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Vol. 23.—No. 50.
Whole No. 1192.

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The Youth's Companion

1895



SIR ANDREW CLARK was one of England's great physicians. One of the many attractive features of *The Youth's Companion* for next year will be a paper by Mr.

Gladstone.

He will give some striking reminiscences of the physician, his lifelong friend.

Contributors for 1895.

- TWO DAUGHTERS OF QUEEN VICTORIA.
- Charles Dickens,
 - J. T. Trowbridge,
 - Sir Edwin Arnold,
 - Frank R. Stockton,
 - W. Clark Russell,
 - The Secretary of the Navy,
 - Dr. Cyrus Edson,
 - Archibald Forbes,
 - Camille Flammarion,
 - Eugene Field,
 - Mark Twain,
 - Rudyard Kipling,
 - Robert Louis Stevenson,
 - J. M. Barrie,
 - Wm. Dean Howells.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION, BOSTON, MASS.

Free to 1895.

New Subscribers who send \$1.75 at once will receive *The Companion* Free to Jan. 1, 1895, and for a full year from that date. This special offer includes the Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year's Double Numbers.

HEALTH AND HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Oyster juice is a perfect cleanser of linen from fruit and wine stains.

Cold sliced potatoes fry better when a little flour is sprinkled over them.

An oyster shell in the teakettle will prevent the formation of crust in the inside.

Before beginning to seed raisins cover them with hot water and let stand fifteen minutes. The seeds can then be removed easily.

Put a teaspoonful of borax in your rinsing water; it will whiten the clothes and also remove the yellow cast on garments that have been laid aside for the two or three years.

Sweet milk rubbed on the surface of any pastry, before baking, such as biscuit, gems, short-cakes, or even pastry for fruit pies, will make them brown nicely and give them a flaky appearance.

A delicious salad is made of oysters and celery. Chop the oysters into dice and cut the celery into small crisp dice. Toss the celery and oysters and mix with them a rich mayonnaise dressing. Serve garnished with celery tufts.

It is always safe and useful to have a screen included in the furniture of each bedroom. It can be placed before the windows, and then there is no need of keeping out the air by tightly drawing the curtains, nor any danger of revealing the inside of the room to passers-by.

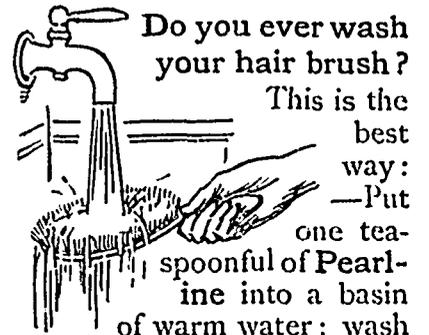
Use for Stale Bread.—Save stale pieces of bread, and when an easy day comes, dry them thoroughly in an open oven, and with a rolling-pin crush as fine as dust. These, then, will always be at hand for preparing oysters, cutlets, croquettes, etc.

Vegetable Salad.—This is an excellent method of using the remnants of vegetables left from dinner of the day before—the half a dozen slices of boiled beets, the two or three cold boiled potatoes and onions, the saucerful of beans or green peas. Slice the potatoes and onions and heap all the vegetables together upon leaves of lettuce. Pour over them either a mayonnaise or a French dressing. Almost any cold vegetable may find a place in this salad.

Rice Pancakes.—Boil half a pound of the best rice to a jelly in a little water; when cold mix with it a pint of cream, eight well beater eggs, a dash of nutmeg and a pinch of salt; stir into this six ounces of butter, just heated, and enough dry, warm flour to make it into a smooth batter. Grease the inside of a pan with butter, then fry the pancakes a golden brown. Send them to the table rolled, a few at a time; lay them on an ornamental paper, dust over a little castor sugar, and serve with red current jelly.

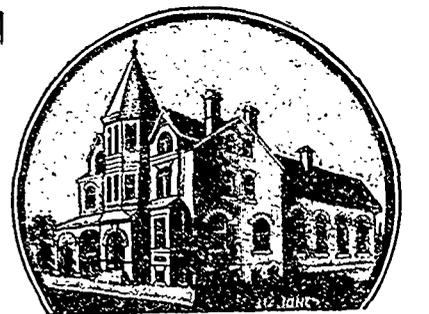
Walking for Health.—Says Dr. Felix L. Oswald: "Instead of raw winds and cold draughts—in other words, outside air of a low temperature—being the cause of colds and catarrhal affections, it is the warm, vitiated, indoor air that is the cause, while outdoor air is the best remedy." He declares that there is no doubt that by exercise a catarrh can be gradually worked off, "and that the combination of exercise, abstinence and fresh air, will cure the most obstinate cold." There is no room to question the accuracy of this prescription. It is the teaching of experience. Air is both food and drink to the lungs. It is more. Like water to the body, it washes them clean. It is best when pure and bracing. One great advantage the persistent walker has is in being attuned to all kinds of weather. Exposure to cold and damp will do him no harm, although it might be fatal to others. Few things, if any, are so effectual in building up and sustaining the physical organization as walking, if resolutely and judiciously followed. It is a perfect exercise, which taxes the entire system. When you walk properly, every member and muscle, every nerve and fiber, has something to do. Every sense is employed, every faculty alert. Progress under such conditions is the very eloquence of physical motion. What is the effect? The flesh is solidified, the lungs grow strong and sound; the chest enlarges; the limbs are rounded out; the tendons swell and toughen; the figure rises in height and dignity, and is clothed with grace and suppleness. Not merely the body, but the whole man is developed.

RELIEF IN SIX HOURS.—Distressing Kidney and Bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN KIDNEY CURE." This new remedy is a great surprise and delight on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water, and pain in passing it, almost immediately. Sold by druggists.



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Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearl-line." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearl-line, do the honest thing—send it back. JAMES PYLE, New York.



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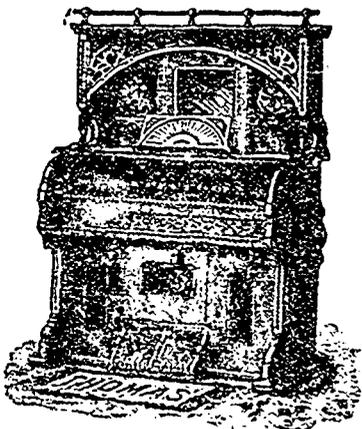
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According to the best authorities, originates in a morbid condition of the blood. Lactic acid, caused by the decomposition of the gelatinous and albuminous tissues, circulates with the blood and attacks the fibrous tissues, particularly in the joints, and thus causes the local manifestations of the disease. The back and shoulders are the parts usually affected by rheumatism and the joints at the knees, ankles, hips and wrists are also sometimes attacked. Thousands of people have found in Hood's Sarsaparilla a positive and permanent cure for rheumatism. It has had remarkable success in curing the most severe cases. The secret of its success lies in the fact that it attacks at once the cause of the disease by neutralizing the lactic acid and purifying the blood, as well as strengthening every function of the body.

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Ooutts & Sons, 72 Victoria St., Toronto.

THOMAS ORGANS "Great is Acetocura."



185 Madison street, Chicago, Aug. 17, 1894.

Gentlemen—One day last month I called into the office of your agent, Mr S. W. Hall, on other business, and received the gentleman's condolence upon my wretched appearance. As a matter of fact, I was a sick man—had been receiving treatment from two different physicians without the slightest benefit. I certainly was discouraged, but afraid to let go. I had not had a decent night's rest for most ten days, no appetite, no ambition, "nchey" all over, but bowels were in good order—the fact is, neither the physicians nor I knew just what the trouble was. Mr. Hall spoke of Acetocura. I confess I would have paid little attention to it but for my precarious condition. He insisted on giving me half a bottle to try, and refused to accept any payment for it. I read the pamphlet and had my mother rub me that evening. Failing to produce the flush within 15 minutes, I became thoroughly frightened—the flesh along the spine seemed to be dead—but persisting in it produced the required result in just 45 minutes. That night was the first peaceful one in ten, and on the morrow my spine was covered with millions of small pustules. By night I felt a considerable improvement. Owing to soreness the application was omitted, but again made the third night. The following day showed a wonderful change in me. I felt like a new man. Since then I have chased rheumatic pains several times, with the greatest ease. From being sceptic, I cannot help but say, "Great is Acetocura." It is truly wonderful, and I am most grateful to Mr. Hall for his action. Respectfully yours,

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FREEHOLD LOAN & SAVINGS CO'Y

DIVIDEND NO. 70.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 4 per cent on the Capital Stock of the Company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after the

1st DAY OF DECEMBER NEXT,
At the office of the Company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide streets, Toronto.
The Transfer Books will be closed from the 17th to the 30th November, inclusive.
By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD, Managing Director.
Toronto, 31st October, 1894.

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

Vol. 23.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12th, 1894.

No. 50.

Notes of the Week.

Emperor Francis Joseph has indicated to Prime Minister Wekerle, of Hungary, his full support of his plans for religious liberty, and of the bills to be presented before the House of Magnates. These are looked upon in religious circles as more pernicious than the Civil Marriage Bill.

Steps have been taken at Cambridge for starting a memorial to the late Prof. Robertson Smith. At the meeting held at King's College, presided over by the Vice-Chancellor, it was resolved:—"That for the purpose in view a fund be raised, to be expended on the promotion of Oriental studies; (1) by the continuance and extension of Professor Smith's library, which has been left to Christ's College, and, if possible (2), by the purchase of MSS. for the university library."

There are increasing reports in regard to the liberal tendencies of the new Czar. He is said to intend to introduce several important reforms, among them being the establishment of Parliamentary representation in the administration of the Government. He showed marked courtesy to newspaper correspondents at the time of his wedding, which is commented upon very favorably, and has frequently appeared upon the streets of St. Petersburg unattended.

There are now being sold in the streets of London beautifully-printed and handsomely-bound Bibles at the price of 1½d each. The history of this phenomenal reduction in the cost of the Scriptures is somewhat interesting. Some time ago the Clarendon Press of Oxford sent out to America a shipload of volumes of the Revised Version of the Bible. The copyright laws of the United States do not protect imported books that are bound in another country, and the Clarendon Press, having erred in this direction, the whole cargo of Bibles was sent back to England. In the return voyage some of the volumes were slightly damaged, and now the whole of them are being sold at 1½d each.

The Presbyterian, of London, England, has been having what may be called a symposium on the "Best methods of Preaching, Reading, Memoritor, Extempore or Notes," in which many well-known, able preachers give their opinions. From the whole it appears there is no one absolutely best method. The gist of the whole matter thus far is well summed up in the following opinion of Rev. John W. Rodger, Bournemouth: "My opinion is that every minister must learn by experience what is for him the best method of preaching; and that the choice between these four just named, or a combination of some or all of these, will be determined by considerations of memory, self-control, faculty of expression, power in delivery, and other things purely personal."

It is highly complimentary to the far-seeing statesmanship of the delegates to the Intercolonial Conference, which met in Ottawa last summer, that the Earl of Jersey, a man in whose knowledge, judgment and ability the Home Government had such confidence that he was appointed to represent it in the conference, approves generally, and commends for the adoption of the Imperial government, the main conclusions of the conference upon the questions of the cable, steamship and trade relations of the colonies in the empire. Should the arrangements which were discussed under these heads, so far as they are definitely known be heartily entered into and prove a success, a new and most important link will have been formed between the different portions of Britain's vast empire. The proposal as regards a "maximum tariff for foreign nations and a minimum tariff for

members of the empire," inasmuch as its adoption would involve a fundamental change in the policy of Great Britain is not looked upon, and is not likely to be ever looked upon with favor in Britain.

Those who have caught a glimpse now and then of the life at home of Prince Bismarck, as it has reached the public through the press, cannot fail to have been struck with its thoroughly happy, peaceful, domestic character, and the large and attractive part in it taken by Princess Bismarck. She died at Varzin, on November 27th, and since her death many beautiful tributes have been paid to the character and memory of the devoted wife and lifelong companion of the great chancellor. It is touching and pitiful to read of the great, strong man of iron, who has seen so much and taken such a prominent part in the great events of modern history, bowed down with grief, and inconsolable for the loss of her who has been so much to him; and beautiful is it to see the messages of tender sympathy and condolence pouring in from all quarters upon the aged Statesman, now more desolate and lonely than ever in his retirement.

The Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, of New York, to whose wise, courageous and persistent attacks it is mainly due that Tammany and its infamous abuses have been swept away, is now the hero of the hour. "He now has," says the *Independent*, "the praise of everybody. He is honored by the press; he is held up as an example in the pulpit; he is toasted at every public dinner, and his name and work are familiarly discussed around the family table." A complimentary dinner was given to him last week in New York city at which were present not fewer than 500 guests comprising many leading citizens. Commendatory and congratulatory speeches were, of course and deservedly, the order of the day. The last speaker was Father Ducey, upon whom public attention has been concentrated on account of the rebuke which Archbishop Corrigan, his Ordinary, addressed to him because of his attendance at the sessions of the Lexow Committee. He said: "A creed has reigned long enough. It is time for all creeds to co-ordinate and co-operate. Dr. Parkhurst has set us an example that all of us, archbishops, bishops and priests, ought to follow. I thank Dr. Parkhurst for the example he has set the clergy. I feel convinced that Jesus Christ has blessed his work. He has followed Jesus Christ, and though he be a heretic, I am prepared to follow him."

The question of the moderatorship of the great ecclesiastical assemblies of the Presbyterian Churches in Scotland and England has in some of them been already settled. At a meeting recently of ex-Moderators' of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, held in Edinburgh, it was agreed to nominate the Rev. Dr. Donald Macleod, brother of the late Dr. Norman McLeod, of Park Church, Glasgow, as Moderator-elect of next Assembly. He is one of the Queen's chaplains, and is well known as the editor of *Good Words*, of which his brother was the original editor. For seven years he has been convener of the Home Mission Committee and on the days when he submits his reports on Home Missions to the Assembly the house is crowded. He is the fourth of his family who has filled the Moderator's chair, including his father, his uncle, and his brother.

At a meeting of the Standing Committees of the Free Church the Hon. and Rev. W. Miller, C.I.E., LL.D., Principal of the Madras United Christian College, was nominated as Moderator of the next General Assembly, Dr. Miller is expected home in March or April next.

For the Synod of the Presbyterian Church in England only one name has as yet been mentioned—that of the Rev. S. M. McClelland, of South Shields. All who know Mr. McClelland know how eminently worthy he is of such an honor.

The Presbyterian, of London, England, of the 29th ult., is to contain in connection with the celebration of the jubilee of the college of the Presbyterian Church in England, a supplement containing portraits of the past and present Professorial and Tutorial Staff, the various Conveners of the College Committee, a copy of a rare sketch of Queen's Square House, etc., etc. It will also contain full reports of all the proceedings, including Principal Dykes' address in Regent Square, and the gathering in the King's Hall in the evening. Further, five "old students," representing and covering the ground of the five decades of the college's existence, will give their reminiscences of personal experience and tradition. There will also be descriptions of the historical memorabilia that have been collected, together with the missionary relics that are on view. Neither labor nor expense is being spared in the hope of making this number a permanent and worthy memento of one of the most signal occasions in connection with the history of the Presbyterian Church in England.

It will scarcely be believed, but it is true notwithstanding, that a petition has been presented to Governor Waite, of Colorado, and the Chief of Police, of Denver, the State Capital, against keeping the gambling halls of that city closed. This petition is signed by the First National Bank, the American National Bank, the Appel Clothing Company, the George Trich Hardware Company, and forty-three other business establishments of equal prominence, and reads as follows: "Your petitioners respectfully represent that in their judgment it is detrimental to the business interest of the city of Denver to compel gambling halls to remain closed; that many buildings and parts of buildings are rendered tenantless and bring in no rent to owners thereof, and that a large amount of money is kept from coming into the city of Denver and being put into circulation by reason of such closing, and that trade and all kinds of business are effected thereby; and we therefore earnestly request that such halls may be permitted to be opened by such class of responsible men as, in the opinion of the Chief of Police, will conduct such halls with decency and propriety, and under such regulations and surveillance as the Police Department may prescribe for their general conduct and maintenance." Nothing but dishonor and shame can come to Denver from such a petition as this. There is evidently great need for vigorous Home Mission work amongst some of the leading business men of that city.

On the evening of Sabbath, 2nd inst., Rev. Principal Grant, of Queen's College, addressed the members of the Scottish societies of Kingston. He discussed the place that such societies properly filled in Canada, pointing to the evils of following the feuds, past or present, of the old land to mark the lines of political or ecclesiastical divisions in this country. "Religion," he truly said, "must be at the basis of every great national life, and therefore the religious forms of one nation will be different from those of another." John Knox, Andrew Melville and Thomas Chalmers were described as three great statesmen, far in advance of the age in which they lived. They saw that the church must be "broad, based upon the people's will," and therefore that the people must be religious, free and educated. He described Knox's educational proposals as an effectual provision of parish schools, High Schools and universities, supported partly by fees, but chiefly by endowments. Chalmers was the only man in the nineteenth century who thoroughly faced the great social problem of caring properly for the poor, and showing the only way in which it could be met, and also the great ecclesiastical problem of how churches, unconnected with the State, can be sustained by a financial scheme adequate to a whole country. In conclusion, he urged them never to break any of those bonds, but to cement them in every possible way, direct and indirect, and so to make Canada the inheritor of all the past, especially to rivet and sanctify the ancient ties by sweet charity."

Our Contributors.

CONCERNING THE ART OF HEARING

BY KNOXONION.

Some preachers preach so badly that it is difficult to listen to them. That is a melancholy fact. Over against that melancholy fact put this one—some hearers hear so badly that it is hard to preach to them. Says Dr. Stalker in the paper from which we quoted last week—

I have preached once or twice in congregations where the very attitudes of the sitters in the pews were so slovenly and slothful that it was evident they had no habits of listening, and of course the young grow up to imitate their fathers. When careless habits as to church going prevail in a community, the average man follows the custom of the place; and, when prominent members distinguish themselves by irregular attendance, the less conspicuous easily take the hint. But keen listeners quicken the attention of their neighbors, as iron sharpeneth iron. When people listen attentively to what is said inside the church, they are sure to talk of it outside, those who hear the rumor that something good is to be found inside the walls enter too; and thus the building is filled, warmth is generated, and the minister preaches better than ever.

Yes, the people have much to do with keeping a church full or empty. If they make a habit of belittling their own service they can soon reduce the attendance. If they listen well and tell others that there is something good going the pews soon fill up. The people help to make or mar their minister and they help to build up or pull down their congregation.

The importance of hearing, Dr. Stalker contends, is shown in a striking way by our Lord's frequent and emphatic references to the great theme:—

If a conclusive proof be required of the importance of the art of hearing, it is supplied in the frequency and emphasis with which the great Teacher Himself dwells on this theme. If you care to read over all His recorded sayings, it will surprise you to find how many of them are on this subject. His first and, with the single exception of the prodigal son, the greatest of His parables was that of the sower, in which He analyzed the qualities of bad and of good hearing in terms whose truth has been acknowledged by every observer in every age. He had often in His mouth such arresting sentences as "Take heed how ye hear," "He that bath ears to hear let him hear," and the like. And He closed the Sermon on the Mount with the solemn and thrilling comparison of the good hearer to the man who built his house upon a rock and of the bad hearer to the man who built his house on the sand—"and the rain descended, and the floods came, and the wind blew and beat on that house; and it fell; and great was the fall of it."

Poor preaching is often responsible in some degree for poor hearing. There are men in the pulpit who do their work so badly that it is hardly in human nature to listen to them with patience, not to speak of edification or pleasure. But whilst this is sadly true we should remember that it was our Lord's own hearers he found it necessary to instruct in regard to hearing. Dr. Stalker works out that thought well:—

What strikes us with astonishment, in reading such sayings of our Lord, is that it should have been necessary for Him to insist so much on attention being given to His words. When Christ, with His lips full of grace and with His message of enthralling novelty and power, was the preacher, every hearer, one would suppose, must have been arrested and every heart won. Yet we know that this was not the case. As even He sowed, some seed fell on "the wayside, some on stony ground, and some among thorns," and it was only a certain proportion of it that brought forth the fruit of eternal life. Perhaps the proportion was not large; the number of Christians made by Christ Himself would appear to have been inconsiderable. Could there be a more startling proof that good hearing is no less essential than good preaching? The preaching of Christ was perfect; but the imperfect hearing of many who listened to Him rendered it of none effect.

There are two factors then in this department of public worship—good hearing and good preaching. Shall any living man

see the day when at the church door the question will be asked. "Did you hear well to-day?" Who ever heard that question at the close of the service. Did you? Did anybody? It is more important than the old question—How did you like the sermon?

SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI— PART I.

BY W. H. MURRAY, PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

In all the long annals of Christian saints and heroes there is no one who stands out in such tender light as the saint of Assisi. Wherever Christianity is preached his story will be known, for his love was boundless and his self-renunciation complete. Truly though dead he yet speaks, for few books have received so warm a reception as the life of Saint Francis of Assisi, by Paul Sabatier, which was published this year. Though no Catholic, M. Sabatier writes with all the sympathy and fervor of a disciple. Not that the book is uncritical; it is quite the reverse, and strives to give us only what is historical. It is a rare production of a noble spirit and ought to be in every Sunday school library for it can do nothing but good. In revealing to us Saint Francis the biographer reveals to us Christ.

When the son of Pietro Bernardone, the wealthy cloth merchant of Assisi, was born (1182), that strange epoch called the Middle Ages was in its grandest period. Men were everywhere burning with enthusiasm and eager for great achievements. They seemed to be capable of the extremes of generosity, heroism, and self-sacrifice, and yet never was there so much superstition, savage cruelty, treachery, and moral corruption. The church had reached the height of its power, but everywhere it was a scandal to the world. Simony, extortion, oppression, ignorance, and gross worldliness characterized all ranks of the clergy; and so wide-spread and deep-seated were these abuses, that they resisted the power of even the strongest and best Popes. Heresies of all kinds were springing up, though the great schism was not to occur for more than three hundred years. It will be seen, then, that the life which was thrilling Europe—even the religious life—was not in the clergy but in the people. As in the Hebrew days, the priest was generally the enemy of the prophet, though the prophet humbly bowed to the authority of the church. Even the great architectural movement, which raised all over Europe those wonderful cathedrals, the monuments of faith and devotion, was a popular enthusiasm. They were built by the people, and served them, not only for churches, but for museums, halls of justice, labor exchanges, and even granaries; so closely, in those days, was religion bound up with the life of the people.

Most good men, though they vehemently attacked its abuses, were loyal to the church. Their point of view was similar to that of the "Opposition," who do not consider loyalty to their country less but rather greater, because, they attack its government. So Saint Francis, though he saw the abuses of the church as plainly as the most virulent heretic, always from his heart treated the priests with reverence as ministers of God. He says in his will: "The Lord gave me and still gives me so great a faith in priests who live according to the form of the holy Roman Church, because of their sacerdotal character, that even if they persecuted me I would have recourse to them. And even though I had all the wisdom of Solomon, if I should find poor secular priests, I would not preach in their parishes without their consent. . . . I will not consider their sins, for in them I see the Son of God and they are my lords."

Francis Bernardone in his youth shared in all the follies of the time, and even exceeded his companions in prodigality and dissipation. Admitted by reason of his father's wealth and his own gallant manners into the companionship of the young Umbrian nobles, he became their leader in extravagance and buffooneries. Both he and his father were ambitious that he should

take high rank among the chivalrous spirits, and they considered these things indispensable. But even in those days Francis was always generous and refined, and he enjoyed great popularity among the poor for his lavish benevolence. He would often give to beggars all his money, and even the clothes he wore. He burned to distinguish himself by chivalrous actions, and dreamed constantly of great achievements, opening his mind ingenuously to his friends. Often he would say to them: "You will see that one day I shall be adored by the whole world." It was when he was twenty-two years of age that Francis first felt himself face to face with the deep things of life, or rather that he first felt his spirit turn in loathing from the vanity and barrenness of his life. "He was terrified at his solitude, the solitude of a great soul, in which there is no altar." Shortly after this experience with unbounded joy and hope he joined a military expedition. His career of glory was begun. "I know I shall become a great prince," he said frankly to his friends. But, ever generous, Francis, before he set out, gave his fine clothing to a poor knight. What happened is not certain, but in a few days after the departure of the expedition, he was back at Assisi. Now began his real life. His inward struggles were profound and terrible. A grotto, to which Francis often resorted and where he had his hours of anguish, despair, and strengthening, became afterwards a Gethsemane to the devout Franciscans. He had only one sympathizer and confidant; priest, friend, and parent met him coldly or with reproach, and he was thus led to God himself. He soon began to turn from the dark past to the future; his whole desire was to know the highest truth, that he might believe it and live it. He went to Rome, his heart concentrated with painful intensity on his new thoughts. Jesus seemed to be constantly placing himself in his path, saying, "Follow thou Me." At last the door was opened to him. As he prayed before the crucifix in the rude chapel of St. Damian, near Assisi, a voice seemed to steal into the depths of his heart, accepting his life and service, and endowing him with divine insight and strength. From this time forth the brilliant cavalier gave himself up without reserve to the service of the Crucified. "No one showed me what to do," he said long after, "but the Most High Himself revealed to me that I ought to live according to the model of the holy gospel."

When Bernardone saw that his son was lost to him, his rage was so terrible that Francis was compelled to conceal himself for weeks. At last he resolved to visit his father. He was so ragged, and so worn and gaunt with physical and spiritual sufferings, that he was taken for a madman by the street children in Assisi. Brought by his father before the ecclesiastical tribunal, Francis declared his unalterable resolution to forsake the world; then leaving the room a moment he reappeared absolutely naked, and laying his clothes and money before the bishop, he said, "Until this time I have called Pietro Bernardone my father. . . . henceforth I desire to say nothing else than, *Our Father who art in heaven*. This act is symbolical of the complete self-renunciation of St. Francis through his whole life. He there openly before the face of all men took poverty for his bride, and his devotion to his "Lady Poverty" was "The master-light of all his seeing." A few months later when mass was being celebrated at Portinucula, the priest read the words of Jesus: "Wherever ye go, preach, saying, The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Heal the sick, cleanse the lepers, cast out devils. Freely ye have received, freely give. Provide neither silver, or gold, nor brass in your purses, neither scrip, nor two coats, nor shoes, nor staff, for the laborer is worthy of his meat." Francis heard not the priest but the voice of Christ. "This is what I want," he cried, "This is what I was seeking," and immediately throwing aside his stick, his scrip, his purse, and his shoes, he commenced his apostolic life. At this time he was twenty-seven years of age. Next morning he preached in Assisi.

His words were like rain upon parched ground, and eager crowds gathered to hear the new prophet and apostle. At that time preaching had almost fallen into disuse, and what there was of it was as formal and pedantic as the teaching of the Scribes and Pharisees. Again the truth was hidden from the wise and prudent and revealed unto babes. Men seemed to hear once more the sermon from the Mount, and rejoiced as in a new birth. Francis had no learning, and there was nothing original in his matter he spoke simply and directly, without rhetoric or appeals to the imagination. His preaching was ethical; men must give up unjust gain, be reconciled to their enemies, and love one another. His power lay in the moral effect produced by his complete self-renunciation, and in the impassioned earnestness with which he called upon men to repent, and proclaimed again the kingdom of heaven. He simply said over again what Christ had said, making His words piercing and active, by living Christ's life of love and sacrifice. His love for mankind was the deep tender love for every individual, even the most degraded. But tender as he could be to the outcast, he was capable of terrible severity towards those of his companions who fell away. It was chiefly by their lives that the Brothers Minor hoped to work. "You proclaim peace; have it in your hearts," Francis would say to them; and he answered a doctor of theology, who sought to puzzle him with questions in these noble words: "Yes, the true servant unceasingly rebukes the wicked, but he does it most of all by his conduct, by the truth which shines forth in his words, by the light of his example, by all the radiance of his life." This is truly modern in spirit. To him the greatest thing was "the grace to conquer oneself, and willingly to suffer pain, outrages, disgrace, and evil treatment, for the love of Christ." His broad hopeful spirit shines out in his rebuke to his disciples. "There are men who to-day appear to us to be members of the devil who one day shall be members of Christ." The prophet was recognized at once, and in his own country. He always was beloved and revered in Umbria, and by his influence the civil dissensions of Assisi were healed. His words were destined to come true, "One day I shall be adored by the whole world." For many years, his biographer says, men's eyes were turned to Portinucula, the head quarters of the Saint, as to another Bethlehem.

THE "CALLING" SYSTEM.—I.

BY REV. JOHN BURTON, B.D.

Through a variety of circumstances which are not germane to the subject on hand, I found myself after twenty-five years service without charge and open to a call. This position, which I need not say involved neither reproach nor failure, brought me personally into contact with the present system of "calling," and opened up an experience which frankly narrated may do something toward directing the mind and heart of the church in its avowed enquiry as to the evils of the system, as at present carried out and in the endeavor, if such appears needful, after a better method of ministerial settlement. Let it be confessed, my experience has not been lengthened, nor has it been a painful one such as has fallen to the lot of many, nor have the inconveniences of the probationer's list overtaken me; nevertheless, my opportunities for observation, quickened by just a taste of "candidating,"—for an ounce of personal experience is worth a pound of mere looking on—do, I am *vaia enough to think, enable me to speak* with some authority, and, the being spared a long probation, without the partiality of disappointed hopes.

The narration of facts will not be confined to strictly personal experiences, but no fact will be mentioned as such that is more than one remove from personal; i.e., no incident will be placed on record unless experienced by myself or related to me by the individual whose experience it was, between these no discrimination will be made in the

relation, as all personalities are to be avoided. The system, not individuals, is under consideration; it demands rare courage both in churches and in men to rise superior to environment, even though that environment may be largely self-created.

In order that the way may be cleared for the free discussion of the subject it will be well to enquire into the scriptural authority—if such there be—for the calling of a minister by the individual church or congregation, for, let it be noted, that the theory of the Presbyterian Church is the solidarity of that church throughout its entire bounds, in our case the Dominion of Canada. It is not, therefore, the right of the Presbyterian Church in Canada to call or appoint, but the scriptural authority for a section of that church, for convenience sake called a congregation, to elect its own pastor without outside interference, though subject to the Presbytery of the bounds. We have searched the New Testament, therefore, and have failed to find, and "the form of church government" agreed upon by the Westminster divines gives no indication of, such authority; indeed, what they do indicate is in the opposite direction; e.g., "It is agreeable to the Word of God and very expedient that such as are to be ordained ministers, be designed to some particular church, or other ministerial charge," and such passages as I. Tim. v. 22; Acts xiv. 23, xiii. 3; Titus i. 5; Acts xx. 17-28, are given as references. The rights of the particular congregation are given as follows: "No man is to be ordained a minister for a particular congregation, if they of that congregation can show just cause of exception against him," and I. Tim. iii. 2, Titus i. 7, are given as proof texts. The minister is sent to, set over, not called by, the congregation. There is really nothing more to be adduced on the line of scriptural authority, or *ius divinum* in the case. The case of Matthias is not to the point, as the ultimate choice was by lot—the last was confined to men that had companied with the other apostles in personal companionship with the Lord, nor can it be said that these one hundred and twenty represents the church of that day. Here it is needful to remark that the question is of scriptural authority, not liberty. It may be permitted to "call," not enjoined; and if only permitted, the non-usage of the permission breaks no command. If this position is sound, and I see no ground upon which it can be controverted, the practice of calling may be freely criticised, retained, revised, or abolished, and no reproach laid against the principle that the rule of faith and practice is the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments.

Having thus justified the discussion of the question, and the liberty so to do, the experiences of the writer and deductions therefrom will be detailed in some future articles.

Gravenhurst, Ont.

THE AXENSTRASSE.

BY FRANK L. DAVIS.

Once more on the bewitching waters of Lake Lucerne, the Forest Sea, the subject of such conflicting descriptions,—what seemed to the German bard, "a watery cleft where no haven offers the storm-tossed boat a friendly shelter, where inhospitable rocks rise on every side around the despairing boatman and tender him their steep and strong breasts,"—we found a scene of varying and exquisite beauty, even the rugged cliffs, "now awing us by their wild grandeur, and now captivating us by their indefinable charm."

The bright sunshine, clear sky overhead, majestic mountains raising their snow-crested heads on all sides around us, filled our hearts full of delightful expectancy as to what a day in this land of fascinating surprises might bring forth.

The pleasant English party, with whom we ascended to the Rigi, being again on board, added zest to the day's enjoyment. Four people travelling together continuously for weeks are apt to get a little bored with each other's exclusive society, and welcome some fresh stimulants. This is especially the

case in travelling in foreign countries, when it is wonderful to see how quickly English-speaking people fraternize.

It seemed to be some kind of a national gala day. A band was playing at Vitznau, soldiers marching, as we passed, and every one appeared to be in holiday dress and the gayest of spirits. There were peasants from the neighboring cantons as well as from the near districts of Lucerne; and these, with tourists from every part of the globe, made up a confused mass of types, and strange medley in the way of dress. It is an undoubted and much-to-be-regretted fact, that national picturesque costumes are dying out in the world; "store clothes" have even invaded the Tyrol, but there are yet some Swiss cantons, where the strongly marked Helvetic costumes are still retained, and we saw numbers of them that day. I am sorry I took no note of the male apparel, and it has gone from my memory. I can only describe that of the maidens. A black skirt, above the boot tops, a long gray apron covering the whole front of the skirt, full white bodice, sleeves full to the elbow and black mitts. Over the white waist is worn a black Spanish one, which is laced up and ornamented with long silver chains, coming from the side to the front of the waist and fastened with a large silver brooch at each shoulder. The weight and workmanship of these ornaments are indicative of the wealth of the owners. Their heads were bare as a general thing, but for church they wore white straw hats trimmed profusely with gay spring flowers. This costume on a maiden with bright complexion, dark hair and eyes and dazzlingly white teeth made a charming picture. The hair was tightly braided and in nearly all cases ornamented with large showy pins. I remember one young girl's coiffure with pins which protruded so far each side that one could not have passed her on an ordinary sidewalk without coming in contact with them. The quaintest head-dress, however is worn by the women of Unterwalden, and is made of filigree silver.

There was some native religious society on board our boat, and we went down to the second class deck to hear them sing. The music was very peculiar, seeming to have queer mountain cries in it, though they were evidently singing from hymn books. We were much amused by a very high-toned party of French tourists, one lady in particular, who was so restless she could not long settle in any one spot. Her unfortunate maid, who had both her mistress and her poodle to attend, found her office no sinecure. She had to follow each change of position with a footstool and again arrange it under the tiny feet of her mistress, then carry and replace the over-fed wheezing pet on the bench beside her, cushioning it with nothing less than the lady's fur-lined satin cloak. I may have been uncharitable, but to me it seemed that the chief necessity for the footstool was the extreme smallness of the feet and the exquisite style and finish of the fine French boots encasing them.

As we steamed along, by a different route from our previous one, we had time to note the fine road which follows the shore, stoned up in graceful arches and covered with ivy; a railway below that again on the shore of the Bay of Uri. We passed the Mythenstein, a slender pillar about 80 feet high rising out of the water in front of Uri Rushti, which is 10,000 feet high. "A noble monument fashioned in the morning of the world by nature herself for the bard who was to hymn the rise of Helvetic freedom." On the rock is this inscription in gilt letters:

DEM SAENGER TELL'S
FRIEDRICH SCHILLER,
DIE URKANTONE,
1859.

"To the bard of Tell, Frederick Schiller, the Forest Canton, 1859. On the 11th of November, 1859, the anniversary of his birth, these patriotic people gathered in boats around this monolith and solemnly consecrated it to the memory of Germany's loved poet.

We saw numerous shrines built in the face of the rocks, or on little rocks out in the bay. One contained a Virgin and child with fresh flowers at her feet, the pious offering of some early-rising devotee who must have taken them there in a boat before going to his daily toil. Another rock had two small trees nailed to it, while between them was some image, too small however for us to distinguish clearly at the distance.

At Vitznau it seems as if you had come to the end of the lake, on account of a promontory from Rigi on the left and another from the Burgenstock on the right, overlapping each other. But there is a narrow passage called the Nasen (noses) through which the steamer passes, when one of the magnificent surprises of this ever-charming lake is revealed. We steam into the wide expanse of the Gulf of Buochs, over which tower, in protecting grandeur, numerous peaks from 5,000 to 6,000 feet high, with picturesque and sheltered villages at their mighty base.

But I should not leave the mighty Burgenstock with only a passing mention. Across the lake from Vitznau it stands in solitary grandeur, with its dark beetling crags on the one side, seemingly inaccessible, and its grassy slopes, with cottages, barns and rosy fruit trees on the other. Years ago there was a queer custom among the boatmen who were then more numerous on the lake than now. At the base of this isolated mountain was a fissure, out of which rushed a current of cold air. The boatmen placed a large jug of water on a rock near, out of which his comrades refreshed themselves in passing, refilling it and leaving it to get cool for the next comer.

Hamilton.

A JAPANESE VIEW.

Writing in the *Open Court* (Chicago), a Japanese gentleman, recently returned to the Island Kingdom from America, thus discourses on the war in which Japan is at present engaged with China:

The war is growing in its dimensions almost every minute. We shall not be satisfied at all until we come to Peking either to beat or be beaten. You know all about the victories of Japan both on land and on water. We do not mean, however, to fight for the sake of fighting. Neither do we mean to glory in our victory or in our conquest. Our motive is nobler. We intend to help Corea in its struggle for independence and civilization, and to wake up China from its long dream of ignorance and darkness. We struggle not merely for our own sake, but for the real good of China and of Eastern Asia as a whole. This is our ambition in this present war.

The attitude of Japan towards its neighbor, China, in the present war in many respects similar to that of the United States to Japan some fifty years ago when Commodore Perry visited Japan. We mean to play the part of the United States of that time, while China, wittingly or unwittingly, is playing the part of Japan of that time.

You know the cause of this present war. There is no injustice or wrong on our part. "Justice" is our motto, and "civilization" is our object. We do not like war, but we could not evade it. However, from another point of view, we may say that this war is probably the best chance for us Japanese to show the strength of civilization to the rest of the world, although it is a very expensive way of doing so.

I wish you could see some, at least, of the patriotic demonstrations which are found all over the country. The whole Japanese nation is as if on fire. Almost every soldier—nay, every common person—is willing to go to war for his country, and for its righteous cause; indeed, he is willing to die. Such is our national feeling about the present war.

"My Optician," of 159 Yonge street, says that many so called nervous diseases are caused entirely by defective vision. Go and have your eyes properly tested, free of charge, at the above address.

Christian Endeavor.

CARRYING TO OTHERS THE CHRISTMAS JOY.

REV. W. S. McTAVISH, B.D., ST. GEORGE.

Dec. 23.—Isa. ix. 2-7. (A Missionary Meeting.)

We do not know the name of the author of the following quotation, but it is so appropriate that we give it a place here:—"Christmas should be fatal to meanness. Self should drop out of sight. Hearts should expand. Sympathies enlarge. Good-will ought to reign upon the throne of our being. Let benedictions drop from lip, and substantial gifts fall from overflowing hand. Make cheerless homes radiant, and hopeless hearts to thrill with unspeakable gladness. Forgive your enemies if you have any. Bury the past. Rise above the mean and petty resentments which you have harbored against those who have not used you well. Be generous. Get ready to start the New Year with more kindly feelings and more noble ambitions than have actuated you in the days that are gone. Jesus came to earth to spread universal good-will among men, and you will partake of the true Christmas spirit only as you are filled with love toward all who are touched by your influence."

Why do we observe the custom of giving gifts at Christmas? Partly to commemorate the fact that it was about this season God gave His Son, His supreme Gift, to the world; partly to commemorate the fact that it was about this season the wise men from the East presented their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh to the infant Saviour.

Occasionally we see protests in the newspapers against the custom of bestowing presents at Christmas. It is alleged that it savors of selfishness to bestow gifts at this season because we expect to receive as many, and as costly gifts as we give. Is that complaint well founded? We do not think so, for, as some one has said, "A kindly reciprocity is not selfishness; it is right to interchange evidences of love and good-will among those bound to each other by ties of affection." It is urged further that Christmas gifts are expensive, and that the bestowal of them sometimes becomes a burden. There may be a measure of truth in this, but if we have been giving extravagantly it would be better to curb the extravagance than to abolish the custom altogether. It would be better to give according to our means than to deprive ourselves of the blessed privilege of giving. Better to bestow a small gift cheerfully than a large one grudgingly.

To whom should the Christmas joy specially be carried? To those who have it not. In the days of Nehemiah a great congregation assembled in Jerusalem for the purpose of worshipping God and hearing His law expounded. As the service was drawing to a close, Nehemiah said, "Go your way; eat the fat and drink the sweet and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared." His advice was acted upon immediately, for all the people went their way to eat, to drink, and to send portions (Neh. viii. 10-12). If the returned captives at that time felt that they had good reason to show kindness to those who were not so highly favored as they, surely we, at this joyous season, should be glad to extend our help and sympathy to those who require them!

In the days of Esther, and for a considerable time afterwards, the Jews in Shushan annually observed the fourteenth day of the month Adar as a day when their sorrow was turned into joy. How did they celebrate the day? By feasting; by sending portions to one another; and by giving gifts to the poor (Esther ix. 22). If they felt it right to observe, in the manner indicated, a day around which so many blessed memories centered and so many happy associations clustered, it well becomes us to worthily celebrate a day which reminds us of God's mercy and good-will toward us. They doubtless felt that to share their blessings with others enlarged the sympathy and provided a check to natural selfishness.

How great and how manifold the reasons which should prompt us to carry the Christian's joy to others! This day which speaks of the Incarnation of Christ tells us also that His Incarnation sanctifies poverty because Christ was born in a low estate. He lived a life of poverty and He esteems kindness to the poor as kindness to Himself (Matt. xxv. 40). The Incarnation is a ground for thanksgiving and our thanks should find expression in deeds of kindness, love and sympathy. The poor we have always with us, and especially at this season should we do them good. They may not be able to recompense us but we shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just (Luke xiv 14).

Pastor and People.

MARY OF BETHANY.

Thou hallowed village on Mount Olive's height,
To which the Christ retired when day was o'er,
To spend in peaceful rest a quiet night,
Far from the noisy city's ceaseless roar,
And suage the sorrows which He calmly bore,
The home of Lazarus, and Martha true,
Where Mary also knelt, beloved of yore,
By One who all her inmost feelings knew,
A friend in trouble, ever kind and true.

For Mary, she had chosen the good part,
And humbly sat and listened at His feet
That which alone can satisfy the heart.
The one thing needful; she would meet
The Saviours on the way, and kindly greet,
Great was thy love, and fondly did'st thou
cling
To Him, and in that higher love complete
The costly box of spikenard thou did'st bring
To anoint for burial thy beloved King

Now poured the balm upon His aching head,
Which filled the house with richest odors rare;
Now bathed His feet with tears, in meekness
shed,
And dried them with thy long dark raven
hair,
O, what a world of loving faith was there.
"She hath done all she could," who could do
more?
"She hath anointed Me with tender care;"
Tidings of this shall spread the wide world
o'er
Where'er My name be heard from shore to shore.
W. S., in Belfast Witness.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

A WEAK CONGREGATION.

REV. J. A. R. DICKSON, B.D., PH. D.

So many factors come into play in producing weakness in a congregation that it may be difficult to take them all up, but no doubt the mention of some will suggest others. And it may be worth while to turn attention to these that at least the danger signal may be raised, and fears awakened, and precautions taken in time. It may be presumed that some congregations like some children are born weak, and they never become strong, simply because the conditions in which they live are not favorable to strength. They have come into existence because of a zeal without knowledge, blindly yielded to by a presbytery, and to meet no real want—except a want of genuine Christian consideration, and they are a continual burden on other congregations. It is neither necessary nor wise, as an elder once expressed it "to put a kirk at every man's door." Doing that weakens some congregations, and does not make the congregation organized of sufficient strength to subsist in a respectable condition.

The case is totally different with congregations in sparsely peopled regions, such as Manitoba and the North West. There, if the few be not folded, and fed, no flock will ever be gathered. There, the weak beginnings must be nourished into strength. There, we must care for the few that we may in time secure the many. But it is not with either of these this paper deals; it is with congregations seemingly strong but in reality weak—weak in spiritual influence, weak in financial force, weak in loving service, weak in self-denial, weak in all in which a congregation ought to be strong. We shall simply give the factors and leave their application to every one as they see best, for some may work differently in unlike conditions.

There is first, a false generosity. A generosity so great that it thinks one church as good as another, and likes to patronize all alike. That even thinks more of a no-church body, than of its own church. And assists liberally the no-church body leaving its own church to great and grave deficits in times of great need. In matter of creed or living faith it is so liberal that it holds all creeds loosely as a matter of indifference. It seems to forget that a man's life flows necessarily out of his creed. His life is just the embodiment of his creed. Looseness in creed is looseness in life.

It is good to be generous, but no man ought to have a bigger heart than he can carry in his bosom. A true generosity fills the old proverb, "Charity begins at

home." It shows its liberality there first and specially. It does not play fast and loose with its faith. That is sacred as the fountain of life.

There is second, a spirit of disunion. A spirit that will have its own way let what will come. A spirit that has no consideration for others, and that cleaves asunder like the dead weight of a driven wedge. A spirit that cares not to conciliate, or to forgive, or to smooth rough places, or to make friends. It is what is called in the world a devil-may-care spirit. A truly satanic spirit in whomsoever it may reside. A spirit which each one ought to exorcise. And which all ought to unite against that it may be cast out.

The great adversary has learned the prime lesson in strategy: "Divide and Conquer." This leaven works disastrously. It steals in like a thief, and it breeds discord and leads to untold mischief.

A grumpy, grumbling individual, however distasteful to many, is apt to make some poor, weak souls like himself, and after a time they persuade themselves that there is a cause for their unholy spirit, which rests like a blight on the congregation to which they belong. Union is strength, and union is the fruit of love. Disunion is weakness, and disunion is the fruit of selfishness and sin. Usually it comes of the idolatry of self. Often mere nobodies seek prominence only by the disunion and discomfort they create. They would never be heard of but for that, poor souls. They may be pited, but they must be firmly dealt with if the leaven of their lives is to be destroyed.

There is third, a worldly spirit. That comes into the church (which is a spiritual institution, with spiritual ends) and discounts everything that is pronouncedly spiritual. It is the Delilah shearing off the locks of the mighty Samson. It is the rationalistic spirit contending with the spirit of faith. It says shrewdly, don't pitch things at too high a key. Don't drive man away from religion by being too strict. Accommodate your teaching to the times. These are very liberal times, you know. These are times when wise and great men speak with reserve of a great many things. This spirit resents the absoluteness and intolerance of divine truth. It loves smooth things. It tries to break down the clear lines of demarcation between Christian and un-Christian people. Its cry is, one is just as good as another, and sometimes a little better. It discredits a faithful preacher by the euphonic title of "Old foggy." One such, speaking to me once of the difficulty there was in presenting God's own Word to his congregation, said, "One of my chief men came to me, and said, 'Mark you, it's all right that you say; no one can take exception to it, but if you go on, you'll drive away our best support.'" When the minister asked what was to be done in the circumstances, the gentleman said: "Can't you give us a little Grecian or Roman history, something that won't press so hard." And so he would have the minister of Jehovah, bow at the knee of Baal!

The worldly spirit is the spirit of compromise, unnerving the whole spiritual body. It makes the church of God nothing beyond a very respectable society, a religious club, a pleasant salve for uneasy consciences. It makes it come down from "doing a great work" to meet with a heathen Sanballat and Geshem in "one of the villages in the plain of Ono." It robs it of its power by depriving it of its distinctive character.

There is fourth, an unbelieving heart. A heart that is not simple toward God. That does not take Him at His word. That puts its own construction upon the plain and easily understood statements of God. The teaching of the New Testament in reference to the believers walk and work in a congregation is written as with a pencil of light. He is not only to stand in close and loving relations to the Lord himself but he is to seek to bring others into the same joy. He is Christ's own witness. Christ says to each follower of His, "Go home to thy friends

and tell what great things the Lord hath done for thee, and hath had compassion on thee. Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works, and glorify your father who is in heaven." Each Christian is to be a witness, and so a worker, where he is. He is to be an evangelist among the unsaved, living the gospel where he is, speaking it on opportunity gotten or made, being a golden ray of light shining sweetly into the woe-stricken and weary hearts of men. Where a body of Christian people is living, as our Lord teaches, there will be no need of evangelists from abroad. They themselves will be the best evangelizing agency that could be had. And this is God's purpose. The living, believing church is to spread itself out upon the world, as the prophet spread himself on the body of the dead child, that it may instrumentally breathe into it the new life of God.

But this calls for cross-bearing, self-denial, prayer, holiness, and the unbelieving heart is not equal to the occasion, and it rolls its responsibility elsewhere. Let us call in an evangelist. Let us get help from without. And help comes, the unbelieving mass is galvanized for a little, and it fall back even into greater weakness and unbelief after the help is gone.

It discredits the ordinary means of grace and casts on them a daring contempt. Its hope of blessing rests only on a return of the evangelist. Now, what is the church saved for? If not to evangelize the world about it? There is the sphere for the development of its gifts and graces.

There is fifth, unsound doctrine. This is what dries up the marrow in the bones. It has many forms. There may be a serious lack, as is common to-day, of the severe aspects of God's character and of the truth expressing that. A fear to utter the very truth the Lord uttered. Who so unveils the end of evil men? There may be a leaving out of the sacrifice of the cross, and the cleansing blood. There may be an imperfect or perverted gospel preached. One without the need of repentance, or one patched up with legal additions. One that sets aside the grace of God. Salvation is of grace and so it is by faith.

Or there may be teaching along one line, or within an exceedingly narrow circle. The second coming may so overshadow the first coming of the Lord, as to deprive the second coming of its precious meaning. Sociological or political themes may so engross the attention that the hearers may forget that they are sinners needing salvation.

The work of the Holy Spirit may so bulk in the mind that He whom the Spirit, by the truth, reveals may be lost sight of. The lost ten tribes may be so preached that the poor sinners may not see that they themselves are lost. One precious morsel of truth may be so magnified out of all proportion to its importance, that spiritual dyspepsia and leanness may seize upon the church, and a strange, deathly weakness ensue. To be strong the church must have the whole counsel of God preached to it.

THE ACCEPTED TIME.

There is an old legend of a man who, day dreaming in his chair, beheld a vision which stood before him and beckoned him to follow her on to fortune. The man waited, heeded not her call, until at last she came and disappeared. Just as the vision faded, he sprang to his feet and cried, "Tell me who thou art!" and received the answer "I am Opportunity. Once neglected, I never return." Nothing is more true and frequently heard in religious instruction and exhortation than this very thing we call opportunity. And this is alike wise and according to the Divine Word. The day will not always last. Your day, my day, the world's day, the day of opportunity, the day of grace, the day of salvation—all days are rapidly passing away, and the last day, that which we call the great day, the decisive day, will surely and speedily come. There is opportunity for us to work, by and by

the time will depart. While it is day we must work the works of Him that hath sent us, and do what He hath commanded us to do; but if we idle this present opportunity away, it will never return, and the neglect of to-day may never be repaired. To-morrow will bring the work for to-morrow, the duty of to-morrow, and likewise every day that succeeds to-morrow. Therefore let the work of to-day be done to-day, and then we may calmly await the coming of the morrow, if the morrow shall ever come. This true and old-time truth, every one knows, but all do not heed. Nevertheless, it is such truth as men need to have persistently and repeatedly forced upon them, and always with religious sanctions. "The night cometh wherein no man can work."—Herald and Presbyterian.

HOW TO USE THE BIBLE.

1. Have for constant use a small portable Bible with complete marginal references.
 2. Carry a Bible or Testament with you.
 3. Mark freely with ink upon it: Promises such as Isa. xli. 13, to Christians; and invitations to unconverted, Rev. iii. 20 and xxii. 17. Brief notes may be written upon the margin.
 4. Do not be satisfied with simply reading a chapter thrice daily, but study out the full meaning of at least one verse a day.
 5. Study to know the whole truth contained in a single incident or a single miracle—when and why written, how it applied to self, and how to use it for others.
 6. Study to know what for and to whom each book of the Bible was written.
 7. Believe every word of the Bible.
 8. Learn one verse of Scripture each day. Verses from memory will be wonderfully useful in your work for the impenitent.
 9. Study how to use the Bible to lead a soul to Christ.
 10. Set apart fifteen minutes each for studying it; this little will be grand in result.
 11. Read the book as if it was written for yourself only.
 12. Always ask God to help you understand it and then expect he will.
- cares of life to this day as to wholly unfit the soul for these sacred duties. And not only so; the reading, social visiting, and unnecessary work may be of such a kind as to render religious exercises wholly unprofitable.
- We may be fully absorbed in the work of the Sunday-school, the church and the community. Home may bring it urgent demands. Often times duties may seem foreign to the religious purposes of the day, but if its hours are commenced in a devotional spirit, and the soul retains a sense of union with the Lord of the Sabbath, the promise of rest in Him will be abundantly verified.—New York Christian Advocate.

"THE EVERLASTING ARMS."

One of the sweetest passages in the Bible is this one: "Underneath are the everlasting arms." It is not often preached from, because it is felt to be so much richer and more touching than anything we ministers can say about it. But what a vivid idea it gives of the divine support! The first idea of infancy is of resting in arms which maternal love never allows to become weary. Sick room experiences confirm the impression, when we have seen a feeble mother or sister lifted from the bed of pain by the stronger ones of the household. In the case of our Heavenly Father, the arms are felt, but not seen. The invisible secret support comes to the soul in its hours of weakness or trouble; for God knoweth our feebleness. He remembers that we are but dust.—Dr. T. L. Cuyler.

John Milton: There are no songs to be compared with the songs of Zion, no orations equal to those of the prophets, no politics like these which the scriptures teach.

Missionary World.

A HINDU'S CONFESSION.

The Christian, of London, gives an account of the conversion in India from Hinduism to Protestant Christianity of Mr. S. Ramanjam Chetty, a master of Arts and a Bachelor of Law of the Madras University. On the day of his reception into the church he read the following statement to the congregation:

BRETHREN IN CHRIST: I come from the Komati country, which is even more orthodox than the Braham. My father holds a most respectable position in that community. I was born in a family of affluent circumstances and was well cared for. I began to think of God much earlier than is common with people of that age; and even when I was young I was well versed in the stories of the Ramayana and Mahabharata. Encouraged by my grandmother, I was worshipping stones and pillars as representatives of the Supreme Being, but that was only for a very short period, and I soon gave them up. The year 1881 was an epoch in my life. In the beginning of that year I joined the Madras Christian College, and, among other things, received instruction in the Christian religion. From the very beginning I had the highest reverence for that religion and its expounders. I never was a hater of the Christian missionaries or Christian followers. It was said by one of my friends that if he was endowed with supreme power the first thing he would do would be to hang all the converts. I tried to convince him of his folly, but I failed to do so, because he would not be convinced.

While I was a student in the junior F. A. class a number of young friends joined together to study the subject of religion, especially Hinduism, but the society soon dissolved into nothingness. In those days my mind fluttered considerably between theosophy, agnosticism, and theism. The famous exposure of the Mahatmas in the pages of the *Christian College Magazine* shook at once and forever my confidence in the Theosophical Society. I then began to read largely books directed against religion in general, and Christianity in particular. For a long time my mind was in a wavering condition. When I was studying in the B. A. classes it was then my faith in Christ gradually began to be formed and strengthened. There were lectures delivered on Sunday evenings on Christian subjects, and very often the appeals would go right down into my heart. The addresses delivered by our beloved Babu Kali Cham Banerji while he was at Madras touched a sympathetic chord in my heart. It was also at this period that I had the privilege of hearing a few lectures on the subject of the resurrection delivered by one of our most esteemed professors, Rev. W. Skinner. I was then convinced of the truth of the resurrection, and my faith in the occurrence of the event was firmly established. It was also at about this time that the commotion in the Christian College took place. My strong sympathies were on the side of the college, and I was one of the very few Hindu students who stood stanch and loyal to the college in spite of pressure brought on them from outside to join the "rebellion."

After I left the college for some years religious considerations were laid aside. Social reform and the cause of woman occupied my mind more than the subject of religion. During my college days I used to read very largely the works of the renowned reformer, Dai Bahadur K. Vurasalingam Pantulu Garu—works of a high moral nature. When I became a husband I requested my wife to read his works, which she did, and her mind was also being prepared to receive the Gospel truth. Before we proceeded far it pleased the Almighty Father to take away that precious jewel, that noble type of a woman, from me. Till recently, although I had the highest reverence for Christ, yet I was not a believer in His divinity. I thought of facing the question seriously when I survived my father, for I

had a great desire not to cause a shock to him. My mother died at the end of the year 1880, when I was young.

The visit of Annie Besant and the speeches of Swami Vivekananda and the papers read at the Parliament of Religion set me again on religious inquiries, and after considerable thought I satisfied myself of the hollowness of the assertions made by Swami Vivekananda and Annie Besant. I witnessed the exemplary lives led by our principal and the other professors of the college, and my faith in the religion they taught me was gradually confirmed and my convictions strengthened. While I was travelling to this city I was studying the *Papers on the Bible*, edited by our esteemed Dr. Macdonald, and when I came nearly to the end of the book, on Tuesday, the 31st of July, all my doubts vanished, my faith in Christianity was thoroughly confirmed, and I felt a call that I must not delay in confessing Christ. In response to that call I hurried on, and I am now confessing before you my faith in Christ. Although I am certain I shall be rewarded, yet I obey the call because, and only because, I feel it to be my duty to do so. I am now happy; happier than ever before. I know I am saved, and I owe it to my Saviour, who will ever dwell in me, and in whom I trust I shall ever live and move and have my being.

Experience is proving the value and importance of medical missions as a pioneer evangelistic agency. Nowhere are they more valuable than in obtaining access to the women of the East. A friendly Hindu, not long ago, in a conversation with Dr. Henry Martyn Clark on Christian missions, in reply to the question, "Which of all our methods do you fear the most?" said, "We do not fear your schools; we need not send our children. We do not fear your books, for we need not read them. We do not much fear your preaching; we need not listen. But we dread your women, and we dread your doctors; for your doctors are winning our hearts and your women are winning our homes, and when our hearts and homes are won what is there left to us?"

Dr. C. W. Cushing writes that "Italy seems to be ready for the religion of the Bible. But they are suspicious lest they be deceived as they have been by the priests. They do not clearly distinguish between Protestant missionaries and the priests. But they have no fear of the Bible. For this reason it seems all important to let education and preaching go hand in hand. But it is all important that there shall be as little delay as possible; for the people are in a transition state, and if not caught up by the Protestant Church, multitudes of them will assuredly drift into infidelity."

The Chinese Recorder reproduces from another journal the incident of a gentleman in Shantung who obtained a New Testament, and was so fascinated that he read it three times. A missionary on his journeyings, finding the man conversant with Christian truths, inquired which truth in the Bible had impressed him most. He replied: "The statement that our bodies may become the temples of God." The heathen mind which had grasped this truth, and many others on the way to it, was not far from the kingdom.

Dr. A. J. Gordon urges that individual churches shall have their own missionaries; and if these missionaries will starve unless the church responsible for them supports them, then "there will be a possibility that some at home will go hungry in order to feed a far-off workman; but there is little likelihood that such self denial will be evoked where responsibility for a missionary's support is subdivided among several thousand Christians."

After the inhabitants of Tahiti had become Christians they expressed their feelings in regard to the change that had come over them in these words—"Let our hands forget how to lift the club or throw the spear. Let our guns decay with rust; we do not want them. Though we have been pierced with bows or spears, if we pierce each other now, let it be with the Word of God."

The waters of Lake Nyassa, in Central Africa, are ploughed by ten steamers, some engaged in traffic, but mainly engaged in the service of the King, carrying glad tidings to the benighted.

British and other foreign residents in India, says the *Missionary Review*, give more than \$300,000 a year towards the evangelization of that country.

PULPIT, PRESS AND PLATFORM.

Rev. J. L. Murray: The young people are a part of the church and not a distinct organization. Young people under twenty years of age are the important factors in our congregations and are the most impressible.

Rev. James Murray: In no soil does the poisonous weed of gambling grow more luxuriantly than in that of the race-course, and many men I fear—and some women, too—get their first lessons in betting and bookmaking there.

The Outlook: The French are discovering England. As a matter of fact, this is an age of international discovery, and the different races are coming for the first time to get some real knowledge of each other. It is astonishing how prejudices disappear when such knowledge is secured.

Rev. D. Perrie: There is Christian Endeavor in theory as well as practice. The hymns sung at Endeavor meetings are full of inspiration but often more so than the work done. We must get down to work in dead earnest and not rest on the oars. Only the arm at work becomes strong and powerful.

C. H. Wetherbe: When Christ said, "Give, and it shall be given unto you," He spoke in accordance with the principles of a sound philosophy. He gave utterance to a principle of universal application. In almost everything, men must give if they would have something of the same kind given to them. The farmer must give seed to the ground if he would have the ground give him a harvest.

The Christian Index: Wandering Christians sometimes find the way out of the Way apparently more pleasant than the way itself. And then the way into the Way often seems too blocked and broken to permit them to reach the way again. In the first case, let them beware of taking the first step aside; it is that first step "that costs." In the other, let them not rest until the last step back is taken: it is only that last step "that pays."

Rev. R. E. Knowles: The kingdom of God is no children's play-house, and has never yet been taken by the mere breath of idle longing, or by the coquetry of sentimentalism, or by a verbal ruse. No, "the violent take it by force." This conquering violence is to those, who, conscious of eternal facts, and spiritual foes, do battle with the conscience armed, the will aggressive, and the soul on fire. There is a royal road to heaven, but it is the road of royal warfare.

Christian Instructor: What the mass of people want is gossip. What they need is truth. He who can tell the most news is likely to be in demand. But he who can teach the most truth will do the most good. His influence may last, it may be, for ages after he himself is forgotten. The writer who adheres rigidly to truth will run foul of too many false principles to meet with popular favor. The palaverous pen will find many to appreciate its soft soap. Soapy, slimy, empty bubbles while away the time of children and now and then a philosopher. But the sunlight of truth enlightens the world and makes it better.

Drummond: There is only one great character in the world that can really draw out all that is best in man. He is so far above all others in influencing men for good that he stands alone. That man was the founder of Christianity. To be a Christian man is to have that character for our ideal in life, and live under its influence, to do what He would wish us to do, to live the kind of life He would have lived in our house, and had He our day's routine to go through. It would not, perhaps, alter the forms of our living, but it would alter the spirit and aims and motives of our life, and the Christian man is he who in that sense lives under the influence of Jesus Christ.

Teacher and Scholar.

Dec. 23rd, 1894. THE PRINCE OF PEACE. {Isaiah ix. 2-7. GOLDEN TEXT.—Isaiah ix. 7.

Historical Position.—In studying this lesson the first thing is to get into the historical place of the writer. Read chapter i. 1, and, for the importance of Isaiah's prophecy, v. 2, "Hear, O Heavens, and give ear, O Earth, for the Lord hath spoken." The lesson occurs in a section of the prophecy extending from chapter vii. 1 to 10, which contains a series of prophecies largely Messianic, delivered in connection with the Syro-Israelite war. The history is found in II. Kings, chapters 16-21, and II. Chronicles 26-33. The Time of the lesson is probably in the reign of Ahaz, B.C., 735-732.

Prophet's Contemporary with Isaiah.—In Judah, Nahum, Micah, possibly also Joel; in Israel, Hosea, Amos and Jonah.

The Place where spoken, probably in Jerusalem, the prophet's home, to Judah, the prophet's people.

The troubles of Israel mentioned in the history—the end of which the birth of a marvellous child was the sign, and the section of the prophecy commencing with vii. 1, end in this glorious outburst of glad and gracious promise.

I. Light in Darkness. V. 2.—"The people that walked in darkness," etc. The historical facts to which allusion is made here are: (1) The despoiling of Upper and Lower Galilee by Tiglath-Pileser, II. Kings, 15-29, comp. Zech. x. 10. The people were in the darkness of outward trouble, and in the moral darkness caused by Ahaz introducing among them the worst forms of idolatry. (2) The Messiah, the Saviour, the great light shining on the darkness, came in the part of Galilee belonging to Zebulun, Matthew iv. 13-16. It is here noted as a characteristic of the divine dealings, that those who suffer most are graciously considered first, and divine restorings come most tenderly where there have been the divine woundings and smitings. The darkness of the bondage these people had been in, made beautiful the light of liberty. So is it spiritually. Liberty, the light of life, shine out over against the darkness of bondage and suffering.

II. The Joy of Men in a Redeemer and Deliverer.—"Thou hast multiplied the nation . . . they joy before Thee," etc. The whole sentence is a prophecy of the good times referred to in v. 2. Two figures are blended in the text, the joy of harvest and the joy of victors on dividing the spoil of the battle-field. V. 4, "For Thou has broken the yoke of his burden," etc. First, of the Assyrians who had "stretched out their wings—great armies—and oppressed the land." Second, the yoke of sin, the oppressor Satan. "The staff of his shoulder," etc.—that part of the yoke which rested on the back of the neck and shoulders. As in the day of Midian, v. 4, a total rout by a small body of selected men, by unusual means by God's help, as in the case of the slaughter of the Midianites by Gideon and three hundred men. Judges vii. 1-23. V. 5, "For every battle," etc.—perhaps rather "Every hoof of him that trampeth noisily, and every garment that is rolled in blood, shall be for burning, even fuel for fire." All military accoutrements shall be committed to the flames, that the reign of peace and justice may commence.

III. The Great Deliverer.—Comp. chap. vii. 14-16, where the promise of a child, a son, is first made—a child who was, like this child, to be "God with us." In the far distance the prophet foresaw the child who should be Immanuel, the Redeemer of the world—Comp. Luke. i. 31-33. ii. 11.

"The Government Shall be Upon His Shoulders."—The government was regarded as a burden to be borne on the back or shoulders, and was sometimes symbolized by a key laid upon the shoulder, chapter xxii. 22. "And His name shall be called," etc. This does not really mean that the child should bear as a name or names, any of these titles, but only that they would be truly applicable to Him. A name stands for all that is in the man—his character, his principles and his property. Wonderful—because his nature was wonderful, being human and divine; His coming at all was a wonderful manifestation of love; His deeds, His miracles, His words, His atoning love were wonderful. Counsellor—one who has the wisdom to guide himself and others. He is our counsellor, never guiding us astray, but always by the best ways to the best ends. The Mighty God—by Him the worlds were made, and He upholds all things. Jesus is mighty to save. He can conquer all His and our enemies and make His kingdom triumphant over all obstacles. The Everlasting Father—expressing the divine love and pity for men from everlasting a love that can never fail to everlasting—Comp. Psalm xc. 1, 2. The Prince of Peace.—He brings peace to each individual soul and peace with God, with heaven, with nature, with self, with men, the peace of an approving conscience, of a submissive will, peace that comes from victory over sin, a peace which is eternal, unbroken, perfect.

IV. The Messiah's Kingdom.—"Of His government and peace there shall be no end." What a glorious characteristic of Messiah's kingdom—it shall have no end. It shall increase in numbers, in power, in the blessings it bestows, and in the completeness of its rule forever and ever. It is established with judgment and righteousness, these are its foundations; it shall be progressive and aggressive, it shall be stable, universal and everlasting. The certainty of all this coming to pass—a universal earthly kingdom has never been known, never will be, but this shall, for "the zeal of the Lord of hosts will perform this." What encouragement to the faith and labour of God's people in seeking to bring in this kingdom. The zeal of the Lord of hosts is pledged to crown their labours with final, complete and everlasting triumph.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, MANAGER.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12TH, 1894

WHAT the church needs first and needs most is a genuine revival of vital godliness. This may seem a very elementary truth; but elementary truths are the most important.

WE regret, on account of press of matter at the last moment, to have to hold over full notices of the meeting of the Young People's Presbyterian Union and of the Toronto Presbyterian Council. These will appear in our next.

SOME of the British and American religious journals are urging their readers to realize that the best and only real cure for the ills that exist in the Church is an outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Would that we in Canada could come to the same conclusion.

THERE is much force in the statement made the other day by a Dominion Cabinet minister that though the price of wheat is low the price of many other thing is equally low. The purchasing power of a bushel of wheat is as great as it ever was. The colleges and mission work of the Church are not suffering as much from depression in business as from lack of spiritual life in the Church. A revival of religion is needed more than a revival in business.

ONE of the political parties in Canada often complains because the man who points out the evils in the State is accused of "running down the country." Be that as it may it is a sad fact that the man who tries to show the need of a revival in the Church is sure to be charged with running down the Church. He is held to be an enemy because he states the honest truth. The truth will soon show itself. Indeed it is showing itself now. The depleted treasuries of the mission funds and of some of the colleges are telling the tale in a way that cannot be misunderstood. Mending machinery and talking about money does not go to the roots. In an unendowed church the money will soon stop coming in and the machinery will soon stop running if spiritual life is on the decline. The worst feature of the case is that individuals and congregations and Presbyteries that need revival most are always and everywhere the ones that least feel their need.

BOODLERS AND BLACKMAILERS.

A GOOD deal has of late been said, and a good deal of astonishment expressed, about the recent revelations of aldermanic wrong-doing in our good and great city of Toronto. It has been found that the dwellers in the Queen City have no particular reason for assuming the Pharisee's attitude, or for adopting any or all of the Pharisee's prayer. On the contrary sackcloth and ashes might rather be in demand, and the Publican's attitude as well as his petition be thought perfectly in order and highly appropriate. It has long been a marvel how certain Toronto aldermen lived, and how they managed not only to exist, but apparently to fare sumptuously without any visible means of livelihood, except what might be connected with their City Hall doings, and these were understood to be all gone about from a sense of duty and a legitimate desire for honour. The marvel is now explained. The mystery is a mystery no more. The citizens of Toronto have been bought and sold by some of their own representatives, and they are naturally indignant, though there is no particular reason for their being astonished. Every creature after his kind, and if

Toronto citizens choose to elect the base, the mercenary and the time-serving, to do their municipal work, they must also take the consequences. For years, nay, one might say for ages, it has been the foolish affectation of those who have thought themselves the most intelligent and most respectable of many a community to hold in holy horror the remotest idea of their going into any kind of politics whether municipal or of a higher grade. They have thus left the field open to, perhaps, a lower, but certainly a more active and a more practical class of workers who knew a thing or two, and could act accordingly. This much denounced "boodling," let us never forget, is not a thing of yesterday, nor are the sinners in the Toronto City Hall sinners above all the sinners on the continent. When the stone is first lifted the "vermin" beneath are specially rapid in their movements. But they have all the same been as busy before, if not more so. Not only have "respectable citizens" affected almost to feel insulted by the very suggestion of their going in for municipal honours, they in many cases take pleasure, perhaps pride, in saying that they have for years never taken so much interest in such things as to go even the length of casting a vote. With such a state of feeling, what is to be expected but just what Toronto sees to-day? The "respectables" stand aloof and the "rogues" have their innings. The former plead that for them to go into public life, even of a municipal kind, means loss in business, loss of home comfort, and even, possibly, loss of reputation. One good, worthy man some years ago in our city, made himself, if not ridiculous, at least notable by declaring that his wife would not allow him to be an alderman as it would lower the tone of his piety. All this, of course, is marrow to the bones of the "other fellows," who can the more easily go in and win. They frequent the taverns and "square" their helpers; they treat and harangue the thirsty crowds; they go in for some popular fad, and can even be pious and patriotic for the nonce. In due time they are in, and it would be strange, indeed, if they could not recoup themselves some way. If a franchise is to be voted, a contract to be closed, or some deal of civic property to be brought to a happy conclusion, they are sure to be there, even as the kites find out the carcass. And so the world has seen "Tweed's" gigantic "steals," and heard his sneering defiance: "What are you going to do about it?" And once and again the great, lazy, easy-going, sleepy public has awakened from its repose, as it did in Tweed's case, and has run this, that and the other boodler down. But it has soon dropped over again, and another brood, or the old one, has soon been at the same tricks. Hadn't Toronto "a boy" twenty years ago and more? and wasn't there "nothing" for him if certain plans were carried out? Wonder if she has ever been without a "white headed operator" of some kind? People cried out about the barefaced thievery of Senecal; and the man with "the brass dogs" and the beggar's wallet achieved a far from wholesome reputation.

After all was not the disgrace in such cases, not in the character of the transaction, but in being found out? It is not too much to say that in many instances the "boy" comes in for his share and that share a good one. Sometimes the share is called a "per centage" for trouble. Sometimes it takes the shape of a present at Christmas. Diamond cuff buttons are not unknown, and that fur cape will just look lovely on your wife's shoulders. It is found to be exceedingly profitable to keep certain parties in good humor. Hence some who will read these lines come to take it for granted that they must "bleed" in order to do business. And so the Christmas presents are bought, though with a wry face and distributed with a somewhat watery smile. It is a case of bribery and stand and deliver all round.

A good many years ago a very respectable firm of coal merchants tried hard to get a city contract for their wares. Year after year they cut their prices closer and closer, but it would not do. They always failed. One year they were bound to have it; they calculated that at a certain price they would clear expenses, but have not a cent of profit. To make assurance doubly sure they cut off another quarter, leaving to themselves a loss per ton of that amount. They were willing to lose so much for the name. But, no! Another was before them. They did not know the true inwardness then. They know now. They could not play at cards and lose. They could not see a man round the corner. They could not conveniently lift a mortgage. They could

not—oh, pshaw! What could they not? They were not practical you see, and that made all the difference.

And don't let Torontonians think that their officials and awarders of contracts are sinners above all the sinners that are in Ontario. Not so by a long way. Who shall prevent one friend giving another friend a handsome token of affection? Poor Perley is not the only one, neither is Arnoldi, neither is Senecal. And the plea is always the same. The country, the city, the town, the township does not suffer. It is pure affection, and if any one pleases to spend part of his profits in a small cheque, in a few dozens of wine, a haunch of venison, or a gold watch, whose business it is? Aye whose? The Duke of Devonshire had to prosecute his butler for selling his custom to a wine firm for £300 a year. A great journalist used to protest that he knew his foreman pocketed a per centage on his paper, but he could not prove it. Just look at some people's official salaries and look at their mode of living and their bank account. There are men not a hundred miles from Toronto or Ottawa who would sooner give up their nominal salaries than their "pickings," and on their own principles they are right. Why is all this? Why can votes be bought by the hundred for a dollar or a dram a piece? Why have quasi honorable men been telegraphed: "Send me another ten thousand?" Why is this, that and the other ugly kicker squashed with a purse or a place? Why are promises and lies so abundant when an election looms in the near future? Why? Because "Mammon is, and has always been the least erected spirit that fell," and has to-day more worshippers than any god or goddess that could be named, so that there are always plenty ready to be bought like cattle in the market place; and others who think themselves honorable, but are far the worst in the deal, are ready to invest their money in the souls and consciences of their fellows, to be recouped of course in due time with abundant interest.

It is all well, though very funny, for one lawyer to hold up his hands in unutterable surprise at the moral obtuseness of his brother of the long robe in the witness box who could not see the evil of a very scaly transaction. But more has to be done than that before the plague is stayed, and a good many just at this present time, who are sighing and weeping for the abominations being done in the land, had better not only go into public life and drive the "scall-awags" off the field, but also sweep before their own doors, and drop some of the sharp practices of which they know in their heart of hearts they have been either practically or potentially guilty.

Just wait, for instance, till a stone or two more be lifted in connection with this Sunday car agitation business, and watch how the creatures beneath scuttle and squirm in the light of day. "Great moral reformers!" and "broad minded opponents of bigotry!" Heaven help us! What sort of a heing do these fellows really think God Almighty is? To all appearance they, and a good many others, are dogs to which no puddings can be too dirty. "Lawful calling!" "Casual advantages!" Oh, of course! "a fellow must live, you know!" We see no particular necessity for that!

THE CHURCH'S FINANCIAL SITUATION.

FOR weeks past circulars have been distributed among the churches, and communications have appeared in our columns calling attention to the very large deficits existing up to the present time in the funds of the great schemes of our Church, and in those needed for keeping up and carrying on efficiently the educational work in which our colleges are engaged. The last one sent out was from Rev. Principal King in reference to the falling off of the collections for Manitoba College at a time when, because of the summer session instituted by the mandate of the Church to meet a serious and pressing emergency, the expenses of that college have, in spite of the most careful management, been considerably increased. This followed hard upon a very pressing appeal by the Senate of Knox College sent out to ministers and sessions, of which by the kindness of a friend we have obtained a copy, setting forth the instant and increasing need of that college. The Home and Foreign Mission Funds, French Evangelization and the Jewish Mission have all in turn and at different times been brought under the Church's attention as having large deficits. Because this has been done at different times there is danger of its escap-

ing observation, or being forgotten, that the aggregate amount of these deficits at the present moment reaches many thousands of dollars. The fact that this state of things exists, necessitates the payment of large sums to banks in the shape of discounts, and thus aggravates the evil, because it demands the turning aside of every dollar paid in that way from the objects for which the money collected in our churches is primarily intended.

We have no desire to be in the smallest degree alarmist; we are aware how often the prospect which, a few months before the meeting of the General Assembly, was dark, has, by the time it met, brightened most unexpectedly, but only generally through the utmost, special efforts of some men appealing to those who are able and willing to help over a time of difficulty. There is necessarily, however, a limit to what is possible in this way, and, as this is the second, at least, if not the third, year of stringency, it may not be possible this time to accomplish as much by special efforts as was done in the last year or two. There now remain only a very few more months until we shall come to the end of another financial year, so that if deficits are to be made up, the work must be gone about energetically and done quickly. There is certainly grave cause for fear that it may not be done, a result which all who love our Church, or appreciate the greatness of the work it is doing and lying before it to be done would deplore.

It is well that we should set before our minds, and that it should be made known throughout the whole Church, what any serious deficiency in the funds means. It means more or less discouragement to all who are actually and personally engaged in the Church's service, from the principals and professors in our colleges down to the humblest home missionary or catechist in the most obscure mission station of the Church. It means also discouragement to all who, although not actually and personally engaged in the Church's service, are yet deeply interested in her work and giving freely to it accordingly to their ability. But it means besides these things, in many cases, a serious abridgment, where this can least be afforded, of home comforts and even of what we are accustomed to regard as necessities of life. And here it might be asked, why it should be that of all whose salaries for work done for the Church and which are paid out of the general funds of the Church, those of our home missionaries alone should be reduced because of deficiency in these funds? If this were shared by all it would make the reduction lighter for all, and, in addition, establish a feeling of mutual interest and sympathy among all employed in the Church's service, which would have this happy effect, that the humblest toiler would feel that he stands upon an equal footing with the highest, and that the highest is his brother and is sharing his burdens.

How may this threatened deficit be met and happily disappear altogether at the close of the financial year is a pertinent question? The practical answer lies with the ministers, sessions and other officebearers of our Church. If they will take cognizance of all the circumstances of the case, set before their own minds first clearly their meaning so that conscience and sense of duty to God will be felt by them, and by them communicated to the whole Church; if they will add to this the example of self-sacrifice and cheerful liberality, we need not fear that there would by the end of the year be any deficiency. If the necessities of the case were made known in every congregation, in every Sabbath school and Bible class, in every Christian Endeavour Society, and the plain obligation pointed out that honesty and good faith towards all our missionaries, at home and abroad, demand that our promises to them be made good, and methods of work for meeting her engagements wisely planned; funds that are now diverted to objects outside of our Church—good objects, it may be—would be retained within it, until at least every promise to our own agents is fully implemented. While we would by no means recommend that our givings be confined solely within our own Church, we more and more feel that the cause of Christ can upon the whole be no more effectively advanced through any other channel or agency, than through those provided by our own Church. A strong and widespread conviction of this acted upon throughout her whole bounds would be one way of helping to prevent the deficits which threaten us, and which it may be found before the end of March, to the joy of all deeply alive to the importance of this matter, have disappeared.

THE LATE PROFESSOR R. Y. THOMSON, M.A., B.D.

THE sad tidings which in this issue we announce of the death, on the forenoon of Sabbath last, of the late Professor R. Y. Thomson, M.A., B.D., will be received throughout the Church with feelings of unfeigned sorrow, and will bring to many the sense of a great personal loss. His death, which had been rather feared than as yet expected by his friends and relatives, came at the last, as in such cases it so often does, with unexpected suddenness. A fuller tribute than we can at this moment pay to his memory and worth will appear later, but we cannot even announce his death without bearing witness to his gentleness, amiability, modesty, humility and unselfishness,—all of which qualities shone in him so conspicuously, as to make him admired by all who can appreciate them, especially as illumined and made doubly beautiful by the spirit of Christ, the Master in whose steps he closely followed. To his personal friends these divine graces very specially endeared him and made him a man greatly beloved. In the inner circle of his own family, into which we may not intrude, they could not but attract towards him an ardent affection. To all they made him a pattern and example.

His pastor, Rev. Louis H. Jordan, B.D., has lately, in a sermon or two, been preaching to young men the "gospel of work," the sacred religious duty of it. The late professor, as all who knew him will bear witness, taught by his life the duty of constant and most earnest diligence in doing the work which God, by His grace, fitted him and gave him the opportunity to do. Humanly speaking his life might have been perhaps prolonged, but for his readiness to meet all demands and work with all his might while his day lasted, as for instance in his taking part in the work of the last summer session in Winnipeg after he had just, indeed before he had fully, recovered from a severe attack of illness. In spite also of what to friends appeared increasing feebleness he had agreed to accept the call of St. James' Square congregation to the eldership, and would have been inducted into that office but for the sudden coming on of the illness which has just terminated fatally. His work was more nearly finished than he anticipated, and now he rests from his labors, and his works follow him. He being dead yet speaketh. He has taken his place in the great cloud of witnesses, of those whose sufferings, whose faith and holy zeal are and shall ever be a constant stimulus and inspiration to those left yet for a time behind, to run with patience the race set before them, and with heroic resolution in the face of suffering and death after the example of their Lord and Master finish the work which He has given them to do.

The funeral services were held at his late residence 14 Nassau street. At the request of the Rev. Mr. Jordan, Rev. Dr. Parsons led in prayer; the twenty-third Psalm was feelingly sung, led by the student's choir of Knox College; and Rev. M. Jordan read suitable selections of Scripture. The Rev. Prof. Gregg spoke briefly of the course of this late colleague as a student and his more public work as professor. The Rev. J. A. Turnbull, M.A., LL.B., of West Church, Toronto, who was a fellow-student of the departed, also spoke of him as student and a personal friend. The Rev. Prof. McLaren engaged in prayer and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Mr. Jordan. The Rev. Principal Caven who was was out of the city, and only learned from the newspapers of the death of his fellow professor, arrived just at the close of the service. All the Presbyterian pastors of the city and other ministers were present, and the students as a body, composing a very large company, accompanied the remains to the Union station whence they were taken to Hullet where the mother of the deceased, who still survives him, lives, and where the interment will take place to-day.

AN APPEAL TO CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS.

IT was suggested recently that the Christian Endeavor Societies of the Presbyterian Church should unite in observing a "self-denial week" during December, for the benefit of the missions of our church. One society at least in this city has taken up the idea and will make a self-denial offering at the last meeting before Christmas. Will not our sister societies join us in this endeavor, and show our love for our Divine Lord and our loyalty to the Church, by denying ourselves

in some way for the sake of the cause which is dear to His heart. Never was there a louder call for help in both our Home and Foreign Mission work, and it would be most timely for our societies to make a united effort along this line.

WM. S. LESLIE.

Toronto, Dec. 9th, 1894.

Books and Magazines.

The Christmas number of *Scribner's Magazine* is exquisite in its illustrations, and they are abundant in number. They keep one lingering over and admiring them. There is an interesting sketch by Gilbert Hamerton of Emile Friant, with a specimen of his work, and of George Frederick Watts, R.A., by Cosma Monkhouse, with several beautiful copies of pieces from his pencil, especially portraits of Herr Joachim, of the artist, John Lothrop Motley, Lord Tennyson and others. "John March, Southerner" is concluded, and besides its closing chapters there are many brief and interesting articles both in prose and rhyme of which we may mention: "McAndrew's Hymn," by Rudyard Kipling; "A Modern Sir Galahad"; "The Story of a Path"; "The Mantle of Osiris, Munichah." The Point of View possesses its usual interest. The "History of a Publishing House," with which the number closes, is an extended account of the beginning and growth up to the present of the publishing house of Scribner's Sons, which in little more than a year will have reached its jubilee.

The *Missionary Review of the World* always gives us a fresh uplift. A review of the Parliament of Religion by the Editor-in-Chief opens the December number. It is a presentation of opinions from many quarters as to the effects following that Parliament, deprecatory and condemnatory. The Rev. J. H. Shedd, D.D., of Oroomiah, writes on "Babism, its Doctrines and Relation to Mission Work." "The Evangelization of the Jew"; "The Ministry of Women"; "Education and Missions"; "Prospects of Civilization in the Nile Valley," all by the most competent men make instructive and bracing reading. The International department is ably edited by Rev. J. S. Gracey, D.D., and the whole magazine is full both of inspiration and information. The index for 1894, contained in this number, shows at a glance the wonderful variety, interest and importance of the subjects treated in this admirable magazine. Funk & Wagnall's Company, 30 Lafayette Place, New York.

The *Methodist Magazine* is a credit to Methodism in Canada in every way. The December number opens with an account of the rise and progress of missionary work in Japan under the head of "Sunrise in the Sunrise Kingdom," illustrated by the Rev. John Sarmby, M.A., a foretaste, we are told, of a forthcoming volume on Japan, to be issued by the Methodist Book and Publishing House. The Editor continues "Tent Life in Palestine." "A Day in the Ontario Institute for the Blind," is a study of Present Day Methods. Mrs. J. L. Harvie, who is so thoroughly competent to do it, deals with "Woman's Work for Women in Heathen Lands." "A Lay Preacher," by Rose Terry Cooke; another instalment of "Oars and Spindles," and many shorter but excellent pieces, original and selected, in prose and poetry, make up a good number. Wm. Briggs, Toronto.

In the Review Section of the *Homiletic Review*, for December, the subjects treated are: "The Sacred Scriptures of the Egyptians"; "Richard Hooker, the Elizabethan Ecclesiastic"; "A Hindu Missionary in America," by that able writer on such subjects Rev. Dr. Ellinwood, of New York; and "Light on Scriptural Texts from Recent Discoveries." Among the contributors to the Sermonic Section are President Rankin, D.D., LL.D., of Washington, D.C.; Rev. Dr. Wells, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Rev. Dr. Palmer and Dr. Harold Stein Fuenen, Denmark. The many other departments of this useful preacher's review, contain many suggestive and helpful thoughts on living subjects. Funk & Wagnall's Company, 30 Lafayette Place, New York, U.S.

The *Christmas Century* makes a strong appeal for favor. The number is distinguished by a new and artistic cover printed in colors. Its high-lights are Napoleon, Christmas, tea stories (including Rudyard Kipling's first American story), Cole's engravings, and Castaigne's drawings. There are in all forty-six illustrations, of which twenty-five are of full-size, including nine with special reference to either the religious or the domestic aspect of the season. First class artists, and contributors of world wide fame to English speaking people combined their efforts to lend a charm to this number. The Century Company New York.

The *Canadian Almanac*, for 1895, is the forty eighth annual issue of this work, and the publishers, we believe, are justified in saying that this most useful publication is more vigorous and attractive than ever. Besides some new features of interest and importance to Canadians, it comprises the usual mass of information and statistics, and, altogether, the *Canadian Almanac*, for 1895, is a credit to its publishers, and a book that should be in the hands of every Canadian. (Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd.) Price in paper covers, 20 cents; cloth covers, 30 cents.

The *Interior* (Chicago, Ill.) is the most progressive denominational paper in the United States. A recent indication of commendable enterprise was the publishing last week of a Book Number, probably the largest single issue ever produced by a religious journal. It consisted of sixty-four pages of interesting, well-selected reading matter, enclosed in a handsomely designed cover—the whole making up a number of unusual excellence.

The leading articles in the *Altruistic* of November, are a character sketch of the late Professor David Swing, by several pens, that of Dr. John H. Burrows amongst others, and of Oliver Wendell Holmes, by Joseph Cook, LL.D. and James L. Onderdrak. It contains besides, the "Monthly Round Up" and "Winnowings" from current monthlies and weeklies. The *Altruistic Review*, Springfield, Ohio. U.S.

The Family Circle.

SERVICE.

Ah! grand is the world's work, and noble, for
sooth,

The doing one's part, be it ever so small!
You, reaping with Boaz, I, gleaning with Ruth,
Are honored by serving, yet servants of all.

No drudge in his corner but speeds the world's
wheels,

No serf in the field but is sowing God's seed;
More noble, I think, in the dust though he
kneels,

Than the pauper of wealth, who makes scorn
of the deed.

Is toil but a treadmill! Think not of the grind,
But think of the grist, what is done and to do,
The world growing better, more like to God's
mind,

By long, faithful labors of helpers like you.

The broom or the spade or the shuttle, that plies
Its own honest task in its own honest way,

Serves heaven not less than a star in the skies—
What more could the Pleiades do than obey?

—James Buckham, in *Congregationalist*.

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MARJORIE'S CANADIAN WINTER.

BY AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

CHAPTER XIV.—CONTINUED.

As soon as tea was over at the Ramsays' that evening, the girls hastened to be in readiness for the sleigh in which Mr. Lane was to take down Marion and Marjorie as his own party, to see the illumination of St. Helen's Island. The others, Alan, Jack and Millie, were to walk down with Professor Duncan, and meet them at the shore; and they started first, quite undaunted by the extreme cold of the evening—the keenest of the week.

The swift-gliding sleigh bore the others down so quickly that they had plenty of time to drive across the smooth, icy highway to the illuminated slide, which showed distinctly from the crowded docks, and near which a mimic volcano was blazing with crimson light, varied now and then by green and blue, giving it a rather a lurid aspect, while showers of rockets rising from it completed the volcanic resemblance. Hundreds of torches, carried by the French Canadian snow-shoe clubs, were massed about the slide, while gay Canadian songs were sung by the snow-shoers. The party in the sleigh, however, agreed that the scene was quite as pretty and effective from the shore and soon drove back, meeting the walkers at the place they had agreed on. From thence they could see the clustered torches gradually forming into two long lines of light as the snow-shoe clubs formed into procession and crossed the river highway, spanning completely the half-mile of river 'boulevard' while marching across. It was a pretty sight to see all the different clubs filing past, each in its own distinctive variety of blanket costume. Alan pointed out each individual club as it passed, telling them something of its history or 'local habitation,' for there was a muster of clubs from all the surrounding points. The 'Trappeurs,' in their conspicuous blue and white costume, attracted most notice from their fine, imposing appearance, and the spirit with which they sang the lively 'Trappeur's' song, and then glided into the material refrain of the old *Marseillaise*.

'Were worth ten years of peaceful life,
Oae glance at their array!'

quoted Professor Duncan, laughingly, as the last of the long procession passed them. 'Well, I'm glad they're not "bounc for battle strife," as many such a band used to be, in the old times of the border forays between their ancestors and ours, Mr. Lane. May there never be occasion for border warfare again!'

'Amen!' exclaimed Mr. Lane. 'Annexation or no annexation, the United States and Canada are two countries that can't afford to quarrel, and never will, I believe, so long as there are so many sensible and Christian men on both sides of the line.'

'Even over the loaves and fishes?' said the professor.

'If we tided over the Trent affair, we can tide over the fishes,' replied Mr. Lane, as the driver turned his horses' heads, and the pedestrians moved on, Millie this time being squeezed into the big, accommodating sleigh. But before they parted, Professor Duncan and Alan declared that Mr. Lane and his party must drive back to St. Helen's Island next day, to see the model of a trapper's or lumberer's shanty, which was erected there, in order to show visitors a little bit of the wild life of the hunter or *voyageur* in the backwoods. It was arranged, therefore, that the American visitors should go next day, taking Marjorie, and also Alan to act as showman and explain it all; for he had once gone out with a hunting party, and had lived for a time in just such a shanty. Professor Duncan said that he would walk over himself, and probably meet them over there.

Next day was not quite so cold, and there was a threatening of snow, which was regarded with some anxiety lest it should spoil the enjoyment of the great event of the evening and of the week—the 'storming of the ice-palace,' to which Marjorie was looking forward with highly wrought expectations, having declined all description of it in advance, as she wanted it to be 'quite new and unexpected,' and 'not like a story of which you knew the end beforehand.' Mr. Lane's sleigh drove up for them early in the afternoon, and Marjorie was not to return home till after the event of the evening.

It was only a short drive across the frozen river to the pretty island—pretty even in winter—with its raised outline clearly visible, and its trees graceful in the contour of their leafless forms. The American visitors looked with great interest at the broad, smooth white channel of the firmly frozen river, the gleaming villages scattered along its opposite shore, with sleighs of all sorts and sizes crossing to and fro, the solid line of the Victoria Bridge to the right, and the long mass of the city stretching down the river to the left. Mr. Lane thought it must be very like Russia, and Nettie, regardless of the cold, thought she would like to stay there all winter, especially as Alan promised her unlimited tobogganing if she would do so.

'There's the Hunters' Camp,' said Alan, as the horses dashed up the little ascent from the river. Under some tall arching trees stood the little 'shanty,' built—walls, roof and all—of round logs. Without, lay the carcasses of one or two fine deer, while hares and game hung along the outside wall, and a few fish of different kinds were suspended beside them, all hard frozen. They found Professor Duncan walking about inspecting these, and talking to one of the hunters, dressed in a blanket-coat and trapper appendages, about the habits and haunts of the animals. After the strangers had looked at these trophies of the chase, they proceeded to inspect the little cabin, which, Alan told them, was an exact model of the 'real thing.' The professor showed them how ingeniously the logs were morticed into each other at the ends, so as to make the walls as close as possible; how the roof was formed of the halves of the round logs alternately reversed, so that it made a tight roof not unlike a tiled one, at a distance, and how ingeniously the door was hung on wooden hinges, with a wooden latch pin, not a nail nor a bit of iron being used in the whole construction.

'All done with the axe, every bit of it; for you see there are no hardware shops in the forest, and necessity is the mother of invention.'

When they entered the low door, as they were politely invited to do by the gentlemanly hunters, they found the interior quite as ingeniously arranged as the exterior. At one side a sort of rude shelf was constructed of boughs, on which was strewn the bedding of hemlock branches.

'Just like Pere Le Jeune's bed, I suppose,' said Marjorie, and the professor assented, adding, however:

'Minus the shelf, of course. They couldn't have luxuries in such temporary arrangements as wigwams.'

In the middle burned a large fire of blaxing logs, the smoke of which ascended through the hole in the roof, though a percentage, at least, was wandering about the cabin, again recalling Pere Le Jeune. Above it was suspended from a hook a great iron pot, in which some fish was being cooked, which the hunters insisted on letting their guests taste, in little tin camp plates. A wooden shelf, fitted into the wall, answered the purpose of a table, and a smaller one supported a tin jug and basin—primitive toilet arrangements. Caps and coats hung from wooden pins.

Alan survey it all with great satisfaction. 'I expect I shall see enough of this sort of thing, by and by, when I am out on "surveying parties,"' he said; adding: 'You know in the regular lumbering shanties they have berths like those all round the walls—sometimes two tiers of them—where the men sleep, sometimes twenty or more in one shanty.'

When they had all inspected the place and its fittings to their satisfaction, they walked about the island a little, admiring the view of the city, with its mountain background, very much the same, of course, as that which passengers by water receive on approaching Montreal by the river steamboat.

'You can hardly imagine how much prettier both the view and the island are in summer, when the "mountain" there is one mass of green, and the island, too, is as pretty a little park as you could wish to see. And, by the way, Marjorie, did I tell you how this island came by its name?'

'No,' said Marjorie; 'how did it get it?'

'From the fair Helene de Champlain. You know I told you that Champlain brought out his beautiful and religious young wife to Canada, where she did not remain very long, however, not caring, you see, for the role of a lonely "Northern Light." But while she was here she was greatly charmed with the beauty of this island, and bought it for herself with her own money. And that is how it comes to be called St. Helen's.'

Marjorie remembered how she herself had thought that it would be 'nicest' to be a sunbeam, and how her father had replied. And she felt sorry that Helen de Champlain had not proved herself more worthy of her brave husband. And she wondered how she could go into a convent and leave him to do his work all alone. The professor added:

'I have no doubt, however, that she helped to excite some interest in Canada, among the good people about her. She would tell them about the poor Indians and their children, and she probably did something to excite the great enthusiasm that soon sprang up in France about the Canadian Mission.'

They had reached the place where the sleigh was waiting them, and the ladies and Mr. Lane took their places, Alan preferring to walk back with Professor Duncan.

'What a lot of things that professor does know! Why, Marjorie, he's just like your father for always being able to tell just the things you want to know!' exclaimed Nettie, while Marjorie smiled with pleasure at the recognition of her father's stores of knowledge, which had always seemed so vast to her.

'Yes, yes; the professor certainly is an exceedingly well-informed man. I consider that we are much indebted to you, Marjorie, for the pleasure of his acquaintance,' said Mr. Lane.

'And Alan's a real nice boy, too,' said Nettie, feeling that his merits should not be passed over in silence. 'And I think he's quite handsome, too, in that blanket costume. It suits him exactly. I wish he would give me his photograph to take home.'

Marjorie replied that she didn't think he had any good ones of his present self.

There was a little discussion as to what the party should do next; and it was arranged that Marjorie and Nettie should be dropped at Mrs. West's to pay the visit on which Nettie had set her heart, while the others drove on to see some snow shoe races then going on, and would return to take them to the Victoria Rink, to look in at some fancy skating that was going on there.

Fortunately Ada was at home. She explained that all the others had gone out sightseeing, but that she was rather tired of it, at any rate, and had staid at home, thinking that Marjorie and Nettie would probably call that afternoon. Nettie was enthusiastic in her open admiration of everything she saw, and Ada was as willing to exhibit as the visitor was to admire. The drawing-room, the conservatory, the library, the dining-room, Ada's own room, were all visited, and the multitude of beautiful things they contained duly scrutinized. And Nettie admired everything, from the statuary and pictures down to the ornamental coverings of the steampipes, and the artistic tiling and fittings of the grates. Ada, who had always an unlimited supply of candies on hand, treated her friends liberally to walnut creams and French bonbons as they sat and talked, Ada having as many questions to ask about New York as Nettie had about Montreal. The two got on very well, notwithstanding Ada's professed objection to Americans, and the fact that, whatever she might say of Marjorie, she could not consider Nettie as anything but a "real American." But with Ada, as with many people, theory and practice were somewhat disconnected.

When the sleigh returned to take them up, Nettie knew far more accurately all the details of the interior she had just seen than Marjorie did yet, and being of a very practical turn, she was much impressed with the amount of money that must have been spent on it.

'How I should like it if we could have just such a house as that!' she exclaimed as they drove off. 'O, father! it's such a beautiful house! I wish you could have seen it.'

'I've no doubt of it,' said Mr. Lane, smiling. 'I've seen some of these Montreal houses before. But I don't think you are very badly off at home.'

'I don't think you'd want to change with Ada if you knew all about it,' said Marjorie. 'I think it's a great deal nicer to have a mother like yours, who cares about giving her money to missions, and looking after poor people, than to have the sort of mother Ada has.'

'You're right there, Marjorie,' said Mr. Lane, whose quick ear caught the low-toned remark. 'Nettie has got a mother who's a woman in a thousand. I only hope she'll follow in her footsteps.'

The two New York ladies had been left at the Victoria Rink, where Mr. Lane and the girls joined them. It was also decorated for the Carnival, the chief ornament being a little Gothic tower in the centre, built of ice, from which, in the evenings, colored lights were showered in profusion. The fancy skating was very good; and the ladies watched with admiration the graceful turns and twists which the skaters performed, as if it were the simplest matter possible to keep one's balance on one foot on a glassy surface. But they soon grew tired of it, and were very glad to go back to the hotel before the early dusk began to fall, and have a rest before dinner. Nettie and Marjorie consorted themselves in one of the recesses off the great drawing-room, and there, luxuriously installed in one of the comfortable little sofas, they talked away till the gong sounded for dinner.

(To be continued.)

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Our Young Folks.

JACK FROST.

He's taken a nip at the salvia bush,—
Its flower is turned to black;
He blew a breath on the hollyhocks—
Their bloom will never come back.
He danced in the meadow all night long,
And turned it a rusty brown;
And now, do you see? he's touched the trees,
And their leaves are straying down.
But still he is trying to make amends,
If you'll only stop and think,—
He turns the rippling little pond
To a shining skating-rink;
Then fills the air with a tingle keen
Which sets the girls and boys
With beaming faces and rosy cheeks
All crazy for winter joys.
He softly covers the window-panes
With sketches rich and rare
As ever with dainty paint and brush
An artist could picture there.
And so, though the merry birds are flown,
The song of the stream is lost,
And summer is hiding far away,
We'll try to forgive Jack Frost.

—Sydney Dayre.

TOM, A HERO OF TEN.

Tom Hayes was proud of his father, though he was only a switchman. People always spoke of him as "honest and reliable," and if there were among Tom's friends and companions many boys with rich parents, who had things he wished he could afford to have, he never envied them their fathers. There had been a time, before Tom was born, when Mr. Hayes had drunk, but he had reformed.

Tom was nearly ten now, and he had a little brother, Arthur, six years old, and a sister, Maggie, four.

Tom's mother made quite a companion of him. She told him what kind of a man she wanted him to be, and they talked together of the education he was to have, and often when the younger ones were in bed they brought out Tom's bank book and counted his savings. For Tom had a high, clear voice and sang in the choir, where he earned a dollar a Sabbath.

Tom's father was night watchman, and when the cold winter weather came his wife always carried him some hot coffee. She had done this ever since once, when they were first married, he had staggered home at daylight. So now she always carried it to him at ten.

All the railroad men knew Tom and his father, and Tom grew to be a pet among them, and many a ride on an engine did he enjoy of a Saturday afternoon, to the envy of the other boys. It was a happy life Tom led until he was nearly ten, when something dreadful happened.

His mother was taken very ill. The doctor told Tom and his father that there was no hope, and that it would all be over in a few hours.

When night came on Tom undressed the little ones and put them to bed, and then went back to his mother, choking back the sobs, so as not to trouble her.

She was very weak now, but her eyes looked at him in such a way that Tom was sure she wanted to speak to him.

His father sat beside the bed holding her hand, and her eyes turned from one to the other.

They bent over to catch her whispered words—"Be good to the children, Harry. Be a good boy, Tom, take care of your father—you know, the coffee, Tom."

"Yes, mother, I know," sobbed Tom, unable to restrain himself any longer. "I promise."

There were a few faint, quick breaths, and all was still, and Tom knew he had heard the last message those dear lips would ever speak.

The days that followed were the saddest he had ever known. A sister of his mother came and stayed until after the funeral.

Tom drew some of the money from the bank to buy a cross of flowers for his mother's coffin.

His father was almost dazed by his loss, and Tom watched him timidly, longing to comfort him and not knowing how.

The night after the funeral Tom knew that he must make the coffee. His aunt had taught him how to make it, but he wished now that she were there. Then he thought how a few nights ago his dear mother had done it, and the tears began to flow, so that he could hardly see to measure the coffee.

When it was done, he bundled himself up, and stepped softly out.

I hope no one will think little Tom less of a hero if I confess that his teeth chattered, and that he had to keep up courage by repeating his mother's last words.

When he reached the switch-house his father looked up with a start of surprise; then, with tears running down his cheeks, he took the trembling little fellow in his arms. "God bless you, little Tom, you are Maggie's own boy," he sobbed, and the two felt nearer together than they had any time since their loss.

Night after night, in fair weather and foul, Tom and his little pail found their way to the lonely switchbox.

Mr. Hayes ought to have been a good father to the three little motherless children, and so he was for some time.

It was some weeks before he began to come home later, and to feel sick and cross; when Tom understood it all, it seemed as though it would break his heart.

At first he would not believe it; but one day his father struck little Maggie, and often now they found it hard to get enough to eat.

Tom heard one of the men at the station, one day, speaking of his father in a way that made his cheeks burn.

Poor Tom was not as proud of him now, but it seemed to him that he loved him more, because his father needed his love.

When Tom took the coffee his father was always sober. He knew as well as any railroad man that a drinking man would not be allowed to attend switch, and it was only after his night's work was over that he brought out the black bottle. But Tom's heart grew heavier as the weeks went by; his clothes grew shabby, and there were odd little patches on the children's clothes. He was often seen seated by the kitchen table with his mother's work-basket beside him, and her half-worn thimble fitted to his middle finger by means of a bit of paper carefully wound around the finger first. The late hours and worry began to tell on him. He felt tired most of the time, and there were days when his voice was husky and the choir master looked at him questioningly after he had sung his solo.

What if he should lose his voice! He thought of his mother who used to buy him cough drops, but now he could not spare the money. He asked God to help him to take care of his father and the children, and be the kind of boy she wanted him to be.

He came in from choir practice one night feeling chilled through and very forlorn.

He looked at the little ones with almost a mother's tenderness, tucked them all in again, and then set about making the coffee.

When it was done, he pulled on his cap and mittens and started on his errand.

When he reached the switch-house he saw there was something wrong about his father; his face was red and his eyes dull. As he handed him the pail, he said timidly, "Shall I wait awhile, father?"

"No, run home, Tom, there's a good boy," said the father with a foolish smile.

Tom hesitated. "You won't forget, father, the excursion train, at twelve, that you've got to side-track."

"I forget nothing," said he, with an unsteady laugh. "Go home, don't stand staring at me with her eyes; go home, I say," thrusting Tom from him so that he almost fell.

For a moment he stood alone crying as if his heart would break, then he turned homeward. Would his father remember the midnight excursion train, that followed the 11.30 express, and was to stand on the side-track all night? Tom was tired; he thought he would go home and take a nap,

and then come back at twelve o'clock to be sure. He threw himself upon the bed, with his clothes on. How long he slept he did not know. He wakened all in a moment with the shriek of an incoming train. He jumped up, and bareheaded rushed from the house. If his father should forget.

Tom was always proud of his running. It seemed now as if his feet had wings.

As he reached the station the 11.30 express stood on the main track. It was too late.

Tom felt the ground tremble under him, as looking up the track he saw the headlight of the excursion train. Had his father remembered to turn the switch? There was a moment's suspense, then straight down the main track thundered the train. His father had forgotten! Up the track ran Tom, waving his poor little arms and shouting frantically.

Would the engineer never see him! Yes, at last, thank God, down went the brakes, and slower and slower came the long train, and Tom knew the passengers were saved.

But why did he stand there shouting still? The engineer called to him in vain; his foot was caught in one of the frogs, and held close to the rail. A moment later something was lifted by strong hands—a little boy's unconscious figure, with a set, white face, and one foot hanging crushed and bleeding. The news spread until every passenger was aroused, and hundreds were crowding around to give their words of praise and gratitude.

A doctor pushed his way through the crowd. He feared Tom would die from the shock, but he did not. His father hung over him in agony and remorse. The shock had sobered him.

It was weeks before Tom was well. He was never sorry for a moment for what he had done.

The choir boys came to see him. The railroad company and passengers would have given him a large sum of money, but Tom and his father refused it. They felt that the boy had only made up for the father's neglect.

What worried Tom most of all was the thought that perhaps a little boy on crutches, might not be allowed to be a choir boy; but the choir master came for him as soon as he was able to sing.

The first time he went to practise he was called upon for his usual solo. At first Tom's breath came quick and fast. Then he began to sing. What was there in the little fellow's voice to-night that had never been there before?

After the first bar you might have heard a pin drop. Tom, in talking to his father about the praise the choir master had given him, said, "I was thinking of last year, and mother, and how God had helped me to do what she wanted me, and then I thought of her as being safe with Him, and it made me want to sing."

On Sunday the church was crowded, and "never," said the people, "had they heard such a voice as little Tom Hayes' and after this the dear little fellow should have two dollars a Sunday." For when they saw that crutch, all the mothers' hearts yearned over the motherless boy.

IT'S TIME THAT TELLS.

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People are going ahead so rapidly in life that they are likely to run rough shod over health—Timely words of advice to all—Stick to what you know is legitimate.

One good way to test the merit of a preparation advertised to benefit health is to look carefully into its record. In times like the present, when there are so many worthless preparations in the market and so many new schemes for making money questionably, you will do wisely if you buy only a preparation which has stood the test of time.

Another important thing is to look out for secret compounds. It is unfortunate that the laws of nature make it impossible many times to trace the origin of many vegetable concoctions, for the medical world might be able to expose their worthlessness. But it may be well for Scott's

Emulsion, however, that the laws are as they are: for Scott's Emulsion can say that it is one of the few preparations whose ingredients cannot be concealed and whose formula is endorsed by the whole medical world.

In these days of worthless mixtures Scott's Emulsion stands out conspicuously. It has honestly back of it, the endorsement of physicians all around it, remarkable curative properties in it and permanent cures ahead of it.

For twenty years Scott's Emulsion has been growing in public favor until it is now a popular remedy in almost every country of the world. Its growth has been somewhat remarkable, when viewed on the surface, and still it is only natural, for Scott's Emulsion is the natural outcome of many human complaints.

Scott's Emulsion presents the curative and wonderful nourishing properties of Cod-liver Oil within the reach of everybody. It is unnatural to take plain Cod-liver Oil, as it is in a form that taxes the stomach, and yet for a person who is wasting to go without Cod-liver Oil is to refuse the very thing which is the best adapted to wasting conditions.

Scott's Emulsion really has over fifty years back of it, for all the plain oil taken for thirty years before Scott's Emulsion was made had to be made exactly like Scott's Emulsion before it could be assimilated. So Scott's Emulsion saves the digestive organs the work of preparing the oil for assimilation and it also aids the digestion of other food.

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Scott's Emulsion is not an ordinary specific. Besides soothing and curative properties which are useful in curing Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, and Inflammation of Throat and Lungs, it also contains the vital principles of nourishment. A little Scott's Emulsion given to babies or children, goes more to the making of solid bones and healthy flesh than all of their ordinary food. Babies who do not thrive soon grow chubby and bright on Scott's Emulsion, and children who are thin and have the appearance of growing too fast do not seem as though they could grow fast enough.

To Consumptives Scott's Emulsion is life itself. There are thousands of cases on record where Scott's Emulsion has actually cured quite advanced stages of this dreadful disease.

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FACE TO FACE WITH A BOA.

The boa constrictor has a long, scaly head, which is broad behind, and the tail has a single row of subcaudal scales. They are aboreal, and watch for their prey, swooping down on its head first, seizing and coiling their long and stout body around it. They reach twelve feet in length as a rule, and it is said that some are more than twice as long, but there are grave doubts about the truth of the statement. The ornamentation is rather peculiar, and there is a long series of markings extending the whole length, composed alternately of great blackish stains or spots irregularly hexagonal, and of pale, oval stains or spots notched or jagged at either end, the whole forming a very elegant pattern. It has the habits of the family, and is restricted to the tropical parts of South America. Probably this was the snake which was worshipped by the natives, and it has a strange literature attached to it of stories of the most wonderful kind, and it has been confounded with the anaconda, which forms the next genus of the sub-family. Bates once, on an insect-hunting expedition, met a boa constrictor face to face. The huge serpent was coming down a slope, and making the dry twigs crack and fly with its weight, as it moved over them. He knew there was no danger, and stood his ground, and the reptile suddenly turned and glided at an accelerated pace down the path. The rapidly-moving and shining body looked like a stream of brown liquid flowing over the thick bed of fallen leaves rather than a serpent with a skin of varied colours. One morning, after a night of deluging rain at Para, the lamplighter, on his rounds to extinguish the lamps, knocked Bates up to show him a boa constrictor he had just killed in the street not far off. He had cut it nearly in two with his knife as it was making its way down the sandy street.

The first step in the cultivation of the spirit of missionary work in the churches is the dissemination of missionary news—facts, all forms of missionary intelligence—that the missionary spirit may be aroused, vivified, fostered, nourished, and built up by what it feeds upon. Give all the news of all the peoples of all the lands; give it in trumpet tones; send it everywhere on all winds, and let the breezes be laden with it; and as the ears shall hear the minds shall understand and the hearts shall sympathize, and the hands shall do the rest.

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or Money paid for His Medicines is Returned.

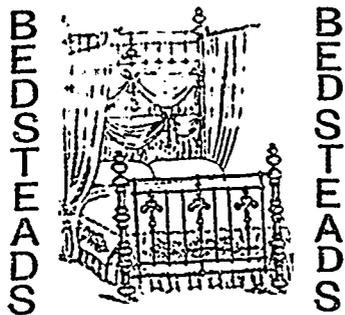
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A CHRISTMAS BOOK.

The Christmas number of *Saturday Night* has made its appearance and is extremely handsome. The cover, designed by Mr. John D. Kelly, of Toronto, is one of the most brilliant and attractive ever done in the Dominion. Three pictures, instead of one, are given away with the number this year. The leading story "One Day's Courtship" is by Robt. Barr, recently associated with Jerome K. Jerome, but better known as Luke Sharp. Other stories are: The Shade of Helen, by Francis Morison; Le Loup Garou, by Clifford Smith; Why Jonnie Went Back, by Edmund E. Sheppard; The Passing of Baggs, the Club Man, by Margaret Harvey; and An Heroic Imbecile, by Joe Clark. There are beautifully illustrated poems by J. W. Bengough and Reuben Butchart, Keppell Strange and James A. Tucker. It costs fifty cents (pictures and all), and is furnished in tubes ready for mailing.



Ministers and Churches.

The Presbyterian manse, Havelock, is nearly completed. It is a fine structure.

A Presbyterian church, the first in the history of the village, is to be erected at Baden.

Rev. Dr. McKay, Formosa, occupied Knox Church, Kincardine, last Sunday morning and evening.

The Rev. J. A. Macdonald, of St. Thomas, will preach in St. James Square Church, next Sunday morning and evening.

Rev. Prof. Mowat, of Queen's University, has been preaching in St. Andrew's church, Perth, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. A. H. Scott.

Mr. Colman, the missionary to the Chinese in Victoria, B.C., is back from his honeymoon trip, and is again vigorously at his work among the Celestials.

The Rev. Dr. Wardrop has consented to take charge of Melville congregation, Fergus, and the Rev. R. M. and Mrs. Craig left for New Mexico last Monday.

Rev. Dr. Bryce, chaplain to St. Andrew's Society, addressed Scotchmen in Knox Church, Winnipeg, recently, taking for his subject: "The Heroic in the Religious Life in Scotland."

The W. F. M. S., of Bristol, Quebec, held their annual thank offering meeting on November 12th. The Mission Band furnished the programme. The thank-offering amounted to the sum of \$45.

At a recent meeting of St. Andrew's Society Guelph, a unanimous vote of thanks was tendered the Rev. J. C. Smith, B.D., for his able sermon preached to the Society on Sunday evening, Nov. 25th.

The Rev. J. M. Cameron, of Toronto, to whom a unanimous call was extended by the congregation of Wick a short time ago, has accepted. The manse is being renovated and made ready for the pastor.

At the Thanksgiving service in First Presbyterian Church, Victoria, B.C., which was largely attended, a very liberal offering was made for the Relief Fund for the deserving poor of the congregation.

Rev. W. J. Clark of London, lectured recently in Knox Church, Woodstock. The *Sentinel Review* says of the lecturer: "Mr. Clark is a fluent, eloquent and pathetic speaker. In his lecture he took his audience from the comical to the sublime, from smiles to tears in a manner only attained by few speakers."

The annual thank-offering meeting of Toronto Auxiliary Canadian McAll Association was held on Thursday, December 6th, in the Young Men's Christian Association Library. Mrs. Edward Blake presided and conducted the devotional exercises. Treasurer reported \$139.50 in hand. The thanksgiving offering amounted to \$22.05.

At its last monthly meeting the Theford Auxiliary of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, presented its president, Mrs. Telfer, with a certificate of life membership in the general society. The presentation was accompanied by a tenderly worded address to which Mrs. Telfer feelingly replied.

The Rev. Mr. Hastie, pastor of Knox Church, Cornwall, received forty three into full communion on the 2nd inst., thirty-nine on profession of faith. He was assisted by the Rev. C. E. Amaron, M.A., of Montreal, who preached very able sermons morning and evening. In the afternoon he preached in French to those belonging to the new mission in the town.

The congregation of Bristol, Quebec, was highly favored on Thanksgiving Day with a visit from Rev. Thomas Wardrop, D.D., who preached both morning and evening to large and delighted audiences. The doctor is an old friend of this church, having had not a little to do with its formation and early history. Rev. David Wardrop, his brother, was pastor for many years, leaving a name that is fragrant still in the community.

The Presbyterian Christian Endeavor society, of Paris, is at present in a most flourishing condition. The society was organized five years ago with a membership of twenty-five, and it now has on its rolls ninety-two members. The officers for the present season are as follows: president, Mr. J. Inkster; vice-president, Miss Malcolm; recording-secretary, Mr. J. Sinclair, corresponding secretary, Miss M. Mitchell, treasurer, Miss K. Turnbull.

The fourth anniversary of the Y. P. S. C. E. of First Presbyterian Church, Victoria, B.C., was held on the 27th of November. It was largely attended and thoroughly enjoyed. Addresses were made by the pastor, and the Rev. Mr. Morison. Dr. Campbell urged that the Presbyterian wing of the Christian Endeavor Society should assume some distinctive name, such as "The Presbyterian Association" of the Y. P. S. C. E.

On a recent evening Rev. Dr. Jamieson and his good lady attended the regular prayer meeting at Bethel Church, near Mill. At the close of the regular exercises, Miss Belle McCorvie, President of the Young People's Society, and much to their surprise, requested the Rev. gentleman and his wife to come to the front. Miss Edith McDonald then read an address and Mr. Neil Watson presen-

ed to the Rev. Doctor a handsome black fur coat, heavily and expensively lined, while Miss Barbara McVicar handed to Mrs. Jamieson a purse containing a gift of money. Dr. Jamieson replied very suitably, acknowledging in appropriate terms the esteem and respect of which these gifts were the token and assured the donors that their kindness had most deeply affected both him and his wife.

When the elders of St. Andrew's Church, Carleton Place, counted up the cash on the collection plates after the services on Thanksgiving Day, they found that it totalled up the handsome sum of \$1,550. This amount included subscriptions paid as well as collections, an extra effort having been made by the members of the congregation to wipe off the church debt. Since then \$250 more has been collected, and the balance of the \$2,000 required is promised before the end of the year.

Preparatory service was held in South Side Presbyterian Church, Toronto, on Friday, Nov. 30th, at 8 p. m. The Rev. Alex. MacGillivray, of Bonar Church, preached a very practical discourse from Matthew v. 16: "Let your light so shine before men," etc. There were admitted to the membership of the church, 25 persons—6 on profession of faith, and 19 by certificate. Just two years ago the pastor Rev. J. G. Potter was inducted. During the present year of depression the congregation has had up-hill work, and yet from present signs of vitality we hope to see South Side accomplishing the great work it is destined to do in South Toronto.

During the recent severe illness of the Rev. Dr. Chiniquy, from which he is now happily recovering, and in which the whole church will rejoice, the Montreal Presbyterian Association sent the venerable father a letter expressive of its warm sympathy with him in his affliction, of high appreciation of his long and valuable services to the church and of hopes of his perfect recovery to render yet further service. A special meeting of the Montreal Presbytery was held the 12th ult. The Rev. F. M. Dewey, Moderator, presided. A call to a minister for the congregation of Joliette was presented and considered. It was signed by twenty-six members and ten adherents, and was unanimously in favor of the Rev. L. Bouchard. After some discussion the Presbytery agreed to defer final action until a future meeting. Another call was presented by the congregation of New Glasgow, Que., and was in favor of the Rev. P. S. Vernier. The Presbytery agreed to sustain this as a regular gospel call, and ordered that it be sent on to the Presbytery of Ottawa, in which Mr. Vernier is at present laboring. Dr. Mackay presented a supplementary report from the Presbytery's examining committee, containing recommendations which were adopted. The Rev. J. M. Crombie asked the the Presbytery's assistance in providing additional teachers for his Sabbath-schools.

The Presbyterian Church at Rat Portage, Ont., has had a very rapid growth under the pastorate of its present popular pastor, Rev. Robert Nairn, M.A. Eight years ago Keewatin, Norman and Rat Portage, formed one mission with a communion roll of some forty-five. Since then Keewatin and Norman has become a separate charge with a settled pastor, the Rev. Wm. Omand, B.A., and Rat Portage itself has become self-sustaining with a communicant's roll at the present of some one hundred and fifty members. It has a very prosperous Sabbath school with an effective staff of teachers; the Bible class under the able management of Mrs. McKay is very large. The Christian Endeavor Society is active and progressive. At the close of a successful series of evangelistic services of four weeks, ending November 9th, some twenty-five were taken into the full communion of the church, while a communicant's class of young people, numbering some twenty, has been found. Rat Portage is a very promising place, being a favorite summer resort. It is unsurpassed by any town in the West for its natural beauty of scenery. The church has a great work before it in the coming days. The place is destined to be a great commercial center. The pure gospel of Jesus constantly presented, and effectively exhibited in christian life will make it a true and happy center in the coming days.

ADDRESS TO MR. DUGALD MACKENZIE, M.D.

The following was overlooked at the proper time, but is now given:—Mr. Dugald MacKenzie, M.D., of Dromore, a member of the session of Amos congregation, having removed to Mount Forest, a few days after his departure he was presented with the following address, signed by the members of session and Sabbath School office-bearers.

To Dr. MacKenzie.

DEAR SIR,—We, the members of the session and Sabbath School officers of Amos congregation, having heard with sincere regret of your immediate departure from among us, desire in this humble manner to express our sorrow, and also our appreciation of your real and valuable assistance in all that pertained to the temporal and spiritual well-fare of the congregation.

We are truly sorry that the tie of Christian fellowship by which we have been bound for some years is about to be broken. We will miss your kind counsel, your sound judgment, and your practical common sense. Your memory in this congregation will always be lovingly cherished by all who truly know you. Your uniform kindness, your skill and tenderness as a physician, your regard for the soul as well as for the body, your open-handed liberality, and crowning all your noble Christian example in all the relations of life, have shed in our midst a fragrant influence which will not soon pass away.

We beg to assure you, and also your highly esteemed partner in life, who with equal zeal and

OR . . . THESE!

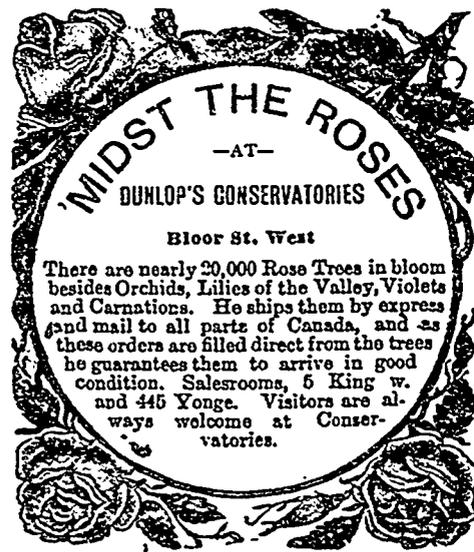
Letter Clips, Travo Boxes, Memo Tablets, Cheque Cutters, Paper Blotters, Erasers, Letter Openers, Paper Knives, Book Marks, Blotters, Mucilage Pots, Pen Wipers, Calculators, Letter Sealers, Sponge Dishes, Call Bells, Ink Wells, Engagement Tablets, Rulers, Pencils, Stamps, Gold Pens, etc., etc., and scores of other house wares for the Daymarket or Library Table.

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ability has shared in every good work, that you carry with you our best and kindest wishes for your future welfare. We trust that God may open up for you a wider sphere of Christian influence and activity, and that He may bless you even more abundantly in the noble christian work to which you are devoting your lives.

CHURCH DEDICATION IN VANCOUVER ISLAND.

Sabbath, November 18th, was a day to be remembered by the Presbyterians of Cedar Hill, Victoria, B.C. On that day their first church was solemnly dedicated to God. Services were first held at Cedar Hill about twenty years ago by the Rev. Mr. McGregor, of St. Andrew's, Church of Scotland, parish Victoria. It remained under the care of the ministers of St. Andrew's until about nine years ago, when it was given up by them, and was taken charge of by the Rev. D. MacRae, the pioneer missionary of our church in these parts. For eight years Mr. MacRae labored faithfully, and successfully until a year ago when he had to give Cedar Hill up, St. Paul's, Victoria West, another of his charges, having grown so large under his care as to require his whole time. Cedar Hill was then united with two missions newly started in the East End of the city, and the three put under the care of Mr. Chisholm, of Manitoba College, for the winter. On his leaving in the spring Mr. R. G. Merison, M.A., was put in charge as ordained missionary. During Mr. MacRae's ministry, and under the efficient leadership of Mrs. MacRae, the ladies of Cedar Hill organized and energetically set to work to raise money to assist in building a much-needed church. The result was that this summer the snug little sum of \$600 lay in the bank, which sum had been raised by systematic giving, together with sales of work, socials, etc. Having so much to start with it was decided that in spite of prevailing financial depression the time had come to build. Two lots were secured for \$150 in a most suitable and beautiful spot, from

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which one can look away over the Straits to the snow-topped Olympians, having on a clear day a most beautiful view. Here was erected a neat and pretty, though unpretentious church, 46 x 28, with a seating capacity of 200. The church is a model of neatness and good taste, the interior, which is finished in native woods varnished, being especially admired. It is comfortably seated with pews, and has both a vestry and ladies room. The congregation being largely Scottish, and so delighting to keep green the memory of "our ain folk," the church has been named after that noble and devoted father and missionary of our own church, St. Aidan. The dedication service being in the afternoon a large number from the city attended and the whole district turned out so that the church was taxed to its utmost, some having to stand. There were on the pulpit platform, the Revs. J. W. MacMillan, B.A., of Mount Pleasant Church, Vancouver; the Rev. D. MacRae, W. L. Clay, B.A., and R. G. Murison, each minister, as was seemly, being attired in the purple robe. Following the injunction of the directory for public worship the service was begun by a "solemn calling on the congregation to worship the great name of God," two verses of Scripture being used, so that the first words heard in the public worship in the church were the words of God. The dedicatory prayers were offered by the minister, the congregation all standing. The congregational prayers were led by the Rev. Mr. MacRae, and the Rev. Mr. Clay read the lessons. The Rev. J. W. MacMillan, B.A., who is one of the first and most popular preachers on the coast, preached an eloquent, helpful and appropriate sermon from Luke xviii. 28-30 on the "compensations of sacrifice," showing that the compensations were soul gains, which far exceeded what any earthly riches could be, and ended by drawing some intensely practical lessons bearing on the occasion, warning the congregation that if they were to receive compensation for the building of the church, it must be a sacrifice and not an excuse for not giving for objects and schemes they had previously contributed to. The choir was assisted for the occasion by a number of voices from the city, and during the service two solos were sung by Mr. J. G. Brown. The sanctuary was beautifully decorated for the occasion with evergreens and a wealth of garden flowers, chrysanthemums and dahlias being especially prominent.

On Monday evening a largely attended social was held, at which the Rev. D. MacRae and John MacMillan delivered addresses. With the exception of communion vessels (which perhaps

some kind friend in the east will present) St. Aidan's starts out well-equipped and the prayer of the congregation is that God may bless the new church, and that within its walls Christ's flock may be confirmed and built up in the faith and example of their Lord, and that many who previously served themselves, may there become disciples of the Master, whose service is freedom and joy.

WOMAN'S FOREIGN MISSIONARY SOCIETY—BARRIE PRESBYTERIAL.

The eighth annual meeting of the Barrie Presbyterian Society was held in the church, Orillia, Oct. 30th and 31st, 1894. The president, Mrs. R. N. Grant, of Orillia, presided and all the office-bearers, except two, were present.

The first session opened at 9.30 a.m. on Tuesday with devotional services in which a number of the ladies took part. They were conducted by the president and Mrs. Clark, of Bracebridge. Mrs. Carswell, of Bond Head, gave the opening address. Eighty-two delegates were in attendance.

Following the adoption of the minutes came the president's address, which was an able and thoughtful summary of the work done during the year. Very encouraging reports were read from the several Auxiliaries and Mission Bands in the Presbytery. Mrs. Barker of the Methodist Woman's Missionary Society and Miss Stewart, of St. James Woman's Auxiliary, presented greetings from their societies.

The address of welcome, given by Miss Christie, of Orillia, was much appreciated by all present. Mrs. Smith, of Bradford, made a suitable reply.

The reports of the Presbyterial Society, read by Mrs. Heatham, secretary, and Mrs. Stevenson, treasurer, were received with great interest and found to be very encouraging, showing greater zeal and a more earnest effort on the part of the auxiliaries and bands than ever before. The following is an extract from the secretary's report:—

"In looking at our work from all points of view, your secretary rejoices to report not one faint-hearted auxiliary or Mission Band on record this year. Of the 40 branches comprising our society, eight have been organized this year, four auxiliaries and four bands, viz: Auxiliaries at North Bay, Penetanguishene, Guthrie Church, Oro, and Central Church, Mitchell Square; and Bands at Duntroon, Guthrie, Tottenham and Central Church. Our president has sought deeply to impress these newly organized branches with the importance of the work. Apart from organization, no Presbyterial visitation was deemed necessary during the year."

"Twenty-one auxiliaries, numbering 364 members, and 75 members of the General Society; 19 Mission Bands with a membership of 585 and 20 members of the General Society, give a total membership of 949 and 95 members of General Society as against last year's figures of 767 and 92. Our average attendance at meetings reaches 446. All the societies, except two, report general members. One auxiliary records a life member. Our contributions this year show marked progress, the total revenue received being \$1,262.67; of which \$367.08 was raised by the Mission Bands showing them to be really interested workers. The envelope system is used in all the branches except two and is the system by which the noblest results in giving can be obtained. Our Presbyterial Fund has met with a liberal response, only eight branches having failed to remit. The sum of \$94 was forwarded to our treasurer. The establishing of an expense fund in fully one-half of the branches has no doubt helped to maintain the former in a vigorous condition.

"The thank-offering service has now become an established feature of our society, and the excellent results following, financially and spiritually, are too far-reaching to be fully estimated. The impressions made at the meetings often tend to increase membership, fuller consecration and to show us more clearly our duty.

"Passing on to the supplies for the Northwest, we notice that although the requirements, as laid down by the Board for our Presbytery have not been so large as formerly, nine good substantial bales, valued altogether at \$349.24, have been sent from our quarters, a goodly part of the material being new. A note in the November Leaflet informs us of its appreciation in the Portage la Prairie school. Twenty-four auxiliaries and mission bands contributed supplies for the box. The same evidences of progress noted in the foregoing are also seen in our monthly Letter Leaflet: 470 copies are this year in circulation as against 383 formerly. 80 copies having been subscribed for by the Y. W. bands. Says one secretary, 'As the only organ of our society, we supply every lady in the congregation with a copy.' Five hundred annual reports have been distributed throughout the Presbytery."

A very full and complete report from the secretary of supplies was read by Mrs. McCrae of Collingwood in the unavoidable absence of the secretary, Mrs. Tillson. An interesting and instructive paper on "Our failures, or the greatest lack in our work," was read by Mrs. Johnson, of Penetanguishene. Mrs. Watt, of Guelph, delighted the audience with a very able address to workers. Mrs. Watt was listened to with great attention and many of the members received help and encouragement from her earnest words. Miss McIntyre, of Collingwood, read a very well-prepared paper on "Importance of touch between our Auxiliaries and Mission Bands."

A resolution of condolence, expressing the sorrow of the society, was sent to Mrs. Tillson, secretary of supplies, who has recently passed through deep affliction in the death of her little girl.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.
NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES 25 CENTS.

MARRIAGES.

At the Manse, Kippen, on Nov. 28, by Rev. S. Acheson, Alfred E. Latta, to Jessie E. Robb, all of Tuckersmith.

At the residence of the bride's parents, on Wednesday, Nov. 28th, 1894, by the Rev. J. McKinnon, M.A., Mr. Alexander McLeish, of Springbank, to Miss Bessie Cowie, daughter of Mr. John Cowie, of East Williams.

Dr. John H. Hudson, of Condon, Oregon, was married last week at 268 George St., Lindsay, to Florence, youngest daughter of Rev. E. Mullan. The father of the bride officiated, and was assisted by Rev. J. B. Mullan, of Fergus, uncle of the bride.

On the 4th December, at the residence of the bride's uncle, David Stirton, Esq., ex-M.P., Guelph, by the Rev. R. J. M. Glassford, assisted by the Rev. Wylie C. Clark, of Brampton, Jeanie, daughter of the late Joseph Stirton, to the Rev. Donald Guthrie, B.A., pastor of Knox Church, Walkerton, and son of Donald Guthrie, Esq., Q.C., ex-M.P.P., Guelph.

DEATHS.

At the Manse, Motherwell, on the 27th ult., Agnes Somerville, wife of Rev. Robt. Hamilton, D.D.

The public meeting in the evening was largely attended, A. H. Beaton, M.D., presiding. The address of the Rev. Jonathan Goforth on China was thoroughly appreciated by all present. During the evening, the choir of the church rendered some very excellent anthems. A collection in aid of the Presbyterial Fund was taken up, amounting to \$45.00.

At the morning session on Wednesday, the following officers were elected: president, Mrs. R. N. Grant, Orillia; vice-presidents, Mrs. Moodie, Barrie, Mrs. Clark, Bracebridge, Mrs. McCrae, Collingwood, Mrs. McLeod, Barrie; secretary, Mrs. Needham, Orillia; assistant secretary, Miss Robertson, Collingwood; secretary of supplies, Mrs. Bailey, Gravenhurst; treasurer, Mrs. Stevenson, Barrie.

An invitation from the Collingwood Auxiliaries and Mission Bands to hold the next annual meeting in that town was cordially accepted.

Mrs. Moodie, of Barrie, was elected Presbyterial delegate to the general meeting of the society in Toronto.

The meetings closed with the Wednesday afternoon session, and were probably the most successful ever held by the Barrie Presbyterial.

By a unanimous vote, a life membership certificate was ordered to be procured and presented to Mrs. Moodie, of Barrie.

Mrs. Hunter, of Orillia, sang several selections during the meetings and Miss Chase, of Orillia, presided at the organ. The thanks of the society are extended to both of these ladies.

K. L. ROBERTSON,
Assistant Secretary.

A Young People's Convention, held at Brussels last month under the auspices of the Presbytery of Maitland, was very largely attended, and it is believed was successful in the best sense of the word. The following subjects were introduced by the speakers named and discussed in open session by a number of speakers: Rev. Mr. Anderson, Wroxeter, "The religious instruction of the young people;" Rev. A. McNab, Whitechurch, "The religious training of our young people;" Rev. J. L. Murray, M.A., Kincardine, "The relation between the Christian Endeavor Society and the church;" Rev. D. Perrie, Wingham, "Practical endeavor;" Rev. Mr. Malcolm, Teeswater, "The great need of the Holy Spirit in Christian Endeavor work;" "The Gospel Beehive" was the unique title of an address, by the Rev. Dr. Dickson, Galt. From a report compiled by Rev. Mr. Ross, of Brussels, it appears that there are in connection with the Presbytery of Maitland, 14 societies of young people, with a membership of 622, missionary contributions reached \$259.30, and the total given for all objects amounted to \$452.28.

A CALAMITY AVERTED.

AN ACCIDENT AT ST. MARY'S WITH ALMOST FATAL RESULTS.

The Victim Suffered for Months. During which time he was forced to Sit in a Chair—His Case Finally Pronounced Hopeless—How his Restoration was Brought About.

(From the St. Mary's Argus.)

How different are the feelings that take possession of one as they read the particulars of some great railway or steamship disaster where scores of lives with whom we have no acquaintance have been lost, and reading the particulars of the runaway of a span of horses attached to a carriage from which one of our acquaintances has been thrown and killed. In the former case, although the loss of life has been great, you say "Isn't it terrible!" but in a few days the affair has probably passed from mind, while in the latter instance months after you could recount the minutest particulars of the runaway. And so it is when we read the particulars of cures really remarkable, but because we are not interested in the person restored the facts are soon forgotten. But when a case can be submitted right at home, with which a large number of our readers are familiar, it will, we are sure, be of special interest and carry conviction.

Our readers will remember that over two years ago while Mr. Gideon Elliott, James

SCROFULA.

Is that impurity of the blood which produces unsightly lumps or swellings in the neck; which causes running sores on the arms, legs, or feet; which develops ulcers in the eyes, ears, or nose, often causing blindness or deafness; which is the origin of pimples, cancerous growths, or "humors," which, fastening upon the lungs, causes consumption and death. It is the most ancient of all diseases, and very few persons are entirely free from it.

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By taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, by the remarkable cures it has accomplished, has proven itself to be a potent and peculiar medicine for this disease. If you suffer from scrofula, try Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Every spring my wife and children have been troubled with scrofula, my little boy three years old, being a terrible sufferer. Last spring he was one mass of sores from head to feet. We all took Hood's Sarsaparilla and all have been cured of the scrofula. My little boy is entirely free from sores, and all four of my children look bright and healthy." W. B. ATHERTON, Passaic City, N. J.

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100 Doses One Dollar

street, St. Mary's, was teaming ashes he was thrown from a load and received such severe injuries to his spine that he was unable to walk or lie down in bed. He suffered great pain in his back. For long months he lived night and day in a chair, not able to do the slightest thing to help himself. And with no prospect of help before him he began to feel that life was a burden and he had no desire to live. Two physicians attended him, but after exhausting their powers Mr. Elliott was told that "if he had anything he wanted settled he had better attend to it at once," the last doctor telling him he could not be cured. To an Argus representative Mr. Elliott gave the above facts and said that, after having suffered a great deal of pain, and notwithstanding he was told he was incurable, he determined to try the Pink Pill treatment, and purchased a dozen boxes of the renowned Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. Inside of three weeks he began to feel the effects of the pills and now most emphatically declares that they have made him as well as he is to-day. When he started taking them he was not able to help himself in any way, but during the past fall he took up the potatoes in his garden, and can now do all the chores around his house. This is a wonderful change in a man who spent months in a chair unable to help himself or even to lie down and who was told by physicians that his case was hopeless, and it is another trophy added to the many victories of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills over disease.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood, and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, all diseases depending upon vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood, and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are manufactured by the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., and Schuectady, N.Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing their trade mark and wrapper printed in red ink, at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company from either address.

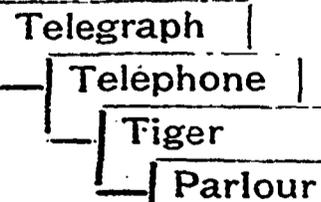
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See that one of these names is on the box of matches you buy. If so, you may be assured of a good article—for you are then getting

E. B. Eddy's Matches.

If you must draw the line at ~~Lard~~

and have, like thousands of other people, to avoid all food prepared with it, this is to remind you that there is a clean, delicate and healthful vegetable shortening, which can be used in its place. If you will

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instead of lard, you can eat pie, pastry and the other "good things" which other folks enjoy, without fear of dyspeptic consequences. Deliverance from lard has come.

Buy a pail, try it in your own kitchen, and be convinced.

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This book tells, in the author's usually attractive style, how five children were reclaimed from the degrading influence of a family of "Wagon-Tramps," or "Movers." The purpose and spirit of the story are well shown by the following lines quoted from its title-page:

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With hopeful pity not disdain."

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When writing to Advertisers please mention THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

British and Foreign.

The Swazi chiefs had an exciting time in London. They dined with the Baroness Burdett Coutts, were shown over the House of Parliament, and were greatly excited over their visit to the Queen at Windsor.

The Prince of Wales' fifty-third birthday, owing to the visit of the Prince and Princess to Russia, passed without the usual festivities. The distribution of gifts to the work people on the Sandringham estate was postponed.

Of the eighty-nine candidates before the constituencies for the London School Board seventy, including the whole of the Progressives, have pledged themselves to support the present Temperance teaching in the Board schools.

Mr. R. Wales reported to the London Presbytery North that the Sustentation Fund threatened to close the year with a deficiency of £290. A little increased all-round effort would, however, wipe out the threatened deficiency.

The Australian self-denial effort of the Salvation Army has resulted in a total of £9,400, the highest sum yet reached. This is held to prove that the work of the Army has not been hindered by the recent commercial depression in the Colonies.

Recent high winds have demolished a very ancient relic of Methodism at North Lopham, England, in the shape of an old barn in which Mr. W. M. Harvard preached his first sermon, and in which Dr. Adam Clarke preached when stationed at Norwich.

Preaching in Partick Church recently Principal Caird said it was on the Church that the shadow of antiquity rested deepest, and the conservatism most justifiable was that of the theologian. In his opinion, there never had been a better time for the Church of Christ than the present.

Mr. John Burns, M.P., addressing a Good Templar demonstration in Battersea, said the cause of Temperance was gaining recruits every day, and as education advanced, so did sobriety. There was much cause for congratulation in the fact that workmen generally were much more sober than they used to be.

Franz Kossuth, son of the Dictator, is bidding for popularity in Hungary, though he is not yet a naturalised Hungarian. He advocates Hungarian nationality and independence, though he has dropped his father's ineradicable opposition to the Hapsburg dynasty, and declares himself perfectly loyal to the Emperor.

Professor Petrie, who has been excavating on the shores of the Red Sea, says his investigations show that the early inhabitants of Egypt were a very mixed race. There are marks of invasions by races from Asia Minor or India, and the Egyptians at the time of Moses were a cross between the aboriginal Africans and their Asiatic conquerors.

Principal Dykes presented to the London Presbytery North the first annual report of the Committee on Church Aid and Evangelistic Effort. The sum of £3,000 was raised to aid ten working-class congregations in London. This was expended in putting the buildings into a state of efficiency, and providing workers such as evangelists and Biblewomen.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

It is getting very near Xmas and as usual the selection of gifts for friends and relatives is on the tapis. Putting it off until the eleventh hour is generally unsatisfactory to all concerned, for great crowds on the streets and in the stores, impede perambulation; while broken stocks make it difficult sometimes to find just what one wants. Good will more than good taste may be evidenced in the article you purchase at a late date.

John Wanless & Co., Jewelers, therefore advise early action on your part. To make a success of Christmas shopping examine their beautiful collection at your first opportunity and they will be quite willing to set your choice aside in your name, until you decide to have it sent home. They will sell you what is newest, which is best value, and do all in their power to assist you. They have this year excelled all previous records and of course are naturally desirous of receiving a visit of inspection.

Dear Sirs,—I have used Yellow Oil for two or three years, and think it has no equal for croup. Mrs. J. S. O'Brien, Huntsville, Ont.

DON'T BE IMPOSED UPON,

When you ask for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Go to a reliable dealer. He will sell you what you want. The ones who have something else to urge upon you in its place are thinking of the extra profit they'll make. These things pay them better, but they don't care about you.

None of these substitutes is "just as good" as the "Discovery." That is the only blood-cleanser, flesh-builder, and strength-restorer so far-reaching and so unailing in its effects that it can be guaranteed. In the most stubborn Skin, scalp, or scrofulous affections, or in every disease that's caused by a torpid liver or by impure blood—if it ever fails to cure, you have your money back.

It is stated that D. L. Moody contemplates a journey to Japan with the purpose of making a six months tour of the country and preaching in its principal cities.

THE CHURCH OF LIGHT.

In grandfather's days, somehow it didn't seem just the thing to have the inside of the church as bright and cheerful as the home. Folks thought that there was piety in dim religious light. Nowadays religion is the food of week days as well as of Sundays, and people worship in the light. It's rather hard to make folks see the light of Heaven in a dimly lighted church. The original command, "Let there be light," was decidedly material. I. P. Frink, 551 Pearl St., New York, has just issued a book of Church Light—129 engravings of chandeliers for gas and oil, electroliers, reflectors, side lights, and every kind of fixture for the lighting of a church. This book is worth having, and it's free to any one who will send a postal card request for it.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

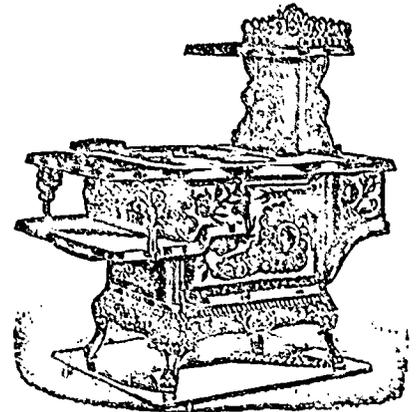
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Aberdeen Warrior

This beautiful Stove is expressly suitable for the wants of Canadian users and you will find it in your interests to see it before purchasing. It is made in all styles and varieties and possesses the most modern improvements of the day.

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Rev. P. C. Headley, 697 Huntington Avenue, Boston, U.S.A., April 2nd, 1894, writes:

"I have found the Acid treatment all it claims to be as a remedy for disease.

"While it does all that is stated in the descriptive and prescriptive pamphlet, I found it of great value for bracing effect on a part of the acid to ten of water applied with a flesh brush, and towels after it; also as an internal regulator with five or six drops in a tumbler of water. I should be unwilling to be without so reliable and safe a remedy.

"I wonder that no mention is made in the pamphlet of the sure cure the Acid is for corns (applied once or twice a day), so many are afflicted with them. It was death to mine."

To Coutts & Sons, 72 Victoria St., Toronto.

A CELEBRATED MOUNTAIN CLIMBER.

W. M. CONWAY, who recently reached a greater height than had ever before been attained by any mountain climber, has described his adventures "Among the Highest Himalayas" in an article which THE YOUTH'S COMPANION announces among many other attractions for the coming year.

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Surprise ? Soap



SURPRISE SOAP LASTS LONGEST GOES FARTHEST.

The cheapest Soap to Use. 181 THE ST. CROIX SOAP MFG. CO., ST. STEPHEN, N. B.

IT does away with hard work, —don't boil or scald the clothes nor give them the usual hard rubbing (See the directions on the wrapper).

It gives the whitest, sweetest, cleanest clothes after the wash.

It prevents wearing and tearing by harsh soaps and hard rubs. Rub lightly with Surprise Soap,—the dirt drops out Harmless to hands and finest fabrics.

A stained glass window has been placed in St. Giles' Cathedral, Edinburgh, to the memory of the brothers William and Robert Chambers, one of whom carried out, at his own expense, the restoration of the church.

HEART DISEASE RELIEVED IN 30 MINUTES.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart gives perfect relief in all cases of Organic or Sympathetic Heart Disease in 30 minutes, and speedily effects a cure. It is a peerless remedy for Palpitation, Shortness of Breath, Smothering Spells, Pain in Left Side and all symptoms of a Diseased Heart. One dose convinces.



See That Mark "G. B."

It's on the bottom of the best Chocolates only, the most delicious. Look for the G. B.

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To Nursing Mothers!

A leading Ottawa Doctor writes: "During Lactation, when the strength of the mother is deficient, or the secretion of milk scanty,

WYETH'S MALT EXTRACT

gives most gratifying results." It also improves the quality of the milk.

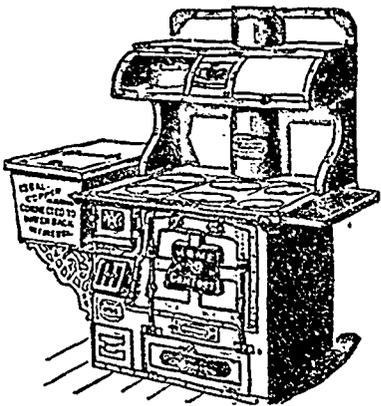
It is largely prescribed
To Assist Digestion,
To Improve the Appetite,
To Act as a Food for Consumptives,
In Nervous Exhaustion, and as a Valuable Tonic.

PRICE, 40 CENTS PER BOTTLE.

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- DIPLOMA ALABAMA STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, At Montgomery, 1886.
- AWARD Chattahoochee Valley Exposition, Columbus, Ga., 1888.
- HIGHEST AWARDS 25th ANNUAL FAIR ST. LOUIS CULTURAL & MECHANICAL ASSOCIATION, 1889.
- SIX HIGHEST AWARDS WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION CHICAGO, 1893.
- HIGHEST AWARDS WESTERN FAIR ASSOCIATION, LONDON, CAN., 1893.
- SIX GOLD MEDALS MIDWINTER FAIR, San Francisco, Cal., 1894.



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Above Style Family Range is sold only by our Traveling Salesmen from our own wagons at one uniform price throughout Canada and the United States.

Made of MALLEABLE IRON and WROUGHT STEEL and will LAST A LIFETIME if properly used.

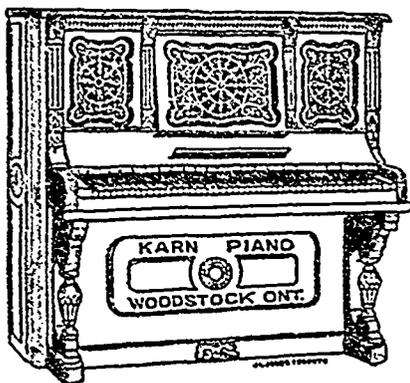
SALES TO JANUARY 1st, 1894, 277,188.

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Purify the Blood, correct all Disorders of the LIVER, STOMACH, KIDNEYS AND BOWELS. They invigorate and restore to health Debilitated Constitutions, and are invaluable in all complaints incidental to Females of all ages. For children and the aged they are priceless. Manufactured only at THOMAS HOLLOWAY'S Establishment, 73 New Oxford St., London. And sold by all Medicine Vendors throughout the World. E.B.—Advice gratis, at the above address, daily, between the hours of 11 and 4, or by letter.

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\$3 A DAY SURE Send us your address how to make \$3 a day absolutely sure we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of \$3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; don't fail to write today. **TRIPPL'S SILVERWARE CO.,** Box 43 Windsor, Ont.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Of the twenty students in the Presbyterian college, London, all are University men, and eleven are graduates.

Dyspepsia arises from wrong action of the stomach, liver and bowels. Burdock Blood Bitters cures Dyspepsia and all diseases arising from it, 99 times in 100.

The Presbytery of London North held a conference on "The Instruction of Youth," which was opened by Dr. Gibson.

Some people laugh to show their pretty teeth. The use of Ivory White Tooth Powder makes people laugh more than ever. It's so nice. Price 25c. Sold by druggists.

Professor Seth opened the session of the Edinburgh University Theological Society with a lecture on "Pantheism, Deism, and Theism."

Pimples, boils and other humors of the blood are liable to break out in the warm weather. Prevent it by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla.

An innovation in Presbyterianism took place at Belfast, when a testimony meeting was held in connection with the mission in Albert street Church.

Dyspepsia causes Dizziness, Headache, Constipation, Variable Appetite, Rising and Souring of Food, Palpitation of the Heart, Distress after Eating. Burdock Blood Bitters is guaranteed to cure Dyspepsia if faithfully used according to directions.

Several memorial windows and brasses have been promised towards the decoration of Linlithgow Church, which is now undergoing extensive restoration.

For Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, Cramps, Colic, Diarrhoea, Dysentery, and Summer Complaint, Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is a prompt, safe and sure cure that has been a popular favorite for over 40 years.

Manual training in San Francisco has just received an impetus from Mrs. Charles Lux, of that place, who had just died. She bequeathed the enormous sum of three million dollars, one-third of her estate, to wards "the promotion of schools for manual training, industrial training, and for teaching trades to young people of both sexes in the State of California, and particularly in the city and county of San Francisco."

Jacksonville, Fla., 18th August, 1894.

To whom it may concern—and that is nearly everybody—This is to certify that I have used Coutts & Sons' "Acetocura" on myself, my family, and hundreds of others during the past fifteen years for headache, toothache, rheumatism, sciatica, sprains, cuts, boils, abscesses, scarlet fever, chills and fever, and also with good success on myself (as I was able) in an attack of yellow fever. I can hardly mention all the ills I have known its almost magical power in curing, such as croup, diarrhoea biliousness, and even those little but sore pests to many people—corns. The trouble is with patients, they are so fond of applying where the pain is—and not where directed, at the nerve affected. And the trouble with the druggists is that they also want to sell "Something just as good," which very often is worse than useless.

Wishing you every success in your new establishment, and that a more enlightened public may appreciate the blessings of your Acetocura, is the fervent wish of Yours truly,

CAPT. W. M. SOMERVILLE, Late of U.S. Engineer Service, and formerly of the Marine Department, Canada. To Coutts & Sons, 72 Victoria St., Toronto.

New buildings in connection with the medical school of Owen's College, Manchester, were opened by the Duke of Devonshire recently. Not every one will agree with the Duke's expression of opinion that "it is a somewhat doubtful benefit that the lives of those who are attacked by incurable and mortal disease should be prolonged for some indefinite period" by medical skill. The incurable are not always unhappy, and nothing is more favorable to the culture of the better human nature than the loving care of the incurable.

Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry cures Diarrhoea, Dysentery, Cramps, Colic, Cholera Morbus, Cholera Infantum, and all looseness of the bowels. Never travel without it. Price 35c.



Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup

A Perfect Cure for COUGHS AND COLDS

Hoarseness, Asthma, Bronchitis, Sore Throat, Croup and all THROAT, BRONCHIAL and LUNG DISEASES. Obstinate coughs which resist other remedies yield promptly to this pleasant piny syrup. Beware of Substitutes. Sold by all Druggists. Price 25 & 50c.



FREE!

We direct special attention to the following remarkable statement: For many years I suffered from Catarrh, which destroyed my hearing, and for twenty-five years I was so deaf that I could not hear a clock strike by holding my ear against it. I had tried every known remedy, and nothing gave me the slightest relief. I obtained Dr. Moore's treatment, and in three weeks my hearing began to improve and now I can hear common conversation across a room; can hear a clock strike in an adjoining room, 30 feet away. I think I am entirely cured, and my hearing permanently restored. **EDWIN COLEMAN, Maizo, Kas.** Medicines for 3 Months' Treatment Free. To introduce this treatment and prove beyond doubt that it will cure Deafness, Catarrh Throat and Lung Diseases, I will for a short time, send Medicines for three months' treatment free. Address, **J. H. MOORE, M.D., Cincinnati, O.**

Our Communion Wine "ST. AUGUSTINE" (REGISTERED.)



This wine is used in hundreds of Anglican and Presbyterian churches in Canada, and satisfaction in every case guaranteed. Cases of 1 dozen bottles, - \$4 50 Cases of 2 dozen half bottles, - 5 50 **F. O. B. Brantford, Ontario.**

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BEST QUALITY Coal & Wood FOR CASH AND PRESENT DELIVERY.

STOVE	\$5.00	PEA	EGG	\$5.00
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Best Long Hardwood \$5.50				
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