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Notes of the Week.

On Professor Blackie's grave, in the Dean Cemetery, Edinburgh, where lie many other Scottish men of letters, a red granite Celtic cross has been erected. On a panel beneath is carved the following inscription:—"John Stuart Blackie, Professor of Greek in the University of Edinburgh; born 28th July, 1809; died 2nd March, 1895."

Mr. H. M. Stanley has made his maiden speech in the House of Commons. He supported the Uganda Railway scheme, and said it would be impossible for the British to evacuate Egypt until the Soudan was restored to order, and he therefore was of opinion that it would be necessary to extend the Uganda Railway to Wady Halfa.

The University of Aberdeen has been celebrating its fourth centenary by, among other things, the opening of the Mitchell Tower of Marischal College. This has been erected at a cost of £5,000, by Dr. C. Mitchell, of the well-known firm of Armstrong, Mitchell & Co., Elswick Works, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Dr. Mitchell has given £30,000 in all to his Alma Mater.

The Rev. Joel Jewell, the author of the phrase "Tee-total," has just died, aged 92. He was a Presbyterian minister. In 1828, at a temperance meeting in Hector, N.Y., he introduced the letters "O.P." for "Old Pledge," which pledged against nothing but distilled spirits, and "T." for "total," including fermented liquors as well. At that meeting pledges were first taken for "T-totallers." The word is said to have reached England in 1832.

The Presbyterians of London, England, have, through Dr. Monroe Gibson, succeeded in securing the services of Dr. Andrew Murray, of Wellington, Cape Colony, to conduct this month a three days' mission for the promotion and quickening of spiritual life. The meetings are to be held in Regent's Square Church. Dr. Murray is a member of the Dutch Reformed Church, and wields a powerful influence for good throughout South Africa. His visit to Toronto and his addresses while here will, by many, never be forgotten.

At the opening of Glasgow College, Principal Douglas stated that Professor Henry Drummond was improving in health. His medical advisers said there was nothing in his condition which, with time and patience, he might not get over. They had, however, forbidden him to attempt any work for another year. The Senatus, after careful consideration, having in view the difficulty of finding an efficient substitute for Professor Drummond, had decided to allow the Chair to remain dormant for a year, and to re-arrange certain of the other classes accordingly.

The treatment of destitute children, is a subject which is happily receiving increased attention in every Christian country. In New South Wales, in 1880, a State Children's Relief Board was formed, to whose charge the neglected children of the colony were entrusted. At the present day 3,174 children, of both sexes and various ages, are being cared for at an annual cost of \$65.00 each. The greater number are given board in private families, and are under the supervision of local lady visitors, who give their services gratuitously. Where possible families of children are boarded in the same house that family ties may be kept intact. Instances of misdoing on the part of the guardians or children are said to be comparatively few, and the number of such children who become good citizens is very large.

The western section of the Executive Committee of the Alliance of Reformed Churches held its annual meeting in the lecture room of the First Presbyterian Church, Wood Street, Pittsburgh, Thursday, October 31st, Rev. Talbot W. Chambers, D.D., LL.D., of New York, presiding. Some thirty members were present, and reports were received from the committees appointed on the different questions that concern the council. A committee was at last meeting appointed to secure, if possible, a conference with the home mission secretaries of the various churches connected with the Alliance. Among others who accepted this invitation was Rev. Dr. Cochrane on behalf of our Church, who was present at this meeting of the Committee. In the evening a reception was tendered to the delegates, when about 300 invited guests were present, and addresses were made, one of the speakers being our Home Mission Committee Convener. The occasion is said to have been a very enjoyable one.

The Rev. E. T. Root, at a meeting of Presbyterian ministers in Baltimore, U.S., made an address lately on the criticism of American missionaries in Armenia, made by Admiral Kirkland, of the United States navy, to whose summary dismissal we lately called attention. He is quoted as having said that the missionaries are "a bad lot." Mr. Root said, the *Montreal Witness* informs us, that it was at the request of the American Board of Foreign Missions that Admiral Kirkland was recalled. Over against Admiral Kirkland's opinion of missionaries, Mr. Root set that of the late Earl of Shaftesbury, who, in an address, spoke of them as follows: "I do not believe that in the history of diplomacy, or of any of the negotiations carried on between the nations of earth, we can find anything equal to the wisdom, the soundness, and the pure evangelical truth of the body of men who constitute the American mission in Turkey. They are a marvellous combination of common-sense and piety."

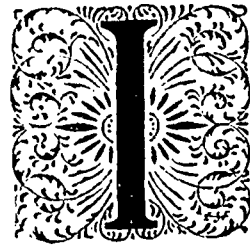
The General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church North, the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, the Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church and the General Synod of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of the United States appointed committees, these committees to consider the matter of a joint revision of the metrical version of the Psalms, met at the Presbyterian Board of Publication, Philadelphia, on October 24th, when a large number were present. The joint committee, after reading of the memorial, resolved to extend an invitation to the following denominations to co-operate in the movement. The Presbyterian Assembly (South), the Reformed Church in America, the Reformed Church in the United States, the Cumberland Presbyterian Church, the Reformed Episcopal Church, the Holland Christian Reformed Church, the Canada Presbyterian Church. A letter was forwarded from ministers of the Associate Reformed Synod of the South, intimating that that denomination would probably appoint a committee to co-operate in the movement. This meeting being merely preliminary, after an interchange of views among those present, the joint committee adjourned to meet at the call of the chairman, at the Presbyterian Board of Publication's building, Philadelphia, Pa. The object of this important movement is not to commit any body of Christians to the use of such a book in whole or in part when completed, but to secure, if possible, a metrical translation of the Psalter of such excellence, as will commend it to the taste and judgment of all who may desire to use the Psalms in praise, and as will secure it a place in the hymnody of all the churches. It is unnecessary to say of what great significance is this undertaking. We hope it will in time be crowned with abundant success.

The overwhelming responsibility of a man in the place of the Prime Minister of England is well illustrated by the speech of Lord Salisbury at the banquet of the Lord Mayor of London, which was an occasion of exceptional brilliancy as a social function, and of exceptional importance as a political event. It is well known that a semi-official announcement on great public questions is usually made by the first minister of the crown on the occasion of this banquet. The critical state of affairs in Europe at present, in view of the treatment by Turkey for some months past, of its Armenian Christian subjects, and the delicacy of the relations among the great powers as regards Turkey, gave very special significance to every word which Lord Salisbury might utter at the Lord Mayor's banquet. A single indiscreet utterance from him would certainly create, at least, anxiety in every capital of Europe, and it might lead to war, the most terrible in all probability, which this generation, at least, has seen. Lord Salisbury has risen nobly to the occasion. We know not when we have seen anything more admirable for the wisdom, the calmness, the well-weighed guardedness, the solemn, deep sense of responsibility, and at the same time resolute firmness and dignity with which he spoke on this occasion. The whole of Europe was waiting, it might be said, to hear and weigh every word, and so wisely by common consent did he speak, that a sense of relief to the utmost extent which the circumstances allowed, was conveyed to every court in Europe, while Turkey was warned in distinct and weighty language, that the time for trifling was past; and the poor, down-trodden, pillaged, and persecuted Armenians received, probably, all the real comfort and cheer which the circumstances admitted of. Not only Great Britain, but Europe and the whole civilized world, may at this time be congratulated that a man of such wisdom, calmness, sound judgment and solemn sense of responsibility is at the helm of affairs in England.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN

DAWN OF SABBATH REST ON MACKENZIE RIVER.

BY REV. D. G. MACQUEEN, B.A.



IN the summer of 1861 a young Scotchman, Murdock —, from Stornoway, in the Island of Lewis, landed at York Factory as a recruit in the service of the Hudson Bay Company. On the way up from York Factory to Oxford House he travelled with the Swampy Indians, who had been taught by the Methodist missionaries laboring among them to keep the Sabbath, which was in marked contrast with the French Half-breeds who were working for the Hudson Bay Company along that route.

In the summer of 1862 Murdock went into the McKenzie river district and thence out to the islands in the Arctic Ocean, trading along with the Eskimo among the Indians for the great corporation, whose arms spanned the continent, in their search after plunder. He returned from the Arctic regions in the summer of 1864, to work on the boats running between Fort Simpson and the Height of Land lying between the Athabaska and Saskatchewan rivers. Here he made a fruitless attempt to obtain Sabbath rest for the boatmen, such as he had been accustomed to in his Highland home, and which he had unexpectedly found enjoyed by the Swampy Indians between York Factory and Oxford House. The French Half-breeds, taught to look upon the Sabbath as an institution of their church, thought that prayers in the morning was all that was required. And even the Hudson Bay Company officers were opposed to the day's rest in each week on the ground that the summer season in these high latitudes was too short, with even seven working days in the week, for their purposes of gain. But in the fall of 1864 about a dozen good young Scotchmen went into the McKenzie river district in the Hudson Bay Company's service. Murdock felt that these were reinforcements in the campaign for Sabbath rest, and consequently, in the spring of 1865, he renewed his attack on the hitherto impregnable fortress. The attack came in the shape of a demand for a boat to be manned by himself as bowman, and eight other young Highland Scotch Presbyterians as oarsmen, with Wm. Smith, an English Half-breed from the Red River Settlement, as steersman, with which to put the Sabbath rest question to the test. Reluctantly the demand was acceded to for a term of two weeks, on condition that if, at the end of that time, his party was not as far ahead on the trip as the Sabbath breakers, then this would be his last attempt to secure the Sabbath rest. This was all Murdock wished for, namely, a fair trial. He had no doubt of the issue. When the first Sabbath came, the Scotch boat lay quietly tied up by the bank, while the French Half-breed crews began their day's journey by jeering and laughing at those they did not expect to see again until the end of the season's trip. After enjoying the day's rest, the trip was resumed, and on Tuesday evening they caught up and camped near to their jeering friends of Sabbath morning. On Wednesday night the Sabbath keepers were away ahead out of sight, when Sabbath again came they were quietly enjoying the days peace and rest, and just at noon the other party came wearily in sight. The officer in charge was with the latter party and clearly saw that they would be distanced in the long and difficult journey before them, and decided that it was not expedient for the party to become separated owing to the difficult portages and rapids in the way requiring all their forces to overcome them. Murdock and his party demurred to this, unless the French Half-breeds would consent to take their Sabbath rest. The conference occupied the afternoon of the Sabbath, and as a result the other party had a half day's rest. The Scotchmen were allowed their way for another week, on condition of remaining with the rest of the party for the first four days until some difficult points in navigation were passed. They then shot ahead again, and had about another half day of Sabbath rest when the seven day toilers came up with them. This settled the matter, for the officer in charge and the Half-breeds. The Sabbath was at least outwardly kept for the remainder of the trip as Scotch example and determination set it before them. And strange to relate, they had good wind for sailing, when sailing was possible, every Monday morning until Fort Simpson was reached. This was in 1865, and the Sabbath was ever after kept as a result of this determined action of putting the value of it to the test. Murdock left the McKenzie in 1867, and was one of Riel's prisoners in the rebellion of 1870. The marks of his bonds are plainly visible about his wrists to this day. Thus began the dawn of the Sabbath rest in the basin of the great McKenzie river, and all through the persistency of a single man.

Our Contributors.

WRITTEN FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN

CONCERNING THE MAN WHO IS NOT THERE.

BY KNOXONIAN.



HEN Brother Boanerges appeared in the pulpit to preach his annual Thanksgiving sermon he was not in a happy frame of mind. The empty pews worried him. Lumber is a good thing in its own place, but boards make a poor audience. They are not appreciative, nor responsive, nor retentive, nor do they give anything to help the collection. Brother Boanerges never did like an audience composed mainly of pine boards worked up by the carpenter into the form of pews. So this Thanksgiving morning he took occasion to give a somewhat severe dressing down to the congregation. That would have been well enough if his voice could have reached the people who were not in church but it didn't. The hot shot struck the empty seats and the few devout worshippers who were in their places to give thanks, and had not been absent from a Thanksgiving service for years. The absent parishioners were far out of range. Not a grain of shot went near them. It was a clear case of hitting the good man who was there while aiming at the man who was not there.

There is a vast amount of pulpit ammunition fired at the man who is not there. Usually, if it hits anybody, it hits the man who is there and who does not particularly need to be hit. Some preachers fire their ammunition about as gracefully and skillfully as an average woman throws a stone.

Brother Indiscreet worked faithfully during the week on his morning sermon. He thought he had something pretty good for the people and looked forward hopefully to Sabbath morning. Sabbath morning came and with it a North-east wind, a raw drizzling rain, stiff joints, digestive organs on strike and severe colds. The congregation was thin—of course we mean numerically thin. As Dr. Burns used to say, the people were "not well out." To tell the whole truth, Mr. Indiscreet himself was physically a "little off," and not in the right frame of mind to preach. So he went straight for the people who were not there, and punished the people who came miles through mud, rain, and sleet to worship! Beecher's recipe for wet Sabbaths was the right one—"preach so well to the people who come that you punish those who remain away." It requires a sound body and a miracle of grace, to work out that system under a raw drizzling November rain and a North-east wind.

Many a prayer meeting has been spoilt by scolding the man who is not there. A few devoted people meet to read the word, sing, praise and pray to their covenant God. Usually they are the choicest Christian people in the community. A coarse, thoughtless man, perhaps indeed a minister, looks upon the little band whose hearts God has touched and he launches out into a violent denunciation of the crowds who are on the streets, and in the hotels, and at public resorts, and contrasts their number with the number present. Now supposing that were a proper thing to do in some place and at some time, is it the right thing to do at the prayer meeting? The good people who are there came there to pray, not to listen to denunciation of those who are absent. Is it their fault that others did not come? Dr. Wardrope, perhaps the best prayer meeting minister in the Church, would not treat a few good people in that way. Not he. He would tell them some good helpful gospel truth, pray with them as few men can pray, and send them home happier, better, purer and much more likely to bring others to prayer meeting.

We have heard men denounce what they call "small meetings," in a spirit and manner which laid them fairly open to the suspicion that all they wanted was a "crowd" to pose before. They were thinking far more of the "crowd" than of the prayer. Provided the "crowd" was big enough and they were allowed to perch on the highest place on the platform, it would probably not have troubled them much if the prayer had gone no higher than the roof.

There is a lot of pulpit ammunition wasted on the infidel who is not there. He is very seldom in church, and if he does happen to drop in, any reference to his supposed views swells his head. The worst cases of swelled head generally arise in this way. When Dr. Stuart Robinson preached in Toronto thirty years ago, he used to handle certain kinds of sceptics rather roughly. It was all right enough for him to do so because he preached to a mixed multitude, and he was a master at the business. A would be sceptical student, whose mental equipment was as slender as the suggestion of a moustache traced on his lip, used to come out of the hall chuckling over the fact that the eloquent Doctor had made a personal attack on *him!*

Ordinary preachers rarely are honoured with the presence of a live infidel in church, and if they are so honoured, should the time of hundreds of Christian people be wasted in feeding the vanity of a creature whose only claim to notice is, that he tries to make his neighbours believe that he follows Bob Ingersoll or some other monster of impiety.

For firing at the man who is not there, and hitting him in the place where he was missed before, the General Assembly comes easily first, the Synod comes second, and the Presbyteries should have third honours. The whole business of issuing circulars, passing resolutions, and adopting recommendations, is radically, intrinsically, essentially, everlastingly defective, for the simple and all-sufficient reason that they never reach the men that need them most and want least to be reached.

This is a big subject and must have treatment by itself.

A THANKSGIVING TO GOD

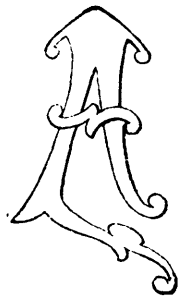
ROBERT HERRICK (1594-1674).

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell;
A little house whose humble roof
Is weather proof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry—
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast sent a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me, while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate—
Both void of state,
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by poor
Who thither come, and freely get
Good words, or meat.
Like as my parlor, so my hall
And kitchen's small,
A little buttry, and therein
A little bin
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unlead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee—
The worts, the pusanne, and the mess
Of water-cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent;
And my content
Makes these and my beloved beet
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering heart
With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink
Spiced to the brink.
Lord 'tis Thy plenty dropping hand
That soils my land,
And giv'st me from my bushel sown
Twice ten for one;
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
Her egg each day;
Besides my healthful ewes to bear
The twins each year—
The while the conduits of my Rhine
Run cream for wine.
All these and better Thou do'st send
Me to this end—
That I should render, for my part,
A thankful heart;
Which, fired with incense, I resign
As wholly Thine;
But the acceptance, that must be,
My Christ, by Thee.

WRITTEN FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN

AN AUTUMN HOMILY.

BY FIDELIS.



ALTHOUGH this year we have not had summer protracted into autumn so lingeringly as in some seasons, yet we perhaps welcomed the more heartily, when they came, our few Indian summer days, full of the warmth, light and dreamy pathetic beauty of this exquisite season, which seems like the last expiring flash of Nature's life before it is apparently quenched in the seeming death of winter.

But now, the seeming death has come. Outdoor life is no longer the delightful thing it was,—in the country. There is no more pleasant floating over still waters; no more wanderings in summer woods; no more long evenings on piazzas, spent in watching the sunset hues fade gradually into purple twilight over winding river or placid lake; no more moonlight strolls amid the shadows of the woods or on the moonlit sward; no more fragrance of roses or gleaming whiteness of water lilies; only the bare boughs and sodden leaves that seem the symbols of winter's desolation. Even October with its bluster and blow, and its keen bracing air, seems to put us on a more

distant footing with Nature, although those who still cling to the country life, during that glorious month, till all its glory is over, have many a rich feast of light and colour to reward their constancy. But November comes at last, stern and uncompromising! She quickly strips the trees of their last bright leaves, while the bare boughs or the dark branches of the evergreens toss to and fro, as it would seem, in wild remonstrance against Her cruelty. She shrouds the blue sky in masses of heavy dark cloud that soon descend in freezing rain or stinging sleet. She lashes the waves of our lakes, till, in their fury, they remorselessly swallow up helpless barks and precious lives. Looking at the havoc She makes of all the summer beauty we loved, we feel as if we could no longer rejoice in Nature as the revelation of God, and are inclined to echo Bryant's sigh:

"The melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere."

And to those who love the free and open summer life of the country, with all the shy happy creatures that flit through the shadowy recesses of the summer woods; and who seem to hold a closer communion with the Divine Spirit, under the brilliant many-coloured veil which we call Nature, this destroying approach of winter brings real deprivation.

But there are other lights in which we may look at the coming winter and find that even the dreary days of closing autumn are in their way a revelation of God to our spirits in a still deeper degree than the more joyous beauty of spring. While He reveals Himself undoubtedly to the seeing eye in the material world, which is the hem of His garment. He chooses that such material revelations shall always be changing and transitory, and that the fleeting, unpermanent character of material objects shall always be forced upon us. To the thoughtless or superficial observer,—to what Scripture calls the "the carnal mind,"—material things are the only realities. To the eye which has once seen the beauty of the spiritual, they are but shifting and temporary manifestations. The artist is greater than his works and parts lightly with that which he can reproduce at pleasure. He who is the source of beauty lives—though every temporary and visible manifestation of it should be swept away. And He can restore without effort that which we mourn to see laid waste! It is because we are so straitened in our powers, so limited in our resources, that we mourn for the dying summer, and see with sorrow the fresh green leaves of spring lying crumpled and brown, and almost unrecognizable, beneath our feet! But to the eye which can see Him whose laws are even now at work forming and nourishing the young buds which in the spring are to clothe the woods anew in exquisite green, this fall of the leaves and seeming death is but one beat in the perpetual rhythmic ebb and flow of that succession of natural phenomena which we call Nature. It is no more really death than it is death in the body, when the blood is sent from the heart to the lungs, to be purified and fitted for resuming its vital functions.

But notwithstanding that this deeper look into the mysteries of life forbids us to regard the falling leaves and the purifying winds as really gloomy and destructive processes, still the season carries a needed discipline to those who intensely love communion with Nature, and are proportionately sensitive to her varied aspects. To these, especially to the yearly increasing class who sojourn in the country in summer, and return to town for the winter, the closing of the season and shortening days bring a separation almost complete, from the face of Nature, which seems like that from a dearly loved friend. The skies are left them, certainly; but the familiar fields and woods are either far away, or, in our northern climate, so transformed by the icy touch of winter, that they are almost as far removed from close and familiar intercourse as if it were by thousands of miles between.

Yet even this deprivation carries with it a needed lesson. It is a yearly reminder that the fashion of this world passeth away; that in the spiritual, not in the material, our true joy is to be; that God is greater than His works, richer than His gifts, and that only the Infinite and the Eternal—not the limited and the transitory—can ever satisfy the longings of an immortal spirit. It is only as we see God in and behind His works, that they really minister to our highest life; it is only as we see Him outreaching and infinitely surpassing His gifts, that they can really be safe to us. Just in so far as we are satisfied to rest in them without looking beyond, we are idolaters.

One thought more. The enjoyment of natural beauty often becomes a purely selfish pleasure, resulting in a dreamy indolence and passivity.

"To sit on rocks, to muse o'er flood and fell" is to some natures a sort of lotus-eating. If too long indulged in, it almost effaces the claims of active life and social sympathy, in a delicious dream of

dolce far niente. Much as most workers, in the rush and hurry of our time, need a little quiet for tranquil thought, too much tranquility and too much contemplation had to barren self-indulgence, injurious both to the Christian and the social life. The field may be fallow too long! By a too exclusive pre-occupation with Nature and comparative forgetfulness of the facts and needs of human life, it is easy for the mind to glide insensibly into a mood in which the story of the Cross seems a contradiction and an anomaly. Whittier beautifully brings out this truth in his poem, "The Meeting":

"But Nature is not solitude,
The crowds as with her thronging wood,
Her many hands reach out to us,
Her many tongues are garrulous,
She will not leave our senses still,
But drags them captive at her will,
And, making earth too good for heaven,
She hides the Giver in the given."

This is probably one reason why such men as Arnold and Thoreau have taken an attitude antagonistic to evangelical Christianity. We need, for our soul's health, to be brought face to face with the needs and sufferings which the story of the Cross alone can meet, especially when, through much absorption in the outward life of Nature, such needs in our own hearts are for the time lulled to sleep. And we need it not less for our healthy life as human beings, than for our healthy religious life. Though Wordsworth tells us that "the impulse of a vernal wood" will "teach us more of man" than all the sages, yet all are not equally sensitive to its lessons, and, for most people, a little real work among their fellow men, a few honest attempts to help and sympathize, will be much more salutary. We need our "needy brethren" as much as they need us. There is a higher happiness, one more worthy of moral beings, in helping the helpless, ministering to those who need our ministrations, "rescuing the perishing, than even in enjoying the most exquisite scenery with which Nature can surround us, or in yielding to the most fascinating influences of her thousand spells. Each in its place is good, but life is better than dreaming; and so we may find compensation even in the bitter autumn winds that deprive us of the cherished summer delights of intimate communion with Nature, if they only drive us back to take up the burdens of our fellow men and make summer in the soul for ourselves and others, when grim winter reigns in field and wood. There are many ways in which we realize the infinite truth of the words of Christ: "He that loseth his life shall find it." For

"Love's a flower that will not die
For lack of leafy screen;"

And

"There are, in this loud stemming tide
Of human care and crime
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime—
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wraughing mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet
Because their secret hearts a holy strain repeats."

God's best and highest revelation of Himself to man is not material but spiritual, and much of the teaching of Nature and the discipline of life is intended to teach us this. And it is remarkable and suggestive that, in the good Providence of God, who overrules all human affairs, the season of Nature's deepest gloom is that in which the Christian Church celebrates the Advent and Incarnation of God's highest revelation of Himself in Christ—the one hope of Humanity.

"GIVE THANKS TO GOD."

Give thanks to God who reigns on high,
Yet makes our wants His care:
He heeds the hungry raven's cry,
He hears his people's prayer.

How rich the promises divine
Which faith may boldly plead;
With light and comfort how they shine,
How well they meet each need!

A very instructive lecture was delivered last week by the Rev. J. H. MacVicar, B.A., in the lecture hall of Crescent Street Presbyterian Church, Montreal, the subject being the somewhat paradoxical one of "Happy Miserable China." Mr. MacVicar showed in a most entertaining manner how China was happy in its misery, and miserable in its happiness. The lecture was illustrated by excellent photographic views taken direct from real life and scenes in China, and thrown on the screen by limelight from a fine lantern. A large audience was present, and listened with wrapt attention to the lecturer's graphic delineations of Chinese life and character in the Flowery Kingdom.

Bishop Sessums, of Louisiana, says, "An education which leaves out the divine is not complete; it is an injustice to our human nature. It is a very poor religion, on the other hand, which undertakes to leave out education."

WORLD OF THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN
AMONG CHINESE PIRATES.

REV. LOUIS H. JORDAN, B.D.



WHEN a youth, and a voracious devourer of books, no stories pleased me better than the thrilling adventures of some Pirate. The evil aspects of his often ill-fated enterprise were neither denied nor lost sight of; but, without any willingness on my part to exercise too rigid a scrutiny, he and his companions were accorded the status of Heroes. The dash and daring of these desperadoes, the rush with which they carried everything before them, and the ingenuity with which they eluded their pursuers and retained possession of the spoils, beclouded my judgment sufficiently to make me ready to condone what I should have condemned. But since those early days many a delusion has been rudely dispelled, and my sympathy with Pirates in particular has been very effectively dissipated. For in the interval, and more than once, I have had some opportunity of examining their work at uncomfortably close quarters; and the glamour of romance quickly disappeared amid the perturbations of a grim repulsive reality.

Such memories happen not to be unseasonable, at a time when the hearts of many are being moved with a devout thankfulness. Each life has its own retrospect, and along the way of the years thought takes us all back to many a place where we have set up a stone of remembrance. There are several incidents in my own career, which it is impossible to recall without feelings of gratefulness. One or two of these experiences may briefly be recounted.

When visiting Shanghai some years ago, my wife and I made several attempts to reach Formosa, not only because of the wondrous beauty of the island, with its great camphor forests and its magnificent tree ferns, but especially because it was the home of Rev. Dr. McKay, and the scene of one of the most flourishing missions of the Presbyterian Church in Canada. Disappointment succeeded disappointment however. No suitable craft was announced to sail for some days; we would have had to make our way first to Foochow, where another wait confronted us; we had the prospect of encountering a Monsoon at that season of the year; we discovered that the method of effecting a landing at Formosa was decidedly primitive, and was likely to entail some inconvenience; and it also transpired that it was doubtful whether we could secure early conveyance thence to Hong Kong, where we had to keep an important engagement. Hence, with some reluctance, we abandoned temporarily our purpose, resolving to visit Formosa later on, when our visit to Hong Kong should have been completed. On our way South, however, we learned with pleasure that a very comfortable British steamer would sail from Hong Kong for Amoy shortly after our arrival at the former port; and at once we made up our minds to secure a passage by her. In due time we reached Hong Kong; but, to our renewed disappointment, we found that the steamer in question was to sail two hours later! We had not expected to start at such short notice, indeed, already tired out by a voyage of nearly three days, and a local engagement having to be kept, the thing was practically out of the question. So, with very keen regret, we were once more compelled to abandon our long cherished project.

But mark what immediately followed. The day of which I am speaking was Tuesday, December 9th, 1890. The P. and O. steamer *Mirzapore*, upon which we had arrived from Shanghai, dropped anchor off the quay about 8 a.m. For two hours we had been gliding onward, amid all the glories of an Eastern sunrise, through those numerous beautiful islands which mark the approach to Hong Kong's superb harbor. About 8 a.m. the *Namoa*, the steamer for Amoy, sailed. At 1 o'clock, while lunch was being served in the saloon, two hundred of the steerage passengers showed themselves armed upon the deck, and at once seized the ship. The wheelman of course, and one or two others, had to be reckoned with by the Pirates, and the commotion which ensued caused the captain to dash up the companion-way on the run. He was instantly shot, and died soon afterwards. Within a few moments, three others were killed and four were wounded. One of the saloon passengers who offered resistance was tossed overboard and drowned. Meantime, while panic and slaughter reigned, the steamer continued serenely on her course. If passing vessels had caught a closer view, they would have observed that the two hundred innocent looking coolies had confidently thrown off their disguises; for they had now turned their blouses inside-out, and lo they wore boldly the livery of their profession! As regards the passengers, native and foreign, dexterous fingers relieved them rapidly of whatever valuables they were

found to possess; and then the original owners of these spoils were securely locked up in the state rooms and placed under guard. By and by, at a place previously appointed, six Junks were overtaken as they lazily moved along. But those quiet decks, in a few moments, became fairly alive with busy workers; nearly the whole of the cargo of the Amoy vessel, representing a value of about \$25,000, was rapidly transferred to them; the engines of the steamer were disabled, and the fires extinguished, the boats, swinging in the davits, were rendered useless; the six Junks hurried away in as many different directions; and the exciting affair was ended!

And yet, happily, it was not ended. As soon as intelligence of these proceedings reached Hong Kong the whole city was stirred. The incident was not indeed unique, for this was the fifth occurrence of the kind that had transpired within the preceding thirty years; but it was sufficiently serious to warrant prompt action. Accordingly the British authorities brought the matter at once to the attention of the Chinese Government, and even offered to send a couple of men-of-war in instant pursuit of the robbers. But the Chinese Viceroy haughtily affirmed that his resources were quite equal to the occasion, and declined all assistance, with the result that the rascals were almost beyond reach before the cumbrous local machinery began actually to move. Several of the Pirates were subsequently secured and beheaded. At least it was officially announced that justice had been satisfied, though it is quite possible that among those who made expiation were some who suffered unjustly. Still, in this way, the popular unrest was quieted; and the leisurely sipping of tea and smoking of opium were resumed with undisguised gladness.

Another memory, recalling the flutter and thrill of a very disagreeable experience, comes back to me now as I write. It was two days subsequent to the *Namoa* incident, and while the fever of that horrid excitement still burned in everybody's blood. My wife and I were passengers on the steamer *Honan*, proceeding up the Pearl River to Canton. The sail, under other circumstances, would have been simply charming. Islands, sequestered groves, pleasure resorts, curious pyramidal Pagodas;—the eye might have enjoyed a continual feast. Besides, the captain was a most genial American, and he did everything in his power to make his temporary guests feel at home. Still there was but one thought uppermost in every mind; we had seen some ugly looks and scowls on Chinese faces as we had walked that day in the streets of Hong Kong, and there was everywhere a feeling of risk and unrest. This apprehension was certainly not lessened when we observed that, as soon as it became dark, the Chinese steerage passengers on board were being watched from above by an armed guard! The captain, moreover, kindly though he was, never allowed his revolver to lie beyond reach of his hand; and, altogether, the atmosphere tended to give one the creeps. Imagine then our consternation when, the darkness having now settled down about us, our steamer was peremptorily hailed from a boat that was being swiftly rowed toward us. We all looked instinctively toward our captain, who had sprung to his feet. "A midnight attack this time; and a capture—sure!" some one exclaimed; and we all tried to feel reconciled to the inevitable. The captain yelled some rapid orders, which of course we did not understand; the steamer was actually stopped, and six rough looking men came up over the ship's side! When our captain silently led them below, and the seven forms disappeared from our view, it is not too much to say that our nerves were wound to the point of supreme tension. At such a moment we could confidently have discovered the forbidding visage of a Pirate in almost any one. Our feelings, however, proved in the present instance, to have been quite needlessly alarmed. The savage raid made upon our steamer by six stalwart freebooters turned out to be merely the quite common-place visit of a party of Custom House officials on the search for smugglers!

On other rivers of China, further to the eastward, as we espied the little brass cannon, which are ever found on the decks of the innumerable freight Junks, we were continually reminded that the merchants of that empire may well offer a prayer for "those who go down to the sea in ships." There is one peril ever impending, which is as destructive of cargoes as storms or shoals. It is upon such craft, in no sense capable of coping with a well armed and courageous foe, that the Pirate delights to swoop. But it has also happened occasionally, it happened in 1890, during our eastern sojourn of which I am now writing, that the person of a missionary will be seized, and the Pirate will hold his victim as a hostage, male or female, as the case may be, until a sufficient ransom is forthcoming.

Doubtless my wife and I were sometimes in risk from this quarter, when we in no wise suspected that there was any danger. At other times we were consci-

ous of our peril, and we can still clearly recall the feelings which were uppermost at such moments. We have been together in tornados at sea and in railway mishaps on shore. We have experienced exceedingly unwelcome sensations as a group of well-mounted Bedouins has overtaken us, and has examined our little encampment, or our slowly moving cavalcade, with a needlessly curious gaze. We have more than once known what it is to be suddenly aroused at night, convinced that some pillager was taking liberties with our baggage in the darkness. In Turkey, on one occasion, our train barely escaped being "held up" by a band of mountain bandits. But whenever we recall our various wanderings together, and when we rehearse some of our adventures in far away lands, we discover that we both retain very distinct recollections of the ninth and eleventh days of a certain eventful December, for probably one of our very closest shaves past imminent danger occurred when we missed the trim little steamer *Namoa*, and thereby missed the not-to-be coveted experience of a brush with Chinese Pirates.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN

THE THANKSGIVING BELL.

BY FIDELIS (AGNES MAULR MACHAR)

A TRUE STORY

Under its old trees the old church stood, close to the city street,
Mid the bustle and hum of the busy life, and the tread of the
hurrying feet,
And its silvery chime, and its sacred song, borne out on the sum-
mer air
Seemed a message of love, from God above, to the people pas-
sing there!

How clearly the old church bell rang out, on a bright Thank-
sgiving Day,
Calling the people, "with cheerful voice," thither to praise and
pray,
Bidding the wayfarers thank the Lord for His countless blessings
given,
For the love that is shed o'er the path they tread, and the light
that leads to Heaven!

Now it chanced that a sad-faced woman passed, when the bell
rang, loud and clear,
Bearing a vessel freshly filled with that which had cost her
dear,
With that which should ease her aching heart, and lighten her
load of care,
And if not peace, it should bring release from the gnawing of
despair!

But the bell rang out in the autumn air, with its sweet and
solemn call,
That seemed to carry the message of love and peace to all,
Love and Peace to the saddest heart that will come with its
heavy load
To Him who came, in the Father's name, to bring us back to
God!

And it seemed to enter the sin-sick soul, that words could never
win,
And she saw, in the light of God's great love, the darkness of
her sin,
While yet 'mid the depths of her self despair, there breathed,
through the burdened breast,
The call so free, "Come unto Me, and I will give thee rest!"

Then loosed were the springs, long sealed and dry, and the sad
eyes were wet with tears,
For the sacred memories that awoke from childhood's happier
years;
And she threw away the deadly draught and thanked God, as
it fell,
For the message of love from heaven above, in that Thanksgiv-
ing bell!

For the Law's stern hand had been all too weak, the wayward
will to chain,
And human counsel, though kindly meant, had done its best in
vain,
But the church-bell that brought the blessed thought of God's
forgiving grace
Had drawn her in, from the depths of sin, to the contrite's
lowly place.

Then long may the silvery peals ring out on their message
and sweet!
For we know not when their pleading tones may stop the way-
ward feet;
We know not how God's grace may reach the soul long lost in
sin,
Aid open, though late, the golden gate, to let the wanderer in!

In an address delivered by Principal Caven, of Knox College, in Hamilton recently, on Sabbath observance, he made the following remarks. He was opposed to laws forcing people to attend church, or children to attend Sunday school. In these matters he favored moral influence, but it did not follow that the Christian people should not have legislation to protect the Sabbath. The constitution of Canada was founded upon and permeated with Christianity, and it was the good men who should have the right to control legislation affecting Sunday. The Lord's Day must be protected, and a law was wanted, if there were not one, to preserve the quietness of the streets, and enable Christians to worship without the interruptions of noisy street cars. The Principal deprecated stringent legislation that would stop works of necessity on Sundays, but said that far too much unnecessary labour was now being done on that day, and the Christian public had a right to control it.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN

IS THERE A SYSTEM OF THE UNIVERSE?

BY REV. EDWARD ASTON.



O one who looks up to the heavens on a clear night, the first impression is that the myriads of stars above our heads are scattered in aimless confusion through the realms of infinite space. Beautiful indeed is the picture that night reveals to those who can appreciate the exquisite loveliness of the heavenly vision. The most prosaic natures are, at times, moved by the calm, clear, lovely light that falls upon our eyes as we gaze upwards at the great city of the stars. But when looked at with the eyes of a David or Shakespeare, the starry heavens have suggested some of the most beautiful outbursts of poetic emotion that adorn the literature of the world. To the quick and keen intelligence of Modern Man, however, there are questions arising for which poetic and religious feeling have no reply. Growth in scientific intelligence has made thoughtful men realize that the universe is a mighty fact, its problems are almost overwhelming factors in the development of modern religious and philosophic thought. We might sail through space at the rate of one hundred and eighty six thousand miles per second for one million years, passing, at this inconceivable velocity, the moon, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, Neptune, but still new stars appear, new worlds. Again, we might journey a million years, and again new starry splendours would call forth fresh admiration. Is, then, the universe, visible and invisible, without system or plan? Does chaos or order rule? Does the universe reveal order or disorder, discord or accord? Such are natural, intelligent questions. Is there such a thing as any intelligible, astronomical system of the universe?

Our reply is that there are grounds for believing that there is a system of the universe, that the movements of the millions of stars and planets are regulated by a rational, well-ordered plan. The movements of the countless worlds, created by God's matchless wisdom and strength, are neither erratic nor disorderly. There is our own system, the earth with its own motions, and its attendant moon. Then we have the solar system, the earth and many other worlds swinging round the sun. Then we have the sun himself, with all his celestial dependants, rolling his mighty mass round another centre. That body, the hinge or axle of our solar system of the heavens, carries all these servitors round still another centre, and so on until, in the seventh system of the heavens, we have a point around which the mighty universe of material worlds ever rolls. System is thus linked to system. The deeps of space are occupied by masses innumerable of ever rolling worlds, marching through regions of God's universe unknown to man, without jar, dislocation or confusion. System is piled upon system, sevenfold.

Surely under the pressure of these mighty reductions of the heavenly glory, in the presence of these countless masses of orderly orbs, "the un-devout astronomer is mad," and we may rejoice in the faith that the Pilot at the helm of the affairs of the universe is no capricious monarch, but a wise, almighty Father. Is there then a system of the Universe?

Modern astronomy has taken the first step in finding an answer to our question by the discovery of the fact that, there, in the constellation of the Pleiades, the hinge or axle around which the solar system revolves. For centuries it has been known that the earth and the planets revolve round the sun. But what about the sun himself? Is he a motionless body or does he move round some other object in space, carrying his train of planets, with their satellites, along with him? First of all, the fact was established that the sun has an appreciable motion directed towards the constellation of Hercules.

The next problem was to find the point or centre around which the sun is performing his marvellous revolutions. By elaborate observations and ingenious calculations, this question too has been solved, its solution being one of the greatest triumphs of the human intellect. In Alcyone, the brightest star of the Pleiades, we have the centre of gravity of the vast solar system. Alcyone is the hinge or axle in the heavens, around which the sun and his numerous planetary dependants are moving through space in an orbit which it requires twelve million years to complete. The sun is, say, ninety-five millions of miles distant from the earth. But the distance of the sun from the Pleiades is thirty-four million times greater.

In Alcyone there must be a tremendous energetic force, when that one star is dragging the sun, with his

whole family of planets around it at the rate of four hundred and twenty two thousand miles per day, in a path that takes so many thousands of years to complete. It is here we come upon one of the most striking indirect proofs that the God of nature and the God of the Bible are one. When God astonished the star-gazing patriarch, as he admired the unsurpassed brilliancy of beauty that the Chaldean night unfolded before his eyes, by the question, "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades?" it is not likely that it meant more to Job than "Canst thou hinder or retard the progress of the spring?" for these stars were supposed to usher in, or herald the approach of, spring. But close examination of the passage in question confirms Pastor Robinson's splendid, helpful utterance, "The Lord hath yet more light and truth to break forth from His word." The word "Pleiades" in the authorized version represents a Chaldaic word, *chimah*, meaning a hinge, pivot, or axle, which turns round and moves other bodies along with it. The note thus struck, sounded before its time, has only found response in the mind of man, thousands of years after the time when its music was sent singing and ringing down the corridors of Time.

The aimless disorder of the stars is then only in appearance, not in reality. The earth is held by a chain held tight in heavenly fetters. These influences are sweet, like the fetters of love, for we are ever moving through space under the harmonious operations of blessed laws. There are, indeed, good grounds for believing that our earth is part of a splendid system. The sun is a centre around which bodies are revolving, differing in size, form, and consistency, but they are all held in unseen, yet not unfelt, fetters. All are so chained by the force of gravitation that every orb keeps its destined path, preserving the safety and harmony of the whole.

This wonderful linking of one system with another is an impressive witness to God's guidance. Moons revolving round planets—one system; comets and planets, with their satellites, round the sun—a second system; comets, planets, and sun round Alcyone—a third system; Alcyone round a still grander sun, and so on, until we come to the seventh system embracing all the million members of the whole scheme. Grand then beyond all conception are these clusters of systems moving round the centre of ten thousand centres—which may be, as reverently hinted by a devout admirer of the stars, the great white throne of the Eternal, where is "no need of sun or moon to shine for the glory of God doth lighten it and the Lamb is the light there of." Only touching the fringe of our subject—the astronomical system of the universe, a practical truth may be driven home. "God," says the unlearned man to the man of culture, "has no use for your learning." To which the scholar may reply "Nor has He any use for your ignorance." Ignorance, be it due to native incapacity or depravity of will, is ever contented with its limitations, while true culture not only bestows humility and reverence, but impels the student to seek "fresh fields and pastures new" for the acquisition of truth. The intellectual culture which increases our appreciation of nature's marvellous, beautiful works cannot be frowned upon by an all-wise, and, may we say, beautiful Mind, who may yet reveal Himself in mightier love and weightier glory in the magnificent eternities that lie beyond our ken.

In the study of the stars, may there not be growth in grace as well as in knowledge? Their courses are vast, their velocities are inconceivable, they whirl round invisible centres, they shift their positions and pass into new relations.

Must not that be a wonderful Power which preserves such perfect order amongst arrangements so complex, such steadiness amidst the incalculable distances to which they wander, and the bewildering velocity with which they move? To our thinking, the force that separates these stars from one another, and controls all their movements is no mere mechanical agency, unoriginated, uncontrolled; it is the *supreme will* of One who has in His hands the activities and destinies of the universe.

Surely, then, there is for every thoughtful and devout mind an intensely interesting message from the stars, and even those who, like Job, are grievously afflicted, may find rest and peace in the contemplation of the mighty starry system of the heavens.

Standing, in a clear dark night and glancing at the stars, mildly, silently beaming upon us, we may well recall Addison's lines:

"What though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

Merrickville, Ont.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN

A THANKSGIVING MEETING A STORY FOR THE
W. H. M. SOCIETIES.

BY EDITH CHARLTON.

"The regular monthly meeting of the Woman's Home Missionary Society will be held on Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock in one of the Bible class rooms of the church. All the women of the congregation are invited."



HERE was nothing new in the announcement, nor was there anything unusual in the minister's tone as he read the notice from the pulpit of the Stone Street Church one Sabbath, at morning service. In-

deed so accustomed were the people hearing the notice read month after month, that very few in the congregation remembered ten minutes after that the announcement had been made. Here and there through the church a woman's face wore a look of expectancy, as if the coming meeting had some interest for her, but they were very few.

Like other congregations Stone Street Church had its woman's missionary society, and it was conceded by every one who thought about it at all, to be a necessary branch of the church and also to be very flourishing.

They had pledged themselves to give fifty dollars a year as the partial support of a missionary in the North-west, and they never failed to raise the amount; they met once a month, at least some of them did, to talk about the needy ones in far away lands, but their conversation was principally an outline of the work, the real details were known only to a few of them. But to the majority of the women in the congregation the missionary society was nothing more than a name. How the meetings were conducted or what became of the contributed funds were unsolved questions to them. When the collectors came round with their books asking for contributions to the missionary society, many of them said, "Let me see, that is the society Mrs. Holland is president of; oh, yes, I remember;" and without further inquiry or interest would write her name down for fifty cents. But month after month a dozen women met for an hour in one of the class rooms to discuss matters. True the meetings were never very interesting or enthusiastic, but probably that was the fault of the surroundings; who could be enthusiastic in a dull, dark class room in a church basement? At any rate, if a stranger happened to go to one of the meetings she always pronounced it dry.

Things had gone on like this for years, every one was satisfied because no one thought any improvement could be made. The fifty dollars were always contributed, and an occasional box of clothing was sent to one of the missionaries. What more could be expected of any missionary society? But at least one of the members began to be dissatisfied, to think it was high time to take another progressive step and to get a little outside the old rut. Miss King was energetic and enthusiastic, and she did want to put more life into the Woman's Home Missionary Society of the Stone Street Church, but just how to manage it was a matter which gave her many serious thoughts, and had been the subject of her prayers for some time.

She had been visiting in a neighboring city and had attended meetings in some of the churches there, real live meetings they were too, full of interest for every one, so she knew missionary meetings were not always slow and dry, nor conducted in dark cheerless class rooms, much too large for a dozen women to be comfortable in. So now at last she decided she must do something and made up her mind to broach the subject of widening their circle and extending their influence at the next regular meeting. It was no wonder the color came and went in her face and her eyes brightened when the announcement was read.

Tuesday afternoon came, just as every anticipated day comes, no matter how far in the future it may seem to be. The dozen women were all assembled in the class room; the opening hymn had been sung, a passage of Scripture read and prayer offered. The minutes of the last meeting had been read and adopted and now came a pause. Before the president had decided whether to make a few appropriate remarks or read a new missionary leaflet, Miss King, in clear tones which every one could hear, said she had a suggestion to make. "And perhaps we shall feel like discussing, it so I shall make it just now," she said in her brisk way. "Now ladies don't you think we have cultivated this spot in the vineyard well enough to warrant us extending our lines out a little farther," and her grey eyes sparkled with earnestness and suppressed excitement as she watched the various expressions on her listener's faces. Mrs. Holland was glad of a variation in the programme and urged Miss King to make any suggestion she thought would be for the benefit of the society. "Thank

you, Mrs. Holland, I shall be glad to have the attention of the society for a few minutes," Miss King resumed. "I have been thinking we ought to have a thanksgiving meeting for our society. We have been coming here month after month, many of us for years; we have had many blessings and I am sure have much to be thankful for," and she looked from one to another inquiringly.

But did any one ever yet propose something new or a little different from the usual, that there was not some one to raise objections, and this was no exception. One thought the scheme would involve too much work, another thought the society claimed sufficient attention as it was, while a third doubted that any others in the congregation could be persuaded to take an interest in the society.

"Oh well, there can be no harm in trying, 'never venture, never win' you know," Miss King said encouragingly. "Besides, I do feel we ought to be moving ahead. We have so many things to be grateful for, and we surely do not want to be always standing in the same spot, never growing but rather going backwards. And a thanksgiving meeting seems to be something we can easily and successfully manage."

"Well what would you have? How would you conduct your meeting?" asked Mrs. Holland, who really was anxious to have the society enlarged.

"We shall ask every woman in the church to come to our meeting," said Miss King, glad to notice interest in at least one face. "We shall send a written note to each one asking her to come to our meeting, in this note we will enclose an envelope and a slip of paper, requesting that every one write a Scripture text or give at least one reason why she has cause for special thanksgiving, and also for her thank offering, no matter how small it may be. Then at the meeting we shall read aloud these slips; have special thanksgiving exercises; read some of our missionary letters and when the meeting closes have some slight refreshment, when an opportunity will be afforded for all to become better acquainted and to discuss missionary matters." She added, with a bright smile, "It will be very strange, if the membership of our society is not increased, a warmer feeling of friendship awakened among us all, as well as a deeper sense of thankfulness to our Heavenly Father for His countless mercies kindled within us."

"I am sure we have no cause for complaint," said Mrs. Gordon, the doctor's wife, who was inclined to be conservative in her ideas. "Our society has done good work in the past; we have always raised our pledged amount and our meetings have been held regularly."

"Why! there is one cause for thankfulness already," Miss King answered quickly. "We ought to return thanks that our society has been so successful in the past. But I am not satisfied, none of us are, I am sure. We ought to do more, we should have twice as many members at our meeting, and our Band of Hope needs waking up. Oh, there is plenty requiring attention; surely we are not going to be content to remain as we are, doing just the same year after year." And in her eagerness Miss King left her seat and went close to Mrs. Holland's side as if she would entreat her to favor her plan.

When the meeting opened Miss King felt she could not lay her scheme before the society, but as she talked on she became more and more earnest, until she felt she could not give up until she had enlisted the sympathies of the society. And it occasioned a great deal of talking, Stone Street Church had seldom had such a lively missionary meeting.

Here and there a woman gave her opinion in favor of Miss King's Thanksgiving meeting; while other voices were raised in objection, doubting that it would be of any benefit or that the society would be enlarged by it. The congregation appeared to be quite content to let the present society manage all its missionary affairs.

But in the end Miss King's project was carried, plans were made for the meeting, something was given each one to do; every thing was settled down to the small matter of appointing a committee to serve refreshments at the close. And all the ladies went home to talk over again the wonderful meeting they were to have next month.

The days went by and each was busy with her own work, and many a prayer was offered for the success of the undertaking; while the secretary was at work preparing the notes of invitation. Just a week before the meeting each woman in the congregation received a letter written in this manner:

"Dear friend,—We extend to you a hearty invitation to be present at our Thanksgiving meeting which will be held in Stone Street Church lecture room next Tuesday afternoon at three o'clock.

"We have all enjoyed some blessings throughout the past year, for which we should thank God, come to His House and bring your offering with you. Put your gift in the small envelope and write on the outside (without your name) the amount, no matter how small.

"Also a scripture text, or mention in some way blessings received during the year.

"Your message will be read at the meeting and may help others to see and count their mercies.

"Bring ye all the tithes into the store house. Honor the Lord with thy substance."

If one could have seen the faces of each woman as she read her letter they would have said that Miss King's plan was beginning to have good effect already. Many who had received numberless blessings year after year, with no thought of thanking the Giver for His goodness, paused to think of some special mercy, and found, as we all have done, that our gifts and blessings are more than can be numbered. We are all prone to accept everything as our due, or think of our mercies as coming to us by the laws of nature, and failing to remember the One who makes the laws, that "cause the earth to yield her increase" and who, amid all else, remembers us and our individual needs.

So it was with the women of the Stone Street Church, but now when the request came that they recall some special blessing or cause for thankfulness; God's great goodness to them and their own unworthiness seemed, this year, to be greater than ever; and as they were able they gave their thank offering.

And so at last the important day came. Miss King, Mrs. Holland, and those others who felt a crisis had come to their missionary society, brought their hopes and fears to a Throne of Grace and prayed that they might have success.

It was a grand meeting. The women came eager to hear the messages of the others and to present their offerings. When Mrs. Holland said, "We shall open our meeting by singing the one hundredth Psalm," it was with a glad outburst of thanksgiving that every one sang—

"For why, the Lord our God is good
His mercy is forever sure,
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure."

Then a sweet-faced old lady with snowy hair curling over her brow, prayed so fervently that they might all be truly thankful, but that in their thankfulness they might not forget their brothers and sisters in far away lands less favored than themselves, and that the good Lord would send His blessing to every one's need.

Mrs. Holland read one or two passages of scripture specially bearing on giving thanks, and Miss King had several letters from missionaries in the far North-west to read.

Many who before this had scarcely thought of the hardships the missionaries and their families had to endure in these countries, listened with growing interest to accounts of the work in those new countries; of the suffering and privation the floods in British Columbia had wrought and of the gratitude of the settlers for any help given them.

Then came the reading of the slips which deepened in many hearts a new sense of gratitude to God. One woman, who had hitherto thought only of the interests of her own family, saw that it was also her duty and privilege to consider the wants of her poorer sisters and sent the message, "Look not every man on his own things; but every man also on the things of others." This message became the key-note of the meeting and was taken as the society's motto for the year.

Another weary soul had found peace and rest in her Saviour during the year; she sent the message in humble thanksgiving, "For He satisfieth the longing soul and filleth the hungry soul with goodness."

A woman who had experienced much trouble, whose dear ones had come very near death's door and yet had been restored to her, sent her message, "I sought the Lord and He heard me and He delivered me from all my foes."

Yet another woman who knew what it meant to feel the pinch of poverty, whose children could not be clothed and fed as other's were; and who had experienced also that all are not tender towards the poor. She knew a Father's love and still had faith. Her message was, "Like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him."

And thus the joyful messages were read, grateful hearts had found utterance in the precious words of scripture.

When the texts had all been read, Mrs. Holland repeated softly, "Bless the Lord, oh my soul, Who redeemeth thy life from destruction, Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies;" and a clear voice began to sing,

"Fountain of mercy, God of life—
How rich Thy bounties are,
The rolling seasons as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care."

The minister came in for a few minutes, and in solemn tones prayed that much good might result from this meeting, that those who had long labored in the

(Continued on page 754.)

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The Canada Presbyterian

O. BLACKETT ROBINSON, MANAGER.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 20TH, 1895

It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord, and to sing praises unto thy name, O most High.—Ps. xcii, 1.

WHAT this country needs more than anything else is an avowed, continuous, and practical recognition of the fact that the Gospel is the only remedy for all the ills that afflict both Church and State.

MR. JUSTICE FERGUSON ruled the other day that a man cannot have his mind refreshed in regard to a fact he never knew. Whether that is good law or not it seems to be remarkably good sense.

TAMMANY seem to have won again in New York, after having been well nigh crushed. Of course no one need be told that the worst elements in the city conquered because the better elements could not agree among themselves. When was it otherwise?

WE venture to say that Principal Grant, Principal King, Prof. Bryce and Dr. Thorburn, of Ottawa, can settle the Manitoba School Question in one week to the satisfaction of every reasonable man in the Dominion who is not working at the question for what he can make.

THE Church of God is the only institution on earth that aims at the salvation of the whole world. Other institutions aim at helping certain classes and their operations are usually confined to certain localities. The Church aims at the salvation of man as man. So-called moral reformers, who disparage and belittle the Church of God, are not to be trusted.

WHY don't the American jingoes who are vapouring about war with Canada agitate the sending of half a dozen of the new war vessels to Asia Minor to protect the American missionaries whose lives are in danger there? Great Britain and other European powers have warships at the Dardanelles ready to defend their own people, but some of our neighbours are relieving their war feelings by an imaginary invasion of Canada while Great Britain will in all probability have to protect American citizens in the East.

YALE UNIVERSITY has established a course in modern novels. It is the most popular course in the great University, 258 students having entered. Most young people can read enough of fiction without any encouragement from a university. Still if a university can create a taste for good fiction and a thorough distaste for bad, a course on fiction may not be a bad thing.

THERE is a notable absence of noise in our Presbyterian Church at the present time. The great ecclesiastical machine is working so smoothly that the click of the machinery is scarcely heard. The few men within our pale who hate a quiet spell must be having a hard time. Good work is being done. Next spring there may be noise enough; and when the noise gets up both the quality and the amount of work may go down.

THE recent trial of Holmes in Philadelphia, and the trial at present going on in Toronto, supply the lovers of the horrible with abundant reading matter. One peculiar feature of such cases is that people who live in quiet homes hundreds of miles away from the scene of the trial usually know more of the details than many who live under the shadow of the court house in which the trial is going on. Whether knowledge of the details does them any good is another question.

THE remark constantly heard that if a certain well known criminal lawyer defends a criminal he is sure to be acquitted, and if he prosecutes the criminal is sure to be found guilty, is a severe reflection on the administration of justice. There may be little or no foundation for any such feeling in the public mind, but all the same it is very unfortunate that it should exist. The great body of the people should feel satisfied that justice is done no matter who prosecutes or defends.

THE utter inability of a merely secular education to make good citizens is painfully manifest at the present time. The criminals whose names are known over all this continent are fairly well educated men. One of the pugilists whose name has sickened so many people within the last few months used to be a bank clerk. The ring-leaders in crime almost everywhere are men of good ability and fair education. The man who at this time of day holds that a knowledge of the three R's can make good citizens must be singularly ignorant of the facts.

FOUR distinguished specialists in mental disease, Dr. Daniel Clark, of the asylum, Toronto, Dr. Charles Clark, of the asylum, Kingston, Dr. Bucke, of the asylum, London, and Dr. Anglin, of Montreal, have made affidavits saying that notwithstanding the verdict of the jury they still adhere to the opinion that Shortis was not capable of distinguishing between right and wrong when he committed the deed for which he is sentenced to be hanged. It ought not to take the Minister of Justice long to decide between such men as these and an ordinary Quebec jury.

AT least half a dozen times in a short speech the new General sent by the home authorities to take charge of our Canadian troops urged the officers of the Toronto volunteers to "take themselves seriously." The advice is good no doubt, but one cannot help remembering that in England Parliament adjourns to see the Derby and members complain most bitterly if they are called to legislate for the Empire during the shooting season. The fact is we take ourselves much more seriously here than they do in England. A good many of us have to. Money is more plentiful there and a large proportion of the people do little except spend it.

OUR New York exchanges announce that a great Foreign Mission meeting was arranged for last Friday evening at which ex-President Harrison would preside and one of the addresses be delivered by the Hon. John W. Foster, formerly Secretary of State, and one of the peace negotiators between China and Japan. Both of these distinguished statesmen are elders. No doubt it is pleasant to see men of their ability and standing taking part in a missionary meeting; but, after all, are they not honoured by having a share in the Lord's work. No doubt both of them would say so.

THE Interior says:

If you have a preacher who is not afraid to tell you the truth, hold on to him. That one quality has more in it for you than if he had all the facets of a diamond, all the stars of the Pleiades, all the sweetness of a spring morning. What we need most of all in this world is the exact truth of God concerning ourselves.

That is a fact; but what some people need most of all is just the thing that they want least of all. For example the Chicago man who said that the doctrine of human depravity should not be preached because it is contrary to the American constitution did not want the kind of truth he needed most of all.

THE deliverance of the Synod of Manitoba on the school question is a model of patriotism and solid Presbyterian sense. The Synod wants neither purely secular nor sectarian schools but it does want the principles of our common Christianity taught in the Public Schools of Manitoba. The Synod does not want the Dominion Government to interfere with Provincial Legislation on the school question; and is hopeful that the Province, if left alone, will settle the question without outside interference. If the Dominion Government cannot trust the Manitoba Government, then, says the Synod, let there be a conference between the two Governments and in all probability a solution will be found that will satisfy all reasonable people. A commission, we think, would be better than a Conference, but either would be much better than mere political manoeuvring.

OUR THANKSGIVING NUMBER.

IT is with feelings of satisfaction, of more than a merely business kind, that we again issue our annual special Thanksgiving number of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN. Many were the kind and encouraging words which came to us from various and distant quarters, as to the excellence both of matter and workmanship of our Thanksgiving issue of 1894, and we bespeak for this an equally friendly reception. The return of the season is welcomed by almost all, and the longer it is observed the more richly freighted is it with happy associations. It is in a fair way to become, and we hope it may become, permanently established among our national institutions. Many and valuable are the uses of our annual national Thanksgiving season, and its uses are all the greater and more valuable; the more eagerly that men pursue merely material good, the greater their facilities for obtaining it, and the more that in ever increasing measure it is secured. For, most obviously, wherever a Thanksgiving day is in any right sense observed, it recognises that there is something higher and more worthy of pursuit than material good, and so it helps to put an arrest upon its too eager and exclusive pursuit. It interposes a breathing time wherein to turn attention to other and better things. A community or nation that with any heart or feeling of sincerity at all, does regularly observe a Thanksgiving day, can hardly confine it to one day or set season, and so can hardly become wholly sunken and materialistic.

The tendency, we all know, of such recurring seasons is to lose their significance, and become merely

SOUTH AMERICA.

formal, empty, dead and lifeless observances. It is for all good men in all the churches, and especially for the clergy, to guard against and counteract this tendency by seeking to awaken, and give full, adequate and appropriate expression, at all times, but especially at this season, to a true spirit of thanksgiving. There is no way whatever, we believe, in which this can be so well done as by all classes, all over the land, assembling in their several churches on the day appointed, to engage in acts of devout worship of Almighty God. The day and place, and its general observance, naturally invite and prompt to recall and recount national mercies during the year that now is past. This is itself a most elevating and religiously stimulating exercise; the nation whose people will do it really, and in any considerable numbers, cannot, so long as they observe it, become wholly gross and ignoble, and surely when Canadians enter upon this work of recalling and recounting their national mercies, their only difficulty must arise from their number and magnitude.

It is all but impossible at such a season not to make a comparison of our circumstances as a nation with those of other peoples in other lands; and when we do this, the thought is forced upon us, where are the people in any part of the earth, taking everything into consideration, who have more or greater mercies to speak of and thank God for than we have? Candidly and advisedly, without any thought of rhetoric or gush, we say it, we know not any; while, as compared with many other peoples, our lot and national blessings stand out in bright and striking contrast for their superiority over others in a thousand particulars. It may well be said of us, as of Israel of old: "Who hath God so nigh unto them as the Lord our God is in all things that we call upon him for?"

It is impossible when we have been in the house of God recalling national mercies and giving thanks for them, to return to our homes and partake of the good cheer of the occasion, and not also remember individual and family mercies, and, thus, praise and thanksgiving for these help in thousands of homes to swell the great tide of thanksgiving sweeping over the whole land.

But passing these by just now, a day of national thanksgiving implies the recognition of God as the author and giver of all our mercies, public and national as well as individual, and hence the duty to acknowledge Him as Sovereign and Lord. The devout and thankful heart is ready to say, in the sublime and reverent language of Scripture, "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness and the power and the glory, and the victory, and the majesty; for all that is in the heaven and the earth is thine; thine is the Kingdom, O Lord, and thou art exalted as head above all. Both riches and honour come of Thee, and thou reignest over all; and in thine hand is power and might, and in thine hand it is to make great and to give strength unto all." What more befitting than that in our thanksgiving as a people we should add, "Now, therefore, our God, we thank Thee and praise Thy glorious name." All this, in a word, implies and carries with it to the people who so acknowledge God, the duty of honouring Him by obedience to His will as He has revealed it to us. All history down to the present hour teaches that it is only thus that any people can expect to enjoy solid prosperity, growth and stability. The laws of God's moral government of nations in the past will not be held in abeyance or reversed for our benefit if we dishonour His word, His house and day, if we trample under our feet truth, justice and equity; if we oppress and wrong the poor and needy, or defraud the labourer of his hire. Righteousness alone exalteth a nation; it is favourable alike to the highest development and improvement of the intellectual faculties of a people, and of those religious and moral qualities which are the secret of all true national, as well as individual greatness and happiness, and form the only solid and lasting foundation of the growth, stability and well-being of any people. "Happy is the people that is in such a case, yea happy is that people whose God is the Lord."

ONE by one the different missionary fields of the world are being brought into prominence and their needs impressed upon God's people. The Missionary field is so vast, that the mind gets only a vague and misty idea when it tries to comprehend the meaning of tens of thousands of square miles of territory and millions of people. What helped to fire Carey's zeal for missions, was the use of that rude map he had hanging before him in his cobbler's shop. By the aid of this he carefully studied the individual countries until he ceased to see a dead map and seemed by-and-by to behold living faces looking out and appealing to him for help. And in our own time, perhaps the best work done for missions is that in which missionary Associations, Auxiliaries and Mission Bands study definite portions of the great field at home and abroad. This definite study begets definite prayer, and where there is real earnest prayer there will not long be lack of means or workers. Of all missionary fields there is perhaps none that has been so sadly neglected, as the southern part of the very continent on which we live. Ask nineteen out of every twenty intelligent Christians what they know about the spiritual condition and needs of South America, and they will most likely answer: "We really know next to nothing." This almost universal ignorance is not only lamentable but culpable to a degree. If a man lived just next door to a neighbor for years, and that neighbor's family were dying from lack of food, while all the time he had more than he knew what to do with, would not the simple claims of humanity make him culpable? This we fear is an illustration of our conduct toward our poor, dying Southern neighbors. Surely the condemnation of Scripture applies here, "If thou forbear to deliver them that are drawn unto death and those that are ready to be slain! If thou sayest, 'Behold, we knew it not,' doth not he that pondereth the heart consider it, and he that keepeth the soul, doth he not know it, and shall not he render to every man according to his works?" Many supposed that since South America was in practical possession of the Romish Church, that therefore they had christianity even if in a corrupted form. But facts that are every day coming to light, clearly show that the degenerate Romanism of South America is little if any better than the paganism of Africa. But besides this mass of foreigners,—Spaniards and Portuguese,—there are over four millions of Indians who are almost untouched by the gospel. For the thirty-eight millions of South America, there are less than four hundred Protestant Christian workers of all kinds. Is it not well named "The Neglected Continent"? A great deal of interest is being awakened through the publication of a book with the above title. It originated on a visit of Rev'ds George C. Grubb and E. C. Millard (who are soon to hold services in Toronto) to South America in 1893. The first part of the book is a recital of their experiences and observations; the rest of the book is written by Miss Lucy E. Guinness, of Harley House, and is a unique presentation of the history, condition and needs of "The Neglected Continent." The land that has been consecrated by the heroic death of Captain Allan Gairdner and his companions in the frigid South, by the noble Moravians in the torrid North, in Guiana, and by the French Huguenots who wished to do for the South what the Pilgrim Fathers have done for the North, will not surely always remain under the deadly pall of corrupt Romanism. The book already referred to having fallen under the notice of some of the brethren in Toronto and elsewhere, it was decided to organize a Society on the lines of the China Inland Mission, to carry on work in South America. Its name is "The South American Evangelical Mission." Nothing like uncivilized lands, there are many opportunities for earnest Christians to go and support themselves there and give all their spare time to missionary work. There is also the possibility of establishing Christian colonies which will become oases in that moral and spiritual desert. The president of the Society is Rev. T. B. Hyde, the esteemed pastor of the Northern Congregational Church, and Rev. J. McP. Scott, of St. John's Presbyterian Church, is the secretary and treasurer. A very interesting meeting was held in the Northern Congregational Church on Monday evening, Nov. 4th, when the first missionaries of the society, Dr. Bremner and Mr. George Brown, bade farewell to their Canadian friends. The former is accompanied by his wife and family and will open a home in Monte Video or Buenos Ayres, which will be a centre for the work in that part of the field. Mr. Brown will finish his medical studies, and both practise and do missionary work. We commend this youngest of our missionary organizations to the sympathy, and support, and prayers of God's people.

Books and Magazines.

KING ARTHUR: A Drama. By Comyns Carr. New York: Macmillan & Co.

It is becoming more and more the fashion for play wrights to publish their works in book form, and thus to protest against being regarded as outside the domain of pure literature. Mr. Pinero and Mr. Henry Arthur Jones have already vindicated their claims, and the latest come to their ranks is Mr. Comyns Carr in his play, "King Arthur." The volume is tastefully produced in Macmillan's best style. An additional interest centres about this play from the fact that it is one of Henry Irving's favorites, and is being produced with the utmost success in his present American tour. Those who have seen him in the title-role will peruse this published version with no small degree of interest; while those who have not been so privileged, will read its contents with equal avidity, the theme, pre-eminently one of poetic and dramatic flavor, being here admirably treated.

THE PRINCESS ALINE. By Richard Harding Davis. New York: Harper and Bros.

During the first three months of the present year this story appeared in serial form in the pages of *Harper's Magazine*. In the present attractive setting its popularity will no doubt be greatly supplemented. The action of the story centres around a young American artist who becomes infatuated with the picture of a German princess, and in an effort to meet whom he travels thousands of miles. The outcome of his romantic journey is delightfully told, and can only be fully appreciated by a personal perusal of the volume. Those who enjoy a charming story charmingly narrated should read "The Princess Aline." The illustrations are in Mr. C. D. Gibson's best and most individualistic style.

In the December number of the *Atlantic* is another of John Fiske's historical studies, entitled "The Starving Time in Old Virginia." This issue also contains three short stories: "Witchcraft" by L. Dougall; "The End of the Terror," by Robert Wilson; and "Dorothy," by Harriet Lewis Bradley. Other articles of interest are "A New England Woodpile," "The Defeat of the Spanish Armada," by W. F. Tilton; "An Idler on Missionary Ridge," a Tennessee sketch, by Bradford Torrey; "Notes from a Traveling Diary," a study of the new Japan; and "To a Friend in Politics," an anonymous letter. The third paper of the series, "New Figures in Literature and Art," which has attracted wide attention, appears in this issue. There are further chapters in Gilbert Parker's powerful serial, "The Seats of the Mighty," and two poems of exceptional quality. Book Reviews and the usual departments complete the issue. [Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston.]

For obtaining a birds-eye view of the march of public events over the civilized world, of what its leading men in different walks of life are doing, and of the world's literature, no publication surpasses the *Review of Reviews*. In the current number, besides "The Progress of the World," being the editor's review of the month, some of the special features are: "Louis Pasteur, Scientist," "Recent Progress of Italian Cities," "Episcopacy's Sojourn at Minneapolis," being a very fully illustrated account of the triennial convention held in that city of the Episcopal Church of the United States. "In the Field of International Sport" is also copiously illustrated. The new books, "Leading Articles of the Month," "Periodicals Reviewed," with other departments make up a very complete monthly record of the world's doings. [The Review of Reviews Co., 13 Astor Place, New York.]

The New Science Review, November. This review at once predisposes a large class of readers in its favour from its motto, "A right mind cannot conceive of dead matter getting its full impetus without a sentient cause, like our own minds enlarging our bodies," etc., that cause being God. The *Review* is eminently practical in its character and the contributors to it make it interesting and instructive. A few of the subjects discussed in this number are: "The Formation of Coal," "The Domestication of Animals," "Medical Education in America," "The Past and Future of City Traction," "Vivisection"; and two, "Apergy, Power Without Cost," and "The Action of Force is Spiro-Vortex," deal with the theories and discoveries of Keely, the inventor of the notable Keely motor. [The Trans-Atlantic Publishing Company, 147 North Tenth Street, Philadelphia.]

The *Bookman* caters to the general desire of intelligent people to know all possible in the briefest compass respecting the most recent books and their authors, and also to furnish the trade with timely information respecting these subjects. The issue for November is No. 3 of Vol. II. and furnishes a varied and interesting bill of literary are under the following heads: "Chronicle and Comment," "Poetry," "The Reader," "London Letter," "Paris Letter," "Reviews of New Books," "The Bookman's Table," "Novel Notes," "Some Recent Publications," "Among the Libraries," "The Book Mart." Under all of these heads much interesting information will be found, made more attractive by being in many cases well illustrated. [Dodd, Mead & Co., 5th Avenue and 21st Street, New York.]

The *Literary Digest* has the following departments: "Topics of the Day," "Letters and Art," "Science," "The Religious World," "From Foreign Lands," "Miscellaneous." Under these various heads a vast amount of information is given, and the reader is kept acquainted with the leading currents of thought in the various departments mentioned. It is needless to say that a magazine which condenses well the latest thought in all these subjects serves a most important purpose. This the *Literary Digest* does. [Funk & Wagnall's Company, 30 Lafayette Place, New York.]

(Continued from page 751.)

cause of missions might be strengthened and encouraged by those who from this day might work with them.

Miss King, anxious that nothing should be left undone that might add to the interest of the meeting and arouse a desire to help in the work, had secured several views of the churches in the North-west and bits of scenery of that country.

And as they chatted over their cup of tea and bit of cake, after the close of the meeting, a warm, lasting friendship sprang up among them all; those who had before this felt that they were out-side the church were drawn closer together and felt that they were all brothers and sisters there.

This was the first Thanksgiving meeting of the Stone Street Church Woman's Home Missionary Society and how far its influence may extend none can tell yet, but Miss King said as she went home that afternoon, "I know it will do ever so much good to our society for we were all truly thankful, and several new names are enrolled as members already."

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN

THE VALE OF TEARS.

BY FRANK L. DAVIS.



HE great ambition of Lord Nelson was to have a gazette of his own, to record all his brave deeds; that of Napoleon to conquer the world. The great Alsatian artist, Gustave Doré—who has provided us with the best series of Biblical pictures of modern times—also had his ambition, which was to have a gallery of his own, where none but his own paintings and statuary would be exhibited; and where he could gradually educate the taste of the public to the far-reaching meaning of his great conceptions.

His ambition,—which I consider far the greatest of the three,—was gratified, and his memory is revered by countless thousands of grateful hearts, who have felt the refining, ennobling, and uplifting influences of his religious masterpieces; every figure and every detail intensifying the lesson which the artist evidently desired to teach.

One rainy afternoon, taking a "growler," we—a party of four—were soon whirled to the gallery in New Bond Street, and the friend who advised the expedition has my sincere gratitude for one of the most delightful and satisfying afternoons during my visit in London. There are only about fifty paintings in the gallery, and, once seen, very few of them will ever be forgotten; several, I know are stamped on my memory in unfading colors. Oh, what a delight and privilege to see such pictures!

One Art Critic in London says: "The spectator of these beautiful pictures may be assured that he is in good company, when he abandons his mind to the full enjoyment of what may highly delight his special taste in the collection."

We thus "abandoned our minds," and thoroughly enjoyed the pleasure of sitting down comfortably to gaze our fill and not stand first on one tired foot, and then on the other; or, like poor Joe,—of "Bleak House" celebrity,—to be constantly "moving on," as our limited time compelled us to do in the larger galleries.

I can say nothing in this short article about the many other pictures which delighted me, but confine my description to the one, which above all others, attracted and interested me. It was the last, on which the "vanished hand" of the lamented artist was engaged; as in the case of the immortal "Requiem" of Mozart, or "The Transfiguration" of Raphael, it was Doré's "Swan Song." "He sighed forth his soul upon his canvas, and his Saviour beckoned him unawares and gave him the rest he longed for." Not being an artist, I will not attempt to describe the coloring of this picture; but quote from London Society, which so exactly puts into words my own idea of it: "The coloring of this grand picture is admirable, a subdued and restful tone being particularly noticeable."

The Art Journal says: "It is a rendering in color of that beautiful verse, 'Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest.'—Matthew xi., 28." Truly the "weary and heavy laden" are all pictured there from the king to the beggar; there is no class of human suffering unrepresented. The painting is enormous in size, measuring twenty one feet long and fourteen feet high, and its grandeur grows upon you the longer you study it; you cannot fail to see that it is the work of the most serious and earnest purpose of the painter who has done so much in Bible illustration.

The effect produced on the mind by this marvelous picture must be felt, it cannot be described. It is purely ideal, calling out every feeling of the most vivid imagination and inducing serious thought in

the most frivolous mind. Few are so shallow, as to leave that truly great painting without having their minds enlarged, and thoughts elevated by its silent, but eloquent lessons. It is visited daily by crowds of religious and refined people, who go away scarcely able to say by which they have been the most impressed; the skill of the artist, or the sacredness of the subject.

"The Vale," or back ground, is a gorge with rugged walls, it has been reached by toil and travel, and is bare, bleak, barren. The clouds that hide it from heaven, loom overhead; but in the distance is another pass. Down that pass with the light of love around him, and bearing the cross He had born on earth, comes the Saviour of the world. The way in which the light is concentrated on this figure is marvellous. He stands beckoning with His hand, giving a welcome and a blessing to all. Nearest to Him are the poorest of the earth, the rejected and despised of men. Then a group, among which is a hermit who has sought peace and seclusion, and a palmer with "shoon and scallop," who has come from far to see all the places made sacred by Christ's presence; the places where He labored, suffered, died and was buried.

Further off a saintly bishop, with upraised hands, craves a blessing, a poet with laurel-crowned brow, a Crusader wounded in battle for his Lord, a proud king ready to humbly lay aside his crown and regal robes for the blessing of "rest." Here a woman, rich in this world's possessions, made poor by the loss of the dead child beside her; there, a dying mother making a last effort to attract the attention of Him, who has made the "fatherless and orphan" His particular care.

We see types of every nationality, pilgrims of all kinds, footsore and weary, dragging themselves towards the translucent light which surrounds the central figure. A prominent figure is a young girl with a cross in her hand, who seems to be encouraging a motley crowd to toil on.

The light which is attracting even the Pariahs and Magdalenes of the earth, has frightened the serpent,—the arch-tempter of Eden,—who is crawling out of sight.

Beyond all this, is a vale of exquisite beauty and verdure, through which is a "straight and narrow path," which leads to the Golden Gate, to which the benign Saviour is beckoning all these world-weary ones.

A truly great picture, and one to inspire the holiest emotions. As Mahlstick says: "Such as he wrought his soul into his work, such as he painted it with tears in his brush," is "The Vale of Tears," the "Swan Song" of Gustave Doré.

Hamilton.

CONTENTMENT.

BY REV. GEO. W. DELL.

I ask not for broad lands, or riches great
Nor for the honors which this world can give;
I only ask that in my present state,
With what I have I may contented live.

I ask not for the praise of men, nor fame,
Such as the world can give to grace my brow;
Rather would I have an untarnished name—
True wealth—with which my children to endow.

I ask not that life's ills may lightly fall,
Or that my path through life be free from snares;
I only ask that when I on Him call,
He'll lead a listening ear unto my prayers.

Pleasures are empty bubbles at the best,
The soul of man it cannot satisfy;
In Christ alone is he supremely blest,
And Christ alone the soul can gratify.

Long, weary days, and many restless hours,
Were spent in search of what my soul did crave;
Oft did I seek amongst earth's fairest flowers,
Only to find them pointing to the grave.

God only knows what things for me are best,
And for my good all things shall ordered be;
In His good time He'll give the needed rest,
In His bright home throughout eternity.

NOVEMBER.

BY ETHELWYN WETHERALD.

The old year's withered face is here again,
The twilight look, the look of reverie,
The backward-gazing eyes that seem to see
The full-leaved robin-haunted June remain
Through devastating wind and ruinous rain,
A form that moves a little wearily,
As one who treads the path of memory
Beneath a long year's load of stress and stain.

Good night! good-night! the dews are thick and damp,
Yet still she babbles on, as loath to go,
Of apple buds and blooms that used to be,
Till Indian summer brings the bedtime lamp,
And underneath a covering of snow
She dreams again of April ecstasy.

Missionary World.

FELLOW-LABORERS WITH PAUL.

"Those women who labored with me in the Gospel whose names are in the Book of Life."

They lived and they were useful; this we know,
And naught beside;
No record of their names is left to show
How soon they died;
They did their work then passed away—
An unknown band—
And took their places with the greater host
In the higher land.

And were they young, or were they growing old,
Or ill, or well;
Or lived in poverty, or had much gold,
No one can tell.
One only thing is known of them—they were
Faithful and true
Disciples of the Lord, and strong, through prayer,
To save and do.

No glory clusters round their names on earth,
But in God's heaven
Is kept a book of names of greatest worth,
And there is given
A place for all who did the Master please.
Although unknown;
And their lost names shine forth in brightest rays
Before the throne.

Oh, take who will the boon of fading fame!
But give to me
A place among the workers, though my name
Forgotten be,
And if within the Book of Life is found
My lowly place,
Honor and glory unto God redound
For all his grace!

LIGHT IN HONAN.

The following portions of a letter from Rev. D. Macgillivray Honan, China, we are enabled to give our readers through the kindness of Rev. Louis H. Jordan, B.D., to whom it was addressed.—[EDITOR.]

I have just returned from a visit to our country stations. At the first of these six Christians partook of the sacred emblems. One of these, who has been ill a year with dropsy, sat on the bed, from which she was unable to be moved. Our communion table was a native couch, upon which a quilt was spread for a cover. This table was placed next our sick sister's bed. As we have no chapel, meetings are held in member's houses; and on this occasion, in order to have our sister partake, for the first, and, perhaps, the last time on earth, of the elements which signified her Saviour's love to her, her husband's humble house (kitchen, bedroom, dining-room all in one) became for the time being our chapel, yet was not this mud-floored hovel the *very gate of heaven!* How rude the vessels and furniture of this house of God, when we think of similar occasions at home in Canada! But surely the blessing depends not on such accessories. In these six persons, and in the eight or ten believing brethren as yet unbaptized who sat in the room, listeners and spectators, I could see the fruit of prayers in Toronto, perchance of some unknown worshipper in a far corner of your gallery.

At another village they led me out to see the site of the future chapel. The new believers there, who knew none of these things a year ago, had bought it *with their own money*, paying a sum which to people in Canada would be as if they paid \$300 or \$400 for a lot in some village as a site for a church. These people are now waiting to be taken on probation with a view to baptism. If the present is any indication of the future, the fruits *after* baptism will be unto everlasting life.

At another place a young Christian lad wrote in his own boyish hand a hymn on his fan. During this summer that lad will be holding forth his testimony quite as publicly as any wearer of the Christian badge at home. This lad's name, given him by a heathen schoolmaster before he became a Christian means (being interpreted) "*Hold fast to Love.*" May it be a prophecy going before him of what he will do down to the end of a bright and useful life.

Now we can in this end of the field, count *seven* points at which lights have been set a burning. Do these relieve the blackness? Certainly this is the day of small things, but those *seven* points will at least prevent the blackness of discouragement from entering our souls and yours. I may add too, Praise the Lord with us.

The native Christians of Uganda are proving increasingly helpful to the missionaries. Two or three of the women are now able to take their stand with most of the men at the capital. Juliya Nalwoga prepares the final classes for baptism, and is thoroughly well up in the Gospels; and there are some twenty other women who can prepare for baptism, but none so good as Juliya. Nikodemus Sebuwato, chief of Kyagwe, whom Bishop Tucker admitted to deacon's orders in 1893, died on March 27th. His death is a serious loss to the Church in Uganda.

The Family Circle.

THE OLD THANKSGIVING DAYS.

ERNEST W. SHURTLEIFF.


Sitting silent by the window, while the evening's fading beam
Turns to lonely gray, the winter's silvered sky,
Not a voice to break the reverie of thought's
too pensive dream,
Not a footstep—only memory and I.
From the past the veil seems lifted, and I am a
child once more;
On the hearth again the old-time fagots
blaze.
Hush! again I hear the voice of the guests
about the door,
In the greetings of the old Thanksgiving Days
All the air outside is frosty, and in gusts the
blithe winds blow,
And I hear the distant sleigh-bells faintly ring,
And against the rime-touched windows comes
the purring, stirring snow,
Like the brushing of a passing angel's wing
But within, O, see the faces that are smiling
'round the board,
How they shine with love, and gratitude, and
praise!
Hushed the voices are a moment for the thank-
ing of the Lord,
In the blessings of the old Thanksgiving Days.
There were all the joyful kinsfolk gathered in
that smiling host,
Aged sire and laughing children, sweet and
fair,
Sorrow haunted not that banquet with her
poor, unwelcome ghost,
Peace and gladness were the unseen angels
there,
O, the stories, and the music, and the friendly,
blithesome jest!
O, the laughter and the merry, merry plays!
Was there ever more of heaven in a happy
mortal's breast,
Than was with us in the old Thanksgiving
Days?

That was years ago, and curfews for the loved
have rung since then.
As to-night I watch the dawning evening star,
In my dreams I see the mansions Christ pre-
pared in heaven for men—
It is there to-night the absent kindred are—
It is there their feast is ready, and I hold the
fancy dear.
That they often turn to earth their loving
gaze,
And perhaps they, too, are dreaming, as they
see me sitting here.
Of the sweetness of the old Thanksgiving
Days.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

EWEN M'QUARRIE.

BY R. A. H.



IFTY years and more ago, the old
farm house stood on the banks of the
West River. As you came along
by what was then the main road
between Pictou and Colchester,
you saw it down in the hollow,
just after you had passed the spot
where the old oak tree stood, and
where to-day the little hostelry of
Durham village stands. If you were travel-
ling westward it lay on your left hand. It was
not a very pretentious building, but was cosy
and clean, in appearance and reality. It was
built on a little knoll rising some twenty feet
above the surrounding intervals or meadow
land. A little crater like hollow in this knoll,
showing where the cellar was, is all that you
can now see of the place. It was a "braw"
house, however, in the times we speak of. Long
and low, like all the farm houses built by the
Highlanders of that region, it was as snug look-
ing a place as one could see between the Ten
Mile Brook and Pictou. It was, of course,
bait of frame, and was shingled from the sills
to the roof tree. Both the house and the
neighboring barn were whitewashed every year,
and the pure color contrasted well with the
deep green of the grass, and the lighter hue of
the foliage of the group of elms that grew about
the place, and shaded it from the burning heat
of July and August. A hundred feet from the
doorway, and full in sight, the little West River
habbled on its way to the Harbour and Strait.
The opposite bank was steep and abrupt, and
was crowded with a dense growth of spruce.
When first Angus Sutherland and I saw the
place, we allowed it was as pretty a spot as
in our long two days tramp we had seen. It
was on a cool September evening and the sun
was just setting behind Mount Thorn, and all
the way from the Green Hill, right around by
the valley head to Patrick's Mountain in the
north west, the woods were full of autumn's
glory, the rock maples being decked in gorge-
ous colouring. The quietness of the scene
lent to it an added impressiveness, for the only
sounds we could hear were the cawing of
some rooks, the rush of the water, and the
tinkle of a few cow bells whose bearers were
pasturing on the hill slopes around us. We
were right glad, however, to find our way to
the farm house, and to find old Ewen Mc-
Quarrie at home to welcome us, and tell us to
sleep soundly for the night before discussing
business matters.

Our business was not of a very weighty
character. We had heard of Ewen and his
place, and had made up our minds to try to
induce him to let us board with him whilst
we had to spend the fall and most of the winter
in the valley. The fact is we were both of us
aspirants for the ministry, and were there to
become students in as primitive a seminary as
probably was ever organized.

The Synod of Acadia in these days was
weak and poor, but its members had a high
conception of the kind of education a Presby-
terian minister should have, and that concep-
tion they were resolved to realize if possible.
Some half a dozen young men were willing to
give themselves to the work of the ministry,
but to send them to Scotland was impossible.
The Kirk Synod did that with their men, and
not a few of them failed to return; but the
Antiburghers wanted to have their students
under their own eye. So as the two most
scholarly men of their Church lived, the one
in Pictou and the other on the Green Hill,
they resolved to start their first Hall in a little
country school house that stood in a clump of
spruce and hemlock trees, about a quarter of
a mile along the road from Ewen McQuarrie's
house, and about a mile from the Durham
church. This last was a plain, barn-like build-
ing, and its minister was a famous preacher
in Gaelic, with which language everybody in
that country side was more or less familiar.
Angus and myself understood enough of it to
get along, but were wholly unqualified to
preach in it. We were natives of Cumberland
County, where the bulk of the folk are English,
and Methodists at that, and all the Gaelic we
heard was round our own fire sides. But to
return to Ewen. After making some objections
to the effect that he thought it hardly fair to
his sister, who kept house for him, to give her
so much extra bother, he consented, upon her
avertment that our company would be cheering
on the long winter nights, to receive us as
boarders for the three or four months of the
session.

Ewen, we speedily found, was a bit of
a character. He had been left a widower with-
out family when still a man under thirty years
of age, and had never remarried, so that after
thirty years of single life, he did not differ
greatly in his notions from any old bachelor,
excepting that he was not so "crusty" as such
characters generally are. He had accumulated,
not so much by farming as by investments in
shipping, a very decent fortune, and preferred
to live here in the healthy solitude of the
country, rather than amidst the stir of some
large town. Having for some five years led a
seafaring life, his mind had been broadened
by what he had seen of the world, and he was
less conservative and critical than many Celtic
natures are. Having plenty of leisure time
during the winter, he felt considerable interest
in our work as students, and being well
grounded in the Shorter and Larger Cate-
chisms, he could take his part in many of the
impromptu discussions that arose, when on a
cold night we would gather around the big
open fire place (stoves were scarcely known
then) where the logs blazed merrily. I think
I see the group still. Flora McQuarrie busily
spinning, Angus and I conning our books in
a rather listless fashion, and Ewen of the
white locks, as his neighbors called him, sitting
there right in front of the glow telling yarns of
his cruising days, or oftener debating some
"kittle" point with us budding theologues.

More than once during these wintry days
the old farm house became a college indeed, for
when the schoolhouse, being rickety, became
unbearably cold, professor and students would
adjourn to Ewen's big kitchen, and there con-
tinue our work. On such occasions Ewen was
a patient and sometimes puzzled listener, once
venturing to ask me when the class was dis-
missed: Did we learn theology by delving
among bones, and forgetting that the folk about
us had breath, and wanted not mouldy but
fresh bread?

Occasionally at the Durham church we
were favored by having a strange minister
preach, more especially at a communion season.
When this happened we were always on the
lookout for a criticism from Ewen. He was, if
frank, always fair in his judgments, and we gen-
erally conceded that, in a word or two, he could
hit off the weaknesses of a preacher better than
even our preceptors could. "Spiced ginger-
bread" was his comment when a somewhat
ornate orator had finished. "Yelloquence,"
was another word he sometimes used. Some
seven miles away there was a minister who
used to work very hard when in the pulpit, and
we never heard his method more curtly describ-
ed than by Ewen, who said: "When that
mans through you're tired and he's tired." In
Colchester, one of the ministers was somewhat
fond of parading his linguistic gifts in the
pulpit, but he never did it at Durham again
after Ewen thanked him, when the service was
over, for the few admirable English selections
he had introduced during his sermon.

Altogether during two winters at the Hall,
we found in Ewen an entertaining and instruct-
ive host. When at the commencement of the
third session we returned, we were saddened
to find that the old man had been stricken with
cancer. His mind was as clear as ever, but the
anguish he endured in body rendered him able
to see us but seldom. Still, though we could
not stay at his house, we contrived to spend
each Friday afternoon with him, and he liked
and looked forward to our visits.

When strong and well he had always con-
ducted family worship himself, but now he seem-
ed pleased to hear either Angus or myself pray

with and for him. As February was drawing
to a close his strength failed rapidly, and one
afternoon he sent for us to come and see him.
We found him walking far along "the Valley
of the Shadow," and evidently not afraid. He
said scarce anything but asked us to read to
him. By turns we read and prayed, and as the
wintry sun was throwing its evening beams
over the snow-clad fields and ice-bound river he
began to repeat brokenly, in Gaelic, snatches
from the Psalms. Soon the quavering voice
was hushed and he fell asleep, and as Angus
and I came softly from the room, we looked
sadly at each other, and he said: "A true
and righteous soul has passed. He is blessed,
for they that are pure in heart shall see God."

PULPIT, PRESS AND PLATFORM.

Evangelical Messenger: The men that move
the world are the ones who do not let the world
move them.

Golden Rule: To preach about Christ is to
present a bill of fare, to preach Christ is to
spread a feast.

Joseph Cook: A church silent on the ques-
tion of temperance discredits itself as much as
a church silent on the question of dishonesty.

F. W. Farrar, D.D. Men are, and ever
will be, what their wives and sisters, and above
all, their mothers, tend to make them, by
influence which begins with the cradle and ends
only with the grave.

D. L. Moody: Study how to use the Bible
so as to walk "with God" in close commu-
nion, also, so as to gain a working knowledge
of Scripture for leading others to Christ. An
old minister used to say that the cries of
neglected texts were always sounding in his
ears, asking why he did not show how import-
ant they were.

Mid Continent: The injunction of the
apostle is, "Preach the Word." That was
the apostolic practice, and upon it the divine
blessing rested. The Word is the instrument
for the accomplishment of the task to which the
ministry is set. More preaching of the Word
and less fine sermonising would greatly en-
hance the usefulness of present day ministers.

Tennessee Methodist: The Sunday news-
paper is one of the supreme evils of this age.
It is colossal in the sweep of its influence for
wrong. It stabs our Holy Sabbath—one of the
bulwarks of our civilization. The contents of
the average Sunday paper are such as render
it wholly unfit to enter the homes of refined,
decent people. That it should be patronized
in any way whatsoever by Christian people is
a surprise and a shame.

G. C. Lorimer, D.D. Once having tasted
of His grace the soul is never willing to be
parted from its Lord. And as the years roll
on, and the shadows lengthen, the cry, "Abide
with me," becomes more pathetically intense.
Blessed the man, as the mists gather around
his feet and the sun is going down, who still
yearns for this company? Blessed is he who,
from past experience, knows that if Christ be
with him, even the chills of death shall never
extinguish the heart flame!

J. Munro Gibson, D.D.: Test Christ by
every means, and then, if you do believe in
Christ, believe heartily. Christianity might
not again build cathedrals, but it would make
a noble manhood and womanhood, raise
temples of brotherly co-operation, and create
a Europe that would be like the garden of the
Lord for beauty and amity. These things
would be accomplished by and through the
men and women whose beliefs had struck down
to the very roots of their natures. Christianity
was now in the wilderness. There was no
Sabbath rest, no Sabbath land, the great
leaders were going or gone; nothing seemed
much nearer solution, Christendom was
divided; men were worldly-minded; and all
the world's vaunted progress seemed as much
an optical delusion as ever it had been. The
times were thunderous, there was much to
make the heart quake, but men need not
despair, for Christ was abroad—Christ, who
had felt the down draught of every human
difficulty, had got as near to sinning as He
could get, and knew how near a weak man
might get to God. The church's safety lay in
getting a new vision of this Christ, in following
His leadership and believing in Him against
all odds.

Teacher and Scholar.

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

Dec. 15th, 1895. } DAVID ANOINTED KING. { 1 SAM. XVI. 1-13.

GOLDEN TEXT.—1 SAM. XVI. 7.

MEMORY VERSES.—12, 13.

CATACUMEN.—1, 25-27.

HOME READINGS.—M, 1 Sam. xv. 24-35. T,
1. Sam. xvi. 1-13. W, P's. xxiii. 1-6. Th, P's.
lxxxviii. 60-72. F, P's. lxxxix. 15-24. S, Isa. lv.
1-13. Sub, P's. cxxxix. 1-12.

With the terrible words "The Lord hath
rejected thee from being king," Samuel turned
away from his interview with Saul at Gilgal,
Saul sought to detain him but the rending of
Samuel's robe in the king's hand merely served
as an illustration for Samuel to press more
closely home the thought that God had rent
the kingdom from Saul and given it to another.
Then after slaying the Amorite King Agag
whom Saul had spared alive, Samuel returned
to his home at Ramah, where he brooded over
the rejection of Saul. His heart was filled
with sorrow for the great man in whom he
had been so bitterly disappointed, but he fear-
ed also for the welfare of the nation which he
feared would be rent asunder if any other
arose for Saul's deposition. How ready was
even the God-fearing Samuel to forget God,
and to make heavy his life with worry, when
he should have remembered that God was over
all. One lesson shows how the Lord aroused
His servant from his despondency. He first
reminded Samuel that He had rejected Saul,
and thus brings acquiescence on Samuel's part;
then He commissions His servant to carry out
His will. The very best cure for grief is found
in cheerful acquiescence in God's way, and
prompt taking up of his work. The work was
one fraught with danger to Samuel; his fears
as to what Saul would do if he found out his
mission were not groundless. Nevertheless
God had sent him and he was ready to go. Let
us follow him in his search for a king, and in
his anointing of the king.

I. The Search for a King—God's
directions were fairly explicit. Samuel was
to go to Bethlehem, and to Jesse's house, and
among Jesse's sons the king would be found.
But the matter was one of present interest only
to Samuel and to God, and therefore, both for
the sake of Samuel's safety, as well as for the
protection of the king when found, and that the
king might be prepared by God against the day
when he should come to his kingdom, it was
necessary that the real purpose of Samuel's
visit should not be known. Hence it was in
connection with a sacrifice—a peace offering,
probably, since in connection with such a sac-
rifice it was customary for the offerer to invite
his friends to join him in eating the portion of
the sacrifice which fell to his lot—that the
anointing of the king was to take place. The
elders of Bethlehem were invited, and Jesse
and his sons were invited. Now Samuel was
on the alert for the future king, and when Eliab,
the eldest son of Jesse, was presented by his
father before the prophet, it seemed that surely
he must be the Lord's choice for he was a
kingly man. Samuel's conception of a king
found its ideal in one who promised to be a
warrior. But God told him that He judged
not from the outward appearance but from the
heart, from the character of the individual
rather than from his physical appearance. It
is not necessary to assume that Jesse had been
told of Samuel's desire to select one of his sons
as king. It was the most natural thing for a
man with seven sons who had been honored
with an invitation to the prophets feast, to pre-
sent the young men in turn to their host; and
as they came one by one the Lord made it plain
to Samuel that none of these was His chosen
one. Probably Jesse thought the choice had
something to do with attendance at the school
of the prophets over which Samuel presided,
and so it had, but not with that alone. Then
Samuel asked if all Jesse's sons were present.
He was puzzled that the Lord passed them all
by. There was still another, however, the
youngest, a mere lad who had not been consid-
ered of sufficient importance to come to the
feast, but Samuel will have him present before
the feast shall commence. No sooner has David
come than the Lord declares that this is His
choice. He was a fair haired stripling "good-
ly to look to." Through his "beautiful eyes"
looked forth a soul, that stamped him at once
as a man possessed of those heart qualifications
which God loves, and for these he was chosen.
The search was ended and God's chosen king
in the prophet's presence.

II. The Anointing of the King.—It
was a double one. Samuel anointed him with
the oil which he had brought for that purpose,
and God anointed him with His Holy Spirit
from that day forward. The meaning of these
anointings was apparent to David or his people
at that time. Probably David felt that God
had chosen him for some special service, and
his fitness for that service was evidenced by the
fact that he went back to his calling as a shep-
herd boy, content to await God's time, and
God's leading. In the meantime God wanted
him to attend his father's flock, and David was
wise enough and had character enough
to know that his fitness for any special
service would depend upon his fidelity to
God in his ordinary work. Filled with God's
Spirit, he did "unto the Lord" what his hand
found to do and thus was fitted to be Israel's
greatest king.

Pastor and People.

HARVEST HYMN.

BY J. B. GREENWOOD.

The ripening fields of harvest
Their golden tribute bring,
To lay upon the altar
Of Nature's bounteous King.
Without His benediction
The laborer's toil is vain,
And empty is earth's storehouse
If He withhold the rain.

He spreads through space His mantle,
And worlds start forth to sight;
He clothes the hills with verdure,
The darkness sows with light.
The flowers, with incense laden,
Their tendrils to him raise,
The songs of birds, love-freighted,
Are eloquent with praise.

Shall all Thy creatures praise Thee,
And our poor hearts be dumb?
Thou hast fulfilled Thy promise—
Seedtime and harvest come;
Summer and Winter fail not;
Thou openest Thy hand,
And dost satisfy their longing
Who round Thy table stand.

What sheaves have we to offer?
What ripened fruits to show
For all the loving kindness
Thou dost on us bestow?
Lord, when Thou send'st Thy reapers
To store Thy grain above,
Let some few sheaves be taken
The harvest of our love.

WRITTEN FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

THANK-OFFERING AND THE W. F. M. S.

BY ONE OF THE MEMBERS.

It is most fitting that a Thank-offering service should be associated with the work of a Missionary Society, for the very good reason, that missionary workers have more to be thankful for than any one else in the world. They may be wealthy or they may be poor, of high station or lowly, but if they are giving themselves with their whole heart to the Lord's work of evangelizing the world, we are safe in saying that their spiritual life will become so enriched thereby, that they will have more to be thankful for than any one else. That the members of the W. F. M. S. feel the truth of this, is abundantly evidenced by the heartiness of the response which they almost invariably make to the call for Thank-offering meetings. There is no meeting of the missionary year to which we women look forward with so much pleasure as this gathering nor have I ever participated in any devotional services, in which I have been more deeply impressed with the sense of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit, than at many of the Thank-offering meetings which I have attended.

And this is just what we would expect. It only illustrates how great is the blessedness of giving, and how faithful is the promise that good measure heaped up, pressed down and running over shall be returned into our bosom, when we give ourselves to the carrying out of the Master's last command. I saw somewhere the other day, I forget where, this wise statement: "Objectivity is the secret of happiness." Can that be another way of saying that working for foreign missions is a secret of happiness? At all events we may be sure that it makes for happiness, and I have not the slightest doubt that the members of the W. F. M. S. will agree with me when I say that, much of the brightness and spiritual joy of our lives have been connected with the work of this Society. Therefore we cannot do otherwise than make a prominent place for thanksgiving in our meetings.

Born as we have been in a Christian land and brought up in the nature of the Church, we are only too apt to regard the privileges we possess as ours by natural right, and to accept them as a matter of course, unless we are in some way brought into contact with those less favoured than ourselves. In our auxiliary meetings, and in the reading of our missionary letters, we are brought into a very close and real relation to people who have not the knowledge of the true God, and whose lives of sadness and suffering present such contrasts to our lives, as must quicken even the dulllest mind to a sense of gratitude. And when we are aroused to this thought, we begin to reflect in a way we had never done before how "blessed is the man whose God is the Lord." It is not however altogether, or even chiefly, the contrast between the outward circumstances in the lives of heathen women and our own position in the family and in society which most deeply affects us. It is true that this contrast must appeal and does appeal to our sympathies. The cry of our suffering sisters in India, is a cry of anguish so piteous that even Christian philanthropy, apart from any religious motive, has been moved to devise means for their relief. But when we try to understand, as we must in a missionary society, what the spiritual desolation of an idolatrous worship is, then indeed the depths of our souls are touched. Not that it is possible for those

who have always known about the true God and His mercy and love in Christ Jesus to realize at all adequately what the spiritual desolation of heathen lives may be. We cannot do it. But it is possible for us to think about it, and to pray that the Holy Spirit would reveal to us something of what it means, and if we can once grasp the idea however feebly, two things must result,—a thankful heart which prizes more dearly than ever the Father's unspeakable gift, and the wish to express our thankfulness by giving of our means to send His message of love to those who have it not.

The longer we continue in missionary work, and the more we learn about false faiths and their effects upon their followers, the more do we appreciate what Christianity means for ourselves. Have you ever, dear fellow-worker, attended a missionary meeting that you did not come away from, feeling that the Lord Jesus was more to you than He had been before? Did you ever join in an auxiliary meeting which you did not in your inmost heart turn into a Thanksgiving meeting? Nay, is it not true that those who live and labor for Christ may, if they will, have their whole lives so transformed and uplifted that every thought and act will be set to a song of praise? All life becomes enhanced by such service. On what low levels we exist until our eyes are opened to see that this human life of ours is a most precious thing. It is surprising that we do not in the light of our faith, pause oftener to think of the wonder and the glory of it, with all its capacities for enjoyment, and knowledge, and achievement. On the contrary it is not too much the fashion, especially in the literature of our day, to look with a pessimistic view upon life, to keep its suffering always in the foreground, ignoring the sweet uses of adversity, and leaving out of account the great fact that a remedy has been provided against evil, and that everything is working towards "the one far off Divine event to which the whole creation moves," when all things shall be put under the feet of the Deliverer of mankind. To be permitted to help in bringing about that consummation, can anything be more glorious? And God has called even weak women and little children to take their share in this grandest of all work. Oh, do not fail to thank Him for such a privilege.

Then as the years go on, and we are allowed to see tokens of God's blessing on the work of our missionaries, new causes for thankfulness are constantly being brought under our notice. The extension of the work; the readiness of the people to hear the glad tidings; the good-will of rulers and governments; the one here and there who has accepted the Saviour and is striving to live the heavenly life, reflecting the image of Christ in some cases dimly, but in others with marvellous brightness; the spiritual stirring through whole communities, as in India; the faithful men and women who have gone forth, and the promising candidates who are offering themselves; the religious interest among the children who are under instruction in our mission schools, and the hundreds of little ones who are learning at least to be useful and industrious; the immunity from serious disturbance in their work, which our missionaries for the most part now enjoy, and the care and protection vouchsafed to them by the loving Heavenly Father—do not all these things cause us to rejoice? Truly we can say, "The Lord hath done great things for us whereof we are glad."

I am persuaded that the more we let our joys be known, the more will interest in the missionary cause be advanced. Where a grudging spirit is mingled with our service, the effect upon those who are not interested cannot be other than deterrent. If we were to go to our meetings as if to a sort of penance—such a thing has been known—could we expect our children to go willingly to the Mission Band? If we give, not because our gratitude to God impels us, but merely because we are expected to, are we in the slightest degree fulfilling the Lord's command? Let there be searching of heart at this time, and above all let us beware of the Pharisaical spirit of thanking God that we are not as others, for, "Who hath made us to differ?"

WRITTEN FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

VANITAS VANITATUM.

BY REV. W. G. JORDAN, B.A.

In these days when there is much restlessness and sadness springing from a refined scepticism, and when pessimism professes to be a philosophy, and aspires to take the place of religion, one of the most popular texts is "Vanity of vanities all is vanity saith the preacher." The tone of these words is intensely sad for they lack the healthy inspiration of hope. Moreover, they embody a morbid conception of human life. God does not say that all earthly good is vanity, but man in one of his bitterest moods says so; it is the cry of disappointment, the wail of despair. It is good that we have this mood also represented in the Scripture that we may learn that the Bible is a catholic book, looking all facts and moods fairly in the face. It may never be very easy for those who are young and vigorous to learn from the experience of others, but with regard to many things in life, it might be well for us to make the effort. We are prone to despise advice, and think that the ease with which it is

given renders it valueless. That may be perfectly true of much cheap, commonplace, conventional advice, but there is counsel to be had from the world's great teachers which has been purchased at the cost of the keenest pain. Men give to us freely lessons for which they have paid a great price. In the stern conflict of life, they have learned the shallowness of human pleasures and the vanity of human pride. This sad refrain "All is vanity and vexation of spirit," is like a solemn funeral knell breaking in upon the sound of revelry and mirth, reminding us that our sweetest pleasures are short-lived, and in themselves have no power to satisfy our souls.

Human life, however, is not to be so easily described, either on the side of its sorrow or its joy; it is a many-sided thing, it has many manifestations, many tones. The landscape is a different thing when it is veiled in dim twilight, or mantled in thick darkness, from what it is when flooded with the glorious sunlight. So is our experience in its variability of light and shade. To the boy life is a promise, a beautiful flower in the bud; to the old man it is a closing day, a solemn sunset; to the bride, in the raptures of a new joy, it is the radiance of the summer's sun; to the widow, smarting from a sudden blow, it is the thick darkness and blinding sleet of a winter's night; to the godly man, full of faith in a Divine Father, this life is the prelude to a higher—already, like Jacob, he sees the ladder stretching from earth to heaven; but to the disappointed worldling, the worn-out pleasure seeker, the satiated voluptuary, it is perfectly true that "All is vanity and vexation of spirit."

While life has many phases corresponding to the many moods of the soul, each life is developing into something real, and what that something shall be depends upon how the life is lived. In changing circumstances we are forming a permanent character; fluctuating feelings are leaving in us settled dispositions, and we must make our solemn choice whether our earthly career shall end in joyful satisfaction or in deepest despair.

To young people of healthful experience, who are in communion with the Christ, and who have found a sphere of usefulness, this cry of "vanity" must be a strange sound. Whether it is the affectation of a shallow cynic, or the sharp cry of a soul in distress, it comes from a world that ought forever to be foreign to them.

The picture that the preacher gives us, is that of a man who is constantly pursuing pleasure and forever baffled in his search. The phantom constantly eludes his grasp, or the bubble bursts in the moment of his triumph, and that from which he expected joy, yields only shame and vexation. This man is represented as possessing rich resources, as tasting every form of pleasure, and as ransacking every region in his search for new and pleasing sensations. He makes a practical experiment in the scene of pleasure-seeking and with this result "I have seen all the works that are done under the sun and all is vanity and vexation of spirit." We cannot now deal with this question in detail, it is only part of the great demonstration that pleasure-seeking in itself is not the real purpose of our being.

"Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each to-morrow,
Finds us further than to-day."

"Nothing is had, all's spent
When our desire is got, withal content."

At this season of the year, when the leaves are falling all around us, when with special reference to the world of nature, we can say, "Change and decay in all around I see," there are many sad suggestions in our circumstances, but this is also our thanksgiving season, when we review the past and offer a special sacrifice of praise to the Giver of all good. It behoves us then to learn the great lesson which we are taught both positively and negatively, by the rapture of the saint and the disappointment of the worldling, that the real joy of life is in faithful service and a thankful heart.

"O what a glory doth this world put on
For him who, with a fervent heart, goes forth
Under the bright and glorious sky, and looks
On duties well performed, and days well spent!

For him the wind, ay, and the yellow leaves
Shall have a voice, and give him eloquent teachings.

He shall so hear the solemn hymn that Death
Has lifted up for all, that he shall go
To his long resting-place without a tear."

Strathroy.

If flowers are not cultivated, weeds will grow. If Christian graces are not cultivated, vices will spring up in their place.

The American Board instructed its prudential committee, as far as practicable, to restrict their operations within the measure of the means furnished them. A good rule for all Boards.

The question of spiritual growth is one of right relationships and surroundings. The process is as natural as the growth of the lilies. Given food, air, and exercise, and growth will follow.

WRITTEN FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

TRUST AND THANKSGIVING.

BY J. R.

Is it possible to separate these in our Christian life?

Is it possible for the heart to be filled with gladness and the lips to utter songs of praise, unless first the lessons have been learned of implicit trust in our Heavenly Father's love toward us, of undoubting faith that not one word shall fail of all His good promises given in His Word, of a restful assurance that this God "in Whom we trust" rules, that "God's eternal purpose ever moves irresistibly on, regardless alike of the wishes and the fears of statesmen, and of the opinions or theories of theologians"? "And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are the called according to His purpose."

Looking at our subject from the other side, is it possible to have learned this secret of abiding trust in our Heavenly Father's care, and still lack the spirit of thanksgiving and praise? I think not. If we just study ourselves we will find that our unrest and fear, our worry and murmuring about little things, or about great things, are all the result of want of trust, are, in fact, caused by our unbelief. Just let us believe and rest on God's promises, and we will be enabled to sing songs of praise and testify for our Saviour even in the very darkest hour that can come to us.

Caleb believed in God, and he was enabled to stand firm in the face of persistent opposition and threatened death, and his whole life after must have been filled with glad thanksgiving, God's favor rested upon him.

Nehemiah believed in God and was enabled to do a great work, though the difficulties in the way of its accomplishment, to all appearance, were insurmountable.

Paul and Silas trusted in God and were enabled to sing songs of praise while in prison, their bodies marked with the stripes laid upon them, and their feet fast in the stocks.

Many times since have men and women been enabled to sing songs of praise, and testify for Jesus when in prison for proclaiming His message, or when suffering torture or death for their love to Him. Think of the first martyrs in far away Uganda, as they were marched to the place of execution singing the hymn, "Daily, daily sing His praises."

Do any of us, as the thanksgiving season comes round again, feel gloomy and discouraged? Does the outlook into the future look dark? Are our hearts filled with grief because of dear ones who have gone from us? Let us cast aside all foreboding cares and go direct to the only source of strength and comfort. A friend of mine gave me a very homely but a very good illustration of this thought. One day she was busy washing the walls in her hall. The ceiling was high and a scaffolding was put up, on which she was standing. She said she could work all right if she kept looking up, but if she looked down it made her feel weak and fearful of falling. It is just so in our Christian life. We can go bravely forward when we keep looking up to Jesus and quietly trust in Him; but when we look at ourselves or the world about us, fears overcome us and we feel weak and discouraged.

"From His dear face we get the light
To banish all our earthly night;
From His dear hand we get the power
To do His will from hour to hour."

Perhaps some are grieved that their offering at this thanksgiving season must be so small. Let us remember Jesus will not measure our gift by the world's standard.

Let us give Him the best we can out of our store be it great or small, but above all, let us give Him that which He prizes most, the loving, confiding trust of our hearts and lives. Let us honor Him by singing songs of praise in our dark hours, and being trustful and happy in days of adversity and sorrow. In no better way can we let our light shine, or testify for our Saviour before a watching world.

Owen Sound.

VICTORY THROUGH DEFEAT.

In Jenny Lind's 21st year she came to Paris to take lessons from the great master, Signor Garcia. She had already taken a high place at Stockholm, having been made a member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Music in 1840, and court singer in the same year. When she waited on Signor Garcia, that he might test her voice before receiving her as a pupil, the trial was a complete failure. It was indeed a crushing blow when the master said: "It would be useless to teach you, mademoiselle; you have no voice left." She told Mendelssohn years afterward that the anguish of that moment exceeded all that she had ever suffered in her whole life. Yet with a stout heart she determined to try again. Moved by her distress, Garcia said she might come to him again after six weeks, if during that time she gave her voice complete rest, not singing a single note, and speaking as little as possible. How did she spend those weary weeks? Knowing that if she succeeded she would have to sing one day in Italian and French, she devoted herself to the thorough study of those languages. Her next voice trial was a success, and thenceforward she rapidly rose into fame. That bitter disappointment was perhaps one of the most necessary parts of her training for her subsequent career.—*Australian Weekly.*

Our Young Folks.

A BOY'S RESOLUTION.

This school year I mean to be better ! -
To bind myself down with a fetter,

I'll write out a plan
As strong as I can,
Because I am such a forgetter

Resolved : -but I'm sleepy this minute.
There's so much, when once you begin it !
Resolved : -With my might
I'll try to do right !
That's enough ! for the whole thing is in it.
-*Youth's Companion.*

THAT'S THE WAY.

Just a little every day.
That's the way !
Seeds in darkness swell and grow,
Tiny blades push through the snow,
Never any flower of May
Leaps to blossom in a burst,
Slowly -slowly- at the first,
That's the way !
Just a little every day.

Just a little every day.
That's the way !
Children learn to read and write,
Bit by bit, and mite by mite
Never any one, I say,
Leaps to knowledge and its power
Slowly -slowly- hour by hour,
That's the way !
Just a little every day.

-*Ella Wheeler Wilcox.*

A GOOD DRIVER.

"Oh, mamma, I do wish Teddy would get over his lameness; I'm just starving to drive something !" wailed a lively little boy to his sympathetic mother.

"Suppose you try driving yourself. I have found Sanford Brooks a very frisky creature to drive," suggested mamma, smiling.

"Now, mamma! How could I drive my self?"

"What is the thing that pleases you most when you drive your little donkey?" asked mamma.

"Why, it is because I make him go and stop, when I want to, and turn around, and then it is so nice to feel the pull on the reins and know I can master him."

"That is just what is so delightful in driving one's self," said mamma. "I mean you should try to make Sanny Brooks obey Sanford Livingston Brooks when Sanny wants to be wild and foolish."

"That would not be one bit of fun, mamma, and Sanford looked reproachfully at his mother.

"You think so because you have never tried it. Just promise me that the very next time Sanny wants to do what you know is wrong, you will say, 'Whoa, Sanny!' and pull hard on the reins, and make him trot along straight in the right road with never a kick."

Sanford rubbed his hair up from his forehead till it looked like straw wisps, and he scraped one foot along the edge of the sofa before he promised to try mamma's idea. But he was a boy to keep his word, and within an hour he had a chance to try his new kind of driving.

Two of his neighbors looked into the garden, and called "Hi, San! Come and hang on the carts!"

Sanford's mamma objected to his hanging on behind carts, because it often brought bad words from the drivers, but she did not forbid him, being a wise mother. "I know that it is not in boy's nature to resist hanging on carts," she said, "and I would rather that Sanford should keep on openly until he sees the foolishness of it, than that he should do it on the sly and then lie about it, as I know some boys do."

Sanford knew this was his mother's view of the matter. Just as the boys repeated their call, he remembered about driving himself. So he shouted back, "No, mamma does not like me to get all muddy. Next time, perhaps."

"Oh, lily white boy, can't stand mud!" shouted the boys. And they ran off, leaving Sanford very indignant, and longing to pound them.

"Whoa, Sanny!" he said, suddenly, and somehow he straightened up and held his head high, as if some one had really reined him in.

He went to the orchard to look at Teddy who was enjoying the rich, spring grass. Teddy I am better off than you, for you cannot drive yourself," he said, as he patted the little donkey.

Then a funny thought came into his head. When a boy cannot drive himself, is he like a donkey?"

"Whoa, Sanny! Keep straight, don't kick. Mind me; I'm your master, Sanford Livingston Brooks, Esquire!" he shouted, half laughing at his own fun. But he was putting the lesson into his own mind all the time, without understanding how important it was.

When he asked his mamma, some hours later, about the donkey conundrum, she said, very seriously, "Yes, my dear child, you have

found the right idea. The boy who can hold a tight rein over himself, over the thoughts and acts he knows are wrong, is a splendid driver, fit to be at the head of men and to lead them to victory, either in peace or war. But the boy who cannot drive himself is really on a level with the lower animals." -*The Colporteur.*

WHERE THE DAY IS BORN.

The maritime powers of the world have agreed to make London the time centre, and the one hundred and eightieth degree of longitude from London (or Greenwich) as the point where the day changes. This meridian, therefore, leads the day. Its passage under the one hundred and eightieth, or midnight, celestial meridian, marks the beginning of a new day for the earth: here, to day becomes tomorrow.

It is here, then that Sabbath is born, just to the West of Honolulu. But bear in mind that the day travels westward. Therefore, this new-born day does not visit Honolulu until it has made the circuit of the globe. Honolulu and New Zealand are only about thirty degrees apart in longitude but they are a whole day apart as regards any particular day, because the point at which the day changes lies between them. Sabbath born on the one hundred and eightieth meridian is a long way off from Honolulu. It is morning there too, but it is Saturday morning; while in New Zealand it is not yet day, but the Sabbath dawn is breaking. Its is clear, then, that, if it is Friday (near midnight) at Honolulu to the East of the line and Sabbath (near 1 a m.) to the west of it a ship which sails from Honolulu to New Zealand, or from east to west, must sail out of Friday into Sabbath, and thereby skip the intervening Saturday, and gains a day; and, vice versa, a ship which sails from New Zealand, where Sabbath has begun, to Honolulu, Friday has just ended and Saturday begun, or west to east, must lose a day. -*Goldthwaite's Geographical Magazine.*

GREAT HILLS OF SAND.

On the shores of Lake Ontario, in Prince Edward County, are two sand-hills that are interesting because they change their shape. The sand of which they are formed is lighter than that on the shore. The largest of these hills is 200 feet high and 1,000 feet in length. Years ago this hill had a circular plateau, with a crater like opening into a funnel-shaped chasm with an area of eighty feet. In this boys played ball. All evidence of this opening has disappeared. Now this sand hill is said to resemble a giant's grave. The second sand-heap is forty feet high. The trees in the vicinity of these mounds are being gradually covered by the sand. At points on their sides only the topmost branches of the buried trees are visible. These mounds are said to have assumed many shapes in the past forty years, but they are always graceful. At one time the United States Government maintained an observatory for the Lake survey on the top of the highest hill. Now the Canadian Government maintains one there for the same purpose.

A QUEER ANIMAL.

One of the greatest curiosities among the domesticated animals of Ceylon is a breed of cattle known to the zoologists as the "sacred-running oxen." They are the dwarfs of the whole ox family, the largest specimens of the species never exceeding thirty inches, or two and a half feet, in height. One sent to England, which is still living and believed to be somewhere near ten years of age, is only twenty two inches high and weighs but one hundred and nine and a half pounds. In Ceylon they are used for making quick trips across the country with express matter and other light loads, and it is said that four of them, can pull a driver of a two-wheeled cart and a two hundred pound load of miscellaneous matter, sixty to seventy miles a day.

For the first time in history the population of the United Kingdom is greater than that of France. It is computed that at the present moment there are in the British Isles one hundred thousand more people than there are in France. During the century the population of France has increased by ten millions, and that of the United Kingdom, by twenty millions. In addition to that Great Britain has in those ninety years colonized Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, and other spots which in another ninety years will become mighty nations. The *Christian Intelligencer* (from which we quote) adds that France has done nothing in the way of colonization. Certainly she has done very little. She is not a Mother of Nations as the "United Kingdom" is.

A pair of cars to hear the music of bird and tree and rill and human voice, but not to give heed to what the serpent says, or to what dishonours God.

Children are gainers by the frequent appearance of guests at the home table, especially when they are persons of intelligence and refinement.

Christian Endeavor.

IS MY HEART RIGHT WITH GOD.

BY W. S. McTAVISH, B. D., DESERONTO.

Dec. 1 - Prov. iv. 20-27.

It is very desirable, and it may be even necessary, that the Endeavorer should ask himself this question: "Is my heart right with God?" So deceitful is the heart and so desperately wicked, that a man may be very easily deceived (1st. xvii. 9). It is easy to be a professor without being a possessor. Solomon, so noted for his wisdom in his early years, was blamed afterwards because his heart was not perfect with the Lord his God (1st. Kings ii. 49). The cares of the world and the pleasures of life and the deceitfulness of riches are apt to engage our attention to such an extent that we do not take time to examine ourselves to see whether we be in the faith. Simon Magus in Samaria would very cheerfully have cast in his lot with the apostles, and if they had been only ordinary men, they might have been deceived in him. But Peter, knowing the real state of things, was sufficiently honest and courageous to say to him, "Thine heart is not right in the sight of God" (Acts viii. 21). Doubtless Diotrephes made a profession of his faith and was looked upon as a prominent member of the Church. He himself also aimed at being recognized as a Sir Oracle in the congregation, and yet his heart was so far from being right in the sight of God that the apostle John felt it necessary to rebuke him sharply (III. John ix. 10). Judas may have congratulated himself that he was among the disciples and yet, as Satan was in his heart, it was far from being right in the sight of God. From such instances as these we see that no matter what one's position in the Church may be, no matter what his professions, no matter what regard his fellow-men may have for him, he may be deceiving himself and therefore he should pull himself up sharply with the question of the topic.

How do we know when the heart is right? If our affections are set upon what is good, pure and elevating, and not upon what is mean, base, degrading, if they are set upon things above, not on things on the earth (Col. iii. 2), if we love the things which God loves and hate the things which He hates, if we scorn sin, not merely because it brings misery with it, but because we know that it is displeasing in the sight of God, then we can see indications that our hearts are right in God's sight. But in addition to this, our understanding must be enlightened in Biblical knowledge and in the great doctrines and duties of the Christian life, our wills must be renewed and brought into harmony with God's will and into sympathy with His plans and purposes. So long as our wills rebel against what is clearly the mind of God, our hearts are not right in His sight. If truth becomes the spring of action, if purity is enthroned in the affections, if justice holds the balances even, if love always decides against inclination and in favor of duty when these two are in conflict, if Christ is taken, not only as an example, but as a living Saviour and Lord, then we have good reason to believe that our hearts are right in God's sight.

Why should we desire to have the heart set right? Because from it are the issues of life. If the reservoir which contains the city's water supply is contaminated, it will send forth disease and death. So from the evil heart proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, murders, uncleanness, etc. "A good man out of the good treasure of his heart bringeth forth that which is good" (Luke vi. 45). "If thou set thine heart aright, and stretch out thine hands towards Him; if iniquity be in thine hands, put it far away; and let not unrighteousness dwell in thy tents; surely then shalt thou lift up thy face without spot; yea thou shalt be steadfast and shalt not fear; for thou shalt forget thy misery, and thy life shall be clearer than the noon-day" (Job ii. 13-17. R. V.).

Consumption Conquered

A P. E. ISLAND LADY RESTORED TO HEALTH.

Attacked with a Hacking Cough, Loss of Appetite and General Feeling of Lassitude - Pink Pills Restored Her Health After Doctor's Failed.

From the Charlottetown Patriot.

Times without number have we read of the wonderful cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, but generally the testimonial telling the tale had laid the scene in some of the other provinces. This time, however, the matter is brought directly home, and the testimony comes from a much respected and Christian woman. Mrs. Sarah Strickland, now residing in the suburbs of Charlottetown, has been married many years, and blessed with a large family and although never enjoying a robust constitution had, until a year ago, been in comparatively good health. About that time she began to feel "run down," her blood became thin and a general feeling of lassitude took possession of both her mind and body. Her family, and friends viewed with alarm the gradual development of her illness, and when a cough - at first incipient, but afterwards almost con-

stant, especially at nights set in, doctors were summoned and everything that loving, tender care and medical skill could do was resorted to in order to save the affectionate wife and mother, whose days appeared to be



Joking their Mother on her Appetite.

numbered. Her appetite was almost completely gone. Food was partaken of without relish, and Mrs. Strickland was unable to do even the ordinary, lighter work of the household. She became greatly emaciated and in order to partake of even the most dainty nourishment a stimulant had at first to be administered. While this gloom hung over the home and the mother sorrowfully thought of how soon she would have to say farewell to her young family, she was induced by a friend to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Though utterly discouraged, and almost disgusted with medicine, she yielded more in a friendly way than in a hopeful spirit. After using the pills for a short time a gleam of hope, a wish to get well again took possession of her and the treatment was cheerfully continued. It was no false feeling but a genuine effort nature was making to reassert itself, and before many boxes were used the family were joking their mother on her appetite, her disappearing cough and the fright she had given them. The use of the Pink Pills was continued for some time longer and now Mrs. Strickland's elastic step and general, excellent health, would lead you to imagine that you were gazing upon a different woman, not one who had been snatched from the very jaws of death. She was never in better health and spirits, and no matter what others say she is firm in her belief that Pink Pills saved her life and restored her to her wonted health and strength.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are an unfailing cure for all troubles resulting from poverty of the blood or shattered nerves, and where given a fair trial they never fail in cases like that above related. Sold by all dealers, or sent postpaid at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N. Y. See that the registered trade mark is on all packages.

In view of statements frequently made to the effect that vacant Presbyterian pulpits in England are filled with ministers from Scotland and elsewhere, Mr. J. B. Whyte, the Moderator of Trinity Church, Manchester, says that each of the candidates for the pulpit at Trinity was either a minister or probationer of the English Presbyterian Church, and that the Rev. W. J. Jack, who has been called, was one of the students.

Rev. Dr. Huntly, of Rajputana, started at the missionary meeting in Glasgow that he had once partaken of the opium cup as a seal of brotherhood with a Rajput chief. He denies Sir William Moore's statement that opium takes the same place at the tables of the Rajput chiefs that wine does at our tables.

Most Pronounced Symptoms of Heart Disease and how to Secure Relief in 30 Minutes.

The most pronounced symptoms of heart disease are: palpitation or fluttering of the heart, shortness of the breath, weak or irregular pulse, smothering spells at night, making it necessary to sit up in bed to breathe, swelling of feet or ankles, say the most eminent authorities is one of the surest signs of a diseased heart. Nightmare is a common symptom, spells of hunger or exhaustion. It is estimated that 60 per cent. of all cases of dropsy come from heart disease. The brain may be congested, causing headaches, dizziness or vertigo. In short, whenever the heart flutters or tires out easily, aches or palpitates, it is diseased and nothing will give such perfect relief or so speedily effect a cure as Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart. It has saved thousands of lives and your's may be counted among the number if its use is begun at once.

This remedy absolutely never fails to give perfect relief in 30 minutes, and is as harmless as the purest milk.

Does Not Irritate, But Heals.

It is remarkable that those who suffer from kidney disease grow impatient of those medicines that are slow in their cure. Who enjoys pain? The beauty of South American Kidney Cure is that it relieves the sufferer almost instantaneously. What sick one does not know the delight that comes when pain is relieved? Kidney Cure, as a plain matter of fact, relieves the most distressing kidney and bladder troubles in six hours. It is hard to say anything more for it. Who wants more said for it?



"TAKEN IN."

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Ministers and Churches.

The Synod of Manitoba and the North-west met in Winnipeg on the evening of the 12th inst.

Rev. I. Murray, of Hamilton, and Rev. L. Ferrin, of Georgetown, exchanged pulpits last Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Hanna, of Uxbridge and Rev. Mr. Whiteman, of Port Perry, exchanged pulpits last Sunday.

The Rev. R. M. Hamilton, of Brantford, preached in the Presbyterian Church, Burford, Sunday afternoon.

Rev. J. B. Edmondson, of Belvidere, N.J., the former pastor of St. John's Church, Almonte, is visiting at Almonte.

The Rev. J. A. Anderson, of Goderich, has been called by Knox Church, Guelph Salary \$1,600 and one month's holidays.

Rev. S. Lyle, D.D., of Hamilton, lectured last Thursday evening in Knox College, on "Personality and Its Implications."

Rev. J. S. Hardie, of the Stanley Street Presbyterian Church, Ayr, is conducting evangelistic services in Chalmer's Church, Woodstock.

The London Presbyterian Council have decided on a union Christmas service to be held in the First Presbyterian Church at 11 a. m. The collection will go to Home Missions.

The annual congregational reunion of Bank Street Church, Ottawa, was held on Thursday evening last in the Sunday School hall, its object being to bring the church membership into closer fellowship and to promote mutual acquaintance.

We are informed that the item which appeared in our columns, stating that a unanimous call from Toronto Junction Church had been given to Rev. Charles T. Cameron, M.A., of Brockville, is not according to fact, and has been contradicted by him.

The Rev. P. A. McLeod, M.A., B.D., Sonya preached two very eloquent sermons on Sunday. In the evening his exposition of the scripture from the text, Christ the Physician, was a powerful discourse, full of pathos and was much appreciated by his congregation.

The Rev. Neil McPherson, B.D., of Petrolia, preached the Anniversary Services of Guthrie Church, Alvinston on 27th ult., to large and appreciative audiences. The offering amounted to \$152. This leaves the Alvinston Church and Manse property entirely free of debt.

On Thursday, Oct 31st, the Avonton Auxiliary of W.F.M.S. held their annual thank offering meeting. After the opening exercises, conducted by the President, Mrs. A. H. Drumm, an interesting and instructive address was delivered by Mrs. E. W. Panton, of Stratford. The collection amounted to over \$12.00.

In St. Andrew's Church, Ottawa on Sabbath evening, 10th inst., the Rev. W. T. Herdridge addressed young men of whom there were an unusually large number in the congregation. His text was, "Is the young man Absalom safe?" A life of strict integrity was urged as affording the most solid satisfaction and pleasure.

Miss Martha Smith, B.E., of Toronto, gave an evening of Sacred Readings in the Presbyterian Church, Rodney, on Nov 1st. Miss Smith is to be highly commended for her earnest endeavor to elevate church entertainments, by giving to her audiences not only pleasure but profit as well. She well deserves to be popular with all Christian people at least.

A large and appreciative audience assembled in the Central Presbyterian Church in this city a few evenings ago to listen to a lecture by Rev. A. McMillan, of St. Enoch's Church, on "The Scottish Covenanters." Rev. Dr. McTavish presided, and introduced the lecturer in a short complimentary speech. The lecture was very interesting, and formed a picturesque narrative of the stirring times of which it treated.

Rev. Dr. Smith, of Queen's College preached on a late Sunday to the Presbyterians in Georgetown, and on Monday lectured on "The Boys I Knew at Home." He was listened to by more than three hundred people and spoke for an hour and three quarters, during which he was given a cordial hearing. The music by the choir, both Sunday and Monday, was excellent. The offerings for the building fund amounted, altogether, to about \$250.

A successful meeting of the Mission to Lepers Auxiliary was held Wednesday afternoon in the lecture room of Knox Church, Woodstock. A goodly number were present. The president, Mrs. McGregor, occupied the chair. Miss McMullen took charge of the music. Dr McMullen in a most effective manner opened the meeting, after which the Rev. David Herron delivered an address upon mission work among lepers in India—its origin, its needs, its results. His quiet pathetic appeal will not soon be forgotten.

The Annual Thank-offering Meeting, of the Toronto McAll Auxiliary was held on Nov 7, in the library of the Y.M.C.A. Mrs. Edward Blake occupied the chair. The attendance was large and the offering amounted to \$39.10. Mrs. Blake in a short address expressed her pleasure at being again with the ladies of the Auxiliary. Mrs. Grant read a very interesting and instructive address on "Thankofferings." The Treasurer's report was most encouraging.

The annual Thank-offering meeting of the Carleton Place St. Andrew's W.F.M.S. was held in the lecture room of the church on Thursday evening last, and was a very interesting one. Mrs. (Dr.) Thorburn, of Ottawa, was present, and gave an excellent address, subject "Praise and Thanksgiving." Mrs. McNair, president of the society, occupied the chair, the choir contributed some selections, and Misses Lang and Beggs sang a duet. The envelopes were opened and were found to contain, with the collection the respectable sum of \$84.

At a special meeting of the Hamilton Presbytery held lately, Rev. W. A. Cook, late of Dorchester, was inducted into the pastoral charge of Thorold congregation. Rev. James Wilson, Moderator, presided. Rev. Mr. Geddes preached the induction sermon, Rev. Mr. McQuaig addressed the minister, and Rev. Mr. Graeb the congregation. At the close of the services a repast, provided by the ladies, was partaken of, at which Mr. and Mrs. Cook were introduced to all present, and both received such a warm and general welcome as should give them strong hearts for the work they have taken up, and which augurs well for its success.

The first Anniversary Services of St. James' Presbyterian Church, Stouffville were lately held on Sunday and Monday. The services on Sunday were conducted by Rev. W. H. Hanna, of Uxbridge. Both of his discourses were of an intensely practical nature, containing much truth applicable to every-day life and were listened to with marked attention. The lecture on Monday evening on "Ireland and the Irish," by Rev. Wm. Patterson, of Cooke's Church, Toronto, was a master piece of its kind. His historical sketch of Ireland contained the pith of the subject and was interspersed with sufficient native wit and humor to keep the audience in a state of delightful expectancy. The musical part of the programme was of a very high order. The anniversary was on the whole a great success and a nice sum was thereby added to the finances of the church.

The Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed in the Egmondville Presbyterian Church, on Sabbath 3rd inst., Rev. W. Shaw, pastor. Preparatory services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Muir, of Brucefield, the Thanksgiving services by Rev. Dr. McDonald, of Seaford, and Rev. Mr. Hamilton, of Londesboro. All the services were very appropriate and much enjoyed by the large congregations present. Thirteen new members were added by Profession of Faith, making in all an addition of forty-seven new members to the church during this year, which is very encouraging to the pastor and his band of faithful workers. The Jubilee services in connection with the Egmondville Presbyterian Church will be held on December 1st and 2nd. Rev. Prof. Gregg, D.D., of Toronto will conduct the services on Sabbath and deliver a lecture on Monday.

A very successful series of evangelistic services, extending over three weeks, has just been brought to a close in the Presbyterian Church, Blake. The pastor, the Rev. J. A. McDonald, was assisted throughout by the Rev. J. W. Mitchell, who has given himself to this work. The attendance was large from the first, and on some occasions the largest which has been seen in the church. A deep and salutary impression has been made on the whole community. Careless people were drawn out to attend church who have not been seen within the walls of one for years; the people of God have been greatly enlightened and strengthened. Many remained behind from time to time as enquirers, and of these the greater number have found peace. A new impulse has been given to the cause of Christ in the congregation. The largest reaping was being done at the close, and regret was felt that the announcement of meetings at Varna made it necessary to bring them to an end. Mr. Mitchell is an earnest and able preacher of the Gospel and possesses special qualifications for conducting evangelistic services.

The Fourth Annual Thank-offering meeting of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, New Westminster, B.C., was held on Wednesday evening, 6th Nov. There was a large attendance of ladies. After the usual opening exercises a short address was given by the President, Mrs. Scoules. Mrs. Corbett and Mrs. Jardine sang each a solo, which were much enjoyed. The feature of the evening was a long and most interesting address from Mrs. (Dr.) Lyal, of the English Presbyterian Mission, Swatow, China. The Hospital work in which Dr. Lyal is specially engaged was spoken of as a blessed means of bringing the Gospel to bear upon the hearts of the multitudes who come for treatment. Miss McDougall then read the Thank-offering story, "Mrs. Grantley's Heathen," while the envelopes with offerings were being opened. Miss

McNab announced the collection, which reached the handsome sum of fifty-one dollars. Mrs. Lamb read the texts and notes which accompanied the offerings. After prayer and a closing hymn refreshments were served.

Rev. R. G. Sinclair lately tendered to the Presbytery his resignation of the pastorate of Mt Pleasant and Bishopgate. Before leaving, these congregations, and many of the other denominations, met at Mt. Pleasant to say good-bye to their pastor. Mr. Sinclair has served these congregations for the past ten years, and as every one who knows him might expect, he has made many warm friends. He will be much missed by the people alike of every denomination and Presbyterianism here suffers a heavy loss in his removal from our midst. The ladies of the congregation served an excellent supper in the basement early in the evening. At 8 o'clock the Rev. K. M. Hamilton, B.A., of First Presbyterian Church, Brantford, took the chair and introduced a splendid programme, which was successfully rendered, and consisted of addresses, presentations and music. The finest meeting of the kind ever held in Mt. Pleasant was brought to a close by the farewell words of Mr. Sinclair, in which he thanked his people and friends for all their kindness to him in past years, and especially for these last expressions of their goodwill. Mr. Sinclair has gone to Prince Edward Island, where he has been appointed to preach for some time. Rev. R. M. Hamilton, Brantford, is Moderator of Session and may be addressed by persons wishing to preach Box 254.

CHURCH OPENING.

Moore Line Church, in the Presbytery of Sarnia, and Rev. S. G. Livingstone, B.A., pastor, opened its new church on Sabbath, Nov. 10th. The old building had done service for thirty-five years, but Presbyterian services have been held in the vicinity for upwards of sixty years, under Revs. McAlmine, McDermaid and Chestnut all deceased.

The new edifice is larger, neater, and more substantial than the old, and cost about \$2,600, nearly all of which is provided for.

The opening services were conducted by Rev. Robert Johnston, M.A., B.D., of St. Andrew's church, London, who preached morning and evening. The church was crowded, the congregations were intensely interested, and the sermons were of unusual power.

Rev. Neil Macpherson, M.A., B.D., of Petrolia, held service in the afternoon and preached a sermon full of pointed allusions and brilliant passages, on the life of Moses. The church was crowded to its utmost capacity on this occasion also, and the same rapt attention and absorbed interest was shown as was manifested at the morning and evening services.

The Union choir of Burns and Moore Line churches led the service of praise, assisted by Miss Duncan, of Kingston.

The tea meeting, in connection with the opening, was a great success, and crowded the building to the doors. The ladies with their usual taste, had prepared a rich repast in the old church which was greatly enjoyed.

At the meeting in the new building Rev. S. G. Livingstone, the pastor, presided and gave a brief history of the cause in the locality for the past sixty years. Excellent addresses followed from Rev. Messrs. Phillips, of Bunyan; F. O. Nichol, of Sarnia; McPherson, of Petrolia, Henderson,

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and Dr. Thompson, of Sarnia, all of whom congratulated the Presbyterians of the locality on the magnificent church they had erected and the prosperity of their cause under the able pastorate of Mr. Livingston. The address of the evening was by Rev. Mr. Johnston, of London, who was followed briefly by Rev. Mr. Budge, of Mandamin. Interspersed between the addresses were music, vocal and instrumental, and recitations. The proceeds of the opening services were nearly \$400, a result most creditable to the people.

SABBATH SCHOOL WORK FOR 1896

Mr. Editor,—Will you kindly permit me, through your columns, again to ask the Sabbath Schools which took up a collection for the funds of the General Assembly's Sunday School Committee on "Children's Day" to be so good as to forward the amount to me at their earliest convenience? A considerable portion of the Committee's indebtedness was timed to fall due this month and money will be saved if we can avoid renewing the notes.

The Committee,—at least those members of it who are cognizant of the facts,—feel very much encouraged at the liberal response, so far, to our appeal. We hope that those schools which remember us at New Year will carefully consider whether they cannot increase the amount that they have been accustomed to send. We are so anxious to appear before next Assembly free from debt that we trust we will be pardoned for pressing more earnestly than usual for funds. With a little effort our schools can set us free this year.

The Lesson Helps for the first quarter of 1896 are ready. We congratulate ourselves on having produced a series second to none published, in literary excellence, in outward attractiveness, and in price—quality considered. A parcel of samples will be sent to every minister and Sunday School superintendent as soon as the usual postal privileges can be obtained for the new quarterlies and leaflets. Meantime all who apply to the convener will receive one at once, on which the full rate of postage will be paid.

Do not decide what Helps you will use next year until you have examined our own

REV. T. F. FOTHERINGHAM,
Convener Gen. Assm. S. S. Com.
St. John, N. B.

PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

WHITBY: The regular quarterly meeting of this Presbytery was held in St. Paul's Church, Bowmanville, on Tuesday, the 15th inst. Mr. David Ormiston, B.A., Moderator, presided. Rev. R. B. Smith tendered his resignation of the united charge of Ashburn and Utica congregations. The Clerk was directed to site the congregations to appear for their interests on the 21st of January, 1896, at Bowmanville. The remit sent down from the General Assembly, proposing to reduce the representation of Presbyteries in the Supreme Court from one in four, to one in six, was remitted to a Committee to report at next regular meeting. In regard to holding Missionary Meetings during the winter, Sessions were permitted to either do so or to take such other effective measures as they consider best to rouse the congregations to greater interest and increased liberality. Circulars on Home Missions and Augmentation were read and the amounts assessed our Presbytery, viz., \$1,500 for the former, and \$450 for the latter, were published. A circular letter urging the claims of Knox College for the Chairman of the Senate, Mr. M. Clarke, was read but action was deferred.—J. McMECHAN, Clerk.

ALGOMA: This Presbytery met at Webbwood on the 24th ult., for the purpose of ordaining Mr. Geo. Loughheed, B.A., graduate of Winnipeg College, and a licentiate of the Presbytery of Winnipeg. This is the first ordination by the Presbytery of Algoma, and the second in the history of the Presbyterian Church within the District. All the members of Presbytery appointed to take part in the service were present, besides the Rev. A. Findlay, Superintendent of Missions, and the Moderator, Mr. Robertson, of Gore Bay. There was a very large attendance of the congregation and friends, testifying to the interest of the people and to their attachment to their new pastor, who laboured among them for six months previous to his appointment as ordained missionary. There is a bright prospect for our church at Webbwood, and if the congregation continues to prosper as it has done in the past, it will ere long become an augmented charge. Besides ordaining Mr. Loughheed, the Presbytery adopted a resolution of condolence with the Rev. Mr. Rennie, of Manitowaning, whose family has been sadly bereaved by the death of a son in a distant part of the United States. In the evening a largely attended social festival was given, at which the ministers present gave addresses of congratulations and sound advice to both pastor and people.—S. RONDEAU, Clerk.

TORONTO: This Presbytery held its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday the 5th inst., the Moderator, Mr. J. Neil, in the chair. The Session and Managers of College Street Church, in view of the fact that a request from St. Paul's congregation for leave to purchase a new site may be presented in the near future, asked that a Presbyterial Commission be



Mr. Jacob Wilcox of St. Thomas, Ontario, is one of the best known men in that vicinity. He is now, he says, an old man, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has made him feel young again.

"About a year ago I had a very severe attack of the grip, which resulted in my not having a well day for several months afterwards. I was completely run down and my system was in a

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appointed to confer with the officials of College Street congregation, with reference to this matter and its bearing upon the work in College street. The request was granted and Commission was appointed. Mr. Scott presented the Draft Constitution of the Young People's Union of the Presbytery of Toronto. One clause, viz., "None but members of the church in full communion shall be eligible for election or appointment as delegates to the Union," caused considerable discussion, and it was finally adopted in the following form: "None but members of the church in full communion shall be eligible to represent societies or congregations in the Union." In presenting the report of the Committee on Church Life and Work, Mr. Frizzell recommended that a Conference be held in Chalmer's Church, Toronto, upon the subjects of Sabbath Observance and Systematic Beneficence. It was subsequently agreed that the next regular meeting of the Presbytery shall be held in Chalmer's Church on Tuesday the 3rd day of December next, at 10 a.m., and that the Conference upon these two subjects be held at the evening sederunt. The congregations of Queensville and Ravenshoe extended a call to the Rev. H. J. Sturgeon, B.A., a Minister without charge, promising a stipend of \$525 and a manse, and asking \$225 from the Augmentation Fund. The call was sustained, and put into Mr. Sturgeon's hands, who accepted it, and the 18th day of November, inst., was fixed for his induction. Mr. Amos was appointed to preside. The congregation of Knox Church, Milton, extended a call to Mr. J. A. Mahaffy, B.A., a licentiate of the church, promising \$500 per annum, with manse. The call was also most hearty and unanimous, and was sustained and put into Mr. Mahaffy's hands, when he accepted it. It was agreed that Presbytery should meet at Milton on Tuesday, the 19th inst., for his ordination and induction, and the Moderator was appointed to preside. The congregation of Cowan Ave. Toronto, presented a call addressed to Mr. Wm. M. Rochester, of Prince Albert, N.W.T., promising a stipend of \$1,200 per annum. The call was sustained and the Clerk instructed to transmit, with the request that the Presbytery of Regina, of which Mr. Rochester is a member, would issue the matter as soon as possible. It was agreed to request Messrs. A. I. McLeod and J. A. Carmichael, members of the Presbytery of Regina, to prosecute the call before that Presbytery.—R. C. TRUB, Clerk.

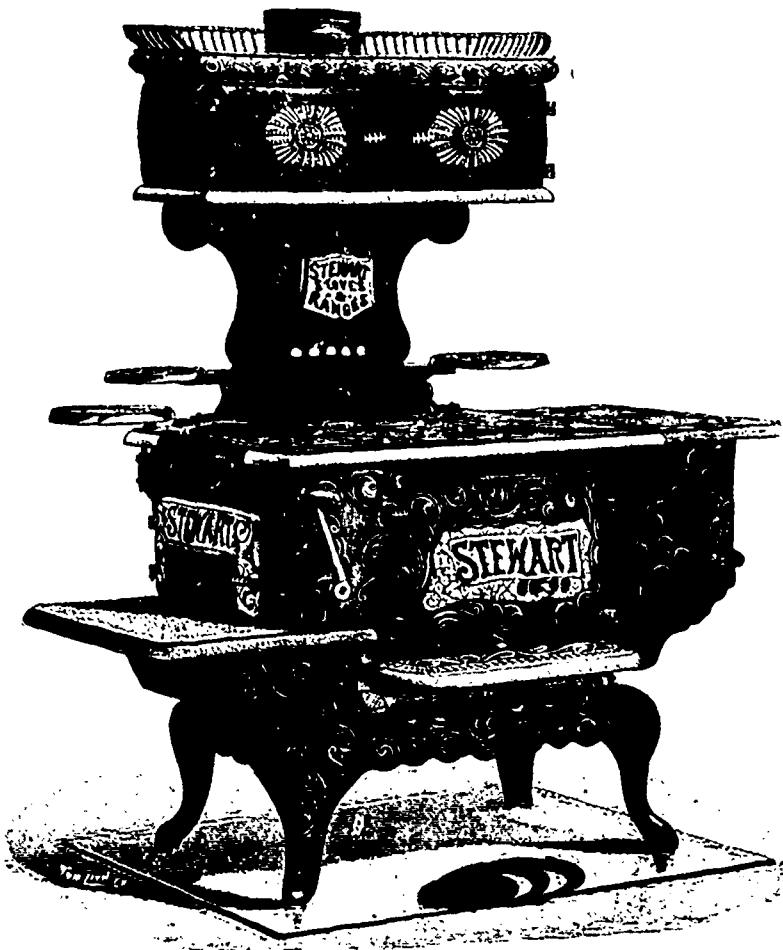
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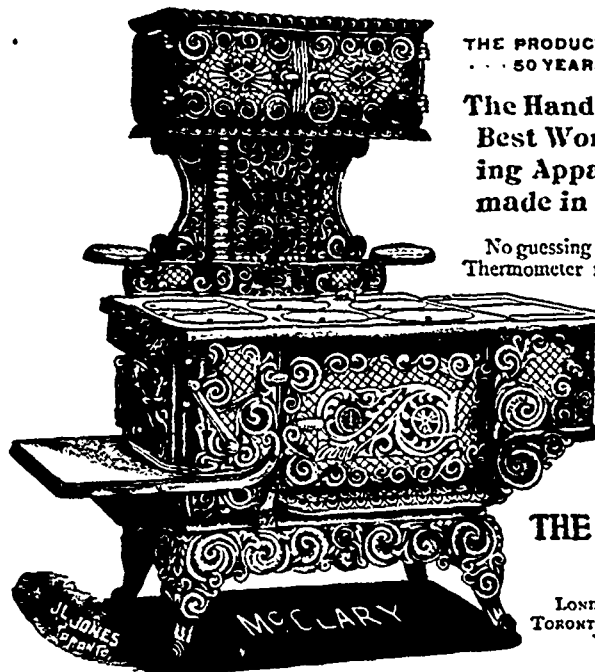
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5 JORDAN ST., TORONTO.

British and Foreign.

The New Zealand railway authorities have granted General Booth free tickets while in that country.

The Government of Tasmania is arranging to subsidize the prison-gate work of the Salvation Army there.

Of twenty-seven candidates for admission to Glasgow University divinity hall nine (non-graduates) have failed to pass.

Rev. Dr. I. Cameron Lees conducted divine service in Balmoral Castle on Sabbath week, and dined with the Queen afterwards.

Liliuokalani, the dethroned Queen of Hawaii, with her niece, will visit England in the spring, and she may settle in Europe.

The African Chief, Khama, and his companions have been addressing large meetings in Edinburgh and Glasgow, and had enthusiastic receptions.

The strike for an advance of wages in the ship-building trade continues in Belfast, and the Clyde and English workmen have joined in the struggle.

Longridge Church is to be extensively repaired. It was built in 1772, and was the scene of the early ministry of Rev. John Brown, of Haddington.

The total congregational contributions to the Synodical (English Presbyterian) schemes for the nine months amount to £7,126, as compared with £7,240 last year.

King Oscar of Sweden and Norway is today the only monarch who ever wears his crown. He does it whenever he faces the Parliament of either of the two kingdoms.

A brass tablet is to be erected in the church at Blantyre, Africa, by the members of the guild in Edinburgh in memory of the late Dr. William Affleck Scott, medical missionary.

A strong feeling is growing in the Irish Presbyterian Church that reform is needed in the method of the calling of ministers, and still more in their release from unsuitable spheres.

The statistics of the consumption of alcohol in Irish workhouses show the extraordinary variation from nil, in five unions (whose daily average of inmates totalled 588) up to 15s. 7d. per inmate per annum.

At the opening of the Assembly's College, Belfast, Rev. T. M. Hamill was installed in the chair of Systematic Theology. Professor Hamill delivered his inaugural address on "Theology and the Creeds."

According to Professor Lindsay, convener of the Free Church of Scotland Foreign Mission Committee, the Presbyterians of the world maintain one-fourth of the evangelical foreign missionaries of the world.

In the guild (Church of Scotland) membership of 25,608 there are 5,250 total abstainers, an increase during the past year of 1,618. Professor Charteris would like to see more athletic, literary and botanical clubs.

The Drink Bill of Victoria (Australia) for 1894 was £3,739,000 for a population of 1,174,000. Deducting children and making allowance for women, the average male adult expended about £16 during the year on intoxicants.

The Queen, who has a cup of tea in bed never rises before eight o'clock. The Kaiser is astir at five and the King of Italy at six. The Queen Regent of Spain is dressed for the day at seven. The Kaiser, the Tsar, and the Kings of Belgium and Portugal have taken to cycling.

The congregation of the John Knox's Kirk of Scotland Tabernacle in Glasgow has united with the Seceders. The congregation came out at the Disruption, severed its connection with the Free Church in 1852, reverted again to that connection, and has now cut itself off once more.

Elaborate preparations have been made for the expected heir to the Russian Throne. Outfits were prepared in Paris, one in case it is a boy and the other for a girl. Swans-down, eiderdown and sealskin figure largely in the outfit. Twelve dozen of every single article were prepared, each being marked with the Imperial crown.

To Nursing Mothers!



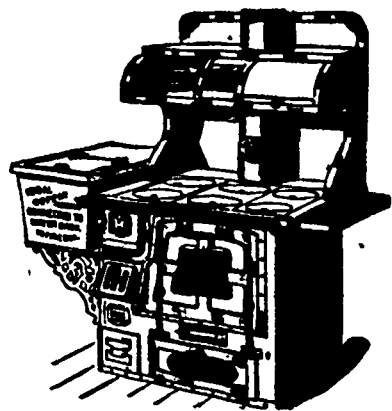
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- HIGHEST AWARDS 25th ANNUAL FAIR ST. LOUIS AGRICULTURAL & MECHANICAL ASSOCIATION, 1893.
- SIX HIGHEST AWARDS WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION CHICAGO, 1893.
- HIGHEST AWARDS WESTERN FAIR ASSOCIATION, LONDON, CAN. 1893.
- SIX GOLD MEDALS MIDWINTER FAIR, San Francisco, Cal., 1894.



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MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

ALGOMA.—At Webbwood, in March, 1896. BRUCE.—At Paisley, on Dec. 10th, at 7.30 p.m. BARRIE.—At Barrie, on Tuesday, Nov. 26th, at 10.30 a.m. BRANDON.—Regular meetings in March, first Tuesday; second Tuesday of July and September of each year. Meets next in Brandon. CHATHAM.—At Ridgetown, on Dec. 9th, at 7.30 p.m. CALGARY.—At Calgary, in Knox Church, on first Friday, in March, 1896, at 8 p.m. KAMLOOPS.—At Inderby, on Dec. 4th, at 10.30 a.m. KINGSTON.—At Belleville, in St. Andrew's Church, on Dec. 17th, at 2 p.m. LINDSAY.—At Woodville, on Dec. 17th, at 11 a.m. MONTREAL.—At Montreal, in Knox Church, on Dec. 17th, at 10 a.m. OWEN SOUND.—At Owen Sound, in Knox Church, on Dec. 17th, at 10 a.m. PARIS.—At Woodstock, in Knox Church, on January 14th. PETERBORO.—At Peterboro, in St. Paul's Church, on Dec. 17th, at 9 a.m. REGINA.—At Moosomin, on first Wednesday, in March, 1896. SAUGREEN.—At Mount Forest, on Dec. 10th, at 10 a.m. SARNIA.—At Sarnia, in St. Andrew's Church, on Dec. 17th, at 11 a.m. TORONTO.—In St. Andrew's on first Tuesday of every month. VICTORIA, B.C.—At Nanaimo, in St. Andrew's Church, on Dec. 3rd, at 2 p.m. WESTMINSTER.—At New Westminster, in St. Andrew's Church, on Dec. 3rd, at 2.30 p.m.

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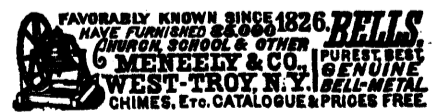
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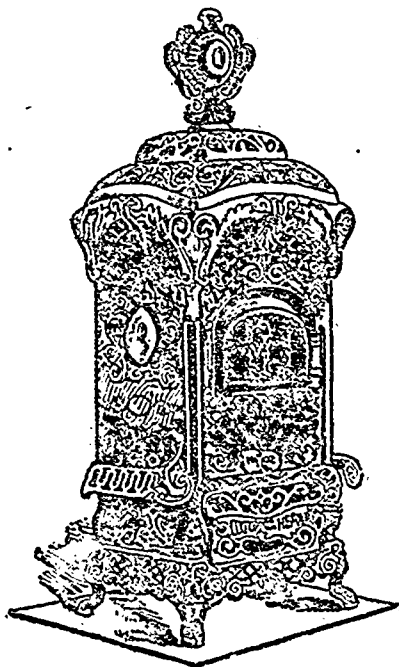
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