

# Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church.

\$1.50 per Annum.

OTTAWA

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1908.

Single Copies, 5 cents.

## THE WEAVER.

BY SUSAN COOLIDGE.

One stich dropped as the weaver drove  
His nimble shuttle to and fro,  
In and out, beneath, above,  
Till the pattern seemed to bud and grow  
As if the fairies had helping been---  
One small stich which could scarce be seen;  
But the one stich dropped pulled the next stich out,  
And a weak spot grew in the fabric stout;  
And the perfect pattern was marred for aye  
By the one small stich that was dropped that day.

One small life in God's great plan!  
How futile it seems as the ages roll,  
Do what it may, or strive how it can,  
To alter the sweep of the infinite whole  
A single stich in an endless web,  
A drop in the ocean's flow and ebb!  
But the pattern is rent where the stich is lost,  
Or marred where the tangled threads are crossed,  
And each life that fails of its true intent,  
Mars the perfect plan that its Master meant.

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## BIRTHS.

At 410 Nepean Street West, Ottawa, on July 27, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Montgomery, a son.

On July 29, 1908, to the Rev. J. H. and Mrs. Turnbull, at 416 Lewis Street, Ottawa, a son.

At Cornwall, on Aug. 3rd 1908, to the Rev. N. H. and Mrs. McHillvray, a daughter.

At Huntsville, on 12th July, to Rev. G. B. and Mrs. McLennan, a son.

## MARRIAGES.

At the Manse, Bathurst, by Rev. H. J. McDiarmid, on 5th August, 1908, Henry Beal, of Montreal, to Catherine Gamble, of Bathurst, Ont.

At the Manse, North Lunenburg, on July 29, 1908, by Rev. Geo. W. Mingie, Fred Price to Tena, daughter of Wm. Milross, all of Newington.

On August 5th, 1908, at the home of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Alex. Gilray, D.D., Minnie Louise, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Laidlaw, Toronto, to Alfred William Beattie, M.D., of Belmont, Ontario.

On Aug. 6, 1908, at "Ingleside," Mount Albert, Ont., by Rev. D. G. Cameron, Florence, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Forrest, to Walter J. Helm, of Port Hope.

At Knox Church, Winnipeg, on July 27, 1908, by the Rev. Daniel McKiver, M.A., of Lartiere, Man., Edith Isabella, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. Chapple, 129 Pearson Avenue, Toronto, to the Rev. Campbell C. Strachan, B.A., of Roseburn, Man.

## DEATHS.

At St. Catharines, Ont., on July 29, 1908, William Andrews, aged 78.

Suddenly, in Chicago, Aug. 2, Francis T. Rae, eldest son of the late Dr. F. Rae, Oshawa, in his 37th year.

At his home, Carrville, Vaughan, Ont., on July 31, 1908, Aaron Prntice, in his 83rd year.

At 405 Princess Street, Kingston, Ont., on Aug. 1, 1908, Ann Eliza Poe, widow of the late Andrew Davidson, aged 79 years.

At Huntsville, July 18, 1908, Beatrice M. Simpson, daughter of W. K. and F. M. Simpson, of Toronto, aged 19 years.

At Cornwall, on July 29, 1908, Miss Margaret Arbutnot, formerly of Roxborough Township, aged 79 years.

At Vancouver, B.C., on July 26, 1908, Mrs. Sarah Campbell, formerly of Glenarry, aged 93 years.

On Aug. 6th, 1908, at his late residence, 72 Admiral Road, Toronto, on Aug. 6, 1908, the Rev. Robert Hume, M.A., aged 75 years.

At Moose Creek, on July 31, 1908, Norman N. Morrison, formerly of Dunvegan, aged 34 years.

At Drummond, on July 31, 1908, Margaret Phee, relict of the late George McFarlane, aged 63 years.

At Vankleek Hill, on July 21, 1908, Miss Catherine McCuaig, formerly of Kirkhill, aged 61 years.

At the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, on July 28, 1908, Mabel Wilhelmina, daughter of W. J. McCart, M.P.P., Avonmore, aged seven years and two months.

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The N. Y. Christian Advocate adds this comment: "The difficulty in most cases is not the head that needs changing, but the heart."

"Happy is that minister who can truly say: 'My church is not my field; it is my force. I am not required to confine my energies to it; I have the joy to work through it.'"

The Pope is much disturbed by the Roman Council's vote abolishing religious teaching in the municipal schools, and in deploring it he gave vent to the following: "Some men's heads need changing. When a bell is cracked we recast it, making it sound properly again. It is a pity some men's heads cannot be treated in the same manner."

The Oklahoma Sunday School Worker prays thus: "From all these, good Lord, deliver us: 1. The Superintendent who never lays any plans. 2. The organist who never starts for the organ until the first hymn is announced. 3. The secretary who comes to the class and distributes papers during the lesson. 4. The teacher who insults her class by telling them she has not studied her lesson."

Said Rev. S. Herridge, in a recent sermon: It may seem, perhaps, an uninteresting programme that women should tarry by the hearth-stone, while her brothers go forth to all kinds of adventure in the broad field of the world. But, O how much it means! Man may bear the brunt of the fighting but it is women who gird on their armour and make them strong amid the din of battle.

A summing up of the results of the last two years and the effect of three-fifths upon the progress of the Local Option movement show the results to have been as follows:

134 contests.

39 liquor majorities.

145 Local Option majorities.

Of the 145 places polling a majority 73 failed to reach the three-fifths requirement, and in 72 the measure was carried. If we consider the question by the number of licenses involved the figures would stand as follows for the two years: The liquor interests, by polling a majority against Local Option, saved 103 licenses from being cut off. The Legislature, by enacting the three-fifths requirement prevented 242 licenses from being cut off. Notwithstanding all handicaps the temperance people succeeded in closing 165 bar-rooms. On the whole the outlook is encouraging.

According to reports at the International Sabbath-school Convention, the Sabbath-school enrollment of North America is today 21,500,000 scholars and teachers. Since 1905 fourteen new Sabbath-schools a day is the net gain. This makes a total of 15,000 schools gained from 1905 to 1908. The Protestant Church has received, through conversions and additions from the Sabbath-school, 905, 028 during the past triennium. The Cradle Roll enrollment since 1905 has grown to 440,000, a gain of more than 100 per cent. in three years. The Home Department of Sabbath-school lesson study has gained 40 per cent. in enrollment since 1905. Over half a million are now enrolled. The total of Sabbath-school scholars is one million larger than it was three years ago in North America alone. No less than eighty thousand teachers and scholars are now taking the teachers' training course.

There are some plants as there are many vices which flourish best in the shadows. Sunlight is a cure for various diseases. Our religion loves sunshine, and the Christian who carries himself and his tasks out into the smiles of heaven has made larger success a possibility. A sour face and scold speech ought to be ranked among the offences calling for church discipline. A rotting apple ruins a whole barrel. A little leaven leavens the whole lump. We propose that the next society formed inside the church be The Sunshine Club. Its mission will be to keep things sweet.

Many try to make wrong right, by finding a new way of doing it. On a recent Sunday some boys were playing a game of "catch." The mother of one of them, passing, said, "Willie, I do not want you to play ball on Sunday." "But, Mother," was the reply, "it is not ball. It's a potato." And the mother went home evidently satisfied that her boy was not playing ball on Sunday. Her convictions were only word-deep. In some schools and colleges are to be found those who say they see no harm in "cribbing" at examinations; whereas if they called it by its proper name of stealing, they would not dare try to justify such conduct. We should have convictions that are based, not on phrases or things, but upon unchanging principles.

In a letter to the Congregationalist Professor Harlan P. Beach, of Yale University, who has been travelling through the Orient, says: "When it comes to easiness for Christian learning, Koreans again appear in the van, eclipsing apparently the Christians of Uganda. One constantly hears of conferences, normal institutes, inquirers' classes, etc., which would drive American pastors distracted. Yet the people are hungry for them all, and it is the only way in which the small force can begin to overtake their work. If you ask the missionaries how they keep out of the grave or insane asylum with all this pressure, they will give you replies of which this is a specimen: 'We don't keep out of either, as the death rate and invalid list is exceedingly serious. Yet remember that we do not have to look up the work, as you do in America; we do not have to get in the shafts and pull along a lazy membership, but they pull and inspire us; success is a perpetual tonic; and God is manifestly with us and we know that he is in us also.'"

Religious liberty continues to be denied Russian citizens. Father Petroff, lately professor of theology in the Polytechnic Institute, but for a year shut up in a monastery to do penance for his utterances, was lately released, but he was not cured of his radicalism as the government hoped. He celebrated his return to the world by publishing a "Profession of Faith," for which the government promptly "unfrooked" him. His latest defiance has not found a publisher in Russia as yet, but appearing in England it will be speedily sown broadcast throughout the country for which it is written. He charges that the Church of Russia not only fails to preach the gospel but promotes a practical paganism in suppressing the voice of the people and furthering, through thick and thin, the fortunes of a corrupt court and cruel bureaucracy. But despite all the suffering and tyranny of the present Father Petroff says: "I believe with all my heart that Christ's truth will overmaster everything, and that both the Russian nation and the Russian Church will become free and establish in their fatherland the kingdom of God."

Rev. Professor Kilpatrick, making a strong plea for a higher standard of citizenship in a recent sermon, said: "Every citizen of this country, of this Dominion, has an eye to values. We are all thinking of that which catches the eye, the greed of gain, an intoxication for money which has possessed whole communities; money, to be made, honestly if you can, but made anyway. The result has been reaped in the widespread spirit of gambling. Every day we open the newspapers we are shocked by stories of graft and corruption. And we know that these are not sporadic; they are systematic, widespread they predict commercial ruin, for the country that tolerates such things is destined for inevitable destruction. . . . There are many asking for very drastic reforms. And I do not know that the respectable middle class has realized how the proletariat is making demands which will grow in volume as the years go on. Indeed, we may be standing on the eve of a social revolution—on the eve of the reconstruction of our social fabric. But, suppose you could get the best legislation—the most powerful executive—an entirely new and perfectly adapted social scheme, these things are not enough. More must be done if there is to be a permanent cure of the social evils we deplore. The national conscience must be awakened and the nation must be led to repentance. Greed must be replaced by the spirit of fraternity. This whole people must be led to fear God and to seek His honor and glory only. It is only a reform that is inward and spiritual that can effect in the body politic a real change or a permanent cure."

In the course of an address at a meeting in Hanyang, China, a veteran London missionary said: "In former years a walk up the three miles of the Yangtze River front to the east of Hanyang meant three miles of curses. It was 'foreign devil' all the way. Today in coming to this meeting I did not hear a single curse, but a little girl came up to me, and smiled in my face and said, 'Jesus, Jesus.' I felt glad in my spirit at the change. May it be a happy omen for the future." This incident illustrates the great changes that have taken place in the attitude of the people toward Christian teaching. Along with the readiness of the people to hear the message in China there has been a providential development in the railway systems which have been constructed and are being rapidly extended throughout the empire. A traveler, in planning a tour of China in 1908, can estimate a saving of many weeks' time over what would have been possible even two years ago. If he wishes to journey from Peking to Hankow he can do so in a train de luxe; he will find a weekly train with sleeping and dining car comforts, in which he can make the journey in thirty-six hours. This is only one of a number of railway lines over which the ambassadors of Jesus Christ may find ready access to their own and other fields. Again and again we should ask ourselves "shall the natural development of China, especially in her railway systems, be more rapid than the extension of the Kingdom of Jesus Christ? Shall we not by prompt and generous giving see to it that as rapidly as commerce opens the way the Ambassador of Christ shall go with his message to the people made accessible by these highways of speedy communication."

SPECIAL  
ARTICLES

## Our Contributors

BOOK  
REVIEWS

## UNTEMPERED MORTAR.

"Say unto them which daub it with the untempered mortar, that it shall fall.—Ezekiel, 13:11.

Ezekiel is the prophet of the exile. He has always struck me as an eccentric sort of man. He finds feathers for his arrows of truth in the wings of strange birds. His sayings are often quaint. He gathers illustrations where no one but himself would think of looking for them, homely perhaps, but as happy as homely. You feel, however, he is a teacher of truth, a man of God, and in his lips a message. And so we go to him today for inspiration in our union service.

Here is a man mixing mortar. So he takes you to him to teach you. You watch the process. He selects different ingredients—lime, clay, sand, and other things. They are in a dust-heap before him. He pours water on the heap. Then he mixes it all up together. It is important to have the ingredients in proper proportions, just so much lime, clay, sand. But it is still more important that they be thoroughly mixed. So he keeps working the mortar over and over till it has the consistency that satisfies him. Some mortar-makers get through with their mixing in quick style. Others, however, keep mixing away, an dunking it over and over long after it looks as if it is as much mixed as it can be. But the mortar-man knows what he is doing.

As the prophet puts it here, there is a temper in mortar just as in men, and unless you can get it worked into the proper temper, its different ingredients will not coalesce, either among themselves, or with other things; and so it will be no good. There will be no strength in it. Untempered mortar—that is what Ezekiel calls it, and he cannot find words strong enough to denounce the stuff. He would not sleep for a single night in a house built with untempered mortar. He would not be a citizen of the city whose walls and towers were daubed with untempered mortar. You see him going to the builders who are building with trashy mortar, cheap cement, and how he denounces them in the name of the Lord. "Say unto them," and he says—"Say unto them that daub it with untempered mortar, that it shall fall."

The other day I was taken to see a tower. A tower is a thing of strength and beauty. Every city is proud of its towers. It seems to lean on its towers. But this tower lay all sprawled out in a heap. There had been no earthquake. There had been no cyclone. It had fallen under its own weight. Now, it will not do for me to say, for I know nothing about mortar or masonry, but the quaint old prophet would say: "Untempered mortar! Bad cement! Say unto them that daub it with untempered mortar, that it shall fall!"

A clever Japanese writer has been interviewing the ruins of the city of "The Golden Gate," and gives it forth as his honest conviction, that the terrible catastrophe owes itself, not so much to the earthquake, as to the quality of the mortar used in the construction. Perhaps he never heard of Ezekiel, but here is what the prophet wrote in the days when they knew how to mix mortar as they do not today: "Say unto them that daub it with untempered mortar that it shall fall."

Do not blame Heaven for the catastrophe, but put the blame just where it should be put, on the architects, the contractors, the cement manufacturers,

the building inspectors, and especially the public that make themselves believe they can have first class work without paying the price. Say unto builders of every name and class—home-builders, city builders, nation-builders, church-builders, character-builders—to beware of the untempered mortar evil. Say unto the people who live in a city built of fraud, cheap and trashy cement, that their city shall fall and bury them in its ruins, and they are fools who are saying: "Peace and safety!" where peace and safety are impossible. Especially say unto the teachers of false doctrine, glossing things over that are scandalous with smooth and flattering words, building up for souls a refuge of lies, that their daubing with untempered mortar will come to naught, and all who trust in their lying words will perish with them. Heaven here gives due warning by lips that are inspired, that if there is a crash some day, it will not be held responsible for the blood of those who perish. Their blood will be upon their own heads: "Say unto them that daub it with untempered mortar, that it shall fall."

## Home Builders

Of all that is being built on earth, home stands first. Put it before the church even. You must have the home before you can have the church. You must have the home before you can have society. You must have the home, the family, before you can have the nation. The first thing to build, and the best thing to build, is the home, and you are to see to it that it is well built. Daubing its walls and rooms with untempered mortar, owing only for the look of things—that is not the way to build a true home.

Except the Lord build the house, they labor in vain that build it. It takes two to build a home—one man, one woman. It was thus the first home was built. How beautiful to see those first two, with God as their architect, building the first home, and thus laying the foundations of society, church and state, and all that the world has grown to since, and is to grow to as the ages unwind themselves.

Now, how to cement the two together, so that the two become one—that is the home-building problem. And that is where the mission of the mortar comes into place. Sometimes the two are so different. They can hardly be more so. One is rough, the other smooth; one strong, the other weak; one fearing nothing, the other fearing everything. How then can these two be built into one and the same home-wall? And it all depends on the quality of the mortar. There is a mortar that cements together in a solid wall the most dissimilar building material, and nothing can pull it down. The storms of life break upon it. Floods pour themselves around it. The earthquake puts his mighty shoulder to it, and shakes it hard. The tooth of time wears and tears. But there the home-wall stands unshaken. Ah! none of the untempered mortar the prophet denounces in that home-wall.

I need not tell you that there are home-walls all cracked, never properly cemented indeed—husband and wife at variance, parents and children at variance, brothers and sisters at variance, members of the same family at variance. And I need not tell you of the way things are daubed over to be appearances, of the white-washing

of the outside to make things look better than they are. But some day there is a storm, an earthquake and down things go in a heap. And so the word here is, and it is just the word home-builders want to hear: "Say unto them that daub it with untempered mortar, that it shall fall."

There is not time to say all that one wants to say, but this let me say, that the thing called temper has so much to do in home-building. Untempered mortar—that is the trouble where many a once slightly home lies a heap to-day. Tongue and temper did it.

## Business Builders

A word to you. It is in place. There are businesses that have stood the test of years, that have come through terrible financial upheavals, and have come through them unshaken, and not only unshaken, but all the stronger for them. They began perhaps in a very humble and unpretentious way. Their foundations were laid deep and strong on the rock of truth and righteousness. Honest effort worked hard and patiently, and prayer prayed, and Heaven smiled. There were no business-booms in those early days, and no scandals—such as we hear of to-day. And so they have slowly grown to be the great industries that are the pride of the city, the glory of the Dominion. Anything and everything they put their mark on the country can rely on, and the people know it. The goods they make and sell, the manufactures they turn out, the buildings they put up, are not shams and shams, but genuine, the honest truth that will stand the wear and tear of the years, no untempered mortar in their construction.

Then there are businesses of another sort. How they boom things! They sell cheap, for they manufacture trash. They call it bread, but it is the husks the swine feed on, and only fit for swine. Everything in the shape of food is adulterated. Honesty cannot compete with them and so is elbowed out of the market. Truets they call themselves, and invite the confidence of the public, and that is not always hard to get. But who can trust them? They are cruel betrayers, sutfeners, utter frauds, sheer shame. The thing they deal most in is what the prophet calls here untempered mortar. They build up their success with that. Shall they prosper? Shall they succeed? They seem to. They build up fast. They make money fast. But this is written, and it is the word of the Lord, and let my lips burn with it: "Say unto them, the business builders, that daub it with untempered mortar, that it shall fall, and great shall be its fall."

## City Builders

We are building a great city here on the Banks of the St. Lawrence. It is a great city now, but it is to be a greater city still. Does it matter, then, how we build it, and what we build it of—the masonry and mortar? The buildings of a city have their place and importance, and it is everything, in its own place, that they be substantial. If the earthquake that shook the City of the Golden Gate, should come here, and shake the city of Mount Royal, would it be found, that our edifices are built of untempered mortar, and that the very first shake would tumble them all down into a heap of fallen bricks and stones? Never so much building going on all over the city as today, and never so much need therefore of thorough inspection to guard against fraud in construction.



Sixty years ago the boys' school at Pointe aux Trembles was built. The building is of common red brick with a stone foundation. It is a plain-looking structure, four storeys high, somewhat weather-beaten, of course, and time-worn. In those sixty years thousands of boys have tumbled down its stairways, and played leap-frog in its dormitories and along its halls. We were anxious to know in what condition its foundations and walls would be found when they would be uncovered, whether indeed it would be worth repairing after such long years of public service. But the report is, the old building is all right, good for another sixty years. If Montreal is built all over as that old building has been, all I have to say is, it is a substantially built city, the untempered mortar evil not one of its evils.

But that is only one side of the city. It has other sides—what about its other sides? Any untempered mortar there? Is it a clean city? Is it a healthy city? Do its citizens respect law and order? Have they due regard to the powers that be? Is it a city of high ideals, or is its standard of education, morality, religion, low? Do the refuse of other cities find refuge here? Knaves and fools, beggars and burglars, rascality and rowdiness, and all such—are they at home with us? Do the city's public men, its merchant princes, its men of wealth and influence, commend themselves by their nobility of character, their sterling worth, and take high rank among the same class of people in other cities? If a city is to be great in the true sense, then it is everything that its leading citizens be men that command the highest respect, are known the world over for their public-spiritedness, their benevolence, their business integrity, their honorableness and broad-mindedness. And, let it be said, that as a city we have men that shine out with a noble lustre, that are doing what they can to make Montreal the great commercial city of the country, that live and work for what they believe to be the best interests of the people, the greatest public good. The city is justly proud of such citizens.

We are not to overlook the fact, however, that it is not the great and good few in the places of influence and power that make a shining city, but the mass of the people, the everybodies that, in their own little spheres of usefulness are at work doing what they can—it is they—who build the city's truest greatness. Just as homely mortar, commonplace cement, that your hands and mine would not deign to touch perhaps, serves so grand a purpose in city-building; so, the common people, the men and women down in the humbler walks of life, that toil and struggle there unrecognized, are the real city-builders. It is they who have made this city what it is to-day, and it is they, too, who today are making it what it will be to-morrow. How important, then, that the people be something else to the city than untempered mortar, that they be true and loyal to its highest interests, if the city is to be built up and stand.

#### Empire Builders

This is Dominion-Day, the thirtieth anniversary of Confederation, and I feel it to be in place, in this union service, to call attention to the fact. I am a son of Canada, born and brought up in Canada, educated in Canada, lived all my life in Canada, and hope to die in Canada. Is it unworthy of me to say that I am proud of Canada? I have known no other country. I want to know no other country. I remember the first Dominion Day. I was a young preacher then, and preached my first patriotic sermon that day. Many of the people I preach-

ed to had no faith in confederation, and many of my brethren looked upon it as an evil day for the Maritime Provinces, but from the first I believed in it as our only true destiny, and I never believed in it more than I do today. God Bless Canada, and build her up!

I have only time for a word or two, but in those few words I would like to emphasize the fact, that we are not only builders, but empire builders, yes, empire-builders. We are therefore to set before us, as sons and daughters of Canada, the very highest and noblest patriotic ideals. Canada is destined to be an empire. In size and natural resources she is an empire now. We have the vast proportions and outlines of an empire. All we want to make us so is the people, and the people are coming. We want, too, imperial faith and energy and loyalty.

A note of warning is in place. It is the prophet's. We may never be an empire. Like a huge colossal tower, in the process of building, we may fall to pieces, crushed under our own weight and weakness. We are not to shut our eyes to the fact, that, from the first, we were made up of a great variety of national materials, as different as they could be in race and creed. And then emigration is not improving matters in that respect, but pouring in upon us a most heterogeneous mass of peoples of almost every race and tongue and faith. The problem, then, and it is a serious one, is how to build up these different peoples into a strong united national life. And shall I not say, in the language of the prophet, that it all depends on the quality of the mortar? This, of course, is composed of different ingredients forming a cement of the most unifying character. But the chief of these ingredients must be a pure gospel. Only the truth as it is in Christ can cement us together and so a great responsibility is laid upon Christian churches. Anything else but the gospel will be untempered mortar. We want it lived and preached everywhere among the people. Only thus can we hope to be built up into a strong united confederation reaching forward to our true destiny as one of the nations of the earth. Say, then, unto the empire-builders of Canada; say unto the politicians, who, in their own ways are daubing things with untempered mortar, covering up flaws and cracks by a weak legislation, that there is a national policy that shall fall. Only God's truth will stand. Only Christ is the rock for Canada to build on.

#### THE INSTINCT OF MENDACITY.

"There is a sense," remarks President G. Stanley Hall, the eminent psychologist and student of child-life, "in which everybody lies more or less." As if this statement were not in itself sufficiently startling, he goes on to say: "I am inclined to believe that about all children sometimes lie; that not a few pass through a stage, often prolonged, when they prefer the lie to the truth, while in a few this trait persists through life."

The "instinct of mendacity," it seems, is not necessarily injurious. It may even be beneficial up to a certain point. In the case of children, it contributes to the making of a powerful and healthy imagination. "When a boy of two or three," observes President Hall, "rushes into the house with beaming eyes and says he saw a horse with one horn on his head, a dog as big as a house, or that God met him on the lawn and told him not to pick flowers, that he had been up to the moon—and these are real cases—he has perhaps just discovered for the first time that he can really say things that have no basis in reality. This marks the moment of the conscious birth of the imagination."—Current Literature.

#### SPARKS FROM OTHER ANVILS.

Chamberland Presbyterian:—One of the unsatisfactory results of modern evangelistic work arises from the temptation to count, from the tendency to talk and act as if a large number of professions of faith were the chief end of the evangelistic movement. We are glad to notice that there are leading evangelists of our times who discourage this tendency to "count noses."

Herald and Presbyterian:—Young men need Christ so that, whether rich or poor, whether in prosperity or adversity, in sickness or in health, in temptation or trial, or in the abounding buoyancies of life, Christ may be for help and strength, for keeping and directing grace. Let every young man seek and accept the divine salvation. Let every Christian young man honor Christ in an abiding spirit of devotion.

Philadelphia Westminster:—We often pray as if the Lord were the main obstruction to our salvation. Give us thy spirit, is the burden of so many Christians, forgetting that the Spirit is ever being offered without reserve. Better ask that we be made receptive. In that lies the secret of conversion.

Methodist Protestant:—When a minister thinks it good policy "to be all things to all men," he must remember that it does not include being mean or bad, or envious or narrow-minded. A minister cannot afford to be polite for profit, nor yield his personality to a wrong cause.

United Presbyterian:—Many young people's societies are so only in name. The old heads run them, do the talking, do the planning, do the boasting, do the

Christian Guardian:—If God has set you at some lonely furrow, and so far there has come no word of human commendation, and there is yet no sign of any good accruing to the race from your lone toil, it is well to bear in mind that the long, weary years of our endurance may be all too short for the harvest of the Lord. God's servants learn to wait, and whether at last we stand triumphant amid a waving harvest, or alone upon a barren hillside, which we have tried to sow, it will be well with us if when God comes, he finds us doing in faith the work He Himself has given us to do.

#### DIVINE SOVEREIGNTY.

The doctrine of election has often suffered at the hands of its friends who sought to define or to defend it, but it has not forfeited its rightful place in a sane system of theology or of philosophy. It has just the same large and rightful place in our system of thinking that God Himself has in ruling the universe to His own wise ends. As long as God is an article in our faith, sovereignty must have a place in our thinking.

Natural scientists have called our grateful attention to the uniformity of nature, to its unbending adherence to law and its persistent pursuit of its own plans. The machinery of forms and of forces was set thousands of years ago to produce the exact situation which obtains today. Existing conditions determine with unfailing certainty what is going to be one thousand years from now. Our inability to forecast that future does not render it precarious or indefinite. There is a foreordination of stages and results in nature which exactly corresponds to what the Scriptures say about the predeterminations of grace and history.

Every good hope is anchored to the assurance that God knows what He wants, and that He is able to keep the spiritual and temporal interests which we have deposited in His keeping. A god who is not sovereign cannot ask for worship nor can he promise to answer prayer.

SUNDAY  
SCHOOL

## The Quiet Hour

YOUNG  
PEOPLE

## FRIENDSHIP OF DAVID AND JONATHAN.\*

(By Rev. J. W. McMillan, M.A.)

As long as the son of Jesse liveth, etc., v. 31. It is never wise to do wrong. If it ever seems to us wise, it is because our ignorance prevents us seeing the havoc that will result. Some native engineers in Brazil saw that a suspension bridge was sagging in the centre. It seemed to them that there was just one thing to do, to support that sagging centre. So they built a pillar that lifted it up. But they thus outraged the nature of the bridge, destroying all the intricate harmony of strains and stresses. A loaded train now pulled on beams where it should have pushed, and pushed on rods where it should have pulled. No wonder the bridge soon broke down. All the universes constructed in harmony with right. No matter how convincingly wise, or absolutely necessary a policy may look, if it is morally wrong, it will be destructive in the end.

Wherefore should he be put to death? (Rev. Ver.), v. 32. Robertson of Brighton, the famous preacher of sixty years ago, once had a false charge laid against him. A friend of his heard the accusation, and, through cowardice or carelessness, missed the opportunity of putting his conduct in its true light. Robertson, writing of this in one of his letters, says, "How rare it is to have a friend who will defend you thoroughly and boldly!" That is what Jonathan did for David, even at the risk of his father's wrath; and that is what our friends should be able to count on in us, that we will speak out fearlessly for them if we hear them slandered.

What hath he done? v. 32. A young man started to practise law, while his widowed mother came to keep house for him. He waited weeks for his first case. Then a thief sent for him to defend him in the magistrate's court. The defence was to be an alibi for which the prisoner's accomplices were to perjure themselves. The young lawyer refused the case, and his mother said, "Right, my son, right." Then a rich man came to him, asking him to draw up a deceitful agreement, by which the other party was to be cheated. Again he refused, and his mother said, "Right, my son, right." Then a poor woman who had been the victim of a money lender's extortion came to him. It was a case where his fees would be almost nothing, his expenditure considerable, and he would probably make powerful enemies for himself. But he took it, and his mother said, "Right, my son, right." That mother was a conscience to her son, making him ask regarding every proposed step, "Is it right?"

Only Jonathan and David knew, v. 39. Policy is not trickery, but the use of wisdom for good purposes. Cromwell's soldiers once caught the little son of a nobleman whom they were anxious to capture. He was brought before the rough looking captain and asked, "When did you see your father last?" The brave little fellow refused to speak. He was within his rights in keeping silent. Everyone sometimes learns something about somebody, which he ought not to

mention. Let him keep it to himself, and let him remember that a secret, whispered to one or two, is a secret no longer.

David arose, v. 41. How like the friendship of Prince Jonathan towards David was to that of Jesus towards John! How the son of Zebedee must have felt honored yet confounded by the affection of his Master! How familiar it was, without a trace of condescension! How resolute to protect the life of the loved comrade! How devoted in sacrifice, giving up so much for his sake, and pressing on to death in his behalf! There is room in the heart of Jesus for all mankind. He will be to us more than Jonathan was to David.

"The love of Jesus, what it is,  
None but His loved ones know."

The Lord shall be between me and thee, v. 42. Affection is insecure till it is riveted by God's hand. People sometimes talk of honor among thieves. In point of fact, the detectives regularly count on breaking up a band of thieves by getting hold of one of them and inducing him to betray his friends. It is just among lawless, godless men that there is no honor. We can expect nothing good of any friendship upon which we cannot ask the blessing of God.

## THE SECRET OF THE LORD.

God sometimes shuts the door and shuts us in,  
That He may speak, perchance through grief or pain,  
And softly, heart to heart, above the din,  
May tell some precious thought to us again.

God sometimes shuts the door and keeps us still,  
That so our feverish haste, or deep unrest,  
Beneath His gentle touch may quiet, till  
He whispers what our weary hearts love best.

God sometimes shuts the door, and though shut in,  
If 'tis His hand shall we not wait and see!  
If worry lies without, and toil and sin,  
God's Word may wait within for you and me. (Unknown.)

## THE MINISTRY OF SORROW.

A musician ordered of a violin maker the best instrument he could make. At length the musician was sent for to come and try his instrument. As he drew the bow across the strings his face clouded and he became angry. Lifting the instrument he dashed it to pieces on the table, paid the price he had contracted to pay, and left the shop. But the violin maker gathered up the broken pieces and set to work to remake the instrument. Again the musician was sent for, and drew the bow across the strings as before. The violin was perfect. He asked the price. "Nothing," the violin maker replied. This is the same instrument you broke to pieces. I put it together, and out of the shattered fragments this perfect instrument has been made." This is the way God does oftentimes with men's lives. They are not what they ought to be. Outwardly they may seem very beautiful, but no sweet music comes from them. They are lacking in spirituality, and the likeness of Christ does not appear in them. Then God permits them to be broken in sorrow or suffering, and with the fragments makes a new life which yields praise, honor and blessing.—Dr. J. B. Miller.

## BETHANY AND BEYOND.

(By Rev. John B. Appel.)

The cruel execution was accomplished. The friends of Jesus tenderly cared for His mutilated body. He rose in triumph, at the end of three days, accompanied the proofs of His resurrection, and the risen Christ was more laudable and powerful than the living Jesus had ever been. His disciples walked with Him to Emmaus. They sat with Him in the Upper Chamber once again. They ate with Him by the side of Galilee. Then He walked with them to Bethany, blessed them and passed from mortal view. Hence the eyes of the whole world are on this spot. It rivets our attention to Bethany and beyond. Here heaven and earth met. This was the last place ever trodden by the foot of Christ. Here the heavens opened to receive Him. Whither He went we hope to follow. All must tread the same path.

We are interested in the road to Bethany, more interested in the road beyond. We all want to follow Jesus thus far anyway. The object of this article is to impress upon us all that if we would follow Jesus to Bethany and beyond, we must follow Him all the way. It was because He trod the road to Calvary that He ascended into heaven. It was because He was faithful all the way that the last journey was to the desired haven. Jesus in the carpenter shop, working, was Christ preparing for heaven. We are apt to think of our work as something which has nothing to do with our salvation. But it is the work that tells. Jesus performed both sides of His work in life, the mechanical and the spiritual, with faith and zeal, hence His reward.

We cannot be a church-goer and neglect our work and expect to meet with the commendation of the Master. We must follow His example all the way. We must be what He was, in the shop at Nazareth, in the home at Bethany, in the school at Jerusalem, in order to go with Him where He is. We must drink of His cup, bear His cross, suffer and sacrifice as He did, and then heaven will come to us as a true reward. We cannot be a faithful worker in our life's vocation and stay away from church, and expect to be blessed of God. We must live a rounded life. We must treat rightly both body and soul. There is a Christian hand, a Christian mind, a Christian soul. All have their respective interests. All must be faithfully cultivated. We shall not jump into heaven. We shall not be saved by chance. We cannot slip inside the pearly gates. All the long pathway of life we must walk with Jesus, as His disciples did, if we would walk with Him to Bethany and beyond. — Christian Intelligencer.

## PRAYER.

The Sabbath is the Lord's; its peace, its foretaste of the eternal rest is His gift to men. O Lord, we thank Thee from the depths of our hearts for the shelter, the abounding sense of calm which we have in this haven of Sabbath. Surrounded by the hills of Thy love, we are shut out from the evils of the world, and for a space have opportunity to meditate upon Thee, upon Thy love for us, and upon that wisdom which Thou hast given us for study in Thy word. Once more we thank and bless Thee for this day. Amen.

\*S.S. Lesson, August 23, 1908: 1 Samuel 20:30-42. Commit to memory v. 42. Study 1 Samuel, ch. 20. Read 1 Samuel 18:1-6; 19: 1-7; 23:14-18. Golden Text:—A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity.—Proverbs 17:17.

## THE PATHWAY TO PEACE.

(By L. M. Zimmerman, D.D.)

The greatest gift the Lord had for man was His peace. "My peace I give unto you" was among the last things he said before his death, and "Peace be unto you" was among the first things he said after his resurrection. The ground of true peace lies in the gift of God to man, and without that peace there will always be wanting the one thing needful. It would be a blessed thing for God, our homes, the Church and our Country and people at large rise up and wage battles of peace.

Battles of bloodshed should be a thing of the past, for such battles are brutal and inhumane. What we pray for is a universal brotherhood, when there shall be put into practical effect the song of the angels when they sang, "Peace on earth, good will toward men." There are many different kinds of fruit in the land, but there is a rare fruit of the lips of which the prophet Isaiah speaks when he says, "I create the fruit of the lips, and what is that fruit? 'Fruit of the lips: surely it must be a sweet fruit. And so it is, for it is, according to the same prophet, 'Peace, peace.' On that the lips of more people today bore this kind of fruit, for then would there be a more blessed world in which to live.

Family differences, church quarrels, national estrangements, social embitterments, would all largely be avoided on more lips bear the fruit of peace. Unfortunately there are those in every department of life who cannot speak but that they cause trouble. To where they will, they are serpents in the garden of Eden.

There is a ministry of obligation which all need to consider. No one lives unto himself alone. The unit of value is not money, but man; character and not commerce must be recognized as the basic principle of national prosperity. When once a nation is to be governed and ruled by money rather than by manly men, then will follow inevitably the downfall of that nation. They that are strong must help bear the burdens of the weak, rather than merely peace themselves, and the more the people at large get within themselves the peace of the blessed Master, the more speedily will the great nation of ours become the envy of the world and the glory of God, for we will be then a nation wherein every man becomes his brother's keeper, a nation where the will of God will be done on earth as it is in heaven. May God's peace be in every man's heart, that thereby there may be from every man's life a pathway to peace.—Lancaster Observer.

## DISTRUSTING GOD IN PRAYER.

Why should there ever be an "unexpected" answer to prayer? A man who knew of a friend's great need, and who had been vainly trying to discover some way to help his friend, "happened" while in prayer to think of the need, and asked God, more as a matter of form than with any expectation of an answer, for guidance out of the difficulty. A few hours later he was annoyed at being "interrupted" by a caller. Before the call was over, the visitor had, without being asked, volunteered the fact that certain resources were available that would exactly meet the difficulty out of which no way had hitherto appeared. The unexpected answer to prayer was a rebuke to the half-hearted petitioner who had so distrusted God that he had looked for no answer. If God, in His love and mercy, so often answers our half-hearted prayers, what would he do if we would only trust him fully!

It is the peace God has himself that he gives us when we trust him enough.

## AMONG THE SUGAR PLANTATIONS.\*

John Gibson was born in Markham, near by Toronto, in 1856. He took his A.B. course in the Toronto University, where he was a favorite and a leader on the campus and in college societies, and carried off high honors in his class. He graduated from Knox theological college, and took a year of post-graduate work at Princeton, and another at Union Seminary, New York. He was thus thoroughly equipped, and ready for any good work, when the call of the East Indians of British Guiana reached him.

While in the earlier part of the last century, British Guiana was one of the most cherished and successful fields of missionary enterprise, in Mr. Gibson's time it was a most neglected land. The negroes have been largely replaced in agricultural labor by East Indians, who now constitute nearly one half the population, and in rural districts an overwhelming majority. They were rapidly gaining on the Christian population. The life, speech and customs of India are everywhere in evidence, and Hindu and Mohammedan temples are rising among the Christian churches.

The Presbyterian Church in the colony viewed this eclipse of heathenism with dismay, but were powerless to cope with the situation and receiving no hope of assistance from Scotland, appealed to Canada for a missionary.

This request came before the Assembly of 1883, and was favorably received. Another request for a missionary soon followed. Mr. Alexander Crum Ewing asked for a man to labor on Better Hope estate, on the East Coast of Demerara, and promised full support. The Foreign Mission Committee therefore advertised for two men, but no one adapted to the work volunteered, and they were compelled to report their failure to the Assembly of 1884.

When this humiliating report came before the Assembly, Mr. Gibson's heart burned within him and he was not disobedient to the heavenly call. He offered his services, which were gladly accepted and he was designated and sailed with little delay. After spending six months in Trinidad with our East Indian Mission studying the work and language, he landed in British Guiana in May 1885, and at once opened work on the West Coast of Demerara.

The last report we have from Mr. Gibson is of the year 1887. He then reported 31 communicants and 66 baptisms, 46 adults and 10 children. He had brought a catechist with him from Trinidad, and secured another in his own field. These labored under his supervision. He had four schools, enrolling over 500 pupils, who received daily religious instruction. His regular Sunday services were held in three central places, but his work extended over eleven sugar estates, where he visited the hospitals, held open air meetings wherever practicable and did personal work in the homes. But in November, 1888, sickness suddenly stayed his hand, and in eight days more he had passed from his abundant labors to his rest and reward.

We have now three missionaries in British Guiana, Messrs. Cropper, Fisher and McKenzie, and the work has extended from the county of Demerara to Berbice and Essequibo, and some twenty native workers are engaged and under training.

This mission, for which Gibson laid down his life must appeal to every young Canadian. Can we allow this gem of our Empire, near our gates as dis-

\*Y.P. monthly topic Aug 30. A Missionary among the sugar plantations: Rev. John Gibson, B.D.. Luke 11: 37-42.

stances are counted today, which many think will some day be a part of our great commonwealth, to pass over to heathenism?

## THE RELIGIOUS PRESS AND THE HOME.

In a ministry of more than forty years in revival work in all parts of the country, I have found that the homes where our religious journals are found are the most spiritual in life and consecrated in labor for Christ. And more—I have always noticed that the pastors who have given special attention in the pulpits and home to get religious paper into the families of their churches have excelled in their work of saving men, promoting missions, and all the financial departments of their churches.

Now I wish to speak of one feature of the special influence of a religious paper in the home life. It is that of providing the children, at the time of their marriage and making new homes, with a religious paper. Often have I noticed that when sons and daughters are married and settled in life, their pious parents, in whose homes they have been reared under the hallowed influence of the weekly religious paper, have benefitted them of this continued influence and power, simply because when they gave them the parting kiss, and perhaps supplies to set up housekeeping in their new home, they have failed to subscribe for them the religious paper which had shed light in the pathway of their childhood days. One of the first blessings which parents should confer upon their children in the new home is the religious paper. And when that is done, who can tell the hallowed character-building which will be effected thereby. And not only this upon their personal lives, but the far-reaching influence for Christ upon the Church and the world. Zion's Herald.

## DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

Monday—Seeking the lost, Luke 15:1-8.  
Tuesday—Bright prospects, Isa. 40:3-11.  
Wednesday—Hastening the work, Psalm 110.  
Thursday—Losing yet saving, Mark 8:35-38.  
Friday—Why a missionary? John 12: 23-26.  
Saturday—An unfading crown, 1 Pet. 5:2-4.  
Sunday—A Missionary among the sugar plantations: Rev. J. Gibson. Luke 11:37-42.

## LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

Arrow—The bow was the most common of all the offensive weapons of antiquity. Originally the branch of a tree of convenient size, it came in time to be made of various substances, of wood backed with horn, of horn entirely, of brass, and even of ivory. Some were shaped like the English bow, and some were like buffaloes' horns. The strings were usually of deer's sinews carefully prepared, and well protected by a bow case, when the weapon was not in use. The arrows for hunting were usually of reed, tipped with flint, and often without feathers; but war arrows were of wood, about 30 inches long, tipped with metal and winged with three lines of feathers.

Sworn—An oath is a solemn promise made with a definite appeal to God to witness and avenge any falsehood or breach of the contract. When the Hebrews made a compact, they sacrificed certain animals, divided their bodies lengthwise into two equal parts, and the contracting parties passed between the pieces, in imprecation of a like fate upon themselves, if they broke the vow. Sometimes they swore by placing the hand under the thigh. Orientals were more emotional and impulsive than we are, and appealed more frequently to the oath.



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The Christian whose inward eyes and ears are touched by God discerns the coming of Christ, hears the sound of his chariot wheels and the voice of his trumpet, when no other deceives them.

### ARE MANNERS OUT OF DATE?

It is a common saying that manners, in the old-fashioned sense, are out of date. Courtesy is a "back number," a fit accompaniment for fancy dresses, in keeping with powder and patches. Many people think themselves too busy to take time for good manners, and women, unfortunately, are the worst offenders. Mothers do not teach their sons to be gentle and courteous with all women, at home as well as abroad, and girls seem to fancy that men will like them better if they are hail-fellow-well-met with them, to the sacrifice of old-world deference.

The man who has been brought up among women who neither expect courtesy nor resent the absence of it will soon drop the surface of politeness which he felt obliged to assume during his courtship. He will backslide into the casual, unintentionally rude behaviour which marked his conduct at home. He will monopolise the most comfortable chair; he will take all the waiting on which he can get as a matter of right; he will read the paper all through breakfast, and expect to smoke all over the house.

A reasonable, practical woman will not break her heart over this, but will tell herself that he means no harm, and that his bad manners are the fault of his bringing up. But the thin-skinned, sensitive woman will bitterly resent the change in his ways, and there will be distressing scenes which easily might be avoided by the gentle courtesy which thinks and feels for others.

### THE PRINCIPAL CAUSE OF CLERICAL RESTLESSNESS.

(By Knoxonian.)

The principal cause of clerical restlessness is genteel poverty. Any man feels restless when he is pinched. Any man with a heart in him feels restless when his wife is weak and overworked and his children are in rags. Any honest man feels restless when he is in danger of getting into debt. A man that could feel perfectly restful under these conditions would be more or less than human. Most ministers are human, and therefore they feel restless in genteel poverty and some of them look out for a better place, who dare say that there is anything wrong in so doing?

No generous, large-hearted, humane Christian will say that a minister has not as good a right as any other man to do the best he can for his family. There is no law, human or divine, which tells a minister he must pinch his family on \$400 a year if he can get \$1,000, and do as much good when receiving the larger salary as when receiving the smaller. The synod of Dort never said so. The Westminster Assembly never enacted that Calvinistic ministers must wear greasy alpaca coats. There is nothing in the Confession of Faith about living on gruel. The men who made the Confession lived on more substantial diet, or they never would have made such a substantial book. There is nothing in that noble compendium of theology — the Shorter Catechism — which teaches that a minister must work without a library if he can put himself in a position to get one. If the men who made the Shorter Catechism had all been compelled to live on \$600 or \$800 a year and drive twenty miles every Sabbath over a mud road, behind a lean horse on an old sulky, we never would have had a Shorter Catechism.

There is a higher authority than any of these. The Good Book says: If any man provides not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel." The minister, like every Christian, is bound to make suitable provision for those dependent upon him. Paul says he would be no Christian if he didn't, and yet there are canting hypocrites who say he is no Christian if he does! Paul did not belong to that class. Some ministers prefer Paul as a guide, and when they cannot provide for their own in one place they look out for another. Paul would say they do exactly right.

The same high authority tells us to "provide things honest in the sight of all men." How can a minister do that if he has not a sufficient salary to support his family? Providing "things honest" requires a good deal of money these times, and if a minister cannot get the wherewithal in one place, so that he can live as an honest man, he must just look out for another.

But what is the use of hammering at a point that every generous man admits. Scores of times have we heard large-hearted Presbyterians when losing their minister, say: "Well, we are sorry he is going. He was a good, faithful

man, but a minister has a right to do the best he can for his family as well as any of the rest of us." One might go a little further, and say he is BOUND to do the best he can for his family as well as the rest of us. The obligation to provide arises naturally out of the relation of the head of a household to his wife and his children. The marriage contract implies the obligation to provide for the wife. It is also implied in the relation of parent to child, and the man who does not recognize this obligation as binding is unfit to be a minister. Recognizing the obligation and feeling unable to meet it makes a poor minister restless, and being restless he tries to get a place where he can meet his family obligations like a man and a Christian. In the name of everything sacred, is there anything wrong in that?

There are a few people who think so. Here is one of them.

Mr. Skintint is selling a bushel of peas. The scales are so evenly balanced that one pea does a little more than bring down the beam. Mr. Skintint takes a pea off, spite it, puts one fall on the scales and takes the other home. Mr. Skintint always did contend that it was wrong for a minister, however poor, to move to a place where he was promised a larger salary. Of course he did. The skintints are spiritually unclean men, far removed from such carnal considerations as salaries—but they split a pea all the same.

Here is another who always contends that it is a grievous sin to accept a call with a larger salary. He had some potatoes so small that he could not sell them on the market. So he presented them, generous soul that he was, to a minister. When the treasurer asked him for his pew rent he credited himself with the small potatoes, and in this way squared his account with the church. This esteemed brother often groans over the increasing worldliness of the clergy. His heart is deeply pained when he hears that any minister has been offered and has accepted a larger income. The increasing worldliness of ministers exercises him almost as much as the operation of turning his small potatoes into cash.

A third representative man who abuses poorly-paid ministers for seeking an income on which they can live decently is almost beneath notice, but we may put him in here to keep company with the two friends already described. We refer to the roving Plymouth evangelist who throws dirt at ministers when conducting his meetings. This gentleman sometimes begins his work in the spirit and ends in the flesh; but however he begins or ends he is always sure to have a fling at the hiring clergy. He takes no stated salary, but he always keeps his dish held out so that if anything falls he can catch it. Don't mention salary to him. Oh, dear no, but if you give him \$500 at the close of his term he'll take it like a little man. Of course he says it is not a stated salary, it is just what the people give. Any salary, large or small, is just what the people give. There is no moral difference between taking money as a co-called gift, as this gentleman does, and taking it in stated sums at regular intervals. Some of these gentlemen travel incessantly, cross the Atlantic oftener in five years than most ministers do in a lifetime, and yet they expect people to believe that they take no money. They ride over the continent



on first-class cars and cross the Atlantic by Cunard steamers by faith! Very likely story. There is one thing they may be trusted never to do. They never go into the back settlements, ride over corduroy and live on pork and green tea diet. They prefer to operate in towns and old settled parts of the country where the travelling is by rail and the board fairly good. If you don't mean any one of them to take a roll of bills, never offer it to him. If you do you'll be the worst sold man in this country two minutes after the offer is made. The good man will give a sanctimonious whine and say "he takes it from the Lord." In the next breath he would abuse a minister for taking his salary from the Lord. If you call your-self an evangelist and stand with your hands behind your back so that your friends may slip a roll of bills into them, it is all right. If you take your check from your treasurer in an open manly way, it is a sin. Out upon such wretched cant.

The principal cause of clerical restlessness is clerical poverty.

Moral: Give Augmentation a good lift in your Presbytery, and an end will be put to perhaps two-thirds of the restlessness.

#### DEATH OF REV. ROBERT HUME

Rev. Robert Hume, M.A., a retired Presbyterian minister, died in Toronto on Thursday at the age of 75 years. He was a native of Halton county, having been born near Milton. He graduated from Knox College and Toronto University, and for 24 years was pastor at St. George; then for seven years at Arkona. Since the termination of his ministry there he has been living retired in Toronto, his home being at 72 Admiral Road, where live the widow and only son, Robert D. Hume, of Elliott & Hume, barristers.

#### CENTENNIAL OF A P. E. I. CONGREGATION.

The Centennial of the Princetown Congregation, P.E.I., was celebrated at Malpeque (the original name of the place) on July 21st. The jubilee of the first regular pastor, Dr. Keir, had been held fifteen years ago, and now the one-hundredth anniversary was duly observed. The Lord's Supper was solemnly observed on the previous Sabbath, the 19th inst. Prof. Dr. Fraser of Montreal College, a grandson of Dr. Keir, preached, and the pastor, Rev. E. J. Rattie, was assisted by the three preceding pastors, Revs. Robert Laird, Kingston, Ont., George McMillan, Kentville, N.S., and J. M. Fisher. The large church was thoroughly filled, as also in the evening when Mr. McMillan preached.

The special Centennial celebration was held on the following Tuesday at 2 o'clock, and in the evening. The church was crowded at both meetings. After devotional exercises, the Governor of the Province addressed the meeting on "Then and Now." Rev. G. McMillan read a paper on the "Life and Work of Dr. Keir." Rev. R. Laird gave a short address on "Almost Twenty Years," followed by Rev. Mr. McKenzie, bringing the congratulations of Presbytery as Moderator. Then similar addresses by ministers of other denominations, Anglican, Methodist, Baptist and Disciples. The celebration was continued with deep interest at the evening meeting, a special feature being an address by Miss Annie Montgomery, a native of Malpeque, and for twenty-six years a missionary of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A. A tablet for the late Dr. Keir was unveiled, also one for the late C. G. Montgomery, a missionary with her sister for a number of years.

#### THE FINE ART OF KEEPING SWEET.

Once a woman died, and engraved on her tombstone, underneath her name, were four little words, "She was always pleasant."

Now, I am sure that this woman was not one of those people to whom being pleasant is second nature, else no one would have given her credit for it as being anything meritorious. She had probably worked hard, long, and patiently to win the battle over self, which resulted in her being "always pleasant."

Of all the problems which confront the busy woman of today, there is no more important one than how to live her life satisfactorily; for, "at the best," as the Irishman says, "she has the worst of it."

A woman owes it to herself to be sensible, neat and pleasant. But away down under this outward manner she owes herself the duty of "keeping sweet." It is an old-fashioned phrase, "keeping sweet," but it means so much. It is being womanly, and gracious, and kindly, and thinking sweet, lovely things, and putting into your face gentleness and sweetness.

And this means a constant fight against the annoying, trying things of life, the little pin-pricks, the small, trying things which come to mar the perfectness of even the most sheltered life, and which are scattered broadcast over the path of the working woman.

Once on a crowded street-car I met a woman, delicate, her hair touched with gray, and she was standing. She was not tall enough to hold a strap but was valiantly trying to keep her footing. A lurch of the car threw her against a burly fellow, and he scowled at her. With one of the sweetest and most winning smiles I ever saw, she looked up at him. "I beg your pardon," she said. The man's face grew red, and he looked embarrassed for a moment, then he said, "It's me that should beg yours, ma'am; I am sorry I was cross." After a while we both got a seat, and I said to her, "Doesn't it annoy you to see such rudeness, and lack of courtesy as there is, for instance, on this car?" She smiled again and said, "My dear, I cannot afford to let myself get annoyed over anything; I must earn my living in this cross, old world, and I must do a bit of coaxing, and it's pleasanter than scolding; don't you think so?"

There she had it. Coaxing is better than scolding. A smile will always bring one more than a frown is a saying trite and old, but it is true.

One business man had a stenographer fourteen years. She came into his office when he was a young lawyer and she a green, inexperienced girl. For fourteen years she followed the upward tide of his success, until she knew the detail work as only a thoroughly interested person would know it.

She was thirty-three years old, and she had worked hard and long. One day she came into his private office, and told him that she was going to be married, and she suggested getting her successor, so that she might help her to become adjusted. Her employer quickly agreed with her suggestions, and

told her to find some one to take her place, and then he said to her: "Miss Jones, you have been part of this office and part of the success of this business since it started. I may not have seemed as appreciative as I might a great many times, but I want you to know I have understood your worth, and in selecting a successor there is just one of your traits I must insist upon, absolutely."

"And that is?"

"She must be pleasant — you have smoothed the rough places more times than you will ever know by being pleasant in the face of things where it would have been excusable to have been otherwise, and many a time I know it has been a struggle, but I respected you the more because I knew that it was not always easy."

Have you ever heard a recommendation you would rather have than that one?

If there is one thing that will help more than another in gaining this sweetness, it is the unselfish little things you can learn to do for those with whom you come in contact. There are those whom you meet in your daily life to whom just a smile means much. Just look about you and see the sad, tired faces, and think how many hard, sad things crowd into every life, and think how little one can do to lighten the burden, and yet how much that little helps.

There was a woman whom I had seen every day for several years going to and fro. Sometimes I had wondered about her, she had an air of refinement, a wonderfully winning smile, and the once or twice I had heard her voice, it sounded so sweet and womanly I quite longed for an occasion to speak to her. One day it came, and I learned that she was a business woman who was supporting a widowed invalid sister and her two children, besides a crippled child she had adopted. Her life had been full of tragedy, for she felt that the accident which crippled the child had been indirectly her fault, and to a tender heart nothing could hurt more than that. After a hard and often a worrisome day, she would go home smiling, with some bit of bright news of the outside world for her "slutins," as she called them, giving of her individuality freely and fully. There are heroes and heroines in the world of everyday folk, and the outward and visible sign is often a bright and cheery smile!

The woman who had engraved upon her tombstone the words "She was always pleasant!" may have been a mother, living in the shelter of a home, caring for those whom she loved and who loved her, or she may have been a business woman, out in the big world of men, making her own way, with no one to stand between her and the unpleasant things of life, but whichever she was, she had trained herself to smile, to see the bright side of things, to sympathize, and to give out the milk of human kindness; in short, she had mastered the art of "keeping sweet."—Raymond McBride, in *The Circle*.

#### THE LATE REV. JAMES GRANT.

Rev. James Grant, for many years pastor of Richmond Hill Presbyterian church, died at North Toronto on August 11 after an illness extending over two years. He was born in Duffus, Morayshire, Scotland, and after coming to Canada attended Queen's University, from which he graduated with honors in arts and theology. He is survived by a wife and six children. Mrs. Grant is a daughter of Rev. A. Mackay.

STORIES  
POETRY

## The Inglenook

SKETCHES  
TRAVEL

## HOW MAJOR KEPT GUARD.

(By Viola Gardner Brown.)

Major was a beautiful shepherd dog. Like all of that breed, he was very intelligent and faithful. One of his duties was to keep chickens off the lawn, and the feathered tribe fled before him as from a tornado, as they probably thought he was.

One day it was decided to have an exception to the rule, and allow an old hen with a brood of very young chickens to have the freedom of the lawn for a time. Then the question arose, would Major allow it? Could he be made to understand that it was right to allow that hen and her family the right of way, and still keep the rest off?

Some of the family thought that was rather beyond the limit of dogish intelligence, but his master thought not. They were sitting on the lawn, the dog as usual on guard at a little distance. "Mayor, come here," said his master.

Major came, and, laying his beautiful head on his master's knee, looked up into his face with eloquent eyes that expressed almost human intelligence and more than human devotion.

His master spoke to him slowly and distinctly. "Major, you must allow that hen and chickens," pointing them out, "to come on the lawn, and keep the rest off. Do you understand?"

Major nodded, flourished his bushy tail, and circling round his master's chair went through a few physical-culture exercises, with staccato remarks, meaning,

"Of course I do, and I'll do it with the greatest of pleasure."

And he did. He not only made the desired exception in the case of the hen and chickens, but he allowed them to roost in his kennel!

Before Major's house was built, his headquarters were in a box in the woodshed, a folded piece of carpet serving for a bed. When the spring epidemic of house-cleaning began, it spread to the woodshed. Major's box was taken out, his carpet shaken and hung on the line. The intention was to let him try sleeping out-of-doors during the summer, on the veranda or lawn.

But Major didn't understand. He came home from a business trip one day, and went to his headquarters as usual. His bed was gone! He seemed nonplussed, and sat down to think it over. Then it seemed to dawn on him that an insult was intended. He was not wanted any longer. Those whom he loved so well, and who constituted his world, had ceased to care for him.

His head and tail slowly drooped, and with deep dejection in his face and manner he crawled into the house, and lay down behind the kitchen stove, moaning as if his heart would break.

The boys found him there on their return from school, and on learning the details were very indignant. There was a rush for the woodshed; Major's box and bed were replaced; and he was triumphantly reinstated, to his great joy.

He always did guard-duty when the family were away from home, and he liked to have his work appreciated, too. He could distinguish the sound of the family carriage from all others as it crossed the bridge near the house, and would always meet the family there on their return. With barks and yelps of joy he would fly before them to the gate, and having told them, "Welcome

home," he would proceed to report.

He would circle the house and back to the carriage with various abrupt and fragmentary remarks that meant, "The house is all right!" Then he would run to the pig-pen, look in, and come flying back, barking his report. "The hogs are all there!"

Then he would go to the hen-house and back with the same report, and so on, till all the places he was expected to guard were accounted for. Then a final volley of barks, accompanied with many acrobatic performances would say, "Everything's all right; I've taken care of everything." Then he would receive the petting, and words of approval that meant so much to him.

Major was a loved and honored member of the family for many years, but he finally fell a victim to poison at the hands of a superior (f) being, who probably objected to his faithful guardianship of the premises.

## THE WANDERER.

(By Eugene Field.)

Upon the mountains height, far from the sea,

I found a shell;  
And to my listening ear the lonely thing  
Ever a song of the ocean seemed to sing,  
Ever a tale of the ocean seemed to tell.

How came the shell upon the mountain height?

Ah, who can say?  
Whether there dropped by some too careless hand,  
Or whether there cast when ocean swept the land,  
Ere the Eternal had ordained the day.

Strange, was it not! Far from its native deep,

One song it sang—  
Sang of the awful mysteries of the tide,  
Sang of the misty sea, profound and wide,  
Ever with echoes of the ocean rang.

And as the shell upon the mountain height

Sings of the sea,  
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away—  
So do I ever, wandering where I may,  
Sing, O my home! sing, O my home! of thee.

## ORIGIN OF THE "HIP, HIP, HURRAH!"

Prince Fushimi has been inquiring as to the derivation of our "Hip, hip, hurrah!" The following excerpt on the subject is from "The Tatler" of 1832. "During the stirring times of the Crusades the chivalry of Europe was excited to arms by the inflammatory appeals of the well-known Peter the Hermit. While preaching the Crusade this furious zealot was accustomed to exhibit a banner emblazoned with the following letters—H. E. P., the initials of the Latin words, 'Hierosolyma Est Perdita,' Jerusalem is destroyed. The people in some of the countries which he visited, not being acquainted with the Latin, read and pronounced the inscription as if one word—Hep. The followers of the Hermit were accustomed whenever an unfortunate Jew appeared in the streets, to raise the cry, 'Hep, hep, hurra!' to hunt him down, and flesh upon the defenceless Israelite their maiden swords, before they essayed their temper with the scimitar of the Saracen."—Dundee Advertiser.

It is a hopeful day for us when we realize that our idols are made of mud.

## WHAT THE BEADS TOLD.

(By Hilda Richmond)

"Everything goes wrong," stormed Molly when her papa telephoned that he was too busy to take her for a drive they had planned. "I never want to do things and get my way, so I'm going to stop counting on them."

"You don't have half as much trouble as I do," said Roy. "I have worked three days to make my kite fly, and just as I got it all right it tangled up in the wires and got broken. I would just like to have things go right for once."

"I thought you enjoyed the ride in the auto this morning when Uncle Joseph came past," said Grandma, who was quietly knitting by the window.

"Well, that was one time," admitted Molly, "but everything else has gone wrong this morning."

"How about the pretty kitten Cousin Sarah sent?" went on Grandma.

"I forgot about that," said Molly, "but I suppose it will run away or something."

"Jack chewed up my ball this morning," grumbled Roy.

"Yes, and Cousin Sarah bought you a new one when she heard about it," said Grandma. "I think you are both a little out of humor."

"Honest, Grandma," said Molly, "things have been going wrong all morning. I couldn't tell you how many times I've been disappointed."

So Grandma urged her to tell everything that had happened that morning and Molly had a doleful tale. Roy added his list to Molly's, and any one who saw the forlorn little faces must have concluded that they had hard times, indeed. After a while they forgot all about what Grandma had said and played till dinner was ready. After dinner they went for the drive and not a thing was said about being disappointed until after supper when bedtime came.

"Look here, children," said Grandma, holding up two long strings of beads. "Everytime you told me today that something went wrong, I put on a gray bead and when you were happy a gold one. What do you think of the strings?"

And if you'll believe me, Roy only found five gray beads on his string and Molly four on hers! All the rest were shining gold ones, and Grandma had asked them from time to time all day what had happened, so they knew the beads were telling true stories. Then they sat down to count the gold beads and found that Molly had twenty-five and Roy thirty. Just think of that! Why, the dull gray beads hardly counted at all among the bright shining ones.

"I'll never say again that everything goes wrong!" said two voices. "Let's hang the beads on the curtain where we can always see them and remember."

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never—in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony.—William Henry Channing.

## STORY OF HEATHEN ENGLAND.

Strange as it may seem our English ancestors were once heathen. They worshipped false, cruel gods, and had never heard of the name of Jesus. They were wholly given to this sinful worship and were constantly fighting among themselves, and were very brutal and ignorant. The introduction of Christianity came about in a very remarkable way, and is an interesting bit of history. The story opens in the market place of Rome, sometime in the year 574.

One day a young monk, walking by chance through the slave market of that city, saw there three or four beautiful boys who had just been brought in by a merchant to be sold. These sweet faces, the fair skins and the long golden hair of the children that fell in curls upon their shoulders—so different from the dark faces and raven looks of the Italians—attracted his attention, and he inquired from what country they came.

In answer to his interrogatory he was told that they were heathen boys from the distant isle of Britain. The young monk was sorry to think that forms so beautiful without should have no light within, and he asked again the name of their nation.

"Angles," he was answered. "They have the faces of angels, and they ought to be made fellow heirs of the angels of heaven. But of what tribe of the Angles are they?"

"Of Deira," replied the merchant. "De ira!" said the monk; "then they must be delivered from the wrath of God. And what is the name of their king?"

"Aella," was the answer. "Then Alleluia shall be sung in their land," said the monk, playing upon the word.

And he went to the Pope, and he asked that missionaries be sent to that country, he himself to be their leader; but the Pope refused to let the young monk go, and nothing came of the matter for a time.

Whether the young monk was able to do anything for the poor English boys the story does not say, but he never forgot his plan for converting the English people. After the lapse of years the old Pope died, and the man chosen to sit in St. Peter's chair was this young monk, who is known as Pope Gregory VI. Of course, he could not now go himself to Britain as a missionary, as he had enough to do in Rome. But he could send others, and he was no sooner pope than he sent a Roman abbot, named Augustine, with a company of monks, to carry the gospel to Britain.

It was in the year 597, that St. Augustine and his monks landed on English soil. The most powerful king in Britain at this time was Ethelbert of Kent, overlord of all the Saxon kings south of the Humber. He had just married a Christian princess from over the sea, named Bertha, and she had taken into England with her a Christian bishop, named Lindhard. The queen and her bishop worshipped in a little chapel at Canterbury, called St. Martin's. But all the rest of the people were pagans, and worshipped Thor and Odin.

King Ethelbert received Augustine and the missionaries, sitting in the open air, on the chalk down above Minster, where the eye nowadays catches, miles away over the marshes, the dim towers of Canterbury. The good queen was by his side, and he listened to the long sermon that the Roman monk delivered, as it was interpreted to him by the Frankish bishop.

"Your words sound fair," said Ethelbert, with English good sense, "but they are new and of doubtful meaning. They shall receive our attention, however, and while we are considering them you shall have shelter and protection."

Doubtless the influence of his Christian

queen had something to do with Ethelbert's treatment of the missionaries. At any rate, they had the best of treatment accorded them. They had the queen's little chapel to preach in, and the people of the land listened to them and were baptized. And before many months King Ethelbert was himself converted, and more than ten thousand of his subjects professed the Christian religion.

"And so," says the Freeman, "was Christianity introduced among the English people," and with the strains of the Litany came the jubilant cry of the older Hebrew worship, the cry which the young Roman monk had wrested in prophetic earnestness from the name of the Northumbrian king in the market place of Rome, "Alleluia!"

It is one of the romantic stories of history, and one that I hope you will remember; for the landing of the preacher St. Augustine in England marked a mile post in the annals of Christianity, and had it not been for the accidental meeting of Gregory with the handsome young English captives, the conversion of England might have been delayed a hundred years.

## A HINT ABOUT PERFUMES.

"Your house always smells so sweet," said a girl to an elderly matron. "I wish I knew your secret."

"Soap and water, Betty!" was the terse reply.

This recipe for fragrance leaves little to be desired, although there is such a thing as stepping into a house that is absolutely clean in every nook and corner and finding it stuffy and unwholesome, notwithstanding its purity. Though cleanliness is next to godliness, fresh air and perfect ventilation bring it still nearer the divine standard. The housekeeper who tolerates dirt in any part of her establishment from cellar to attic, from kitchen to drawing-room, will not have a sweet-smelling, fragrant home. She who wishes her home to be without a flaw will open her windows, let the thermometer have what vagaries it may, and thoroughly freshen the atmosphere of her house every day of her life. If she does this morning by morning her good man may smoke his pipe when he pleases, and no clinging odor of stale tobacco will lurk in carpets, draperies or clothing. Dried lavender leaves thickly sprinkled in the linen closet will impart a delightful scent to sheets, pillowslips and towels. A bottle of pure ammonia, in which a little oil of lavender has been poured, will freshen a sick chamber, and rose jars filled with sweet potpourri will give a touch of refinement to the plainest living room.—Selected.

## IF ONE WERE A BOY AGAIN.

In some papers of the late Dr. Harper, of the University of Chicago, was found a memorandum which read like this:

"If I were a boy again, I would read every book I could reach. I would strive to find out from good books how good men lived.

"If I were a boy again, I would cultivate new patience with the faults of others, and study my own with greater care. I would strive for humility.

"If I were a boy again, I would more and more cultivate the company of those older, whose graces of person and mind would help me on in my own work. I would seek good company.

"If I were a boy again, I would study the Bible even more than I did. I would make it a mental companion. The Bible is necessary for every boy.

"If I were a boy again, I would study the life and character of our Saviour persistently that I might become more and more like unto Him."

## THE SQUIRREL AND THE MASTIFF

"What an idle vagabond you are!" said a surly mastiff to a squirrel that was frolicking about in the trees above him.

The squirrel threw a nut-shell at him. "I've been watching you these two hours," said the mastiff again, "and you've done nothing but dance and swing and skip and whiek that tail of yours about all the time."

"What an idle dog you must be," said the squirrel, "to sit for two hours watching me play!"

"None of your pertness. I had done all of my work before I came here."

"O, ho!" said the squirrel. "Well, my work's never done. I've business up in this tree that you know nothing about."

"Business, indeed! I know of no business that you have but kicking up your heels and eating nuts and pelting honest folks with the shells."

"Fie!" said the squirrel, "don't be ill-tempered," and he dropped another nut-shell at him. "Don't envy my lot; for, although I rejoice in the happiness of it, I must remind you it isn't all joy. Summer doesn't last forever; and what becomes of me, think you, when the trees are bare and the winds howl through the forests and the fruits are gone? Remember that when you have a warm hearth and a good meal to look forward to."

"You wouldn't change with me, however," said the mastiff.

"No, nor you with me, if you knew all," said the squirrel. "Be content, like me, to take together the rough and the smooth of your proper lot. When I'm starved with cold in the winter, I shall be glad to think of you by your pleasant fire. Can't you find it in your heart to be glad now of my sunshine? Our lots are more equal than they seem."

—Early Days.

## A SWEET VOICE.

"O father, I wish I could sing! It's so nice to give pleasure to people. Florence sang at the club today, and we all enjoyed it so much. She sings every night to her father too. I'd give anything if I could. But there's no use wishing; there isn't any music in me."

"Is that so?" asked the father, taking her wistful face between his hands. "Well, perhaps you can't sing; but don't tell me your voice has no music in it. To me it is full of music."

"Why, father, how can you say so?"

"Almost every evening, answered the father, "when I come home, the first thing I hear is a merry laugh, and it rests me, no matter how tired I am. Yesterday I heard that voice saying: 'Don't cry, Buddie; sister'll mend it for you.' Sometimes I hear it reading to grandmother. Last week I heard it telling Mary, 'I'm sorry your head aches; I'll do the dishes tonight.'"

"That is the kind of music I like best. Don't tell me my little daughter hasn't a sweet voice!"—Round Table.

## "KEEPS" FOR THE CHILDREN.

These "keep texts" are all in the Bible. Find them and learn them, and so make them yours:

"Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

"Keep thy tongue from evil, and thy lips from speaking guile."

"Keep thee far from false matter."

"He that keepeth his mouth keepeth his life."

"Take heed to thyself, and keep thy soul diligently."

"Little children, keep yourselves from idols."

"My son, keep thy Father's commandments."

"My son, keep sound wisdom and discretion."

CHURCH  
WORK

## Ministers and Churches

NEWS  
LETTERS

## THE CHURCH AND THE LORD'S DAY.

Harry Hughes.

"The Lord's Day is the right arm of the Church; cut it off and the Church will be paralyzed," were words often uttered by the late Principal Caven, and yet the effort to preserve the day for rest and worship is largely hindered by professing Christian ministers and lay workers. The advocate of a quiet day, free from servile labor, says that works or mere convenience should be forbidden, and those who are in a position to profit by such convenience ought to exercise self-denial rather than deprive others of their God-given right to rest—and the multitude of Christians applaud the remark. But ask minister or lay preacher to join in an application for closing the livery stables and boat-houses on the Lord's Day, and you will probably be told, "In order to reach my appointments, sometimes — it may be very rarely, but sometimes—I must hire a livery horse. You must make an exception for such cases. But I never use a boat—that business ought to be stopped."

Try to do away with passenger trains on the Lord's Day and you will be surprised to learn how many ministers of the Gospel find them "a real convenience," enabling them to preach at home in the morning and exchange with a brother at some distance in the evening.

One would think that Death would solemnize men's thoughts for others, and awaken consideration for others, yet Sunday is a favorite day for funerals—it is so convenient—all the friends can attend. Of course, it is the pastor's busiest day—he is over wrought by his regular duties, and this additional burden is indeed heavy for him—but that's what he's paid for—and besides he said he could do it. The Sunday school teacher is an old friend of the family—we'll have him for a pall-bearer—he easily can get another to teach his class for one day. O yes, it's so convenient—to say nothing of the reverence for or obedience to any scruples the pastor or teacher may have in regard to the matter.

Then there's the special parade of the military or fraternal associations "for Divine service." For self-advertisement is what some really good, charitable people believe it to be—though probably the members fail to realize this aspect of the question. They are Christians, of course—though some of them never identify themselves with church-goers except on such special occasions—and their association is Christian, too—so it is fitting they should march to church (brethren from a distance specially invited) with a full band of music, attracting a rabble and disturbing the community. The preacher tells them how pleased he is to see them doing so worthily in acknowledging allegiance to the "Grand Master above," and to find from their annual report that they are carrying out so practically the injunction to "love the brotherhood," as well as affording such an exalted example of "pure religion and undefiled"—by paying the widows and orphans the exact amount of the insurance for which the departed brethren have paid the dues. The procession rejoins the band—the members of which in some instances at least, lie upon the green sward and "tell stories" during the service—they march back to the lodge room, where a vote of thanks is tendered the preacher, and perchance cheers given for somebody or something, apparently to let off the superabundant

steam generated by the display. I know of one good Presbyterian pastor who firmly set his face against this noise and excitement, telling the brotherhoods that he would gladly preach to any body of men or women who came quietly to church. The result was that all the ministers of the Gospel in the place adopted the same rule, and now in that respect at least, there is a quiet Lord's Day, even when the societies or volunteers attend church in uniform.

Another way in which Christians often offend is by posting letters for the post office clerks to distribute for the early morning mails. And when professing Christians show such an example we may be sure that others will improve upon it. I shall not enter into particulars, as I do not wish to extend the evil. But I do trust that Christians in this as in other matters will show a safe example, without even the appearances of evil.

Would it be a great act of self-denial for Christians to buy milk for the Lord's Day on Saturday? Milkmen ought to have their Sunday rest, and the delivery disturbs the quiet of residential neighborhoods, and it is not a good example. Of course it might be necessary now and then to send out for milk for infants or invalids—but that would be recognized as work of necessity, and would not involve much "labor" upon the dealer.

Lastly, let me say a word as to special music at the regular services of the church. How can we expect to put down Sunday concerts ("sacred" to be sure!) in parks and theatres while the Church of God shows the example? I need not enter into particulars. Every reader of the newspapers can find them there if not in the place of worship he attends. And some ministers have so far effaced themselves and their messages as to add to the announcement that the choir, quartette or soloist will sing "special music," that the other parts of the service and the sermon "will be shortened."

Toronto, 15th July, 1908.

## WHY WE SHALL WIN.

If our salvation depended upon our holding true to God, there would be little hope for us. The outlook is brighter and surer than that. Here is our ground of hope: "being confident of this very thing, that he who began a good work in you will perfect it until the day of Jesus Christ." Our confidence is not that we shall hold out to the end, but that he will. God does ask us to permit him to begin in us the good work which shall end in victory. He cannot begin this until we have surrendered ourselves to him in Christ. But when we have done that, the fight is in his hands. And he has too jealous a regard for his name ever to fail one who has thus trusted him. "For Jehovah will not forsake his people for his great name's sake, because it hath pleased Jehovah to make you a people unto himself." Because of what he is, not because of what we are, God will not forsake us and leave us ourselves. This does not mean that we are therefore to sin freely in the confidence that it will come out all right because God will not let us go, but rather that we are to look confidently to God for the power that shall give us present and eternal victory over sin. We cannot be true to God unless we are winning victories for him day by day; but in him alone lies our only hope of being true to him.

## PEARY'S QUEST.

Peary's latest and last trip to the Arctic zone began last month. With fifteen tons of pemmican, 800 pounds of choice tea at a dollar a pound, 100 barrels of flour, and 100 cases of condensed milk—the four indispensable items—not to mention innumerable other kinds of supplies, including a carload of ice, the good ship Roosevelt left New York for another tussle with the ice floes. Her first port was Oyster Bay, where the President and his family came on board to wish Peary good luck. Everybody wishes him good luck, even those who are still asking the question, "What's the use? It is a question that nobody has answered very satisfactorily. But as long as man is made with the spirit of adventure in him, and "threw that throw the world," he will persist in doing some things without waiting for an adequate answer to that question. What is the use of an automobile race from New York to Paris through the arid wastes of Asia? What is the use of Theodore Roosevelt's making a hunting tour to South Africa? This or that particular feat may seem of no use, but the something in the soul of man that responds to the challenge of fate, the rapture that comes in snaking dice with death, the restless lure of the mysterious and the unknown—these have played a tremendous part in the making of the world, and we cannot do without them. The injunction laid upon the first man—"subdue the earth"—has never been lifted. And as long as there is a mountain top yet to be conquered, a forest yet to be penetrated, a degree of latitude or longitude yet to be traversed and charted, there will be men of the Peary type who will glory in the peril and hardship without waiting to find beforehand an answer to the question, "What's the use?"—Current Literature.

## WINNIPEG AND WEST.

In a recent issue of the Vancouver World we find the following items: Rev. Robert Jaffray and Mrs. Jaffray have returned to Canada on furlough after eight years' missionary service in the Canton province of China. Mr. Jaffray is a son of Senator Jaffray, of Toronto, and with his wife is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Seymour. Rev. Robert Campbell, D.D., of Montreal, will arrive on the morning train to-day from the east. Dr. Campbell was moderator of the general assembly of the presbyterian church last year, and is one of the best known ministers of that church. He will deliver a short course of lectures at Westminster hall next week.

United Presbyterian.—Repentance, personal repentance, is the first step in preparing the way for the Lord. Jesus preached repentance. The apostles preached repentance. Paul persuaded men out of his knowledge of the terror of the Lord. Sin—sin as separating us from God—is the barrier; the consciousness of sin is the meeting place of God with the soul. "God be merciful to me a sinner," was the cry of the publican, and to him a gracious answer was given. It was under the preaching of righteousness and judgment to come that Festus trembled.

For the past two Sabbaths Rev. George Cormack, of Ottawa, was the preacher in Zion Church, Carleton Place. The pastor, Rev. A. A. Scott, always secures most satisfactory supply.



## HOME ON FURLOUGH.

The Winnipeg Free Press, of the 10th inst., says that Rev. J. Menzies, M.D., of the Canadian Presbyterian mission in the province of North Honan, China, is in the city with his wife and children on their second furlough in thirteen years. Their visit to Canada is to last little over a year.

A curious fact of their ocean voyage was that in crossing the meridian on the first of July they had two Dominion Days to celebrate, two Wednesdays in one week, and their year 1908, bring leap year, will number 367 days.

Dr. Menzies' residence in China has been in Hwaching Fu (county town). The mission with which he is connected is the only in a population of 8,000,000, constituting about one-fifth of the whole of Honan. It operates in three counties. The mission staff numbers fourteen families, besides half a dozen young ladies; the mission has three hospitals for men and one for women, and is doing a large medical work: one of the hospitals sometimes averaging 150 patients a day, and having half-a-dozen operations. There is a great demand for medical work, the district being rather sterile one, and the Chinese themselves having no medical skill. The mission has been doing good work, and is in a very hopeful condition in every way. It has organized quite a number of schools and also a presbytery.

The changes taking place in China are described by Dr. Menzies as of a very interesting nature. Formerly to reach the interior from the coast at Shanghai used to take a month of travel, going by horseboat; on this recent occasion, in coming out, the travellers started a steaming car at 10:30 a.m. and the next day at 3 o'clock were at Hankow, distant 450 miles, where they took a large steamer on the Yangtze for Shanghai, and the whole trip occupied four and a half days instead of over a month.

Since 1901 when Dr. Menzies returned, after the Boxer troubles were over, tremendous strides have been made in the building of railways, and the many centuries old system of education has been swept away by a single edict. A good deal of difficulty is being experienced, however, in introducing a new school system, owing to the great lack of good teachers.

## Imports From Canada.

There are very few industries in that part of China; the whole population practically live off the land. China, though wealthy in natural resources, having immense deposits of coal, iron and other minerals, has no good roads or other means of transportation, and the market is limited. The people are very poor, and when the crops fail they suffer from famine. The missionaries and other European residents get a great deal of their food stuffs from Canada, chiefly by way of London; also, they purchase British Columbia salmon, California's fruit, canned vegetables, etc.; but the goods from London are better packed and preserved. Another obstacle in the way of direct trade with Canada is that the freight rates are very high. Sometimes it takes nine months to get goods from Chicago, The United States and Canada. Dr. Menzies observes, have not studied the foreign shipment question as it has been studied in England. There are, he thinks, great openings for markets in dairy produce, Canadian fruits, flour and lumber. Another obstacle against Canadian and American trade is the trouble caused in making out invoices, merchants having no understanding of what is required, while, in England, the greatest care is exercised. Dr. Menzies, in referring to these matters, is giving his own experience in trying to work up Canadian trade.

China has great need of government reform. There is no such thing as representative government; the people have not the first idea of such a thing. The emperor appoints the high officials, and these in turn appoint those under them, the positions being practically bought. Christianity has made great progress in China. It is estimated that there are over a million Christians now, the centennial conference in Shanghai last year showing over 800,000 on the rolls, and the work is advancing in every part of Canada.

## Fighting the Opium Tariff.

The stamping out of the opium traffic promises to be successful. Notices were sent out that after a stated number of months all officials who smoked opium would be discharged, and this has been done; opium dens have been closed; the tax has been raised so as to make the growing of poppies no longer profitable; and those engaged in the opium business have been given time to sell out and engage in something else.

Dr. Menzies is delighted to be in Canada again. Though his energies are devoted to China, so that it is his intention to return after spending his furlough in post-graduate medical studies, he finds living in China very different from being at home in Canada. There, he says, one cannot get away from the crowd. The streets are very narrow, and the surroundings are extremely unhealthy. Here it is delightful to see their houses with open spaces around them, and the wide streets and boulevards. In China all the large cities, county towns and township towns are surrounded by walls thirty feet high, of brick and earth, with four gates, one at each side. The North China inhabitants are larger and more robust than those in the south. They speak the Mandarin language, and Dr. Menzies considers them a magnificent people, intelligent, hard working, and splendid mechanics.

Having heard about the eastern problem in British Columbia, he was surprised to find everything so quiet there. During his stay on the coast he saw no signs of trouble. He thinks an emigration movement from North China might become a force to be reckoned with; but he looks forward to development of the natural resources of their own country, which will give the people employment at home.

## IRA DAVID SANKEY.

This great evangelist died at his home in Brooklyn on the 13th of August, and it will probably be of interest to our readers to see a sketch of his life.

Ira David Sankey, as he tells himself in his introduction to his "Story of the Gospel Hymns," was born in 1840 at Edinburg, in western Pennsylvania. His father, Hon. David Sankey, was engaged in the commission and forwarding business, and afterwards took up farming, so that young Ira's youth was largely spent on the farm. He assisted in farm work and received the usual school privileges which fell to the lot of the boys and girls of those days. Ira was converted at the age of sixteen at some revival meetings, held at the King's Chapel, some three miles from his home. Next year his father, who had been for some years in the State Legislature, assumed the Presidency of a bank and moved to Newcastle. There Ira attended high school and later entered his father's bank. He became a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Newcastle and before long was made superintendent of the Sunday school and leader of the choir. Here his voice first began to attract attention.

On the outbreak of the war in 1860 Mr. Sankey, then twenty years of age, joined the Newcastle company and saw service in Maryland, often assisting at religious services in the Union camp. After the war he returned to the assistance of his father, who had become a collector of internal revenue and in the succeeding years was in much demand in his State as a singer at conventions and political meetings. In 1867 Mr. Sankey entered Y. M. C. A. work as secretary of the Newcastle branch, and in 1870 went as delegate to the international convention of the association at Indianapolis. It was there that he first met D. L. Moody, with whom he was to be associated in evangelistic work for the next thirty years. Moody heard Sankey's singing and at once proposed that they go into evangelistic work together. Sankey was unwilling at first, but after six months' hesitation allowed himself to be persuaded.

In 1871 they commenced work among Mr. Moody's little flock in Chicago and kept it up until their church was swept away in the great fire. After the fire the two men continued to hold services in their temporary tabernacle, and to help the poor who had lost everything in the flames. In 1873 the two evangelists received and accepted an invitation to hold meetings in England, and their first meeting at York was attended by only fifty persons, but before they left they were drawing crowds of 20,000 persons to their meeting hall in London. They remained for two years in the old land, conducting services in various parts of England, Ireland and Scotland, and even being invited to hold meetings at Cambridge and Oxford. It was while in England that the first edition of Mr. Sankey's "Sacred Songs and Solos," a thin pamphlet containing twenty-three pieces, was published.

Returning to America in 1875, the now inseparable evangelists held meetings in the larger cities, at Philadelphia, Brooklyn, New York, Chicago, Boston, St. Louis and at Princeton and Yale Universities. The work, remarkably successful, spread out in all directions, and hundreds of places were visited, in the United States, in Canada and even Mexico.

And so the work went on for thirty years on both continents. In 1898 Mr. Sankey visited the Holy Land, singing at Cairo and Jerusalem. On his return the Spanish-American war was being waged, and he went to Tampa, Fla., to hold meetings in the camp there. In 1899 Mr. Moody died, and the singer-evangelist was left to conduct his future meetings alone. In 1903 he lost his eyesight, but for the last five years had not been idle, issuing new editions of his songs and solos and publishing the story of his Gospel hymns. The songs and solos have had an enormous circulation, over 50,000,000 copies having been published. The songs have also been translated into many languages. Mr. Sankey's works include The Gospel Choir, The Male Choir, The Christian Endeavor Hymn Book and My Life and Sacred Songs. Among the best-known hymns of his composition are "The Ninety and Nine" and "When the Mists Have Rolled Away."

Rev. W. D. Turner, of Norval, occupied the pulpit in St. Andrew's church, Carleton Place, two weeks ago. Rev. D. R. Drummond, of Hamilton, was the preacher last Sabbath.

He who has battled, were it only with poverty and hard toil, will be found stronger and more expert than he who could stay at home from the battle, concealed among the provision waggons, or even rest unwatchfully abiding by the staff.—Carlyle.

## HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

**Foot Sprains.**—Slide the fingers under the foot, and, having greased both thumbs, press them successively with increasing force over the painful parts for about a quarter of an hour. The application should be repeated several times, or until the patient is able to walk. This is a simple remedy for a very frequent accident, and can be performed by the most inexperienced.

**Duchesse Potatoes** are usually served with fish, on the same plate. They are little cakes of mashed potatoes. Take four steamed potatoes and mash them with an ounce of butter, the yolk of egg and salt. Spread on a pie plate, brush over with the yolk of an egg mixed with a spoonful of milk, cut in pieces of any shape, take up the pieces with a knife point, place them on a greased baking-pan and bake a nice colour on top.

**Whipped Raspberry Cream.**—Beat the whites of two eggs to a stiff froth with four tablespoonfuls of powdered sugar and add four tablespoonfuls of preserved (or canned) raspberry juice. Beat until it is very stiff. Lemon flavouring may be added if desired.

**Tomato Butter.**—Sixteen pounds nice tomatoes, one quart vinegar, eight pounds sugar. Boil all together until thick. When half done add two large spoonfuls of cinnamon, one of ground mace, and a teaspoonful of cloves or allspice.

**Onions** are at their best estate in the "rich midsummer prime." In winter they are plebeians. Useful they may be, and they may be rendered almost delicate by cooking in two waters and then treated to a final boil in milk. In summer a parboil of ten minutes in slightly salted water and a second ten minutes in half milk, half water converts them into patricians.

**Stewed Cheese.**—Take four ounces of grated cheese, which has become too hard and dry for table use. Set this in a stewpan with one gill of new milk, half an ounce of butter, and stew the whole till it is dissolved. When it is nearly cold add a beaten egg. Set in a pie-dish, and brown in the oven.

**Inexpensive icing for cakes.**—Thoroughly beat the white of an egg add to it one tablespoonful of cold water, and stir into it gradually sufficient sugar to thicken it. Lay this on the cake and smooth it with a knife dipped into boiling water. Set the cake in a cool oven to dry. This icing cuts easily without breaking.

**Savoury shoulder of mutton.**—Bone a small shoulder of mutton, and place onion stuffing in the cavity. Roll up the meat and make it into a firm roll. Slice turnips, carrots and celery, and place in a baking tin with one pint of stock. Stand the meat on the vegetables, cook gently till thoroughly done, basting frequently. Dredge the meat well with flour, so that it will be frothed, and serve with the strained gravy round.

**Croquettes of veal.**—Take any part of cold, lean veal and chop very finely. Place in a stewpan with a little cold stock, a tablespoonful of cream, a little salt and pepper, and enough flour to thicken. Let all just come to a boil, then pour into a soup-plate and put aside till cold, then divide into small portions, form into balls, roll in fine flour, then in egg and breadcrumbs. Fry in deep fat till a good golden colour and serve in pyramid form, garnished with fried parsley.

Poverty is uncomfortable, as I can testify; but nine cases out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim for himself.—Garfield.

## SPARKLES.

He—Can you explain to me the difference between "shall" and "will"? For example, if I say "Will you marry me?" should you reply, "I shall" or "I will"? She (coldly)—I should reply, I won't.

"How high is the thermometer?" asked the Philadelphia girl.

After a busy moment with a tape measure her Boston cousin replied "Five feet and three inches from the floor, dear."

"What was the worst money panic you ever saw, Colonel?" asked the interviewer.

"The worst money panic I ever saw," replied the great financier, "was when a nickel rolled under the seats of a street car and seven women claimed it."

"No, sir," said the motorist, "the airship is utterly impractical."

"Do you speak as a scientist?"

"No, sir. As a man of an experience. Suppose your engine breaks or your gasoline gives out and leaves you stuck away up yonder in a cloud bank, how are you going to get a team of horses to pull you out?"

Mrs. Caller—Are your new neighbors refined?

Mrs. Nextdoor—I should say so. They never borrow anything but our silver and cut glass.

An old colored preacher was addressing his dark-skinned congregation, when a white man arose in the back of the building.

"Mr. Preacher," said the white man, "you are talking about Cain, and you say he got married in the land of Nod, after he killed Abel. But the Bible mentions only Adam and Eve as being on earth at that time. Who, then, did Cain marry?"

"The colored preacher snorted with unfeigned contempt. 'Huh!' he said, 'you hear dat, brederen an' sisters? You hear da fool question I am axed? Cain, he went to de land o' Nob just as de Good Book tells us, an' in de land o' Nob Cain gits so lazy an' so shiftless dat he up an' marries a gal o' one o' dem no' count pore white trash families dat de inspired apostle didn't consider fittin' to mention in de Holy Word.'"

## A TEA CABINET.

For a little house in the country—or, indeed, for any house where space is small and must be used to the best advantage, the tiny tea cabinet is most useful and handy. It serves as a tea cabinet and a side-table. One of its convenient points, really the most important, is the curtained cabinet provided with two shelves underneath, where cups and saucers may be tucked away to keep them free from dust. A complete tea service can be concealed behind the dainty curtains ready for use at a moment's notice.

If the tea cabinet has a position in the sitting room or library, then it may fulfil the office of a bookshelf or magazine rack. The top may be piled with volumes, while the curtained interior may be used for the tea things. It makes an excellent place for magazines, keeps them separate from the books, and one always knows where to find them.

A part of the curtained section may be converted into a bookcase by having partitions put down the sides, giving the space in the centre to the tea set and that at either side to small books. In this case the top is left for any use or decoration one likes. It offers a charming stand for flowers and bric-a-brac.

Thin silk or cretonne curtains give an effective finish. These should match the furnishings of the room.

## BUSINESS GIRLS

## LOSE STRENGTH

They Risk Health Rather Than Lose Employment and Eventually Break Down.

Thousands of earnest intelligent young women who earn their livelihood away from home in public offices, and large business establishments are silent suffering victims of overtaxed nerves and deficiency of strength. Weak, breathless and nervous they work against time, with never a rest when headaches and backaches make every hour like a day. Will it wonder their cheeks lose the tint of health and grow pale and thin; their eyes are dull and shrunken and beauty slowly but surely fades. Business girls and women, because of their work and worry look older than their years. What they seriously need is the frequent help of a true strengthening remedy to carry them through the day. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are like actual food to the starved nerves and tired brain of the business girl. By making rich, red blood they supply just the kind of help that girls need to preserve their health and their good looks. They bring bright eyes, high spirits and thus make the days duties lighter.

Miss Alexandrine Bedard, a stenographer residing at 36 Richelieu St., Quebec, says:—"For the past couple of years I felt my constitution being gradually undermined through constant indoor work, and the great tax on my nerves through the long tedious hours over a typewriter. But it was only some six months ago that the climax came when one afternoon I lost consciousness through extreme weakness. The real seriousness of my condition was then pathetically apparent, as I was confined to my room, lacking even the strength to walk about. I was attended by a doctor, but after being a month under his care showed no signs of improvement. It was at this stage that one of my relatives read of the cure of a young girl whose case bore a striking resemblance to my own, by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I began the use of these Pills the next day, and I attribute my complete recovery entirely to them. I had not taken more than three boxes when I began to get better, and after taking the pills for about a month I felt as strong and was enjoying as good health as ever in my life."

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## LIGHT SAFER THAN BLINDS.

Light is a better protection than any amount of barricades. Formerly, when men left their business places at night, they turned off the light and put up great shutters. Today they have learned that their greatest safeguard against enemies is to pull back the blinds, and keep a bright light constantly burning. For years, many thought it necessary to defend the teaching of Jesus, when all that his teaching needed was the clear light of day so that men and women could see what it really was. It is pathetic to see the little hedges that some well-disposed persons have tried to build for the preservation of truth, when what is needed is only that lives be truly lived in the open. A lighthouse needs no one to convince people of its genuine character.

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4.57 p.m.	Albany	5.10 a.m.
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7.30 p.m.	Rochester	8.45 a.m.
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*Herald and Presbyter.*

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Rev. Canon Dixon, 417 King St. E., has agreed to answer questions—he handled it for years. Clergymen and Doctors all over the Dominion order it for those addicted to drink. Free trial, enough for ten days. Write for particulars. Strictly confidential

**FITZ CURE CO.,**

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For an Ice Cream Soda or A Fresh Box of Bon Bons  
**GATES & HODGSON**

Successors to Walker's

Sparks Street. Phone 750

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**JOHN M. M. DUFF,**

107 St. James Street and  
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**"ST. AUGUSTINE"  
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The Perfect Communion Wine.

Case, 12 Quarts, \$4.50  
Cases, 24 Pints, - \$5.50  
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BRANTFORD, ONT.  
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**PURE ICE  
FROM ABOVE**

**CHAUDIERE FALLS**

Office—Cor. Cooper and Percy Streets, Ottawa, Ont.

Prompt delivery. Phone 835



**SEALED TENDERS**, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Supplying Coal for the Dominion Buildings," will be received at this office until 4.30 p.m. on Monday, August 24, 1908, for the supply of Coal for the Public Buildings throughout the Dominion.

Combined specification and form of tender can be obtained on application at this office.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,

**R. C. DESROCHERS,**  
Asst. Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, July 15, 1908.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.



**SEALED TENDERS**, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Supplying Coal for the Public Buildings, Ottawa," will be received at this office until 4.00 p.m. on Monday August 17, 1908, for the supply of coal for the Public Buildings, Ottawa.

Combined specification and tender can be obtained at this office, where all necessary information can be had on application.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank for the sum of \$2,000, made payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to carry it out. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By Order,

**R. C. DESROCHERS,**  
Asst. Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, August 6, 1908.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

**4%** Capital Paid Up, \$2,500,000  
Reserve . . . . . 400,000 **4%**

Money Deposited with us earns Four Per Cent. on your balances and is subject to cheque.

**THE INTEREST IS COMPOUNDED QUARTERLY**

**The Union Trust Co., Limited.**

TEMPLE BLDG., 174-176 BAY ST., TORONTO, ONT.

**4%** Money to Loan  
Safety Deposit Vaults  
For Rent **4%**

**THE KELSEY HEATING SYSTEM**



One of the reasons why the Kelsey can deliver more warm air than any other Heating System is based on the construction of the zig zag Heat Tubes or Sections.

The zig zag tubes have great heating surface. They are very heavy and easily retain the heat a long time.

They warm large volumes of air in separate currents. They can be capped in groups to heat distant rooms. They are corrugated and deflect the air from side to side thoroughly warming it.

They are the means whereby the Kelsey has three times as great an area of heating surface as any other heater.

Plans and estimates furnished by our Heating Engineers.

3 sold during 1889 32,000 in use 1908.  
Highest award at the Columbian Exposition,  
Chicago 1893.

Direct Contracts taken. Results guaranteed  
Our Kelsey Book free. Send post card.

**THE JAMES SMART  
MFG. CO. LIMITED.**

Winnipeg, Man. Brockville, Ont.

**THE QUEBEC BANK**

Founded 1818. Incorporated 1822.

HEAD OFFICE, QUEBEC

Capital Authorized . . . . .	\$5,000,000
Capital Paid up . . . . .	2,500,000
Reserve . . . . .	1,000,000

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**Synopsis of Canadian North-West.  
HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS**

A NY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, excepting 8 and 25, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

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

**DUTIES.**—(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

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

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

**Ottawa River Navig'n Co.**

Mail Line Steamers.

OTTAWA AND MONTREAL.

Shooting Rapids.

Steamer leaves Queen's Wharf daily (Sundays excepted) at 7.30 a.m., with passengers for Montreal.

Excursions to Grenville Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, 50 cents.

To Montebello every week day, 60c.

Steamer "Victoria" for Thuroso and way ports, leaves at 4 p.m.

Ticket offices:—Ottawa Despatch and Agency Co., 75 Sparks Street; Geo. Duncan, 42 Sparks Street; A. H. Javirs, 157 Bank Street; Queen's Wharf (Telephone 242).

**WHY A TRUST COMPANY**

is the most desirable Executor, Administrator, Guardian and Trustee:

"It is perpetual and responsible and saves the trouble, risk and expense of frequent changes in administration."

**The Imperial Trusts**

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