

Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church.

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WEDNESDAY, DEC. 18, 1907.

Single Copies, 5 cents.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

BY J. G. HOLLAND

There's a song in the air;
There's a star in the sky;
There's a mother's deep prayer,
And a baby's low cry;
And the star rains its fire while the
Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles
a King.

There's a tumult of joy
O'er the wonderful birth,
For the Virgin's sweet boy
Is the Lord of the earth,
And the star rains its fire while the
Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles
a King.

In the light of that star
Lie the ages impeared,
And that song from afar
Has swept over the world,
Every heart is aflame while the Beau-
tiful sing
In the homes of the nations, that Jesus
is King.

We rejoice in the light,
And we echo the song
That came down through the night
From the heavenly throng.
Aye, we shout to the lovely evangel
they bring,
And greet in his cradle our Saviour and
King.

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MARRIAGES.

On Nov. 27, 1907, by the Rev. George Minkie, M.A., North Lonsburg, Miss Florence M., fifth daughter of James Davidson, to W. A. Feater, M.D., of Dickinson's Landing, Ont.

At Deseronto, Nov. 22, Miss Maud Black, Deseronto, and Robert Bromley, of Avon, N.Y., Rev. A. M. Currie officiating.

On Nov. 25, 1907, at St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Brandon, Man., by the Rev. R. W. Dickie, Mr. Robert Love, of Forrest, Man., to Miss Mary Jack, of Quebec, daughter of the late Mr. James Jack, of Little River Road, Que.

At the residence of the bride's parents, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 3, 1907, by Rev. D. Currie, Perth, Ewen Cameron, Smith's Falls, to Elizabeth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. Brownlee, Harper.

At the residence of the bride's mother, by the Rev. A. H. Scott, M.A., on Wednesday, Dec. 4th, Thomas Withew Foster, of Leamington, Essex County, Ontario, to Lillie, youngest daughter of Mrs. John Wilson.

At the Manse, Bathurst, on Dec. 11th, 1907, by Rev. H. J. McDiarmid, Mr. Geo. E. Norris to Miss Jennie Ritchie, both of South Sherbooke, Co. Lanark, Ont.

On Dec. 10, at Westminster Church, Toronto, by the Rev. Dr. Neil, assisted by the Rev. C. J. James, M.A., Roger Clarkson, third son of E. H. Clarkson, Esq., to Hazel Kirkland, second daughter of Curran Morrison, Esq.

On Saturday, Dec. 7th, 1907, at the residence of the bride's father, Arrnprior, Ont., by the Rev. D. I. McLean, Marion Millar Johnson, younger daughter of Sturgis M. Johnson, to Arthur Cockburn Smith, of Toronto.

At Toronto, Dec. 11th, 1907, by the Rev. James Murray, B.A., B.D., Nellie McKay, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter McKay, of this city, to James Greg McCauley, son of Joseph McCauley, of Caledonia, Ont.

At the home of the bride, on Dec. 13th, 1907, by the Rev. Geo. Faskin, Mr. William E. Austin to Miss Maud Fisher, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jas. A. Fisher, late of Toronto Junction.

By Rev. F. L. Brown, B.A., Tuesday, December 10th, 1907, at the residence of the bride's parents, New Liskeard, May, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Field Stephenson, to Reginald D. Chester, youngest son of Mr. Thos. Chester, Homestead Inspector.

DEATHS.

At the Manse, Demorestville, Ont., on Dec. 6, 1907, the Rev. C. E. Gordonsmith, in his 64th year.

On Nov. 25, 1907, at her late residence, in Alton, Ont., Mary Reid, widow of the late Ewen Mackenzie, a native of Argyleshire, Scotland, aged 89.

At Toronto, on Monday, the 9th December, 1907, Mary, eldest daughter of the late William Gordon, of "Bayside," Whitby, Ontario, aged 79 years.

W. H. THICKE

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NOTE AND COMMENT

It is just fifty years (1857), says the Philadelphia Westminister, since the phenomenal time of financial crash, loss and disaster. Men were driven to despair and death. And then began the revival of religion which is still the wonder of living men. Will the crisis of 1907 bring another?

Mr. T. P. O'Connor, the brilliant Irish politician and writer, gives good advice to young men when he says: "And let me whisper this word finally in your ear. It won't do you the least harm if you are a teetotaler. You may lose something, but you gain tenfold. I believe in half a century from now no man will rise to the height of any profession, in the field, in the forum, or at the desk, who is not a teetotaler."

Dr. J. Schubert, of the Prussian Forestry School at Eberswalde, as the result of five years' study of forest influence on rainfall, says that of seventeen gage stations in the forest, at the forest's edge, and in the open, the forest stations show the greatest, and the open stations the least precipitation. Corrections for snowfall and for difference in the exposure of the gages as regards wind, amount to 5.5 per cent.; the observed difference in catch being 5.2 per cent.

San Francisco is suffering from a plague of rats, and is offering a bonus for their destruction. Apart from the general destructiveness of rats, they carry and transmit the bubonic plague, and have often aided in spreading pestilence through Asiatic cities. They are so prolific that any temporary upsetting of the "balance of nature" may result in an enormous increase in their numbers. The earthquake in San Francisco doubtless provided them with innumerable safe hiding places, and in other ways favored their increase.

The oldest Presbyterian church in England is known as Ramsbottom. In 1651, the Rev. Henry Pendlebury, of Oxford, was inducted to a chapelry there. He "came out" under the Act of Uniformity, and lived in the valley of Irwell until 1695, when he died. His successor, Mr. Henry Rothwell, built the Dundee or Ramsbottom church in the beginning of the eighteenth century. In Puritan literature the place was referred to as Holcombs, and in the earlier part of the eighteenth century as Dundee. The town was not known as Ramsbottom until 1783.

The increase of prohibition territory in the Southern States is something phenomenal, and has already attracted national attention. William E. Curtis, of the Chicago Record-Herald, has been touring in the South, and two weeks ago writing from Charlotte, N.C., he said: "Prohibition is the only political issue in the South. The entire population is now lined up on one side or the other. There is no distinct prohibition party, but both of the old parties have put planks in their platforms advocating the abolition of the liquor traffic, and at local elections the members of both are found voting for and against local option and prohibition." Mr. Curtis says the Southern political leaders have dropped railway regulation as an issue, and adds: "They have a new issue in the prohibition of the liquor traffic, which is sweeping the South like a prairie fire."

John Bright once said: "I believe that there is no field of labor, no field of Christian benevolence, which has yielded a greater harvest to our national character than the great institutions of Sunday schools."

In a recent issue of Science, Prof. Gilman A. Drew, who has been conducting experiments in connection with the egg-laying possibilities of hens at the Maine Experiment Station, quotes instances of hens which have laid two eggs within twenty-four hours. The most interesting case is that of a pullet, which apparently laid two eggs in one day early in March, 1906. During March and April there are records of five days on each of which this hen laid two eggs. There are eight other instances recorded where hens laid two eggs in a day, but in all of these cases on either the day previous or succeeding the day on which two eggs were laid no egg was laid.

The Belfast Witness regards it as "inspiring" to read in a Presbyterian paper an article on the layman coming to his own again. The writer points out that even in churches where the priest obtains that the clergy are a priesthood, the lay are receiving more recognition, and taking more part in Church life and work. In the Presbyterian Communion, he says, ministerial ministers have taken on them to manage everything, and "doylet lay men have refused to do their share of church work. There are welcomed signs that all this is being changed. The laymen are coming to their place again, and the Church is giving them their opportunity. No Church can thrive nowadays without lay sympathy, lay support, and lay effort."

A night school was recently started for Poles in the city of Detroit. Very good. But the board of school inspectors appointed a saloon-keeper principal of the school. Explanation: The saloon-keeper has a brother on the board of school inspectors. Additional explanation: the saloon-keeper wields effective influence on civic election days. The incident has aroused a lively agitation among self-respecting people, but the saloonist school principal holds the fort. The school will bring grist to the saloon-keeper's den who can earn double pay; first by teaching or pretending to teach; and second, by drafting the Poles into the army of his patrons. The Michigan Presbyterian ejaculates: "And this in the twentieth century, and in Detroit, and true of an educational system."

The Presbyterian Synod for Manitoba, at its session two weeks ago, passed a rather remarkable resolution—a resolution which has set men talking and men thinking in the west. It was fathered by Principal Patrick, and advocated public ownership of all bars instead of private. Principal Patrick gave one of his stirring and fighting speeches on the subject, and the resolution was carried unanimously. Like most temperance resolutions carried annually by Synods and Conferences, it will probably not go further, yet, through its uniqueness, it has started a great deal of discussion. In passing the resolution the Synod took particular care to reiterate its belief in prohibition as the ultimate aim in Manitoba, and in favoring public ownership of bars only did so as an initial stage to the ideal.

A writer in the Contemporary Review contributes an excellent article on "Roman and Anglican," dealing mainly with the present crisis in the Roman Catholic Church. Speaking of M. Loisy, Father Tyrrell, and the Pope's Encyclical against "Modernism," the writer shows that the Church of Rome is honeycombed with schools and parties quite as much as the Church of England. He quotes the statements of leading Modernists, which are quite at variance with Medieval Romanism, both in belief and sentiment. The Belfast Witness remarks: "That is true. But the Anglican Church need not have any Medieval superstition to contend against, neither has she the absurd claim of Infallibility to maintain in face of facts. The Church of England consists of practically three distinct systems of religious opinion, and has no excuse for such a state of things."

Roman Catholics the world over, whether prelates, priests, or laymen, have had a definite instruction from their Supreme Pontiff as to their conduct with regard to the State and the Church as follows. We quote from the Canadian Churchman: "The State must, therefore, be separated from the Church, and the Catholic from the citizen. Every Catholic, from the fact that he is also a citizen, has the right and the duty to work for the common good in the way he thinks best, without troubling himself about the authority of the Church, without paying any heed to its wishes, its counsel, its orders—nay, even in spite of its reprimands. To trace out and prescribe for the citizen any line of conduct, on any pretext whatsoever, is to be guilty of an abuse of ecclesiastical authority, against which one is bound to act with all one's might." Canadians will look with interest upon the manner in which the Pope's Encyclical is obeyed by his adherents in this country. The separation of Church and State in France promises to be fruitful of far-reaching consequences.

Rev. W. J. Dawson, English congregationalist, who has for some time been devoting himself to evangelistic work in the United States, in a recent address said, "that as a result of the evangelistic movement, the Congregational ministers of America are now more evangelistic in spirit, but he lamented that the churches have not responded to the evangelistic note. He observed that an arrest of Christianity in America now would, if not overcome, make America a pagan nation in twenty years. 'Much of our Christianity, he said, 'is only a dry and sterile intellectualism, which so little affects the springs of conduct that the man orthodox in his creed may be pagan in his ethics.'" This is neither flattering nor encouraging, and elicits the following comment from the Belfast Witness: "Place along with this statement the fraudulent Trusts, the scandalous packing dodges exposed by Mr. Upton Sinclair, the political corruption which seems too strong for the political reformers, the reckless speculation which has caused the monetary panic of last fortnight, the Thaw trial, and other disclosures—the American Christians are confronted with a problem such as we never experience on this side. We can only hope they will be found equal to the extraordinary demand."

SPECIAL
ARTICLES

Our Contributors

BOOK
REVIEWS

MOVING FORWARD.

The observant student of the world's news can hardly fail to note that two great questions of a moral and social character are claiming and receiving increasing importance at the hands of the people on both sides of the Atlantic. These questions are: the Christian Sabbath—shall it be maintained against the increasing inroads of modern commercialism; and the saloon danger—shall it be permitted any longer to menace the welfare of the people of civilized nations. These are two serious problems and they must be met and dealt with by every lover of the national, social and moral welfare of his country. Practically the two questions are one—or rather they are two branches of one question—mammomism—the underlying principle of which is that neither the integrity of the Christian Sabbath nor the social and moral welfare of the people shall stand in the way of those whose lust for wealth overshadows all moral considerations.

With regard to the Sabbath question it is an exceedingly encouraging sign of the times that in many countries the people are being aroused to the importance and necessity of protecting the Christian Sabbath against the inroads of corporate greed and vulgar commercialism, and maintaining the right of every toiler to enjoy his Sabbath rest and the privileges it was designed to afford him.

In the neighboring republic many of the states have enacted Sabbath laws or have strengthened existing laws. At the present moment, we believe, there are only two states of the Union devoid of such laws. And here it is worth while noting that the saloon element stands in league with the disciples of mammon in striving to destroy the Sabbath. And is that not precisely the situation in Canada?

Spain, Belgium and France have enacted the "Rest Day" law. Switzerland, five years ago, was the first to initiate the rest-day movement. Japan is now moving for a rest day, and, strangest of all, China, now awakening from her long sleep to behold the light of a new day, was moved recently by an edict from the Emperor to observe the Sabbath as a day of rest. And Great Britain has been awakened as never before in the call by the Lord Mayor of London for a great mass meeting. Special measures were provided to secure legislation for the better observance of the Sabbath. "A World's Rest Day" seems to be the united cry in every direction. With this as a rallying cry the nations are moving into line.

This world-wide campaign in support of the Christian Sabbath should be encouraging to our people. But the Christian men and women of Canada must not lay on their oars. We have an admirable Sabbath law on the whole, though it has some weak points. There are indications that an effort may be made to modify and to lessen the restrictions which it imposes on the railway corporations. Our people and our legislators must be on the watch against any unwise tampering with its provisions.

With regard to the saloon evil it is only necessary to point out that on this continent, and notably in the United States, an aggressive campaign is being waged against the liquor traffic. "The saloon must go" is the rallying cry in many places. In the neighboring republic the area of prohibition is being steadily widened, by direct prohibition

enactments in some states, but mainly by local option laws. In Ontario the local option policy is being vigorously pressed. Last year Nova Scotia made her provincial license law more effective than ever, and New Brunswick will probably take a forward step at the next session of the legislature. In Prince Edward Island, as noted in these columns recently, the prohibition law enacted a few years ago, is proving a great blessing to the people of that province. The liquor vendors have discovered that "prohibition does prohibit."

On the continent of Europe there is a steadily widening and strengthening sentiment against the evils of the liquor traffic. In Germany and France the best men of these nations are being thoroughly aroused against its dangers, and they in turn are educating the masses of the people. And in our own motherland the people are demanding effective restrictions upon the traffic.

Christian people everywhere must stand by the Sabbath and against the whiskey shop.

CHURCH CHOIRS.

Under the caption of "The Tyranny of Church Choirs," the Belfast Witness says: "The fact is indisputable that often in all sections of the Church, the church choir becomes so inflated with its own importance, that it becomes unmanageable; and instead of helping to elevate and spiritualize the worshippers assembled in the sanctuary with its melodious sounds and symphonies of bliss; instead of doing its utmost to stir up every heart and voice to praise the Lord with solemn sounds in grave, sweet melody, it marches on such unapproachable lines that the Psalmody of the congregation is practically nil. And if remonstrance is made by those who have the right to speak, ten to one but there will be a strike as noisy and unmusical as if coal-heavers were the belligerents. We are led to make these criticisms by noticing that the choir at Sattley Church, in England, have recently struck because their vicar would insist on having plain and simple music in which his congregation could join. But this did not commend itself to these self-conceited choristers. And so they struck." Canon Scott Holland, in reviewing the case in the pages of the "Commonwealth," says: "The strike brings up the question of the tyranny of choirs, and the drag they place on any vicar who wants to give his people congregational Gospel service. In this particular instance the vicar has been represented as a Mediaevalist, insisting on the dire necessity of plain song as against the artistic choirmen who want to sing Anglican chants. As a matter of fact, it is the case of a vicar wanting to have a service in which all can join and praise God as against respectable men who want to show off their voices. How long will the Anglican Church allow itself to be pressed down by choristers like a cart is pressed that is full of sheaves?"

IMAGINE A CHRISTLESS WORLD.

To realize, at Christmastide, what Christ means to the world, says an able writer in the Chicago Interior, let us think of Christ gone, while a sin-bewildered, halting, orphaned world is left to write, in the last light of its perishing hopes, an inventory of its loss, its irreparable loss—to erase from the statutes of Christendom every law which has its basal principle in Christian ethics; to abolish every institution

which ministers to distress and misfortune in the name of him whose sympathy drops down like the tears of music at the cry of need; to lower sense of moral obligation between man and man to the old level of paganism; to rescind every precept which has for its holy office the defense of children and the honor of woman; to reduce the sacred rite of marriage to the commonness of a civil contract; to rob the libraries of their priceless deposit of thought in books; to silence the oratorios which have borrowed their inspiration from the minstrelsy of the skies and made music divine; to take down from the galleries of the world the flaming canvases with which Christian genius has sanctified them; to obliterate the symbolism of a cross of sublime renunciation which has been through the ages the rebuke of selfishness, and leave it again a thing of shame; to disband every organization which makes the ministry of prayer, through the merit of one great name, the hand of man upon the arm of God; to put a cruel seal on the lips that would utter for the sorrow-stricken heart of mankind a "pax vobiscum" with the old-time consolation in it; to give cold silence, instead of "Let not your hearts be troubled;" for the sharp pain of a funeral day; to carry no prophetic immortalities to the tomb-door of our dear dead and engrave upon them only "Vale Eternum—eternal farewell"; to unclasp the little hands that lift for an evening prayer in "Gentle Jesus, meek and mild," at a parent's knee; to write again on the world's senseless altars of fate and fetish the dreary pessimism of unfaith, "To an unknown God"; to overturn the tables where love has relighted her lamps for hallowed reunions in which the holly wreath helps to cover up the myrtle; to let the "Gloria in Excelsis" of the angels die away into a requiem; to make the bridge of hope over which the immortal must venture, end over a gulf!

It may be possible to think of an ocean without a harbor, of a sky without a sun, of a garden without a living flower, of a face without a smile; but we are confronted by the unthinkable in this—a world with holiness and happiness left in it and the Christ gone out of it!

Once more with joy we hail His star,
New glories fling their notes afar;
Noel! Faith's banner is unfurled,
Emmanuel now rules the world.

That is a good summary of religion which General Booth, of the Salvation Army, gave in a recent sermon in New York: "There is a religion which is satisfying. I will call your attention to four features of it. First, a sense of the conscious favor of God. You feel that God loves you, that He holds you in His arms. Second, the consciousness that He has made you good. If the world pours into your lap all its wealth and honors you would still be a miserable creature unless you knew that you were good and honest and true and pure. Third, the consciousness that you are doing your duty to the Lord and to those about you. Fourth, the assurance that all is going to be well. There may be difficulties in the way now, but if we have the assurance in our hearts that all will be well in the end it will bring satisfaction. And this satisfying religion you can have without money and without price, on the simple condition that you go right down and submit yourself to Christ, believe in Him and trust in Him."

REGARDING STATISTICS.

Editor Dominion Presbyterian:

Dear Sir,—I see by your issue of 11th inst. that Owen Sound Presbytery has expressed itself regarding improvement of Statistical Forms. The suggestions are for the most part good.

1. "Report each congregation and mission station in statistical and financial tables." Why not? To save a little money—the cost of setting up the extra type. That is all the advantage. Yet the General Assembly can always find the money if a new office is to be created, and an additional salaried officer appointed, till the government of the church is fast passing from a Democracy to the worst of all kinds—a Bureaucracy. The system forced upon the churches last year with its "alphabetical order," and, therefore, one name and one line for the pastoral charge, may suit the convenience of the Toronto office; and a presbytery that takes no interest in what the individual congregation or mission station is doing (if there be any such) may be content with it; but a presbytery that would faithfully interest itself in the welfare of these, to ascertain the measure of their growth, or decline, and the measure of their liberality, is by that system practically debarred. Herein is a marvellous thing: The Assembly Clerk who is charged with this business finds he must have the name of each congregation and mission station appear with the name of the minister of the charge in the Synod Roll where they are not required, while they are persistently kept out of the statistical table, with their respective figures of statistic and finance, where they would be of great practical use.

2. Make headings perspicuous.

3. Omit cents to save room.

Both of these suggestions are good.

5. "If possible, print names of ministers in statistical tables also."

It is possible; and if done would be a great convenience. The church treasurer's statement of contributions received for schemes of the church appear on the right hand page of the statistical and financial tables. Under the former treasurer these appeared on one page, with a space one inch wide for names of congregations, and every station was reported. That inch of space should be available now. Let it be transferred to the left hand page of statistics, immediately after the names of the congregations in the charge as formerly. To do this, all that is required is a little condensation of the money columns on the right hand page, and the transference to it of some of the columns now on the left hand side. Besides, if need be, could not columns on Value of church property, and on Debt on church property be omitted altogether without causing any interest to suffer? Just here also it occurs to me to ask, is it necessary that five columns—hereafter six—should be taken up with college contributions. Should not one be enough? Congregations could still contribute as many as they pleased, the gross sum only appearing opposite the name.

To all of which I beg to submit the following suggestion: The Assembly of 1906 gave order to place ministers' names on the Synod Roll in the order of ordination. This was the old order. The order of the Assembly of 1907 is to place them in the order of induction within the bounds of presbytery. But if ministers' names are made to appear in the Statistical tables, they could be placed there in the order of induction. Then they could appear on the Synod and Presbytery Rolls in the order of ordination. This would be handy for reference in either case. That there is nothing to hinder such arrangement is the opinion of, Yours,

COMMON SENSE.

"SAVED FROM SODOM."

(Rev. Austin L. Budge, M.A.)

After repeated warning the morning of judgment at length broke. What a terrible day to Him who loveth mercy, and willeth not that any should perish! What an awful visitation to the doomed city!

For four unworthy people special efforts were to be made. They had delayed until the very last hour of respite—yoked with the world. Now the two angels are to administer firm discipline. They hastened their departure. But still lingering with their idols, like little children they were taken by the hand. Then having set them in motion, they were sent forth under every sign of alarm. Escape for thy life, look not behind, stay not, escape to the mountain.

Thus the morning of judgment passed in Sodom. This day of ours ever is the "last morning" for this wicked world. For a thousand years are with the Lord as one day. It finds iniquity still burning, and will be visited with the fire from Heaven. The wild disobedience of our Absalom's is still hot in its wicked race. The wine of our Belshazzar's feasts is yet burning in its intemperance. And the "flood of the innocent" is warm as it falls upon the rejectors of mercy who cry—let His Blood be upon us! Like Sodom, a wicked world is not both before and after judgment.

But we are to notice the "work of grace" for the unworthy. The summons of the King still requires speed. The word to-day is—hasten! The Great invitation states that the feast is now ready. The program of Christianity is that Christ is saving to-day. The assuring hint of the end of the world is—behold I come quickly. How many men like Lot have put off both duty and responsibility until the last day? How many like his wife have their treasure where they cannot help "looking back" though it be to see it destroyed? How many resemble the two daughters, in "getting salvation" under the lurid shadows of death?

What a procession! Two angels from Heaven, with a poor, silly creature in each hand! How many other hands have they since taken and led out of destruction? Directly and indirectly they have exerted a loving force in salvation. Yea, as they have gone out into the highways and hedges, they have "compelled" them to come in.

Was that dear old mother the angel that has taken you by the hand? She will not leave you in sin. How long have her prayers laid hold of you? How much has she allowed to slip from her grasp in order that her hand may hold you firmer? Even when the voice calls her home, her prayer will be of one—her child, who is dearer to her than life.

Are there not two friends who have been the angels of God in your life? Who has not such a friend or two? It may have been that earnest worker at the "special meetings" who knelt and prayed at your side—a cry that was despised. It may be that it was your employer who looked tenderly into your eyes on pay day and said—save your money! Don't throw it away! Or it may be another, that you name to none, whose love and goodness are angelic in their influence over you.

Then end this awful hour. Go on with the leader joyfully and completely. Go where you will never again hear the words—Escape for thy life and where "turning back" will not be a temptation. That you may have no doubts about it, look at your life and see whether it is adding anything to the business of God, or to that of Sodom. For the King has said—if ye love me keep my commandments.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

The Congregations of Duff Church, Dunwick, and Tait's Corners, Ekfrid, have called to be their pastor, the Rev. Walter L. Nichol, B.A., Licentiate, a graduate of 1906. His ordination and induction take place on Thursday Dec. 19th in Duff Church. He succeeds the Rev. D. T. Ellison now of Ayr, Ontario.

A very successful meeting in connection with the Laymen's Missionary Movement was held in St. Andrew's Church, London, last Tuesday evening. The attendance was large, almost filling the area seating of the church, and represented all the denominations in the city. The principal speakers were Revs. J. Campbell White and J. L. Murray, the latter showing the present state of the greater heathen nations—especially India and China—at the present day, their evident awakening interest in Western civilization, with aspirations after advancement among themselves. Mr. White expounded the object of this Laymen's Movement, to secure that the Gospel will be preached to all unevangelized nations and peoples during the present generation. Mr. White's treatment of the practical side of the subject was to the audience convincing and effective, and was followed by the passing unanimously of the following resolution:—Resolved that this assembly of laymen of the City of London record its profound sense of the importance of the Laymen's Missionary movement for the evangelization of the world, express its cordial approval of the movement and pledged its loyal support of and hearty co-operation in the united efforts of the Christian citizens of London toward raising the sum of \$50,000 annually as a contribution to missions for winning the world to Christ."

Rev. Dr. MacLaren H. M. Secretary, addressed an interesting public meeting on Monday night, held in King St. Church, London, under the auspices of the Women's Home Mission Societies of the city.

MONTREAL PRESBYTERY.

At the recent meeting of the Presbytery of Montreal, Rev. W. D. Reid, of Taylor church, was elected Moderator.

The first business taken up was a ministerial call from Rockburn and Gore to Rev. Allan Stuart Reid, B.A., B.D., who had been chosen unanimously by those congregations. The call was sustained and arrangements were made for the induction, which was fixed for December 23. Dr. Moss, of Westminster, will give the charge to the pastor, and the Rev. A. S. Ross, of Montreal West, the charge of the people, while Rev. W. D. Reid will preach.

A minute was read expressing deep sorrow at the death of Rev. A. Stevenson of Beech Ridge, which, with a eulogium of his work and character was adopted unanimously.

The request of Mr. J. J. York, for the presbytery's permission to sell the site of the Presbyterian church at Maisonneuve, was granted.

The call to Rev. Mr. Corbett, from the Glenboro presbytery, was sustained, and was accepted by him, provided the Glenboro presbytery would grant him until March to make the change.

The touch of love that goes with the gift is more than the gift without the love.

Christmas means not only an open heaven, an open manger and an open heart; it means an open grave and the gift of a new body.

The country folk were the first to worship the Son of God, and to-day we may still find the most sincere worshippers among the hills and valleys.

SUNDAY
SCHOOL

The Quiet Hour

YOUNG
PEOPLE

SAMUEL, THE UPRIGHT JUDGE.*

By Rev. Prof. MacKenzie, B.D.,
Montreal.

Sanctified Eleazar . . . to keep the ark of the Lord, v. 1. Was it a life's work that was worth while, this caring for the ark of the Lord? The call to Eleazar corresponds to what would be nowadays a call to the Christian ministry, the devotion of one's life to the service of God. Is this worth while? It depends on what one counts worth while. If it is worth while to become a partner with God in the task of making the world God-like—drawing men away from sin, leading them to holiness; then it is truly worth while; for there is nothing on earth greater than a man, and there is no greater height a man can attain to than God-likeness, and there is no employment more worthy of man and therefore more worth while, than helping his fellow men to that lofty attainment.

If ye do return unto the Lord . . . then put away the strange gods, v. 3. Repentance must be more than lip deep, if it is to be genuine. The act must correspond to the word. There must be no dallying with strange gods; the penitent must come with clean hands and pure heart, as well as with pious expression. A repentance that consists in a changed life is the only repentance that God will accept, or men recognize.

I will pray for you, v. 5. What a man will do in a crisis is a good criterion of what the man is. Samuel's proposal makes clear these three things. (1) That he believed in prayer: looked upon it as the first and strongest weapon against an enemy. (2) That he loved his people: the national spirit was strong in him. He was a patriot in deed. (3) His record must have been clear; otherwise the proposal to pray unto the Lord for them would have meant only derision; for none recognize more keenly than prayerless men that the only one who has a right to pray for others is the person who has first prayed for himself, and who is living out his prayers.

Cease not to cry unto the Lord for us, v. 8. It was the appeal of fear. They were thoroughly terrified, these Israelites; and their terror drove them Godward for shelter. They had been straying away after idols. It was only their fright that sent them to God for succor. But better go Godward through terror, than not at all. The most awful revealings of the day of wrath and of the woes following it which the Scriptures contain, are from the lips of the loving Saviour. One ought to thank God for anything which turns his face Godward.

The Philistines drew near to battle . . . but the Lord thundered, v. 10. When God takes sides in a controversy, there can be no doubt as to the final issue. God and one man are a majority, even with millions opposed. A fact, this, to give courage to the hard-beset soldier of the cross. The cause in which he has enlisted can do nought but triumph. What matters it if evil men, and the very angels of darkness themselves, are against us, if God be for us? He will await His time; but when the hour has arrived, one word from His lips, and the strongest foe falls.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us, v. 12. It was worth while raising up this "stone of help;" for it became a lever-

age to completer trust in God, and more faithful service. He hath helped; therefore, because of His goodness, we shall be more unreservedly His. Hitherto; then for the time to come, also, He may have confidence. What God has done for us we may accept as a foretaste and guarantee of what He will do.

So the Philistines . . . came no more, v. 13. Is there any final fight with sin? Can we vanquish it quite, so that it shall not again molest us? So far as we know, not in this world. Even to the very latest instant of life, the great enemy of souls pursues us. He has no shame in taking advantage of the weakness of a dying man. But "each victory will help us some other to win." Satan may be invincible; he is not invulnerable. Steadfast resistance on our part wears his strength, even as it increases ours. The battle with temptation—and oh, how sore, and long drawn out a battle it is! has this of hope in it, that the sturdier fight we make, the less likely is the attack to be repeated.

The hand of the Lord was against the Philistines, v. 13.—God is absolutely impartial. He was against the Philistines because of their wickedness. When God's punishments fall upon us, we should not complain. They are deserved; otherwise they would not have come. Not complaint, but repentance, is the proper answer to the judgments of the Almighty. He smites, only when He must; and His greatest joy is ceasing to smite, because the smitten one has forsaken his sin.

A CHRISTMAS PRAYER.

Our Father:

We thank thee for His coming. Over the wearied world the song still sings itself—"Good will to men." There is a light in the sky, the star still shines, the wise men are still guided, the angels are still singing.

We are glad he came. Love's stronger, sacrifice easier, devotion earnest, brotherhood meaningful. There is fresh strength for the struggle, courage in the face of fear, faith in the face of doubt, hope in the face of despair.

We are glad he came. There is a light for tomorrow, keen life for the children, victory for the toiler, rest for the weary, a pillow for the outworn, hope for the aged, heaven for the dying.

Our prayer is toward Thee. May the Christ-child make us tender and pitiful; may the Christ-love woo and win us to love for the needy and the distressed; may the Christ-example send us to the harvest fields; may the Christ-sacrifice inspire us with the spirit of self-giving and self-forgetfulness.

Give us the secret of his love, the joy of his obedience, the spirit of his devotion, the power of his sacrifice.

Temper our moods this day. Save us from ourselves. May our selfishness and our pride be overcome. May we have the humility of the shepherds, the worship of the wise men, the vision of Simeon and Anna.

May Christ be born in many hearts today.

In His Name, Amen.

Luke speaks of an angel that illuminated the pasture-fields, and John (Rev. 18:1), speaks of an angel that lightened the whole world; but the Babe is doing more than that. He is drawing all men unto him, and filling the heart of the world with his peace and hope.

A MEDITATION.

O Christ-Child of the world's heart, Man for the world's redemption, Son of God with the power of the resurrection filling Thee; this is Thy hour. The heart longs for Thee; the eyes wait for a sight of Thy salvation, bringing joy into life: the bells of cathedrals chime the Noel melody; the world that knows Thee looks Thy way, and as the day draws nigh that beats Thy name we can but think of the resounding voice of the angel host and of the hastening feet of astonished shepherds wending their way toward the manger and the Child.

Born in Bethlehem! How? How comes any life? Whence comes the soul? Is each new soul a new creation of Almighty power? Is it the body only whose law we know? And do we know it? Can we tell the secret of parentage? "Who can finger the gossamer links by which the mannikin feels its way out from the shore of the great unknown, blind and wailing and alone, into the light of day?" Where in that progress does the soul overtake it? Does God still breathe into man's nostrils the breadth of life, and is man thus a living soul? Do you say Yes to these questions? Then here, too, is miracle. Here is the supernatural. Here is the supervening of God upon a mortal form. A thousand miracles every hour of waking and sleeping time. And why not in the long rolling ages one miracle that brought Christ through the gate of motherhood a wholly new creation, body, mind and spirit? No; not a new creation; but an incarnation by creative act. For thou art eternal, oh Christ. Thy soul is an uncreated soul, Thy being is one unbeginning, since Thou art and wert from before the foundation of the world. Born of a woman; but the creative act of soul and body, Thine, Thine alone, oh Lord God Almighty.

I sit before the open fire in my boyhood's home. The hour draws nigh: the birth of Christ. The world is white outside, and the woodfire burns clear. The pencils of the flame paint pictures on the background of my thought. There are shepherds sleeping; there are shepherds watching; there are shepherds going to see this thing which the Lord had made known to them. Oh, shepherds: teach us your lesson. We see the picture which the flame pencils paint, but we cannot enter into the conception of your wondrous faith. Ye go to see. Not to see it. But to see. And we reason and doubt and argue and sometimes make utter shipwreck of our faith against the jagged headlands of a doubting brain. Simple shepherds. Believing shepherds. There were none to tell you then that no such story could be true. The devil was too amazed that Christ-midnight to think of stopping you as ye went to Bethlehem to see: not to ask, but to see: not to argue, but to see: not to doubt, but to see. God had burst into life that night, the enemy was taken by surprise. He knew the hour would come sometime. God told him so, long, long before, in the primeval time. But God did not tell him when. And he knows his hour has come for struggle. He will elay that baby lying in Bethlehem's manger some day, but he can never again get God out of this world: never again make the struggle against sin hopeless: nevermore go unlimited in his assaults, his hopewrecking assaults on human souls.

How the world rejoices over the story of the shepherds. What thousands of hearts, yea, what millions of hearts will

*S.S. LESSON, December 22 1907:—
1 Samuel 7: 1-13. Commit to memory
vs. 12, 13. Read 1 Samuel, chs. 5 to 7.
Golden Text:—Prepare your hearts unto
the Lord, and serve Him only.—1
Samuel 7: 3.

sing with glad rapture the strains of Bethlehem.

I see the manger now. I see the worshipping wasterls. I see the sweet-faced woman. I see the Child Jesus. And can I not also see the Holy Spirit far above the baby form? He will descend some day: dovetail he will descend. And the voice will fill the ears of the man who has come to the hour of the beginning of the great ministry with the marvelous words, "Beloved Son." I see it all. I accept it all. I praise Thee, Father of Love, for it all: and I worship Thee, oh Christ, Thou Son of the everliving God.

CHRISTMAS ONCE IS CHRISTMAS STILL.

The silent skies are full of speech,
For who hath ears to hear;
The winds are whispering each to each;
The moon is calling on the beach;
And stars their sacred wisdom teach
Of Faith and Love and Fear.

But once the sky its silence broke,
And song o'erflowed the earth:
The midnight air with glory shook,
And angels mortal language spoke,
When God our human nature took
In Christ the Saviour's birth.

And Christmas once is Christmas still;
The gates through which He came
And forests wild, and murmuring rill,
And fruitful field, and breezy hill,
And all that else the wide world fill,
Are vocal with His name.

Shall we not listen while they sing
This latest Christmas morn,
And music hear in everything,
And faithful lives in tribute bring,
To the great song which greets the King
Who comes when Christ is born.
—Phillips Brooks.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS NIGHT.

One by one those Judean shepherds had gone to sleep, each lying where he had sat. The night, like most of the nights of the winter season of the hill country, was clear, crisp, and sparkling with stars. There was no wind. The atmosphere seemed never so pure, and the stillness was more than silence. It was a holy hush, a warning that heaven was stooping low to whisper some good thing to the listening earth.

By the gate, hugging his mantle close, the watchman walked. At times he stopped, attracted by a stir among sleeping herds. The midnight was slow coming to him; but at last it came. His task was done; now for the dreamless sleep with which labor blesses its wearied children. He moved toward the fire but paused; a light was breaking around him, soft and white like the moon's. He waited breathlessly. The light deepened; things before invisible came to view. He saw the whole field and all it sheltered. A chill, sharper than that of the frosty air—a chill of fear—smote him. He looked up; the stars were gone; the light was dropping as from a window in the sky. As he looked it became a splendor; then in terror he cried: awake! awake! Up sprang the dogs and howling ran away. The herds rushed together bewildered. The men clambered to their feet, weapons in hand. What is it? they asked in one voice. See, cried the watchman; the sky is on fire! Suddenly the light became intolerably bright, and they covered their eyes and dropped upon their knees; then as their souls shrank with fear, they fell upon their faces blind and fainting, and would have died had not a voice said to them, "Fear not." And they listened. "Fear not, for behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people."

The voice, in sweetness and soothing, penetrated all their being and filled them with assurance. They rose upon their knees and looking worshipfully, behold, in the centre of a great glory,

the appearance of a man clad in a robe intensely white. Above its shoulders towered the tops of wings, shining and folded. A star over its forehead glowed with steady lustre, its hands were stretched towards them in blessing; its face was serene and divinely beautiful. They had often heard, and in the simple way talked of the angels, and they doubted not now, but said, in their hearts, "The glory of God is about us, and this is He, who, of old, came to the prophet by the river of Plai." Directly the angel continued: "For unto you is born this day, in the City of David, a Saviour, which is Christ, the Lord!" Again there was a rest while the words sank into their minds. "And this shall be a sign unto you," the Annunciator said next. "Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes lying in a manger." Voices, as of a multitude, chanted in unison, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men!" Not once the praise, but many times. When the shepherds came fully to their senses they stared at each other stupidly, until one of them said: "It was Gabriel, the Lord's messenger unto men." None answered. "Christ, the Lord, is born; said he so?" Then another recovered his voice and replied, "That is what he said. And did he not also say in the City of David, which is our Bethany yonder? And that we should find him a babe lying in the manger?" The first speaker said, "Brethren, let us go see this thing which has come to pass. The priests and the doctors have been a long time looking for the Christ. Now he is born, and the Lord has given us a sign by which to know him. Let us go up and worship him." "But the flocks," "The Lord will take care of them. Let us make haste." Then they all arose and left the mureh. Around the mountain and through the town they passed and came to the gate of the Khan, where there was a man on watch. "Here," said the watchman, "are people looking for a Child born this night, whom they are to know by finding him in swaddling clothes and lying in a manger?" For a moment the face of the stolid Nazarene was moved, and turning away he said, "The child is here." They were led to one of the mangers, and there the Child was. The lantern was brought and the shepherds stood by mute. The little one made the shepherds no sign. It was as others just born. "It is the Christ," said the shepherds at last. "The Christ," they all repeated, falling upon their knees in worship. And the simple men, never doubting, kissed the hem of the mother's robe, and with joyful faces departed. To all the people aroused and pressing about they told the story, and through the town and all the way back they chanted the refrain of the angels, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, peace, good will towards men."—Extract from Ben Hur, by Lew Wallace.

CHRISTMAS.

And well our Christmas sires of old
Loy'd when the year its course had roll'd,
And brought blythe Christmas back again,
With all its hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night
On Christmas-eve the bells were rung.
—Sir Walter Scott.

"Not yet believers" is the courteous term always used for the heathen by some of the missionaries in Japan. As Dr. Partridge, the bishop of Kyoto, says: "It is much superior, even to the term 'unbelievers' or 'non-believers,' because it does not accuse them of any opposition to the faith, but rather implies an interest in it which a further study will surely deepen." St. Paul's "Gentlemen of Athens" states a principle always to be remembered.

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

"My soul doth magnify the Lord." There could be no better words than these to make the constant refrain of the heart. It would make life a different thing to many of us if we could meet each experience with a smile and say: "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." The Thanksgiving song should be the Christmas anthem, and should become the unceasing music of all the year. "God be praised. I rejoice in God."

All the good we have is from God, and he is in all the experiences of our life. Mary lived always in the sense of his goodness and his presence, and her song was but the glad utterance of her living faith. God desires this faith in each of us. It is what he is ever seeking. The "heart of the Father which in its hunger is so exacting will out of that same hunger never despair and never forsake. It will never cease from the pursuit of that responsive trust which it desires; it will make allowances, it will permit delays, it will waive excuses, it will endure rebuffs, it will condescend to persuasion, it will forget all provocation, it will wait, it will plead, it will repeat its pleas, it will take no refusal, it will overleap all obstacles, it will run risks, it will endlessly and unflinchingly forgive, if only, at the last, the stubborn child heart yields, and the tender response of faith be won." This is what God wants. For this the Son of God was born of Mary.

Mary saw God in all things. Do we see him? Can we truly sing:—
"In each event of life how clear
Thy guiding hand I see,
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferred by Thee?"

And what Mary felt, she sang. "Things are so different in the house," said one. "There is always song now. It used to be that there was no one in the kitchen who sang any, but now you can always hear some one singing at her work. Everyone is cheered and brightened by it." There is an old line which reads, "Give us, oh give us, the man who sings at his work!" If our hearts are glad, let them express it. Even if we cannot sing very well, our song will be sweet if it accompanies good toil.

Some people are shy about acknowledging God. They take the credit for what they do, or they give it to chance. And if they fail, they comfort themselves with the thought that they could not help it, or that fate was against them. But there is neither chance nor fate, and we would have no strength at all if it were not for God who strengthens us. We ought not to be shy to recognize and confess the truth, and with Mary's wisdom to see and declare God's hand.

How wonderful it is that this simple Jewish girl's song should be the best-known song in the world! More people have read it than any other song. How can we account for this except by believing that the story of the song and of its meaning is true?

BIBLE READINGS.

- Mon.—Micah's song (Mic. 5:14).
- Tues.—Zechariah's song (Zech. 14:20, 21)
- Wed.—"The Sun of Righteousness" (Mal. 4: 2, 3).
- Thurs.—The angels' song (Luke 2: 13, 14)
- Fri.—Zacharias's song (Luke 1: 68-79).
- Sat.—Simeon's song (Luke 2: 29-35).
—S.S. Times.

When Christ came to this earth man gave him only a stable and a manger-cradle; but when man goes to Christ, he gives him a "house not made with hands eternal in the heavens."

SUNDAY, Dec. 22, 1907. The Magnificat (Luke 1: 46-55).

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,
Manager and Editor.

OTTAWA, WEDNESDAY, DEC. 18, 1907

Did you ever pass a single day in which you spoke disparagingly of no one? Just make a 24 hours' test.

"In everything give thanks." Is this a larger order? But is it not self-evidently better to do that than concerning everything to grumble?

Some prayer meetings are discouraged by long and prosy prayers. Should there not be some training in public prayer of those who may be expected to take part in the mid-week meetings? And if so, how? at what period of life? and by whom?

Nine times out of ten you go to your work by the same street, or streets, and by the same side of the street, even though there may be several ways by which you could go. That's habit.

KEEPING AT IT.

Say not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain.
The enemy faists not, nor faitheth,
And as things have been they remain.
For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,

Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent flooding in the main.

Why do so many students think it conventionally "the thing" to play the rowdy, smashing lamps, carrying off gates, maltreating and sometimes mutilating fellow students? It will be all the better in the long run for such students if constables and magistrates do their duty. Are these college rows, and smashings, and fights, what parents stint themselves for?

The young man who is known to have signed the total abstinence pledge is apt to have fewer requests to drink than others. His reputation for total abstinence saves him from many a temptation.

MR. GANDIER'S VIEW.

"The need of the time is to arouse interest in the men. This the Laymen's Missionary Movement is doing," declared Rev. Alfred Gandier, pastor of St. James Square Presbyterian Church, Toronto, in discussing the new movement with a reporter of the Toronto News.

"I am in sympathy with the whole movement, right in this way. For years the women of the church have been interested, organized and educated. The Students' Volunteer Movement has taken hold of the students; the young peoples' forward movement has provided a sphere for the young people in missionary studies, but the strong men, the men of money who are a world force, this is moving them as nothing has yet done.

"No one can prophesy how far it will go, but it is bound to make a great change in the case of other centres. I believe that a large number of men will be found taking an interest in missions, and if they do that they are bound to be interested in every phase of Christian life. If they become broad-minded enough to labor for their fellow-men on the other side of the world they will become more serviceable to those about them."

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

Hon. S. H. Blake, K.C., is one of the ablest and most aggressive of the strong Christian men of Canada. At the big Massey Hall laymen's meeting last week, with Premier Whitney in the chair, Mr. Blake said he had been reading the newspapers and saw there accounts of railway kings, coal kings, silver kings, lumber kings, pulpwood kings, electric power kings, football kings, baseball kings, kings of the ring, kings of pleasure, kings of the hunt, kings of golf, kings of the race course, until he thought the city was wholly given to idolatry. There was no lack of money in the country, for in two bank statements last week he found one \$37,000,000 on deposit, and in the other \$23,000,000. The bank returns for the Dominion showed \$700,000,000 deposits. "If you go to some of these people who have a good deal of the devil in them and nothing else, although they sit in the front seats of the churches, they will say to you that it is the time for the widow's mite. They never finish the verse—which was all her living. Do you know how many automobiles there are in Toronto? There is \$2,500,000 invested in automobiles alone—kicking up such a dust. (Laughter.) It is the most unchristian form of locomotion there is. (Renewed laughter.) It makes me tired to hear these dear good unchristian friends talk of the widow's mite," declared the speaker.

The Philadelphia Westminster has the following:

The Duchess of Marlborough has been visiting American prisons. Recently she made an inspection of conditions in the Tombs. She is surprised at the difference between the treatment of prisoners here and in England. Abroad the prisoners have almost no privileges, and incarceration means penalty. Her companion raises the thought, is not England wiser than we? Would it not be better to make prison something to be dreaded? It might be well to teach the occupants of prisons that life there is not a holiday provided by the public, that precedes trials, or intervenes between them if there chance to be more than one."

SIGNIFICANT UTTERANCES.

Bishop Lacroix, of France, has always been loyal to the Republic, and in his preaching he was never afraid to tell the people that religious profession and religious observance must be accompanied by right conduct. When the law separating church and state came into force in France he organized his priests as an association, and the Government was ready to hand over Church property to it, but Rome disallowed the arrangement. The following from his parting address to his clergy sheds a flood of light on the situation. "Let me tell you with the most ardent conviction, if not with eloquence, that it is idle to hope for the return of those 'Luppier' times, as some consider them, when the priest exercised a sort of pious dictatorship over his flock, who attached a blind faith to his words. Those times are past, and it is probable that they will never return to France. . . . the priest cannot and must not teach only by way of authority. There has been a radical change in the intellectual habits of our contemporaries; they will no longer be treated as children; they insist on being treated as men. In the profound words of the philosopher, De Bonald, one can guide children by reason of one's authority, but men will allow themselves to be guided only by the authority of reason. Henceforth, the priest must combine with his capacity as minister of God the prestige and the influence which are given by a good education and a solid intellectual culture, and also that straightness of character which is regarded today as the chief of social virtues." This deliverance marks the development of a deep and wide-spread revolt against the domineering autocratic claims of the Papacy.

MACAO MISSION.

In pursuance of an appeal from the Assembly's treasurer for funds for the "Macao Mission;" and in view of letters from the field telling of widening opportunities and whitening harvests, with the recent increase of our missionary representatives there, now nine in all, and as many native workers; furthermore this year being the 100th anniversary of pioneer missionary Morrison's arrival at Macao, the hope is that all our Chinese Sunday schools will as soon as may be, turn in the year's offerings, on which this mission has depended for its maintenance mainly heretofore. Let these collections be sent in full, also augmenting them if possible on Christmas Sunday, or at least prior to February 29, by a "Centennial" Thankoffering in which all shall share, teachers, scholars and friends of the cause, all to be sent to Rev. Dr. Somerville, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, for the "Macao Mission."

J. C. THOMSON,
58 McGill College Ave.,
Montreal.

WISELY PLANNED.

"Christmas comes but once a year,"
"Twas wisdom that so planned it;
If it came oftener, we fear
No pocketbook could stand it.

—Boston Courier.

HOW TO KEEP CHRISTMAS.

By Knoxonian.

The average Presbyterian does not go to church on Christmas Day. Most Presbyterians think if they attend church twice every Sabbath during the year they do very well. So they do. A man who goes to church regularly all the year round does not need to bring up his average by attending service on holidays and by putting on a spurt during Lent. Presbyterian people never were great on "times and seasons." They prefer keeping up a good average all the year round. They are right.

Christmas should be one of the happiest days in the year. There is no use, however, in a man or a family saying: "Now we will have a happy Christmas," unless steps are taken to make the day a happy one. No man can be happy by simply resolving to be happy. You might as well try to lift yourself over a fence by pulling your bootstraps. Suppose a family were to meet on Christmas Eve and pass a resolution that they would have a pleasant Christmas Day, the resolution would not do anything for them. Moved by Paterfamilias, and seconded by Materfamilias, that we spend a Happy Christmas. Fudge. That resolution would be as useless as the votes of 'hanks at the end of a tea-meeting. To make Christmas happy you must use the necessary means. Calvinists believe in using the means as well as in Foreordination.

Perhaps one of the first steps to be taken in the way of making Christmas happy is to buy some nice presents for the family. There are some people who object to Christmas presents or presents at any other time. They hold that by giving your wife and children presents you purchase their affection—you bribe them to love you. The man who makes that objection must stand on a very high moral plane. In fact he is so much above ordinary mortals that it is a wonder he is not translated like Enoch and Elijah. He is altogether too pure for this lower world. His logic, if applied all round, would put an immediate end to bowing, hand-shaking, kissing and all the other kinds of friendly courtesy by which we show our goodwill or love toward those around us. Living in the light of this severe morality, a man would have to say: "I can't bow to my neighbor, or shake hands with him, lest he may think I am trying to purchase his good-will." A husband would have to say: "I must not kiss my wife when I leave home, because that would be bribing her to think of me while I am gone. I must not bribe her in that way." As a rule, women like to see their husbands move on a high moral plane; but we venture to think there are few women who care to see their husbands so elevated above this world that they cannot give them and the children a nice little something at Christmas. The best of wives can stand a little of that kind of bribery and be all the better for it. And then there is room for the terrible suspicion that the man who is too good to buy a few presents for his family may not be prevented from doing so by his superior piety. Meanness may have more to do with it than piety. The man's heart may be very small and hard and selfish. Perhaps he has no heart at all. There are masculine bipeds who pass for men that have no hearts. It is a good thing, then, to give a few presents—not necessarily expensive, but just nice little reminders that almost anybody can procure. It doesn't hurt even a minister to take something of that kind.

The next step necessary to make Christmas happy is to begin the day in a happy frame of mind. That important individual called by way of courtesy the head of the family may have been late in the place of business on Christmas Eve—presumably he was in the place of business. Having worked hard all day and until late in the evening, he may be the least bit crusty on Christmas morning. That frame of mind does not promise well. Get out of it as soon as possible. Think of all God's blessings since last Christmas. Try to solve this problem: "How much owest thou unto thy Lord? How much do you owe Him for home, food, raiment, reason, providential care, restraining grace, the hope of glory? How much do you owe Him for His goodness to the members of the family, for His goodness to those that He brought back from the brink of the grave, for His goodness to those that you would not bring back from the grave if you could?" Meditations like these should put a man in a good humor on Christmas morning. If not, there is something more seriously wrong than the dulness of his razor. His heart is wrong, or perhaps he has not got one, or it may be so small that no amount of meditation can enlarge it.

A woman who knows how to keep house, and who has had a decent Christmas present, won't keep the house in a turmoil all day by making the Christmas dinner. If she has been properly treated she can prepare a maximum dinner with the minimum of fuss. This contributor does not dare to discuss this point at length.

If possible there should be a family gathering on Christmas Day. Happy is the family that can gather round the Christmas table in unbroken numbers. Happy is the household that can meet at least once a year. To many this is impossible, but where it can be done the members of the family should endeavor to meet. The associations and memories of that annual meeting help many a boy to resist temptation during the whole year.

So much for the positive side of the Christmas question. Now let us put in a few don'ts.

Don't worry about business on Christmas Day. You may not have made as much money during '07 as you expected, but that cannot be helped now. You may worry enough to spoil your dinner or check the digestive process, but worrying would not change the balance to the amount of one cent. Therefore, don't worry.

Don't indulge in any amusements that leave a sting behind. Perhaps some young reader would like to know if dancing is included. All amusements that leave a sting are included, and probably you know how it is yourself about dancing a good deal better than this contributor knows. If dancing leaves a sting then don't dance.

Don't indulge in anti-Scott beverages. That is our advice. We don't keep a conscience for the regulation of our neighbours' conduct as some men do. We use our own conscience for regulating our own conduct—not the conduct of our neighbors. But we may be allowed to ask all good men if they think Christmas cannot be made happy without the use of wine. We know that it can.

To the thousands of good men and women whom "Knoxonian" has had the honour and privilege of speaking to in these columns during the past year, he, from his heart of hearts, wishes a Happy Christmas in the best sense of the word. To the many homes that his papers have entered he wishes the best, blessings that our Heavenly Father can bestow. Friends one and all, may those who meet you and greet you next Christmas Day meet you in the home above!

When soon or late you reach that coast
O'er life's rough ocean driven,
May you rejoice, no wanderer lost,
Your families all in heaven.

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

Mr. Robert E. Speer says: "This same Jesus who once gave so liberally is now in want." Whatever His children want He wants, whatever they suffer, He suffers. The only real work we have in this life is our Father's business and that business is to relieve want, care and suffering. One of the most common wants and easiest to supply is that of cheerful morning greetings. Christmas Day would lose much of its value were the words, "I wish you a merry Christmas," stricken out of our conversation. Every one who hears that wish feels happier and every one who says it is happier, for the wish itself goes a long way towards bringing about happiness. The Christmas spirit of 1907 can permeate the whole year to follow by meeting this long-felt want of cheering greetings and happy wishes.

"It was only a glad 'Good morning.'
As she passed along the way;
But it spread the morning's glory
Over the live-long day."

—Philadelphia Westminster.

COMFORTABLE WORDS.

By Rev. Joseph Hamilton, author of
"Our Own and Other Worlds,"
"The Spirit World," Etc.

The late cold snap reminds us that there are other worlds where there is perhaps no Christmas, and no Christmas weather. Mercury and Venus are two worlds that are nearer to the sun than we are by a good deal. Still, we must remember that heat is not produced solely by nearness to the sun. Much depends on the condition of the atmosphere. We know that from this cause we can have a cold day in summer, and a warm day in winter. So it may be that Mercury and Venus are not much hotter than the earth.

Then we have Neptune, the most remote world from the sun that we know. In fact Neptune is twenty times as far removed from the sun as we are. What a cold world it seems to be. And what a dark world. Judging solely from its distance from the sun it would seem to have only a dim twilight. But then, its inhabitants are used to it, just as our fathers were used to tallow candles, and thought them a great invention. It may be that this world of ours is only a twilight world as compared with some. When in the evening you turn on the electric light, what a change. So it may be with different worlds.

But we may be sure that the inhabitants of all worlds are fitted for the worlds they inhabit, just as the many kinds of animals that live in this world of ours are fitted for their environment. The universe is full of wonderful adaptations. These adaptations could not come by chance, or mere law. They are effected by infinite wisdom and Power. "There lives and moves a soul in all things; and that soul is God."

"Our Own and Other Worlds" is a fascinating illustrated book, on sale at all bookstores. The price is \$1.25. It would make a splendid Christmas or New Year's gift for either old or young. The Epworth League took a special edition of 1,500 copies.—Editor.

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

AUNT LORENA'S CHRISTMAS PACKAGE.

"The oysters will be as tough as leather," wailed Mollie, mournfully.

"And mamma ought not to wait for her supper another minute," added Katrina, flattening her pretty nose against the glass as she peered out into the darkness.

"I'm in no hurry for supper, children," put in the sweet low voice from the couch, where all the little mother's days were passed of late, "and I'm sure Rene will be here soon."

Even as she spoke, swift light footsteps sounded outside, and then the door flew open and Rene burst in, her dark bright face flushed with cold, and her eyes shining like stars.

"You poor dear people—I've kept supper waiting again, haven't I? But I couldn't help it—truly I couldn't." She was throwing off her wraps as she spoke, and running across the room to drop half a dozen sweet kisses on her mother's forehead. She was like a fresh mountain breeze, and the faces of the others brightened in instant reflection of her radiant life.

"Was it Aunt Lorena again?" questioned Mollie blithely, as she dished the steaming oysters.

"Of course it was Aunt Lorena. Isn't it always Aunt Lorena?" retorted the other merrily. "But, oh, girls, you can't guess what she's going to do now!"

"Then we won't tax our brains trying to," returned Katrina, as she deftly tucked the pillows behind her mother's back.

The little round supper table was pushed close to the couch and the three girls gathered about it as Rene, with her way bubbling laugh went on.

"No, you never could guess and I won't keep you in suspense. Listen, my sisters!" She flung out her hands with a merry dramatic gesture. "Aunt Lorena—is going—to send us—a Christmas package!"

"Rene Burch, you don't mean it!" exclaimed Katrina, pausing with a spoonful of oysters in mid-air to stare at her sister.

"Is she sick or anything?" queried Mollie, doubtfully.

The mother said nothing. Rene went on:

"No, she isn't sick, and 'the leopard has not changed her spots,' so my dear sisters, I don't think I need warn you not to place your expectations too high. That Christmas package won't contain a new piano for you, Kit, nor a check for painting lessons for you, Molliekins, nor—the merry light died suddenly out of her eyes and for an instant her lip quivered as she glanced towards her mother, "nor the whole world of beautiful things that we are all just longing to get for you, you precious little mother, you! No, girls, I can't imagine what has moved Aunt Lorena to this unwonted action, but she solemnly informed me to-day that we might expect a Christmas package from her—she would send it 'round to-morrow—and she added that she did hope that I would show some slight appreciation. I am the family scapegoat—don't fail to make a note of that fact."

"I'm afraid, dearie, that you forget sometimes and say irritating things to her, don't you?" questioned the gentle voice from the couch.

Rene laughed.

"Now, motherdier, how can you imagine such a thing!" she protested. "No, it's my nose. Aunt Lorena never can get over it that I—her namesake—should have a little freckled snub nose instead of a beautiful straight one like Kitty's.

As sure as you live, mamma, she holds me responsible for my nose," mocked the girl lightly.

"But I do wonder what she will send us, don't you, Rene?" Mollie's big blue eyes opened wide as she spoke and a beautiful color glowed in her cheeks. Rene always said that Mollie's face reminded her of apple blossoms and blue skies.

"Wonder?" she returned, lightly. "No, indeed. I can tell you what she'll send. There will be an old dress—silk probably—to make over for one of you, and some bit of antediluvian jewellery for the other; and for me—well, it's sure to be something useful for me, because Aunt Lorena doesn't at all approve of my love of pretty things. Probably it will be two or three yards of unbleached muslin for me to make into pillow slips." The merry mockery died swiftly out of her eyes once more as she added, impulsively: "I wouldn't care if she sent me—dish cloths—if she'd only send something lovely to mamma."

Across the table mother smiled at her.

"I've something that all her money will not buy—my three girls," she said, softly, and to that Rene's eyes and not her tongue made swift response.

"Well," sighed Mollie, later, as she wiped the dishes that Rene washed, "I can't help being glad that that Christmas package, Rene, for it will be something anyhow, if it isn't much, and a Christmas without anything would be just dreadful, wouldn't it!"

"Rather dreadful, Mollie," Rene answered, "and Aunt Lorena's package will help a little because it will give us something to laugh over—that's all."

"But maybe it will be better than you think." Mollie's voice was so wistful that her sister leaned over the dishpan and gave her a quick warm kiss.

"Don't hope it, Mollie, you'll only be disappointed if you do," Rene warned.

The package arrived early the next morning. It was brought by Dennis, Aunt Lorena's dignified coachman, and Mollie, who opened the door, received the bundle and deposited it on the table.

"Shall we open it now or keep it till to-morrow," she cried, eagerly.

"Oh, open it now, 'han't we, little mother? It isn't worth keeping till to-morrow," Rene answered promptly. She felt as if she couldn't bear to see that hopeful light in Mollie's eyes.

Nobody objecting Katrina brought the scissors and cut the cord. A mischievous light flashed into Rene's eyes at the sight of an old gray silk, marked with Katrina's name.

"Will you acknowledge me a true prophet?" she laughed, as Katrina gazed in mournful silence at the dress.

Then came an old-fashioned silver bracelet and a shell comb for Mollie, and a pretty knitted shawl of soft white wool for the mother. When she saw the shawl Rene's scornful face softened a little.

"It isn't much, but it's new and warm, and will be nice for you to throw over your shoulders, mamma," she said. "For that at least, I'm grateful."

"But there isn't anything for you, Rene—how queer!" cried Katrina.

"Then I'll not have to say 'Thank you' for some old thing that's no good," retorted Rene, with a slighting glance at the gray silk. But as Katrina lifted the dress and shook it out a little package fell from the folds.

"Oh, here is something for you—your name is on it," exclaimed Mollie, springing forward eagerly to pick it up.

Rene opened the tiny package and found a pair of black kid gloves. They

had been worn once or twice, but they were perfectly good.

"They were probably too small for Aunt Lorena," the girl laughed. "I believe, in spite of my nose, I've fared better than you, Mollie, for I can wear these, and I did need a pair awfully."

She was pulling on one of the gloves as she spoke. Suddenly she jerked it off, and turning it wrong side out, a folded bit of paper dropped out. Mollie snatched it up and unfolded it. It was a hundred dollar bill.

"Oh, Rene; Oh, Rene!" she cried, and then stood holding out the bill, and gazing with wide incredulous eyes at her sister. For an instant Rene stood motionless, staring in bewilderment at the precious bit of paper, then she snatched it and examined it with anxious care. The next moment she was on her knees beside the couch, sobbing out:

"Oh, mamma, mamma! I'm so glad—and so ashamed of myself! But it did seem awfully unfair for Aunt Lorena to have so much money and everything, and never do anything for you. I didn't really mind for us, girls—but for you, dear. And to think that she was planning this yesterday, and I all the time thinking her so stingy and heard-hearted! Now we will have a Christmas, little mother!" She sprang to her feet. "Girls, girls, get on your things this minute. We must go right down town and do our Christmas shopping. I'll run over and get Miss Martin to stay with you while we're gone, mamma."

Such blithe, joyous Christmas shopping as that was! The unexpectedness of it made it doubly delightful. As the girls walked down town through the crisp, windy air, they planned it all. Ten dollars for each of them, and all the rest for mother. Fifty to pay for that treatment that they had so longed to have her try—the other twenty to buy every lovely thing they could think of to make a happy Christmas for her; for it might be—not one of them would admit it to herself, yet the dread hung over them all—it might be her last Christmas with them—only of course it couldn't be—it shouldn't be, now that she had that new treatment.

"We've each got to have shoes," cried Katrina, sticking out a much-worn specimen in evidence. "Shall we buy them for ourselves or give them to each other?"

"Oh, give them," returned Mollie, quickly. "Let's have everything we buy a Christmas gift."

"Even the chickens and the plum cake?" questioned Rene. "All right, then. Mollie's the cook—the head cook, that is—so we'll present her with the provisions."

"And I'll represent them to you after they're cooked," laughed Mollie, joyously. It took so little to make them laugh to-day.

Suddenly Rene stopped short.

"Girls," she cried, "let's get a Christmas present for Aunt Lorena."

The others stared at her, bewildered and doubtful.

"Why, Rene, what could we get her? She can buy anything she wants," Kitty said, slowly.

"I know she can, but she can't buy the feeling that would make us give it to her." Rene's voice was a bit tremulous. "Girls, I never felt this way to Aunt Lorena before. I almost love her for sending that money to mamma. Of course she knew that we'd use it for her."

"But what can we get her?" Mollie repeated Katrina's question.

"Oh, I don't know—it doesn't matter what. It's the spirit of it that will do

her good and bring a warmth to her heart—I hope so, anyhow." Rene ended a little doubtfully, a vision of Aunt Lorena's cold face flitting before her. But after all, her heart could not be so hard and cold as she had thought, else she never would have sent that money. "Let's get her a book. There's always room in a library for another book," she added.

The shopping done the girls went home with glad hearts and radiant faces and with their arms full of bundles. They had chosen to take the things home themselves "to realize the blissfulness of it," Rene said; and most blissful of all was the great doctor's receipt for fifty dollars, tucked away in her pocketbook. He was coming the day after Christmas to see the little mother.

"There's the Aunt Lorena's carriage at the door this minute!" exclaimed Katrina, as they came in sight of the house.

"Well, I'm glad. I just want to confess to her how horrid I've been and how ashamed I am," cried impulsive Rene. She never could bear to put off an "hard thing that she had to do; so, in her pretty impetuous fashion she dashed into the sitting room, her eyes shining, her cheeks flushed with joyous excitement.

"Oh, Aunt Lorena," she began; then she stopped abruptly, a sudden, dreadful fear tugging at her heart. What did it mean—that look of pity and distress on her mother's face and the cold suspicion in Aunt Lorena's. Rene felt her knees trembling under her and she sank weakly down into the nearest chair, and stared silently at the stern face before her. Her sisters had followed her and now stood pale and anxious waiting for what was to come. It was the little mother who spoke first, her voice trembling a bit in spite of her utmost efforts to steady it.

"Children, it was a mistake about the money—"

Aunt Lorena interrupted her, looking severely from one to the other of the girls. "A mistake! I should think so. I don't see how you could for a moment have supposed that I meant to send you all that money—a hundred dollars."

"I don't—now," Rene breathed the words in a dull, slow fashion utterly unlike the joyous, ringing tone in which she had spoken before.

"What shall we do?" cried Katrina, despairingly, her eyes filling with miserable tears.

"Do!" Aunt Lorena turned upon her so abruptly that the girl started nervously and dropped two of her bundles. "Do you mean to say that you've spent all that money already?"

"Every dollar of it," returned Rene, dully.

"I never heard of such extravagance!" exclaimed Aunt Lorena, her voice shrill with anger. "That just shows how foolish it would be to trust you girls with money. It will be a lesson to me."

"Girls, couldn't you carry back the things you've bought?" The little mother made the suggestion shrinkingly. She knew well how hard a thing she was suggesting, and her heart ached for her children.

The color faded suddenly from Rene's face and her eyes flashed stormily. Kitty turned aside with a little moaning-sob. Mollie stood like a statue, gazing with a sort of piteous appeal into Aunt Lorena's angry face. In a moment Rene stood up and faced her aunt.

"Yes," she said, deliberately, "we will go and ask every storekeeper of whom we've bought anything—to take it back. It will be a pleasant thing to do, very—of course, we can do it."

"Are you going now, Rene?" faltered Mollie, as her sister turned towards the door.

"Of course—Aunt Lorena is suffering for her money. I am going this minute. Aunt Lorena, some of the shopmen

may refuse to take back the goods. In that case you will have to wait until we can earn the money. Mollie, you stay with mother—Kit and I can carry everything."

"Stop!" cried Aunt Lorena, sharply. "This is all foolishness. You know I can't ask you to do such a thing as that."

"Do you think we could wear one of these things or eat a mouthful of the food—now?" Rene flashed out. "If you do you are mistaken."

"Rene—child!" pleaded her mother with a half-smothered sob.

At that Rene suddenly dropped her armful of packages pell-mell on the floor, and flying across the room, buried her bright head on her mother's shoulder.

"Oh, mamma; oh, mamma! I can't bear it!" she whispered.

But Aunt Lorena has risen and was speaking with cold severity.

"This is all nonsense. Of course since the money is spent there is nothing more to be said; and I do not approve of all this high tragedy—it is in very bad taste," and with the briefest of farewells she swept from the room.

"Mamma, what shall we do? We can't keep the things—I should hate the very sight of them!" Rene broke forth, stormily, as the door closed behind her aunt.

"We might send them all to Aunt Lorena," suggested Katrina, doubtfully.

Rene sprang up with a laugh that was half a sob. "So we can," she cried. "It didn't seem to me that I could go around and ask the shopkeepers to take them back—but we can do that."

"But what can Aunt Lorena do with them. The shoes won't fit her," objected Mollie, with a nervous laugh.

"She can send them to the heathen if she likes," replied Rene. "All I want is to get them out of this house."

So a big bundle was left that evening at Aunt Lorena's door. It contained everything even to the doctor's receipt for fifty dollars, and the book which Rene had bought for her. The book was done up daintily in white paper tied with narrow scarlet ribbon, with a little spray of holly fastened in the knot. Inside there was a note that Rene had written—a note full of warm, girlish love and gratitude. She had slipped into the public library and written it so that it would be sure to reach Aunt Lorena that night. She had said that she "couldn't wait to thank her." When the bundle was returned Rene had forgotten all about that note.

At sight of the big bundle Aunt Lorena set her lips angrily and her face took on an added hardness. Then a curious impulse moved her to open it and see what those foolish extravagant girls had spent all that money for. She opened it at once.

"Shoes—well, that wasn't so bad—they were good sensible shoes; and gloves—three pair. There was no need of Rene's having any. Hadn't she sent Rene a pair, and to think of her being so careless as to send that bill in those gloves! She remembered now, when she had hidden that money away there. She tucked money away in so many odd places in her constant fear of burglars. And here were some warm undergarments, and yes, actually some ribbons and fine handkerchiefs. And night-gowns, all trimmed with fine embroidery—those girls might get along without embroidery surely, poor as they were!

But—oh, yes, probably these were for their mother. And here were grocers' and butchers' bills—chicken, steak, fruit, a box of candy and flowers. Well, well, flowers at Christmas time when they cost a fortune—and a book, too! Now what foolish book had they spent her money on? She would open it and see. And even tied up with ribbon—well, of all things!

She opened the book and a dainty little note fluttered out. It was directed to Aunt Lorena and Aunt Lorena read it. It seemed to have a strange effect upon her, too. For a few minutes she sat quite still, scowling savagely with Rene's little note in her hand, and then quite suddenly and to her own utter amazement she found herself crying—actually crying!

Half an hour later Aunt Lorena's carriage stopped again before the little cottage and dignified Dennis handed in a note addressed to Rene. Rene took it with a chilling glance at the innocent servant who delivered it, but as she read it her face changed.

"What is it; oh, what is it, Rene?" cried Mollie, and Katrina in one breath.

"It's—girls—Aunt Lorena. Oh, dear, I'm crying again and I vowed I would n't! but don't look so worried, mamma, dear; it's a different kind of crying this time, and we can have a Christmas after all. Whoever would have believed that Aunt Lorena could write a note like that!" She flung it across the table and Kitty snatched it and read it aloud:

"My Dear Lorena: Can you forgive your hard old auntie—all of you—and take back these things? If you can't, it will be a miserable Christmas Day for me. I hope that the new treatment will help your mother. Have her give it a fair trial, and let me pay the bill, whatever it may be over fifty dollars. I shall spend Christmas day reading my new book.

Your affectionate aunt,

"Lorena B. Beverly."

The girls looked at each other too amazed for words. Before anybody had spoken the bell rang again.

"It's the bundle. The madame she told me to leave it here," the man said, and was gone, leaving Mollie holding Aunt Lorena's Christmas package in her arms.

WELSH LULLABY.

As a blossom sweet and rosy

Folds its petals for the night,

In my bosom curling cosy

Hush you, hush you, baby bright!

While I'm by thee, nothing cruel,

Not one harmful sound or sight

Shall come nigh thee, O my jewel!

O my armful of delight!

Little flowerets in the meadows,

Little nestlings in the trees,

Now are sleeping in the shadows

To the cradling of the breeze;

But the blossoms of my bosom,

But the birdie on my knees,

While I lock him there and rock him

Has a warmer nest than these.

Start not! 'tis the ivy only

Tapping, tapping o'er and o'er,

Start not! 'tis the billow lonely,

Lapping, lapping on the shore.

Through your dreaming you are beaming

O so purely now, my store,

You must see your angel, surely,

Smiling through heaven's open door.

—(Alfred Perceval Graves.)

There was a dinner party at the mayor's and the servant had the misfortune to drop the turkey when bringing it in.

"It is all right, ma'am," she cried, with great sangfroid, picking up the turkey and going out with it. "I will bring in the other one."

Father Tyrell, the English Jesuit, who is one of the Catholic scholars at whom the Pope's recent encyclical on "The Doctrines of the Modernists" was aimed, has been excommunicated for his criticism of the encyclical. The excommunication of Father Tyrell will, it is said, probably be followed by the adoption of similar measures against German, Italian and French modernists.

CHURCH
WORK

Ministers and Churches

NEWS
LETTERS

EASTERN ONTARIO.

The Sabbath school workers of Kingston are considering the advisability of having a house-to-house visitation soon.

Twenty-one new members were received by Cooke's church, Kingston, before the communion on December 8th.

The next regular meeting of Lanark and Renfrew presbytery will be held in St. Paul's church, Smith's Falls, on February 17th, 1908, at 3.30 p.m.

The anniversary social of the Marvelville Presbyterian church was held on Monday, Sept. 16th, in the church at that place. The Sunday school will hold its Christmas tree on Christmas night.

The anniversary services of Knox church, McDonald's Corners, were held last Sunday, when Rev. Dr. MacGillivray of Kingston preached at both services. On Monday evening a tea meeting and concert were held in the church.

Rev. Orr Bennett, of St. Andrew's church, Almonte, was unable, on account of illness, to preach on December 8th, and his pulpit was therefore filled in the morning by Dr. P. C. McGregor, and in the evening by Rev. F. Millar.

The induction of Rev. W. J. Hewitt will take place at Middleville on Thursday, December 19th. Rev. J. A. McLean, of Weston's Corners, will preach, preside and induct, Rev. W. McDonald will address the people and Rev. J. S. McClraith, the minister.

The mission field of Braeside, Sand Point and Dewar's, lately vacated by the translation of Rev. Wm. Moon, now becomes an augmented charge, but pluckily increased its own givings so that it will only need a grant of \$75 per annum. This compact triangular charge, when the Sabbath's drive is only nine miles, is under the moderatorship of Rev. W. W. Peck, of Arrprior.

The anniversary services in St. Paul's church, Bowmanville, held on December 8th, were attended by large congregations. Rev. Wm. Beattie, Cobourg, who has recently returned from a holiday trip to England and Norway, was preacher for the day. His sermons were thoughtful, forcible and stimulating. A free-will thankoffering of \$300 was asked for and about \$315 was placed on the plates. Well done, St. Paul's.

A meeting of the Presbytery of Peterborough will be held on the 30th December at Colborne, when the members will take part in the jubilee of Rev. Peter Duncan, moderator of the presbytery, who has for fifty years been pastor of Colborne Presbyterian church, and is, after a life filled with devotion, service and zeal for his Master, retiring from the work of the active ministry. The Synod of Toronto and Kingston is recognizing the semi-centennial of Mr. Duncan and the Presbytery of Peterborough will join with that body.

The Rev. Prof. A. R. Gordon of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, was the preacher in Queen's University, Kingston, on the afternoon of December 8th. This was the Professor's first visit to Kingston, and the impression he created was most favorable, the college men listening to him with keenest interest. On the evening of the same day he preached a most helpful sermon in Cooke's church, showing, as he did, the place which work holds in the development of Christian character. The congregation was large and the whole service was truly uplifting.

The death of Rev. Charles E. Gordonsmith, F.S.Sc., of Demorestville, Ont., removes one of the best known of the Presbyterian ministers of Ontario and Quebec. He had preached the Gospel for over forty years and was well known as a platform speaker and lecturer. He was a great believer in pastoral visitation and he was always welcome in the homes of his people, few ministers having the confidence of the members of his various congregations as he had. Mr. Gordonsmith was born in Glasgow, Scotland, on May 14, 1844. He went to England as a young man and after a course in theology was ordained as a Congregational minister. He soon became noted as a preacher and lecturer, and in the latter capacity toured the United Kingdom. In 1885 he resigned the pastorate of Well Street Congregational church, Coventry, England, to become pastor of the First Congregational church, Stratford, Ontario. Four years later he accepted the pastorate of a Presbyterian church, St. Andrew's, at Lancaster, Ontario, where he labored with much success for the next ten or twelve years. After that he held pastorates at Metis, Que., at Bancroft, Ont., and Demorestville, near Pieton, Ont., resigning the last-named charge on account of failing health on October 30. An impressive service in his memory was held on Sunday afternoon in the Presbyterian church, Demorestville, Ont. Rev. William Shearer, of Pieton, preached from the text, "These are they which came out of great tribulation and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb" (Rev. vii., 14), and in the course of his sermon spoke of his own knowledge, as a near neighbor, of the worth of him whose loss they mourned. The body was taken to Montreal for burial, the funeral taking place from 35 Milton street, the residence of his eldest son. The service was conducted by the Rev. Dr. Fleck, who was assisted by the Rev. Dr. Wardrope, the Rev. Dr. J. A. Gordon, the Rev. Thomas Harris, the Rev. P. A. Walker and the Rev. J. U. Tanner.

In St. Andrew's church, Hamilton, the third anniversary of the induction of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Wilson, was recently celebrated by a social gathering of the congregation. Tea was served by the ladies in the early part of the evening, and an excellent programme followed. Mr. A. E. Croal ably filled the chair. Addresses were given by Rev. Dr. McIntosh, of Elora, Rev. Dr. Nelson of Knox church, W. R. Leckie, J. Jamieson and the chairman, all of whom congratulated the pastor and the church upon its prosperity under him. Rev. Mr. Wilson replied feelingly to the many expressions of good-will and kindness, and thanked the members of the congregation for the sympathy and support which had so greatly helped him in the Master's work.

The laymen's forward movement for missions was splendidly inaugurated in St. Andrew's church, London, when a large and representative gathering of the laymen of that city decided to raise \$50,000 for foreign missions this coming year. Stirring addresses were delivered by Mr. J. Campbell White, of New York, secretary of the laymen's movement, and by Rev. J. Lovell Murray, a returned missionary from India. Mr. C. B. Keenleyside presided.

At the bazaar recently held by the Ladies' Aid of Knox church, Galt, the sum of \$400 was realized to help in building a new Sunday school hall.

OTTAWA.

Rev. Dr. Moore preached in Stewarton church last Sunday.

Rev. Professor Fraser, of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, preached at St. Andrew's church at both services last Sunday.

Professor R. E. Welch, D.D., of Montreal, preached anniversary sermons in St. Paul's church last Sunday. On Monday evening an anniversary social was held, when a very fine programme was rendered which was much enjoyed by the audience.

The bazaar recently held by the Young People's Society of St. Andrew's church was a great success, both socially and financially. The bazaar was open for two days, high tea being served on the second day. Over \$800 was realized, the money to be used for completing the furnishings for the eye and ear ward in the Protestant General Hospital and for other benevolent objects of the society.

The Girls' Mission Band of Stewarton church made a great success of the little play, Cinderella, which was put on by them last week. The acting was good and the scenery well arranged. The story was chiefly told in song, and the voices of the singers surpassed their acting in excellence. Mrs. Darragh and Miss Seymour supervised the play, and much credit for the manner in which everything passed off must be given to them as well as to those who actually participated. The Sunday school hall of the church, where the entertainment was given, was filled to overflowing.

The annual meeting of the Young People's Association of McKay Street church was held last week, when the various reports for the year were presented showing excellent work done. Through the coming year it was decided to have one meeting night of each month the programme for which will be optional. The following officers were elected: Honorary president, Rev. P. W. Anderson; hon. vice-president, Mr. Wm. Girard, Mr. F. E. Perney, B.A., Mr. W. Lunan; president, Mr. C. H. Putnam; vice-presidents, Miss I. Elliott, Miss L. Clement; secretary, Miss M. Dudley; treasurer, Miss E. Clement; organists, Miss L. Ryan, Miss R. Ralston. The conveners for the different committees are: Prayer meeting and topic, Mr. T. B. Rankin; Flower and Decorating, Miss R. Ralston; Visiting and Social, Miss I. Ralph; Refreshment, Miss J. McLatchie.

There was a large attendance of ministers and elders at the December meeting of the London Presbytery. Among other items of business, a circular letter from Rev. Dr. Somerville relating to the filling up of Statistical schedules was read. An interim report on the settlement of vacancies was given by Dr. Ross, and the plans submitted left over till 21st January for more mature consideration. Rev. Mr. Geddes of Ailsa Craig and Carlisle invited the Presbytery to be present at the celebration of the jubilee of the latter congregation on the 11th and 12th of January.

Dr. Nixon, Hyde Park, was appointed convener of Presbytery's Committee on Systematic Beneficence and Church Schemes, and delegates were appointed to visit the aid-receiving congregations within the bounds and report in March.

Rev. Dr. Eakin preached to large audiences in St. Andrew's church, Guelph, on the 8th December.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. Norman MacKay has demitted his charge of Port Stanley.

Rev. W. S. Nichol preached in the Bradford church on the 8th instant.

Rev. S. B. Russell conducted services in Erskine church, Hamilton, on the 8th instant.

Rev. Dr. McCrae delivered a lecture in the Newbury church last Monday evening on Right and Left-Hearted People.

The Ladies' Aid of St. Andrew's church, Sault Ste. Marie, held their annual bazaar and supper last week.

The next meeting of the Presbytery of Bruce will be held at Paisley on the first Tuesday of March, at 11 a.m.

The services at Clanbrassil church were conducted on the 8th December by Mr. Overend, a Knox College student.

F. H. Kirkpatrick, Ph.B., of Toronto, recited "The Little Minister" in the Presbyterian lecture room on Tuesday evening last.

The anniversary services of the Avonbank church were held last Sunday, when Rev. A. McVicar, of Atwood, conducted the services.

A Christmas entertainment will be held in the Presbyterian church, East Seneca, on Thursday night, December 19th.

The Ladies of the Presbyterian church, Drumbo, recently gave a banquet in honor of the men of St. Andrew, when speeches were made by Rev. Mr. Thomson and Reeve Lillioot.

Rev. D. B. Macdonald, of Haynes avenue church, St. Catharines, was seized a week ago with a serious paralytic stroke.

The ladies of the Mimico church gave an At Home in the church last Friday evening—a genuine old-time social evening—which was enjoyed by the whole congregation.

Dr. E. D. McLaren, of Toronto, superintendent of the Presbyterian Home Mission field, addressed the Men's Association of First church, Chatham, last Friday night, on Our National Ideals.

A meeting of the Young People's Society of Knox church, Embro, was held on the evening of the 9th December, when Mr. Hobson of Woodstock, gave a most interesting lecture on birds.

Rev. Dr. Smith, of St. Catharines, preached at Smithville on December 8th, and Rev. W. S. Wright, of St. Ann's, preached the preparatory sermon on Friday evening.

Dr. W. A. Parke, of Toronto University, delivered a lecture on The Northlands of Ontario before Knox church Guild, Woodstock, last Monday evening.

Rev. David James, who is supplying First Church, London, delivered a very interesting, profitable and timely lecture last week on the Chinese in San Francisco.

Anniversary services were held in Bethel Presbyterian church, Mt. Forest, last Sabbath by the Rev. A. T. Webster, Toronto. On Monday evening a Fowl Supper was given by the ladies of the congregation.

Mr. John Wanless, of Toronto, preached in the Mimico church on the 8th instant, his subject being Temperance. On the afternoon of the same day a grand union rally of the Sunday school children was held, addressed by Rev. H. N. Duckworth of Knox church.

Rev. R. A. Lundy, of Williamsburg, Brockville Presbytery, officiated in Westminster church, Mt. Forest, on Sabbath, December 8th. The Rev. W. H. Geddes, of Ailsa Craig, filled the pulpit last Sunday.

At the annual meeting of the W. F. M. S. of Woodland church the following officers were elected: Mrs. Smith, president; Mrs. Ross, vice-president; Mrs. Caulfield, treasurer; and Miss McEachern, secretary.

TORONTO.

Anniversary services were held in the Avonbank church on Sunday, December 8th. The sermons were preached by Rev. J. W. McIntosh, of Mitchell. Tea was served in the basement of the church on Monday evening, and Revs. D. N. Morden and M. Nichol, B. A., of St. Mary's, delivered short addresses. The Classic City quartette assisted in the musical part of the programme.

Rev. James Foote was ordained and inducted into the pastoral charge of North Bruce and St. Andrew's on November 28th. The call was very unanimous, and Mr. Foote enters upon his pastoral duties with the full sympathy of the people, and, under the blessing of God, with bright prospects of success.

Anniversary services were held in St. Andrew's church, Hamilton, on the 8th instant, when Rev. W. R. McIntosh, of Elora, preached at both services. On Monday evening the anniversary tea and social were held in the school room. Rev. Mr. McIntosh and Rev. Dr. Nelson, of Knox church, gave addresses, and some good music was also on the programme.

Rev. R. W. Leitch of Deleware, after a twelve years' indefatigable and acceptable ministerial labor has resigned through permanently broken health. It is believed he will ask leave of the General Assembly to retire with annuity. It is over thirty years since he began his ministry. A movement is now afoot to make some re-arrangement of congregations that all may be efficiently served with ordinances without killing the ministers. The charge will be declared vacant after New Year. Rev. Jas. Argo, Ivan, P.Q., will be interim moderator.

The First Presbyterian church, Galt, was filled to overflowing when Rev. H. J. Pritchard, formerly of Brantford, was inducted as pastor of the church. The services were impressive, inspiring and intensely interesting. The large congregation was composed of members of Knox and Central church members. Rev. R. E. Knowles in opening the services announced that Mr. Pritchard had been regularly called, and requested anyone knowing just cause or reason why he should not be inducted, to declare himself before the Presbytery, then in session. Rev. W. G. Wilson, of Guelph, who preached the sermon, took his text from the 47th chapter of Ezekiel and part of the 9th verse, "And everything shall live whither the river cometh." Rev. W. Ross, of Guelph, put the requisite questions to Rev. Mr. Pritchard, and after Dr. Torrance had offered an inspiring induction prayer, Rev. H. J. Pritchard was declared to be duly inducted as pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Galt. Rev. W. A. Bradley, of Berlin, addressed the minister, and Rev. R. E. Knowles the congregation.

On Tuesday evening a congregational tea and reception to Rev. and Mrs. H. J. Pritchard was held in the First Presbyterian church. Tea was served by the ladies of the congregation from six to eight o'clock. The basement had been very prettily decorated and the tables were adorned with candles and an abundance of carnations, and presented a beautiful appearance. At eight o'clock all present adjourned to the auditorium of the church, where a public reception was held. The proceedings opened with the singing of "Old Hundred" and prayer by Rev. James McCrae, of Metz. The speakers of the evening were: Rev. Dr. Dickson, Mr. Cole, Y.M.C.A. secretary; Rev. Pettigrew, Glenmorris; Dr. Antliff, Hon. James Young, Rev. J. B. Mullen, Hon. McLaughlin, Mayor Thomson, Rev. D. James, Rev. R. E. Knowles made an excellent chairman. Since the church has had no pastor, Mr. Knowles has acted as Moderator of the session, and he was presented with an appreciative address and several pieces of silver. He made an appreciative reply, referring to his friendly relations with the congregation, which he was almost sorry, to sever.

At the annual meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society of the Eglinton church the following officers were elected: Mrs. W. G. Back, president; Mrs. W. Dunnett, first vice-president; Mrs. Nisbet, second vice-president; Mrs. Urmy, secretary; Mrs. J. McLean, treasurer, and Mrs. Fenwick, Tidings secretary.

The dedication services of Runnymede Mission were held on the 8th instant in the new church building erected by the congregation of St. James' Square Presbyterian church at the corner of Louisa street and Murray avenue, in the township of York, just west of the Junction. Rev. Alfred Gaudier of St. James' Square church conducted the morning service, Rev. Dr. Pidgeon of Victoria Presbyterian church conducted the afternoon service, and Prof. McFadyen of Knox College preached in the evening. A social entertainment was held in the church the following evening, with R. B. Weatherall, B.A., of Knox College, in charge. About one and a half years ago St. James' Square church began mission work in the Runnymede district, which has become quite thickly populated during the last two years. This was a part of a general movement towards church extension by the Presbyterian churches of Toronto. Mr. R. B. Weatherall, a student at Knox College, was placed in charge of the mission, and the first services were held in a dwelling house. The congregation rapidly grew, and a room in the Elizabeth street school was secured for the mission work. This soon became inadequate, and the present new church was erected by the St. James' Square congregation. The Sunday school work in particular has been very successful. The new church is a handsome structure with a seating capacity of three hundred, and cost in the neighborhood of \$5,000. The Runnymede congregation will furnish and support it.

The choir of Knox church, Stratford, largely augmented by singers from different choirs of the city, presented Jammouneau's celebrated sacred cantata, "Jonah," at Knox church last Thursday evening in the presence of a large assemblage, drawn from most of the city churches.

Rev. W. E. Hassard, B.A., B.D., secretary of the Canadian Bible Society, preached in the Presbyterian church last Sunday morning and in the Baptist church in the evening. On Monday evening Mr. Hassard gave an address on the work of the Bible Society in St. James' Sunday school, illustrated by lantern views showing the work of the society's colporteurs in all parts of the world.

The W. F. M. S. of Westminster church, Mt. Forest, at their annual meeting elected the following officers for 1908: President, Mrs. A. Filshie; vice-presidents, Mrs. R. A. Fraser, secretary, Duff Morrison, Mrs. A. Ray; treasurer, Mrs. McTaggart; librarian, Mrs. W. Wright; Leaflet secretary, Mrs. M. O. Macgregor; John Connor; treasurer of general fund, Mrs. Jas. Giles.

An enjoyable evening was spent at the home of Mr. James Roland, Hamilton, on Friday, December 6, when Mr. Roland entertained two of the classes of Knox church Sunday school, Miss Renwick's and Mr. Moore's. The first part of the evening was spent in games, after which Mr. Moore presented Mr. Roland with a gold-headed umbrella, he being the oldest member in the class, the latter responding in a few well-chosen words. Later in the evening refreshments were served.

THE MAN WHO ROSE FROM NOTHING.

Around the world the fame is blown
Of fighting heroes, dead and gone;
But we've a hero of our own—
The man who rose from nothing.

He's a magician great and grand;
The forests fled at his command;
And here he said "Let cities stand!"—
The man who rose from nothing.

And in our legislative hall
He towering stands alone, like Saul,
"A head and shoulders over all,"—
The man who rose from nothing.

His efforts he will ne'er relax,
His faith in figures and in facts,
And always calls an axe an axe—
The man who rose from nothing.

The gentleman in word and deed;
And short and simple in his creed;
"Fear God and help the soul in need!"
The man who rose from nothing.

In other lands he's hardly known,
For he's a product of our own;
Could grace a shanty or a throne—
The man who rose from nothing.

Here's to the land of lakes and pine—
On which the sun of freedom shines,
Because we meet on all our lines,
The man who rose from nothing.

—Alexander McLachlan.

At the manger the old covenant and
The new flow together, heaven and
earth clasp hands, Gods pays to hu-
manity its highest honor, man is
shown to encompass divinity, and an-
gels to be God's wireless telegraphy to
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TOOTHsome CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

A certain housewife I know is remembered gratefully each year long after the spirit of Christmas has vanished because her holiday gifts taste so excellent. She holds the wise belief that whatever one can do best makes the most appropriate gift, therefore, being a skilled cook, her friends receive, each Christmas, something on which she has spent loving labor, some thought, and not a little artistic skill. Occasionally she sends a delicious plum pudding which has been steamed in a cunning little mold. It is cold, of course, ready to be re-heated as the good housewife knows how; it is wrapped in paraffine paper, then in moss-green tissue paper, tied with scarlet satin ribbon, and crowned with a jaunty sprig of holly. Another friend receives a basket of raised doughnuts, delectably tender, powdered with sugar and piled in a wicker basket. The basket has a glorified Christmas air. It probably cost no more than ten cents, but it has been enamelled a dark green, on its handle a scarlet satin ribbon ties a bit of radiant holly, and the doughnuts are wrapped in snowy tissue paper. This housewife is famous for a most delicious fruit cookie, and frequently a batch of them arrive bearing the Christmas greetings. A dozen flaky patties, ready to be heated and filled, packed egg fashion in a pretty box, is a gift a busy housewife welcomes on Christmas morning, while somebody else receives a package of crisp cheese straws, which would never be suspected to be remnants from patty baking.

A CLEVER LONDON DOG.

A little skye terrier in London who very often went to ride with his mistress in cabs, decided one day to take a little stroll all by himself.

He went quite a long distance from his well-known streets and soon found that he had lost his way.

After running up one street and down another for some time, and then stopping still and trying to remember which way he had come, he suddenly had a very bright idea. There were some cabs. Why should he not ride home, as he always did with his mistress?

No sooner thought than done. He jumped up into a hansom cab and when the cabman got down off his seat and came around to look at him, he saw that he had on a silver collar. On that collar was his name and address. The cabman drove to that number and found the mistress, who had been anxiously hunting for him. Imagine her surprise when she saw her little doggie riding home alone in a cab. Wasn't he smart! If a dog can have presence of mind this little skye had it.—E.

There is nothing to be gained by kicking against Providence. "When it rains, let it rain."

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MONTREAL

WHAT CAN A YOUNG MAN DO?

What can a young man do? Do! he has immense power for evil and for good. He can ruin his health; he can debase his intellect; he can murder his conscience—he can deaden and destroy it; he can deteriorate his moral taste and his moral feelings; he can fill his mind with gross and debasing imagery, and his mouth with impurity and lust; he can become sensual and disgusting in his habits; he can lose the confidence of society; he can lose his situation; he can be cast off upon the world, as a thing that cannot be trusted; he can become contemptible; he can break his father's heart; he can make anguish come down like a dark cloud, and press upon the brow of his mother, and upon the countenances of all his sisters. A young man can do all this—can act so that his very friends shall never wish to hear his name, and shall only secretly in their hearts follow him with their anxieties and their prayers.

What can a young man do? Do! he can "cleanse his way according to God's Word." He can seek to understand the Scriptures; to love the Saviour; to love God's Word; to save his soul alive. He can flee to the fountain of Reconciliation; he can become a holy man; he can be a virtuous citizen; he may be the pride of his family; he can take his young brothers, and lead them forward in life; he can extend the influence of a Christian pastor; he can be his right hand in efforts to do good; he can take an interest in all the great movements of the day; he may die a happy man, with his children and his grandchildren around his bed; and pass from the dissolution of the tabernacle upon earth, to an inheritance on high. He can do all that; a young man can do it all.

Only let him "take heed to his way according to God's Word." He will soon see the necessity of the mediatorial and restorative work of the Lord Jesus—"the Fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness." Let him then aim to put away everything that he feels to be wrong, to conquer every bad habit, and to regulate his conduct by God's Word; and he will be led to rejoice in the sanctifying Spirit, who will carry on this work. But it is no use pretending to desire the pardon of sin and reconciliation by the blood of Christ, if we do not put away every evil thing, and seek to "cleanse our way according to God's Word." The two things must advance together.—Rev. Thomas Binney, D.D.

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Synopsis of Canadian North-
West.

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

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

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

The homesteader is required to
perform the homestead duties un-
der one of the following plans:—

(1) At least six months' resi-
dence upon and cultivation of the
land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so
desires, perform the required re-
sidence duties by living on farm-
ing land owned solely by him,
not less than eighty (80) acres in
extent, in the vicinity of his
homestead. Joint ownership in
land will not meet this require-
ment.

(3) If the father (or mother, if
the father is deceased) of a
homesteader has permanent resi-
dence on farming land owned
solely by him, not less than eighty
(80) acres in extent, in the vicinity
of the homestead, or upon a
homestead entered for by him
in the vicinity, such homesteader
may perform his own
residence duties by living with the
father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the
two preceding paragraphs is de-
fined as meaning not more than
nine miles in a direct line, exclu-
sive of the width of road allow-
ances crossed in the measure-
ment.

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

Six months' notice in writing
must be given to the Commis-
sioner of Dominion Lands at Ot-
tawa, of intention to apply for
patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the
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