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About 40,000 children have passed through the Commonly Schools and Orphanage in the past fifty years.

Dr. Stewart, Moderator of the Free Church, has been appointed lecturer on Foreign Missions under the Duff Trust.

It is proposed to form the U. P. preaching station at Annesland Cross in the West of Glasgow, into a new congregation.

The Admiralty have just placed orders with colliery owners for an immediate supply of 1,000 tons of steam coal.

Dr. Max Muller, who is seventy-six years of age, is lying dangerously ill at Oxford, without hope of permanent recovery.

An appeal by two office-bearers in Grantown Church against the introduction of hymns into the worship of the congregation has been dismissed by Abernethy Presbytery.

A tablet in memory of the late Dr. J. A. Honey has been placed in Inchture Parish Church. Dr. Honey, who died last year, had been sixty-two years minister of the church.

At a recent meeting of Jedburgh Presbytery Rev. Thomas Gordon, Edgerston, announced that the only elder in his congregation had been removed by death. An assessor was appointed to assist the kirk-session.

Rev. W. D. Killen, D. D., President of the Irish Presbyterian Assembly's College, now in his ninety-fourth year, has received an address from the B. East Presbytery on the anniversary of his ordination seventy years ago.

Rev. John McGilchrist, late of Strathpeffer, was introduced to his new charge at Skelmorlie on Sunday by Dr. Norman McLeod, of Inverness. The Moderator-Designate was the guest of Lord Inverclyde at Castle Wemyss during his visit.

Special services in commemoration of the centenary of Avon Street United Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, were conducted last week by the Moderator of the Synod, Rev. Dr. Robson, Aberdeen, and the pastor of the congregation, Rev. J. S. French.

Teetotal mayors have been elected at Cambridge, Luton (re-elected for the fourth time), West Hartlepool, Woodstock (re-elected), Gateshead, Wolverhampton, Dunstable, Hertford and Basingstoke. The Lord Provost of Glasgow is an aggressive teetotaler.

Rev. J. B. Meharry, of Crouch Hill, London, has been selected to supply the pulpit of the Rev. J. Walker, minister of a church in Woolhara, Sydney, who has been appointed by the General Assembly of New South Wales to organise the New Century Fund.

On the occasion of the celebration of his ministerial jubilee, Dr. James Calder Macphail, Pilrig Church, Edinburgh, was presented with an illuminated address and other gifts, and reference was made to his services in originating the scheme of bursaries for Highland students.

Collections amounting to £905 were taken at the anniversary services on Sunday in Mayfield Church Edinburgh (Rev. R. Pollok Watt). The preachers were Professor Alexander Martin, of New College, Edinburgh, Dr. Fergus Ferguson, of Glasgow, and Dr. John Smith, of Edinburgh.

It has been decided by the Free Church College Committee to take no steps at present for the appointment of a permanent successor to the late Professor Bruce. The subjects taught by Dr. Bruce - New Testament Exegesis and Apologetics - may possibly be taken by two professors when the union of the churches takes place.

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## Note and Comment

Mormonism is to-day the predominating religion in five of the Western States.

The City of Santa Cruz, U. S. A., is, perhaps, the only municipality in which water is furnished free to the inhabitants for domestic purposes.

The executive committee of the American ladies' hospital ship fund has received an anonymous gift of \$8,000 from the United States, with a promise of as much more if it should be needed.

It is not what we bestow, but what we share in a spirit of sacrifice, that marks true benevolence. As Lowell puts it—

Not what we give, but what we share,  
For the gift, without the giver, is bare!

Dr. Nansen has settled down as a Norwegian squire and sportsman and is now a member of the great land-owning class. His possessions, which cost a considerable sum, lie on the borders of Telemarken, to the south of Lynkopi, one of the highest summits of that district.

Sir William Turner, who is to be the president of the British Association for 1900, has held the professorship of anatomy in Edinburgh University for the past thirty-two years. He is one of the world's leading authorities on anatomy, and has written extensively on the subject.

A colored philosopher has recently given utterance to some wisdom on the temperance question: "Dey is a mighty good temperance sermon in a freight train," says Uncle Mose. "No matter how much de cars dey gits loaded, de engine what does de work gits along strictly on water."

The Belfast Witness asks: Is it possible, after all, that General Joubert is a Scotchman? The Rev. W. S. Matheson, of the Free Church Manse, Galashiels, says—"From an old family document I have learned that after the establishment of the Reformed faith in Scotland in 1560 several Inverness-shire Roman Catholic families emigrated because of their religion to France. Among them were Cuthberts, who Gallicised their names in a variety of ways—Gobert, Jobert, Goubert and Joubert."

Dr. John Watson says, "There are four lines of proof (that Jesus is alive forevermore). The first is to cite reliable evidences that Jesus rose from Joseph's tomb—this is for a lawyer. The second is historical the existence of the Christian Church—this is for a scholar. The third is mystical—the experience of Christians this is for a saint. The fourth is ethical—the nature of Jesus' life—this is for every one. He is alive because he could not die."

The Presbyterian Witness, writing of two Toronto congregations, says: "Bloor street congregation will give \$25,000." No; we predict that the amount will be nearer \$30,000 than \$25,000; for the congregation is very large and very public spirited. -As for James Square congregation, we have no hesitation in setting it down for \$50,000. The pastor of St. James Square has given a large subscription, and set the pace for a prosperous people.

The Sultan of Turkey has been the means of establishing 10,000 schools throughout his empire, not only for boys, but for girls too—a striking departure from the traditional usage of his race.

Under the Tennyson memorial window in Haslemere Parish Church a tablet has been placed bearing the following inscription: "In memory of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate, in thankfulness for the music of his words, and for that yet more excellent gift whereby, being himself schooled by love and sorrow, he had power to confirm in the hearts of many their faith in the things which are not seen—their hope of immortality; in praise of God, the Inspirer of prophet and poet, this window is dedicated by some friends and neighbors in Haslemere."

The Christmas cards and calendars for 1900 from special designs by the best artists, published by the Taber Prang Art Company, Springfield, Mass., are certainly things of beauty and will bring joy alike to purchaser and recipient. They are of varied prices, sizes and designs, and will meet the requirements of the most cultured taste, as well as satisfy the demands of the economical buyer. It is no wonder people ask for the productions of the Taber Prang Art Company's presses. This house has been long celebrated for the fine quality of the work produced year by year; but this year they seem to have excelled all their previous efforts.

The work of the German Deaconesses, says the Presbyterian Standard, is interesting and suggestive. They manage the Victoria Hospital in Cairo, Egypt, which now has an income of \$15,000, and last year they cared for 897,543 cases of sickness. The Deaconesses have important work in America, and they now own twenty-three homes, one of which is Presbyterian, situated in Newark, New Jersey. The work that the Catholic Sisters of Mercy and the Little Sisters of the Poor are doing ought to be paralleled by organizations of godly women working under Protestant auspices and Protestant restrictions.

With horseless carriages a-wheel everywhere, with electricity performing miracles in invention day by day, and with the wireless telegraph an assured success, what may we not expect, asks the Cumberland Presbyterian. A little while ago ordinary tin-type pictures were a marvel; now not only do the photographs of our friends actually reproduce the gleam of gold in the hair, the sky-tints of the eye, and the rose blush on the cheek, but we may if we insist upon it have pictures which show us the very bones beneath the beauty. What next? Some of us who have not lived long have still seen the world's systems of transportation and communication almost revolutionized; we have watched the processes by which the possibilities of printing have been many times multiplied; we have seen practically everything except our already perfect Christian religion improved. What next? He is a blundering guesser who would undertake to answer the question; and the man who limits invention to what now seems probable, or even possible, forgets what genius has already done. Will aerial navigation take the place of what will then seem the snail's pace of our lightning express trains? Will the very secret thoughts of all hearts be disclosed by some future wizard? We do not know. Stranger things are occurring. Only this we can know—it is God's world, we are God's men, the human mind is God's gift to men; and surely his favoring smile must be upon these matchless mental investigations and achievements. Omniscience certainly delights not in ignorance or intellectual indolence.

Word comes from Calcutta of the heroic work of Lady Curzon. Lord and Lady Curzon left Sima when the plague invaded the central provinces, and after having been inoculated made a tour of the stricken district in the face of awful danger. They literally lived among the sufferers, distributing relief, restoring confidence and advising the men charged with the weighty task of controlling the scourge. The Queen's request that Lord and Lady Curzon take a personal interest in her Indian subjects has been fulfilled in such a manner as to outrun even the spirit which caused the Empress of India to prefer it.

It is proposed to hold a congress of the history of religions at the Paris Exposition next year. It is to be conducted upon a somewhat different plan from that pursued by the parliament of religions at the World's Fair in Chicago. The purpose of the congress of religions as outlined by Theodore Stanton is that the sympathy of religion as considered by the parliament of religions, will give place to a scientific study of religion. It is positively asserted that the congress of religions will be free from all sectarian limitations. The Christian Register states that the reason for the change from the sympathetic parliament to the scientific congress is that the Catholic Church in France had condemned the Chicago parliament and Cardinal Gibbons with other American Catholics had declined to attend.

Roman Catholics in England have made up their minds to inaugurate the new century with an effort to spread the tenets of their denomination among the people in a greater degree than has hitherto been the case. This intention was announced by Cardinal Vaughan. Special religious services are to be held, lectures will be delivered, and Papal tracts are to be written and distributed. A pilgrimage, in which the artisan as well as the rich men will participate, is being organized, in order to visit the Pope, and a large amount of money will be presented to him as Peter's Pence. The Christian World says: The twentieth century may have many surprises in store, but we do not think the conversion of England to Roman Catholicism by "a national propaganda," announced by Cardinal Vaughan, will be one of them. The "crowning in" of worn eaten Catholic Spain, the proof afforded by the Dreyfus case of the hopeless demoralization of Catholic France, and the setting of the once glorious sun of Catholic Austria have sunk into the minds of the English people. Free Church Protestantism holds the future of England.

The Carleton Place Herald says of the late Rev. T. G. Smith, D.D., of Queen's College, whose sudden death is so universally lamented: "The deceased, who was within about three weeks of being seventy years of age, was born near Dunfries, Scotland, where his father was a parish schoolmaster, and in whose school were taught the heroes whom Dr. Smith loved to picture and describe in his well known and popular lecture, 'The Boys I Knew.'" Dr. Smith was a grand type of a Christian gentleman, happy under almost any circumstances and full of brightness and kindness, which he seemed to be able to communicate to all with whom he came in contact. He was an ideal lecturer, and in the opinion of some was as great a master of pathos as Ian McLaren. A few weeks ago he preached the sermons at the re-opening services of Knox Church, Belwith, and delivered a lecture the following night. Deceased took his arts course in Queen's University, and was one of its earliest students. His divinity course he took in the United States. He was a brother-in-law of Hon. W. S. Fielding, finance minister.

# Our Young People

## Christmas Bells.

### ADVENT MESSAGES FOR CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORERS.

Topic for December 24.—"Our Royal Brother."—Heb. 1:1-9; 3:6.

"Hark, the herald angels sing!"

#### The God-Man.

BY W. H. WITHROW, D.D.

The Christmas-tide brings sacredly near the thought of the humanity of our Lord. The Babe of Bethlehem is at once the Son of God and the Brother of all souls. The greatest need of mankind has ever been a revelation of the divine. Hence the fabled avatars and incarnations of false religions. With what infinite love does our heavenly Father meet this need of our souls! God, who in times past spake in types and symbols, and in the words of sage and seer, in these last days has spoken unto us by His Son. The Word was made flesh. The divine was revealed as man—with human tenderness and tears, with sacred helpfulness and hope.

With what impressive grandeur does the apostle set forth this infinite goodness and mercy of God! What sublime ideas he expresses, in what august words! He unfolds the very counsels of eternity. He adds clause to clause in sacred climax to set forth the dignity and power of the Creator and upholder of all things. Before all worlds He was, and when all worlds shall pass away—when the very heavens shall wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture be changed—He is the same, and His years shall not fail. "From everlasting to everlasting, Thou are God."

But not God's might and majesty, not His power and glory, so speak to our hearts as does His love. This great Creator is also the divine Redeemer. "By Himself He purged our sins." He stooped from heaven's loftiest heights to earth's lowest depths. He veiled the Chead in the garb of our humanity. He became subject to human limitations and infirmities. "He was made like unto His brethren." He was an hungry and athirst, weary and wayworn, lonely and sorrowful, despised and rejected, denied and forsaken. He was crucified, dead, and buried. But, thank God, He rose from the dead, and brought life and immortality to light. He became "the first-fruits of them that slept." He ascended up on high.

Our Royal Brother sits upon the throne of the heavens. But His heart of love is still unchanged. He is still the sympathizing Saviour. Amid the songs of the redeemed and the sevenfold chorus of heaven, He bends down His ear from the throne of His glory to catch the softest whisperings of His suffering child on the earth, the faintest lisp of prayer. "He is not ashamed to call them brethren.

What a sacred privilege is ours! What a divine fellowship—one so near and dear

and tender that the nearest and dearest and tenderest of earth but dimly shadows it forth. How softly should we talk before God! How carefully should we keep our garments unspotted from the world! How strong and brave and true should be our devotion to our Elder Brother in the skies! So of each, as of Sir Galahad, may it be true:—

His strength is as the strength of ten,  
Because his heart is pure.

Henceforth no son of Adam is orphaned and desolate. No soul need feel lonely or forsaken. None can ever say, "No sorrow is like unto my sorrow." Our Royal Brother has shared and knows it all. "For in that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succor them that are tempted." He will save unto the uttermost, and to the end. He, as none other can, will remember the forgotten, will visit the forsaken, and lift up them that be cast down. None who came unto Him has ever been denied, none who called upon Him has ever been deserted.

"Deserted!" God could separate from His own essence rather;  
And Adam's sins have swept between the righteous Son and Father.  
Yea, once, Immanuel's orphaned cry His universe hath shaken  
It went up single, cheeless, "My God, I am forsaken!"  
It went up from the Holy's lips amid His lost creation,  
That, of the lost, no son should use those words of desolation!

—Christian Endeavor World.

#### Our Royal Brother.

We all have an Elder Brother there. Nearly nineteen hundred years ago He crossed over, and from the heavenly shores He is calling you to heaven.—D. L. Moody.

Had Christ been born in the Temple, and reared in the Holy of Holies, there might to-day be more saints in Cæsar's household than there are; but would there not be many mangers and cabins and attics robbed of all that now makes them glorious?—J. B. Clark, D.D.

Thou, O elder Brother! who  
In thy flesh our trial knew,  
Thou, who hast been touched by these  
Our most sad infirmities,  
Thou alone the gulf canst span  
In the dual heart of man  
And between the soul and sense  
Reconcile all difference,  
Change the dream of me and mine  
For the truth of Thee and Thine,  
And, through chaos, doubt and strife,  
Interfuse Thy calm of life.

—J. G. Whittier.

It will be wiser for us to catch the spirit of the season by a study of the chapters

in which Matthew and Luke tell us of Christ's birth than by loitering at the world's counters, where the season is significant only as it furthers the business of bargain and sale.—Rev. Willard G. Sperry.

#### He Takes Our Place.

A soldier, worn out in his country's service, took to the violin as a mode of earning his living. He was found in the streets of Vienna, playing his violin; but after a while his hand became feeble and tremulous, and he could no more make music. One day, while he sat there weeping, a man passed along and said, "My friend, you are too old and too feeble; give me your violin"; and he took the man's violin, and began to discourse most exquisite music, and the people gathered around in larger and larger multitudes, and the aged man held his hat, and the coin poured in and poured in until the hat was full.

"Now," said the man, who was playing the violin, "put that coin in your pockets." The coin was put in the old man's pockets.

Then he held his hat again, and the violinist played more sweetly than ever, and played until some of the people wept and some shouted. And again the hat was filled with coin.

Then the violinist dropped the instrument and passed off, and the whisper went, "Who is it? who is it?" and some one just entering the crowd said, "Why, that is Bucher, the great violinist, known all through the realm; yes, that is the great violinist." The fact was, he had just taken that man's place, and assumed his poverty, and borne his burden, and played his music, and earned his livelihood, and made sacrifice for the poor old man.

So the Lord Jesus Christ comes down, and He finds us in our spiritual penury, and across the broken strings of His own broken heart He strikes a strain of infinite music, which wins the attention of earth and heaven. He takes our poverty. He plays our music. He weeps our sorrow. He dies our death. A sacrifice for you. A sacrifice for me.—The Christian Herald.

#### Hints for Talks and Testimonies.

What is Christ's kingdom?  
Whom did Christ call His brethren?  
What connection is there between the kingship of Christ and that of His brethren?  
How does the extent of Christ's kingdom depend on His brethren?  
How may we recognise Christ's kingship in our lives?  
What does Christ's kingship mean for our future?  
What does Christ's brotherhood mean for our daily life?  
What does Christ's brotherhood promise us for the future?  
What meaning does Christ's brotherhood give to the church?  
What difference should our belief in Christ as our brother make in our thought of others?

#### For Daily Reading.

Mon., Dec. 18.—Born King. Luke 2: 8-20  
Tues., Dec. 19.—Thy king cometh. Matt. 21: 1-11  
Wed., Dec. 20.—Art thou a king? John 18: 38-39  
Thurs., Dec. 21.—Who are my brethren? Matt. 12: 46-50  
Fri., Dec. 22.—The adoption of sons. Gal. 4: 1-7  
Sat., Dec. 23.—Joint-heirs with Christ. Rom. 8: 12-17  
Sun., Dec. 24.—Topic. "Our Royal Brother." Heb. 1: 1-9; 3: 6. (A Christmas meeting).

For Dominion Presbyterian.

### "Biographies in Brief."

II. JEREMY TAYLOR.

By Nicol Moffatt.

Cambridge, Oxford, Uppingham and Lisburn, Ireland, were the four places connected with this man's life. Among these are divided his birth, college life, ministry and Episcopal labors. Laud, Chillingworth, Charles I., and Richard Vaughan were the four men whose lives contributed much to his. The first discovered his abilities, the second influenced his character, the third was his king and hero, the last provided a shelter and gave the needful, unsparingly and untirefully.

Jeremy Taylor is of the stock to which Dr. Rowland Taylor belonged, though the link between, his father, was not of the clergy, but of a profession less liable to martyrdom—he was a barber. The instincts of courage had not died out, however. Jeremy's days also were in troublous times, and, although he may not have been a Protestant of the exact mould of his illustrious relative, yet he could stand rejection from his pulpit and even imprisonment in the tower for principles he held dear. His connection with Laud left a suspicion that he was not a good Protestant. But how many other good men have unjustly carried suspicion as their shadow! He was a Royalist, however, and in those days politics and religion were held to be well matched. He stoutly held his ground, so that after the conflict has passed, it must be said he was ever conscientious and in earnest.

Laud knew a man when he saw him. Jeremy Taylor had the fine appearance, striking eloquence and pronounced ability which the archbishop prized so highly. Others lived to see and hear what Laud knew would happen.

In Taylor's published sermons we have literature that shall endure for its stately eloquence, fervid spirit and practical issue. He is Miltonian in his choice of language and thoroughly aggressive in his aims. His immense learning and serviceable memory made him extremely ready and powerful on every occasion. Holy Living and Holy Dying and The Great Exemplar are two books still popular with us.

He never was a Presbyterian nor yet cherished many kind thoughts towards towards them. Although both suffered together under Cromwell yet he never joined hands with them in affliction nor shared happiness in times of peace. Probably the dislike was mutual; at least we see in Taylor an instance of one preaching toleration at one period and practising intolerance at another. In his first visitation throughout his diocese in Ireland he declared thirty-six churches vacant because the Presbyterian minister had to decide between Episcopal ordination and deprivation.

He died at the age of fifty-five, after an active life in the ministry of over thirty years. He was twice married, had a small family of devoted children, the death of several of which in succession, just as they were attaining to manhood, was the immediate cause of his death. Let old England hope that another of her illustrious sons is resting in peace, since all hold his memory dear.

### Books and Reading.

There is no excuse for the tablet of one's mind remaining blank, like an unwritten page, in this age of exhaustless resources and splendid opportunities, with profitable knowledge springing up everywhere accessible to everybody. No one need be in want of a useful periodical or book for a moment. Time was when periodicals were not known, and when books were scarce and their readers few. A dozen volumes were considered quite a library in well to do families, and these went the round of large neighborhoods, and were preserved with jealous care. Now we are living at the other extreme. There is not a day but books by scores are issued from the presses of this and other countries. Book-making is one of the largest of the world's industries.

The truth is, books are too many, and are not valued as they should be on account of their commonness. If they were fewer they would be prized better, and more eagerly read. Of what is termed "current literature" there is too much. It accumulates on our tables to our embarrassment, and the temptation is to skim, not to study; not to read leisurely, thoughtfully, solidly, as books were read when they were few—read through and through, again and again, till every page looked as familiar as the face of a dear friend, till every thought was so mastered as to become the inalienable possession of the mind. Many great men have been reared on very small libraries. How they would have enjoyed our larger privileges! In this highly favored period there may be found in almost every home shelf upon shelf of selected volumes; in every Sabbath school, a library; in our day schools, libraries; in our colleges and seminaries and universities, extensive libraries; in our town and cities, public libraries accessible to all. Every man, woman and child may have a book to read, and may choose from a hundred or a thousand a book that is worthy, a book that is pure, elevating, refining, ennobling.

In the choice of books, the most careful discrimination is necessary; for, of the flashy and trashy, the vulgar, the vile and pernicious, there is no end. Such is the literature that trains a superficial and sensational generation, who substitute skimming for reading, excitement for thought. What alcohol is to the body this literature is to the mind. It vitiates the taste; it destroys digestion. A single reading intoxicates; habitual reading dissipates. Pupils in this school demand sensational preaching from the pulpit, and sensational editing in the press. The common sense and solidity of the past is superseded by the common nonsense and superficiality of the present. The demand is not for meat, but for milk, and the more it is watered the better it is liked, hence the great multitude of intellectual babes and weaklings.

Upon the educators of the young rests a heavy responsibility. It is in the line of their work to acquaint their pupils with the best authors and to interest them in their writings. It is in the power of the schools to control almost entirely the reading of the pupils, and to imbue them with correct literary tastes. Boards of Education, Superintendents and Teachers should make this literary training, in all

the grades, a prominent feature of school work. Much may be done in the schools to save the youth of our country from the debasing influence of a corrupting press. Publishers, such as have too much self-respect, and too high a regard for public morals, to publish anything but the purest and best, should have their efforts cordially seconded by parent and teachers, and should receive the hearty patronage of all lovers of good literature. —The Christian Intelligencer.

### Literary Notes.

The Gentlewoman for December continues two interesting serials, and contains also two short Christmas stories. Many useful hints are given in regard to Christmas presents of all kinds. The number is unusually good. Gentlewoman Publishing Company, New York City.

For Troubled Hearts, by Charles Aubrey Eaton, M.A. The author's preface is: "These little messages were given from week to week in a Sunday leaflet to my congregation, in the hope that they might prove of help to troubled hearts. They are now published in more permanent form with the same hope and for the same purpose." This preface explains what the book is—simply brief messages from a pastor to his people, but the messages will be as applicable to all readers as they were to that particular congregation and all will find them very helpful. The book is neatly bound in green cloth.—The Poole Printing Company, Toronto.

The Christmas cover of Every Month is a welcome relief from the wild and artistic display of color seen at this time of year on many of the magazines, and is very attractive in its simple beauty. The contents carry out the promise of the cover. A novel article on the "Human Side of a big Department Store" is profusely illustrated and contains information which will be most astonishing to the ordinary customer of the bargain sales, with its mass of facts and details concerning the life of the girl behind the counter. The magazine also furnishes three short stories, while the music, consisting of four pieces, goes beyond the usual in popularity. Every Month, 1260 Broadway, New York City.

Table Talk for December is even brighter than usual, and this magazine is always a welcome visitor. There is a holiday air about the issue, for it is about Christmas gifts, and Christmas cheer, that most of the articles are written. For the Home-makers who want the latest ideas to make bright the closing days of the old year, they will find in the article entitled the "Great Festival of Christmas," much that will interest them, and also in the Department devoted to Games, Entertainments, etc. An article of special value to all up-to-date housekeepers is entitled the "Etiquette of Serving a Table," by Mrs. Burton Kingsland, of New York, who is an authority. The Christmas story, which is given the first place, is very interesting. Table Talk Publishing Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

Prisoners of Hope, by Mary Johnson. This "Tale of Colonial Virginia" makes a very strong impression on the minds of those who read it. Aside from the peculiar interest that always centres in those old colonial days, we have here a story that is of absorbing interest. The writer tells of the plot of the servants and slaves of Virginia to gain their freedom, and she makes us see from their standpoint and understand their situation in a wonderful way. The story is full of strong characterisation as well as fine description. When we read of the flight of the hero and heroine before the Indians, their lonely wanderings through the forests, we seem to see beautiful, luxuriant Virginia, with its hidden horror of an unseen enemy ever lurking in ambush and ready to destroy. Not the least of the attractions of this entirely attractive book is the very pretty light green linen cover, with decoration of dark red.—Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.

THE  
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**Thursday, December 14th, 1899.**

Certain American ministers, who have the good of their congregations at heart, and who retain the respect and esteem of their congregations, have announced that, though it has become necessary for them to resign, because of age, they will not formally present their resignation till a successor has been found. That method is infinitely better than the prevalent method of allowing an eligible pulpit to become an arena of as exciting a contest as if it were some lucrative post in the civil service. A good minister, who has, for any reason that is satisfying, decided to resign, can do his congregation an immense service by remaining to give them the benefit of his advice in the selection of a successor. There is a still more excellent way, but this is a long step towards it, and we gladly commend it to the consideration of ministers and people. Of course it presupposes the utmost good feeling between the minister and his people.



In how many homes, where children are growing up towards youth, are there attempts made to gather the children together for the study of the Bible during the long quiet Sabbath evenings? Some of us remember the Sabbath evenings of days gone by, and we prize them more highly now than we did then. We have learned the strength intertwined in these memories, during the intervening years. More than once we have been held back, as by a restraining hand, when temptation was strong about us, because there came to us the memory of one of those quiet evenings. How much better is the opportunity to-day! There is an abundance of material with which to interest and to instruct the little ones who have a right to look to us for such help. And

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the quiet of the Sabbath in the country home is a golden opportunity to speak words that may be unheeded now, but that will return, and for which those who are now heedless children will yet bless you.



Congregations will soon be considering the division of their mission money for the year. On what basis shall the division be made? In former years an apportionment has been made on the basis of what had been given in former years. It is easy to see that this method may be perpetuating a false and hurtful division. It simply takes into account the sympathy of members of the congregation, but gives no consideration to the real need of the different schemes. It is conceivable that in a certain congregation there are some who are full of zeal for the conversion of the heathen, and whose influence is so great that almost one-half of the entire amount contributed for the schemes of the church may be set aside for Foreign Missions. So of the other schemes. It would be of immense advantage if the agents of the church were to issue each year a proportionate statement, giving the requisite per capita contribution for each scheme. This would be at least a guide through the present wilderness.

**A Christmas Greeting.**

"Good will among men!" What does the word mean that has come so glibly from our lips of late. Will it change our attitude towards the man who has robbed us of our right by his clever scheming? Will it make any change, even, in the feeling we entertain towards one whom we only suspect of such conduct? Yet the One whose advent was heralded in this song, has said,—“Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and pray for them that despitefully use you, and persecute you.”

Perhaps you will agree to pray for them, but protest it is asking too much to bid you promise to love them, and to seek that they shall be blessed. Is it possible to pray for the man you do not love? Do not answer this off-hand. Think it out. Why do you pray for any man? What prompts prayer on his behalf? Do you want God to take him in hand? Are you hoping that God will deal with him as he deserves? That is not prayer! That is interfering with matters with which you have no concern. It was to people who talked in this way that our Lord said,—“Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore, if thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink.”

It will be easy and pleasant to express good wishes and to give our best to our friends next week. But this is to fall below the spirit of the mission of the Christ. He came to His enemies that He

might establish good-will among them. He persisted when their enmity developed into bitter and active hostility. He still persists though they persecuted Him even unto death. And He asks His followers to manifest a like spirit.

**Self-Revealed.**

“As a man thinketh in his heart so is he.” It is many generations since these wise words were first uttered, but every succeeding generation has proven them true. A man is not always known by the company he keeps. He sometimes finds it prudent to mingle with those with whom he has not a single thought in common. On the other hand, his work sometimes lies among those whose thoughts differ as widely from his own as light differs from the darkness. It was one of the accusations brought against our Lord, that He consorted with publicans and sinners. It has been the joy of His followers, ever since He set them the example, to minister in His name to those whose lives are dark and repulsive.

The heart is concealed from us, and we cannot read the motive from which the action springs. But the thought that is habitually cherished invariably leaves its mark upon the character, and by and by, even the body takes on an impress that betrays the secret thought of good or of evil. It flashes from the eye, it suggests the speech, it is interpreted in the tones of the voice, it gives the expression to the features, it controls the gait, it lines the face, in a score of little things it is making its mark upon the person, and we are able to interpret it for ourselves.

It is as impossible to conceal the effect of an evil thought, persistently cherished, as it is to cover up the ravages of an incurable internal disease. Though the diseased condition itself may not be visible, its effects are plainly seen in impaired vitality, and wasting tissue. So, too, an evil thought saps moral strength, and breaks down moral fibre, till finally the real man stands fully revealed.

It is equally impossible to conceal the beautifying effects of a life of unselfish care for others. The mother, whose life is spent for her children, bears the beautiful lines on her face that have no sharp angles in them. None may know of the deeds of love by which some humble servant of Christ sought to make life a little easier for others, but the effect is evident, as the life grows beautiful under the all-controlling thought.

Shall we make the Christmas season, the season fraught with opportunity for loving thought for others, one that shall add a line of beauty, or shall it leave the trail of selfish desires upon the soul? It may become either. Too often our thought for others is prompted by the deeper thought for self. Is it not possible to eradicate the unworthy and hurtful desire?

**Life of William Cochrane, D.D.\***

A handsome book of nearly three hundred pages bearing this title has just reached our table from the press of William Briggs, Toronto. Dr. R. N. Grant, to whom the family entrusted the preparation of this memorial volume, has performed his task with judgment and discretion. There is no undue adulation of the subject; no attempt at fine writing; and no unnecessary padding. As was expected the work is well done, and we venture to predict, will be more widely read than any other Canadian book issued from the press in 1899.

William Cochrane was no ordinary man. He put his hand to many things, and did everything well. He was pastor of a large congregation for thirty-six years. He was convener of the Home Mission Committee for more than a quarter of a century. He was one of the founders of the Brantford Ladies' College, and was president of the Board of Management for many years. Up to the day of his death Dr. Cochrane gave the college a great deal of his time, and much of its success, it is not too much to say, was due to his unceasing energy and zeal in its behalf. His lectures and platform addresses were always of a high order, and his contributions to the press during a third of a century or more contain not a little of the best work of this wonderfully active man. Dr. Cochrane was also the author of five or six volumes; carried on a voluminous correspondence; took an intelligent interest in public affairs; and was frequently called upon to open churches, preach anniversary sermons, and to act on judicial and other important committees. Added to all this he was for several years on the Executive Committee of the Presbyterian Alliance, where he took his fair share of the work, and where his labors were greatly appreciated by his associates.

We present our readers with a few extracts from the "Life." About his school days we are told:

"William Cochrane went to school when he was four years of age. Quite likely he was older at four than most boys are. We have no information in regard to his school days; none is needed. He must have been a bright, breezy, pushing little fellow. Education has no resources by which a dull, stupid, heavy boy can be developed into a Dr. Cochrane. The primary schools of Paisley must have given much attention to fundamental work in those days, because at an early age young Cochrane wrote beautifully, handled figures dexterously and displayed no originality in spelling."

While manager of a book-store in Paisley young Cochrane determined to study for the ministry; and Prof. Clark Murray, of Montreal, tells how he entered Glasgow University and attended

\*Life of Rev. William Cochrane, D. D., for thirty-six years pastor of Zion Church, Brantford, and for twenty-six years Convener of the Home Mission Committee of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, by R. N. Grant, with Portraits and Illustrations. Toronto: William Briggs. Montreal: The William Drysdale Company.

classes there in the face of difficulties that would daunt most men:

"He was able to do this while still attending to his business in Paisley, in consequence of the early hour at which many of the classes at the university met. The Junior humanity, which he attended, met then, as did several other classes, at half past seven in the morning. He was thus able to be back at his post in Paisley before the business of the day had fairly begun in the shop. In those days there was only one train in the morning sufficiently early to take us to Glasgow in time to enable us to reach the university at half-past seven; and as it ran in connection with the steamers from Belfast and other ports arriving at Greenock, remember that it was often unreliable in stormy weather. This probably explains why young Cochrane sometimes preferred to walk the whole way—fully eight miles from his own home. But to realize his courageous and resolute perseverance it must be born in mind that, in the northerly and humid climate of Scotland, such a journey has for two or three months to be trod in complete darkness, and that during the remainder of the winter it is most frequently relieved only by a very grey dawn ushering in a cloudy if not a rainy day."

About this time Paisley was visited by Mr. Robert Brown, an old friend of the family, who on hearing of young Cochrane's desire to study for the ministry, offered to defray the expenses of a college course at Harvard and Princeton. After due consideration the offer was accepted, and on the 11th of January, 1854, he left Glasgow bound for New York. The narrative gives interesting glimpses of his college career, his graduation at Princeton, and subsequent settlement in the Scotch Church, Jersey City. Here Mr. Cochrane labored successfully until May, 1862, when he was inducted as pastor of Zion Church, Brantford, where he remained till the day of his death. Of the position of the congregation at that time Dr. Grant has this to say:

"Zion Church, Brantford, at the time Mr Cochrane first knew it, was not what, in Presbyterian parlance, is called a "desirable vacancy." According to the "retrospect" published in the last annual report of the congregation, written by the careful pen of Sheriff Watt the number of families in 1862 was about 150. The congregation was small, but the debt was large. . . . Zion congregation had a debt of about \$9,000, and the interest had to be met out of a revenue contributed by one hundred and fifty people, some of them financially weakened by the collapse of the "boom" . . . . Mr Cochrane must have known all about the financial condition of the congregation when he was called. He was a capital business man, and no doubt he examined the situation carefully. Nothing that he ever did showed his undoubted courage to greater advantage than it was shown when he took hold of this struggling little body of people, burdened with debt, deserted by their former pastor, and resolved to sink or swim with them."

Of his public appearances we are told:

"Whether he preached or lectured, or delivered a missionary address, or spoke at a social, he always stirred things up. Whatever else he was or was not, he was never dull. . . . Nature had made him a lively man—stupidity was quite beyond his reach. . . . His old lecture on the "Hero Martyrs of Scotland" stirred the blood, and stiffened the back, and moistened the eye of many a Presbyterian. No man with a drop of the "true blue" in his veins ever heard that lecture without feeling proud of his Church."

"The main secret of Dr. Cochrane's success as a minister was that he ardently loved his work. . . . He loved to preach, and he spared no pains in the

preparation of his sermons. . . . He was in the highest sense of the term an evangelical preacher. The texts he preached on during his whole life are in his diary, and they clearly show that the main object of his pulpit work was to bring sinners to Christ, and to edify, strengthen and comfort believers. . . . The old theology, as he heard it in Paisley, and was taught it in Princeton, he preached to the end of his days in Zion Church, and never with more emphasis and pathos than during the closing years of his ministry."

It would be easy to continue quoting extract after extract and all good reading. But go and buy the book. Having once commenced to read you'll not care to lay it down till the last page is reached.

**The Brownings and Dissent.**

The Church Quarterly Review, in dealing with the letters of Robert and Elizabeth Barrett Browning, finds a stone of stumbling and a rock of offence in the fact that the writers were both Dissenters. The reviewer admits that "both show a knowledge of and taste for the fine arts—music, painting, sculpture, as well as poetry. Above all, both take a high standard of morals and religion." After this not very remarkable admission, he proceeds to express the wish that both had taken as their guide in morals and religion the English Church, "which really would have been their natural home," if they had known it. He is touched by their religious earnestness, and exclaims, "Of such earnest souls may we not say, Cum tales sint utinam nostri essent?" (Since such they were, would that they had been of us!) The reviewer resembles the Scotchman who said of Shakespere, that "he was of six excellent pairs that he might weel a been a Scotchman." W. M. M.

**The Best Moment.**

What a moment is that in which a man for the first time hears and fully believes the Saviour's words, "Thy sins are forgiven thee!" Among all by whom it has been experienced, who has a tongue sufficiently eloquent to describe it to those to whom it is unknown? It is an exaltation, it is an abasement, and at the same time, in both, a blessedness with which no other state can compare. Ye full and self-satisfied souls, would that you but knew the full import of the word "grace"—grace without desert!

Never has so mighty a flood of inward strength caught and borne me along on its waves as in those hours when, kneeling in the silence of my closet, I felt the Saviour's hand upon my head; and, as the best recompense of my tears, heard Him say:

"From all thy sins I thee absolve,  
Look on me, and believe and rise, my son;  
Be of good cheer, gird up thy loins, and run."

Yes; though before I had only crept, in that hour I obtained strength to run. Grasping His hand, the beloved hand that blessed me, I vowed this vow in His presence:

"Yes, Saviour, both my hands I give  
To seal the promise I renew;  
I'll love Thee only while I live,  
And only live to serve Thee, too."

The Presbyterian Banner.

# The Quiet Hour

For Dominion Presbyterian.

## The Christ to Come.\*

BY REV. W. G. JORDAN, D. D.

At this season of the year the thoughts of all Christian people turn to Bethlehem and to the babe who was born there, nineteen centuries ago. We feel that the birth of the child Jesus marked the opening of a new era in the life of the world, that though deep shadows still abound it is true that He brought a new light into the world and that in the Christian home and the life of little children this new light is seen in its truest glory. At this season when our thoughts are of the Prince of Peace we are compelled to think of the horrors of war and many a home is sad because of a loved one who has given his life for his country's cause and died in a distant land. It is a disgrace to our common civilization and Christianity that men who profess the same faith cannot settle their difficulties without having recourse to bloody strife. But we must take large views and not allow the present dark cloud to overshadow all the teachings of history and the lessons of life. There is a sense in which to us as well as to the prophet the Christ is still to come; we need a fuller coming of the Christ to our hearts and homes as well as to our political and social life.

"Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite,  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good;  
Ring out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace,  
Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be."

Our religion has done great things in the past, but it is because we believe that the greatest triumphs are still to come that our faith is strong to face the conflicts of life. This thought brings us to the passage before us; it is a beautiful Messianic picture or prophecy of the coming Christ. This forward look was the very essence of the faith of ancient Israel. We are all prone to look back upon the past with feelings of reverence, and nations as well as individuals are in danger of living upon the past. If a man or a nation is to be great there must be faith in the future, and this faith to be real must be a faith that God to whom we owe past blessings will open out for us a still larger life in the coming days. This was always the faith of the prophets; God would not forever cast off his people, and the God-given religion could not die; this faith sustained the prophet in the

darkest hours and enabled him to speak words of comfort to sorrowing souls.

Here we have then: (1) A picture of reversal or compensation. The very people who walked in deepest darkness shall see a great light, those whose land was most exposed to the incursion of the invader and the cruelty of the foreign soldier shall be most richly blessed with the presence of the Prince of Peace. (2) A picture of national joy. As the joy of harvest and the joy of victory shall this joy be. Men who have sown in tears will reap in joy, men who have made sacrifices and waited will have satisfaction. (3) A picture of deliverance. The rod of the oppressor is broken and men find a real king, as in the days of old when God went forth with Israel's arms. So will He manifest Himself again as the nation's helper. (4) A picture of peace. The armour and the garments reeled in blood shall be cast into the fire and men will forget the hateful horrors of war. All this culminates in the person of a child who is to be born, and to whom is given four wonderful names.

It is needless now to enter into an account of the different views that have been taken of this wonderful passage. We are all agreed that only in Jesus whom we call the Christ can all these things find a true fulfilment. Many things should be clear to us which to the prophet were dim, but the great need is that we should have the same mighty faith. Then we shall not only rejoice that God has fulfilled ancient prophecies and sent us the living Christ, but we shall be able to believe that out of the gloom of the present, there shall come through the power of the Christ a higher future for the faithful Christian.

For Dominion Presbyterian.

## How to Make Life Worth Living.

Prof. John Moore, of Boston, lately gave a sermon in the Stanley Street Presbyterian Church, Montreal, on the topic, "How to Make Life Worth Living," based on the text "Who went about doing good." We give a sketch containing some of the principal thoughts, which we feel sure our readers will peruse with interest and profit.

Every man has his desires craving their corresponding objects. Some one of these desires is stronger than any of the others, and gives a direction and coloring to the entire character. This is sometimes called the ruling passion. Christ had a ruling passion in relation to this world, which was to save the lost. He never lost sight of this end. This was the grandest life because the most useful. How are we to do good? The fundamental condition is to be good. What the tree is the fruit is. Noble living is the outgrowth and expression of noble being. Christ did good because He was

good. This outward life was the expression of Himself. He was the most natural man that ever lived because He was the most Divine. There was nothing artificial or conventional about Him. His outward life was a manifestation and not an effort.

We all do good or evil by the influence we exert. This is of two kinds, unconscious and conscious. The first kind is noiseless, but though silent is not the less powerful. This is almost universally lost sight of, because it is not attended with noise and display. We notice that the most potent forces in nature are silent. Light and electricity are silent but most mighty. This sort of influence goes streaming from us in all directions, and it corresponds precisely with what we are. If good ourselves it is good, if bad it is bad. Material objects in nature and art often have a great influence over character, unconscious influence of course. All material surroundings are educating us. If material objects have such a powerful silent influence, how much greater the influence of thinking, feeling, active mind! Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are continually going forth streams of noiseless influence, which are blessing or cursing the world, healing or poisoning around the roots of society and among the hidden wells of character. Thus real goodness of heart is absolutely essential to genuine usefulness.

We are to do good by direct effort. The great teacher was most active. He was no ascetic, shutting himself in from the world, lest He come in contact with it and be defiled. He went about among men ministering to their physical and spiritual needs. He looked on man as man, whether in the garb of royalty and splendor or in the rags of poverty. Wherever He saw a human being, it might be a blind man, a beggar or a child, he recognized an object worthy of His benevolent regard—a soul capable of living and shining forever. Monasticism finds no countenance in Christianity. Christ enjoined upon His followers to imitate His example, by letting their light so shine among men, that they seeing their good works might glorify their Heavenly Father.

There are certain motives adapted to invite and encourage in the work of doing good. One is the good we derive ourselves in benefiting others. All our acts have a reflex influence upon ourselves. When we do good to others there is a corresponding influence that comes back on us. In trying to make others better we enable ourselves. The most active Christians, as individuals, or churches, are the most flourishing.

The end to be gained ought to be a powerful motive. The end is the same that Christ came from heaven to earth to accomplish. This is the salvation of man. There is a great thought that should inspire and stimulate to action. Salvation means something present which extends into the future. It means the pardon and regeneration of the soul, to lift men up in their thoughts, feelings and aims—in a word to make us new creatures in Christ Jesus, and to build up character. The aim is to save men from Hell now and

\*S. S. Lesson for Dec. 24th. - Isaiah ix, 2-7.

Golden Text—"Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour which is Christ the Lord." - Luke II.



thus to save them from Hell in eternity.

The certainty of success should operate as a powerful motive. There can be no real failure here. The gospel is adapted to man, and has all the forces in it to reach men. It is adapted to the human soul as sunlight is adapted to the eye. It is the power of God unto salvation.

The grandeur of this work should incite to Christian work. The work from its very nature is ennobling. Those who engage are co-workers with Christ, the great central character in the world's history. The examples of the grandeur of this come up before us. This is what makes life worth something. Every selfish life is a failure, while every life of Christian activity, however humble, is a grand success. All mere worldly success is a failure; every life dedicated to the service of Him who went about doing good is grand in itself and attended with corresponding results. The late Sir William Dawson is a striking example. As a scientist, educator and Christian philanthropist, his career looms up before us in most lofty grandeur. Every man in his sphere can make his life a noble success.

### Lovest Thou Me?

All through the four Gospels the tender love of Jesus Christ, the Saviour, His sympathy for poor, sinful, fallen humanity, is taught in soothingly sweet and impressive lessons. But one of the most beautiful, striking and important lessons He taught, for it contains the whole Christian faith in a single sentence, is the question he asked Peter: "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" How full of meaning this question, and can we answer as did Peter: "Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee?"

Love for the risen Saviour; implicit obedience to all his commands; faith and trust in him—this is genuine religion, and this we must have if we are His, if we would be among the saved in Heaven. Pray and work, trust and believe, and the blessed Spirit will always be around and about us to direct our erring footsteps, to keep us from falling into sin.

It is recorded of Demosthenes that when asked in what oratory consisted, he said: "Action! Action! Action!" In this reply he expressed a grand, an impressive truth, which will apply with as equal force to Christianity as to oratory. Action!—work!—love for Jesus and for fellowmen!—these are the first, second and third requisites of true godliness of character.

We should always remember that for success in our worldly business we are dependent upon God, and whenever we receive earthly blessings they are from Him, who openeth His hand and supplieth the wants of every living thing. The Psalmist said: "Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in Him and He will bring it to pass"—that is, accomplish in the best way, the most desirable ends for our temporal and spiritual welfare.

But one of the hardest things to do is that here indicated by the Psalmist; and to do this, trust and faith in the Saviour are required, and much earnest, heartfelt prayer. We are not only to commit ourselves, soul and body, property and possessions, but what we do—our work,

whether it be done by hand or purse or in whatever way—into His hands. We are to wait, commit ourselves unto the Lord, and in his own good time he will bring those things to pass that will be best and most desirable for us. Christian Observer.

### A Dedication Hymn.

BY GEO. W. ARMSTRONG.

This house, how pleasantly it stands;  
Type of the house not made with hands,  
The dwelling place of God:  
Here may the Holy Spirit stay,  
His witness give, His power display,  
And seal atoning blood.

Here may God's great redemption plan,  
Restore the nobler temple—man,  
To faith and hope and love;  
And living stones prepared by grace,  
Polished and cut and set in place,  
The builder's wisdom prove.

Christ is the one foundation stone,  
Rock of all ages—God alone;  
'Tis Him we build upon,  
And may the structure that we raise,  
Be crowned with honor and with praise,  
To Him, the glorious Son.

And when the top-stone shall be placed  
By God's own hand Divinely graced,  
Thine own Ectet prepare  
To join the welcome, joyous tones,  
Of angels and unsinning ones,  
Their heavenly rapture share.

When the Great Architect surveys  
This living temple to His praise,  
Complete and firm and sure,  
The "precious corner stone" shall stand,  
And see the work of His own hand,  
Eternally endure.

London.

### The Crescent And The Cross.

These two symbols of Christianity and the religion of Mohammed have confronted each other ever since the false prophet of Mecca began his career in the beginning of the seventh century. In all the fierce conflicts of these representatives of the two great religions of the world, they have stood over against each other, and hundreds of millions of their followers in all the Oriental nations have recognized them as their banner of battle and conquest.

Mohammed assumed Moses and the Old Testament patriarchs as his models or types, and embodied them in the Koran as the basis of his religion. Thus he availed himself of these elements of the true religion, and these gave plausibility to his imposture.

The Cross of Christ is the most powerful symbol in the world at the present day, and is drawing millions upon millions more under its sway from year to year. Christ and his atoning mission of redemption are better understood and acknowledged, and the symbol of the Crucified on Calvary is held up more and more throughout the world, in spite of all its foes. Sir John Bowring's hymn is in place here:

"In the cross of Christ I glory,  
Towering o'er the wrecks of time:  
All the light of sacred story  
Gathers round its head sublime.

"Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,  
By the cross are sanctified,  
Peace is there that knows no measure,  
Joys that through all time abide."

—The Lutheran Observer.

### The Heavenly Rest.

BY REV. R. A. WATSON.

As God's children, even here we have rest. "We which have believed do enter into rest." Jesus said: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It is rest, however, disturbed, broken. The rest above is rest complete, perfect. The evil heart of unbelief will trouble no more. Satan will tempt and annoy no more. Light will no longer struggle with the darkness, nor faith with doubt. There will be no rending of the feelings, no inward strife. One half of the man will not be fighting against the other half of the man, as is often the case here on earth, conscience calling us to the right, while passion, or gain, or temper, or whim is dragging us to the left. All these wearisome struggles and conflicts will be over forever. We will rest, too, from sickness, sorrow, pain and death. John says in his vision, "and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain." We will have rest in heaven, but not in the lazy sense of that term. Heaven is not a place in which we will have nothing to do. Who could think of being doomed to remain stationary? How irksome any condition would be in which there could be no possibility of improvement; forever inactive, forever idle. To be confined to the bed, for even a few months, is a terrible thing; unable to move the limbs, or change the position; but there is something more dreadful: it is to be bedridden in soul, with no power to exert the mind or employ the thoughts. Yet this would be the rest of heaven, if rest meant doing nothing.

Jesus Christ Himself has entered into rest. Isaiah foretells that His rest shall be glorious, and yet He is not idle. He is busy there. In His character as Lord and King he has been ruling the Church, and preserving it from a thousand dangers, ever since He was parted from His disciples at Bethany. He rests in action, and so shall we. We shall not be worked beyond our strength nor against our will. We shall be strong in His strength, and our wills will be swallowed up in His. We shall serve God day and night, and serve Him with the whole heart. As we read of Elijah, that in the strength of the meat, which the angel brought him, while he slept under the juniper tree, he went forty days and forty nights to Horeb, the mount of God, so we shall be strengthened to do God's will with the readiness and zeal of an ever-growing effect; and this not for forty days and forty nights alone, but always. Yes, forever and ever will the redeemed be journeying toward God, ever coming nearer and nearer to Him in his more attainable perfections. This shall be our rest, forever to do the will of our Father from our hearts, and to flourish in the courts of our God and King.—Herald and Presbyterian.

Sorrow enters into every life, but it is only into the hearts where Christ dwells that sorrow unlocks her casket and bestows her jewels of divine grace.

## Ministers and Churches.

### OUR TORONTO LETTER.

Dr. Talmage was the Sunday attraction in Toronto this week. He preached in the Metropolitan Church on Sabbath afternoon, and drew a large crowd as the most popular theatre on its last popular night. Somehow the crowd left the impression upon us that they came for the same purpose that drew them to the theatre—they wished an hour's entertainment. And we believe they were not disappointed.

There was a counter attraction at Massey Hall the same afternoon. The Gospel Temperance people had, with consid. rable trouble, we were assured, secured the services of Mr. Watkin Mills, and a noted orator for the occasion. Here also, the great auditorium was packed, and the audience were delighted with the singing of the great English baritone. We hope there were some better results than the pleasing of the audience. Those who are engaged in this work are thoroughly in earnest. They do not go about their work according to our ideas, but that does not invalidate their method. And they are doing good.

Services are being conducted in Cooke's Church this week by the pastor, assisted by the Rev. Willbur F. Chapman, D.D. The object of these services is the old one of reaching the careless and the godless. There will be afternoon and evening meetings, and it is expected that the latter, especially, will be well attended. There has been no attempt to "boom" these meetings, and they will be all the more permanently effective on that account.

Sabbath School pupils are hard at work preparing for the annual Christmas entertainment. Would it not be possible to connect the annual Christmas gathering in our Toronto Sabbath Schools with one of our most deserving Charities—the Sick Children's Hospital? Why should not the money that parents gladly pay to hear their children sing and recite, go to maintain several coats in that institution for the next year? We believe the children of the City would fall in with the scheme heartily if it were proposed to make it apply to all Sabbath Schools. It would give a new meaning to Christmas, a more correct meaning we venture to suggest, than is at present entertained, through no fault of the children.

The Presbytery of Toronto has tackled the matter of a satisfactory method of supplying vacant charges on its own account. It has devised a simple scheme for caring for the vacant charges within its own bounds by the appointment of a Standing Committee that shall act for the Presbytery as soon as a charge becomes vacant. To this Committee all applications for a hearing shall be made, and by it all appointments shall be made, or ratified, and full reports of all who have given supply shall be made at each stated meeting of the Presbytery. This is the first step towards a satisfactory solution of this vexed question. Let each Presbytery undertake the supply of the vacancies within its bounds, thus regaining control of this important function, and by the time the new century is well under way, the best in each of these Presbyterial schemes may be crystallized into an Assembly Scheme.

The Rev. R. Pogue, of Stayner, who is under call to the congregation at Hespeler, preached, with much acceptance, in Central Presbyterian Church last Sabbath. Mr. Pogue is thoroughly evangelistic in his preaching, and has developed a somewhat vigorous manner. He has done excellent work in his present charge, partly by his vigorous handling of the possibilities within the congregation. When they thought of calling in outside assistance he sturdily declined to have any part in it, and the people followed his call, and amazed themselves by the amount of work they accomplished. It would be a good idea to itinerate a few of such men. There are about a hundred more congregations that need to learn just what it is possible for them to do by their own unaided effort.

The Rev. Alex. Gilray will shortly conclude a quarter of a century of service in his present charge. It is an admirable record, and will be very quietly, but fittingly recognized. The Presbytery has appointed its Moderator and its oldest member, that is, oldest in service given within the Presbytery, to represent it on the occasion. The actual date of the completed period is, we believe, the fifth day of January next.

Rev. Dr. Talmage delivered a short address at the meeting of the Toronto Ministerial Association this week.

The choir of St. Enoch's Church are to give a sacred concert on Friday evening in aid of the organ fund of the Church.

Rev. Dr. McTavish will, on Thursday evening,

address the Y.P.S.C.E. of Emmanuel Presbyterian Church, East Toronto.

The Presbyterian Mission executive met Tuesday afternoon and discussed the advisability of organizing a relief fund for the famine sufferers in India. A committee was appointed to further the project.

Rev. A. S. McMillan, of St. Enoch's Church, gave a lecture entitled "The Scottish Highlands in the Literature of Sir Walter Scott" in the school room of Old St. Andrew's Church on Tuesday evening for the benefit of the Young Women's Mission Band.

A committee of the board and senate of Knox College met on Dec. 7 to discuss the subject of the establishment of a new chair, that of apologetics, in the college. It was agreed that the chair should be established as soon as the funds of the institution permit, which, it is expected, will be by next June, and a sub-committee was struck to consider the question of a suitable nominee for the position.

### EASTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. Alex. Rainnie, of Roslin, has declined the call to the church at Bishop's Mills.

Rev. J. D. Morrison of Billing's Bridge has received a call from the congregation at Bristol.

Rev. Robert Eadie, of Hintonburg, exchanged pulpits with Rev. J. Bryant, of Richmond, last Sabbath.

Rev. A. A. Scott, of Carleton Place, has been speaking on "Some favorite hymns and their origin."

On Dec. 17 Rev. W. H. Milne, of Glebe Presbyterian church, will preach the anniversary services in South Mountain church.

The pulpit of Bethany Presbyterian Church, Hintonburg, was occupied last Sabbath by Rev. Jas. Bryant of Richmond.

Rev. Wm. Patterson, of Cook's Church, Toronto, delivered a lecture in Brockville on Dec. 1, under the auspices of the Ladies' Aid of St. John's Church.

Rev. Principal MacVicar of Montreal Presbyterian College is to preach the anniversary sermons in St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Ottawa, next Sabbath.

Rev. A. S. Grant preached in St. Andrew's Church, Carleton Place, last Sunday morning, and in Zion Church in the evening. He also lectured on the Klondike in the former church on Friday evening.

A new church at Hopston was recently opened by Rev. D. J. MacLennan, M.A., of Amory, who, twenty years ago, while in charge of Middleville, preached in the old church.

Arrangements have been made for the induction of Rev. Chas. H. Daly, of Old Springs, as pastor of the congregations of Lyn, Mallorytown and Caintown. It will take place on Thursday, Jan. 4, at 2 o'clock.

Rev. Jas. Rollins, of Elnavle, conducted services on Sabbath in the several churches constituting the Bradford Presbyterian charge, and presented the Century Fund movement to the consideration of the congregations.

The Thanksgiving service of the W. F. M. S. was held on the evening of Dec. 7 in the Morewood church. Mrs. David Craig, missionary from Casselman, gave an inspiring address. The offering amounted to \$32.76.

At the last meeting of Brockville Presbytery, the resignation of Rev. Duncan McEachron, of North Williamsburg was accepted. Mr. McEachron has decided to accept an appointment to the Home Mission field in Algoma.

On the evening of Dec. 8 an enjoyable entertainment was given in the First Presbyterian church, Brockville, under the auspices of the Young Ladies' Mission Band. Rev. Robert Laird delivered an address on "Mohammedanism."

Dec. 17 Rev. D. Currie, of Perth, will preach the annual Missionary sermons in the Presbyterian churches of Middleville and Darling. On the following evening he will deliver his famous lecture on "A Trip Through Britain," at a social to be held in the new town hall.

The annual thank-offering meeting of the Mission Band of St. John's Church, Almonte, was held December 6. A most interesting address was given by Rev. A. S. Grant, on his work in Dawson City during the past two years, for which work the Mission Band had contributed the sum of \$51. The thankoffering amounted to \$41.70.

The convention held on Monday afternoon and evening in the Presbyterian Church, Nanawee, was very helpful and profitable. Rev. M. W. MacLennan,

M. A., Moderator of Presbytery, occupied the chair, and addresses were given by Rev. T. J. Thompson, Rev. D. G. MacFhail, and others. It was essentially a convention to discuss the work of young people, and it was considered a great success.

The Lanark Church will be re-opened on Sunday next, with Rev. Prof. Ross of Montreal College, as the teacher of the day. During the past few months the building has been completely renovated—new heating, flooring, seating, lighting and a gallery placed across the end. With the addition of the stained glass windows, which are in excellent taste, the church is one of the most complete and comfortable to be found in the province. Rev. D. M. Buchanan is to be congratulated upon the success of his work and the loyalty and liberality of his congregation in the matter of these improvements, which have involved an outlay of upwards of \$2,800. About \$1,500 of this amount is already in hand.

### WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. B. B. Williams, of Guelph, occupied the pulpit of Knox Church, Elora, last Sabbath.

Rev. O. S. Nixon, of Cheltenham, has received a unanimous call to the Presbyterian Church, Ayr.

Rev. Dr. McKay, of Woodstock, and Rev. Dr. Dickson, of Galt, exchanged pulpits last Sunday.

Rev. R. Burton conducted services in the basement of St. Andrew's Church, Strathroy, last Sunday.

Twenty three new members joined Wentworth Church, Hamilton, at the communion held last Sabbath.

Rev. A. S. Grant is to preach next Sabbath in St. Andrew's Church, Amory, in the interests of the Century Fund.

Rev. Mr. Wilkie, of India, preached in Zion Church, Brantford, last Sunday evening. On Monday afternoon he addressed the members of the Ladies' Auxiliary.

The anniversary services of the Aylmer Presbyterian Church were held last Sabbath, when Rev. J. B. McLaren, the former pastor, preached. On Monday evening Mr. McLaren gave a lecture on "Spiders."

Rev. David Y. Ross, M.A., of St. George, is now preaching a series of sermons on Old Testament subjects of an historical and prophetic character. Having made a special study of information obtained from recent oriental discoveries that bear with historical statements of the Bible, Mr. Ross is well qualified to make this series of discourses both useful and interesting to his people.

### NORTHERN ONTARIO.

Rev. D. C. Hossack, of Toronto, preached anniversary services in Collingwood Presbyterian Church on Dec. 10th.

Mrs. Scott-Raff gave a successful recital in the church at Kemble on Nov. 24th. This congregation has advertised for tenders for the erection of their Church.

Mr. Geo. McKenzie, retiring organist of the Presbyterian Church, Kemble, was recently presented by the congregation with a beautiful piece of furniture as a token of their appreciation of his services.

Rev. K. J. McDonald, Knox Church, Beaverton, preached in Eldon on Sabbath Dec. 10, declaring the pulpit of that congregation vacant. His own pulpit was filled by Mr. Archibald Currie, student, who preached two good sermons.

Quarterly communion services were held at Flesherton and Eugenia on Sabbath last. Rev. Jas. Ward, a Methodist minister, preached at the preparatory service in Flesherton on Friday, when a little girl eight years of age clear in her experience and personal knowledge of the Saviour was received as one of the Lord's lambs into the fold.

The Ladies' Aid Society of Chalmers Church, Flesherton, held their last regular meeting for 1899 in the Mansie on Dec. 6, when, at the close of general business, officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows: President, Mrs. James Dyce; Vice-Pres., Mrs. A. S. VanDusen. The Society has had a prosperous year; has now a membership of thirty-six and looks hopefully forward to reaching the half hundred mark in the coming year.

On the afternoon of Dec. 5 Erskine Church, Dundalk, was filled with an interested congregation assembled to witness the induction of Rev. Jas. Buchanan to the pastorate of Dundalk and Ventry Churches. Rev. J. A. Matheson, of Prievelie, presided and the sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Anderson of Shelburne. The usual questions having

been satisfactorily answered by the pastor elect he was formally inducted and welcomed as a new member of the Orangeville Presbytery and afterwards appropriately addressed by Rev. F. Davey, of Maple Valley. Rev. L. W. Thom of Flevetham addressed the people in a fitting manner. Mr. Buchanan begins his ministry work in this field with encouraging prospects and has abundant scope for his best directed efforts and consecrated talents.

A large congregation gathered in Knox Church, Owen Sound, last Sabbath evening, on the occasion of the special service for sailors on their return to port. Rev. Dr. Waits based his remarks on two texts, "and Cain built a house," and "and he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God." Dr. Waits was heard at his best and his sermon was enjoyed by all. The music was of a special nature also.

Chalmers Church Sabbath School, Flesheron, held their annual business meeting Thursday evening of last week when officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows: Superintendent, Mr. A. M. Gibson; Assistant Supt., Mr. Felstead; Secretary-treasurer, Miss Neil; Librarians, Misses Sullivan and Hamilton; Organist, Miss Hattie Sullivan, and also, an efficient staff of teachers. Loyal to our own Church it was resolved that our own Church's teacher's helps and Sabbath School publications be hereafter used in the School. The children have been taught scriptural and systematic giving with the result that the S.S. collections far exceed any former year. The school has had a prosperous year and has recently had marked growth in members. A free social evening was decided upon for Christmas night.

#### MONTREAL.

The annual report of McGill University has been issued. It shows the University to be in a flourishing condition.

Mr. John Stirling's death has removed a much respected citizen from Montreal and a sturdy veteran from Presbyterianism.

The venerable Principal of the Congregational College of British North America has been called away. Dr. Barbour was a beautiful character, and a great strength to the cause of religion and education. He was formerly divinity professor in Yale University.

The Jewish evangelization convention opened on Tuesday. Among the speakers were the Rev. Messrs. Troop, C. B. Ross, and J. L. George.

The lecture hall of the Eglise St. Jean has been renovated, thanks to the exertions of the ladies of the congregation.

Twenty-five new members will join Taylor church at the communion next Sabbath.

Rev. Principal MacVicar preached last Sabbath evening in Crescent street church.

McGill University has received a gift of \$10,000 from a friend of the university in New York, to fund a research scholarship in electrical science.

Mr. Reid has informed his people that he will accept the call to Cowcaddens church, Glasgow, unless the managers take certain steps which he has indicated to them with reference to the church debt.

The Sabbath School Convention, held under the auspices of the Presbytery of Montreal, was opened on Tuesday evening in Knox Church. The chair was occupied by Rev. A. J. Mowatt and an address was given by Rev. P. H. Hutchinson. The conference met again on Wednesday afternoon, a large number of delegates being present.

Presbytery met on Tuesday. Rev. A. J. Mowatt was chosen moderator for the next six months. The Westmount (Melville church) matter was postponed, to be dealt with on Friday, Dec. 23. The Home Mission, French and Foreign Mission reports were read. A telegram was received by Rev. E. F. Scott from Bruce Presbytery, which was in session at the same time, to the effect that the call from St. Matthew's church to Rev. E. A. Mackenzie was accepted, and that transference from Bruce Presbytery was granted. Mr. Mackenzie will be ordained on Jan. 4. Rev. Dr. Ross applied for and received four months' leave of absence to visit Palestine. The consideration of the resignation of Rev. N. Waddell was postponed.

#### MARITIME PROVINCES.

Rev. J. M. McLeod of Vancouver, B. C., has been visiting old friends in Montague, P. E. I.

The sub-agents of the 20th Century Fund in the

several presbyteries are putting in their work vigorously.

The Annapolis Presbyterian "Endeavors" held a Scotch social in the Fire Hall last Monday evening.

The Mission Band concert at Montrose, P. E. I., on November 27, was a grand success. Over \$9 was realized, which was donated to the Corean Mission.

Rev. J. A. Morrison, Ph. D., was welcomed by St. David's congregation at a "reception" last Thursday evening. The address of welcome was delivered by Mr. Andrew Malcolm.

Last Sunday was Mission Sunday in Greenock Church Sunday School, St. Andrew's, N. B., when the mite boxes were opened. They were found to contain \$68.18. A very handsome sum for a small school.

#### Rev. Samuel H. Kellogg, D.D., LL.D.

The following minute, presented at the meeting of the Board of Directors of Western Theological Seminary, U. S. A., November 21, by a committee appointed for the purpose at the May meeting, was adopted:

"It is with sincere sorrow that we record the decease of Rev. Samuel H. Kellogg, D.D., LL.D., a former professor in this institution.

"Dr. Kellogg was born on Long Island, New York, in September, 1839. He was the son of a Presbyterian minister and was educated for the gospel ministry in Princeton College and the Princeton Theological Seminary. Having been ordained to the ministry in 1861, he was engaged from 1865 until 1871 in the work of foreign missions in India, where he did effective service, and became familiarly acquainted with the Hindustani language, and thus became especially qualified for the important duty which he was afterwards called to perform in the translation of the Old Testament Scriptures into that tongue.

"In the year 1873 he returned to the United States, and became stated supply of the Third Presbyterian church of Pittsburg in that year and was installed as pastor of that congregation on the first of July, 1877.

"When, in the year 1877, a vacancy occurred in the professorship of systematic theology in this seminary, the eminent qualification of Dr. Kellogg as a theologian, a missionary and a teacher, together with his remarkable ability as a preacher, pointed to him as the most suitable man to fill that important position. He was accordingly unanimously selected by this board to fill that chair in this seminary, and continued so to do, with admirable ability and success, until the year 1886, when he resigned, much beloved by the students and sincerely regretted by his co-professors, as well as by this board, so that his departure was felt to be in every way a serious loss to this institution.

"From Pittsburg Dr. Kellogg was called in the year 1886 to the pastorate of the St. James Presbyterian Church in Toronto, Canada, and was also elected professor of Hebrew and Old Testament exegesis in the Knox Seminary of that city, which office he filled, as well as the pastorate of his church, until the year 1893, when the devoted servant of God returned to the mission field, being stationed as a missionary at Landour in Northern India, from which city a telegram was received on the third of May last from his bereaved wife announcing his sudden death.

"While in India, in addition to his ordinary work as a missionary, Dr. Kellogg was selected in conjunction with two associates, by our Board of Foreign Missions and the British and Foreign Bible Society, to make a new or revised translation of the Old Testament into the Hindustani language, which task was nearly completed at the time of his death.

"Dr. Kellogg, in addition to his various duties as pastor, professor and missionary, was the author of numerous valuable books, among which may be mentioned a Hindu grammar, a Commentary on Leviticus, the Genesis and Growth of Religion, Are Premillenarians Right? The Light of Asia,

and The Light of the World, History of the Jews, and his recently published work on Comparative Religion.

"The death of such a man in the prime of life and in the midst of very active usefulness is a serious loss to the Church and the World. He was recognized and honored, not only in this, but also in foreign countries as a man of earnest piety, indomitable energy, extensive learning and extraordinary ability and versatility of talents, and was highly esteemed and is affectionately remembered by all who had the pleasure and privilege of claiming his acquaintance and friendship.

"We desire as a board to express our sincere sympathy with his bereaved wife and family, and direct that a copy of this minute be sent to them and that it be also entered on our minutes.

(Signed)

"S. R. Gordon,

"W. Balcewell,

"James Allison,

"Samuel P. Harrison,

"Committee."

#### Literary Notes.

The December Cosmopolitan contains a number of readable articles. Among them we may mention "Great Engineering Projects," with maps, by Walter C. Hamm; "The Woman Question," by Olive Schreiner; "My Struggles to Succeed," by Olga Nethersole; "Madame Blavatsky, High Priestess of Isis," by Maarten Maartens; and "The Child Brought Up at Home," by Flora E. Briggs. There is the average supply of fiction, and the illustrations are numerous and well executed. The Cosmopolitan ever ranks as one of the best of the dollar monthlies. Irvington, New York.

The Methodist Magazine for December is an interesting number. The opening article is on "Architecture," by Rev. C. H. Shortt, M.A., and is nicely illustrated. A short sketch of "Lord Salisbury," by Rev. James Cocke Seymour, is of special interest just now when the eyes of the world are on the great British statesman, who is guiding the affairs of the Empire at this critical period in its history. "The New Woman and the True Woman," by Prof. Kaynor; "Joseph Arch, M.P.," by Rev. W. H. Adams, and "John Lawlor," by Francis Husten Wallace, M.A., D.D., and a number of shorter articles give a large amount of very excellent reading. William Briggs, Toronto.

#### Home Mission and Augmentation Leaflet.

A leaflet giving detailed information of the Home Mission and Augmentation work of the western section of the church has been prepared and is now in the printer's hands. Any number of copies desired will be sent to any minister or other party requesting them for distribution. It is necessary, however, that all orders should be received by the Rev. Dr. Warden, prior to the 31st December, as the type will not be kept standing after that date.

#### Marriages.

KAISER MCGREGOR. At the residence of the bride's mother, English River, Que., on Dec. 5, 1899, by the Rev. J. W. McLeod. Mr. Charles Kaiser, of St. Henri, Montreal, to Miss Adaline McGregor.

#### Deaths.

WARDEN.—At 9 Madison Avenue, Toronto, on Dec. 5, 1899, Gooderham Warden, aged two years and four months, beloved son of Josephine and W. McCaskill Warden.

MCPHERSON.—At the Presbyterian Hospital Chicago, on Dec. 6, 1899, George S. McPherson, M.D., of Brainerd, Minn., U.S.A., brother of W. D. McPherson, Toronto.

The Queen, hearing that a widow at Broughton, near Newport Pagnell, had just completed her 100th year, sent her £5, in the hope that it 'might be of some service to her.' The old lady is able to thread her needle without spectacles.

# The Inglenook

## A Left-Over Thanksgiving.

BY SOPHIE SWETT.

"I suppose some of the 'left-overs' are more forlorn than we," said Mildred Ten Brock reflectively. "Some of them are not going home because they are poor. Fancy being too poor to pay for a little journey! I wonder how such people feel. That queer, mathematical girl from North Joppa lives only 25 miles away. I wish she could go home!"

"What do you care?" laughed Dorothy Rylance; and Ruth Palmer, who was perched upon the window-seat beside her, echoed the question with an accent of wonder.

"O, I don't know," returned Mildred reflectively, resting her hair ribbon.

"She's in my class, and she's so forlorn. She's rather condescending, too, in a recitation; she's a real genius in a mathematical way. I can do addition if you give me time. That rich Dobbins girl is her room-mate, and smoothes her, I fancy; she's just vulgar enough to do it. Some way, Miss Rachael Hickling of North Joppa gets upon my nerves!"

The girl spoke with strong feeling, and the tiny line between her finely pencilled brows grew into a deep pucker.

"What do you care about her? She isn't in our set," said Ruth condescendingly.

"She isn't in any set. That's just the trouble. She's lonesome," returned Mildred.

"It's her own fault, then," said Sally Peyton in a soft Southern drawl. "If she can't find a friend among three hundred girls—"

"I don't fancy that social savor faire is developed in North Joppa," returned Mildred, airing her fresh-man French with a little grimace. "And if it's needed anywhere in the world it's in a girl's college. Besides, she's a little queerer than any of the other girls."

"In a different walk of life Mildred would have been an anarchist," remarked Polly Peabody, proceeding to toast a marshmallow upon a hat-pin.

"I'll admit that I can't have a good time Thanksgiving eve, knowing that there's a girl alone and lonesome on the other side of the wall!" Mildred thumped the words with sudden energy; and an odd, embarrassed silence fell upon the gay group of girls. The ticking of the little clock whose vitals were hidden in the heart of a china rose became suddenly audible.

"Now you've made me burn a marshmallow!" cried Polly Peabody in an injured tone.

"That girl is happy enough. You may be sure she's digging. I knew she was a dig when I saw that great, high forehead of hers."

No one answered. One or two of the girls looked half-guiltily about the room shared by Mildred Ten Brock and Sallie Patton, which their mutual belongings had made luxurious and, they fondly hoped, "artistic." All the girls knew how bare and bleak was the unadorned room on the other side of the wall. The Dobbins girl scorned the room-mate who had been allotted to her, stayed in the room as little as possible, and made no effort to adorn it. She said frankly that she cared a good deal more for clothes than she did for fixing up rooms, anyway.

"There! Now your box must have come!" exclaimed Polly Peabody, rescuing another marshmallow from the lamp-flame as the sound of rapidly moving wheels was heard without.

The girls' faces brightened, and they listened eagerly. They were all freshmen, and none were over eighteen. It was not long before a porter came up the stairs with a large wooden box, which

he deposited just inside the door and pried open at Mildred's request.

Mildred, an orphan without a home, had an uncle in New York who had promised to send her a box from Delmonico's. The little party of girls invited to share the feast was composed of "left-overs" (as they called themselves) of the Thanksgiving vacation. No one had a home or a mother, except Marion Fiske, and those precious possessions of hers were both in India. They had all resolved to blink the tears off their eyelashes and be merry, and they wished that Mildred, the hostess, had not brought in those disturbing reflections about the girl from North Joppa.

Mildred drew from the box a long muffler of red worsted and a pair of coarse blue yarn mittens. She held them up, and gazed at them in bewilderment, while a chorus of laughter came from the girls who were looking on. These articles had been tucked into the corners of the box, wrapped in a great many folds of paper. In a pasteboard box was a small and skinny fowl, garnished with sausages in a long string. Mildred seized the fowl by the legs and held it aloft, the long sausage chain dangling. Polly Peabody was dancing about, adorned with the muffler and the mittens. The door of the next room opened suddenly, and the girl from North Joppa appeared in the lighted corridor.

"I—I expected a box—" she faltered, and then she suddenly took in, at a glance, the scene beside the open door.

Mildred turned the box over hastily, so that the address written plainly upon it was visible.

"It was awfully careless of me," she stammered. "Jarvis brought it up, and I took it for granted that it was mine, and told him to open it."

When the box was turned over, two dinner-pails, a small one and a large one had rolled out, also a quantity of very large doughnuts.

Polly Peabody, whose hands were still incased in the coarse mittens, thrust each of her thumbs into the hole in a doughnut and danced off.

"Oh, I do love a doughnut," she sang in a voice half-choked with glee.

Mildred saw a faint flush on Rachael Hickling's sallow cheek, and something like a flash of her serious gray eyes. She almost thought that she had been mistaken, when the girl said quietly, the next moment: "If you like doughnuts, why not come and share my spread? I am afraid I shall be all alone. Mother was coming; she has been nursing Cousin Solon's wife, only thirteen miles from here. Cousin Solon promised to bring her over, and come after her in the morning. He's hauling wood over this way, anyway, but I'm afraid the sleighing isn't going to last; we can't expect it will this time of year. I should be real pleased to have you come if you'd like to, whether mother comes or not."

Mildred and one or two of the other girls were shamefacedly restoring the scattered articles to the empty box. Mildred raised her flushed face suddenly to Rachael Hickling's.

"I am sure we should like to accept your invitation especially if your mother should come," she said heartily. "We haven't a mother among us!" she added wistfully, "and it's Thanksgiving eve. Perhaps you would like to have the spread in here. We were thinking of having one ourselves and are all ready. My box hasn't come, but we have lots of candy to add to your feast."

The girl cast a backward glance at her little bare room.

"I think it would be pleasanter here, if you don't

mind," she said easily. "I should like especially to have it pleasant for mother."

"Hain't she got checks?" whispered Polly Peabody to Sally Peyton behind a screen, with the exaggerated slang of deep emotion.

The color was high on Rachael's face as she set about helping the girls to arrange the catables, but there was no other sign that she was more than usually ill at ease.

Occasionally she looked eagerly out at the window, and at length she uttered an exclamation of pleasure, and ran out of the room and down stairs. The girls, looking out, saw a horse-sled loaded with wood; and beside the driver was the same, muffled figure of a woman.

Jarvis came up with a second box, a larger one, with many express labels. Mildred, with only a moment's hesitation, told the man to put it into the closet, and then she calmly turned the key upon it.

"It might hurt her feelings, the things are so different from hers," she explained quietly, facing the dismayed group of girls.

It was Polly Peabody, the greediest and the most thoughtless one, who recovered herself first, and danced up to Mildred and threw her arms around her neck.

"I believe you are the right kind of a girl, Mildred Ten Brock!" she said.

It was a little, worn woman with stooping shoulders and a wrinkled face that Rachael Hickling ushered into the bright, luxurious room. The girls seated her in the most comfortable armchair, and wheeled her up to the feast when it was ready. They explained that they could not help making much of her, because a mother had been the one thing lacking to their Thanksgiving festival.

"I told 'em I'd rather come to see Rachael than to go home to Thanksgiving," said Rachael's mother with tears of delight slipping down her cheeks that were seamy before their time. "But I didn't hardly expect Rachael's friends to make so much of me. Up our way some calculated that Rachael would be looked down on here 'mongst a lot of rich girls, but I didn't believe but what she would be appreciated anywhere. I—I was kind of afraid the rooster would eat tough; but Lizzy, she cooked it real well, and Mary Olive made the plum puddin'. You won't never eat a better plum puddin', if I do say it!"

The pudding was in the large tin pail, the sauce in the small one; Rachael had set both by the fire to heat. Nothing in the Delmonico box could have been more delicious than that plum pudding, and Mrs. Hickling and her daughter both showed their gratification at the girls' appreciation of it. There was a great quantity of molasses corn balls. Little Lysander wouldn't let the box go without some he had made, Mrs. Hickling explained; and the girls' supply of French candy was neglected for the corn balls.

Mrs. Hickling eagerly offered the recipe for the pudding to the girls; and Sally Peyton, who was domestic after a pleasant, Southern fashion, carefully wrote it down.

"Rachael hain't had time to learn to be a real good cook," said Mrs. Hickling regretfully. "She has kept the Doughnut Ridge School summers, and worked in the straw factory winters ever since she was fifteen. When Uncle Pliny left her a wood-lot, we talked it over with the minister, and he thought she'd better sell it and go to college. He helped her to fit for it. She wanted so to help the boys along, maybe to college." Rachael's mother turned toward her daughter, and looked wistfully at the serious, eager face, the small, sinewy, toil-hardened hands.

"It's been hard for Rachael since her father died. He got killed by a falling tree. Rachael's had to be the man of the family, been' the oldest and the smartest. She hain't never had any good times till she come here. Mary Olive has stuck to it that her letters didn't say anything about havin' 'em now, but I told her that it was just like Rachael to be so took up with her studies that she didn't say much about anything else. I know you hain't never let her feel a little strange, and I take it real kind of you."

The girls looked into one another's faces scarlet

with shame. Mildred began to falter a confession, but an appealing look from Rachael stopped her.

The little festival did not come to an end until Sally Peyton had sung Southern plantation songs, accompanying herself on the banjo, and Mrs. Hickling had sung in a thin, sweet voice a Thanksgiving hymn, a reminiscence of the days when she sat in "the seats" at North Joppa.

After Rachael had taken her mother to her own room she came back and softly shut the door, standing with her back against it. Her face flushed and paled sensitively.

"It—it was real good of you, but I expect I made you feel as if you must," she said. "I didn't care, since it was for mother's sake!" Her words came in a torrent, as if, having begun to force them, she could not now check them. "You don't know, you couldn't understand, what a hard time she has had, nor what a comfort it is to her to think I'm having a good one. I was bound she should think so. I wouldn't have asked you for myself; I'd have cut my right hand off first!" The girl's tone was actually fierce. "Maybe 'twas only pretty manners, what you did, such as girls like you have; you were making fun of my things when I asked you! But anyhow it made mother happy, and I'm real obliged to you. But I ain't your kind, and I never could be; and you needn't think I don't know it, or that I shall ever want to trouble you again!"

Mildred caught her in a firm clasp as she turned away.

"We're not your kind, and we own it with shame—not brave and noble and self-sacrificing like you. But—"but do let us be friends and help us all you can."

Rachael's repellent attitude changed suddenly to the awkward constraint that was habitual to her.

"If—if I could help you about your problems at any time I have got a head for figures," she said.

Mildred plumped herself upon a couch in a reflective attitude when the door had closed upon the girl from North Joppa.

"There was a clause in my father's will which stipulated that I should have a liberal education," she said slowly. "I'm going to get it, but not by way of the college. Rachael Hickling is a liberal education!"

It happened that, when the rich Miss Dobbins left college a few months later, Rachael and Mildred became room mates. They were such good friends that they both wished it. Some people thought it an incongruous association, but it seems likely to prove a liberal education on both sides.—Christian Endeavor World.

### Waltzing Mice.

The Japanese have a queer little domestic animal a black and white mouse with pink eyes. The peculiarity of this breed of mice is that when other baby mice are just beginning to walk, these are beginning to waltz; and they keep up their waltzing the greater part of their waking hours all their life.

If several mice are put together, they often waltz in couples; sometimes even more than two join in the mad whirls, which are so rapid that it is impossible to tell heads from tails. If the floor of their cage is not smooth, they actually wear out their feet, leaving only stumps to whirl on. These remarkable whirls seem to be as necessary to the waltzing mouse as mid-air somersaults to the tumbling pigeon.

An upright peg forms a convenient pivot for these Japanese pets; "but even without this guide," says Natural Science, "they would not in several minutes cover an area larger than a dinner plate, and they easily spin under a tumbler."—Youth's Instructor.

### Friends.

Having carefully chosen a few friends, we should never let them go out of our lives if we can by any possibility retain them. Friendship is too rare and sacred a treasure to be lightly thrown away, and yet

many persons are not careful to hold their friends once they have secured them. Some lose them through inattention, failing to maintain those little amenities, courtesies, and kindnesses which cost so little yet are hooks of steel to grapple and hold our friends. Some drop old friends for new ones; some take offense easily at imagined slights or neglects, and ruthlessly cut the most sacred ties.

Some become impatient of little faults, and discard even truest friendships. Some are incapable of any deep or permanent affection, and fly from friendship to friendship, like birds from bough to bough, but make no nests for their hearts in any. There are a great many ways of losing friends. But when we have once taken them into our lives, we should cherish them as rarest jewels. If slights are given, let them be overlooked. If misunderstandings arise, let them be quickly set aright. It is hard to lose a friend, but the loss is not utterly irreparable.

### DREAMLAND.

I heard him laugh in his sleep last night,

I heard him laugh in his sleep,

And softly up to his bed I crept,

As softly as I could creep.

And I bent above him as he lay,

I bent and whispered low,

"O beautiful dreams that to childhood come,

I, too, your joys would know!"

And I listened as soft he laughed again,

I listened, and then I sighed,

I wondered where he was wandering

While Dreamland's gates stood wide.

For I could not follow where he went,

For my wings had been clipped by care,

And only those who can soar on high

May enter sweet Dreamland fair.

But I could patiently watch and wait

And love him as those he lay,

For Dreamland's wonders he'd tell to me

When back he came with the day.

So I was glad when he laughed in his sleep,

Was glad, and I knew no pain,

For led by the hand of my laughing boy,

Dreamland was my own again.

—Morning Guide.

Self is the only prison that can ever bind the

soul;

Love is the only angel who can bid the gates

unroll;

And when he comes to call thee, arise and follow

fast;

His way may lie through darkness, but it leads to

light at last.

—Henry Van Dyke.

"I once coined a name away back in 1876," says Robert J. Burdette, "for one of my so-called humorous characters—Bilderback. I put the Bilderback family in jocosse print for several years. One night, about 1887, I lectured in Salem, N. J., and told one of my Bilderback stories. The audience was convulsed with more mirth than the story called for. After the lecture I was introduced to about a dozen Bilderbacks, who enjoyed my story more than any one else."

### Hints on Christmas Presents.

The Christmas tree is coming! And for that very reason there are many whispered conferences and many mysterious plannings. So much has been written and said on this subject that it seems almost superfluous to urge you to make your gifts appropriate and not to give a gold thimble to the woman who never sews, nor a pair of fur gloves to the invalid who can never go out-of-doors. But, on the other hand, do not make your gifts so very appropriate as to remind one too forcibly of his infirmities. Don't give a crutch to the cripple, nor an ear-trumpet to him who cannot hear. Have your own heart full of the "good will to men" of which this season especially reminds us, and there will be no fear that the result will not be a success.

Above all, never for one moment think because

your purse is slender you can do nothing. It is hard to try "to make one guinea do the work of five," as Robert Burns says; but, given a will and skilful fingers, it will not be very hard to find a way. Just a small circle of linen with a wide border of knot crochet will make a pretty doyley at a very small expense.

Other little pieces of linen may be used for box-covers, and these small boxes daintily mounted and lined will bring pleasure to any one as a useful and ornamental adjunct to the bureau. If the "five guineas" are plentiful, it will be better to buy the boxes which come lined, with a piece of denim or linen stamped for the cover, and a card for mounting. But, if you want to be very economical, the boxes may be made at home; or, if you have them of the required size and shape, candy-boxes may be used, for they generally have the necessary strength. In mounting them use fish glue, put a little wadding over the cover, always being sure to make it a little thicker in the centre.

A heart-shaped box on which are embroidered tiny forget-me-nots and roses is very dainty. A half circle makes another pretty box which will be found very useful as a receptacle for collar-buttons and cuff-buttons. Still a larger one may be covered with brocade and made oblong and large enough to hold cabinet photographs.

The shops, too, have a large supply of blank books with fanciful covers ready for working. One which is intended to hold the notes gathered on the summer outing, or the bright ideas which scribbling folk are fond of setting down, has a cover of tan denim on which are stamped a conventional design and the somewhat sarcastic legend, "Words, words, words."

Another, which is intended for the remarkable speeches every mother's child is bound to utter, has a white cover. On this are stamped forget-me-nots and the words, "My Baby." It seems to me that this book will be a great comfort to the youthful subject when he has reached years of maturity, for on the occasions when fond relatives would grow reminiscent, instead of repeating his wise baby sayings, the little note-book may be passed from hand to hand.

There are recipe-books for the young housekeeper. And for the bride is one with a white cover, of course. On this are the words, "My Wedding Day." Within are pages of heavy white paper on which can be written the names of the officiating clergyman, the bridesmaids and ushers. On other pages can be mounted pieces of the wedding gown, the going-away gown, and all the other dresses of the trousseau. Incidents and souvenirs of the wedding journey may occupy other pages.

"Kodak Views" is printed on a denim cover which holds white paper prepared for mounting the camera views which the amateur delights to gather.

The successful amateur photographer can make his play yield real pleasure for some one by mounting his pictures in a little booklet to illustrate some favorite poem. Tennyson's "Brook" lends itself readily to this treatment, and the beauty of the views may add even "to the rhyme of the poet." And the loving thought that prompted a gift for a friend in the midst of your own pleasure will, I doubt not, be well appreciated.

Pictures are pleasures always; and now, when copies of the masterpieces can be bought for a trifle, they may be easily utilized as presents. Neat frames in wood or gilt are found very cheap in many shops. And for a mat blotting-paper will answer, if something else is out of the question. Get one of the beautiful copies of the Madonna, and the whole year through it will not only serve as a reminder of you, but will preach a bit of a sermon about the "peace on earth" that the Christ-child came to bring.

If all of my other suggestions are impracticable for you, do write a cheery Christmas letter. This is a possibility for any of you, and the thought that you have brought joy to some one else will, I know, do much toward helping you to have a merry Christmas.—Christian Endeavor World.

## World of Missions.

### Ninian: The First Scottish Missionary.

BY REV. J. MACPHERSON, M.A., FINTHORN.

Ninian is commonly spoken of as the earliest Scottish missionary; and this designation is quite correct, if we understand by the phrase the first whose name and story have come down to us. But it must be remembered that during a period of at least two hundred years previous to his appearing there were very considerable numbers of Christian converts among the inhabitants of Scotland between the walls of Hadrian and Antoninus. How the gospel was first introduced among these people is altogether unknown. It is, however, highly probable that the residents in that region, extending from the Firths of Forth and Clyde on the north to the Tyne and Solway on the south, had early come under the influence of Roman civilization, and that Roman soldiers and officials had, with some measure of success, preached the glad tidings of great joy among the native races subject to their sway. We may reasonably suppose that the form of Christian worship and the type of doctrine prevailing in those early times among the primitive people would be simple and undeveloped. There was no outstanding man in those communities, and most probably there never had been any such among them, and so we can quite well understand that many irregularities had crept into their practice, and that much crudeness of expression had appeared in their presentation of Christian truth.

Ninian was born somewhere about A. D. 334. Our primary authority with regard to Ninian is the Venerable Bede, who wrote his Ecclesiastical History exactly three hundred years after the death of the early Scottish missionary. His notice of Ninian is very brief, introduced parenthetically in his account of the mission of Columba, more than a hundred and fifty years later. While Columba went to preach to the Northern Picts, Ninian had evangelized the Southern Picts. Bede rather inaccurately ascribes to Ninian the conversion of these Southern Picts, affirming that under his preaching they forsook idolatry and embraced the truth. He describes Ninian as a most reverend bishop and holy man of the British nation, who had been instructed in Rome, and who founded an episcopal see, dedicating his church to St. Martin of Tours. This church was called the White House, Whittherne or Candida Casa, because built of stone, and not of wattle, as was customary among the Britons. Aired, writing in the twelfth century, considerably amplifies this statement, but in all probability had no authorities except Bede and his own somewhat exuberant imagination.

It would seem that Ninian was by descent a Briton, his parents being natives of North Wales, though he himself was born in the valley of the Solway. He is represented by tradition as of noble birth, his father being an officer in the Roman army. It is evident that his parents were Christians, and that from his earliest childhood he was trained up in the Christian faith. We have no report as to his early years, but it would seem that as a youth he resolved to devote himself to the work of the Church as a missionary in the immediate neighborhood of his native district. With the intention of qualifying himself for this task, and obtaining the rank and authority necessary for its successful prosecution, he went to Rome. This visit was made in all probability during the period when Siricius was Pope—that is to say, not earlier than A. D. 385. If he went as early as this, it would seem that he must have spent ten or twelve years in the holy city. We can quite understand that, brought up as he had been among a simple race, in a region so isolated as to be little influenced by the educational and ecclesiastical institutions of the age, the young Briton stood in need of instruction in the very elements of Church doctrine, government, and worship. Siricius was a powerful ruler, and his ecclesiastical polity was pronouncedly high, and there can be no doubt that Ninian would be taught to yield absolute submission to the teach-

ing of the Holy See, and would be required to pledge himself to bring the doctrine and practice of the British Christians into strict conformity with that which he had learned in Rome. Before leaving to return to his native land to engage in his life-work, he received from the Pope episcopal ordination. He does not seem to have been consecrated as bishop of any strictly-defined district or diocese, but to have had conferred upon him episcopal authority in any part of the country where he might be led to carry on his missionary labors. On his homeward journey he went out of his way to visit St. Martin of Tours. This great bishop was undoubtedly the most celebrated ecclesiastic of the West, his fame resting mainly on the reputation he had obtained as a worker of miracles. His personal piety was everywhere acknowledged, and the devoutness and reverence which characterized his conduct all through life gave him the first place among the counsellors of the more ardent youths who were consecrating themselves to God's service.

Ninian's visit to St. Martin of Tours supplies us with one of the few dates by which we can fix the period of this great missionary's ministry. It would seem that immediately after this visit, which was evidently of brief duration, Ninian proceeded to Galloway, to begin there his regular evangelistic labors. One of his first works was the building of the Church at Whithorn, with which his name has ever since been so closely associated. Before this building was completed, Ninian received the news of the death of St. Martin, and he accordingly dedicated the Church in memory of the great miracle-working saint. The death of St. Martin took place on the eleventh of November, A. D. 397, a day which, under the name of Martinmas, has been fixed as one of the quarterly terms in Scotland. The missionary labors of Ninian in Galloway are thus made to begin in the closing years of the fourth century. He was thus the younger contemporary of his fellow Briton, Pelagius, while his life almost exactly synchronizes with that of the great Augustine.

The people among whom Ninian began to labor were the Picts of the Pictish nation which had settled on the northern bank of the Solway. They had proved violent and troublesome neighbors to the British tribes inhabiting the north of England. To distinguish them from the Pictish tribes of the north, they were called by early Roman writers Novantes, and by later writers Niduari, as occupying the district round about the Nith. That these Picts were spread over all the parts of Scotland south of the Forth appears from the presence of their name in that of the Pentland Hills. But the tribes with which Ninian, at least primarily, had to do dwelt between the Nith on the east and the Irish Channel on the west, the district being, generally speaking, coextensive with the present counties of Kirkcubright and Wigton.

Ninian, we may believe, had a very useful and pleasant ministry among his people round about the Church which he had built; and not only his careful teaching of Scripture, but also in his gentle and godly life, must have powerfully influenced the community favored with his presence. But besides this, his labors as a teacher were very fruitful. He gathered around him a company of monks, some of them trained under Martin of Tours, who, under his direction, devoted themselves to the education of young men; and his monastery long maintained its fame as a seminary for training in the knowledge of the holy scriptures, and of theological studies, as it understood and pursued in those days. He made good use of his leisure, especially in the later years of his life, in writing commentaries on several books of the Bible, and in compiling books of extracts from the writings of the Fathers for the use of his students.

The labors of Ninian were by no means confined to the district with which his name has been more immediately associated. As we have seen, Pictish tribes were at this period to be found scattered over all the region which stretched from the one Roman wall to the other, and we have traces all through this extensive country of Ninian's presence and evangelistic activity. Notwithstand-

ing the building of the northern wall by Antoninus, on the assumption that the barbarians who refused to be subject to the Romans were all outside of it, there is no doubt that, in the later years of the fourth century, either by incursions from the north, or by revolt among those who had previously given in their submission, there were large numbers of barbarians, in the Roman sense, violently hostile to the Romans, and determined to resist and reject all Roman institutions and usages, within the district bounded on the north by that wall. At the period of Ninian's mission too, the Roman authority in Britain was already far down toward its decline. By A. D. 410 all the Roman legionaries had been withdrawn from Britain. The whole country was in a state of confusion, and this must account for the obliteration of almost all definite traces of localities and churches in which Ninian did the work of a pioneer. During his missionary travels in Strathclyde, Ninian consecrated a cemetery on the site now occupied by Glasgow Cathedral. When Kentigern came to that district, about a century and a half later, he found the name of Ninian still associated with the burying-ground, and held in highest reverence.

From these missionary tours Ninian returned to his own quiet monastery. Here he continued the work with which he had begun his noble apostolic career. From his seminary he sent out young preachers, who carried on the work of evangelization in their master's spirit, and inspired by his example. And there at last, full of years and worn out by his self-denying labors, he passed away to enter on a better and a higher life. His death took place on the sixteenth of September, A. D. 432.

For somewhere about thirty-five years this great missionary was enabled to continue his work among the people to whose conversion and up-building in the faith he had consecrated his life. On the foundations laid by him, later workers—Palladius, Ternan, Sorvan, Kentigern, Columba—carried on the work which has now grown into the church of God in Scotland as we see it at this day. Although the incidents of Ninian's life have completely passed from view, yet surely he deserves to be held in remembrance, who shed light as he did on his own generation, and sowed seeds the harvest of which labourers who followed him were allowed to reap.—Vout.

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## Freehold Land & Savings Company.

DIVIDEND No. 81

Notice is hereby given that a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent per annum upon the capital stock of the company, has been declared for the half year ending December 31, 1899, payable on and after the 2nd day of January, 1900, at the office of the company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide streets, Toronto.

The Transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 31st of December, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

S. C. WOOD,  
Managing Director.

Toronto, Dec. 4, 1899.

## Health and Home.

**To Serve the Christmas Pudding.** Turn the hot pudding out on a heated platter and in the top stick a sprig of holly. Dip half a dozen lumps of sugar in alcohol and place round the base of the pudding. Touch a lighted match to each lump, carry quickly to the table and place before the hostess.

**Roast Turkey.**—Clean the turkey with as little handling as possible and rinse with water in which a little baking soda has been dissolved. Now break up about half a pint of bread crumbs and into the crumbs chop two links of pork sausage. Stuff the turkey with this mixture and just before putting into the oven bind salt pork on the breast of the turkey. Remove the pork just before the turkey is taken from the oven.

**Spanish Cream.**—Soak one-half of a box of gelatine in one half of a cupful of cold water; scald one and one-half pints of milk in a double boiler, add one-half of a cupful of sugar beaten with the yolks of three eggs and stir until thickened. Add the soaked gelatine, stir until dissolved, take from the fire and strain. Add a pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of vanilla, three tablespoonfuls of sherry and the whites of the eggs whipped to a stiff froth, mix gently and turn into wetted molds. When firm turn out and serve with cream.

A simple but tasty cottage pudding may be made by mixing together one heaping pint of flour, one-half of a teaspoonful of salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. To this add one cupful of milk, one well-beaten egg, three-quarters of a cupful of sugar and three tablespoonfuls of melted butter and bake in a hot oven. For the sauce boil together for five minutes one pint of water and one cupful of sugar, thicken with one teaspoonful of cornstarch dissolved in a little cold water and cook until clear. Add the grated rind and the strained juice of one lemon, stir in one tablespoonful of butter and take from the fire.

**Trifle.**—From one pint of rich cream take one-half of a cupful and scald the remainder in a double boiler. With the reserved cream rub four teaspoonfuls of flour to a smooth paste; add to the scalded cream and stir until slightly thickened. In a small saucepan boil two tablespoonfuls of water and one tablespoonful of broken cinnamon for five minutes, strain, add it with three-quarters of a cupful of sugar to the thickened cream and stir and cook for five minutes then set aside until it is cold. Add gradually the strained juice of two lemons. Arrange a layer of stale macaroons in a glass dish, pour over them a part of the cream; add a second layer of macaroons and cream and continue until the cream is used; this will require about six ounces of macaroons. Ornament with thin slices of citron and serve very cold.

**Yule Dollies.**—Cream together one-half of a cupful of butter and one cupful of sugar. Add gradually two well-beaten eggs, one tablespoonful of cream or rich milk, one teaspoonful of vanilla and three cupfuls of flour with which has been sifted two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, then stand for an hour in a very cold place. Have ready a tin cutter in the shape of a doll about five inches long. Take a portion of the dough out on the board at one time, roll out one-half inch thick and cut into dolls. Brush each over with milk and dredge lightly with powdered sugar; use currants for eyes and bake on greased pans in a moderate oven. When cold decorate the skirt of each doll with ruffles of frosting. Wrap separately in sheets of waxed paper. In packing place the doll in a long shallow box, pack firmly with tissue paper and before closing the box add a tiny Christmas card and a sprig of holly. Tie the box with red ribbon.—Table Talk.

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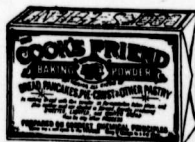
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