

Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church.

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OTTAWA

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 11, 1909.

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WROUGHT INTO GOLD

SELECTED

I saw a smile—to a poor man 'twas given,
And he was old.
The sun broke forth; I saw that smile in heaven
Wrought into gold.
Gold of such luster never was vouchsafed to us;
It made the very light of day more luminous.
I saw a toiling woman sinking down
Footsore and cold.
A soft hand covered her—the humble gown,
Wrought into gold,
Grew straight imperishable, and will be shown
To smiling angels gathered round the judgment
throne.
Wrought into gold! We that pass down life's
hours
So carelessly,
Might make the dusty way a path of flowers
If we would try.
Then every gentle deed we've done, or kind
word given,
Wrought into gold, would make us wondrous rich
in heaven.

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BIRTHS.

At the China Inland Mission, Tai Fu, Yunnan, China, to Dr. and Mrs. Walter T. Clark (Eitelwyn Naylor), a daughter.

In Barrie, on July 22, 1909, to Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Sargeant, twins—boy and girl.

At "Maple Lodge," Kuling, on July 30, 1909, a son to Rev. Dr. W. E. Taylor and Mrs. Taylor, of Shanghai, China.

At Bon Accord, B. C., on July 30, 1909, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Donald Cochrane.

At Moose Creek, on July 25, 1909, the wife of Alex. Ross of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At St. Paul's church, Brandon, Manitoba, on July 17, 1909, by the Rev. R. B. Cochrane, M.A., brother of the groom, assisted by Rev. W. M. Rochester, B.A., of Winnipeg, Anna Florence, only daughter of Dr. and Mrs. John McIlhenny, of Brandon, to Alexander Robertson Cochrane, barrister, of Toronto, son of the late Rev. Dr. Cochrane, of Brandon.

At the residence of the bride's parents, on July 25, 1909, by the Rev. Thos. A. Mitchell, George Park Coghill, of Montreal, to Emma Matthews, of Centerville, Que.

At 121 Dunn avenue, Toronto, on July 22, 1909, by the Rev. J. W. McIntosh, of Knox church, Mitchell, brother-in-law of the bride, assisted by the Rev. A. Logan Geggie, Elizabeth, daughter of John S. Lucas, to Thomas Brownlee.

At the residence of the bride's parents, "Raleigh," Chatham, Ont., by the Rev. R. Boyle, Bertha Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John J. Moore, to William Andrew, youngest son of the Rev. Andrew Rowat, of Athelstan, Que.

At St. James' Square church, Toronto, on July 21, 1909, by the Rev. Dr. R. Douglas Fraser, Dr. Alexander Sinclair, of Owen Sound, to Madge Bond, daughter of Christopher Thompson, of Midland.

DEATHS.

At 115 Carey street, Edmonton, Alta., on July 25, 1909, Miss Andria, second daughter of the Rev. J. E. Duclos, formerly of Valleyfield, Que., aged 18 years.

Suddenly, at the home of his son George, Mount Charles, Ont., on July 31, 1909, Malcolm Macpherson, in his 89th year.

At Strathmore, on Aug. 1, 1909, Frederick Alexander, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick A. McKay, aged seven months and ten days.

At Toronto, on Thursday, July 29, 1909, Charles Thomson, aged 72 years.

Entered into rest, at Kingston, Ont., on July 30, 1909, Marlon S., beloved wife of George A. Mackie, in the 24th year of her age.

At her late residence, Norval, July 27, 1909, Helen Marshall, widow of the late James Smellie, in her 92nd year.

At Quebec, on July 21, 1909, Sarah Jane Smith, widow of the late Prof. Wm. Thom.

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W. H. THICKE

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NOTE AND COMMENT

King Edward has issued a royal order forbidding the opening of theatres, music halls and opera houses on Sunday.

A strong movement is on foot in England to compel parents to keep boys in school until they are seventeen.

At the World's Y. M. C. A. Conference in session in Barmen, Germany, last week, the most notable address was given by a Chinaman. He said that China is awakening and sending her best men to seek the best ideas in every country.

The production of pig iron in Canada in the calendar year 1908 was 563,672 gross tons, against 581,146 tons in 1907, a decrease of 17,474 tons, or about 3 per cent. In the first half of 1908 the pig iron production of Canada was 307,074 tons, and in the second half 253,598 tons, a decrease of 50,476 tons.

Why is it our town or our state is better than another? The answer is suggested by what a Cornish miner once said to a distinguished Englishman, Augustine Birrell. "You seem to have a very temperate people here. How did it happen?" The honest toiler replied, solemnly raising his cap, "There came a man among us once, and his name was John Wesley." The coming of a man into a community—how much it may mean!

Prime Minister Goltfit lately received a commission of leading Roman ladies advocating women's rights. He said the degree of female education in Italy was different in each province, a fact which made it impossible to grant women their rights immediately. They would be granted gradually and slowly, he said. The commission is studying the question of female votes in the elections of chambers of commerce. The members are hopeful, though others do not consider the promises of the Prime Minister as indicating anything immediate.

This year the Japanese Christian Church is celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of Christianity into Japan. The Japanese Church began the celebration by the gathering of Japanese Christians in convocation, to pray and to plan for an evangelistic campaign whose object was that by March, 1910, the entire membership of the Japanese Church should be doubled. At the close a Japanese pastor arose and said: "What we must preach is Christ—the living Christ, Christ incarnate, Christ crucified, Christ dead and buried, Christ risen—the living Christ, the only hope of Japan."

The English Jewish Board of Guardians has been publishing some figures concerning the death rate of the Jews in the poorer districts of Manchester, England. The death rate is only .0598 per cent which is less than in the better districts. A medical officer makes the statement that they are a sober, home-loving people. This gives them a strong power in disease resistance. Out of one thousand one hundred and seventy patients taken from a population of six thousand "He did not come across a solitary person suffering, directly or indirectly, from the effects of drink." This is a convincing argument in favor of temperance when it is remembered that the people under consideration were in the very busiest manufacturing district.

The fire in Osaka, Japan, one of the three "Imperial" cities, on Saturday of last week, burned for twenty-five hours and destroyed 20,000 buildings, including factories, government buildings, Museum and Stock Exchange, and the largest Buddhist temple in the world. Thousands are facing hunger and ruin, and the casualties cannot yet be estimated.

At a meeting of Unitarians in Boston a few weeks ago a vote was passed that any Unitarian minister who had given ten years to the ministry should on retiring receive a pension for the remainder of his life if he needed and desired it. If a similar provision could be made for the superannuated ministers of all denominations it would be a good thing.

A proposal comes from Toronto to hold a national centennial celebration of the War of 1812. The meeting which originated the proposal represented the Daughters of the Empire, the Chiefs and Warriors of the Six Nations, the United Empire Loyalists, the Canadian Military Institute, Veterans of 1866, Veterans of South Africa, and York Pioneer and Historical Society.

In a Bible talk on Psalm 20, Rev. J. H. Jowett strikes a note which needs sounding in these days of national unrest and, oftentimes, domestic anxiety: The Hebrews sought the national strength in the mighty ministries of the sanctuary. They counted the place of worship as one of the units in the national life—and I would that in our time, when so much emphasis is placed upon armies and navies, we might remember the tremendous influence that radiates from the little sanctuaries on our national life. Let us always regard the little sanctuary on the moor as a vital factor in our national defence. Let us value the prayer-meeting as a power-house in the State. The famous physician, Sir James Simpson, was one of a family who had the privilege of a pious mother. She was early left a widow, and had many a perplexing thought and sore struggle in providing bread for the household. When she was hard pressed with thinking and tolling, and could not see her way through, she used to sit down and repeat the twentieth Psalm. She rose refreshed, and her children learned to call it "mother's psalm."

The immigration branch of the interior department has just published a very interesting pamphlet entitled "Immigration Facts and Figures." A perusal of its contents discredits, absolutely, the oft-repeated charge that the Dominion Government has not exercised due care in the exclusion of undesirable immigrants. Since the coming into force of the medical act in 1902, the total number of immigrants rejected at ocean ports was 3,803, while 19,897 were held for further examination. Inspection of immigrants seeking admission to Canada from the United States was begun in April of last year, and during the fiscal year, 1908-1909, 4,580 intending immigrants were debarred. A total of 3,149 immigrants have been deported since 1902. Of these 2,007 were English, 206 Scotch, 149 Americans and the balance natives of other than English-speaking countries. These figures, viewed in the light of the total number of immigrants admitted, emphatically refute the accusation that the Government has been lax in its enforcement of the medical act. Of the 999,994 immigrants admitted to Canada since 1902, 386,240 have been class general laborers, the next highest class general laborers, numbers 204,873. This state of affairs is gratifying, in that Canada is essentially an agricultural country.

According to the new city directory, the population of Ottawa is now 86,889, an increase of about 1,500 over last year. The city occupies an area of 5,119 acres of eight square miles, with 143.05 miles of streets, 88.61 miles of sewers, 135.30 miles of permanent sidewalks; an assessment of \$70,235,160; exemptions \$19,726,955. Ottawa is fast becoming the most beautiful city on the American continent.

There are 11,483,876 Jews in the world, 8,576,299 are in Europe, 1,880,579 in America. The Russian Empire leads by far all the nations with 5,215,800. The United States follows second, with 1,800,000. The distribution in the United States is very incomplete. While the city of Warsaw leads Russian cities with 220,000, New York city alone includes 965,000 Jews in its population. Philadelphia has only 100,000, and Chicago 95,000. New York is veritably the New Jerusalem. It embraces one-third of the entire Jewish race. It includes in its population more Hebrews than ever before in the history of the world or elsewhere at any point on the globe have been gathered together in one city. Every fourth person in New York is a Jew. Even London has only 140,000 Jews.

Rev. C. K. Watson, in The Missionary Review of the World, says: Missionary work in the Nile Valley has availed somewhat to usher in a new day for Egypt's womanhood. There are schools for girls which touch some 5,000 lives, while Bible women going into the harems carry the glad story of salvation to more than 5,000 others, both girls and women. Already there have been gathered into the Church a membership of 9,895, of whom 4,727 are women. And the signs of progress among the women of this Christian community are most encouraging. A missionary recently visited a native congregation at an out-station, and when asked to speak to the women's missionary society was surprised to find some 80 women present. Thinking it would be well to call on some one or two for prayer, the missionary asked the pastor if there was anyone who could be relied upon to render this service. "Oh," said the pastor, "just call on any of them."

The Interior prints the following concerning the progress of negotiations in South Africa to effect an organic union of the Baptist, Methodist, Congregational and Presbyterian Churches: Of the sub-committees handling various phases of the union arrangements the committee on creed is first to report. The product of its work is very brief; the document consists of a preface and three articles. The preface provides that the united Church shall claim historic continuity with the Church of the New Testament and the Reformation, and that it shall reserve the right to amend and alter its creed as deemed from time to time expedient. The body of the creed then follows in these words: "I—This Church acknowledges and receives the word of God delivered in the Old and New Testaments as its standard of faith and life. "II—It accepts and holds as the central message of Scripture the evangel of the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, who loved us and gave Himself for us; in whom God is revealed as the righteous and loving Father who is not willing that any should perish but that all should come to repentance; through whom God has established His kingdom on earth, and by whom the Holy Spirit draws men to faith and penitence, inspires them to a life of service and brings them into ever deeper harmony with God's holy will. "III—This Church exists for the proclamation of Christ's gospel and the extension of His kingdom."

SPECIAL
ARTICLES

Our Contributors

BOOK
REVIEWSDIVINE OR HUMAN.
(The Examiner.)

There are two questions, and only two of vital concern, with regard to the collection of books which we call the Bible: Is it a book from God, or merely the product of the human mind? On our answer to these questions depends our attitude toward it in its relation to our spiritual life. If, in our view, its teachings have only the sanction of human wisdom, like the sayings of Socrates or Confucius, we are at liberty to accept or reject them as our own wisdom may choose. If, on the other hand, it is God's voice that speaks to us through the Book, who are we that we should refuse to hear and obey?

This, of course, is reducing the question to very simple terms. It may be pleaded that there is much more to be said, and that on both sides. We do not deny it. There are endless possibilities for discussion, as the whole libraries of books that have been written, and that are every year pouring from the press, for or against these two propositions, attest. But, reduced to the last analysis, the naked question is as we have stated it, Is the Bible divine or human?

If we assume its divine authorship, the assumption does not necessarily bind us to any particular theory as to the mode of that authorship. A reverent study of the Bible may, perhaps, make it plain to us that God spoke to holy men of old not only at various times, but in various ways. Are we compelled in order to maintain the divine origin of the Bible, to shut its divine Author up to one sole manner of revealing himself? The Bible itself does not justify any such narrow inference. On the contrary, God sometimes speaks in its pages directly, as through the prophets, putting thought into their hearts which they could not possibly have conceived of themselves; sometimes through human experiences, as in the record of events in the history of individuals and nations; sometimes through the outpouring of the emotions of the soul in its longings after God, as in many of the Psalms and in the songs of the prophets. The variety of mode is wonderful, although prompted by one Spirit, moving upon human hearts and minds to effect its purposes of grace. God uses the differing circumstances, the individual traits, even the idiosyncrasies of the several writers to convey his thought, without, as may readily be seen, recasting them into a single rigid mold. Moses is not like Isaiah, nor David like Jeremiah. God took the men as they were, and made their individual styles, so to speak, his own, that each, while retaining his individuality, expressed in his own way the thoughts God breathed into him. He even took the dusty and often terrible records of the Judges and Kings of Israel, and made them to record the greater story of his providential leadership in the affairs of men and nations. Thus it is possible to believe that God is the Author of the Bible, while at the same time making every reasonable allowance for the differences of style and spirit which so evidently mark its several portions.

It is another and far different thing to try to shut God out of his Book and ascribe to it a purely human origin. Its inspiration and the inspiration of ordinary—or, for that matter, extraordinary—human writers are not in the same class. There is a quality in these ancient Scriptures which it is not easy to define, but which the soul that is possessed by the same divine Spirit that produced them feels and realizes as divine. It is, however, useless to talk of this to

the unawakened soul; nor is it begging the question to say so. The blind man cannot appreciate the beauty of the flower, or the deaf the song of the bird. But he who has come, through the illumination of the Holy Spirit, into intimate relationship with the mind of God, is able to discern the truths revealed in his Word by a sure intuition.

We must not, therefore, expect unspiritual men, though they may be great and learned scholars, to concede the divine authorship of the Bible. Why should we? They do not possess the "faculty divine" essential to an understanding of the truth, and it would be simply asking them to assent to a proposition whose soundness they have not the power, while they continue as they are, to test. But because the unspiritual are not able to discern the things of the Spirit, we who are spiritual are under no obligation to follow them in their blind gropings after truth. Christian men may reasonably differ as to how the "holy men of old" were inspired to speak or write as they did, or as to the kind or degree of inspiration which attaches to different portions of the Book; but they are not at liberty to deny that it is a God-inspired book, different in substance and spirit from every other literature, for to deny that is to overturn the very foundations of the faith once for all delivered to the saints, and in which our souls rest.

And if the Bible is such a book as that, a book authenticated as divine by the image and superscription of God himself, then it is an authoritative book, whose teachings we are bound to revere and obey as loyal subjects of him from whose hand it came.

A PRACTICAL QUESTION.

W. W. Morrison in Presbyterian Standard.

I am a strong believer in sprinkling as the Scriptural mode of baptism. As much as has been written on the subject there is one point on which very little has been said. In fact the only thing I have seen on that point is a sentence or so in that capital little tract by Rev. James Stacy. It is a point that it seems to me must appeal to the practical common sense of every one. Take the different cases named in the New Testament and we find this true, that baptism was administered just wherever they happened to be. Lydia by the river, Cornelius and the jailor and Paul in the house. Where were the three thousand baptized? The account makes it almost certain they were baptized in the house where the apostles were preaching. At any rate they were at once baptized and admitted to the church. We are told that daily there was added to the church such as should be saved.

I wish to call attention to this fact, which I am sure none will deny. Take a case of this sort, no one is converted when he expected to be. How often is it true, especially in times of revival, a person goes to church utterly unconcerned but is, under the preaching of the Gospel, led to accept then and there. I have had cases of that sort in my own experience. There are circumstances when such persons wish to be received into full communion of the church, as was the case with Lydia, Cornelius and the jailor and Paul. If sprinkling is the mode, there is no difficulty. How about immersion? The question I wish to ask, is the plain, common sense one. Where are the dry clothes. There was no sort of preparation for them on the day of Pentecost; where did the three thousand find a change of raiment? What about the apostles who did the baptizing? If they went down into the water they were certainly wet. What did Philip

do after baptizing the Eunuch? Did he go on his way dripping wet? or did the eunuch have a change of raiment for himself and Philip? Were the apostles provided with water proof suits as is often the case now days?

The Gospel is to be preached to every creature throughout the world. The frozen regions of the North, the dry regions of the desert. I believe the ordinance is such as can be administered at all times and in all places, in all conditions of health; to the sick in bed, as well as to any other. Unless sprinkling is the mode, this is an utter impossibility.

THE GRAND TRUNK IN LONDON.

The crowning importance of the Grand Trunk Railway System, the expansion and extension of business, has necessitated the building of a new Grand Trunk building in London, Eng. The need of more room has been made all the more apparent since the Grand Trunk Pacific was projected. The Company has been fortunate enough to secure a site at No. 17-19 Cockspur street, S.W., from the London County Council. Upon this site they have erected a splendid building. The Canadian Government Emigration offices are at Charing Cross, but a stone's throw from the Grand Trunk building. It is at the very hub of London. It is within five minutes of half a dozen leading hotels and near the intake to the tube at Trafalgar Square Station. Motor buses pass the door every few seconds to all parts of London, North, South, East and West.

The inside furnishings of the new building are luxuriously complete; mail is picked up every hour of the day.

A noticeable feature of the building is the range of circular fronted balconies on the fifth floor in front of deeply recessed windows, which are surmounted by a very effective heavy moulded and medallioned main cornice.

The carving on the front wall, which includes the Coat of Arms of the Canadian provinces traversed by the Grand Trunk System, was executed by Mr. W. S. Frith. The graceful figures over the principal entrance, emblematic of travel by land and sea, are the work of Mr. Albert Drury, A.R.A.

The public offices entered from Cockspur street, through the great central doorway, is a fine room forty feet long and eighteen feet high. The floor is marble, the walls are panelled in teak, with inlays of ebony and holly. In this room there is a magnificent frieze, by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, A.R.A., which pictures Canada in the wild, hunting scenes: Indian life; the meeting of the pathfinder—the engineer—with the Indian chief, and finally the civilizing influence of the railway and the white man upon the red man's country.

The new offices were opened on Dominion Day, and hereafter the European Traffic Department of the Grand Trunk Railway System and the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway will occupy these new premises, which have already become one of the sights to be seen in London.

No man can make God a present of his hand and sell a mortgage on his mind and might.

A weak Christian who lives a somewhat inconsistent life the world calls a hypocrite. A strong Christian who lives an upright and consistent life the world calls a Pharisee. It is a comfort to know that the opinion of the world is of little or no value in Christian ethics.

IS PARENTAL AUTHORITY WANING.

(People's Journal.)

Under the autocratic rule of our grandfathers and grandmothers children were hardly allowed to speak, were often punished severely for trifling offences, and were generally kept in the background as much as possible. However, in these days, the pedulum has swung to the other extreme. From being ruled, children are now the rulers, and "spare the rod and spoil the child" is a maxim literally practised in the majority of households to-day. Whether you take country children or town children, the same lack of home-training meets you at every turn. Indeed, to such a pitch have things come, that a well-behaved, well-trained child is regarded as something of a curio, and treated accordingly.

Take a few cases in point. One day I was passing through the streets of a large industrial town and noticed a crowd gathered around an object lying on the ground in front of a shop window. The object turned out to be a small boy who had flung himself on the ground in a fit of temper because his mother would not buy him something he wanted out of the shop. The mother, who was carrying a baby in her arms, begged and entreated the boy to get up, adding as an inducement that he should have something nice when he got home, but the youngster would not budge one inch. At last a woman in the crowd stepped forward and lifted the boy bodily from the ground, set him on his feet, administering a good shake as she did so, and informing him that she would fetch a policeman if he did not go with his mother. This threat had the desired effect. The boy ceased howling and went off, holding on to his mother's skirts. "There goes a fine specimen of the rising generation," said a cynical onlooker, and the rest nodded and laughed.

Pampered Pets.

Take the meals of the average ordinary household, and what do you find? Why, unlimited indulgence. Once upon a time children were expected to eat what was set before them or go without, but not so nowadays. To-day children's appetites are pampered in every conceivable form, and it is not what will do them most good, but what they must like, that children eat in these progressive days. Said an old woman of eighty to the writer: "I brought up a family of twelve boys and girls and I never asked one of them what they would have to eat. Just put it before them, and if they did not like it, why they left it." Not many mothers of families can say that to-day.

In how many homes, I wonder, do conversations like the following take place at the breakfast table?—"What would you like for dinner, Dick?" "Dick, who is perhaps a boy of sixteen or so, "What have you got?" "Nothing but a bit of mutton." "Well, you know I can't stand mutton at any price. I'll have some beefsteak." "All right, Annie, what will you have?" Annie considers for a few seconds, and then decides that she will have two boiled eggs, with bread and butter. Any gives her verdict in favor of boiled fish and potatoes, while Willie must have an apple dumpling. In cases of this kind it must be plain that mothers make a lot more work for themselves than there is the slightest need for—work, too, which they bring on themselves by pampering the children's appetites to such an extent.

Some time ago an anecdote was told me of a wise mother who cured her children of this trying habit in the following amusing manner:—She had put up with the inconvenience and personal discomfort of preparing half a dozen different dishes for half a dozen people every day until she could stand it no longer, and determined to stop it. One day the family were surprised to see a large bowl on the dinner table in place of the usual small dishes. Said one of the boys—"Whatever have you got in that bowl, mother?" It looks big enough to hold all our dinners."

"That is just what it has done, my boy," was the answer; "there's Harry's mutton and onion sausage, Sam's beef and potatoes, Bill's pork and cabbage, Mary's eggs and toast, Jim's fish and Ada's beans. I found it would be much less trouble than if I cooked them all separate, so you must each sort out your own." Needless to say, from that day the children were content to eat what their mother provided.

Parent Will Weak.

Whether you look around among your acquaintances in large towns, or in country villages the result is the same, no sign of any home-training. One day I was visiting at a thatched old-world cottage in a rural village, and the children came trooping in from a afternoon school. "I want some bread and jam, mother," shouted one, and "I want some bread and treacle," shouted another. When the mother could make herself heard she said, "Tea will be ready in half an hour.—All of you go into the garden and play until I call." Immediately there arose a chorus of dissent, in the midst of which the biggest boy calmly walked to the cupboard where the eatables were kept, and cutting a large slice of bread, covered it thickly with jam. To prevent the others following his example, the mother, perforce, was obliged to cut bread and butter for all the rest, and when the unruly tribe had gone into the garden she turned to me and said helplessly—"I can't think what children are coming to nowadays. They never used to be so when I was a girl."

The half-hour elapsed, and we were just sitting down to tea, when I suggested that the children had better be called. "Oh, they'll be off somewhere long ago." "But you told them to stay and play in the garden, didn't you?" "So I did; but, bless you, they never take one bit of notice of me. I may as well save my breath." However, just to satisfy my curiosity on the point, the good woman went into the garden, calling loudly for the children, but there was no answer. Sure enough, the birds had flown. A neighbour, whose olive branches were in the same boat, volunteered the information that the children had all gone birds'-nesting in the wood, and neither of the mothers knew what time they would return.

On another occasion I was invited out to tea where there was a family of four boys. Tea that evening was a veritable pandemonium. One could scarcely hear oneself speak, and the mother seemed powerless to stop the racket. The boys squabbled and fought among themselves, upset the tea, and threw bread at each other, and it was only when the father came in and fell to cuffing them soundly all round that even a degree of quietness was obtained. Then the mother looked at the father, and wondered aloud whether any other woman could be blessed with such unruly children as hers.

A Degenerate Generation.

The cases already mentioned are by no means isolated instances of badly-trained children; no, they are simply plucked at random from the households of friends and acquaintances. There seems to be no restraint, no discipline no training of children today. They are left to "gain their ain gait" with a vengeance, and whether they turn out well, or whether they turn out ill, at any rate the home training has very little to do with it.

What will be the ultimate effect of this weak system of indulgence? Any, who can say? Already children show no respect for parents—indeed, they cannot under the circumstances—because from their earliest years boys and girls are allowed full liberty of speech and action, and are only reprovved on very rare occasions. Shall we ever be able to hit the "happy medium" in the management of children not to be unduly severe on the one hand, or weakly indulgent on the other? If it be true that "manners make the man," then it is greatly to be feared that the present generation of children will not make men and women of whom any country may be proud, because, as Wordsworth points out—

"The child is father of the man."

THE CASE OF REV. F. H. HARPER.

A special meeting of the Hamilton Presbytery was held the afternoon of the 3rd inst, to consider the report of the committee appointed to investigate complaints regarding the conduct of Rev. F. H. Harper, the pastor of the Drummond Hill congregation. Gossip had for some time connected the name of Rev. Mr. Harper with that of a married woman of the congregation, who has a grown-up family, and whose home he visited more frequently than those of other members of the congregation. For some time Rev. Mr. Harper refused to pay any attention to the stories that were afloat, or to discontinue the visits which were causing all the talk. It was intimated to him that his resignation would be in order, but he refused to hand it in until such time as his character had been cleared. The result was that the presbytery, at its last meeting, appointed a committee, with Sir Thomas Taylor as its chairman, to investigate the stories and report back. The committee discovered that Rev. Mr. Harper had been on the most friendly terms with the members of the family whose name was being connected with his, and that he had been away on fishing and wheeling trips with a son of the woman's who is about 20 years of age. Last Winter he was taken so seriously ill that his life was despaired of, and as he was alone at Drummond Hill, the woman in the case insisted that he be removed to her home, and she nursed him back to good health. For a month it was a question whether or not the reverend gentleman was going to get better, and naturally, when he was restored to health, he was very grateful to the woman who had nursed him through his illness. But despite the thorough manner in which the committee probed the case, it failed to find that Rev. Mr. Harper had been guilty of any wrong doing, further than that he was indiscreet in not discontinuing his visits to the house when gossip began to get busy. This afternoon's meeting of the presbytery was held behind closed doors. Rev. Mr. Harper was there, and the congregation was represented by a committee. The contents of the committee's report was not made public, nor would any of those who were present give out a statement of what took place. The discussion on the report lasted for nearly two hours, and it is reported that at times it waxed warm. The husband of the woman in the case was present, and he was indignant that his wife's name should have been connected with that of the minister. He was satisfied that there was nothing in the stories. Rev. Mr. Harper also made a statement, in which he practically admitted that he was guilty of what he had been indiscreet, but denied that he had been guilty of any wrongdoing. He insisted that his resignation, which he tendered a couple of weeks ago, after the committee had started its investigation, should be accepted. The only statement of the case which was given out was moved by Rev. D. R. Drummond, and seconded by Sir Thos. Taylor, and carried: "That the report of the committee be adopted," and that while the presbytery regrets the indiscretion on the part of Rev. Mr. Harper, it rejoices that nothing was adduced which reflects in any way on his character."

Rev. Mr. Harper's resignation was accepted, and the Drummond Hill congregation will now have to secure another pastor. Rev. D. M. Buchanan, of Jarvis, reported that he had moderated in a call from the congregation of Lyndoch and Mount Hope to Rev. J. Johnston, formerly of Paisley. The call was sustained and provisional arrangements were made for the induction in event of Rev. Mr. Johnston's accepting.

All my theology is reduced to this narrow compass—Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.—Archibald Alexander.

SUNDAY
SCHOOL

The Quiet Hour

YOUNG
PEOPLE

PAUL'S THIRD MISSIONARY JOURNAL—EPHESUS.*

By Rev. C. MacKinnon, D.D.

Spake boldly, v. 8. On one occasion, during the famous wars of Marlborough, when Mons was besieged and the courage of the attacking party had almost been exhausted, the Duke of Argyle rushed into the midst of the faltering soldiers, and exclaimed, "You see brothers, I have no concealed armor. I am equally exposed with you. I ask no one to go where I refuse to venture. Remember you fight for the liberties of Europe and the glory of your nation." These stirring words and this brave example inspired the troops with new resolution. They rushed forward to the assault again, and the town was captured. In King Jesus we have a Leader who was exposed to the same temptations and opposition that confront us. He calls us to follow Him, and He never lost a battle. We have but to go boldly forward at His call, and, in spite of the sneers and opposition of the world, we shall surely win in the fight.

Were hardened, v. 9. "That was not quinine I took just now," remarked an indisposed lady who had just taken a powder. Her husband hurried to the drug store to find what it was. The druggist threw up his hands in despair. It was an overdose of morphine. Two doctors were hastily summoned. They administered the most powerful antidotes and said, "Keep her awake for four hours, and she will be saved." The deathly stupor began to oppress her. "Please let me go to sleep," she pleaded; but her urgent words only drove them to more vigorous measures. They shook her, threw water in her face, dragged her roughly around the room. How glad were they, when the four hours were passed and the doctor pronounced her safe! Sin is just such a powerful opiate. Many have mistaken it for pleasure, and have indulged in stupefying draughts. Their senses are becoming benumbed, their consciences deadened and their hearts hardened. Their condition is one of great peril. Their best friend is he who rouses them at any cost.

Evil spirits, v. 12. A man goes down to a little rivulet and tries to clean it; but his efforts are in vain. He cannot filter the water clear. Then his friends shout to him, "Come up a little higher and run that hog out of the spring, and the water will clear itself." How often have men tried to improve their lives by dropping now this little habit, and now that; but, for all their efforts, they are no better than before. They have to climb up a little higher, and run some miserable hog of sin out of their hearts, before they can expect the streams of activity that issue from it to be sweet and wholesome. If we find that our resolutions are too easily broken and our vows for a better life too quickly forgotten, we may be sure that, somewhere in our hearts, lurks an evil spirit that must be driven out.

Fear fell upon them all (Rev. Ver.) v. 17. An operation was performed upon a blind man which restored his sight to him; but the immediate effect was quite unexpected. It produced a strange sensation of fear. Formerly he went about the town without a guide, tapping with his stick in full confidence. With the opening of his eyes he saw danger everywhere in the road, until he got used to his new power. So, the first impression of the gospel is often one of dread. The sinner begins to realize that he has to deal with a holy God. His conscience alarms him. He is filled with new

apprehensions. Only when he comes to understand more fully, does he learn that God's holiness is the outcome of His love, and in His pardon he finds at length abiding peace.

Brought . . . books . . . burned them, v. 19. The trouble all arose from a fractured tooth. It had injured the tongue and the injury had developed into a cancer. First a third of the tongue had to be removed, then all the glands on one side of the face. "Is there hope for recovery?" asked the unfortunate victim. "If the last particle of the cancer is removed," was the doubtful reply. It was not removed. A sickly man returned home, the wreck of one of the pillars of his nation. A few days after one of the largest processions ever seen in his neighborhood followed him to his tomb. The disease of the soul is started just as simply. A bad book leaves an ineradicable thought in the mind. The whole life becomes gradually corrupted. The roots of the dreaded virus of sin defy excision by any human power, and poison the heart. There is one Physician, and one only who can effectually cure this soul sickness, and that is the Saviour, Jesus Christ, whose blood "cleanseth us from all sin." But, even though we may be cured, there is need of the utmost care, lest the seeds of infection should remain. Let the bad books be gathered and burned.

"AUF WIEDERSCHEN"

By Leah Palmer Morath.

Good-bye!

Why speak at parting
This word with grief or tears?
Know'st not to Christian friendship
No bitterness it bears?

Good-bye?

'Tis for the hopeless,
Who toil with earth-bound eyes,
And miss the heavenly vision
Illumined in the skies.

Good-bye?

Why need we hear it
With sad or anxious heart,
When nothing, only distance,
Can sweep us far apart?

Good-bye?

No!—God be with you
Until we meet again!
Robs parting of its sorrow,
And even death of pain.

PRAYER.

Almighty God, the secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him. If we feared Thee more we should know more of the mysteries of Thy wisdom and of Thy love. The revelation is with God, but the sight is not with us: we have not the prepared heart, the obedient will, the pureness of spirit needful to receive all the light we might enjoy. Our sins have kept good things from us; our iniquities have been as a cloud darkening the sun, so that we who might have sat in the rays of the morning and enjoyed the immediate presence of God are often left in dreariness and loneliness, not knowing the right hand from the left, persecuted by our own perplexities, vexed and exasperated by all the occurrences of time. We might have sat with Christ upon His throne, judging tribes and nations; we might have had eyes that wander through eternity; but our sins have befuddled us, and impoverished us, and left us on the earth when we might have been enjoying our citizenship in heaven. Yet we have heard of Thy goodness to sinful men; this word has been sounded in our ears: Herein is love: while we were yet sinners Christ died for us. We are amazed. Our hearts are first struck with unbelief. May that unbelief not deepen into disbelief, but rise gradually like a dawning day into the zenith of perfect and triumphant faith. Amen.

LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

By Rev. James Ross, D.D.

SCHOOL.—In Greek cities all schools were private enterprises, and the Government supervised the moral character of the teacher, but not his scientific qualifications. Grammar, which included reading, writing and arithmetic, was the first stage. The pupils formed letters on wax tablets with a metal or ivory pencil, which was pointed at one end and flattened at the other for smoothing down the surface of the tablet to erase the writing. Paper made from papyrus was also used, and for important documents prepared parchment, on which the writing was with pen and ink. After receiving the rudiments of education, the boy committed to memory Homer and other national poetry. Musical instruction was the second part of education. Technical excellence was not so much desired as the moral influence of the art, its exhilarating and inspiring effect at games, meals and in war. Stringed instruments were principally used, although wind instruments, and instruments of percussion were well known. The last stage of education was given in the gymnasium. The harmonious development of every part of the body was thought to be of equal importance with the culture of the mind. The end was a perfect human form, capable of ease and grace of motion and hardened against pain and the vicissitudes of laziness.

"AFFLICTION."

When the Psalmist said: "It is good for me that I have been afflicted," he was not talking cant. He had reached the point in his earthly career at which he could look back upon the preceding years and see them—much as God sees them—as a whole. He could appreciate the danger of the temptations which he had met, and the necessity of sharp warnings at this point, and of actual scourgings of the soul at that point, in order to prevent his straying, or to rescue him, already strayed from the way of safety. Such a retrospect of life is granted to each of us at times, and it is full of instruction. It teaches us a tremendous truth, the need and use of unhappiness. Chastening widens the experience, deepens the sympathy, enlarges the range of friendship, invigorates character, throws the soul back upon God in firmer trust and does a work for the soul so noble that if its own character alone be regarded, the divine love blind it and pervading it becomes evident. Blessed are they who no longer need to be thus assured, because their own hearts have learned the truth and rest upon it.—The Congregationalist.

THE INDWELLING GOD.

The kingdom of God is within us. In the latency of every soul there lurks, among the things it loves and venerates, some earnest and salient point whence a divine life may begin and radiate, some incipient idea of duty, it may be; some light mist of disinterested love, appearing vague and nebulous and infinitely distant within the mighty void—a broken fringe of holy light, seen only in the spirit's deepest darkness; and therein may be the stirrings of a mystic energy, and the haze may be gathered together and glow within the mind into a star, a sun, a piercing eye of God. But whenever the Deity dwelleth within us, he will be unfelt and a stranger to us till we abandon ourselves to the duties and aspirations which we feel to be his voice, till we renounce ourselves and unhesitatingly precipitate our life on the persuasion of our disinterested affections. While his spirit "bloweth where it listeth," yet certain it is that they only who do his will shall ever feel his power.—James Martineau.

*S.S. Lesson, August 15, 1909. Acts 19: 8-20. Commit to memory vs. 19, 20. Study Acts 18: 23 to 19: 22. Golden Text—The name of the Lord Jesus was magnified.—Acts 10:17.

PREACH THE WHOLE GOSPEL.

Let us hark back to the periods of revival and ingatherings and greater growth. How we need it! What was antecedent to those historic seasons? Several things. One thing invariably. The ministry tendered its testimony about sin and death as well as redemption and life. Hell as well as heaven was preached. Men are dying was a profound conviction. The Word of God that stated the fact was firmly believed. Soul-saving was the preoccupying and absorbing thought. There was earnestness and energy directed towards the task of rescuing perishing human brothers. The work was naturally exciting and all engrossing. The zeal and pointed efforts of self-denying men had a great influence upon the world. It went far toward leading men to stop, think, and hear the words of life. Yes, there is a loud call to the church to get back earnestly to the work that has always been crowned with success—the pre-eminent work of saving souls. Let the appeal in this behalf be caught up all along the line until once again great numbers shall be added to the church of such as shall be saved.

We have substituted zeal, energy and money in the exaltation of machinery for this one pre-eminent thing, saving souls. It is said that our preaching needs conversion. A sense of sin has been lost in our time by faulty preaching, teaching in Sunday schools and everywhere. The "Fatherhood of God" has come to be heralded in such a way as to work a large part of this great evil. The justice and holiness of God has been subordinated, and His goodness and holiness exalted. Now, at last, in many places where such preaching is done, God has come to be, not a sovereign to be obeyed, but a Father to be loved. And men are recognized not as subjects of law, but as children. Sin is thereby reduced to nothing more than filial disobedience. God is not strict to mark iniquity is emphasized at the same time, and he passes by many of the sins of His children unnoticed.

The preaching of our Lord Jesus Christ, of Peter, of Paul, of John Calvin, of John Knox, of John Wesley, of the Puritans, and of Jonathan Edwards, had God for its view-point. Now it has come to be, too much, man as a view-point. The preaching now is degenerated more to answering the question what is best for man, rather than what will most glorify God. The demands of the world settles conspicuously what is preached or what is not preached, and what is allowed or disallowed in the church. Once more let it be said, our teachers and pulpits must ring clear and loud with faithful expositions of sin, with sermons on repentance, the doom of the sinner, the justice of God, and a judgment to come. How can the ministry expect to see the lost saved, as was true in aforesaid times, or be able to say, like Paul, about his ministry at Ephesus to the Elders come to Miletus to say farewell to him: "I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God."—Presbyterian Standard.

TEMPER RULED BY LOVE.

Let your temper be under the rule of the love of Jesus. He can not only curb it—he can make us gentle and patient. Let the gentleness which refuses to take offence, which is always ready to excuse, to think and hope the best, mark our intercourse with all. Let our life be one of self-sacrifice, always studying the welfare of others, finding our highest joy in blessing others. And let us, in studying the divine art of doing good, yield ourselves as obedient learners of the guidance of the Holy Spirit. By His grace, the most commonplace life can be transfigured with the brightness of a heavenly beauty as the infinite love of a divine nature shines out through our frail humanity.—Andrew Murray.

THE BIBLE AS A MISSIONARY.

There is one missionary that is never silenced or discouraged; that knows no disease or weakness or death; that utters no unwise words or false doctrine; that takes no wrong steps, makes no foolish compromises; never takes a furlough, or is laid aside because of incapacity. This missionary never gives way to anger or foolishness, but ever speaks boldly and lovingly the message of God; is not intimidated by threats or persecution, nor silenced by opposition or indifference. Truly self-forgetful, and speaking with the solemnity of leading men to know God, an indispensable helper of all other Christian workers—this missionary is the Bible.

Beroea's experience has been repeated many times in the history of Christ's church. "If I were a missionary," said a Brahman graduate of Madras University, "I should never argue, but would simply give men the Bible, and say, 'Read that.'" It is Bible translation and distribution that has made possible the modern miracles of missionary progress.

Many of the incidents of conversion, due to this missionary, read like romances. It was the reading of Stanley's Bible that led Mtesa, King of Uganda, to ask for missionaries. A Bible picked up in Nagasaki Harbor led to the conversion of Murat, whose name stands first on the roll of the Protestant Christians in Japan. Pitcairn Island was evangelized through a Bible and prayer-book saved from the "Bounty," a vessel whose mutinous crew had landed on the island, where they lived lives of dissipation and lawlessness. A Japanese senator read a portion of the Bible, and was convinced of the beauty of Christian teachings. He became dissatisfied with his own life, and when traveling on a vessel with a lady missionary watched her to see if her life corresponded with the teachings of Christ. Her conduct so impressed him that he turned to Christ, joined a church, and became an active Christian worker.—S.S. Times.

TAKE TIME.

Take time to breathe a morning prayer, asking God to keep you from evil, and use you for His glory during the day.

Take time to read a few verses from God's Word each day.

Take time to be pleasant. A bright smile or a pleasant word falls like sunbeams upon the hearts of those around us.

Take time to be polite. A gentle "I thank you," "If you please," "Excuse me," etc., even to an inferior, is no compromise of dignity, and you know. "True politeness is to say

The kindest things in the kindest way."

Take time to be patient with children. Patience and kindness will open a way for good influence over almost any child.

Take time to be thoughtful about the aged. Respect grey hairs, even if they crown the head of a beggar.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

Gentle Saviour hear my prayer,
Ere my eyes shall close in sleep.
May Thy tender, loving care
From all harm my spirit keep.

Through the darkness of the night
Be Thou ever near to me.
And when morning brings the light
I will wake to live for Thee.

"The merely worldly man interred amid mean cares, doubts the majestic truths of religion, simply from their sublimity and vastness, which render them incommensurable with his poor fraction of a mind; let him go and do a few noble deeds, and elevate the proportions of his nature, and it is wonderful what mighty things seem to become possible. Dearly is near and even present at once, and immortality not improbable."

**PILGRIM'S PROGRESS SERIES
VIII.***

By Robert E. Speer.

The valley of humiliation and self-reproach is a necessary valley for the soul to pass through. One difficulty of our day is our desire to move along a smooth level. Anything that disturbs our regularity we dislike. Accordingly it is deemed ill-bred to stir up true emotion. False emotion is all right, and men go to the theatre and pay for that—but true emotion is common and distasteful. So preachers are desired not to be harrowing, and the deep experiences of the soul are left to the surface of life and think that we are living when we are only pretending to live.

Life has valleys in it, deep valleys of realization of our own weakness and littleness, of our ignorance and foolishness, of our disobedience and sin. It is up out of these valleys that we come mounting, mounting to the high hills of God. What we have been through chastens us, reveals our need to us, and opens to us the larger riches of God.

There are valleys of silence in life in which we learn the secrets of the soul and come to the richer companionship.

"Do not ask me the place of the valley?"

Ye hearts that are burdened with care!

It lieth afar between mountains
And God and his angels are there.
And one is the dark Mount of Sorrow
And one the bright Mountain of Prayer."

Some of life's valleys, deep though they are, are sunlit as we pass through them. The great crags and music-filled forests on either side are bright and beautiful in warmth and radiance. We are indeed in a valley, seeing on either side only mountain walls, and before and behind is nothing but our tortuous way, and we are able only to look up into the sky, but we are able to look up and to see the lightened heavens. These are the valleys of the short and the intelligible sorrows.

But there are valleys dark with shadows. As we pass through it is in deadly stillness. The crag, jut out over our heads. The sky is veiled and overcast, and the night comes down heavily. We stumble as we move and are afraid. Yet even here is God. If it is the valley of the greatest sorrow still God is here and we can trust him. And even if it is the valley of the shadow of dark sin, God is near and will hear. We need not be afraid to throw ourselves upon him. He is the God of all valleys, either to lead us safely; through them if they are his ordered experiences for us, or to save us from them if they are foolishly chosen experiences for ourselves.

There is a valley in which we were not meant ever to be found. That is the valley of despair. If we go there it is because we will not go with God. He is the God of hope and joy, and his children are meant to walk in love and peace and the sunlight of his presence. He will save us from all that binds and darkens. He can forgive us everything but our despair.

"There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes" is the refrain in one of our gospel songs. He is the leveler of the hills and the filler in of the valleys. The prophet foresaw that when the Messiah comes again, every valley is exalted.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- Mon.—Humbled by God (Exod. 5: 15-23).
- Tues.—Facing the foe (Jas. 4: 6-10).
- Wed.—The sword of the Spirit (Eph. 6: 10-13).
- Thurs.—The great shadow (Jer. 2: 6; Rom. 8: 20-23).
- Fri.—Turning back (Heb. 3: 12-19).
- Sat.—The daybreak (1 John 2: 8-11).

* Y. P. Topic, Sunday, August 15, 1909; Two valleys (Psa. 22: 1-3; Mic. 7: 7, 8; Rom. 8: 25-29).

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Manager and Editor

OTTAWA, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 11, 1909.

Principal Gordon reports that he and Professor Watson, both at present in Scotland—have engaged a young graduate of Glasgow university as lecturer in philosophy at Queen's. The new appointee will also lecture an psychology in the faculty of education.

"Since brevity is the soul of wit, and tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes, I will be brief," says Polonius in Shakespeare's great tragedy. With all seriousness we commend this point of view to the consideration of ministers in preparing and delivering their sermons during these warm summer Sundays. And we do it in no captious spirit, but with all kindness. It means harder work, more careful and thorough preparation, but we sincerely believe that the result to both pulpit and pew will be more satisfactory. Even the well informed and thoughtful laymen will appreciate the consideration of the preacher, and we are assured that the ordinary listener, especially after a hard week's work, will be better disposed to heed the good advice tendered him on a warm summer day when the points are few and the treatment clear, crisp and condensed.

Within a few weeks, says The News, Knox College has lost the two men longest identified with its history. Rev. Dr. William MacLaren Principal Emeritus, has followed Professor William Gregg to the grave. The one was ninety-two when he died; the other in his eighty-second year. Each gave the best of his life and powers to the service of the Church through the seminary. Having lost Dr. MacLaren, Professor Gregg and Rev. Dr. Caven, Knox College has passed under the direction of a new generation, which, true to the best traditions of the old, aims at steadily widening the influence of the College throughout the nation. Dr. MacLaren belonged to the old school. He was an effective preacher and a respected teacher. He was influential in the Church courts, and especially on the floor of the General Assembly. His removal is a loss to Presbyterianism in Canada.

JESUS AND THE GOSPEL.

This book is from the pen of James Denny, D. D., Professor in the United Free Church College, Glasgow. We have been accustomed to expect great books from the professors of this college. This one is as great in its field as James Orr's "Problem of the Old Testament." Prof. Denny is a scholar of the first rank and is at home in all the most recent literature on the subject he treats. And with all his great learning he is sanely conservative. He first takes up the question as to whether the New Testament writers really meant to represent Jesus as more than a great and good man whom we would do well to imitate as an example. After a careful examination of the whole New Testament, he concludes that however much the various writers may differ, they are at one in ascribing to Jesus a place which no merely human being can ever fill. But it has been objected that though the disciples of Jesus did very early thus exalt him, he himself gave them no warrant for so doing. To offset this, Professor Denny next goes into a detailed study of the self-consciousness of Jesus. After one has followed the author through, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that if we know anything at all about Jesus, we know that he claimed the extraordinary place the disciples gave him in their thinking. He lived and died and rose again to produce this very faith. Even when he did not in so many words claim this ascendancy, his life was such that those who knew him best readily gave it to him. But though our author leaves no room to doubt what he thinks about Christ or as to where he stands on many of the disputed questions of the day, he is in favor of recognizing as Christians all who believe that Christ is to God and man what no one else can be, and who own him as Lord and Savior. Though we may not feel like making all the concessions to the radicals that he does, and though we may not favor his scheme for uniting all Christians on a creed that can be expressed in a sentence, one cannot help but feel that this book does the cause of evangelical Christianity a signal service. It deserves all the popularity that it has already won, and we wish for it of a large number of readers in our own country. London: Hodder and Stoughton; Toronto: Upper Canada Tract society.

Dr. William Osler, who got some notoriety by his statement that a man's zenith is reached at forty, and should he be so unwise as to live to three score years he should be sent hence by the chloroform route, was sixty years old two or three weeks ago. Instead of acting on his own advice and taking his own prescription he left some days before a trip to England. Those who are acquainted with him say that they can see no indication of a desire on his part to quit this world. At this time when there is such a demand for young men, people would do well to remember that the man who keeps alive and active ought to increase in intellectual and spiritual power as the years go by. The soul of man is immortal and should therefore be forever young. He should so use his time here as to be better fitted for the eternity into which he is to go. The man who lives a temperate and busy life ought to retain his vigor, his efficiency and his usefulness far beyond the age of sixty. Moses placed the limit at three score years and ten. Many great men have set at naught his limit and have wrought well for many years longer.

DR. ELIOT'S NEW RELIGION.

Dr. Eliot has made himself famous as an educator through his presidency of Harvard University which he recently resigned, and is destined to make himself more famous with a fame that few will covet or envy him of, by assuming the role of a prophet, predicting the kind of religion that will mark the present century. The tenets of "The New Religion" which he proclaims are so superficial and absolutely inadequate to meet the ever-conscious, craving needs of the human soul, that one finds it difficult to take Dr. Eliot seriously when he refuses a place in his new religion for authority, for the acknowledgment of a sense of sin, and for the privilege of repentance, forgiveness and redemption. The New York Tribune in editorial comment says: "The new religion is not to be based upon authority, either temporal or spiritual, Dr. Eliot predicts. This will call for a degree of perfection in humanity that has not yet been reached and is certainly not in sight. The majority for their spiritual support require spiritual authority. Without authority to lean upon there would not be much comfort for them in religion. But the new religion is not to offer much comfort, Dr. Eliot tells us, because comfort will not be required. Another intimation of an improved race. 'The new religion' will not afford safety primarily to the individual; it will think first of the common good, and will not teach that character can be changed 'quickly.' Its hope will be for the race, not for the individual. . . . Modern thought has overturned the attitude of men toward every question. If we do not go so far with nature as to be 'careless of the single life,' at least we have become more 'careful of the type.' So men might be regarded as moving forward toward a religion which would concern itself less with the sins and sorrows of the individual and a great deal more with 'the common good,' as Dr. Eliot thinks. . . . It is not far from Unitarianism, with, let us say, something of the 'social workers' conception of the order of things about it; which is only natural, for Dr. Eliot is a Unitarian, and what is an educator but a social worker? But it lacks all those qualities for which the multitude turn to religion, if they turn at all."

In this connection we would further add, as it is difficult to take Dr. Eliot seriously, it is likewise far from easy for Trinitarians to take Unitarians seriously when we consider all the Scriptures which distinctly teach the doctrine of the Trinity. If Jesus Christ were not divine as well as human then how are we to understand His life; what interpretation is to be put upon His teachings; and how are we to account for His wonderful works? He spoke as one who had authority, and not as the scribes; and that He performed miracles in His own name none will deny. Plain words cannot be put together to convey to the human mind the loftiest possible conceptions of Deity than those in the Holy Scriptures concerning Jesus. None of the writers of the New Testament can be charged with ambiguity when treating of this doctrine. Take, for example, St. John, who, speaking of the Son, says: "This is the true God and eternal life."

MOST IMPORTANT WORK SUFFERING.

The following extracts from a letter by the Rev. Duncan MacLeod of North Formosa, constitute a call that should be heard. The Mission in North Formosa has been a beacon light for years. After the death of Dr. G. L. Mackay, the Rev. W. Gauld held the fort alone, with a college and so many other duties to attend to that necessarily but a small portion of his time could be given to evangelistic work. The advent of Dr. Ferguson and Mr. Jack made it possible to give some more time to evangelistic work, but the growth of the medical and educational claims, which are always immediate and insistent, still left the evangelistic side unmanned. Mr. MacLeod's work will be almost exclusively evangelistic, but the extent of the field and its opportunities have impressed themselves upon him. Hence this cry for help. The appeal is entirely reasonable. It is deplorable that so hopeful a field upon which so much labor has been bestowed should be neglected at this stage. Two strong men should be sent to Formosa with as little delay as possible.

"Dear Dr. Mackay.—More consecrated native pastors and preachers is the Chinese cry. The same is true of Formosa. Japan is creating a peculiar problem for use here. For promising young men Japanese trade and commerce has an opening on every hand. There is no hope from human aid. We have to look to the unfailling source. A baptism of the Holy Spirit such as they have experienced in Korea, and are now experiencing in Honan is our great need. Much seed has been sown; the watering is now necessary.

"I paid a visit to the Gilan Plain two weeks ago. I need not tell you about the beauty of that Plain, nestling as it does in the bosom of the mountains. The savages are still trying to make these fastnesses perpetual possession. They are constantly causing trouble for the Chinese soldiers. Our supervising native pastor is doing excellent work there. He is, however, deeply impressed with the need of a foreign pastor in that quarter. Our work has hitherto been amongst the Pepehoans, but there are 90,000 Chinese practically untouched. For initial work a foreign pastor is absolutely necessary at this particular point. May God overrule and direct more men to Formosa even this year.

"I cannot tell you how thankful I am to be here, associated with my fellow-missionaries in the effort to evangelize Formosa's millions. It is not a work that can be accomplished by human effort alone. Without faith in the eternal truth and in the Almighty spirit, touching the heathen is the most hopeless task I can conceive of in this world. The first lesson impressed upon one is regeneration first, education afterwards. To reverse this divine order is moral suicide. This I state because the need for progressive evangelism here is urgent. The heathen pass by our little chapels as if they were private society buildings. The numbers already raised up and nourished in this church are hopeful, but the masses of heathenism overwhelm us. The only solution is a larger number of men who will give themselves entirely to evangelism until the thousands in these vales and mountains shall hear the Gospel message. I believe that by facing the situation in this way, and in dependence upon divine power, we would have glorious results in this island. The Chinese preachers are easily encouraged and are willing to carry on direct evangelism, providing the foreign pastor is there to provoke them to holy zeal. Without such support they are, as might be expected, apt to become discouraged.

"I do not, of course, by these remarks wish to depreciate other departments of work. The educational and medical are both necessary but the weakness of our staff has necessarily allowed the evangelistic side, which is the most important, to suffer. Send us more men who will give themselves for years to the evangelism of this island. Yours sincerely,

DUNCAN MACLEOD."

LETTERS FROM FORMOSA.

My Dear Dr. Mackay.—Our pastor, Giam Cheng-Hoa, died on the early morning of the 2nd of June, on the eighth anniversary of the death of the late Dr. G. L. Mackay, his dearest friend and teacher. His remains were buried today.

As you know, he has been practically an invalid ever since Dr. Mackay's death. All that time what was naturally a strong constitution has been fighting disease, which eventually lodged in his lungs and in the end proved fatal. Seventeen years ago, when we first arrived in Formosa, we found him a strong man both physically and mentally, and one who was greatly trusted by his missionary and teacher, the founder of this mission, whose name is highly revered in our church. He and the late Dr. Mackay were to each other as father and son. He was one of the five who were baptized by Dr. Mackay one year after his arrival at Tamsui, North Formosa, and he was the first of the five to formally accept the truth of Christianity. As is widely known he was the first convert of this mission, the first native evangelist of the mission, and one of the first two native ordained pastors. Of the five who were first baptized there is only one now left—Evangelist G. Khoan-Ju, who has been serving in the Gospel of Jesus for more than thirty years. With kindest regards, yours sincerely,

(Signed) W. GAULD.

Tamsui, Formosa, Japan,
June 3rd, 1909.

It is said that in the Presbyterian Church one denominational paper goes out for every 3.6 members; Episcopal, one for every 5; Congregational, one for every 9; Baptist, one for every 9.5; Lutheran, one for every 11; and Roman Catholic, one for every 15. So far as the above refers to the United States the per centages given may be correct; but certainly they do not apply to Canada—at any rate so far as Presbyterianism in this country is concerned. We wish it could be truthfully said that a denominational paper went out to every 3.6 members in the Presbyterian churches in Canada.

When the Rev. J. W. Woodside arrived home at Mount Pleasant Church, Vancouver, he found a royal welcome awaiting him, together with tangible appreciation. During his absence a congregational meeting was held and his salary increased \$500 a year.

The augmented charge of Little Current, Manitoulin Island, is vacant. This is a good business town with prospects of growth. No driving, but morning and evening service in town. The congregation are willing to call a suitable man without hearing. The Moderator would also be glad to hear from any one who could supply for a Sunday or more during the next two months. Address Rev. J. J. Fergusson, Gore Bay.

The congregation of Athelstan has recently installed a very fine organ, and Miss Rowatt, daughter of the pastor, has under her training one of the most efficient choirs to be found in any of our rural churches. Athelstan and Elgin constitute an excellent charge, and have not yet been able to agree upon a successor to Mr. Rowatt. The sessions have determined to hear another list of four, giving two Sabbaths to each, so that it will be autumn before a selection is made.

MONTREAL AND QUEBEC.

The Rev. Dr. Edgar Hill left last night for a trip to Newfoundland, Labrador and Prince Edward Island.

The manse of St. Paul's church (Rev. Dr. Barclay) was broken into last week in the absence of the family; but the burglar being interrupted was unable to take anything away. Several broken locks marked his presence, however.

A fine brass tablet to the memory of the late Rev. Dr. A. B. Mackay has been erected in the Presbyterian church, Cap a L'Alge, Que. A special service was held on the occasion of the unveiling on August 8. Dr. Mackay was instrumental in having the church built, and conducted the services during fourteen summers.

MILAN, July 9.—On an ideal day, and in the woods near the Hampden Presbyterian church, the Presbytery of Quebec met and was duly constituted by the Rev. R. Mackenzie, of Stornoway, who presided. The purpose of this meeting was the ordination and designation of Mr. J. M. McLeod, who has been called by the F.M.C. to a new station about to be opened in far away Corea. The Rev. R. P. MacKay, D.D., of Toronto, and the Rev. A. Murray, who has been so efficiently supplying the Hampden church, were present, and asked to sit as corresponding members. The Presbytery found that all the preceding steps had been in order and repaired to the church where divine worship was conducted by the Rev. W. T. McKenzie, of Scotstown, assisted by other brethren present. After the sermon the beautiful service of the ordination and designation was proceeded with. The Rev. Dr. MacKay offered the ordination prayer and after the "laying of the hands of the Presbytery," Mr. McLeod was addressed by the Rev. R. Mackenzie. The Rev. Dr. MacKay then addressed the congregation, describing Corea, and stating the character of the work to which Mr. McLeod had just been set apart. At the close of this interesting address the Rev. Dr., as is usual at such services, presented Mr. McLeod with a beautiful copy of the Scriptures in the name of the F.M.C. The large congregation present was delighted with the whole service, in that such a service has never before taken place in the province of Quebec outside of the city of Montreal. A liberal offering was taken in the interests of foreign mission work in Corea.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rockwood Presbyterians had a fine day for their annual picnic last week. There was a large attendance.

The Victoria Harbour correspondent of the Orillia Packet, congratulates the congregation of St. Paul's in having secured so earnest and hard working young pastor.

Rev. A. D. and Mrs. Reid, of St. Andrews church, Sault Ste. Marie, are away on a holiday trip. They will visit friends in Montreal and various parts in the province of Quebec.

A very pleasant event, which occurred recently at Galt, was the presentation of a handsome cut glass bowl by the members of the First church choir to their former leader Mrs. J. E. Keyes.

Rev. Dr. Isaac Campbell, who spent several years in the Southern States, was received by last General Assembly, and is now called to Chatham. Dr. Campbell was for some time minister of Erskine church, Ottawa, but resigned after the great fire of 1900.

On the 27th inst. the ordination and induction of Mr. A. Berlis took place in St. Paul's church, Victoria Harbor. Members who took part in the solemn service; Messrs. Fowle, of Wau-
baushene; Elliot, of Midland; Curry, of Hillsdale; and McKeracher, of Gravenhurst. After the service the large congregation adjourned to the Sunday-school room and enjoyed the dainty refreshments which the ladies of the congregation had prepared.

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

A PERILOUS ORDEAL.

By William A. Simpson.

Wilbur Oliver was park superintendent in the little manufacturing city of Westover. He had entire charge of a square mile of lawn, lake, and woodland, and when the proprietor of a travelling circus, a former president of the place, retired and presented the park commission with his menagerie, Oliver was informed that he would also have to exercise a supervision over the zoo.

There being no animal house, it was decided to locate the zoo in a temporary frame structure in the park until permanent quarters could be erected. The building was a long, low, shed-like affair, and in a short time it was prepared for its new use. Then the animals arrived in charge of Caleb Adams their trainer, who had been with the show from the day of its organization. He was to act as keeper.

Adams was a man of middle age, jolly, and a pleasant companion. Oliver and he took a liking for each other from the first, and in a short time the two became great friends. The trainer was on terms of the closest intimacy with his pet and seemed able to do anything with them. In the lot were a lion, a puma, of remarkable size and beauty; two black bears and a grizzly. The lion Royal, and Prince the puma, were Adams' favorites, and he would talk about them continually, lauding their intelligence, and urging Oliver to become interested in them too. But the beasts were surely when the young man approached their cage and refused to meet his advances.

"They were always cool toward a stranger," said Adams one day, after Oliver had tried unsuccessfully to induce Prince to take some notice of him. "You wait till they've been here a while and they'll grow to like you well enough," he added. The two men were standing by the puma's cage and the feline was purring contentedly as its trainer stroked the huge tawny paw protruding through the bar.

At the trainer's suggestion, Oliver began assisting at the daily feeding, and after the animals had been in their new quarters a week it seemed to him that Prince regarded him with a more amiable expression. Elated, he told Adams of the progress he was making. "That's good," exclaimed the trainer cheerfully. "I've been wanting to get away from my charges long enough to take a little trip. Now perhaps—"

"Perhaps I can take your place for a few hours, you were going to say?" interrupted Oliver with a good-natured laugh. "All right, go ahead," he finished.

"But maybe I won't be back until two o'clock tomorrow afternoon," said Adams. "Do you think you could feed the animals in the morning without me?" he asked doubtfully.

Oliver assured him that he could, and with no misgivings saw the older man drive off at dusk leaving him in charge of the zoo.

Earlier than usual the next morning Oliver repaired to the park. Entering the building he passed from cage to cage, greeting the occupants as he had seen Adams do. But instead of evincing the joy at his approach they would have shown had he been the trainer, they scarcely looked at him. He carried in fresh water and food, selecting the most tempting pieces of fresh meat for Royal and Prince.

The three bears seized their food and devoured it eagerly, but the lion and the puma merely sniffed at it and began pacing uneasily back and forth behind the bars. Oliver talked to them soothingly, coaxing them to eat, but as they still ignored the food, he concluded that they missed their keeper.

The tasks were more laborious than before he was through, and it was noon before he was through. By that time the weather had changed. The blue sky and bright sunshine of early morning had given place to lowering clouds.

The wind had risen too, and was blowing strong from the south.

Several matters outside demanded his attention and it was two o'clock before he could return to the building. The wind had increased to a gale, and the storm was growing more furious every minute. Drawing near the occupants of the cages could hear the occupants in fear as with every gust the light building rocked from foundation to roof. He glanced about, expecting to see Adams, but the trainer was nowhere in sight.

As Oliver entered the animal house rain began falling, lightly at first, then increasing in volume until it was pattering down on the roof with a noise like thunder. The fierceness of the storm and the excited whines, roars, and squeals of the beasts made him uneasy and nervous, but he drew the door to and slowly approached the cages.

These were arranged in a long row. Prince's cage was the first one encountered while the lion's quarters were some distance down the line. The deafening noise made by the rain on the roof and the wind without, and the presence of Oliver instead of its trainer, drove the puma into a frenzy. Without warning, the beast began pounding about in its cage, snapping and snarling at the bars in a vicious manner terrible to behold.

At the first ugly growl Oliver stopped short. He was scarcely able to restrain his impulse to flee from the building. A moment later, having told himself that the stout bars could not give way, he recovered from his fright. Making a wide detour around that cage he passed along the line and approached Royal.

The lion's food lay untouched and the beast was sulking in one corner of its den. Royal raised his head and growled an ominous warning at the young man's approach, then with a roar that made the howling of the storm seem as nothing, leaped savagely across the cage and hurled himself against the bars with a force that made them crack.

Oliver had just warning enough of the onslaught to step back and thus avoid the sweeping blow aimed at him by the huge paw. The realization of his narrow escape unnerved the young man completely. Unable to control his actions longer, he turned to rush headlong from the building. But before he could take half a dozen steps there was a crash at his left, and a great tawny body bounded from the puma's cage as the weakened lock gave way.

Oliver was fifty feet from the doors at either end, both of which were latched. Terrified, he shot swift glances about for a refuge. Four feet above his head were the crossbeams that supported the roof. With a strength-born of desperation and frenzy, he leaped for the row of rafters, caught one and drew up his body. White-faced and dry-lipped, he whirled about to meet the expected leap of the beast. But there was none. The puma had stopped in front of its cage and was paying no attention to the man.

Royal, excited beyond measure, was beating against the bars of his cage, eager to join the puma without. After glaring in the direction of the lion, Prince began circling the building, seeking a place to escape, his yelps and whimpers rising to Oliver's ears above the din made by the storm. Round and round the puma went, passing over the ground again and again, sniffing at every crack, sometimes putting its nose to the boards and pushing with a force that threatened to tear the timbers apart.

As minute after minute passed without the puma taking any notice of him, Oliver began to entertain the hope that it was not going to molest him after all. He dared not stir from his post-

tion, although his limbs began to ache from being held in such a cramped posture. He could only remain motionless and wait.

Suddenly his numbed senses grew alive to the fact that the storm had begun to abate. The rain ceased falling and the wind went down. He worked his watch out of his pocket and saw that it was four o'clock, two hours after the time set by Adams for his return. He began wondering where the trainer could be and watching the door for his appearance.

The animals realized that the storm was over and gradually grew quiet. Prince halted in his continuous pacing back and forth and began looking about. As if becoming suddenly aware of the man's presence, the puma cocked its head on one side and fixed two glaring eyes on him. Then the animal dropped into a crouching position and began creeping stealthily along the floor toward him, stopping only when it had reached a spot directly underneath. Oliver followed the movements of the beast with bated breath. He expected very second to see the animal leap and to feel the sharp claws digging into his flesh.

But the puma was not ready to leap. It lay there all but motionless. A slight quivering of the body and an almost imperceptible twitching of the tail were the only signs of life apparent. The eyes, great glittering orbs, seemed never to leave its intended victim. To the man, the eyes looked like points of fire which grew larger every second. He could not take his gaze off them. The beast's lips were parted in an ugly snarl that showed the rows of cruel teeth. A cold sweat broke out upon his body and he was powerless to move.

Had the puma sprung at once Oliver would have been unable to make any defense. But unconsciously he was returning the steady gaze of the animal, and in that lay his salvation. As the moments passed the young man detected something of fear in the glowing orbs below him. Then the trainer's oft-repeated advice to show firmness and boldness in dealing with wild animals flashed through his brain. The next second he realized that the beast was in fear of him, and hope rose high.

A decision to put Adam's teaching to the test was instantly made. Without stopping to weigh the consequence of failure, Oliver arose to an upright position on one of the crossbeams. His eyes fixed steadily upon those of the waiting beast beneath, he dropped down upon the floor almost upon the puma's back.

Plainly surprised at the movement, the savage beast uttered a deep growl, but cowed by the bold front of the man, worked its body back a few feet and stopped. Hardly daring to think that his temerity was responsible for his temporary victory, Oliver advanced upon the couchant form and Prince retreated another yard or two.

Oliver followed relentlessly. Back, back, foot by foot, the two progressed. The puma contested every inch of the way with snarls and growls. Had its new master wavered, the beast would have instantly leaped for his throat. Thoroughly alive to his danger, the minutes seemed like hours, so slowly did the great cat move. But at last the cage was close at hand and Oliver was confronted with a new dilemma. How was he to compel the beast to enter?

While striving to think of a plan his foot touched the trainer's rawhide whip lying on the floor. Immediately a method of procedure presented itself, but in order to carry it out he needed the whip. He dared not stoop to pick it up, but getting the toe of one shoe under the lash, he raised the flexible piece of leather, and a moment

later held the weapon in his hand. His next move was to take his stand by the open door. He covered the few feet necessary, the puma's eyes following his every motion. Oliver saw that the beast knew what was expected of it. But would it obey him? "Come Prince," he called soothingly, imitating Adam's voice as well as he could.

The puma seemed to slink closer to the floor and to fasten its gleaming eyes upon him even more fixedly. "Come, Prince, get in there," he repeated sharply, his heart in his throat, but not a tremor apparent in his voice.

The animal showed more of his teeth. It snarled ferociously and thrust out its great, cruel-looking claws. "Get in there, Prince. Do you hear me?" spoke Oliver savagely, at the same time raising his whip threateningly.

Still the beast did not move. The man and the puma glared at each other, both fighting for the mastery. To Oliver the tension was nerve-racking.

The man had given himself up for lost. His brain began to reel and he was about to collapse when the puma, its belly sweeping the floor, commenced to creep toward its cage. Nearer and nearer it came until Oliver could have touched its body with his foot. Then with a bound it leaped through the door and flung itself in the furthest corner, whining and crying in abject fear.

"That was fine, man—splendid," he heard a voice exclaim, and wheeling about the superintendent saw Adams running toward him.

"I saw the whole thing from the doorway, but dared not enter the building for fear you would take your eyes off the beast and give him the chance he wanted to leap at your throat," the trainer continued, as with deft hands he pushed the cage door to and fastened it securely with a piece of rope.

A WOMAN'S CAREER.

The name of Dorcas has been adopted by thousands of organizations of helpful women. Her example is a good one to meditate upon in this day when there is such widespread discussion of woman's sphere. Some of us are uneasy as we see that woman is made the commonest "problem" of the novel, the play, the essay, and the lecture. The sign is not a wholesome one. For when men begin to regard woman as a curious and complex social enigma, and try to analyze and dissect her, they cease to pay her the old-fashioned deference which we like to regard as her unquestioned right. The less woman is considered as a "question" the surer she will be to fulfil her natural destiny. If this Sunday school lesson leads older students to recall and reassert the primary place of woman in the social organization it will have done a service entirely germane to its original purpose.

Old-fashioned, indeed, was Dorcas. She had no other thought of a career for herself than to be helpful up to the limit of her powers. She was not a famous "church-worker," nor had she the gift of prophecy. Her office was the simple, lowly one of helping the poor, who blessed her upon every remembrance of her name. She could not teach or edification, perhaps, but she could demonstrate her faith by her works. Many were the new babies whose first wardrobes came from her deft fingers. And even the praiseful lips of the friends who gathered about her bier could not call the roll of all the sick and aged and poor whom she had clothed. All the while, doubtless, Dorcas looked with admiration upon such "superior" women as Mary of Bethany. Little did she dream that her swift needle was stitching her own name in letters of fadeless gold upon the world's brief roll of Immortals.—(Selected).

The only way to make sure that tomorrow will be good is to do the best to-day.

GROWING OLD.

The tallest lilies droop at eventide,
The sweetest roses fall from off the stem;
The rarest things on earth cannot abide
And we are passing, too, away like them;
To think we're old.

We had our dreams, those rosy dreams
Of youth!
They faded, and 'twas well. This
After-noon
Hath brought us fuller hopes; and yet,
Forsooth,
We drop a tear now in this latter
time
We are growing old.

We smile at those poor fancies of the
past—
A saddened smile, almost akin to
pain;
Those high desires, those purposes so
vast,
Ah, our poor hearts! They cannot
come again!
We're growing old.

Old? Well, the heavens are old; this
earth is, too;
Much have we lost, more gained, altho'
'tis true
We tread life's way with uncertain feet.
We are growing old.

We move along, and scatter as we pace
Soft graces, tender hopes on every
hand;
At last, with grey-streaked hair and
hollow face,
We step across the boundary of the
land
Where none are old.

WHEN I COME HOME.

"Mother, will you be here when I come home?" Every day and twice a day the child asks it with lifted face and earnest eyes. "When I come home from school will you be here?"

If the answer is "Yes," she dances off happily, and if for any reason the reply must be "No," the momentary disappointment is very real.

The first call that rings through the house when the door opens is, "Where's mother?" and if she is not immediately in evidence, all over the house go the eager feet, at every door sounds a soft knock, and the childish voice asks its insistent question, "Is mother there?"

How you miss it when the child is away, or when you yourself are detained. You hurry a little and glance at the clock; you decide that those last errands are unnecessary and, as often as you possibly can, you are there to answer "Here dear," when the loving call comes.

I have often thought of the mothers who used to hear it and hear it no more, whose children have grown, or have entered the other home whence they shall go no more out. That is one of the dear, earthly things, deep down as mother-love itself, that I am sure we are going to find again if we must lose it here; some day the ear that warries with the under-hearing of the heart is going to catch once more the sweet, familiar "Where's mother?" And for those whose mothers are waiting in the other home for the coming of their children it will be equally true. The wide spaces of heaven are not going to be wide enough to delay those who are seeking their mothers.

Out of life's weary school of experience, with lessons learned, tasks ended, we who are grown and who are tired and home-sick shall find the answer to the question that runs like a stream in the dark through all our lives, unseen, but singing, "Mother, will you be there when I come home?"—Congregationalist.

Few men have any next; they live from hand to mouth, they are without plan, and soon come to the end of their line.—Emerson.

There is no loss of fortune, no wreck of personal affection, no disaster in the sphere of the visible, but can be turned by the soul's inner energy into some higher phase of living.

THE MISTRESS OF THE MANSE.

A minister's wife has a peculiar position to fill, not required of other wives, and she exerts an influence beyond that of any other woman in the church, perhaps. Many times of frail body, she would sink under the cares of her life did she not feel that she was doing the work the Father required of her. She must be strong for all of us, and are we always as thoughtful for her as we might be? Who so ready with a kind word and thoughtful act when we are in trouble? And when the death angel enters the door, who so ready with her loving heart and strong arms of sympathy to help us to live on and gather up the broken threads of life again? All hail to the grave, grand "mistress of the manse," and may God grant her a double portion of his grace! We love her, and we can't do without her.

NEST BUILDING PARTNERSHIP.

Shall I tell you how a pair of orioles took me into partnership with them in nest-building in June? They chose for a site one of the elms in front of the house and the end of a limb that drooped to a level with my window where I could sit and easily watch the proceedings.

They began the framework, but strings seemed to be scarce and the foundation grew slowly. I had a full supply of twine, some of which I broke into convenient lengths and threw over the low growing shoots of the elm trunks. They watched me closely, and when I got back to the piazza they nodded to me as to say, "Thank you." In three or four minutes they had carried up to the nest six lengths of twine. It took fifteen or twenty minutes to wind them about the twigs and weave them in and out and shape them. Then I carried out more twine and, in less time than I can tell it, that was also carried up to the nest, and so I continued to supply strings till they had all they needed. Then they felted in the filling without my aid, and the nest was quickly completed.

The parents have gone to the woods with their little ones, but every day or two the male comes back to the trees and utters a note or two to tell me all is well.—T, in Our Dumb Animals.

THE MOTTO HABIT.

A lady of our acquaintance called at a certain country house and was ushered into the dining room, for some domestic reason, to await the coming of her friend. The room was pleasantly furnished, but she was puzzled by several neatly printed mottoes which hung conspicuously on the walls. After the entrance of her friend, and the errand upon which she came had been discussed, the lady asked:—

"I hope you won't think me inquisitive, but I should like to know the meaning of those mottoes?"

The other woman smiled, as she replied:—

"That is an idea of my husband's. He grew tired of correcting the children, or hearing me correct them, and by way of example included our own shortcomings. 'Don't slump' is meant for my eldest daughter; she is growing fast and inclined to relax into a spineless, jellyfish attitude that annoys us. 'Don't fuss' is for her sister, who vents her feelings by arguing and disputing when things fail to please her. 'Don't grumble' is for my son, whose besetting fault is comprised in the admonition. And 'Don't worry' is intended for me—I assure you I find it helps. 'Be lively' is my husband's, and to those who know him requires no explanation."

"I think I'll go home and write out a few for my own family," the lady remarked, rising to go. "In any case, it is worth a trial."—Congregationalist.

Sacrifice alone, bare and unrelieved, is ghastly, unnatural and dead; but self-sacrifice, illuminated by love, is warmth and love.

CHURCH
WORK

Ministers and Churches

NEWS
LETTERS

OTTAWA.

Rev. Professor Jordon, D.D., will take services in St. Andrew's Church next Sunday.

Rev. Dr. Armstrong conducted both services in St. Paul's on Sunday. In the evening he dealt with the theological side of Calvin's teaching.

Rev. R. J. Urquhart, B.A., has been called to Merivale, and has accepted, and his induction will take place next Thursday evening. Rev. Robt. Eadie, interim moderator of the congregation of Merivale, will preside; Rev. Dr. W. D. Armstrong will preach the sermon; Rev. Jos. White will address the minister; and Rev. J. W. H. Milne the people.

Says the Owen Sound Advertiser: Rev. Mr. Woodside, of Division street Church announced Sunday evening that he would not accept the call which he had recently received. We understand the call was from Winnipeg, however Mr. Woodside did not state so. Mr. Woodside's decision has greatly pleased his congregation, who would keenly regret the loss of their able and popular pastor. Notwithstanding the wider opportunities of the new field Mr. Woodside feels that his work lies in Owen Sound.

Rev. Prof. Jordan, D.D. of Queen's University, was the preacher at both services in St. Andrew's Church on Sunday. His morning subject was the life and work of John Calvin and provided a very sympathetic and scholarly resume of the life of the great reformer and the influence of his work on the church of to-day. While the modern church, he said, must regard Calvin as an extremist and could not accept his doctrine in its entirety, yet it realized that only a tremendous faith could accomplish the works of the reformer.

TORONTO.

Rev. W. A. Mactaggart, of the Wychwood Church; Mrs. Mactaggart, and child, are spending their holidays at their native home, in King Township.

A quiet house wedding took place at the residence of Mr. W. P. Rodger, 73 Bismark Ave., Toronto, July 29, when his younger daughter, Margaret Frances, became the wife of Rev. Chas. J. Bishop, of Calgary. The ceremony was performed by the groom's father, Rev. Dr. Bishop, Belleville, assisted by Rev. T. R. Roger, of Owen Sound, brother of the bride.

Rev. J. C. Robertson, General Secretary of Presbyterian Sabbath Schools, has returned from a four weeks' series of institutes in Nova Scotia. About fifty meetings were held, more than a hundred schools being represented by those who attended. Similar plans were followed to those adopted in the same kind of work in Ontario. Rev. Alex. MacGillivray, Convener of the General Assembly's Committee on Sabbath Schools, is continuing the work in Cape Breton for two weeks.

The Rev. J. R. Fraser, M.A., of Uxbridge, Ont., spent Sunday with his friend the Rev. H. L. MacLean, of Pictou, N.S., and preached in St. Andrew's church in the evening. The New Glasgow Chronicle says:—The large congregation present heard him with rapt attention, and were delighted with his able clear and scholarly discourse. Mr. Fraser is visiting his old home at Lorne, N.S.

Three new elders were ordained at the morning service in St. Andrew's church, Sarnia, on the 25th ult., viz.: David Milne, Wm. R. Gemmill and James Carr. The ordination service was conducted by Rev. J. F. Paterson, the pastor of the church.

EASTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. Wm. Shearer left for Alberta on Monday of last week.

Rev. A. and Mrs. Mackenzie, of Douglas, have been visiting friends at Mink Lake.

During the month of August the congregation of Knox and St. John's, Cornwall, unite for services in Knox church.

Rev. W. A. Morrison, of South Mountain, has been visiting friends at Dalhousie Station and neighborhood.

Rev. Wm. Black, Vars, summering at Norway Bay, is able to be about again after a severe attack of tonsillitis.

Rev. N. H. McGillivray of St. John's church, Cornwall, is spending a few weeks enjoying the ocean breezes at Old Orchard Beach, Me.

Rev. W. A. Bradley, of Berlin, Ont., who has been visiting at Millbrook, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church on a recent Sunday.

Rev. George Crombie, of L'Original, has been conducting the services at Dalhousie Mills and Cote St. George for a couple of Sabbaths.

Rev. D. Stewart, of Alexandria, in the absence of Rev. H. S. Lee, was the preacher in Apple Hill church last Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Miller, White Lake, has taken possession of his new cottage, at Norway Bay, and is putting on the finishes touches himself.

Rev. Chas. A. Ferguson, of Knox Church, Vankleek Hill, and Rev. W. J. Pady, of the Baptist Church, exchanged pulpits on Sabbath evening last.

Rev. W. Munro has resigned his charge at Oakwood and Cambray in Lindsay Presbytery. Rev. James Wallace, of Lindsay, has been appointed moderator of the vacancy.

Rev. A. J. Mann, of Woodville, is away for four weeks' holidays. Rev. M. McKinnon, of Woodbridge, formerly of Eldon, will occupy the pulpit for two sabbaths.

Rev. Mr. McKay, of Maxville, conducted service in the Apple Hill church on a recent Sunday for Rev. H. S. Lee, who is enjoying a well earned holiday.

Rev. W. A. Alp, of Scotia Junction, Ont., is to occupy the pulpit in Zion church the next four weeks, during the absence of Rev. Mr. Scott, who takes his holidays this month.

Rev. Donald and Mrs. Stewart, of Alexandria, have been spending a few days with his parents at Finch, prior to his mother's departure for the seaside. His sister, Miss Stewart, of Rosethorn, Sask., who has been visiting her parents, left this week to return to the North-West.

Rev. Dr. Marsh has brought before Peterboro Presbytery the need of re-arranging certain fields in the Presbytery, and after full discussion Rev. Messrs. Pogue, McDonald and Burns were appointed a special committee for the rearrangement of the fields mentioned.

The death is announced of Mr. Wm. Archer, an elder in Millbrook church, and for many years Superintendent of the Sunday school. He was greatly esteemed in the church and community and his bereaved family have the sympathy of a large circle of friends in their sore loss.

The dedication of the new St. Andrew's church, Monkland, will take place on Sunday next, Aug. 15. Services will be held morning and evening, at which sermons will be preached by Rev. N. H. McGillivray, of St. John's church, Cornwall. A supper and entertainment will be held on Monday evening, Aug. 16.

Rev. J. B. MacLeod, of Martintown, after spending a month's vacation on Prince Edward Island, has returned to his work, taking the usual services last Sunday.

Rev. W. C. MacIntyre, of Ogdensburg, N.Y., gave a missionary address at Woodlands on a recent Sunday evening. The church was crowded by his many friends, who heartily welcomed their former pastor.

Rev. D. J. Graham, pastor of McVicar Memorial church, Montreal, who is spending a few weeks at Lakeview Cottage, East Front, conducted the mid week prayer meeting in Knox church, Lancaster, on a recent Wednesday evening.

Rev. J. J. Monds, of St. Andrew's church, Carleton Place, is not only a master-hand at constructing a sermon but he can also plan and build a boat. The Herald says of Mr. Monds' craft: "It is a staunch roomy launch and a credit to the reverend gentleman's skill with tools, as he built it himself."

A unanamous call from Omemeeg has been extended to Rev. Donald Currie, of Hillsdale, which has been sustained by Peterboro Presbytery, and provisional arrangements made for the induction. Rev. Mr. Skene, moderator, to preside, Rev. R. Pogue, to preach, and narrate the steps towards the call. Rev. Mr. Keith will address the minister and Rev. Mr. Johnston the people. The stipend promised is \$1,000 and a manse.

The congregations of Knox and Ashbury churches, Perth, held union services Sunday, Aug. 1st, when the preacher was Dr. O. R. Avison, missionary from Korea. Dr. Avison has been in Korea under the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church of the United States for sixteen years, and has had a part in the great missionary work in Korea which promises to make Korea a Christian nation within the coming generation.

A memorial bell has been hung in the tower of St. Andrew's church, Martintown, the almost completed edifice which has arisen from the ashes of the old St. Andrew's church destroyed by fire March 20, 1906. The bell weighs about 1,400 pounds and bears the inscription "Donated to St. Andrew's Presbyterian church, Martintown, by M. E. and Margaret Cameron, as a memorial to the Cameron family, River aux Raisin, 1908." The Misses Cameron's substantial and generous donation is most acceptable, and they are to be congratulated on the splendid spirit which marks their liberal gift.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. J. C. and Mrs. Wilson, of Acton, Ont., have been visiting friends in Toronto.

Rev. C. T. Tough, of Nottawa, has returned to his work, after a brief vacation.

Rev. N. A. Campbell, of Inwood, occupied the pulpit in the Oil City church on Sunday last.

Rev. D. W. S. Urquhart, lately of Kippen, has been inducted as pastor of Knox church, Listowel. Stipend \$1,400, and four weeks' vacation.

Rev. Mr. Pidgeon, of St. Thomas, has been appointed moderator of Alma street church, St. Thomas, vacant by the resignation of Rev. Mr. Reede.

The Rev. C. H. Cooke, of Bradford, preached a fringed sermon last Sunday evening. Next Sunday Rev. Mr. Lane, of Bond Head, interim Moderator, will preach the pulpit vacated.

The congregations of Dorchester and Crumlin, in London Presbytery, have called the Rev. John Burnett, B.A., of Molesworth, in the Presbytery of Maitland, to be their pastor, in succession to the late James W. Orr, whose death took place last April.

DEATH OF DR. MACLAREN.

The Rev. William MacLaren, D.D., ex-principal of Knox College, died at 3 o'clock on the morning of the 4th inst. at the residence, 57 St. George St., Toronto.

The venerable clergyman, who had held the highest position in the gift of the Presbyterian Church in Canada was a few weeks ago arranging for a sojourn at the seaside. He was then in the best of spirits, and visiting the church offices at the Confederation Life Building. In speaking of his health at that time he said that the hot weather was affecting him, but despite his 82 years he hoped to be greatly benefited by a trip to the sea shore. Before he could complete his arrangements for the projected trip he was taken seriously ill.

The late ex-principal of Knox College had a distinguished career both as a minister of the Presbyterian Church and as an educationist. He was a native born Canadian, the town of Bolton, Carleton County, claiming him as its most illustrious son. He was born on Jan. 26, 1828. His parents, David and Elizabeth MacLaren, were natives of Perthshire, Scotland. He was the fifth son.

At the Ottawa Grammar School and Toronto Academy, William MacLaren gave early promise of distinction in the sphere of learning, and availed himself of the opportunity to take a theological and arts course. He was ordained to the Presbyterian Ministry in 1853, and inducted minister of the Presbyterian Church at Amherstburg, Ont., where he remained for four years. The young preacher's fame had become widely recognized by the people in Canada and the United States, and in 1857 he was induced to accept the pastorate of Knox Church, Boston, Mass. since known as Columbus Avenue Presbyterian Church. An invitation from the Belleville, Ont., Presbyterian Church to the pastorate there led to his return to Ontario, and he remained at Belleville for 11 years.

In 1870, Knox Church, Ottawa, succeeded in securing him as pastor, and he ministered there until his coming to Toronto as a member of the faculty of Knox College in the year 1873. During these three years he lectured in apologetics in the Montreal Presbyterian College.

For the past 36 years he has been closely identified with Knox College, and on the demise of the late Principal Caven in December, 1904, became acting principal and chairman of the senate of the college, which position he held with great acceptance until the appointment of Rev. Alfred Gandler, as principal in November, 1908.

His professional chair at Knox College was that of systematic theology, his best energies being devoted to a course of lectures on the gospels and the life of Christ. He received the degree of D.D., from Queen's College, Kingston in 1883, and of LL.D. from Toronto University in 1906.

Rev. Dr. MacLaren was a picturesque figure, and active member of the Presbyterian General Assembly. He was for 16 years convener of its foreign mission committee. In 1884 he was elected moderator of the General Assembly of Canada.

He was closely identified with the work of the Ewart Missionary Training Home on Charles street. He held the position of chairman of the board ever since the founding of the institution 12 years ago.

He was a member of the congregation of the Bloor street Presbyterian Church, and only last month assisted the pastor, Rev. Dr. Wallace, at the communion service.

In theology the late Dr. MacLaren was of the frankly conservative type, with a firm grasp of the fundamentals of reformation principles, according to the tenets of Geneva, to the elucidation of which he brought much penetrating insight and the resources of a broad and tolerant scholarship. Without any wavering from positions which he believed were bound up with the fundamental bases of the Christian faith, in controversy none could accuse him

of unfairness, or lack of the courtesy to an opponent which should mark a broad minded Christian gentleman. His relations with the other members of the college staff and with the staffs of the other theological colleges were always of the most amicable character, and none will miss him more than his former academic colleagues.

The Funeral.

The funeral on Friday afternoon was largely attended, not only by citizens of Toronto but by friends from many parts of Ontario and Quebec.

At 2.30 a private service was held in the house at 57 St. George st., among those present being the following relatives: Rev. David MacLaren, Sheriff Mowat, Mr. Mac. Mowat of Toronto, Rev. Alex. MacLaren of Hamilton, Mr. David MacLaren, Dr. Henry MacLaren, Messrs. John MacLaren, Charles MacLaren and J. P. MacLaren of Ottawa, Mr. Arthur Mowat of Edmonton, Mr. P. McL. Forin of Belleville, Mr. W. C. MacLaren and Rev. A. Cameron of Brockville, Mr. A. MacLaren of Buckingham, Messrs. Douglas MacLaren and Alex. MacLaren of Barrie.

The pallbearers were: Messrs. William Davidson, K.C., John Wanless, D. Fotheringham, G. C. Robb, William M. Riddell, John Harvie, Dr. Sommerville, and Dr. Duncan of Toronto.

In accordance with the wish of the family few flowers were sent, but among the floral tributes which lay on the casket were beautiful wreaths from the Chinese Christian Endeavor Society and the Session of Bloor street Presbyterian church, of which the Emeritus Principal was a member.

Service in Church.

With pulpit and organ draped in crepe and pews and galleries filled with mourners representative of the Presbytery, the church as a whole, and various public bodies, Bloor street Presbyterian church was the scene of a solemn and impressive service conducted by Rev. Dr. Wallace, the pastor of the church of which Dr. MacLaren was a member, and assisted by Professors Kilpatrick and Ballantyne, who were intimately associated with the late Emeritus Principal in his work in Knox College, and by Rev. Dr. R. P. MacKay, Secretary of the Foreign Mission Committee, and Rev. Dr. Fletcher of Hamilton.

The members of the Toronto Presbytery assembled in the lecture hall and entered the church in a body.

Among the outside ministers present were: Rev. W. A. J. Martin, Brantford; Rev. J. G. Potter, Peterborough; Rev. D. A. Thompson, Hastings; Rev. E. Scott, England; Rev. A. A. Scott, Carleton Place; Rev. T. E. Dunn, Ridgeway; Rev. W. Amos, Aurora; Rev. Jonathan Goforth, China; Rev. Dr. Gordon Quigg, Renton, Scotland; Rev. A. G. Cameron, Brockville; Right Rev. Bishop W. D. Reeve, Toronto; Rev. J. McL. Forin, Belleville; Rev. A. R. Barron, Highland Falls, N. Y.

Professor Ballantyne's Tribute.

The casket having been carried into the church and placed on trestles in front of the choir, the congregation sang Dr. MacLaren's favorite hymn, "Fight the good fight," and Professor Kilpatrick read from the Scriptures, after which Professor Ballantyne paid a loving tribute to the work and worth of the deceased. To attempt to sketch the life of Dr. MacLaren, he said, would be to tell the story of a large part of the history of the Presbyterian Church. He lived in a time of expansion, a time when great responsibilities were undertaken, when many new movements were initiated, and in all these he bore a conspicuous part. Speaking more particularly of his work in connection with Knox College, Professor Ballantyne said Dr. MacLaren firmly adhered to the Reformation type of doctrine. It never occurred to him to invent a new doctrine. He was free from the tendency to which some professors were exposed, of striving after the novel. He believed what he found in the Bible. A great deal could be said of the service Dr. MacLaren rendered in the more general work of the Church.

They all knew what he had done for the cause of foreign missions. His active life was cast in a time before the specialization that had taken place in more recent days, and no man's work was heard more gladly than his, not because he could debate or could see to the heart of question as few men could, but because all recognized his honesty and thorough integrity. His character was transparent and clear as the mountain air. He had no policy, no concealments, no evasions no duplicity. He could read, intuitively almost, the thoughts of his mind and heart. Those who had worked beside him knew him as a man of prayer, as one who by prayer adjusted himself to all the affairs, great and little of each day's work, and as a man of sympathy, upon whose heart was the burden of a sinful, suffering world. He had no eccentricities. There was a marvellous unity in his character. Above all, they felt that the man himself was greater than anything he said or did.

What the Church Has Lost.

"All that Dr. MacLaren meant to the Church, College and country," said Rev. Dr. Wallace, "it is not yet possible for us to fully estimate, but I venture to say that of all the great men which the Presbyterian Church in Canada has had, none was really greater than Dr. MacLaren." It might be that there were others of greater parts, of wider scholarship, yet, for high, Christian courtesy, for unabashed honesty, for utter goodness of life he has had no superior. With the strongest Calvinism, perhaps because of it, there beat in him a heart of the greatest tenderness and warmest love. He simply overflowed with genuine kindness and good feeling. It was foreign to his very nature to dissemble or to resort to subterfuge. He was honest and lead-hearted as the day, and if tenderness and principle and self-sacrifice characterized Dr. MacLaren, so also did a high sense of duty. To know God's will and to do it was his supreme aim. Dr. Wallace closed with a sympathetic tribute to Mrs. MacLaren.

Rev. Dr. R. P. MacKay led in prayer, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Fletcher of Hamilton.

At the grave-side a short service was conducted by Rev. Dr. Wallace and Rev. Dr. Gilray.

Attention is directed to the advertisement of the Ottawa Valley Motor Transit Co. appearing in another column. This company affords a speedy and comfortable mode of reaching many points within twenty-five miles of the capital—Such as Richmond, Metcalfe and Kenmore. The service is good—a vast improvement on the old stage conveyance which it supercedes. This new enterprise is under the energetic and able management of Mr. John Macdonald, who is rapidly making it a great success.

BOWLER'S SEPTEMBER TOUR.

To the Pacific Coast via Grand Trunk Railway System.

Mr. E. C. Bowler of Bethel, Me., has arranged another Pacific Coast tour via the Grand Trunk Railway to start from Portland, Me., and Boston, Mass., on Tuesday, September 7. This tour has been arranged to answer a demand for a low price tour to Seattle. It will be via the Grand Trunk system to Chicago, C. M. & St. P. to Minneapolis, with a stop of one day, the N. P. to Seattle, stopping six days, boat across Puget Sound to Tacoma, N.P., to Portland, Ore., the Oregon Short Line to Salt Lake City, stopping one day, the D. & R. G. to Denver, stopping several hours at Glenwood Springs, a day at Colorado Springs and a day at Denver, the C. R. I. & P. system to Chicago with a day's stop, thence the G. T. to original starting point with a day at Niagara Falls. A provision has been made whereby any who desire to include San Francisco and Los Angeles in the itinerary may do so. For information, address E. C. BOWLER, Bethel, Me.

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

When choosing eggs, always select those that have a dull, opaque shell in preference to those with a shiny shell.

Your telephone receiver needs constant dusting. When several persons use the mouthpiece daily, it should be well cleaned every day or two.

Straw matting that has been laid some time is apt to get dull looking. Try washing it well with salt and water. Add a handful of salt to three parts of a bucket of tepid water.

How to Cook Oatmeal. When oatmeal is required for breakfast it should always be soaked in pure cold water over night, then boiled about one hour, and salted, and when nearly done, have mixed with it a little Indian meal, say a couple of heaping teaspoonfuls.

Steamed Vanilla Pudding.—Put into a basin two cupfuls of fine bread-crumbs, one cupful of flour, one cupful of finely-chopped beef suet, half a teaspoonful of baking powder, and one teaspoonful of vanilla essence. Mix into a light batter with an egg and milk. Pour into a buttered mould and steam for an hour.

Smothered Chicken.—When the chicken is dressed ready for cooking, split it down the back and place flatly in a covered pan, dredge with salt, pepper, and flour, and spread with softened butter. Have only enough water in the pan to produce steam. When closely covered it soon becomes tender. Then remove cover and brown. Serve with rich cream gravy. The best way to cook a spring chicken—far superior to frying.

Curate's Pudding.—Beat the yolks of two eggs with two ounces of flour and one tablespoonful of milk; set half a pint of milk, lacking the tablespoonful, on the fire, with two ounces of sugar and two of butter; make them hot, but do not let them boil; when the flour and eggs are beaten quite smooth, add the hot milk, etc., also the whites of the eggs, beaten very light. Mix thoroughly and pour into four saucers, buttered and heated hot; bake twenty minutes in a quick oven. When cooked a light brown color, lay two of them on a dish spread with plum or other jam, place the other two on top.

Milk and Lime-Water.—Milk and lime-water are now frequently prescribed by physicians in cases of dyspepsia and weakness of the stomach. Often when the functions of digestion and assimilation have been seriously impaired, a diet of bread, milk, and lime-water has an excellent effect. The way to make lime-water is simply to procure a few lumps of unslaked lime, put the lime in a stone jar, add water until the lime is slaked and of about the consistency of thin cream; the lime settles, leaving the pure and clear lime-water at the top. Three or four tablespoonfuls of it may be added to a goblet of milk.

Sleep and Fresh Air for Baby.—A normal healthy infant should spend most of the first few months of its life in sleep.

A child should never be roused from sleep even to see the most important visitor in the world. Most children when suddenly awakened are cross and peevish for the rest of the day.

When possible, baby should sleep out of doors as much as ever he can. The open-air babe is generally a healthy little mortal, and far less likely to grow up with the modern affliction of "nerves" than the child who is brought up in a close, confined atmosphere.

Fresh air is also feeding, and baby will put on flesh and grow plump and rosy if allowed to spend most of the summer—and the winter, too, for that matter—in the open air.

Sacrifice is a sure cure for many sorrows.

Eternal spring may be in our hearts, although our heads may show the signs of winter.

It's no use trying to make tracks for heaven while your heart is making plans for sin.

SPARKLES.

"I thought the Agricultural Department was run in the interest of the farmer."

"Well, ain't it?"

"I wrote 'em for some literature to help me get summer boarders, but they had nothing of the kind in stock."

"I can't tell her she's the first girl I ever loved. She knows I've been engaged before."

"Well, tell her you're glad you discovered your mistake in time."

Druggist—"What's the matter with you? You seem excited."

Clerk—"No wonder. Mrs. Griggsby wanted an ounce of boric acid and I gave her an ounce of strychnine by mistake."

Druggist—"Well, of all the careless idiots, you head the list! Say, haven't you any idea of the value of strychnine?"

"So your boy Josh is workin' up to town?"

"Yep," answered Farmer Cortnessel. "Ever go up to see him?"

"Nope. After all them funerals he's got off to attend on days the home team played it wouldn't do fur any of his relatives to show up alive."

It was the first time in three days that Mrs. Very Rich had seen her children, so numerous were her social engagements.

"Mamma," asked little Ruth, as her mother took her up in her arms for a kiss, "on what day was I born?"

"On Thursday, dear," said the mother.

"Wasn't that fortunate?" replied the little girl, "because that's your day home."

"No, Dickey; I can't let you go fishing today. You want to go entirely too often."

"Maw, the last time I went fishin' was three weeks ago yisterday."

"Surely that wasn't the last time, Dickey."

"Yes, it was, maw. I remember it 'cause that was the day you held me in the bathtub an' made me take a bath."

HE WAS ACCEPTED.

He was a comic writer, and asked her to be his wife. He proposed as seriously as a humorist could, and she laughed. He looked blue. Then she smiled and said—

"That's a capital joke."

"What's a joke?" he asked in surprise.

"Your latest. Shall you have it printed?"

"That was no joke. I meant it."

"You did? Why, you have written so much in ridicule of love, courtship, and marriage—"

"Well—er—er—yes—but—"

"I should never suit you. I write postcards, stop before the mirror, am slow in dressing for church, admire a net hat, sometimes want a new dress, and—"

"But my dear Angelina, I should never object to—"

"You have always said that happiness ends with marriage, and I have a mother who would want to visit me; and—"

"Why, I—"

"And I have my animosities, and may look round in church, and you would find such a lot of things to write about."

"My precious, I would only write about other people then; the neighbors, the—"

"Those horrid Misses Sniffleton?"

"That's a fact."

"And the stuck-up folks over the way?"

"Most certainly."

"Enough. I am yours."

Pale, Languid Girls

Weak Blood During Development May Easily Cause a Life of Suffering.

A Tonic Such as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is Needed to Build up the Blood and Give New Strength.

At no time in her life does a girl stand in greater need of pure red blood and the strength which it alone can give her, than when she is developing into womanhood. It is then that any inherited tendency to anaemia or consumption needs only the slightest encouragement to rapidly develop. This danger is especially threatening to girls who are confined long hours indoors, in stores, offices and factories—girls depressed by worry and cares. All these conditions quickly impoverish the blood and are among the most common causes of sickness among growing girls and young women. If at any time a girl finds that her strength is falling and she is becoming pale and nervous, has no ambition and is languid, it is a certain sign that her blood is failing to meet the demands upon it, because it is impure and thin.

It is at a time like this that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are invaluable to young women and growing girls. They build up the blood, make it rich, red and pure, tone the nerves and give new health and strength to every part of the body. They have cured so many cases of this kind that they may truly be called a specific for the common diseases of girlhood. Miss Minnie Smith, Creighton street, Halifax, says:—"I have proved that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are all that is claimed for them in cases similar to mine. About three years ago I suddenly began to run down. I grew so weak that I could hardly attend to my school studies. I suffered from headaches, my heart would palpitate violently at the least exertion, and my appetite was very fickle. I tried doctors medicine and emulsions, but the treatment did not help me. Then I started taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after taking seven or eight boxes I was stronger than ever before. I feel that I owe my present good health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I gratefully recommend them to other ailing girls."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

DOG'S WARNING OF DEATH.

The traditional warning of approaching death by the whining of a dog was illustrated at a Richmond Inquest on Tuesday. A widow stated that her husband's pet dog slept at the foot of his bed, and in the middle of the night the animal started barking and whining. She then heard her husband make a peculiar sound, and the next moment she found that he was dead—succumbing to heart failure. "It is a strange thing," remarked the coroner, "that the dog should have barked and whined as he did. Peculiar powers of discernment are attached to dogs, and I certainly think that they have more common sense than people credit them with."

When anyone enters the service of the Castiel Line, founded by the late Sir Donald Currie, he is told that the company has only one book of instructions, of which a copy is thereupon presented to him. It is a Bible.

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BROKE FROM UNION STATION:

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b 5.00 p.m.

a Daily; b Daily except Sunday
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12.58 p.m.	Kingston	1.42 a.m.
4.40 p.m.	Toronto	5.50 a.m.
12.30 p.m.	Tupper Lake	9.25 a.m.
6.57 p.m.	Albany	5.10 a.m.
10.00 p.m.	New York City	3.55 a.m.
5.55 p.m.	Syracuse	4.45 a.m.
7.30 p.m.	Rochester	8.45 a.m.
9.30 p.m.	Buffalo	8.35 a.m.

Trains arrive at Central Station 11.00
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Leaves 6.00 a.m., arrives 1.05 p.m.

Ticket Office, 85 Sparks St., and Cen-
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Tenders will not be considered unless made upon, and in accordance with conditions contained in forms furnished by Department.

Plans and specification to be seen at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 p.c.) of the amount of the tender.

By Order,
NAPOLEON TESSIER,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, July 27, 1906.

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

ANY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, 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.

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