

# Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church.

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## SOMETIME WE'LL UNDERSTAND.

Not now, but in the coming years,  
It may be in the better land,  
We'll read the meaning of our tears,  
And then sometime, we'll understand.

We'll know why clouds instead of sun  
Were over many a cherished plan,  
Why song has ceased when scarce begun;  
'Tis then, sometime, we'll understand.

Why what we long for most of all,  
Eludes so oft our eager hand;  
Why hopes are crushed and castles fall,  
Up there, sometime, we'll understand.

God knows the way, He holds the key,  
He guides us with unerring hand;  
Sometime with tearless eyes we'll see;  
Yes, then up there, we'll understand.

Then trust in God through all the day;  
Fear not, for He doth hold thy hand;  
Though dark the way, still sing out praise;  
Sometime, sometime, we'll understand.

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## MARRIAGES.

At the residence of A. A. Campbell, Baltic Corners, on Aug. 3, 1910, by Rev. K. Gollan, Dunvegan, Kenneth W. McRae, of Stewart Inlet, to Miss Sarah Campbell.

At the manse, in Morristown, Wednesday, Aug. 3, by Rev. C. Edward Fay, David M. Bowen and Alice M. Bowey, both of Brockville.

At the home of the bride's parents, on Aug. 6, by Rev. A. H. Scott, M.A., Charles C. H. Siddons-Gray, son of the late Col. Gray, Quebec, to Anna Consuelo, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Grant, Perth.

On Aug. 10, 1910, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. D. Currie, John Alexander McIntosh, of Montana, U. S., to Evelyn Roberta, youngest daughter of Mr. Robt. Smith, Perth.

On Thursday, Aug. 11, 1910, at Knox manse, by Rev. D. Currie, Charles S. Paupst to Susan Fisher, both of Smith's Falls.

At 239 Queen street, Kingston, Ont., on Aug. 10, 1910, by the Rev. Douglas Laing, Edith Margaret, daughter of Mrs. E. E. Ross, to Charles P. Coates, of Victoria, B.C.

On Aug. 9, 1910, at the home of the bride's mother, 23 Macpherson avenue, Toronto, by the Rev. Edward Cockburn, Phoebe Amelia, youngest daughter of the late J. J. and Mrs. Maxco, to Sedley Anthony Cudmore, of the University of Toronto.

At St. John the Evangelist church, by the Rev. Mr. French, on Aug. 10, 1910, Ethel K., daughter of the late Wm. A. Geen, to Percival Ross.

At Harriston, on Wednesday, Aug. 17, 1910, by the Rev. A. D. Robb, Annie May Lemon, B.A., of Harriston, to William Wycliffe Anson Trench, B.A., of Richmond Hill.

On Wednesday, Aug. 17, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Spencer McMillan, 29 Kintyre avenue, Toronto, by the Rev. Mr. Ratcliffe, Sada Latimer, daughter of G. A. Eades, to George Arthur Plumb, of Preston, Ont.

In Montreal, Que., on Thursday, Aug. 11, 1910, by the Rev. W. R. Cruikshanks, D.D., Mr. A. W. Lewis, Ayr, and Miss Edith Dyer, Weston, Eng.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Mount Forest, on Wednesday, Aug. 17, 1910, by the Rev. D. Currie, Miss Mary Florence, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Campbell, to Mr. John Brown, of Wilcox, Sask., formerly of Durham.

At Napanee, at the residence of Miss A. C. Asselstine, on Wednesday, Aug. 10, 1910, by Rev. J. R. Conn, Mr. J. F. Davidson, B.A., of Winnipeg, to Miss E. O. Asselstine, daughter of Mr. W. A. Asselstine, Roblin.

## DEATHS.

On Saturday, Aug. 6, 1910, at Wellington, Mary Eleanor, widow of the late Phillip C. Garratt and mother of Dr. Alton H. Garratt, of Toronto, in her 75th year.

On Aug. 17, 1910, Edmond Beltz, in his 79th year, at his home, 15 Pictou street.

At St. Lambert, Que., on Aug. 16, 1910, Margaret McDonald, widow of John R. Gillies, formerly of Green Valley, Glenarry, and mother of D. J. Gillies, grocer, aged about 68 years.

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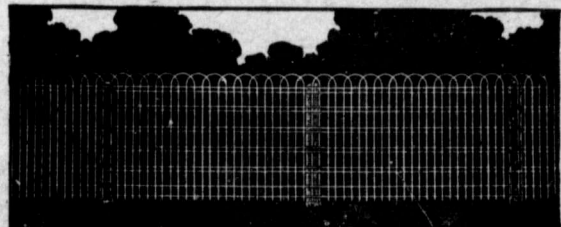
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## NOTE AND COMMENT

St. Andrew's University, Scotland, is making preparations for the celebration of its five hundredth anniversary next year.

The last enumeration of missionaries in China gives their number as 3,270. The native Church is doubling about every seven years, and the missionary force every ten years.

Two physicians in Honolulu announce that they have isolated the germs of leprosy and are trying to discover a toxin for the disease. Experiments will soon be made at the leper colony in the island.

Professor Samuel Ross Winans, dean of Princeton University from 1899 to 1903, died at his home in Princeton. He had been actively connected with the Princeton faculty since 1878, and at the time of his death was professor of Greek and instructor of Sanskrit.

Sir Ernest Satow, who has had over thirty years' experience of Japan, China and the East, in the Consular and diplomatic services, remarked recently at a school prize distribution, that we heard a great deal about the efficiency of education in other countries, but in every part of the world where he had lived found Englishmen, Scotsmen, Irishmen, Welshmen, and even Channel Islanders leading the foreign community.

Agitation against indecent literature, so active in France, has reached Germany. The bookstall keepers of the German railway stations have formed a "syndicate" or union, one of the articles of which forbids the sale of immoral books, and another lays all members under obligation to bring before the public prosecutor any non-union stall keeper who continues to deal in such literature.

The Rev. R. J. Patterson, the founder of the "Cretch-My-Pal" movement, has been released from the charge of Third Armagh, says The Belfast Witness, so that he will now be free to devote his whole time and superabundant energies to the cause with which he has been specially identified, and which has been hitherto crowned with so much success. It has inaugurated a new temperance crusade, which promises to revolutionize the country. And no man is better fitted for an undivided head than his father and founder. We must all wish every success to him and to the movement.

The danger of moving picture shows is pointedly shown forth in the following taken from the New York Christian Advocate of the 11th inst:—A youth of nineteen, nervously unsettled by a trying occupation, sought recreation at a moving picture show in Newark, N. J., last Saturday. The "entertainment" included a realistic suicide by gas-inhalation, enacted with vivid and horrible detail. The boy went to his lodgings, stopped keyhole and door cracks, as the pictured suicide had done, turned on the illuminating gas, and set his soul adrift into the great darkness. He was found dead on Sunday morning. If a manhole cover in the highway is off, the authorities put up a warning or a barrier, lest a brute fall in and suffer harm. But the moving picture show had a license from the authorities to keep its more dangerous pitfall open on the public way, and to lure men into it. This is a sensational case, but it shows at the worst a baneful influence which is being allowed almost free course for the corruption of youth under the guise of harmless amusement.

The Methodist church is beginning work in Iceland. The island was settled eleven hundred years ago from Norway, and has been under Danish control for about six hundred years. The Icelanders are Scandinavians and their religion is the Evangelical Lutheran.

Eight aviators started from Paris in the \$20,000 cross-country race. Leblanc covered the first lap, Paris to Troyes, 83 miles, in an hour and 33 minutes. Weymann, the American, reached Troyes after several stops. The full distance to be covered in the event is 485 miles.

Accidents have already shown that danger from airships and aeroplanes is even greater to the spectators, and to others on the ground, than to the man who flies. Enormous damage has already been done to telegraph and telephone wires. In Germany there are police regulations to prohibit "flying to the common danger." It is an offense to fly over the streets or buildings of a city.

The criminal who escapes the penitentiary does not go scot free, remarks the Lutheran Observer. He carries his punishment with him in his self-knowledge and self-scorn. He may go where he will, but is forced to confess with Milton's fallen angel, "Which way I fly is hell—myself am hell." The very constitution of nature, his own and that of the world in which he lives, fights against the criminal. No solid, enduring happiness is to be found beyond the borders of righteousness. He who thinks so and acts upon his thought is obliged to confess that if playing the part of an evil-doer he has at the same time played the fool. In incurring guilt he has also tasted the bitterness of utter disappointment.

If "imitation is the sincerest flattery," the following account of a ceremony, which we take from the Christian World, should be flattering to the followers of Christ. But mingled with this feeling will be the sense of surprise that such parodies of Christian forms and ceremonies are deemed necessary by those who have parted company with the evangelical faith. There are traces of Christian Science, paganism, and other forms of relief in the account, but Christians should feel impressed by the statement that after searching for a text elsewhere the speaker found one in the teachings of Jesus. This, we believe, is as naive a confession as has been seen in print in a long time. This is the story: A large congregation gathered at the Ethical Church, Baywater, on Sunday morning, when Dr. Stanton Colt conducted a special service for the recognition and dedication of children, among whom was his own little daughter. After the singing of the canticle, 'Painters have painted, etc. (Whitman), Dr. Colt read an appropriate selection from George Eliot. There was a short period of silent meditation, and then Dr. Colt called before him the parents who brought the children to be dedicated. These pledged themselves to train the little ones to think for themselves, to be high-minded and brave, to consider others and so act as to make the world happier for their having lived in it. Books containing selections from Marcus Aurelius and Thomas a Kempis, and ethical teaching were handed to the parents to be kept for the child until they had grown up; and on the head of each child Dr. Colt placed a small wreath of flowers, the congregation standing during this little ceremony. Later, Dr. Colt delivered a discourse on 'The Duty of Youthfulness,' in which he urged the importance of keeping young and maintaining the child spirit. He had searched the teachings of men like Plato and Socrates, but he had been forced to go for his text to the words of Jesus, who recognized the significance of the child spirit, and based His philosophy upon it."

The report of the committee of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland to the Royal Commission on the Poor Laws, shows the "thrifty Scot" in an entirely new light. Among the causes of poverty in Scotland, it says, are drunkenness, gambling, early marriages, want of ambition, and weakness of will, desertion of families by parents, neglect of children to support parents, improvidence, and thriftlessness.

Two mummies, supposed to be a couple of thousand years old, have arrived in Liverpool from Callao. They are remains of prehistoric Incas of Peru, and a present from Captain Gronow to the British Museum, a very valuable gift. Photographed before being packed, they looked like human bundles, one with a sort of crown jauntily on the side of his head, and one without; and, as a foreground, some ewers and ancient pottery which, coming from that far-off land of mystery and of silver add greatly to one's awe of what must have been going on in this world of ours in those distinct days.

A correspondent of the Belfast Witness writes:

If I am asked is Evangelical Religion decaying in this United Kingdom I say a thousand times No. On the contrary, it is growing and growing rapidly every day. The Gospel never was preached with greater freshness and power. Outside politics the character of the masses of the people is nobler and juster and braver than ever it was. There are more regenerate men and women in Great Britain and Ireland than ever here were before, more who love and serve Christ, and in spite of abounding worldliness, a greater number of His martyrs amongst us than ever.

There is a great rush to the show at Oberammergau, this season, and among the "devotees" are not a few Jews. The American Israelite just wonders, and calls them a "queer lot," "their oddness never more extraordinarily exemplified than when they go to see enacted in stage mimicry the crucifixion myth which, for so many centuries, has been used to make pariahs of them." Perhaps no people in the world are more fond of stage plays than are the Jews, and it does not matter much what it is, so it is something appealing to the senses. But, even in this they are not altogether peculiar. One wonders how much better Christians they are going to be who are witnessing the Oberammergau spectacle this summer. Will they be more faithful in their religious duties, pray better, give better, live better for having seen the "Passion Play?"

The government of India has ordered a considerable force of infantry and a mountain battery to hold themselves in readiness to go to any British agency there. It does not seem that the agency is directly threatened, but the situation in Tibet has not ceased to be disturbed since the Chinese entered Lhasa, the capital, last February. Earl Crew explained in the House of Lords that the government thought it was necessary to collect on the frontier a sufficient force to enable the British trade agencies in Tibet to have speedy aid in case there should be any immediate danger of an attack on them. He said, however, that the force would not cross the frontier unless the protection of British agencies rendered it necessary, and would not intervene between the Tibetans and the Chinese. If the force should enter Tibet, he continued, it would withdraw as soon as the situation permitted.

SPECIAL  
ARTICLES

## Our Contributors

BOOK  
REVIEWS

## CHURCH UNION.

Editor of Dominion Presbyterian.  
Dear Sir:—Writing as a layman allow me a word on Church Union.

Having lived for nearly thirty years in the West, and having noticed the order, or disorder, of Church work here, I am free to say that I would hold up both hands for Union or any approach to Union. In this I feel that I stand in with a very large majority of the people of North-Western Canada. The whole arrangement of work is so absurd that it has become a laughing-stock to sinners and a vexation to saints, and in many places the people are thinking of rising in their might and putting an end to the absurdity. When a man loses common sense we shave his head and put him in quarantine; and rarely do we find one who can see sense, common-sense, or uncommon-sense, in the present arrangement.

It is not hard to admit that the foolishness is not so apparent in cities; yet it is not because denominationalism is right, but because there are plenty of people to go round—plenty, too, of outsiders for aggressive work. Union would be much better even there, for the petty thing of rivalry being dropped the real work would feel the power of concentrated effort.

"What do they say?" Well, yes. What do the people say about the proposed union? They say that it "smacks too much of stale popery and priest-rule." That is what they say; and although this may be taken as a croak in a corner, it is not the writer's croak, but the people's. Human nature is so crooked that it will not accept even what it wants, if it come in a wrong way.

But are not the clergy representatives by the people's own appointment? Yes. Then why not allow them to act and submit their doings for the approval of the people? Just because they are not appointees of the people in matters of union with other bodies. Their present representativeness is limited to the affairs of their own denomination; outside of that they require a new appointment. The first step in Union is to receive the people's approval, and then under a new election by the people carry out the people's wishes. To begin at the chief seats is to begin at the wrong end of the synagogue, and it may be that all that has been done will have to be done over again, because of a wrong starting point. There is nothing settled till it is settled right, and nothing is settled right till the people do it.

Personally I vote for Union, come as it may; I only mention what I hear, and in measure agree with.

## UNIONIST.

Editor Dominion Presbyterian.—

Dear Sir:—I deeply regret that I was not able to attend the Assembly in Halifax to hear for myself the expressions of the "Fathers and Brethren" upon the subject of Church Union. Returning to Winnipeg after a brief absence for recuperation, I find in the Dominion Presbyterian some letters from the worthy pastor of Fordwich, taking Principal Patrick to task in relation to the conduct of the Union question. I am not concerned with the pyrotechnical academies indulged in. Under the pressure of great exigencies the thing of practical value alone is worthy. And if disputants would take up that truly great work, "A History of the Warfare of Science with Theology in Christendom," by Andrew D. White, late President of Cornell University, they would see clearly how measureless the masses of suppressed logical and theological academies that the breath of truth in history has blown away like chaff to rot in the forgotten groves of the on-rolling years. So that now, unless debate touches great fundamental truth, pregnant with the well-being of men, it is, to say the least, distasteful.

I am not writing in defense of Principal Patrick. He is competent to care for himself, but being in Scotland, he may not have seen Mr. Dobson's letters, or he may have preferred to rest the case with an intelligent public. But all the public did not hear the debate. Finally, Mr. Dobson makes this remark, "What is before the Church is the very practical question, whether this particular Union is at this moment a proper act." Now, this is sensible. But this, Mr. Dobson says, the Principal did not touch. If the Principal did not argue to this effect it was a defeat. But "if" here, is a hinge on which a great door might turn. Doubtless the Prin who is a master in debate, would have something to say in reply. It may be that Mr. Dobson's particular view of this "particular Union," and this "particular time," was too intensely particular for a great general movement. It would be conscientious, and shorten debate, if Mr. Dobson would search his heart and ask whether he wants Union at all. Mr. Dobson puts up the oppositions of what he calls, "recognized necessities in the nature of men and times and things." There isn't a more deceptive field than this of so-called necessity. In all my fights against vice, I have been compelled to bring up heavy scientific artillery to batter down this old fort, which was not so frequently as some suppose, built in the nature of things, but the outgrowth of cultivated passion. As Bacon destroyed the "idola," so scientific psychology has destroyed much so-called necessity. Necessity, as a reality with God, is a fixed quantity, but as an opinion of man, is very relative. An elder in the Presbytery said he was bound under the necessity of conscience. But when asked by the Moderator what he meant by conscience, he replied, "It is something in my breast that says, 'I won't.'" Now, I am afraid that the most of this talk of the necessity of opposition to Union is not on the fixed fiat of God, but on the relative prejudice of men. "We have zeal for the other denominations," says Mr. Dobson. Can these not be allowed to speak for themselves? "Many things are fine, but not easy to obtain," says Mr. Dobson. That is no reason why we should not try to obtain them. The whole struggle of life, under the Providence of God, is toward ideal ends. "Not opposed to change," says Mr. Dobson. But what are we to judge of the equity of spirit and the equanimity of mind behind this, when he immediately breaks out into a savage attack on the Union Committee for "not respecting the constitution and procedure of the Church, and for riding rough-shod over the heads of the rank and file of ministers and laymen" (I quote—the sense.) "And," further he says, "we are anxious that other men should respect themselves sufficiently to vigorously resent any such conduct on the part of any man or men." This borders on unbalanced rage. What has the Committee done to merit it? As to the Constitution and procedure, I ought to know a little about it, having been pretty well educated in Constitutional Law, and subsequently in ecclesiastical law and procedure; and I wish to say that, so far as I know, there has been no violation of it in the matter so bitterly criticized. But if there were such violation, it could not be chargeable to the Committee, but to the General Assembly, which created and controlled the Committee. Mr. Dobson, perhaps, does not understand the deeper enormity of his charge. It amounts to a misappropriation of funds by the Assembly. The Assembly has dignity enough to stand such a charge, especially when it had in it most of the wisest and most godly men of the Church at the time; but has Mr. Dobson character enough to stand making such a charge, without proving it before the Supreme Court? Mr. Dobson ought to know that it is an old principle of law that a trust is expected to

pay for its administration. The Supreme Court of the Church was impressed with the idea that funds raised for the extension of God's kingdom were being wasted by over-lapping, and true to its trust, was compelled to appoint a committee to look into the matter, and see if some sensible basis of Union could be arrived at to submit to its people to correct the ills and better advance the ends for which the Church existed. Mr. Dobson should honor the intelligent solicitude of the Assembly in fulfilling its trust, instead of accusing the Committee for being particeps criminis in misappropriation. And as to the Committee's "riding rough-shod over the heads of the rank and file of ministers and laymen" it is simply petulant nonsense, unworthy of a minister educated in procedure. The Committee is the creature of the Assembly, reports to the Assembly, is guided by the Assembly, and all its work approved, amended or rejected by the Assembly. If there is anything objectionable, it is chargeable to the Assembly.

Think of assailing the Committees for illegal appointments! The poor committee! Think the people ought to have appointed them. All this shows Mr. Dobson to be unacquainted with the economy of Presbyterian government. It is not pure democracy, as it obtained in Athens, where the mass assembled in the agora or market place to decide every question; it is government by representatives, and these representatives in the Supreme Court are to act upon motions of its own members, or on overtures coming up from lower courts; and in matters of Doctrine, Discipline, Government and Worship, submit their conclusions to the Presbyteries for approval or rejection. Therefore any such attack upon any Committee appointed by the Assembly for purposes of provision is most unjust, and constitutes an unworthy appeal to prejudice to injure its work.

Mr. Dobson feels "Principal Patrick and his friends will force Union, if they can." All members of the Assembly have equal right upon the floor to express their opinions and to wield whatever influence their reason and grace may command. Mr. Dobson has this right, and no cause for complaint.

But finally, Mr. Dobson feels that if "ministers and laymen go into this Union, there is no reason for the farther existence of the Church; it is a corpse." This is a terrible ipse dixit in logic, a burst of passion that would not adorn a chief justice. It is not submitting himself to the judgement of his brethren in the Lord, according to his vows. It is a disposition to ascend a throne of intellectual and prophetic excellence above the Supreme Court, and place upon it the anathema of death. Mr. Dobson should not put himself into such extravagantly irritated antagonism with what seems to be the spirit of the Master on every hand. He should not look into the grave. He should listen for the sound of the going in the top of the mulberry trees, and the rather bestir himself, for "then shall the Lord go out before thee to smite the host of the Philistines." (See 2 Sam 5: 24.)

We have tried to show over and over again, that unifying of Christian forces was a necessity of this age. But there are some who never get beyond local influences. Will they listen to that great world-gathering in Edinburgh, which has been declared to be the nearest approach to "a Parliament of Man" ever held on earth—a conference which it was declared, was "going to revolutionize the World." What, in brief, is the digest of that body on the spirit of Union? "The temper of this extraordinary company is unmistakable." "It stands for co-operation to a degree such as a decade ago would have seemed unthinkable." "Nor does it balk at the inevitable talk of Christian Union at

Home." "The extravagant duplications and competitions of missionary administration at home, and missionary activity abroad, are destined to end, and that speedily. The handwriting on the wall has been read." "This sentiment was cheered heartily." "And Lord Balfour of Burleigh said, "The unity which begins in the mission field will not find its ending there"; which was followed by a deep murmur of Amen!" Verily, there is a sound of going in the top of the mulberry trees, and it is time to bestir ourselves, that we be not found sleeping in some quiet corner when the Lord goes forth to smite the best of the Philistines.

The spirit of Christ in the Oriental fields is opposing our differences. Said Secretary Speer, "The proud West has much to learn from the native Christians of the East, and that denominationalism on the mission field is an offence." Shall not the foreign missions lead us into the grace of taking that offence away?

It is reported also that "if there were any opposing stand-patters they remained mute." And our own President Rowell, of the Canadian Laymen's Missionary movement, said, that "Only a broad, liberal, unsectarian and aggressive policy will win or hold the supporting constituency of business men." So far as I can gather, the general spirit of the whole missionary world is enthusiastically tending toward unifying our forces about the person of Christ. The exigencies of our own country especially demand it. One in a quiet corner doesn't see it, and can't see it, but those on the forefield are daily pressed with inquiries of what to do to get ministers, better ministers, and to pay them better to keep them from the poverty that discourages and degrades them; and which is a direct consequence of unchristian division of forces, and competition in small places. And the worst of all is the spiritual poverty that their own mean feelings entail. God will surely bring us to defeat for our folly and sin, if we do not give heed to the moving of his spirit.

The work of the Committee, the best they could do under all the circumstances, is not perfect—nothing human is. An approximation to the ideal is all we can expect. Time and increasing wisdom must improve every human endeavour. But the work of the Committee, with the approval of the Assembly, goes in the orderly, constitutional way to the Presbyteries, and finally to the Church at large, for its acceptance or rejection. The Committee will remain the humble, loyal servant of the Assembly, and meekly abide the final decision. But it is not right, nay, it is grossly unjust, that their work should go to the people with false implications. Legal sanity, as well as urbanity, requires the author of such implications to apologize both to the Committee and the General Assembly, or be prepared at the next General Assembly to prove his discursive and invidious assertions.

The Committee will be moved by no petty spirit. Its labor was a labor of duty and tender conscientious love for the highest well-being of God's kingdom; and it will, as servants of respect to all the members of the great Church it was called to serve, whatever the Church's attitude may be to their long and laborious services.

Very respectfully,  
FREDERICK B. DUVAL  
Winnipeg, August 10, 1910.

#### A CUMBERED SOUL.

To be cumbered is to be needlessly and excessively burdened. It is right to give attention to social duties, to show hospitality, and entertain neighbors in a friendly way. It is well to be industrious. The Bible condemns indolence and commends diligence. In the book of Proverbs we have a fine description of an industrious housewife, the glory of her husband and family. The author of that book sings her praises in lofty notes.

But it is not right to be cumbered. Martha, the noble hostess in the home at Bethany, was cumbered with much serving. She was entertaining the noblest and most royal Guest in the

world, and she had some sense of appreciation of the honor conferred on her by His presence. She tried to entertain Him in a manner worthy of His dignity. This was commendable; but it was all wrong for her to make the business of entertaining so cumbersome.

Some people see no middle ground between excessive care and labor on the one hand and indolence on the other. But it is just this happy medium which marks the way of life. It is wrong to be indolent, and equally wrong to be cumbered with toil.

There are many cumbered souls. One is cumbered with business. Business is a good thing, and it is well to attend diligently to business, but business may become a millstone about one's neck. Some are cumbered with what they call social duties and entertainments. Some are cumbered with study. Some are cumbered with many things. They have so many things on hand that they never do anything, well, and are always confused with a multitude of engagements.

Cumbered people become nervously excited, and often lose their temper. Martha was not only overtaxed, but she got into a flurry, lost her self-control, and made an exhibition of her temper. When one makes such a serious time of an entertainment she spoils all the pleasure for herself and for her guests. Unless she is calm and self-poised her entertainment is a failure. The nerves are very delicate and sensitive and both men and women should use great care to keep their vocation from becoming a nerve-racking business. Excessive labor or needless labor will soon wear the nerves down. The best thing to protect the nerves in the midst of business and social life is a mighty faith in God.

Cumbered people exhaust their energies prematurely and needlessly. In one of his parables our Lord speaks of a fruitless tree which was cumbered with a fruitless tree. "Why cumbereth it the ground?" The husbandman would have an account of every tree. Why should a fruitless tree use up the strength of soil which should be given to a good tree? Why should things which are needless and excessive use up the energies which should be given to the best things?

People who are cumbered in any way cannot do their best work. George Matheson says: "So long as Martha was cumbered she worked badly." It must be so with every cumbered soul. Think of trying to perform physical labor with a cumbered body. Who could run a race successfully wrapped about with a long robe such as Oriental gentlemen wear? Who could reap down a field of wheat wearing a heavy winter overcoat? Every man must strip for the race or for the task or lose. No one can do any spiritual work properly with a cumbered soul. It is the free spirit that prays well, fights the good fight successfully, wins the Christian race.

We make life too complex and artificial. "One thing is needful," said Jesus. Other things may be desirable and popular, but are they needful? We talk about the necessities of life, yet these are few. It is not even necessary that we should live at all. The world will go on when we are gone. It is necessary that we should be right and do right. Riches are not needful. Fame is not needful. Popularity is not needful. All these things shall be taken away. But character is eternal and essential. This alone remaineth. Have we chosen that good part which shall not be taken away?

#### THE REASON.

"Hurry up, there!" shouted Benny Haddock, as he spied Bobby coming slowly down the schoolhouse steps. "I believe I've been waiting a whole hour for you, Bobby."

"And I believe that you have too," answered Bobby, crossly. "I'm just tired of going to school, and I'm tired of

staying every night after it is over! I wish I were a robin, or a bluebird, or a butterfly! I've been wishing it all the afternoon!"

Benny laughed. "Bluebirds can't ride bicycles, Bobby," he said.

"I don't care if they can't!" declared Bobby. "I'd like to be one just the same. Bluebirds don't have to study, and they don't have to work one minute!"

"Oh, yes, they do," said Benny, decidedly. "They have to build their nests, and hunt for worms and bugs, and feed their babies, and do heaps of other things! They work like everything, birds do!"

Bobby sniffed. "You never have to work or stay after school, either, Benny Haddock! You haven't stayed after school once this term!"

"I know I haven't," said Benny, proudly, "and do you want to know the reason why? It's because I work and you wish! You were wishing and looking out of the window most every minute before spelling class recited, and then you missed the very first word. That's the reason why you had to stay after school to-night. And I studied and studied, until I was sure that I knew every word, and that's the reason why I didn't."

Bobby sniffed again. "You think you know everything!" he said, shortly.

But would you believe it! The very next day Bobby studied with a will. He worked so busily that he forgot all about wishing, and he forgot all about looking out of the window, too! He did not stay after school, because he had worked like a little Beaver, and had let some other boy do the wishing.—Selected.

#### THE THOUGHTFUL STORK.

On a tree close to a house, within a short distance of a river or canal, there was a stork's nest, with young ones. The roof of the house caught fire one day, and though the flames did not actually reach the tree, the heat became scorching. So the mother stork flew down to the water, got into it and drenched her breast; then, returning to her young, she spread the mass of cool, wet feathers all over them. This she repeated over and over again, flying to the river, going down into the water and returning, her plumage drenched with wet. And thus the nest was saved, and the tender nestlings were preserved alive until the fire had been got under control and all was safe. The truth of this remarkable story was vouched for by more than one eyewitness.—Selected.

#### HOW TO KEEP CUT FLOWERS.

Choose flowers that are not quite fully out and cut them early in the morning, with four stems. Arrange them not too close together in a vase deep enough to immerse two-thirds of the stems. By previously putting some pieces of charcoal in the vase the water can be changed every five or six days. Keep the vase always full of water. Keep the flowers in a cool but not draughty place.

Certain flowers do much better if a small portion of the stem is cut off, especially if they have been carried a long way, and a certain number are better for slicing the stems up, so as to let them absorb the water more easily. This is especially so with flowers that are apt to go off quickly.—Gardening Illustrated.

Many delicate compliments have been paid the fair sex by men subtle in speech, says Harper's Magazine, but the following comes straight from the heart of an illiterate negro, who was married in the South the other day by a white minister. At the conclusion the groom asked the price of the service.

Oh, well, answered the minister, you can pay me, whatever you think it is worth to you.

The negro turned and silently looked his bride over from head to foot, then slowly rolling up the whites of his eyes, said:

Lawd, sah, you has done ruined me life; you has, for sure.

SUNDAY SCHOOL	<h1>The Quiet Hour</h1>	YOUNG PEOPLE
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## A WONDER.

(By Rev. E. P. Marvin.)

A consecrated Christian is a great curiosity. The world does not understand his inward life, nor its outward expression. He appears like a new brand of man, from some outer sphere. His experiences, motives, desires and conduct are peculiar. He is like a clock, with invisible works, strangely marking time.

The natural man cannot understand the supernatural man. Christ was in the world, and the world knew Him not. Paul was a mysterious spectacle to the world.

The learned Nicodemus could not understand the change. Men of the world do understand reformation, but not regeneration, that changes the currents of thinking, the affections and desires, objects and aims of life, so that the lion is changed to a lamb and the wretch to a saint. He wonders at our intense sense of the guilt of sin and our hatred of it. Fools make a mock of sin, but Christians regard it as the great and dreadful evil of the universe. We hate it and struggle against it as a body of death. He wonders at our supreme admiration, love and gratitude toward our Lord Jesus Christ.

To the world he is as a root out of dry ground, without form or comeliness, but to us the chiefest among ten thousand and the one altogether lovely. The impenitent sinner trembles at the thought of His coming again, but we love His appearing and pray for it.

"I'm waiting for Thee, Lord,  
Thy beauty to see, Lord,  
I'm waiting for Thee,

For Thy coming again.  
Thou art gone over there, Lord,  
A place to prepare, Lord,  
At Thy home I shall share,  
At Thy coming again."

He wonders at our singular tastes and preferences, the Bible to a novel, the prayer meeting to a dance, and a pious life to a fashionable society life. We are free to do just what we please, and not in bondage as he thinks, but we want to do just what we ought to do to please God. To him we are queer, but we wear a silken yoke and not a galling yoke.

He wonders at our meekness and self-control under provocation and wrong. The world admires the conspicuous ex-cess of a bold and dashing spirit, but Christ was meek and lowly in heart and He exalted the lowly virtues, as in the beginning of the Sermon on the Mount.

He wonders at the sacrifices we are willing to make for Christ and conscience; quitting a profitable business when we see it to be wrong, making restitution, refusing to rent property for wrong purposes, earning money to give away, and solemnly disinherited rather than give up religion. He wonders that we believe, love, toil, suffer and rejoice, counting all things but loss for Christ.

He wonders at our inferior regard for things seen and temporal, and our overcoming the world. We admit no legal tender for a soul; worlds are too small coin. We prefer the soul to the body, eternity to time, and heaven to earth. We are in contact but not in fellowship with the world. We sing: "All thy pleasures I forego,

Trample on thy wealth and pride,  
Only Jesus will I know,  
And Jesus crucified."

He wonders at our resignation, support and even joy, in poverty, misfortune, suffering and death. He cannot understand our testimony, sorrowful but always rejoicing, having nothing and yet possessing all things, so that it can never be otherwise, than well with us. Then we triumph over the

last great enemy, the king of terrors. We are conquerors and more than conquerors. O, it is a blessed, supernatural wonder to be a consecrated Christian!

"It should give quietness and confidence to the Christian to know that everything that enters into his life is the gift of God. This consciousness sweetens sorrow, tempers, joy, and sustains hope. "All things work together for good," because all things come from Him who is nothing but good."

Thinking of God will keep us from many an evil deed. The remembrance of God will be a mighty check in hours of temptation.

The earthly trials that come to us are God's means of securing our heavenly joy. They lie upon the road we have to travel, and they help us forward. As means of sanctification they make us "meet for the inheritance." If Christ prepares mansions for his people, it is by preparing them for the mansions. The affliction is not merely light compared with the weight of glory, but it actually worketh that very glory, and secures it. It holds a chief place among the "all things" that work together for good.—Sunday-at-Home.

## RESOLVE TO BE HAPPIER.

By L. M. Zimmerman, D.D.

One of the inalienable rights of man is to be happy. But although the God above man is happy and the animals beneath man seem to be happy, man seems to be the only one that knows the meaning of unhappiness.

Why is it? It is surely not the fault of God. Some men tell us that they have inherited certain weaknesses of temper, passion, or whatever that causes them to be miserable. One tries to excuse his bad temper on the ground that he had a mother who was irritable; another blames an intemperate father for his desire for strong drink, and so on. But, greater than hereditary weaknesses is a strong will power which God has given every man if he will but use it. Some wish for goodness, but wishing makes a man neither rich nor good. Man must resolve and then with strong determination apply every faculty for the achievement of the good and noble in him.

This holds true also in regard to happiness. Some people go about as if happiness consisted in being miserable. Their faces are so unnatural that they look as if they might turn sour at any minute. Their conversation betrays an unnatural heart, for they are all the while complaining. They find fault with those who are near and dear to them, so that one needs not worry because they see imperfections in others. They find fault with their neighbors, with relatives, with everybody but themselves when the whole trouble lies with themselves and not with those about whom they complain. They are therefore naturally unhappy, soured in disposition, and having but few friends they are left to live and die in their misery.

Resolve to be happier. What if things are not as you wish them. Make the best of conditions as they are. It is better to whistle than to whine; it is better to sing than to cry! Complaining will not make matters better, but will only make you feel worse. Do all the good you can, if you want to be happy. Make others happier, lighten the burdens of those who are weaker than you are, and the gain will be yours. Unselfish service for others always brings happiness where-

ther it be in the home, in the church, or elsewhere. Happiness comes by imparting it. The selfish complaining person is never happy. Look for the best about you, whether it be in the people you know, their traits, their deeds, their conduct, or whether it be in the conditions of life. Look for the best in the home, in business, in the church, in the state, in the nation, and you will find yourself a much happier person.

Bear and forbear in loving charity. Quarrels usually start over the smallest of trifles. Many a dog has fought over a bone. Trifles are the cause of contradictions, and contradictions beget strife. Resolve to be happier. Make others happier.—Dr. Zimmerman, in Lutheran Observer.

## SUPERFICIAL.

A friend of ours whose looseness of religious teaching has brought him under criticism sought to comfort himself by saying that all the great leaders of the Church in the past were esteemed heretics in their own times. The statement is not true. Even if it were true, it would scarcely be the modest thing for an ordinary man to put himself in the same category with the man of might who has shaped the thought and life of the world or to assume that the future will hold him right simply because the present esteems him to be wrong. The soundness or unsoundness of one's beliefs is not to be tested by any such superficial and easy method.—Christian Advocate.

## TRANSFORM US.

Christ's love transforms. It repeats itself in our lives. A chaplain on the battlefield came to a man who was wounded, lying on the ground. "Would you like me to read you something from this book—the Bible?" he asked the soldier. "I'm so thirsty," replied the man, "I would rather have a drink of water." Quickly as he could the chaplain brought the water. Then the soldier asked, "Could you put something under my head?" The chaplain took off his light overcoat, rolled it up and put it gently under the soldier's head for a pillow. "Now," said the soldier, "if I had something over me! I am very cold." There was only one thing the chaplain could do. He took off his own coat and spread it over the soldier. The wounded man looked up into his face and said gratefully, "Thank you." Then he added feebly, "If there is anything in that book in your hand that makes a man do for another what you have done for me, please read it to me." Men are ready to hear us read the Book only when our lives interpret what the Book says.

## NOT MADE TO ORDER.

Christian joy is one of the fruits of the Spirit. Joy is not made to order. It is not an automatic arrangement of grace. It is a divine gift, divinely nourished and divinely perpetuated. It is not dependent on external conditions, but rather upon internal possessions—possessions of grace, divine favor, divine peace, divine assurance, uninterrupted fellowship with God, abiding companionship with Jesus Christ and the infilling of the Holy Spirit. Right internal relations with Christ, rather than outward conditions, are the guarantee of the permanence and degree of this joy. Joy is more than mere happiness. Happiness fluctuates, is influenced by circumstances, by external conditions, but genuine Christian joy, while it produces exuberance, is, nevertheless, an abiding grace, increasing under trials rather than diminishing, for it abounds wherever Christ abounds. Paul and Silas knew

what it meant and did for them in the Philippian jail, Daniel in the lion's den, Luther in the Wartburg, Bunyan in Bedford jail, Christ in the Garden ar: upon Calvary, for "He endured the cross and despised the shame" because of "the joy that was set before him." The joy of being found in the path of duty, the joy of anticipating triumph, the joy of assurance of the effectiveness of his atoning death and victorious resurrection, the joy of satisfied justice, the joy of routing sin, and the joy of populating heaven with souls washed in his blood, from all nations, kindreds and tongues.

**THE AUTHORITY OF CHRIST.**

By Professor James Stalker, D.D.  
The literary power and beauty of the Parable of the Wicked Husbandmen are manifest to every eye; but it was an extraordinary evidence of the fascination with which Jesus spoke that, when he paused to ask what would be done to vine-dressers who had behaved as those whom he had been describing, the hearers themselves supplied the answer copiously and solemnly (v. 14), though it condemned themselves.

The Vine-dressers Condemned.—There are said to be no fewer than six parables of our Lord in which the vine appears. It was the most conspicuous and valuable product of the Holy Land, and it supplied innumerable illustrations to the poets and preachers of the Jewish race. It was an emblem of the nation itself, appearing frequently on Jewish coins. In front of the temple there hung a massive vine of fine gold. In Psalm 80, the image is worked out elaborately; and in the fifth chapter of Isaiah there is a lengthened comparison of Israel and Judah to a vineyard, which Jesus must have had in mind when framing this parable. Not only did the householder own the vineyard, but he had himself planted it, and he had supplied it with everything requisite for its successful cultivation—hedge, wine-press, tower. This is an image of the love and care bestowed by Jehovah on the chosen people from the beginning.

When condemnation is to be passed on a vineyard, the charge will generally be unfruitfulness. In a sense this is the charge here, too; and it comes out with special emphasis at verse 45, where the Speaker attacks the remarkable prediction that the kingdom of God shall be taken from the Jewish people and given to a nation bringing forth the fruits thereof; the nation intended being obviously the body which is described more fully in 1 Peter 2: 9, 10. But, in this parable as a whole, the charge is not that the vineyard is unfruitful, but that the vine-dressers have kept the fruits to themselves. Evidently they hold the ground on condition of rendering to the owner a certain proportion of the produce; but there were several years at the commencement of the existence of a vineyard when no reckoning was held, the fruit-bearing not being presumed to have yet begun; and during these years the vine-dressers had almost forgotten that there was an owner; so that his demand, when it came, was a surprise and an irritation. This is a repetition of the charge, common in the Prophets but there expressed under another image, that the shepherds thought of the fleece rather than of the flock. The authorities in church and state are tempted to think of their own places and emoluments rather than of the welfare of the people or their own responsibility to God. Many a time has the church exhibited the scandal of men holding high positions for life, the emoluments of which they have regularly drawn while performing some of the duties, and such persons have frequently displayed indignation like that of the vine-dressers, when inquiry has been made about their work, and have appealed to the law to protect their rights.

But the householder had other servants besides these faithless vine-dressers; namely, the messengers whom he sent from the country in which he was journeying to demand the fruits in their seasons and these were very different in character, for they were ready to encounter shame, outrage, and death in his service. By the vine-

dressers Jesus meant the official classes, such as kings and princes, priests and scribes; but by these messengers he intended the prophets, an unofficial class, whose function was not hereditary or continual, but occasional. Prophets were raised up by the inspiration of God and sent to demand fruit. They challenged kings and priests as to their faithfulness and as to the state of the people under their charge. But they fared as did the messengers in this parable.

What the Speaker says of "the son" is highly instructive. It shows how certain Jesus was of his own impending fate. The Messianic demonstration of the preceding day had made no change. It shows, however, on the other hand, how unshaken was his consciousness of his own dignity and destiny. The prophets were "servants;" he was a prophet, too, loving to enrol himself in that honored line; yet, with simplicity and conviction he separates himself from them all, placing himself in a category apart.

The Builders Condemned.—The consciousness of occupying a peculiar position and of playing a unique part in the unfolding of divine providence reappears in the quotation in verse 42, where the authorities in church and state are compared not to vine-dressers, but to builders—a comparison equally natural and equally common. That one passed by and despised may be destined for the topmost place in the moral of many a story in the literature of all nations, as for example in the children's stories of Cinderella and the Ugly Duckling; but here is the nobler expression of the truth. A great building is in process of erection; there are stones of all shapes and sizes; but one stone, on account of something peculiar in its shape or appearance, is passed by as good for nothing; yet, at the last, it is found exactly to fit the position of chief honor and service. Herein Jesus saw an image of his own destiny. But, thinking of the issues for others, he could not help adding that the same stone might be to some a stone of stumbling; and it might even be a stone which, dislodged from its place, might rush down and grind the inferiors to powder.  
Aberdeen, Scotland.

S.S. Lesson, September 4.—Two Parables of Judgment. Matthew 21: 33-46. Commit verses 45, 46.  
Golden Text:—Therefore say I unto you, The kingdom of God shall be taken away from you.—Matthew 21: 43.

**Christ Our Saviour.**

Robert E. Spar

Men need a Saviour. We need one. Each one of us needs salvation. We are lost to what is highest and best. We are out of the way. We have ruptured our right relationships. We have failed and are continually falling. How any one can be lost if we are not, it is hard to see. Our greatest need is for a Saviour.

Nowadays we hear a great deal about salvation of character. Where is the man, we reply, who has a character that entitles him to salvation or whose character represents the restoration of the highest and best, the period recovery of the right way, the fulfillment of all the right relationships of the soul and a career of perfect moral and spiritual success? Where is this man? Is there any man in the world so blameless and infatuated that he is prepared to advance his character or as an instrument of salvation for himself or others? The very vanity and conceit of such a man would itself disprove his Pharisaic folly. There never has been and there never will be any self-salvation by character.

We are sinners. That is not theology. It is fact. That is just what we are. We have done wrong. And what is far bigger, we have neglected right. We have thought and imagined sinful things. Our desires could not be expressed. Our whole life is small and unworthy. The more we come, at any hour, of special uplift and consecration, to a true view and experience of life, the keener is our sense of shame in failure.

The best men realize most deeply this need of a Saviour. They war against their sin but they never think of denying their sin, and the whole agony of their life is a struggle against it. As Myers' St. Paul says:

"What was their tale of some one on a summit,

Looking I think upon the endless sea—  
One with a fate and sworn to overcome it.

One who was fettered and who should be free?

"Round him a robe, for shaming and for searing,  
Ate with empoisonment and stung with fire,  
He through it all was to his Lord up-rearing  
Desperate patience of a brave desire.

"Ay, and for me there shot from the beginning  
Pulses of passion broken with my breath;  
Oh thou poor soul, enwrapped in such a sinning,  
Bound in the shameful body of thy death!

"Well, let me sin, but not with my consenting,  
Well let me die, but willing to be whole;  
Never, O Christ,—so stay me from relenting,—  
Shall there be truce betwixt my flesh and soul."

This Saviour for whom we are seeking is Christ. He is the only Saviour. No one else can care for the guilt and shame of sin. No one else can break its power and set us free from its thralldom. We get deliverance only as we come to him. In him we find it.

"Out of my bondage, sorrow and night,  
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;  
Into Thy freedom, gladness and light—  
Jesus, I come to Thee;

Out of my sickness into Thy health,  
Out of my want and into Thy wealth,  
Out of my sin into Thyself.  
Jesus, I come to Thee.

"Out of my shameful failure and loss,  
Jesus, I come, Jesus, I come;  
Into the glorious gain of Thy cross.  
Jesus, I come to Thee."

And all this is to be had for the taking. It means such a warfare as those who talk easily of salvation of character never dream of. It is the sole road to the highest character—the road of the cross. But it is a warfare under a Conqueror. It is a journey with the one Guide, and the Conqueror and the Guide are waiting to be accepted. But we say we don't know what sin is. We are young, and are unacquainted with it. Not so. We may not have been calling it sin. But we know it. It is any transgression of or want of conformity to the law of God. We know these wants. They are things from which we need a Saviour. Do we have him?

**DAILY BIBLE READINGS.**

- M.—A Saviour from sin. (Matt. 1: 21; Heb. 7: 25).
- T.—From falling (Luke 22: 31, 32; Jude 24, 25).
- W.—From punishment (Epl. 5: 6; Rom. 5: 9, 10).
- T.—From ourselves (Gal. 5: 16; 6: 8; Rom. 8: 1, 2).
- F.—From error (Heb. 3: 10; John 14: 6).
- S.—From death (Rom. 6: 23; 2 Tim. 1: 10).

**PRAYER.**

O Lord, our Father, by Whom only our prayers are real and acceptable, give us, we beseech Thee, Thy Spirit's influence on our spirits now, that we may withdraw thoughts and desire from the fleeting things of time, and may see more clearly the things that are, and Him Who was, and is, and is to come. In Thee, O Lord, is our refuge, and peace, and our strength. Amen.

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## MODERNISM.

This is the name given to the heaven of liberal thought which has been discovered at various points in the Roman Catholic Church. It has been less demonstrative than the movement which found expression and climax in the "Old Catholic" schism, but it has manifestly given the Church head and leaders much concern. An interesting and fair review of the situation as it exists at this time is contributed to The Outlook for July by Frank Hunter Potter. This article is based upon information obtained recently from leading German and Italian modernists.

Three years ago the Pope, Pius X., issued his encyclical condemning Modernism in strong and unqualified terms. The condemnation applied not merely to doctrinal and Biblical matters, but took in political affairs as well, at least so far as the relations of the individual to the State and Church are concerned. The encyclical was divided into three parts:

The first of these, reported to have been written by Father Billot, of the Roman College of Jesuits, describes a systematized body of belief which its author ascribes to all Modernists. The second enumerates the basic causes of Modernism, namely, curiosity, pride and ignorance. The third part, which alone is believed to have come from the hand of the Holy Father himself, is disciplinary. It directs measures of repression, among them being the establishment of "Watch Committees," which are to be in every diocese, which are to watch for and report on every trace of Modernism, and which are to be secret tribunals. In other words, they are to practice the equivalent of the Inquisition.

What has been the effect of the condemnation of Modernism? The Pope has caused a medal to be struck in honor of what he esteems his victory over this school of error. The leaders and teachers of the school have apparently been silenced if not convinced. But what is the real truth as to the situation? Mr. Potter answers as follows:

But in spite of all this, in spite of the fact that Pius X. caused a medal to be struck in honor of his victory over Modernism, the fact remains that Pius X won no victory at all, and that Modernism is just as much alive, though not so outspoken, as it ever was. This was inevitable, for Modernism being a symptom of the intellectual movement of the age, it was impossible that the Curia could stamp it out, unless it could keep all its members out of that movement by segregating them from the rest of the world and teaching them only such things as it suited it to have them know. As the Curia cannot do that, although it tries, this movement was bound to go on within the Church, and it does go on.

The different varieties of Modernists are sometimes created by local conditions and are sometimes found in all countries. Take Italy, for instance. There the Church has been the consistent enemy of liberty and Italian unity

ever since the aspiration for these things declared itself in 1849, or even earlier. Consequently there is in Italy a group of political Modernists who wish to bring the Church into harmony with the State in various directions, notably in persuading it to give over the dream of a restoration of the temporal power. There is another group, forming a powerful section of the Italian Church, who are dissatisfied with the morals of the priests, and are demanding, among other reforms, the abandonment of the celibacy of the clergy. They want, as one of the most eminent of them has written, "a Christianity purer, more intense, more practical, more Christian, conforming better to its origin, above all, conforming better to the gospel." They wish to rid Catholicism of its heavy load of external forms and of the devotions which encourage such superstitions as, for instance, that of the removal of the house of the Virgin to Loretto. So too, are the men of a third category, the men with whom this article is more intimately concerned, who are occupied in the study of natural sciences, history, or Biblical criticism, a group which has been so splendidly illustrated by such men as Loisy and Tyrrell. The object of these men is to enlighten the Church by bringing it in touch with the learning of the age, for they are convinced that the Church has nothing to fear from the beginning. Their devotion to the truth, whether in history, in theology, or in science, is as passionate as their love of their mother, the Church.

It is interesting to learn how the heaven has been working in influencing the Church as to national lines. Mr. Potter says:

Apart from its effects on individual Modernists, the encyclical seems to have made surprisingly little impression in Italy, on the whole. It was feared by friends of the Church that it would have disastrous political results. The relatively liberal policy of Leo XIII had begun to draw towards the Church many men who did not believe its dogmas, but who were religious at bottom, and were attracted by this new attitude. These men have been for the most part, alienated by the encyclical, especially by the third or disciplinary been established between the Italian government and the Papacy for their mutual protection against the rising tide of Socialism. The Vatican and the Quirinal had to come to an understanding in their common defense, and this instinct of self-preservation prevented the feeling aroused by the encyclical from showing itself in the ballot box.

The political effects of the encyclical in Germany were seen even less than in Italy. The government majorities are overwhelmingly ultramontane in Austria and Bavaria, and, as has already been pointed out, Modernism is utterly at a discount in Prussia. In Southern Germany this ultramontane preponderance in the national legislatures has even been used to drag reluctant ministers into carrying out the decrees of the Vatican in the case of accused Modernists who held government appointments in universities and other educational institutions. But a change of policy on the part of the Roman Curia, which may come with the election of some new Pope, will mean a change in the attitude of these government majorities, which simply register the decrees passed in Rome, and with it the persecuted Modernist may come into his own. Interestingly, enough, close observers believe that this change may be in large part produced by the greater liberalism of the Catholic Church in America, though at present there are fewer Modernists here than in any other great country. I asked an Italian priest who knows the United States well why this condition existed. He replied that Modernism was the result of study, and that American priests were so busy with their parishes that they had no time for study. This view is borne out by the recently published "Letters to His Holiness Pius X." by an American Modernist priest.

"Blow east, blow west, the world wags  
best  
For the man who does his work."

## A WORD ABOUT GOSSIP.

Gossip is not objectionable when it is kind and well-meaning. To live in the world surrounded by neighbors, taking no interest in their personality, indifferent to their success or failure and feeling no concern whatever about them is to be extremely selfish. The egotist may do this, and in doing it will lose more than he can gain. To talk cheerily and appreciatively about our friends, telling the good things we know of them and rejoicing in their good fortune, is a part of common sense and Christian duty. This is gossip which helps along in making the world a happy place. When, instead of this amiable interest in other people, gossip takes on the form of criticism, when incidents are related with evident malice, and motives are attributed to people without real foundation of intimate understanding, gossip ceases to be tolerable and becomes disgraceful. The best rule for us to make is never to say anything unkind about our neighbors. It is our privilege to be silent, if we can truthfully say nothing in the nature of praise.

The secular papers heralded an uncontradicted dispatch recently, says the Presbyterian Standard, which informed the world of the request of the officers of a church to its pastor to resign for the reason that he preached "too little Jesus and too much Socialism and politics." The officers of this church, we but voice the feeling of the real Christian element in all of our churches in saying, are to be congratulated upon their loyalty, devotion, and courage, their recognition of the real needs of right preaching and the real perils of wrong preaching to their flock. Agriculture, literature, politics, Socialism, and other things are valuable themes upon proper occasion, but they have no place in the pulpit. The preacher who is faithful, who would do good and do no evil must confine his sermons absolutely to heralding the "Word." The injurious results that always follow, however slowly or imperceptibly, from preaching the arts, sciences, literature and other things in place of the Gospel are enormous. No wonder Paul should have reiterated to Timothy, "Preach the Word."

A good deal is being said, recently, of the "Boy Scout" movement, which has its origin in England, where some 300,000 boys are said to be enrolled under the general command of Major-General Sir Baden-Powell. It is not, as we understand, an organization in connection with the Church, but there is nothing in the way of this relation where it is desired. It, of course, partakes of a military character, and does not meet with favor from those who would depress rather than develop the spirit of militarism. "The rules are designed to cultivate manly virtues; alertness, resourcefulness, self-reliance, obedience, respect for authority, kindness to animals, courtesy to women, helpfulness to all in need of aid. No reward may be taken for a service. The standard of honor is high." Inquiries are made from time to time for the literature of the movement, and we would be glad to give the information if furnished to us. We notice that the Socialists view the movement with suspicion and suggest that a "Socialist Boy Scout" organization should be started. Organizations of countless forms are permeating modern life, and one wonders what is to be the outcome of this tendency.



## A MIND TO WORK.

In the book of Nehemiah, where the story of the building of the walls of Jerusalem is related, we are told that the people "had a mind to work." When men set their minds on anything, they are quite sure to bring something to pass. This is the secret of industry. When men have no mind to work, they will not work, no matter how loud and imperative the call to labor. We often hear men say they have a half-mind to do a certain thing. One who has only a half-mind to work cannot be expected to accomplish anything.

Those who have a mind to work will surely find work to do. There is abundance of work to be done, yet some men and women complain that they cannot find work. There may be exceptional cases in which it is impossible for those who are willing to work to find anything to do. This is an unfortunate condition. But usually when men fail to find work to do it is because they are not willing to work. If they had a mind to work they would have little trouble finding something to do.

This is also the secret of doing work well. Those who have no mind to work cannot be expected to do their work as it should be done, even when they undertake it. What we do not like to do will not be well done; but those who have their heart in their work will turn out good work.

Here is one secret of getting on. Why do so many fall behind in the race? It is not always because they lack ability. It is not because they are so unfortunately situated. The chief reason is they have no mind to work. They never finish anything because they have no mind to finish what they began. They never have their work done in time because their mind is not on it. They do not get on well in the world because they have no mind for work.

We may see here the way of development. It is not talent or genius, so much as it is hard work, that makes men strong. One man is a poet because he has toiled hard. Others had as much talent as he, but they had no mind to work. Another is a musician, not merely because he is a musical genius, but rather because he has loved to work at music. Others had as much genius for music as he, but it was never developed, because they had no mind to work. It takes a vast amount of hard work to develop a musician, a poet, an orator, or a scholar, and those whose hearts are not in the work will not persevere in it, no matter how much talent they may have.

The work of the Lord prospers where the people have a mind to work. A prosperous individual is a hard worker. A prosperous church is a church whose members all like to work. They are all at it and always at it. In a prosperous factory the people have a mind to work. In a prosperous city the people are industrious, and they are industrious, not merely because they find so much to do, but rather because they have an appetite for work. There are decaying churches. Various reasons are given for their unhappy condition. We are told that they are downtown churches, but some downtown churches are very prosperous. Some of these decaying churches are rich churches. They have fine houses of worship. But the life is gone out. The congregation is small and growing smaller every year. The walls are broken down and the enemies are exulting. Is not the real reason of decline an aversion to work? The minds of the people are on something else besides the work of the Lord. They have no heart in the work. Would you have a prosperous church? Be filled with the spirit of work.

Dr. William Patterson, formerly of Cooke's Church, Toronto, has been lecturing on Ireland and the Irish to a delighted audience in Fort Street Presbyterian Church, Detroit.

The death is announced, at Edinburgh, of Lieutenant - General Sir James Clerk Rattray, K.C.B., of Craighall, Rattray, Blairgowrie, a Crimean and Indian Mutiny veteran.

On the return of Rev. J. McP Scott from his recent trip to Europe the congregation of St. John's Church tendered him a reception and presented him with an address and a portrait of himself in oil, valued at \$300.

Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier have been appointed publishers to the World's Missionary Conference. Titles of the forthcoming volumes, and particulars of the nine volumes of Reports, will be announced at an early date.

A Jesuit father at the Catholic Congress at Leeds yesterday said it was insufferable insolence for half-educated fanatics—he is referring to the Protestant Alliance—to parade their private convictions as the germ of all truth. The members of that Alliance may say with just as much truth, and point that it is insufferable insolence on the part of this Jesuit and his Church to claim that it is the only true Church and the repository of all truth—which it does.

Says the British Weekly: The death of Rev. W. J. McCaughan, of May street Presbyterian Church, Belfast, in consequence of the injuries received by him in the fire in the Kelvin Temperance Hotel, in which he and Mrs. McCaughan had for some months resided, has occasioned the most profound sorrow in Belfast and throughout the Presbyterian church in Ireland. Mr. McCaughan, who was a native of Ulster, and was minister first in Ballymena, and afterwards for some years in Belfast, before he went to Toronto in 1897, three years ago returned from Chicago on the earnest solicitation of the May street congregation, Belfast, to succeed the late Dr. Lynd. Under Mr. McCaughan's ministry the congregation has greatly prospered, notwithstanding that the church is situated in the very heart of the city. A man of genuine force of character, of real eloquence, and of rare personal charm, Mr. McCaughan has worthily maintained the traditions of the church of Dr. Cooke and Dr. Lynd. Under circumstances peculiarly tragic, a valuable life has been ended.

The attempts to foment jealousy and hostility between Germany and Great Britain are deemed of sufficient importance to warrant the organization of a body of prominent and influential churchmen of different faiths, the object of which shall be to promote amity and good will among those two nations. The Archbishop of Canterbury has accepted the presidency of the "Associated Councils of Churches in British and German Empires for Fostering Friendly Relations Between the Two Peoples." Among the vice-presidents are the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of London, the Dean of Westminster, the Bishop of Stafford, the moderator of the Established Church of Scotland, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Glasgow and the Bishop of Brechin. The Primates of all Ireland, the Archbishop of Dublin, and several prelates of the Church of Ireland have signified their adherence. The Roman Catholic church in Ireland gives the names of the Archbishop of Cashel, the Archbishop of Tuam, and the Bishops of Ferns and Cloyne. The Nonconformist communities appear to be fully represented.

## SPARKS FROM OTHER ANVILS.

Herald and Presbyter: The church has not always lived up to its ideals, but it is doing more purely unselfish work for humanity in a day than heathenism did in centuries. The best way to stimulate it and help its work is not by belittling doctrine or preaching, or the need of salvation from sin, but by emphasizing the doctrine that he who loves God must love his brother also, and by preaching his Gospel who healed the sick, and fed the hungry, and gave himself, a sacrifice, for the sins of the world.

Lutheran Observer: As society is organized and equipped for self-protection to-day, it is almost impossible for criminals of the type of the defaulter or murderer to escape. There is no method of transportation which can outstrip the telephone and telegraph. Even the seas are no longer a refuge. The very air has become a viewless path for the avenger's feet, so that even if the fugitive succeeds in eluding the vigilance of the police at the ports, he is not thereby safe. Under these circumstances, the man who is hurried by covetousness, evil desire or hate into the commission of crime is chargeable with a folly that is only less monumental than his guilt.

Belfast Witness: When a man has discovered a new problem he is not aware of all that he has found—it is a far bigger thing than he is aware of. It was so with George Stephenson, when he discovered the locomotive engine, when Darwin found the principle of evolution, when Bacon established the inductive method of reasoning, and when Curie and his wife reduced radium to a substance. These and similar discoveries are too great for any adequate explanation to be given of them at the time of their discovery. All explanations of them must be transient and imperfect, and it will take time, our great and continuous teacher, to work out their true solutions. The problem remains, but our solution of it passes away; for it is eternal, but our explanation is temporary.

United Presbyterian: There would seem to be rapidly increasing dissatisfaction with the extent to which the Sabbath is being used for secular business as much as any other day of the week. It is a good symptom if it really be backed by earnest purpose and effort to secure a return to the former customs.

There are reports of labor organizations taking hold of the matter and pressing it with as much strength as other things which look toward betterment of the conditions of the toilers by hand. In addition to this, there are efforts making by business organizations in some quarters for lessening if not discontinuance of work on the Sabbath. It is gratifying to note these movements, but there is reason to fear they are feeble and few as compared with the general practice and trend.

Lutheran Observer: Who that has read Hawthorne's "Scarlet Letter" can forget its picture of the nemesis of conscious but undetected guilt. Pathetic as is the figure of Hester Prynne with the scarlet mark on her breast blazoning her shame to a pitiless world, it is not the woman who holds our intent and horrified gaze, but the eloquent pastor, beloved by his people, honored by the community and held to be a saint. His sufferings were but the acuter because of the sanctity which the world attributed to him. Every token of respect was like a dagger-thrust. When he ascended the pulpit and the people hung upon his words as though they were listening to the voice of God, his very soul seemed to dissolve in an agony of self-contempt. The nearest approach to happiness which he experienced, from the day of his sin onward to the end was when at last he voluntarily ascended the scaffold of the pillory and stood by the side of Hester and proclaimed himself sharer in her guilt.

STORIES  
POETRY

## The Inglebrook

SKETCHES  
TRAVEL

## FOUR SUNSETS.

I dare not say they were more beautiful than some all of us have seen in North Carolina; not more beautiful, but different. And I am foolishly attempting to give some idea of them to those who were not with me to see and enjoy them.

We had had a strenuous day, riding donkeys out across the Nile Valley in order to see the Sakkara Pyramid. And when we were back to the Nile and aboard our boat, the afternoon was far spent. Down this great river for fifteen miles we were lazily riding to Cairo. Hardly were we half way when a silence came over our party as all eyes turned to watch the sun about to drop into the yellow sands of the Lybian desert. There was present the charm of the Nile as its waters lapped our boat. There was the beauty of green-fringed banks, almost black in the dying light, while here and yonder were clumps of quaint homes of still quieter people; beyond the blossoming valley could be seen one or two projecting points of barren sand dunes, above was a cloudless sky, and diffused between our feasting eyes and the sun of this closing day, was a light, soft and restful.

Suddenly, as if anxious to escape our impertinent stare, bigger and softer the sun grew as faster and faster he dropped. Now he touches Lybia; now is half buried in its sand. Look! only his eyes and forehead are seen as he gives us a parting peep. Another moment—a golden crescent, a point; a glow, then a sigh, a murmur of admiration from all as one, and that fair Egyptian day lay dead.

To add a further interest as well as beauty, after the sun was gone in the west, we saw just out of the Arabian Desert on the east, the full orbed vestal of night, smiling her greetings at us and proffering her help to guide us safely down the Nile.

Few spots in our itinerary were all of our party more anxious to see than the Sea of Galilee. Rounding a low green mountain, we caught our first view of this sea, nestling far below us. It was raining, and in the rain we alighted on its bank and in the soaking weeds and grass, ate our lunch. While waiting for the tents to arrive and to be pitched, some of us, despite the warning clouds, put out in boats for Capernaum, eight miles away. It rained harder and harder, and Galilee showed she had not forgotten how to shake herself into a tempest. But on we went, though some were sick and others, if not scared, at least were nervous. Returning late in the afternoon, the wind and rain had ceased, and the clouds had become leaden. Our little boat, hugging the shore, came opposite the plain looking westward that lies between Magdala and Bethsaida. Then suddenly the sun, though hidden, blazed from behind the clouds, now became thinner with a glory that diffused itself down to and across the little sea. It was a sunset different from any I had ever seen. The effect was somewhat as if some city between which should be burning in the night. No clear outline, or rivaling colors or jealous clouds were there, but all about one rich, soft, mellow glory. As this light grew from dimness into darkness, we filled the evening air with that beautiful hymn, "Sweet Galilee, while the steady stroke of our sturdy boatmen were bearing us, wet, tired, hungry and happy to our tents on the shore below Tiberias."

And we will be pardoned, I know, when we confess that there was enough sentiment in us that made it impossible to dissociate this lake from the works and words and blessed presence of His whose glory these two thousand years has lingered here and whose still hovering presence added to the charm of our first and last closing day on Galilee.

The two preceding sunsets we saw from the water, the two following from the sand. Or two we saw from boats

and two from trains.

All day we had had a wild and wonderful climb out of Palestine, up rugged and desolate mountains, across Syria's plain and toward the close of day were drawing near to Damascus. Our train was going north, down a gently sloping plain; to our east were mountains, and to our west the long irregular and snow-clad backbone of Mt. Hermon. Behind this mountain the sun was soon to set. Above lofty Hermon, circling about as birds making ready for their evening perch were some white banks of clouds. Between these clouds and the mountains was a narrow clear space. The sun was making ready to cross this, then would be the end. It is foolhardy to try to describe it. I make no such attempt, but give only a hint here and there to help your imagination fill out the glory between.

The clouds, taking advantage of their height, caught great armfuls of the sun's divinest colors and flung them lavishly at our feet. The long ridge of the mountain, as the sun dropped behind it, turned from white into golden snow—golden and set with ten million diamonds as each crystal glistened and scintillated in the evening glow. Watch the colors change! The brilliant bright of the golden snow becomes richer and darker; one by one, then hundreds by hundreds of these crystalline diamonds of ice, winked wearily at us and went to sleep. Till, as our train sped on and swerved to the east, only a soft golden glow stood out before the oncoming evening star.

An early breakfast in Athens, a four hours' ride with our train skirting the Bay of Salomus and the Saronic Gulf, a three hours' ramble among the ruins of old Corinth and we were again on Patois, on the western shore of Greece, where our waiting ship rode at anchor in the Ionian Sea. Through olive, grape and wheat fields we sped, with mountains to our south and the quiet blue of the Corinthian Gulf to the north and beyond classic and snow-covered Parnassus. Our fourth sunset was to be near the end of this day's journey and fitted perfectly into this beautiful Grecian scene. The fact is, the sun did not set once that afternoon, but three times. This unusual feat, added to the actual charm, is why I am telling you of it. As the sun was about to sleep, directly between it and our eyes a great mountain across the gulf. We saw the sun set behind this mountain; set while yet it was day. Another ten minutes as our train swiftly followed the bending track as it gripped the curving shore and we were beyond that large mountain, and there over a much lower mountain was the sun with another soft good-night smile at us. Here we watched the second sunset, as the King of Day quickly dropped again out of sight and was, as we thought, hurrying on to wake up the Chinese. But as we were in a strange land and therefore expecting strange things we kept watching to see if something else would happen, or at least to enjoy the stealing on of darkness.

But instead of darkness we were to have another sunset. By this time our train, nearing Patois, was past this second mountain and out yonder in the Ionian Sea with five minutes more of life, was our some old sun, getting ready for his third retiring on this same day. With face bigger and beaming more than ever, giving us a gracious good night, pillowing his head on Ionia's soft and heaving bosom, he drew up the cover of the deep. And God slowly drew the curtains of the coming night and stationed about his such a thousand shining sentinels. And by their kindly light, in the gloaming of that Grecian evening, we disembarked from our train and the cheery lamps on our ship, awaiting us in the harbor, invited us to rest and to our further voyage.

Must not the God of these and other sunsets, be Himself a God of beauty

and glory? Can these masterpieces be, with no master? How wonderful a God and one to be adored is He who with the richest pigments of earth and clouds and heaven, paints on the broad canvas of the horizon such matchless moving pictures of glory! Shall we see and praise the work and not the workman? If the handwork so entrances, how much more the fashioning hand. So that we, as truly as David, may say, "The heavens declare the glory of God and the firmament showeth His handiwork." And not alone in these isolated cases in foreign lands, but as God maketh the sun to shine and to set for the just and the unjust, and sendeth along His blessing the early and latter rain, that one who is wise will see each succeeding day, beauty and blessings in God's world and always see above the earthly, the heavenly, in the gift the Giver, and beyond the glory that now is, the sure promise of a far exceeding glory, yet to be.—Rev. Minter in Presbyterian Standard.

## MOTHER SHOULD KEEP YOUNG.

The essence of motherhood is self-sacrifice. It is the first act, the initial, and we see it in almost all forms of life.

The leaf dies for the new bud; the flower, for the seed. The she-bear fights to the death for her cub; the human mother will go through fire for her child.

As life sweeps on, there comes a time when the mother, strange as it may seem, ought to find a higher self-sacrifice in practicing less self-sacrifice. It may be hard for her to forego the luxury of being trodden on, but it becomes her duty. It has been, and still is her joy to give herself for her family, for her husband and children, and even the stranger within her gates.

It has been their joy to accept all her service, her thinking and devising and working and abandonment of her whole being in a wish and pleasure and deed to them; and, of course, there is but one outcome to it all.

In order that she may be unselfish, every one else in the house is made an egoist.

Thus it becomes the mother, for the sake of those she loves, to leave off her habit of forgetting herself; on the contrary, to remember herself; to make other people remember her, and her rights, and their duties; to take less burdens on her own shoulders, to regard her own leisure as a convenience and enjoyment; to make sure of her share of the pretty toilettes, the pleasures on the wing; the drive; the excursion; the concert, or whatever is making the moment pass more quickly; and to do it all with conscience and determination, and almost as a religious rite, if aught of religion lies in loving others as one's self.

It has too long been the habit of the young in this country to regard the mother, no matter how much they love her, as a back number in the phrase of the day; as something, if not to be laid on the shelf, yet existing solely to hold the house together.

The young people would feel lost if she were not there on their return from work or pleasure—to some part of the house, a necessary shadow, an indispensable feature; to others the varding off of hurt and harm. They let this angel do everything for them—what do they do for her?

For her part, if there is money enough but for one gown, she devotes that to the daughter, going and coming out in the world, seeing her best days. She must have it. Is there a ticket for some pleasure about which all the world is talking, she says the others must go; she has had her day; they can only once be young.

If a journey has been made possible, she declares herself without interest,

or not strong enough, and son or daughter goes in her stead; if a room is to be remade, it is one of their rooms, not hers; if there is an unusual delicacy, the lion's share of it is their's.

If there is a disagreeable task to be done it falls to her. The daughter does the fancy work, and she does the mending. By and by the mother wakes to find her own self-forgetfulness has made those she loves monsters of selfishness.

If the mother is really the angel of the house she must spread her wings over it to guard against this danger as much as any other, for it is the easiest and most frequent sin into which the household can slip, and in great part she is herself to blame in allowing the slip.

That home where all work and enjoy and rest together, and where, remembering the mother's long term of sacrifice in the earlier years, each one is more eager than the other to afford her rest and pleasure, and to stand for her sake in the breach of the assaulting years, is a true home, where time does not count, trouble is overcome, each individual wears a small halo of sacrifice, and the atmosphere is the perfect one of love and joy and duty.

Quite the reverse is the fault-finding mother, the one with the sighing habit. The woman who would rear a happy family should be a happy woman herself. She sees beauty in the world, and the world, as in a looking-glass, sees beauty in her. —Harriet Prescott, Spofford, in Fashions.

#### WEED OR POSY?

The rain was pouring down outside, and indoors the weather was just about as gloomy. Aunt Helen knew that grandma was not feeling very well and the noise disturbed her, so she proposed all the quiet games she knew; but the children would not be persuaded. "I know a new game," she said at last. "It is called 'garden.' I will be the gardener and you may be the plants." "I want to be a rose," said Mabel. "Roses are so lovely." "I won't play a silly game like that," said Ned. "It's no fun." "You can be the thistle," said Mary. "You can be the garden," said a few weeds. "Every garden has a few weeds." "I'll be a nettle," said Agnes. "I don't feel a bit like being good this horrid afternoon." So the gardens went all around, naming the plants, and in a few minutes everything was as cosy and comfortable as could be. Only the thistle and the nettle grumbled a little, but the other plants behaved so nicely that no one paid much attention to them.

The flowers in the garden are always prettier than the weeds, so the two lonely weeds had rather a hard time of it in the play. When mother came home they all cried out, "We are playing a new game, mamma. Aunt Helen taught it to us, and it's lots of fun. We are all plants in a garden. Can you guess our names?" "I should say this little girl is a touch-me-not," said mamma, laying her hand on Agnes' head. "She doesn't look like a violet or a rose." Even Agnes had to laugh. "I'm tired of being a nettle," she said—"I'd like to be something nice, too."

Mamma did not guess very many of the names, but she thought it a very nice game, and said it was time to water the garden. Instead of the big watering-pot filled with warm rain water, she brought in a tall glass pitcher filled with pink lemonade, and the children did not drink as plants do, but they enjoyed the shower very much. "The thistle has turned into a sunflower," said Aunt Helen, with a smile. "I wish all the weeds in my garden would turn to flowers after a shower, for I don't like to have them in my nice beds." "I'm never going to be a weed again," said Agnes. "It isn't half as nice as being a posy."

#### IT TAKES SO LITTLE.

It takes so little to make us sad,  
Just a slighting word or a doubting sneer,  
Just a scornful smile on some lips held dear;  
And our footsteps lag, though the goal seemed near,  
And we lose the courage and hope we had—  
So little it takes to make us sad.

It takes so little to make us glad,  
Just a cheering clasp of a friendly hand,  
Just a word from one who can understand;  
And we finish the task we long had planned,  
And we lose the doubt and the fear we had—  
So little it takes to make us glad.

#### THE WALKING-PLACE OF THE JEWS.

From the Russians who weep in Gethsemane one may go down into the city of Jerusalem to the Jews who weep in their wailing-place. It is strange and interesting to compare the two griefs. Nothing in the Holy Land touched me so much as the simple faith, the deep reverence, the heart-felt love and sorrow, of the Russian pilgrims. Totally free from self-consciousness, like children, they show all the feelings of their hearts. In all the holy places they kiss the ground. Wherever they think the Saviour suffered or was sad, they weep to-day, men and women alike. The Jews are prouder, are more self-conscious; yet every time I visited their wailing-place I felt that their grief, too, in its different, less touching way, was often genuine.

The wailing-place is a rather narrow paved alley between a white-washed wall and a gigantic ancient wall formed of huge blocks of uncemented stone, worn away, so it is said, by kissing lips. Weeds sprout in places in the numerous crevices and cracks. In the alley are wooden benches. The Jews, both men and women, go there not only on Fridays, but on all the days of the week. Standing in rows close to the great wall, with their faces toward it and almost touching it, they read their Hebrew books of prayer, murmur the words aloud, weep, bow, sometimes almost to the earth, and often press their lips fervently against the blocks of stone. The women wear shawls, and keep by themselves at the ends of the alley. The men cluster in the middle. Behind these mourners a blind Moslem, conducted by a Jew, often goes to and fro demanding alms from the onlookers. The wailing-place is in the Tyropean Valley and the great wall is at the west side of the temple area. Whereas the Russian pilgrims never even glance at those who watch their tears—such at least is my experience of them—the Jews are often obviously aware of the interest their mourning creates. I have seen them peep furtively round to take observations, and return to their lamentations with what seemed a greater zest when they knew the eyes of strangers were upon them. Nevertheless, many of them really weep, pray with earnestness and rock themselves to and fro as if genuinely tormented. But the Jew is by nature acutely aware of the things and people about him. The Russian peasant is not.—Robert Hichens, in August Century.

Sometimes we excuse ourselves from a duty on the plea that we can not do it. It is too far beyond our power. Such a thought does dishonor to God, for, as Dr. Thomas Guthrie once said: "The fact that God has commanded us to do a thing proves that we can do it."

Anger is poison to the soul. It hinders the soul's largest development and prevents the accomplishment of noble ends in life. Martin Luther said that the man who cherishes anger in his soul can never hope to prevail with God in his prayer.

#### SUMMER RECORDS

##### OF CHILDREN'S DEATHS

Records show that by far the greatest number of deaths among little ones occur during the hot summer months. The excessive heat, the difficulty in keeping baby's milk sweet, improper food all tend towards bringing on those dreaded baby troubles—cholera infantum, diarrhoea, dysentery and other stomach and bowel troubles. Baby's Own Tablets should be kept in the house. An occasional dose of the Tablets will prevent these deadly summer complaints or cure them if they come on suddenly. Mrs. O. Morin, Ste. Tite, Que., says: "My baby suffered from a severe attack of cholera infantum, but after giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble disappeared and he regained health splendidly." The Tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

#### WHY FOAM IS WHITE.

"How white the foam is," said Bess. "The sea is green. Why, then, isn't the foam green? What makes it white?"

"Foam is always white, no matter what it's on," said Dick, who was in high school and knew a great deal about everything. "Root beer is brown, but its foam is white. Shake up black ink or red ink, and you will get a white foam. A body that reflects all the light it receives without absorbing any is always white. All bodies powdered into tiny diamond form, so that they throw back the light from many faces, absorb none of it and are white by consequence. Powdered black marble, for instance, is white. Foam is water powdered into these small diamonds, and hence its whiteness."

#### TEACH THE GIRLS TO KEEP ACCOUNTS.

One of the best habits a young girl can form is that of keeping an account of her own personal expenses, and the smaller the items the more important to keep account of them. Few people realize how money runs away in little expenditures of half dimes, dimes and quarters. Even the insignificant penny has a way of counting up that surprises one. Car fares, soda water, ice cream, candy—the money is gone! It is only when one puts down the small item in plain black and white that one realizes the importance of looking after the little outlays. If girls were taught to keep an account of every penny they spend, they would be better prepared to expend their money judiciously when they become wives, housekeepers and providers for families.

#### LOVE IN THE HOUSEHOLD.

Love is the wind, the tide, the wave, the sunshine. Its power is incalculable; it is many horsepower. It never ceases, it never slacks; it can move with the globe without a resting place; it can warm without fire; it can feed without meat; it can clothe without garments; it can shelter without roof; it can make a paradise within, which will dispense with a paradise without. But, though the wisest men in all age have labored to publish this force, and every human heart is, sooner or later, more or less, made to feel it, yet how little is actually applied to social ends. True, it is the power of all successful social machinery; but as in physics we have made the elements do only a little drudgery for us, steam to take the place of a few horses, wind of a few oars, water of a few cranks and handmills; as the mechanical forces have not yet been generally applied to make the physical world answer to the ideal, so the power of love has been but meanly and sparingly applied, as yet.—Henry D. Thoreau.

CHURCH  
WORK

## Ministers and Churches

NEWS  
LETTERS

## OTTAWA.

Bro. Jas. Little, B.A., of St. Paul's church, preached the anniversary sermons in Mandtuck on Sunday, and Rev. W. H. Cram, B.A., B.D., of Manotick, filled St. Paul's pulpit very acceptably.

Members of Erskine church on Sunday evening were very glad to welcome back their former pastor, Rev. A. E. Mitchell, M.A., of Knox church, Hamilton. Mr. Mitchell is in this locality for his holidays. The family are staying at Kirk's Ferry where they have a summer cottage.

## EASTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. R. McKay B.D., of Maxville, has been preaching for two Sundays at Uptergrove.

Rev. J. H. Woodside, of North Gower, preached in Knox church, Perth, on Sunday.

Rev. P. F. Langill, of Carp, occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's church, Arnprior, on Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Grierson occupied the pulpit of the Westport Presbyterian church on the 14th, instant.

Rev. Stewart Steele, of Glenora, conducted the preparatory service in Knox church, Beaverton, last Friday.

Rev. K. Gollan and Mrs. Gollan, Dunvegan, were guests at St. Andrew's manse, Martintown, on Tuesday.

The W. F. M. S. of St. Andrew's church, Lancaster, met at the manse on Thursday afternoon. A large number of ladies were present and listened with much interest to an address given by Mrs. (Rev.) R. Harkness of Cornwall.

The vacant pulpits of Pontypool and Janetville may be filled by the appointment of Rev. J. H. Douglas, a recent graduate of Knox College, Toronto. The Presbytery of Peterboro' will deal with the call at the next monthly meeting.

St. Andrew's church, Tweed, under the pastoral charge of the Rev. J. Blinnie, was recently renovated and beautifully decorated. Re-opening services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. W. S. MacTavish, of Cooke's church, Kingston. Excellent and practical sermons were preached.

Rev. G. L. Johnston, B.A., who recently resigned at North Bay, has gone to Niagara-on-the-Lake for needed rest. His health has been impaired, but it is expected that release from an arduous pastorate, and the invigorating breezes of Lake Ontario, may soon warrant him to look for another field of labor.

In St. Andrew's Hall, Martintown, on Tuesday afternoon, Mrs. (Rev.) Gollan of Dunvegan addressed the members and friends of the W. F. M. S. of this place. At the close of the meeting a Mission Band was organized. Mrs. (Rev.) J. B. MacLeod was appointed president of the Band and Miss Laura McDermid, vice-president.

Mr. E. R. McLean, Field Sec., under appointment of S. S. Com. of the Synod of Toronto and Kingston, is at present, 5th. Aug.—6th. Sept., working in the Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew under Presbytery's S. S. Com. of which Rev. W. W. Peck Arnprior, is convener. Among other places Mr. McLean is scheduled for are Franktown, Sabbath, 28th. Aug.; Oliver Ferry, Monday, 29th.; Bathurst, Tuesday, 30th.; Balderson, Wednesday, 31st. The meeting will be held in Calvin church, Bathurst, Tuesday, 30th., at 7.30 p.m. These meetings will be an uplift to all S. S. teachers, officers, scholars and Christian parents. All are asked cordially to co-operate.

On Tuesday, August 2nd., Rev. J. A. Shaver, B.D., a recent graduate of Queen's University, was ordained and inducted into the charge of St. Andrew's church, Picton, left vacant by the removal to Lethbridge of Rev. Wm. Shearer. Rev. T. J. Glover, B.A., of Deseronto, preached the sermon. Rev. W. T. Wilkins, B.A., addressed the pastor, and Rev. Peter Nicol the people. An opportunity was afterwards given the congregation of meeting their new minister and his wife at an informal reception.

## WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. C. A. Mustard, B.A., Knox College, Toronto, is filling the pulpit of Erskine Church, Hamilton during Rev. S. Burnside Russell's vacation with very much acceptance.

Mr. J. R. Harris, who occupied the pulpit of Knox Church, Palmerston, for a couple of Sundays, owing to the absence of the pastor, has returned to Guelph.

Sunday was Layman's day at St. James' Church, Hamilton, W. J. Cunningham spoke in the morning and T. J. Shanks at night. The pastor, Rev. T. MacLachlan, is expected home for next Sunday.

Rev. Thomas Nixon, Ph. D., of London, Ont., preached at both services in Knox Church, Hamilton. Mr. Nixon is well known as one of the strong evangelistic preachers of the Presbyterian Church, and many who heard him a year ago availed themselves of this opportunity of hearing him once more.

The corner stone of a church for a second Presbyterian congregation in Collingwood was recently laid by Rev. J. A. Cranston, when Mr. W. A. Copeland, who had always read a lively interest in the mission, read a statement from which the following is taken: In the year 1887, when Rev. Dr. Campbell was pastor of the Presbyterian church, a mission Sunday school was started at the instance of Miss Bremner, a lady teacher of the Northwest Ward school, in the house of Mr. Neil McPhee on First street, Collingwood with an attendance of six scholars, and afterwards by permission of the Public School Trustees continued in the school building until the present time. Mrs. Henry Robertson, the first superintendent, continued in charge until ill-health compelled her to relinquish the work. She was succeeded by the following gentlemen in the order named: W. M. Lawrence, W. A. Copeland, Chas. G. Blythe, John Rowan, O. M. Irwin, Herbert Patter son, W. A. Best. In 1903 it was thought by many that the time had come to provide a building for the school and to establish a congregation in the west end of the town, and a move was made with that object in view, but without any tangible result. Services were, however, started by the Session of the parent church in 1906 and continued till 1908 when united with Craigleith and St. Andrew's, the school became a home mission charge with Rev. J. R. Gilchrist as minister, under whom the congregation grew so that it soon became necessary to provide increased accommodation, to meet which need the building now under construction is being erected. Thus the seed sown by Mrs. Robertson over twenty years ago has borne rich fruit, and will continue to produce more abundantly in the years to come. Minister in charge—Rev. J. R. Gilchrist, B.A.; Superintendent of Sunday School, W. A. Best; Building Committee, D. T. N. Mitchell, chairman; Rev. J. A. Cranston, M.A., Rev. J. R. Gilchrist, W. A. Best; John Wilson, architect; D. A. Bell, contractor.

Rev. and Mrs. F. Ballantyne, of London, are spending a week in Port Stanley.

Rev. Dr. Stewart has completed his thirty-second year as pastor of Willis Church, Clinton.

The Rev. Mr. Kendall preached in Blenheim the two last Sabbaths, and met a number of old friends.

Rev. Amos Toveil and Rev. James Gordon, M.A., have occupied the Ferguson pulpit the two last Sundays.

The Westminster Guild, Princeton, held an old-time song social in the basement of the church on Thursday.

At St. Andrew's Church, Stratford, last Sunday Rev. P. J. McLaren, Shakespeare, preached impressive sermons.

Rev. G. R. Fasken, of Toronto, occupied Knox Church, Elora, until on Sunday, in the absence of Rev. W. R. McIntosh.

Union services were held in St. Andrew's Church, Chatham, on Sunday. Rev. J. P. Falconer, of Rodney, Ont., preached morning and evening.

Rev. S. S. Burns, of Lakefield, is supplying the pulpit in Halleybury for the month of August, during the absence of the pastor, Rev. J. A. Donnell.

The Rev. Dr. Johnson Ross, formerly of Cambridge, now of Brynmawr College, Philadelphia, occupied the pulpit in St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, on Sunday.

The services in Point Edward on Sunday were conducted by Rev. D. Strachan, of Toronto, in the morning, and by Secretary Wellerman, of the Tunnel Y.M.C.A., in the evening.

Rev. T. A. Watson, B.D., left on Thursday for his vacation, and the pulpit of St. Andrew's, Thamesford, was occupied by Mr. Mothersill, of Knox College.

The congregation of Knox Church, Embro, in the Presbytery of Paris, have addressed a unanimous call to Rev. F. Matheson, B.A., of Chatsworth, in the Presbytery of Owen Sound.

Rev. L. W. Thom, of Hawkesville, former Children's Aid Society officer in Stratford, has been holidaying at Flesheron, a former charge, and supplied the pulpit of Pricerville Presbyterian Church for two Sundays.

In Central Church, Hamilton, Rev. Robert Johnson, M.A., St. Andrew's Church, Halifax, preached at both services. Mr. Johnson is one of the strong men whom the Irish Church has given to Canadian life, and is one of the most popular preachers in his own city.

Rev. Hugh Ferguson, agent of the Children's Aid and Humane Society, supplied the pulpit of Knox Church, Mitchell, at both services on Sunday, and embraced the opportunity of reminding the people of the good work being done by the society.

Rev. John Kay, of Stratford, who with Mrs. Kay is visiting in Scotland, writes from Crieff, Perthshire: "We are having a splendid time visiting our numerous relatives in this my native place, and though we have not done much travelling yet, we hope to go round considerably before we return to Stratford."

The beautiful grounds of the First Church and manse at Westminster were at their best last week on the occasion of the garden party given under the auspices of the choir of the church. Rev. Dr. McCrae was in the chair, and the gathering was successful in every way. The proceeds, over \$100, are to go towards purchasing a new piano.

Rev. R. A. Cranston, B.A., of Knox Church, Palmerston, is enjoying a well earned vacation among the lakes of Muskoka. His pulpit was occupied by Mr. Calcicough, of the British Bible Society, in the morning, and by Rev. Mr. Eachmann, a graduate of Knox College, in the evening, who will also take charge of the services next Sunday.

Evangelistic services will be held in the Little Current church first two weeks of September conducted by Rev. N. D. Keith, B.D., of Prescott.

Rev. G. W. Arnold, pastor of Knox church, Guelph, on his way to Parry Sound, spent a few days in Orillia last week the guest of Mr. T. G. King.

The Presbyterian services at Gore Bay on two recent Sundays were conducted by Mr. Columbus, of Mills, and Mr. Bannerman, of Billings' respectively.

Rev. Dr. Dix occupied his pulpit in Chalmers Church, Guelph, again Sunday, after an absence of six weeks, preaching earnest and thoughtful discourses.

Rev. A. McD. Haig, formerly of Jarrett, spent a couple of weeks at the Y.M.C.A. Summer school, Geneva Park, Orillia, and occupied Rev. N. Campbell's pulpit at Central Church, Oro, on a recent Sunday.

Rev. Neil Campbell, B.A., of Central Church, Oro, preached and dispensed communion at Uptergrove and Longford last Sunday week, and declared the pulpit vacant, owing to resignation of Rev. W. H. Smith, who has gone to Thorold.

The Rev. J. A. Cranston, M.A., on leaving Collingwood for his new field of labor at Fort William, was given a send-off by his late congregation and fellow citizens as is seldom accorded any one. In addition to numerous other gifts the citizens presented him with a cabinet of silver.

Rev. Frank Davey, recently of Mono Mills, has been inducted into the charge of Cedarville and Espin. The ministers who took part in the induction services were Rev. John Little, who presided, Rev. Mr. Young preached, Rev. Mr. Currie addressed the minister, and Rev. Mr. Smith the congregation.

The Rev. C. M. Wright, who has with much acceptance filled the pulpit of Westminster Church, Mount Forest, and performed other pastoral duties during the minister's holidays, left on Monday for Toronto. He is to fill the pulpit in Brampton for two Sundays, and a fortnight later is to leave for his new field at Fort George, B.C. Those who know him wish him a full measure of success in his high calling. The Rev. Wm. Cooper, who has been spending his holidays at Jackson's Point, returned home this week, and preached on Sabbath.

The congregation at Little Current has been without a permanent pastor for two years. This would be a good opening for a minister not afraid of the isolation involved in a settlement on Manitoulin island during the winter. Mr. Wylie, B.A., a bright student of Queen's University, has been in charge this summer, and has done excellent work. He will be leaving next month to return to Kingston. Can not the Presbytery's Home Mission Committee send on a suitable man so that there may be continuous service?

There are at the present time no fewer than seven vacant charges within the bounds of the Presbytery of Orangeville. The following is the list, with the names and addresses of the interim moderators: — Tarbert, etc., Rev. J. R. Bell, Laurel; Corbett, etc.; Rev. J. Buchanan, Dundalk; Mono Mills, etc., Rev. H. Matheson, Caledon East; Camilla, etc., Rev. W. M. Morris, Orangeville; Waldemar, etc., Rev. R. S. Scott, Hillsburg; Grand Valley, etc., Rev. J. A. McKenzie, Shelburne; Maxwell, etc., Rev. W. C. Mercer, Singhampton.

The ordination and induction of Rev. J. S. Duncan, M.A., took place at Lucknow on Friday, August 5th. Rev. D. Fennie preached the induction sermon, after which the Moderator, Rev. W. A. Bremner, put the usual questions and ordained Mr. Duncan to the office of the ministry and inducted him to the pastoral charge of the Lucknow congregation. Rev. F. A. McLennan addressed the minister, and Rev. Mr. McLean the congregation. Rev. D. T. L. McKerrill, late pastor of the congregation and now of Victoria Church, Toronto, made a few congratulatory remarks. Mr. Duncan begins his work in Lucknow under the most favorable circumstances.

## NORTHWEST.

Rev. T. D. McCullough, M.A., of Harrison, preached in Collingwood on Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Pennan has been inducted into the pastoral charges of Washago, Ardrea and Grey churches.

Rev. Mr. MacIntosh, will occupy the Barrie pulpit for the next two Sundays during Dr. McLeod's vacation.

Rev. W. P. Rogers, B.A., gave an excellent sermon in Millbrook last Sunday evening on the "Dignity of Labor."

Rev. W. T. Allison occupied the Stayner pulpit on Sunday, and was welcomed by many of his old friends.

Rev. Principal Gandier, D.D., of Knox college, Toronto, preached anniversary sermons in connection with St. Andrew's church, Parry Sound, on Sunday.

(The Rev. J. Beverly Smith, rector of St. John's Church, West Toronto, preached in St. Andrew's Church, Beaverton, Sunday morning, and the Rev. Geo. McKay, M.A., also of Toronto, conducted the evening service.

## CHURCH UNION

At the Methodist Conference in Victoria, B.C., a fraternal deputation from the Presbyterian church was received with great enthusiasm. The spokesman, the Rev. Dr. Campbell, made a most appropriate address, bringing hearty greetings from that body. Dr. Campbell expressed the hope that the union of the Presbyterian, Congregational and Methodist churches would soon be consummated. This was greeted with great applause. The speaker thought the basis of union was a marvel, combining the strong points of the three churches. In moving the vote of thanks to the Presbyterian deputation, Rev. Dr. Allison, preside of Mount Allison University, said he did not believe there was any resisting to the union movement. He had listened to the speech of Rev. Dr. Patrick at the meeting of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church in Halifax, and regarded it as the greatest address of the kind he had ever heard.

The resolution was seconded by Dr. Bland, who said he greatly admired the steadfastness and virility with which the Presbyterian church had maintained its traditions and rejoiced in its successes. Rev. Dr. Carman in presenting the resolution said that the conference most heartily reciprocated the kindly feelings of the Presbyterian church, and gave glory to God for the grand men of that denomination.

Rev. J. J. Ferguson, B.A., of Gore Bay, has been holidaying in Muskoka.

Rev. Thos. Wilson of Walkerton, has been summering at Wlarton. He was the preacher at Cargill on a recent Sunday.

Rev. W. M. Kannawin, B.A., B.D., of Strathroy, with Mrs. Kannawin and family, have been visiting friends in Shelburne and vicinity.

Rev. P. McEachern, Dover Centre, is spending his holidays at Riverside, and is filling the pulpit of the Arthur Church for four Sabbaths, during the pastor's vacation.

## GROWING OLD.

A little more tired at close of day;  
A little more anxious to have our way;  
A little less ready to scold and blame,  
A little more care for a brother's name;  
And so we are nearing the journey's end,  
Where time and eternity meet and blend.

A little more laughter, a little more tears,  
And we shall have told our increasing years;  
The book is closed, and the prayers are said;  
And we are a part of the countless dead;  
Thrice happy, then, if some soul can say:  
"I live because he has passed my way."

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The Rev. Jacob Primmer has complained to the Edinburgh Established Presbytery against the setting up of an image of the Virgin and Child in St. Cuthbert's Church.

The King heartily sympathizes with any movement for securing rest for workers on Sundays, according to a statement made by the Rev. Canon H. B. Ottley, at a meeting for prohibiting the Sunday opening of places of entertainment.

The Capucian monks in Austria have received a command to adopt the ancient rules of the order, which have been ignored of late. The monks are not supposed to wear hats, shoes or any linen, and they must sleep on two narrow planks with a single coverlet. They may not bathe or shave their beards.

The Right Rev. A. Foley Winnington-Ingram, Bishop of London, said to the press in Montreal: "A great army of immigrants is pouring into Canada. On the shoulders of the religious people of this country there rests a great responsibility. Thousands upon thousands are leaving for places where church opportunities are few, and it is a Christian duty to see that opportunities for religious worship and instruction are provided in the fullest practicable measure."

The first Belfast built ship was a wooden schooner of 150 tons, the builder being a local Presbyterian clergyman. This was in 1856, but it was not till 1856 that any serious attempt was made in the shipbuilding line so far as Belfast was concerned. In that year Thomas Barnes and Co., in addition to starting the Belfast Iron Works, erected a small slip on the new famous Queen's Island, which has long since lost its insular position, though still retaining the name, which was given it after the late Queen Victoria's visit in 1849, previous to which it was known as Dargan's Island.

Three hundred years ago, John Guy and party of colonists from Bristol, England, founded the first permanent settlement in Newfoundland. To fittingly observe the anniversary, a celebration was held at Conception Bay, in which the governor, the ministers, members of the colonial historical society and others took part. One of the chief features of the occasion was the placing of a memorial tablet, presented by the city of Bristol, England, in the monument, which denotes the site of Guy's first colony of Cupids. A special delegate of Bristol presented the tablet. The colony has issued a special series of postage stamps to mark the anniversary.

In Hartford, Conn., the Rev. Edward Payson Hammond, for many years a well-known evangelist in America and Great Britain, died at his home from infirmities due to old age. The most notable of the converts was that of General Booth, the father of the Salvation Army. He was born in Ellington, U.S.A., in 1831, and continued his evangelistic work until a few years ago, when failing health compelled him to retire.

Mr. Hammond had a remarkably eventful life with the whole world as his field of work. A graduate of Williams College in 1858, he began evangelistic work in Scotland, and after touring Europe he returned to America in 1861. At Newark, in 1864, upwards of 1,300 persons were converted through the hymn "Jesus of Nazareth Fesseth By," written for him by Miss Campbell. Mr. Hammond joined Mr. Moody at Chicago, and thereafter he visited many countries. In 1868, General Booth credited Mr. Hammond with the influence which induced him to enter into his great career.

Many a Christian thinks he is bearing his cross when, in fact, he is only torturing himself by his own lack of grace.

Shun questionable company. Remember, wealth is no surety for character. Gilded sin is not holiness, and the world knows it. Keep good company or non

## HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Don't throw away sour milk. It will make sweet light bread, griddle cakes, tea cakes and pastry.

A few folds of soft linen, soaked in kerosene, bound around a corn, will drive it away in a few days.

Flowers with woody stems will last much longer in water if the stalks are scraped for about three inches up.

The best way to stop an ordinary nose bleed is to press with the fingers on the upper lid beneath the nostril.

Machine oil may be removed from muslin by soaking the spot in cold water and rubbing it with soap or borax.

Turpentine should be sprayed or sprinkled in the haunts of cockroaches. It will often quite destroy the pests, and will always disperse them.

The next time you make hard sauce try this method: Have the butter soft and stir in gradually powdered sugar instead of granulated, which is usually selected.

When sewing hooks on a wash dress try sewing the eyes on the upper flap and the hooks on the under, instead of the usual way. The outer flap may then be ironed smoothly.

When next broiling chops, season them before putting over the coals. Then put them on a plating hot platter and pour over the chops a sauce made of melted butter and lemon juice.

Coffee taffy is new. Instead of water use coffee to dilute the sugar. Cook in the usual manner and pull the taffy the same as the old-fashioned variety. As it begins to stiffen, roll in ground nuts and break into desired lengths.

To gain flesh, live largely on boiled meats, bread and butter, starchy vegetables and cereals. Eggs are wonderfully good. Take two every morning before breakfast, raw, adding a suggestion of lemon juice and salt and pepper to make them palatable.

**Blackberry Muffins.**—Cream one-fourth cup butter and one fourth cup sugar; add one beaten egg and three-fourths cup milk alternately with two cups flour sifted with three teaspoons baking powder. Stir in one cup flour, add blackberries and bake 25 minutes.

**Southern Sweet Biscuits.**—Make a stiff dough with a quart of milk, a cupful of butter, a teaspoon of salt, two tablespoons of sugar and flour; knead into small biscuits and bake.

Summer is the time for steamed fruit puddings of all sorts. These are eaten with various sauces or with cream and sugar.

**Mocha Custard.**—Mix one and one-half cups of milk and one-half cup of very strong coffee add one-half cup of sugar and yolks of four eggs. Stir in six tablespoons of powdered macaroons and bake until the custard is set. Cover with meringue made with the whipped whites of the eggs, beaten with one-fourth cup of hot syrup and one-half cup of whipped cream. Garnish with candied cherries and angelica.

For canning peaches allow to every eight quarts two pounds sugar and three quarts water. Make a sirup, stirring until the sugar is dissolved. As soon as it boils skim carefully. Meanwhile peel the peaches, pack in sterilized glass jars, making sure before you begin that your rubbers are new and the tops of the cans perfect. Settle the fruit as you pack by shaking the jar. Fill the hot jars with boiling sirup. It will require about a pint to each quart jar. Adjust the glass top half way over the jar, but do not put on the rubber. Set the jars in the oven in shallow pans half filled with boiling water. Close the oven door (and the oven should be only moderately warm) and cook the fruit fifteen minutes.

## SPARKLES.

"Johnnie, do you understand what is meant by a crisis?"

"Yes, mum."  
"Tell us, Johnnie."  
"Two out an' the bases full, mum."

"I see you employ a number of old men."

"I do."  
"How old are they?"  
"Too old to be interested in canoeing, or mandolins, or race horses, or girls, or tennis. That makes 'em fine for work."

"The last time I saw him was thirty years ago when he was a baby."  
"Well, I saw him yesterday, and he hasn't changed a bit."

"Do they have a good table?" asks the prospect guest.  
"It is first rate," answers the man who has just returned. "Solid oak, with heavy legs and a polished top."

"Habillments for infants" is a sign in a clothing-store in Boston. A western visitor, seeing it, stopped in amazement. "What does that mean?" he asked his better-acquainted fellow Westerner. "That?" said the other. "Oh, that is Boston dialect for kids' duds."

"Yes, I love your daughter," said Gayrake. "I'd go through fire and water for her."

"Indeed," replied her wise old father, as he caught a whiff of the suitor's breath; "but would you refrain from going through fire-water for her?"

Dr. Monstave—Why, a little boy like you smoking. Don't you know that it's injurious to your constitution?  
Kid—Aw, gawan, I ain't got no constitution! Why, I ain't old enough to vote yet.

"Let me see," said the editor to a new acquisition, a graduate of the College of Journalism. "I hardly know what to put you at." "Until you decide," replied the man, "I'll sit down and write a few leading editorials."

Pendleton—What are the two greatest wishes of a medical student?  
Kefer—Give it up. What are they?  
Pendleton—To put Dr. before his own name and Dr. after the names of other people.

"Look out, Hi," shouted the farmer's wife, as the big balloon soared over the farm, with the trailing anchor "Them thar arynaughts will hook you up like a fish if you don't watch out."

"Gosh Mandy!" gasped the old farmer, as he dropped his rake. "Yeou don't think they'd try to do sech a thing purposely, do yeou?"

"Wouldn't trust them, Hi. That tall chap looking down here with the spy-glass is one of them thar Indiana writer folks, and he's working on a book called 'The Uplifting of the Farmer.' Reckon yeou better keep yeour eye on that anchor."

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## TABLE MANNERS IN 17TH CENTURY.

An account of hospitality in 1629 gives a good idea of the manner in which a country gentleman of the period lived. Dinner and supper were brought in by the servants with their hats on, a custom which is corroborated by Faynes Moryson, who says, that, being at a knight's house, who had many servants to attend him, they brought in the meats with their heads covered with blue caps.

After washing their hands in a basin, they sat down to dinner, and Sir James Pringle said grace. The viands seemed to have been plentiful and excellent, "r big pottage, long kale, bowe of white kale," which is cabbage; "brach soppe," powdered beef, roast and boiled mutton, a venison pie in form of an egg, goose. Then they had cheese, cut and uncut, and apples. But the close of the feast was the most curious thing about it.

The table-cloth was removed and on the table were put a towel, the whole breadth of the table and half the length of it, a basin and ewer to wash, then a green carpet laid on, then one cup of beer set on the carpet, then a little long lawn serviter plaited over the corner of the table, and a glass of hot water set down, also on the table; then be there three boys to say grace; the first, the thanksgiving; the second, the pater-noster; the third, prayer for a blessing of God's church. The good man of the house, his parents, kinfolk and the whole company then do drink hot waters, so at supper, then to bed."

## THE TRUE WIFE.

Do you ask from whence comes this beautiful word "wife"? It is the great word in which the English and Latin languages conquered the France and Greek. I hope the French will some day get a word for it, instead of that dreadful word "femme."

But where do you think it comes from? The beautiful characteristics of Saxon words is that they mean something. Wife means "weaver." You must either be housewives or housemoths; remember. In the deep sense, you must either weave men's fortunes and embroider them, or feed upon and bring them to decay.

Wherever a true wife comes, home is always around her. The stars may be over her head, the glow worm in the night-cold grass may be the only fire at her feet, but home is wherever she is, and for a noble woman it stretches far around her, better than house ceiled with cedar or painted with vermilion, shedding its quiet light far for those who else were homeless. This, then, believe to be the woman's true sphere and power. Ruskin.

One ought to talk only as loud as he lives—a rule which would deprive some people of the privilege of shouting.—Chapman.

The measure of a man's life is the well spending of it, and not the length.—Plutarch.

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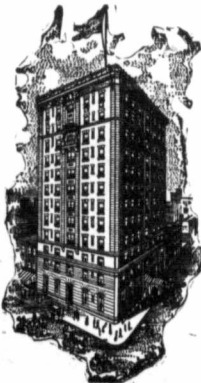
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