

Dominion Presbyterian

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THE LAYMEN'S MISSIONARY MOVEMENT

BY WILLIAM A. THOMSON

God is pouring solemn wonders forth upon a startled age,
And the Son his banner flingeth over warrior and sage,
And the heralds flush with gladness to declare a glowing
word,

While the sinews knit to firmness for the conflict of the
Lord.

In the temple men are seeing the Shekinah of the Lord,
And the worshipers a-tremble 'neath the burden of the
Word,

While the talents leap unfettered fieldward where the ser-
vice waits,
And the sinews knit like cables at the cry beyond the
gates.

There's a golden thread that windeth thro' the mazes of
Cathay,

There's a longing vision onward to the "pure and perfect
day,"

Thro' the corridors of madness flashes the triumphant
sword.

There are tensioned sinews leaping in the battle of the
Lord.

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BIRTHS.

At Alexandria, on 5th Oct., 1908, the wife of Mr. John A. Cameron, of a daughter.

At Alexandria, on Oct. 1st, 1908, the wife of Mr. G. H. Kemp, of a daughter.

At Alexandria, on Oct. 6th, 1908, the wife of K. McLennan, M.D., of a son.

At the Manse, Nananee, on Oct. 6th, to the Rev. Jas. R. and Mrs. Conn, a son.

On Oct. 4, 1908, at 58 Elm Street, Ottawa, to Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Fraser, of Carleton Place, a son.

MARRIAGES.

At the residence of the bride's parents, on Sept. 7, 1908, by the Rev. A. Rowat, Mr. Thomas Goundray, of Riverfield, Chateauguay County, to Jessie Allan, eldest daughter of Mr. James Stark, Huntingdon.

On Oct. 6, 1908, by the Rev. W. J. Clark, B.D., Edith Grace, youngest daughter of the late James Fenwick, to James F. Watson, Jr., of Sherbrooke.

At the Presbyterian Church, Greenbank, Sept. 22, by Rev. J. A. Miller, Toronto, Margaret Jean, daughter of Mr. Jas. MacMillan and Rev. Joseph George Miller, both of Greenbank.

At 400 Sherbourne Street, Toronto, Sept. 23, by Rev. G. M. Milligan, D.D., Herbert Russell Bingham, Stirling son of Mr. S. Bingham, Bowmanville, and Miss Jean MacArthur.

At Guelph, Sept. 24, by Rev. R. J. M. Glassford, pastor of Chalmers Church, Miss Annie Caulfield, daughter of Mrs. James Caulfield, daughter of Mr. Edwin Harris, St. Catharines, formerly of Rockwood.

At the home of the bride's parents, Woodbine Place, Cornwall, on Oct. 6, 1908, by Rev. N. H. McGillivray, C. Henderson Carter, Bank of Montreal, Quebec City, formerly of Cornwall, to Emma Irene, daughter of Judge and Mrs. Liddell.

At the manse, Monkland, on Oct. 5, 1908, by Rev. James Hastie, Fred Hurlbise to Miss Lizzie McGillivray, both of the Township of Roxborough.

At the Manse, Monkland, on Sept. 29, 1908, by Rev. James Hastie, Jas. Morrow, of Johnston, Ont., to Miss Sarah Ann Giraldeau, of Avonmore.

On October 7, 1908, at the home of the bride's parents, Callander, by Rev. G. L. Johnston, North Bay, Henrietta Joanna, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Morrison, to Mr. David Darling, eldest son of Mr. Thos. Darling, Wawa Lumber Mills.

At the residence of the bride's mother, 473 St. Catherine Street, Westmount, on Oct. 7, 1908, by the Rev. W. J. Clarke, M.A., Jennie Alexandra Ferguson to Thomas de Grey Stewart.

DEATHS.

At Frontier, Que., on Sept. 29, 1908, Henry Gordon, aged 72 years.

At Quebec, on Oct. 6, 1908, Miss Annie Smeaton, aged 72 years, daughter of the late Alexander Smeaton, of Quebec.

In Kingston, Ont., on Oct. 11, 1908, Captain John H. Scott, aged 69 years.

At Guelph, on October 12, 1908, Alexander Hill, commercial traveller, aged 60 years.

At Vancouver, B.C., on Oct. 2, 1908, Margaret McCruer, wife of Donald McLennan, formerly of Lancaster.

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Calendar sent on application. Autumn term commences Sept. 10, 1908

Dominion Presbyterian

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OTTAWA

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NOTE AND COMMENT

After a retirement of seventy-six years Halley's comet is to put in another periodic appearance in the stellar world some time this month or next, and preparations are making to take its picture.

A movement is on foot to establish a chair of the Dutch language and literature in the University of Chicago. A petition for the establishment of such a chair has been presented. It is said to have the names of over 500 Dutch citizens.

London has a large number of unemployed than for many years and is threatened with the most distressful winter of modern times. Social agitators are stirring the passions of the unemployed and it is feared that riots as well as great suffering will result from the conditions.

A Paris newspaper has been asking its readers to name the twelve greatest inventions. Over 400,000 coupons were sent in and the votes were cast in the following order: The locomotive, the potato, vaccine, the cure of rabies, sugar, electric telegraph, matches, the boiler of a steam engine, the telephone, petrol, the sewing machine and soap.

President Francis E. Clark, D.D., has so far recovered from his illness as to be able to take up his campaign in Europe, which opened October 1, with meetings in thirty of the principal cities in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. In November he will attend the National Convention in Barcelona, Spain, and conventions in other parts of Europe.

The Anglican General Synod, lately in session at Ottawa, gave some consideration to a proposal to provide annuities for their retired ministers under the government system passed at the last session of Parliament. The Synod seemed favorably impressed with the proposal, and while no definite action was taken the matter will doubtless come up again.

Gipsy Smith has begun another long campaign of evangelistic work in the United States and Canada. Following the work now in progress in Baltimore, his schedule is as follows: October 17 to November 2, Washington; November 7-23, Cleveland; November 23 to December 14, New York; January 2-18, Pittsburgh; January 23 to February 8, S. Louis; February 13 to March 1, Kansas City; March 6-22; Denver; March 27 to April 12, St. Paul; April 17 to May 3, Minneapolis; May 8-24, Toronto. It does not appear that Ottawa and Montreal are included in his itinerary.

Tea shops in England are increasingly formidable rivals of liquor saloons, and in some sections they seem to be quite as numerous. A good cup of tea and a bun or cake are served at tables for six cents, with daily papers at hand for customers. The Westminster Gazette says that in some instances holders of liquor licenses are surrendering them to owners of tea shops, and that the enormous increase of the latter in recent years indicates a change in the drinking habits of the people. These shops pay, too. Why do not temperance workers in this country turn their attention more earnestly to this method of rivaling the rum shop?

The problem of the unemployed in Great Britain is daily growing more serious. The Government has been urged to take steps to alleviate the situation, and the Admiralty has decided to give out contracts for a number of ships. This will help the shipbuilders, but it will be only a "drop in the bucket."

The Christian Endeavor societies have started on a fivefold campaign to cover Christian Endeavor extension; missionary activities in meetings, study classes and giving evangelistic endeavor for training personal workers; Christian citizenship and temperance; and a publicity campaign to increase the circulation of religious papers and missionary publications.

The five hundredth anniversary of the founding of the great University of Leipzig will be celebrated in the late autumn of this year. It is a strange fact that John Huss, the fervid reformer before the Reformation, was one of the leaders of the anti-German agitation at Prague, which resulted in the retiring of all the German professors and students from the city in a body and their final settling at Leipzig.

In Russia Leo Tolstoy and in this country Mrs. Russell Sage attained the age of eighty years during the month of September. Both are looked upon as benefactors of their race. Mrs. Sage spent the day quietly at her country home, where she received many remembrances from friends, but the eightieth birthday of Tolstoy was celebrated jubilantly except where public meetings for the purpose were forbidden by the authorities.

Irrigation, which has been successful in the reclamation of Arid America, is to be applied on a large scale to India in the hope of doing away with the constantly occurring famines which devastate that country. The plans, if carried out in full, will require for completion thirty years. In order to give the Punjab a water supply sufficient for all times it is proposed by the British Indian Government to link the five rivers—the Indus, Jelum, Chenab, Beas, Ravi and Sutlej—together in such a manner as to equalize the flow of water when one river or more is in flood, and thus supply the whole canal system connected with these rivers.

Country roads in Canada were cut through the bush, laid over swamps, bridged over ravines and rivers and trailed over hills and through valleys by the early settlers, and have been maintained, improved and extended by their descendants—the farmers of to-day; and now the wealthy pleasure seeker scores these roads with his automobile, and by the noise and high-speed of his machine renders them dangerous to the farmer, and at times impassable, by vehicle, to his wife or daughter; covers the pedestrian with clouds of dust and vitiates the pure country air with the fumes of his gasoline engine. Backed up by his wealth and influence and the aid of able counsel, astute lobbying and corporate union, so far the owner of the auto has had pretty much his own way, and one might almost say, the road to himself. But public opinion is being gradually formed in this matter and before many years we believe the dashing autoist will find himself restrained within reasonable bounds, and the farmer and the general public will come into their own again.

The Royal Mint of England has recently struck off nearly 32,000,000 coins of aluminum, for circulation in Uganda and the Nigerian Protectorates in Africa. Each coin bears the value of one cent or of two mills, and it is perforated in the center, like Chinese coins, in order to permit the natives to string them together. The advantage of aluminum as a coin is due to its light weight, and the fact that it is the best non-ferrous-bearing metal known. It is primarily to replace the cowries that the new coins have been struck.

A writer in the "Guardian" (Anglican) praises the full-bodied Congregational singing in the Nonconformist Churches, and wishes that something could be done to bring up the Episcopal service to the same level of worship. It is to be feared, remarks the Belfast Witness, the matter, in at least the North of Ireland, stands the other way. There are happy exceptions no doubt, but in Ulster Episcopal and Methodist congregations join more generally in the praise service than do the Presbyterians. However, we are improving, and better things will come to pass.

The growth of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland is checked by the decrease in population of the country, and especially by the continued emigration of members to America. The fact was taken note of in the recent General Assembly that, according to government reports during the past forty years, there has been a decline of 80,000 in the population of the Presbyterian counties. Yet the Church prospers, and an increase of 108 per cent is noted in the contributions of the people. The Church now has 653 ministers, 567 congregations and 106,986 members; two ministers more and two congregations and 476 members less than a year ago. Additions on examination were 4,104 against 4,267 the year before. The number of Sunday school scholars has diminished slightly and the membership of Young People's Societies has increased considerably. Expenses and contributions were \$1,228,305, a decrease of about \$30,000.

From one of our western exchanges we glean the following facts: "A boy of sixteen, working for his living, was engaged in delivering milk and collecting from customers, his employer being a woman in a small way of business in whose house he lived. In some way, just how we are not informed, he found himself short \$1.85 in his accounts, and being afraid to face the consequences he foolishly ran away, leaving a note behind acknowledging that the money was due from him and undertaking to make it up. That he was not a criminal in the making was shown by the fact that he took only his own belongings with him. A charge of theft was laid, and he was arrested and sentenced to six months' imprisonment for this, so far as is known, the first offence against the criminal code of which he had been guilty." Of course, it is admittedly difficult, says the United Presbyterian, to dispense perfect justice in any case, and we always hesitate to criticize a case without possessing full particulars, but if the facts are as given by our contemporary, then surely it is time that a more equitable and wiser method of administering justice was adopted in the locality referred to. If all the facts are given above, then it seems little short of an outrage to send such a lad to jail for six months for such an offence. Surely humaner methods ought to prevail in our courts today!

SPECIAL
ARTICLES

Our Contributors

BOOK
REVIEWS

THE EVENING LAMP.

By Rev. James A. R. Dickson, B.D.,
Galt.

When the toils of the day are over, and the evening meal has been enjoyed, and the family group is gathered around the evening lamp, either reading the entertaining page of classic story, or monthly magazine, or daily newspaper; or listening to a conversation that has sprung up as the wind springs, no one knows whence, each by turns taking part, and adding his share to the feast of reason; while some, perchance, ply the busy needle, embroider, embellishing or knitting—what a sight is this! No more beautiful sight can be seen; no more pleasing picture can be painted. It speaks of family union, joy and content. It says, as loudly as it can be said, what the sweet old song says:

Home! home! sweet, sweet home!
There's no place like home! There's
no place like home!

In the soft radiance each face is intelligent and loving and beautiful. Each countenance beams with animation and interest. Each heart beats with a tender affection that grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength. It is a familiar scene; but we seldom think to how much in life and "in the world's broad field of battle" it ministers. That light shines not only for the present, but the future. It casts its rays far out into the ways of the outer world, and cheers and gladdens by its kindly gleam when darkness may be gathered around the spirit, and hope fading from the soul. It lightens up all life. The evening lamp of one's early days never goes out, but shines on through all the coming years, more bright, and clear and glad-some. What the sun is in the noonday sky this lamp is in the heart. This, we think, must stand unquestioned. The Rev. Richard Cecil says: "I had a pious mother, who dropped things in my way. I could never rid myself of them. I was a professed infidel; but then I liked to be an infidel in company, rather than when alone. I was wretched when by myself. These principles and maxims and data spoiled my jollity. With my companions I could sometimes stifle them; like embers we kept one another warm. Besides, I was here a sort of hero. I had beguiled several of my associates into my own opinions, and I had to maintain a character before them. But I could not divest myself of my better principles. I went with one of my companions to see the "minor." He could laugh heartily at Mother Cole—I could not. He saw in her the picture of all who talked about religion—I knew better. The ridicule on Regeneration was high sport to him—to me it was none; it could not move my features. He knew no difference between regeneration and transubstantiation—I did. I knew there was such a thing. I was afraid and ashamed to laugh at it. Parental influence thus cleaves to a man; it harrasses him—it throws itself continually in his way. . . . I find myself today laying down maxims in my family, which I took up at three or four years of age, before I could possibly know the reason of the thing." Ah! as the light of the evening lamp sinks into the eye and fills it, so the words spoken around it are dropped quietly, and often unwittingly, as seeds into rich soil—Banyan seed, that give birth not only to one tree, but to a whole forest.

How influential in the formation of character is the atmosphere of the evening lamp! What made Dr. Duff a missionary? Was it not the conversation at home? These are his own words: "Into

a general knowledge of the objects and progress of modern missions I was initiated from my earliest youth by my revered father, whose Catholic spirit rejoiced in tracing the triumphs of the Gospel in different lands, and in connection with the different branches of the Catholic Church. Pictures of Jungernaut and other heathen idols he was wont to exhibit, accompanying the exhibition with copious explanations, well-fitted to create a feeling of horror towards idolatry and of compassion towards the poor blinded idolaters, and intermixing the whole with statements of the love of Jesus." And what does Froude tell us of the origin of Thomas Carlyle's peculiar style? Simply this, that it originated with the converse of his mother and his father. Froude says: "This style, which has been such a stone of stumbling, originated, he has often said to himself, in the old farm-house at Annandale. The humor of it came from his mother. The form was his father's common mode of speech, and had been adopted by himself for its brevity and emphasis. He was aware of its singularity, and feared that it might be mistaken for affectation, but it was a natural growth, with his merit among others, that it is the clearest of styles. No sentence leaves the reader in doubt of its meaning." . . .

Where are those questions put, half in fun and half in earnest, which provoke so much thought and talk in children? Is it not around the evening lamp? Miss Harriet Martineau, in her brief biographical sketch of Samuel Rogers, says: "In his early youth, his father one evening asked all his boys what they would be. Sam would not tell unless he might write it down, for nobody but his father to see. What he wrote was: 'A Unitarian Minister.' His life, however, was to flow in another channel. Dr. James Hamilton, the author of many precious books and "Our Christian Classics," tells us how the early days determined his future course. In the preface to the last mentioned volume, he says: "In the following pages the compiler must plead guilty to a certain amount of self-indulgence. It was his lot to be born in the midst of old books. Before he could read them, they had become a kind of companions, and, in their coats of brown calf and white vellum, great was his admiration for tomes as tall as himself By-and-bye, when he was allowed to open the leather portals and look in on the solemn authors in peaked beards and wooden ruffs, his reverence deepened for the mighty days of the great departed; and with some vague prepossession, his first use of the art of reading was to mimic an older example, and sit poring for hours over Manton and Hopkins, Reynolds and Horton. Indeed, so intense did his old-fashioned affection grow, that he can well remember, when compelled to shut the volume and retire to rest, how, night after night, he carried to his cot some bulky folio, and only fell asleep to dream of a paradise where there is no end of books, and no thing to interrupt the reader." . . .

Did not Sir Walter Scott receive his first bent toward ballad literature by hearing his mother and grandmother recite long before he himself had learned to read? Could we but know what is said, talked about, discussed, around the evening lamp, we should find little difficulty in outlining much that might be expected in the individual life of particular men, or in the wider life of the nation. There the spirit of the family breathes forth freely, there the sentiments of the family are planted and

watered and cultivated, there the fashioning energies of family character and life are felt—felt feebly or forcibly—but felt in such a way that though at first they are light as gossamer threads, by and-by they become like mighty chains. What need, then, to keep the light of the evening lamp sweet and beautiful, bright and joyous, clear of everything that would dim it or destroy its power. It is one of the most potent factors in both family and national life. But what if there be none in some homes? That can hardly be. Something must be spoken of, for it is impossible for human beings to live together without discourse of some kind. It may be low and debasing, and unworthy of their nature, tending only from low depths to lower depths still; but it is there. Men must have fellowship.

It is, therefore, well worth while to remember that the evening lamp needs trimming, lest it smoke and burn up its oil in darkness. And that it requires to be fully placed that it may give light to all that are in the house. Let it be lighted up then, clear and luminous, and win some, by such discourse as will aid and encourage every good thought, every beautiful wish, every noble purpose. Let it shed its cheering, warming and attractive rays in such a way that it may stimulate all that is virtuous in the heart. As the sun rises upon the world "soave the earth with orient pearl," so let the evening lamp make radiant all that lies within the immortal realms of the home; by bringing into it all that is desirable as objects of consideration, as principles of action, as modes of life. All that is worthy. The short and easy way most effectually to master every evil is to encourage and strengthen every element of good. Bend the soul to the unholding of the good and the evil shall fall, because it lacks support.

Galt, Ont.

FERNIE RELIEF FUND.

The following amounts have been received by Rev. J. A. Lozan, of Eburne, Clerk of the Synod of British Columbia, for the Fernie Church and Manse Relief Fund up to Sept. 30th:

Already acknowledged	\$1,551.70
F. W. Laing, Knox Church, Revelstoke	16.65
Mr. J. A. Fulton, W.H.M. Secy., Steveston, B.C.	10.00
I. Fume, Kitsilano Presbyterian Church	20.00
Rev. J. M. Millar, St. Andrew's Church, Nanaimo	24.40
Rev. G. R. Laing, Olds congregation, Alta.	15.05
Geo. J. Telfer, St. Andrew's Church, Vancouver, B.C.	324.05
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Rev. W. M. Reid, Haney congregation, B.C.	27.00
R. Landells, Golden congregation	8.50
Jas. Adams, Pendar Island, Mission Field	9.80
Rev. W. A. Wylie, per friends in Kamloops congregation	38.00
F. W. Kerr, Presbyterian Mission Field	8.00
Clericissie Macgregor, Perley Union C.E. Sask.	3.50
Rev. M. D. McKee, C. E. Society and friends, Greenwood, B.C.	45.00

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THE HAND TO PLOUGH.

By Prof. W. H. Wynn, D.D.

"I hope and pray for your success"—so says the father in parting with his son. It is a critical moment. There is much pathetic lingering with clasped hands and the intruding tear. For now the boy has become a man, and the great world has issued its summons enlisting him in the ranks of its militant forces, who are expected, each one in its place, to endure the hardships and brave the dangers of the battle of life.

He goes forth hopefully; he is valiant of soul. For the most part the youth is eager for the onset and cannot see why the father should be so anxious, or the mother indulge her tears. The morning of life is like morning on our eastern hills—

"Where Parriss' hoofs stamp heaven's floor,"

fresh, vigorous, restive, like spirited coursers pawing to be gone. It is well. The faint-hearted youth is disabled in advance. Courage, the spirit of adventure, an imagination kindling with hope—these are nature's dowry to the adolescent youth and nascent man.

But as to the father and mother—what shall we say of them at this solemn juncture when they part company with their child? They have preceded him on the road. They know what it means when the poet sings of "the shades of the prison-house closing around the growing boy," and about the fading-out of his "vision splendid into the light of common day." Very properly the ideals of youth mount high; the visions; the day dreams; the flattering consciousness that they most certainly will be able to climb up to these ideals, while others are doomed in disappointment to fall by the way. But the book of experience has not yet been opened to them—that book which the eyes of the aged, often blinded with tears, are studious to pursue.

Experience! The very term signifies to try, and be tried. It is our human allotment to conquer our solid knowledge of life in no other way. The young man in his school-day equipage is likely to dream of a waiting multitude eager to look upon a new wonder when he shall bring his startling personality into the field of the world. A knightly tournament it will be; he will easily carry off the prize. Alas! his first day in the arena may tear into shreds the whole tapestry of his dreams, and he be left a wounded and bedraggled victim strewn upon the sand.

But, now, it is a delicate matter—this thing of opening to the young mind the future, before the future itself has come to be known. It is a dreary theme to speak of disillusion at any time, especially when the soul is expending its early enthusiasms on these youthful dreams. It is ill-advised counsel, a thrust at the vitals of hope, it would seem, to recommend that Pandora's box be prompily dropped on the threshold of active life, and that the young man go forth to meet reality with the aggressive push of his unaided fist and foot. In this vaunting tone the noted apostles of "success" are wont to get off the flourish and foam of their gratuitous advice. Cease your dreaming; knot your muscles and clinch your teeth.

There is, indeed, no period in life in which heroic measures of courage and resolution will not be in demand. The will is the man; and life, in all its diversified experiences, is a discipline of the will. But shall we never make the discovery that the will is also a chamber of imagery, where ideals are kindling forever on its sapphire walls? You rise up and nerve yourself to go vigorously in pursuit. That is your will. But meantime this pursuit of yours is no blind movement under the im-

pulse of some dull and irresponsible mood of the mind. You are in chase of an idea, and an ideal is always three-fourths reality and one-fourth dream, the dream being the circumambient halo in which the reality is clothed. The will is the tension of the bowstring, drawn back and leveled to the mark; the ideal is the target toward which the arrow is sped. In this sense we all dream, and never cease to dream, because our ideals are never more than proximately attained.

Nevertheless the success which the fond father covets for his son, by the very etymology of the term, consists in getting under one's burden with heaving breast and shoulder, and bravely carrying it through to the end. It is "sub," under, and "cedere," to go—get under your load; or, otherwise, lift it to your shoulder and, with straining nerve and sinew, push on with it to the point where you may be entitled to put it down.

It is discipline—this life of ours, turn and let in upon it whatever blaze of it whichever way we may for inspection, philosophy or religion we may be able to invite. Discipline! Discipline! There is a harsh and strident accent in the sibilant syllables with which we spell out the term. You know how the athlete drills for the stadium; the soldier for his manoeuvre; the artist for whatever triumphs may await his pencil or his pen.

It is strange that men should hope for coveted inertia when entering the moral world. There is the siren song of rest from labor, rest from plying the oar on stormy seas; rest, rest, which, after all, is but the short-lived ecstasy of a besotted dream. Whether here or yonder, our highest happiness is in ennobling toil. The bliss of heaven will lie in its industries, its myriad multitudes bending to their myriad tasks, there where the spiritual mountains are to be tunneled, and the spiritual seas are to be explored.

Our religion has nothing higher than "virtue" to commend, and the very term has "nerve" at the root of it—be it "vis," strength; or "vir," man, the idea is one and the same—virtue calls into requisition the utmost manly energy of the struggling man.

It is true the great Master promises rest to the weary, the weary and heavily-laden groaning under their load. Ah, yes, that is the one unfailing solace of all our strenuous years; but we may easily miss its meaning and find ourselves miserably mistaken in the end. He does not unharness us of our load and bid us lie down on the grass. We get His secret by yoking up with Him and having our burden lightened by the joint support of his co-ordinating arms. Strange paradox we know it is, that rest should be found under a yoke, or surcease from weariness by simply shifting the burden we may never throw down.

But so it is. In all lines of effort, patient burden bearing is the price of success. The universe, in no apartment of it, has pace for the drone, the lazy man, who will sink into wretchedness rather than shoulder his load. And yet there are many such; and indolence is a social phenomenon we dare not overlook.

Alas! that any word from the kingdom, falsely spoken, of course, should encourage a dream of idleness as the goal of a goodness, without the heroic effort that goodness implies. "There is no good but the good will"—the great philosophers of our modern time have summed up their wisdom in these memorable words, which mean that every form of goodness is the product of the will, and therefore the issue of something done and retained in the moral makeup of the manly man. Put your hand to the plough, and do not look back.—Lutheran Observer.

WELL ENOUGH.

The older ones, and a class highly favored for one reason or another, cry out betimes at the clamors of the restless and impatient mass, "let well enough alone." It is the effect of age which is accompanied ever with a lack both of endeavor and enterprise, which prompts the cry back to appeals for change in the larger and lower classes. The latter because the more fortunate class has a consciousness of being better placed and of doing well enough, who too, want to be let alone by other people. The struggle for civil and religious liberty in Scotland and the story of the revolution and reformations of all time which have marked the progress and uplifting of mankind for the best, attest that nothing is well enough until it is well for the many. The principle applies to public economics and to the religious weal of the world. The people of the world are crying for the bread of life and the cry falls upon the ease-loving, selfishly-satisfied few who are prone to reply, let us alone. But this self-centered and complacent few need the upheaval and new order of things for which the masses clamor.

In the last analysis nothing is really good for any of us unless it is good for our brother also; nothing that hurts and hinders him can really help us. Now in one form, now in another, this stubborn, irrefutable truth confronts all times and generations because of it comes the ceaseless strikes, changes, and overturnings by which the world has slowly climbed upward. That which was "well enough" of the favored few yesterday, is the common right of the common people today; and while God lives, and his Spirit moves on earth, it must be so until humanity shall come to its highest.

The Gospel must be preached in answer to the far cry and it will satisfy the clamors of the world. Nothing else will. Its acceptance will fill the masses in every day life with a preferring one another, arrest strife, hush words of bitterness, and bind the whole together in cords of sympathy and harmony, and thereby happiness will fill the earth.—Presbyterian Standard.

The Essex church has been undergoing needed improvements. A new foundation of cement block was put in. The building was replastered and repainted outside and in. New chairs for the platform, new carpet for platform and aisles replaced the old. The electric wiring was remodelled and a costly and beautiful electro-organ installed. The reopening services were conducted by Mr. Tolmie, of Windsor. On Monday evening, Oct. 12th, a first-class supper was provided by the ladies, after which an entertainment was held consisting of addresses and music. Mrs. Scott, of Windsor, delighted the audience with her Scotch songs, and Miss Parker's solos were highly appreciated. Since Rev. J. A. Ross' induction in Dec., 1904, the church has made rapid strides. An old mortgage was paid off, the old manse sold and a new one purchased near the church. The membership of the church has been doubled and the Sabbath school greatly increased.

The Rev. Dr. Armstrong Black's induction to the pastorate at Silverhill, near St. Leonards, took place on Sept. 8.

At the meeting of the South London Presbytery last week it was heartily agreed to send the cordial greetings of the Court to the Rev. John McNeill on his coming within its bounds in the service of their common Lord, and recalled with gratitude his good work and brotherly bearing while he was a minister of the Presbyterian Church of England, praying that the blessing of God might rest most abundantly upon his ministry at Christ Church, Westminster.

SUNDAY
SCHOOL

The Quiet Hour

YOUNG
PEOPLE

THE JOY OF FORGIVENESS.*

(By Clarence MacKinnon, B.D.)

Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, v. 1. An Emperor of Germany long ago offended the Pope. Before the Pope would pronounce forgiveness, he made the poor Emperor stay for three days outside the castle gate. It was winter time and the snow was deep, and the unfortunate man suffered greatly, but he thought it all necessary to have his sin removed. Christ does not ask any such penance on our part. His pardon is full and free. There are no bitter hours of waiting. At once the poor sinner is blessed who seeks His pardoning love; and all who desire His forgiveness can have it.

In whose spirit . . . no guile, v. 2. A number of gamblers were in the room of an inn, and they were making night hideous by their noise and blashemy. The famous preacher, Whitefield, happened to be staying at the same inn. He could not endure to hear the name of His Saviour thus profaned. It took away his sleep. At length he said, "I will go and reprove them." He did so, but the profanity did not stop. His companions, who had tried to restrain him, now asked, "What did you gain by speaking to those men?" "A soft pillow," was Whitefield's answer, and he lay down and was soon quietly asleep. He had relieved his conscience. He had delivered his soul from all sense of guilty compromise. The guileless man who has the clearest conscience has the softest pillow.

Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin, v. 5. Some Orientals used to have a very simple way of keeping their books. They used a wax tablet, and when anyone owed them money, they took a sharp pencil and indented a mark in the soft wax. Afterwards, when the debtor came and paid his debts, they would take the flat end of the pencil and press it over the marks in the wax and obliterate them all, until there remained no more charges against the man. All our sins are recorded in the book of God's memory, and there they must forever stay, were it not that Jesus Christ has made an atonement for them, and now, if we confess our transgressions, God will blot them all out, and the past will never be charged against us; for He has said, "I, even I, am He that blot out thy transgressions for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." (Isa. 43: 25). Kind hearts are here, yet would the tend'rest one

Have limits to its mercy: God has none!
And man's forgiveness may be true and sweet,
And yet he stoops to give it. More complete

Is love that lays forgiveness at thy feet,
And pleads with thee to raise it. Only heaven

Means "crowned," not "vanquished,"
when it says "forgive."

Thou shalt preserve me from trouble, v. 7. Very wonderful the ways God takes to deliver His children from distress. When Queen Mary ruled in England, she gave orders near the end of her life for a persecution of the Protestants in Ireland. The commission was entrusted to Dr. Cole, who, on his

way, stopped at Chester, where he was waited on by the mayor. He told him his errand in the inn, where he was overheard by its mistress, herself a Protestant. This worthy lady secretly removed the commission papers, and substituted a dirty pack of cards, with the knave of clubs facetiously turned uppermost. Imagine the doctor's chagrin when he unwittingly presented these unexpected documents to the Irish Privy Council! He hastened back to London to get his commission renewed, but in the meantime Queen Mary died, and the Irish Protestants were thus mercifully delivered from a calamity that might have involved irretrievable loss of life. God is never at a loss to find instruments for His purpose, however unlikely they may seem. The experience of this psalm will find thousands of witnesses.

Many sorrows shall be to the wicked, v. 10. There used to be no thistles in Australia, until a Scotchman, in mistaken attachment to the emblem of his race, sent a few seeds out to a friend. He thought it was a sad misfortune that any country should be without a thistle. The seeds could have been stopped on their entrance, but they were such a little thing, no one could suppose that any serious mischief would follow. Some years afterwards, this same thistle became the farmer's pest and plague. One glass will not harm, one throw of the dice will only amuse. One tiny, ungenerous scheme of revenge,—what great evil can come of it! Alas, many drunkards are in their graves, many gamblers in the cells of the penitentiary, many homes are ruined and many hearts at lasting feud, because they did not recognize the full danger of a little sin, any more than the Scotchman foresaw the result of the introduction of a small package of thistle seeds to a new soil. Sin inevitably multiplies sorrow.

"If aught good thou canst not say
Of thy brother, foe or friend,
Take thou then the silent way,
Lest in word thou shouldst offend.

If thou hast yesterday thy duty done
And thereby cleared firm footing for
today,
Whatever clouds make dark tomorrow's
sun,
Thou shalt not miss thy solitary way."

THE SPIRIT OF FORGIVENESS.

It a world of imperfections nothing is more needed than the spirit of forgiveness. In fact, we cannot live peaceably with our fellow mortals without it. He who essays to go through life without being wronged by some friend or foe hath not been far into the journey of life. It has ever been said that offences must come. Why? That is not our question here. We are thinking of the way to act when they do come. One says: "Strike back, only strike harder." That is the way of hell. No so with the Christian. He remembers that God says: "Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord." He knows, if he knows anything, that "to err is human, to forgive divine." This means he must exercise the spirit of forgiveness else he were unchristian and unkind. No one was ever so wronged as his Saviour and our Lord, and yet his dying prayer for his enemies was "Father forgive them."

The sin that is scarcely able to stand alone to-day may outrun a racehorse to-morrow.

LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

By Rev. James Ross, B.D.

Mule—Has always been much used in the East, although the breeding of it was forbidden by the Mosaic law. Pictures of mules are found on the monuments of Egypt and Assyria. Their surefootedness, hardiness, and power of endurance commended them, not only as beasts of burden, but also as saddle beasts for the wealthy. Some of those bred today from full-blooded Arabian mares are most beautiful animals and are extremely valuable. Not only are they hardy and patient, but they usually live twice as long as the horse, and will carry a heavier burden.

Bit—The original bridle was only a halter, although sometimes a muzzle was attached to keep a refractory beast from biting its driver or its yokel-fellow. The Assyrian horses had a bridle like ours, with an iron bit, and a side piece at each end to keep it from slipping through the mouth. The side straps were covered with rosettes, an arched crest rose between the ears, a short plume projected from the forehead, and a long tassel was hung round the neck. A bridle or muzzle was often fixed on refractory slaves and prisoners of war. When Cambyses conquered Egypt, the king's son and ten thousand others were conducted to execution with ropes round their necks and bits in their mouths.

A PRAYER.

Perturbed, restless, fear-smitten, my troubled heart turns to thee, O God, my refuge and my strength. Thou knowest my frame, thou understandest my thoughts afar off; so thou seest the secrets of my harried spirit. I cannot understand my own need: thou canst. Out of thy perfect knowledge and unfailing mercy, O Father dear, I beseech thee to send me help. Speak peace to my heart. Give me again a quiet trust in thee. May the calm confidence in thy love and providence which has been the strength of my life hitherto, not be shaken. And may I not lose my vision of thee in Jesus Christ. Let the promised Helper reveal him unto me; so that, for my own life, and for my service of thee and of the world, I may have his enabling. This I ask in the name of Jesus. Amen.

GAINING NEW IDEAS.

How eagerly the newspapers are scanned every morning by thousands, yes, by millions of people to learn the latest news! The items most eagerly gleaned are those relating to material things—what some has done, or gained, or worn. This all well in its place, but isn't there something more? New thoughts are being developed, thoughts about bettering humanity, about right relations among men, thoughts about God and His love, about man's duty to God. Some of these thoughts are really original; some are old thoughts taking new possession of minds. Why not be eager to gain new ideas, the latest in the thought world, if possible? Thoughts are eternal; one can have them, use them, enjoy them when cities have crumbled to dust.

A man who heeds not the call of his brother in need will be disobedient to the pleadings of his own spirit.

Good intentions will not save the man who despising the warning, steps over the precipice.

S.S. Lesson October 23, 1908. Psalm 32. Commit to memory vs. 1, 2. Read Psalm 51; Romans, chs. 4, 5. Golden Text—Blessed is he whose transgression is forgiven, whose sin is covered.—Psalm 32:1.

CLEAR SHINING AFTER RAIN.

By Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

One of the numberless touches of exquisite poetry in the Old Testament is that which describes the "tender grass springing out of the earth by clear shining rain." The verdant grass plot which gladdens the eye is the result of a double process—shower and sunshine. Both are indispensable. We find in this beautiful expression a type of our deepest and richest spiritual experiences. It is a type of the most thorough work of conversion by the Holy Spirit.

Over every impatient soul hangs the dark cloud of God's righteous displeasure; His holy word thunders against sin and His threatenings beat like a storm of hail. Repentance and faith in Christ sweep away this cloud; the thunders cease; the face of the atoning, pardoning Saviour looks forth like a clear blue sky after a storm; for there is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus. No two cases of conversion are exactly similar; yet in every thorough work of grace the darkness and dread which belong to a state of guilt give place to the smile and peace of God in the face of Jesus Christ.

What is true in the beginnings of the most thorough Christian life is often realized in the subsequent experiences of the believer. Rain and sunshine both play their part in developing godly character. It ought to be a comfort to such of my readers as are under the heavy downpour of trials to open their Bibles and read how it faced with some of God's most faithful children.

Abraham toiled on his sorrowful way to Mount Moriah under a dark cloud of apprehension, but the clear shining came when God approved his faith and spared the beloved son Isaac to the father's heart. The successive strokes of trial that burst on the head of Joseph only made his exaltation the more signal when he became prime minister of Egypt. There are forty-one chapters of the book of Job through which passes the tempest which smote the four corners of this house, but in the forty-second chapter comes the clear shining after the rain, and the blaze of restored prosperity. The biographies of Elijah and of Daniel prove that light is sown for the righteous; and the eleventh chapter of the Hebrews is a meteorological record to show how faith paints rainbows on thunder clouds.

In our day God often employs stormy providences for the discipline and perfecting of His own people. He knows when we need the drenchings. Every raindrop has its mission to perform. It goes right down to the roots of the heart, and creeps into every crevice. Not one drop of sorrow, not one tear, but may have some beneficent purpose. The process is not joyous, but grievous; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruits of righteousness and purity and strength. Christ's countenance never beams with such brightness and beauty as when it breaks forth after a deluge of sorrow; and many a Christian has become a braver, stronger and holier man or woman for terrible afflictions; there has been a clear shining after rain.

This principle has manifold applications. Sometimes a cloud of unjust calumny gathers over a good man's name; lies darken the air, and it pours falsehoods forty days and forty nights. But when the shower of slander has spent itself the truth creeps out slowly but surely from behind the clouds of defamation, and the slandered character shines with more lustre than ever. The same storm that wrecks a rotten tree only roots the more firmly the sound tree, whose leaves glisten in the subsequent sunshine.

All ye children of God who are under the peltings of poverty, or the downpour of disappointments, or the blizzards of adversity, "think it not strange as

though some strange thing had happened unto you." Millions have had the same experiences before you. No storm ever drowned a true believer, or washed out the foundation of hope. The trial of your faith will be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of your Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

Two things ought to give you courage. One is that our Lord loves to honor and reward unwavering faith. He permits the storm to test you, and then sends the smile of his sunshine to reward you. Another thought is that the skies are never so brilliantly blue as when they have been washed by a storm. The countenance of Jesus is never so welcome and lovable as when He breaks forth upon us—a sun of consolation and joy after trials.

Long years ago, on a day of thick fog and pouring rain, I ascended a mountain by an old bridle path over the slippery rocks. A weary, disappointed company we were when we reached the cabin on the summit. But toward evening a mighty wind swept away the banks of mist, the body of the blue heavens stood out in the clearness, and before us was revealed the magnificent landscape stretching away to the sea. That scene was at the time, and has often been since, a sermon to my soul. It taught me that faith's stairways are over steep rocks; often through blinding storms; but God never loses His hold on us, and if we endure to the end He will yet bring us out into the clear shining after rain.

So it's better to hope though the clouds run low,
And to keep the eye still lifted;
For the clear, blue sky, will soon peer through,
When the thunder cloud is rifted.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

There is nothing that beclouds the divine that is in us as quickly as a storm of anger. The whole horizon is darkened and the silver lining has disappeared.

Down in the valleys low the shadows lie,
And vapors cool obstruct the eager eye;
But on the heights the vision roams at will
Till sapphire thoughts its highest hopes fulfil.

GOING HOME.

For the loving child of God, death is the going home to the Eternal Father, the ending of warfare, the removing of temptation, the ceasing of failure. No more unfaithfulness no more miserable weakness, no more grieving God. The solemnity and awfulness of death make the loving servants of God very careful in their preparation for it; but they do not destroy the desire of being with God which can only be attained through death.

Therefore, death must be regarded as the God of Life. It is the opening of the door into Judgment, therefore it must be prepared for with all earnestness. But the thought of death ought not to over-sadden us, for it has a very bright side. A true servant of God has looked forward to the meeting with God, and has prepared; he has realized his own need for repentance, and has repented, does repent—with a growing, deepening sorrow; he has searched out his sins, he has taken them to the foot of the cross and has left them there. The thought of God's love in Christ brightens all to him; he waits humbly and trustingly the call home.—Canon Williams.

Faith is the pencil of the soul
That pictures heavenly things.

—Burbidge.

It is not wealth that gives the true zest to life, but reflection, appreciation, taste, culture.—Samuel Smiles.

THE SLEEPLESS WATCHER.*

Some Bible Hints.

It is a question: "Whence shall my help come?" Not from the hills, nor from anything made, but from the Maker (v. 1).

We nod in judgment, our conscience sleeps; what a comfort to know that God never fails! (v. 4.)

Those that do not live in a hot country cannot appreciate the calling of God our shade; but God is all that is delightful, everywhere (v. 5).

The promise of God's protection is for scenes of life (out and in), and for all times; no promise could be more inclusive (v. 8).

Suggestive Thoughts.

The thought of God's sleepless eye is a terrible one to all that hate Him, and a very dear one to all that love Him.

God sees thoughts as we see deeds; that thought should keep us pure.

God watches—but so must we. How often Christ urged this!

God is sleepless that we may sleep.

A Few Illustrations.

Men that keep watchers sometimes need watchers for the watchers; but God, our Watcher, cares more for us than we for ourselves.

The gods of Greece and Rome slept sometimes or were busied with their own affairs; not so ours.

The most fearful part of a criminal's punishment is the eye of his guard always upon him.

A watchman is not only for guarding, but also for an outlook, and to announce the coming of blessing or harm. This also God is to us.

To Think About.

Is my trust in God perfect?

What return am I giving for God's care?

Am I also watching over others?

A Cluster of Quotations.

"No word He hath spoken

Was ever yet broken."

He sees, He knows my every need;
Then why should I take careful heed?

—Maria A. West.

My child, though thy foes are strong

and tried,
He loveth the weak and small;

The angels of heaven are on thy side,
And God is over all.

—Adelaide A. Procter.

Low at His feet lay thy burden of
carefulness;

High on His heart He will bear it for
thee.

—J. S. B. Monsell.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

M., Oct. 26—God sees all. Ex. 3: 6-9.

T., Oct. 27—"Not as man seeth." 1 Sam. 16: 1-7.

W., Oct. 28—In behalf of His own. 2 Chron. 16: 1-9.

T., Oct. 29—He considers our works. Ps. 33: 13-15.

F., Oct. 30—No escape from Him. Amos 9: 2-4.

S., Oct. 31—Even the sparrow. Matt. 10: 26-29.

Sun., Nov. 1—Topic: Songs of the Heart. XI. The sleepless watcher. Ps. 121. (Consecration meeting.)

There are sharp stones on the trail that leads up the Mount of Sacrifice, and the way is steep; but think of the vision from the top!

Why should we burden ourselves with superfluous cares, and fatigue cares, and fatigue and worry ourselves in the multiplicity of our ways! Let us rest in peace. God invites us to cast our anxieties on him.—Madame Guyon.

*Y.P. Topic: Sun., Nov. 1—Songs of the Heart. XI. The sleepless watcher. Ps. 121. (Consecration meeting.)

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OTTAWA, WEDNESDAY, OCT. 21, 1908

It is announced that the buildings of
the Franco-British Exhibition will be
utilized in 1909 for a great international
and colonial exhibition in London.

In passing an ordinance to prohibit
the sale of intoxicating liquors to aborig-
inal Indians, the Legislature of British
Guiana has, like the governments of
Canada, New Zealand and Natal, shown
a wise consideration for the welfare of
the native population.

Of the relation of the Bible to educa-
tion, President Schurman, of Cornell,
says: "The Bible is the most important
document in the world's history. No
man can be wholly uneducated who real-
ly knows the Bible, nor can any one be
considered a truly educated man who is
ignorant of it."

It is necessary to say that our readers
should be on their guard against a
pamphlet that is being secretly circu-
lated seeking to excite prejudice against
Sir Wilfrid Laurier because he is a
Catholic. Such tactics are despicable
and will not injure the broad-minded
statesman against whom they are di-
rected.

Among the timely short articles in
current numbers of *The Living Age* are
"The Annexation of the Congo State,"
from *The Spectator* in the number for
October 3, and "The Irrepressible Cas-
tro," from *The Saturday Review*, and
"The Entente of America and Australia,"
from *The London Nation* in the number
for October 10.

QUEEN'S AND THE CHURCH.

The senate of Queen's University has
practically re-affirmed its resolution in
favor of separation from the Presbyter-
ian church. It has just adopted the
following resolution:

The senate begs to memorialize the
trustees to consider if it may not be
desirable to renew the application to
the General Assembly of the Presby-
terian church for certain changes in the
constitution of Queen's University.

The senate begs leave to remark in
connection with the application made
to the General Assembly:

That the influential and impartial
committee of the General Assembly
which reported on the subject de-
clared that "after mature deliberation the
committee were unanimously of opinion
that conditions had arisen in Queen's
University which justified the senate in
bringing the question of an alteration in
the status of the university before the
trustees, and through them before the
Assembly;" also that "the question of
the character of that relation (between
the church and the university) should
be determined by the trustees of the
university as the body ultimately re-
sponsible for its welfare and financial
support;" also with reference to the con-
tinued prosecution of the endowment
scheme, their hope that "whether a
change be made in the relation of the
university to the church or not, a move-
ment of such importance to the welfare
of the university will be brought to an
early and successful close."

The senate, for its own part, desires
to re-affirm its conviction that the
changes proposed are positively neces-
sary to meet altered conditions, not only
if the progress of Queen's is to be con-
tinued, but even if its present reputa-
tion and standing are to be maintained.

The senate is reluctant to regard the
decision of the General Assembly in
June last as final, for the following
amongst other reasons:

- (1). That there was little time to
bring the details of the question fully
before the Assembly.
- (2). That by a formal defect in the
resolution transmitted to the Assembly
some most important documents were
not properly laid before it.
- (3). The consequence was that the
number voting on the question was
small and the majority very narrow,
the large number of those present who
did not vote indicating indecision and
the want of material upon which to
form a judgment.

The Orillia Packet has the following
item respecting a daughter of the
manse: Miss Edna Henry, eldest daugh-
ter of the Rev. J. K. Henry, of Tam-
worth, who was one of the brightest pu-
pils Orillia High school has known, has
been appointed lecturer on Modern
Languages in the Provincial University
at Victoria, B.C. Before going West
Miss Henry graduated at McGill with
high honors.

The morbid soul should remember
that it will never find sunshine on the
shady side of the house.

CHARGES AGAINST DR. PAUL.

By Knoxoutan.

The Presbytery of Jerusalem met with-
in the Temple to investigate certain
charges that had been preferred against
Dr. Paul by members of the different
congregations and mission stations to
which he had ministered. There was a
large attendance of members and of the
general public, and much interest was
manifested in the proceedings. The
court having been duly constituted and
the minutes of the previous meeting
read, the Moderator requested the par-
ties who had made the charges to pro-
ceed.

Mr. Advanced Thought first address-
ed the Court. He said he had no per-
sonal feeling in the matter, and believ-
ed Dr. Paul to be an earnest and good
man according to his light. His teach-
ing, however, was entirely behind the
age and not at all adapted to the tastes
of modern society. His notions were
accurately antiquated, and his doctrine
utterly repulsive to people of refined
taste. He instanced such doctrines as
Total Depravity, Foreordination, Divine
Sovereignty, and Future Punishment—
doctrines on which Dr. Paul often
wrote and spoke. Such teaching, he al-
leged, was in antagonism to the aesthet-
ic taste of the age, was not suited to
the genius of modern institutions, and
was detrimental to the interests of our
congregations and mission stations.
These doctrines might suit Scotchmen
or Irish Covenanters, but they could
never be popular in this free country.
Teaching of this kind would never evoke
the liberality of the people. How could
they expect men to pay liberally if con-
stantly reminded that they were totally
depraved and on the way to Hell? The
thing was absurd. What they wanted
was men of liberal ideas who would
preach popular doctrine and please the
people. He had another serious objec-
tion to Dr. Paul—his teaching on prac-
tical duty was as antiquated and unpop-
ular as his doctrinal points. In a letter
to some parties in Ephesus, a copy of
which he now produced, Dr. Paul had
said, "wives, submit yourselves to your
own husbands." Such teaching was not
in accordance with the trend of modern
ideas, and was repulsive to a growing
class of our young ladies. It was all
the more unfortunate, because the Meth-
odists had lately struck the word obey
out of their marriage ritual, thus mak-
ing their Church more popular with
people of advanced ideas. In the same
letter, Dr. Paul had said, "Children, obey
your parents." Such teaching repelled
the young people. It was too old-fash-
ioned for the rising generation. They
wanted a style of teaching that would
give liberty to the young people, or they
might join the Salvation Army. He
would give one more instance—one that
he considered an utter outrage on mod-
ern ideas. Near the close of a long letter
to the Hebrews, Dr. Paul actually went
so far as to tell his fellow countrymen
to obey ecclesiastical rule. He would
quote the exact words: "Obey them that
have the rule over you, and submit
yourselves; for they watch for your

souls, as they that must give account." Such teaching was simply monstrous. It might have done for the Dark Ages, but it did not suit modern civilization, especially in America. He confidently hoped the Presbytery would remove Dr. Paul.

Mr. Worldly-Wise Man next addressed the Court in support of the charges. He said his chief objection to Dr. Paul was that he did not display tact in dealing with the higher classes. He had no faculty for bringing in the gentle families. He would give an instance of what he meant. On a recent occasion Dr. Paul had been called upon to speak before Felix and Drusilla and several of the first families of Caesarea. Instead of conciliating these distinguished people as a prudent man would have done, Dr. Paul selected the very topics on which he knew Felix and Drusilla and several of the first families were most sensitive. He pursued the same course before Agrippa and Festus. He confidently believed no member of Presbytery would have pursued such an insane course. A great opportunity had been lost. Had these distinguished people been dealt with in a conciliatory way they might have been induced to endow a chair in the Temple for one of the High Priests. He could give many other instances of Dr. Paul's want of tact, but he thought enough had been shown to provide that the Doctor should be removed. His influence with the higher classes was gone.

Mr. Skinfint said his objection to Dr. Paul was that he had introduced the envelope system. In a letter to the Church at Corinth he told the members to lay by a certain amount of money on the first day of the week. That was the introduction of the envelope system—the thin end of the wedge, so to speak. The system was bad. It destroyed the moral effect of paying in a lump sum. It gave carnally-minded managers an opportunity to divide one's subscription by fifty-two and say how much it amounts to per Sabbath. Prudent, conservative people were opposed to these carnal innovations. By introducing this system Dr. Paul had lost his influence, and he hoped the Presbytery would remove him or ask him to resign.

Mr. Faultfinder said he had many things to urge against Dr. Paul, but he would try to be brief. One serious fault was that he did not divide his time fairly among the stations. He had stayed three years in Ephesus, and only a few months or days in some of the other stations. Then he was more familiar with the elders of the Ephesian Church than with the office-bearers in some of the other congregations. This was wrong. He was partial to the Gaius family and stayed whole days with them, and did not visit some of the others. He associated with Dr. Luke and Artichorus and Apollon and several other favourites, and slighted Diotrophes and Demas. He had several other very serious objections to urge against Dr. Paul. He did not visit and make himself as sociable as he should have done.

He spent whole weeks in writing letters to people in Ephesus, Colosse, Philippi, Corinth, and other places when he should have been visiting round among the people. Had he spent less time on these letters and given more attention to tea-meetings and socials and the sewing circle, the Church would be in a different position to-day. Many of the sewing circles had gone down for want of somebody to read to the members. There were many other things he might urge but he thought he had made it sufficiently clear that the Doctor's influence was gone.

Mr. Legal Kennedy said Dr. Paul was not sound on Free Will. He does not support Local Option as he should do. Other ministers spoke at Local Option meetings on Sunday, but Dr. Paul refused to do so. His notions about the Sabbath were Puritanical. He went so far as to tell Timothy to use wine as a beverage, and any man who could do that as not fit for the pulpit in this country. In all his writings he had not said one word against the use of tobacco and snuff, evils that must be put down immediately by law. The very fact that Dr. Paul went around preaching and holding prayer meetings when he should have been canvassing for Free Willion showed what sort of a man he was. The speaker wound up by declaring with great vengeance what if Dr. Paul was not at once removed and all his relations would leave the Church.

Mr. Fugio Propriety next spoke. His chief objection to Dr. Paul was that he was too enthusiastic, indeed, he might say fanatical. On one occasion he quoted himself in such a manner as to make Festus say he was mad. He preached so long at Troas that a young man who went, as heep, fell out of the window and broke his neck. He displayed too much zeal at Athens. He should have been calm and dignified before these learned Athenian people. Repose was the proper attitude before philosophers. On many occasions the Doctor had been moved to tears and had displayed an amount of emotion that was unbecoming. He quoted from Euclid on the "Art of Preaching" to show that such displays of feeling were unprofessional and undignified. He might give many more instances of Dr. Paul's fanaticism; but, as the dinner hour was near and these proceedings should not be allowed to interfere with the comfort of members of the Court in dining, he would forbear. He hoped the Presbytery would remove Dr. Paul and allow them to call a minister that had no fanaticism. The Presbytery then adjourned.

Moral: Complaints can be made against any minister—even against an Apostle.

The Canadian Churchman, the organ of the Church of England, speaking editorially of the recent tercentenary celebration at Quebec, has these words which are well worth quoting:

"To speak frankly, we distinctly remember the time when the accession of a French-Canadian to political leadership would have probably disrupted his party on the racial issue. We may be treading on somewhat dangerous ground, but we feel sure that our readers will not misunderstand us when we say that the advent of the present Premier to office was in one respect a most fortunate occurrence, in that it has demonstrated once and for all the absolute political equality of the two races, finally banishing the bogey of "French denomination," which a generation ago, at all events haunted the imagination of the average English-speaking voter of whatever political stripe. Now we know that a French Canadian Premier can be as staunchly loyal to the British Crown and to Imperial solidarity as any Premier of Anglo-Saxon extraction.

LAYMEN'S MOVEMENT IN THE WEST.

Under date, C. P. R. 13, Oct. 1908, Rev. Dr. K. P. Mackay gives a most encouraging report of his own and Mr. J. Campbell White's visit to important points in the far west:

Dear Mr. Robinson:—You are interested in the Laymen's Movement, allow me to report progress since we left Ottawa for the west. We feared the influence of the political campaign, on at the same time, but how I am rather glad the two came together. It is another proof that nothing on the earth or under the earth can stop the sweep of this movement. In Vancouver there were counter attractions. Amongst them a political meeting addressed by the famous "Joe" Martin, but notwithstanding all, about three hundred partook of the banquet—the quiet earnestness, the suppressed enthusiasm, were such as excite expectation as to results, and the result is that Vancouver city is proud to prove as their contribution to the evangelization of the world in this generation. Mr. J. Campbell White is doing heroic work, but it is not the personality of any man that does it. If it were, the enthusiasm would disappear with him. Instead of that being the case, the largest gathering of men, at any time, was a Sabbath afternoon in St. Andrew's church, after Mr. White had gone. His presentation of his case is so convincing and inspiring, he gives such a vision of the possibilities before the men of to-day, that they want to have a hand in it. He comes not to beg, but to offer an investment to men, and quick to recognize, they take shares. It is no longer Mr. White that holds them but a new ambition; the explosive power of a new action.

In Victoria the attendance was not so large, but quite as enthusiastic, the resolution there was a fourfold increase, and at the end of the second year, a total for the city of not less than \$25,000. In Vancouver some of the churches took action immediately. In St. Andrew's the Session met after the morning service and asked a prominent business man in the church to undertake the leadership of the congregational campaign, which he did. In fact everywhere the indications are that God's hand is in it, and it must succeed. It is remarkable that no opposition has appeared. The movement commends itself to the practical mind, and touches the imagination of any man who believes in the Gospel of Christ, and has faith in the future.

As I write we are on the train on the way to Edmonton, and then to Calgary. Next week points east, on the way to Winnipeg will be touched, and Winnipeg itself will be reached in the latter days of the month. May the last be the great day of the feast!

It would be hard to exaggerate our indebtedness to Mr. White for this seven weeks of his time. I cannot now recall a visit from any man, that meant so much as this is likely to mean to our Country. He is a chosen vessel for a great work. It is a privilege to live at this time, but what to be permitted to take so large a share in realizing the possibilities of the time! Thank God for such men.

R. P. Mackay.

Very successful anniversary services were held in the Paris Presbyterian church on Sunday, Oct. 11th, conducted by the Rev. D. D. McLeod, D.D., of Barrie, who preached able sermons both morning and evening. On Monday the ladies gave the annual dinner which is looked upon as a social reunion after the summer. Master Ernest C. McMillan, son of Rev. Alex. McMillan, of Mimico, gave an organ recital in the Church to the great delight of the large audience that had assembled. The free-will offerings were greater than any previous year.

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

A DAY OF SMALL THINGS.

By A. Fraser Robertson.

The Reverent Mark Sylvester paced the floor of his library. His Sunday services were over, but the evening of his busy day brought the feeling of discontent and irritation that was becoming all too familiar to him since he had accepted the "unanimous call" to St. Bernard's, Moreton.

His brows were furrowed—his eyes bent gloomily on the floor and his hands dug deep in his pockets.

"It's incomprehensible!" he muttered to himself at last.

The minister had a handsome face, with deep-set, dark eyes. The mouth and chin conveyed an earnest purpose, but as he threw out the impatient exclamation, an expression of bitterness momentarily marred it.

A slight girl, pale and indeterminate in colouring, with lips curved in a discontented droop, looked up from a book; whose leaves she was fluttering between yawns.

"What's incomprehensible, Mark?" she demanded. "Oh, I know—the empty church, you mean," she added quickly, replying to her own question.

"Who was it said it required an exceptionally clever man to preach to an expanse of timber?" Mark went on, with a cynical laugh. "This much at least I can vouch for—it takes a clever one than I am."

His sister made no attempt to comfort him.

"Hadlymere has spoilt you," she observed.

The remark did not serve to allay his irritation.

"What is the explanation of it?" he demanded almost fiercely, and as if his sister were to blame. "I take as much pains with my sermons as I ever did. God knows, I exchanged Hadlymere for this, with no thought of self-advancement—simply because I believed it was a door opened to me, I had no right to close. I am not conscious that my spiritual life is at a lower ebb than it was in Hadlymere," he added, half to himself.

Maria Sylvester stretched out a patent toe and examined it thoughtfully, before she spoke.

"It has nothing to do with any of these things," she said at last, deliberately. "It is one of those enigmas that cannot be explained. I have noticed it in other spheres besides the pulpit. A man may draw crowds in one place and be confronted by figuratively empty benches in another. And yet the man himself hasn't changed. It is simply that he has not 'caught on.' I cannot quite express what I mean. It sounds a ridiculous thing to say—but it seems to me that popularity is, to some extent at least, a local thing."

An accentuated frown on the minister's brow appeared to point to his having derived small comfort from his sister's explanations. He took several turns up and down the room in silence.

"Olive won't like it!" he observed at last.

"She'll get accustomed to it," returned his companion, with the philosophy with which a sister, ousted from her brother's house, contemplates possible unpleasantness in store for the interloping wife.

"She won't like it!" he reiterated. "She has seen me minister of a crowded congregation—a centre, in a small way. She isn't in the least prepared for the meagre attendance here. I don't know how to break it to her."

"Don't break it at all!" advised the counsellor. "Let her find out for herself. Her love isn't worth much if it will be influenced by the numbers of your congregation."

Mark dropped the subject, feeling unreasonably annoyed with his sister. But the nightmare of his sparsely-filled church and how it would affect his young wife continued to weigh upon his spirits—to an absurd degree, as he told himself in his more rational moments.

He knew that his hearers in Moreton were a spiritually-minded set, but even this consideration, from which he might have derived consolation, was swamped in the feeling that Olive would consider him a failure.

He took his sister's advice about not breaking the unpalatable fact to her, not that the counsel specially appealed to him, but simply because no other course suggested itself to for him to follow. But throughout the subsequent wedding preparations and the attendant bustle, the thing hung like a brooding cloud on his soul. He even took it into his head that Olive, when she came to know the real state of the case, might accuse him of inducing her to marry him under false pretences!

The first Sunday after the minister brought home his young wife was a gorgeous one in July, but Mark was oddly absent at breakfast. Something prevented him giving undivided attention to the girlish figure in the white dress behind the coffee-pot. Olive noticed it, but ascribed it to preoccupied thoughts of his Sunday services. Meantime the minister was asking himself whether his young wife would look upon him with less partial eyes, when she should discover that he was no longer a widespread influence—a brilliantly shining light—but the humblest, most modest of luminaries.

"Have you got the heads by heart?" Olive asked him with a smile.

"Heads have gone out of fashion," he returned, smiling back at her absently.

"There is a fashion in preaching as in other things, I suppose?" she mused aloud. "Are you the fashion here, as you were in Hadlymere, Mark?"

The minister winced. The words had struck home. At the moment, the first toll of the church-bells floated out on the still summer air, and secretly relieved, he abruptly dropped the conversation.

Anxiously surveying his audience from the pulpit, the Reverend Mark knew instinctively that the unusually large attendance was due to the presence of his bride and to curiosity. At early dinner, Olive asked innocently:

"Have the people left Moreton for their holidays? Somehow I did not think they would have gone so early," and he answered feebly:

"Why, no! They don't leave till August."

"What was the reason of the poor attendance, then?" she persisted; and he lacked the courage to tell her it was better than usual.

But at evening service numbers had dwindled to their normal. The pews downstairs were sparsely filled. The gallery showed depressing gaps. Yet, strange to say, the minister, unaccountably uplifted, surpassed himself. He delivered a stirring and spiritual discourse, although all the time doubly conscious of the state of affairs—seeing them, not through his own merely, but also, as he believed, through Olive's eyes. What would she feel? Inevitably she would be astonished, disappointed, chagrined.

As the service drew to a close, afraid of what he might see on the face of his young wife, he did not trust himself to glance in the direction of the minister's pew. He gave out the final hymn, and his voice was a shade unsteady at the benediction.

Olive was waiting for him at the close, and they walked home, but almost in silence. Supper, too, was a silent meal. A heavy depression hung on Mark like a pall, as his mind insisted on reading into his wife's his own sensations.

When supper was over he could stand it no longer. He stopped pacing the floor abruptly, and came to where she sat.

"You see, Olive," he said, with almost a touch of defiance in his tone, "It is as I said. I am not the fashion in Moreton. You were astonished at the smallness of the morning's congregation. It was larger than usual. I am not the popular preacher here I was in Hadlymere. I don't pretend to be able to explain the why or the wherefore. I may have deteriorated—and I may not."

The young wife raised blue, questioning eyes to his. He had retreated to the hearthrug. She was puzzled, even a little startled. Then gradually they filled with a dawning comprehension. She crossed to the hearthrug and stood by him, laying one hand caressingly on his coat-sleeve. There was silence between them. Then she spoke.

"Popularity has always seemed a fictitious thing to me, Mark—not safe to trust to."

Inwardly astonished at her words, the minister defended himself against the implied reproof. "A man wants to succeed in whatever he puts his hand to. In the cure of souls, as in other spheres, ambition is—permissible—even laudable, to my thinking. There is such a thing as 'a divine discontent.'"

"I know—I know," she agreed quickly, and her hands stretched up and clasped themselves about his arm. "But is success—real, true, lasting success—to be measured by—by crowds?"

The question staggered him. The girl he had married was showing herself in an unexpected light.

"I thought you would mind," he said at last, the words wrung from him, as it were, in his astonishment.

"I—mind?" she echoed, surprised in her turn. "Why should I? And what is there to mind? I was proud of you to-night—as proud of you as I have ever been in Hadlymere, when the pews were packed and chairs in the aisles. Mark, you seemed to me to have grown—spiritually. I do not count crowds as a criterion."

He continued to stare down at her in his surprise. What strange new light was this young wife of his shedding on things—revolutionising his ideas—laying bare to the day a host of unsuspected motives—showing him his inmost self in its unlovely nakedness! He was conscious of a slowly-dawning sensation of shame.

Olive fingered the lapel of his coat in some confusion, as if shy of expressing further sentiments.

When she spoke it was evidently with an effort.

"It has sometimes struck me, Mark," she said slowly, "we are too much for wide fields and big results. It may be the vanity in us—I do not know. But it seems to me that should only 'the corner to shine in' be granted us, we need not feel it too narrow a sphere! Oh, Mark, if you can influence a few souls deeply—for their spiritual good—it is more worth—a thousand times more

worth while, than drawing crowds!" She stopped, her eyes sparkling, her lips tremulous. Strangely moved, the minister drew her closer. His pulses thrilled. A great rush of relief came at her words. Of a sudden, the haunting sense of failure—at least of the smallness of numbers that had seemed to spell failure—fell away from him. An oppression seemed to lift from off his soul.

But was it possible that his had been a mere sordid, worldly ambition, after all? Was it possible that self had so blocked his clearer outlook on things—so blinded his vision—that what he had cloaked beneath the name of a "divine discontent" was nothing more than a very human vanity?—British Weekly.

DOING GOOD BY STEALTH.

He kept his soul unspotted
As he went upon his way,
And he tried to do some service
For God's people day by day;
He had time to enter the doubter
Who complained that hope was dead;
He had time to help the cripple
When the way was rough ahead;
He had time to guard the orphan, and
one day, well satisfied
With the talents God had given him, he
closed his eyes and died.

He had time to see the beauty
That the Lord spread all round;
He had time to hear the music
In the shells the children found;
He had time to keep repeating
As he bravely worked away;
"It is splendid to be living"
In the splendid world to-day!"
But the crows—the crows that hurry
After golden prizes—said
That he never had succeeded,
When the clouds lay o'er his head—
He had dreamed—"He was a failure,"
they compassionately sighed.
For the man had little money in his
pockets when he died.

DELIGHTFULNESS OF "DAUGHTERS."

Here is a recent sketch that appeared in a New York daily:

"Sit here, daughter!" The dignified elderly father designated a seat to the quiet, middle-aged woman who came with him into the somewhat crowded railway suburban train. Something in the gentle authority and kindness of the tone caused two of the nearby passengers to look up interestedly.

The fine-faced woman—as dignified as was the father—seated herself at his suggestion. A moment later the father, from his seat just behind, across the aisle, leaned forward to make some remark about the crowded conditions.

It was a slight and passing incident. Yet there was that degree of deference and direction on the one hand and of delicate acquiescence on the other, which gave to the relationship of the white-haired father and gray-haired daughter thoroughly unmistakable distinction.

"I wish my father would call me 'daughter' in that way. There is a delightfulness in it that gives me a positive new sensation," said one of the two young women passengers who had heard and observed. "I could obey any man—father, husband, brother, son—who would take care of me in that tone of voice."

No wrong can come by doing right
If right be rightly done;
But if the right by wrong prevail
The wrong the day has won.

Love is not altogether a delirium, yet it has many points in common therewith. I call it rather a discerning of the infinite—of the ideal made real.—Carlyle.

THE NEW NEIGHBOR.

By Sarah N. McCreery.

Arthur Ingram looked resentfully at the big house next door. One glance at his face showed he was angry. Passion had been smoldering for two or three days, and it promised to get the better of him.

"I think the new boy next door is just horrid," he said finally. "He has lived there three weeks, and I don't know him yet. He doesn't give a fellow a chance to get acquainted. I guess he's awful stuck up. He never walks; he always goes about in that pony cart. He don't play on this side of the yard, either. I guess he's afraid I would speak to him. He needn't be—I would just pretend I didn't see him. I wish Walter Harris would move back there; he was rich, but he wasn't proud."

"Why, Arthur, I am surprised at you!" Mrs. Ingram exclaimed. She had never heard her son speak so about any one. "You have not gone to see the new boy, and perhaps he thinks you are 'stuck up,' too. You should wait until you know him before you decide what he is like."

"He doesn't give me a chance to speak; he just drives by and looks straight ahead. I think he would like company to ride with him, and I am the only boy on this street. I wish I had a pony cart, but I always have to walk every place I go. I intend to show that boy I can have a good time without being friendly with him." And Arthur left the room before his mother could make any more excuses for the new boy.

Every evening the next week, Arthur brought some boys home from school with him. Mrs. Ingram noticed they played on the side of the yard next to the Peyton's. Once she saw Robert Peyton, peeping slyly out of the window, watching the boys at play. She imagined there was a wistful look on his face.

"I will call there to-morrow," she said to herself, "and perhaps I can find out why Robert is so distant. I want my boy to be friendly with his neighbors."

The next evening, when Arthur went to his room, Mrs. Ingram followed him. "I called on Mrs. Peyton to-day," she said.

"Did you?" Arthur remarked indifferently. "I bought a new baseball bat." He determined to change the subject.

Mrs. Ingram ignored the remark. "I found out why Robert always rides, and why you never see him playing. He is a cripple."

"A cripple!" Arthur exclaimed, with the first interest he had shown.

"Yes," was the answer, "he had a fall when he was a little fellow, and it injured the spine. He will never be able to walk again. Some bad boys made fun of him once, and he has been afraid to meet strange boys ever since. His mother said he cried when he saw you boys having such a good time, in the yard, the other day. It is lonesome and hard for him, but he tries to be very brave."

Arthur looked sober by this time. "We played on that side of the yard just for spite," he said. "We thought Robert didn't want to know us. I am sorry we did it. I would rather walk always, than ride because I was a cripple. I intend to show him I can be just as nice as I have been hateful. I'll take him over some of my books to read. Yes, and I'll come home after school to-morrow and play something with him. We can play a 'sitting' game. I ought to do something to make up for the way I have done."

"And the next time you will not say such unkind things of a boy until you know him," Mrs. Ingram added softly as she left the room.

INDISPENSABLE TO MOTHERS.

"I am satisfied that Baby's Own Tablets are indispensable to mothers," says Mrs. Abraham Boucher, Pierreville Mills, Que., and she adds—"Before using the Tablets my baby was cross, peevish and not thriving well; but the Tablets have worked a great change and my little one is well and happy." This is the verdict of all mothers who have used these Tablets. And better still, mothers have the guarantee of a Government analyst that Baby's Own Tablets are absolutely safe—that they contain not one particle of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE UPWARD LOOK.

"It is of no use to tell me to look forward," said one in great trouble the other day to a friend. "The worst of my trouble, I know, lies ahead. To look back upon the past, before this shadow came, simply adds to my agony. I can only sit in the darkness and shut my eyes to everything, and bear as best I may."

"There is always one way left," said the friend, gently. "When we can not look forward nor backward, we can look upward. I have been in every whit as hard a place as you, and I sat a long while in the darkness before finding the way out. Try the upward look—it is meant for just such sorrows as this, which seem to shut in the soul inexorably. If we look up, we never look in vain."

It was the advice of a true friend. Yet how many friends fail to give it! When we sympathize with those we love in their trials and worries, how often we suggest that there is "hope ahead"; that they are "not so shut in as they seem"; that past and future should be dwelt upon rather than the present; and, saying all this, forget that we can give them a far truer comfort in teaching them to lift their eyes from themselves and their problems up to the eternal Father, who can give joy and peace to his children through all things.

"Time alone can help such sorrows as yours," said a woman who called herself a Christian, to a bereaved friend lately. There was no upward look suggested there. A heathen could have said as much. Time only can dull the edge of pain; the upward look rubs sunering of its sting surely and lastingly. It is always possible to lift our eyes to the sky, and though at first, perhaps, we see only the clouds, we shall find it true before long that "over all our tears God's rainbow bends."—Author unknown.

GRANDMA'S VACATION.

Sitting in the narrow gauge train that runs out to the beaches, the voice of an elderly woman floated across the aisle: "I'm sure I don't know where my vacation is coming in. The last fortnight in July Maud is going to leave her baby with me; then Joan's wife takes August for a trip—there are four of hers—and the first of September Bessie goes to Nova Scotia and her boy—well, I'd rather take care of any three of the others!" The tone wasn't complaining; it showed rather the cheerful attitude of one who likes to bear burdens and does, but the facts—yes the facts were clear. Grandma, whose early vigor had been spent in unremitting toil for her offspring, whose personal sacrifices had placed her own sons and daughters in positions where elaborate and expensive holidays were possible, Grandma, whose years had begun to make all labor difficult, was to have no vacation at all. As one of these aged mothers in Israel once remarked, this time with just a touch of bitterness, "Grandma makes an inexpensive and reliable nurse girl."

CHURCH
WORK

Ministers and Churches

NEWS
LETTERS

OTTAWA.

Professor Mackenzie, of the Montreal College, and Rev. Dr. Ramsay were the preachers in Erskine church last Sunday. Professor Mackenzie also preached in Knox church.

The Rev. W. C. Nicol, having accepted the call, his induction as minister of Erskine Church will take place on Nov. 13, and he will preach his first sermon to the congregation Sunday, November 15.

The sale of the Dominion Methodist church of Ottawa to the C. Ross Company for \$125,000 has been approved by the quarterly board of the church. A new church will be built on a site to be selected farther south on Metcalfe street.

At the annual meeting of the Men's Association of Grace Church many members were present and deep interest was taken in the plans for the work of the coming year. The new officers elected are: President, Mr. G. H. Magloughlin; vice-president, Mr. B. H. Campbell; secretary-treasurer, Mr. James Kirkpatrick; executive committee: Messrs. F. C. Doran, George Watt and J. S. McEwan.

The Rev. Dr. Isaac Campbell, formerly of Erskine Church in this city, but now of Norfolk, Va., announces the engagement of his daughter, Miss Gertrude Frances, to Mr. Charles Archibald McGibbon, second son of Mayor and Mrs. McGibbon of Penetang. The marriage will take place on the 21st inst. The young couple will visit New York and other northern cities on their way to their home in Canada.

At a well attended meeting of the Home Missionary Society of Knox church the president, Mrs. D. M. Ramsay, in the chair, several very interesting letters were read from missionaries, giving accounts of their work at the Indian and other mission stations. Several new members were enrolled and the following ladies were appointed to act on the programme committee for the winter season: Mrs. A. Garlock (convener), Miss Maud Russell, Miss Anderson, Mrs. K. Masson, and Mrs. R. M. McMorran.

The induction of Rev. W. A. Crawford, B.A., as minister of St. Andrew's Church, Buckingham, took place on October 28th. Rev. Dr. Henidge preached the sermon; Rev. Robert Eadie, of Bethany Church, addressed the minister; and Rev. W. Taylor, of Elm Templeton, the people. The settlement has been a most harmonious one, and Mr. Crawford enters on his work with every prospect of a successful pastorate. The vacancy had been a long one, but high praise was awarded Rev. Mr. Taylor, interim moderator, for his tactful management of a delicate situation. The induction ceremonies were followed by a supper provided by the ladies, to which the visiting ministers, elders, managers and the congregation did ample justice. Mr. Crawford received a very warm welcome from the members of his new charge. Mr. and Mrs. Crawford are stopping with Miss McNaughton until the manse is ready for occupation.

Rev. S. Childerhose, B.A., superintendent of Presbyterian Missions in Northern Ontario, has been visiting stations on the Sandridge field, and is taking hold of his new and important work (as was expected of him) with ability and vigor.

EASTERN ONTARIO.

The Rev. Mr. McLean, of Prince Edward Island, was the preacher on Sabbath, 18th inst., in St. Columba church, Kirk Hill.

Rev. Dr. Marsh, of Springville, conducted preparatory services in St. Andrew's church, Peterborough, last Friday evening.

The Rev. J. K. Henry, of Tamworth, and family, who spent a few weeks at their summer cottage, on the lake shore near Orillia, have returned home.

Rev. Donald Stewart, B.A., of Morewood, has been unanimously called to Alexandria, in succession to Rev. David McLaren, M.A., resigned. Stipend offered, \$900 and a manse.

The manse, Picton, has been quarantined on account of scarlet fever, but Rev. Mr. Shearer will continue his work from temporary hotel quarters until the quarantine is removed.

Rev. H. Peckover preached his farewell sermon at Omemee on Sunday, 11th inst. His resignation is greatly regretted. Mr. Pauline Bell, of Knox College, was the preacher last Sunday.

Rev. G. T. Bayne, of Ashton and Appleton, has resigned his charges to accept a call to Pasqua, Sask., and the transfer has been agreed to by the Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew.

Rev. James Wallace, B.D., of St. Andrew's church, Lindsay, conducted anniversary services at Lorneville last Sunday, Rev. G. M. Young, B.A., taking the St. Andrew's pulpit for the lay.

Rev. Dr. Bayne, recently of Sudbury, is still resting at Kemptonville with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Bayne; and the local papers speak in high terms of his sermons in St. Paul's church there.

Rev. J. M. Duncan, B.D., of Toronto, preached anniversary sermons in St. Andrew's church, Fenelon Falls, on the 11th inst. On Monday evening the congregation held a highly successful supper and social meeting.

The anniversary services of Knox church, Beaverton, will be held on the 8th prox., with the former pastor, Rev. A. C. Wishart, M.A., as the preacher. The usual supper and social re-union of the congregation and friends will be held on the following evening.

Mill street congregation, Port Hope, has unanimously invited Rev. W. H. Brokenshire, M.A., to accept the pastorate for two years, and the Knoxville charge joins in the call. It is represented that the Mill street charge is now in a more hopeful and prosperous condition than for the past 30 years. Rev. Alex. McNaughton, M.A., presided at the congregational meeting, and expressed himself as greatly pleased at the result.

Anniversary services were held in Knox church, Beckwith, on Sunday, 11th inst., when Rev. Mr. Hay of Renfrew preached able and appropriate sermons to large congregations. The annual social was held on Monday evening and was also a pronounced success. Addresses were delivered by Revs. Scott, Monds, Fairbairn, Bayne and Williams, the pastor, Rev. Mr. Macfarlane, occupying the chair. The music was furnished by the choir of Zion church, under the leadership of Mr. Charles Johnstone, who acquitted themselves very creditably.

Rev. John Young, M.A., of Hamilton, preached anniversary sermons at Hespler last Sunday.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. M. A. Lindsay, B.D., of Arkona, preached anniversary sermons at M.ore Line, on the 11th inst. The annual supper on the following evening was largely attended.

The W.F.M.S. of Ingersoll, held a most successful Thankoffering meeting on Oct. 8th, the meeting being held in the evening and open to the public. The address was given by Rev. R. G. MacBeth, of Paris.

The Rev. Dr. Munro and Mrs. Munro, of Birr, paid a visit for a couple of days last week to their numerous friends in and about Embro, where Dr. Munro ministered most acceptably for several years, and where he is still held in affectionate remembrance.

We regret to notice that Rev. Dr. McCrae, the popular minister at Westminister, Ontario, was seriously injured on the 14th inst., by being thrown from his buggy, his horse kicking him severely. Later accounts report his condition as slowly improving.

The Scotch Settlement and St. John's Auxiliaries of the W.F.M.S. held very successful thank-offering meetings lately. Rev. L. McLean, of Churchhill, addressed the former meeting, at which the offering was \$65, and Rev. D. N. Morden, of St. Marys, the latter.

The death of the Rev. Robert Moodie, at Barrie, on October 3rd, removes one of the pioneers of the Presbyterian ministry in Canada. His first pastorate was at St. Stephen, N.B. For 25 years he was pastor at Stayner, and for 23 years he was clerk of the Barrie Presbytery. Modest and retiring to a degree Mr. Moodie was a scholarly preacher, a faithful pastor and a model clerk of Presbytery.

The induction of Rev. S. Childerhose, B.A., into the office of superintendent of missions for Northern Ontario, took place at Parry Sound on the 29th ult. under the auspices of North Bay Presbytery. Rev. G. L. Johnston, B.A., of North Bay, preached the sermon; and Rev. Dr. John Somerville, as representing the General Assembly, was present and took part in the solemn proceedings.

On Sunday, 11th inst., the Rev. Mr. Crow, of Melville church, Fergus, preached the anniversary sermons in the Alma church. The Rev. Mr. Reid of Alma, took the services at Fergus, and had associated with him in the morning, Dr. Waters, medical missionary from Ujjine, Central India, who gave a resume of his work there. In the evening Mr. Reid preached an excellent sermon that edified his hearers.

In connection with the Chapman-Alexander simultaneous evangelistic campaign services are beginning on Oct. 15th at two points in the Presbytery — Brantford and Paris. The evangelists and singers are men who have proven their special fitness by the sanity and soundness of their methods of work. Active preparations have been in progress and much good is expected. The election excitement will be staided by the campaign on the King's Bussness. The Presbyterians are taking prominent part in the work. Rev. R. G. MacBeth being chairman of the General Committee in Paris, and Rev. Mr. Maxwell, Secretary of the General Committee in Brantford.

MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

Professor Charles Bieler, who was recently appointed to the chair of French literature at the Presbyterian College, and who arrived in Montreal a few weeks ago, has received news from Paris that he has been honored by the French government, which has conferred on him the distinction of "Officer d'Academie."

Communion was dispensed last Sunday morning in the Verdun church, the Rev. K. J. Macdonald, of St. Matthew's church, officiating. It was the largest communion service in the history of the church, and fifteen new members were added to the roll of membership. Rev. Drumm, the minister in charge of the field, is doing excellent work, and the interest is constantly growing.

A quiet wedding was solemnized at the Manse, Three Rivers, September 23rd, when Miss Helen R. MacLeod, youngest daughter of Rev. J. R. and Mrs. MacLeod, was married to Mr. J. D. MacNeill, of Vancouver, B.C. The ceremony was performed by the father of the bride. Miss Enid Baptist, of Three Rivers, was bridesmaid, and Mr. J. M. MacLeod, of Midland, Ont., was best man. The bride was given away by her brother-in-law, Mr. T. Christie, of Lachute. Mr. and Mrs. MacNeill have left for Boston, Washington, New Orleans and San Francisco, thence to Vancouver, where they will reside.

A mass meeting was held in the Gault Institute, Valleyfield, in the interest of temperance. It was the largest gathering of the kind ever held in the city, and it indicated that the temperance sentiment has been growing. Rev. J. E. Ducloux, B.A., who presided over the meeting, said that it was chiefly due to the education of the youth in the lines of temperance. Rev. Mr. Huxtable, secretary of the Dominion Alliance; Montreal, gave a vigorous and instructive address, which was much appreciated by the audience. Rev. John Scanlan and Rev. Mr. Ascham also took part with much acceptance.

A highly successful harvest home festival, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid Society, was held last week in the Cote des Neiges church, which was most artistically decorated with palms, autumn leaves, ivy and crimson berries. A bountiful supper was served in the basement, by the ladies. Afterwards the company adjourned upstairs to listen to an interesting lecture by Mr. Birch, on "Ghosts." The Rev. Mr. Steven followed with a short address. A vocal solo by Miss Helena Tait was beautifully rendered. A cleverly executed dialogue by Miss O. Bond and Miss E. Clendinning, and recitations by Miss Hayden, Miss Clendinning and Miss Myrtle Boa were much enjoyed and heartily applauded. The singing of the doxology, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow," brought a most enjoyable meeting to a close.

Mere mention was made last week of the anniversary services in Chalmers church, Richmond, conducted by Rev. Dr. Kellock, so long the greatly beloved minister of the congregation, but now of Kinnear's Mills. The Guardian, just to hand, makes reference to the occasion in terms following: "At both morning and evening services Rev. Dr. Kellock delivered very eloquent addresses. The church presented a very attractive appearance, decorated as it was with beautiful cut flowers, palms, foliage and red berries. During the morning and evening services the choir rendered special music. At the evening service Mrs. H. E. Bieber and Mrs. Angus McCrae sang solos, which were very much appreciated by the large congregation present. The members of the Congregational and Methodist churches united with the Presbyterians for the evening service. The special anniversary collection was a good one.

QUEBEC.

The English River and Howick congregation recently presented their pastor, the Rev. J. M. Kellock, with a kindly-worded address and a purse of money, the address being read by Mr. James McKell, and the money handed to him by Mr. W. J. McClenaghan. After five years of successful and much appreciated work, Mr. Kellock is going to Elva, Man., from where he has received an unsolicited call. The best wishes and prayers of his late charge will follow him and his family to his new field of labor.

At the special meeting of Quebec Presbytery, held at Richmond on the 15th inst., to consider the call from Erskine church, Ottawa, to Rev. C. W. Nicol, of Sherbrooke, Dr. Ramsay, Ottawa, pleaded for Mr. Nicol's transfer in the name of the Presbytery of Ottawa, and Mr. J. Baxter for Erskine church. Messrs. Price and Edwards, representing Sherbrooke, spoke of the high esteem in which Mr. Nicol is held, and while deeply regretting his prospective removal would not oppose the call. Mr. Nicol accepted the call, and the Presbytery of Quebec agreed to his translation, to take effect on Oct. 28.

There was a good attendance at the first meeting of the Quebec Ministerial Association with Rev. Wylie C. Clark, as president in the chair. After devotional exercises, the reading of minutes, and the secretary-treasurer's annual statement, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year:—President, Rev. J. A. MacFarlane, M.A.; vice-president, Rev. A. J. Lebeau; secretary-treasurer, Rev. E. J. Stone. The following assaists were appointed:—Rev. J. A. MacFarlane, Oct. 19th; Rev. E. P. H. King, Nov. 9th; Rev. Wylie C. Clark, Nov. 23rd. The Revs. E. P. H. King and Wylie C. Clark were appointed as a deputation to wait upon the Mayor in the interests of a better observance of the Lord's Day, as required by City By-law No. 249.

The Galt Reporter says: Rev. R. E. Knowles preached on Sabbath, 11th inst., in the Presbyterian church at Remous, of which the late Rev. Dr. J. K. Smith, pastor of Knox church, was the minister back in the fifties. At the close of the service Mr. Knowles requested any to stand who still remembered the ministry of Dr. Smith, and only one responded in all the large congregation present. Dr. Smith went from Ramsay to Brockville in 1856 and came from Brockville to Galt in 1865.

The important charge of Alvinston and Euphemia, in Sarnia Presbytery, is vacant by the removal of Rev. F. W. Mahaffy to Parry Sound. Alvinston is a village on the G.T.R. and M.C.R. of about one thousand, in an excellent farming district and having a number of thriving industries. There is a manse electric lighted and furnace heated. Rev. N. A. Campbell, Inwood, Ont., is interim moderator, and would be glad to hear from any who may desire a hearing.

Mr. H. B. Johnston, the student in charge of the Washago station during the past summer, left behind him many attached friends on his return to College work. The local correspondent of the Orillia Pocket says of him: Pains-taking and conscientious, and with exceptional ability, Mr. Johnston has laboured, and not in vain, to promote the welfare of the community at large. His efforts have not been purely spiritual alone, for he has entered into our sports and pleasures as well, and his tact has won for him hosts of friends, not least among whom might be mentioned the tourists who sojourn with us during the summer.

TORONTO.

The induction of Rev. Dr. Gandier as principal of Knox College, will take place on the afternoon of Thursday, 19th November, and a public meeting in connection with it will likely be held in Varsity convocation hall in the evening.

An English firm has been granted an option for the purchase of the site of Knox College for \$185,000, this price not to include the building or fence. Many citizens are of opinion that the site should have been purchased by the city for a park.

The Men's Bible class of Bloor Street Church last week presented Mr. Frank Yeich, the class teacher, with a dinner service as a token of the regard in which he is held by the many young men he has known, and in commemoration of his recent wedding.

The programme for the Laymen's Missionary Institute to be held in St. James' Square Church has been issued and is being sent broadcast throughout the province. The dates of meeting are Nov. 2nd and 3rd. Mr. J. Campbell White at 3 o'clock on Tuesday will conduct training institute into the way of launching the campaign in individual congregations. A mass meeting for men will be held in Excelsior Rink, 622 College street. Rev. Dr. Robt. Johnston, Montreal, and Mr. White will speak. The campaign now being carried on in the West is said to be meeting with large success.

Rev. J. W. H. Milne, B.A., of Ottawa, preached in the Deer Park Church last Sunday week and conducted communion services. The preparatory sermon was preached by Rev. G. R. Fecken.

WINNIPEG AND WEST.

Classes have begun at Manitoba College. The attendance of Arts students is very large, judged by all former years. In Theology, as usual, the classrooms are not crowded, but the quality is stated to be excellent.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Stonewall church was observed last Sunday. The preacher was Rev. Dr. Pitblado of this city. An entertainment was given on Monday night at which some Winnipeg talent was heard with pleasure.

Rev. Dr. Parsons, of Toronto, has been giving a series of most interesting discourses on the "Disparities of the Bible" to large audiences in Winnipeg on such themes as The Auld Shire, Restoration of Israel, The Importance of the Resurrection of Christ, The Divine Programme in this Age, and the Nat., etc.

On Tuesday afternoon, October 12th, the Presbytery of Rock Lake met in the Presbyterian church, Kew-Bank, and inducted Rev. Alex. Ruddell, late of Manchester, England, to the pastoral charge of that congregation and associate stations. Rev. Jno. A. Beattie, Miami, presided. Rev. F. J. Hartley, Kildare, in the absence of Rev. D. McEwen, whom Presbytery had appointed to preach, preached from the last three verses of the 91st Psalm. Rev. M. C. Rumball, Morden, addressed the ministers, and Mr. Beattie the people.

The wedding took place in Halifax last week of Rev. George William Wilson, pastor of St. Andrew's church, Guelph, Ont., to Miss Annie, eldest daughter of Lieut.-Gov. D. C. Fraser. The ceremony was performed at the Government House by Rev. Dr. McCurdy, who married the bride's parents 30 years ago. The presents were very beautiful, including a grandfather's clock from Rev. Mr. Wilson's congregation.

France, Great Britain and Russia agreed to call a conference of the signatories of the Berlin treaty to preserve peace in the Balkans, and sent proposals to Turkey for the recognition of Bulgaria's independence.

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

A good hot-air furnace gives the best means for warming the ordinary home; a poor apparatus gives the poorest results.

Foamy Sauce.—Cream half a cupful of butter and a cupful of sugar; a quarter of a cupful each of milk and wine, and steam in a bowl, over hot water, stirring w.e.l.

How to Keep Juice in a Pie.—Take a strip of clean white cloth, about an inch wide and long enough to lap when put around the edge of the pie plate, wring it out of hot water, double to gether lengthwise, and pin tightly around the edge of the plate. When the pie is baked, take off this rim, and you will find the juice in the pie instead of in the oven.

Baked Potatoes.—Potatoes are more nutritious baked than they are in any other manner, and they relish better with those who have not been accustomed to eat them without seasoning. Wash them clean, but do not soak them. Bake them as quickly as possible, without burning in the least. As soon as they are done, press each potato in a cloth so as to crack the skin and allow the steam to escape. If this is omitted, the best potatoes will not be mealy. They should be brought immediately to the table.

Fried Pies' Feet Breaded.—Buy the pigs' feet ready pickled from your butcher. If they have only been kept in brine, soak three hours and boil until tender. While hot, cover with boiling vinegar, in which you have put a tablespoonful of suzard and a half dozen whole black peppercorns for each cupful of vinegar. Do this the day before you cook them for breakfast. Before frying, wine each piece well, roll in beaten egg, then in cracker crumbs, and cook in plenty of cleared d-ringing or lard. Drain off the fat and send to the table hot.

Sponge Rolls.—Take one pint of flour, one-half pint of warm water, one teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of butter, one-eighth cupful of yeast. Sift the flour into a bowl; then add salt and sugar. Melt the butter in the warm water and add the yeast. Put this mixture with the flour and beat thoroughly with a strong spoon. Cover the bowl and let the dough rise over night. In the morning butter a French roll pan and half fill each compartment with the sponge, being careful not to break it down unnecessarily. Let the rolls rise for an hour, and bake them in a moderately-hot oven for half an hour.

FRUITS PRESERVED WITHOUT SUGAR.

One of the newest California methods of preserving fruit whole and without sugar is as follows: Fill clean, perfectly dry fruit jars with fresh, sound fruit; add nothing, not even water. Be sure that the fruit is closely packed in. Wrap a little hay or a cloth around each jar, and stand them in a pan or a boiler of cold water. Let the water reach not quite to the shoulder of the jars. Bring the water to a boil over a moderate fire, and then boil gently for ten minutes. Seal the jars and replace, setting them upside down in the water. Boil fifteen minutes longer. Take pan and all off the fire, and let the jars cool in the water. If the fruit shrinks too rapidly, less time may be allowed in boiling. This is a receipt every housekeeper will require to test in small quantities to become familiar with the necessary length of time for different fruits before using it extensively.

I never wonder to see men wicked, but I often wonder to see them not ashamed.—Dean Swift.

SPARKLES.

"Do I understand you to say, Mrs. O'Brien, that your husband drinks excessively?"

"No, judge, yer honor, he don't dhrink excessively. It's always whiskey."

Little Clara's parents often discuss reincarnation, and the small maiden has acquired some of the phraseology.

"Mamma," she said one day, "my kitten must have been a paper of pins in a previous state of existence."

"Why do you think so?" asked her mother.

"Because I can feel some of them in her toes yet," was the logical reply.

Orlando Spoonmore had proposed. "I shall have to refer you to papa," said the young and lovely Carlinda Hewligus.

Orlando reflected. "Yes," he said, "I suppose that is the correct procedure. I take the initiative and you order the referendum."

Keeper—Hi, boy! You can't catch fish here without a permit!

Boy—Well, I'm getting on well enough with a worm!

Like most minister's families, they were not extensively blessed with this world's goods. She, however, was the youngest of ten children until her father told her of a baby sister that had come in the night. "Well," he said, after due thought, "I s'pose it's all right, papa, but there's lots of things we wanted more."

"What we want," said the statesman, "is reform."

"Yes," answered the plain politician, "but we want to be careful to get the credit for reforming somebody else instead of letting somebody reform us."

"Here, young man," said the old woman with fire in her eye. "I've brung back this thermometer you sold me."

"What's the matter with it?" asked the clerk.

"It ain't reliable. One time ye look at it it says one thing, and the next time it says another."

English Clergyman—"And when you arrive in London, my dear lady, don't fail to see St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey." Fair American—"You bet, I'll rattle those off sure; but what I've been hankering to see, ever since I was knee-high to a grasshopper, is the Church of England!"

PUSSY'S LETTER.

"Did you know that the mother of those kittens can tell a letter addressed to her?"

"A letter!" I exclaimed in surprise.

Mrs. Ruesell gave me a sealed envelope, addressed to "Miss Pussy, 27 Marlboro street, City." "Now," she said, "if you will kindly post that for me to-night tomorrow morning you will see what Pus's will do when the mail comes."

Among the bundle of letters the postman brought next morning was Pussy's. Placing them all on the floor, Mrs. Ruesell said, "Now, Pussy, pick out your letter." In a minute Pusey had pushed aside with her paw the envelope addressed to her.

"Wait a minute more," said Mrs. Ruesell. "She'll open it and eat up all that is in the envelope." Scarcely had she said this when Pusey had torn the envelope open and was enjoying her letter very much. How did she know which one to take?

The envelope was filled with oatnip. —Exchange.

LIKE THORNS

IN THE FLESH

Are the Sharp Twinges and Tortures of Rheumatism Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a Certain Cure.

The twinges and the tortures of rheumatism are not due to cold, damp weather as so many people imagine. Rheumatism comes from poisonous acid in the blood. The pains may be started by cold weather, damp weather or by keen winds. There is only one way to cure rheumatism. It must be treated through the blood. All the liniments and rubbing and so-called electric treatment in the world will not cure rheumatism. The acid that causes the disease must be driven out of the blood and the blood enriched and purified. It is because Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, red blood that they have cured thousands of cases of rheumatism after all other treatment had failed. As a proof of what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do even in the most severe cases of rheumatism, the case of Mr. David Carrol, a well known furniture dealer of Picton, N. S., may be cited. Mr. Carrol says:—"I have been a most severe sufferer from rheumatism, and in the hope that some other poor sufferer may find relief from my experience I gladly write you of the benefit I have received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The trouble settled in my shoulders and down my sides and at times I was quite unable to raise my arm. I was attended by a doctor, but as I did not appear to be getting any better I sent for a so-called electric belt, for which I paid \$40.00. It did not do me any good, and then I tried another remedy, but without any better results. A friend asked me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I got three boxes; by the time I had used them all I found the stiffness and pain less severe and I got another half dozen boxes. When I had taken these every symptom of the trouble had disappeared, and in the two years that have since passed I have had no return of the trouble. I believe there is no other medicine equal to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for curing this most painful trouble, and I have recommended the Pills to others, who have been benefitted by their use."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only cure rheumatism, but all the other diseases due to poor, watery blood, such as anaemia, indigestion, nervous disorders, neuritis, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, and the ailments of girlhood and womanhood, with their headaches, backaches, sideaches and attendant miseries. Only the genuine Pills can do this, and you should see that the full name "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People" is on the wrapper around each box. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

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A ruler who rules not his own spirit has no claims on the friendship of the mighty.

The breadth of many a man's sympathies can be measured by the broken chain of self.

The one who wilfully goes in the way of evil is as one who thrusts his hand into a hornet's nest or into the adder's den.

In the Autumn Rheumatism is so general that all our readers so suffering will be glad to hear that a letter addressed to The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., will be to their advantage. Write to-day.

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5.57 p.m.	Albany	5.10 a.m.
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Herald and Presbyter.

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VOLUNTEER BOUNTY ACT,

1908.

WARNING TO PURCHASERS

EVERY assignment of the right of a South African Volunteer entitled to a land grant must be by way of appointment of a substitute, and must be in the form provided by the Act.

Special attention is called to Sub-section 3 of Section 5 of the Volunteer Bounty Act, 1908, which provides that no assignment of the right of a volunteer by the appointment of a substitute shall be accepted or recognized by the Department of the Interior which is not expected and dated BEFORE THE DATE OF THE WARRANT FOR THE LAND GRANT issued by the Minister of Militia and Defence in favor of the Volunteer.

J. W. GREENWAY,

Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Ottawa.

28th September, 1908.

Ottawa River Navig'n Co.

Mail Line Steamers.

OTTAWA AND MONTREAL.

Shooting Rapids.

Steamer leaves Queen's Wharf daily (Sundays excepted) at 7.30 a.m., with passengers for Montreal.

Excursions to Grenville Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 50 cents.

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Ticket offices:—Ottawa Desratch and Agency Co., 75 Sparks Street; Geo. Duncan, 42 Sparks Street; A. H. Javira, 157 Bank Street; Queen's Wharf (Telephone 242).

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MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon on Friday, the 6th November, 1908, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, 24 times per week each way, between Cornwall and the O. and N.Y. Railway Station, from the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Cornwall and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Ottawa.

G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.

Post Office Department,
Mail Contract Branch,
Ottawa, 22nd Sept., 1908. 39-3



MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon on Friday, the 6th November, 1908, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, 6, 4, and 6 times per week each way, between

Bonville and Cornwall,
Monkland Station P.O. and Strathmore,
Monkland Station P.O. and Wainwright.

From the Postmaster-General's pleasure. Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the Post Offices on the routes and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Ottawa.

G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.

Post Office Department,
Mail Contract Branch,
Ottawa, 22nd Sept., 1908. 39-3



MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster-General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon on Friday, the 13th November, 1908, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed contract for four years, 12 times a week each way, between Cornwall P.O. and Street Letter Boxes. From the Postmaster-General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the Post Office of Cornwall and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Ottawa.

G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.

Post Office Department,
Mail Contract Branch,
Ottawa, 23rd Sept., 1908. 40-3

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AGENTS—London, England, Bank of Scotland, New York, U. S. A., Agents Bank of British North America, Kanover National Bank of the Republic.



Synopsis of Canadian North-West.

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

A NY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, excepting 8 and 28, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

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

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

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

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

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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



SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Rondeau Breakwater and Dredging," will be received at this office until 4.30 p.m. on Friday, October 30, 1908, for the construction of a Breakwater and Dredging at Rondeau, Kent County, Ontario, according to a plan and specification to be seen at the offices of J. G. Sing, Esq., Resident Engineer, Confederation Life Building, Toronto; H. J. Lamb, Esq., Resident Engineer, London, Ont.; on application to the Postmaster at Rondeau, Ont., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenders.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, for twenty thousand dollars (\$20,000.00), must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the person desiring decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

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

By Order,

NAP. TESTER,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, September 30, 1908.

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