

# Dominion Presbyterian

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## Note and Comment

A few of the mailbags from the wrecked Dominion liner Labrador have been washed on to the Scotch coast, and the sea for some distance was yellow with apples, which formed part of the cargo. An organ in good condition drifted ashore from the wreck.

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"In Memoriam," and the selected poems of Lord Tennyson, for sixpence! This is the latest addition to Macmillan & Co.'s marvellous sixpenny series of copyright works, and it will be sure of a welcome from a good many possessors of the more expensive editions, as well as from many more who will make their first acquaintance with the poems in this form.

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The Queen occupies her usual apartments in the Hotel Excelsior. She breakfasts in the grounds under an umbrella tent, after which she drives through these and neighboring gardens in her donkey chair, and joins the children of Princess Beatrice, who reside at a neighboring villa. A lift which carries the Queen to her rooms is worked by electricity. The Queen presented handsome scarf pins to the captain of the Calais-Douvres, in which she crossed the channel, and also to the pilot.

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The Cape Times publishes an interesting report of a recent conversation between Mr. Davies, a British journalist, and President Kruger. Oom Paul, as usual, quoted Scripture, saying: "Uitlanders cannot serve the Republic and other countries at the same time. What does the Scripture say? You cannot serve God and Mammon." In further conversation, Mr. Davies mentioned Mr. Gladstone, and described his funeral. The President, with great feeling, said "Gladstone deserved all honor. He was one of the greatest men who ever lived. He believed that right was might, and acted accordingly, not like some of these politicians of later days, who think that might is right. That is why I honor Gladstone as one of the greatest men of all time."

Mr. R. Johnston, B.A., a licentiate of the Presbytery of Coleraine, has been ordained to the pastorate of the church at Castledawson.

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The Dublin Road Reformed Presbyterian Church, Belfast, has, in the ten years of its existence, raised for all purposes a total sum of £8,885.

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A member of Dr. Alex. Whyte's church in Edinburgh has given £1,000 to the Sustenation Fund as a token of good will towards the proposed union with the United Presbyterian Church.

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Dr. Henry Van Dyke, minister of the "Brick" Presbyterian Church, on Fifth avenue, New York, is to be called to a professorship of English literature in Princeton University, New Jersey, for which a large endowment has been pledged on condition that he is to take it. Dr. Van Dyke lately declined a similar offer from Johns Hopkins University, but it is believed that he will accept this—a new and a serious loss to Presbyterianism in New York, in addition to others previously suffered.

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The Austrian movement for "emanicipation from Rome" is developing in various ways. Herr Schonerer, leader of the Pan-Germanic group in the Reichsrath, has issued an appeal to his followers, stating that "for various reasons it appears desirable that the secession of the first 10,000 converts from the Anti-Germanic Catholic Church of Rome should take place as soon as possible. Consequently, the undersigned urgently requests those of his compatriots who intend leaving the Catholic Church to send a written declaration to that effect, if possible, by the end of March." The movement is exciting uneasiness at the Vatican, where, it is stated, a council has been held on the subject. An influential meeting was also held in Vienna two weeks ago against it, addressed by Prince Liechtenstein and the Burgomaster of Vienna, in which it was maintained that the movement was a disloyal one, without any religious feeling in it. The movement is undoubtedly at present largely racial and political, rather than religious. Nevertheless, it is abundantly significant of the time that this new temper towards Rome should have appeared in so bigoted a centre of Ultramontanism as Austria.

"The whirligig of time brings its revenges" is a saying which is illustrated in the unexpected reception of Mr. Cecil Rhodes by the very monarch who congratulated President Kruger upon his triumph over Mr. Rhodes after the famous raid. It must be galling indeed to Mr. Kruger to read of the attention paid to his bitterest enemy by the German Emperor, whom he once hoped to count as an ally. Was there not talk of the landing of a German contingent at Delagoa Bay, and its marching on Pretoria to assist the Boers against the British? Now all is changed, and Mr. Rhodes is interesting His Imperial Majesty in his Cape-to-Cairo railway, while His Majesty's subjects are wondering whether they shall take shares in the growing mining interests of Rhodesia. We read of widespread confidence and hopeful anticipations in political circles where recently signs of mistrust and lack of initiative prevailed. Verily the situation in European politics undergoes changes that are kaleidoscopic!

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The English-speaking world, says the Inverness Courier, is gratified to hear of the progress made by Mr. Kipling towards recovery. At the critical period of his illness many kindly messages were sent across the Atlantic. Some of them, as a contemporary remarks, could not but amuse. Mrs. Steel's, for example: "Tell Kipling, for the sake of India, to get well soon." When a man is in Mr. Kipling's condition he does not want to be told, nor does he get well for the sake of India. But it is ungracious to be critical at these times. The most practical message that was cabled from this country was that of a kindly American lady, who advised a course of treatment such as she knew from experience to be helpful. It included an onion poultice back and front. By the way, the impetus to Kipling's popularity which the papers have given in the past few days must have been tremendous. People to whom he has hitherto been only a name, and some to whom he was not even that, have made it their business to read something of him for themselves; while others who already knew his work well have been impelled to look at it again. On Thursday morning every copy of every book of Mr. Kipling's in the London Library was out.

Sin is self-propagating, and has a large progeny.

# The Quiet Hour

## The Tribute of Love.\*

Written for Dominion Presbyterian

This is one of the most touching stories in the Gospels; it tells of a woman's tribute of love and we feel that it is fitting that, just before He reached the Cross, He who came to minister to others should be ministered to in this delicate fashion. There is a similar story told in Luke vii., but while some hold that Mary and the "woman who was a sinner" are one and the same, that view is very improbable. It is more likely that a similar thing happened twice; in the one case a token of penitence, in the other an offering of friendship. We are distinctly told that this incident happened after the raising of Lazarus, and at the beginning of Our Lord's last Pass-over week. Thus, in a manner simple, yet full of pathetic meaning, He was anointed for His burial.

This took place at Bethany, in the home where he had so often been made welcome, and where He had rested in quietness after the toil and conflict of many a busy day. The two sisters were there—and Martha served, and Mary also served, but in a different way. Her service was an act of devotion, which has been an inspiration during many centuries. To some at that time it seemed forward and fantastic, but it has lived before the world and taught its modest lesson for many centuries. Here we have an Offering of Love. The gift that Mary brought was meant to express a love that was too deep for words. Love gives value to the gift, love gives a golden glory to even a small gift; but love will not choose to give a poor thing if it had any nobler thing within reach; it brings to its Lord the costliest treasure. This being an act of love, it was spontaneous; it was not arranged for by a committee or brought in response to an external command. It sprang from the impulse of a woman's love. Hence it was individual, it was a gift that was all Mary's own, was saturated with her personal feeling, and expressed her character. It is good for us to join in "the common prayer," and take part with others in social worship; but it is good for the soul to have its own gift, its solitary service. The offering was timely. Love, by its delicate insight, discerned the right time and way to make this gift. The woman knew that the Master was lonely, and

persecuted; she felt by her sensitive sympathy the heavy cloud that was gathering over Him; she had a presentiment of the terrible storm that was soon about to burst, and she felt about for some way in which to assure Him of the adoration and confidence of, at least, one honest heart. The offering was criticised. We need not be surprised at that; it is hard for anything to escape criticism in this cold world. But we ought not to use that noble word "criticism" for such mere fault-finding as this. To criticise this woman's act of devotion is to measure its motive fairly, and to interpret aright its spiritual significance. That was not done in this case; a cool, calculating man condemned her impulsive devotion as an act of reckless extravagance. In a sense it was impulsive and extravagant, but the impulse came after long loving thought, and the extravagance turned out to be true economy. The remarks that were made upon her action were plausible, and wear an air of benevolence. They are founded upon a great principle of utility and they manifest great care for the poor, but in reality they came from a little soul and reflected a small view of life. Selfishness could not see the real beauty of an act so utterly unselfish; he who "put a penny into the urn of charity and took a shilling out" was naturally unable to appreciate such holy recklessness.

The gift was, however, nobly defended by One Who was quick to catch the real meaning of a loving deed. He Who gave Himself could understand, better than any other, the gift of love. He explained its unconscious meaning. He gave clear expression to the feeling in the woman's heart "She hath anointed my body aforehand for the burying." Wonderful word; she, like every true devoted soul, builded better than she knew. Even nobler than embalming the dead body of the Christ was the lowly effort to minister comfort to Him in the day of His distress. There are many ways of serving the Christ. He Himself has indicated the ministry to the poor and helpless as one, and one of the highest. That opportunity is ever standing before us, but this woman's quick insight discerned an opportunity which could never come again, and which justified the strange form of her service. The Master showed its peculiar merit, she had done what she could; up to the full measure of her capacity she had manifested that spirit of love which is likeliest to the Spirit of God. And so a great reward was appointed; that her deed should stand on record linked to the life of the Christ as an inspiration for those who in after

time should dare to seem fantastic in their lonely service; of those who refuse to have Christian service stereotyped in dead forms, but who vindicate in the sight of a dull, selfish world the originality of love.

For Dominion Presbyterian.

Gethsemane.

BY MARGORIE.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!  
I shudder at the thought of thee;  
For good and evil there array  
Their forces for the deadly fray.  
And heaven and earth and hell combine  
To mould us, each to their design;  
E'en angels tremble as they scan  
The cries and tears and groans of man.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!  
Thou place of fearful agony;  
Would it be strange if reason fled  
In terror from thy precincts dread?  
That heart and flesh and courage fail,  
Or lips grow silent, cold and pale  
When called to meet divinity,  
And prostrate bow submissively,  
To lose ourselves, our all, our life,  
Ere we may triumph in the strife.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!  
Oh! how do mortals pass through thee,  
Who cannot in the path they trod  
Discern the footprints of a God;  
Lean on His breast of love divine,  
And to His wiser will resign;  
Invoke His strength, implore His power  
To help them in that evil hour?

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!  
Thy darkness and thy mystery  
Are wisely hidden from our gaze,  
Till we approach Thy unseen maze.  
Thy midnight silence none have known,  
Since each must enter thee alone;  
The friends who come to watch and pray  
Soon fall asleep or steal away.  
Each soul must battle with its woes,  
None but its Maker cares or knows.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!  
When first, a child, I read of Thee,  
I little dreamed that I should kneel,  
Thy wild, despairing anguish feel.  
I thought that no one but the Lord  
Ere touched Thy plaintive minor chord.  
The sun was high, the heavens fair,  
No breath of Thy damp, chilly air.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!  
So near Thou art to Calvary,  
Where pride and self are crucified,  
And every wish and prayer denied.  
What wonder that the orbs of day  
Veiled their fair face and looked away,  
When the eternal son of God  
Expired beneath earth's heavy load?  
How could the Father's pity see  
His well-beloved's agony?

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!  
Full many a grave is dug in thee,  
And hearts are marked by deep-cut scar  
That tells of conflict fiercer far.  
Than those writ high on history's page,  
Proclaimed by prophet, bard or sage.  
Life's plans and love's ambitions lie  
Beneath thy leaden, sullen sky.

Gethsemane! Gethsemane!  
No longer would I turn to thee,  
But bless the hand so strong and true,  
That led my faltering footsteps through;  
For pain and darkness now are past,  
The whirlwind's peace has come at last;  
When from the world we take our flight,  
And leave, for aye, its shadowy night.  
Some purpose we shall surely see  
In heaven's great plan of mystery.

The dev'l's dividends are paid in pain,  
poverty and perdition.

\*International S.S. Lesson for April 9th, 1890.—  
—John xii., 1-11. Golden Text.—She hath done  
what she could.—Mark xiv., 8.

## Fishers of Men.

(Luke v., 1 to 11.)

By Rev. James Stalker, D.D.

Innumerable points of resemblance between spiritual and natural fishing have been started by ingenious minds—such as that the fish are taken alive, that through being captured the fishes are brought into contact with one another, that fishing is a social, not a solitary, occupation, and the like—but these are very fanciful. There are a few lessons which are obviously of more importance. One is, that patience is necessary in fishing. The true fisher can ply the rod all day, even though he is taking nothing, and never gives up hope. So in the work of God we must never grow weary, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not. . . . Every fisher has some favorite story to tell of a glorious hour in the early morning or the late evening when the water, which had been irresponsive, became suddenly alive with fish, and he hauled them out at almost every cast. And there is something very similar to this in the spiritual world. Faithful preaching will, indeed, always command a certain amount of success, and the Spirit is given to those that ask Him; yet there are times when the hearts of men seem so hard that no appeals can soften them, and, on the other hand, there are seasons of revival when the labor of a lifetime is repaid in a single month.

A third lesson is that in both kinds of fishing skill is needed. The fisher with the rod has to know how to choose his flies and how to cast his line, and he has to become so well acquainted with the stream as to be aware where the prey lies. It is astonishing how seldom a beginner catches a big trout, but a practiced hand can lift them out where the beginner can get nothing. In fishing with the net, I have no doubt, equal skill is required; and certainly the spiritual fisher is never done learning the secrets of his art. He has continually to be making himself better acquainted with human nature and better acquainted with the Word of God. One kind of temperament has to be taken boldly and another to be approached cautiously; one has to be driven with fear and another drawn with love. No two cases are exactly the same; but the fisher of men has to adapt himself to every case.

Jesus is Himself the living specimen of all His own teaching, and never was this more true than in the present case; in the whole of this incident He showed Himself a most expert fisher of men. The very choice of this figure of speech belonged to the spiritual fisher's art, for no other metaphor could so completely capture the minds of fishermen. . . . In times of discouragement they would especially recall the incident of this occasion. They had toiled all the night and taken nothing; yet Jesus commanded: "Launch forth into the deep." They might have replied that they knew bet-

ter than ~~the~~ about fishing; but St. Peter gave the right answer: "Lord, at Thy word I will;" and the result abundantly justified his faith. So, however discouraging the prospects or however strong the opposition, we must not hesitate if only Jesus says the word; and the success will often be the greatest at the time and in the place where least has been expected. Would not St. Peter remember the haul of this day when on the day of Pentecost no fewer than three thousand were converted by one sermon of his?

From the very beginning of this scene we see Jesus as the accomplished fisher of men. Why was it that He had to get into St. Peter's boat? Was it not because He had caught so many that there was not room enough to contain them? His hearers were so numerous that He was like to be pushed into the sea. How did He attract so vast a multitude? That was good fishing. Some preachers affect to despise numbers, but I suppose they draw as many as they can; and where the right word is spoken men will respond. If our preaching were more like that of Jesus—if it were anything like as direct a revelation of the mind of God, and if it went anything like as straight to the hearts of men—we would experience a measure of His success.

We see Him still further as the Fisher of men when He asks the loan of the boat and converts it into a pulpit. There is no way of interesting people so effectually in the good work as giving them a hand in it. If you wish to interest people in you, get them to confer a favor upon you; this will interest them far more than if you conferred a favor on them. But Jesus did also confer a favor on the fishermen; He paid by the draught of fishes for the use of the boat. In so doing He had something very practical in view. He was soon about to ask these men to give up all and follow Him. But inevitably in their minds the question would arise how they were to be supported, especially if, like St. Peter, they were married men. By showing that He had all the resources of nature at His disposal, Jesus assured them beforehand that, if they obeyed His call, He would provide for their wants. And this is a lesson for all time: If God needs us He will provide the means.

It was, however, St. Peter himself whom Jesus was most intent on catching on this occasion; and the skilful Fisherman did not miss His prey. The forth-putting of His power in the miracle created an overwhelming sense of the divine presence, which had on St. Peter the same effect as it had on Job when he cried: "I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eyes see Thee; wherefore I abhor myself and repent in dust and ashes," and on Isaiah when he cried: "Woe is me, for I am undone, for I am a man of unclean lips." St. Peter recoiled from Jesus, crying out: "Depart from me, for I am a sinful

man, O Lord;" but in reality he was being drawn so close to Jesus that nothing could ever part them. The hook has stuck in his conscience, and this is where it holds best. There are parts of the fish where, if the hook catches hold, it easily loses it again; but there are others in which, if it strikes, it sticks. So in preaching, if the truth only touches the fancy or the feelings, the impression is very apt to be lost, but when the conscience is deeply affected, the impression is likely to be permanent. There are no conversions so trustworthy as those which begin with a deep conviction of sin. The spiritual fishermen therefore who imitate Jesus will not be content with merely tickling the ears of men, but will aim at the conscience and make use of the solemnities of sin, atonement unto eternity. Indeed, it is by such experiences that true fishers of men are produced. If we are to catch men we must first be caught ourselves; and the deeper our own convictions are at this crisis the more able shall we be to produce repentance and to command the grace of God.

Look at the incredible ease of prayer. Every time, place, posture is fitting. Talent is not needed. Eloquence is out of place. Our want is our eloquence, our misery is our recommendation. Thought is quick as lightning, and quick as lightning can it multiply effectual prayer. Actions can pray; sufferings can pray. The whole function is expressed in a word; it is simply this—the child at his father's knee, his words stumbling over each other from very earnestness, and his wistful face pleading better than his hardly intelligible prayer.—F. W. Faber.

Here is a noble resolve found in the journal of an old Puritan divine: "Resolved that, when I address a large meeting, I shall remember that God is there, and that will make it small; resolved that, when I address a small meeting, I shall remember that God is there, and that will make it great." The recollection of God's presence in the first instance prevents the minister from being lifted up with pride and conceit; and in the second, from being discouraged and cast down. At present God is the needed vitalizer and quickener in all religious assemblies.

We all, in turn, must face our forelorn hours of bereavement. For us, sooner or later, our house must be left unto us desolate. But these natural sorrows are, and are meant to be, full of blessedness; the light of God shining upon them transmutes them into heavenly gold. The wounds which God makes, God heals.—Canon Farrar.

There is a better thing to ask than exemption or escape from sorrows, even grace to bear them rightly.

## Our Young People

For Dominion Presbyterian.

### Presbyterianism in Ireland.

By Woodford.

There are records going to show that in the third century the chief king of Ireland became a Christian. In the fourth century Coelestinus, an Irishman, figures in the religious controversies of the day, and early in the fifth century we read in Prosper's Chronicon of "the Irish believing in Christ." This comparatively pure form of Christianity survived in the country, even when Romish corruption was most rampant, until the beginning of the seventeenth century, when the organization of the Presbyterian Church, according to its present model, took place. The history of Christianity in Ireland, therefore, is of the first importance to any who wish to get acquainted with the principles and worth of Presbyterianism.

The authentic history of Christianity in Ireland dates from the middle of the fifth century; the missionary was St. Patrick. He was born on the Clyde, near Dumbarton, it is supposed, and when sixteen was carried captive by freebooters to Ireland. Although piously brought up, it was in Ireland, and when in bondage there, that he was "born again." After six years of slavery he returned to his father's house, but, by a vision, was led to make up his mind to go back as a missionary. He is the patron saint of Ireland; the three-leaved shamrock, by which he illustrated the doctrine of the Trinity to the King of Meath, is the national emblem of the Irish.

There is nothing to show that he visited Ireland as an emissary of the Pope. Any trustworthy records we have inform us that the system of church government, doctrine and worship that was his was mainly Presbyterianism. ("There seems to have been a bishop in every village."—Goldwin Smith.) Prelacy, or Episcopalianism, was introduced gradually, until at last Popery, or Popery, was the result. How this came to be observant readers of reports of the ritualistic controversy in England at the present time can conclude for themselves. Little by little the pure stream of early religion, as it was in the days of St. Patrick, became corrupted, until in 1155 Pope Adrian IV. had gained such supremacy over Ireland that he handed the country bodily over to Henry II. of England. From this time until the Reformation the people were oppressed, rather than governed, by their overlords, temporal and spiritual.

The Reformation came to the Irish

weighted by the fact that it was the religion of their conquerors, and was gone about in a decidedly half-hearted way. The first step was taken in 1537, when the Irish Parliament threw off the authority of the Pope and declared the King of England, Henry VIII., supreme head on earth of the Church of Ireland. Popery was re-established by Queen Mary, and set aside in the reign of Queen Elizabeth — in whose reign Trinity College, Dublin, was founded, the head of which was a Presbyterian clergyman, and two of the Fellows of which were of the same creed.

The present organization of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland dates from the early years of the seventeenth century. With the forfeiture of the lands of some of the Irish chiefs because of rebellion, an ingress of Scotch and English took place. Scotch Presbyterians found their way mainly to the Province of Ulster, and of course were accompanied by their ministers. Under Archbishop Ussher, the Primate of the Irish Church, who in his youth had studied in Trinity College, Dublin, of which a Presbyterian was principal, toleration, on condition of a nominal subjection to the Irish bishops, was granted the Presbyterians.

The accession of Charles I. and the administration of Archbishop Laud, meant bitter trials for Presbyterians wherever these men could harass them. In Ireland Sir Thomas Wentworth, who was appointed Lord Deputy in 1633, carried out the instructions of Charles and Laud. The worthy representatives of Presbyterianism at this time met in controversy Romanists, Separatists and Arminians, and routed all; but Episcopacy, with Charles in London, Laud at his ear, and the crafty and cruel Wentworth in Dublin Castle, made the outlook for Presbyterianism dark in the extreme. Not a few planned going to America.

All Presbyterians were called on to take the Black Oath, according to which they were not only required to swear allegiance to King Charles, but to swear also that they would never oppose anything he might be pleased to command; and further, that they would renounce and abjure all covenants, such as the National Covenant, which had been the means of saving Presbyterianism in Scotland. Persecutions followed, and so bitter was Wentworth that he planned the banishment of every Presbyterian from Ulster. Before his plan could be carried out the Long Parliament met; he was impeached for his deeds and executed.

In 1641, the year in which Wentworth was executed, rebellion, instigated and inspired by the Romish priests, broke out, and 40,000 Protestants were butchered. The advice of the Romish priests was that the Protestants were worse than dogs, they were devils, and served the devil and the killing of them was a meritorious act. The Scottish Church gave the needed assistance, persuading the Scottish Parliament to vote 10,000 men for the relief of Ireland. With each regiment was a chaplain, who organized a session in each regiment of such officers as were distinguished for piety. In this way Ireland owes the first proper organization of the Presbyterian Church there to Scotland. With four such sessions, the first regular Presbytery in Ireland met on June 10th, 1642. Applications for ministers came in speedily, and although duly qualified pastors were none too plentiful in Scotland, the Assembly appointed six of the best ministers to go temporarily over to Ireland. At several subsequent Assemblies the course of sending over several ministers for some months was followed.

The persecutions in the reign of Charles II. arose chiefly out of the attempt to enforce the Act of Conformity. Prelacy was re-established, and the Presbyterians, who had been so loyal to the King, suffered. The good Bishop Jeremy Taylor was a leader of the persecutors, but as time went on, although the bishops were anxious to annoy the Presbyterians, the Government grew less and less willing to assist these worthies. The declaration for liberty of conscience in the reign of James II. was more for the substitution of Popery for Prelacy and Protestantism than for the relief of the Presbyterians. All that led up to and eventuated in the siege of Derry proved this.

When the regiment of Roman Catholics was at the gates of Derry, and the Mayor knew not what course to pursue, it was Rev. James Gordon, a Presbyterian minister, whose advice, "Shut the gates and keep them out," as against Bishop Hopkins' disapproval of such a course, that saved the city. Colonel Lundy, an Episcopalian, was sent by the representatives of England in Ireland, to govern the city. He, professing fealty to King William of Orange, who about this time had landed at Torbay, in England, did his best for James, and advised surrender. Although nominally an Episcopalian, he really befriended the Romanists. The citizens of Derry rejected his proposal, and Lundy fled. Presbyterianism and Episcopacy now dwelt together in unity, worshipping in the same building.

The siege over, with the restoration of peace came the renewal of persecutions on the part of the Episcopalians. King William authorized the payment of £1,200 per annum to the Presbyterians for their loyalty to his cause. While he reigned Presbyterianism prospered,

despite the attempts of the Irish bishops to harass.

During the reign of Queen Anne Irish Presbyterians were down-trodden beneath the feet of Episcopacy. By the iniquitous Test Act all persons holding any public appointment had to take the communion in an Episcopal Church within three months after the appointment had been made or lose their office. Some statistics will clearly show how the Presbyterians received this, as also what kind of men they were. In Derry, of the twelve aldermen, ten were Presbyterians, and they were turned out of office; of the twenty-four burgesses, fourteen were Presbyterians, and were expelled. In Belfast, of thirteen burgesses, nine were Presbyterians, and forfeited their seats. So it was all over the country. The number of honorable men, occupying responsible positions, who were Presbyterians, and suffered therefor, ought to be carefully noted.

Despite all opposition, in the beginning of the reign of George I. the Synod of Ulster contained eleven Presbyteries and 140 congregations. Not until the reign of George III. was the Test Act repealed, and then only because the Government dared not resist the demands of the Irish Volunteers, many of whom were Presbyterians.

From this time on Presbyterianism grew steadily, and strong in Ireland. Internal divisions, mainly on doctrinal points, perhaps hindered quantitative, but undoubtedly contributed to qualitative growth. Arianism and Moderatism had to be overcome, against which Dr. Cooke and the Seceders from the Church of Scotland, who had settled in Ireland, respectively, did noble service. The tide of emigration to America now set in, and it is estimated that 12,000 people annually sailed across the Atlantic from the North of Ireland. Intolerant landlordism and equally intolerant Episcopalianism drove many sturdy Presbyterians to America—the effect of which was independence on this side of the Atlantic, and greater liberty in the "old land."

The Presbyterian Churches in Ireland are now distinguished for their adherence to sound doctrine, and the General Assembly (since the union in 1840 of the Synod of Ulster and the Synod of the Seceders), with which the great body of Presbyterians in Ireland has been connected, has been one of the foremost in aggressive evangelical work of all kinds. There are two theological colleges, one at Londonderry, the other in Belfast, besides numerous other religious and charitable institutions. At the present time there are about 500,000 Presbyterians in Ireland and upwards of 600 Presbyterian ministers.

#### THE ULSTER PLANTATION.

The Plantation altered the whole history of the North of Ireland. To it may largely be attributed the fact that Ulster, which has fewer natural advantages than either Munster, Leinster, or

Connaught, is the most prosperous, the most industrious, the most law-abiding, and the most loyal part of all Ireland. The difference between Scotland and Spain, or between the Protestant and Romish cantons of Switzerland, is not greater or more apparent than that between Ulster and its sister provinces. With a bleaker climate and a less fertile soil, it is richer and more peaceful by far than they. The traveller from the south can see from the windows of his railway carriage the change as he enters Ulster, and the Government returns show what a vast difference there is in crime, and in the cost of maintaining order in the one province as compared with the others.

If Ulster is still what Irish writers described it long ago to be, "the thumb in the hand which is able to grip and to hold against the four fingers," Leinster, Munster, Connaught and Meath, she owes it to the influx of the Scotch Presbyterians and English Puritans, who settled on her soil at the Plantation. They stamped a new character upon it which it has retained to this day.

#### For Daily Reading.

Monday, April 3.—Beginning at home.—Acts 1: 4-9.  
 Tuesday, April 4.—Superstition overcome.—Acts 28: 1-7.  
 Wednesday, April 5.—Much people added.—Acts 11: 19-26.  
 Thursday, April 6.—A lesson in church government.—Acts 6: 1-7.  
 Friday, April 7.—A mother church.—Acts 8: 1-8.  
 Saturday, April 9.—Struggles and results.—Acts 13: 44-52.  
 Sunday, April 9.—Topic—Presbyterianism in Ireland: Its origin, struggles, characteristics influence.—Rev. 3: 7-13.

#### A Little Parable.

I made the cross myself, whose weight  
 Was later laid on me;  
 This thought is torture as I toil  
 Up life's steep Calvary.  
 To think mine own hands drove the nails,  
 I sang a merry song,  
 And chose the heaviest wood I had  
 To build it firm and strong.  
 If I had guessed—if I had dreamed  
 Its weight was meant for me,  
 I should have made a lighter cross  
 To bear up Calvary.

—ANNE REEVE ALDRICH.

#### God's Doors.

God has many doors into human life. Some are grand portals, which seem not unworthy of the visitor—days of pentecost, or of the burning bush, when the surroundings seem to bear witness to His presence. But He comes also by all sorts of much-used, every-day and insignificant entrances, to mingle the grace His presence brings with the humdrum duties and workaday employments of His people. He can help a woman to nurse a sick child or a laborer to plow a clay field, as certainly as a martyr to bear the fire, or an apostle to preach the Word. He rejects lovingly our measures of great and small, that He may infuse His greatness into the petty duties and patience of His people's lives.—Sunday-school Times.

#### A Mother's Influence.

Lord Macaulay, the great essayist and historian, wrote these words: "Children, look into those eyes, listen to that dear voice, notice the feeling of even a single touch that is bestowed upon you by that gentle hand! Make much of it while you have that most precious of gifts—a loving mother. Read the unfathomable love of those eyes; the kind anxiety of that tone and look however slight your pain. In after life you may have friends—fond, dear, kind friends, but never will you have again the inexpressible love and gentleness lavished upon you which none but a mother bestows. Often do I sigh in my struggle with the hard uncaring world for the sweet, deep security I felt when of an evening, nestled in her bosom, I listened to some quiet tale, suitable to my age, read in her tender and untiring voice. Never can I forget her sweet glances cast upon me when I appeared asleep; never her kiss of peace at night. Years have passed away since we laid her beside my father in the old churchyard, yet still her voice whispers from the grave, and her eyes watch over me as I visit spots long since hallowed to the memory of my mother.

#### Be Cheerful.

Why should a person make himself a nuisance? What gain is there in grime, and sourness, and unsociability? Few people care to listen to whining and complaint. On the whole, the world uses us as well as we deserve. It is very hard for the defeated to admit this, but it is a fact, nevertheless, and, if only admitted, one of the chief reasons for defeat is removed. A cheerful philosopher is an important element of success. He who is perpetually suspecting others of ill-treating him and keeping him down is not a welcome companion. Every man is of less importance to the world around him than he likes to think. But he can easily test it by asking how much he himself dwells upon the condition of others. By as much as their grievances do not particularly concern him by so much his own are matters of indifference to them. So let him be pleasant, bury his sorrows, pocket his affronts, make himself agreeable, trust to Providence and thankfully take what comes.—Zion's Herald.

Bishop Simpson thus wrote to his wife: "Be careful of your health; be cheerful. Look aloft. The stars display their beauty to us only when we look at them; and if we look down at the earth, our hearts are never charmed. Be resolved to be happy to-day—to be joyful now—and out of every fleeting moment draw all possible pure and lasting pleasure."

Sympathy with Christ is the subtle force through which the Holy Spirit moves the world.

# World of Missions

## Another Letter From Dr. MacKay.

Under date Tamsui, 23rd January, 1899, the Rev. R. P. MacKay, Secretary of the Foreign Mission Committee, has received the following interesting letter from our missionary in Formosa:

"At Christmas time Koa Kaw spent about two weeks with me in the country holding evangelistic services every night. Yesterday I baptized 31, sat with 92 believers to commemorate our Saviour's dying love, and preached salvation through Christ alone to 224 hearers. This was in the once proud city of Bang-Kah, at Khut-Chioh, beyond Sin-Tiam. The first to greet us were five savages from their mountain home. Well did they remember our visit in Dec., 1890. The chief rushed up, put his hand in my breast, saying, "Pastor, pastor, it is a long time since we saw you." Poor children of the forest still in their Formosan wilds, without hope of eternal life! With a promise to visit them again we parted and trudged up and down steep, narrow, slippery paths, to the homes of Christians who have stood fast in the faith a score of years. Thence we proceeded to heathen villages opposite Sin-Tiam, and were guided by two men who seemed greatly interested in our message. One of them, a Pe-po-hoan, led us to his ancestral home, then brought his aged mother, uncle and other relatives into our presence. "Now," said the old lady, "we remember your first visit to us 25 years ago, when you spoke of one Jesus." The Lord is preparing a people over there to honor Him. Sin-tug is a large town still full of superstition and idolatry. There I extracted many teeth in front of a temple and preached Jesus and the Resurrection in a packed room in our newly-rented chapel. It was without doors and had a damp mud floor. Still benches with rice chaff strewn under them made an acceptable bed. To-day, with an open door, a preacher and Christians at every station to greet one, it is simply delightful compared with days gone by. Whenever I think of the past I marvel that there were natives who joyfully endured hardships of which the young Christians here have no conception. It was like Canada and the great Northwest, where men unknown and unsung stood amid snows and privations unfurling the blood-stained banner of Jesus.

The Christ who sat over against the treasury is my Christ. He watches my gifts. What is given in the spirit of whole-hearted devotion and love He accepts.—A. M.

## For Encouragement and Impulse.

1. The first message at the birth of Christ was a missionary message (Luke 11, 10).
2. The first prayer Christ taught men was a missionary prayer. (Matt. vi., 10).
3. The first disciple, St. Andrew, was the first missionary. (John i., 41).
4. The first message of the risen Lord was a missionary message. (John xx. 17).
5. The first command of the risen Lord to His disciples was a missionary command. (John xx, 21).
6. The first apostolic sermon was a missionary sermon. (Acts xi., 17-39).
7. Christ's great reason for Christian love was a missionary reason. (John xiii., 35.)
8. Christ's great reason for unity was a missionary reason. (John xvii., 21).
9. The first coming of Christ was a missionary work. (Luke iv., 18-21).
10. The second coming of Christ is to be hastened by missionary work. (Matt. xxiv., 14).
11. Our Saviour's last wish on earth was a missionary wish. (Matt. xxviii., 19).
12. And the last wish of the departing Saviour should be the first wish of His returning children. — C. M. S. Cleaner.

A young lady from the Highlands of Scotland, a teacher in Livingstonia, Africa, writes to her pastor, Rev. F. Graham: "The school vacation is on just now. Miss Jackson and I spent a week in Ngoniland with Mr. Donald Fraser. His work and earnestness helped us very much. There is a great evidence of the work of the Spirit among the Ngoni. Where war and bloodshed three years ago prevailed we now see schools and a great thirst for knowledge. Old men and little children mingle together and read off the same book. Mr. Fraser is a power for Christ in Ngoniland. His station is three days' journey from Livingstonia. On our way back we met a lion. I was very glad to see one, but I admit I did not like him at all when he charged with his eyes flaming and his mane rolling over his shoulders. Mr. Moffat, who was with us, shot and wounded him so badly that he ran away growling horribly. I had no gun, and wished I was far enough away when I saw him bounding to within forty yards of us. I wish I could go into your church some morning and hear you. I feel full of longing for the sound of the Gaelic sometimes."

## A Very Real Prayer.

At a mission station in the Paraguayan Chaco, Waikthlatingmangyalwa by name, the Indians started a prayer meeting of their own behind some trees. When the missionary accidentally came on them, he bade them hold the meeting in the church, where they would be safer from intrusion. Sometimes he listens for a minute at the church door, while the Christians inside pray one after another; a meeting with nothing but prayers—definite, touching prayers they often are. A boy of fourteen years of age prayed one night in this fashion:—"Lord Jesus Christ, we really want to speak with you. Listen without delay to our words. Strengthen us to do our work to-morrow. We are glad that the rain has come to-day; the plants and vegetables will grow again. We want to throw over our sins, and to do Thy will. Blot out the writing out of Thy great book above. Rub out the sins that Thou hast written against us. A long, long time ago Thou didst shed Thy blood for us, to be a sacrifice for our sin. Thy book tells us that Thy blood will cleanse us from all sin. Take us to Thy country above. We have heard it is a beautiful country. Here it is very hot, and when we work the sweat rolls of us. It is quite different working in Thy country; our skins will not be hot, nor will the sweat fall from us." Then he prayed for the missionaries and their wives and children, and went on:—"Take care of my friends this night, and all our friends far and near. Take care of those who go with the carts to the river. Send Thy friends, the men above (angels), to watch over us, to abide near our resting-places, and guard us. Give us sweet sleep and make us strong for work to-morrow. Amen."—W. D. in the London (Eng.) Presbyterian.

## No Gift Too Great for God.

An only son went as a missionary to the Congo, and after a short but faithful service, he died. "Who will break the news to his mother?" said the friends. One undertook the task, and afterwards asked her, "Had you another son, would you give him to the mission field?" The lady looked up, her face shining with heaven-born love, and simply answered:

"Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small,  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Shall have my soul, my life, my all."

The one secret of life and development is not to devise and plan, but to fall in with the forces at work; to do every moment's duty aright, that being the part in the process allotted to us; and let come—not what will, for there is no such thing—but what the eternal Thought wills for each of us, has intended in each of us from the first.—George Macdonald.

## The Christian Hero "Chinese Gordon."

By Belle V. Chisholm.

General Charles George Gordon, popularly known as "Chinese" Gordon, the Christian hero of Khartoum, was born in Woolrich, on the Thames, on the 28th day of January, 1833. A long line of soldier-ancestry was behind him, and with the love of the profession of his forefathers in his loyal heart, the boy never had any other thought than to follow in their footsteps. He was a lad of quick, generous impulses, with plenty of energy and enthusiasm, but he was scarcely up to the average in physical strength, a fact that sometimes made him seem indifferent or uninterested in what was passing around him. Upon one such an occasion, his superior in military tactics rebuked him sharply, declaring emphatically, "You are incompetent, sir; you will never make an officer, never. Such stupidity would be unpardonable in a clown; how much more in your father's son." All the latent fire in the lad's nature flamed to the surface instantly, and with eyes flashing indignantly and cheeks flushing with anger, he tore from his shoulders the epaulettes that he wore, and casting them down at his reprover's feet, exclaimed, "Then I'll serve my country as a common soldier; if shoulder straps are beyond me, let some one more worthy wear them."

He was only nineteen when he received his first commission, and until he yielded up his life in the massacre of Khartoum, his record as a leader was singularly pure and unselfish.

His activity and faithfulness among the Chinese, where he won the name of "Chinese Gordon," and his long service of Christian living and teaching in the Soudan, reads like a romance. After his appointment as Governor-General of this strange, then almost unknown country, the Soudan, a long journey under the burning skies lay between him and the seat of government. He was aware that he would be called upon to fight with fanaticism, to attend to Greeks and Turks and Bedouins, and to stand up against the arch rebel, Lebehr, who had seized Bahr Gazelle. He had plenty of time to think about the difficulties he would have to face, as his camel went swiftly over the desert. He was alone, entirely alone; one man against fearful odds; but with "God on his side"; that had been the story of his whole life, and well he had learned that in times of trouble, God was more than a multitude. He reached the place awaiting him in good time, and was royally received. He disliked the pomp and glitter, but was obliged to submit to the customs of the country, to close his eyes against the splendor and ignore the retinue of two hundred servants appointed to wait upon him. Of course the people demanded an address, and the one he delivered was indeed eloquent. It was also very short; there was no need of stenographers to report it. It contained only eleven

words and was as follows: "With the help of God I will hold the balance level." The people were satisfied. It was a royal speech; they understood it and it was exactly what they wanted. He kept it to the letter, and years afterwards when Egypt was in darkness, when the Soudan was rent with strife within and foes without, the natives, remembering him lovingly and gratefully, joined in the cry of the foreigners, "Would that our good Gordon Pasha were here!"

It was during the early weeks of 1884, while resting a little from the toils of his busy life at Jaffa, that the English government took steps to send him to the Soudan, more in the capacity of a commissioner of peace, than that of a warrior. Like the good soldier he was, General Gordon responded at once, and in a few hours was on his way to Khartoum. As he went forth on his solitary mission of peace, accompanied only by his military secretary, Colonel Stewart, of the 11th Hussars, prayers for his success and safety rose from many English hearts and lips.

General Gordon emerged from the desert of Berber, where he addressed the crowds of dusky natives come to welcome him. The desire that he should take the reins of government into his hands again was general, and his assurance that he would fight with no weapons but justice, promised much towards the peaceful termination of the existing troubles. For a brief time all was quiet, and then the Mahdi renewed the quarrel, besieging Khartoum, with a demand for immediate surrender. "Not for ten years," was the reply of the intrepid Gordon. "There will never be a surrender," he insisted, and to the Mahdi he sent the word, "When you, Mahdi, order the Nile to dry up, and walk across with your troops, and come into Khartoum to me, and take me, then I will surrender the town to you, and not before." The Mahdi, thinking himself equal to God, attempted by jugglery to dry up the Nile, and actually sacrificed three thousand of his men in an insane attempt to have them cross the river by walking on the water.

Though the garrison had been greatly weakened by the desertion of native troops, General Gordon would doubtless have continued master of the situation until England's long-expected relief reached him, had not Faragh Pasha, one of his own officers whose life he had once saved, betrayed him into the hands of his enemies. Another treacherous pasha marched the Khartoum garrison to the Omdurman side of the city, and as soon as the troops were out of the way, the traitor Faragh Pasha, opened the gates of Kartoum, and the Mahdi's forces swarmed in and the massacre began.

A few hours later the boat carrying reinforcements, steamed up within a few hundred yards of Khartoum, but alas! instead of the welcome they expected to receive from the gallant little band they had come to succor, they were greeted

with a storm of shot and shell and rifle-balls; and the treacherous foe had turned the slain warrior's guns against the friends who had come to his rescue. Friends nowhere; enemies on all hands. At the same moment all England was rejoicing over Lord Wolseley's message of yesterday, "A few hours more and Gordon will be relieved." And relief had come, but not through the English government. A Greater than even the Queen of Great Britain had relieved him by promoting him to the rest that remaineth for the people of God. His life of self-sacrifice had been crowned by a hero's death, and through the skies he had already entered into his blood-bought inheritance. Relief was almost within his grasp, he only waited to hear the hearty greeting of even the least of his own countrymen who would take his hand and receive his thanks. And while he waited, he saw not the faces of friends; he saw, but only for a few moments, the hostile numbers, the flashing steel; but above the clash of arms and roar of battle, he heard the voice of his Commander, "Well done, good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler of many things. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

## Not so Dreadful After All.

"Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."—Ps. 23: 4.

When we returned from Italy some years ago, the Mont Cenis tunnel was newly opened, and we reckoned that it must be a dreary passage. We thought it must be very dark, and therefore we had better be provided with a candle. It would be damp and close, and therefore we reckoned upon closing every window, for fear we should breathe the impure air. So we speculated; but when we traversed that wonderful passage, the carriages were well lighted and much of the tunnel also, and we sat with open windows, finding it as easy to breathe as on the mountain's side. It was a joy rather than a peril to pass through the dreadful tunnel. So shall the voyager along the good old way find that death is not what he dreams. Jesus will light the darksome way, and the soul will need no candle of earth; fresh breezes from glory shall drive away the death-damps, and the music of angels shall make the heart forgetful of all pains. How can the good old way lead into danger? What can it conduct us to but eternal rest?—Spurgeon.

Christ will be your light in darkness, your companion in solitude, your rest in weariness of mind, your teacher in doubt, your physician when you are heartsick, your strength in weakness, your consolation in sorrow, your life in death.—Catholic Universe.

# The Dominion Presbyterian

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## A Home Mission Secretary.

Recent years have seen great advances in Home Missionary operations. Dr. Robertson's policy of expansion has made its way, and a Church, which somewhat grumblingly received his impassioned appeals for more liberal prosecution of Northwest missions, honors him to-day for his foresight. The result of this policy is seen in the Northwest in the establishment of a Presbyterian congregation wherever there is a considerable settlement. The genius of our Church, which is essentially democratic, has secured for itself adequate self-government, both in the Province of Manitoba, and throughout the Territories. Manitoba undertook the care of her own missions some years ago, and the Superintendent was released from that responsibility, that he might give his undivided attention to the newer Northwest and to the Rocky Mountain district. And now, so rapid has been their development, these latter districts are capable of local oversight of their respective mission fields, and the opportunity is given to take another important step forward.

It is proposed to make Mr. Robertson a General Secretary-Superintendent of Home Missions. We hasten to say that this formidable title is not official—we coin it to assist in the description of his prospective duties. We could hone that when a man has served the Church with such vigor and faithfulness as Dr. Robertson has done, it were possible to lessen his burden somewhat. It is said, however, that a change of occupation is the truest rest to an actively disposed man. It is just possible, therefore, that the Superintendent may find greater relief in the new Secretaryship than in honorable retirement.

## The Summer Session.

The Summer Session in Manitoba College opens on Tuesday, the 18th of April. It speaks well for the vigor with which that institution is managed that it is able to announce so excellent a staff for the present year. Such a loss as it has suffered in the death of Principal King might well daze the administration of its affairs so as to throw even previous arrangements into disorder. The fact that a stronger staff than ever is announced for the coming Session will give new confidence, and will help the Assembly to deal with the further problem of future administration.

It has been often stated, during the past year, that the Home Mission Committee spent \$5,000 in carrying men to and from their fields. Would it not be possible to cut this sum in half by a judicious use of the Summer Session in Manitoba College? Why should not the men who go out this spring, especially the men of the class of 1902, spend one continuous year in the mission field, then return as far as Winnipeg and take the Summer Session there, and returning afterwards to Ontario, complete their theological course in one of the eastern colleges? The saving of travelling expenses would be a considerable item, but it would be one of the least to the credit balance. The gain in the fields, in which there was continuous supply for one year by one man, would be beyond computation. And it is just possible that the man who thus takes one year in an experimental school will be a stronger man than if he had pursued the ordinary course.

## The Work of the Home Mission Committee.

The Home Mission Committee had a busy two days last week. It was fitting that its first item of business should be the adoption of a minute, expressing its sense of the loss sustained in the death of Dr. Cochrane, and its warm appreciation of the work of the man, who for twenty-eight successive years filled the responsible position of convener of the committee.

In addition to the usual routine work, some important items of an administrative character claimed the attention of the committee. The policy of establishing Synodical Home Mission Committees throughout Ontario and Quebec, as they are now operative in Manitoba, was discussed. Strangely enough, this did not carry the judgment of the committee. It is, however, a move in the right direction, and we believe will yet be adopted.

The General Committee cannot go or giving attention to mere local details, while the broader questions of administration on behalf of the Church demand attention. Perhaps when Synods are invested with greater power their committees may demand greater confidence.

Dr. Warden's retirement from the

Secretaryship resulted in the initiation of a change of policy in the prosecution of Home Mission work. Instead of appointing a successor, the committee unanimously approved of the retiring Secretary's proposition that a General Secretary be appointed. The title is somewhat of a misnomer. Clerical work, we apprehend, will be one of the least onerous of his duties. He will be the practical head of the Department of Home Missions, the convener of the committee, though nominally its head, becoming merely the chairman at its meetings. All matters of detail in administration and initiation of advance movement, will, we judge, be in the hands of the Secretary.

The wisdom of the change of policy will probably commend itself to a large section of the Church, and it is thought that a few years' experience of its operation will commend it to all.

The appeal for \$11,000 in ten days and the prosecution of plans based on the expectation of receiving this amount, looks risky, but the men who advise it know the pulse of the Church pretty well, and we may expect to hear that their confidence has not been misplaced.

## Should the Pulpit be Literary?

The Rev. Dr. Vandyke, of New York, having been asked to write an article for The Observer on "How Far Should the Pulpit be Literary?" sent the following letter:—

"I do not believe that the pulpit should be literary at all. It should be evangelistic. But it is possible that a man who knows something about literature may be able to do some decent work in an evangelical pulpit.

"One of the first things that a preacher should try to do is to deliver his message in clear and simple English. An acquaintance with the world's best literature, which is always clear and simple, will certainly help him to gain the power of lucid and direct speech.

"Another point in which a knowledge of good literature may be of help to the preacher is in guarding him against flippancy and irreverence. The man who reads nothing but the daily newspapers is very likely to fall into a frivolous and vulgar habit of speech. The sermons of such a man often present in their style a strange and disquieting contrast with the dignity and elevation of the language of texts taken from that Book which is a well of English undefiled.

"Another point where a preacher may receive assistance from literature is in establishing a certain kind of sympathy and harmony with his hearers. The familiar treasure of good books written in English offers material for a standard coinage of illustrations and allusions which will pass current on a gold basis among all people of thought and intelligence. To know the works of Shakespeare and Milton, and Dante and Wordsworth, and Tennyson, and John-



son, and Addison, and Carlyle, and Ruskin, and Lowell, is to possess an additional means of access to the thoughts and feelings of the race, whose intellectual life has been so largely influenced by these authors, and others like them.

"But if I keep on in this way I shall write the article in spite of myself. The intention of this letter was simply to thank you for your invitation, and to tell you that I am so overwhelmed with engagements of all kinds that I cannot fairly undertake more."

#### Current Magazines.

The March number of the Fortnightly opens with an unsigned article, "Lord Carnarvon and Home Rule," seeking to show that through his short tenure of the Vice-royalty of Ireland, Lord Carnarvon was at heart as much a Home Ruler as Mr. Parnell himself; a conclusion which a careful perusal of the article does not lead to conviction in our minds. On reading the article we must confess to a feeling of great thankfulness that the once burning questions of Irish politics have cooled down, and that neither the present Ministry nor the Opposition find it a necessary part of their policy to truckle to the Irish party for the sake of catching votes on Imperial questions, and with the end of the necessity, has come also the end of the misguided propensity for coquetting with treason, which at one time was the bane of English political life. The most readable article in the present number is the account of General Wood's method of dealing with the horrors of starvation, and the insanitary condition of Santiago de Cuba, and the liberation of wretches who lay in the gaols shut up for years without even a trial at the will of the Spanish Governor-General. General Wood appears to have brought to the execution of his Herculean labor the courage and task of a "Chinese Gordon," with the inflexible will and love of discipline of a Wellington. There is also a very thoughtful article on "Old-age Pensions," by the author of "Life in Our Villages." (Leonard Scott Publication Co., 112 Wall street, New York.)

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The March number of the Contemporary Review contains no article bearing directly on religious subjects, except the last one in the series, "A Plea for a Roman Catholic University," by Mr. E. J. Dillon, finding fault with Mr. A. J. Balfour's "Letter to a Supporter" for having gone so far, and not having the courage to go farther. Probably after the Easter recess the Government will make some formal announcement of its policy. We are sorry to have to criticize sharply an article by Mrs. Fawcett, whose labors on behalf of the higher welfare of her own sex have been productive of so much good; but candor compels us to express our sincere regret that her pen should have been perverted to the

defence of the conscientious Anti-vaccinator. We quote one sentence: "Not long ago I asked a Royal Commissioner by what means compulsory vaccination and revaccination were carried out in Germany on those who objected, and he replied that any one who objected was held down by four men, and vaccinated by force. Personally I would rather die of small-pox than that that should be possible in England. I am one of those who sympathize with the bishop who would rather see England free than sober, and how much more, therefore, do I feel that I would rather see England pockmarked than without the personal independence which is the basis of everything worth having in our national character." In our view there is a reasonable limit to personal independence when the health of others is imperilled, and our next-door neighbor has no more right to claim, on the plea of conscience immunity from the obligations of the vaccination laws, than he has to claim immunity from the sanitary laws which would prevent him from keeping an open cesspool in dangerous proximity to a neighbor's house. Mrs. Fawcett, no doubt, truly enough claims that isolation may do wonders in arresting the spread of small-pox. For ourselves, we make the higher claim that vaccination, followed by revaccination enforced compulsorily, will tend to the almost entire stamping out of the dreaded scourge. It is said that figures can be twisted to produce any desired result; we fancy that Mrs. Fawcett's figures have been so carefully manipulated as to convey an entirely wrong impression of the actual facts, and we confidently look forward to an early repeal of the obnoxious conscience clause in the vaccination act passed by the Imperial Government last year. There is an article by Mr. Gibson Bowles, M.P., called "The Lost Notion of War," the practical drift of which it is well nigh impossible to make out. The writer's starting point is that the submission of the enemy is the first end sought by war, and that the law of nations must be recast on modern ideas, particularly the law of war, so that the point to be touched shall be the non-combatant taxpayer's pocket, not the combatant's body. We are still hopeful that the Czar's peace proclamation may go far to render war less frequent, and to herald an era of international peace and prosperity. (Leonard Scott Publication Co., 112 Wall street, New York.)

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Blackwood for March is an excellent number, the initial article in which is from the pen of Mrs. Charles Bagot, daughter of Admiral Percy, taking us back to the time when her father served on the Victory under Lord Nelson, and giving many stories of the hero of Trafalgar, told to her by her father; also stories of the Duke of Wellington, told to her by her uncle, Henry Percy, aide-camp to the Duke at the battle of Waterloo, and then passing on to her own personal recollections of William

IVth and Queen Adelaide, of the Queen's coronation, and giving extracts from a letter of her uncle, Lord Charles Percy, containing the account of the Duke's entry into Paris and extract from the journal of the same uncle, giving the account of the marriage of Prince Leopold, afterward King of the Belgians, with Princess Charlotte, and of her subsequent death in giving birth to a still-born child, one of the steps in the chain of succession of Queen Victoria to the throne of England. There is also a well written, but unsigned article, "The Sins of Education," pointing out how lamentably the Imperial Education Act of 1870 has failed to raise the tone of literature, though immensely increasing the number of the reading public, and the mass of reading produced at least for their entertainment, not for their culture. Lovers of history of India will find a memoir of Major Hodson (Hodson's Horse), clearing that dashing officer's name from clouds that had apparently undeservedly gathered round it, and taking us back to the siege of Delhi and the necessary shooting by Major Hudson's own hand of the Princes of Delhi, and the subsequent assassination of the gallant Major himself by treacherous hands. There is also a very graphic account by Hugh E. M. Sturfield, of a mountaineering exploration of the Canadian Rockies, starting from the C.P.R. station at Laggan, which proved to the mind of the writer at least that Mount Brown and Mount Hooker must be deposited from their pride of place as the mountain monarchs of that part of the world, and other hitherto unacknowledged monarchs take their place. The number also contains some excellent hints on Physical Education in Schools, which are well worthy of the attention of all wise men who deem that the training of the body is of little less importance in the science of education than the training of the mind; that in point of fact the two must go hand in hand. (Leonard Scott Publication Company, 112 Wall street, New York.)

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The March number of the Nineteenth Century opens with an article by Dr. Guinness Rogers, entitled "The Nation and the Ritualists," advocating Disestablishment as the one effectual method of dealing with the evils of Ritualism in the Church of England, followed by an article from the pen of the Rev. R. Bosworth Smith, pointing out the irreparable evils which Disestablishment, if forced upon the nation by the action of the recalcitrant Ritualist priests, will bring upon the Church, and upon the nation at large. The two articles should be studied together. The number concludes with an eloquent plea for "Hands off Trinity," in dealing with University changes in Ireland, written by Anthony Trail, a Fellow of that College. There are several other articles of more than passing interest. (Leonard Scott Publication Company, 112 Wall street, New York.)

# The Inglenook

## The Winds of the Sahara.

Most interesting meteorological observations made in the Sahara during eight excursions between 1883-96 have been published by M. F. Forneau, an abstract of which has been published in *Popular Science Monthly*. The most frequent winds are those from the northwest and southeast. Every evening the wind goes down with the sun, except the northeast wind, which blows all night. There is also a warm wind from the southwest charged with electricity and carrying fine sand and darkening the atmosphere. The compasses are much disturbed by it, because, it has been suggested, of a special condition produced upon the thin glass covers by the friction caused by the rubbing of the fine wind-carried sand upon them. But it has been observed that the spare compasses show the same disturbed conditions as soon as they are taken out of their boxes. The disturbance ceases when the glasses are moistened, and does not appear again until they have dried. Several hailstones were noticed. They were usually about as large as peas, but were larger in the heavier storms. He observed no snow in the Sahara, but was informed that snow falls in the winter on the tops of the mountains. Similar observations have been made by other travellers. A curious mirage phenomena was sometimes observed. He found frequent fulgurites in which sand had been vitrified by lightning strokes.

## Prayer.

Almighty God, we come to Thee as the God of mercy as well as of judgment. We plead with Thee for the exercise of Thy pardoning mercy, lest we be condemned and carried in the whirlwind of Thy just anger. God be merciful unto us sinners! save us in the hour of temptation; deliver us when the enemy would carry us away captive at his will. If Thou dost hold us up we shall be safe; if Thou dost loose Thine hand from ours, we cannot stand! Have us in Thy holy keeping; establish our hearts in the precepts and statutes of all Thy will, and grant that, having served our day and generation with all the simplicity, trust, meekness, and strength, we may be called to enter into Thy rest. Amen.—*British Weekly*.

When a man defends his castle unto blood, it matters nothing that the walls show bullet-marks; if he creeps down and opens a postern door, he is a traitor to himself.—*Ian Maclaren*.

## The Messenger Hours.

By Amy Parkinson.

Of the following verses Professor Goldwin Smith has this to say:—

They are written from a bed of sickness and misfortune. If my taste does not deceive me, they are as good as anything that has come from a Canadian pen.

### I.

I thought, as I watched in the dawning dim  
The hours of the coming day,  
That each shadowy form was surely robed  
In the selfsame hue of grey  
And that sad was each half-averted face,  
Unhit by a cheering ray.

But as one by one they drew near to me,  
And I saw them true and clear,  
I found that the hours were all messengers,  
Sent forth by a friend most dear,  
To bring me whatever I needed most—  
Of chastening or of cheer

And though some of them, truly, were grave and  
And moved with reluctant feet,  
There were others came gladly with smiling eyes,  
And footsteps by joy made fleet;  
But whether with gladness or sorrow fraught,  
The message each bore was sweet.

For even the saddest, and weighted most  
With trial and pain for me,  
Yet breathed in my ear, ere it passed from sight,  
"This cross I have brought to thee  
Comes straight from the Friend, Who, of all thy  
friends,  
Doth love thee most tenderly;

"He would rather have sent thee a joyous hour,  
And fraught with some happy thing,  
But He saw that naught else could so meet thy  
need  
As this strange, sad gift I bring;  
And he loved thee too well to withhold the gift,  
Though it causes thee suffering."

### II.

So, now, as I watch in the dawning dim  
The hours of each coming day,  
I remember that golden threads of love  
Run all through their garments grey;  
And I know that each face as it turns to me,  
Will be lit with a friendly ray.

And, whether they meet be sombre or glad,  
No hour of all the band  
But will bring me a greeting from Him I love,  
And reach out a helping hand  
To hasten my steps as I traverse the road  
That leads to the better land.

For the Lord of that land is the Friend I love,  
And I know He keeps for me  
A home of delight in His kingdom fair,  
That I grieve long to see;  
And the hours that shall speed me on my way  
I must welcome gratefully.

### III.

And soon I shall trace through the dawning dim  
Mid the hours of some coming day,  
A figure unlike to its sister forms,  
With garments more gold than grey;  
And the face of that one, when it meets my gaze,  
Will send forth a wondrous ray.

So I watch for that latest and brightest hour  
Which my Lord will send to me;  
I know that its voice will be low and sweet,  
And thus shall its message be:  
"Come quickly and enter Thy Home of joy,  
For the King is calling thee."

I shall go to Him soon! I have waited long  
To behold His hearty rare;  
But I surely shall see Him and hear His voice,  
And a part of His glory share.  
When I answer the summons, solemn yet glad,  
Which the last sweet hour shall bear.

Toronto.

## Tintelle's Mother.

A French-Canadian Legend.

Children Dear.—Once upon a time, in a little village beside a broad Canadian river, there lived a mother, with only one child. All the other mothers in the village had more than one, and some had ten or twelve; but Tintelle's mother did not mind. "For Tintelle is more beautiful than all the other little ones," she said. Tintelle really was very beautiful, with skin like a snowdrift at sunrise, and eyes like bits of blue sky reflected in the river; but the rosy sunlight died away, and the blue sky was hidden by a cloud, and the cold white body of little Tintelle was buried under a spreading maple tree. The poor mother spent a great deal of her time in the churchyard, kissing the little wooden tombstone and crying, crying, crying all the while.

"The grass ought to be very green," said old Bateest, the farmer, as he looked over the fence, "for she cries so much on it; but it is really getting yellow and withered, because her tears are so bitter."

Sometimes the mother sat on the river bank, crying, and crying and crying.

"The river would rise and flood the land," said Francois the ferryman as he rowed across, "only her tears are so hot that they go up in steam as soon as they have frightened the fishes away."

Sometimes the mother used to spend hours and hours in the church, crying, crying, crying. One day she prayed and wept till she fell asleep. When she awoke it was night, and the sexton had locked the door and gone home to bed. She was not afraid.

"Now I can spend the night praying and weeping alone," she said; "perhaps God will hear me better when there is no one to interrupt us."

So she prayed aloud, begging God to give Tintelle back to her.

Suddenly she heard a door open, and, looking up, she saw an old man come out of the vestry with a candle in his hand.

"Dear me," she said to herself, "it is the old sexton who died twenty years ago!" But she was not afraid.

The old man lit the lamps and went back into the vestry. When he came out again he was followed by an old clergyman, with a face as white as his hair, and his eyes almost shut.

"Ah," said Tintelle's mother, "it was he that took me in his arms when I was a baby and baptised me. It is more than twenty years since he died."

The bell in the tower began to toll. At the twelfth stroke the vestry door again opened, and out came a procession of little children, walking two and two. The biggest of them could not be more than six years old, and the smallest could hardly toddle. They all wore wreaths of immortelles, and in their hands they carried baskets full of flowers, or vases of delicious scent, or little gold and silver cups containing a fluid clear as crystal. Their steps were light and airy,

and their faces radiant with smiles. All were full of joy—except one. This little girl could only just keep up with the rest, and her face was sad, for she had to drag along with her two great buckets, so full that some of the transparent liquid splashed over on to the floor at every step.

"Tintelle!" cried the mother. "Come back to me, Tintelle!"

Tintelle gave her one look. It was a loving look, but there was so much pain in it, and distress, and even reproach that the mother fell fainting on the floor. When she opened her eyes once more the grey of the morning was creeping in at the windows. She ran to the vestry door; but on the floor, right across the church, was a row of dark, damp stains as if water had been splashed there a little while before.

The sexton was startled when he opened the church after breakfast and found his neighbor inside. He began to say how sorry he was that he had locked her in; but she did not seem to hear him. She walked quickly out and through the street, and up the stony hill behind the village till she came to the place where a man lived by himself in a hut leaning against a rock. The poor mother threw herself at his feet, and begged him to tell her the meaning of what she had seen.

"My daughter," he said, "those children have passed from earth to heaven. The gold and silver cups contain their mothers' tears. Those who carried vases of perfume or baskets of sweet-smelling flowers are children of mothers who have said, in the midst of their grief, 'God knows what is best, and He is taking good care of them now. The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!'"

The old man paused.

"Oh, my father!" she sobbed, "if you had been near my little girl would not have died; but I know that, even now God will do anything you ask Him."

The wise man took the poor woman's hands in his own, and, in his tenderest voice, asked:

"Did you love the child very much?"

"Did I love her?—oh! what a question!" And then, bowing low and seizing the edge of his long robe, she implored him: "You are a saint, my father; give me back my child, my little Tintelle!"

"Yes," said the old man, paying no attention to her prayer, "you loved your child very much; so you would have done a great deal to save her from suffering!"

"Anything—my father!" the mother cried. "I would have lain upon red-hot coals to have saved her a scorched finger."

"I believe it. And you love her still, no doubt?"

"Do I love her?" screamed the poor woman. "Do I love her? It is plain that you know nothing of a mother's love, if you think that death can kill it!"

"Go, woman!" said the old man, making his voice as stern as he could. "You do not speak the truth. You have seen your little daughter bending under the weight of your tears, and you tell me that you love her. At this very moment she is here beside you, struggling with her painful task—and you say you love her! Away with you!"

The hut grew dark; the old man disappeared, hidden by a thick, grey mist. As the air cleared, the mother saw once more her precious child coming towards her with slow and heavy tread. She was bending under her burden of tears, and once she stumbled, and some of the liquid splashed on to her foot. The little spirit screamed as if she had been burnt.

The mother rushed forward. "For give me, Tintelle," she cried. "I will never hurt you again. I will not grudge you to the good God any more; I will not, Tintelle! I will not, I promise you!"

The spirit child looked up with a pleased smile, and the heavy buckets fell from her hands, spilling every drop on the earthen floor.

The mist vanished. There was the wise man where he had stood before.

"My eyes are open," the mother said. "I have been mad in my grief, I will complain no longer. If I am a childless mother, I will go and seek the motherless children and care for them, and we shall comfort one another."

"Go in peace, my daughter," said the old man.

A few days afterwards she was kneeling in the church after everyone else had gone—everyone except an orphan child, whom she had taken into her home and her heart.

The vestry door opened, as it had when she had been locked in the church at night. The old sexton came slowly out, and the old clergyman followed. Then came the procession of children; and at the head of the procession Tintelle tripped along so lightly that her feet scarcely touched the ground. She was waving over her head a bunch of anemones, fragile spirit flowers, but so sweet that their perfume filled the whole church. She had no bucket, not even a golden cup of tears, but a tiny drop glisted in the heart of every flower.

"Did you see anything, my deary?" whispered the mother to the child by her side.

"I only saw you smile very sweetly, mother," said the child.

Next day the mother climbed the stony hill, and found the wise old man sitting at his door. When she had told him what she had seen, he said, "Come in and see where Tintelle gathered the flowers." In the middle of the hut, a clump of anemones had sprung up where Tintelle had let the buckets fall from the moistened earth, and a purified tear was gleaming in every blossom.

Without character a man is without capital.

### Naughty Robins.

The tipping propensities of geese, bees, and butterflies have been noted and reported, and now a similar story is being told of the supposed innocent robin redbreast. He is said to get intoxicated on chinaberries while wintering in the Southern States of America. The chinaberry has a large stone, about which is a thin paste. This paste contains alcohol, which ensures a robin a "drunk" which ends in stupefaction, and the spree ends in death often, from foxes and other predatory animals. Some of the birds eat the berries until they tumble head over wing to the ground. Others get fighting mad and attack their comrades. Still others flap their wings and go along the branches, slipping and falling, but screaming in jerky voices and buffeting comrades in the most joyful manner.

### How Would You Like it Yourself?

There was a great commotion in the back yard. Mamma hurried to the window to see Johnnie chasing the cat with stones. "Why, Johnnie, what are you doing? What is the matter with kitty?" she called.

"She's all dirt, mamma. Somebody put her up in the coal-hole," he said.

"And is that all?" mamma wanted to know.

"Why, yes. She's dirty and black and horrid! We don't want her around."

Mamma was about to speak, then checked herself and went back into the house. Presently Johnnie came in crying, and ran to her for help. He had fallen into a puddle and was dripping with mud.

"Oh mamma, mamma!" he cried, sure of help from her.

She rose and started toward him, and then turned and sat down again. "Jane," she said quietly to the nurse, who was sewing near by, "do you know where there are any good-sized gravel stones?"

Nurse looked up astonished, and Johnnie stopped his loud noise to stare. "Stones, ma'am?" asked Jane.

"Yes," said mamma, "to throw at Johnnie. He's been in a puddle, and is dirty and black and horrid! We don't want such things around."

Johnnie felt as if this was more than he could bear, but a funny gleam in his mother's eye kept his heart from being quite broken.

"Please, mamma, I'll never do it again!" he cried in humble tones. "Poor kitty; I see now just how bad I made her feel."

Johnnie was then washed and comforted, but he did not soon forget the little lesson of kindness to those in misfortune.—Sunbeam.

"I don't exactly love it," drawled Mark Twain, on being presented with his first-born, "but"—edging away from the unconscious bundle of innocence whose advent had occasioned such a convulsion in his household.—"but I respect it."

## Ministers and Churches.

### OUR TORONTO LETTER.

There was a practical illustration of Church (we hope also Christian) Union in this city on Friday last. A bill to abolish the tax exemptions hitherto enjoyed by the University, Churches and Seminaries of learning was to be discussed by the Municipal Committee of the Legislature, and an opportunity was given to those opposed to the bill to present their case. These appeared to be legion. His Lordship, the Anglican Bishop of Toronto, took the lead in the movement, and with him were representatives of the Roman Catholic, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist and Congregational Churches. It must have been a formidable array that filled in to the Council Chamber and completely surrounded the hapless committeemen.

The measure originated with the Toronto City Council, which is being driven to unhappy expedients to satisfy the enormous maw of the stone dragon behind Eaton's. There seem to have been few to advocate this particular measure. Even the member under whose name it was entered, hastened to say that he favored it as the member for the constituency, but had no sympathy with the principle of the bill. The City Solicitor and the City Council spoke in its favor, and against it were a startling array of priests, presbyters, and people to whom the committee lent a willing ear.

According to newspaper reports the first item—the taxing of University lands—was disposed of, practically without debate; the second—taxing of Church property—with little debate; and the third—the taxing of incorporated Seminaries of learning—after considerable debate. In all the vote was practically unanimous against the principle of taxation of these.

Would it be possible to unite all those who smiled encouragement upon each other on Friday morning, in the promotion of some great reform? We believe it will yet be possible.

Deputations to the Legislature have been rather numerous of late. There have been press notices of at least three deputations from the Lord's Day Alliance to committees of the Legislature, and we believe, on one occasion to the members of the Government. It is necessary to be active in this work. Strenuous efforts are being made to break down the restrictions on labor imposed by the Lord's Day Act, street car corporations, professing only a desire to meet the clamorous demands of the people, and an entire freedom from purely selfish motives, are seeking by all legitimate means, to secure permission to carry out the people's wish, and break the Sabbath. But the greatest enemy of the Sabbath is not the more or less open demand of the dividend-seeking corporation; it is rather the insidious infiltration of an irreverent sentiment, that is, dulling the conscience to the sin of Sabbath breaking. It is only a drop to-day, and another to-morrow, but the drops follow with painful persistency, and each is surcharged with a sediment of sin, which it deposits in its passing.

A spin before breakfast on Sunday, a spin by the side of the park, with a companion, to hear a famous preacher on Sabbath evening, a ride in the cars on Sabbath afternoon, just to allow the friend who is spending Sunday with you an opportunity to see the city, or to take the friend in the evening to hear the best quartette in town—these are little things, apparently trivial, and one does not feel the worse for them. But one is the worse, and the community in which one lives is the worse, for just such insidious little evils. To check this latter evil is becoming the great problem, not for an Alliance, but for Christian people.

Our street congregation is anxiously waiting for Tuesday, when it will be known whether their call to Rev. R. Atkinson will be accepted.

The Church of the Covenant expects soon to worship in the new building on Roxborough avenue. The old site is for sale, and the old name is to be discarded. Statisticians will please not conclude that another congregation has become defunct in Toronto. It has only outgrown its old suit.

Dr. Parsons has not yet been able to preach to his congregation since his illness. It is said that he will find a few weeks rest necessary before resuming his duties.

Westminster loses an active, though undemonstrative member of its session in the death of Mr. John Arbuthnot last week. Mr. Arbuthnot has suffered much from asthma, but was in his usual health until recently. The end came quickly and peacefully, and it was peace.

The Senate of Knox College is called to meet on Wednesday evening, April 5th next, to deal with the results of the examinations and other business. The Board will probably meet on Thursday afternoon and evening, the academic meeting in the afternoon in Knox College, and the evening meeting in the Church at 8 o'clock. The Alumni Association will meet on Thursday afternoon at the close of the academic exercises, to receive the report as to the con-

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tinuance of the Goforth Fund, and other business. It is expected that Rev. Prof. McLaren and Rev. William Patterson will be the speakers at the evening meeting.

The Augmentation Committee meets in the usual place during the coming week.

### WINNIPEG AND WEST.

The Rev. Wm. Dewar, of Dugald, resigned his charge this week.

At a meeting this week the University Council reaffirmed its decision to accept the site offered by the Provincial Government near the Parliament buildings.

A new church is to be built shortly at Rosebank, in Southern Manitoba. Rev. Mr. MacBeth lectured in aid of it in Roland last Monday, and on Tuesday lectured at Morris in aid of their special Home Mission Fund.

The Young People's Society of Augustine Church are preparing for a social evening next week. Several of the members are to read papers on Foreign Mission Work, and a free-will offering is to be taken in aid of the fund they are raising to help support a missionary in the Foreign Field.

Rev. E. B. McLaren, of Vancouver, stayed over a day or two in Winnipeg on his way to the meeting of the Home Mission Committee in Toronto. Mr. McLaren is an encyclopaedia on the Canadian Mission field, and is an enthusiast on the future of that Province. He is to take a service in Augustine Church here on the way back.

An interesting discussion is going on in the newspaper of the Labor Party in Winnipeg, to the part that ministers and churches should take in solving social problems. Besides several anonymous contributions, letters have appeared from the Rev. R. G. MacBeth, of Augustine Church, and Mr. William Small, an elder in St. Andrew's. The discussion will clear the air and lead to a better understanding all round.

The proposed amalgamation of the Home Mission Committees, East and West, is a move in the direction contemplated by some of us a few years ago under the name of a General Committee of representatives from the several committees and boards that receive and disburse church funds. Perhaps an Assembly Committee on estimates would be the first step, but in any case it would be an advantage to have less diffuseness than is incident to the existence of so many independent and unrelated Committees and Boards as we now have.

In the meantime Foreign Mission Work is not being neglected in the Western Churches. The W.F.M.S. of the Winnipeg Presbytery held its annual meeting during the past week and had a very pleasant and profitable gathering.

Knox, Westminster, St. Stephens, and Augustine Churches, Winnipeg, are undertaking special work in connection with supporting missionaries in the Home field. This will be in addition to their ordinary contributions. There is no doubt that immigration is coming our way with a rush this year, and that the church is going to have a harder fight than heretofore to keep abreast of the incoming peoples. There are some who question the wisdom of such enormous expenditure in the Klondike when there are such large and increasing areas of foreign population still to be reached with the Gospel. The ideal would be to get money enough to meet both emergencies.

Rev. Principal Caven, as president of the Ontario Lord's Day Alliance, has issued a special call to the people of that province to observe the week beginning April 3 for Sabbath observance. The call says the present is a most critical time, and fraught with momentous issues affecting the Lord's Day in Canada.

The Rev. Robert Wallace, of Toronto, for many years pastor of the West Presbyterian Church, and one of the best known of the older generation of Presbyterian ministers, who died at his residence, 402 Huron street, in his 79th year, was born in the North of Ireland in 1820, and came to Canada in 1829. At the opening of King's College, Kingston, in 1842, he was one of the first students. He joined the Free Church movement in 1844, and became one of the first students of Knox College, Toronto. After residences at Keene, Ingersoll and Drummondville, he was inducted in November, 1867, into the charge of West Presbyterian Church of that city, and gave there twenty-three years of efficient and successful service, leaving the church in 1890 one of the strong Presbyterian churches of Toronto. During the last nine years Mr. Wallace has lived in retirement, enjoying a well-earned rest. Mr. Wallace leaves to mourn his loss a wife and a son, the Rev. Prof. F. A. Wallace, D.D., of Victoria University.

### MARITIME PROVINCES.

Hampton, P.E.I., has called Rev. G. C. Robertson of Cavendish.

Rev. J. H. Chase has resigned the charge of Onslow owing to ill health.

Rev. Geo. Fisher, Dalhousie, N.B., preached at Escumacine last Sabbath.

Rev. Clarence Mackinnon has accepted the call to Park Street Church, Halifax.

The Presbytery of P.E.I. will apply for leave to receive Rev. R. A. Finlayson.

The Presbytery of Sydney approves of the proposed changes in the statistical forms.

Rev. J. F. Forbes, of Sydney, C.B., is visiting his brother, Judge Forbes, St. John's.

Rev. J. Hawley, of Waterville, N.S., is visiting old friends in St. John's, St. George and Milltown.

The Presbytery S. S. at Annapolis will give a cantata, "The Pilgrim's Vision," on Easter Sunday evening.

Rev. John Murray has resigned the charge of Shubenacadie. He is a brother of Rev. James Murray, of Erskine Church, Toronto.

Thirty of the young people of Little Narrows, C.B., have won the Assembly's diploma for correct recitation of the Shorter Catechism.

Great quantities of potatoes have been shipped from New Brunswick to Toronto this winter. Fifteen carloads went from Woodstock alone.

Rev. H. A. Morton, of St. Matthew's Church, St. John, is about to resign in order to return to his home in Trinidad. Ill health is the cause.

Rev. D. Henderson, Chatham, assisted at the communion at Campbelltown last Sabbath. Rev. Geo. Fisher conducted the preparatory services on Friday.

Rev. E. D. Millar, of Yarmouth, lectured on Trinidad at Brockville last week. The lecture was illustrated by limelight views and was highly appreciated.

Rev. A. Campbell, of Merigomish, was presented by the session of Thorburn and Sutherland's River, with a purse of \$25 for his services as moderator during the vacancy.

St. Andrew's Church, Chatham, N.B., will expend over \$3,000 in improvements this summer. The church will be raised and a stone foundation built so that furnace can be put in.

Sydney Presbytery will hold a conference on Church Life and Work next Tuesday, at which the reports of Sabbath Schools, Young People's Societies, Women's Societies, etc., will be discussed. This is a move in the right direction.

The Presbytery of Truro has appointed the following Commissioners to the General Assembly: Rev. Messrs. Gray, Smith, Dickie, Falconer, McNair, Thompson, and Messrs. Hugh McKenzie, Eli Dickson, C. P. Blanchard, Robinson Cox, F. P. McElfeigh, Geo. H. Madill, elders.

The Presbytery of P.E.I. has reported on the remits from the Assembly as follows:

1. In re-examination of students—disapproves, prefers the present plan.
2. Constitution of Assembly—Approves of reduction to one-sixth.
3. Statistical Forms—Recommends retention of page 352; no distinction between self-sustaining and augmented charges in Form A; the retention of the column for arrears, and approves of the other changes proposed.

Three feet of snow fell in one storm last week in northern New Brunswick. "Breezy, blistering March" has rather overlaid us with his favor this year. One man in Woodstock is, however, grateful for such an abundance of snow. He was stopping at a hotel in the town and his dream became so realistic that he walked out of a fourth story window. Fortunately the company was a man-of-war in the right place and he merely had the novel and refreshing experience which "may be imagined, but not described."

Last summer one of the electric cars in St. John's became unmanageable owing to something wrong with the brakes, and rushed down Mill street at a terrific rate, crashing into a store at the curve on Main street. As it was, only one man, a Prof. Hesse, of Providence, R.I., was hurt. The jolt as the car left the track threw him out, and his ankle was so seriously shattered that the foot had to be amputated. Being an organist he is now unable to ply his usual occupation, for a wooden foot will not serve to work the pedals, and he is using the company for \$10,000 damages. He seems likely to get a verdict in his favor. From the testimony given in the suit he seems to be a very remarkable man. At ten years of age he played the church organ in his native place, in Westphalia, Germany. He is the ablest exponent of the Cecilian mode, now so popular in Roman Catholic Churches in America. His disability, if really permanent, is a public calamity.

The mission station of Cariboo has been placed under the supervision of Rev. Geo. S. Carson, of Pictou.

The commissioners to the General Assembly from Inverness Presbytery are Revs. A. Ross and J. Rose; Elders Prof. McCurdy, Toronto, and Mr. A. S. McGreggor, London, Ont. The Presbytery approved the reduction of representation to one-sixth, as also does the Presbytery of Sydney.

Rev. G. Osborne Troop, of Montreal, is spoken of as a successor to the late Archbishop Bragstock in Trinity Church, St. John. Mr. Troop is a native of Bridgewater, N.S., and was for some years pastor of St. James' Church. His many friends in all evangelical denominations would give him a cordial welcome.

Rev. A. D. Mackintosh, of Purgwash, was agreeably surprised on the evening of the 12th inst. to receive a large deputation of the Port Howe and Rockley sections of his congregation, who, after discussing the good things brought with them, presented the pastor with a fine new set of harness. This section has lately built a new church.

The following are the delegates to the General Assembly from Prince Edward Island—Revs. Messrs. Stewart, E. Gillis, M. Campbell, and D. B. McLeod, by rotation, and Messrs. T. F. Fullerton, R. Maclean, Geo. Millar, and John Gillis by election; Elders Messrs. Wm. Mutch, Jas. Cow, John Gray, Th. McLeod, W. Ross, C. McKinnon, A. S. McGreggor (London, Ont.), and Hon. B. Rodgers.

WESTERN ONTARIO

Rev. J. A. Wilson, Drummondville, declines the call to First Church, Port Hope.

Rev. J. B. Scott, of Leamington, has been preaching very acceptably in Knox Church, Aylmer.

The United congregations of Burgoyne and Dunblane agree to pay a salary of \$700 and a manse.

Rev. R. M. Hamilton, B.A., Brantford, addressed a good audience in Central Church, Galt, on "Trinidad."

Rev. J. H. Courtney, of Port Stanley, and Rev. R. McIntyre, of St. Thomas, exchanged pulpits last Sabbath.

Rev. Thos. Nattress, B.A., Amherstburg, has been elected Moderator of Chatham Presbytery for ensuing six months.

Rev. J. S. Scott, of Hespeler, recently delivered an instructive address on the life of William Carey, the great missionary.

Rev. D. H. Fletcher, D.D., Hamilton, has been nominated for Moderatorship of General Assembly by Hamilton Presbytery.

The new Presbytery Church at Beausville will be opened next Sunday. Rev. Principal Blair of Queen's University, will conduct the services.

The Presbytery of Brude has appointed Rev. J. S. Conning Presbytery Convener of Young People's Societies. A better selection it would be difficult to make.

The resignation of Rev. James Walker, Binbrook and Sulffleet, has been accepted. Rev. T. G. Thomson, Hamilton, was appointed interim Moderator of Session.

Rev. Alex. Grant, of St. Mary's, conducted special services at Chalmers' Church, Woodstock, on Sunday, on the occasion of the observance of the Lord's Supper.

Rev. J. L. Robertson, Merriton, preached in Knox Church, Woodstock, last Sunday morning. He is soliciting aid for the rebuilding of his Church, destroyed by a cyclone a few months ago.

The Commissioners to the General Assembly from Chatham Presbytery are as follows: Revs. Cowan, Radford, Brown, Batsibay, Tolmie and Jamieson; and Messrs. Robertson, Walker, Crawford, Macdonald, Law and Bartlett, elders.

Rev. T. D. McCullough, Dresden, has accepted the call to Guthrie Church, Harrison. Rev. F. H. Larkin, B.A., Chatham, has been appointed to declare the Word in the pulpit vacant on 16th April, and thereafter to act as interim Moderator of the Session.

Miss N. E. Reed, of Binbrook, for many years organist of the church, and one of the prominent workers, was presented with a valuable gold watch and chain on her leaving the vicinity for Swoney Creek. Mr. Colin Marr made the presentation, and Mr. John Stewart presided.

Rev. W. A. J. Martin, of Guelph, goes to Zion Church, Brantford. Knox Church made a determined effort to retain their young minister, but was unsuccessful. The translation takes effect on the first Sunday in May. Mr. Martin is an able preacher, a good pastor, and devoted to his work. Zion Church is to be congratulated on securing one so well qualified in every way to succeed the late Dr. Cochrane.

Rev. Neil McPherson, B.D., Hamilton, is announced to preach anniversary sermons in his former charge at Petrolia on 30th April.

The Rev. George H. Smith, B.D., Thamesford, has received the degree of doctor of philosophy from Central University, Indiana.

The following were elected Commissioners to General Assembly by Bruce Presbytery: Revs. J. Anderson, W. T. Ellison, E. A. Mackenzie, J. Johnston, ministers; and Messrs. John Cooper, D. McCallum, M. L. Martin, A. Barbour, elders.

The outlook for the new St. James' Church, London, is said to be encouraging. The site secured is an eligible one, and plans for a building to cost about \$20,000 are being prepared. It is expected that about \$9,000 will be realized from the sale of the old church property.

Presbytery of Hamilton appointed the following Commissioners: Dr. Fletcher, Dr. Laing, J. H. Hatcliffe, Dr. Lyle, F. D. Roxborough, N. McPherson, J. L. Robertson, J. Crawford, Dr. Abraham, Dr. Fraser, and A. McWilliams, ministers, and R. McQueen, R. Lawrie, J. Charlton, M. P., Dr. Macdonald, W. Leckie, J. Gill, J. Wilson, C. Moore, F. Read, W. J. Paterson, and Rev. J. Gauld, elders.

Scarcely any more encouraging reports come from any field than those from the Maxwell, Feversham and McIntyre charge, for the past year, under the fostering care of Rev. Peter Fleming. Three active Christian endeavor Societies are holding up the pastor's hands, and he is being further encouraged in his untiring labors by growing congregations and a deepening interest in spiritual things. This charge, which has for some time been leaning on the Augmentation Fund, hopes, under the able ministry of Mr. Fleming, to become self-supporting.

The recently held annual tea meeting of St. Columba Church, Priceville, was a very pleasant affair, and \$65 were thereby added to the Church funds. Several interesting addresses were given, but chief among them was that given by Rev. Dr. Robb, of Shelburne, on "How to Hinder Church Work." The Rev. Dr. knows how to intelligently and impressively handle this subject, and throughout his eloquent address held his audience at highest tension. Mrs. Helen Wright, of Markdale, Miss Black, and Mr. Hunter, of Durham, each delighted their audience with their power song, and the Presbytery choir from Durham contributed greatly to the evening's enjoyment. The Priceville and St. Winter's Park congregations have enjoyed a year of marked prosperity under their new pastor and indefatigable worker, Rev. J. O. Matheson, B.D.

A union meeting in the interest of the Bible Society was held in Knox Church, Beaverton, on the 26th evening, the 26th, and was largely attended by representatives of the four congregations of the town. The Rev. K. J. McDonald, pastor of the church, presided, and spoke briefly of the organization, in the early years of the century, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and the magnificent work it has done since then in giving the Bible to the world. No small part of the work done by the Society was the aid given to missionaries in every part of the world, in printing the Scriptures, wherever translated into a new language or dialect, and that the number of languages and dialects in which the Bible was printed had reached considerably over three hundred. Rev. Mr. Butler, of the Methodist Church, in a very effective speech, spoke on the inspiration of the Bible and some of the internal evidences of its inspiration.

Rev. D. W. Best, of St. Andrew's Church, spoke on the Bible from a literary standpoint. He took the book of Job as an illustration; said it was a poem of very high literary merit, and quoted several descriptive passages, and stated that as specimens of word painting they were not excelled by any literary work in any language. The reason that Job was not understood by the majority of Bible readers was because it was not read as it should be—the whole poem at once. The Rev. Mr. Major, of St. Paul's Church, said the reasons why we should support the Bible Society. He mentioned four. 1st. For what the Bible was, God's Holy Word; no other book in the world spoke as the Bible did. Thus saith the Lord. 2 For what it has done for the world. 3. For what it is doing in the world now. 4. Because the world needs it. Enlarging on those four points Mr. Major made a most practical and powerful address. It was his first appearance in Beaverton before an audience composed of members of all the churches, and the impression made was that he was a man of high Christian and scholastic attainments, and that his influence will be powerful on the side of right and truth. The musical part of the service was led by the united choirs of the churches, and was hearty and inspiring. A solo was sung by Miss Watson, in a very pleasing manner. The Beaverton Branch of the Bible Society is to be congratulated on the success of the venture it made, in having a union Sabbath service. The number of people who turned out to hear the word of God at the addresses delivered, and the generous response given in the collection, is evidence of the wisdom of the new departure.

MONTREAL

Rev. James McCaul, formerly minister of Stanley Street Church, now of the Church of the Covenant, Toronto, is visiting in the city.

Mr. J. Burt Sutherland, of this city, has been lecturing with much acceptance at Point Fortune, Que., East Hawkesbury, Delta and Elgin, Ont. His addresses are both interesting and instructive.

The Montreal Presbytery has recorded "its great dissatisfaction and disappointment at the decision of the Government not to take any action in regard to prohibition, and are not at all satisfied with the reasons given for refusing to act."

Rev. Dr. Evans, pastor of Emmanuel Congregational Church, Montreal, died on Monday morning as the result of a general break up of his constitution. He was an able preacher of the Gospel, and greatly beloved, not only by his own congregation, but wherever known.

At a special meeting of the Montreal Presbytery, held in Knox Church on Tuesday evening, the resignation of the Rev. James Nairn, pastor of St. Cuthbert's Church, St. Lambert, was considered and accepted. Mr. Nairn goes to England to take up mission work in Hull or London, in connection with the Presbyterian Church of England.

Knox Church, in this city, has a large and very active Band of Hope, the annual meeting of which was held on other evening. The Rev. Mr. Fleck referred to the large audience as a strong proof of the growing sentiment against the saloon, the arch-enemy of every girl and boy present. The band is one of which Miss Rhind and her assistants may well feel proud, and for which the church and parents have every reason to be grateful.

EASTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. W. G. Smith, Marmora, has accepted the call to the North Bay Church.

Rev. G. T. Bayne, Appleton, was summoned to Merivale last week on account of the death of his father, Mr. Robert Bayne.

Mr. Stewart, of Ottawa, preached in St. Andrew's Church, Appleton, last Sabbath morning. Owing to the death of Rev. G. T. Bayne's father the sacramental services were postponed.

Rev. A. A. Scott, M.A., has completed twenty-one years as minister of Knox Church, Charlton Place, and the event has been properly celebrated by special services and a successful tea meeting. The Sunday collection and proceeds of social realized \$200.

Rev. D. Currie, B.D., Perth, occupied the pulpit of St. John's Church, Almonte, last Sunday, and preached two thoughtful and earnest sermons that were listened to with marked attention by those present. Rev. Dr. Mitchell preached in Knox Church, Perth.

The Lanark St. Andrew's Church social, held on Friday evening, was quite successful in every respect. The hall was well filled and an attractive programme was offered. Rev. D. M. Buchanan was chairman, and altogether the evening was one of complete entertainment.

The Spencerville congregation celebrated the twenty-first anniversary of the dedication of the church on the 22nd ult. A beautiful repast was provided by the ladies, and an excellent programme was rendered. The duties of the choir were efficiently discharged by Rev. Mr. McDougall, the recently settled minister.

Births.

At "Maplehurst," Lunan, Ont., on March 8, the wife of Rev. Edw. F. McL. Smith, B.A., of a daughter.

At the Manse, Avonmore, Ont., on March 23, 1890, to the Rev. Mr. George and Mrs. Wear, a son.

Marriages.

At Reid's Church, on March 22, 1890, by the Rev. J. M. Whitehaw, B.D., Zacharias Goff Oliver, to Emily Glanders, daughter of John Glanders, all of Leeds, County Megantic.

At the residence of the bride's father, on March 22, by the Rev. G. C. Patterson, of Embro, Sylvester Rounds, of Harrington W., to Belle, eldest daughter of Donald McKay, Lot 17, Con. 5, West Zorra.

At Theford, the home of William Murray, father of the bride, on March 14, 1890, by the Rev. J. M. Whitehaw, Thomas Guy to Nellie Murray, both of Theford, Co. Megantic, Que. On March 8, 1890, at the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Dr. McDonald, Mr. Gordon Davidson to Miss Ina Luella Smith, daughter of Mr. Neil C. Smith, all of Dundee, Que.

At the Manse, Kinnear's Mills, on March 8, 1890, by the Rev. J. M. Whitehaw, B.D., Robert James Sutor to Margaret Warcup, both of Leeds, Co. Megantic, Que.

## British and Foreign

The Rev. B. J. Davidson, Kilchattan Bay, has accepted a call to Springburn Free Church, Glasgow.

The Rev. W. M. Landale, M.A., Edinburgh, has been elected minister of Straiton Parish Church, Maybole.

Professor G. Adam Smith will begin his Lyman Beecher lectures at Yale on April 5th and close about the 21st.

The remains of the late Rev. Dr. A. K. H. Boyd were interred in St. Andrew's last week, the funeral being of a public character.

Professor Bruce underwent a surgical operation in Glasgow last week, which passed off successfully, and we are glad to know he is recovering.

The Rev. Jas. Ferguson, B.D., probationer, has accepted a call to the pastorate of Brandon Street United Presbyterian Church, Hamilton.

There are more medical men in London than in all Scotland and Ireland together, and in those two countries the number has actually decreased during the past year.

In New York city there are more than 1,100 churches, including all denominations. There are more than 15,000 congregations, about 400 of which hold services in rented halls.

An eligible site for a new church in Lister Drive, West Derby, has been secured by the Church Extension Committee of Liverpool Presbytery. It is proposed to erect at once an iron church.

In future, anyone who may be condemned on a charge of being drunk and disorderly in New Zealand is to have his photograph taken, at his own expense, and distributed among all innkeepers. The idea is that publicans will then be able to refuse to serve anyone whose portrait appears in this gallery.

Dr. George Matheson has congratulated Rev. James Lindsay, of Kilmarnock, on receiving the degree of D.D. from Glasgow University in the following terms: "I now write to congratulate Glasgow University on having enrolled among her D.D.'s the man whom I consider the most accomplished scholar and the most deeply philosophic thinker in all the Scottish churches."

As the Free Church catechism is finding its way into some of the Primitive Methodist Sunday-schools, the Rev. J. Smith, president of its conference, has written to point out, in answer to repeated inquiries, that "the catechism has no connection with authority," and that, in his judgment, it ought not to be introduced into any schools without the approval of the conference. Mr. Smith, apparently, does not regard this attempt at unity with great favor, for he describes the catechism as an effort made by a number of clever men to conceal the "vital principles upon which it is well known they disagree."

Organs have been placed in Auchterarder Church, and in Roseburn Church, Edinburgh.

General Booth has been incapacitated for some days by an attack of illness, and expected to leave Adelaide for New Zealand last Tuesday.

Dr. Whyte presided at the opening of the new Church at Craigmillar Park, Edinburgh. The building seats 700, and the hall, erected some time ago, accommodates 270.

At the convention to be held in Oban on April 11 and 12 the leading speakers will be the Moderator, Dr. Whyte, Principal Rainy, Rev. John McNeill and Lord Overtoun.

Mr. Curtis, a London magistrate, speaking at a meeting in aid of the Police Court Mission, said drunkenness had greatly decreased among men and increased among women.

The Presbyterian Theological Faculty of Ireland (composed of professors of the Presbyterian Colleges of Londonderry and Belfast) are about to confer the degree of D.D. upon Rev. George Hanson.

Through the intervention of the Crown Prince of Denmark, a Copenhagen Salvationist, who had been arrested for his attempt to quell a disturbance in an army hall, has been released from prison.

The Rev. Dr. Monro Gibson has consented to deliver a course of Biblical lectures at the next conference of general secretaries of Young Men's Christian Associations, to be held from June 17th to June 23rd.

Rev. J. B. and Mrs. Meharry gave an "At Home" in the lecture hall of Crouch Hill Church, London. Mr. Meharry was absent through temporary indisposition, but during the evening Mrs. Meharry appeared on the platform and delivered a little speech, which delighted the crowded meeting.

The executive of the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance met in Edinburgh last week to complete the programme for the forthcoming Washington gatherings. An address to the Queen of Holland (a Presbyterian sovereign) on behalf of the Alliance will be adopted. It will be signed by the Moderators of all the Presbyterian Churches in the world. A deputation will be appointed to present the address in person.

A loss has been suffered by the United Presbyterian Church and its missions in West Africa in the death, from malarial fever, after a few days' illness, on 26th December, of the Rev. Hugh Logan Macmillan, of the Training Institute, Old Calabar, in the 51st year of his age. Mr. Macmillan had served the Church for a number of years as its missionary in Grand Cayman, West Indies, and was only transferred to Calabar at the beginning of last year to fill a special post in the new Training Institute. Mrs. Macmillan was also down with fever and was still in hospital when the mail left.

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**Apple Eggs**—Pare and core a convenient number of apples, leaving them whole; fill with sugar, and pour over water; then place in oven; when nicely baked take eggs, prepared as for omelette, pour in and over the apples, and return to oven for about ten minutes; grate over them nutmeg, and serve hot.

**Fruit Cake**—Here is a recipe for fruit cake that is "moist and not bitter," and will be found just right: One cup butter, 2 cups sugar, 4 eggs, 1 cup sour milk, 1 tablespoon soda, 1 pound chopped raisins, ½ pound currants, ¼ pound citron, 1 tablespoon each of cinnamon, cloves and allspice, 3 good-sized cups flour. Bake with slow fire.

**Welsh Rabbit**—This is a new recipe for Welsh rabbit, and is indeed very good. Slice ½ pound cheese finely, place in a stewpan and pour over it 2 tablespoons rich cream. Add 1 teaspoon mixed mustard, season with salt and pepper to taste, stir over a moderate fire until all is smooth and the consistency of cream. Have nicely buttered toast ready on a hot dish, cut in squares and cover each square with the mixture. Brown in a quick oven and serve at once.

**Queen Victoria's Favorite Soup**.—One cup of cold roast chicken, chopped as fine as powder, a pint of strong chicken broth, a cup of sweet cream, half a cup of bread or cracker crumbs, 3 yolks of eggs, 1 teaspoon of salt, ½ teaspoon of pepper. Soak the crumbs in a little of the cream. Bring the broth to boiling point and add the meat. Break the eggs, separating the yolks and whites. Drop the yolks carefully into boiling water and boil hard; then rub to a powder and add to the soup with the cream and the seasoning. Simmer ten minutes and serve hot.

A simple mixed diet is usually the best one for nervous persons. A good deal of fat, if well digested, is usually of assistance. Only experiment will show what oily food will agree best, whether cream (whipped), cream and milk, fat mutton chops, sandwiches of fat salt pork or fat boiled ham, eggs, especially the yolks, cod-liver oil, or butter. It should be in some uncombined form, for pastry and cake, though containing much oily matter baked up with flour, are not easily digestible. Condiments and spices, tea and coffee, wine or beer, and much meat are to be avoided. Cocoa is of value, if it agrees. Fresh air and regular exercise, also much sunlight, should be considered as an essential to digestion, and so to diet. Oil baths are excellent.

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## Home Missions.

At the recent meeting of the Home Mission Committee a very large amount of important business was considered, and steps were taken for the vigorous prosecution of the work, not only in the newer Provinces west of Lake Superior and the Klondike, but also in the older districts of Ontario and Quebec. There was only one discouraging note, and that had reference to the present state of the fund. The contributions for Home Missions this year will be larger than in any preceding year of the history of the church. Because, however, of the work in the Klondike and the opening up of a large number of new fields in the mining districts of British Columbia and also in the Northwest Territories, the expenditure this year is very greatly in excess of last. At this date the sum of \$12,000 or \$13,000 is still required before the 31st inst, to enable the committee to meet all its obligations and end the year free from debt. The committee felt sanguine that the church was made aware of the fact, liberal responses would come from every quarter, so that within the next ten days the full amount required would be got. Perhaps there never has been a time in the history of the country when business was as prosperous and when more money was made by so many of our people. The hope is a reasonable one that many of these will within the next week send personal contributions to the Rev. Dr. Warden, Treasurer of the fund, so as to justify the committee's action in resolving to prosecute the work with even greater vigor in the year to come. In considering reports from Presbyteries, more particularly in the Northwest, and British Columbia, there were applications for grants for the opening up of some 40 or 50 new fields. This means an increased expenditure of some \$5,000 or \$6,000. While the matter was considered at great length and discussed in every respect, the committee were eventually unanimous in promising many additional grants, so that every one of these new fields might be entered upon and missionaries sent in without delay.

In connection with the work in the Klondike Dr. Warden, the Convener of the committee, emphasized the good work that was being done by the missionaries and the rare self-denial which they were exercising, and the following resolution was unanimously adopted: "The committee desires to place upon record its unqualified admiration of the self-denying spirit displayed by its missionaries to the Yukon, and its hearty appreciation of the admirable manner in which they have represented the committee and the Church at large in positions of great importance and no little difficulty; its grateful recognition of the value of the services they have rendered to the country, as well as to the Church, and its thankfulness to God for all the spiritual and physical comfort they have been able to minister to those on whose behalf they have labored so assiduously; its deep sympathy with them in the hardships and privations they have so manfully undergone in the discharge of their multifarious and onerous duties; and its earnest prayer that the blessing of God may crown with a still richer measure of success the efforts they are putting forth in the name and for the cause of Christ."

## Home Missionaries for 1899.

The Home Mission Committee has made the following appointments to the various Presbyteries for the coming summer. Seven of the graduates of Knox College are of the number:—Quebec Presbytery—Rev. E. F. Kineer, Messrs. E. L. Pidgeon, Wm. Miller. Montreal—C. Haughton, D. A. Osburn, J. D. Campbell, H. S. Lee, J. W. A. Lachlan, F. Anderson. Glengary—F. J. Worth. Ottawa—Messrs. J. D. Byrnes, R. Taggart, A. McLean, D. J. Craig. Lenark and Renfrew—Rev. G. Campbell, C. A. Ferguson. Brookville—Messrs. D. A. McKenzie, T. C. Brown. Kingston—James Anthony, W. J. McIlroy, E. Turkington, A. W. McIntosh, J. A. McConnell, J. H. Douglas, J. E. Inkster, G. C. Taylor, S. K. Scott. Peterboro'—J. H. Etmison, J. H. Sharp. Lindsay—Messrs. J. J. Hastie, P. W. Currie. Toronto—Rev. J. W. Bell, Messrs. W. A. Bremner, R. J. Wilson. Orangeville—Hugh Matheson, F. W. Mahaffy, W. J. Knox. Barrie—Messrs. R. W. Craw, N. M. Leckie, D. McKay, J. Corinkdale, W. B. Hutton, A. Edington. North Bay—Rev. J. Becket, W. H. Cram, S. F. Woods, D. J. Ellison, J. D. Morrow, J. R. Watts. Oreen Sound—Rev. J. Sieveright, W. Mercer, I. J. Alpine. Saugeen—R. S. Scott. Guelph—Rev. A. McClelland, J. H. Lemon. Algoma—Rev. Jas. Anderson, R. Hume, Messrs. J. W. McNamara, F. C. Harper, D. W. E. Urquhart, H. H. Turner, W. A. Alexander, J. A. James, A. Bell, T. Henderson, D. B. Smith, H. W. Porter, T. H. Armstrong, N. A. Campbell, D. McKay.

Hamilton—Rev. H. Ross. Paris—Rev. A. Hudson, J. A. Wilson. London—Mr. J. F. Johnson. Chatham—Messrs. J. H. Bruce, D. S. Lorimer, A. M. Boyd. Sarnia—Mr. J. L. McPherson. Bruce—Rev. J. Davidson. Manitoba and British Columbia—Messrs. J. A. Little, W. M. Fee, C. M. Wyse, R. G. Scott, J. McCree, R. J. Ross, H. Parr, D. A. Valme, J. A. Ferguson, J. D. Osborne, C. D. Campbell, J. H. Borland, H. G. Crozier, W. F. Prittie, O. A. Patterson, W. A. Guy, W. M. Beattie, J. W. Stephen, R. A. Cranston, E. M. Young, A. M. Ross, F. Molnes, W. H. Brockenshire, J. F. Millar, T. Dockie, F. Matheson, D. G. Cook, A. McKenzie, J. C. Williamson, R. McMillan, C. L. Foote, R. Clackson, H. M. Irwin, F. Inglis, Jas. Reid, R. Gilles, J. A. Broadfoot, D. McLeod, H. Walker, R. McEachern, D. Warden, C. H. McClelland, J. J. Ferguson, L. A. Thompson, J. C. Robinson, D. McLeod, Mr. Nyquist, Rev. W. E. Knowles, J. F. Evans, D. Oliver, W. Miller, W. C. Simons, W. O. Rothmey, A. S. Reid, W. H. Moore, T. A. Anderson, T. R. Peacock, D. A. Stewart, W. P. Tanner, K. J. McLeod, M. A. Shaw, C. McAdis, H. Munroe, James Pullar, W. Boe.

## Deaths.

At Pasadena, Cal., on Sunday, March 12, 1890, Margaret J. Morice, wife of Archibald McIntyre, Sr., in her 54th year. Funeral from 132 Mackay street, on Saturday, at 2.30. On March 13, 1890, at the family residence, 23 McMillan street, Toronto, Christian Taylor, beloved wife of Duncan McIntosh, in her 61st year, a native of Perth, Scotland. At 402 Huron street, Toronto, on Sunday, 20th March, Rev. Robert Wallace, for many years pastor of the West Presbyterian Church of that city, and father of Rev. Prof. Wallace, of Victoria University, in his 79th year. On March 23rd, at 15 Caer Howell street, of heart failure, John Arbuthnot, eldest son of the late Duncan Arbuthnot, aged 32 years. At Port Hope, Ont., on Wednesday, March 22, Mr. Thomas Galbraith, in his 77th year, for 27 years travelling agent in Canada of the Scottish American Journal of New York.

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