

Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church.

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OTTAWA

WEDNESDAY, MAY 4, 1910.

Single Copies, 5 cents.

Twilight In The Alps

BY HENRY VAN DYKE

I love the hour that comes, with dusky hair
And dewy feet, along the Alpine dells
To lead the cattle forth. A thousand bells
Go chiming after her across the fair
And flowery uplands, while the rosy flare
Of sunset on the snowy mountain dwells,
And valleys darken, and the drowsy spells
Of peace are woven through the purple air.

Dear is the magic of this hour; she seems
To walk before the dark by falling rills,
And lend a sweeter song to hidden streams;
She opens all the doors of night, and fills
With moving bells the music of my dreams.
That wander far among the sleeping hills.

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MARRIAGES.

On April 16, 1910, at the Crescent street Presbyterian church, Montreal, by the Rev. Robert Dickie, William, son of Mr. W. R. Hobbs, Toronto, to Aenes, daughter of Mr. Everett, Boston, Mass.

On April 23, 1910, at the Brick Presbyterian church, Fifth avenue and 21st street, New York city, Alfred Bertram Holmes, grandson of the late Senator David Reesor, to Ellen North Winnett, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Winnett, Toronto.

At Delhi, Ont., on April 25, 1910, by the Rev. T. L. Armstrong, Mabel Gertrude, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ezra Cryslar, to Wm. Alexander Ferguson, of Grimaby.

At the manse, Ste. Therese de Blainville, on April 28, 1910, by the Rev. Arch. Bowman, Jas. Keith, St. Eustache, to Margaret, daughter of the late Mr. Hunter, Sanquhar, Scotland.

On April 28, 1910, at 414 Lisgar street, Ottawa, by the Rev. Mr. Turnbull, Elizabeth Campbell, daughter of Mrs. Wm. Guthrie, to Frederick Charles, son of the late Thomas Roxborough.

On April 28, 1910, at the residence of her father, 22 Fourth avenue, the Glebe, Ottawa, by the Rev. Mr. Milne, Edith M. M. youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Campbell, to Mr. Norman K. Willson, of the Royal Mint, and Sergeant-Major of the 23rd Field Battery, elder son of the late H. T. Willson, Esq., of St. Catharines.

On April 27, 1910, at the residence of the bride's father, Elia, by the Rev. C. Tibb, cousin of the bride, assisted by Rev. W. E. Baker, Clark Benton Parsons, of Fairbank, to Margie Ada, youngest daughter of Henry Snider, of Elia.

In Toronto, by Rev. Alex. Gilray, D.D., on Wednesday, April 27, 1910, E. H. Leeson, of Walkerton, to Miss Florence Currell Benham, of Beaverton.

DEATHS.

At his residence, Echo Bank, Ottawa, at 2.30 a.m., April 25, 1910, Geo. Hay, Esq., 88 years of age.

At the residence of her son-in-law, Rev. R. J. M. Glassford, Guelph, on Saturday, April 23rd, Hannah Wilson, beloved wife of A. F. Cranston, formerly of Caledon East, in her 77th year.

At Toronto, Ont., on Friday, April 22, 1910, Amelia Clark, widow of the late Rev. John McMechan, of Port Perry, Ont.

On Sunday, April 24, 1910, at the manse, Richmond Hill, Evelyn Isobel, infant daughter of Rev. E. C. Currie, at the age of ten months.

At St. John's manse, Chatham, N.B., April 14, 1910, after two days' illness, Ruth, aged 8 years and 5 months, youngest daughter of Rev. J. Morris Maclean.

In loving memory of Catherine McDiarmid, beloved wife of the Rev. Hugh McKellar, who died at Red Deer Lake, near Midnapore, Alberta, on the 18th of April, 1906. "She being dead, yet speaketh." Heb. 11:4.



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It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay. I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home.

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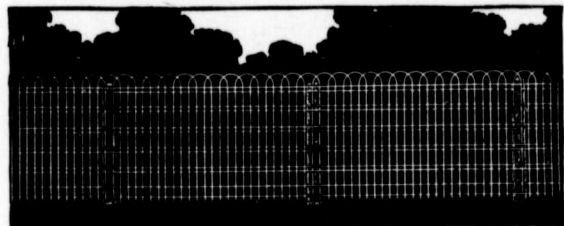
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NOTE AND COMMENT

If you will give some earnest thought to trying to understand the troubles of others you will have less reason to complain that others do not understand yours.

The Thanksgiving of one day can not rehearse the blessings nor express the gratitude of a year. Day by day we bless thee; and we magnify thy name ever, world without end.

The ascent of Mt. McKinley seems to have been accomplished this time by a party of four. No traces were found of any previous exploration, nor was it expected there would be. The achievement is of no great consequence so far as science is concerned, but it has been accomplished, which is no small satisfaction. The spirit of adventure has been the angel of progress. But for it the race would still be raising apples somewhere in the vicinity of Eden.

Sometimes it is a sin to do nothing. It is a sin to sit still when all around us the poor and the sick are crying for help. It is a sin to sit still when so many men are perishing for iniquity. It was for failure to heed the call of need that the curse came upon Merod.

Beauty has a distinct mission. God loves beauty, and has made the little Alpine flower to grow where none but He and the angels can see it. There is something better in life than dollars and cents and straight lines and angles and neutral colors.

The Basel Mission on the Gold Coast has now nearly 22,000 in its Christian community, with 6,265 school pupils. Last year 1,023 heathen were baptized and the total contributions to church and school purposes amounted to 87,000 francs. Industrial enterprises in connection with this mission have been very successful. Coffee and cocoa have been cultivated under missionary direction. Widespread instruction in carpentry, wagon-building, iron-work and agriculture are given. The cocoa industry brings much ready money to the people, which is also a new temptation to them, and alcohol is the plague here it is everywhere. The mission combats this by means of the Blue Cross organization.

The Act of Parliament rescinding the prohibition of marriage with a deceased wife's sister has put the Established Churches of Scotland and England in a delicate position. Both of these Churches retain the prohibition, which places them in antagonism to the State. An English rector refused the communion to a parishioner on the grounds that he had married his sister-in-law. The parishioner appealed to Caesar, who decided in his favor. The Church of Scotland is disposed to acquiesce, which is wise. One hundred years ago it would have led to schism, but the day of "Reliefs," "Secession," "Burghers," "Anti-Burghers" and "Frees" has fortunately passed.

persons. A reputation for being reliable is the key to most of life's successes. Friends, work, honor, all gravitate to the reliable person. Being reliable is not easy, surface work. It takes day after day and year after year of patient acceptance of responsibility, of picking up the threads that the careless drop, of being in place and on hand in emergencies where others fail, of doing uninteresting faithful work that others tire of and elight—it takes all this to make the dependable man and woman known and valued. But how good they are to know, and how valuable! To be depended on, and not to fail any one who trusts us—this is worth living for and makes life better worth the living.

The Herald and Presbyter asks, where has the Presbyterian Church made such headway during the last ten

years as in the Philippine Islands? Beginning with nothing there are now ten thousand communicants, in three presbyteries. The people are now working for self-support and for the evangelization of this country, and are already supporting several evangelists, who are hard at work. The people are hungry for the gospel; which in its purity they have never had up to this time. And yet there are those who say that they do not need to do missionary work in lands that have been held by the Roman Catholics. The fact is, that no place in the world needs the pure gospel worse than these very lands.

A veritable Jean Valjean seems to have been discovered in Dresden. For years Mr. Charles May, the author and millionaire philanthropist, has been regarded as one of the foremost citizens of the kingdom. But a Socialist unmasked his real identity and proved him to be a desperado of forty years ago. Unfortunately the same thing on a lesser scale goes on everywhere. When one reforms and tries to lead a better life there is always some one who delights to recall the past and thus baffle every effort at successful reformation. It was the custom of the late Col. Hadley never to inquire into the record of anyone, however dark it might have been. He used to say that God was willing to forget and why should not he? But Col. Hadley was one among a thousand.

The workers above all others in the world to-day who are subjected to the severest privations and are very probably the poorest paid, are the workers in the Home Mission fields. The fact is not fully enough recognized. As a consequence these laborers are not the objects of the sympathy they deserve. Couple with the great privations they are called upon to endure another fact that calls for the most prayerful consideration: They are unsurpassed in the usefulness of their service to the church. They are in many a case not merely holding the ground already occupied but are beyond in the entirely destitute regions building foundations for unborn generations and the glory of the church of the future. No man can ever estimate the value of their great mission and achievements.

The "neighbor," for the purposes of the gospel, is definable as any man to whom one may do good. Every life touches many other lives, and every touch should mean an imprint of blessing. The touch should be not merely factual, but also spiritual. The Good Samaritan touched the life of the victim of the brigands on that dangerous road going down to Jericho at but a single point, but he touched him with a blessing. The best gift he gave the unfortunate was, not his purse, but his personality. In so doing, the Samaritan became a kind of a human saviour, the incarnation of neighborliness, the epitome of gospel, the exponent of tender merciful religion. He was emphatically the man of mercy. And the Divine Samaritan, summing up the lessons of the episode, drove its moral home on the conscience of the scribe, and so of every hearer of his words in every age since, with the injunction, "Go thou, and do likewise."

The world depends upon dependables.

The tablet which Professor Hilprecht, of the University of Pennsylvania, announced two weeks ago that he had discovered on an expedition to Palestine, was denounced at a meeting of the American Oriental Society at the Johns Hopkins University, last week, as a fabrication and as an exploitation of an archaeological fraud for purely sensational purposes. Dr. Barton, in a paper which he read, said that the scholarship which Professor Hilprecht manifested in his translation of the text of his tablet was hardly worthy of a first-year student in Hebrew, and

that the restorations which he made in the case of filling in broken lines were purely conjectural emendations, so that the chances of his interpretations being correct were only about 1 in 100. In the second place, Dr. Hilprecht claims that the tablet was written some time between 2137 and 2005 B.C. Any student of the Oriental languages could tell, from even a casual examination, that the dialect in which the tablet is written belongs to a wholly later period, and that instead of the real date of the tablet being that of the time alleged it really belongs to several centuries later. In the third place, when Dr. Hilprecht claims that this belongs to a priestly document, his allegation is based upon a mistranslation of the Babylon text, which in turn rests upon a misunderstanding of the Hebrew text and upon the pure, unbridled imagination of the translator.

STARTLING STATISTICS.

Referring to the fact that the Grand Trunk Pacific is now bringing large numbers of settlers into the wheat belt of Western Canada—repatriated French-Canadians from the east and thousands of American farmers from the south—a high official of the Grand Trunk recently stated that the development of the west was proceeding with such gigantic strides as not to be fully appreciated by the Canadian people themselves.

"Take these figures, for instance," said the official, "which the Grand Trunk has compiled and distributed over Great Britain and Europe, and you will see what I refer to.

"In 1907 the total wheat acreage was 5,061,207.

"In 1909 it was 6,878,999 acres, an increase of 39.5.

"In 1907 the total yield was 71,574,402 bushels.

"In 1909 the yield was 147,482,000, an increase of 106.1.

"The total yield in oats in 1907 was 74,713,561 bushels, while in 1909 it was 185,429,000, an increase of 148.2 per cent.

Here is the summary of all grains: In 1907, 165,473,412 bushels. In 1909 it was 364,279,000, an increase of 120.1 per cent.

A Record Which Beats the World.

"No such record of advance could be shown by any other country in the world," said the official.

"With wheat at \$1 per bushel, oats at 35 cents, and barley at 52 cents, the millions of dollars actually brought into Western Canada can be easily computed.

"The Grand Trunk Pacific goes right through the heart of the wheat belt. The people whom the Grand Trunk Pacific have already brought in have grown wonderful crops of class wheat, and got the money for it in their pockets.

French-Canadians for the West.

"You have seen that we are bringing French-Canadians to the West as well as the American farmers, each with at least \$1,000, not to speak of cattle and other belongings. All this is new land, untouched until the Grand Trunk Pacific went in."

"What about the alleged danger of the Americans Americanizing the Northwest?"

"I don't think we need trouble about that. The Americans are much like ourselves. They have the same tongue. They have been obeying the same laws, only the laws are better carried out in Canada than in the United States. They will understand the advantages of order and regularity more readily than other nationalities.

"Of course, they will have admiration and love for their own country, which is natural, but they will make the best of citizens.

"During last year 100,000 Americans crossed the border and entered the Dominion as permanent settlers." — Montreal Standard, April 16, 1910.

SPECIAL
ARTICLES

Our Contributors

BOOK
REVIEWS

EXPERIENCES OF AN ITINERATING MISSIONARY IN INDIA.

By Rev. A. G. McGaw.

There is much of repetition in the work of visiting little groups of believers in scattered villages, and yet variety sufficient to prevent monotony. May I give you an account of one of the unusual days?

After a light breakfast, three workers start off on a special mission to a village six miles distant, while I and a young teacher start for a round in the opposite direction. After a walk of a mile or more, we reach a village in which about one hundred sweepers live. The "Mass Movement" of that caste all about them has failed to bring into our ranks. They have been visited by teachers, preachers, and by some of the more earnest of their Christian neighbors. Some were ready to accept the new religion, but the chief man among them and others have withstood. They seem to have got the idea that it would be of some advantage financially to the worker to secure their baptism and have asked for a share themselves.

In a number of years of experience in this "Mass Movement" work, I have seldom gone to people except those who either were Christians or were wanting to be. These lived on the road and we stopped on our way. I asked if there were any poverty-stricken ones among them; that I had been told they wanted money, and if they were in need I would help them. Of course no one was in such need, and they scorned the idea of being made subjects of charity. Then I told them their spirit of covetousness was entirely out of place—it was to save from such a state that Christ came and left them with an invitation to come to us if they decided to accept Christ. Of course, through their Christian neighbors we shall hear if their minds change, and we shall then be glad to go again.

Next we went to a village where are two families of Christians. The young men were all absent. A decrepit old woman, a young woman, and two small children were there at first, but soon after an old man came. These, with a crowd of ten or fifteen non-Christian neighbors, constituted our audience. A few questions revealed the state of knowledge attained by the Christians. To strengthen that and to lead them on, we went over the story of man's sinful state and of God's wonderful provision. For the sake of the non-Christians who stood at such a distance as to preserve the sanctity of their caste we had a few words regarding the oneness of humanity, and also, in response to their question, tried to show that the man is superior to all other living things. They doubtless still believe in the transmigration of souls and hence the sacredness of animal life.

At the next place, one large family of the sweeper caste were said by the teacher to be inquirers. We stopped and soon found that two of the men had been baptized years before by another mission, but had not been cared for. Now they were anxious for all of the family to receive baptism and for us to undertake to shepherd them. By the time we had reached this stage of acquaintanceship the non-Christians had begun to assemble, being careful not to be defiled by coming in contact with any of our little company. As our host did not introduce us, they demanded an introduction. When told that I was a "padri sahib" and had come to tell them about God, one man scornfully remarked, "What does the padri sahib know about God? We all know God." I spoke up and said, "Yes, that pile of stones, some the Brahman's feet, others the sun, and others

the Ganges river, and so on indefinitely—some consider that pile of stones to be divine and worship it, others worship it."

Well, they didn't want any of our doctrine in their village. The crowd increased. Others had to be told who we were. Then a six-foot farmer came forward and with forceful gesticulations told the sweepers to send us away, if they became Christians they would be turned out of the village.

I got up then and inquired who was the headman of the village appointed by government. This big man blustered out that he was, but from others I learned that that man lived in another village. The crowd increased further, and many talked with loud voices and some were angry. I called on a respectable-looking man to tell me what we had done to anger them—that we had come on a peaceful mission, to teach these poor despised people about the way of salvation, but not to interfere at all with the work they ordinarily did in the village—that of scavengers. He said that the people were suspecting that we would spread plague. So here was that old lying suspicion and misunderstanding again which ignorant men were quite ready to believe. I tried to explain and calm them, for a number had picked up clods from the field where they stood. My explanations were listened to for a very few seconds only. The men and boys became numerous, noisy and angry. A few clods were thrown and for a moment my hair stood up, but I stepped forward and began to explain to one man (it was useless to try to reach all). He had clods in both hands, but put them behind him and listened, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the clods fall to the ground; but the big man came up and ordered him to stop listening to me and for us to go. Those we came specially to see were thoroughly scared and asked us to go. At first I told the crowd that we would not be driven away so long as these wished to hear, but now that there was no reason for staying, except the reluctance to yield at all, we prepared to leave. They gave orders to go out through the field and not through the village. We skirted the village in an opposite direction and were thankful not to have had any worse treatment. Now, can you tell what Christ would do about reporting such treatment to government officers, inasmuch as there is unrest in India? If you know I wish you would tell me.

Then we went to another village. Again a group of Christians. That old woman sitting there is still sad at the loss, last year, of a son whose praise, like that given Timothy in Acts, I had heard from the teacher; and yet she recognizes God's goodness. That middle-aged man who has the little tuft of hair such as Hindus wear. Yes, he is a Christian in name, but in reality has not given up his sorcery, such as he practised before. The missionary tries to comfort one and severely rebukes the second, while instructing all.

We reach the tent at ten o'clock. A meal, a little rest, a letter from another home paper, and then another trip including two villages. In one a boy of thirteen years rejoices our hearts exceedingly by his knowledge of the facts and meaning of Christ's life. His enthusiasm will cheer more than one in this weary old world.

We get back at dark, eat, write another letter, have prayers with the little bands of Christian workers, including two village watchmen. By a little urging one prays, in his own way to be sure, but he has asked for some of the most essential blessings of God. The other is more backward. I remember that little group of boys in the pastor's parlor twenty-five years ago and the lump in my throat; so I have him repeat a simple prayer after me—and our day is over.

SUICIDE.

By W. Robertson Nicoll, D.D.

The subject of suicide is dark and gloomy, but too often it compels our thoughts. Men are more merciful to suicides than they were wont to be. Once they were buried by torchlight, without funeral rites, at the crossroads, and a stake was driven through the poor body, while all goods and chattels were forfeited. Now the fact of suicide moves us to a great compassion. We think of what tortures the spirit must have passed through—the last desperate venture was made. We think of the possible overthrow of the reason, and we are well content to leave the dead in the hands of the Master and the Judge of souls. But suicide is none the less terrible and fearful—the saddest end beyond comparison to any life, and one which overclouds the most brilliant and lasting achievement.

I.

It is much to be feared that suicide is increasing, and that there is a tendency to its increasing still further. The reasons are not very easy to indicate, but some probable causes may be mentioned.

Of these, the first is the steady acceleration of the pace of life. The brain is like an anvil beaten on by a thousand hammers. The tense and agitated fibres are being continually struck. The air is full of tidings, and they fall upon minds that can profitably grasp or use only a little part of them. We are all limited, and only able to bear a certain defined amount of stimulation. But the stimulants are continuous, and it seems impossible to escape from them. They goad us to exertions of which they are intrinsically incapable. After a time the reserve powers are exhausted, and then comes that period of collapse which is infinitely the most perilous of all. It is not so often that men commit suicide when they are in the full pace and drive of life. It is when they retreat for a time and fall out of the ranks in quest of a cure. Then the mind is apt to turn upon itself. Brooding melancholy sets in, thoughts of coming calamity crowd the brain. Perhaps the most fatal is the thought of the duties to which one must return, and to which one feels miserably unequal. To the distempered imagination the prospect of the unknown seems at least better than any prospect of the known that it can by much searching discern.

So we lose nerve. Nerve is the quality by which we are able to marshal our forces for the labour and endurance which sooner or later are required of all of us. It is a form of courage, the courage that faces difficulties, and sees through them and beyond them. It is the quality by which we concentrate ourselves for the appointed task—not scattering our forces to meet difficulties which we shall never encounter, but bending them with intensity on the present duty.

The overstrain of the present day often prompts a recourse to relief in the form of stimulants and narcotics. It has been said by scientific observers that of all causes for suicide the most deadly are hard drinking and gambling. It is probably no paradox to say that though the use of alcohol has happily greatly decreased, the danger of it is greater than ever. In the eighteenth century, when hard drinking was almost universal, there were perhaps fewer victims of the habit than there are at present. For nowadays a drunkard is generally prompted by a genuine dipsomania. He is attracted by the poison. In these circumstances the poison does its utmost harm, and the habit gains till the nervous system breaks down, and physical and moral collapse ensue. Gambling is also a refuge often sought

by the overtaken, and one more dangerous there could hardly be. We believe it is correct to say that the gambling tables on the Continent were closed mainly because of the amount of suicides that accompanied them. A gambler, to begin with, is generally in an excited condition. When he loses, he is driven into a blind rage and fury against fate and circumstance. He then stakes his last stake—his life—and his suicide is simply the culmination of his gambling.

Another incentive to suicide is to be found in the great and growing publicity of modern times. We have turned on the light with a vengeance and for the guilty the whole world glares with menace. Once it was possible to be put to shame and dishonor, to lose character and reputation, and yet to start again and make a new life better than the old. Now it is not possible. Ex-convicts will tell you that wherever they go they are met with the story of their transgressions and punishment. There are, it is true, callous natures that carry through all an apparently invincible self-complacency. But there are many others quivering and sensitive. Their shame stares them in the face; all eyes seem to accuse them. The beasts of the field are in league against them. Anything, they say, for an escape. The future can hold no terrors comparable to the terrors of the hour.

Another reason for the increase of suicide is the weakening of religious sanctions. We cannot tell how far this goes. There was a time within the memory of middle-aged men when people, almost of a sudden, began to believe that God was all geniality and indulgence—that there was nothing to fear from Him—that those who took their lives found themselves immediately in the breast of His mercy.

It was impossible that such a creed could live in such a world as this is. Even among those who reject definite forms of religious belief, there is a sense of the terrors of the universe, of the something after death, of the Justice and the Magnificence of God. Still, we believe that in so far as positive faith is weakened, to that extent one great deterrent from suicide is weakened correspondingly.

We should lay greater stress on the development of the imagination. People live much more in the future than they did. If we are not mistaken, it is only a hundred years ago since savings banks were instituted. Think of all the provision for the future which have been made since then. Think of the tremendous urgency with which all politicians, however reluctant, are compelled to take measures against unemployment and the poverty of sickness and old age. Men did seem to live once from hand to mouth, taking no thought for the morrow in any sense at all, and getting through somehow. Now they are expert in forecasting. Now their imaginations conjure up for them shapes of horror. All this, we believe, is stimulated by the passion for fiction which is so largely gratified alike by young and old. It is an evil in many respects. The imagination goes wrong as often as any of our faculties. Robust minds would spurn vain allurements that distract the weak. Still, the fact remains that they do distract and drive to madness. They refuse to be quelled by reason, and the result is in many cases suicide.

II.

Why should Christians condemn suicide? We have heard men argue for its lawfulness in certain circumstances, and they plead that it is nowhere explicitly forbidden in the Bible. But the Christian heart, and not the Christian heart alone, makes its silencing protest against all such sophistry.

We do not believe that it is possible to state fully the argument against suicide, and for this reason. The human horror of suicide has reasons that run too far into the unconscious nature to admit of complete expression. The great vice of rationalism in all its forms is its contempt of the deeper feelings and instincts which in the end of the day decide all great problems. A man knows that he has no right to take his life in his hands and fling it away. He can give a thousand

good reasons for this, but the real reason lies deeper than all. His knowledge is earlier than his reasoning, and an instinct not to be over-ridden is the source of his knowledge. But if we were pressed, we should say that life is given to us as a trust, and as our greatest trust, and we have to keep it and to use it, and to answer for it. Socrates gave his witness to the deep universal assurance. "The great Captain has set you in his ranks. You may not break your rank on the strength of your own private notions. It is an outrage on the common life in which your own is bound up. We are here by the will of the Great Captain. He will not forget to call us when our time comes." Till we hear Him calling, we must abide fighting as best we may. When He calls, it will be the hour to say adieu and pile arms—not a moment sooner. "And indeed I am not tired yet.

I have strength to wait what is yet to see;

What I know the hours will not forget,
The end of the watch that is set for me.

Of the bitter cruelty of suicide, so far as survivors are concerned, and of many otherthings, we say nothing.

III.

In the face of what has happened and what is happening round us, we may well ask ourselves, humbly and earnestly, how we may be saved from the dreadful end of suicide. One preservative is open to many who will read these lines. The young can hardly ensure themselves against suicide more safely than by resolving to have no secrets in their lives. In Lockhart's Life of Scott there is an excellent remark on Scott's initial blunder in entering into a secret partnership with Ballantyne. Lockhart says: "It is an old saying that wherever there is a secret there must be something wrong and dearly did he pay the penalty of the mystery in which he had chosen to involve the transaction." Whoever there is a secret there must be something wrong. We do not, of course, mean by a secret affair a private affair. All of us have our private affairs with which outsiders have no business. A secret is something different. A secret is something which, if it were told, would more or less involve us in shame. Blessed are they who from the first keep clear of secrets—those whom none can threaten or blackmail, those who are not afraid at the end of any record that may leap to light. There are, it is to be feared, multitudes who live with the sword hanging over their heads, who are afraid to open their letters or their newspapers, who are tortured by those possessed of the fatal knowledge, who never know a day's escape from harassment. It is to this fear, often only too well founded, that many suicides are due. It is by this fear that the nerve by which we react to the world and turn to full account our powers and uses is oftentimes destroyed.

Again, there is a need of wisely using and conserving life. We have not meant in what has been written to over-value life for life's poor sake. The noblest use that can be made of life is gloriously to give it away. But this is a very different thing from throwing it away. The great men of the world are the men who, like St. Paul, are ready to be bound and to die, who count not their life dear unto themselves. We all honor above other men the man who takes his life in his hands with a great duty before him, because he knows that duty is more sacred than life. The martyr who risks his life for his country, the doctor who throws himself into the combat with plague—these are men who realize that life is given for duty, and make loyal venture thereof that the duty may be done. This being fully recognized, it must still be remembered that the care of life is a duty. We have no right so to over-work ourselves as to endanger the balance of the mind. There are kinds of work involving publicity and recognition, which are tempting and not repugnant. A man may be as self-indulgent in doing such work to ex-

cess as the laziest man on earth. It is our business to watch for the first danger signal and to accept advice. The sound mind in the sound body is the ideal at which we ought to aim. Everyone has to discover his own best methods of protection, and we doubt whether overwork is very often the cause of death. But the danger increases in these days of living in a manner and at a pace which is constantly endangering the controlling faculties of the mind. And there are the gravest reasons for resistance.

But in the end the great security is for those who have evidence of the love and trust of God. That evidence, to be sufficient, must be perpetually renewed by the experience of communion. It is in this that we shall find the relief which will enable us to turn

"The bitter pool
Into a bright and broozy lake,
The throbbing brow to cool;
Till left alone with Thee alone,
The wilful heart be fain to own
That He, by Whom our bright hours
Shone,
Our darkness best may rule."

THE KAWARTHA LAKES.

When Samuel de Champlain was leading the Hurons through the beautiful Kawartha Lakes he fancied the butternuts and other low trees were orchards set out by the hand of man, so picturesque and charming were the shore-trees laden and laden with running grapevines. And to this day, though the farmer has made his home in the "Highlands" and the picturesque war canoe of the Indian is gone from these waters, the shadowy shores of Kawartha Lakes are still beautiful to behold.

Owing to the high altitude of these lakes, nearly 1,900 feet above the sea level, the air is pure, and laden with health-giving and soothing balsamic odors from the pine and spruce-clad hills—it renews physical vigor, restores the nervous system, invigorates the mental faculties, and gives a new lease of life. To those who suffer from hay fever, the Kawartha Lakes are a haven of heaven-given relief and security.

Easy of access (three hours from Toronto by the Grand Trunk Railway), profuse in its gifts, and diverse in its attractions, having its fashionable resorts, and its delightful facilities for "roughing it." Why not throw business to the "antow" for a month, cast care to the dogs, and when you return from the "Bright Waters and Happy Lands" (the English rendering of the Indian word "Kawartha") you will be a new creature, fortified for another year's trials.

GREATER PRINCE RUPERT.

Mail advices to the Traffic Department of the Grand Trunk Pacific this week, show that there is great activity, both in new building operations and in the advance in real estate in Prince Rupert, which in another two months will complete its first year of existence. It is nothing unusual for a million feet of lumber to be delivered at Prince Rupert in a single week and it melts away as fast as men and teams can handle it. A number of leaseholders are starting to build wharves, and the new concrete wharf of the British Columbia government will also be under way at once. The Grand Trunk Pacific is planning further large additions to its already extensive wharves. The British Columbia Legislature late in the session, which has just closed, gave Prince Rupert a charter as a town, with special privileges and rights as to the control of municipal water and lighting privileges not enjoyed by other cities in British Columbia. The population of Prince Rupert believe that the inauguration of their own municipal government instead of being administered by commissioners, will mean a further stimulus to the already phenomenal, if not magical growth of the town.

SUNDAY
SCHOOL

The Quiet Hour

YOUNG
PEOPLE

ARBUTUS.

BY ABBY C. LABAREE.

Shy hermit of the woodland vale,
We long for thine appearing,
And know by signs that never fail
The hour is surely nearing.
We seek the covert where you hide,
And lo! we thrill with wonder,
As tossing last year's leaves aside,
Find starry blossoms under.
We kneel upon the fragrant sod,
Both hands outstretch to capture
The tender flowers, gift of God,
Our hearts aflame with rapture.

THE MAGIC SPELL OF SPRING.

BY OLIVE MIDDLETON.

Only a few days ago and the fields were white, the temperature was freezing and storms were abroad in the land. The almost universal testimony of those who do not like inclement weather was that the present winter was the worst experienced in many years. Now the then present winter has receded into the past, and we have rivers flooded, dams breaking and the usual inconvenience that follows the sudden melting of heaped up Northern snows. This inconvenience does not properly belong to the magic spell of the spring, but it must be borne as other inopportune incidents are with what patience we can muster. Soon it will have passed by and been forgotten. The inundated districts will repair, their damages bridges that were shaken or overthrown will be strengthened or rebuilt, and life will move on, as usual. Another accompaniment of the spring, one that has proved distressing and disturbing enough, is the unsettled state of affairs in Philadelphia. That quiet city of brotherly love has been tragically conspicuous in the daily press because of the prolonged strike from which the public has suffered even more seriously than the actors on either side. Something is very much amiss in these days, or great interests would not be at the mercy of unscrupulous demagogues, and the immense national forces of capital and labor, forces which should be friendly and mutually helpful, would not be arrayed so fiercely in antagonism.

It is of something much pleasanter that we think when windows and doors are again open, when the grass is growing green before our eyes and trees are putting on their beautiful new leaves. That first faint golden green of the leaves is an ethereal dream of beauty, and it is followed speedily by the wonder of the orchards when apple, peach, pear and cherry wreath every bough with blossoming prophecies of fruit to be later ingathered. Spring beckons us out of doors. In chilly mornings and evenings a blaze on the hearth is a welcome addition to the comfort of home, but great is the relief when the furnace fire dies out for the season.

In the woods the earliest wildflowers are lifting their brave little heads, and in the gardens crocus, jonquil and daffodil smile as if they were glad to be alive. Wordsworth's exquisite little poem comes to our thought, "All my heart with pleasure fills, and dances with the daffodils." Women who care for their own health and for the beauty of their homes should now spend all the time they can in gardening. Whether one possesses an acre or a bit of a back yard one may cultivate flowers, and whether few or many they will be a delight to the family and the family's friends. Every child should have a little garden of its own, if the thing be possible. For that restricted space the child should be responsible. Given seeds and gardening tools the small owner of Eden will accomplish before the summer is over

results of which he need not be ashamed.

A fascinating book lately fell under notice, and attracted the attention of an evening group in a household where books are read aloud around the lamp. It was entitled "Haremlik," and was written by Demetra Vaka. The book is the story of the life led by Turkish women under Moslem rule. There is much that is sumptuous and ornate in the descriptions. Walled gardens crowded with flowers, luxurious appointments, books, music, many attendants help to compose the environment of the jealously guarded Mohammedan women. They live lives of seclusion, lives in which there is nothing that corresponds to the sweet pure ideal of home as we know it in Christian lands. The one hope of the Oriental woman is that she may early be married to a man who may have several other wives, and that she may bear him sons. Maternity is her crown of honor and her greatest pride. Beneath all the beauty and charm of the author's descriptions one is aware of a perpetual want and a perpetual heartache, although the Oriental woman is often herself unconscious of the degradation of her position. Gentle, placid, highly educated and attractive as well born Turkish women are, one longs for the day when they shall be emancipated, and only the passing of Mohammedanism and the introduction of Christianity can give them freedom. The world moves, and we may have faith to believe that even Turkey shall yet swing out of its bondage to the clear light of the Gospel day. Under all the rose petals and beautiful pet names and profuse luxury that seem to be the portion of high-born Turkish women, one sees gliding the serpent who stole into Eden.

Thus far we have wandered from the magic of the spring. Let us thank God that our lot is cast under the blue skies and in the pure air of our native land. Yet there are perils here which we cannot ignore and which for some of us, if we care as we should for the republic, cast a shadow on its glory.

AWAKE! AND SEE.

By Agnes L. Carter.

Awake, O listen, soul! for lo,
The Christ-child waits beside the door,

Not glorious in celestial glow,
But small and weak, and sick and poor.

Along the merry Christmas tree,
Amid the bitter frost and snow,
His "little ones," with weary feet
And wistful eyes, neglected go.

O, for the holy Christ-child sake
Let these be fed, and clothed, and warm.

Awake, thou loving heart, awake!
The Christ-child calls in night and storm.

DOGS ATE THIS CHURCH.

The missionary on Baffin Bay sent to the States for a magic lantern and the necessary slides. Thirteen months later they reached him.

Everything in Baffin Land still dates from that ever memorable magic lantern exhibition. From three hundred miles around, the expectant Eskimos came in behind their dog teams to participate in the wonderful event. The sealskin church was filled to overflowing. The spectators were packed as closely as sardines in a tin. The scent of sperm oil and blubber and sweat-soaked furs mingled in the air. Although the thermometer outside registered forty degrees below zero, the perspiration poured in streams down the faces of the enthusiastic audience. And when the straggling list of Arctic ex-

plorers who have touched at Cumberland Sound have long since been forgotten, the recollection of that magic lantern show will linger in the minds of the Eskimos from Meta Incongnita to Cockburn Land.

But a few nights later a sad fate befell the sealskin church. It was eaten up by a pack of hungry Eskimo dogs. These savage creatures, starved almost to death, made a raid on the edifice during a blinding snowstorm. Managing to get on top of the roof, they soon tore holes in the sealskin covering, and, in spite of the exertions of the missionary and his entire congregation, they actually ran away with the greater portion of the frozen skin, which, at safe distance, they proceeded to devour.

THE UNSEEN IS ETERNAL.

The sculptor adds no material to the marble by his conscientious toil; but by every stroke of his mallet he is breaking away portions of the stone that are not essential to his purpose. The artist can purchase for a few dimes the pigments needed for his canvas, and when at last the completed painting is hung in the gallery there are no colors in it that were not mixed from the little tubes which he bought from the merchant. But for that canvas the artist receives tens of thousands of dollars. What gives value to the sculptor's marble and to the artist's canvas? Skill? More than that. The prestige of a name? More than that. The connoisseur has purchased more than colors, skill or genius. The soul of the artist has been breathed into the canvas, and he has purchased that. The dream of the sculptor is in his marble, and he has purchased that. Back of the hand is the thought of the thinker; the unseen has been made real, and he has purchased that. The artist and the sculptor went back into the picture gallery of the soul hidden deep from mortal vision, and brought away a new creation, and the purchaser has purchased that. He has caught a glimpse of the unseen and the soul's imagery becomes the world's possession.

It was not for flesh and blood that Jesus died. Not for that was the price paid, the wonderful price, on Golgotha, although the frame goes with the picture. He saw deeper than perishable mortality. He saw there an image that was once in the thought of the Great Artist. He saw the unseen image in the canvas of humanity; God's thought, God's dream, God's creation, and he purchased that. It was the unseen for which he died. It was immortality enshrined in human flesh, and he gave the wonderful price.—United Presbyterian.

HOW TO GIVE.

At a missionary meeting held among the negroes in the West Indies, these three resolutions were agreed upon: 1. We will all give something. 2. We will all give as God has enabled us. 3. We will all give willingly. As soon as the meeting was over, a leading negro took his seat at the table, with pen and ink, to put down what each came to give. Many came forward and gave, some more and some less. Among those that came was a rich old negro, almost as rich as all the others put together, and threw down upon the table a small silver coin. "Take that back again," said the negro that received the money. "Dat may be according to de first resolution, but it is not according to de second." The rich man accordingly took it up, and hobbled back to his seat again in a great rage. One after another came forward, and as almost all gave more than himself, he was fairly ashamed of himself,

and again threw down a piece of money on the table, saying, "Dere! take dat!" It was a valuable piece of gold; but it was given so ill-temperedly that the negro answered again: "No! dat won't do yet! It may be according to de first and second resolution, but it is not according to de last;" and he was obliged to take up his coin again. Still angry at himself and all the rest, he sat a long time, till nearly all were gone, and then came up to the table, and with a smile on his face, and very willingly gave a large sum to the treasurer. "Very well," said the negro, "dat will do; dat according to all de resolutions."

PRAYER.

We thank Thee, O God, that we all have all in that Saviour in Whom is the express image of Thy Person and Who is the very shining forth of the light of God. And we pray that we may more and more, day by day, hour by hour, act by act, temptation by temptation, step by step, realise and be aware that Christ in us is enough for us. We pray Thee to cleanse our hearts from all evil, to help us to perfect holiness in the fear of the Lord, resting upon the blessed promises, and to cleanse ourselves from all filthiness of flesh and spirit. Help us day by day in the various circumstances which emerge from the depths of Thy providence, and call for diverse gifts and efforts on our parts. Be with us in the uneventful repetition of the common duties, constantly renewing, of our small daily lives, and may we be able to bring all the great truths of Thy Word to bear on the little things which make up the most of every man's life. Amen.

By Robert E. Špear.

What did Jesus mean by "meek and lowly in heart?"

How many we get it?
Make a list of other graces; ask, Are they mine?

The grace of Christ is his undeserved favor and love, which he freely lavishes upon us, not because of what we are but because of what he is. It is not our graces which draw the grace of Christ. It is the grace of Christ which creates any graces in us.

Forgiveness is where it all begins. "The gospel," says Dr. Horatius Bonar, "comes to the sinner at once with nothing short of complete forgiveness as the starting-point of all his efforts to be holy. It does not say, 'Go and sin no more and I will not condemn thee.' It says, 'Neither do I condemn thee. Go and sin no more.'" The grace of God begins by forgiving us. The graces of God begin by our forgiving others. If we do not, then God will no more forgive us. But if we have truly tasted God's forgiving love, we cannot but yield the fruit of forgiving love toward others.

Without the grace of purity the work of God cannot go on in us. For it is only in the presence of God that we shall unfold and attain and none but the pure in heart can see him. And yet

"So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand
In the pure glory of that holy land?
Before the whiteness of that throne
appear

Yet there are hands stretched out to
draw me near."

There is no pride where there is grace. Those who know, as Christ's disciples know, that in them, that is in their flesh, dwelleth no good thing, that all the good in them is in Christ in them have no ground for conceit or haughtiness. And this meekness brings them rest, and rest is gracious and beautifying.

There is no hospitality more gracious than that of the grace of God which opens a home for us in God now and prepares for us an eternal home in his bosom. If God then opens his life to us there can be nothing too common on earth to be made room for in our lives. God's grace would yield like grace in us. And even in its narrower sense, of opening our houses to the

children of God, hospitality is a Christian grace in which many of the poor and pagan peoples excel us. What they are ever ready to do for a stranger or the grace of Christ, which welcomed our friendliness should lead us to do for strangers also as well as friends.

And the full grace would be godliness. He is all gracious. To be truly gracious would be to be like him. That would not remove us from life or make gracious would be to be like him. To life a strange and weird thing.

And yet the truly godly man knows best the unapproachableness of God and walks with humblest self distrust. The things in which he is meant to become like God teach him the more deeply of wonder of the divine grace which is above man, and the infinity of the things in which he can not be like God but can only worship and adore.

If man is at a loss ever as to what is within his reach and duty and what is beyond, he at least knows always that the greatest of all things is love and that the end of the grace of God in him is to bring him into the very being of God who is love. Out of love flows all the grace of God. It flows out that it may flow back again out of human hearts in a tide of love toward God and toward man.

"The grace of God had appeared."
Has it appeared to us? Is it apparent in us?

FROM THE BOOK OF TEMPTATION.

By Professor James Stalker, D.D.

Proverbs may be called either the Book of Wisdom or the Book of Temptation. Wisdom is its most obvious theme; this is the golden thread on which all its many maxims are to be strung. It exalts and commends wisdom with all the resources of literary art; it explains what wisdom is in general; and it describes in detail the behavior of a wise man in all the relationships of life, in the management of the thoughts, the use of the tongue, the expenditure of money, the practise of friendship, and in many of them respects. There is not a situation in life in which this book does not tell how a wise man will act. Then, in order to illustrate the same theme by contrast, it explains with equal precision what folly is, and how a fool will act in every sphere and in every emergency. Folly is of two degrees. In the first degree it belongs to those who, in this book, are called the simple. These are beginners, who as yet are only experimenting with life; they have not yet chosen right principles, but neither are they as yet committed to wrong ones; they form the large class of those who are halting between two opinions and may be easily swayed to either side. The fool in the second degree, on the contrary, has passed the stage of hesitation and taken the plunge; he has deliberately said to evil, Thou are my god; and he is a scorners of what he considers the tame counsels of prudence. It is to the simple this book has most to say, warning them of the slippery paths on which they are venturing and, in the name of Wisdom, inviting them to the paths of peace. Well, however, is it aware that these beginners are being wooed by other voices. These are the voices of temptation; and the chief of them are evil company, the strange woman, and strong drink, against all of which it gives repeated and earnest warning, seeking to counteract their blandishments by persuasions of its own. The delineation of the third of these namely, drunkenness, follows.

Its Consequences—Each of the six consequences of drinking enumerated here can be easily illustrated from any one's observation. The whole picture of the drunkard in this lesson, from beginning to end, is most realistically

painted; and every village could exhibit the literal fulfilment of every trait. Instead of "woe" and "sorrow" read Oh! and Alas! The drunkard is the man of such exclamations. Then follow his disposition to fight, with the "wounds without cause" which ensue, and eyes swollen and bloodshot. There are worse consequences than even these; for, as is intimated a few verses higher up, conduct like this "clothes a man with rags"; and then he is cast as a burden on the hands of his sober fellow-citizens. There are few of the leaders of the multitude who dare not to tell their constituents how much of their misery is due to this cause; yet a child can see the truth, so obvious is it. As Mr. Edison remarked the other day, drinking is throwing sand into the machinery of civilization. There were, in Solomon's days, men who sought mixed wine, as he sought wisdom and other men sought God (so the word "seek" seems to imply); but in modern times liquors have been invented that far surpass wine in their ruinous consequences.

Its Progress—The beginnings of this vice, like those of many sins, are pleasant; but the end is death. The generosity of the sparkling liquid, its rich color, the aroma as it descends the throat of the drinker (read "goeth down smoothly" instead of "moveth itself aright") are here described; and to these delights may be added the sociability, the cool cover the glare and gliding of the place. But these are only the sinuous gambols of a shining reptile that at last bites and kills. This is the same lesson as was taught by our Lord in the parable of the Prodigal Son—at the first, full pockets, multitudes of friends, shining eyes, clasping hands; but, at the last, the husks that the swine did eat.

Its Unnaturalness—If "strange women" be the correct translation, it reminds us of the important truth that all the three forms of temptation mentioned above go together, and that drunkenness is a sin that leads to many other sins. But the Revised Version reads "strange things," and this agrees best with the parallelism in the other half of the verse. The drunkard sees "strange things" in his cups, sometimes even the horrible shapes of delirium. He himself, indeed, is utterly changed: as is here said, "his heart shall utter perverse things"—things he would have blushed to utter in his sober senses. In this condition the wisest man speaks like a fool, and the kindest man behaves with the ferocity of a savage. Even "the tender and delicate woman, who would not adventure to set her foot to the ground for tenderness and for delicate things" come down to the level of the least refined in her sex. When thus overcome, a man has no choice where he will lie down, though it were even in the sea; and his motions are so uncertain as to resemble the swaying of a mast. Thus is the mirror held up to the drunkard, that, seeing himself as he really is, he may repent with shame and confusion of face.

Its Deceitfulness—Here is the most tragic trait of the whole picture in the ruminations of the drunken man, who is beaten but feels not the blows and, insensible of the misery into which he has brought himself, ends his debauch with the resolution, "I will seek it yet again." No aspect of this vice is more hopeless than the inability of the victim to believe that he is as bad as he really is. I have seen one in the last stages of dissipation and within a few days of his death who assured me that he could give up the habit whenever he pleased. And he believed it. No sinner more than a drunkard needs to conceive a thorough horror of himself before he can become a new creature in Christ Jesus.

Aberdeen, Scotland.

DAILY READINGS FOR PRECEDING WEEK.

Mon.—Forgiveness (Col. 3: 12, 13; Matt. 6: 14).

Tues.—Purity (Matt. 5: 5; 1 John 3: 1-3).

Wed.—Meekness (Matt. 5: 3, 5, 9, Num. 12: 3).

Thurs.—Hospitality (Heb. 13: 1-3; John 5: 8).

Fri.—Godliness (Tit. 2: 11-14).

Sat.—Love (1 Cor. 13; Col. 3: 14).

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CHRIST AT GADARA.

By H. C.

A physician is not made famous by taking thistles from the finger or putting plasters on fly bites; his skill is shown by curing where others cannot. Christ's miracles of healing were all extreme cases. Cure the greater and you include the less. By saving great sinners Christ's fame has been established; and all others are left without excuse.

He went to Gadara, and no need saying that here was another Sodom—a land of slime, pitch and beastiality. The moral atmosphere was at the point of rottenness; but they knew it not; they loved to have it so. There Jesus was among them as a god among unclean spirits ready to heal them all, and to show that he could do so, he laid hold of the ripened product in the shape of the man among the tombs. Others there were on the way down, but this man had slipped into the pit itself. Unbridled passion finishes the race by taking the reins and driving the man to madness. For such an one there is no place on earth but among the tombs. He becomes a kind of already-damned warning of the dead among the living.

He is a brand in the burning; heal that man and all Gadara may be healed. The day of mercy has come to that region, for before the very eyes of its people this man sits clothed in his right mind. The divine touch has made him whole; and now, Gadara, "what are you going to do, seeing that the healer is among you? Are you going to repent that the whole land may be sweet as the mountains of Gilead?"

"Repent, no, tell him to leave our coasts. We don't want cleansing. We want to keep our swine and just go on as we have been doing. No hint of God, the better for us. There is money in the swine, I tell you, and this is

what we are after. Let honor, virtue, holiness, truth go to the tombs; give us the dollar."

Would there were no Gadara, but there is. Would there were no insane, but there are. Would there were no liquor troughs for the debauching of men, women and children, but there are. Would there were no inhumans to chuckle in secret: "Ha, there is money in it, let God and righteousness go to Heaven and stay there. Let the saloons, bars, harlots' houses and gambling dens sprawl over the land till the plagues of Egypt are upon us—till madmen run naked among the graves. There's money in the slime and we're going to have it; so there, exit conscience and let the devil in."

Oh, Mammon, what heavens of blessing slip out the back door when thou mountest the throne! What tricks of business, what defrauding of neighbors, what insane ambition to be first, as if money made the man. This is folly and the end is madness; especially so when the body is taken in the swim of passion.

Christ's work is the casting out of devils, and through him alone can men's eyes be opened to choose holiness rather than money.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

This splendid association for work among young men is making wonderful strides in Canada. In Toronto a campaign is on to raise in two weeks \$600,000 for new buildings. This campaign started last week with a subscription of \$100,000 from Mr. Massey and subscriptions of \$50,000 each from E. R. Wood and J. C. Eaton, making a third of the amount to begin with. Dr. J. H. Graham, the educational secretary of the Methodist church, in a recent address declared that he owed a great deal to the Y.M.C.A. When a boy fourteen years old he had to leave his home in Windsor because of scarlet fever and go to London Collegiate Institute. Soon after he arrived he received an invitation from one of the boys to attend a meeting at the Y. M. C. A., which he promptly refused to accept, because at that time he had little sympathy for religious meetings of any kind, although his father was a minister. However, after declining eight or ten invitations from various sources, he finally decided to try it. He found so many decent chaps who could do things worth while on the athletic field there that he soon enlisted as one of them. "When I found that I could be a Christian and live like a real live boy and be a member of the champion football team of the city I decided to become a loyal supporter of the Y.M.C.A."

APPOINTMENT OF MISSIONARY SUPERINTENDENTS.

There has been a discussion going on in the press in regard to the appointment of Missionary Superintendents. On the one hand it has been contended that a man from "the firing line" should be appointed as he is likely to be in closer touch with the work. On the other hand this line of argument has been deprecated. The best man should be appointed wherever he is to be found. The work should be consid-

ered and not the interests of any particular man or set of men. It would be absurd, for instance, for the men in the presbyteries of Northern Ontario to resent the appointment of a man outside their bounds, to succeed the late superintendent, Rev. Stephen Childerhose, if he were the best man in sight for the position. The Home Mission Committee has nominated Rev. J. D. Byrnes, of Cobalt, for the position.

The North Bay Presbytery nominated Rev. G. L. Johnston, of North Bay. The men from the north were not agreed on any one man, so a majority of the committee favored sending forward the name of Mr. Byrnes, who has labored successfully at Cobalt since 1906. The General Assembly, of course, makes the appointment.

ONE THING FOR WHICH THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH STANDS.

An American exchange reports a distinguished Methodist minister and university professor as saying, "The Presbyterian Church will not go down; it stands for something." That was well said. The Presbyterian Church stands for something. We have heard of a Sunday school superintendent who said, when trying to increase the number of the pupils in the school of which he had charge, "We don't teach anything in particular here." It seemed to think that this should make his school very popular in the community. And unfortunately that sentiment or usage does seem to be regarded with favor in some quarters. With Presbyterians, worthy of the name, however, it is not so. Our Church believes in something. It stands for something. One thing it stands for is family training. This has been at least one of its glories in the past. Are we in danger of losing this glory? It is to be feared we are. And let it not be forgotten that lax views and practices in the family mean lax views and practices in all covenanted relationships in church and state. The family is the divine unit of society. Destroy the family and you destroy the church and state. It behoves us then to emphasize anew the obligations and inviolability of the family relationship. "The promise is to you and to your children." Our children are to be trained up in the nurture of the Lord. It is high time that our whole Church should be aroused on this question, if the good name which Presbyterianism has enjoyed is to be conserved and the most disastrous consequence to church and state are to be averted.

THE DRUG HABIT.

Recent investigations have shown that larger numbers of young men in our Canadian cities are addicted to the drug habit. An illicit trade in drugs such as morphine and cocaine seems to have reached larger proportions than anybody had any idea. At an inquest on the body of a young man in one of our cities, who committed suicide, it was shown that he had for years been at the head of a widespread illicit traffic in drugs and that he himself used from \$4 to \$5 worth of what the underground world calls "dope" every week. The curious thing

is that the police have been completely baffled in their efforts to trace the source of a traffic which is ruining so many young men. Renewed efforts should be made in this direction.

THE MILLER BILL.

Again the strong arm of the law has united with the soul of public conscience in decreeing, that certain evils should no longer in Canada cumber the earth.

The handbook business was a daily infection, breeding temptation, endangering industry, and impoverishing home and business. The sporting pages of the daily press, where the many games were chronicled in one column, and the black arts of betting displayed in another, have long defied protest or reform. The race course has grown from what even the most enthusiastic Jehu is ready to defend, to a condition of iniquity which found no advocate in parliament or defence before the committee. It is admitted that the so-called "meets" open with a few days of sport, where wealth and fashion grace the event, but speedily change into the happy meeting ground of thieves and robbers. The Miller law cuts down these evil trees, whose fruits can no longer be tolerated.

THE LOCAL MAN VERSUS THE BEST.

There is no answer to the argument that "the best man should receive the promotion" in either church or state. It is an easy defence to fall back upon when complaints assume a threatening attitude. But it is much more difficult to prove that the qualities of the so-called "best man" are strikingly in advance of their fellows.

The outside man who receives the call to go into new territory and lead where veterans have long fought may usually be acquitted of self-seeking. It is a hard proposition at the best, which is made considerably worse, when a number of disappointed men are to meet him as co-workers.

There is a hopeful side to the situation. This "best man" is above all things blessed with common sense, and a sound manly heart, and the local man who has long felt the hard places, will again endure the hardness of reflection as a good soldier of Christ Jesus.

HARD TO BREAK A HABIT.

Bad habits are fruitful sources of excuse. The old saying that a glass of liquor is necessary on a cold day to relieve the chills, and on a hot morning to cool the blood, is a fair sample of the defences raised for "daring sins."

The members of our rural congregations have many good qualities. They are usually solid and sound. But even these are not perfect. Many of them are notoriously unbusinesslike in the "gatherings for the support of ordinances." They have contracted the habit of paying once a year, the amount of their "stipend dues," and to change into the weekly or monthly system, is opposed on one and conclusive ground—"farmers have no ready money."

What makes this something similar to other excuses for a bad habit, is the astonishing fact, that in congregations where the dairy business is flourishing, and frequent checks cash-

ed, the answer is still the same. Pass on to the oil fields, where the monthly check is not only regular but handsome. The envelope system is opposed on the same lines. Has not the old excuse—"farmers have only one harvest," done its work too long? It is hoped that the young men may abstain from it, like many other things which have been outlived.

SYNOD NOTES.

The new Moderator has made good from the very beginning of the sessions. He presided with quiet dignity, kept the business well in hand, and was courteous itself to everyone. Mr. Fisher is a Nova Scotian, and has been pastor of Fiamboro for 27 years. Rev. Jno. Currie, of Belmont, the retiring Moderator, is a fine type of the old-fashioned preacher. He has the fervor and fire of the Celt, and his sermon was well characterized by Mayor Dingman as a splendid effort. Mr. Currie's congregation, said the Mayor, should be proud of him.

The Rev. R. Martin and the Rev. T. J. Thompson, the pastor of the two Stratford churches, were unremitting in their efforts to make the fathers and brethren feel at home. The members of Synod are under a deep debt of gratitude to both. Both ministers are doing splendid work in the classic city, and are beloved by their people.

Although the attendance of elders was not as large as it should have been, there were a goodly number present. Among those who took an active part in the work of the Synod were the venerable Sir Thomas Taylor and George Rutherford, of Hamilton; R. A. Thompson, ex-M.P., and Messrs. Norman, Robertson, Walkerton, David Mann, Vyner, Dr. Logie, Paris, and J. Scott, Camlachie.

Speaking of the Sunday School report, Mr. McIntosh, the convener, said:—"We need the breath of a new life in our Sabbath schools. Antiquated methods must go. I would not advise undue interference with superintendents, but the minister must see that this advance is made. For as yet, in this synod, the equipment which has demonstrated its value where tried, is being neglected by at least 75 per cent. of our schools." Rev. A. C. Wishart, of Brussels: "When I see by the report that 133 schools out of 376 tell of not a single scholar uniting with the church, I am humbled and grieved in my soul." Rev. Alex. MacGillivray, of Toronto: "Why do we not concentrate on what is easiest and economic. The value of the child to the church touches its very maintenance, its permanence, its aggression, and its victory. Lose the child and everything eventually goes. We have now an organization which reaches out to the infant in the cradle to the hoary head" in our home department. What is now needed is the efficiency of the teacher, the thoroughness of work, and the consecration to God."

Rev. W. J. Dey's report on French Evangelization was a capital one. He said: "Our work in Quebec is simply to give the Bible to the people in their own language, that they may know whether the things they hear from either priest or missionary be so. If this is proselytizing, Jesus Christ himself is also guilty. It is gratifying to know that almost every congregation in this Synod is contributing to this work." Rev. S. A. Carrere, Grand Bend: "My work at Grand Bend will soon be all in the English language. Thirty-five young people are now at our regular services. I believe in one for Canada. I have labored for it, and I am succeeding." Rev. S. J. Taylor, Montreal, in his splendid address said: "Quebec is progressing. Her provincial grants for education have doubled. The Church of Rome alone will suffice. One instance alone will suffice. The sum of \$100,000 of her money has been voted to save the Gallican cause in the west."

On Evangelism, Rev. F. A. Robinson, Toronto, said: "Sometimes people ask us, in your evangelistic meetings do the people jump over the seats and break the furniture? In one case it was worse, for the whole board of managers resigned as a protest against the innovation. But the minister there reported that his people were united, for they were frozen together.

From what I have seen both in the east and west, gives me renewed faith in the power of the old gospel. This work has already been felt. In one city where we held a mission, the men who were blessed felt it their duty to do things meet for repentance. They went to the civic authorities and demanded the removal of certain evils, and to-day there is a \$26,000 W. M. C. A. where there used to be the works of iniquity. The request of a many a soul is, thank everybody who made it possible for me to get Jesus Christ."

Rev. Dr. R. P. Mackay, speaking on Foreign Missions: "Through the effects of missions Mohammedan lands have adopted a new constitution. They seem to have changed in a day. But it is the long lost seed germinating. It is the 'upper million' in India who are causing the trouble. They would like to rule. They see, among other things, that the western ideas and religion are going to win. They are trying to stem the tide by copying Christian missionaries. They have tracts, halls, Y.M.C.A.s and missionaries. But it is all in vain. God is working. China, the greatest people in the world, are also at the point of change. Let us do it now. It is the world's great opportunity."

Sir Thomas Taylor spoke well and worthily on the question of Ministerial Support: "I have been fifty-three years in church work, and when the facts are laid before the people I of what they generally respond. In spite of the fact that the ex-Moderator said in his sermon, old Matthew Henry's saying is true, that a scandalous support makes a scandalous ministry. There has been a great increase of wealth, and Presbyterians must have shared in it, because they are credited with having the sterling qualities of success. The fact is, nevertheless, that the average giving per member is 35 cents less than it was twenty years ago." Rev. D. N. Morden, of St. Mary's: "I have seen the garden spots of the United States, but firmly believe that the territory covered by our Synod is the garden of the earth. Yet in this rich vineyard the average of contributions is \$1.55 less per member than in any other Synod of the church."

Mr. Alex. Smith, Embro: "We have adopted the envelope system, and have raised our giving from \$500 for missions last year to \$1,600 this. Everybody has had an increase of salary, even the caretaker." Mr. R. A. Thompson, Lynden: "We don't fail to think about it. It needs to be presented with such force as to make them think."

Speaking on Home Missions, Rev. R. G. McBeth, of Paris, said: "I have tried to abolish the artificial distinction between Home and Foreign Missions. My conception of our work in Canada is that we should hold our country for Christ, and make her a highway of missions to other lands. I am a little surprised that so little is expected of such Synods as Saskatchewan and Alberta. We have heard much of their wealth, and seen something, too, hence it looks small the \$15,000 allocated for their share of contributions to the general work. The West ought to be helping herself for we need to look after our Northern Ontario." Rev. Jno. Thompson, of Ayr: "We want more men. We must have them, and the best, too. We need strong men to preach strong doctrine."

The following are the names of the ministers within the bounds of the Synod who have died during the year: Rev. J. W. Orr, Dorchester; Rev. D. B. McDonald, of St. Catharines, brother of J. A. McDonald of the Globe; Rev. Dr. Hamilton, of Stratford; Rev. H. R. McCracken, of Brantford, and Rev. J. A. Anderson, of Goderich.

The Synod appointed the conveners of its committees as follows:—Evangelism, Rev. T. A. Watson, Thamesford; Young People's Work, Rev. J. A. Work, Hamilton; Church Life and Work, Rev. A. L. Budge, Hanover; Moral and Social Reform, Rev. E. L. Pidgeon, St. Thomas; Systematic Benevolence, Rev. D. R. Drummond, Hamilton; Sabbath schools, Rev. J. W. McIntosh, Mitchell; French Evangelism, Rev. W. J. Dey, Simcoe; Foreign Missions, Rev. S. H. Sawers, Brucefield; Home Missions, Rev. R. G. MacBeth, Paris; Augmentation, Sir T. W. Taylor.

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVELTHE FLASH OF LIGHT BEHIND
CLOSED WINDOWS.

(By Bertha M. Crawford.)

The little house stood close to the big one, and on all sides sloped away green stretches, fringed by tall woods. Once it had made Hetty think of a child, oppressed by a sense of loneliness, and shrinking close to the side of someone older and stronger. Now her feeling had changed. It was the big house which seemed lonely, and in need of friendly oversight, while the cottage was a small and aggressive watch-dog, on guard to repel intrusion.

From the time Hetty could first remember up to her twelfth birthday, she had looked forward every year to the opening of the big house to which her mother's cottage was the only near neighbor. The Herringfords left their town house by the middle of May, and for a week or two previous a flock of servants were busy putting the place in order. That in itself was exciting, the small Hetty thought, when she could see the rugs on the lines, and through the open windows catch glimpses of the big, handsome rooms. But her interest reached the point of enthusiasm when the family appeared. Perched on the gate-post, Hetty was wont to watch for the first glimpse of the carriage, drawn by two black horses with a coachman in liveries on the box. And when her greedy eyes had had their fill of these splendors, there was Mrs. Herringford and her daughters to provide entertainment through the long summer.

Mrs. Herringford was a handsome, gray-haired woman in middle life. The daughters were pretty girls with a variety of costumes which might have dazzled the eyes of more sophisticated observers than the small Hetty. Little did they guess that their frequent changes of dress afforded endless entertainment to their observant child neighbor. To watch from an upper window the festivities which took place on the big, shaded lawn, was like being the privileged observer of a fairy pageant.

Hetty was twelve years old, and getting too big to sit on the gate-post, when the dreadful thing happened which made an end of the gaieties at the big house, and, at the same time, ended one of Hetty's greatest pleasures. For the pretty Herringford girl's left home one morning for a day on the water, and never returned. A sudden squall had capsized the little yacht on which a party of twenty or more was enjoying a day's sail, and six of the number were drowned. The big house was closed as quickly as if it were plague-stricken. The green lawns and bright beds of flowers all about seemed to be mocking the shuttered windows and the darkened rooms.

Strange things began to be whispered about the closed house. For Mrs. Herringford refused to allow anything to be changed. The closets were full of pretty gowns which had dazzled Hetty's eyes. Margaret Herringford's blue negligee wrapper hung over the foot of the bed where she had left it when she made her last hasty toilet. On the writing desk was a sheet of paper on which Louise had begun a note, that fateful morning. "Dear Bessie," it ran, "to-morrow—if all goes well—" But all had not gone well, and the sentence was never finished. The little mother-of-pearl pen-holder lay beside the letter, the ink dry on the gold pen.

When Hetty was seventeen, the tragedy had become an old story, seldom mentioned except when some stranger asked questions about the closed house. In five years there had been no changes. The unfinished note still lay on the writing desk, though the ink was faded now. The little blue wrapper hung over the foot of the bed, as if the girlish wearer had slipped it off but the day before. The house was permeated by the odor of camphor and moth-balls. Every few weeks Mrs. Herringford drove out, accompanied by a servant, and spent several hours in the house which had

now become a pitiful memorial, rather than a home. Except for these visits, the shutters were never opened.

It was a balmy night in the late fall when Hetty told the story to Jim. Jim was the present occupant of Chester's room, a room that was seldom vacant from the time the warm weather began till the snow flew.

"That was an idea of Hetty's mother. 'You see, dear,' she said to Hetty, 'we can't afford to put up an expensive monument to Chester, even though we love him so. And then, we know he'd choose a living monument like our keeping some forlorn little chap in his room through the hot weather. It'll make us feel good to think there's a boy in the empty bed. And if Chester knows about it, he'll be glad, too.'

It had not been difficult to find the boys. Some, it is true, had remained shy and constrained throughout their stay. Others had been at home from the first. Some had accepted the hospitality offered them as a matter of course. Others had been unmistakably grateful. Jim was by far the most prepossessing occupant the room had ever had. He had been discharged from the hospital as cured, after a long struggle with typhoid, and yet he was far from being strong enough to earn his living in the strenuous profession of blacking shoes. So he had found his way to Hetty's mother's home, and the longer he stayed, the more reluctant they were to have him go. The color was slow in coming back to his pale cheeks, and they had a good excuse for holding on to him, while Jim, for his part, was only too glad to stay.

"What's the matter with the folks in the other house?" demanded Jim. He said "other" house advisedly, as the cottage and its neighbor were the only two in sight. "Why don't they come home and open the windows?" "That house is never opened," Hetty exclaimed. And then she told the story of the first tragedy to come near her young life. Jim listened with a disapproval which found voice at last in indignant comment.

"Why, that's no way to do. In the house where I live when I'm well, there's whole families packed in one room. To think of having a big house like that standing empty and shut up—beds in it!" added Jim, whose experience with beds had been extremely limited till he had gone to the hospital, and been introduced to that novel luxury.

"It's Mrs. Herringford's way. But I do think mother's way is a great deal better," Hetty replied. She had long before taken Jim into her confidence concerning Chester's room and the loving kindness showed to other boys for her dead brother's sake.

It was doubtless because of her talk with Jim that the closed house was uppermost in Hetty's mind as she undressed that night. Long after she should have been asleep, the recollection haunted her. At last, as if drawn by an irresistible fascination, she crept out of bed, and stood at the window, gazing at the somber outlines in black blur against the darkness of the night. Then something brought her heart in to her mouth. She had seen a flash of light behind one of the small colored glass windows, none of which were closed with a shutter. In an instant it was gone, but its disappearance did not shake her certainty that she had seen it.

She hurried into her clothing, her fingers trembling over the strings and buttons till it did not seem as if she would ever be dressed. Then she rushed into the hall, "Mother! Oh, mother! There's a light in the Herringford house."

She had called to her mother, but it was Jim who answered her. "Hold on! I'll be there in a shake." And he was. Speedy toilets were fashionable in the society with which Jim was most fashionable. He bolted into the hall, fastening his suspenders, before Hetty's mother had got her door open to ask what the matter was.

"Tramps, of course," was Jim's explanation. "It's a wonder they have-

n't got along before, with that big house, all fixed up, waiting for 'em. It's lucky we've a dog."

Hetty followed helplessly. Jim seemed to know just what to do, and people of that stamp are always sure of followers. Even Pete, the bulldog, seemed to appreciate the situation, and kept his bulging eyes fixed on Jim's face, as the boy slipped off the chain.

The house looked dark as they approached it. Hetty was about to offer the suggestion that she might have been mistaken when Jim caught her arm.

"Look there!" he exclaimed. Through one of the small unshuttered windows had come a rainbow flash of light, borrowing its colors from the varied hues of the bits of glass composing it.

Jim advanced to the house with an air of ferocity in amusing contrast to the slimminess of his frail little body. "Get out of this," he shouted, beating upon one of the shutters with a big stick he had picked up in the woods a few days before. And Pete backed up this bit of good advice by hoarse barking.

The occupants of the Herringford house seemed inclined to take the counsel so unceremoniously offered. There was a rush of feet, the sound of a window thrown up on the opposite side of the house, and of a shutter slammed back. Jim and Pete disappeared around the corner of the house. Hetty, following, found Jim standing beneath the open window, gazing in the direction of the woods.

"Three were three of 'em, and they all got away," said Jim regretfully, as if he had hoped for the capture of at least one or two able-bodied tramps. "Pete's giving 'em a little chase. Hello! What's this?"

"This" was a flicker of light, leaping up in the room so recently vacated. In their preparations for a convivial night, the three trespassers had set a lighted candle in a bottle, and it was this light which had given the alarm. In their haste to be gone, they had overturned it, and one of the lace draperies had caught fire. As Hetty and Jim stood staring, the flaming curtain swayed in the breeze, and swung toward a large picture shrouded in muslin.

Hetty had never seen the picture but she had heard of it often. A noted English artist had painted Margaret Herringford at eighteen, and the picture had not been removed to town when the tragedy closed the doors of Herringford country house. Hetty screamed shrilly.

"Oh, the picture! The picture!" she cried. And then she heard Jim's voice, matter-of-fact and steady, "Say give me a boost."

It was not difficult for the vigorous girl of seventeen to support for a moment the wiry, slight little figure. Jim clutched the window sill and drew himself inside. And then Hetty's fear for the portrait of the dead girl was lost in her fear for the living boy, alone in the big room, lighted only by hostile flames.

Jim leaped for the blazing curtain, jerked it from the pole, and trampled it under his feet. Hetty watched in a sort of a terrified fascination, unable to turn her eyes, too frightened to scream. Then she saw that the boy had his knife out of his pocket, and was clashing at the muslin which covered the painting, and which was already blackening and curling as the flames crept upward. By that lurid light, as the blazing muslin was jerked away, Hetty saw revealed the face of a girl, a smiling young face looking out over an armful of flowers. After that one glimpse, all was darkness. Jim came to the window and looked down upon her. "It's out," he said. "Say, it's a pity we didn't get one of those fellows."

"Are you hurt, Jimmy?"

"Maybe I'm burned a little but 'tain't worth talking about."

Hetty's mother thought differently. The little household was astir for an hour longer while she tenderly dressed the boy's burns. And it was nearly morning before any of them slept.

But in spite of a disturbed night, Hetty went to town early, and presented herself at Mrs. Herringford's at an hour which scandalized the lady, answering her ring. Hetty, however, refused to be daunted by his disapproving look and tone.

"Then I'll wait till Mrs. Herringford is ready to see me. I've something very important to tell her about her house in the country."

The announcement was sure to be an "open sesame" where Mrs. Herringford was concerned. Very shortly Hetty was ushered into the lady's presence. She stood for a moment shy and ill at ease, as the keen eyes looked her through.

"You have something to tell me about my country place," Mrs. Herringford's voice was rasping with anxiety.

"Yes, ma'am. I'm Hetty Barker. I live close by."

"I remember. Now tell me."

Hetty began her story, and was not interrupted. Mrs. Herringford sat silent, her hands clasped in her lap, her eyes on Hetty's face. Not till the recital was completed did she speak.

"Is Jim your brother?"

"No, ma'am. He's the boy in Chester's room."

"The boy in Chester's room?" Mrs. Herringford's tone was perplexed. Why, flush Hetty reared, the explanation had failed to explain.

"Chester was my brother. He enlisted for the Spanish-American war, and he died of fever."

"Well," said Mrs. Herringford as the girl passed.

"And through the hot weather we always keep a boy in his room—some poor boy, you know. Why, Jim says that in the house where he lives whole families are packed in one room."

She paused, but Mrs. Herringford's air of attention seemed to indicate that she was ready to hear more.

"Mother says we cannot afford a monument to Chester, and that, anyway he would like this better. Jim came to us from the hospital. He's getting stronger all the time, and we'll have to let him go before long, I suppose. But we'll hate to. It seems dreadful," added Hetty confidentially, "to have a nice big room empty, when so many people in the world are crowded all their lives."

She stopped with a gasp. What has she been saying to Mrs. Herringford. If an empty room seemed a reason for self-reproach, what of a big, empty house, full of the comforts for the lack of which human creatures suffer? Mrs. Herringford's incisive question broke in upon her confused thoughts.

"Was the boy burned?"

"A little. At least he said it didn't amount to much. But mother spent a good deal of time fixing him up before she'd go to bed."

Mrs. Herringford rang the bell.

"Tell Williams I wish the carriage at once," she said. And before Hetty could realize what was happening, she was driving back home at Mrs. Herringford's side, behind the glossy black horses for whose coming she had watched so often.

Out of the episode here chronicled, grew a most unexpected series of events. For the boy in Chester's room stayed on. Mrs. Herringford's disapproved of his returning to the shoe blacking business. She suggested that he remain where he was and go to school, and fit himself for being a useful man in the world, and she expressed a willingness to be responsible for his support, so long as he should prove himself worthy. Up to the present writing, Jim has given her no reason to think that any of her aid and interest has been thrown away.

But that was not all. When another spring came, the big house next to Hetty's was opened and aired. Servants were busy as of old. There was an air of preparation, of anticipation. And by the time that May had carpeted the lawn with green, the house was full of children, wan, hollow-eyed children, some of whom had never before been introduced to a bird's nest or a dandelion. And in the big room downstairs, where the little folks

gathered after supper for a good-night talk, hung a portrait of a young girl, smiling down on the happy, tired faces over an armful of flowers.

BABY CRIED CONTINUALLY.

Mrs. Eugene Gagnon, L'Islet Station, Que., says: "I believe Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine in the world for little ones. I have given them to my baby for colic, constipation and sometimes for breaking up a fever, and I have never known them to fail in giving prompt relief. Before I began the use of the Tablets my baby was very thin and cried continually. Since then she has grown splendidly and is plump and healthy. I also gave the Tablets to my four-year-old child, who suffered frequently from convulsions, and they made a permanent cure. When I have Baby's Own Tablets in the house I feel safe, and I advise other mothers also to keep them on hand." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

BREAKING DOWN THE FENCE.

"And how are you getting on with your new neighbor, mother?" Mrs. Dale's married daughter asked, as she drew some work from her bag and settled down for an "afternoon home."

Mrs. Dale reached over and took the little dress from her daughter's hands. "I'm going to finish this," she said. "If you didn't bring work enough for two 'twill serve you right to sit idle. But that Mrs. Connor," and a perplexed expression crossed her motherly face. "Really, I don't know what to say. Lucy. I've sent her in hot biscuit and honey and flowers, and she's been real polite acting, but I haven't seemed to get anywhere at all with her."

"Perhaps she doesn't want neighbors," Lucy suggested, wickedly.

Mrs. Dale stopped sewing and pushed back her glasses.

"Now, Lucy Prescott, you know that's nonsense," she declared. "Everybody wants neighbors—it's part of being a human; and the folks that don't know they want them are the very ones that want them most. It just makes me ache to see that child going round with her forehead screwed into a knot over something and I sitting here and not helping. I just want to get her in my arms and cuddle her up like a baby. I know 'twould do her good."

Lucy's eyes were tender, although laughter yet lurked in them.

"Well, mother, I'll still back you," she said. "If you can't break down the fences, I don't know anybody that can."

Mrs. Dale shook her head sorrowfully. "I'm pretty nigh at the end of my tether," she declared.

Discouragement, however, was a word not in Mrs. Dale's vocabulary. When, a few days later, her daughter came down again, she was met with the challenge to guess what had happened.

"Mrs. Connor has been over," Lucy answered, promptly.

"Well, mother, I'll still back you," guess so quickly," Mrs. Dale replied. "But that isn't all. She's been over every day, Lucy."

"Really day!" Lucy repeated in genuine amazement. "Well, you have really done it, mother!"

Mrs. Dale nodded triumphantly. "Yes, and she insisted upon getting supper that first night, and she says she's going to keep her eye on me now, and—"

"Getting supper!" Lucy echoed. "Mother, what have you been doing?"

"It was nothing but a fail. It's all right now, only it shook me up considerably, and I didn't know but I was hurt. So the Peters boy happened to be passing, and I sent him in to Mrs. Connor. You've no idea how kind she was. And she is worried, poor child, for her husband's lungs are weak, and I've promised her fresh eggs all the time, and—"

"Mother Dale, did you fall on purpose?"

Mrs. Dale's eyes attempted to sustain her daughter's look.

"Of course I didn't," she declared, indignantly. "But," and a little twinkle crept into her eyes, "maybe I could have got round a mite sooner if I'd had to."

FAVORITE HYMNS.

When asked to name a favorite flower, a favorite color, a favorite name for a child, or a favorite book, we generally discover that we have so many favorites among these that decision is difficult. I love the mignonette, the violet, the lily-of-the valley, and the rose geranium. The rose, the peony, the holly-hock and the cosmos are also my favorites, and how shall I choose one when all are so beautiful? This with perfumes—I like lavender in the linen room; violet, in the drawers of the bureau, and a faint, sweet blending of separate scents in the bottle of cologne water, but I have no preference for a distinct perfume. I knew an old lady in the South whose house was always exquisitely fresh and wholesome and so attractive to every sense that merely to enter it was a delight. "Aunt Catherine," said a young niece one day, "what is your secret for making a house smell so sweet?" "Soap and water, Bessy, and plenty of fresh air," was the answer. A good receipt for purity and fragrance in a home.

To get back to the question of favorite hymns. A hymn is the concrete expression of devotional thought. It is this and more, to be perfect; it must also be poetic. One of the most perfect hymns in the language, judged by every standard, is Ray Palmer's hymn, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee." Each stanza is in itself a germ, and every word fits into its place so smoothly and with so much melody that there is no jar either in feeling or workmanship. The hymn reaches its consummation in the phrase "a living fire." It is no wonder that "My Faith Looks Up to Thee" should be a favorite hymn. "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," is a hymn to repeat over and over when one is tired, sleepless or disheartened. "Cover my defenseless head with the shadow of Thy wing" has been my prayer and my comfort in many a dark hour. "Whence I Survey the Wondrous Cross" is one of the noblest hymns in any collection. "Abide With Me, Fast Falls the Evening Tide," and "Lead, Kindly Light," are favorites with many. It would be interesting to us all if those who read this bit of confidence would send The Corner their favorite hymn. Here is one—not a hymn, perhaps—but a psalm in meter that I learned when I was a very little child. I love it still:

The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green. He leadeth me,
The quiet waters by.

My soul He doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make,
Within the paths of righteousness,
Even for His own name's sake.

Yea, 'tho I walk through death's dark
vale,
Yet will I fear no ill,
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still,

My table Thou hast furnished,
In presence of my foes,
My head Thou doest with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

Goodness and mercy all my life,
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house, forevermore,
My dwelling place shall be.

AUNT MARGARET.

CHURCH
WORK

Ministers and Churches

NEWS
LETTERSSYNOD OF HAMILTON AND
LONDON.

The Synod met in Knox Church, Stratford, on Wednesday evening, the 25th April. The attendance was not large. Rev. Jnc. Currie, of Belmont, preached the sermon. The text was Jer. 12-10, and the subject "Evangelism." It was a strong gospel sermon on the old lines. The Rev. S. W. Fisher was elected moderator over Rev. W. J. Dey, of Simcoe, and Dr. J. Fraser Smith, of Comber, the other two nominees. The retiring moderator was thanked for his able sermon on motion of the two defeated candidates for the moderatorship, both of whom expressed their delight at being beaten by Mr. Fisher, the new moderator.

On Tuesday morning, the first hour was spent in devotional services. Then came the report of the Committee on Church Life and Work, presented by Rev. A. L. Budge, of Hanover, the convener. The report, on the whole, was very encouraging, although there were a good many discouraging notes in it. Mayor Dingman addressed the Synod, bringing the greetings of the city of Stratford in most felicitous terms. The moderator reciprocated the mayor's greeting very gracefully. The Sabbath school report was presented by Rev. J. W. McIntosh, of Mitchell. There are 376 schools within the councils of the Synod all doing fair work though some need new methods. Rev. Alexander MacGillivray, of Toronto, convener of the Assembly's committee, gave a fine address urging greater zeal and concentration on the work of the Sunday schools.

The report on French Evangelization was given by Rev. W. J. Dey, of Simcoe. The report was a most concise and lucid resume of the work. Almost every congregation in the Synod is contributing to the work. Rev. S. Carriers, of Grand Bend, and Rev. S. J. Taylor, of Montreal, both spoke most hopefully and eloquently of the progress of the gospel among the French Canadians.

The evening session was devoted to Evangelism and Foreign Missions. Rev. T. A. Watson, of Thamesford gave the report on the former subject. There had been special services held in 65 congregations in the Synod. The results in every case were helpful in removing prejudices, and in deepening the spiritual life of the people. A goodly number had made profession of their faith in Christ at the close of these services, and united with the churches. Rev. F. A. Robertson, of Toronto, the assistant secretary of the Assembly's committee on Evangelism, addressed in a lively and earnest speech.

Rev. E. H. Savers, Brucefield, presented the report on Foreign Missions. Every Presbytery except one had exceeded its offerings of last year. Rev. R. P. Mackay gave an inspiring address which stirred his audience greatly.

On Wednesday, the Synod dealt with new Augmentation, Home Missions, Young People's Societies and Moral and Social Reform. Sir Thomas Taylor, of Hamilton, made a fine report on Augmentation. Since the fund was inaugurated no less than 516 congregations have been helped up to strong self-supporting charges. The average giving per member, however, is 35 cents less than 20 years ago. Rev. D. N. Morden, of St. Mary's, Mr. Alex. Smith, Embro., and R. A. Thompson, ex-M.P., of Lyndon, all made brief but excellent speeches on the subject.

Rev. R. G. McBeth, Paris, gave the report on Home Missions, and Rev. Jno. Thompson, of Ayr, spoke on the need of more for the ministry.

Rev. J. A. Wilson, of Hamilton, reported for the committee on Young People's Societies. There are fewer members this year, but more money has been raised. The Adult Bible Class in some places is partially taking

up the work. He moved a resolution in opposition to the amalgamation of the young people's committee with the G. S. committee. An amendment by Rev. T. J. Thompson, of Stratford, was defeated.

Moral and Social Reform was presented by Rev. E. L. Pidgeon, of St. Thomas. It was an encouraging report, especially in regard to temperance. The report expressed regret at the compromise on the Miller bill, and condemned the pardon of the prisoners who had been imprisoned for selling obscene literature. The Synod unanimously endorsed these recommendations.

Rev. Dr. McNair, of Petrolia, presented an overture dealing with the administration of the Aged and Infirm Ministers Fund, the Synod refused to endorse the overture. The laymen of the Synod met and discussed the question of ministerial support during the session. Their report was in favor of increased liberality, and they recommended a visitation of all congregations by a committee of laymen to bring all the facts before the people. The Synod adopted the report enthusiastically.

After routine business the Synod adjourned to meet next year in Knox Church, Woodstock.

SUMMER CONFERENCES ON MIS-
SIONARY EDUCATION.

The Young People's Missionary Movement will hold seven conferences during the summer of 1910. Their locations and dates are as follows:

Asheville, North Carolina, July 1-10.
Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, July 1-10.
Casasdes, Colorado, August 3-12.
Whitby, Ontario, July 4-11.
Knowlton, Quebec, July 12-19.
Sunday School Conference, Silver Bay, New York, July 14-21.

General Conference, Silver Bay, New York, July 22-31.

The greatest need in Church life today is trained and consecrated leadership. In no sphere of Church activity is this more true than in the promotion of missions. Without it the Church cannot be true to the great commission given by the Lord. It is to meet this need that these summer conferences are held. They aim to train leaders of mission study classes. This is probably the most distinctive thing for which these conferences stand. But besides, the aim is to train leaders for other forms of missionary activity in connection with Sunday-schools, young people's societies, and other church organizations. An essential part of such training must be the giving of enlarged missionary vision and the creating of deeper Christian convictions. Emphasis must also be laid on the place and power of prayer in the individual life and in the conduct of the missionary enterprise. These features are provided for, as far as possible, through devotional sessions and addresses on topics intimately connected with the Christian life.

Special features to which a delegate may look forward include:

Acquaintance with missionaries from the home and foreign mission fields.

Contact with Mission Board secretaries and other leading Church workers.

Interviews with those who have been successful in conducting missionary work of a high grade in their own churches.

Study classes under experienced leaders in courses which have been adopted by the Mission Boards for the coming year.

Afternoons spent in rest and recreation in the mountains and beside the water away from the busy rush of cities.

Veper services where questions concerning the personal life and one's life-work are dealt with by trusted leaders.

Conferences dealing practically with the conduct of missionary work in the local church.

Addresses from the mission field and addresses and sermons touching subjects concerning which every missionary leader should be vitally interested.

Denominational meetings where the plans of each denomination for the coming year are carefully outlined by a secretary of the denominational Home or Foreign Mission Board.

Opportunity to talk over personal problems and problems touching difficulties in missionary work with those who are competent to lead wisely.

Time to rest and be quiet, to think and pray. And it may be in the end that this is the best these conferences have to offer; to meet with the Lord unburiedly and become acquainted with him.

GROWING HATRED TO JESUS.

Sunday school Lesson for May 15.—Matthew 12: 22-23, 38-42. Commit verse 41.

Golden Text: He that is not with me is against me; and he that gathereth not with me scattereth.—Matt. 12:30.

What is sin? "Doing wrong," you say? Yes; but what is it to do wrong? I want just as many definitions of "sin" as the members of this class can give me. Then we'll take up the account of an attack that was made upon Jesus by some men who counted themselves the best men of their time, and see what Jesus had to say to them, and what light this gives us on our question about sin.

It was on a day that was perhaps the busiest day of Jesus' earthly ministry; The record that is before us consists of seven distinct points or facts:

1. Jesus does a work that only God can do, and is hailed as Messiah.
2. The religious leaders attribute this work to the Devil.
3. With piercing logic Jesus shows the senselessness of their claim.
4. He leads on to the irresistible conclusion that God is present and his Kingdom at hand.
5. Every one is either on Christ's side or against Him, and whoever is against the Spirit (whose work Christ is doing) has placed himself beyond help.

6. The request for a sign is insincere, and will therefore not be heeded,—except by a sign that will be clear enough to all who really want one.

7. Those of lesser privilege, in earlier ages, will condemn, by contrast, those who reject their high privilege in Christ's day.

When the class come to the unpardonable sin (vs. 31, 32), let them ask questions, and express themselves as freely as they can in answer to their own questions, before the matter is explained to them. For it can be explained, so clearly and simply that this passage will always be understood by them, and never give them needless anxiety or worry,—though it ought to give us all food for the most solemn thought, in recognition of the inescapable truth that it presents.

These two verses, with Mark 3: 28-30 throw direct light on the question of sin that was discussed at the beginning of the class session. Sin is simply a breaking with God. Every sin ever committed meant that, for the time being, the person who sinned preferred the Devil to God. The forgiveness that God so freely offers us, in Christ, is a restoring of the broken relationship between Himself and the sinner. And many persons who have sinned have sought this restoration of relationship with God, and, because they have

sought it, God has granted it. But what would you say of a person who says that to him the Spirit of God seems to be the spirit of Satan? What hope is there of the restoration of that person, from his sins, into loving relationship with God? Absolutely none, so long as he cannot and will not recognize any difference between God and Satan. He may, indeed, be confused as to who the man Jesus is, and be rescued in spite of that; but he cannot be saved while he sees or claims to see no difference between God and Satan, or while he deliberately opposes himself to the Spirit of God. It has been pointed out that there is a significant distinction between the expressions "speak a word," that is, in passing, not as the result of determined hostility, against Jesus, and "speak against" the Spirit, indicating determined speaking, in the presence of light. "Forgiveness," here, stands simply for the restoration of the soul from the disaster of sin, the break with God. In God alone is life; therefore the deliberate and maintained break with God, through refusal to recognize the Spirit of God and the eternal difference between that Spirit of life and the spirit of death, can have only one result, eternal death.

That seems to be the meaning of the unpardonable sin, or soul-suicide, as Professor Woelfkin revealingly calls it. His article, on page 219 in this issue, should be carefully studied, and the following comments: Riddle, 4th paragraph, and on v. 32.

When those who were denouncing as works of the Devil the works of the Holy Spirit, manifested through Jesus, came to Jesus and asked him for evidences, or credentials, ought he to have given them some sign? There would have been no use in offering the Pharisees a sign, and Jesus knew it.

An advertisement of an insurance policy for automobiles, recently published, showed a photograph of an automobile wrecked almost beyond recognition,—good for nothing but the scrap heap. How do you suppose the handsome big machine came to this end? It was "destroyed by fire arising within the machine itself." That is all that we need to be afraid of. That is what was destroying those who were seeking to destroy Jesus.

Light on Puzzling Passages.

Verse 23.—Can this be the Son of David? A question implying surprise and doubt; "Is not this" is too strong. "Son of David" is a title of the Messiah.

Verse 24.—But when the Pharisees heard it, they said: "The opposition of the Pharisees began early in our Lord's ministry, and was now more intense. To have admitted that the miracles proved him to be "the Son of David" would be fatal to their position, so they attributed the cure to the influence of Satan.

Verse 25.—Knowing their thoughts: This suggests supernatural knowledge.

Verse 27.—Your sons: That is, the adherents of the Pharisees—Cast them out: While this seems to imply that the attempted exorcism was successful, the argument of our Lord is valid if only the attempt is referred to. The knowledge we have, from other sources, of the methods employed does not favor the view that success attended them.

Verse 28.—Then it is the kingdom of God come upon you: If this was God's work, then the Messianic kingdom, which they looked for, was at hand.

Verse 29.—The house of the strong man: Satan is meant.—Spoil his goods: Take as spoil, as our Lord did by casting out demons.

Verse 30.—He that is not with me is against me: The claims of our Lord are such that in regard to him and his service there can be no neutrality.

Verse 32.—Neither in this world, nor in that which is to come: "World," literally "age." The two "ages," in Jewish usage, were divided by the coming of the Messiah. The whole clause is equivalent to "never" (Mark 3:29).

Verse 38.—A sign: That is, a supernatural act to attest the truth. In John's Gospel this term is almost invariably used for miracles.

Verse 39.—The sign of Jonah the prophet: The sign to be given them was typified by what occurred to Jonah, which to a certain extent prefigured the death and resurrection of our Lord.

Verse 40.—Three days and three nights: Jewish usage permits this to be equivalent to parts of three days. (See a full discussion in The Sunday School Times, March 9, 1961.)

Verse 42.—The queen of the South: "The Queen of Sheba" (1 Kings 10: 1-13). Probably from Ethiopia. The Abyssinian monarchs claim to be descended from her.

SENTENCES FROM SYNOD SPEECHES.

Our sprightly contemporary, the Stratford Daily Beacon, gives these sentences from speeches at the meeting of the Synod of Hamilton and London:—

"May we not think more highly of ourselves than we ought to think, but to think soberly."—Opening prayer of Rev. John Thompson, Ayr.

"The serious defects in our Sabbath schools are the lack of enterprise and the use of antiquated methods."—Rev. J. W. McIntosh, Mitchell.

"It is better to build a fence at the top of a precipice, than a hospital at its base."—Rev. A. C. Wishart, B.A., Brussels.

"The weaker the child in his experience, the more ignorant or wayward, the stronger is its claim upon you and me."—Rev. Alex. MacGillivray.

"We have offered to withdraw our colporteurs in Quebec if the Roman Catholic Church will permit the people to read the word of God."—Rev. W. J. Dey, M.A., Simcoe.

"The people whom I visited in Quebec have kept me reading the Bible for hours."—Rev. S. A. Carriere, Grand Bend.

"French evangelization ought not to be offensive, for it means the giving of the evangel to every French-Canadian who has it not."—Rev. S. J. Taylor, Montreal.

"A man ought to be very careful to write failure over a work that has been prayed for."—Rev. F. A. Robinson, Toronto.

"To perfection's sacred height of foreign missions we have not yet attained."—Rev. E. H. Sowers, Brucefield.

"I thank God that I am living today to touch the movement of foreign missions."—Dr. R. P. McKay, Toronto.

SYNOD OF MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

The next meeting of the Synod is appointed to be held in St. John's Church, Cornwall, Ont., on Tuesday, 10th, May, next at 8 p.m.

Members (whose single fare is not less than 50 cents) are directed to secure at the starting point—and over each line used—a standard certificate. This, when vised by R. R. agent and signed by the clerk, will entitle bearer to return at one third fare, provided that 50 certificates are returned.

Conference—Phases of Church Life and Work.

1. Effect of material prosperity on spiritual life of the church. What is it? Leader, Rev. J. W. H. Milne.

2. Need of evangelism, among professing Christians. Leader Rev. Ailan Morrison.

3. Effect of Laymen's Movement on spiritual life of the people. Leader, Rev. Wylie C. Clark.

Members who expect to be in attendance, and desire accommodation, are requested to intimate their purpose, to Miss Helen Harkness, Cornwall, by 2nd. May. State time of arrival.

All papers intended for the Synod should be in the clerk's hands at least eight days before the meeting.

Members are directed to take street cars, at station, direct to St. John's church.

The business committee (moderator, clerk and clerks of Presbyteries) will meet, on day of opening, in the church, at 7:30 p.m., sharp.

J. R. MacLEOD,
Synod Clerk.

PRACTICAL ACOUSTICS AN IN-EXACT SCIENCE.

The Christian Advocate has an excellent article on "Practical acoustics an inexact science" which deals with the acoustical count of a Jewish synagogue in Pittsburgh costing \$400,000 that had such poor acoustics that little could be heard of the sermons. Then the rabbi visited Europe and brought back a preparation that when applied to the walls absorbed the surplus sound. The article further says that "a reverberation of sound followed each syllable uttered by a speaker, and this lasted sometimes as long as eight seconds. Thus while an orator was uttering the second syllable the reverberation of the first was still in the ears of the audience. Finally Jacob Nazer, then a student at Cornell, where he made a specialty of architectural acoustics, took up the problem. For months he studied the conditions and finally decided that the size and shape of the room had nothing to do with the case the condition depending entirely upon the character of the materials used in the construction of the temple, the theory being that the materials did not readily absorb sound.

"He began an exhaustive series of experiments, both in the auditorium of the temple and in other rooms where the materials were similar or the same. This took months as only the quietest hours of the night could be utilized for the slightest sound from passing street cars or other vehicles made accurate observations impossible. About ten different materials are used in the construction of the auditorium and it was necessary to determine with mathematical accuracy the sound-absorbing quality of each of them. This required much work with delicate instruments. Then the remedy was to be applied. This was accomplished by attaching strips of wood to material to be toned. Over these strips, at varying distances, were placed strips of specially prepared hair-cloth of varying thickness of the strips of felt and their distance apart being figured out that when the work was finished it was found that not an error had been made. The acoustic properties of the room were perfect, but the effect was unsightly and it was necessary to cover it up. A porous, gauze-like decorating material was devised and the work put in the hands of decorators. It was done so artistically that Rabbi Levy declared himself safe in saying that it was the most beautiful auditorium in any Jewish church in the world. Thus the reader will see that the preparation which absorbs the surplus sound was credited to the decoration rather than to the real absorbing element, which is the strips.

"It would be well for members of some of our great churches that are thus afflicted to visit the synagogue in Pittsburgh, or to have their architect do so; for if such a feat is possible they may enable the congregation to hear. In a certain county every court room in the large court house, and also the court room of the new Federal building just completed in the county seat, is but one of countless examples of vocal unintelligibility. One of the judges of the court writes us: 'If there is no exact knowledge of practical acoustics, it seems to me that some man of wealth, philanthropically inclined, could do no better than to establish a chair for the investigation of the rules which control acoustics when applied to halls, to the end that there may be discovered and taught in schools of architecture the science of acoustics practically applied.' Bad acoustics are fatal to eloquence.

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

SIX LITTLE RULES FOR HEALTH.

Observance of the following six rules will prove conducive to good health:

1. Never shun the sunlight; it is the great germ killer.
2. Never be afraid of fresh air in the bed-room, but avoid draughts.
3. Never ride when you have time to walk; walking is nature's exercise.
4. When exercising, walk fast enough to increase the circulation of the blood.
5. Don't eat too much meat; save room for plenty of fresh vegetables.
6. An apple first thing in the morning starts the day well for the digestive system.—The Pittsburgh Leader.

AVOID SUMMER COLDS.

The season is upon us when people take colds in what they frequently regard as an unaccountable way.

Thin linen and cotton garments worn next the skin are answerable for a great many chills in hot weather. These materials are nonporous, which means that they retain moisture. After exercise and excessive perspiration the contact of damp clothes is very likely to cause chills and summer colds. Thin wool, nun's veiling or silk material should always be worn next to the skin in hot weather.

A HEALTHY PERSON NEEDS A GOOD BREAKFAST.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, leonacast-in-ordinary to the medical profession, as usual upsets our previous ideas of bodily health in an article in the "Woman's Home Companion." Dr. Hutchinson has a faculty for restoring to us our self-respect, and assuring us, that, left alone, we are not such idiots, after all. In this particular article, for instance, he points out that the idea of eating little in the summer time is a fallacy. Of breakfast, for instance, he says:

"It is customary to make the first meal of the day slightly the lightest and distinctly the plainest and simplest of the three. If there be any deficiency of the appetite, breakfast is the meal at which this is most likely to show itself. But this lack of appetite is in nine cases out of ten clearly traceable to sleeping in an unventilated room, or to late hours in foul air the night before, or to insufficient exercise the preceding day, and is no indication that the body really requires less food at this time. Perfectly healthy men who sleep with their windows open and go to bed at a reasonable hour will tell you that they enjoy their breakfast as well as any other meal of the day, and many even call it their best meal.

"Another popular delusion in regard to the lightness and unimportance of the breakfast is that wide-spread subterfuge, the 'continental breakfast,' consisting of a cup of coffee and some fruit or a single roll. This is a very pretty breakfast as far as it goes, but it doesn't go far; and the sole basis for its adoption on the continent is that it is only intended as a temporary tide-over, until the real breakfast of meat, eggs, fish, with beer or wine, which is taken at ten or eleven o'clock, like a very early luncheon. If you haven't got a good appetite for breakfast, make it your business to go and get one, instead of allowing yourself to be blinded by this morbid state of affairs and deciding that all you really need is a cup of coffee and a roll, or an orange and a pud of breakfast-bran."

SMILES.

"I hear you have traded doctors."
"Yes."
"What was the matter with the old one?"

"Nothing, but I couldn't pay him just now, and I thought I would divide up my favors."

Lawyer—Am I to understand that your wife left your bed and board?
Uncle Ephraim—Not 'xactly, boss. She dun tuk mah bed an' bo'd wif her.—Puck.

Wife—John, there must be a lot of iron in your system.

Husband—Why do you think so?
Wife—Because you invariably lose your temper when you get hot.

Young Wifey—Are you going fishing, dearest?

Hubby—Yes, darling.
Young Wifey—Well, I want to put up some preserves this year. Won't you catch me some jellyfish?

VERY POLITE.

An inspector upon his regular rounds, rang a bell at the door of a small dwelling. A little tot, acting as maid, opened the door, and the following colloquy took place:

"Tell your mother that the water inspector would like to see her."

"Yes, sir. But will you please turn your back?"

"What? Will I please do what?"
"Just turn your back a moment, sir; for I do not want to shut the door in your face."—Margaret Sullivan Burke, in Lippincott's.

A Scotchman and his wife were coming from Leith to London by boat. When off the Yorkshire coast a great storm arose, and the vessel had several narrow escapes from foundering.

"O, Sandy," moaned his wife, "I'm na afeard o' deelin', but I dinna care to dee at sea."

"Dinna think o' deelin' yet," answered Sandy, "but when ye do, ye'd better be drooned at sea than anywhere else."

"An' why, Sandy?" asked his wife.

"Why?" exclaimed Sandy. "Because ye wouidna cost sae muckle to bury."—Home Herald.

The mother said to the little boy, "I can't go to church to-day. Pay close attention when the preacher reads, and tell me the text when you come home." The text was, "Many are called, but few are chosen." The boy reported, "Many are cold, but few are frozen."

A county assessor was making a canvass for personal tax assessments. He called at the home of a widow in the Second ward and in a polite way, said:

"Madam, I'm the personal tax assessor. What have you got?"
"I've got two children and the rheumatism," said the widow, and slammed the door in his face.

"Let the GOLD DUST Twins do Your Work"



GOLD DUST
WASHING POWDER "CLEANS EVERYTHING."
The N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
MONTREAL

ECZEMA IS CAUSED
BY IMPURE BLOOD

It Is Banished by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Because They Make Good Blood.

Ask your doctor and he will tell you that eczema is caused by impurities in the blood; that nothing can cure it that does not reach the blood—that outward applications are worthless. That is the reason why Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have always proved so successful—they act on the blood, and in acting on the blood they banish those eruptions and pimples, relieve the irritation and itching and give perfect health. They have cured thousands of cases where poor blood has resulted in disease. Among those they have cured is Mrs. James Wilkins, Aylmer, Ont., who says: "I suffered a good deal with eczema and did not get anything to help me until I took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These freed my blood of all impurities and gave me speedy relief. I am, therefore, naturally very enthusiastic in praise of these pills."

A medicine that can make rich, red blood will cure anaemia, rheumatism, eczema, neuralgia, indigestion, heart palpitation, the illis of grithood and of womanhood and a host of other troubles—simply because these troubles are the result of bad blood—that is why they always cure the above troubles and bring the glow of health to pale cheeks. Sold by all medicine dealers or direct at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

OUT OF DOORS.

The little cares that fretted me.

I lost them yesterday
Among the fields above the sea,
Among the winds at play;
Among the lowing of the herds,
The rustling of the trees,
Among the singing of the birds,
The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen—

I cast them all away
Among the clover-scented grass,
Among the new-mown hay;
Among the husking of the corn
Where drowsy popples nod,
Where ill thoughts die and good are born
Out in the fields with God.

ETERNITY.

Days come and go
In joy or woe;
Days go and come
In endless sun.
Only the eternal day
Shall come but never go;
Only the eternal tide
Shall never ebb but flow.
O long eternity,
My soul goes forth to thee.

Suns set and rise
In these dull skies;
Suns rise and set
Till men forget
The days is at the door,
When they shall rise no more.
O everlasting Sun,
Whose race is never run,
Be thou my endless light.
Then I shall fear no night.

—H. Bonar.

Grand Trunk

Railway System

MONTREAL

8.30 a.m. (daily) 3.15 p.m. (Week days) 4.40 p.m. (daily).

4.40 p.m. (daily)

New York and Boston

Through Sleeping Cars.

8.35 a.m., 11.55 a.m., 5.00 p.m. (Week days)

Pembroke, Renfrew, Arnprior

and Intermediate Points.

11.55 a.m. (Week days)

Algonquin Park, Parry Sound, North Bay

Through Cafe Sleeping Cars to New York Daily.

PERCY M. BUTTLER,
City Passenger and Ticket Agent.
Russell House Block
Cook's Tours. Gen'l Steamship Agency

CANADIAN PACIFIC

TRAIN SERVICE BETWEEN OTTAWA AND MONTREAL VIA NORTH SHORE FROM UNION STATION.

b 8.15 a.m.; b 8.20 p.m.

VIA SHORT LINE FROM CENTRAL STATION.

a 5.00 a.m.; b 8.45 a.m.; a 8.30 p.m. b 4.00 p.m.; c 8.25 p.m.

BETWEEN OTTAWA, ALMONTE, ARNPRIOR, RENFREW, AND PEMBROKE FROM UNION STATION:

a 1.40 a.m.; b 8.40 a.m.; a 1.15 p.m.; b 5.00 p.m.

a Daily; b Daily except Sunday Sunday only.

GEO. DUNCAN,

City Passenger Agent, 42 Sparks St.
General Steamship Agency.

New York and Ottawa Line

Trains Leave Central Station 7.50 a.m. and 4.35 p.m.

And arrive at the following St. Daily except Sunday:—

3.00 a.m.	Finch	5.47 p.m.
9.33 a.m.	Cornwall	6.24 p.m.
12.08 p.m.	Kingston	1.42 a.m.
4.40 p.m.	Toronto	6.50 a.m.
12.30 p.m.	Tupper Lake	9.25 a.m.
6.57 p.m.	Albany	5.10 a.m.
10.00 p.m.	New York City	3.55 a.m.
5.55 p.m.	Syracuse	4.45 a.m.
7.30 p.m.	Rochester	8.45 a.m.
9.30 p.m.	Buffalo	8.35 a.m.

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

Ticket Office, 25 Sparks St., and Central Station. Phone 18 or 1180.

TOOKE'S SHIRTS

Compare our prices with the prices elsewhere and do not forget to consider the quality, workmanship and style. On all lines of Shirts we can save you from fifteen to twenty-five per cent. Fine quality. Tailor Made Shirts \$1.00.

R. J. TOOKE,

177 St. James Street
493 St. Catherine Street West
473 St. Catherine Street East

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IF GOING TO

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Write for Handsome Descriptive Booklet and Map. : : : :

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17th and H. Streets, N.W.



A Model Hotel Conducted for Your Comfort.

Location and Size: Around the corner from the White House. Direct street car route to palatial Union Station. 100 Rooms, 50 Baths.

Plans, rates and features: European, \$1.50 per day upward; with Bath \$2.50 upward.

American, \$3.00 per day upward; with Bath, \$4.00 upward.

Club Breakfast 20 to 75c. Table d'Hote, Breakfast \$1.00; Luncheon 50c. Dinner \$1.00.—Music.

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BOSTON, - - - MASS.

75 Cents Per Day.

25 SUITES WITH BATH

250 ROOMS NEWLY FURNISHED WITH BRASS BEDS

When you visit Boston, if you desire the greatest comfort with the least expense, you will find Hotel Rexford all right. You will notice the central location of the hotel, its nearness to the Union Station, State House, Court House, Theatres, and Business Houses. In other words, it is a part of Beacon Hill. Of course what you want when you visit Boston is comfort and safety, and, if economy goes with it, that makes a combination that will undoubtedly prove satisfactory. Therefore, when in Town, "TRY THE REXFORD" and we will make special efforts to please you.

MacIennan Bros., WINNIPEG, MAN.

Grain of all Kinds.

Handled on Commission and Sold to Highest Bidder, or Will Wire Net Bids.

500,000 BUSHELS OF OATS WANTED

Write for our market card. Wire for prices. Reference, Imperial Bank, Winnipeg.

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Are in every respect a Superior Biscuit

We guarantee every pound. A trial will convince.

ALWAYS ASK FOR WESTON'S BISCUITS

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Thoroughly Cured by the Fittz Treatment—nothing better in the World.

Rev. Canon Dixon, 417 King St. E., has agreed to answer questions—he handled it for years. Clergymen and Doctors all over the Dominion order it for those addicted to drink. Free trial, enough for ten days. Write for particulars. Strictly confidential

FITZ CURE CO.,

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For an Ice Cream Soda or A Fresh Box of Bon Bons

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Successors to Walker's

Sparks Street - - Ottawa

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JOHN M. M. DUFF,

107 St. James Street and

49 Crescent Street,

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"ST. AUGUSTINE"

(REGISTERED)

The Perfect Communion Wine.

Cases, 12 Quarts, \$4.50
Cases, 24 Pints, - \$5.50

F. O. B. BRANTFORD

J. S. HAMILTON & CO.,
BRANTFORD, ONT.

Manufacturers and Proprietors.



**Synopsis of Canadian North-West.
HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS**

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

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district in which the land is 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,
of this advertisement will not be N.B. - Unauthorized publication paid for.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until noon on Friday, the 6th of May, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on proposed contracts for four years, six and six times per week each way, between Hillier and Rosehall, Rosehall and Wellington, from the Postmaster General's pleasure.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed contracts may be seen and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Hillier, Rosehall and Wellington, and at the Office of the Post Office Inspector at Kingston.

Post Office Department, Mail Service Branch, Ottawa, March 15th, 1910.

G. C. ANDERSON, Superintendent.

30-M-3.

4%	Capital Paid Up, \$2,500,000 Reserve 400,000	4%
Money Deposited with us earns Four Per Cent. on your balances and is subject to cheque.		
THE INTEREST IS COMPOUNDED QUARTERLY		
The Union Trust Co., Limited.		
TEMPLE BLDG., 174-176 BAY ST., TORONTO, ONT.		
4%	Money to Loan Safety Deposit Vaults For Rent	4%

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TO 20 THEATRES**

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FROM ABOVE**

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Prompt delivery. Phone 936



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Supply of Ice, Ottawa, 1910," will be received at this office until 5.00 p.m., on Monday, May 2, 1910, for the supply of ice for the Public Buildings, Ottawa.

Specification and form of tender can be obtained at this Department.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank for One hundred dollars (\$100.00), payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works.

By order,
NAPOLEON TESSIER,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, April 25, 1910.



MAIL CONTRACT.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the Postmaster General will be received at Ottawa until Noon on Friday, 6th April, 1910, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way between DANIFTON and OTTAWA, 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 of Orleans, Ottawa, Daniston, Quarries, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector at Ottawa.

G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.

Post Office Department, Mail Service Branch, Ottawa, 2nd March, 1910.

STURDY CHILDREN.

In every home where Baby's Own Tablets are used you will find rosy, sturdy, good-natured children, because the Tablets cleanse the stomach and bowels, aid digestion and thus bring perfect health. And you can give them with equal safety to the new born baby or the well grown child. Mrs. A. F. McLeod, Woodstock, Ont., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets since my baby was two weeks old and especially for stomach and bowel troubles and when teething." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.