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# THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

Vol. 25.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 16th, 1896

No. 51.

## Club Offers For Next Year.

Young and old should read our liberal club offers as announced on page 828. We expect five thousand new names by the 30th day of December. If friends all along the line only make a little effort we shall not be disappointed. Let the subscriptions pour in day by day until this number is reached; and thus help us to a glad celebration of this semi-jubilee season.

Our Bagster Bible forms a superb premium. It is given to anyone who sends us the names of eight subscribers (half new) and ten dollars. Balance of year free to new subscribers.

## Notes of the Week.

Dr. Walter Ross Taylor, of Glasgow, and not Dr. Robert Rainey, of Edinburgh, is said to be the leading spirit in the new movement for union between the Free and United Presbyterian Churches in Scotland.

*La Minerve*, a French journal in Montreal, has taken the ground that the Parliament of Canada will continue to be seized of the Manitoba School question until Catholic Separate Schools are fully restored.

Hon. A. R. McClellan, the new Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, is a Methodist and a member of the Board of Governors of Mount Allison University. Mr. G. G. King, who succeeds him in the Senate, is a Presbyterian.

The General Assembly of 1887, of the Kirk of Scotland, resolved that fifty more churches ought to be endowed if possible within the following ten years. Up to last General Assembly, forty-one of these fifty churches had been endowed.

"Shade of Sir Walter Scott!" exclaims the *London Chronicle*. "Cluny Macpherson of Cluny, as chief of the Clan Chattan, presided at the inaugural gathering of the clan in Glasgow this week, but apologized for not appearing in the kilt, as he was afraid of catching cold!"

It is stated that Dr. Temple, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, hears private confessions! This has caused a sensation among the Evangelicals of the Anglican Church, and Nonconformists say that "the distance from Lambeth Palace to the Vatican does not seem to be very great."

The world's wheat crop is short this year in Russia, India, Australia and Argentina at once. The net decrease is only about 150,000,000 bushels, but it is all outside of this continent, and most of it is in the exporting lands. Russia is short 80,000,000 bushels, the Balkan lands 50,000,000 and India has a half crop, Argentina a third and Australia none.

At last there seems to be a definite prospect of forcing the Turkish Government to proceed with real political reforms. Late despatches indicate that the combined fleets of France, Russia and Great Britain will assemble near Constantinople, and that the Russian Ambassador will present an ultimatum to the Sultan. Italy has agreed to endorse the plan of operations, and Germany and Austria-Hungary are expected to do so. The reformation of Turkey means the ultimate elimination of the Turk, but pending that the country will be virtually governed by the Great Powers.

Hall Caine, the distinguished author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," etc., spent the early part of his boyhood in the picturesque little Manx Island, which his genius has illuminated. His early struggles and adventures, his associations and vicissitudes, will form the subject of a charming autobiographical paper to be published in the next volume of the *Youth's Companion*.

The Protestant School Board of Montréal cannot be said to have dealt harshly with a teacher who, to punish a pupil for having tobacco in his possession soaked it in water and made the boy drink enough of it to sicken him. The man who is capable of so foolish an act is utterly unfit for the management of pupils, but the Board contented itself with instructing the chairman to administer a public rebuke, which was done accordingly.

The rejoicings in Spain and the Spanish part of Cuba over the death of Antonio Maceo are an involuntary tribute to the greatness of the man. A mulatto by birth but a gentleman by fortune and education, he displayed during the last few months of his life a military capacity which greatly worried the whole Spanish nation, while it simply paralyzed the Spanish army. It seems quite probable that his work of guerilla warfare will be carried on by others, and that Spain's rejoicings are at least quite premature.

Mr. Justin McCarthy is about to write for publication in the *Outlook* a series of papers entitled, "The Story of Gladstone's Life," and, at the request of the editor, he contributes to a recent number of that journal "An Autobiography in Little" of himself. It is humorously written, as one might expect, and is in itself a good example of a difficult and delicate task charmingly performed. Mr. McCarthy tells modestly and without a whine of the great sacrifices he was forced to make by going into Parliament to the detriment of his literary work and the destruction of his popularity; but the experience he gained there is what fits him to write a sketch of Mr. Gladstone, with whom he became very intimate and of whom he is an enthusiastic admirer. "It is one of the triumphs of a life to have known such a man," he says, "and to have been permitted to understand his high, unselfish, noble, hopeful nature." Mr. McCarthy's "story" of him will be read with great interest throughout both the United States and Canada, for Mr. Gladstone's name is a household word in both lands.

An eminent French publicist has written a magazine article to prove that France's avowed admiration for Russia has served two purposes neither of which is in the interest of France: it has enabled Russia to go on quietly annexing a large part of Asia, and it has alienated Great Britain which ought to be France's closest ally. He advises that instead of irritating Britain by vain demands that she shall evacuate Egypt, the policy of cultivating her friendship should be adopted. There is good sense in this view of the situation, and it should commend itself all the more readily to France because it would disappoint Germany. It is useless now to think of the evacuation of Egypt, seeing that Britain has been compelled to bear the expense of the late Dongola expedition, which was undertaken to avert an invasion of the dervishes of the Upper Nile. It is better for civilization that Egypt should remain as she is until the way is opened up for her formal incorporation with the British Empire. Moreover the interest of France is almost as great as that of Britain in the prosperity of the Nile Valley.

While some Anglican ecclesiastics are exercising themselves more or less over the Papal refusal to recognize the orders of the Church of England, Prof. Story, of Glasgow University, stated quite correctly the position of the Scottish Presbyterians generally when he told his class in Church History that "not a single Churchman in Scotland, clerical or lay, cared a straw whether the Bishop of Rome considered ordination by a Scottish Presbytery valid or invalid."

It has been reported by cable that the friends of the Transvaal raiders will try to show that both Mr. Chamberlain and Sir William Harcourt were accessories before the fact, and that they not merely knew what was intended but actually encouraged the scheme. That either of these statesmen ever said anything like this in writing is not alleged, and it is safe to say of such veterans in state-craft that they never committed themselves even orally to the extent asserted. That they sympathized with the desire of the Outlanders to secure some measure of local self-government in Johannesburg is quite likely, but that and approval of a stock-jobbing raid are separate a long interval.

The progress of events has made it clear there is a pronounced lack of harmony between State and Church in Italy even in matters with respect to which there is outward co-operation. Some time ago the Pope sent an emissary to Menelik, King of Abyssinia, to induce him to surrender his Italian prisoners. They were ultimately set free as the result of a treaty between the two Governments, the Papal intervention having apparently counted for nothing in the matter. This is made by some of the Italian journals a subject of congratulation. So intense is their dislike to Vatican influence that they do not care to accept at the hands of the Pope even a favour if they can get along without it.

An important legal and constitutional question has been raised in connection with the settlement of the Manitoba school difficulty. The various steps in the case are these: (1) The enactment of the separate school law in 1871; (2) the repeal of that law by the Public School Act of 1890; (3) the judgment of the Privy Council declaring the Act of 1890 to be valid; (4) the opinion of the same courts that the Catholics had, as the result of the repeal of the separate school law in 1890, such a grievance as made it proper for the Privy Council of Canada to consider it with a view to asking the Dominion Parliament to grant redress; (5) the issue of a remedial order by the Dominion Privy Council; (6) the failure of Parliament to give effect to it by legislation; and (7) the agreement between the Governments of Canada and Manitoba, in virtue of which the Manitoba Legislature is expected to modify the Act of 1890, so as to do justice to the Roman Catholics without restoring separate schools. The legal point now raised is, whether the remedial order above cited is or is not still capable of being enforced by legislation in the Parliament of Canada. If it is so, then any private member may introduce a bill to give effect to it; if it is not, then the Dominion Parliament can be moved to consideration and legislation only by proceedings begun *de novo* on an application to the courts for redress under the Manitoba school law as about to be amended. Though the Executive Council of Manitoba has not complied with the remedial order in terms, it has offered an alternative, and, as a matter of law, it is quite likely that the Imperial Privy Council would decline to go further than consider whether this is a fair remedy for the grievance felt by the minority. It is, at all events, premature to reopen the agitation now.

## Our Contributors.

### Looking Forward.

BY KNOXIAN.



WITH this issue THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN ends the first twenty-five years of its life. The regular office staff will, no doubt, do the looking back. This contributor purposes to look forward.

Perhaps the chief promoter will look back to the beginning of the twenty-five years and think of the amount of money he put into the paper at the start. If we had that amount we would be able to put a few thousands into the mission funds of the Church, give a cool thousand or two to Knox College, a tidy little sum to Augmentation, and have enough left to buy Christmas presents for our friends. It would be hard to tell where that money is now. You might as well look for the grave of Moses.

Perhaps the business manager may take a look over the arrears that have accumulated during twenty-five years. Only a business man with nerve could do that. It would knock the breath clean out of a mere parson to glance over those arrears.

Paul tells us that we should forget the things that are behind. Some subscribers, even of a church paper, include their arrears among the things that are to be forgotten.

Paul would never have included his subscription among the things to be forgotten. His motto was never to owe any man anything. A printer is a man. What the Apostle wanted to forget was any past work that he had done, any past opposition he had met with, any past difficulties he had overcome, any past sufferings he had endured.

He would not begin every sentence by some reference to that speech I made before Agrippa, or that oration I delivered on Mars Hill, or that day I made Felix tremble. He never carried around a few of the stones they pelted him with at Lystra and exhibited them to the people as evidence of the persecution he had endured.

If Paul were a member of our General Assembly he never would say anything about the "good old days of the Establishment," nor about the "U. P. practice before the Union," nor about the "men who came out in '43." He would say: "Brethren, press on. Go forward and do something yourselves." We all know something of what the Presbyterian Church has been and has done during the last twenty-five years. What will it do during the next twenty-five? What will it be at the end of the next twenty-five, or say at the end of the next fifty years.

Does it follow that because the Presbyterian system is the best for Scotland and Ulster it will necessarily be one of the best for Canada and Canadians? Is it a reasonably sure thing that the third or fourth generation of Canadians will have the self-control, the capacity for self-government, the patience, the steadiness, the love of order and respect for authority that are absolutely indispensable to the successful working of the Presbyterian system. There is room for argument on that question.

Assuming that the people adhere to the distinctive doctrines of Presbyterianism, is it quite clear that they will retain the self-control, the patience, the steadiness, the love of order and respect for authority that characterized their fathers? Will any thoughtful man say that these qualities are among the distinctive features of Canadian character?

Dr. Cochrane used to have an eloquent speech in which he dealt sledge-hammer blows at the theory that Presbyterianism is a system of religion mainly adapted for the use of Scotchmen. Fifty years hence it may be fairly clear that the theory is not so far wrong. Most earnestly we hope and pray that it may prove to be all wrong, but facts are stubborn things. Presbyterianism died out of New England. Presbyterianism has no hold on some of the older parts of Canada. Deny it who may, the distinctive features of Presbyterianism die out of a country in exact proportion as the Old Country element dies out.

We despise a pessimist. We have no respect for a man who is always crying "wolf" when there is no wolf. If there is one kind of a man on earth we have learned to distrust, it is the man who is always canting about the Church of his fathers, but who never gives a dollar, nor an hour's honest work to the Church of his children. Still it is a good thing to survey questions on all sides at times. It cannot be a bad thing to ask if Canadians are likely to be a people fifty years hence that can work the Presbyterian system as successfully as it is now worked in Ireland or Scotland.

What kind of a man will the typical Presbyterian minister be at the end of the next half-century? Hillocks described Dr. Davidson's successor in "Drumtochy" as "a weel-meanin' bit craturic, an' handy wi' a magic lantern." From Dr. Davidson to a "bit craturic handy wi' a magic lantern" was a shocking descent. Is there not some reason to fear that too many people are beginning to think that the magic lantern business in its many ramifications is quite as important as preaching? In fifty years, aye, in half that time, the man with the magic lantern and the little "talk" to please the people may be preferred by many to the man with a strong message designed to make the people forsake their sins.

Not long ago we heard a bright young graduate of one of our Universities say that a certain minister, whose name every Canadian knows, would never do as pastor of a prominent congregation now vacant, because he would "never go around among the people and give them taffy." The minister in question is a noted preacher, a natural born organizer, a man with an amount of energy that at times seems superhuman, and, we should say that as a "taffy" dispenser, his gifts are at least average. But our young friend thought he was not an expert in the "taffy" line and therefore would not suit the place. There is a terrible possibility that the young man was right, not only in regard to this particular congregation but in regard to a good many others. If the dispensation of "taffy" takes the place of proper pastoral visitation of the spiritual kind the days of Canadian Presbyterianism are numbered.

What kind of a man will the theological professor of 1946 be? Who can tell! Perhaps he may be as good as the best of his predecessors and that will be quite good enough. Possibly he may be found diligently engaged in secretly undermining the faith of his students and that will be quite bad enough.

How will the mission funds stand at the end of 25 or 50 years! Who will then be Convener of the Home Mission Committee? Who will manage the foreign mission work? What like will the membership of the Church be fifty years hence? Will it be better than or not so good as it is now! Who can tell?

It is easy to say, the Lord will take care of His own. That is a glorious truth, but will His own be found in large numbers in our Church or in some other in which the society, and the service, and the spiritual food are better? That is the question for us to consider.

Let us all hope and pray that our Church of the future may in all respects be better than the Church of the present or the Church of the past; that our colleges may be well endowed and well equipped; that our mission treasuries may be well filled; that our pulpits may be manned by strong gospel preachers, and our pews filled with intelligent, devout gospel hearers; that our office-bearers may be progressive, capable men who know their duty and do it; that our missionaries may be noted for that zeal and devotion without which mission work must always be a failure. In short, that our Presbyterian Church of the future may be stronger, purer, more aggressive, more spiritual, more efficient in action and more Christ-like in spirit than any Church has ever been in any age or in any land.

### A Prayer.

R. S. G. A.

O God! we pray for sight to see,  
We pray for hearts to feel  
The aching hopelessness of men  
Ground by oppression's heel,  
And should their passion's cry be heard,  
Despair misguided be,  
May love forgive the wrong they do,  
And fight to set them free.  
O God! we pray for pity's tears  
To wash away our scorn  
Of those whose quivering hearts of shame  
Sink them in sin forlorn.  
O! for the love that sees the good  
That still within them lives;  
For the strong heart of purity  
That touches and forgives.  
O God! we ask not love alone,  
But passion deep and strong—  
A righteous wrath at empty shams,  
A burning hate of wrong.  
Give us the scorn that dares to spurn  
The profits of a lie;  
Give us the spirit that can dare  
To live the truth or die!

Wroxeter, Ont.

We are indebted to our contemporary, *The Westminster*, for the portraits of Professors Robinson and Ballantyne which appear in the article on Knox College.

### Whatsoever Things Are Honest.

BY REV. JOHN CAMPBELL, LL.D.



AROLD FREDERIC has written a book which a great many people are reading. Like many other things, it bears different names in England and in the United States. The English euphuist labels it *Illumination*, but the American man of straight speech—let not my Christian reader be shocked—sets it down as "The Damnation of Theron Ware." Well-bred people avoid the first word of note, and, when obliged to employ it in a so-called theological sense, they project it into a future state. Mr. Frederic apparently limits it to the fall and fate on this side of the grave of a Christian minister. The advanced critics of Germany called the period of rationalism which arose towards the close of last century that of "Illumination," and, as negative criticism had much to do with the Reverend Theron Ware's fall, the English publisher, being a German named Heinemann, consciously or unconsciously by his title, makes things that are equal to the same thing equal to one another. This is a peculiar application of the first axiom in Euclid. Whatever the views of Harold Frederic and Mr. Heinemann may be as to the connection of the large "I" and the big "D," it is evident, from a perusal of the volume so differently named, that its author had something more in his mind, as a corrupting and destroying power, than a movement in religious thought and literature. This is the moral quality which rises all the way from dishonesty to dishonour.

The town of Pisa, famous for its leaning tower—always seems to have been off the straight. At any rate, an Etruscan monument erected to commemorate the virtues of an aged Lucumo or president, referring to the mean subterfuges by which the city on the Arno had evaded its lawful assessment for the same, bears these severe words: "Be ye unable to give a great soul to Pisa." One mark in the story of Theron Ware the utter absence of a great soul. Of all its characters there are only four, and these not leading ones, that are fairly honest. One is a woman, the minister's young wife, two are ignorant Roman Catholics, and the fourth is not a church member. All the rest, ministers, trustees, revivalistic debt-raisers, Roman Catholic priests, scientists, and private professors of religion, are steeped in dishonesty, which steeping they exhibit in ways that are partial, tricky, mean, playful, temporizing, and, like the Jesuits at times, for the greater glory of God. If Harold Frederic's picture of a manufacturing town's religion be a true one, it is a terrible revelation. Theron at first was honest, or wished to be so, and such was the magic of that honesty that it drew towards him people of widely different creeds and culture. Strange to say, this very tribute to his original moral worth became the means of his losing it, and of his sinking, through abounding hypocrisy, into the pit of dishonour. Nor is there any evidence that he repented.

The original Theron Ware had no social culture, his learning was below par, his knowledge of the world that of a schoolboy, and his natural eloquence possessed little drawing power. His simple-hearted honesty was his one talent that led men and women to take an interest in him. When he became flattered thereby and egotistical, his talent was taken away. A good many Theron Wares lose this talent in school, university, and theological seminary, and enter the ministry destitute of it. Others drop it in Presbytery, mislay it in Synod, or have it pilfered from them in the lobbies of the General Assembly. Some loudly profess to have it, but, as it is invisible to the ordinary eye, it must, like that of the little trusted servant in the parable, be kept laid up in a napkin somewhere. The reputation of being honest is so valuable that there can be but few people who do not care for it, or are reckless about it. What a glorious thing it was for Aristides to be called *The Just*! The superlative genius and political success of the corrupt Themistocles could not throw that bright, clear star of virtue into the shade. Doubtless Themistocles would like to have been thought honourable also, like many a popularly-named Honest Tom, Dick and Harry of later days. Unfortunately, even in this enlightened age, reputation and character do not always go hand in hand; the soul of honour is not the one most highly honoured. Yet we may thank Harold Frederic for again reminding us that there is a something implanted divinely, even in crooked and sordid natures, which does homage at the shrine of other honesty.

It was Pope who said, "An honest man's the noblest work of God." Burns also sang:

"The king can mak' a belted knight,  
A marquis, duke and a' that,  
But an honest man's abun' his might."

Such an one in humble life Crabbe had before his mind when he wrote:

"A noble peasant, Isaac Ashford, died,  
Noble he was, contemning all things mean,  
His truth unquestioned and his soul serene."

When Demosthenes was asked what were the first three requisites of an orator, he three times repeated the word "Delivery." The Duke of Wellington also had the question put to him as often, "What are the three essentials in a soldier's outfit?" to which he replied, "Boots, boots, boots." These were exaggerations, but they were exaggerations for a purpose. Were a similar question asked as to the prime requisite in a Christian minister, an equally pertinent reply would be—not piety, nor zeal, nor learning nor eloquence, nor kissing babies, but—Honesty. This does not simply mean that he shall not be a confirmed hypocrite and shammer all the way through, nor that he shall not preach other men's sermons as his own, nor that he will not need to be watched lest he abstract the silver spoons when enjoying the hospitality of his prominent church-members. No, he may do none of these things, yet still be a dishonest man. He may be dishonest in doctrine when he professes to believe what he does not, and cannot believe. If, for the sake of the good-will of his fellows, of avoiding annoyance, of making a living, or of any other matter of mere expediency, he suppresses the facts of his real belief, he is a fraud. Such men though are surely very rare, we hear some excellent people saying. They are not. They are thick as blackberries in the United States, and thicker in Canada, because our ministry is more intelligent. They declare, and are compelled to declare, that they believe the *whole* doctrine contained in the Westminster Confession of Faith to be the truth of God. This may be called a mere form, but, so far as the word "whole" is concerned, it is on the lips of every thinking man, a dishonest form. Ian MacLaren's self-made elder, who spoke on Carmichael's heresy case in Kate Carnegie, would say, "Let those who cannot keep their contract leave the Church at once." Have those who talk thus the least conception of the proportion that would be left behind, the proportion both in numbers, and in Christian character, intellectual ability, and pulpit efficiency? You could count the high-minded, sincere conservatives on your fingers, and the rest would be Falstaff's ragged regiment. The Churches are doing woeful harm to many an honest conscience by not modifying an unnecessarily harsh form of subscription that sets a premium on dishonest speech. Our young ministers are like the humorist qualifying by test to enter an English University, "Do you accept the Thirty-nine Articles?" he was asked, and answered, "Yes, forty of 'em."

He may be dishonest in worship. Cicero, in his work on Divination, quotes the old saying of Cato: "I wonder when one augur meets another how he can help laughing." The fellows knew that they were impostors. So did Theron Ware's male and female revivalists, the Soulsbys, with their well-planned mechanical contrivances for creating excitement, the trick of which they imparted to the young pastor on the principle of honor among thieves. There was a theological college in which students exercised themselves in public prayer. They began slowly and in a low voice, but, as they proceeded, their words quickened and their tones rose until the end was a torrent of language that roared excitement through the brain of the uninitiated. Many a time, it is said, students possessed of a sense of humor have gone off into fits of laughter during such performances, just as Charles Wesley did, to his brother's great disgust, when he and John were shouting hymns with all their might in the green fields to an audience of cattle. The very language of prayer, even in Presbyterian pulpits and prayer meetings, is often exaggerated and insincere, attempts to imitate Rutnerford and McCheyne without their experience. And what may be said of preaching as a mechanical duty or a glorifying of self, a preaching at variance with the man's life and practice, sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal? Our American neighbours tell of the finest prayer offered to a Boston audience, and of an anthem to the praise and glory of the choir, and there may be added a sermon declaring the whole scholarship and eloquence of the preacher to all whom he could lay under contribution. After the decease of a tearful ecclesiastic, a sort of Heraclitus and Jeremiah of the pulpit, his literary executor answered the question: "Whence these tears?" by finding on the margin of his discourses the stage-like rubric "cry here." Must not his inner self have had many a quiet laugh, as the outer obeyed the injunction, or when the rubric varied to "smile sweetly" and "turn up your eyes," just as if the master of ceremonies at a country wedding had said, "set to partners" and "ladies' chain?"

When it comes to the matter of practice, a higher word than honesty should be employed. An old man died several years ago in a Canadian city, leaving a very large fortune. For some time before his death he used to say to his visitors: "People give me a hard name, but I have always been a scrupulously honest man. I have insisted on getting every

cent that was due to me, but I have paid every copper I owed." This was quite true, but he did not tell of hard bargains driven, of extortionate interest demanded, of foreclosures of valuable mortgages in bad years, of families beggared, of widows and orphans driven from home, all to swell his *honest* gains. He was an honest man in the lowest sense of the term, but his practice was dishonourable. Shenstone says: "True honour is to honesty what the court of chancery is to common law." It leaves honesty to tithe mint and anise and cummin, and attends to the weightier matters of the law, even judgment, mercy, and faith. It is a court of equity. Everyone who has read Trench's little books on "Words" knows how in the course of years expressions have often suffered deterioration. Thus the Latin *virtus* rose, indeed, to the higher English *virtue*, but fell to the French *vertu* and the Italian *virtuoso*. So the Code of Honour, which even in this century died hard, if it be really dead, was a set of conventional rules agreed on by fashionable society, the defects, ever the crimes of which were as numerous as its good points. There was a danger of mistaking the true quality of an honorable man for the fiction of the Code; therefore, as the sacred word "love" lost caste among the Puritans because the Cavaliers had trailed it in the mire, so Christian men sought some other name by which to call the distinguishing characteristic of a gentleman. We all know the story of the soldier who had abstracted the poker from the fireside of an inn, and repeatedly denied by many sacred oaths that he knew anything about it, until the landlady put him on his honour, when the missing article was produced with the words:

"Touch my honour, touch my life;  
There's your dirty poker!"

He is no honorable man whose honour is something apart from his ordinary words and actions.

People lose their keen sense of honour in many ways for which the institutions of society, not excepting the Church, are to blame. Children lose it by being everlastingly hedged in with rules, questioned, and spied upon, instead of being put on their honour. Older people lose it in competition with the unscrupulous. There is always a temptation to fight moral fire with fire, even when a plentiful douche of the waters of moral contempt might be its quietus. Competition is called the life of trade, and the race after success in life has developed fine characters. No true man grudges the clever but honest competitor his success, even Colonel Ingersoll says he does not, nor envies him who, by dint of a stout heart and hard work, has risen to the top of life's ladder. Yet, while we watch the events of the arena, we are conscious that scattered through the crowds around us there are pickpockets many, from whose thievish hands nothing is safe, not even the victor's crown. Thousands of men don't know that they are dishonourable until the opportunity appears of making something out of nothing. The French say "Opportunity makes the rogue," but happily this is far from universally true, otherwise all men would be scoundrels waiting for an opportunity to succeed as such. All men are not rascals nor liars, as David said in a hurry; but the average man, badly taught, and thus with no moral or spiritual backbone, is a prey to all kinds of mean, contemptible temptations. Competition and the race for success in such men breeds envy and every unscrupulous excuse for getting ahead. That such conduct is dishonourable never troubles them; they do not know what honour is, nor would its magic name extort the stolen poker from the sheltering folds of their cloak of hypocrisy.

Instead of relegating the word Honour to duellists, turfmen and gamblers, it should have been the aim of the Christian to reassert it in its ancient significance, long anterior to fashionable codes, lest with the shadow the substance also be lost. Plato defines it as the frame of soul which hinders a man doing what is disgraceful. Aristotle calls it magnanimity, the justifiable self-respect of the lofty nature that cannot condescend to the small and the mean. These give but a selfish view of honour, which is more than magnanimity or loftiness of mind. True honour regards the rights of others, and, in conscience, speech, and act, safeguards them as truly as it does its own. It is remarkable that St. Luke, in the Acts of the Apostles, styles the honourable Bereans who searched the Scriptures "more noble," literally, well born, than the people of Thessalonica, yet the evangelist was no toady to the nobility. His language, however, suggests the transmission of a spirit of honour through one or more generations. Frederic the First of Germany was found among the Troubadours, and in ancient verse praised:

"The Genoese for their honour clear,"

than which he could not have paid the merchant princes of Italy a higher compliment. A later emperor, Rodolph of Hapsburg, so lived that after his death men swore by "the honour of Rodolph." Sir Philip Sidney, the gentle knight, Bayard, without fear and without reproach, and hosts of men and women in many lands and ages have been awarded by those who knew them the crown, not of, but

for honour. Great Britain is an honourable nation and never repudiates her engagements. We honour her for it, even though Lord Tennyson deplored the falling off of the high spirit which once actuated the professional man and the merchant, as well as the peer and the sturdy squire. The obsequious shopman may, in the event of invasion, "strike with his cheating yard-wand home;" but his blow would be far stronger with an honourable heart to urge it. Here in Canada we live in a colony of shame, on the borders of a republic that has seen its century of dishonour, and has but recently, thank God, been rescued from the threat of shame still greater. The flush must have passed from cheek to brow on the countenances of many thousands of Canada, when, in the expiring days of the defeated Government, the news appeared that Ministers of the Crown were squabbling over the unutterable baseness of anonymous letters, and that the larger part of a Cabinet deserted and dishonoured its aged head. Those who know political life all over the Dominion, municipal affairs, the world of business, the cliques of fashion would blush themselves into a permanent eczema, had they not become hardened to the sickening reign of dishonour on every side. Many influences may have been at work to produce this, but no external force can make free men dishonourable against their will.

How is the Church going to lift up a standard against iniquity coming in like a flood? The answer is, "Physician, heal thyself." Why, what is the matter with the Church? is asked, and, of course, the answer is that of students when the question is put concerning their individual college, "She's all right." Therefore, we must suppose some other Church, such as that of Theron Ware, which asks itself the question, What is hindering Christian life? These are hindering it: a man in the pulpit in whom you can put no trust; an outwardly pious sheep-stealer; a slanderous accuser of the brethren; an underhand schemer to supplant a minister in the affections of his people; a wire-puller for a call; a self-advertiser in the newspapers; weak men afraid of public opinion and bending to every breeze; professional ministers; and mechanical galvanizers of excitement. They may not be many, but one sinner destroyeth much good. Doubtless there is a majority of honourable men in all the Churches, and some of their ecclesiastical courts are innocent of the voice of scandal. Those in others who are guilty of scheming, trickery, wire-pulling, and unbrotherly defamation are probably not conscious of the heinousness of their sin, and the dishonour they are thereby bringing upon the body of Christ, to say nothing of the evil effect of their example upon younger ministers and students. There was a time in Canada, as in the Mother Country, when to be a Presbyterian minister was to be recognized, not perhaps as particularly eloquent or unctuously pious, but as an honourable man. It was a proud distinction. The Church has advanced in sacred learning, in organization, in zeal for the progress of Christ's Kingdom at home and abroad, in religious excitements not all destitute of spiritual life, but it has retrograded in the quality of honour. Earnest ministers and members of the Church perceive that, with all the gratifying progress made, there is something lacking. They propose to fill the gap with increased facilities for the religious instruction of the young, with burdensome organizations and enthusiastic conventions, with evangelistic services, and with a call for increased attention to the questions of the Committee on the State of Religion, most of which are very good things. They urge Sabbath Observance, Total Abstinence, and many excellent forms of moral and social reform, but Honour has no place by name in their recommendations. Yet, in the State of Religion Scheme for 1896, the first item is "Consistency of life among members—uprightness, charity," etc., Will these be sufficient to include honour?

It is a painful, yet at the same time a hopeful sign that a recent graduate of one of our colleges proposed the formation of a league of ministerial purity, pledging its members to discourage all underhand and dishonourable practices. What is the use of trying to reform congregations and the world, social and political, while dishonour has its nest in the sanctuary! Let the crooked brethren be made aware that the opinion of the Church is on the side of honour, and they will become externally honourable; they will be anything to be in the fashion. Then, honourable principles may leaven the Sabbath school, and spread thence to the common schools, and work up into High Schools and Colleges. In time, the Church, through these agencies, will leaven the electors and they will make the Parliament a body of honourable men of whom our Canada may be proud. But no abuse of evils, or effusive piety, or any other agency short of self-improvement and teaching by example will reform dishonest politicians. Other Churches may help that reformation on, when led to imitate the honourable Presbyterian Church in Canada.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

## The Presbyterian College, Halifax.

BY REV. ROBERT MURRAY.



SEVENTY-SIX years ago the Presbyterian Synod of Nova Scotia appointed Dr. Thomas McCulloch their first Professor of Theology. A native ministry was felt to be greatly needed. Pictou Academy, under Dr. McCulloch's able management, had trained a number of bright, earnest, and aspiring young men in Arts, and it was wisely resolved to give them such theological training as would qualify them for the ministry. Three of the young men thus trained under Dr. McCulloch, when licensed to preach, visited Scotland, where they preached in a way that reflected no discredit on their teacher. The University of Glasgow bestowed upon them the degree of Master of Arts. Pictou Academy unfortunately fell on evil times and formed for some years the battle-ground of political parties. It ceased to be available as a training school in Arts for young dominions. In 1838 Dr. McCulloch was appointed President of Dalhousie College, Halifax, where he laboured till his death in 1841. Shortly afterwards Dalhousie succumbed to financial difficulties.

In 1848 the Presbyterian Synod opened a Seminary at West River, Pictou, and appointed Dr. James Ross to conduct the instruction in Classics and Philosophy, while Drs. Keir and Smith had charge of the department of Theology. In 1858 the classes were transferred to Truro, N.S., where a suitable building had been erected—the Free Church Synod opened a College at Halifax in November, 1848—Rev. Dr. King taking the Theological classes, and Professor McKenzie the classes in Arts. Fifteen students attended the first term, three of whom were in Theology. Professor McKenzie died, deeply lamented, before the close of the first session. Rev. William Lyall, LL.D., was appointed his successor. Rev. Alexander Forrester, then minister of Chalmers Church, Halifax, gave lectures in Natural Science, and Dr. Honeyman taught Hebrew. Upon Dr. Honeyman's retirement from the Hebrew chair, Rev. Alexander McKnight was appointed to the position. An Academy was established to prepare young men for the College. In 1860 the two Synods in Nova Scotia united, and the Colleges were at the same time consolidated. Professor Lyall was transferred to Truro where, with Professor Ross, D.D., and Professor Thomas McCulloch (son of the Rev. Dr. Thomas McCulloch) to conduct the Classical and Philosophical departments, Drs. King, Smith, and McKnight taught the Theological classes at Halifax.

In 1863 Dalhousie University, Halifax, was reorganized, the institution at Truro was closed; the Presbyterian Professors in Arts were transferred to the University staff, and ever since that time the Presbyterian Church has given all her support and influence in Nova Scotia to the strengthening and development of the Provincial University. She at the same time sustained as best she could her Theological College. In 1868 Rev. James Smith, D.D., resigned, and in 1871 Dr. Andrew King resigned and retired to Scotland, where he died about four years afterwards. Rev. Alexander McKnight, D.D., was elected to succeed Dr. King in the chair of Systematic Theology, and Rev. John Currie, D.D., was appointed to the chair of Hebrew and Exegetics.

In the same year the Church of Scotland Synod in the Maritime Provinces united in the support of Dalhousie; and in 1875, after the Union, Dr. Pollok, D.D., was added to the staff of the Presbyterian College as Professor of Church History and Pastoral Theology.

In 1876 the Synod undertook to raise \$100,000, partly for a new building and partly as an endowment fund; \$80,000 were realized. In 1878 a beautiful property at Pine Hill, North-West Arm, was pur-

chased; and hence we often hear of our institution as "Pine Hill College." In 1892 the chair of New Testament Exegetics was instituted, to which Rev. Robert A. Falconer, B.D., was appointed. In 1894 Principal McKnight was removed by death. Dr. Pollok was appointed his successor in the position of Principal, and Rev. D. M. Gordon, D.D., the present Moderator of the General Assembly, was appointed to the chair of Systematic Theology and Apologetics. Rev. J. Carruthers has for several years, under appointment of the College Board, given valuable instruction in Elocution.

To most of our readers our earlier professors are but shadowy and distant names—well nigh forgotten. But Dr. Thomas McCulloch was a singularly able and accomplished man, a ready writer, a keen controversialist, a trenchant speaker, an effective and faithful preacher of the Gospel. He did much to create and develop a high educational ideal in Nova Scotia. Dr. Keir, of Prince Edward Island, who was one of our early Theological Professors, was every whit a saint as well as a scholar. Dr. James Smith was a student till the close of a long and laborious life. He was well read in Biblical criticism as it stood up till the "seventies." He

by appointment of the Colonial Committee of the Church of Scotland, and in April, 1853, he was settled at New Glasgow, N.S., where he remained as pastor of St. Andrew's Church twenty years. He did much to reorganize and consolidate the congregations connected with the Church of Scotland, and took a leading part in raising a fund of \$20,000 to endow a chair of Mathematics in Dalhousie College as the contribution of that Synod to University education. In 1875 he became Professor of Church History and Pastoral Theology; and in 1894 he was appointed Principal. From 1875 till the appointment of Professor Falconer he taught Gospel History and New Testament Greek. Dr. Pollok is remarkably well versed in the history of the Church of Scotland. Not a man of note, not a noteworthy incident, but he can familiarly recall. As a teacher of Church History he excels, for he traces underlying principles and the causes as well as the consequences of events. As a preacher he is thoughtful and instructive. As a teacher he holds fast that which is good, but is not inhospitable to new ideas. His influence, which is justly very great, is always on the side of peace and unity. Principal Pollok is still in the prime of life.



REV. PROF. CURRIE, D.D.



REV. PROF. GORDON, D.D.



REV. PRINCIPAL POLLOK, D.D.



REV. PROF. FALCONER, B.D.

REV. JAMES CARRUTHERS  
Lecturer in Elocution.

was an excellent Hebrew scholar. Withal he shepherded faithfully a large and worthy flock in the lovely Stewiacke Valley. Dr. Andrew King was a typical Free Churchman of the most stringently orthodox and uncompromising school. Correct in everything, down to the minutiae of punctuation, he was intolerant of all bungling and inaccuracy; he was a painstaking teacher, a most affec-

tionate, gentle and faithful friend. He was self-sacrificing to a degree—liberal alike with his money and his labour. The Confession of Faith was his text book in Theology. Having borne a conspicuous part in the "Voluntary Controversy," as well as in the "Ten Years' Conflict," he devoted much time to those chapters in the Confession that relate to the duty of the Civil Magistrate "circa sacra" and "in sacris"—subjects in which young Nova Scotia could hardly get up even the faintest interest. It was no doubt heartbreaking to the good Professor to mark the indifference of his students to these "vital" points, but his students admired and loved him to the last. Dr. Lyall was a poet as well as a philosopher—a most lovable man, but too sensitive for this work-a-day world. Dr. Ross was a living, walking cyclopaedia of the science of the first half of this century. Of Dr. McKnight one need say no more than that he was undoubtedly one of our greatest men.

With this inadequate tribute to the memory of those who sleep, let me give the reader a brief sketch of the present staff.

The Rev. Principal Pollok, D.D., is a native of Glasgow. In 1852 he was ordained to preach the Gospel. He came to Nova Scotia,



Rev. John Currie, D.D., was born at Tatamagouche, Nova Scotia. His English education and much inestimable drill in Latin and Greek, grammar, etc., he received before he was sixteen, at the academy taught by his father. He taught school for a number of years. His Arts course, and part of his Theological course, he took at the institution at West River, Pictou. In 1855-56 he proceeded to Edinburgh, where he prosecuted his studies in the U. P. Hall, in the Free Church College, and in the University. In 1856 he was licensed by the Presbytery of Pictou. In the same year he was called to the congregation of Maitland and Noel, Nova Scotia. Here he laboured diligently as a pastor for fourteen years; but he never forgot that he was a student. He did not aspire to a professorial chair, but there were those who knew his rare attainments; and in 1871 he was elected by the Synod Professor of Hebrew and Biblical Literature. Dr. Currie has been a successful because an enthusiastic teacher of Hebrew. He has inspired successive generations of students with his own fine fervor for the grand old language of Abraham and his seed. Accuracy is a characteristic of Dr. Currie's scholarship. When the British and Foreign Bible Society issued their last edition of the Hebrew Bible it contained no fewer than five hundred corrections of typographical errors detected, noted, and reported to the proper authorities by Dr. Currie, his services in this line being very cordially acknowledged. It was not "higher criticism," but it was exceedingly useful criticism; and the very foremost Biblical scholars in England have corresponded with Dr. Currie on the subject,

expressing their appreciation of his work. Some time ago Dr. Currie revised Dr. Green's *Hebrew Grammar*. The author and the publishers availed themselves of his revision. Dr. Currie was one of the editorial staff of the *Standard Dictionary*. He has been a contributor to *Harper's Old Testament Student*, and to the *Pulpit Treasury* and the *Homiletic Review*. What is Dr. Currie's attitude towards the Old Testament School of Higher Critics? He is careful to tell his students all the facts. He teaches them to look at the phenomena of the sacred text, and he guides them to conclusions in accord with the facts. He has no admiration for the cruel obscurantism that would depose a professor for seeing the hand of a "Great Unknown" in the later chapters of Isaiah or Zechariah. He can afford to be, as he is, wisely conservative.

Rev. Daniel M. Gordon, D.D., was born at Pictou, N.S., in 1845. He was educated at Pictou Academy and the University of Glasgow. He won his M.A. in 1863 and B.D. in 1866. In 1866 he was licensed and ordained, and preached with acceptance in various congregations in Nova Scotia. In 1867 he accepted a call to St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa, where he remained fifteen years ministering

to a large, important and influential charge. In 1882 he was translated to Knox Church, Winnipeg, where he remained five years. To fill a pulpit vacated by Dr. Robertson, Superintendent of Missions, would naturally be no easy task; but Dr. Gordon's "parish" extended far beyond Winnipeg, and even beyond Manitoba. In those days no man could confine his labours to one congregation. From Winnipeg Dr. Gordon was called to St. Andrew's Church, Halifax, where he remained till, in 1894, he was appointed to the chair of Systematic Theology and Apologetics, vacant by the death of Dr. McKnight. In 1895 the University of Glasgow conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Divinity. In the same year, at Toronto, the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church unanimously elected him to the office of Moderator. In every position to which he has been called—pastor, professor, moderator, chairman of College Board, member of committees, Dr. Gordon has acquitted himself worthily and well, as becomes a man of counsel, of large charity, a willing worker, trusting in God and loving his fellow-man. Loyal to the Church, loyal through and through to the great Head of the Church, he also loves his native land, and knows it well from ocean to ocean. In 1879 he travelled from Victoria, B.C., to Winnipeg, before there was an inch of the great railway built in the Far West. The story of his travel, he told in a charming volume published in 1880, and he has often "testified" on the platform to the attractions and the inestimable value of our western heritage. He has had no small share in laying the foundations of our Church's work in that vast field. It is not too soon to say that in the professorial chair Dr. Gordon has proved himself all and more than all the Church expected of him.

Rev. Robert A. Falconer was born at Charlottetown, P.E.I. He is the son of Rev. Alexander Falconer, of Pictou. His maternal grandfather was Rev. Robt. Douglas, who came to this country early in the century, labored for a time at Onslow, N.S., and then removed to P.E. Island, where he finished his earthly course. Prof. Falconer's father having accepted a call to Port of Spain, Trinidad, his son was educated in the Royal College of that colony, one of the best schools in the West Indies. At this institution he won the West Indian "Gilchrist," which enabled him to attend the University of Edinburgh. In 1888 he took the London University B.A. with honors in Classics and in Mental and Moral Science. In 1889 he took the Edinburgh University M.A. with classical honours. Having taken his first year in Theology at Halifax, he completed his course at the New College, Edinburgh, and graduated B.D. in the University in 1892. He pursued special studies at the Universities of Leipsic, Berlin and Marburg. He returned to Nova Scotia in 1892, and was licensed in September. In October he was appointed Lecturer in New Testament Exegetics, a position which he filled to the utmost satisfaction of all. In 1895 he was given the status of a full professor in this chair. Mr. Falconer is recognized as an invaluable addition to our professorial staff. He is acquainted at first hand with the most recent developments of German scholarship and speculation. He knows how to winnow the wheat and fling away the chaff. He has won the affectionate confidence of the students and of the Church. It is to be added that he is one of our best preachers, fresh, strong, earnest and impressive.

Rev. James Carruthers, Lecturer in Elocution, was educated for the ministry at Halifax. He was licensed in 1878. His first congregation was at Coldstream, Truro Presbytery. From Coldstream he was called to Knox Church, Pictou, and thence to St. James' Church, Charlottetown. He was called to his present charge of James' Church, New Glasgow, in May, 1892. In all these congregations Mr. Carruthers showed himself an able and popular preacher and a faithful pastor. He has been exceedingly helpful in Presbytery work. In 1891 he was appointed by the College Board Lecturer in Elocution, and he has served in this capacity every year since that date. Mr. Carruthers is an accomplished elocutionist in theory and practice. The students have profited greatly by his instructions.

A thousand miles of mighty wood  
Where thunder storms stride fire shod,  
A thousand plants at every rod,  
A stately tree at every rood,  
Ten thousand leaves to every tree,  
And each a miracle to me—  
Yet there be men who doubt of God!

—JOAQUIN MILLER.

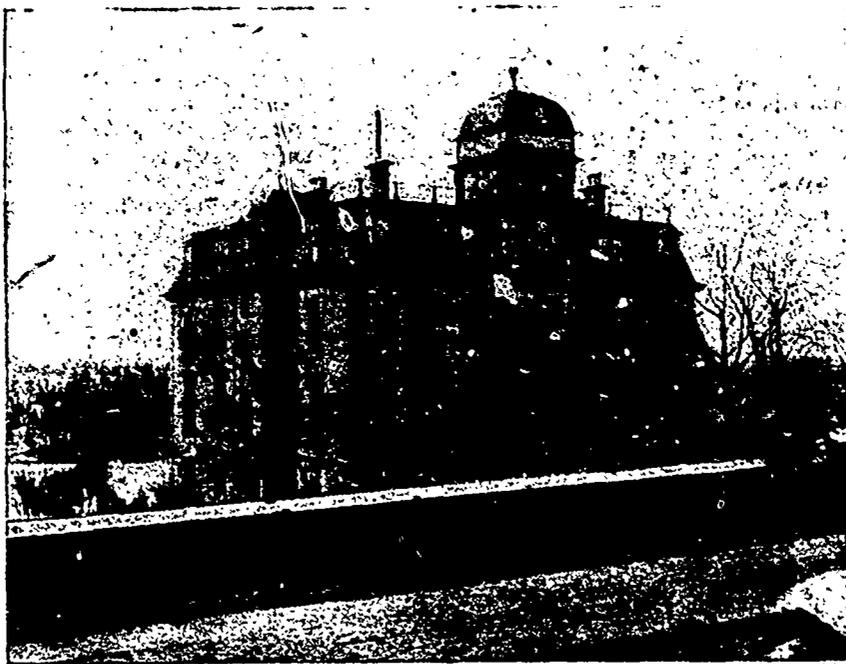
Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

## Early Days On The Red River.

BY REV. R. G. MACBETH, M.A.



REQUEST for an article on early days in what is now Manitoba, brings up before the writer the vision of scenes long since vanished, and never more to be reproduced. They cannot be reproduced on this continent at least, because there is not left upon it any portion where for well-nigh half a century a colony could remain practically untouched by the rest of the world—unvexed by its troubles, and unspoiled by its mad racing after material greatness. President Patton, one day during a lecture to our class, referring in his keenly humorous way to the all-pervadingness of the human factor in present-day life, said that "thanks to the enterprise of the modern advertiser, the face of the patent-medicine man now haunted us in the deepest solitudes of nature," and that was but one way of stating that in our time we could not if we would isolate ourselves from a telegraphing, telephoning, and railway travelling humanity. It was different in the days of the Selkirk colony on the Red River of the North, for I have often heard my father (who left Scotland about May, 1815) state that coming by way of the Hudson Bay, as they did, they never heard of the battle of Waterloo until the following autumn. Think a moment of the blissful ignorance this solitariness implies, for while the reverberating cannonade of "that loud Sabbath" might have well-nigh made itself heard through the vibrant air across the world, a considerable number of British subjects remained for long months uncertain as to how the struggle on the Peninsula had resulted and unaware of the fact that Napoleon, the troubler of Europe's



PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, HALIFAX.

peace, was immured on a lonely rock safely guarded by the restless sea.

Not in the same degree, but still in great measure did that little band of Highlanders remain shut out from the rest of the world till some thirty years ago, when freer communication with the United States to the south and "Canada" to the East began to open up and prepare the way for our entrance "not without tumult" into Confederation. My personal recollection cannot go back much beyond that Confederation point in our history, save as scenes have photographed themselves on the mind of a "growing boy," and hence in some degree I feel myself dependent on impressions received from my father who in the winter evenings around the chimney fire, related to me, his youngest child, moving incidents either from the legends of his ancestors or from his own experience. His experience was ample, for of the stern struggle of those early years in the "great lone land" he might have said with the hero of Virgil, "quorum magna pars fui." His father (who died near Fort Garry, aged 105) was a soldier and one of the twenty-four who survived the awful night in the Black Hole of Calcutta, hence amongst the legends of my earlier days were records of Highland gallantry as well as Highland suffering; and these "poured a Scottish prejudice into my veins which will never cease to boil along there till the floodgates of life shut in eternal rest."

Of trying times in the pioneer struggles of the early settlers on the Red River there were many tales. With the outside history of those days all our

readers are already familiar, but only a kindled and sympathetic imagination can picture the inwardness of the stern and strenuous battle waged with such desperate valour against unfriendly circumstances and hostile environment till the colony gained a footing in the country. To see in any measure the sufferings of that small band set down in a strange land, and practically cut off from communication with the world and almost beyond the reach of supplies, driven from one part of the country to another by hostile Indians or rival fur-trading companies, tried by the hunger and cold of winter and by the scourge of grasshoppers sweeping bare their little patches of fields in summer, till it was ten long years before they raised any grain to eke out the sometimes precarious provision of the chase—to see these things we must have had some similar experiences ourselves or have come into close contact with those who have passed through them. Even those who did experience them felt themselves unable to give any adequate account of them; for I recall the attempts my father made in his later years to relate them to parties of tourists from the Old Country who came to him for information. I can see him yet, a massive figure in the old wooden arm-chair, on the arm of which he now and again brought down his hand to give Celtic emphasis to his words. I can hear the story flow on till he felt the inadequacy of language as recollections rushed upon him, and then he would stop, saying, "It's no use talking, gentlemen; I cannot tell you half of it; but I will say one thing, and that is that no people in the world but the Scotch could have done it," and the last party of Englishmen that came to the old farmhouse, seeing his earnestness, applauded the words with unselfish enthusiasm.

The story of how they kept the faith during these hard experiences has often been told, but emphasis has been laid principally on their upholding the blue banner of their Church for long years though without a minister of their own denomination, but, good as that is, it is not equal to the secret life which was the

source of that steadfastness nor to the constancy with which, under all circumstances, the sacred fire of worship was kept burning on family altars. One incident that puts to shame many present-day views of Sabbath observance will show the reality and depth of their religious life. A small party of them who had left their families with scanty supply of food and had gone out on a winter buffalo hunt were camping one Saturday night along the Pembina Mountains. They had their poor meal of the frozen fish they had brought with them and gave all they could to their faithful train-dogs. Then before retiring to rest under the lee of their toboggans with their dogs crouched around them in the snow, they held a prayer-meeting to ask Him for food who fed Israel with manna. When they awoke in the morning three buffaloes were in the valley just below, but it was not till after another prayer-meeting for guidance as to their course on the Sabbath-day, that in view of the necessity and the evident providence one of their number (by name Sutherland and an elder) was appointed by the rest to find for the party a present food-supply. He approached the buffaloes without difficulty, shot one, and though the others remained for a time, as

they will in such a case, he went up and drove them away holding that he was not justified in taking more than present need demanded on the Lord's Day. When people believed God in that way we are not surprised that *He saw them through*, and the sequel of comfortable homes in their old age for themselves and their children proved that God was with them.

With their efforts for nearly forty years to get a Presbyterian minister and with the stories of their many petitions, especially that famous one of the petition which had cost them much pains to prepare and which came back from Norway House on some butter shipped by the York Factory boats, to one of the settlers, we have not space now to deal. At last, in 1851, came John Black, that godly, eloquent and scholarly man who for over thirty long years was minister in Kildonan, dying there in 1882, and leaving behind him the record of a devoted apostolate which there and throughout the whole west is an undying inspiration. How we remember the spiritual power of the man—the intense fervor of his pulpit ministrations—the fire that made his voice ring through the old stone church with appeals on behalf of Christ! The year after he came to the country a great flood broke over the banks of the Red River, and the Kildonan people were driven back on the prairie, most of them going to the "hill" now called Stony Mountain. There on the hillside Mr. Black held services regularly; and I remember hearing how the old men, who gloried in the records of "field preaching," rejoiced in the young minister whom God had sent them.

A story told me by Professor Hart, who was present at the time, will illustrate the influence that Dr. Black's godly life and work gave him over all classes. A tea meeting was being held in connection with church work near where the town of Selkirk now stands, and into the meeting came a burly half-breed, a man of tremendous physical strength, and a well-known "bully," in a mischievous stage of intoxication. All efforts to quiet the man proved unavailing, and things were looking serious when some one thought of Dr. Black being next door and he was sent for. He came in, and going up to the now violent man laid his hand upon his shoulder, at the same time calling him by name, and when the bully turned round and saw the venerable face and form of the revered minister from Kildonan, he crouched down with the most earnest protestations that he would be quiet, and he kept his word. Verily it must have reminded those present of the fierce demoniac with the Legion calmed out of his violence at the touch and word of Christ.

The old stone church at Kildonan, built by those early settlers without bazaars or necktie socials, still stands "four-square to every wind that blows," and we trust it will be visited by the General Assembly again next year. Around it is the old grave-yard with the monuments of Dr. Black and Mrs. Nesbit (on whom a paper may well be written at another time), and many more. We confess that we never stand in that God's acre where "the rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep" without thinking over the words of Gray's Elegy—

"Some village Hampden w<sup>h</sup> with dauntless breast,  
The little tyrant of his w<sup>h</sup> withstood,  
Some mute inglorious M<sup>a</sup>re may rest,  
Some Cromwell guiltes<sup>e</sup> is country's blood"

To the old people who he buried there religion above all things was a vital thing. It is true they were often to some disappointingly undemonstrative about it, and *lived* it rather than *spoke* it. I recall the first "revival" service held in the old church. Services were being held in the neighbouring town of Winnipeg, and when request was made by those in charge for permission to come to Kildonan, Dr. Black, though not perhaps much acquainted with the methods to be followed, consented so as not to stand in the way of possible good to the young people. The regular service was always conducted with the utmost decorum. At the opening hour the minister in gown and bands came slowly up to the pulpit, but I can see the almost horror and amazement of the people as the "Evangelist" came up the aisle pulling off a fur overcoat, and talking volubly about the weather, etc., as he went. At one of the meetings, it is said that an "exhorter" from Winnipeg after a few words called upon all who were Christians to stand up. No one arose, and when a second and a third appeal were in vain, the man turned to the old minister and said something implying that it was strange he had not done better work in all those years. An old elder present could stand a good deal, but he could not stand anything like a slur on Dr. Black, and so he arose to his feet and addressed the exhorter in words to this effect: "There are Christians here, but we do not show our religion in that way. We have not been brought up to it; and what is more, we do not want it. If you have a good word of truth for us we will be glad to hear it, but if you have nothing better to say than asking us to stand up you had better sit down." The method was not followed at subsequent meetings.

The growth of the parish school into Manitoba College, now the hope, humanly speaking, of the Church in Western Canada, would form good material for a small volume, hence we close the present article without touching on that matter. We cannot take leave of the early days on the Red River without feeling what an influence the first settlers have upon the succeeding history of a country, and without thanking God that the first colonists of this great land were people who stamped our civil, religious and educational life with the signet ring of truth, and righteousness, and home, and heaven, and God.

Winnipeg, December, 1896.

Autumn-Time.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

What pomp of asters in these gardens fair!  
What pageantry of goldenrods upon  
These hills! the maples on this pleasant lawn  
Cast all their pretty leaves, and sigh; beware!  
The wind, a brigand bold, with threat'ning blare  
Of all his gale-blown trumpets, may descend,  
And bring the glorious year unto an end.  
If this should be, how we should weep, and stare  
About, for all that peace and majesty  
Of Autumn-time! O! how we learned to love  
Those early-setting suns: those skies above,  
That oft distilled their perfumes rare at eve,—  
Foreboding loss, this strain is borne to me.  
"When Autumn goes, what joy doth Nature leave."  
New York.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

Queen's University, Kingston.

BY J. JONES BELL, M.A.



O the inherent love of learning which has made the parish schools and universities of Scotland what they are, is due the existence of Queen's University at Kingston.

In the latter part of last century the U. E. Loyalists, many of whom were of Scottish descent, driven from the United States, settled along the Upper St. Lawrence and the



SANDFORD FLEMING, C.M.G., CHANCELLOR.

Bay of Quinte. They felt the want of some better means than the public school for the education of their children, and in 1789 memorialized Lord Dorchester, then Governor-General, for a seminary at Frontenac, now Kingston. Their petition was granted, but the new institution, though it did good work, only rendered keener the desire for a still higher standard of education, and paved the way for the establishment of Queen's.

In the early days of the present century a steady stream of immigration had set in from the mother country. The Scotch, who formed a large proportion of the settlers, were principally Presbyterians. The Synod found considerable difficulty in securing an adequate supply of ministers. The desirability of "raining men on the spot, instead of bringing them from Scotland, was forced upon it. In 1831 the establishment of a university was discussed, and subsequently Kingston was selected as a suitable location.

A proposal for a provincial university at Toronto, under the name of King's College, was under consideration about the same time. Had that project been carried into effect on a satisfactory basis, probably the Presbyterians would not have gone on with their scheme, but numerous delays, and the determination of Dr. Strachan, the head of the Church of England in Canada, and a man of much political influence, to make it a denominational institution, led to decisive steps on the part of the Presbyterians. At a meeting of Synod held at Hamilton, in January, 1839, it was determined to proceed at once. The sum of \$120,000 was fixed as the minimum amount necessary, and an appeal was made to the Presbyterians of Upper and Lower Canada, who then numbered about 100,000, to contribute the money. The appeal stated that though the primary object was to provide an education for their own ministers, it was also their purpose to furnish facilities for all, without religious test of any kind, to obtain a literary and scientific training. At a public meeting held at Kingston, in December, 1839, the project was fairly launched, and from that meeting Queen's dates its birth. Rev. Dr. Machar, late minister of St. Andrew's Church in that city, was chairman, and the late Sir John A. Macdonald and Sir Oliver Mowat were present as young men and took an active interest.

An Act of incorporation for the "University at Kingston" was secured from the provincial Legislature, but it was disallowed by the Imperial authorities on technical grounds. This seeming set-back resulted in good, for a Royal Charter was granted instead, giving Her Majesty's title to the new institution. This charter bore date October 16th, 1841. It stipulated that degrees should not be granted till here were four professors appointed. Towards

securing the charter the late Hon. Wm. Morris, of Perth, and the late Rev. Dr. Matheson, of Montreal, gave valuable service.

On the 7th of March, 1842, the first classes were opened in an unpretentious wooden building, which still stands on Colborne street. The staff consisted of two professors, and there were present eleven matriculated students and a few non-matriculants. Queen's was the first university to establish classes in Upper Canada.

For years the new college had a severe struggle for existence. The country was poor, the number of students limited and the revenue small. The latter was derived from three sources—interest on the endowment fund, class fees, and an annual grant of \$5,000 from the Government. But the work done was thorough, and though the subjects taught were limited in number, the true function of a university as a means of mental training was being fulfilled, and from the very outset Queen's made its influence felt on the educational interests of the country.

In 1869 a crisis came. The Government grant was suddenly withdrawn, and the failure of the Commercial Bank, in the stock of which a large part of the endowment fund was invested, immediately followed. It looked for a time as if there was no alternative but to close the college doors. An emergency meeting of the Synod was held, at which it was resolved to make an appeal to the public. A hearty response was met with, a sufficient sum being subscribed to yield a revenue equal to that which had been lost. New hope and courage came, and work was more vigorously prosecuted than ever.

In 1878 the want of better accommodation was seriously felt. At that time the classes were held in a building occupying a commanding site overlooking Lake Ontario, which had been erected for a residence by the late Archdeacon Stuart. This property had been purchased by the trustees, and a new building added for the medical faculty. But further accommodation was required, and a scheme was proposed by which the citizens of Kingston were to provide \$50,000 for new buildings, and the friends of the university outside the city \$100,000 to endow new chairs and furnish further equipment. The amount was soon forthcoming. An addition was made to the campus, and in 1879 the corner-stones of the present handsome building were laid by the Marquis of Lorne, then Governor-General of Canada, and the Princess Louise, and in 1880 the new building was opened.

An important epoch in the history of university education in Ontario was reached in 1885. The provincial university at Toronto was badly in need of money, and its friends appealed to the Government for aid. The benefactors of other universities pointed out that as they had already given voluntarily of their private means for the support of the institutions in which they were interested, it would be unjust to compel them to contribute through the public funds to another university, that the friends of Toronto



VERY REV. G. M. GRANT, D.D., LL.D., PRINCIPAL.

should subscribe as they had done, or that any plan for Government aid should be so comprehensive as to include all the universities. As private munificence could not be relied upon, and as the Legislature was not likely to sanction a grant of public money for Toronto, a comprehensive scheme of university federation was prepared. The other universities were asked to suspend their degree-granting powers and remove to Toronto, where, taking advantage of cer-

tain classes in the provincial university which should be common to all, they should devote their attention to such specialties as they saw fit, and accept representation on the governing and examining boards of Toronto University, which should confer degrees upon the students of all. A quarter of a million dollars would have been required for the removal of Queen's, and her friends, regarding the scheme as a virtual absorption, declined to contribute anything for that purpose. They willingly gave, however, to further equip her where she was, and within a year the Jubilee Fund of \$250,000 was subscribed, so named because it was raised in 1887, the jubilee of the reign of the sovereign in whose honor the institution was named. This last addition brings the total endowment up to about half a million dollars, which yields a revenue of less than \$40,000, not an adequate sum by any means for the work Queen's is doing and should do.



REV. PROF. MOWAT, D.D.

As a result of the origin of Queen's its theological faculty is Presbyterian but its other departments are undenominational. The proximity of the Penitentiary and Rockwood Asylum furnish exceptional facilities for the study of medicine. The John Carruthers Science Hall, provided by a late well known merchant of Kingston, furnishes the means for a full course in Practical Science, while the School of Mines and the Mining Laboratory afford a training in a branch of rapidly growing importance which till recently could only be obtained abroad. Schools of Veterinary and Agriculture are in close proximity. Queen's was the first university in Ontario to recognize the right of women to obtain degrees, and from her halls went forth the first "sweet girl graduates." She was also one of the first to establish courses of extra-mural and post graduate study.

Like Edinburgh, after which it is modelled, Queen's is a self-governing university, and in this respect differs from most others in this country. Its founders took the view since justified by the results, that it was wiser to trust the management of its affairs to a few learned men than to give it to a large body, like a synod, which might not always exercise its powers judiciously. The entire management, including the appointment of professors, is vested in a board of trustees, who fill vacancies in their own ranks as they occur. The University Council, which consists of the chancellor, trustees, Senate, and thirty-three members elected by the graduates, exercises advisory functions, and is represented on the Board of Trustees.

When provision was made by the Act of 1874 for a Chancellor, by general consent the office was conferred upon the late Rev. Dr. Cook, of Quebec, one of the founders, and an ex-Principal. At the close of his term Sandford Fleming, C.M.G., a man well known for his high attainments, both literary and scientific, was elected, and so well has he filled the position that he is now serving his fifth term.

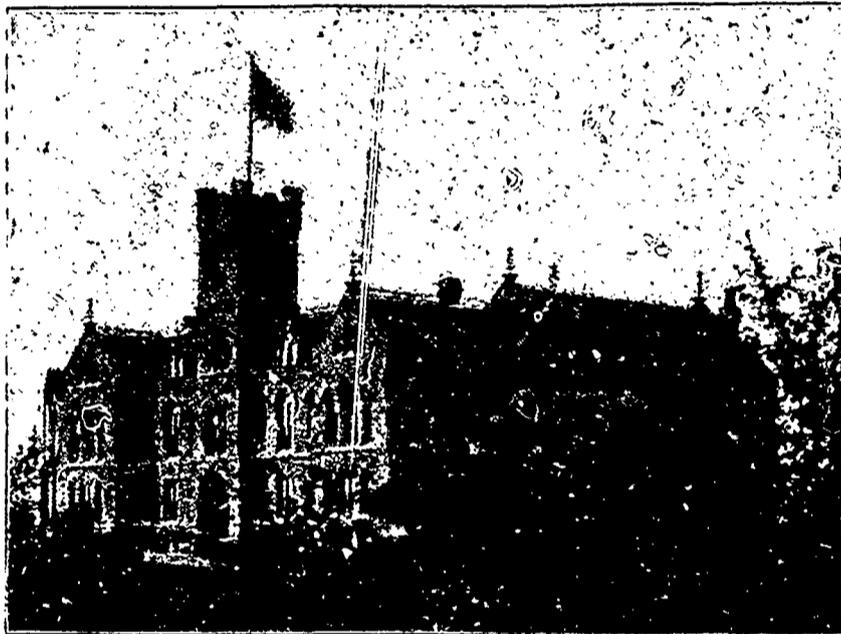
The first Principal of Queen's was Rev. Thomas Liddell, D.D., of Lady Glenorchy's Church, Edinburgh. He resigned in 1846. Rev. John Machar, D.D., minister of St. Andrew's Church, Kingston, performed the duties of the position from 1846 till 1852. Rev. John Cook, D.D., of St. Andrew's Church, Quebec, occupied the place temporarily from 1857 till 1859, when Rev. Wm. Leitch, D.D., came from Scotland to devote his entire time to the work of the University. He died in 1864. Rev. Wm. Snodgrass, D.D., of St. Paul's Church, Montreal, was called to be his successor. He possessed eminent business ability, and piloted the institution through a trying time in its history. It was largely through his personal exertions, ably assisted by the late Rev. John Mackerras, then Professor of Classics, that the Endowment Fund of 1869 was raised. In 1878 he resigned and went to Scotland, where he is still minister in the parish of Canobie.

Rev. George Munro Grant, D.D., minister of St. Matthew's Church, Halifax, was offered the principalship on Dr. Snodgrass' resignation. No better man could have been found. A native of Pictou county,

Nova Scotia, which has given many distinguished men to this country, he possesses, in a rare degree, a combination of qualities which eminently fit him for such a post. Under his administration Queen's has made rapid strides. To his enthusiasm and personal influence is almost entirely due the success of the movement of 1878 to secure new buildings and equipment, and also of the Jubilee Fund. His energy and capacity for work, combined with eminent ability, have enabled him to do splendid work for the Church and its University, to both of which may he long be spared.

Any notice of Queen's would be incomplete without a reference to Dr. James Williamson, who occupied a professor's chair from the beginning of the second session, in 1842, till his death in 1895. No graduate has ever passed out of the college halls without coming under the influence of this kindly man, whose heart was wrapped up in the success of the institution with which he was so long connected. Tempting offers to go to other fields of work had no influence with him, and for over half a century he remained true to his first love. On his death he left all his estate to the College.

From humble beginnings Queen's University has grown to a size and influence little dreamed of by its founders. The two professors have become thirty; the eleven students who presented themselves at the opening of the first classes have increased to six hundred; to the original faculties of Arts and Theology have been added Medicine, Law and Applied Science. Possessing a thorough equipment, with an able staff of professors, and an enthusiastic body of alumni, ardently attached to their Alma Mater, Queen's University is in a position to do



QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY—MAIN BUILDING.

splendid educational work for the Presbyterian Church and for Canada.

The Theological Faculty of Queen's University, with which the Presbyterian Church is more immediately concerned, has the following staff: Very Rev. G. M. Grant, M.A., D.D., LL.D., Primarius Professor of Divinity; Rev. John B. Mowat, M.A., D.D., Professor of Hebrew, Chaldee and Old Testament Exegesis; Rev. Donald Ross, B.D., D.D., Professor of Apologetics and New Testament Criticism. Courses are also given on Pastoral Theology, Church History, Elocution and other topics by lecturers appointed from session to session.

Guests of God.

"Why should we wear black for the guests of God?"—Ruskin.

From the dust of the weary highway,  
From the smart of sorrow's rod,  
Into the royal presence  
They are bidden as "guests of God."  
The veil from their eyes is taken,  
Sweet mysteries they are shown,  
Their doubts and fears are over,  
For they know as they are known.

For them there should be rejoicing  
And festival array,  
As for the bride in her beauty  
Whom love hath taken away,  
Sweet hours of peaceful waiting,  
Till the path that we have trod  
Shall end at the Father's gateway,  
And we are the guests of God.

—MARY F. BUTTS.

A word to a neighbor who is not at present a subscriber will result in a new name for our list. Both subscriptions three dollars till end of 1897. Balance of year free to new subscriber. Say the word now!

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN

Knox College.

BY REV. R. N. GRANT, D.D.

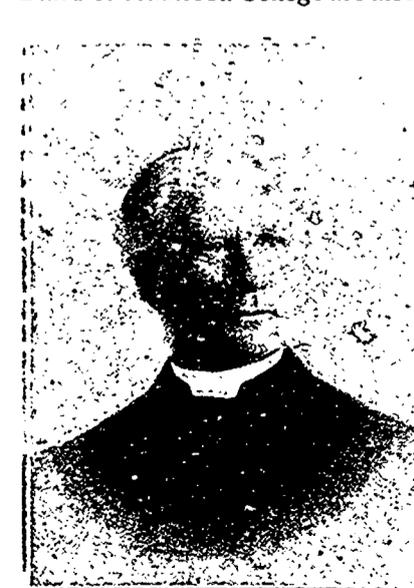


On the fifth day of November, fifty two years ago, fourteen students and one professor met in a small room in James Street, Toronto. The students sat on wooden benches around a pine table and no doubt took notes with becoming diligence. The professor had a chair, in the academic sense of the work, but Dr. Gregg does not say anything in his short history about the kind of chair he sat on when delivering his lectures. From this primordial germ, small in numbers, homely in its surroundings, but no doubt rich in faith and hope, the Knox College of to-day has been evolved. Even in these early days the institution showed much vitality and capacity for growth, for next session the number of students had increased to twenty-two and a year afterwards there were thirty-seven in attendance. Whatever the institution may have lacked during the half century of its existence it never lacked students. The professorial staff has been down to one, and the funds have many a time gone below zero, but the "boys," as students are now called, have always turned up in large numbers.

For a solid Presbyterian institution Knox College iterated not a little in the good old times. Its home was much more movable than its theology. From Professor Esson's house in James Street the College went to Adelaide Street, and from Adelaide Street to a part of the building now known as the Queen's Hotel, and from there to Elmsley Villa, where it remained until the present goodly structure on Spadina Avenue was opened in 1875.

The number of Knox "graduates in ordinary course" is something over six hundred. How many more took part of their course in Knox and finished elsewhere it would be impossible to say, but the number is considerable. Perhaps no other institution in the world has graduated as many effective men in fifty years with as small a number of professors and as small an amount of money. Knox men are now working on three continents. They are found in every part of Canada; and some are doing good work among our neighbours across the line. They are among the most successful missionaries in India and China. Two of the strongest pulpits in London, England, were not long ago filled by Knox men. One of the best all-round men in the Presbyterian pulpit in London to day is a graduate of Knox.

Knox has done good work in the way of training professors, though the special work of the institution has always been to train preachers. Principal MacVicar, one of the noblest Romans of them all, is a Knox graduate, and so are two of his efficient colleagues Messrs. Campbell and Scrimger. In literary circles John Campbell is the best known Presbyterian in Canada. A list of his titles and literary honours of one kind and another would fill a page of foolscap. Professors Bryce and Baird of Manitoba College are also Knox men. Bryce



REV. PROF. ROSS, D.D.

has written many good things and is always engaged in literary work in addition to his college duties. Professor Beattie, of Louisville, is a Knox graduate. He has written some capital books, and may write more. The President of Princeton University was a Knox student. Two of the present professors in Knox College are graduates of the institution, and Dr. Thompson, who has gone to his reward, was one of the most successful students that ever passed through the institution. Dr. Monro Gibson might have been a professor half a dozen times if he had wanted to take a professorship. Dr. Thompson, of Sarnia, was offered a professorship not long ago and

(Continued on page 523.)

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## Extra Copies.

Copies of the Holiday Number of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN may be had in tubes for mailing at ten cents per copy, on application to this office.

DR. ROBERTSON NICOLL, of the *British Weekly*, has just finished a short tour in the United States, and writes to his journal that the chief editor of *The Century* magazine is "perhaps the handsomest man in America." Dr. Nicoll did not visit Canada.

IN one of his lectures to the students of Yale. Ian Maclaren says: "The pastoral memory grows to wonderful attainments, but it can hardly hold all the details of say three hundred families." A pastoral memory that can hold all the details of three hundred families is not likely to hold much besides the details.

NO man can take a dead lift on his feelings and make himself happy at Christmas, or at any other time. As well might he try to lift himself over a fence by pulling on his boot-straps. Perhaps one of the best ways to promote one's own happiness is to make some one else happy. At all events, this method is well worth trying, and Christmas is a good time to try it.

A CONTRIBUTOR to the *New York Independent* writes that over three thousand churches in the Presbyterian and Congregational bodies of the United States did not receive a single member by profession of faith last year. The statement, if true, is perfectly appalling. Manifestly the modern up-to-date methods of conducting religious services, about which we used to hear so much, are doing but little good.

THE *Christian Work* publishes a list showing that forty-five persons were seriously injured and one killed in the United States while playing "barbaric football" on Thanksgiving day. Our contemporary adds:

"But even these figures fail to convey any impression of the misery, wretchedness and debasement resulting from playing such games.

"It is a pertinent question to ask: Is this what boys are sent to college for? Yet the college presidents and faculties continue to permit the game. Under the circumstances there seems to be but one remedy and that is the law. The law provides penalties for cock-fighting, dog-fighting and prize-fighting, none of which is as brutal nor as demoralizing as football. It seems that the colleges are wholly powerless to control the matter; it is certain that they do not control it. We believe that fifty years from now these games will be looked upon as barbaric; we know that the sports of a people are the last to be ameliorated by an advancing civilization, and we can understand how a barbaric football has been so long permitted. But if we cannot look to the colleges themselves to stop this work the law should step in and stop it for them and it should do it instantaneously."

Glancing over the reports of football matches, spread out into columns in our daily journals, many a Canadian parent has asked during the past few weeks: Is this what boys are sent to college for? Is it for the pleasure of seeing the names of their sons in the sporting columns of newspapers, along with the names of such sluggers as are being unmasked in San Francisco at the present time, that fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters are pinching themselves in order to keep their sons or brothers at college? If the colleges are powerless to prevent these brutal exhibitions their usefulness is gone.

WHATEVER may be thought of Ian Maclaren's "Mind of the Master" his Yale lecture on "The Work of the Pastor" will go right to the heart of every minister who has honestly tried to do pastoral work as it should be done. The man who wrote that lecture has a true, sympathetic nature, and has put his heart and his conscience into pastoral work. Even Dr. Cuyler has never written anything better.

COLLEGES are suffering for the want of money both in Canada and the United States; but there is no difficulty in finding gate money or betting money for an intercollegiate football match. Twenty-five thousand dollars were paid to see the match between Chicago University and the University of Michigan. Perhaps the Yale-Princeton match cost twice that amount. As the gate money and betting money go up, the ordinary revenue will be likely to go down.

THE Presbytery of Philadelphia enjoined a congregation not to build a church in a certain locality. The building operations went on, and the congregation excused itself on the ground that the trustees were doing the work, and that trustees are not an ecclesiastical body amenable to the Presbytery! This defence reminds one of the boy just convicted of killing his father, who asked the judge to deal leniently with him, because he was a "poor little orfing." By their act of insubordination these trustees take themselves out of the Church and then plead their "outness" as a reason why they should do as they please. Manifestly the revival has not reached that congregation.

THE *Globe* assumes that Ontario will soon have a great addition to the Provincial surplus, and pretty broadly hints that some of it should be used to promote the interests of higher education—which, being interpreted, means, perhaps, that it should be given to University College, Toronto. If that is a good thing to do, the *Globe* can help the doing of it more than a little by cutting down its reports of intercollegiate football matches, by saying less, or, better still, nothing at all, about college "conversations" which everybody knows are balls, and by discouraging generally the tomfoolery that is growing up in connection with our educational institutions. Athletic sports are good within certain limitations, but when athletic sports are associated with betting, and other well-known evils, the college is no place for them. That fact will be very clearly brought out when the Legislature is asked for more money for higher education. The times are hard, money is scarce, and a large majority of the people are in no humour for bonusing balls and football matches. The Patrons are not by any means the only people who are doing some thinking about expenditure on what is called higher education.

## Our Semi-Jubilee.

AS this is pre-eminently a time of celebrations and commemorations of all kinds, it is not unnatural that, having arrived at the close of the twenty-fifth year of publication of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN; originally "The British American Presbyterian," we should be moved to mark in some suitable way such an important epoch in the history of the paper as the termination of the first quarter of a century of its existence. We do this by issuing, for the benefit of all our subscribers and friends a special, double, illustrated number which we do not doubt all will welcome and profit by. Here let us say that to those who, by their kind services as contributors, or, if not contributors, by their encouragement as well-wishers, have enabled us to make this number what it is, we tender our most hearty thanks. To all, also, who from time to time, during our past history, have given their assistance to enrich our columns, either as occasional or more regular contributors, we take this occasion to express our indebtedness and to solicit a continuation of services for the Church's sake which we highly prize.

To go back to the beginning of our undertaking! There was felt at the time a crying need in our Church

for some means greater and better than then existed for the dissemination of information respecting the work of the Church, to make known and defend her doctrines and polity, to explain and advocate her benevolent schemes, and inspire and stir up her members from one end of the country to the other in the pursuit and accomplishment of common ends. The time was in many respects opportune, and loudly called for such a medium of communication within the Church open to all as the columns of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN have always been. The question of Union, the last needed to weld into one body and consolidate the whole Presbyterian strength of the Dominion for aggressive Christian work was under discussion and its consummation was near at hand. The Western Section of the Church had just resolved to enter upon Foreign Mission work proper and Rev. G. L. Mackay was on his way, under the guidance of God, to that land where he has won such triumphs for Christ. Our great North-West and Manitoba were beginning to be opened up, and altogether the Church was just entering upon a period of her history, which, for rapid and bold advance at home and abroad, she has never equalled. At this time, then, our enterprise was entered upon, and many were the testimonies to the need of such an organ which we then received, and assurances of good wishes from all quarters. The undertaking involved a large amount of pecuniary responsibility to the publisher; professing also to be an organ of Presbyterian opinion, and necessarily coming into close relationship with all her interests, it involved a large measure of responsibility to the Church, with which it has been our aim and desire, from the first, to be closely identified. How far we have succeeded in discharging our duty to the Church and have served to advance her interests, and the cause of religion, and the good of the country as bound up with the Church at large and the Presbyterian Church in particular, it must be left to others to judge. A paper, holding the relation to the Church which this one has, might easily have been made a fomentor of strife, an engine of disintegration, a means of exciting personal antagonism, and generally anything but a help and strength. We can honestly say that we have at all times sought to promote the peace of the Church, and to be thoroughly loyal to the doctrines, the institutions and the great schemes of benevolence on which she has been and is now engaged.

In looking back to our early files it is very interesting to find that the first article and the first editorial of the first number of THE PRESBYTERIAN are on Foreign Missions, and in warm advocacy of the undertaking by the Church in the West of that great work, in which since then we have made such a marked advance. Union was being discussed, and this paper was the friend of a Union which, to the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and to the cause of religion in the land, has been a tower of strength. Manitoba then was calling loudly for missionaries, and the great expansion of our work in all the West, which has since been witnessed, the Church was just entering upon. The idea of a Presbyterian College in Montreal was being broached, and the first steps taken towards its establishment. In all these movements, then, and in all that have since been entered upon, THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN has sought to take an honourable part, and to help forward to the best of its ability; and in all the honour and good to the Church and the country connected with their rapid growth and beneficent results, we feel that it is not presumptuous for us to claim a share. While conscious of greater possibilities that might, perhaps, have been attained to, and of deficiencies and errors that might have been avoided, we are not ashamed of our Church's history in the past in Canada, or of the part in it which we have borne.

In looking over past files, one thing has especially struck the present Editor, and of it he can speak with perfect freedom—it is the large amount of good, wholesome, instructive reading with which from the first the pages of this paper have been filled. It has evidently been the aim of those responsible for its management then, as it is still, to put before its readers from week to week only those things which are true, and honest, and just, and pure, and lovely, and of good report.

It suggests also, many tender memories in looking over the files of the last quarter of a century, to see the names of so many who have gone, some long ago, others but lately, to their rest. But the Church of God lives on while men come and men go. As we are not ashamed of the past, so we look forward to the future, and enter upon another period of service with hope and cheerful expectation. We have a higher aim, we have no higher ambition, than to serve better in the line of our choice, than we have done in the past, the Church which we love, whose history is so memorable and honourable, and in this service we invite to help and co-operate with us all who prize the aid of what is now felt to be an indispensable and invaluable arm of service, that of the religious press.

Twenty-Five Years' Progress.

It seems appropriate in connection with this special issue of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN, commemorative of its twenty-five years' existence, that we should review the history of the Church during that period. It is scarcely possible for anyone to do this without being constrained to say, What has God wrought!

The progress has been very marked during the quarter of a century, in connection with every department of the Church's work. The following statistical table is of special interest:

	1871.	1896.
Ministers and Missionaries.....	485	1,298
Churches and Stations.....	861	2,780
Families.....	39,000	96,581
Members.....	69,000	188,181
S. S. and B. Cl. Pupils.....	55,000	153,064
Receipts for Church Schemes.....	\$ 61,000	\$ 359,000
Receipts for all purposes.....	670,000	2,171,000
Average per communicant for Schemes..	59 cts.	1.91

It will thus be observed that while the number of ministers, churches, families and members, have multiplied three-fold, the contributions to the schemes of the Church have increased nearly six-fold.

In the Home Mission department of the Church's work, the number of mission fields has increased, during the quarter of a century, from 94 to 354, and the number of preaching stations from 172 to 1,044. The missionaries employed in 1871 were 85, while at present the number is 419. The contributions of our people have increased, during the twenty-five years, from \$12,000 to \$98,000. In addition to the increase in mission fields, a large number of congregations that are now strong and self-supporting, have, during the quarter of a century, been brought into this position through the assistance rendered by the Home Mission Fund. It is interesting to note the changes in the twenty-five years, in Manitoba, the North-West and British Columbia.

	1871.	1896.
Presbyteries.....	0	14
Self-Sustaining Congregations.....	0	61
Mission Fields.....	2	174
Preaching Stations.....	7	818
Families.....	69	12,225
Communicants.....	113	18,400
Contributions by the people.....	\$980	\$268,530

In the Augmentation department of the Church's work there has also been marked progress. Though the scheme, upon its present basis, originated in 1883, yet it practically existed twenty-five years ago as a department of Home Mission work. In 1871, in the Western Section of the Church, 60 congregations received supplements to aid them in supporting their pastors. The number at present on the augmented list is 142. In addition to this, nearly 300 other congregations that were on the aid-receiving list, during the quarter of a century, are now self-supporting.

In connection with French Evangelization work, the two fields with three preaching stations of 1871, have multiplied to thirty-six fields, with ninety-two preaching stations, at the present time. The missionaries have increased from two to 68; the scholars attending the French Schools connected with the Church now number 768; as contrasted with 90 twenty-five years ago, while the contributions of our people for French Evangelization work have gone up from \$3,438, in 1871, to \$33,800 last year. In

connection with the Jubilee of the Pointe Aux Trembles Schools, the other day, it was reported that nearly 5,000 pupils had been trained in these well-known mission institutes during the last fifty years. The influence exerted in connection with these can scarcely be over-estimated.

In the Foreign Mission department of the Church's work, the progress has been even more striking. In 1871 there were only eight missionaries under the Foreign Mission Committees. Two of these were labouring among the English speaking people of British Columbia, and two among the English-speaking community in Manitoba. Another gave part of his time to the English-speaking population of the Prince Albert district, and part of his time to the Indians there. With the exception of this one (the Rev. Mr. Nesbit), there were only three missionaries in connection with the whole of the now united Church, labouring among the heathen. At the present time, the number of Canadian missionaries, in connection with our Church, labouring in the Foreign field, including medical missionaries and teachers, exceeds 100, and associated with these there are several hundreds of native teachers and assistants; while the contributions of the Church have increased from \$700 in 1871, to \$1,600.

In the sphere of Collegiate Education, there has also been striking progress. We have not before us the exact figures of the number of students educated in connection with the several Theological Seminaries of our Church during the last twenty-five years. So large, however has been the number, that whereas there was great difficulty in providing supply of ordinances to the Presbyterian settlers a quarter of a century ago—and thus many who were brought up in connection with our Church felt constrained to connect themselves with other denominations—there is now no group of Presbyterians in any part of the whole Dominion destitute of supply by the ministers or missionaries of our Church.

The progress in the past calls for devout gratitude and thanksgiving. It should also be a stimulus to renewed effort in the years to come. While money and men are urgently needed, there is specially required a deepening of the missionary spirit in all our congregations and homes. What the Church wants above everything else, is more of the Spirit's power; for the life and growth of all our schemes depend, above everything else, on the life and growth of spirituality throughout our borders.

Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

ACCORDING to the regulations under which this scheme is administered, it is necessary for ministers to connect themselves with it, within four years from the date of their ordination.

As a large number have no connection with the Fund, the General Assembly last June gave discretionary power to the Committee to admit to connection with the Fund, prior to 1st Jan., 1897, all ministers desiring this, even though more than four years have elapsed from the date of their induction. It is well, therefore, that ministers bear in mind that the time expires a fortnight hence, within which they can connect themselves with the Fund.

Another of the regulations require Presbyteries to use their utmost endeavour to secure that every minister, when he is inducted into a charge, shall become connected with the Fund.

It is feared that this instruction is overlooked by many Presbyteries of the Church, and in consequence a number of ministers do not seek connection with the scheme. This is very greatly to be regretted. How frequently does it happen that although the minister has had no connection with the Fund, at death an application is made upon behalf of his widow. In some cases, the plea of sympathy has induced the Assembly to grant the application. The result is that the income, for some years past, has been insufficient to meet the annuities. It has therefore become necessary to determine that only the widows and orphans of those who have regularly paid their rates to the Fund, can derive benefit from it. Compliance with the regulations is therefore imperative to entitle anyone to assistance from it.

The kindness of contributors will enable us to continue our Semi-jubilee Celebration next issue, when we shall present our readers with a large number of valuable papers.

Our Staff: Past and Present.



THE initial number of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN (then the "British American Presbyterian") appeared on Friday, February 2nd, 1872. A union of two important branches of the Presbyterian Church had been consummated, and it seemed not improbable that all the Churches in Canada adhering to the doctrine and discipline of Calvin, Knox and their successors, should, in course of time, unite to make their efforts in a common cause more effective. It seemed a fitting time to start a weekly journal in the interests of Presbyterianism; the attempt was made, and from the first it received a hearty support, never wavering but always increasing as the influence of our Church has extended.

In this article our intention is merely to give brief notes of the personal history, character and qualities of those who have helped, in the course of a quarter of a century, to make THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN the paper it is to-day.

This publication, involving many risks, and, of course, the possible risk of failure, was ventured on by Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, its founder and first editor, for a sketch of whose life we are indebted to "The Scot in British North America," published by G. M. Rose & Co., Toronto.



C. BLACKETT ROBINSON.

Mr. Robinson "is a Canadian by birth, of partly Scottish and partly English descent, the former element predominating. His father was born in London, but was educated and for many years resided in Scotland. His mother was of Highland extraction, belonging to the clan Gunn. Mr. Robinson was born in Thorah Township, in the County of Ontario, in 1837. He engaged in journalism in his twentieth year, editing the *Canadian Post*, then published in Beaverton for a couple of years. In 1861 the paper was removed by Mr. Robinson to the rising town of Lindsay, where he continued to publish it for about ten years. It was greatly superior to any newspaper ever previously issued in that section of the Province, and, under Mr. Robinson's able management, soon became a valuable newspaper property, taking high rank among local weeklies. In 1871 Mr. Robinson parted with the *Post* and removed to Toronto, where he commenced the publication of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN which, under his energetic and prudent control, speedily attained a marked success. Without seeking to be in any sense the official organ of the Presbyterian Church, THE PRESBYTERIAN has won for itself appreciation as a fearless and forcible exponent of the general public opinion of that body, and the recognised vehicle of intelligence specially affecting its interests, and indicative of its progress."

The next person to occupy the editorial chair was the Rev. William Inglis. He was born in Scotland upwards of seventy years ago, and after going through the regular course of an Arts education in the High School and University of Edinburgh, he studied theology in the Hall of the Secession Church, and was licensed by the Presbytery of Edinburgh fifty years ago last April. In 1847 he was settled in Banff, Scotland, and after a pastorate there of some years came to Canada in 1856. Having received calls to Columbus and to North Westminster in the vicinity of London, he accepted the latter and was settled there in April, 1857. In 1860 he



REV. WM. INGLIS.

entered upon the charge of Erskine Church, Wood stock, where he remained until 1867 when he removed to Toronto, where he has ever since resided.

From the first the press has had attractions for Mr. Inglis. Having an unusually well-stored mind, a retentive memory, and the pen of a ready writer, from the time of his settlement in Banff he has for fifty years more or less regularly contributed to the public papers editorials, letters, and reviews of books, besides publishing in Scotland some sermons to chil

dren and pamphlets on controversial subjects. The larger part of his contributions in the old country appeared in the *Banffshire Journal* and the *Edinburgh Scottish Press*. Removal to Canada only quickened and called into more active exercise this love of writing for the periodical press. Under a variety of pseudonyms, therefore, Mr. Inglis contributed to Dr. Taylor's *Canadian Magazine* from 1857 to 1859, and later on, when the *Observer*, a weekly Presbyterian paper, was begun and published in Oakville, he every week, during the whole period of its existence as a weekly, contributed editorials and letters on a variety of subjects. During this period the Toronto University question and that of Total Abstinence, not so far advanced then as now, occupied much of the public attention, and in the discussion of these and local questions Mr. Inglis's pen and brain were ever actively and most vigorously engaged.

After the *Observer* ceased publication a large number of Presbyterian ministers, feeling the need of such an organ of public discussion, at a meeting held in Knox College in the spring of 1866, resolved upon starting another paper of a similar kind, to be published in Hamilton, of which Mr. Inglis was to be editor and Rev. Drs. Ormiston and Inglis were to be a financial and consulting committee. The printing had been arranged for, the prospectus and first editorial written, when, unexpectedly, for reasons which need not now be mentioned, the scheme was abandoned. It led, however, to the engagement of Mr. Inglis on the *Toronto Globe*, where he remained until the Fall of 1879, supplying all that time one or more editorials daily. During that period many subjects of great public importance were keenly discussed and in all of these Mr. Inglis took a prominent part.

In that year his services were transferred to THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN as editor, to which, from the first, he had contributed more or less regularly. It was not until the spring of 1883 that his connection with THE PRESBYTERIAN finally ceased.

In 1881 Mr. Inglis was appointed librarian to the Ontario Legislature, in which office he continued to the Fall of 1883, when he again returned to the *Globe* staff for other six years. Since the beginning of 1892 he has acted as Assistant Librarian to the Ontario Legislature, and although since then his pen has not been so busy as in many former years, it has been far from idle, this journal again and again being indebted to him for articles on various subjects.

In addition to papers already mentioned, *The London Advertiser*, *The Stratford Beacon*, *The Winnipeg Free Press*, *Truth*, and other periodicals, have all from time to time been served by Mr. Inglis' fertile brain and facile pen. Probably few men if any in the country, certainly not any minister in our Church, has written so long and so largely, and, it may also be added so ably, for the public press of Canada as Mr. Inglis. A keen and logical intellect, ample resources of knowledge, a retentive memory, and a trenchant style, have made him a formidable opponent in discussion, an able exponent of any subject he treated, and a powerful ally for any man, or party, or subject which he undertook to champion or defend.

After Mr. Inglis had retired from the editorial position early in 1883, he was shortly succeeded by the Rev. George Simpson, who, for almost a decade thereafter, presided in THE PRESBYTERIAN'S sanctum.

The facts in the life of Mr. Simpson are soon stated. He was born in Aberdeen about sixty years ago. After passing through the elementary and grammar schools of that place he entered the University of Glasgow where he took his Arts course. His theological studies were pursued at Edinburgh.

Coming to Canada in 1860, he was called to the pastorate of the Westminster Presbyterian Church, Westminster Township, Middlesex County. Here he remained for seventeen years. He was subsequently editor of the *St. Thomas Journal*, which position he resigned to take the editorship of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN. Upon Mr. Simpson's work in that position it is unnecessary for us to dwell: it is well known to a great majority of our readers. His editorials were eminently wise, thoughtful and practical, being characterized by breadth of knowledge, clearness of expression and an enviable facility of expression. Under his able direction the high standing of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN was more than maintained, and its influence extended more widely from year to year.

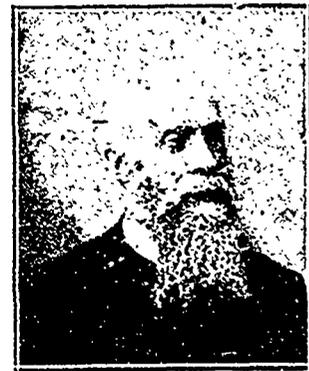
During the last week of December, 1892, Mr. Simpson left Toronto to assume the duties of Associate Editor of *The Interior*, Chicago. This position he still fills with unabated vigour and increasing ac-

ceptance. His special department is always an instructive summary of current history throughout the world within the scope of events and incidents of which *The Interior* should take note.

Mr. Simpson is one of the most companionable of men, and is deservedly popular among those who have the honour of his friendship. In the sanctum Mr. Simpson proved himself a most tolerant and always genial editor. None of his visitors ever entered without receiving a cheery welcome. As a raconteur he has a well deserved reputation. No one has ever been known to meet him and leave without a story tingling on the ear and resting in the memory.

After a very short interval, Mr. Simpson was succeeded in the editorial chair by the Rev. W. D. Ballantyne, B.A.

Mr. Ballantyne was born upwards of sixty years ago in Hawick, a town on the Scottish borders famous in days of Border raids, and in more recent times for its successful industries, especially in woollen manufactures.



REV. W. D. BALLANTYNE.

While he was yet a boy Mr. Ballantyne's parents emigrated to Canada, and eventually settled near Smith's Falls, in what was then comparatively the backwoods. The settlers in the neighborhood, however, were largely made up of Scotch from the same Border district, so that the new comers speedily felt themselves, in a good measure, at home. Even at that early period in the history of the settlement there were a Sabbath school and lending library, and these by awakening thought and giving a taste for reading, exercised a beneficial influence on Mr. Ballantyne's whole future life. Pioneer life in Canada fifty years ago had hardships and privations not a few, but as a rule it developed a manly, persevering, self-reliant type of character, and made many a one "laugh at impossibilities and say they should be done."

After getting such an education as the common schools of the country then afforded—and being primitive and imperfect as they may appear, put side by side with those temples of all the "ologies" and all the everything of modern days, they managed in many cases to set the "mental machinery in motion" to an extent which many more pretentious institutions might envy—young Ballantyne, still comparatively but a boy, set out to teach at the magnificent salary of \$8 a month and board in rotation round the neighborhood. From that time, like many others, he has had to "paddle his own canoe."

The first Church home which the Ballantyne family had in the new land was under the charge of Rev. George Romanes, but after the Disruption, a congregation in connection with the United Secession body was formed of which the Rev. Wm. Atkin became pastor, and to his ministrations, next to a godly parentage, home surroundings though humble, favourable to good character, and the teaching in Sabbath School of a venerated grandfather, Mr. Ballantyne traces some of the deepest and most blessed influences upon his life.

His mind having been turned toward the ministry, Mr. Ballantyne took a first session in Theology under the late Rev. Dr. Taylor the first year he was in Canada. Having finally determined to take a University course, after preparation under difficulties, he matriculated and for some years continued teaching and studying by turns. During this period he spent three and a quarter years as teacher in charge at the Baptist Literary Institute, Woodstock. Before finishing his literary and theological studies to which he had returned, he was induced to pay a visit to Iowa, where by this time his family had settled, and the result of this visit was that he received a call from a congregation in that State and remained there for three years. At the end of that period, encouraged by the kindness of a faithful friend, he returned to Toronto, finished his University course, and graduated in 1870. In the Fall of that year he was called to Whitby, and after a successful pastorate of five years resigned his charge in order to allow a union of the two Presbyterian Churches in the town. After this union had been happily consummated, Mr. Ballantyne was called to Pembroke and settled there in March, 1876. At that time Pembroke was the outpost of the Presbyterian Church in the Ottawa Valley, so that there were many and pressing demands for service "in the regions beyond." To these demands Mr. Ballantyne responded in the readiest and most cordial manner, and did much mission work, especially in the earlier years of his ministry at Pembroke, both before and during the construction of the C.P.R., at such points as Mattawa, North Bay, Sturgeon Falls, Sudbury, and as far west as Bischofsing-

During Mr. Ballantyne's ministry in Pembroke, the congregation built a beautiful and commodious place of worship, at a cost of over \$20,000.

After leaving Pembroke Mr. Ballantyne was for one year Principal of the Ottawa Ladies' College. Not finding the work congenial, and health and strength being considerably impaired, he retired for some years to Kincardine, during which time his health and vigour were fully restored, so that he was again able for active work. A suitable opening was found as Editor of this journal, and in that position Mr. Ballantyne has for the last four years found congenial if busy work in the service of the Church and the Church's Head, for which Mr. Ballantyne's many friends and well wishers will pray that he may be spared for many years to come.

On December 24th, 1884, Rev. R. N. Grant, D.D., contributed the first regular "Knoxonian" article, although he had previously contributed an infrequent article under the same pen name. Since then, commencing with some happy thoughts on "How to Make Christmas Merry"—the memory of which is peculiarly appropriate at this time—"Knoxonian's" spicy and sparkling comments have, with very few interruptions, been an important feature of our columns. Dr. Grant is of our Canadian soil "racy," having been born in Peterborough county, in 1837, when "events were thickening." His early education was obtained at home, in the public school and at the Stratford Grammar School; his subsequent scholastic training was obtained at University College and at Knox College, from the latter of which he graduated in 1866. Soon after his ordination he was settled as pastor of the combined congregations of Waterdown and Wellington Square (now Burlington); leaving these charges for that



REV. R. N. GRANT, D.D.

of Knox Church, Ingersoll, a church which, combined with what was at that time Erskine, is now termed St. Paul's. In 1882 Dr. Grant was called to Orillia, where he has since remained. Here he is now the well-beloved pastor of a large, influential and harmonious congregation, worshipping in an edifice that would be creditable to a large city. At the Convocation in April, 1893, the Senate of Knox College conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon him as one of her most distinguished sons—a distinction that was regarded by all as well deserved. The very first "Knoxonian" article written was upon the subject of "Rounders." Having only had three charges during his ministerial career, Dr. Grant cannot be accused of being among that class.

In 1884, when the long series of "Knoxonian" articles was yet in prospect, the then editor of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN said respecting this contributor: "He has modes of thinking and expression peculiarly his own. His contributions will not lack pungency since they are sure to be sprinkled with a due modicum of Attic salt." How well Dr. Grant has redeemed this prophecy we leave our readers to judge. There are very few men, however, whose versatility would stand a similar demand, and it is the strongest evidence of the good sense and judgment which mark his contributions that they still continue to be widely copied into not only the Canadian but the Old Country and United States denominational and other papers.

### Till Even-Time.

JOHN STUART THOMSON.

O Angel of Peace! come bathe me in sleep,  
Beside the rills where the hare bells nod;  
And waken me not, till eve's dewdrops keep  
In globes of glass, all the stars of God.  
New York

### The Hour Draws Near.

The hour draws near, how'er delayed and late,  
When at the Eternal Gate  
We leave the words and works we call our own,  
And lift void hands alone  
For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul  
Brings to that gate no toll.  
Giftless we come to Him who all things gives,  
And live because He lives.  
—WHITTIER.

Friends who look upon THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN as a welcome visitor can procure it a ready entrance into another home. Secure a new name and renew your own subscription by sending us \$3.00, thus getting your own paper for one dollar.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

## Concerning Gold.

BY A MINER.



KOOTENAY, Rossland, the Le Roi, the War Eagle, Rat Portage, the Princess Mine, the Mikado, the Yum-Yum! These and scores of others like them, are the names you hear passing from mouth to mouth, in the streets, the hotels, and railways throughout our land. What does it all mean? It means this, that men are excited about gold. Some have found gold, others think they may find it too. Some have become suddenly rich. Why not they as well as these lucky ones they hear of? Nova Scotia has had its boom, and Hastings and Cariboo; now it is Kootenay and Lake of the Woods. So while the boom is on, I want to call attention to another gold-field which is close at hand, and will infallibly make rich anybody and everybody who chooses to take up a claim.

The gold field I mean is of immense extent, with plenty of room for miners and for all kinds of mining. Beginning at one end of the country, you find yourself among the rocks of the oldest formation, namely, in Pentateuch country. The mining here is somewhat difficult, and in some parts tries the patience of the miner. Do but persevere and you will be richly rewarded. The veins may be hard to find in these old rocks, but they are all auriferous, and here and there nuggets of great value may even be found lying upon the surface.

In the next section of country, namely, the States of Joshua and Judges, *placer-mining* may have to be resorted to; some mountains of difficulty may have to be removed, but the golden sand is there, and can be found in paying quantities by the careful seeker.

Leaving these states, do not neglect to visit the quiet little pastoral valley called Ruth, whose brooklets gleam with golden grains washed down from the hills of Bethlehem.

You next enter a territory of which some miners speak slightly, as if it were only bare "country-rock," which it would not pay anybody to take hold of. It is called Kings and Chronicles, and the latter half of it gets a particularly hard name. Compared with other parts of the country, the one is certainly low-grade, but it is surprising how profitable some have found mining in such sections as these, which are totally neglected by many who profess to be miners.

Passing over the foot-hills of Ezra, Nehemia and Esther, which are by no means without "pay-gold," the miner next strikes the mountain peak of Job. Patience like his who gave his name to this grand solitary crag, will be needed, but will receive a reward like his to whom the Lord "gavetwice as much as he had before."

The Ophir of the continent is now in sight. Psalms country is so wonderfully rich that go where you will, you can pick up, right on the surface, nuggets of extraordinary size and purity. Strange as it may seem, although this part of the country has been fully explored and mined for centuries, it is as rich now as ever it was. No one seeking gold can go there and be disappointed. The mines are all rich, but some are of untold value, such as the one known as the "Shepherd's Mine," or "No. 23," which has enabled many a poor soul, after digging there, to live in comfort all his days.

Perhaps it will be with regret that the prospector leaves that tempting land in search of other fields, but journeying on he presently enters the kingdom of Solomon, and avails himself of the workings opened up by the wise King. Solomon knew more about gold than any other man of his time, handled more, knew where to look for it, and how to get it; and the rich lodes he developed are not yet worked out, and never will be.

Leaving the district containing King Solomon's mines, the traveller in search of gold sees a vast mountain range stretching out before him, known as the Major Prophets. The highest, grandest elevation of this range is the one nearest to hand, Mount Isaiah. True fissure veins of auriferous quartz pierce the country rock in all directions. These veins are of great width and marvellous depth, and the assays show that the deeper you sink your shaft the richer is the ore. Multitudes have made fortunes out of such mines as "No. 40" and "No. 55"; while generation after generation has been enriched by mine "No. 53."

Coming down from the heights he has been scaling, the gold-seeker will now traverse a series of lower elevations, known as the Minor Prophets. The lodes here may not be as wide as in the glorious mountains he has just left, but they will richly repay careful mining. They are deep, and the ore high grade, while innumerable stringers intersect the rocks in all directions, and rich pockets here and there reward his search.

To obtain the best results from these, or indeed

from any ores, much will depend on the treatment of the ore after it is brought to the surface. It must be crushed in the stamp mill of thought, amalgamated with the quicksilver of spiritual insight, and smelted in the furnace of experience and oftentimes of sorrow.

The explorer now finds that apparently he has come to the end of the gold-bearing region. The rocks in which the gleaming treasures are embedded are behind him, and in front stretches a dreary morass, dull and forbidding, with a thick haze hanging over it. This dismal swamp extends four hundred leagues beyond the hills of Prophecy. But he has heard that on the other side of that dark gulf lies the Eldorado of the world. The riches of this new world exceed even the wonderful treasures of the old. For eighteen centuries its wealth has been appropriated by generation after generation, who have explored and mined it with unwearied energy and splendid success.

The Gospel range stands fronting him, with its four majestic summits piercing the blue vault of heaven. Language fails in the attempt to describe the beauty of the views on every hand in these delectable mountains, and to tell the value of their priceless deposits. The fourth peak soars highest, and no diamond drill has ever found the end of its exhaustless riches beneath. Gold glitters on the surface in the rays of the sun, and even a child can recognize and gather the precious metal. It is all free-gold. One opening in the mountain side, known as "John 3: 16," is alone sufficient to enrich the world, were there no gold anywhere else. Who need remain poor when such riches may be his for the taking?

The workings known as the "Acts of the Apostles," next claim the attention of the explorer. The shafts sunk here by Peter, John, James, Paul and others, are still open, and can be profitably worked by all who will.

A series of mining properties begins here, named the Roman mine, the Corinthian, the Galatian, Ephesian, Philippian, Colossian, Thessalonian, all developed by one man called Paul. He was originally quite a poor man, and was then known as Saul, but afterwards by diligent and wisely directed efforts in the gold fields we have been describing, he amassed an enormous fortune and bequeathed vast legacies to those who came after him. Since his time, miners have been busy in these mines, putting down shafts, boring, tunnelling, running parallels, drifts and workings in all directions. Some of the ore, as for instance in the Roman mine, is said to be refractory (2 Peter iii, 16), but it is nearly all free-milling, and readily yields its treasures to the treatment of the refiner.

Descending from these breezy uplands a pastoral valley of quiet beauty is entered, the Pastoral Epistles, where shepherd and miner alike may profitably pursue their callings.

Passing through the country of the Hebrews, distinguished for rich, new workings in old mines, and new light thrown into adits and tunnels opened centuries before, the gold-seeker reaches the chain of seven mines known as "James' Works," "Peter's Hope," "John's Love," and "Jude's Kept;" and at last, having wandered over all the land, gathering riches as he goes, from "Havilah where there is gold" on the far-off Genesis range, he comes to the Mount of Revelation, from whence he catches a glimpse of the "city which is pure gold" and the streets "pure gold," and receives from the king an invitation to come and make that glorious city his everlasting abode.

Strange as it may appear some calling themselves miners have traversed that whole region from the five peaks of Pentateuch to the spot where our traveller now stands, who go groping about, and firmly maintain that there is no gold there at all. They find plenty of flinty rock against which they dash themselves; they stumble amongst boulders and get their mouths filled with gravel. (Prov. xx, 17.) Frequently they walk with closed eyes into chasms among the mountains and are heard of no more. But all this is because they are wilfully blind; "having eyes they see not." (Jer. v, 21.)

There are others again who are so occupied exploring other fields, Fictionland, Magazine Country, Newspaperdom that they have neither time nor inclination for the patient digging required in the rugged mountains and deep valleys of the Bible gold fields. Did they only know it, they are seeking to satisfy the cravings of their hearts with tinsel shows, glittering baubles of no value, while neglecting treasures lying all about them, which would make them "rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

He who says "the silver is mine, and the gold is mine," says also, "I counsel thee to buy of me gold tried in the fire, that thou mayest be rich," and when you come to buy you find that it is offered "without money and without price." And the richer you grow the more you will desire to enrich others. For "the gold of that land is good," and the possession of it does not narrow the heart, as the gold of other lands

is apt to do, but on the contrary fills you with longing that all men may be as rich as you are. "There is that scattereth and yet increaseth." Another peculiarity of the gold we are speaking of is, that unlike other gold, it does not "take to itself wings and fly away." Once you possess it you never lose it. And strangest and best of all you can take it with you to the other world. These are the riches which perish not with the using, but which remain unto everlasting life.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

## Montreal Presbyterian College.

A SKETCH OF ITS HISTORY—1864-96.



THE idea of a Theological College in Montreal, in connection with the Canada Presbyterian Church, which had been floating for some time in the brain of a far-seeing elder, first took outward shape in a meeting of two ministers and seven laymen in the house of Mr. John Redpath, in Jan. 1864. This meeting was not absolutely unanimous in its decision to proceed further; but it appointed a committee to outline its opinion, for submission to a larger meeting to be held in February. At this second gathering the whole matter was thoroughly canvassed, and, in view of the difficulty of obtaining laborers for the scattered fields of Quebec and Eastern Ontario, it was resolved to go forward. The advantages offered by the Arts course of McGill University, which obviated the necessity of establishing a separate literary curriculum, were a factor in determining the result.

By instructions of the second meeting the committee perfected its report and presented it at a public meeting of the three city congregations in Cote Street Church. This assembly most cordially approved of the scheme and presented it to the Presbytery of Montreal, which in turn submitted it in an overture to the Synod, which met in Toronto in June of the same year. After a full discussion, the Synod agreed to sanction the formation of a theological college, and the Presbytery of Montreal was authorized to draft and obtain a charter for it, similar to that of Knox College, and to report to next Synod.

In June, 1865, the Presbytery reported that a charter for the proposed institution had been obtained under the title of "The Presbyterian College, Montreal." The Synod thanked the Hon. John Rose and F. W. Torrance, Esq., for their services in obtaining the charter, passed the declaration of principles required by the Act, but declined in the meantime to bring the college into active operation; and remitted to the Presbytery of Montreal the maturing of arrangements for the adequate support of at least one chair.

Two years were spent in laying the foundations of the endowment fund, and at the Synod of 1867 the Presbytery was able to report that \$20,000 had been subscribed, and that \$8,000 would be paid on the appointment of a professor. The Synod agreed that one professor, with a salary of \$2,000, would be sufficient to begin with; that no buildings be erected in the meantime, and that the Presbytery be permitted to increase the endowment to \$30,000! This Synod also appointed a Senate and Board of Management, enacted that the rules for the government of Knox College be adopted, and appointed the Rev. George Paxton Young, Professor of Divinity. It also empowered the Board, if he should decline, which he did, to make provision for carrying on the work during the winter. They succeeded in appointing the Rev. Wm. Gregg minister of Cooke's Church, Toronto, and the Rev. Wm. Aitken, of Smith's Falls, to lecture three months each. The first session was opened, with ten students, by the Rev. Dr. Gregg, in Erskine Church, on the first Wednesday of Oct., 1867. For five sessions the trustees of Erskine Church gave the College a home in their basement, with fuel and light free.

At the close of the first session it was felt more strongly than ever, that, if the work was to prosper, a man must be appointed to devote his whole time to it, and pilot the institution through its critical, initial difficulties. The magnitude and variety of the work required caused the eyes of the leaders of the Church to be turned first to the fatherland, and then to the United States; but the distinguished men to whom the position was offered could not be induced to accept it.

When the Synod met in Montreal in June of 1868 the Rev. D. H. MacVicar, minister of Cote Street Church, was appointed Professor of Divinity. He at first declined, but was induced by a committee of Synod to consider the matter until autumn, and he finally accepted, was inducted and delivered his inaugural lecture, Oct. 7th, 1868.

Every college must owe much to the scholarly reputation, executive ability and teaching power of its head, especially in its infancy. When once all

the currents of sentiment, affection and generosity which support and build such an institution had been set in motion it is not so difficult to continue their movement. But to create all these out of the raw material of passive indifference, or active hostility, is a slow and trying task, requiring no ordinary courage, skill and perseverance. It is not easy, while he is still alive, to characterize the obligations under which the Church lies to Principal MacVicar for all the labours which issued in the prosperous institution of to-day. For a number of years he taught all the classes himself with the exception of those in exegesis, which were taken by the Rev. J. M. Gibson, of Erskine Church. The endowment had to be increased and scholarships founded; and while the College had liberal friends from the beginning, it required thought, labour and skill to bring its needs and possibilities fairly before them. The general interests of the students were to be looked after, and the requirements and claims of the institution kept before the various courts of the Church. The constant strain of all this work, together with the care of many other educational and religious interests in the city and throughout the Province, had begun to tell on the Principal's splendid physique, and the Board insisted that during the present session he should take the rest which was promised him some years ago.

In 1869 the Synod gave the Board of Management permission to appoint a French Lecturer in Theology, and Dr. Coussirat, the present occupant of that chair, was appointed. Thus began that distinctive part of the work of the College, the preparation of labourers for work among the French-speaking Roman Catholics of the Dominion. From 1875 to 1880, Dr. Coussirat was back in his native France, but in the latter year he was permanently appointed by the General Assembly, Professor in French Theology.

Dr. John Campbell, minister of Charles Street Church, Toronto, was appointed to the chair of Church History and Apologetics in 1873. He is well known throughout the world of letters for his original additions to the literature of Ethnology and Archæology, as well as for his numerous contributions to many other departments of literary activity.

Dr. John Scrimger, who was then minister of Calvin Church, Montreal, was chosen Lecturer in Exegesis, in 1874, on the removal of Dr. J. M. Gibson from the city. He continued to lecture for eight years, and a special provision having been made for the chair, he was appointed Professor of Hebrew and Greek Exegesis, including introduction, in 1882.

A friend of the College in Montreal having generously provided the salary for a chair of Practical Theology for a term of years, the Rev. James Ross, minister of Knox Church, Perth, was appointed professor in that department in 1892.

Various gentlemen have acted as lecturers in a number of subjects at different times. Especially have the ministers of Montreal aided the College in this and in a variety of other ways. One distinctive feature of the institution is its lectures on Gaelic Literature, continued for some fifteen years by the Rev. Dr. MacNish, of Cornwall, one of the best Celtic scholars in the Dominion. He has secured for the College a number of scholarships to be competed for annually in this department. A special ap-

peal is being made at the present time or means to endow this lectureship. The ministers of one hundred and twenty congregations of our Church still require Gaelic for the efficient discharge of their duties.

In the absence of the Principal during the present session, the Board and the College were very fortunate in being able to obtain a course of lectures on Systematic Theology, from the Rev. Dr. Barclay, the well known minister of St. Paul's. His original and powerful discussions of fundamental themes, which are now in progress, are proving a vigorous, mental stimulus to all the students.

The first buildings, consisting of the Principal's residence and the class-rooms and dormitories, which now compose the north wing of the quadrangle, were formally opened in 1873. But, from the very first, they were too small for the increasing number of students. In 1880 the chairman of the Board of Management, Mr. David Morrice, came forward, and

Knox College or a large number of their duplicate volumes. It has since grown by the donations and bequests of friends to the extent of some 12,000 volumes, among them being some valuable sets. Special mention may be made of a complete set of the Patrologia of Migne down to Thomas Aquinas, *fac-simile* copies of the three oldest manuscripts of the New Testament and a Complutensian Polyglott. The liberality of the chairman of the Board in making an annual grant to the librarian for the purchase of the latest works on theology deserves recognition. And a number of the other friends of the College still continue to remember this department of its working efficiency.

The first graduate of the College, sent forth in 1869, was the late Rev. C. C. Stewart, M.A., of Owen Sound, whose ministerial career was a short but fruitful one. His book, "The Scriptural Form of Church Government," was published twenty-five

years ago and was favourably received. Over two hundred Presbyterian ministers have completed their theological course in this institution. Of these upwards of forty are preaching the gospel in French to their fellow-countrymen. Some of them conduct services in both French and English, and quite a number are preaching the same gospel in the Gaelic tongue.

In 1880 the College obtained the power to grant the degrees of Bachelor of Divinity and Doctor of Divinity, in accordance with such regulations as the Senate may appoint. It is the only College in the Church in which the degree of Doctor of Divinity may be gained by examination.

Thirty-one scholarships and prizes, of the aggregate value of eleven hundred dollars, are annually offered for competition by the College, in the theological classes, and in the arts course in McGill.

The progress of the College, through the twenty five years reviewed by THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN, has been very marked and satisfactory. At the beginning of this period it had only three graduates, now it has two hundred and eleven, with alumni numbering at least fifty more. Then it had only one or two students in the graduating year, now it has eighteen; then it had one professor and two lecturers, now it has five professors and four lecturers, besides the tutors in classics and mathematics. At that time it had no buildings of any kind, now its home is a structure which forms one of the

places of interest to the tourist, in a city where vast fortunes are piled up in stone and lime. These buildings contain three class-rooms, a Convocation Hall seated for six hundred, sixty rooms for students, a spacious, circular dining-hall beautifully lighted, a library which is an architectural gem; besides accommodation for the steward and his assistants, and all necessary appliances for the performance of his arduous and important duties.

The outlook for the College at the present time is bright and promising, and its friends are all hopeful that there lie before it yet wider opportunities of usefulness in the service of Christ and the Church.

Knowing ourselves, our world, our task so great,  
Our time so brief, 'tis clear if we refuse  
The means so limited, the tools so rude,  
To execute our purpose, life will fleet  
And we shall fade and leave our task undone.  
—BROWNING.



PROF. JOHN CAMPBELL, LL.D.  
PROF. JAMES ROSS, B.D.

PRINCIPAL MACVICAR, D.D., LL.D.

PROF. JOHN SCRIMGER, D.D.  
PROF. COUSSIRAT, D.D.

with a generosity fitly characterized by the Principal as beyond all praise, intimated his intention to erect a Convocation Hall, library, dining-hall, and additional dormitories. These buildings, forming the south wing, and the corridor connecting it with the north wing, were opened in 1882. They were among the first of those princely benefactions to the public good which have made the successful business men of Montreal justly famous, and have raised for others a noble ideal in the Christian use of wealth. Since that time the friends of McGill University have added several buildings, costly appliances, and large endowments to her splendid equipment. One of the latest is the gift, to the authorities of the Church of England, of a handsome and thoroughly appointed building for the Diocesan College of Montreal, by Mr. A. F. Gault, a warm, personal friend of Mr. Morrice.

The nucleus of the library of the Presbyterian College was formed by a grant from the Board of

## Christmas.

BY HANNAH ISABELL GRAHAM.

Christmas, Christmas! ancient and hoary,  
Crowned with bright holly and jewelled with snow,  
Day of all days, when the great King of glory  
Came to our earth in the sweet long ago.

Glorious Christmas! angels have sung of thee,  
Prophets and kings have thy advent foretold,  
Sages admire and archangel heraldry  
Prostrate themselves at thy shrine as of old.

Beautiful morn! when the star of the Orient,  
Woke with the song of the seraphs above,  
Writing in letters of gold on the firmament  
God's wondrous plan of redemption and love.

Christmas, Christmas! word of sweet memories,  
Voiced by all ages again and again,  
Night when God's angels appeared to earth's weary ones,  
Whispering of peace and good will toward men.

Time honoured festival! gladly we welcome thee,  
Blithely we'll carol thy praise as of yore;  
Till we, too, join the loved ones, who keep the King's natal day  
Hymning His praise on eternity's shore.

Seaforth.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

## The Foolishness of Preaching.

BY REV. R. F. KNOWLES, B.A.



OST preachers of intensity have been assailed by a depressing sense of the seeming *unrealness* of their work. That is, of course, judged by the standards of the world, of its pursuits and ambitions. The world is indifferent to those things for which we agonize. The rewards, of which we speak in

glowing words, to it, have no existence at all. We press insistently upon men riches which we deem unspeakable, but which to them are fanciful, if not indeed nonsensical. Every earnest preacher is a modern Galileo. Sights invisible, sounds inaudible, influences intangible, he sees, and hears, and feels; a life apart he revels in, with all its rich experiences; but the world listens, well pleased with his description, but disbelieving in the reality of it all.

It is a grievous reflection that the soul does not know what is best for itself. Have you ever known of a child, of delicate instincts, despoiled by the coarse influence of an ignorant guardian? So is it with the soul. King was it meant to be in all the system of man's being; but how often is it compelled to act as the ignoble serf. Men do gross violence to their own spiritual natures, and like as a father pitieth his children, so doth the Lord pity such souls as these.

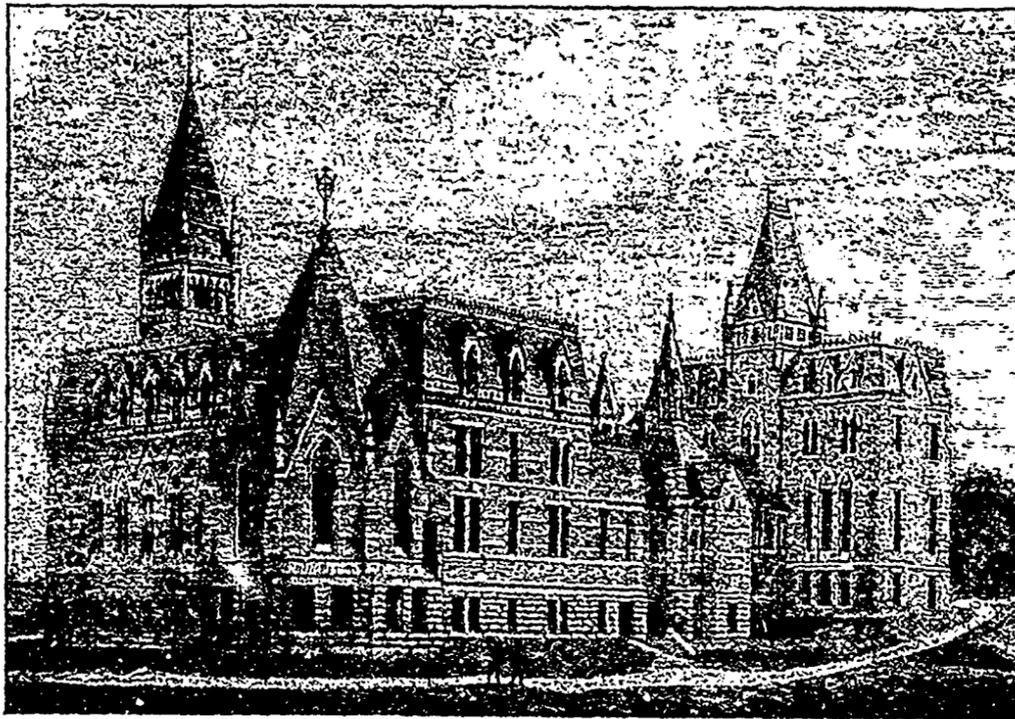
From the utilitarian standpoint, which is the natural, how great is the foolishness of preaching!

Its presumptions are insane and suicidal. Men are everywhere engaged in a wild struggle for wealth. No price is too great to pay therefor; from every market and exchange, the beatitude goes forth: "Blessed are the rich." But preaching sings with insistent melody a different song. With the audacity of faith, it declares that those who lose their lives shall save them, and speaks unfaltering words about treasure of another and an enduring kind. The world asserts that a man is worth what he can grasp, and grab, and hold, but preaching, in its folly, declares that a man is worth what he has given away, and that the life multiplied, and intensified, and endowed, is the life which has been lavished at the mercy of a spendthrift heart.

The wisdom of the world teaches that there is no gain, unless the advantage thereof be seen here and now; the foolishness of preaching dares to teach that the best of life is yonder, and its gains. The know- ingness of men declares that joy is the selfish escape from sorrow; the simplicity of preachers would assure us that its fulness is oftentimes found in sorrow's noble use, and in obedience to her ministry. The world defines success in terms of opulence, and luxury, and earthly influence; the preacher illustrates it by refer- ence to One who had not where to lay His head, and whose earthly life went out amid well-nigh universal obloquy.

And the humiliating feature of it all is this—that preaching is most considered foolish when it most becomes sublime. In its lower aspects, men can behold much of reason in it; but when it ripens into true spiritual beauty, then is it greeted with contempt and scorn. So long, for instance, as it urges the claims of morality, inculcating honesty, and sobriety, and chastity, men will admit its cogency, and listen to a language which they know. So long as it stands on common ground with the tenets of Buddha or Confucius, they will hear and approve its words of truth and soberness. But when it speaks the language of the soul, when it breaks forth in chanting praise of the life that has renounced itself; when it affirms that they who mourn are blessed; when it bids men even rejoice that they are counted worthy to suffer for the sake of Jesus, One whom they have never seen; when it calls on mortals, persuading them that they shall gain thereby, to forego the soft delight of earthly charms for the joys of a future beyond the misty gates of death, and to lose the smack of life for problematic halves; when it speaks exult- ingly of sacrifice, of the prison house, and of the cross is glad to boast—then do men deplore its visionary folly, and scout the childish foolishness of its philo- sophy.

Paul had abundant reason to speak with almost bitter sadness of "the foolishness of preaching." The citizens of Corinth in that day thought highly of "excellency of speech and of wisdom." Those were the days of the forum, and the rostrum, and the rounded period. Of these, the apostle in his folly would have none. Moreover, the Corinthian's conception of the deity was of one clothed in the mystery of grandeur, reigning in marble insipidity far apart, and possessed of majesty alone. This Christian preacher, in his foolishness, offered to them as the Divine one, a Jew despised, born of obscurity, who had undergone every experience of humiliation, and at the last poured out his soul unto death. Nay, more in his madness he preached to them God on the cross—not the cross of



PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE, MONTREAL.—SOUTH SIDE.

to-day, hallowed by innumerable associations of love and tenderness, revered and loved, rising with holy significance from a thousand steeples, or worn in diamond emblem upon the neck of beauty—but the cross accursed, despised, hated, the symbol of degradation's height, the climax of all guiltiness and shame. Of a truth, we behold in this "the foolishness of preaching." But how wise was this foolishness, may we not perceive to-day in the glowing radiance of Calvary's blessed light?

Have you ever stood without, and tried to read the stories of saint or martyr, which cathedral win- dows tell? You have tried in vain. All confused and dim they are, and they speak no meaning to your wondering eyes. But pass within the gates of praise. How eloquent now are those "storied windows, richly dight"! Inspiration, and faith, and love are all refreshed, as saint and hero, and those who counted not their lives dear unto themselves, whisper to you the stories that the windows tell. How clear the meaning now, how precious, since you have passed within.

Ottawa.

Nothing is done beautifully, which is done in rivalry; nor nobly which is done in pride.—RUSKIN.

## The First Snowfall.

KATE SKYMOUR MACLEAN.

Last night the wind blew out of the south,  
Sweet and warm as a babe's sweet mouth,  
And the pasture lands, and the stubble fields  
Were green with the herbage Autumn yields.

Dull gold lay the lake in the westering sun,  
And rose from the sunset clouds above,  
But soft and gray when the day was done,  
As the shimmering breast of a brooding dove.

But that was yesterday afternoon:—  
At night the fairies in silver shoon,  
Silver shoon and powdered hair,  
Came slipping down through the frosty air,

And all through the hush of the purple night,  
Out of each tiny powder puff  
They scattered the scintillant shimmering stuff,  
And lo, in the morning the world was white!

The firs were muffled in swan's-down hoods,  
Like a tented army stretched the woods;  
And cot and castle, and hovel and hall,  
And new made grave in its velvet pall,  
The crystalline purity covered them all.

Kingston, Nov. 21st.

## A Happy Suggestion and Good Wishes

FROM REV. DR. MONRO GIBSON, LONDON.

MR. EDITOR,—I am glad to have the opportunity of adding my very hearty congratulations to the great number which will pour in upon you on the occasion of your Twenty fifth anniversary. I am the more willing to do this, as I believe THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN is the only paper I have read without a break for a quarter of a century. This may perhaps be a proof of the abiding interest I take in the Church of my first love. I am very sorry that I have

now so much extra work on hand that it is impossible for me to send you an article. As, however, a good deal of my time is given to the work of the Federation of the Evangelical Free Churches of England and Wales, it occurs to me that I may, perhaps, without presumption ask, whether the time is not opportune for beginning a similar work in Canada?

Till now you have led the way in Union movements. The Presbyterian Church first and then the Wesleyan have set examples to Presbyterians and Wesleyans on this side the Atlantic.

But to us it seems to be given to lead the way in the larger Federation. The movement here is advancing by leaps and bounds. The number of Councils already exceeds three hundred. As many as nine in a single week have recently been established within the bounds of London alone. And what is most hopeful of all is, that the movement is assuming a distinctly more spiritual character, and has led in many places to united evangelistic work, which has been blessed in a marvellous manner.

I have just received information from Wolverhampton that a mission promoted by the Free Church Council in the town has been held there, and the place has been moved to the very heart. All the Free Churches united in this mission; and the hearty co-operation of ministers and people alike has been one of the main factors in the success of this revival. Every afternoon a Bible reading was held in the different churches in succession, and some of them proved too small for the numbers who came. Night after night the Agricultural Hall, which holds two thousand, was crowded to excess, and all were affected by the simple and powerful pleading of Mr. "Gipsy" Smith. The enquiry room was filled every night with persons of all ages and of all creeds.

No fewer than eight hundred and fifty conversions were recorded, and the names of the converts have been communicated to their ministers. But I must not be tempted to extend my letter into an article after all, so I conclude.

Wishing that your semi-Jubilee may be a time of inspiration, and that as you look back on a past which is memorable, so you may look forward to a future which under God shall be increasingly great and blessed. I am,

Your old friend,

J. M. GIBSON.

Marlborough Place,  
London, N.W., Nov. 1896.

# The Family Circle.

A Comedy With a Tragic End.

BY J. M. BARRIE.



THREE British writers prominent in the public eye at present have very recently visited this continent—Ian Maclaren, Dr. Robertson Nicholl and Mr. J. M. Barrie. A book by the latter, certain to enhance his reputation, after having run serially through *Scribner's Magazine* for the present year, has just been published. Those who appreciate the charm of a piece of pure literature will read and re-read "Sentimental Tommy," a book which so competent a critic as Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie has characterized as Mr. Barrie's masterpiece. During the course of a dinner at New York, which Mr. Barrie said was the only dinner he had ever allowed to be given him, the gifted author told an amusing story respecting the ignorance displayed by American reporters in regard to his writings. "One reporter," he said, "was charmed by my 'Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush.' I said he was very kind to say so, but Dr. Nicholl corrected him. Then he explained that, of course he meant 'The Stickit Minister,' and when he found that he was again mistaken, declared that what he really meant was that charming serial now running in *The Century* called 'Silly Tommy.'"

By kind permission of The Copp, Clark Co., Ltd., Toronto, we here reprint a characteristic incident in the boyish life—for this volume relates altogether to his boyhood career—of Thomas Sandys. Tommy had a friend, somewhat larger than himself, a "toff" named Shovel. One day Tommy was playing with his sister, Elspeth, in the London tenement room they termed home, when Shovel suddenly popped his head over the door (he was standing on the handle) and roared "Roastbeef," in the manner of a railway porter announcing the name of a station, and then at once withdrew. The author continues the story for himself.

He returned presently to say that vain must be all attempts to wheedle his secret from him, and yet again to ask irritably why Tommy was not coming out to hear all about it. Then did Tommy desert Elspeth, and on the stair Shovel showed him a yellow card with this printed on it: "S.R.J.C.—Supper Ticket;" and written beneath, in a lady's hand, "Admit Joseph Salt." The letters, Shovel explained, meant Society for the somethink of Juvenile Criminals, and the toffs what ran it got hold of you when you came out of quod. Then if you was willing to repent they wrote down your name and the place what you lived at in a book, and one of them came to see yer and give yer a ticket for the blow-out night. This was blow-out night, and that was Shovel's ticket. He had bought it from Hump Salt for fourpence. What you get at the blow-out was roast-beef, plum-duff, and an orange; but when Hump saw the fourpence he could not wait.

A favor was asked of Tommy. Shovel had been told by Hump that it was the custom of the toffs to sit beside you and question you about your crimes, and lacking the imagination that made Tommy such an ornament to the house, the chances were that he would flounder in his answers and be ejected. Hump had pointed this out to him after pocketing the fourpence. Would Tommy, therefore, make up things for him to say; reward, the orange.

This was a proud moment for Tommy, as Shovel's knowledge of crime was much more extensive than his own, though they had both studied it in the pictures of a lively newspaper subscribed to by Shovel, senior. He became patronizing at once and rejected the orange as insufficient.

Then, suppose, after he got into the hall, Shovel dropped his ticket out at the window. Tommy could pick it up, and then it would admit him also.

Tommy liked this, but foresaw a danger: the ticket might be taken from Shovel at the door, just as they took them from you at that singing thing in the church he had attended with young Petey.

So help Shovel's davy, there was no fear of this. They were superior toffs, what trusted to your honor.

Would Shovel swear to this?

He would.

But would he swear dagont?

He swore dagont, and then Tommy had him. As he was so sure of it he could not object to Tommy's being the one who dropped the ticket out at the window?

Shovel did object for a time, but after a wrangle he gave up the ticket, intending to take it from Tommy when primed with the necessary tale. So they parted until evening, and Tommy returned to Elspeth, secretive but elated. For the rest of the day he was in thought, now wagging his head snugly over some dark, unutterable design and again looking a little scared. In growing alarm she watched his face, and at last she slipped upon her knees, but he had her up at once and said, reproachfully:

"It were me as teached yer to pray, and now yer prays for me! That's fine treatment."

Nevertheless, after his mother's return, just before he stole out to join Shovel, he took Elspeth aside and whispered to her, nervously:

"You can pray for me if you like, for, oh, Elspeth, I'm thinking as I'll need it sore." And sore he needed it before the night was out.

"I love my dear father and my dear mother and all the dear little kids at home. You are a kind laidy or gentleman. I love yer. I will never do it again, so help me love. Amen."

This was what Shovel muttered to himself

again and again as the two boys make their way across the lamplight Hungerford Bridge, and Tommy asked him what it meant.

"My old gal learned me that she's deep," Shovel said, wiping the words off his mouth with his sleeve.

"But you got no kids at 'ome," remonstrated Tommy.

Shovel turned on him with the fury of a mother protecting her young. "Don't you try for to knock none on it out," he cried, and again fell a-mumbling.

Said Tommy, scornfully: "If you says it all out at one bang you'll be done at the start."

Shovel sighed. "And you should blubber when yer say it," added Tommy, who could laugh or cry merely because other people were laughing or crying, or even with less reason, and so naturally that he found it more difficult to stop than to begin. Shovel was the taller by half a head, and irresistible with his fists, but to-night Tommy was master.

"You jest stick to me, Shovel," he said, airily. "Keep a grip on my hand, same as if yer was Elspeth."

"But what was we copped for, Tommy?" entreated humble Shovel.

Tommy asked him if he knew what a butler was, and Shovel remembered, confusedly, that there had been a portrait of a butler in his father's news-sheet.

"Well, then," said Tommy, inspired by this same source, "there's a room a butler has, and it has a pantry, so you and me we crawled through the winder and we opened the door to the gang. You and me 'vas copped. They caughted you below the table and me stabbing the butler."

"It was me what stabbed the butler," Shovel interposed jealously.

"How could you do it, Shovel?"

"With a knife, I tell yer."

"Why, you didn't have no knife," said Tommy, impatiently.

This crushed Shovel, but he growled sulkily.

"Well, I bit him in the leg."

"Not you," said selfish Tommy. "You forgets about repenting, and if I le' yer bite him, you would brag about it. It's safer without, Shovel."

Perhaps it was. "How long did I get in quod, then, Tommy?"

"Fourteen days."

"So did you?" Shovel said, with quick anxiety.

"I got a month," replied Tommy firmly.

Shovel roared a word that would never have admitted him to the hall. Then, "I'm as game as you, and gamer," he whined.

"But I am better at repenting. I tell yer, I'll cry when I'm repenting." Tommy's face lit up, and Shovel could not help saying, with a curious look at it:

"You—you ain't like any other cove I knows," to which Tommy replied, also in an awestruck voice:

"I'm so queer, Shovel, that when I thinks 'bout myself I'm—I'm sometimes near feared."

"What makes your face for to shine like that? Is it thinking about the blow-out?"

No, it was hardly that, but Tommy could not tell what it was. He and the saying about art for art's sake were in the streets that night looking for each other.

The splendor of the brightly lighted hall which was situated in one of the meanest streets of perhaps the most densely populated quarter in London, broke upon the two boys suddenly and hit each in his vital part, tapping an invitation on Tommy's brain-pan and taking Shovel coquettishly in the stomach. Now was the moment when Shovel meant to strip Tommy of the ticket, but the spectacle in front dazed him and he stopped to tell a vegetable-barrow how he loved his dear father and his dear mother,

and all the dear kids at home. Then Tommy darted forward and was immediately lost in the crowd surging round the steps of the hall.

Several gentlemen in evening dress stood framed in the lighted doorway, shouting: "Have your tickets in your hand and give them up as you pass in." They were fine fellows, helping in a splendid work, and their society did much good, though it was not so well organized as others that have followed in its steps; but Shovel, you may believe, was in no mood to attend to them. He had but one thought; that the traitor Tommy was doubtless at that moment boring his way toward them, underground, as it were, and "holding his ticket in his hand." Shovel dived into the rabble and was lunged back upside down. Falling with his arms round a full-grown man, he immediately ran up him as if he had been a lamp post, and was aloft just sufficiently long to see Tommy give up the ticket and saunter into the hall.

The crowd tried at intervals to rush the door. It was mainly composed of ragged boys, but here and there were men, women, and girls, who came into view for a moment under the lights as the mob heaved and went round and round like a boiling potful. Two policemen joined the ticket-collectors, and though it was a good-humored gathering, the air was thick with such cries as these:

"I lorst my ticket, ain't I telling yer? Gar on yunior, lemme in."

"Oh, Crumpeys, look at Jimmy; Jimmy never done nothing, your honor; he's a him-poster."

"I'm the boy what kicked the peeler. Hie you toff with the choker, ain't I going to step up?"

"Tell yer, I'm a genooine crimnal, I am. If yer don't lemme in I'll have the lawr on you."

"Let a poor cove in as his father drowned hisself for his country."

"What air yer torking about? Warn't I in last year, and the cuss as runs the show, he says to me, 'Allers welcome,' he says. None on your sarse, Bobby. I demands to see the cuss what runs—"

"Just keeping on me out 'cos I ain't done nothin'. Ho, this is a encouragement to honesty, I don't think."

Mighty in tongue and knee and elbow was an unknown knight, ever conspicuous; it might be but by a leg waving for one brief moment in the air. He did not want to go in, would not go in though they went on their blooming knees to him. He was after a viper of the name of Tommy. Half an hour had not tired him, and he was leading another assault, when a magnificent lady, such as you see in wax-works, appeared in the vestibule and made some remark to a policeman, who then shouted:—

"If so there be hany lad here called Shovel, he can step foward."

A dozen lads stepped forward at once, but a flail drove them right and left, and the unknown knight had mounted the parapet amid a shower of execrations. "If you are the real Shovel," the lady said to him, "you can tell me how this proceeds, 'I love my dear father and my dear mother—' Go on."

Shovel obeyed, tremblingly. "And all the dear little kids at home. You are a kind laidy or gentleman. I love yer, I will never do it again, so help me bob. Amen."

"Charming," chirped the lady, and down pleasant-smelling aisles she led him, pausing to drop an observation about Tommy to a clergyman: "So glad I came; I have discovered the most delightful little monster called Tommy." The clergyman looked after her half in sadness, half sarcastically; he was thinking that he had discovered a monster also.

At present the body of the hall was empty, but its sides were lively with gorging boys, among whom ladies moved, carrying platefuls of good things. Most of them were sweet women, fighting bravely for these boys, and not at all like Shovel's patroness, who had come for a sensation. Tommy falling into her hands, she got it.

Tommy, who had a corner to himself, was lolling in it like a little king, and he not only ordered roast beef for the awe-struck Shovel, but sent the lady back for salt. Then he whispered exultantly. "Quick, Shovel, feel my pocket" (it bulged with two oranges), "now the inside pocket" (plum-duff), "now my waistcoat pocket" (threepence), "look in my mouth" (chocolates).

When Shovel found speech he began excitedly: "I love my dear father and my dear—"

"Gach!" said Tommy, interrupting him contemptuously. "Repenting ain't no go, Shovel. Look at them other coves; none of them has got no money, nor full pockets, and I can tell you, it's 'cos they has repented."

"Gar on!"

"It's true, I tells you. That lady as is my one, she's called her ladyship, and she don't care a cuss for boys as has repented," which of course was a libel, her ladyship being celebrated wherever paragraphs penetrate for having knitted a pair of stockings for the deserving poor.

"Waen I saw that," Tommy continued brazenly, "I bragged 'stead of repenting, and the wuss I says I am, she jest says, 'You little monster, and gives me another orange.'"

"Then I am done for," Shovel moaned, "for I rolled off that 'bout loving my dear father and my dear mother, blast 'em, soon as I seen her."

He need not let that depress him. Tommy had told her he would say it, but that it was all fixt.

Shovel thought the ideal arrangement would be for him to eat and leave the torking to Tommy. Tommy nodded. "I'm full at any rate," he said, struggling with his waistcoat. "Oh, Shovel, I am full."

Her ladyship returned, and the boys held by their contract, but of the dark character Tommy seems to have been, let not these pages bear the record. Do you wonder that her ladyship believed him? On this point we must fight for our Tommy. You would have believed him. Even Shovel, who knew, between the bites, that it was all whoppers, listened as to his father reading aloud. This was because another boy present half believed it for the moment also. When he described the eerie darkness of the butler's pantry, he shivered involuntarily, and he shut his eyes once—ugh—that was because he saw the blood spouting out of the butler. He was turning up his trousers to show the mark of the butler's boot on his leg when the lady was called away, and then Shovel shook him, saying: "Darn yer, doesn't yer know as it's all your eye?" which brought Tommy to his senses with a jerk.

"Sure's death, Shovel," he whispered, in awe, I was thinking I had done it, every bit."

Had her ladyship come back she would have found him a different boy. He remembered now that Elspeth, for whom he had filled his pockets, was praying for him; he could see her on her knees, saying: "Oh, God, I see praying for Tommy," and remorse took hold of him and shook him on his seat. He broke into one hysterical laugh and then immediately began to sob. This was the moment when Shovel should have got him quietly out of the hall.

Members of the society discussing him afterwards with bated breath said that never till they died could they forget her ladyship's face while he did it. "But did you notice the boy's own face? It was positively angelic."

"Angelic indeed; the little horror was intoxicated." "No, there was a doctor present, and according to him it was the meal that had gone to the boy's head; he looked half-starved. As for the clergyman, he only said: 'We shall lose her subscription; I am glad of it.'"

Yes, Tommy was intoxicated, but with a beverage not recognized by the faculty. What happened was this: Supper being finished, the time had come for what Shovel called the jawing, and the boys were now mstered in the body of the hall. The limited audience had gone to the gallery, and unluckily all eyes except Shovel's were turned to the platform. Shovel was apprehensive about Tommy, who was not exactly sobbing now, but strange, uncontrollable sounds not unlike the winding up of a clock proceeded from his throat, his face had flushed, there was a purposeful look in his usually unreadable eye, his fingers were fidgeting on the board in front of him, and he seemed to keep his seat with difficulty.

The personage who was to address the boys sat on the platform with clergymen, members of committee, and some ladies, one of them Tommy's patroness. Her ladyship saw Tommy and smiled to him, but obtained no response. She had taken a front seat, a choice that she must have regretted presently.

The chairman rose and in a reassuring manner announced that the Rev. Mr. — would open the proceedings with prayer. The Rev. Mr. — rose to pray in a loud voice for the waifs in the body of the hall. At the same moment rose Tommy, and began to pray in a squeaky voice for the people on the platform.

He had many Biblical phrases, mostly picked up in Thrums Street, and what he said was distinctly heard in the stillness, the clergyman being suddenly bereft of speech. "Oh," he cried, "look down on them ones there, for, oh, they are unworthy of thy mercy, and, oh, the worst sinner is her ladyship, her sitting there so brazen in the black frock with yellow stripes, and the worse I said I were, the better pleased were she. Oh make her think shame for tempting of a poor boy, forgetting suffer little children, oh, why cumbereth she the ground, oh—"

He was in full swing before any one could act. Shovel having failed to hold him in his seat, had done what was perhaps the next best thing, got beneath it himself. The arm of the petrified clergyman was still extended, as if blessing his brother's remarks, the chairman seemed to be trying to fling his right hand at the culprit, but her ladyship, after the first stab, never moved a muscle. Thus for nearly half a minute, when the officials woke up and squeezing past many knees, seized Tommy by the neck and ran him out of the building. All down the aisle he prayed hysterically, and for some time afterwards, to Shovel, who had been cast forth along with him.

On leaving the hall Tommy had soon dropped to the cold ground and squatted there till he came to, when he remembered nothing of what had led to his expulsion. Like a stream that has run into a pond and only finds itself again when it gets out, he was but a continuation of the boy who when last conscious of himself was in the corner crying remorsefully over his misdeed; and in this humility he would have returned to Elspeth had no one told him of his prayer. Shovel, however, was at hand, not only to tell him all about it, but to applaud, and home strutted Tommy chuckling.

Into our hearts and into our lives  
Shadows may sometimes fall:  
But the sunshine is never wholly dead,  
For God is over all.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN

AT NIGHTFALL.

HELEN M. MERRILL.

There is an hour under the shadow-drifted stars

When silently the darkness broods,  
Nor frets against her gloomy prison bars  
Within the quiet woods.

An hour when golden voices of the day are dumb,

When peacefully the night winds pass,  
Low whispering forever as they run  
Along the trembling grass.

And in that hour, at nightfall, when dim dreams have birth,

Though thou art distant far from here,  
Darkness blots out the intervening earth,  
And thou seemst strangely near.

Picton, 1896.

Translated for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

A CHRISTMAS FETE IN BETHLEHEM.

A TRAVELLING REMINISCENCE.

BY REV. R. J. CRAIG, M.A.

"Sar wakt es safer—nerkalu!" (it is time for departure, let us mount), were the words with which two young Christian Arabs greeted me in Jerusalem on the morning of the 23rd December. I had arranged to travel with them to Bethlehem, in order to be present at the magnificent church fetes, which on the 24th December of each year are held in the Church of the Incarnation and in the town of Bethlehem itself.

The day was cool and rainy, after a hot spell. Half an hour afterwards we were making our way along the country road, already thronged with pilgrims, priests, travellers, country people, and camel caravans.

At the Greek cloister of Mar Elias—about half way to Bethlehem—we got our first sight of the latter town. Mar Elias lies high. Behind us rose Jerusalem, with its towers, crosses, cupolas, and high walls. Before us, rose Bethlehem, some 850 metres above the sea.

The houses and huts with their flat roofs, their grey or light-yellow walls, were visible from afar. Mosques and minarets do not draw the eye in Bethlehem, only the towers of the Christian God's houses greeted us.

The number of Mohammedans in Bethlehem is very, very small, and apparently diminishing; nor are there any Jewish families settled there. The inhabitants, numbering a little over 7,000, trace their descent from the Arabs, who in former centuries frequently mixed with wandering Western tribes. They are Christians, principally Roman Catholics, while others are of the Greek Church. As we approached Bethlehem, which lies on two large and several small hills; we observed three scarlet-clothed soldiers of the Turkish infantry. The Pasha of Jerusalem had ordered them to Bethlehem for the Christmas fetes, to preserve order in the Church of the Incarnation. Strange! They were to command Christians to be at peace with one another, to whom Jesus Christ had bequeathed "Peace be with you" as a salutation. A Turkish military guard stands in the Church of the Incarnation and among its crypts, throughout the year. These unfortunately have frequently been compelled to use their bayonets and rifles to maintain peace among the pilgrims. We were shown the marks of bullets on the church walls. Priests of the Greek Church had fired their heavily loaded revolvers, in order to frighten the Roman Catholic pilgrims, and to constrain them from coming into the church. I passed the night of the 23rd December in the house of a German workman. On the 24th Dec. numerous Christians arrived from Jerusalem, Joppa, Beirut, and from Palestine, and Syria generally. The imposing Roman Catholic procession, headed by its Patriarch, advanced from Jerusalem. The participants celebrated the Birth-Fete of the Saviour in the Catherine Chapel, which is built over the manger. Directly above the latter there is a rocky hole, such as one frequently finds to-day in Palestine, and where shepherds and flocks shelter themselves from the rain. The Basilica was built by the holy Helena in the year 326.

The Birth Grotto, to which one descends by a flight of steps, measures about twelve metres in length, four metres in breadth, and three and a half metres in height. The walls are covered with costly carpets. The principal altar of the Birth Grotto bears in large illuminated letters the inscription:

"Here of the Virgin Mary  
Jesus Christ was born."

This altar belongs to the Greeks. Another altar (Catholic), which stands some two or three feet farther in, marks the place where the cradle might have stood.

In the Church of the Incarnation itself, only the Catholics, Greeks and Armenians have altars. It is only lately that the German Protestants have a church of their own in Bethlehem. Until this was built, the Christmas Fete of Protestants there was held in the German Evangelical Mission School.

Around a lighted Christmas tree, the children sang Christmas songs in Arabic, and

received presents of clothing, schoolbooks, playthings, cabbles, and sweets. But they did not take their presents home with them the same evening, lest in the darkness they might be met by beggars and vagabonds, who would be by no means moderate or respectful in their demands.

With but a few insignificant exceptions, the inhabitants of Bethlehem are industrious and persevering. Besides the tillage of the soil, and the raising of fruit, there are many families engaged in the manufacture of the beautiful mother-of-pearl and olivewood work. Looking into the houses, immediately after the Christmas fete, I saw hundreds of diligent hands, many of them those of children, busy with the manufacture of silver mother-of-pearl work, olivewood ware, and similar articles.

The Greek Church celebrates Christmas twelve days later, and as I sojourned some time in Jerusalem, I rode over again to Bethlehem for the celebration, the distance being easily accomplished on horseback in two hours.

The feast began with great pomp. Conspicuous in the large and imposing procession was a company of Arabian knights (Christian Arabs), than whose sumptuous attire, and richly caparisoned horses, I never saw any thing so beautiful. The riders wore costly loose flowing garments, while in their girdles were silver-inlaid, pistols and daggers with ornately chased handles.

Towards midnight, the faithful thronged into the church and the crypt; and while they are singing and praying, numerous lamps hung on the inside of the roof are reflected out through the large cross-shaped cupola upon the darkness, sending rays of hope and consolation into many hearts.

Many of the Greek families illuminate their houses at the same celebration. But it is sad to think that many of the priests and monks of the Greek Oriental Church are fanatical and brutal. Repeatedly, Greek ecclesiastics, armed with daggers and revolvers, surprise the frequenters of other Christian communions, because on one occasion some of the latter marched in procession through the Church of the Incarnation, without first obtaining permission.

Nature is not very pleasant in Bethlehem at Christmas. Heavy rainstorms prevail. In spring everything looks bright. Olive, fig, mandelu, orange, lemon, and tamarisk trees, burst into bloom. Seed-fields, meadows, vegetable and vine gardens, which surround the town, are thronged with workers. As soon as Christmas is past, the streaming crowds of pilgrims and visitors disappear. The Turkish soldiers march back to Jerusalem, and only the permanent military post remains on guard at the altar of the Incarnation. The little town falls back to its normal state of such quietness, as has characterized it for over 2,000 years.

Stuttgart, Germany.

"THEY ALSO SERVE WHO ONLY STAND AND WAIT."

O power to do! O baffled will!  
O prayer and action! ye are one,  
Who may not strive, may yet fulfil  
The harder task of standing still,  
And good but wished, with God is done.  
—WHITTIER.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

THE STRANDED CAPTAIN.

BY CHRISTINA ROSS FRAME.

The summer tourist from the Inland Provinces of our great Dominion will find much that is interesting and novel in the coast towns and villages of the Provinces by the sea.

The fishing village of the Atlantic coast perched amid the granite cliffs, its bits of green enclosure showing vividly against the grey background, the tiny church, the dazzling lime-washed cottages, the lighthouse with its great lamp shining far out on the ocean, present characteristics in strong contrast to those of the seaport village on the Bay of Fundy, which is usually clustered round the mouth of a creek or tidal river, and surrounded by lands famed for richness and fertility.

But in every port, whether on Bay of Fundy, Atlantic coast, or Gulf of St. Lawrence, that most interesting of Maritime Provincial types, the stranded sea Captain is to be found. Rheumatism, accidents, tramp-steamers and old age have driven him ashore, and he has furled sails and cast anchor in his native port. At first he settles down with a firm determination to become a landsman, and if his years have not gone beyond the half century, he enters with great zeal into farming or fruit raising, or whatever hobby has taken possession of his mind. He argues loud and long with the old farmers of the neighborhood on the rotation of crops, and quotes himself as an authority on tree planting. This goes on for a year or more, when on some bright morning an unusual bustle will be seen about the doors of his trim residence. His family are assembled to bid good-bye to the Captain, who is bound for some large seaport, perhaps Montreal or New York, oftener Liverpool or London, to join a ship. The Captain's wife looks ruefully at the ploughed fields waiting to be sown, the orchard to be pruned, and the farm work to be

directed, and realizes that she, having put her hand to the plough, must not look back. She has understood the growing restlessness of the stranded Captain, especially on days when a soft south-west wind blew, and the long green waves came rolling in and broke with a gentle cooing sound on the beach. Her keen ear had detected the tremor in his voice when he read of rising markets, and good freights, and when a telegram came with the offer of a ship, she cheerfully bade him God-speed knowing that the first instalment of his life as a landsman had come to an end. The habits of a lifetime are hard to break, and the Captain usually follows the instalment plan in becoming a landsman.

"The great winds come and the heaving sea,  
The restless mother is calling me;  
The cry of her heart is lone and wild,  
Searching the night for her wandered child"

And off goes the Captain, until old age or illness silences the voice of the charmer. But when the Captain really settles down to a landsman, when he is content to let the farmers gather their harvests in their own way, and meddle not with the affairs of the stock-raiser, but becomes a violent partisan in politics, and drives the fastest horse in the village, when his strong, sonorous voice rolls out fervently in the prayer meeting, for the majority in these seaport villages are pious folk as befits men who are so often called upon to face death; when his genial face beams at festive gatherings and in his own home, then is to be seen one of the bulwarks of our maritime people. The children of a seaport village carry with them a heritage of memories. In after years living in busy cities or settled on boundless wastes of prairie, a misty day brings to mind November days on the coast, when the fog came creeping in enveloping the village in a thick grey curtain out of which the villagers suddenly appeared or vanished into the gloom like spectres. Hoarse voices from schooners seeking harbour sounded from out the chaos, with an uncanny nearness born of the fog. Out on the grey sea there was the heavy swell which accompanies fog. The automatic buoy and the horns boomed mournfully, and the oily, sombre waves crept stealthily upon the beach and round the oozy piers of the wharves.

What a house of refuge in storm and fog, was the home of the stranded Captain, who never lacked guests in the autumn twilights. The great fire roared in the chimney, and threw flickering beams of light on the curios with which the room was decked, spoils of many lands gathered by the Captain. The dazzling freight brought out his strongly marked bronzed features, his merry twinkling eyes, and his frosty beard. Settling himself in his favourite arm-chair, he would fill his pipe, carefully jamming the tobacco down with his thumb, and after several long-drawn puffs, a state of mind and body compatible with the relation of bygone adventures was reached. What thrilling stories of blockade running, of typhoons in China, and hurricanes in the West Indies, of wrecks and fires at sea, were told by the Captain. He had experienced the strangeness of life in far-away Oriental cities, and had entered with zest into the rush and bustle of busy Occidental marts. Tales were related of the wonders seen in the heavens, and in the deep, by those who go down to the sea in ships, strange superstitions and supernatural occurrences, until creepy sensations were felt by his listeners. The Captain's stories were told with a garrulous attention to detail, which Dana says is born of the monotony of long voyages at sea. The Captain's prayers too had this fine flavour of the sea; in a strong, sonorous voice he prayed "for those who did business on the great waters." "Watch over them, O Lord! Give them blue skies and favouring gales, and a rolling sea behind the ship." The stranded Captain of the writer's memory has his counterpart in all our sea-ports. Men ready for every good work, impatient, kind-hearted, quick-tempered and generous to a fault. The stranded Captain must have been a type in past generations also, for in an old cemetery of a seaport town the following appropriate lines are engraven on a time-worn slate tombstone:

Through Boreas' blasts and tempests high,  
I have tossed it to and fro,  
Fill by the Almighty God's commands  
I'm anchored here below  
Where many of the fleet are moored and unmolested sleep,  
Ready and waiting to make sail, their High Admiral Christ to meet.

Surely a fitting epitaph for the stranded Captains of all generations.  
Halifax, N.S.

Better than friends and kindred,  
Better than love and rest,  
Better than hope and triumph,  
Is the name I wear on my breast  
I feel my way through the shadows,  
With a confident heart and brave;  
I shall live in the light beyond them,  
I shall conquer death and the grave.  
—MARGARET E. SANGSTER.

The German Emperor shows himself more and more of an absolutist. He seeks to make militarism supreme. He has lately been exalting the army above measure, and claiming for the uniform a special sacredness. In comparison with the soldier, the tradesman is of no account. The uniformed representative of imperial authority has rights and privileges superior to those of the civilian. This is high ground to take, and is causing protest and irritation throughout Germany. If the Kaiser is wise, he will not push his arbitrary rule to the verge of revolution.

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Toronto Globe says the game is ingenious and clever and will be an attractive one to all lovers of the "Roarin'" game on ice.

There is no one who ever has had the "Music of the Stones" in their ears but are going a bit daft over this new game. D. A. Ross, Toronto.

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## Our Young Folks.

### A Christmas Carol.

They tell a lovely story, in lands beyond the sea,  
How, when the King of Glory lay on His mother's knee,  
Before the Prophet-princes came, bringing gifts in hand,  
The dumb beasts felt the miracle men could not understand!

The gentle, patient donkey and the ox that trod the corn,  
Knelt down beside the manger, and knew that Christ was born.  
And so they say in Sweden, at twelve each Christmas night,  
The dumb beasts kneel to worship and see the Christmas light!

This fancy makes men kinder to creatures needing care;  
They give them Christmas greeting and dainty Christmas fare;  
The cat and dog sup gaily, and a sheaf of golden corn  
Is raised above the roof-tree for the birds on Christmas morn.

—MARY FIELD WILLIAMS.

### Worth Winning.

The following story of an honest boy is told in *Good Words*:

There was a boy who "lived out" named John. Every week he wrote home to his mother, who lived on a small farm away up among the hills. One day John picked up an old envelope from the kitchen wood-box, and saw that the postage stamp was not touched by the postmaster's stamp to show that it had done its duty and henceforth was useless.

"The postmaster missed his aim then," said John, "and left the stamp as good as new. I'll use it myself."

He moistened it at the nose of the teakettle, and very carefully pulled the stamp off.

"No," said John's conscience, "for that would be cheating. The stamp has been on one letter; it ought not to carry another."

"It can carry another," said John, "because, you see, there is no mark to prove it worthless. The post-office will not know it."

"But you know," said his conscience, "and that is enough. It is not honest to use it a second time. It is a little matter, to be sure, but it is cheating. God looks for principle. It is the quality of every action that He judges by."

"But no one will know it," said John faintly.

"No one?" cried conscience. "God will know it, and that is enough, and He, you know, desires truth in the inward parts."

"Yes," cried the best part of John's character. "Yes, it is cheating to use the postage-stamp a second time and I will not do it."

John tore it in two and gave it to the winds. And so John won a victory. Wasn't it worth winning?

### The Jaguars of South America.

We measured the jaguar—an old male—before taking off the skin; five feet and seven inches from nose to root of tail, the tail added would bring the total length to nearly eight feet. This was a good deal above the average, though I have seen skins quite six feet long, not including the tail. The body weighed, I suppose, not less than three hundred pounds. This was the variety of species called *cangussú* by the hunters of Matto Grosso; on the Amazons it is the *urianaúra*, or dog-jaguar. All over South America three kinds of jaguars are distinguished: naturalists at present regard them as varieties, but I confess I am inclined to side with the hunters who laugh at the idea that these three are the same. The *cangussú*—the kind Bert had shot—is confined to the higher lands, never straying over the great swamps of the Amazons and Paraguay. The ground-color is pale tawny, almost white at times, and is irregularly covered with small black spots, which tend to run into stripes along the back. Besides having longer legs and tail, it is altogether a more slender animal than the *onça pintada*, called by the Amazonian Indians *youareté-pacóra-sororóca*, or "jaguar of the wild plantain," because it frequents swampy places where that plant grows. This is the common jaguar of the great river-plains, though also seen occasionally on the highlands. It has a deep tawny coat, with large black spots so arranged that they form little circles or "roses" on the sides, but sometimes

run into stripes on the back. The *onça pintada* often attacks alligators and turtles, and it lives largely on fish.

There is a curious story about the jaguar's fishing, which many travellers have told, though most discredit it. I have heard it from reliable woodsmen, who say that they have watched the whole performance; and, for myself, I can see nothing incredible in it. The jaguar, it is said, lies on a projecting log and strikes the water gently with its tail; certain fruit-eating fish, as the *pacu*, come to the sound, imagining that a fruit has dropped into the water, and the jaguar scoops them out with his paw. That these fish below follow sound I know, for I have often caught *pacús* with a palm-nut bait, dropping it gently on the surface of the water two or three times; the fish, attracted by the noise, soon appear, and even leap after the fruit as trout leap to a fly. This is the common method of *pacú*-fishing on the Paraguay, and very good sport it is.

The *onças pintadas* swim well, as I can attest. I have seen one swimming across the river Cuyabá where it is a quarter of a mile broad. It is said that they cross even the Paraguay and Amazon.

The third variety or species is the black "tiger," very rare on the Matto Grosso highlands but common in the Amazonian and Orinoco forests. This is the largest and fiercest of all. At first sight the skin appears quite black; but on closer inspection still darker spots, similar to those of the *onça pintada*, can be distinguished.

I may add here that the puma—our North American species—is also found all over South America, and in many places is very common. It is a pest to the cattle-men, from its propensity for carrying off young calves; but otherwise it is little feared, and for size and fierceness will bear no comparison with the jaguars. South America has also a number of smaller species, ranging from the spotted *jaguaritirica*, nearly as large as a puma, down to the little gray and striped kinds hardly bigger than a domestic cat.—Herbert H. Smith, in *St. Nicholas*.

### Two Points of View.

We all have heard boys and girls comment on each other's queer ways. The following verses from *The Youth's Companion* furnish another evidence of their one-sided observations of each other:

ODD OR EVEN?

*The girl speaks:*

I think you will hardly believe it true,  
The curious things he contrives to do.  
A needle, the biggest that ever can be,  
And a thread so fine you can scarcely see,  
With never a thimble to make it go;  
And that is the way he tries to sew!

*The boy speaks:*

Well, well! at the thought of it words 'most fail.  
She doesn't know how to drive a nail.  
She holds it crooked, with finger and thumb,  
And she pounds her hand till the bruises come;  
And what do you think she takes to drive?  
Her own hand-mirror, as I'm alive!

### An Illustration.

The incident lately related in *The Interior* of a young man who dated the beginnings of his fortune from the enforced consecration of a tithe to religion, shows how in one way religion often lies at the foundation of financial success. But it brought to mind the case of a well-known business man who was relating to us how he made his wealth by going to prayer-meeting. In his very first employment he was called upon to choose what one evening of the week he would take as his night "off" from business. Young as he was, and fond of a good time as others of his age, it required a strong conviction of duty to choose, as he did, prayer-meeting night, and to give his one evening to the worship of God. But not so very long after he was offered the controlling interest in the business itself, could he raise sufficient money to control it. With many a misgiving, knowing well that he had not the slightest security to offer, he applied at the bank, and was told, "Any young man who goes to prayer-meeting as regularly as you do can be trusted," and he

was. In a few months he was able to discharge his debt, and he has since been continually a partner, and is to-day a still rising man. Business men know how to estimate the worth of character when they see it.

### Merry Christmas!

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!  
Singeth through the crowded street,  
How it rings up from the pavement  
Trode by eager, busy feet!  
Each to each the bright contagion  
Passes, as they swiftly move;  
Arms so full of precious bundles!  
Hearts so full of happy love!

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!  
Gayly peal the festive bells;  
Swiftly back the echo flashing  
All the earth with music swells!  
Little snowbirds hopping blithely  
Chirp in ecstasy of joy,  
Chattering with whirling snowflakes  
Dancing from the frosty sky.

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!  
Shout the evergreen and pine!  
And, replying, sing their comrades  
Now bedecked in splendor fine.  
With the toys all ranged about them,  
Gay with lights, they honored are  
As a depot for dear Santa  
And his heavy-laden car.

Oh, this dear old Merry Christmas!  
Was there ever such a time!  
Gladdest poets oft despairing  
Fail to give thee fitting rhyme.  
Better speak these merry children,  
Romp'ing, rushing through the hall,  
"Merry Merry, Merry Christmas,  
Unto you, and unto all!"

—SELECTED.

### The Runaway Horse.

That horse must have been astonished. He was frightened and running away. He tore along the street, with a lot of boys and men running after him and screaming "Whoa!" I did not wonder that he kicked until he had torn himself loose from the waggon, and then ran faster than ever to get away from the screaming crowd. There, right in front of him at the corner, was an open door. Perhaps if he got in there he could get away from the crowd. He turned quickly and dashed through the door. There was an awful crash. He turned about, still more frightened, and there was another awful crash. The horse was in a crockery store. The clerks ran at him. He tried to get out, but every move he made was followed by the crushing and grinding. He kicked up his heels and knocked over a table; this gave him more room, and he turned and got outdoors, where he faced the screaming crowd. Poor fellow! He was trembling and so bewildered that he did not know which way to go. Some one caught him and held him until his owner came up. His owner patted him and spoke soothingly to him, as if he understood just how he felt.

But the owner of the store! I walked down the street and left him talking. He acted as if the dear horse had started out to get into his store and destroy things, and the horse looked over his shoulder as if he would like to explain to the angry man that he did not mean to harm him, and that his dear master, he knew, would pay for the mistake he had made.

### They Will Sing in the South.

What a desolate land it must be where there are no birds! Quite as desolate as a land without flowers. In South Africa, where a number of English families have settled, there were no birds, and the people grew homesick for them. They missed not only their songs, but the life they gave the woods. What do you think they did? They sent to England for the birds they loved—the lark, the thrush, the nightingale, the robin, starlings, and many of the other home birds, and they have now reached Africa. There is a park owned by an Englishman near Cape Town, and there these birds are to make their home. It is expected that they will be so well cared for that they will build nests, and lay eggs, and bring up their children in this new home, and make the English people there happy.

## The Nineteenth Century Children.

(As sung by Santa Claus.)

REPORTED BY EMILIE POULSSON IN ST. NICHOLAS.

Reporter's Note, No. 1.

I can't tell where I heard it ;  
But yet I can't be wrong.  
I must have heard old Santa Claus  
Sing something like this song,  
Or how could I have told you,  
Or ever have found out  
That Santa Claus could sing at all,  
Or what he sang about ?

SONG.

The children of the present  
Are wondrous wise, 't is said ;  
No superstitious thoughts are found  
In any little head.

("But bless their hearts!" laughed Santa,  
Right merrily laughed he.  
"They cannot bear to give me up ;  
They still believe in me—  
Oh, yes!  
Some still believe in me.")

They don't believe in fairies—  
They don't believe in gnomes.  
Enchanted castles they "pooh-pooh!"  
And likewise haunted homes.  
They don't believe in mermaids  
With flowing sea-green locks ;  
And brownies they disdain—except  
Those made by Palmer Cox.

("But bless their hearts!" laughed Santa,  
Right merrily laughed he.  
They cannot bear to give me up ;  
They still believe in me—  
Oh, yes!  
Some still believe in me.")

They don't believe in witches,  
They don't believe in ghosts ;  
They don't believe in woodland nymphs,  
Nor in the goblin hosts.  
They don't believe in giants,  
In magic cloak or hat ;  
They only smile at "bogey men"  
(I'm very glad of that).

(And then again laughed Santa,  
Right merrily laughed he.  
"They cannot bear to give me up ;  
They still believe in me—  
Oh, yes!  
Some still believe in me!")

They don't believe in Crusoe!  
Nor yet in William Tell!  
And some have even thrown aside  
The cherry-tree as well!  
But every year at Christmas  
Their faith in me revives.  
"Oh, good old Santa Claus," they say,  
"We've loved you all our lives!"

("Yes, bless their hearts!" laughed Santa,  
Right merrily laughed he.  
"They cannot bear to give me up ;  
They still believe in me—  
Oh, yes!  
Some still believe in me.")

Reporter's Note No. 2.

This song shows how he values  
You faithful little folks,  
Who still believe in Santa Claus  
In spite of many jokes.  
So hang your stockings, youngsters,  
And write notes trustful-ly ;  
And don't you pain the dear old chap  
By in-cre-du-li-ty.

("For bless their hearts!" sings Santa,  
Right merrily sings he.  
"They cannot bear to give me up ;  
They still believe in me—  
Oh, yes!  
Some still believe in me.")

## Young People's Societies.

CONDUCTED BY A MEMBER OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY'S  
COMMITTEE.

THE CHURCH PAPER.

A Pennsylvania Christian Endeavor Society has given a year's subscription to the church paper to every family in the congregation. A good sort of seed sowing! Better still, if all the families could be induced to subscribe for themselves. There is probably no point at which the young people can put in work that will give a richer return than this. Every pastor knows that, where a church paper comes, there is a household of helpers, for indifference is the child of ignorance, and weekly news of how the work of Christ within the Church goes on prepares an entrance for every appeal from the pulpit. Endeavorers who are readers of their denominational paper are apt to be on the alert to all new methods because they know what others are doing. This is the time of year for effort in this direction and there is no society, however feeble, that cannot secure some additional subscribers. Who will try?

MEN AT WORK.

The *St. Andrew's Cross* for November-December contains a full report of the great convention of the St. Andrew's Brotherhood held in Pittsburg, Pa., in October. The Brotherhood, which is an organization in the Episcopal Church, of men, for men, has now passed the stage of experiment, having been in existence for ten years. It has found friends in the highest quarters amongst the bishops on both sides of the Atlantic, although the organization, as yet, has made little progress in Britain. It aims to set its members to work to reach other men and the President was able to say of the results of the first decade:—"We make bold to state that it has put thousands of effective men into general Church work, and has helped to develop thousands who were already there. Our seminaries, Sunday schools, choirs and other parish organizations contain many Brotherhood men, and we note with gratitude the increasing number called to offices in parishes, dioceses and the general work of the Church. The Brotherhood never seeks to get its men into office, but to make them able to be useful. Therefore this recognition by the Church evidences well for the work done."

THE MINISTER'S PART.

Rev. Dr. F. E. Clark, in an interview given to the *Christian Endeavour* of London, England, speaks these wise words as to the minister's part in Endeavor meetings:—"Most ministers are crowded with work; but by mingling with the young they get refreshment and help that well repays the extra effort. I think the minister should, if possible, not only attend, but take part in the meetings of the society as one of its members. He should not always take charge of the meeting, or usually take up much of its time, though, of course, frequently it may be wise for him to give an address or to lead the minds of the young people in a special direction. The ordinary meeting ought to be in the hands of the young people, so that they feel their responsibility for it. If the minister takes all upon his shoulders, the very object of the organization is defeated, because then the young people will not be developed. The only way to develop strength is to use it. Generally speaking, the minister should keep behind the curtain and exercise his power, in part at least, through others. If he so chooses, it is usually well that he should be president; this gives him a direct connection with the society, which he can influence through an acting president or other official. It is of the essence of the organization that it helps the minister. It is sometimes called the Pastors' Aid Society, many Christian Endeavor Societies choosing that as their sub-title."

A woman styled Sister Dora gave up her life to nursing sick people. At the head of her bed a bell was fixed by which sufferers could summon her at any hour of the night. As she rose at the sound of the signal she used to murmur these words, as if they were a charm: "The Master is come, and calleth for thee." It was, says *North and West*, as if the sick sufferer faded away and in the couch she saw the face that was once marred with the world's anguish. Christ's face across her fancy came, and gave the battle to her hands.

One Spiritual Truth I Have Learned  
This Year.

REV. W. S. M'AVISH, B. D., DESORONTO.

Dec. 27th.—Psalm xc. 1-17.

The topics which we have had under consideration during the past twelve months have been of a most interesting, instructive and practical character, and we must have been dull indeed if we did not learn a great deal from them. Some of them were topics which are not often discussed in the pulpit or on the platform; thus, in our reading, we have been led along new lines. We are very much mistaken if any one can glance over the topics which have been discussed in the Christian Endeavor Society and not find that several new truths have been learned. If we did not learn anything new, it must have been either because we did not carefully study the subject or because we did not pray that God would enable us to understand it.

It is manifestly impossible to give a list of the topics which we have had under discussion, but even a glance over them will show that they were intended to give us larger and broader conceptions of Christianity; to deepen our spiritual life; to strengthen our faith in Christ; to intensify our love for missions; to stimulate our flagging zeal; to excite us to do our best; to enable us to practise self-control; to bring before us the duties we owe to Christ and the Church; to cultivate a taste for good literature; to foster a spirit of patriotism; to sweeten our home life; to keep our pledge in spirit and in letter; to draw us nearer to God, and to prepare us for death. Surely when we have traversed such a wide field we must have picked up and treasured more than one precious gem of truth.

But God has many ways of teaching. In Old Testament times He sometimes taught by means of visions, as when He enabled Jacob to see that wondrous ladder, whose base rested upon the earth, and whose top reached to heaven. Sometimes He made known His will by means of dreams, as when He permitted Joseph to see the other sheaves making obeisance to his sheaf. Once He made known His will directly. This was when He gave Moses the two tables of stone upon which was inscribed the moral law. Sometimes He revealed His plans and purposes by means of the Urim and Thummim, but how this operated, we have no means of ascertaining now.

God has many ways of teaching still. He speaks to us through His own precious Word. He impresses His truth upon us through pastors and teachers; through His Sabbaths; through the ordinances of the Church; through His Providences and through the Holy Spirit. If we have not mastered new truths it certainly cannot be because we have not had ample means—in fact, so ample are the means provided that we are without excuse. When sickness lays us low He is reminding us that the issues of life and death are with Him, and that He is Jehovah Rophi—the Lord, the physician. Each recurring Sabbath reminds us that Christ has been raised from the dead to die no more. Easter proclaims that Christ has been raised from the dead, and is become the first-fruits of them that sleep. The Christmas season reminds us of God's great gift to the world. When death visits our neighborhood He reminds us that we should be ready for the coming of the Son of Man. Each falling leaf declares that we all do fade as a leaf (Isa. lxiv, 6). Had we only eyes to see, ears to hear and a heart to understand, we would "find sermons in stones, books in running brooks and good in everything." Some one has said "Oh! did we understand things aright, did we see them as they really are, every mountain the world over would be to us a Sinai from which God yet thunders forth His law; every valley would be a vale of Sharon, where roses and lilies bloom; every tree would be to us an acacia wrapped in flame from which God is yet speaking; every orb of light shining in the heavens would be a Star of Bethlehem pointing to the manger."

It would be sad indeed if we permitted a whole year to pass without learning any new truth. It would indicate a deplorable lack of spiritual and moral perception, and it should bring from us the prayer, "Open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law."

## Reviews of New Books.

### Gladstone and Butler: Reflections.\*

I desire to illustrate and enforce a truth in the notice of Mr. Gladstone's latest work. No change can destroy or weaken the foundation of Christian faith. Old age can find in it the secret of perpetual freshness. The old, old story never loses its interest. God's testimonies are right. Even forever, even to old age, it guides and sustains. The Word is

"A broad land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise,  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies."

The Rt. Hon. William Ewart Gladstone was born December 29th, 1809. Ere the New Year dawns (1897) he will have reached seven years beyond the fourscore marked by the Psalmist as an extreme limit of human life; in his case most assuredly their strength has not been is not, "labour and sorrow." Through all this busy century, his name has been to the fore among English-speaking people, and is one the future historian must remember in any account to be given of Great Britain. In March, 1894, when over eighty-four years of age, he stepped out from the field of political life and retired to his home. Occasionally his voice has been heard on some questions of national importance, but it is pretty generally known that he has been engaged in writing notes and comments upon an author who, until very recently, has been a standard authority in that branch of theological study known as Apologetics, or Christian Evidences, Bishop Joseph Butler. That work is now before the public and the perusal thereof has suggested certain reflections which are here presented. To examine the "Analogy," or criticise the sermons, which are philosophical treatises on ethics would in this place be impossible, nor is it intended to review Mr. Gladstone's work. But the fact that the scholarly statesman's retirement and mature years should be spent enthusiastically upon studies such as these has significance. Over the grandeur of a prosperous reign and life of splendour Solomon could write "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity;" Britain's ex-Premier, after an unusually long and splendid career can still revert to the faith of his childhood; express his faith in God the Father Almighty, maker of heaven and earth; in Jesus Christ His only Son our Lord; in the Holy Ghost; and in the Scriptures as in truth containing a revelation of God's grace to man. The scholar and the statesman, with mental force unabated, can after fifty years of public service lay his trophies lowly at the feet of one whom he would crown as Lord of all.

Bishop Butler's great work "The Analogy," published in 1736, had practically no critics till half the present century had past. A controversial work professedly, for more than a hundred years it could make the proud boast of having been found unanswerable. But as in the world around, social, political, scientific, the last fifty years have marked wondrous changes, so in the realm of thought; the once potent arguments of the Analogy have little effect upon the doubling spirit of to-day; to the sceptic of the latter half of the nineteenth century their edge is blunted. The shield and sword of the warrior of old is powerless before the repeating rifle and the mitrail-leuse. *The charm of the old, old story never loses its power.* Have you ever thought how that wondrous tale of Jesus and His love is ever fresh while kingdoms have arisen and fallen, thrones have perished, philosophies been out-grown and monuments crumbled into dust? How it grows upon you? How as Isaac Watts taught "the children to sing of the robe of righteousness contrasted with the garments fashion so imperiously command and time as remorselessly fades?

"It never fades and ne'er grows old,  
Nor fears the rust, the moth or mold.  
It takes no spot, and still refines,  
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines."

Surely in Rouse's rugged version we may sing:—

"Eternal righteousness is in thy testimonies all  
Lord, to me understanding give, and ever live I shall

Butler's works were among the studies of Gladstone's youth. None know better than the veteran and now retired statesman that the spirit of scepticism needs other treatment than the arguments Butler used, but he rightly urges Butler's methods which may be characterized as eminently candid, truth loving, earnest and devout. Those characteristics remain, and the student to-day will gain much in spiritual power as his mental energies are exercised in following the arguments and applying their method to the questions of the hour. Thought, language, surroundings, may change, but the virtues of a Christian life abide; he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.

Mr. Gladstone in one of his chapters draws attention to the spirit of teaching in the pulpit of to-day and in the prevailing tone of religious sentiment of which it is an echo. The great apostle "Knowing the terrors of the Lord, persuaded men;" realizing that where the gospel failed in its grand purpose of operating as a savour of life unto life, it became a savour of death unto death; and this, under no new or arbitrary rule, but under the law—wide as the universe—that guilt deepens according to the knowledge with which it is incurred, and to the opportunities which it despises or neglects. Mr. Gladstone asks "This instrument of persuasion, which St. Paul thought it needful to use with the church in the stage of its first infancy, and in an environment of weakness, is it used as boldly now when she is armed with eighteen centuries of experience, and when social and public power are still largely

arrayed on her behalf?" Drawing attention to the undoubted law that action and reaction are equal, he illustrates how extravagant and heartless zeal, coupled with Pharisaic pride have travestied the terrors of the Lord till the human heart has swung to the other extreme, still, the testimonies of the Lord have not changed, their righteousness is for ever. The rich but selfish man is not in Abraham's bosom, the great grief fixed has not yet been bridged over; no ray of light from the light that lighteth every man coming into the world has yet been seen to pierce through the outer darkness; even the Sermon on the Mount, with its beatitudes and bright lessons of trust in the All-Father's providential care, closes with the warning that the house built upon the sands will not stand the beating against it of the descending rain, the swelling flood and the hurricane blast; but will fall, and great will be the fall thereof. The door was shut upon the five foolish virgins notwithstanding their piteous appeal; and there are those of whom the Saviour said—"better he had never been born." Laying down the "Studies" after reading its chapters the conviction was strengthened. The one sure witness to the truth of God is the responsive witness within. Faith as a little child must hold the great statesman and scholar as the humble toiler for his daily bread if he would not sink into the abyss of darkness and eternal death. Nor does the real object of faith change as do our fashions both of thought, speech, and life. Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day, and forever. The same life given a ransom for many, the same Shepherd seeking the wanderer, carrying the weak and weary on His strong, tender arms; the same loving, wooing, sympathizing Friend; the same bright light, true life, sure way; the one revelation of the Father's great heart and mighty love; the one only name under heaven given whereby man the helpless, the sinner, the lost, may reclaim his birthright, find his heaven, save his soul. Saviour, ever the same win us!

"By Thine all-sufficient merit,  
Every burdened soul release,  
By the teaching of Thy spirit,  
Guide us into perfect peace."

JOHN BURTON.

### The Law of Civilization and Decay.\*

It is difficult for one who believes in a Divine personality, manifested in the life and teachings of Jesus, presented prophetically and historically in the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments, to review sympathetically a work which opens with the assertion that free from any preconceived bias, a rigid induction reads civilization as but solar energy working out through one of its outlets, human nature; in the manifestation of which nature two phases of thought stand conspicuous fear and greed. Fear stimulating the imagination creates a belief in the invisible world, ultimately developing a priesthood; greed dissipates energy in war and trade. It was, we believe, an American humorist who drew a sketch such as a child would make when first a pencil was held in the hand, and wrote underneath, "This is an 'orse." Generally when an author finds it necessary in his first sentence to say he starts enquiry with no preconceived bias, has been, in short, "passive," we may consider the work to need that declaration just as much as the humorist's sketch needed to be indexed. Our author follows the rule. He works on the line of his theory. Possibly chemistry might be simplified were its three score and ten elements resolvable into one; at present this has not been done, nor can we say that "solar energy" has as yet been shown in its dissipation to be the primal force of human life. Mr. Tyn-dall could see in the atom "the promise and potency of all forms of life" but frankly confessed that "promise and potency" had secrets man, by searching, had not discovered. We do not attempt to divine what our author means by "solar energy." Possibly his ignorance equals our own. To coin a term does not reveal a mystery; we leave the mystery where we found it, under cover of the Eternal.

That fear and greed have been important factors in influencing human progress, must be admitted; but even on pessimistic grounds we should not yield to them exclusively the pre-eminence. Had Antony not yielded to the embraces of Egypt's fair queen, Roman history had been written with other lines. Fear and greed must have wider applications than in general accorded if they are intended to cover such infatuations as that of Antony. Fear possibly led Cromwell to enlist his Ironsides, but something more than either fear or greed nerved them so that never enemy saw their backs; and when disbanded made of them citizens the most thriving and best. There are laws of civilization's rise and decay, but we are not convinced that the dissipation of solar energy in fear and greed has laid bare the secret. To void the universe of life, purpose, volition, even hostility, is to every throbbing heart as to Teufelsdröckh, to make it one huge, dead, immeasurable steam-engine, rolling on, in its dead indifference, grinding limb from limb. From such a conception the soul recoils, it cannot have the vast, gloomy, solitary Golgotha and mill of death for its ultimate! No, no. "We have felt" "On the roaring billows of time thou are not engulfed but borne aloft into the azure of Eternity. Love not Pleasure; love God. This is the Everlasting Yea, wherein all contradiction is solved; wherein whose walks and works, it is well with him."

Having thus reached the limits of a review, in unburdening ourselves we may say that the work has some sug-

gestive thoughts. An aristocracy of wealth has little of true nobility; overreaching commercial instincts are heartless; there is social tyranny in capital; nor do those instincts conserve the love of home or promote patriotism, yet with all its heartlessness capital is cowardly; self-sacrifice is not even dreamed of in its seekings. Feudalism and the clan which left the serf practically a freeholder, gave strength to the home feeling, cultivated fidelity to chief and kin; from the sturdy sons of the soil sprang the martial virtues. The passing over of the yeoman class into the commercial and speculative class is a tendency to be feared and discouraged; has ever been fraught with evil; the facilities of the present age for bridging distances aid the process of centralization to which accumulating capital ever tends, thus tending to increase the accumulations of the rich and to decrease the scanty earnings of the poor; all these processes are vividly pointed out, not always with impartiality but with instructive force; we know too how utility, with a love for show, makes art difficult, if not impossible, in a luxurious age. "The architecture, the sculpture, and the coinage of London at the close of the nineteenth century, when compared with those of the Paris of St. Louis recall the Rome of Caracalla, as contrasted with the Athens of Pericles, save that we lack the stream of barbarian blood which made the middle age."

Had our author taken a broader view of human nature than "dissipating solar energy," a juster view had been given of the processes by which civilization rises, disintegrates and decays; the very heartlessness of the treatment, however, affords a healthy stimulant to the student of political economy; freshness is no small merit in historical review.

### Jewish Life In The Middle Ages.\*

We have been much interested in reading this excellent work. The Jew still, in popular parlance, is "a crafty dealer, a grasping money-lender," as one of our most recent dictionaries defines the term Jew in its secondary sense. How much that character owes to the unreasonable, cruel treatment meted out by so-called Christian nations to the scattered Israelite may be readily known by a candid study of history. The Jews of New Testament days were relentless persecutors of the followers of Him they rejected and murdered, not more ferocious, however, than Torquemada with his abettors, Claverhouse, his dragoons, and his crowned master. The truth is, the Jew is very like his Gentile neighbour, and shows through all his changeful life in the eighteenth centuries of dispersion to fully as great advantage. I know of some Christian communities that might learn in true humanity from such rules of Jewish etiquette as those pertaining to the sick-room. "No visitor is to become a nuisance by making too long a stay; nor to present himself when the sufferer was in acute pain. The patient was to be cheered, and not depressed by conversation on dismal topics of death and misfortune." Indeed their life, so far as they were permitted to enjoy it was a life of fidelity and home virtue. Their antagonism to Christianity during the middle ages may be understood if we consider Christianity's antagonism not only to Judaism but to the Jew. It is hard to exercise charity towards the community that deems it a virtue to scorn, ill treat and violate all you hold in veneration and love. We could wish that this work were widely read; it is written in a loyal candid, truthful spirit; there is no apologetic tone about its narration, nor any boasting; it is a calm narration of facts not so much unknown as neglected and perverted by those whose eternal salvation avowedly depends upon One who was born and died a Jew.

### Briefer Notices.

"Gems of Hope," in Memory of the Faithful Departed; selected and arranged by Fanny Bate. [William Briggs, Toronto.] This book is got up on a novel plan in some respects, and carries out a beautiful idea. It consists of selected passages of Scripture opposite a blank page on which is to be written over against the text the name of some departed friend. Its object is to keep alive more especially in the family circle, the memory and the influence of the blessed departed. The idea is a happy one and the purpose is well served by this little book.

"The Young Man Master of Himself." By the Very Rev. Dean Farrar, D.D., F.R.S. [Fleming H. Revell Company, Toronto.] 50c. This small book consists of papers written by their distinguished author for the "Young Man" at the request of the editor. Dean Farrar is well known for his interest in young men, and any book from him on such a subject cannot but be well worth careful reading and thought. The subjects of the papers are: "The Young Man in the Home;" "In Business;" "In the Church;" "Young Men and Marriage;" "The Young Man Master of Himself." We commend this book to all young men.

"A Tragic Idyl." By Paul Bourget. [Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. William Briggs, Toronto.] Paul Bourget is a literary artist who always tells his stories charmingly, but, like too many French novelists, he has a preference for plots involving breaches of the seventh commandment. Of the twelve chapters in this book, the first is about the Casino at Monte Carlo and introduces us to some of the personages in the story; the rest are devoted chiefly to the adulteries of the morganatic wife of an Austrian Archduke. There are, of course, scenes and incidents innocent as well as entertaining and some of them are very amusing. Some of the characters too, are quite irreproachable; and Commodore Dickie Marshall, the millionaire of Marionville, who has a company already organized for the construction of the much-talked-of deep sea waterway from the Great Lakes to the Atlantic, and his pretty, clear-headed, clean-minded niece are a pleasant contrast to French, Italian and Austrian men and women with whom they are associated.

\* "Studies Subsidiary to the Works of Bishop Butler," by the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone. London: Henry Froude, Toronto: The Upper Canada Tract Society.

\* "The Law of Civilization and Decay"; an Essay on History, by Brooks Adams. London and New York: The Macmillan Co.; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

\* "Jewish Life in the Middle Ages," by Israel Abrahams, M.A. New York and London: The Macmillan Company; Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.

## Knox College.

(Continued from page 811.)

declined. There may be other Knox graduates in professorships and other Knox men who have declined professorships. Enough has been said to show that while Knox College has trained many pastors and missionaries, the institution has done its full share of work in educating professors.

Knox has always been a missionary institution. Of late years much interest has been taken in Foreign Mission work; but long before the Church woke up in regard to Foreign work, Knox did great service in the Home field. Many of the best congregations in Ontario were founded by Knox students. Many a Knox man in middle life, or a little further on than middle life, can take up the Blue Book and look over a list of congregations for which he did foundation work during student days. It is easy for theorists to say the Church should not have required so much mission work from her students. The Church had to do it or die.

If we have said less about Knox men in their pastorate than about their work in the mission field and in the professor's chair let no one suppose we undervalue the pastorate. Congregational work is the basis of everything in Presbyterianism. To say, however, that Knox College has given the Church a large number of fairly efficient pastors is about as necessary as to say that Sir Oliver Mowat was Premier of Ontario for some years or that Sir John Macdonald was reasonably successful as a leader of the Conservative party.

Knox College owes much to the men who have been at the head of the institution for half a century. Gale, Esson, Rintoul, Willis, Burns, Young, Inglis, Thompson and Gregg are names that generations of Presbyterians will not willingly let die. All these except one have gone from us, but their good influence is still felt in many a congregation and in many a manse. What old Knox man ever forgets Prof. Young's lectures, or Dr. Burns' missionary tours, or Dr. Willis' splendid eloquence when he warmed up on the Covenants.

Of the men of the past who had chairs Dr. Gregg is the sole representative. It is needless to say that the whole Church thanks him for his services, esteems him highly and wishes him many more days to write history, make hymn books, preach the gospel and do any other good work that comes his way.

The chairs of Knox are again filled and well filled. Of the two senior professors it is needless to say anything. Their lives and work have been before the Church for nearly half a century. Both were influential Presbyters and gave the Church many a day's honest and efficient work long before they were made professors. Both have served the College faithfully and efficiently for many years. The two "new men" have begun well and those best qualified to judge anticipate for them a useful future. So may it be.

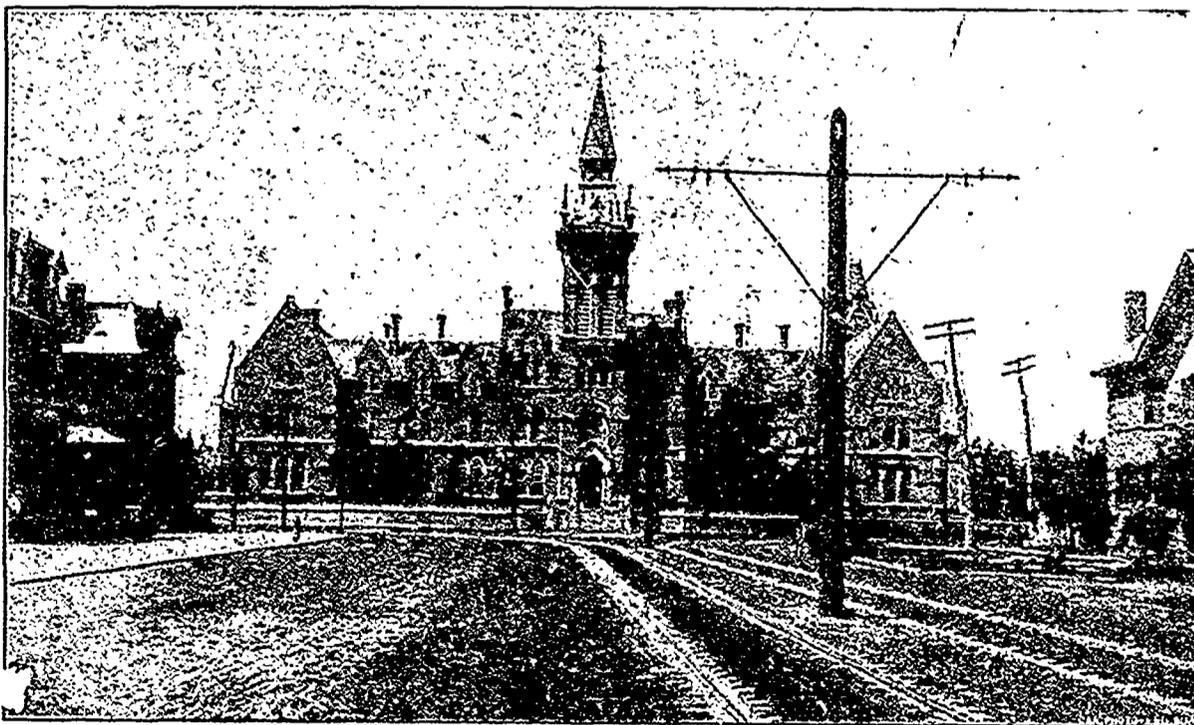
It is needless to add that the theology of Knox College has always been strictly orthodox. It is the home of sound theology. Princeton has been sound though rich; Knox has been equally sound though poor. Men have come and men have gone! old professors have passed away and new ones have been appointed; the funds have often been low, and on rare occasions there may have been a small surplus, but whatever other changes have taken place there never was any change in the theology. The assaults on Calvinistic theology have been many and violent during the last fifty years, but old Knox never lowered the flag.

The Rev. William Caven, D.D., LL.D., Principal of Knox College, is a native of Wigtonshire, Scotland. His father's family emigrated to Canada in 1847 and the future principal, having finished his studies and obtained license, was ordained and inducted to his only pastoral charge, St. Mary's, Ont., in 1852. Men who were then school boys in the county of Perth well remember that the new minister of St. Mary's was always spoken of as a close student.

The Church at large soon made the same discovery, and in 1866, after fourteen years of highly successful pastoral work the St. Mary's minister was appointed to the chair in Knox College which he has so worthily filled for thirty years. Church courts were generous in those days in the distribution of work and the new professor was asked, in addition to Exegetical Theology, to take charge of the departments of Evidences and Biblical Criticism. In 1873 he was appointed principal. For thirty years Dr. Caven has been closely identified with all that is best in the Presbyterianism of Canada. He has done all kinds



REV. PRINCIPAL CAVEN, D.D., LL.D.



KNOX COLLEGE.

of good work and has received every honour the Church can bestow. Nor have his labours been confined to his own Church. In addition to an LL.D. from the University of Toronto, and more recently from Princeton, he has had much to do with the Pan-Presbyterian Council, and takes an active interest in its proceedings. Though a specialist in Exegetics he is well read in all departments of Theology. His influence is not bounded by his own Church nor in-

deed by his own continent. What more need be said.

The Rev. William Maclaren, D.D., would pass for a Scotchman in any company, but, as a matter of fact, he is a native Canadian. He is a member of the Maclaren family so well and favourably known in the Ottawa Valley for many years. The late Mr. James Maclaren, one of the most influential business men in Eastern Ontario, was an elder brother. Dr. Maclaren received his college training in the institution which he has served so well for nearly a quarter of a century. To him belongs the unique honour of succeeding, though not quite directly, his own professor, and it was no easy matter to succeed a man of the splendid eloquence and varied learning of Dr. Willis. Dr. Maclaren's first charge was in Amherstburgh, Ontario. From there he went to Knox Church, Boston, and soon afterwards returned to Canada and became pastor of John St. Church, Belleville. After eleven years of good work in Belleville he was called to Knox Church, Ottawa, where he continued to labour with growing influence and success until in 1873 the General Assembly appointed him to his present position. From the beginning of his ministerial life Dr. Maclaren has been regarded as one of the solid men of his Church. Besides being a sound theologian and a strong evangelical preacher he has always been a leader in the Church courts. In the judicial work of the Church he has never had a superior and has had few equals. Had he chosen the law for a profession he would most likely have been put on the Bench years ago. Like many of Dr. Willis' old students, and, indeed, like Dr. Willis himself, Dr. Maclaren has no special aversion to a lively, good-natured debate in the Church courts. It never would occur to him that a proper discussion imperils the piety of the Church.

Years ago when preaching was his special work, Dr. Maclaren was one of the most powerful preachers in the Church, and on special occasions yet when his voice is right he can easily hold his own with the best of them. He was for many years convener of the Foreign Mission Committee. He has done and still does much pulpit work of a special kind. He has opened well on to a hundred churches and conducted many anniversary services. Taking him all round, Dr. William Maclaren is one of those rare men that even a Presbyterian Church does not find any too often. A man strong in the pulpit, strong in the pastorate, strong in the classroom, strong in the Church courts, specially strong in the confidence and esteem of his lifelong friends is not found every day.

Prof. G. L. Robinson, Ph.D., is an attractive personality, and along with Prof. Ballantyne shares the distinction of being the most recent accession to the College staff. Young, vigorous and enthusiastic, he is well fitted to inspire with his own spirit the embryo ministers of our Church. Prof. Robinson was born August 10th, 1864, at West Hebron, N.Y. His father was an elder in the United Presbyterian Church in the home town, while a brother, who died a few years since, was a minister. His only surviving brother very recently graduated from Johns Hopkins University with high honours. It will be seen from this brief record that Prof. Robinson comes of a churchly and scholarly family. After having secured his early education in the neighbourhood of his native town, the future professor entered Princeton University in 1883, and in due course gra-

duated in 1887, when he spent some little time travelling through the Holy Land and Egypt. Subsequently he was appointed tutor in English, Bible subjects, and History in the Syrian Protestant College, a flourishing institution at Beirut, Syria. Here he remained for three years, when, in 1890, he returned to America and commenced a course of study for the ministry at Princeton Theological Seminary. At the time of his graduation he obtained a Hebrew travel-

ling fellowship of \$600 which enabled him to study for a year at Berlin. In the spring of 1894, for the second time he visited Egypt, and was there married, spending his honeymoon at Cairo and visiting the Pyramids. Shortly thereafter he received intimation that he had been accorded a second fellowship, which he utilized in studying a twelvemonth at Leipsic. At the same time he studied for his Ph.D., which was granted July 30th, 1895. On January 1st, in the present year, he was inducted as pastor of the Rox-



PROF. MACLAREN, D.D.

bury Presbyterian Church, Boston. At the meeting of the General Assembly, held last year in Toronto, his name was unanimously recommended by the Board of Knox College for the professorship of Old Testament Exegesis to which he was unanimously appointed. At Knox College Dr. Robinson has been



PROF. ROBINSON, PH. D.



PROF. BALLANTYNE, B.D.

most cordially welcomed by the Faculty and the students, and high hopes are entertained that his future course and success as a professor may fully realize the most sanguine expectations of his friends and of the Church to whose service he has been called.

The Rev. James Ballantyne, M.A., B.D., professor of Apologetics and Church History in Knox College is a son of the Hon. Thomas Ballantyne, of Stratford, Speaker of the last Legislature of Ontario. The young professor comes off good stock. The Ballantynes of the County of Perth, like the MacLarens of the Ottawa Valley, are solid Presbyterian people. Prof. Ballantyne is a graduate of Knox College. His first pastorate was in London South, from which he was called to Knox Church, Ottawa, that congregation being called upon for the second time to furnish a professor for Knox College. Professor Ballantyne has begun his work well. Those who ought to know best have no doubt about his future success.

Orillia.

### In the House of God.

Hear us, O Father, while with fervent prayer  
We humbly kneel before thee at thy shrine;  
Accept our offering—may our spirits share  
The bright effulgence of thy smile divine.

Here may the mourner's heart, though bowed by grief,  
Seek consolation, and not seek in vain;  
Here may the fainting spirit find relief,  
And strengthened, rise in confidence again.

We thank thee, Father, for the grace and joy  
Of mingling here our sympathies and prayers.  
A little season in such blest employ  
Enables us to bear life's cross and cares.

—HENRY COYLE.

"Curling Without Ice" is all that is claimed for it, a really grand game for winter evenings. It should be in every home. See J. K. Cranston's advt. on page 819 and send for one for Amas. It would be cheap at almost double the price asked for it. It is well made and the folding table is a useful one for all kinds of games and other purposes.

WRITTEN FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

### Manitoba College, Winnipeg.

**M**ANITOBA COLLEGE has now completed an existence of twenty-five years. Its institution, even at that early period in the history of the country, was a necessity in a Province where the only means of higher education, at the time, were furnished by the Roman Catholic College of St. Boniface and the Episcopal College of St. John, and in any case the success which has attended it has fully justified the wise forethought of those who planned it. Every year has seen an advance in the numbers in attendance and not many years have passed without seeing either improvements in the building or additions to the teaching staff.

Dr. Bryce was appointed by the Canada Presbyterian Church to act as its first Professor in 1871, and the College was opened under him at Kildonan in the month of November of that year. The other branches of the Presbyterian Church in Canada appointed the Rev. Thomas Hart, B.D., as the second Professor, thus anticipating the union which was happily soon to follow. Both these gentlemen are, fortunately, still spared to give their services to the institution, in whose early difficulties they had so full a share. Were this account anything but the briefest sketch of Manitoba College, it would have to include a reference to the important services rendered in more ways than one by Dr. Black, of Kildonan, and Dr. Robertson, then pastor of Knox Church, Winnipeg.

The rise and rapid growth of Winnipeg made the transference of the College to the city an obvious necessity. This was accomplished in 1874. It was only in 1881, however, that the present grounds, embracing four acres in the very best part of the city, were obtained, and a permanent brick structure erected at a cost of about \$40,000. In the autumn of 1882 the new building was opened, with, as was to be expected, a marked addition to the numbers in attendance on the College and to its efficiency.

The following year, 1883, was marked by a new advance in the onward course of the College. In response to a memorial from the Presbytery of Manitoba and a request from the College Board, the General Assembly at its meeting in London established a Theological Department in the College and appointed Dr. King of St. James Square Church, Toronto, Professor of Theology and Principal of the College. In 1891 another permanent addition was made to the teaching staff, by the appointment of the Rev. A. B. Baird, B.D., as Professor of Hebrew, Church History and Apologetics. Mr. Baird had acted as lecturer in these branches for several years. Both Professor Baird and Dr. King, when appointed by the Assembly to chairs in Theology, have all along given an even larger portion of their time to teaching in the Arts Department.

In addition to the four Professors named, the College enjoys the services in the Mathematical Department of Mr. W. E. James, B.A.; in Philosophy, of Mr. T. W. Taylor, M.A., Ph.D.; in Classics, of Mr. Frederick W. Clark, B.A., and in French, of John R. MacArthur, B.A. The last three, it may be said, are graduates of the University of Manitoba and former students of Manitoba College.

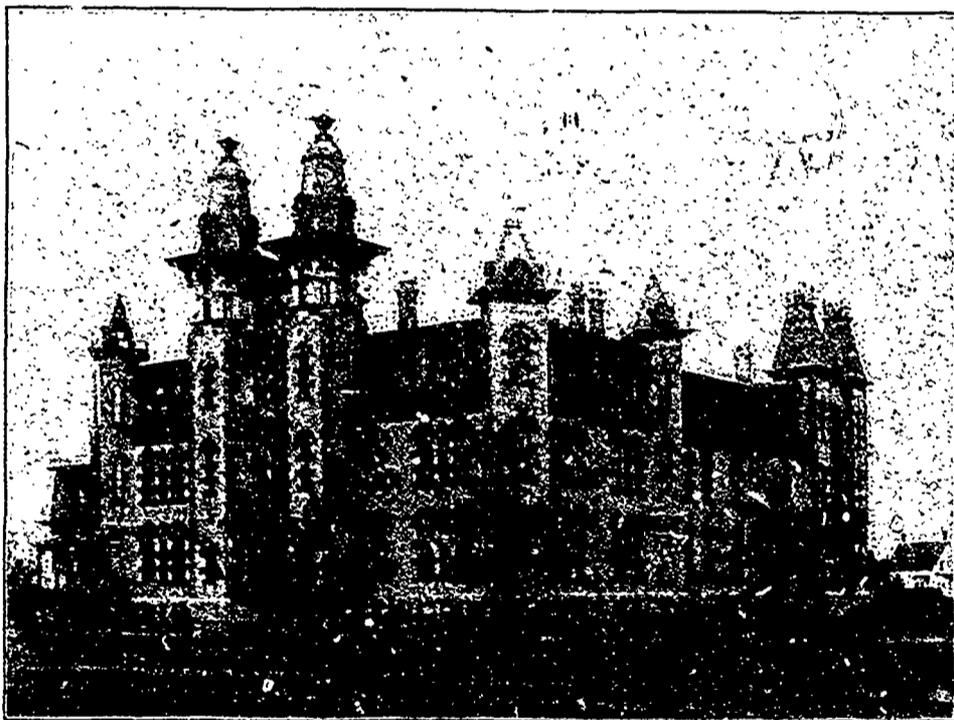
The increasing numbers in attendance on the College and the additional class-room accommodation, rendered necessary by the institution of new special courses of study, made an enlargement of the building imperative. Accordingly this was accomplished at a cost of over \$40,000 four years ago. Through the liberality of the members of our Church in Manitoba and the Territories, aided by the generous contributions of friends in all parts of the Dominion, the large debt on the original building, and the cost of the new one, have been both fully met, so that the valuable property is now entirely free of debt. In addition the College is in possession of about \$52,000 of capital, most of it the result of bequests, in recent years, by friends of the institution.

The College has three departments—the Preparatory, the Arts, and the Theological. The first of these is designed to prepare students for matriculation. It was instituted at a time when there was no High School in the Province, and its continuance is still rendered expedient by the absence of any provision for teaching the elements of the Classics, except at a very limited number of points. It is also found to be extremely useful in connection with the elementary training of some candidates for the ministry whose early educational advantages have been defective.

The second, or Arts Department, embraces properly the students who have matriculated in the University and who are proceeding to the degree of B.A. Reference has been made more than once in this statement to the University of Manitoba. It was established in 1877, as an examining and degree-conferring, but, at least for the present, not a teaching, body. Manitoba College is one of the four similar institutions affiliated with the University, though hitherto much the strongest of the four.

The third or Theological Department is sufficiently explained by the name. The classes connected with it are now held, as is well known, from the 1st of April to the 31st of August, the object being to secure a supply of student-missionaries for the large and needy fields both East and West during the winter half year. The period during which these classes are held has its inconveniences both for professors and students. It has its compensation in the valuable assistance which several of the professors of the Eastern colleges of the Church have been able to render in teaching.

The attendance in the Preparatory and Arts Department at the date when this statement is written is 164. This number will receive considerable additions by New Year, in the Preparatory Department at least.



MANITOBA COLLEGE.

The number in attendance on the Theological classes was last session 28. The aggregate enrolment will this college year, therefore, considerably exceed 200 students.

There have graduated from the institution, in Arts 196 students, and in Theology 77. Of the latter, 38 are now at work as missionaries or settled pastors in Manitoba, the North-West Territories and British Columbia, 7 in other parts of the Dominion, and 3 in India. The proximity of Dakota and Minnesota to the seat of the College, and the circumstance that not a few districts in the northern portions of these States are largely settled by Canadians, have led to a considerable number of our graduates accepting appointments there.

With regard to the support of the College, its income last year, which nearly balanced the expenditure, was, after deducting \$5,000 as representing the amount paid for board by resident students, about \$14,600. Of this sum Ontario, Quebec and the Maritime Provinces contributed \$3,075; the Churches in Scotland and Ireland, \$1,215; the Synod of Manitoba and of British Columbia, \$3,930; investments produced, \$2,753, and the fees of students something over \$3,000.

Manitoba College claims the support meanwhile of the Church, as a whole, on two grounds: First, that, situated in a comparatively new country with little or no accumulated wealth, it is, in common with other institutions in Winnipeg of a like character, giving a Christian direction to higher education in the North-West of the Dominion; and, second, that it is doing a great deal to make the mission work of

the Church in the West both more effective and less costly. It would be easy to show that almost, if not altogether, the whole sum contributed by the Eastern Church to the College last year would have been required to pay the travelling expenses to the West of laborers numerous enough to occupy the fields manured by students of this institution.

It will be evident that the staff of the College, even with the aid supplied during the summer session by the professors of Eastern colleges, is quite inadequate in view of the large amount of work to be overtaken. The appointment of a Professor of Systematic Theology, who should at the same time be qualified to take a share in the philosophical teaching, is urgently required. In the judgment of the Synod of Manitoba and the North-West Territories such an appointment should be made at the very earliest date which the funds of the College will allow.

This brief statement is sufficient to show that this youngest College of the Church has a record of which it has no cause to be ashamed. May the future, under the blessing of God, nowhere more necessary than in such institutions, have to tell of much larger progress.

Some Short Stories.\*

"Love in Old Clothes" is a very modern love story dressed up in Elizabethan English, with its quaint spelling, frequent contractions and prodigal use of capitals. The hero tells his own tale—one of love and an ancient family feud in which, of course, love conquers. Even "Old Clothes" cannot disguise the modernness of such expressions as: "She made answer I was exceedingly fresshe, or some such matter"; "Daringe of him to putt on ye Gloves w. me for Funne, wh. he might not doe, for I coude knock him colde"; "Inquiringe as to ye Clergyman, he sayde ye Dommie was alreadie Squar'd." "As One Having Authority" is a capital story in which a camp-meeting scene at night is very graphically described. The stately old bishop, quelling the wild excitement and dismissing the people, makes a striking picture which the artist has skilfully represented. All the stories in this volume have appeared before, but they are all worthy of the handsome, permanent form in which they are now presented. "Our Aromatic Uncle" was first published, if we are not mistaken, after the author's death, and it may not have received his final revision. At any rate, it seems to us that the relationship between "my wife" and her "Aromatic Uncle" is not very clear. If the old judge, the father of the lad who ran away to sea and lived and died abroad, were represented as "my wife's" grandfather instead of "father," everything would be plain. As it is, "my wife's" uncle is her brother. The story is an entertaining one very charmingly told.

"A Book of Martyrs" is made up of nine short stories, some of which have already appeared in various periodicals. We had never seen any of them, however, and our first and permanent impression was one of surprise and delight. Miss Atwood has attained, almost at a bound, a position that comes usually to the successful writer of fiction only after many disappointments and years of strenuous endeavor. The themes are so novel, the situations so striking, the insight into human nature so penetrating, the analysis of motive and character so subtle, and the literary art of so fine a quality that the reader is justified in expecting great things from a comparatively unknown writer who commands so fine a style and has the capacity to find ample material for story and novel in the common life around her.

The "Second Book of Tales" may not add greatly to Mr. Field's fame. We fancy that there are many pieces in this collection, which, were he alive, he would not greatly care to preserve, not because they lack merit but because the pressure of a very exacting profession made it impossible for him to put his best in them. Yet the volume will be, nevertheless, heartily welcomed by those who admired the genial, versatile writer and loved the kindly, large-hearted man. Mr. Field had qualities as a man and as a writer that will keep his memory green and his songs and stories popular when works of perhaps greater literary merit are forgotten.

"In Ole Virginia" is a very apt title for a collection of stories about plantation life in the South before, during and after "the war." Mr. Page knows the negro thoroughly; but it is the fashion now to idealize the slave as well as the slave-owner, and Mr. Page shows little or nothing of the repulsive side of a social order now happily a thing of the past. "Dem wuz good ole times, marster," old Sam is made to say in "Marse Chan," "do bes' Sam ever see! Dey wuz, in fac'! Niggers didn' hed nothin' 't all to do—jes hed to 'ten' to de feedin' an' cleanin' de hawses an' doin' what de marster tell'em to do; an' when dey wuz sick, dey had things sont em out de house, an' de same doctor come to

see'em whar 'ten' to de white folks when dey wuz pol'y, an' all. Dyar warn' no trouble nor nuttin'." This is the picture we have presented over and over again by writers of the old slave states, and it is perhaps as well that it should be so. Stories such as we have in this volume are pleasant to read, but it must not be forgotten that they show only the bright side of a system that cost a long and desperate civil war to overturn. We would not presume to question the correctness of Mr. Page's dialect; but in the short extract given above a couple of apparent inconsistencies occur: "hed" and "had," "nothin'" and "Nuttin'." The artists who have illustrated these pathetic stories, the printers and the publishers have combined to make "In Ole Virginia" one of the handsomest holiday books of the season.

Mrs. Crocker is well known as a writer of successful novels and a new work by her is sure of appreciative readers. Four of the stories in this volume deal with phases of Irish life; two take us to India, where the author is very much at home; and the scene of one, dealing with Highland gift of "second sight" is laid in Edinburgh. "In the Kingdom of Kerry" is the longest and best, but all are good, displaying Mrs. Crocker's humour and pathos and her cleverness in dialogue.

Histories for Children.

History is a subject to which almost all children are naturally inclined if it be only presented in an attractive form. A bald record of facts, names and dates, no one cares for; and it is peculiarly repugnant to the child, who would read history as readily as a fairy tale if the story were as pleasantly told. Mr. T. Fisher Unwin has recently published a small series of histories especially intended for children and entitled "The Children's Study." In

Beyond the grasp of children just emerging from the nursery.

We have not yet seen the other volumes of this series: "Scotland," by Mrs. Oliphant, and "Ireland," by R. Barry O'Brien. [London: T. Fisher Unwin. 3s. 6d.]

Briefer Notices.

"Quotations for Occasions." Compiled by Katherine B. Wood. [The Century Company, New York. \$1.50.] Miss Wood was one of the Editorial staff of the *Century Dictionary*, in gathering quotations for that work, and thus had an excellent opportunity to collect the material for this unique compilation. It is put forth, she frankly avows in her preface, not to supply an imperative demand, but rather with the hope of creating one; and in this hope, it is almost certain she will not be disappointed. There are twenty-five hundred quotations in the book. It is issued in beautiful form, printed on hand-made paper with uncut edges and contains 225 pages, with complete index. There is a "sample menu" given which amusingly illustrates one of the most obvious uses of the book.

"Bible Characters Adam to Achan." By Rev. Alexander Whyte D.D., author of Bunyan's Characters etc. [Fleming H. Revell Company, \$1.25.] Dr. Whyte has acquired a high reputation for doing well in a style peculiarly his own, and most incisively and instructively the kind of work of which this book is a specimen. The interest naturally belonging to Bible characters is greatly enhanced by the insight the somewhat quaint style, the wealth of knowledge, and practical application to everyday life with which Dr. Whyte treats the characters which he passes under review. Those who have read his Bunyan's Characters will naturally desire to read these also and to those who have not we commend them.

"The Inspiration of History." By James Mulchahey, D.D. 12mo, cloth binding, \$1. [Thomas Whittaker publisher, 2 and 3 Bible House, New York.] The subject here treated is important, especially in its bearing upon the records of the Scriptures. After an introductory chapter on "The Credibility of History," it applies the canons laid down to the historical records contained in the Bible, and discusses in a clear and popular way biblical history for the purpose of establishing its reliability as history against the attacks which have, especially in recent years, been made on its historical veracity. The subject is timely and the work will be helpful especially to those whose time or means will not allow of their reading larger works on the same subject.

"Fables." By Robert Louis Stevenson. [Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. William Briggs, Toronto.] Versatility was one of the characteristics of the genius of the late Robert Louis Stevenson; and the fable, we are told, as a form of literary art, had at all times an attraction for him. Some nine or ten years ago he contemplated making a book of them, but his South Sea voyages and residence in Samoa diverted his mind to other literary projects, and it was not until after his death that the fables in this pretty little volume were given to the public in *Longman's Magazine*. Some of them are very short and others quite long enough to be considered short stories; but they all illustrate the author's mental characteristics and his fine literary workmanship.

"A-Birding on a Bronco." By Florence A. Merriam. Illustrated. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. \$1.25.] Miss Merriam writes delightfully and with the enthusiasm of a bird lover about her observations of bird life during two seasons in Southern California. There is no study so attractive, so fascinating as that of birds and bird-life. These little feathered friends are with us all the time, even in winter, and it requires no special training to watch their habits

and note their peculiarities. The scientific student has to depend largely for his facts and deductions on the observations of those who are absolutely innocent of any technical knowledge of ornithology. A book like this opens out a field of inexhaustible enjoyment to young and old who love to wander over fields or through woods, or even look through their windows on the cheerful tenants of trees and shrubs in the garden.

"Songs and other Verse." By Eugene Field. [Charles Scribner's Sons New York; William Briggs, Toronto. \$1.25.] Mr. Field, although not a great poet, was always a popular one, and his verses have had a newspaper currency unequalled, perhaps, by that of any other recent writer. He had a remarkable facility, and his themes were generally such as appealed to the common heart of humanity. This little volume contains some eighty pieces in various moods and many forms of verse, displaying the author's versatility, his spontaneity, his humour, his pathos, and the generous catholicity of his nature. There are several translations in the volume, and as this is a phase of his literary endeavour with which our readers may be less familiar, we quote a few stanzas from his rendering of Horace's Odes, III. 1:

On him untouched of discontent  
Care sits as lightly as a feather;  
He doesn't growl about the crops,  
Or worry when the market drops,  
Or fret about the changeful weather.  
Not so with him who, rich in fact,  
Still seeks his fortune to redouble;  
Though dig he deep or build he high,  
Those scourges twain shall lurk anigh—  
Relentless Care, relentless Trouble!  
If neither palaces nor robes  
Nor unguents nor expensive toddy  
Insure Contentment's soothing bliss,  
Why should I build an edifice  
Where Envy comes to fret a body?  
Nay, I'd not share your sumptuous cheer,  
But rather sup my rustic pottage,  
While that sweet boon the gods bestow—  
The peace your mansions cannot know—  
Blesseth my lowly Sabine cottage.



PROF. BAIRD, B.D.



PROF. HART, B.D.



PRINCIPAL KING, D.D.  
PROF. BRYCE, LL.D.

"England" Frances E. Cooke tells the story of England very clearly, simply and intelligently from the landing of Julius Caesar to the passing of the Education Act of 1870. The book was written, we are told, with the aim of giving to children in simple language, a clear conception of the growth of the English nation. To this end, while the principal events in the history have been chronicled, less stress has been laid on the lives of kings and the battles they waged than on circumstances affecting more closely the interests of the people, such as the growth of Parliament and the gradual development of civilization in the land.

In "Germany" the author, Kate Freiligrath Kroeker, had a very difficult task which she has, however, accomplished with commendable success; though we may be permitted to doubt if the history of Germany, perplexing enough to the advanced student, can be so presented as to be at all profitable to the untrained mind of a child. German History is rich in stories of unusual interest; but the history of Germany, with its numberless petty states, their conflicting interests and their perplexing politics, is

\* Love in Old Clothes, and Other Stories. By H. C. Bunner. Illustrated by W. T. Smedley, Orson Lowell and André Castaigne. [New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, Toronto. William Briggs.] \$1.50.

A Book of Martyrs. By Caroline Atwood Pratt (Ivory Series). The same publishers. 75 cents.

A Second Book of Tales. By Eugene Field. The same publishers. \$1.25.

In Ole Virginia. By Thomas Nelson Page. Illustrated, by W. T. Smedley, B. W. Clineinst, C. S. Reinhart, A. B. Frost, Howard Pyle and A. Castaigne. The same publishers. \$2.50

In the Kingdom of Kerry, and Other Stories. By B. M. Croker. [London: Chatto & Windus. Toronto: The Copp, Clark Co.] 3s 6d.

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A LIST OF BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The number for Nov. 14th, No. 2732, contains the opening chapters of a

New Serial Story by Ivan Tourgenieff, translated especially for THE LIVING AGE.

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### Ministers and Churches.

There are seventy-two McKays in connection with Knox Church, Embro.

Rev. J. McD. Duncan, of Woodville, conducted the anniversary services at Glenarm.

The new church in Arthur township, near Mount Forest, will doubtless be formally opened next Sabbath.

The congregation at Farewell have been making additions and improvements to their church property.

Rev. J. A. R. Dickson, B.D., Ph.D., of Galt, preached anniversary sermons at Tavistock on Sabbath.

The Presbytery of Paris has nominated Rev. Dr. Moore, of Ottawa, for Moderator of next General Assembly.

Rev. Thos. Wilson, of London, delivered an address last Thursday evening on "Tramps," at the King Street Church.

The Rev. J. B. McLaren, Columbus, has been lecturing on "Armenia" in Beaverton, Cannington and Sunderland.

Mr. R. A. Little, B.A., of London, delivered a lecture on the "Romance of Athens," in the First Presbyterian Church Monday week.

The Rev. J. A. Hamilton, of Londesboro', who for some weeks has been at the point of death with typhoid fever, is rapidly recovering.

Rev. R. J. M. Glassford, of Guelph, devoted a recent discourse to an investigation of the principles professed by the various heathen cults.

Revs. J. F. Macfarlane, of South Mountain, and Rev. S. H. Eastman, of Oshawa, have been preaching in St. John's Church, Breckville.

The anniversary services at Wick were preached on Sunday by Rev. W. G. Hanna, of Uxbridge, and Rev. Geo. McKay, of Sunderland.

Rev. David Y. Ross, of St. George, is engaged in organizing the Young People's Societies of that district for the temperance plebiscite campaign.

At the recent business meeting of the Y. P. S. C. E. of St. Andrew's Church, Arnprior Miss May Close was elected president and Mr. Wm. Henry, vice-president.

St. Paul's Church, Hamilton, has extended a unanimous call to Rev. Neil McPherson, B.D., of Petrolia, to become the pastor in succession to the late Rev. R. J. Laidlaw, LL.D.

The funeral of Mrs. Alex. Bell, of Donville, who died lately, was conducted by Rev. James Stuart, of Prescott, in the absence of her former pastor, Rev. J. A. Sinclair, of Spencer-ville.

A union Thanksgiving service was held in Knox Church, Cannington. Rev. B. Greatrix conducted the preliminary part of the service, while Rev. A. H. Brace preached a forceful sermon.

At a recent temperance meeting in the church at Woodville an interesting paper was read by Miss Mary Campbell. Mrs. Real sang a solo. Rev. J. McD. Duncan gave an address.

Mr. William Reed, the talented organist of the American Presbyterian Church, Montreal, gave a largely attended organ recital recently. The programme was attractive and well executed.

We ask all present subscribers to send us a new name and thus help THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN to a joyful celebration of this semi-jubilee and holiday season. Balance of year free to new subscriber.

The rapid growth of the Goderich congregation has rendered the seating capacity of Knox Church too small. The managers are seriously considering the remodelling of the church so as to increase the accommodation.

The Y.P.S.C.E. of Woodland (Robb) held their election of officers, resulting as follows: President, Ronald Lamont, vice-president, Miss Bella McEachern; secretary, J. C. Randall, treasurer, Miss Katie Carrie.

The many friends of the Rev. A. D. McDonald, D.D., of Seaford, who through illness has been confined to the house for the past month, will be glad to hear that he will soon be able to undertake his duties again.

Send us the names of four subscribers to THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN (half new) and six dollars, and we will mail you a free copy of the paper for one year. This is a large reduction in price; but then it is not every year we celebrate our semi-jubilee.

Rev. R. N. Grant, D.D., of Orillia, has been preparing a lecture on "London," to be delivered on the coming Friday evening in the Presbyterian Church under the auspices of the ladies of the church. Such a subject in Dr. Grant's hands should be very interesting indeed.

A choral service was given on a recent Sabbath in the Presbyterian Church, at Coldwater. The music was of a superior character and well rendered. Mesdames Millard, Law and Gray, and Messrs. (Rev.) W. A. Wyllie and Millard took prominent parts in the service.

## Suffering Women.



Alas! women do suffer. Why, we often cannot tell, but we know there is one great cause, and that is weakness. The headaches, the

depressed feelings, the pains, the discouragements, indeed, almost all the misery has a common cause—weakness. At such times a woman always needs a friend that can be relied upon, and such a friend, for more than twenty years, has been that greatest of all remedies,

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The Tavistock Christian Endeavor Society has elected the following officers: President, Miss McGregor; vice president, Mrs. Johnson; recording secretary, James Scott; corresponding secretary, Miss Jessie Bell; treasurer, Mrs. E. B. Spark.

Six new elders have been officially inducted as part of the session of St. Giles Church, Montreal. Their names are: Dr. G. A. Berwick, Messrs. W. B. Hricie, Donald Barnes ton, Francis Hyde, W. H. Cristian and Robt. Millar.

At St. Andrew's Church, London, a week ago Sabbath morning the number who sat down to the Lord's Supper exceeded that of any similar occasion in the history of that church. In the evening the pastor, Rev. Robt. Johnston, gave a very interesting address on the life and times of St. Andrew.

Rev. W. A. Hunter, of this city, gave a lecture on "The Good Old Times" last week in Erskine Church, Hamilton. It was interesting, amusing and instructive, dealing with the past, present and future progress and attainments in the world's history. Rev. J. G. Shearer presided. Special music was provided; Miss McBean played the accompaniments. Solos were sung by D. A. Souter and Miss Edgar, and a recitation was given by Josh Chapman.

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**WILLIAM BRIGGS,**  
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Rev. Walter M. Rogers' address will in future be Peterborough. He is at present engaged with Rev. R. M. Hamilton in special services in Brantford.

Mr. W. H. English, of Farran's Point, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church on a recent Sunday, relieving the present incumbent, Rev. Mr. McLeod, who suffered from an annoying indisposition.

Under the auspices of the Ivy Mission Band of St. Andrew's Church, Lindsay, Rev. R. P. Mackay recently delivered an address on the work among the Indians and Chinese in the North-West and British Columbia.

Rev. J. H. Buchanan, M.D., whose approaching work among the Bheels of India—a class thus far neglected by missionary enterprise—is being anticipated with so much interest, has taken up his residence at 449 Church Street, Toronto.

The series of sermons on the Ten Commandments by Rev. R. E. Knowles is attracting considerable attention at the capital. Speaking on "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," Mr. Knowles spoke very strongly against Sunday cars.

An old subscriber who renews and at the same time sends us a new name, with three dollars, gets his own paper for one dollar! Surely every present subscriber will renew at once, and favor us with another name for 1897. Balance of year free to new subscriber.

Rev. E. C. Currie, a graduate of Queen's University of the class of '96, has received a call to Delhi, Ont. A salary of \$800 is attached to the pastorate. A second call was also received from Havelock, but Mr. Currie had already partly pledged himself to the congregation at Delhi.

The Rev. James B. Mullan, of Fergus, preached to the united Presbyterian congregations in Chalmers Church, Elora, on Sabbath evening week, having been appointed by the Guelph Presbytery to represent the claims of Manitoba College to the congregations in this section.

Twenty-five years ago Knox Church, Ayr, had a flourishing congregation. To-day they have a beautiful new church, and a much larger congregation, but there is not one name of the elders on the roll that appeared there twenty-five years ago. Nearly all have passed into the great beyond.

A meeting was held in the Brooklin Church Ont., on the night of Thanksgiving Day. Dr. Lambly, Rev. J. H. Harris, Mr. J. C. Vichert, and Mr. Wm. Smith, ex-M.P., all spoke briefly, but their remarks were specially appropriate to the occasion. A contribution amounting to \$300 was given.

The Rev. H. R. Horne occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church, Fergus, on a recent Sunday evening, and the Rev. John McInnis supplied the pulpit in Winterbourne and Elmira for the Rev. A. M. Hamilton, who has been suffering for some time from a rather severe attack of typhoid fever and pneumonia.

A missionary debate was held in the King Street Church, London, last Wednesday night—"Resolved, that Home Missions should be more liberally supported than Foreign Missions." The affirmative was supported by Thos. McHattie and D. McKay, and the negative by Jas McKay and Art. Black. The decision being left to the audience, it was decided in favor of Home Missions.

The thank-offering meeting in connection with the Women's Foreign Mission Society, held in St. Andrew's Church, Appleton, was well attended. Addresses were delivered by Miss Graham, of Ottawa, and Mrs. (Rev.) McFarlane of Franktown; solos by Mrs. S. Torrance, of Ashton, and others. Miss Jessie Turner occupied the chair. The meeting was very interesting and instructive, and much enjoyed by those present.

Rev. Wm. M. Reid, since his settlement at Leaskdale and Zephyr, has had great encouragement. The churches at both places are filled every Sabbath. A number of members have been added. A course of sermons has been arranged for young men during the winter months. Rev. James Frazer, Sutton, Rev. W. G. Hanna, Uxbridge; Rev. J. M. Cameron, Wick, Rev. A. N. Campbell, Quaker Hill, have agreed to assist the pastor in this work.

These officers have just been appointed by the Ailsa Craig Y.P.S.C.E.: President, Mr. R. McDonald; vice-president, Miss Belle Anderson; recording secretary, Miss C. Fraser; treasurer, Miss H. Stewart; organist, Miss A. Overholt; assistant organist, Miss J. Overholt; ushers, Messrs. J. Alexander and E. S. Wyllie. Among other matters discussed at the meeting was the reply of a letter sent to the society by a former member, Rev. James Menzies, now a medical missionary in Honan, China.

The thanksgiving social held under the auspices of the Sonya Auxiliary of the W. F. M. S. on the evening of Thanksgiving Day was a decided success. Rev. P. A. McLeod, M.A., B.D., occupied the chair, while the members, assisted by Rev. A. Currie, M.A., and St. Andrew's choir, rendered the programme, which was both interesting and instructive. At the close the audience was treated to cake and coffee by the ladies of the congregation. Proceeds, \$73.

The Woodland, South Egremont, Y. P. S. C. E., annual meeting was largely attended, fully 150 being present. The election of officers took place, resulting as follows:—Ronald Lamont, president; Miss Bella McEachern, vice-president; Mr. J. G. Randell, secretary; Miss Kate Currie, treasurer.

Rev. E. D. McLaren, of Vancouver, B.C., desires to acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following sums towards the rebuilding of the church at Central Park, in that city: Christian Endeavor Society, St. Gabriel, Montreal, \$5; Christian Endeavor Society, Central Church, Galt, \$2; Christian Endeavor Society, Leith, \$7; Bloor St., Toronto, per Rev. W. G. Wallace, \$20, previously acknowledged, \$192.80, total, \$220.80. He would like very much to get \$50 more. With what has been raised in Vancouver they would then have enough to complete the building.

A dinner was lately given by the ladies of the Centerville Church. A programme was subsequently given, the pastor, Rev. Jas. Cattanach, ably occupying the chair. Excellent addresses were given by Revs. Mr. Tanner, of Onemee, and Wm. Johnston, of Millbrook. Miss Cheer, of Port Hope, gave a splendid exhibition of club swinging. Mr. McKee, of Baillieboro, sang acceptably. The admirably rendered solos of Miss Bertha Sing, of Port Hope, were highly appreciated. Mrs. (Rev.) Cattanach gave reading in an acceptable manner. Proceeds \$86.

The Young People's Presbyterian Association of Lambton county, meeting in Sarnia, elected the following officers: President, W. I. Crockard, Burns Church, Sarnia township, first vice-president, J. F. Ross, Nairn; second vice-president, Miss McPherson, Petrolia; recording secretary, Miss M. Ross, Sarnia; corresponding secretary, Miss C. Grimes, Bridgen; treasurer, Miss Jessie Currie, Strathroy; executive committee, J. Baird, Maudamin, Miss E. Rawlings, Parkhill, Mrs. E. Warner, Alvinston, John White, Watford, Miss Cuthbertson, Wyoming.

An amusing incident occurred lately during the Christmas sessions at Woodstock. Chief Justice Meredith was presiding. A citizen of Ingersoll had been charged with setting fire to a log house, "because," as he said, "the devil told him to." A witness for the defence told how the prisoner was known to act peculiarly. "I have known him to go to church and stand up in the middle of the sermon and tell the minister that he was lying." "And was he?" asked Mr. Meredith. "I couldn't say that he was," answered Small. "And did the preacher take it back?" "Oh, no, but the remark annoyed the minister very much."

The semi-annual business meeting of the Y.P.S.C.E. of Sheffield was marked chiefly by the election of the following officers for the ensuing year: President, David T. Main; vice-president, Linnie Smith; rec. secretary, Morris Sweet; cor. secretary, Sylvester Main; treasurer, Thomas Grant; organist, Rosie Main; assistant organist, Sarah Moore. Conveners of committees: Lookout, Celestia Main; prayer meeting, Bertie Culham; Sabbath school, Nelson Culham; calling, Aaron Main; missionary, Jackson Moore; temperance, Levi Schatz; social, Sarah Moore; musical, Rosie Main; Floral, Mrs. Moore; good literature, Thos. Grant; relief, James Culham.

The services at St. Gabriel's Church, Montreal, on Sunday, were of an anniversary nature. The Rev. Principal Grant, D.D., LL.D., preached in the morning and evening, and the pastor, the Rev. Dr. Campbell, presided over the communion service at 12.15 o'clock noon. A large number of those who had been members during the last thirty years were present. The special Sunday school service in the afternoon was addressed by Mr. W. R. Cruikshanks, B.A., and Mr. David Morrice. The latter told many incidents in connection with early Sunday school life in Montreal, and especially concerning old Cote Street Church Sunday school, with which he is especially acquainted.

The Women's Foreign Mission Society of St. Andrew's Church, Sonya, held a meeting on the evening of Thanksgiving Day. There was an excellent programme. Mrs. (Rev.) P. A. Macleod read a paper entitled "Why do we give to Missions?" Miss Anne Innis read a paper on "Thanksgiving." Miss Katy McPhail gave an interesting reading bearing on missionary giving; Miss Lena Burntwick gave a recitation entitled "The Silver Sixpence." Excellent music was rendered by the choir under Miss Carmichael's leadership, and Mrs. Hector McDougall sang a solo, and Miss Jennie McMillan and Mrs. T. H. Watson sang a duet. The Rev. A. Currie gave an interesting address at the close.

The annual thank-offering meeting of the Port Elgin Auxiliary of the W.F.M.S., was held on the evening of Thanksgiving Day. There was a fairly good attendance. The President of the society, Mrs. Drumm, occupied the chair. After devotional exercises, Miss McKay gave a suitable recitation, "Press on." Miss L. Cameron sang a solo. A paper from the pen of Mrs. Johnston, of Paisley, was read by Mrs. Munro. Miss Cairns read a very interesting paper, and Miss Miller, of Paisley, gave a practical address. Miss Muir rendered a recitation. The Misses Young and Burgess gave a duet. The collection amounted to \$15.75. The meeting closed with prayer by Mrs. McKinnon.

# Teacher and Scholar.

BY REV. W. A. J. MARTIN, GUELPH.

Dec. 27th, 1896. } REVIEW. { Eccl. xii. 1-14.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Eccl. xii. 13.  
MEMORY VERSES.—11-14.  
CATECHISM.—Q. 79-81.

HOME READINGS.—M. 7. Kings i. 28-39 and i. Kings iii. 5-15. T. 1. Kings iv. 25-34 and Prov. i. 1-19. W. 1. Kings v. 7-12 and i. Kings viii. 54-63. Th. 1. Kings ix. 1-9 and Prov. iii. 1-17. F. 1. Kings x. 1-10 and i. Kings xi. 4-13. S. Prov. xxiii. 15-25 and Matt. ii. 1-12. Sab. Eccl. xii. 1-14.

There is always something depressing in a review, and more especially when that review covers a period which brings matters to a termination and forbids all hope of bettering the mistakes which are bound to present themselves most glaringly to view. Our review this quarter is fitted, however, to stimulate each of us to careful seeking after the things of God and His grace by which alone we can be kept from day to day, for we review our studies of Solomon's life, a life which pre-eminently shows the insufficiency of even the highest earthly advantages and powers to enable a man to live an holy and upright life before God. Many plans might be suggested for conducting a review of Solomon's life, but each school should arrange for its own method of reviewing. The main thing is to have some method of review, that is, some plan upon which the facts of Solomon's career may be presented in such a way as to set forth most forcibly the one great lesson such a life is fitted to tell us. One of the things which make review Sabbath the most dreaded in the quarter is that teachers and even superintendents attempt to have their scholars recall the mere facts and incidents of the quarter's lessons without making any attempt at unifying these facts or setting before their schools the lesson or lessons these studies are fitted to impress upon us. Some plan is a necessity for conducting a successful review. A plan may be got at in some such way as this for the last quarter's lessons. After the teacher or superintendent has got a grasp of the leading facts and incidents of Solomon's life, let him settle as to what is the most tangible impression which a knowledge of these facts has made upon his own mind. Then let him take the production of a similar impression upon the minds of his scholars as the purpose to be secured by the review, and carefully study the best arrangement and grouping of the facts toward the accomplishment of this purpose. While perhaps no two minds will desire precisely the same impression from a knowledge of the same facts, yet each must do his own thinking if he wishes to make a success of his review. For example, it seems to me that one of the most important lessons to be drawn from Solomon's life is that hinted at in the opening paragraph of this column: the necessity for Divine aid in order to make the best of our lives. The natural inclination of the heart of young people is to imagine that they can live unaided such a life as will conduce to the very highest end possible. It is not an inviting theme to one who has just begun to feel his or her own powers, to be told that apart from Jesus Christ they can do nothing. Here is a glorious opportunity to show them that even in the case of Solomon, with wisdom the greatest the world has ever seen in a mere man, with wealth unmeasured, with opportunities unlimited, life did not arrive at the highest possible greatness just because Solomon did not serve the Lord wholly. The facts studied during the past quarter may be arranged to show the wisdom, the wealth, the opportunities of Solomon, and to show that in these things none of us can compare with him. It can be seen too that Solomon did start aright when he chose the wisdom of God as his chiefest good, but he failed because he turned this wisdom to the advancement of his own ends rather than the glory of God, hence the comparative failure of his life. The lessons are obvious: "Man's chief end is to glorify God." That end cannot be chosen apart from Jesus Christ. He must be taken as our "wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption." Then the end of our lives must be sought after in the way He Himself has pointed out: "If ye abide in me and my words abide in you." So let us strive to impress the truth that it is only in Christ, only by daily waiting upon Him, only by daily and hourly seeking His wisdom and His sustaining grace that we are enabled to do what He would have us do, and thus to become what He is willing to make us: "Like unto Himself."

# THE Canada Presbyterian.

## Semi-Jubilee Announcement.

At the end of the present month The Canada Presbyterian will be twenty five years old. We shall commemorate our Semi-Jubilee by the issue of a double-sized number, handsomely illustrated, and full of specially written articles from many of the ablest men, and not a few of the most active women in the Church. But this is not all. To mark so important an event in the paper's history we shall make to clubs only, such a startling reduction in price as will no doubt result in the addition of thousands of names to our subscription list for 1897.

## A Special Offer to Old Friends

We ask the aid of present subscribers. Old friends in every Province of the Dominion are invited to help their long-time favourite to a place in homes where heretofore it has never found an entrance. To effect this a word from you is all that is needed. If you send in your own renewal for 1897 along with the name of a NEW subscriber, Three Dollars will cover both subscriptions. Ask your neighbour at once. Do not delay. Balance of year free to new subscribers

## Five Thousand New Names Wanted

It would be a desirable thing to celebrate our twenty-sixth year with an addition of Five Thousand new names to our list. With the hearty co operation of friends of the paper this number can be easily reached, and more, too. If each present subscriber, in renewing for 1897, sends us one NEW name, with three dollars for the two, the end is accomplished, and our power for usefulness vastly increased.

## SPECIAL CLUB OFFERS

And now a word or two about our club rates. We make a big "cut" in price for this Semi-Jubilee occasion, and with the view of giving an opportunity for the introduction of The Canada Presbyterian to a greatly enlarged circle of readers. If the paper is read this year at reduced price it will likely be taken for many years at regular rates. Be this as it may, for the month of December the following prices will hold:

To a Club of Four Names—half new—one year, \$6.00; and a free copy of paper to get up of club.

To a Club of Eight Names—half new—one year, \$10. and a copy of the famous Bagster Bible (Mr. D. L. Moody's favorite), in clear minion type; circuit binding, with all the "helps," illustrations, maps, etc., etc., to get up of club.

To a Club of Twenty Names—half new—one year, \$20, a free copy of the paper, and a Bagster Bible, similar to above, to get up of club.

In each case balance of year free to new subscribers.

The following rules must be observed:

1. No old subscriber in arrears can be included in club. To be eligible arrears must be paid.

2. Club subscriptions must terminate at end of 1897.

3. All the names for club should be sent in at one time along with the money; and in every case half the names should be those of New subscribers.

Registered letters at our risk; but a money order is the best mode of remitting.

Address:

THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN  
5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

The Brockville Recorder, in reporting a recent meeting of Presbytery, says that an address on "Foreign Missions," by J. J. Wright, of Lyn, was of a very practical and stimulating character and had a marked effect upon members of the Presbytery.

Rev. James B. Freeman, M.A., B.D., of the Presbytery of Long Island, Synod of New York, is spending a few months at his old home in Brownsville, Ont., Oxford County. If any minister in session should have need of supply, he will be glad to preach for them.

The Y. P. S. C. E. of Pradford at a recent meeting elected the following officers for the incoming six months: Hon. President, Rev. F. Smith, president, Miss Alza Dennis; vice-president, Miss L. Smith, recording secretary, Miss L. Armstrong; corresponding secretary, Miss B. Thompson; treasurer, Geo. Garrett; organist, Miss Ida Faris, assistant organist, Miss Clara Kilkenny. The conveners of the several committees are as follows: Prayer meeting, Miss L. Moore, lookout, Mr. G. McDonald, social Miss Rosie Rogerson; Sunday school and mission, Miss E. Henderson, temperance, Miss J. Henderson.

The annual thank-offering meeting of the W.F.M.S. of Carmel Church, Hensall, was held on Wednesday evening, December 9th. The meeting was addressed by the Rev. J. H. McVicar, B.A., of Fergus. For over an hour in a thoughtful, earnest, interesting address on "Missionary Life in Honan," Mr. McVicar held the attention of the large audience present. The able way in which the speaker marshalled his facts and related his experiences, together with the fine spirit which characterizes the address, made it a model. Several well-rendered selections by the choir added to the enjoyment of the evening. The collection amounted to \$75.

## POINTE-AUX-TREMBLES SCHOOLS.

To the Members of Christian Endeavor Societies and Sabbath Schools.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS.—Fifty years ago a small society of Christians devoted to God and to their country, decided to build a large school for the education of young Roman Catholics, as a means of bringing them to the light of the Gospel. These men were few in number, but they were men of faith and of determination, ready for any sacrifice for the glory of God and the welfare of their countrymen.

Their enterprise was a wonderful one. How were they to find money for building? How were they to obtain pulpits to fill up their school? How were they to find teachers for those French scholars? How could they support year after year such an establishment? How were they to meet the opposition of the priests?

They knew not. They could not answer those questions, but like Abraham they trusted in God and they said: "The Lord will provide." They toiled, they wrote, they traveled, they begged, they prayed. And during fifty years the Lord has provided for the support of the school, and for the education there of about five thousand pupils, for their release from the errors and bondage of Rome, for the conversion to Christ of hundreds of them, and

of hundreds of families through their influence. The founders: James Court, John Redpath Rev. Dr. Taylor, John Dougall, Rev. Dr. Wilkes, have gone to their rest and to their reward. Who is going to succeed those men who have been the pioneers of this work, those generous Christians and devoted patriots. What an honor to walk in their footsteps, to receive from their hand the sword of the Spirit, and continue the glorious battle they have fought so bravely.

It is yours, young sons of the Church, to continue the fight. Enlist your friends, sound the bugle and come to the front.

It is your, young sisters to encourage and stimulate their valour by your gentle words, your courage and your readiness to help them.

We want to build up our country for God, and to accomplish this we must train good men and women, bring them up under the principles of the Gospel, and teach them how to respect the Holy Word of our Heavenly Father. What a noble and glorious cause is before us, to give the Bible to this Province. There should be none nearer to your heart.

Rev. Joseph Cook, the eminent writer from Boston, who learned French at Pointe-aux-Trembles, wrote some years ago these remarkable words about our pupils: "These young people are the advanced guard of a host who will, I hope, rescue the majestic banks of the lower St. Lawrence from the power which, in Europe, has made the lives of so many peasant populations a prolonged childhood."

The time is coming when every intelligent member of the Church shall understand that we have a definite and distinct message for our countrymen, a message of salvation from God, entrusted to us, and which we are bound to deliver to all who are ready to hear it. We need your help, dear young friends, for carrying on this good work; we need it this year especially, on account of the improvements we have been obliged to make lately in our buildings. We need it just now. We need it for the pursuit of our work on a larger scale.

Shall we not do something corresponding to the foundation laid by those who dared to start this mission fifty years ago? Shall you not prove their worthy successors? Led by their example, stimulated by their success, the propitious time in which we live, the improving dispositions of the French Canadians, shall you not do something worthy of this generation, worthy of our Church, worthy of this saving and liberating enterprise?

We want your help for meeting our present liabilities, for taking other pupils who want to be admitted, for new improvements.

Let not this fiftieth year of the existence of our school pass away without making a special effort towards this cause, the most patriotic and the most religious, the most practical and the most ideal, which deserves the interest, the sympathy and liberality of all the Christians of the Dominion.

Let every Sabbath School and every Society of Christian Endeavor, who had not yet considered seriously their duty of giving the Gospel to their French countrymen, send a generous contribution this Christmas season to our treasurer, the Rev. Dr. R. H. Warden, Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

Yours very truly,

J. J. BOURGOIN, Principal.  
Pointe-aux-Trembles, December, 1896.

# Scrofula

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# 6th Alliance Report.

Glasgow, 1897.

WE have just issued the above report of the Presbyterian Alliance recently held in Glasgow. The importance of this volume to all members of the Presbyterian Church, and especially its ministers and officers, can hardly be over-estimated. The wide extension and power which our branch of the Church has in the world is in no way so clearly and interestingly shown as in this volume. It is a large book of over 200 pages, and is worthy of a place in every library.

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**SCHEMES OF THE CHURCH.**

As the time is near when congregations allocate their missionary money, for their guidance we append herewith the estimated amount required for each of the several Schemes: Western Section, for the current year—Home Missions, \$80,000; Augmentation of Stipends, \$28,000; Foreign Missions, \$78,600; French Evangelization (including Pointe Aux Trembles Schools) \$49,000. Colleges, viz.: Knox (including deficit—\$6,576—from 1st year), \$18,500; Queen's, \$4,000; Montreal, \$5,000; Manitoba (exclusive of amount from Synods of Manitoba and British Columbia), \$5,000. Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund (over and above ministers' rates and interest from investments), \$10,500; Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund (over and above ministers' rates and interest from investment), \$13,500; Assembly Fund, \$6,000. In addition to the above, the sum of \$50,840 is this year required by the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society.

The congregations in both Eastern and Western sections of the Church contribute for French Evangelization, Manitoba College, and the Assembly Fund; the amounts named for the other Schemes are for the Western Section alone.

The average sum required per member for each of the Schemes is as follows: Home Missions, 54c.; Augmentation, 20c.; Foreign Missions, 53c.; French Evangelization, 30c.; Knox College, 13c.; Queen's 3c.; Montreal, 33c.; Manitoba, 3c.; Ministers' W. & O., 7c.; Aged and Infirm, 9c.; Assembly Fund, 4c. Thus an average contribution of \$2 per member would provide the total amount required for all the Schemes this year. Many congregations will, of course, greatly exceed this average. It is hoped that in every congregation an earnest effort will be made to reach the average of \$2 per member. Mission stations, as well as congregations, are enjoined to contribute to the Schemes of the Church. With the increased price of wheat, and the more hopeful business prospects throughout the country, it ought to be a comparatively easy matter to raise the entire amount asked by the several committees. This will assuredly be done if every minister and session give their people the opportunity of contributing to each of the Schemes.

Congregational treasurers are earnestly requested to forward the amount for the several Schemes, without delay, to the General Agent of the Church.

R. H. WARDEN.

Friends of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN are asked to help us to get 5,000 new names to mark the semi-jubilee of publication. If each old subscriber in renewing for 1897 will only send us a NEW name with three dollars the thing is done. The large reduction in price should be noted; but we are celebrating our twenty-fifth year of publication.

Middlesex Sunday School Association appears to be full of life and in vigorous working order. Statistics of the Association and the proceedings at its last convention have been published in pamphlet form with the substance of the addresses given and the names of the speakers which were as follows: Rev. R. Aylward, on "The Element of Fidelity in the Work of the Sunday School;" Rev. J. Downie, B.D., on "The Teacher and Pupil;" Mr. A. A. McTavish, "Home Preparation of the Lesson;" Mrs. A. W. Humphries, "Primary Lesson;" Alex. Smith, Lecury, "Filling Vacancies on the Teaching Staff;" Mr. A. W. Humphries, "How I Treated my Class of Boys;" Rev. Mr. Kellington, "Birthright of the Child;" Rev. M. P. Talling, B.A., "The Bible and How to Study It;" Miss Langford, "Intermediate Class;" Rev. James Coultis, "Temperance Work;" Rev. T. T. George, "Periodical Literature."

"Winning the Victoria Cross," By Rudyard Kipling. "Any of the officers or men of the British army or navy, from a Duke to a negro, can wear on his left breast a little bronze Maltese cross, with a crown and a lion on the top, and the inscription, 'For Valour,' below, if he has only performed some signal act of valor in defence of his country, in the presence of the enemy. Neither rank, nor long service, nor wounds, nor any other circumstance whatsoever, only the merit of conspicuous bravery, is held to establish a sufficient claim to the order. Seven hundred thousand men can compete for it, but only four hundred and eleven have ever won it." Some of the bravest deeds for which it has been conferred are described in Mr. Kipling's vivid style, in an article which he has written for *The Youth's Companion*.

**THE RESORT**

Rev. T. C. Mellor, Rural Dean, Christ's Church Rectory, Guysboro, N.S., referred recently to K.D.C. in the following words:—"I have much pleasure in bearing testimony to the value of K. D. C. for Indigestion. I have been a victim of Dyspepsia for some time, but your remedy has worked wonders. Whenever the slightest symptoms return I resort to K.D.C., and instant relief is the result. I never fail to recommend K.D.C. wherever I go."

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**THE PRESBYTERY OF ORANGEVILLE AND HOME MISSION CONTRIBUTIONS.**

MR. EDITOR.—My friend Mr Farquharson, of the Orangeville Presbytery, with a jealousy for the honor of his Presbytery which I admire, has written the Church papers complaining that in the averages given of the contributions of Presbyteries that Presbytery is misrepresented. The table of averages was carefully prepared by Mr. Henderson, of Appin, for the quarterly leaflet issued by the Home Mission Committee, and has been before the Church for months, unchallenged as to its accuracy. I am satisfied that it is correct. Were it not that the letter of Mr. Farquharson may leave the impression on some minds that the Orangeville Presbytery has been misrepresented, or that the Treasurer of the Church has not given credit to them for all their contributions to Home Missions, I should not have troubled you with this communication.

I was under the impression that every minister of our Church knows that neither the Home nor Foreign Mission Committees can report monies not sent direct to these funds. If the Orangeville Presbytery gave \$682 for Home Missions last year, only \$374 came into the Home Mission Fund. I shall be exceedingly glad in next report to give the fullest details, if they are sent me, of the expenditure of the amount allocated, apart from the regular contributions to the funds. Whether it is wise for smaller Presbyteries to adopt such a plan, and give such a large amount to missions, apart from the regular schemes of the Church, it is not for me to discuss.

When the committees of the Church make estimates of the sums required for any given year, and enter into engagements with missionaries, they must depend upon the Presbyteries sending their contributions to the general funds. The appendix from which Mr. Farquharson quotes gives no correct idea of what the congregations sent direct to the Home Mission Fund. I am not calling in question the fact that \$682, as stated, was given for Home Missions; but only \$374 were sent Dr Warden, which make the contribution to the Home Mission Fund at the rate of nine cents per member.

Many of the Presbyteries of the Church, in addition to large contributions from congregations, report to me every year special missions in towns and cities, wholly supported by individual congregations, and to this extent relieving the Home Mission Committee. The amounts thus given are reported annually, so far as I can get them, either in detail or in the

total amount. Montreal, Toronto, London, Hamilton, and Paris, and other Presbyteries have done so. But these Presbyteries never complain that the amounts thus expended by themselves are not recognized in the Treasurer's annual statement. It is impossible they can be, as the monies do not pass through his hands.

We all feel that many of our congregations and Presbyteries do not give what they might to the schemes of the Church, and that in some cases monies are given to outside objects that ought to be sent to the denominational funds. If the Church has confidence in the men appointed by the General Assembly to administer the funds of its several committees, it is to them that mission funds should be sent.

Yours very truly,  
WM. COCHRANE.

Brantford, December 10th, 1896.

**A WORTHY CHARITY.**

The treasurer of the Children's Aid Society acknowledges with thanks the following Sunday School annual collections received between November 16th and 30th, 1896:—

Baptist—Beverly Street (morning), 77c., (afternoon) \$2.48; Walmer Road (the largest ever taken for any purpose in the school), \$21.

Church of England—Messiah, \$9.25; Redeemer, \$19.10; St. Mark's, \$11.

Congregational—Broadview, \$2.10.

Methodist—Clinton Street, \$11.10; Perth Avenue, \$1.80; Berkeley Street, \$12.20; Centennial, \$7.95; Davenport, \$5.50; Zion (Bracondale), \$1.67; Hope (East Toronto), \$5; Arthur (Ont.), \$4.66.

Presbyterian—Dovercourt, \$5; St. Enoch's, \$3.09.

Friends' Meeting—\$1.11.

German Lutheran—Bond Street, \$2; West Side, \$6.50.

Jewish—Holy Blossom, \$1.79.

During the winter months the Society had heavy demands upon its funds and—now that it has a considerable debt as well—will gladly welcome financial help from outside the city, as many of the children dealt with have but recently come from other parts of the Province. A report may be had by addressing the secretary, 32 Confederation Life Building.

**BIRTH.**

At the Manse, South Mountain, on Wednesday, November 25th, 1896, a son to the Rev. J. F. and Mrs. Macfarland.

**PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.**

**HAMILTON:** This Presbytery met in Hamilton on the 17th November. Mr. Roger, late of Pelham and Louth, was transferred to the Presbytery of Peterboro. As to his request to be recognized as engaged in evangelistic work, no action was taken. Committees were appointed to consider the action of the Augmentation Committee as it may affect the congregations of Port Dalhousie, Merriton and Bridgeburgh. Addressee were given in the interests of the Home and Foreign Mission Funds, Manitoba College, and the Aged and Infirm Ministers' Fund. The Clerk reported that he had given a certificate to Rev. Dr. Beavis, who has accepted the pastorate of the First Congregational Church, Hamilton. The Presbytery gave much time to considering Young People's Societies and the report of last General Assembly on the subject, and expressed approval of the proposed plan of study. It was resolved to hold meetings for conference on this subject in several parts of the Presbytery. The remit re representation in Assembly was approved. The second remit was partly considered.—**JOHN LAING, Clerk.**

**WINNIPEG:** This Presbytery met on the 10th ult., in Manitoba College—Rev. James Lawrence, Moderator. Members of the Presbytery, who had conducted communion services in mission stations, reported their diligence in the matter. Owing to the Rev. Wm. McKinley leaving the Presbytery, the Rev. Dr. Robertson, of Emerson, was appointed the Moderator of session at Dominion City. The committee appointed to prepare a minute in reference to the resignation of Mr. McFarlane of the charge of North and South Plympton and Millbrook presented a sympathetic and appreciative resolution, and a minute of a like nature was adopted in reference to the resignation of Rev. Wm. McKinley, who has recently settled in Southside congregation, Toronto. Dr. Bryce presented the Home Mission report. Rev. J. M. Gray, of Selkirk, was appointed Moderator of the sessions of Clandeboye and Little Britain.

**A POUND OF FACTS**

is worth oceans of theories. More infants are successfully raised on the Gail Borden Eagle Brand Condensed Milk than upon any other food. *Infant Health* is a valuable pamphlet for mothers. Send your address to the New York Condensed Milk Company, New York.

The friends of the Rev. J. Cumming Smith, of San Francisco, California, will be interested to hear that he has received a very hearty and unanimous call from the Tabernacle Church, Indianapolis, Indiana. The *San Francisco Chronicle* publishes some interesting facts in this connection:—"Recently he and his wife made a ten weeks' tour of the East. During that time he preached twice at the Tabernacle Church Indianapolis, and the congregation were so well pleased with him that they issued the call upon his return here. The Rev. Mr. Smith came to this city in 1887, and was ordained and installed as pastor of the Trinity Presbyterian Church. He has been with that congregation ever since. Under his ministrations the church prospered, and in 1892 erected the \$65,000 edifice, which it now occupies. He comes of a churchly ancestry, his father, Rev. J. K. Smith, D.D., having presided over one of the largest churches in Canada for over a quarter of a century. The son took high honors in a course of science and philosophy at Toronto University, and acted as professor in classics while pursuing his theological studies at Knox College. He is 30 years old. . . . The Indianapolis church has a membership of 1,000, and will pay its new pastor \$4,000 a year, whereas the salary he now receives is but \$2,500."

**ABOUT "K. C." FLOUR.**

As people live, and learn, and suffer, they are appreciating more and more the important part food plays, not only in general health and spirits, but in the treatment of special diseases. The "staff of life," which so often proves a broken reed to physicians attempting to secure the best results in medical treatment, should receive particular attention in all digestive and liver complaints. This is given especial consideration in the process by which the famous "K. C." flour is milled. This flour, manufactured by Farwell & Rhines, Watertown, N.Y., is made up of the best and most digestible parts of three different wheats. It is wholesome and delicious to a degree when used either for bread or for gems, griddle cakes, etc. A sample will be sent free to any one on receipt of name and address.

The Rev. John McInnes, of Knox Church Elora, has been presented with a well-filled purse and an illuminated address by his many friends in Middlebrook. Mr. McInnes has for some years conducted a weekly prayer-meeting in that section at considerable sacrifice to himself, but with much acceptance and benefit to the people, who took this method of showing, in some little degree at least, their appreciation of his services. The work on the address was very beautiful and was done by Mrs. H. Rose.

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A little saltpetre added to the water in which cut flowers are put will keep the flowers fresh a long time.

In making a salad of fish, if you add a little cucumber pickle, chopped very fine, to the dish before the dressing is poured over, you will greatly improve it.

The fat obtained from frying sausage is splendid to shorten ginger cookies with, but has anyone found a use for the fat obtained from frying ham, except to use it as soap grease?

If corned beef, tongue or ham is left to cool in the water in which it is boiled the meat will be much better and more moist. All boiled meats should be cooked slowly and never be allowed to boil rapidly.

In blanching nut meats pour over them boiling water and let it stand for a few moments. Throw over them cold water and rub them between the fingers, and the skins will readily come off.

Fowls which have long since achieved their majority may renew their youth and win encomiums as "roast chicken" by being stuffed, seasoned, steamed, until tender, then roasted a delicate golden brown.

German country women boil in milk the yarn for their home-knit stockings, so they will not "crock." If black underwear, equestrian tights or stockings that stain are treated in a like manner the result will be very satisfactory.

If whipped cream is wanted quickly and there is no whipped churn available have the cream very cold and put it in a glass fruit jar with an air-tight cover. Half fill the jar with the cream, fasten the cover tightly and shake the jar vigorously.

A simple way to treat a burn is to cover all portions of it and the surrounding flesh with oil—sweet or castor oil answers very well—sprinkle heavily with dry flour and bandage at once with linen. The first object is to exclude the air and relieve the pain.

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Flatirons that have become rough from rust or starch should be rubbed with yellow beeswax. Have a cake of the wax tied in a piece of coarse cheesecloth. Heat the iron until it is very warm, but not hot, rub the iron briskly with beeswax, and then rub quickly with a clean, coarse cloth until the surface is smooth.

Baked Indian Pudding.—Add one cup of molasses and five table-spoonfuls of cornmeal to one quart of fresh scalded milk. Melt a piece of butter the size of an egg into a pudding dish, then pour in the mixture. If it is liked add a cup of cold milk to the pudding as soon as it begins to cook. Bake in a moderate oven. Serve hot.

Rinse out milk bottles, pitchers and egg cups with cold water. Empty and rinse cups. Put any dishes used in baking to soak in cold water. Fill kettles and spiders full of cold water and set away from the stove to soak. If left on the stove the heat hardens whatever has adhered to the sides in cooking and renders it harder to remove.

Charcoal is one of the best friends of the housewife. All sorts of utensils which have become musty through disuse or impregnated with the odors of strong vegetables through constant use may be purified by rinsing with water in which powdered charcoal is sprinkled. Charcoal placed in the compartments of a refrigerator in which strong-smelling foods are kept will prevent the odors from reaching the butter, milk and other odor-absorbing foods.

Acidity of the stomach can be corrected by taking a small pinch of borax several times a day. Borax applied to, canker spots inside tongue, or used as a wash for a sore mouth will effect a speedy cure. The bites of insects, as well as summer rashes will cease to give pain if bathed in a solution of borax, which is quite as efficacious in curing burns, scalds and other hurts of the family. For a wound, borax is nature's best remedy, being antiseptic, disinfectant, emollient and safe to use in every way. Corns and bunions may be cured by wetting frequently with a strong solution of borax, and tender feet relieved from itching and burning by the same application. Being cleanly, cooling and sedative in its effects, borax may be relied upon as useful in almost every ill of the household, and should always be kept on hand for emergencies.

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**British and Foreign.**

The Princess of Wales completed her fifty-second year on December 1st.

Madame Patti sang lately at the Albert Hall, London, to an audience of 10,000 people.

The number of Christian Endeavor Societies in Great Britain and Ireland has now reached 4,000.

Nearly £1 000 has been subscribed for the erection of a statue of Judge Hughes ("Tom Brown") at Rugby.

Further rain has fallen in the drought-stricken districts of India, heavy in Behar slighter in Allahabad.

Dr. George Smith, the Foreign Mission secretary of the Free Church, has left for India, to spend the winter there.

The memorial stone of the new Presbyterian College at Cambridge will be laid next May by Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Gibson.

San Francisco Presbytery has appointed a lady as Presbyterian evangelist, and her addresses are creating considerable interest.

The Rev. Alexander Patton, D.D., the well known Presbyterian minister of Bangor, County Down, after a protracted illness, lately passed away.

Rev. John McNeill has completed a fortnight's mission at Bradford. There was an average daily attendance of nearly 3,500 people.

A New York pastor says one-tenth of the people pay nine-tenths of the money raised for mission purposes in the American Presbyterian Church.

At the anniversary services in Morningside Free Church, Edinburgh, on a late Sunday, the special collection in aid of the Building Fund amounted to £917 14s 7d.

The mission of Khassia Hills, Assam has now twenty-three Welsh missionaries, seven ordained native ministers thirty-eight evangelists and sixty-four teachers.

The United Presbyterian Church will next year celebrate its jubilee. Histories of the origin of the secessions, one for the young and another for adults, are being prepared.

Dr. Temple and the new Bishop of London will be enthroned early in January—the former as Primate in Canterbury Cathedral, and Bishop Creighton in St. Paul's Cathedral.

Rev. Dr. John R. Paxon, formerly pastor of the West Presbyterian Church, New York, has recovered his health, and has preached several times recently with his old-time power.

Rev. Nathan Cosh, D.D., lately minister of Dalry Free Church, is dead after a brief illness. A native of Bonhill and algrgraduate of Glasgow, he was ordained in 1871 and settled at Dalry in 1885.

The missionaries in Madagascar connected with the London Missionary Society are taking steps with a view to handing over branches of their work to the French Protestant Missionary Societies.

Rev. Dr. John Watson (Ian Maclaren) told an interviewer in America that his church in Liverpool was a large one, but not so large as he could wish, for to gain a sitting an application had to be put in a year in advance.

A scheme to afford relief in the Indian famine districts has been started by the Salvation Army. One thousand pounds has been allotted to it from the Self-Denial Fund, and an appeal is issued for subscriptions.

The Synod of Illinois recently settled the complaint laid before it against the Chicago Presbytery for admitting Rev. Frank B. Vrooman to membership, by ordering the Presbytery to return Mr. Vrooman's papers to him.

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On behalf of the Anti-Gambling League a petition, signed by the Archbishop-Designate and others, was presented against the renewal of the licence for the Alexander Park Race-course. The renewal was, however, granted.

The evening service in the East Parish Church, Aberdeen, on a recent Sunday, was under the auspices of the Aberdeen University Missionary Association, and was conducted by the Rev. P. McAdam Muir, D.D., of Glasgow Cathedral.

The Baptist denomination in Australia have suffered a severe loss by the death of Mr. G. S. Fowler, one of the merchant princes of the colony. He was a native of Anstruther, his father having been for some years the pastor of the Baptist Church in that Scotch town.

The revenue of the English Presbyterian Church promises well for the current year. A special appeal is to be made to the congregations in aid of the Home Mission Fund. The Foreign Mission Fund will show a large adverse balance, which will, however, be provided for by the reserve fund.

The Wesleyans have forty-two missionaries in the foreign field who are ladies, the London Missionary Society sixty-five, the Baptists thirty-five, the Presbyterians twenty-one, and the Moravians twelve. The Church Missionary Society has 192 lady missionaries, and the Church of England Zenana Society 180. The Zenana Bible and Medical Society employs seventy-eight ladies.

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Mr. George R. Faskin, B.A., of Elora, a probationer and graduate of Knox College, has been accorded an all but unanimous call to the pastorate of St. Paul's Church, Toronto. The congregation guarantees a stipend of \$500, and the Presbytery was asked for a grant of \$200, to make the stipend \$1,000. At the meeting of Toronto Presbytery last week the call was sustained, and the Augmentation Committee will be asked by Presbytery to give the necessary grant. Mr. Faskin, who was formerly on the teaching staff of the London Collegiate Institute, is a young man of varied attainments. His many friends will hear with pleasure that his career in his chosen field of labor has opened so auspiciously. It is a marked recognition of his ability that his first pulpit should be a metropolitan one.

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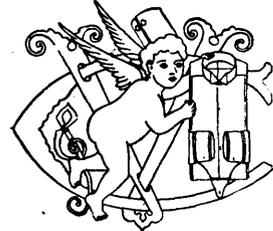
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**EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.**  
WEEK OF UNIVERSAL PRAYER, JAN. 3-10, 1897.  
TOPICS SUGGESTED.

Sabbath, Jan. 3rd—Sermons. Text, Lam. iii. 25.  
Monday, Jan. 4th—Thanksgiving and Humiliation. Praise and Thanksgiving: For the countless mercies that have crowned the past year; for special "times of refreshing"; and for the general prevalence of peace.—Ps. cvii. 1-9; cxiv. 1-9; Eph. i. 3-7; 2 Cor. ix. 15. Humiliation and Confession of Sin: For slothfulness in Christ's service; for losing opportunities for witnessing for Him; for conformity to the world.—Ps. cxxxix. 1-6; Joel ii. 12-14. Prayer, for more entire consecration of heart and life; for a more steadfast "looking for the coming of the day of God."—1 Cor. vi. 19, 20; Col. i. 10, 11; 2 Peter iii. 11-14.

Tuesday, Jan. 5th—The Church Universal. Prayer that the whole Church of Christ may be more separate from the world; that there may be more true oneness of heart among her members, and that this oneness may be manifest; that what is formal and sensuous in worship may be swept away, and that there may be instead of it a soul-thirst for God.—John xvii. 20, 21; Col. ii. 16, 19; 1 Thess. i. 5-8; iii. 12-13.

Wednesday, Jan. 6th—Foreign Missions. Praise to God, for the "open doors" in nearly every part of the world; for the success which has attended the proclamation of the Gospel, especially in Africa, China and South America; for consecrated lives given up to Christ's service in heathen and Mohammedan lands; for the large number of faithful native labourers in various countries, and for the spirit of liberality existing among the native Christians generally.—Acts xi. 19-24; Rev. vii. 9, 10. Prayer, that the hearts of Mohammedans and heathen may be opened to receive the Gospel; that the Church of Christ may fully realize her responsibility with regard to those who are still in darkness.—Isaiah vi. 5, 8; Zech. iv. 6-7; Mal. i. 11; Luke i. 78, 79; Matt. ix. 36-38.

Thursday, Jan. 7th—Nations and their Rulers. Prayer, for the evangelization of the world, that the nations may speedily become Christian; for Sovereigns and Rulers, and for all that are in authority; that cruelty and oppression may cease; that protection may be extended to the Armenian Christians, the Stundists, and all who are suffering grievously for Christ's sake. That all the momentous events happening among the nations of the earth may only tend to the more rapid growth of the kingdom of Christ.—1 Kings iii. 5-10; Prov. xiii. 34; xvi. 12; Jonah iii. 5-10; 1 Tim. ii. 1-4; James ii. 8, 9.

Friday, Jan. 8th—Home Missions and the Jews. Home Missions.—Praise for increased activity amongst God's people, and for many tokens of the power of the Holy Spirit accompanying the means used. Prayer, for the blessing of God to rest abundantly upon all Evangelistic efforts; for work amongst Soldiers and Sailors; and for the better observance of the Sabbath. Jews.—Praise for the wide circulation obtained for the Hebrew New Testament, and for the encouraging work amongst Jews. Prayer that there may be such an outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon the Jews as has never been witnessed since Apostolic times.—Isaiah lix. 20, 21; lxii. 6-12; Zech. x. 9-12; xii. 10; Rom. xi. 26-27.

Saturday, Jan. 9th—Families and Schools. Thanksgiving, for Families bound together by the love of Christ: for the earnest work carried on by many Students in our Universities and Colleges.—Eph. iv. 31, 32; v. 1, 2; Col. iii. 18-22; Deut. vi. 6-9; Ps. cxix. 9-12; cii. 28; 2 Tim. iii. 14, 15. Prayer, that Parents may more constantly seek to bring up their Children in the fear and love of God; that greater prominence may be given in Christian households to the study of God's Word and to united prayer; that a special blessing may be outpoured upon Universities, Colleges and Schools, and that the religious teaching given in them may be thoroughly Scriptural; that Sunday Schools may increasingly become nurseries for God's Kingdom.

Sunday, Jan. 10th—Sermons on Foreign Missions. Go ye therefore and disciple all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.—Matt. xxviii. 19, 20.

At the St. Andrew's banquet in Boston a former clergyman of our Church, Rev. Charles J. Cameron, very recently of Brockville, Ont., was accorded an excellent reception. Referring to the event, the *Boston Herald* says: "Amid much enthusiasm toastmaster Brown felicitously introduced the Rev. Charles J. Cameron. He made a ringing speech on St. Andrew's Day that caught the deepest feelings of all around the tables, and he was applauded heartily and a long time. With considerable oratory Mr. Cameron recalled some momentous events in early Scotch history, notably the gallant resistance to Cæsar, when the watchword was 'Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.' He touched on the virtues of St. Andrew, saying: 'This anniversary commemorates a man of faith and enthusiasm, who lived the creed he professed.'" The *Evening Transcript*, in the same connection, remarked: "Rev. Charles J. Cameron made a speech full of patriotic fervor, which roused the feelings of those about the tables to a great pitch of enthusiasm."

**MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.**  
ALGOMA.—At Thessalon, third Tuesday March, 1897, at 7:30 p.m.  
BRANDON.—At Brandon, first Tuesday in March.  
BARRIE.—At Urtilla, December 15th, at 2 p.m.  
GLENBORO.—At Glenboro, on the second Monday of March, at 7:30 p.m.  
HURON.—At Blyth, January 19, at 11 a.m.  
KINGSTON.—In St. Andrew's Church, Belleville, on December 15th, at 2 p.m.  
LINDSAY.—At Lindsay, December 15th, at 11 a.m.  
MAITLAND.—At Wingham, January 19, at 9 a.m.  
MELITA.—At Melita, in the first week in March, 1897.  
MONTREAL.—In Knox Church, Montreal, on December 15th, at 10 a.m.  
OWEN SOUND.—In Division Street Hall, Owen Sound December 15th, at 10 a.m.  
PETERBORO.—In St. Paul's Church, Peterboro, on December 15th, at 9 a.m.  
STRATFORD.—In Knox Church, Stratford, January at 10:30 a.m.  
SUPERIOR.—At Superior, first Tuesday in March, at 10 a.m.  
QUEBEC.—At Richmond, December 15th.

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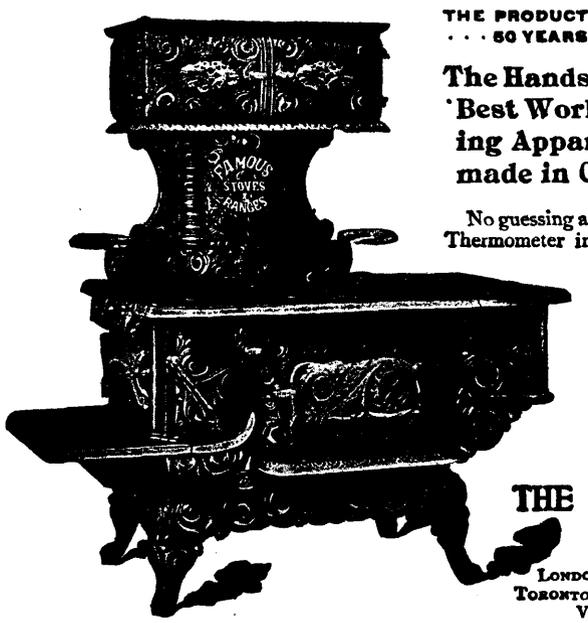
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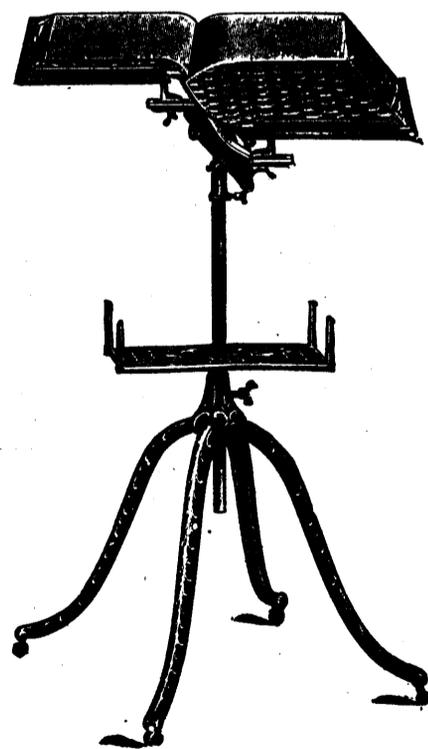
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