Asia possesses 1,600 miles, and 600 miles are in construction or projected.

The South Africa republic and the Orange Free State are neighbors, and are now united in the war with Great Britain, but they are remote from each other in their political organization and principles. The constitution of the Free State grants citizenship on equal and easy terms to all white men, makes all citizens eligible to office, guarantees freedom of speech and the press and of public meeting, establishes religious freedom and equality, and makes the courts independent of the legislative and executive department. The president is elected by all the people. The legislature consists of one house, and has power to amend the constitution in two annual sessions and by three-fourths majorities. The constitution is really English in its spirit and principles.

Miss Anna Swanwick, who died last week at the age of eighty-six, was one of the pioneers of the higher education of women, as well as an active worker in other social reforms. Miss Swanwick became dissatisfied with the kind of education given in the girls' school of her day, and went to Germany to carry out her plan of study. There she gained remarkable proficiency in German and in Greek. On her return to London Miss Swanwick became known as a translator of Schiller and Goethe into English. Her fine rendering of Faust is one of the best translations of Goethe's masterpiece. Still more serviceable have been her translations from the Greek. Her English version of the dramas of Eschylus has a high place, and has passed through many editions. Miss Swanwick also produced several original works. She had a share in founding Girton College, Cambridge, and Somerville Hall, Oxford, and in opening the lectures in King's College, London, to women. The University of Aberdeen quite recently conferred on her the honorary degree of LL.D.

Instead of arranging for a woman's section at the Paris International Exhibition of 1900, the Dominion Government have decided to publish a handbook for distribution, which will give statistics and information regarding all departments of women's life and activities, and concerning the organizations with which they are connected. The preparation of this work has been entrusted by the Government to the National Council of Women of Canada. The volume will be divided into sections on Charities and Reform, Education, Trades and Industries, Social Work, Professions and Careers, Art, Literature, Church Work, Indian Women, and Immigration, each of which will be undertaken by a Sectional Committee and Convener. In order to facilitate the work of these sections, a list of questions has been prepared and is being sent out by Miss T. F. Wilson, Corresponding Secretary of the National Council, to persons likely to have the requisite experience and ability for replying to inquiries bearing on the various departments named. It will greatly aid the Council in its work if those possessing information which will be of interest for such a handbook, will send their names and addresses (post free) to Miss T. F. Wilson, care of Auguste Dujuis, Esq., Paris Commission, Department of Agriculture, Ottawa, before Dec. 1st, and indicate the section regarding which they could furnish answers to our questions. The Government intends to furnish an apartment as a rest room and information office for the use of Canadian lady visitors to the exhibition. Lady Aberdeen is editor-in-chief of this Canadian Woman's Handbook.

Our Young People

For Dominion Presbyterian.

Our Own Church; the Old Century and the New.

BY WOODFORD.

Topic.—The "gathering together" of the Presbyterian Church in Canada as it exists at the present time, took place in 1875. Of all the secessions and disruptions that occurred before 1875 we shall not speak; our present condition justifies us in speaking rather of union. By 1868 we find then that six unions had taken place, making four Synods—the Synod of the Lower Provinces, the Synod of the Maritime Provinces in connection with the Church of Scotland, the Synod of the Canada Presbyterian Church, and the Synod of the Canada Presbyterian Church in connection with the Church of Scotland. In 1875 between these four bodies there was consummated a seventh union, the result of which was the present Presbyterian Church in Canada. It must never be forgotten that devotion to Christ, earnestness of purpose in the work of spreading the gospel, the crying needs of the country, and not mere expediency or vain glory were the factors in promoting this union. Had there been less earnestness, less devotion to Him who is Lord and Master of us all the union would never have been so happily, so blessedly consummated. With us as with the church at Antioch, the gathering together was an illustration of the saying, "Man's extremity is God's opportunity."

MONDAY.—A comparison of the Presbyterian church after the union with "the infant church" shows many pleasing points of similarity. The great majority of Presbyterians in Canada, in a spirit that was and shall be forever inspiring, came together in 1875 as brethren in the Lord. That was a wise course to pursue the steady growth of the church in ministers, members and adherents, in its college and missionary work, and in its pecuniary resources, clearly proves. There are now the names of 1,488 ordained ministers, besides those of 472 unordained home and foreign missionaries, on the roll of the church, as compared with 672 names then; the number of communicants has increased from 88,228 in 1875 to 212,026 in 1899; the contributions for all purposes now total \$2,511,175 as compared with \$972,672 for the year after the union. In the 2,419 Sabbath schools of our church there are 160,105 scholars, and 19,666 teachers. There are now 1082 Young People's Societies with a membership of 36,189.

TUESDAY.—What a sense of nearness to God, and to one another, of brotherliness, this spiritual union begets. For convenience of administration we have in our church an Eastern and a Western

section. When the fathers and brethren foregather the east and the west are one, and even foreign mission fields are spoken of as part and parcel of the Canada Presbyterian church. Men from Eastern and Central Canada labor in and for the west; the stalwarts of the west are equally welcome in the east (only it is hard work to wear a man away from the witchery of the west). Prairies and mountains and oceans, it is evident at meetings of the General Assembly, are paltry obstacles to the lively interest of each and all in the work of the church as a whole. In Christ Jesus the far off are indeed made nigh; and in truth there is no middle wall of partition; none are strangers and foreigners, who are fellow citizens with the saints and of the household of God.

WEDNESDAY.—It is not surprising that a church animated by such a spirit should go on from strength to strength. During the century there have been valleys of weeping for individuals and congregations to pass through. What discouragements and hardships the pioneers had and have to encounter! How great is the goodness of the Lord with which they were strengthened! Of what they received they have handed much down to us. Shall we give such an account of our stewardship as they did, and will succeeding generations rise up and call us blessed? Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ; the Father of mercies and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our affliction that we may be able to comfort them that are in any affliction through the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.

THURSDAY.—"To work is to pray" said a saint of olden time. There is need of much activity to the end that the union so happily consummated in 1875 may ever be being fulfilled. What a field for activity lies ready for young and active brains in the mission work of our church! Heartly support is needed for the North-West Church and Home Building Fund, Augmentation, Mission to Lumbermen, to the Indians of the North-West, to the dwellers in the New Hebrides, in Trinidad and St. Lucia, in Demerara, in Formosa, in Honan, in Central India. United effort in behalf of such work will indeed be blessed of the Father, to the strengthening of the church, as of each individual helping and being helped.

FRIDAY.—If in the past there is so much to be thankful for, surely the duty for the present and for the future is to offer service well-pleasing to God. Rome fell when her sons dawdled at home in luxury instead of following in the footsteps of them who founded the kingdom—extending the territory, and keeping in subjection by ruling wisely the people that had been conquered. Greece fell

when those who had been handed down the findings of statesmen and philosophers and artists became "thumb-twiddlers," priding themselves on the heritage without in anyway seeking to practise or improve upon the same. If we are to be worthy sons of worthy sires, if what we have we are to hold, this can only be when work undertaken is supported, and when what offers of what is new is taken as ours is the ability.

SATURDAY.—It is the nobility of loyalty there is in humanity that speaks in the words of one of Shakespeare's characters: "He! I a dozen sons each in my love alike, I had rather have eleven die nobly for their country than one voluptuously surfeit out of action." There is surely much in the history of our church in this as in eighteen previous centuries to make our loyalty quite as great. The essence of the sacredness of life is indeed concentrated in the history of the church. And whether the time we look back to be the united church of 1875 or to the different wings of the Presbyterian army before this, or to covenanting Scotland, or to the period of the Reformation, or to the small gathering in the upper room in Jerusalem, the church, perhaps, in particular ages, or centuries, known by different names, is one in Christ Jesus, has ever been and is going on from strength to strength, has had and has the power of sanctifying every legitimate union, and as so blessed by God the responsibility is so great that the same can only be said to be had respect to when the truest loyalty to the church prevails.

The Old Century and the New.

- Mon., Dec. 4. The infant church. Acts 2:41-47.
 Tues., Dec. 5. "In Jesus Christ." Eph. 2:13-22.
 Wed., Dec. 6. From strength to strength. Ps. 81.
 Thu., Dec. 7. In earth and heaven. Eph. 3:14-21.
 Fri., Dec. 8. The church's responsibility. Heb. 12:12-29.
 Sat., Dec. 9. Loyalty to our church. Ps. 122.
 Sun., Dec. 10. Topic: Our own church; the old century and the new. Acts. 11:19-28.

"The Living God."

How many times we find this expression in the Holy Scriptures. And it is just the very thing we are practically prone to lose sight of. We know that it is written, "The Living God;" we may speak about him as "the living God;" but in our daily life there is scarcely an thing we practically so much lose sight of as the fact that God is "the living God," and that he is now whatever he was three thousand years ago; that he has the same sovereign power, the same saving love towards those who love and serve him as ever he had, and that he will do for them what he did for those two thousand, three thousand, four thousand years ago, simply because he is "the living God," the unchanging One, the same as ever he was.

Oh how, therefore, we should confide in him, and in our darkest moments and in our greatest trials and in our heaviest difficulties and afflictions should never lose sight of the fact that he is still "the living God," and ever will be "the living God."—George Muller.

Wonders of the Arctic Night.

From "Farthest North," by Fridtjof Nansen.

Nothing more wonderfully beautiful can exist than the arctic night. It is dreamland, painted in the imagination's most delicate tints; it is color etherealized. One shade melts into the other, so that you cannot tell where one ends and the other begins, and yet they are all there. No forms; it is all faint, dreamy color music, a far-away, long-drawn-out melody on muted strings. Is not all life's beauty high, and delicate, and pure, like this night? Give it brighter colors, and it is no longer so beautiful. The sky is like an enormous cupola, blue at the zenith, shading down into green, and then into lilac and violet at the edges. Over the ice-fields there are cold violet-blue shadows, with lighter pink tints where a ridge here and there catches the last reflection of the vanished day. Up in the blue of the cupola shine the stars, speaking peace, as they always do, those unchanging friends. In the south stands a large, red-yellow moon, encircled by a yellow ring, and light golden clouds floating on the blue background. Presently the aurora borealis shakes over the vault of heaven its veil of glittering silver, changing now to yellow, now to green, now to red. It spreads; it contracts again, in restless change; next it breaks into waving, many-folded bands of shining silver, over which shoot billows of glittering rays, and then the glory vanishes. Presently it shimmers in tongues of flame over the very zenith, and then again it shoots a bright ray right up from the horizon, until the whole melts away in the moonlight, and it is as though one heard the sigh of a departing spirit. Here and there are left a few waving streamers of light, vague as a foreboding; they are the dust from the aurora's glittering cloak. But now it is growing again; new lightnings shoot up, and the endless game begins afresh. And all the time this utter stillness, impressive as the sympathy of infinitude. I have never been able to grasp the fact that this earth will some day be spent and desolate and empty. To what end, in that case, all this beauty, with not a creature to rejoice in it? Now I begin to divine it. This is the coming earth—here are beauty and death. But to what purpose? Ah! what is the purpose of all these spheres? Read the answer, if you can, in the starry blue firmament.

Later in the evening, Hansen came down to give notice of what really was a remarkable appearance of aurora borealis. The deck was brightly illuminated by it, and reflection of its light played all over the ice. The whole sky was ablaze with it, but it was brightest in the south; high up in that direction glowed waving masses of fire. Later still, Hansen came again to say that now it was quite extraordinary. No words can depict the glory that met our eyes. The glowing fire-masses had divided into glistening, many-colored bands, which were writhing and twisting across the sky both in the south and north. The rays sparkled with the purest, most crystalline, rainbow colors, chiefly violet-red or carmine and the clearest green. Most frequently the rays of the arch were red at the end, and changed higher up into sparkling green, which

quite at the top turned darker and went over into blue or violet before disappearing in the blue of the sky; or, the rays in one and the same arch might change from clear red to clear green, coming and going as if driven by a storm. It was an endless phantasmagoria of sparkling color, surpassing anything that one can dream. Sometimes the spectacle reached such a climax that one's breath was taken away; one felt that now something extraordinary must happen—at the very least the sky must fall.

But, as one stands in breathless expectation, down the whole thing trips, as if in a few quick, light scale-runs, into bare nothingness. There is something most undramatic about such a denouement, but it is all done with such confident assurance that one cannot take it amiss; one feels one's self in the presence of a master who has the complete command of his instrument. With a single stroke of the bow he descends lightly and elegantly from the height of passion into quiet, every-day strains, only with a few more strokes to work himself into passion again. . . . For a final there is a wild display of fireworks in every tint of flame—such a conflagration that one expects every minute to have it down on the ice, because there is not room for it in the sky.

For Dominion Presbyterian.

Dae Richt an' Ye'll Dae Weel!

BY JOHN IMRIE.

Tho' others tak' the easy road,
Be yours in patience aye to plod,
Trust less in man and mair in God —
Dae richt and daur the deil!
Ne're lippen to the tempter's snare,
O' a' his wiles an' bribes beware,
Wae out your staps wi' muckle care —
Dae richt an' ye'll dae weel!

Let conscience clear as crystal shine,
The "gowden rule" keep aye in min',
An roon your heart let love entwine —
An' ye'll aye happy feel;
Ye'll fin' this aye the safest plan
Dae richt an' aye the best ye can,
God helps the honest upright man —
Dae richt an' ye'll dae weel!

Use weel the talents God has lent
Let ilka hour be wisely spent,
In a' ye dae hae good intent,
As up life's hill ye spell:
An' tho' the way be steep an' bare,
Aye onward press wi' faith an' prayer,
Till aince you hear Our Father there,
Say out—"YE'VE DONE GEY WEEL!"
Toronto, Can.

More Worlds to Conquer.

It has been well said that "where bread grows on trees, we find the weak race." This suggests why it is that the Bible speaks so highly of him "that overcometh." It is only by being an overcomer that we can grow into worth. Man "becomes something," says Burroughs, "only by overcoming something." The athlete loses interest in a feat that has become easy. Alexander sighed for more worlds to conquer; he was too big a man to enjoy going out of business. No manly man likes to feel himself shrivel; this is why many rich men keep on toiling and making money. They object to shriveling, and therefore keep on in the struggle of overcoming. There can be no moral Alexanders among us. In the religious and moral life there are always more worlds to conquer. Before us always lies the joy of the privilege of growing through overcoming.—Sunday School Times.

Literary Notes.

A reproduction in fac-simile of the manuscript of Milton's minor poems is about to be published in England. It consists of forty-seven pages, mostly in Milton's own hand and it includes the "Arcades," "Comus," "Lycidas," several of the Sonnets, and the first sketch of "Paradise Lost" as a drama.

A leading London publisher says that Lis Hovse does not accept one per cent of the novels submitted to it. The difficulty in most cases is that the writers set themselves to deal with conditions of life of which they have no knowledge. The man of the lower middle class is determined to depict the ways of the aristocracy; or a woman who has led a quiet and sheltered life undertakes a military romance, and the publishers' reader does not have to pursue the work far before he finds it utterly unavailable.

For Thee Alone, Poems of Love, selected by Grace Hartsborne. This delightful collection of poems of the heart contains many old favorites and a very large number of poems not so well known. Among the poets represented are Byron, Coleridge, Burns, Hood, Thomas Moore, Shelley, Tennyson, Mrs Browning, Austin Dobson, Lowell, Whittier, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich. The book, which comes in a box, is well printed, with rough edges, and the binding is a dainty white. The many illustrations add to the value of a volume that must appeal to all lovers of pretty books. — Dana, Estes & Company, Boston.

Laura E. Richards, the author of "Queen Hildegarde," is a favorite with all young girls—and they are always delighted to welcome a book from her pen. "Peggy" is a charming little story of life at a boarding-school, that theme which is irresistible especially to those who have never been at school away from home. Peggy is a somewhat shy girl, and in many of her studies is not at all clever, but she is very fond of mathematics and anatomy. She has a high sense of honor, and is altogether a very lovable girl. The other characters in the story are equally interesting and are very well delineated. The volume is a beautiful one, well printed and bound in pretty green linen. Any girl would be charmed with this book as a Christmas gift. — Dana, Estes & Company, Publishers, Boston.

The Hon. J. K. Ward, of Montreal, a Manx-Canadian sends to the Witness his copy of the leading Isle of Man paper containing the following:

"I see from this week's 'Christian World' that there is a paper carried on in the very same lines as the imaginary one described in 'In His Steps.' It is the Montreal 'Daily Witness,' and it is said to be the only one of the kind in the world. That can hardly be said to be a very creditable thing for the Christian Church. Can anyone doubt that such a paper must be an enormous force on the side of purity, righteousness, and every good and noble cause? I can imagine few greater blessings that could come to any community than the presence of such a paper in its midst. Just imagine what it would be to have in this island (the Isle of Man) a newspaper absolutely free from personalities, stories of petty scandal, betting news, and advertisements of anything that could be to the moral detriment of the people. I am aware for such a task a man of enormous courage and faith would be needed. But if such a man did arise in our midst it would be such a call to duty to all Christian people as has hardly ever come to us yet. He would have great difficulties to fight with, but I wonder what right any of us would have to call ourselves followers of Jesus if we did not stand by him and see him through. Surely this is no mere utopian dream. It ought to be perfectly feasible. If our Christian profession is a reality and not a sham; if all, or even a large portion of the Church members, were to be governed by the rule 'What would Jesus do?' they would make it quite possible for such a paper as the one described as existing in Montreal to live and flourish among us. Christ begins His work with the individual, making a new man, and out of that new creation, all other good things are to come for others and for society at large. Reformation must begin with ourselves." — Rev. D. Inglis, B. A. in 'Mona's Herald,' Isle of Man.

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Thursday, November 30th, 1899.

It would perhaps surprise most of us to find that our opinion of an individual is often based upon our observation of a single action. Up to a certain point in life he had been all that was good; from that point there was nothing good about him. Other people see no change in him, but to our eye he is entirely changed. Is it not just possible that there has been some disaster to our own moral vision?

Two Montreal lads entered an open store on a recent Sabbath to make a purchase. While waiting to be served, one of them leaned too heavily upon the glass showcase and it broke. The proprietor had the lads arrested for damages. When the case was called the Recorder turned the tables somewhat by reading the by-laws forbidding the sale of any such article on the Lord's day. The boys were dismissed with a warning, and the shop-keeper was also warned that it was unlawful to keep open shop on the Sabbath. The action of the Recorder is to be commended. Were those who administer the law quick to enforce the legislation we now possess, the present flagrant desecration of the Sabbath would soon cease.

At the present writing no decisive action has been taken in South Africa. The tide has turned, however, and Briton is after Boer, instead of Boer pressing Briton. There have been ugly rumors, so often repeated that there must be some truth in them, of Britons being lured on by a white flag, and treacherously shot down when they responded to it. We can scarcely credit the charge as applied to the whole army. The Boers are not savages, though there may be some among them little removed from that condition, and war brings the savage trait to the surface. The end is

not difficult to predict, and we trust the campaign, on this time onward, may be marked with that generosity to a conquered foe that should be found in a Christian nation.

Who Is My Neighbor?

If nine-tenths of the people gave an honest answer, it would be—those near me, with whom I have most in common. In actual life, proximity does not imply neighborhood if the one near us be poor, or disagreeable. If they are in the same class with ourselves, socially and intellectually, we may admit the claim. That is to say, we consider that man a neighbor who can give us quite as good as he asks from us.

The answer given by the Divine Teacher is very different from the answer we now give. Our neighbor, He taught us, is the one who needs our help, and whom we are given an opportunity to help. He may be in our own social circle, living on the same street, interested in the same objects. He may also be one whom we have not known before, the chance acquaintance of travel, or one whom misfortune has thrown in our way. His tastes may be in accord with our own, or they may fill us with repulsion. Neighborhood does not depend upon these accidents, but upon the need for my ministrations, and upon my ability to minister to him.

The Great Thank-offering.

Plans for enlisting every Presbyterian in the Twentieth Century Fund movement are being rapidly matured. There is little movement on the surface as yet, but the leavening process is going on, and ere long the results will become known.

This preparatory work is hard work. Not only must a plan be perfected in the minds of those who are charged with the conduct of the great work, but the various constituencies of the church must be persuaded that, on the whole, this is the best plan. For it would be folly to attempt a work of such magnitude were each community free to carry out its own ideas for completing it. Endless confusion and failure, and then mutual recrimination and division would be the result of such a policy. There must be one well-defined plan, and there must also be a loyal adherence to that plan.

Hence the need for a competent agent at the head of this movement. The General Assembly acted most wisely when it chose the "First Presbyter" for this position, and Moderator Campbell has already proven himself worthy to fill this difficult place. But the Church, to a man, must rally to his call. This spirit of loyalty to its Moderator should be the first intimation of that mighty movement towards one centre that all hope will be the crowning result of this united effort. And, to give this movement the greater

unity, the present Moderator should be continued in the Moderator's chair till this movement has reached the time limit set for its completion. The formal re-nomination in June next should, for once, be more than a form, and Moderator Campbell should continue to hold that position till the meeting of the First Assembly in the new century.

This thank-offering from our Church should be something more than so much money. The widow's mite was a poor pittance in itself. It was the spirit in which it was given that multiplied its value, till it was worth more, in the Master's estimation, than all the other gifts combined. So, too, our million dollars will be but a miserable pittance if there be but a million dollars to offer to the Lord. And again we shall hear the searching question, "Who hath asked this at your hands?" if this is all we have to bring. But if, behind the gift, and prompting it, there be a spirit of the love to our one Lord, that unifies all men, drawing them irresistibly to the one common centre, the value of the gift will be beyond computation.

A Good Servant.

We stood looking down upon the peaceful face after the spirit had fled. The hands that had been so busy in ministrations for three-score years were quietly folded. The lips that had helped so many with encouraging words were forever mute. But there rose before us the vision of those whom she had helped to better things during the long years past. How many there were—a sea of faces all about her. Some of them were shadowy, others were still warm with life. How blessed is such a life!

Then our thought turned to follow the flight of the freed spirit as it passed into the presence of the Master. How humble was its entry, but with what a radiant smile was the spirit of the good servant welcomed! Would He ask her to stand idle, waiting till the final consummation? Surely not! There must be other service upon which the free spirit has already entered. The limitations so often felt here will be no longer felt, the disappointing opposition will not thwart her plans. Who can tell the joy of such a life of free loyal service.

We lift our eyes from the quiet face of the sleeper, and look into the troubled faces of those who have gathered to look once more upon the face of the dead. We tried to tell them of our vision, but the words would not come. They could not see then what we had seen. It may be that they shall yet see it, and it will comfort them, as it comforted us.

Outside, on the busy street, they are hurrying back and forth in an effort to secure a little more for themselves. The circle of their life is ever narrowing, and, when they cross the limit, there will be

few to say, "I am better because that one has lived." Who would not choose the beautiful life of service, the life that spends itself in behalf of another, and that, in its course, sweetens and strengthens so many other lives.

For Dominion Presbyterian.

New Light from the Word.

BY REV. JOSEPH HAMILTON.

The Word of God differs from all other writings in this, that it takes on new meanings from age to age. It has teachings which we understand in a limited way from the first; but we find by and by that these reach much farther, and are susceptible of new applications, as our spiritual vision clears. There are miracles and parables of Christ, for example, which have a plain meaning on the surface, that even a child can understand. After a while, however, we perceive in these things a new beauty and glory which we could not discern at first. And the remarkable thing is, that these new revelations do not contradict the old ones. They only supplement and enlarge them. Such is the unity of truth. I will tell you what this enlarging revelation is like. It is like looking at a bright star in the heavens. We have long been accustomed to see that star, and we have long known it by a certain name. But now at length a powerful telescope is brought to bear, and lo, the star is no longer one star, but two. What seemed to be a single, is found to be a double, star. The two lie in the same direction, but there are millions of miles between. This wonderful revelation comes by the telescope that so extends our vision. And, perhaps, some day a still more powerful telescope may reveal another star in the same direction, much more glorious and much farther on. It is somewhat true that to the quickened spiritual sight new revelations of glory break from the firmament of divine truth. As we see further and clearer the truth grows more luminous. We cannot yet see very far or very clearly. We believe, however, that the eye of the soul, unlike that of the body, will not wax dim with age, but ever grow clearer and clearer until we shall "see as we are seen, and know even as we are known."

Century Fund.

SABBATH SCHOOL CONTRIBUTIONS.

It is somewhat discouraging that although Children's Day collection was appointed for Sabbath, September 24th, only 1,029 Sabbath Schools, have, thus far, forwarded contributions.

According to the report of the Sabbath School Committee to last General Assembly, there are 2,438 Sabbath Schools in connection with the Church, including 62 in Trinidad, so that very considerably

less than one half the number have contributed, thus far.

In some Sabbath Schools the collection may not yet have been made. In others, it may have been made, but, from some cause, has not been forwarded. It is earnestly hoped that ministers and Sabbath School Superintendents will see that from their Sabbath School a contribution is sent within the next fortnight.

Borrowed Religion.

BY REV. G. B. F. HALLOCK, D.D.

It was want of oil that prevented the five foolish virgins of Christ's parable from being able to enter the marriage feast. At the last minute they sought to borrow, but could not. The religiously unready can not be supplied by others. No one can borrow religion.

How closely the unprepared resembled the prepared for a time! They were alike invited, alike had lamps, alike came as far as the door. The difference between those who are Christians and those who are not is always easily distinguished. Outward appearance and actions do not always decide. The question lies within the heart. The gates of heaven may prove a sad test to many.

It is a noticeable fact, too, that the bridegroom came at the most difficult time for them to make up for their lack of preparation. It was at "midnight." At that hour there was poor opportunity for buying oil. The hour when that crisis comes is a poor time to prepare for death. It is, indeed, the most unfavorable time. There are the medical attendants, the hurried business to be attended to, the weakness, the weeping, the farewells, with little opportunity to attend to eternal things. No hour is so utterly unfavorable in all a man's life as the closing hour.

But the parable was a message to the living, and conveys an especial and definite warning against the folly of trying to borrow religion. The foolish virgins, unprepared, tried to borrow. "Give us of your oil." Trying to borrow religion is a common resort of many. There are people who try to borrow religion from their friends. A young man says he is safe because his mother is a Christian, a husband because his wife is, and others make like mistake. Men do sometimes hold property and conduct business "in the wife's name," but they can not have religion in that way.

Some people borrow religion from a past experience. They had some religious concern years back, and found on that their hope. But no "old experience" can take the presence of a present, vital relation to Christ. A man can not live to-day on the heart-beats of last month.

Some borrow religion from ritualism. They think they are safe because they

have been baptized, or go to church, or through certain religious forms; but they may, in fact, have no more real life than Barnum's moving wax-work figures. There is such a thing as wax-work Christians, "having the form of godliness, but denying the power thereof."

Some borrow religion from a false view of God's mercy. God is wondrously merciful; but He is holy and just, too. Mercy is boundless and free at the foot of the cross; but men who borrow religion do not seek it at the cross of Christ.

Be warned against the mistake of trying to borrow religion. It must be a vital possession of your own, sought and obtained from God.—Herald and Presbyter.

"The Mother of God."

Dear Sir:—

I have read the article in your issue of the 16th by Mr. T. Fenwick on "The Mother of God." It seems to me he strains the quotations he gives to show that the Scriptures teach the "alike absurd and blasphemous" dogma.

It is not often you meet with a Romish priest who is inclined to argue on a religious subject; but I once had the privilege of such an experience. Our subject of debate was the above named question—"Mary, the Mother of God." The only passage he quoted, and the only one upon which he based his dogma was the marriage of Cana of Galilee where it is stated: "And the Mother of Jesus was there;" his syllogism being: "Jesus was God; Mary was His Mother; therefore Mary was the Mother of God."

It was useless for me to try and explain the two-fold nature of Christ and that Mary was simply the mother of the human; until it struck me to ask, if he, as a Christian minister believed in the pre-existence of Christ and that He had on various occasions appeared upon the earth previous to His incarnation. This he admitted. I then asked whether the Virgin Mary had an existence before being born into the world in the natural way. To this he made a negative reply; and I quietly cornered him by asking how Mary could be the mother of a being who existed before her, and upon whom her own existence was dependent. In all our controversy his priestly reverence never once suggested that Mary was only the mother of the physical, the human nature; he certainly held strongly to the dogma of "The Mother of God," which I, along with all right thinking Protestants, consider "is alike absurd and blasphemous," and without one particle of scriptural evidence.

I am, yours truly,

GEO. W. ARMSTRONG.

London, Ont., Nov. 20th, 1899.

The Quiet Hour

For Dominion Presbyterian.

Lessons in Giving.*

BY REV. W. G. JORDAN, D.D.

Here we are clearly taught that men should give of their best to God, for the support of His church and the glory of His name. It is true that there have been times, both under the old and new dispensations, when the church has been the greedy corporation, and the priests who ought to have fed the sheep thought only of shearing them. In the Old Testament and in the history of the church, things can be read on this head which are an everlasting disgrace, and which have done more to create infidelity than any speculative difficulties. The church as an institution should be managed on honest business lines and in a charitable and kindly spirit; ministers should be faithful and unselfish, following in the footsteps of Him, who, though He was rich, for our sakes became poor. All this is true, but is not the truth of this lesson. The truth brought before us now is that to support the visible ordinances of worship and service is both a duty and a privilege. All visible organization is liable to imperfections and is in danger of being abused, but without the visible church one of God's important witnesses would be lacking, and the visible church cannot exist without our self-denying help. Common funds and century funds are needed if worship is to be maintained at home and service rendered abroad. Without enquiring minutely into the life of the Jewish church, we will show how the principles of this passage apply to our own life.

There is a most sacred relation between man and God which we are apt to forget, "a son honoreth his father and a servant honoreth his master," but the eternal God may often look down upon our careless life and say, "Where is Mine honor?" and "where is My fear?" He who is the truest father and noblest master is often dishonored. We are all too much like the priests that despised His name. We should give to God of our best; it is a shame to offer polluted bread upon the altar, to give to heaven what is only fit for dogs. We would not treat our earthly governor as we treat the Eternal King. How many there are who give only the small leavings of their time, substance, and strength to God's cause. Whether it is in money, in the labor of hand, or the sweat of our brow something of our very best should be given to God. If our religion is a reality it will take something of our very life. The attempt to get off with a small, poor offering shows that there is no real enthusiasm and joy of service. This is the teaching of the prophetic voice in its address to the formal cold-hearted priests.

*S. S. Lesson for Dec. 10th.—Mal. i, 6-11; iii, 8-12.
Golden Text—"God loveth a cheerful giver."—2 Cor. ix, 7.

These priests should have been true mediators between the people and the nation's God, but how can they be seekers of grace for others who are so graceless themselves? So long as they are in that condition it would be better to close the temple door and not offer any offering. It is better to have no offering than to have one that is impure and vain. A closed temple door and an empty altar might speak even by its very silence and call men to repentance, but a proud offering that is the work of impurity is a delusion and a snare to the worshippers and an abomination in the sight of God. God has no pleasure in impure worshippers and will not accept their sacrifice. God will rather not have any worship than to have it selfish and unclean, but He will not lack worshippers. Outside this circle will true worshippers arise and those of great privileges will be put to shame by those of less fortunate religious circumstances. We who ought to present a noble sacrifice should remember that our sloth and selfishness will not destroy the true worship but only take away the glorious share we might have had in it.

III, 8-12. The next section opens with a startling question, "Will a man rob God?" One would think that it might be safely answered with an indignant no! But the charge is solemnly made that God's people have robbed him. They have brought the curse of barrenness upon themselves by their greed; in their effort to enrich themselves at the cost of their Church they have become poor. A man or a Church cannot buy spiritual blessing; the intercourse between God and the Church is not a commercial transaction. But we can keep God and heaven out of our souls by our selfish clinging to the mere earthly good. We do not know how much our personal and social life is blighted by our lack of generosity. As we think of all the blessings that have come down to us through the centuries, and of all the prayers and sacrifices of noble men through which these things have come, we ought to feel that the least we can do is to give something of our substance and life to the great enterprises of the Church so that even from our small efforts some good may come to the new century.

Letting God Love Us.

Love is not an impulse or an emotion, but submission to a law which is the expression of a perfectly loving will. So the beginning of commands is, "Thou shalt love God," and its enlargement is, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor." What some suppose to be an evanescent and hardly responsible mood of the mind, is really the voluntary submission of our wills to God's will, the free and steady obedience of a positive law. And as this law is the expression of God's loving nature, so it is by our participation of the

divine nature that we are enabled to render it obedience. "Loving God," says Bushnell, "is but letting God love us." John's great saying might be rendered in the present tense as truly as in the past, "Not that we love God, but that He loves us." Or, as Madam Guyon sings:

"I love my God, but with no love of mine,
For I have none to give;
I love Thee, Lord, but all the love is Thine,
For by Thy life I live."

Sunday School Times.

Putting First Things First.

Boys and girls just beginning to read are very apt to get the emphasis on the wrong word in the sentence. It is almost always the last word, whether the sense requires it or not. In life, "children of a larger growth" are constantly doing the same thing—putting the main stress upon the things that are of minor importance.

The business man thinks he must first see that his business is on a solid financial basis, so that he is sure of a livelihood or a competence, and then he will look after the interests of his soul. The professional man must make his mark first, then he will, at some convenient time, turn to God and be saved. Of course, no one intends to be lost. All expect to repent some day, and go straight to heaven when they die. But religion can be attended to at almost any time, even the eleventh hour, if need be. Business must be attended to now. That is the logic of the world.

But from every point of view it is false reasoning, unworthy of men with immortal interests at stake. Look at it for a moment. Will not every one admit that the salvation of the soul is the most important consideration of life? For a man to miss the true purpose of life, and then to miss his true destiny at last, surely that would be regarded as the one irreparable mistake, would it not? Then if salvation is admitted on every hand to be of paramount importance, why should not every man attend to it first? Is it right, is it wise, is it logical, to lift matters of merely secondary concern into the first place? Is it evidence of a well-balanced mind to do so? The best poised mind will surely rate all the facts of life at their true proportionate value, assigning to each its proper place.

The first thing for every man and woman, every boy and girl, to do, is to get right with God. The religious problem is the one to be solved first of all, because it lies at the basis of all right life and character. That problem solved, all other problems of human life will follow in their proper order by the divine law of self-adjustment. That is, all other necessary things will be added unto you. The person who first settles properly his relations with God will be in the best condition to study, to labor, to follow any proper vocation in life. With that relation unadjusted, all else will be chaos, resulting in wreck and ruin.—Herald and Presbyter.

He so strengthened my faith as to perfectly banish all my doubts and fears, and filled me with humble, peaceful love. Oh, what a change God hath wrought in me! I am indeed put into possession of a new nature.—Joseph Benson.

The Cross of Christ.

Take the cross of Christ out of this world, and its greatest glory would be gone. There have been other crosses lifted up, and there have been other victims crucified, and the world has forgotten them. But for more than eighteen centuries the eyes of men have been drawn to that central cross upon Calvary, and fastened upon the crucified One that hung upon it. Other crosses have cast a narrow and transient shadow, but that one cross has cast an ever broadening and permanent path of light throughout the world. The cross itself, once regarded as the sign of sin and the symbol of death, has become the pledge of holiest love and the symbol of immortal hope.

The cross of Jesus does not owe its perpetuity and power to the time and place of its erection, nor to the circumstances by which it was environed, nor to the lack of opposition on the part of the world to which its doctrines have been preached. Paganism kindled around it the fires of persecution, but like the burning bush in Horeb, it has not been consumed. Judaism tried to cover it with dishonor and disgrace, but its truth and purity, its effulgence and glory, are such that no breath of hatred has dimmed it in the least. Infidelity has tried to dig it down and bury it, but it is so firmly planted that no hand of unbelief can dig beneath its deep foundations. Higher Criticism has sought to pour suspicion upon it, and Rationalism has tried to nullify its power, but in vain. It is so potent that it draws the world unto itself, fulfilling the words of the Crucified, "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

But wherein consists the virtue of the cross, its influence over the hearts of men, and its saving efficacy? The power of the cross does not lie in the time and place of its erection, nor in the character of the death suffered upon it, but in the life and character and person of Him who suffered. The influences which flow from the cross are determined by that which lies back of it, and which gave it existence; and the light and life-giving power of the cross center in Him who was crucified thereon, and flow from Him. The person who suffered, the motive which led Him to undergo those sufferings, the moral element which entered into them, and the object to be accomplished—these determine the power and efficiency of the cross.

Between God, the Creator and Ruler, and man, the creature and subject, sin, blinding the mind of man in ignorance, hardening his heart in enmity, dragging him down under the law of sin and death, had digged a deep, dark gulf. Not from the human but the divine side of this gulf the Mediator originally came. Jesus Christ is indeed "the seed of the woman," "the son of David," but he is also much more. The babe of time is the Ancient of Days. He is the Wonderful Counselor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace. The Word, which became flesh, was in the beginning with God, and was God. By Him all things were created, by Him they are upheld, and unto Him they belong as heir thereof. He is the image of the invisible God, and has revealed and declared Him whom no man hath any time seen.

The calm and silent heavens declare

God's glory, but they tell us nothing of divine pity and compassion for the sinning and the suffering sons of men. The constant and unchanging laws of nature declare God's wisdom and power, but they tell us nothing of pardon and of hope for them who have once transgressed. The cross alone reveals this to us. He whose arms encircle helpless infants while He blesses them, whose heart yearns with compassion for needy and hungry multitudes while He feeds them, whose tears of sympathy fall and mingle with the tears of human sorrow while His words bring comfort to suffering hearts, discovers to us the tenderness, the pity, and the compassion of our God.

Christ did not become the Lamb of God by being lifted up on the cross, but He was lifted up on the cross because He was the Lamb of God. And while the cross brings to light all the gentle and lovable attributes of God's nature, so in the cross of Christ are revealed, too, the divinest, holiest and most worthy attributes of our human nature. It has every needed grace for the saint; it saves to the uttermost the sinner.

"Through all the depths of sin and loss
Drops the plummet of thy cross;
Never yet abyss was found
Deeper than that cross could sound."

Christian Work.

St. Cassianus and St. Nicholas.

Two saints of earth—so runs a legend old—
Together came up to the throne of gold,
The scenes and cares of life forever done,
St. Cassianus was the name of one,
A type of rigid monk and saintly man,
And all who strive by lonely pondering
To fit themselves to stand before the King—
His ample, flowing robe, all purely white,
Glowed dazzlingly in heaven's radiant light,
Till some bowed low in mute, amazed delight.

But thus the Master questioned: "Tell me now,
When travelling last on earth, what sawest thou?"

"I saw a peasant—poor unfortunate!—
Who, with his wagon, lost and overlate,
Is, for his folly still, for aught I know,
Alfouling in the mud and mire below,
'Tis pity men will spend their living so!"

"And didst thou help him not in his sad plight?"

"Nay, Lord, my garments were so purely white
I feared to soil them e'en with contact slight,
And I was coming up before Thy sight,
I've kept my robes unspotted from earth's soil,
And left for baser minds its lowlier toil."

The Master sighed in sad and thoughtful mood,
And then He turned to where St. Nicholas stood,
Alashed and waiting, claiming naught of good.

"And thou, what didst thou see on earth?" He asked.

"I saw the peasant, too, and straightway cast
My brawny shoulders 'neath his wagon-load,
And helped him till he found the homeward road.
I think he will be here with us ere long
To join with angels in the triumph-song."

Then in the presence of the Master's smile
The dust of earth, which for a little while
Had gathered on his girdled robe and brow
Fell off, and left it spotless as the snow.

"Stand thou aside, St. Cassianus, here;
Make room for Nicholas to draw more near,
For unto him I fourfold blessing give
Who while he lived helped others, too, to live."
—Christian Endeavor World.

He who tries to walk "in the footsteps of Christ" can always find them. Christ left his footprints in the rocks of truth and practice, not in the sands of theory and speculation.

The Sabbath.

The observance of the Sabbath according to divine command is highly essential to man's physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual well-being. As a machine at times must go into the shop for repairs, so man's physical and intellectual being is designed by a wise and beneficent Creator to enter the shop of rest and repair one day out of seven. Observation and history bear testimony to the fact that incessant toil is detrimental to health and prosperity.

God is to be worshipped and served every day, but the Sabbath is designed to be a special day of divine worship not only in the closet, but especially amid the solemnities in the sanctuary in an open and public capacity—a faint type of the exalted worship in heaven. Sabbath desecration is a violation of natural law, and, above all, a most flagrant breach of divine law. Heinous as horse stealing is, violating the third commandment, "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," is vastly more heinous, because it belongs to the first table, and thus pertains to God directly. An infringement here is a sin directly against God. There is nothing more sinful and criminal than Sabbath desecration, and anything that breaks the Sabbath, or leads to it, should be struck with a vigorous hand.—Exchange.

Prayer.

We beseech thee, Lord, to behold us with favor, weak men and women, subsisting under the covert of thy patience.

Be patient still. Suffer us yet a while longer, with our broken promises of good, with our idle endeavor against evil; suffer us a while longer to endure, and, if it may be, help us to do better.

Bless to us our extraordinary mercies; if the day come when they must be taken, have us play the man under affliction.

Be with our friends; be with ourselves. Go with each of us to rest, if any awake, temper to them the dark hours of watching; and when the day returns to us—our sun and comforter—call us with morning faces, eager to be happy if happiness shall be our portion, and, if the day be marked to sorrow, strong to endure it.—Part of a family prayer written the day before he died, by Robert Louis Stevenson.

Good Cheer About Death.

BY SOCRATES.

Let any man be of good cheer about his soul who has ruled his body and delighted in knowledge in this life; who has adorned the soul in her own proper jewels, which are temperance, justice, courage, nobility, and truth. In these arrayed, the soul is ready for the journey even to another world, when the time comes. For, if death be the journey to another place, and there all the dead are, what good can be greater than this? Be of good cheer about death, and know this of a truth, that no evil can happen to a good man either in life or after death. God orders and holds together the whole universe, in which are all things beautiful and good. He keeps it always unimpaired, unconfused, undecaying, obeying His law swifter than thought, and in perfect order.

Ministers and Churches.

OUR TORONTO LETTER.

Stebbins, the well known singer, hymn writer, and evangelist, was the guest of the Rev. Wm. Patterson of Cooke's Church, on Sabbath last, and sang at both services of that congregation. No more got into the church than usual, but they got there earlier, and more tried to get in. Long before seven o'clock the great auditorium was full to the door. Mr. Stebbins sings the gospel as well as Mr. Patterson preaches it, and the crowds that came to hear both men, or either of them, are an indication of the heart-hunger there is for the old gospel, told in simple words.

St. Andrew's Society turned out in force to hear the annual sermon last Sabbath evening. Rev. Dr. Milligan was the preacher, and the members and others filled Old St. Andrew's Church to overflowing, and they heard a good sermon, direct and forcible. The text chosen was Luke 9: 37-41. Dr. Milligan was particularly effective in his treatment of the general subject of charity, not in its narrow and false sense of giving to the poor, but in its broader sense of helpfulness to all whom it is given us to help. It is refreshing to be taken out of the ordinary rut in discussing the question of charity. The world is becoming hateful, as hateful to those who give as it has long been to those who receive. Dr. Milligan, and others will do good service if they can lift this grand word into its rightful place again.

It was the intention of the Parkdale congregation to have the settlement of their new minister and the opening of their new Sabbath-School room coincident. But the church courts were more speedy than the contractors, and the new building is not yet quite completed, though it has been used for two Sabbaths. It is one of the best schoolrooms in the city. Besides an ample floor space, an excellent gallery runs round three sides of the building, and gallery and main floor together will seat 1,700 persons. Pillars rise from basement to ceiling at the outer edge of this gallery, furnishing a means to close off the various classes during the teaching hour. Below an ample basement provides room for tables, and as this is well lighted and ventilated, the social teas will be held here. A large kitchen indicates that the ladies of the congregation mean to make use of this auxiliary in the work. The board room, the ladies' parlor and the minister's study are each models of their kind, the ladies' parlor being an exceptionally bright, cheery room. Mr. Guggie has excellent material in all this for carrying on work, and he is likely to make good use of it.

Special services are being held in several of the churches in the city. Last week there were three days of such services in the Central Church, at which neighboring ministers assisted. This week a four days' service will be held in Erskine Church, and others are being quietly arranged. The purpose of these meetings seem to be the deepening of the spiritual life of the believers, especially of those who have been most active in Christian work. They are but preparatory to other aggressive work, into which, it is expected, we shall be led in the near future.

In some of the churches special offerings are being taken for the assistance of the poor. As a rule there is a generous response to the appeal for money and clothing. With the approach of the Christmas time the desire to make the day happy for some who have been unfortunate stimulates generosity, and provides ample means for a liberal distribution. It is questionable whether this liberality is not often abused. We heard of one hustler, who entered a saloon to refresh himself, after a visit to one of the benevolent Societies, and meeting a cronny there, he lifted the cover of his basket, and showed a generously proportioned turkey, with the remark, "and this is my fourth this year!" There is need for some check upon too careless giving, lest self respect be destroyed.

Knox College announces the annual "At Home" for the 14th of the month, just before the Christmas holidays. These annual functions are eagerly anticipated by the friends of the College, and furnish an admirable opportunity to the outside public to judge of the spirit that pervades the institution. We trust that the occasion may be most successful this year, and that it may in this way give the lie to the report, very generally circulated, that there is no College spirit in Knox this year. Let the students turn in as one man, and show those who will come to see if this be true, that Knox College runs deep.

Last Sabbath evening the brief course of Sabbath lectures on Judas Iscariot, that the Rev. L. H. Jordan has been delivering to the young men of St. James' Square, came to a close. One would hope that these lectures may appear in more permanent form. They have been in Mr. Jordan's best vein, thoughtful, scholarly, and most suggestive. In every step

of the course followed there was evidence of the most careful examination on the part of the one who was conducting us in our study, and the impression left upon the mind has been most salutary. We have not been led to abhor Judas as an abnormal monster, created for the purpose of becoming his Lord's betrayer. We have, instead, been led to see in ourselves, a possible Judas, and have shuddered as we caught a glimpse of the awful possibility for that evil that lay within us.

There has been no attempt to shirk the difficulties attending the study of this man. They have been frankly stated, and, for most of the difficulties, a satisfactory answer has been suggested. At times one shrank from the bold positions taken, at times one felt that the basis for the opinion presented was too entirely intellectual, and yet one could not but accept it as the most rational of the explanations suggested.

"Was Judas lost?" Mr. Jordan wisely answered, "I do not know." In spite of the word, "that he might go unto his own place," Mr. Jordan answered, "I do not know." Surely that is right. Surely it is not for us to pronounce judgment. We have our opinion. It was quite evident that the lecturer also had his own opinion, but it was but an opinion, and he refrained from giving it more than its rightful place. But he told us, instead, of that Saviour who was ready to receive even the traitor. And we came away, not with the image of the self-destroyed traitor before us, but thinking of that marvellous love which even his treachery could not quench.

Rev. Dr. Milligan gave a lecture in South Side Presbyterian Church on Nov. 23 on the origin of the trouble in South Africa.

Rev. Louis H. Jordan, B.D., is to give a lecture before the Woman's Art Association on "Art in Japan" on Nov. 30.

The anniversary services at Queen Street East Presbyterian Church were held last Sabbath. Rev. Prof. Ballantyne preached in the morning and Rev. Robert Atkinson in the evening.

St. John's Presbyterian congregation celebrated their twelfth anniversary last Sunday, and set apart the day for a contribution towards the Century Fund. \$175 was collected at the morning service. Rev. Dr. Bruce preached at 11 a.m., and Rev. J. A. Macdonald at 7 p.m.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. J. P. McQuarrie, of Nelson, has accepted a call to South Tilbury.

Rev. N. M. Bethune, of Aylmer, preached in Norwich, on Nov. 26.

The Annual meeting of the Barrie W.F.M.S. was held on Nov. 15 and 16.

The Ayr Presbyterians have extended a call to Rev. Thos. Nixon of Smith's Falls.

Rev. Jas. Buchanan, North Pelham, has accepted a call to the Presbyterian Church of Dundalk.

On Dec. 8 Rev. F. Smith, of Bradford, will exchange with Rev. James Kollins, of Elmvale.

The Hon. Rev. Dr. Johnson of Jamaica occupied the pulpit of Knox Church, Galt, last Sabbath.

Rev. J. Skene, of Hillsdale, occupied the pulpit of Central Church, Mitchell Square, on Nov. 19.

On Sunday morning Rev. A. Grant, of Knox Church, St. Mary's, preached to the Sons of Scotland.

Rev. Mr. McGillivray, of Newmarket, and Rev. F. Smith of Bradford, exchanged pulpits on Nov. 19.

An unanimous call has been extended by the Presbyterians of Hespeler to Rev. R. Pogue, of Stayner.

The people of the First Presbyterian Church, London, intend to give \$8,000 to the Century Fund.

Rev. Neil McPherson, of St. Paul's Church, Hamilton, preached in the Presbyterian Church at Sarnia Nov. 19.

At the last meeting of Maitland Presbytery, held at Wingham, the resignation of Rev. D. Forrest, of Walton, was accepted.

Knox Church, Guelph, is contemplating putting in a new pipe organ. The young people are to have charge of the undertaking.

Rev. Dr. Johnston, of Jamaica, lectured in St. John's Church, Hamilton, on Nov. 20, on "The Transvaal and its People."

Last Sunday evening Rev. Dr. Warden gave a

strong address on the Century Fund to the people of St. Paul's Church, Hamilton.

The congregations of White Church and Langside have extended a call to Rev. John Burnett, of Keady. The call has been sustained.

Rev. Robert Johnston of St. Andrew's Church, London, preached in the First Methodist Church of that city last Sunday evening.

On Nov. 21 Mr. Jas. L. Hughes, Toronto, gave a most interesting lecture, entitled, "The Smith Children," in Knox Church, Galt.

On Nov. 27 Rev. Alex. McMillan, of Toronto, lectured on "Hero Martyrs of the Scottish Reformation," in Knox Church, Hamilton.

The annual sermon of the St. Andrew's Society, Guelph, was preached last Sunday evening in Knox Church by Rev. R. W. Ross, M.A.

On Nov. 26 the pulpit of Balfour Street Church was occupied in the morning by Rev. Dr. Nichol, and in the evening by Rev. W. A. J. Martin.

Rev. Alexander Mackay, D.D., of Toronto, conducted services last Sunday in St. Andrew's and St. Paul's churches, Vaughan, the pastor being absent.

Rev. A. J. Jensen, of Durham, gave a lecture on "A Trip to Holland and the Hollanders" in the Presbyterian Church, Ryckman's Corners, on Nov. 16.

Mr. Daniels, of Knox College, Toronto, delivered an address on "Mission Work in Modern Persia" in the Presbyterian Church, Princeton, last Sabbath.

The thank-offering meeting of the Victoria Mission Band of First Presbyterian church, London, was held last Friday afternoon. The offering was \$14.

Rev. A. Mahaffy, of Milton, conducted the services at Erskine Church, Hamilton, on Nov. 19, as Rev. J. G. Shearer was preaching anniversary sermons in Milton.

A unique entertainment was given on Nov. 27 by the young men of Central Church, Galt. It was called a "Missionary entertainment by men," and the ladies were in the audience only.

At a meeting of the London Presbyterians held in St. Andrew's Church, it was decided that all the Presbyterians of the city should give as one church to the Century Fund. They aim at giving \$35,000.

On Nov. 23 a "National Tea" was given by the ladies of Knox Church, Hamilton. Tables were set, representing Canada, England, Holland, and Ireland, and a very enjoyable programme was given after the guests had partaken of tea.

Rev. J. S. Scott, the new pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Brantford, made his first appearance before a Brantford audience (outside of his own congregation) on the evening of Nov. 20, when he delivered a lecture in Zion Church on "The Land of our Lord."

The Rev. S. O. and Mrs. Nixon, of Cheltenham, were taken by complete surprise on Nov. 21, when about one hundred friends, and Sabbath school children took possession of the manse, the occasion being the presentation of an address and two beautiful presents by the Sabbath school to Mrs. Nixon as an expression of their appreciation of her kindness and labor in training them for their annual S. S. entertainment. When several hours had been spent pleasantly and profitably in speeches, recitations, music and games, all returned home feeling happier because they had been the means of making others happier.

WINNIPEG AND THE WEST.

Professor Kilpatrick, of Manitoba College, preached in Westminster Church, Winnipeg, Nov. 19.

On Nov. 19 Rev. Dr. Campbell preached in Augustine Church, Winnipeg, at the morning service, and in the evening at St. Andrew's.

Rev. M. C. Rumball, of Morden, conducted services in Knox Church, Winnipeg, on Nov. 19. Rev. Dr. DuVal having gone to Morden to take charge of anniversary services there.

Rev. S. C. Murray, of Port Arthur, gave a lecture illustrated by lime light views in Knox Church, Portage La Prairie, on November 17. On the following Sunday Mr. Murray occupied the pulpit at the morning service.

At the last regular meeting of the Winnipeg Presbytery a call was extended from the Presbyterian congregation at Emerson to Rev. D. H. Jacobs, who has been in charge of that congregation for some time. Mr. Jacobs accepted the call and will be inducted Dec. 14.

MONTREAL.

A meeting of Presbytery has been called to sustain the call of St. Matthew's Church to the Rev. E. A. Mackenzie, of Chesley, in the Presbytery of Bruce.

The congregation at Montreal Annex has applied to the Presbytery for permission to hold a meeting for organization, and the application has been granted.

The Rev. A. J. Mowatt preached the annual sermon to the members of the St. Andrew's Society on Sunday afternoon in Erskine Church. His theme was, "Features of Scottish Religion."

St. Andrew's church has engaged a new organist, Mr. Frederick H. Blair, who comes well recommended. Mr. Blair is at present organist and choir master of Christ Church Cathedral, Fredericton, N. B.

The Rev. G. F. Kinneer, B.A., the newly inducted pastor of Beechridge, was born at Kinneer's Mills. He took arts at McGill University and theology at Knox College. He has been settled at New Richmond and Megantic.

Special Sunday services were held in connection with the Chalmers Church anniversary. The Rev. D. D. Reid preached in the morning, speaking highly of Mr. Heine's long and successful pastorate. Mr. Heine himself preached in the evening and dwelt on the goodness of God as experienced in the life of the congregation.

On Thursday of last week the Presbytery met at Beechridge for the induction of the Rev. G. F. Kinneer, B.A. The Rev. Colin Young, B.A., presided, and the Rev. James Patterson conducted divine service. The Rev. F. M. Dewey, M.A., addressed the minister, and the Rev. J. H. Beatt, the congregation.

Mr. Hugh McLennan followed the remains of Sir William Dawson to the grave on Tuesday afternoon and died himself on Tuesday night. Mr. McLennan was a strong and good man. In business he was president of the Montreal Transportation Company. He was acting chairman of the Board of Governors of McGill University. He was a member of the American Presbyterian Church.

Sir William C. Macdonald has sent a cheque for \$12,000 to the governors of McGill University, for the purpose of endowing a Dawson memorial chair in the University. The conditions attached to the gift were that it should be made use of to provide an annuity of \$2,500 for Lady Dawson while she lived, and that the chair should be known as the Dawson chair of geology. Sir William's generosity knows no limit.

A magnificent tracery window in Ohio sandstone has been placed in position in the front of St. Paul's Church. It is twenty eight feet high and seventeen feet wide, and consists of five mullioned openings in which figures representing the life of the Apostle Paul will be placed. The window, it is said, will be in position early in May. The window, it is said, will be the finest in Canada, if not on the continent. It is donated by Mr. John Hope as a family memorial.

The St. Andrew's Ball is the social event of the week. It is always the opening of the social season. A glance at the list of those who attend this or any other great society event in Montreal reveals anew the great prominence of the Scottish element in the city. And these wealthy Scotch-Canadian Montreaders are nearly all Presbyterians. It would be a good idea if they would duplicate the sum they spend on five-dollar tickets for a ball in a subscription to the Century Fund.

The Westmount difficulty is not yet settled. Dr. Barclay, in the name of the committee appointed to secure harmony, reported to a recent meeting of the Presbytery that the efforts of the committee had proved abortive. Mr. Brady will now have to apologize to the minister and Kirk session, or substantiate his charges against Mr. Winfield. Some unpleasant sessions are in prospect for the Presbytery. The real question at issue is rendered more difficult of solution by partisan feeling in the congregation.

The Rev. Principal Shaw, D.D., L.L.D., has resigned his position as head of the Wesleyan Theological College, owing to failure of health. The resignation will take effect on the first of next May, after which Dr. Shaw will continue his lecturing work as a member of the staff. Dr. Shaw has been identified with the College for many years, and has been largely instrumental in bringing it to its present satisfactory position. His resignation is generally regretted, and Presbyterians join in the sympathy felt with him in his poor health.

The Rev. G. Colborne Heine has been eighteen years pastor of Chalmers Church. The anniversary

of his induction was celebrated by a re-union and social, which was largely attended. Chalmers Church has prospered under Mr. Heine's care, despite the difficulties with which it has had to contend in a parish which is mainly Roman Catholic. It is the churches which are situated as Chalmers is that need the sympathy and the prayers and the encouragement of the brethren in other churches in a special degree. They are as a light shining in a dark place and their surroundings are depressing.

Several memorial services were held in connection with Sir William Dawson's death. On Monday afternoon one was held in the university under the auspices of the governors, when Principal Peterson, Principal MacVicar, and several professors took part. A meeting held in the David Morrice hall on Sunday afternoon under the auspices of the College Y. M. C. A., was addressed by Principals Shaw and MacVicar. Memorial services were also held on Sunday in Stanley Street Church, of which Sir William was a member. References were also made to the late Principal in St. Paul's and many other churches. The university was closed until after the funeral.

The attitude of Archbishop Bouchesi towards the charity organization scheme is worthy of attention. He was invited by a committee appointed by a conference of leading citizens to give his co-operation to a project for systematizing charity in the City, in which a score of benevolent societies had interested themselves. The Archbishop declined to co-operate on the ground that one of the articles of the constitution of the proposed association provided that its agents should "scrupulously shun any religious proselytism." Such a conception of charitable work, he claims, differs essentially from that which inspires Catholics in their attention to the poor. He could not very well take any other stand.

The late Sir William Dawson's funeral was held on Tuesday afternoon in the Molson Hall of McGill University. The service was conducted by the Rev. F. M. Dewey and not, as stated by a daily paper, by the Bishop of Montreal. The Rev. Principal MacVicar and Bishop Bond assisted. Mr. Dewey's text was David's utterance with reference to the death of Abner, "A prince and a great man is fallen this day in Israel," and the address was a feeling tribute to the virtues of the departed. All the Presbyterian clergy, and, in fact, all the Protestant clergy of the city, attended. The procession was imposing, all the students of the University marching in cap and gown. The coffin was carried in a plain wagon, in accordance with the preference of the deceased.

MARITIME PROVINCES.

Rev. Dr. Murray preached in Zion Church, Charlottetown, on the last two Sabbaths.

The new church at Ferrut, Annapolis Co., N. S., was dedicated last Sunday. Rev. A. Gandier was the preacher.

Prof. Graham Bell lectured on Japan, last Friday, in James' Church hall, New Glasgow. The distinguished lecturer was greeted with an overflowing house.

Mrs. Dickie, wife of Rev. A. B. Dickie, Milford, N. S., died Nov. 18, at the age of 41, deeply lamented by a wide circle of friends. A deputation of Presbytery attended the funeral.

St. Andrew's Church, St. John's, Newfoundland, gave \$163 in one collection to the Augmentation Fund besides \$105 to the ordinary expenses, a total of \$271 in one day. It is by no means a very wealthy congregation.

It is estimated by Rev. D. S. Fraser, Synodical S. S. Convent, that the Sabbath Schools of the Maritime Provinces have given at least \$8,000 to the Century Fund. Reckoning by the number of teachers and scholars this would give an average of over \$13,000, provided the Western section of the church does as well.

First Church, Truro, has moved into its new commodious and modern Sunday School building. It is on the "Akron" plan and in every respect "up to date." A farewell meeting was held in the old hall when its historic associations were recalled. There Presbytery has met for 45 years. In it the preparatory classes of the Theological Seminary were taught when that institution was located in Truro. It was a centre of religious and missionary enthusiasm. The Sunday school was first started in 1837.

Trinity Episcopal Church, St. John, was burglarized last Thursday. The sacrilegious miscreants used surplices, altar cloths, &c., as well as cushions and hassocks to deaden the sound of the explosion when blowing open the safe. About \$50 were secured,

but the solid silver communion service, presented to the church by George III, was fortunately untouched. Evidently the robbers were not posted in the story of the St. John loyalists and thought the service to be of the usual plated ware.

EASTERN ONTARIO

Knox Church, Ottawa, has decided to raise \$6,000 for the Century Fund.

On November 26 Rev. Principal Grant preached in the First Congregational Church, Kingston.

On last Sunday afternoon Rev. J. R. McLeod preached on the Century Fund in Williamstown.

Rev. Robt. Young, of Trenton, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church, Cobourg, last Sabbath.

Rev. Mr. Moir of Knox College has accepted a call to Manitowick. His induction will take place on December 17.

The ladies of the Presbyterian Church, Balderson, gave an entertainment in the form of a birthday party on November 17.

Rev. W. H. Milne of the Glebe Presbyterian Church, Ottawa, occupied the pulpit of Knox Church last Sunday evening.

Rev. J. R. McLeod of Three Rivers occupied the pulpit of Knox Church, Lancaster, last Sunday, in the interests of the Century Fund.

On December 3 the communion service will be held at Vankleek Hill. Rev. J. MacLeod will be assisted by Rev. H. D. Leitch of St. Elmo.

Rev. W. A. Mackenzie, formerly pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, occupied the pulpit of St. John's Church, Brockville, on last Sunday evening.

Last Sunday evening Rev. W. G. Jordan preached a splendid sermon in Queen St. Methodist Church, Kingston, on "And the Disciples were called Christians first at Antioch."

The annual sermon to the members of St. Andrew's Society, Ottawa, was delivered last Sunday evening in St. Andrew's Church by Rev. J. Edgar Hill, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Montreal.

Rev. John Hay of Cobourg, preached in Kingston last Sabbath on the Century Fund. In the morning he preached in Chalmers Church; in the afternoon in Cooke's, and in the evening in St. Andrew's.

On Nov. 26 the anniversary services of John St. Church, Belleville, were held, and on Nov. 27 a very enjoyable lecture was given by Rev. Daniel Strachan, of St. John's Church, Brockville, after which a social hour was passed.

The first anniversary of Glebe Presbyterian Church, Ottawa, as an independent congregation was celebrated Nov. 26 by special services. In the morning Rev. Dr. Herridge preached, and in the evening, Rev. D. M. Ramsay.

A convention will be held under the auspices of Kingston Presbytery Union in the Presbyterian Church, Napance, Monday, December 11. There will be two sessions, afternoon and evening, and a large number of ministers will give addresses. As work among the young people is to be discussed thoroughly it is important that all Sunday Schools, and the various societies into which young people are organized, should be represented by one or more delegates.

Rev. J. R. McLeod, of Three Rivers, had a busy week at Lancaster and Williamstown last week in connection with the Century Fund. The pastors are enthusiastic, and the people follow their lead. By the time the canvass is completed, these congregations will give a good account of themselves. Already they have responded nobly to the call.

Births.

GRANT.—At Orillia, on November 22, the wife of D. Inglis Grant, of a son.

Marriages.

MOFFAT-REID.—At the Manse, Weston, on Thursday, November 23, 1898, by the bride's father, Thomas Lang Moffat, to Ella Beatrice, youngest daughter of the Rev. Walter Keid, B. D., of Weston.

Deaths.

KERR.—Suddenly, at his late residence, 90 Scarth road, Rosedale, Toronto, on Saturday, November 25, Thomas Kerr, chief inspector of the Standard Life Assurance Company, in his 68th year.

The Inglenook

The Test of Barbara.

"But, Rick, I am depending on you to help me entertain her."

Little Mrs. Prentiss's voice had a reproachful cadence. She looked up gravely at the tall son beside her.

"Oh, of course, Mother, you're in the scrape and I shall help you out, somehow," he said, a little impatiently.

"Rick, you grieve me. It is no 'scrape,' at all. I invited Barbara Owen, my old classmate's daughter, to come to spend a month with me—with us. I invited her because I wanted her to come. If my big college boy is inclined to consider it a bore, perhaps he would better go down to Fred Jillingham's for that visit with him."

"To bore Fred's sister!" laughed Rick, his good nature quite restored. He picked up the tiny woman and dropped her gently into the biggest easy-chair in the room, and seated himself on one of its broad arms.

"Little Mother Mary, you are the only girl I care about 'helping entertain!' he cried. "Now, I'd take you a-fishing quickly enough. Wouldn't I? You wouldn't grab my skirts and squeal when I landed a fine pickerel, or say 'Take it away! Take it away!' if I brought in a splendid fat crab. She will, I know. She'll tip the boat over, probably, and then hang around my neck when I try to swim her ashore. That's the programme for city girls, when they go a-fishing."

The little mother laughed. Her sweet, clear voice rose out of the depths of the easy-chair and fell into line with the boy's booming bass.

"Try her and see, Big Boy!" she said. "You don't know the stuff girls are made of!"

"Made of. Sugar and spice and all things nice." That's what girls are 'made of—made of,'" Rick chanted, but his mother did not notice his raillery. She was looking away, out of the windows, with the look in her face that came into it when she was thinking of the little girl who had never grown up. Rick checked his fun when he saw that look. He leaped his big length down to kiss her quietly.

The tea bell's tinkle sounded then and nothing more was said about the expected guest. She came a day earlier than Mrs. Prentiss had thought, and Rick was not at home when she tripped up the front walk, between the nodding poppies. She was a slender slip of a girl, with irregular, dark features and an independent air that sat becomingly upon her. Her laugh—Rick heard her laugh before he saw her face—was as merry as a wedding bell.

"But she'll squeal you'll see, Mother Mary—when I pull the six pounders in," he said, at their "confidence meeting" that night. "She's real nice and jolly, I guess, but she'll squeal. I'll tell you about it to-morrow night, ma'am."

"To-morrow? Are you going fishing so soon, Richard?" laughed Mrs. Prentiss.

"Soon! Call that soon? Why, I might have gone this afternoon! Didn't I tell you I'd help you entertain her?"

To entertain was to fish, according to Rick's way of thinking.

Up in her dainty room, that same night, Barbara Owen took her little diary out of her trunk and sat down to "talk" in it. Her sweet face was an odd mixture of dismay and relish.

"There's a Big Boy here—very tall, very college-y, very—I was going to say nice but I guess I'll wait and see. He's going to entertain me—I see it in his eye!"

She shook her fountain pen energetically to make the ink run smoother, and then wrote on:

"The good fates deliver me, he's going to take

me out on the river fishing! He'll pull in a great slippery, floppy fish and I shall squeal, I know I shall. Who wouldn't?"

Crooked River ran, rippling like a brook, between willow banks. It was thick with tall sedges and rank waterweeds, where Rick knew the crabs were. He poled out to the "grounds" with great sturdy sweeps of his arms that sent the slender boat jauntily ahead. In his naughty soul the boy had laid a little trap for Barbara—to test her "courage," as he called it.

"A big, fat crab, sidling and wriggling along," he chuckled inwardly. "The crabs in Crooked River are beauties! Wait till I land the prince of 'em at her feet, then, if she doesn't squeal, I am a freshman!"

It was pleasant gliding over the sunny water. Barbara dabbled her little, white fingers in it, and hummed softly in pure contentment.

"It's almost a pity to disturb them, isn't it?" she said suddenly, aloud.

"Beg pardon—disturb what?" Rick said, over his shoulder, his big, sinewy frame swinging steadily forward and backward with the boat.

"The fish, you know. They must be having such a cool, moist time down there, unmolested. Now, if we were fish—and I—would we care to be disturbed? The Golden Rule says—"

"Sh, I see one! He's a Jack Dandy! Please don't breathe; I'm going for him."

The boat came to rest promptly and Rick Prentiss peered into the clear water intently, net in hand. Barbara's eyes were fixed on the rim of willow trees on the farther bank. She had no interest in the fishing.

"Ship ahoy—he's coming!" shouted Rick, excitedly. "He was napping and I scooped him in before he knew it! He's a regular dandy."

The big, ungainly crab wriggled in the bottom of the boat in indignant revolt. Barbara gathered her skirts together and screamed shrilly.

"Take him away!—take him away, if you please!" she cried. "He's so terribly lively—he's so squirmy—I'd a good deal rather get out and walk."

"What'd I tell you, Mother Mary?" thought Rick, triumphantly, upon the success of his naughty little scheme.

The boat lurched tipsily as Barbara and the big crab writhed in it. Rick took out his knife to end the creature's struggles. The real distress in Barbara's white face moved him.

A minute later his own face was white. The crab's movements had sent his knife sideways, and the bright, red blood was spurting from his wrist. He hid it with his other hand and sank down dizzily in the boat.

"I—was going to—kill it," he muttered, watching the red stream steal out from under his hand and trickle down his sleeve. Barbara's startled gaze saw it, too.

"Oh! you are hurt—that is blood on your arm," she cried quickly. "Please take your hand away."

But the big boy was beyond answering. His white face, whiter still, had tilted backward, and lay across the gunwale. He had fainted at the sight of the spurting red stream.

"Oh!" breathed poor Barbara, in a little gasp of distress. She crept along over the sidling crab to Rick. Then she knew what had happened.

"He has cut an artery—he will bleed to death!" she groaned.

The slender boat rocked gently among the sedge grasses, and the lapping of the water made soft music against its keel. The rim of willows on the shore was half a mile away.

Rick lay inert and white, while, spurt by spurt the bright blood flowed from his wrist. It was an appalling situation for a girl of seventeen, but Barbara Owen was equal to it. She set her lips together rigidly and began her work.

"First a tourniquet," she whispered as if she were saying a lesson by rote. She caught her handkerchief and wound it tightly—above the wound, twisting with all her strength. Her eyes were seeking the distant shore. How was she to get there? It was so necessary to hold the bandage tight. The big boy's life, perhaps, depended on it—and there was the big boy's mother.

All the time she was working. She dashed handfuls of the cool river water into Rick's face and then caught up the net. The handle she twisted into her handkerchief and then braced it firmly against one of the seats, holding it with her knee. It was a strange tourniquet, but it bound the boy's arm tightly. Barbara's knee did not tremble.

"Now I'll pole ashore—that is, I'll try," she murmured, reaching carefully for the pole.

Her position was very painful. How far it was! The little boat seemed scarcely to move under her awkward pushes. She had never managed a boat before.

"Dear Lord in heaven, help me!" she prayed.

Rick came slowly back to consciousness, but he lay still in a kind of daze, regarding her curiously. The bandage above his wrist seemed to interest him as if it were on somebody else's arm. He wondered at it and at the pale girl standing somewhere—a good way off—above him, and swaying back and forth. What was she doing? Who was she? Not the girl who was a coward—no, no! He thought he could tell by her eyes that this girl was brave. She seemed to be doing something brave then, but he could not tell exactly what it was—some time he would know.

Gradually his mind cleared, and he tried to sit up.

"No, no, don't!" Barbara cried. "Don't you remembered, you fainted? You were such a long time coming to—now you must stay 'to!' I am the nurse and the cap'n of this craft, both."

She was smiling reassuringly, though her lips were white. She plied her heavy pole unsteadily, and the boat crept shoreward by inches.

"Lie still!—Cap'n's orders; also head nurse's. When you get strong enough I want you to hold this bandage, so I can stand up straight. Then we'll spin! This is only creeping. Lie still, sir! I tell you you've cut an artery. Do you want to bleed to death?"

He was struggling to get up. It was necessary to frighten him.

"Ah, the blood!" shuddered Rick. "That was the trouble, confound it! I never could stand the sight of it. Talk about cowards!"

"Oh, no, don't!" laughed the girl, unsteadily. "You might get personal. Some people are afraid of—of—well, crabs, we'll say."

"Don't!" groaned Rick, the color surging back to his white face for an instant.

He was able to hold the bandage, after a little, and then Barbara straightened her aching back and poled to shore. Something red on her sleeve twisted and moved as her arm swayed back and forth. It was a splash of blood—two splashes, one on the other. When her arm stopped from sheer necessity to rest, Rick saw that the red marks crossed each other quite regularly.

"You are my Red Cross nurse, Cap'n," he said gently, and an under-note of reverence was in the boy's voice. He had found what brave thing this girl was doing.

The willow rim, at last! Barbara let her pole fall and stumbled wearily to the shore. She was faint herself, but fought against it fiercely. So much was still to be done.

"You are to sit under that willow tree and wait while I run across fields to that house and send for a doctor," she commanded. "Cap'n's orders and—the Red Cross nurse's. Mind, too, you are to hold that handkerchief tight—tight—tight! Good-by."

Late that evening the big boy's mother sat beside

him, kissing him at regular intervals. He did not seem to mind.

"Little Mother Mary, listen!" he said. "There's something I want to 'fess'—it's heavy on my mind. Girls are not cowards—one girl isn't. One girl is a hero, Mother Mary!" Forward.

The Still Alarm.

Slam! went the doors that breezy morning all through the house, from basement to parlor, with a skurry of little feet and an excited jumble of shrill voices, and the next minute into the quiet sitting room, wildly rushed Annabel with her braids all loose, dragging Ned by main force, and after them came Jamie and Sumner, and Sammy and Dicky Todd who lived next door, and last of all, Baby Bluet, straggling as hard as the rest, to tell Aunt Hope how Ned had pushed Dicky Todd off the basement railing and pulled his hair, and had thrown the hammer at Sumner, and slapped Baby Bluet "awfully."

"You told me not to say 'burst' for 'burst'—you know you did, Aunt Hope!" shouted Ned, tearing himself away from Annabel's grasp, "and they laughed when I said my teacher had a burst of Byron on her parlor mantle, and then I hit Dicky Todd—and then they pulled my hair first, and called me firebrand—and I'll show 'em!"

Poor little Ned was trembling with rage; his freckled face flaming under the curly red hair like a firebrand, sure enough.

"Oh, Neddle!" pleaded Aunt Hope. All the other grown people happened to be away from home, just then, on various errands. Aunt Hope had sprained her foot yesterday, getting out of a street car, and had to lie on the lounge, with no prospect of being able to walk for a week.

"Please go out, children," said Aunt Hope, "and leave Nedly with me. Bluet can stay, too."

The children obeyed, and Ned leaned up against Aunt Hope's yallows. "I didn't hit Bluet hard, Aunt Hope," he said, "I just whiffed her curls a little, 'cause she got in my way when I went for Dicky Todd."

"The worst of it was in getting so angry, Nedly," said Aunt Hope. Her arm had slipped around Ned's solid little waist, and he cuddled close. The coverings of love he never could resist—that fiery little Ned.

"But when you get mad, you're mad, and can't stop yourself," he argued. "Seem's if I'm all on fire inside, Aunt Hope."

Then Aunt Hope asked him if he remembered what the fireman told them when they were taking a walk yesterday morning and stopped at the engine-house to ask what the big engine went dashing full speed through the streets for, just then, when the alarm bell had not sounded.

Ned remembered. The fireman told them it was in answer to the "still alarm," an electric signal from somebody's house, sent in that way to avoid the gathering of a great crowd, with all the noise and excitement.

"Whenever we're in danger of that angry fire raging up inside, we can send a 'still alarm' for help, Neddle," said Aunt Hope. "I always do. It can be done as quick as you can think. It's perfectly still. No one else need know. And before you know it, the fire's out!"

"How'd you do it?" said Ned. There was a wistful little quiver in his voice.

"I say in my heart, 'Dear Lord Jesus, please keep me from being angry. Help me to be gentle, like Thee.' Then He sends His gentle love into my heart, and it puts the fire out before anybody else has guessed a thing about it."

"I like the 'still alarm'!" said Ned.

"I like the 'still alarm'!" repeated Bluet, after him.

Ned broke away from Aunt Hope's encircling arm and moved threateningly toward Bluet where she sat in her little chair.

"Stop that mocking me, or I'll!"—he stopped and swallowed hard, his back toward Aunt Hope.

Half a minute of silence. Then he was down on his knees, his arms around the mite in a caress.

"You do like the 'still alarm' same's brother, don't you, Baby?" he said, lovingly. And Bluet softly stroked his face, murmuring, "Yes, I do, Nedly."

Then Nedly looked at Aunt Hope, his face all sun-shine. Neither of them spoke a word—but they knew.—Pacific.

The Lass O' Coshogle.

Coshogle on the hill sits bonnie,
And a bonnie larn rin's by;
But the bonniest thing at Coshogle
Mains
Is the lass that milks the kye.

The mavis haunts Coshogle wuds
In summer when they're green,
And sweetly sings he on the braes
As I gae by at e'en;
But ne'er a bird wad tempt my fit
That weary hill to try
Gin it didna lead to the bonnie lass,
That milks Coshogle's kye.

Work out, work in, by mune or milk,
Whene'er mo darg is dune,
I lusk myself as weel's I dowe
In Sunday sark and shoon;
And up the lang and lanesome glen
Right joyfully I hie
To haud my tryst wi' the bonnie lass
That milks Coshogle's kye.

And aiblins at the yett we'll meet,
And aiblins down the brae;
But gin I've spier'd her for her health
It's little else I say;
For though I'm gleg eneuch at times,
A muckle coof an I
When I look i' the e'en o' the bonnie lass
That milks Coshogle's kye.

Syne i' the breen and heartsome byre,
Wi' lauchin' lip and e'e
U'turn'd frae crumnie's gauzy flank
She fairly dauntin's me;
But just afore I leave her hame
She pits her daffin by,
And kisses me richt afore my face,
And a' Coshogle's kye.

Then down the hill I rin wi' speed,
As cauty as a king;
And through the lown and listenin' night
Gar a' the echoes ring;
Or mim and still as ony foid
I hand my heid fu' high,
And vow that never anither night,
She'll milk Coshogle's kye.

She's no' nineteen till Martinmas,
And I'm but twenty three;
But we're auld eneuch to have some wit,
Although sae young we be;
And we've made a paction 'tween us twa
To pit the siller by
That the road may be red for anither lass
To milk Coshogle's kye.

Robt. Reid.

Mr. Robert Reid, Poet Laureate of the Montreal Caledonian Society, has once more gained the Kin-near Wreath. "The Lass O' Coshogle" was the prize poem.

A Bit of Biography.

Early Carlyle wood and won one of the most brilliant girls of his day, whose signal talent shone in the crowded drawing-rooms of London like a sapphire blazing among pebbles. Yet her husband lacked gentleness; slowly harshness crept into Carl's voice. Soon the wife gave up her favorite authors to read her husband's notes; then she gave up all reading to relieve him of details; at last her very being was placed on the altar of sacrifice—fuel to feed the flame of his fame and genius. Long before the end came she was submerged and almost forgotten. One day two distinguished foreign authors called on Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle. For an hour the philosopher poured forth a vehement tirade against the commercial spirit while the good wife never once

opened her lips. At last the author stopped talking and there was silence for a time. Suddenly Carlyle thundered: "Jane, stop breathing so loud!" Long years before Jane had stopped doing everything else except breathe. And so, obedient to the injunction, a few days afterwards she ceased breathing so loud. When a few weeks had gone by Carlyle discovered, through reading her journal, that his wife had, for want of affection, frozen and starved to death within his own home like some poor traveller who had fallen in the snow beyond the door. For years, without his realizing it, she had kept all the wheels ciled, kept his body in health and his mind in happiness. Only when it was too late did the husband realize that his fame was largely his wife's. Then did the old man begin his pathetic pilgrimage to his wife's grave, where Froude often found him murmuring: "If I had only known! If I had only known!"

Meaning of Boer Terms.

Possibly the best quoted word just now of Dutch South African origin is Uitlander, sometimes written "Outlander." "Newcomer" or "outsider" is perhaps the nearest that can be got to this in translation; and the word is pronounced as nearly as possible like eightlander. The name of the President of the Transvaal Republic is written Kruger, but it is neither sounded as Krooger nor Krowger, but—as near as can be indicated Kree-er. The word Transvaal is, literally, "across the yellow" (or yellowish-brown) river. Rand, short for Witwatersrand, is pronounced as if spelt rant. The word veld the final "t" is sometimes add d—means field or common, and is pronounced "felt."

Kopje—a hillock, or piece of raising ground—is neither kop-jay nor kop-jee, but kopy. Dr. Leyds' patronymic is pronounced Lides. The Boer Parliament house is called the Raadsaal, and the Parliament the Volksraad, the "v" being sounded like "f." Berg is mountain, the plural being formed by the addition of "en" after the "g." A drift is a ford, and a dorp a town or village. Thus we have Krugersdorp, Ledsdorp, etc.

Stad also means town; and winkel—pronounced vinkel—a store, where almost everything is sold. Fontein, as the name implies, means spring, and krantz, a cliff or precipice. Boschveld (pronounced bushfeld) is an open plain covered with bush. To trek is to travel; voortrekkers meaning pioneers.

A vlei (play) is a pool of water, mostly formed in the rainy season. Kosnack is the term of contempt applied to Britishers, and means "red-neck"—London Daily Mail.

A Kruger Story.

A South African correspondent of The London Daily News says of President Kruger: "I have often enough heard him quote passages to prove his points, but his quotations have been misquotations. When I was a boy I had to learn my Bible very thoroughly, so I could tell his errors. Sir Bartle Frere found him out too. Did you ever hear the story? When Sir Bartle Frere came down from Zululand, at the time the Transvaal was British territory, and just before the breaking out of the rebellion, he and Kruger had a conference. The men who were there told me that at the beginning Kruger started quoting Scripture. But Sir Bartle had two texts ready for every one of his, and, not content with that, Sir Bartle carefully pointed out to him how each one of his texts was misquoted and bore quite a different meaning from that he put on it. Finally Kruger stopped altogether and sat gazing in wonder at Sir Bartle's apparently unending stock of verses from the Bible."

Christian Endeavour is advancing in Aberdeen. Special union meetings have been very successful, all the societies have been visited by the Pioneer Committee, and three new societies have recently been formed.

World of Missions.

The Koreans.

Most interesting to the average sightseer are the Koreans themselves. Looking from the ship's deck as we approached the anchorage, we saw long processions of uniformly dressed men, some moving from and others towards the town. As they were in white, and all in similar headgear, some fancied at once that they were priests. They were simply Korean men, of all classes and employments above the coolie, going about their ordinary affairs, which we subsequently concluded consisted chiefly in loafing and smoking, though some of them must certainly do something else some time. Most of them walk with a long stride and more or less of a swagger in their gait. Few have beards worthy the name, though many seem to enjoy the semblance. How tiresome they must become to each other and to their wives in that unvarying, ghostly dress, is the first thought an American woman would have—same hat covering same little tignon, same long white coat reaching to the ankles, same baggy trousers, same white padded foot and ankle gear, same peculiar shoes, same belt about the waist, with the same accoutrements hanging to it (pipe, tobacco pouch, money bag, etc.), same fan in the same hand, same swagger, same dall, quiet, meek and otherwise inscrutable expressions, same everything except dimensions, and even in that particular it would seem that any man of them would be quite as comfortable in his neighbor's garments as in his own. Of their women the stranger sees very few, but observes the same sameness in their dress. See the construction and internal arrangement of the house of any class, and you have seen all. Shops, stores farms, are all just the same—no variety anywhere.

But enter one of our churches in Chemulpo or Seoul, and see how those faces can brighten up, how those men and women listen to instruction, how they can pray, how their bodies respond to the melody of praise. Those dirty, naked, native children see them in the school-room or as the front-row worshippers in public service—what a transformation! Here the white dress of the men seems in place. And who that carries the heart of a Christian will blame the women if an individual bit of color here and there indicates that extraneity is beginning to assert itself, however awkwardly?—Central Christian Advocate.

A Change Taking Place in China.

The history of all early missions in China has been the same, a history of dogged opposition rising to the pitch of persecution whenever persecution was safe. Rev. Griffith John recently revisited a portion of China, starting from Hangkow, from which he had been driven thirty years ago. It is stated that recollections of the indignities heaped upon him, and of the sufferings he passed through, and of the perils to life and limb he barely survived, were all very vivid. But upon this trip he was honored by official visits, presented with official insignia, and escorted from city to city by a company of uniformed guards sent to do him special honor. At one town whence he had been driven with contumely, he was received by the mandarin of the place and all his suite, in full regalia. At other places a guard of soldiers accompanied him, not as a protection, but to show that he stood high in the favor of the government. At every city he visited converts were presented for baptism, from which numbers he selected a small number of those best prepared; declining to swell the report by the mere enumeration of candidates insufficiently instructed. He was himself surprised at the high social condition of many of the converts, and everywhere he received good reports of the character of the church members.—Ex.

Marriages in Central Africa.

It is the practice of most missions in Central Africa to recognize the marriage of a Church member with a heathen as valid, and in most cases they

perform such marriages with some form of a religious ceremony. Where this is done it should be by a form of service distinct from that of a Christian marriage where both parties are members of the Church. Christian vows must be meaningless to a heathen who has not yet embraced Christianity, and the Christian benediction is for members of Christ's body. In any case such mixed marriages are to be discouraged as not conducive to the well being of Christian family life.

In the case of converts who have contracted a marriage in heathenism, when the parties are baptized such unions become valid as Christian marriages. The greater union includes the less, and the blessing of baptism sanctifies all other relationships in life. If only one of the parties is baptized, the vow of baptism includes the vow of fidelity to the heathen partner, and the fact that one of the parties remains a heathen does not justify the convert in abandoning the other.—Life and Work in British Central Africa.

Missionary Notes.

David Livingston's daughter will soon take up missionary work on the west coast of Africa. She is her father's child in spirit as well as in flesh and blood.

The report of the British and Foreign Bible Society, shows that the number of Bibles, Testaments, and portions of Scripture issued by it during the past year, reached the enormous total of over 4,479,000 copies. The total issues of the society since its foundation in 1804, have been over 100,000,000 copies. Translations and revisions are now going on in over one hundred languages.

Stomach Trouble.

A FREQUENT SOURCE OF THE MOST INTENSE MISERY.

Mr. Harvey Price, of Bismark, Suffered for Years Before Finding a Cure—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him.

Those who suffer from stomach troubles are truly to be pitied. Life seems a burden to them, food is distasteful, and even that of the plainest kind is frequently followed by nausea, distressing pains and sometimes vomiting. Such a sufferer was Mr. Harvey Price, a well known farmer and stock grower living at Bismark, Ont. To a reporter who recently interviewed him, Mr. Price said:—"I have found Dr. Williams' Pink Pills of such incalculable value in relieving me of a long siege of suffering that I am not only willing but anxious to say a good word in behalf of the medicine, and thus point the road to health to some other sufferer. For five years I had been afflicted with stomach trouble and a torrid liver. I doctored and also denied myself of many kinds of food pleasant to the taste, but neither the medical treatment nor the diet seemed to help me to any degree. In January, 1899, the climax of my trouble appeared to be reached. At that time I was taken down with la grippe, and that, added to my other troubles, placed me in such a position that none of my neighbors looked for my recovery. My appetite was almost completely gone; and I experienced great weakness, dizziness, vomiting spells and violent headaches. I was also troubled with a cough which seemed to rack my whole system. I shall never forget the agony experienced during that long and tedious sickness. Medical treatment and medicines of various kinds had no apparent effect in relieving me. After existing in this state for some months, my mother induced me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In May last I purchased three boxes, and before these were gone undoubted relief was experienced. This encouraged I continued the use of the pills, and with the use of less than a dozen boxes, I was again enjoying the best of health. I can now attend to my farm work with the greatest ease. My appetite is better than it has been for years, and the stomach trouble that had so long made my life miserable has vanished. I have gained in weight, and can safely say that I am enjoying better

health than I have done for years before. I feel quite sure that those who may be sick or ailing, will find a cure in a fair trial of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make pure rich blood, thus reaching the root of disease and driving it out of the system, curing when other medicines fail. Most of the ills afflicting mankind are due to an impoverished condition of the blood; or weak or shattered nerves, and for all these Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are a specific which speedily restore the sufferer to health. The pills are never sold in any form except in the company's boxes, the wrapper around which bears the full name, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." All others are counterfeits and should always be refused. Get the genuine, and be made well.



Tenders for Supplies, 1900.

The undersigned will receive tenders for supplies up to noon on MONDAY, DEC. 4th, 1899, for the supply of butchers' meat, butter, dairy and creamery, giving the price of each, flour, oatmeal, potatoes, cordwood, etc., for the following institutions during the year 1900, viz:—

At the Asylum for the Insane in Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton, Mimico, Brockville and Orillia; the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto; the Reformatory for Boys, Penetanguishene; the Institution for Deaf and Dumb, Belleville, and the Blind at Bradford.

Two sufficient sureties will be required for the due fulfillment of each contract. Specifications and forms of tender can only be had by making application to the burars of the respective institutions.

N.B.—Tenders are not required for the supply of meat to the asylums at Toronto, London, Kingston, Hamilton and Mimico, nor to the Central Prison and Mercer Reformatory, Toronto.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

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

R. CHRISTIE,
T. F. CHAMBERLAIN,
JAMES NIXON,

Inspectors of Prisons and Public Charities.
Parl. ment Buildings, Toronto.
Nov. 20th, 1899.

Auction Sale of Timber Berths

DEPARTMENT OF CROWN LANDS,
(Woods and Forests Branch),
Toronto, Nov. 1st, 1899.

NOTICE is hereby given that under authority of Order in Council, TIMBER BERTHS as hereunder mentioned in the ALGOMA, NIPPISSING and RAINY RIVER DISTRICTS, viz:—The Townships of BOWELL, FOX, HARTY, LUMSDEN, KVAN, and part of MONCRIEFF, in the District of ALGOMA; the township of NORMAN, part of CAVERO, Berth No. 4 DAVIS and the north part of the Township of WIDFIELD, all in the District of NIPPISSING, and certain small areas in the District of RAINY RIVER, will be offered for Sale by Public Auction at the Department of Crown Lands, Toronto, at the hour of ONE o'clock p.m., on WEDNESDAY, the TWENTIETH day of DECEMBER next.

Sheets containing conditions and terms of Sale, with information as to Areas, Lots and Concessions comprised in each Berth will be furnished on application, personally or by letter, to the Department of Crown Lands, or to the Crown Timber Offices at OTTAWA and RAT P. RTAGE.

E. J. DAVIS,
Commissioner of Crown Lands.

R.—No unauthorized publication of this advertisement will be paid for.

Health and Home.

Vegetables.

Turnips should be pared, put into boiling water and cooked until soft, then mashed thoroughly, buttered, salted and a good spoonful of sugar added.

Carrots are best peeled after boiling. When soft, cut them in slices lengthwise, and pour over them a drawn butter. This is the nicest way to serve them.

Celery should always be eaten when freshly cut. We have time and again been disappointed in finding it flat and shredly from having been kept too long, instead of crisp and delicious as it is when fresh.

Cabbage should always be boiled in two waters. The outer, grosser leaves should be pulled off, and it should be put into boiling water and cooked until tender to the core. A previous good soaking in cold water is desirable and needful.

Onions are among the most appetizing and wholesome of vegetables. The outer skin is pulled off before cooking in any form. Put them in hot water, and boil until a wisp from the broom will pierce them readily. One of the simplest, most delightful ways to prepare them for the table, is to salt, butter and pepper them, and pour over them some cream of moderate thickness. A drawn butter sauce is nice when cream is not procurable. Any soup, chicken or meat pie, chowder or stew, is incomplete to most palates without the flavor imparted by an onion or two.

Hoarskeepers in general would laugh at the idea of being told anything with reference to cooking potatoes. Yet many good housekeepers fail of knowing how much improved potatoes may be by having the skins removed and being allowed to stand in cold water for about half an hour before being boiled. Or, some may not realize how mealy potatoes will come that have been boiled with the skins on, by being pared, returned to the kettle with no water in it, covered carefully, and left to steam a little while on the back of the stove. Always put them in boiling water to cook, salting it slightly before taking them up.

Beets are best when young, but all winter they are a very acceptable addition to the vegetable list. The stalky part should be cut close before boiling, but it is not best to pare them until they are cooked. They require long boiling except when very young and tender. An hour and a half will not be too long for them, often. To prepare them for the table, it is a very nice way to cut them in pretty thick slices, buttering, peppering and salting them. Many people are very fond of fish balls with a generous addition of boiled beets chopped in. When beets are left over from dinner, it is a very good plan to slice them and pour vinegar over them, thus picking them for another meal. - Christian Work.

Pantry Shelves—These should be covered with plain, white oilcloth. These present a neat appearance, and are easily kept free from dust, and should be wiped off frequently with a weak solution of soda water. If one chooses, the edges of the shelves can be covered with the fancy white paper used in china closets. Keep sugar and all foods that attract ants closely covered. For some groceries, like rice, tapioca, raisins, meat, tea and coffee, glass jars are best, as they are easily cleaned, and contents plainly seen. Old jars, not suitable for canning, may be used.

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