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OTTAWA, MONTREAL, WINNIPEG. AUGUST 2ND, 1905.

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In the storm and roar of battle,
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In the struggle for the right.

Weary toiler in the vineyard,
Heeding not the noonday glare,
Does your faith seem unrewarded?—
Lift your heart to God in prayer.
He will bless your earnest efforts,
Harvest days will quickly come,
Then, their labor done, the faithful
Find sweet rest and peace at Home.

Tossed on ocean's storm-swept billows,
Chilled with terror and despair,
When the waves almost o'erwhelm you,
Seek your Father's face in prayer.
He alone can hush the tempests,
He will guide you with His eye;
Safe at last within the haven
You shall praise Him, by and by.

Though your lot in life be humble,
God can find you anywhere;
He will hear your faintest whisper
When you speak to Him in prayer.
For His promise, ever faithful,
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And His stores of wondrous blessings,
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—Elizabeth Day in Presbyterian Standard.

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BIRTHS

At Almonte, July 37th, the wife of Mr. Howard Moffatt, of Carleton Place, of a son.

In Carleton Place, on July 20th, the wife of Mr. W. J. Logan, of a son.

At Franktown Station, on July 20th, the wife of Mr. George McLellan, of a daughter.

In the Derry, Beckwith, July 20th, the wife of Mr. H. S. Scott, of a daughter.

At Moulinette, on June 29, the wife of Jay T. Moss, of a son.

Near Moose Creek, on June 6, 1905, the wife of Gordon Robinson, of a son.

In Barrie, July 15th, to Mr. and Mrs. Will W. Coulthard, a son.

At Knox Manse, Galt, July 10, 1905, to Rev. R. E. and Mrs. Knowles, a son.

MARRIAGES

In St. Andrews manse, July 17th, by Rev. G. A. Woodside, M. A., Mr. George Bell to Miss Gracie Maud McNeely, both of Carleton Place.

DEATHS

In Kenyon, on July 7, 1905, Donald Cameron, father of Mrs. D. J. Campbell, Monkland, aged 70 years.

In Kenyon, on July 8, 1905, Mrs. John A. Cameron, a native of Glen Roy, Scotland, aged 77 years.

At Lorneville, on Saturday, June 17th, Samuel Cameron, aged 62 years.

At Cleveland, Ohio, Friday, June 16th, 1905, Capt. Capt. R. H. Gilbertson, aged 61 years, 9 months.

At his residence, Poplar Hill, July 24, 1905, Neil McKellar, in his 72nd year.

In Kingston, Ont., on July 21, 1905, at the residence of his sister-in-law, Mrs. W. B. Ferguson, 376 Alfred street, James Forsythe Ferguson, in his 60th year.

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NOTE AND COMMENT.

"At last," says the New York Christian Intelligencer, "there seems some prospect that the Chinese Exclusion law, enacted under the clamor of "Sand Lots" agitators in California, and kept on the statute book at the behest of politicians, will be modified if not repealed. It may be that loss of trade will do what motives of Christian comity could not."

Dr. Wiley, of the United States Bureau of Chemistry, thinks the ordinary limit of human activity will soon be ninety instead of seventy years. The chief aids to such a result, he affirms, are heredity, temperance, work and play—in other words, a rational life. Of these necessary elements all except one—heredity—are, or should be, within the individual's control. Science is adding greatly to the span of life, and when its aid is supplemented properly by the individual centenarians will be so common as not to excite remark.

Referring to three fatal casualties in Detroit on a recent Sunday, the Michigan Presbyterian says: "it is an obvious fact that none of the dead or injured were on their way to church or observing the Sabbath as it should be observed. One was drowned while bathing, another while canoeing, and another while sailing. Nine were injured by a car coming in contact with their wagon, in which they were having a gay holiday time. People cannot escape some sort of injury, either morally or physically, when they so wantonly disregard the Lord's Day."

Under the caption of "The Green Peril" in France, the London Daily Telegraph quotes the statement of one of the anti-absinthe writers, that 133,000 hectolitres, or 2,926,000 gallons, in round numbers, of the stuff are annually absorbed by French people, men and women, for the women have also learned to like the green peril. Fifty years ago only 735 hectolitres of absinthe were consumed in France. The increase of lunacy is attributed to the deleterious drink. Sixty years ago there were only 10,000 registered lunatics, now there are 80,000. The increase in crime is also traced to the love of absinthe among the masses.

Rev. Dr. Wardrope, Guelph, the grand old man of the Presbyterian church in Canada, will on the 13th of August celebrate the diamond jubilee of his entrance into the ministry. It was August 13th, 1845, that he began his first pastorate in Daly street church, Ottawa, the congregation from which Knox and St. Paul's are both outgrowths. Dr. Wardrope remained in his Ottawa pastorate for twenty-four years, until 1869, when he accepted the call to Chalmers church, Guelph, from which charge he retired in 1892. He is now in his 87th year.

A German physician has investigated the conditions necessary for the absorption of drugs and finds that medicaments are absorbed most speedily when taken with plain water while fasting. Soup, milk, etc., retard absorption even when the medicine is taken fasting, but absorption is still more slow when the medicament is taken with liquid after food, and most slowly of all when taken after food in the absence of liquid. To secure the most speedy absorption of any drug, therefore, it should be administered with water on an empty stomach, and in many cases it will be found that a definite effect will thus be produced, though no effect would be perceptible if the same dose were administered shortly after food.

A commercial man who has just returned from Cape Breton, says he was much surprised to meet so many old men and old women and all of them enjoying excellent health and able to work. "But," he said, "a gentleman in North Sydney drove me out of town a few miles and I was introduced to the pioneer couple of that section. The old gentleman is 97 years of age, and his wife is 89 years of age if she lives till July 17th of this year. The old man was hoeing potatoes in the field, and the old lady was knitting and humming a Gaelic song. They are Presbyterians in their religious faith and walk to church over a mile."

In a speech to his peace plenipotentiaries at Tokio, before they left for Washington, the Emperor of Japan, after referring to the agency of President Roosevelt in bringing about a peace conference, said:—"We were compelled, contrary to our expectations, to resort to arms despite our constant abiding wish for peace, and if, in consequence of the conciliatory spirit of our opponent, hostilities could be brought to an end, nothing would be more satisfactory than such consummation. Accordingly we at once accept the suggestion of the President of the United States, and we hereby charge you with the mission of negotiating and concluding peace. You should devote yourselves with all your power to discharge your mission, and make every effort to secure the re-establishment of peace on a durable basis."

The New Hebrides Magazines says:—Epetoneto, of Aneityum, first native pastor of the New Hebrides (Presbyterian) Mission, died 13th March, after a lingering illness. He resigned the active duties of his office more than a year ago owing to age and weakness, but attended church when able, and dispensed the sacrament of the Lord's Supper in June, 1904. He accepted the gospel early in life, and for a number of years acted as teacher in different districts under Dr. Inglis and Mr. Lawrie. He was a man of superior intelligence, a true Christian and devoted to his Master's work. He was ordained as native pastor by the Synod in 1897. He was loyally received by the natives and his influence increased with his years. Though not in the line of high chiefs, he became gradually to be recognized as the principal person on the Island, and though short in stature, being little more than five feet, he attained a position of commanding influence. There is none now in the island fitted to take his place and he will be much missed. He was about 71 years of age.

The Belfast Witness gives a harrowing summary of the terrible massacre perpetrated in Odessa on June 27th under the direction and authority of the Russian bureaucracy for which for two months the authorities had been perfecting plans. Military and machine guns were fixed in positions commanding practically every outlet, so that the populace were literally confined in a death trap. Then the signal for the military massacre was given, and the reformers rushed hurriedly and helplessly to their doom. At least seven thousand men and women were struck dead during the ten hours during which the massacre raged. Hundreds of bodies were flung into the flames of burning buildings, and loads of human bones were carted for secret interment under the convoy of the soldiery. It is almost impossible to realise the occurrence of such barbaric doings, even under the system of the Czarism.

The New York Tribune says: "Andrew Carnegie will not have anything to do with any enterprise, however tempting financially, that has anything to do with the sale of intoxicating liquors."

Newfoundland has a larger revenue than ever before, an advance of \$330,000 on two years ago. The total revenue this year was \$2,069,000. The price of fish is good. The resources of the province are being well developed. Duties are being reduced, and a substantial cash reserve is formed.

Astronomers will soon be making their way from all parts of Europe and America to Spain, in order to witness the solar eclipse of the 29th of August, which will be total in parts of that country. The conditions are peculiarly favorable, the region being easily accessible, and the phenomenon is likely to be of greater scientific interest than usual, on account of the duration of the totality and the prevalence of sun spots of rare dimensions. There will not be so good a chance for European observers for many years to come.

The New Zealand Times, says the London Presbyterian, gives a vivid impression of the present ferment in New Zealand on the question of the Bible in schools. The churches are practically solid in demanding religious teaching, but the government refuses to have the question raised for the present. A vigorous sermon, by the Rev. Dr. Gibb, of St. John's Presbyterian Church, Wellington, is reported, putting the case for Bible teaching with great force.

The partiality of Rome for wealth and rank is manifest, says the Christian Standard, in concessions to princes and plutocrats with respect to marriage. A press despatch tells of the permission granted for the marriage of a rich Protestant and a Catholic in a Roman Catholic church. No such dispensation could have been granted a mechanic or a clerk, or any one who could not pay handsomely. While the Roman Catholic church is mainly made up of poor people, it is managed in the interests of wealth and rank. Romanism has been synonymous with the idolatrous worship of pomp and ceremony of titles and money.

Rev. A. E. Ayres, presiding elder of the Bombay District, Bombay Methodist Episcopal Conference, writes: "The outlook for the work in this part of India was never more hopeful than it is now. There is a great movement quietly working among the educated Hindus, which some day, when the national courage rises sufficiently, will result in a remarkable turning of the leaders of millions to our God and His Christ. In the meantime we are working upward through the depressed classes, and are getting ready a host of teachers and preachers to help us care for the general mass movement when it comes."

Urging the importance of evangelization, Dr. Dawson says: "A Christianity that does not evangelize has lost not only its right to live, but the very means of its existence. A revival is dependent upon the spirit of prayer. The prayer-meetings of the church must restore prayer to its dethroned place of pre-eminence. The minister of a parish must be his own evangelist and preach for a verdict. Christians must do personal work. The present faith of the church in the deeper spiritual and eternal verities is abiding, and it may accept the results of reverent scientific criticism with no diminution of its faith in Jesus Christ as a Saviour to the uttermost."

SPECIAL
ARTICLES

Our Contributors

BOOK
REVIEWS

FRENCH EVANGELIZATION:

The Chairman's Message.

When it came to a man, in the days of old, to speak or write, he called his message a burden. It so weighed upon him that he felt he must speak, and men trembled at his words and bowed down on their knees. And what right have I to speak, unless there is laid upon me, from the Lord, the burden of a message in His name? And so I would know the burden of what I want to say. Let it so weigh upon me that silence on my part would be cruel and criminal neglect. And so I speak. May God help me!

The Cry of the Children.

If a child came crying to your door in the night, would you, from amid the comfort you enjoy, say: "Trouble me not! My children are with me in bed; I can not rise and let you in without disturbing them. I have no room for such as you. Go away, child of the night, with your cries and tears. You are a trouble to me." But as often as you drive it away with your cold and cruel neglect, it returns, bringing another with it, until you see that something must be done, if you and your children are to have comfort and sleep.

Now, does the Church know—does she want to know—that a hundred children and young people, bright French-Canadian boys and girls, are at the door of her institution at Pointe aux Trembles, and with cries and tears that only hearts of stone can resist, are asking to be taken in, that they might eat of the Bread of Life that our children eat of and throw away, and that they may have the Light that shines there? And as often as we say: "Go away children; we do not want to be troubled with you! Go away to your hunger and darkness! Go away and die! The Church has too many children of her own to make room for you!"—as often as we say that, they come back, bringing others with them, and still they cry: "Oh let us in where the Light is! We must have the Light or die!" You ask, "Who sends those children to our door with their cry?" The Lord sends them. And what are we to do about it? There is only one thing for the Church to do, if she be true to herself and to the Lord of the children, and that one thing is, to rise from the slumber and sleep she and her children are in, and make room for them.

O Church, East and West, the cry of the children is in our ears today, and it is a cry we must hear! Let the burden of it so weigh upon our souls that we can neither give sleep to our eyes nor slumber to our eyelids till we have found a place for the children crying in the night, and with no language but a cry.

The Burden of Quebec.

Open your Bible, and you read there of burden and burden—the burden of Dumah, the burden of old Tyre, the burden of Damascus, and many another burden lying heavy upon the heart of the men who sigh and cry, the world's watchman, waiting for the breaking of the new day. But there is a burden nearer us, if we have any heart to feel, and any eye to see through its tears, and the burden nearest us is to weigh heaviest upon us. And Quebec—is there no burden there, no chain with great links binding the land and the people, no dead-weight crushing the very life out of enterprise, no drag on the wheels of progress causing them to go hard? There is a burden, and that burden is her religion, Roman Catholicism.

Good things can be said of the Church of Rome, some of the best things. It is admitted that she is found in her purest state in Quebec. Her priests and bishops, for the most part, are men of high character. Among her people are to be met with true Christians. We are glad to bear that testimony. But let this also be said, for it is the truth, that as a church she stands between her people and the light. Claiming to be the only true church she is the greatest enemy the truth has and all that the blessed truth stands for—the uplifting of the people and their spiritual emancipation. Where the truth is there is liberty. Where, however, the Church of Rome has the power, and she has it in Quebec as no where else on the continent, there is no liberty. Poor priest-ridden Quebec! Her children are in bondage, a bondage they like, perhaps, but none the less bondage. They know no better, and so they like it. But they will know better, and when that day comes, they will rise against her, as old France has done, and cast off her bondage and burden.

Do we know just how it is with that Church and her teaching? Not a few in our Church sincerely believe that the French people have the gospel now in their own church, and that being the case what use is there for French Evangelization? As they look at things from their standpoint that church is as much a branch of the great Christian Church as we are, and therefore the mission is quite uncalled for and unnecessary, mischievous indeed, and wholly unworthy of a church as broad in her sympathies and as liberal and large-hearted in her views as ours is. But the truth is, her gospel is another gospel than the gospel of the Grace of God, and her Christ another Christ than the Christ that comes knocking at the sinner's door.

When, for instance, Holman Hunt's famous picture—The Light of the World—was on exhibition in Montreal, many Roman Catholics as well as Protestants went to see it. It pictures the Christ, with a lantern in His hand, standing knocking at a door overgrown with weeds, and fastened with rusty nails and bars. A good Roman Catholic woman, after seeing it, said: "The Christ of the picture is not the Christ of the Roman Catholic Church. He never knocks at the door of our heart. It is for us to knock at His door." And how radical the difference between the two Christs—the one who seeks us, and the one we have to seek! It is just the difference between grace and good works; in other words, the difference between the true Christ and antichrist.

Take this also. When the Presbyterian churches of Montreal were ringing as loud as they could ring with the praises of Knox, the same good woman, speaking not only for herself but for the faithful, said: "The man Knox—he is a fallen priest!" We speak of fallen angels, and, of all fallen things we know of, a fallen angel is the most fallen. And to her the most fallen thing on the earth is a fallen priest. And why was Knox a fallen priest? Because he turned away from holy-mother-church, and especially because he saw fit to marry. And every married minister, in the eyes of the faithful of that church is living in concubinage. Do you wonder that they want to spit on us as we pass, and call us dog, and would, if they could, bound us out of the land? Let us not blame them. And still there are those who see no need of French evangelization! No need of gospel light for Quebec!

In Persia there are no distilleries, breweries or publichouses, and native wine is the only intoxicating beverage used.

The Priest in Quebec.

I know nothing but good about him. It is not for me to say: "Fallen priest!" But I have said: "Poor priest-ridden Quebec!" And let me try to tell you something of the priest in Quebec. Before me lies a booklet called—"the Priest." It is by a priest, and about a priest, and for the people. Its second chapter is a catechism about the priest. The Report for the year gives extracts from it. It will do no harm if I repeat some of these. The church wants to know just what the priest is as he is in Quebec. The little book asks: "What is the Priest?" And its answer is: "A man who holds the place of God, a man who is clothed with all the powers of God." Turn over to the next page and read: "When the priest remits sins, he does not say—God pardons you; he says—I absolve you. At the consecration, he does not say—This is the body of our Lord; he says—This is my body." Pass on to the next page: "What would serve a house filled with gold, if you should have no priest to open the door for you? The priest has the key of the heavenly treasures; it is he who opens the door; he is the steward of the Good God, the administrator of His goods." And still turn over, for we cannot quote everything: "Behold the puissance of the priest! The word of the priest from a morsel of bread makes a God! That is more than to create the world. . . . If I met a priest and an angel, I would salute the priest before saluting the angel. The latter is the friend of God, but the priest holds His place. Saint Teresa used to kiss the spot where a priest had passed. When you see a priest you ought to say—There is he who has made me a child of God and has opened heaven to me by holy baptism; he who has made me pure after my sin, who gives nourishment to my soul."

No need to quote more. If you are not convinced that there is the most urgent need of French Evangelization in Quebec, then nothing I can say can convince you. But this you know, a burden is laid upon the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and the sooner she realizes the tremendous responsibility of it, the better for herself. We have trifled too long already with this momentous question. Let the church, east and west, awaken to her duty, for all that we stand for is ready to be lost, so far as Quebec is concerned, and Quebec, in a very important sense is the key of the situation—politically, educationally, religiously.

The Crisis.

Call me not pessimist. If the crisis has not yet come, it is in sight, and we had better look at it square in the face, and prepare for the struggle. Let us not shut our eyes to the fact that Romanism has no use for anything but itself. And so Presbyterianism must go. And it is going. What are the facts? And the facts are just these, and they are grim facts—that where, in the townships of Quebec, within the memory of men now living, were once strong, vigorous, self-sustaining Presbyterian congregations there is now a vanishing cause. In Montreal Presbyterian we have congregation after congregation growing weaker and weaker. One that had a hundred and fifty well-to-do families thirty years ago is now reduced to the pitiable condition of having but thirty, and augmentation is threatening to withdraw from the thirty. And all around in the rural districts the decadence goes on, and so far as I can see, is bound to go on. And that is not all. Let the congregations in the rural districts die out, and it is only a matter of time when

the city congregations, strong as they are today, must yield to the inevitable, and die out also. From present appearances, in fifty years the Presbyterian Church will not have an English-speaking congregation in the province of Quebec east of Montreal.

And the reason is not far to seek. Our people are handicapped, burdened, discouraged. The priest-king rules in Quebec, and wherever the priest-king rules, the man who claims to be in the place of God, and arrogates to himself the power of God, and yet has not the heart of God, whether in Old France or New, there is tyranny—spiritual, political. We have wealthy religious institutions in Montreal and Quebec, some of them wealthier than the Bank of Montreal, and with these moneyed institutions at their back, or something else we know not of, the French people all over the country are in a position to buy out the Presbyterian farmers, and every farm thus bought means additional tithes for the church, and another link to the great chain that is slowly binding, or seeking to bind, the whole land to the Papal chair. Such, in a word, is the crisis.

And what are we doing about it? What we have always done—nothing! Looking on quietly, and seeing our congregations fading away and dying out, until some day the last man will sell out and go West; or, if he is not able to do that, and too far gone to protest, will have a scapular tied around his neck, and a few drops of holy water sprinkled on his brow, and so die a good Catholic! And he might do worse—I hear you say. But seriously, is it to come to that?

The Lord planted the land all over with churches that had the light of the gospel, and His word to the man was: "Hide not your light. Let it shine out on all sides with a burning and shining light. That is why you have it. You have a mission to your French Canadian fellow-citizens. Go to them with the gospel." But they did not—not to any general extent. They kept themselves to themselves. They said in effect: "Stand off! Come not nigh, and dim our shining with your darkness! We have a purer faith, a clearer light, and we fear that contact with you will corrupt us. Worship your way, and we will worship ours." And so, the very thing they were afraid of is happening and the light they have is being swallowed up in darkness.

But all is not yet lost. It is when we are weak, and on our knees, the Lord is strong for us. "Not by night, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts." Was it not Gideon's band of three hundred, that, after the exodus of the thousands, with burning lamps and broken pitchers, won the battle for the Lord? Was it not the tag-rag tenth of the captivity that saved the nation? And if there is to be a future for Israel more glorious than anything the past has seen, it is the remnant torn as it were from the great web, that is by grace and faith to do it. And is it not the remnant still, the Quebec minority, the vanishing cause of our Presbyterianism, sifted and saved, that, waking up to their mission and destiny, is to do it? Come to the help of the Lord, the help of the Lord against the mighty! Can the church not see, that it is a suicidal policy on her part to sacrifice the East in order to save the West. The French are as much to the country as Galician and Doukhobors, Mennonite and Mormon. I thus plead, for French Evangelization. Pray for us!

A. J. MOWATT,
Chairman of the Board.

Montreal, P.Q., July 29, 1905.

The Federal government has offered to set aside ten townships in connection with the English emigration scheme, with which Mr. Rider Haggard is connected. Mr. Haggard reported very favorably regarding the scheme after his visit to this country last year.

THE ROMAN CATHOLIC AND PROTESTANT BIBLES COMPARED.

Gradually, and deliberately, I have read through the three essays to which a learned and otherwise competent committee has awarded the prizes offered by Miss Helen Gould for the best three essays on The Origin and History of (the Popular Versions of) the Bible, respectively as Approved by the Roman Catholic Church, and as put forth by the Anglo-American Committees of Revision. The change of description is necessary, to express distinctly the implied purpose of the amiable donor as suggested to those who have aimed to fulfill it in the three essays.

Without the slightest pretension to criticize the selection of the three essays—having not the slightest knowledge of so much as another one of the 250 competing productions—I imagine it might be just and useful to make a humble contribution to the public estimate of the relative and general success of the preferred essays, from the impressions of a single reader.

The general selection is not open to my criticism, and the award as a whole must be respectfully accepted, if I might only be permitted to turn it exactly the other end foremost, making the first last and the last first, with the middle retained as the pivot. The latter may be on some accounts preferable to either of the others; but the paper by the Assistant Master of Trinity Parish School, New York (Mr. Charles B. Dalton, whom I have now heard of for the first time) impresses me particularly as the effective popular instrument desired by Miss Gould, by its marked literary qualities. Vivacity and precision of attack, with lucidity of arrangement and progression, especially commend themselves to a modern editorial mind; while a simple, more than easy, agreeable and carrying, style, satisfies alike the literary critic and the student of public persuasion. I mean justice here, although fallibly, and willingly admit that the first prize may have accumulated a fuller heap of details.

But this, after all, is unimportant in comparison with the question how far the challenge of the opponent of the Protestant Bible has been met. Because, for all practical purposes, that challenge, as the cause of the whole discussion, must be taken as the true text to start from and to dispose of. Indirectly, the facts so colorfully recited, do meet both of the allegations of Father Early, namely, (1) that his Church has never directly prohibited any of her members reading the Bible; and (2) his grossly false assertion ("made knowingly or otherwise I do not say") that "the Protestant version goes back only to the days of Henry VIII. of England, and was then gotten up for obvious reasons." The careful reader will not miss the proof in either of the essays that the italicized word ("prohibited") in my abstract of Father Early's only-seeming denial of Miss Gould's complaint that "your Church discourages the reading of the Scriptures by the people," is a palpable evasion;—the fact apparent being that the Roman Catholic Church has never authorized any other Bible than the Latin Vulgate, which none but the learned do or can read—or, further, that the charge of doctoring the English version for the anti-popular interests of Henry VIII. is the more astonishing contradiction of history, in that John Wycliffe, published in 1382, a hundred and fifty years before Henry set up as head of the English Church, that noble translation of the Bible which has been well called the original stock of the Authorized Version, whose peculiar strength is directly derived from his, and which, with the still accepted revision of the martyr Tyndale, as well as the temporarily authorized edition of Coverdale, and other successors, were forbidden to be read, and ordered to be burned, under the same Henry who is alleged to have been the patron and beneficiary of the Protestant Bible! I said, the careful reader will not

miss these facts, but the common careless reader will need some help to get their force in condemnation of Father Early's reckless and ill-advised charges; and it seems to me that he should have received so much at least as a hint of their relation to the issue made by the priest for the essayist.

Not the most careful reader, however, will find his attention directed to the real question at issue, to wit: whether the Roman Catholic Church does or does not "discourage" the reading of the Bible. It is admitted that it does not, or at least does not explicitly, discourage the reading of the Latin Vulgate by those who can do that. But that is a thing as irrelevant as possible to the question of the Bible for the people in a language they can understand. I would not seek to introduce into this periodical a Protestant or anti-Catholic polemic. If there be in the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church—as I know there are—sincere believers and upholders of that inspiration of the Holy Scriptures for the defence of which "The Bible Student and Teacher" is set, I would not displease them avoidably because their Church has in the lands and ages of its ascendancy "discouraged" the reading of the Scriptures by burning them and those found in possession of them (the Vulgate not always excepted), and has proved its claim as an unchangeable Church down to this day by hereditary persistence on the part of its agents generally in the use of all practicable means to keep the Scriptures from the use of its members. The bloody persecutions of Bible men and women that soak the pages of history have never been condemned by pope or council; and what prohibition, not to speak of discouragement, could be really more definite than this? Again, what pope in our own more liberal age, has lifted up a strong protest against the destructive criticism that assails the inspiration of the Bible, as if its authority were esteemed fundamental to the faith, like the dogmas of the Church? I fear that little help can be expected in defence of the Bible, from those who rest its authority on the dictum of the Church, whoever they may be; and yet I would not question their sincerity and unnecessarily antagonize them here. But I dare not mention the Bible in the ears of any pupil of the American parish priest whom I seek to interest in its truths; for their inbred hostility to the very name is as violent as that of the Jews to the name of Jesus. A little Catholic girl near by tells me distinctly that "the Bible is not our (their) religion." How much is she not discouraged or even practically prohibited the saving Book? Such facts as these should not be shirked in any defense of the Protestant Bible of the people which is provoked by attack or challenge from its opponents. Otherwise, the placid or ironic slurring of the issue presented, at best leaves the question between the "Bibles"—which is practically, as raised, the question between the attitudes of the Churches towards the Bible—precisely where the challenger left it.

W. C. C.

HEALTH.

Do you want it? health! which brings the even pulse, the clear brain, the hospitable heart, the cheerful manner, and the biggest bank balance. Do you want it? Then get the Muskoka appetite, the Muskoka muscle, and the Muskoka color. In the "Muskoka" region health is given away, but you must apply for it in person. Uncle Sam's people pay no duty on health. When to go, how to go, the best hotel, short talks on fishing, canoeing, camping, bathing and a word about expenses—all in a little book with a map and nineteen views, issued by the Grand Trunk Railway System. Sent on application to J. Quinlan, D.P.A., G.T. Ry., Montreal.

New South Wales is overrun with mice. In one store in the town of Merriem the other day 10,000 were caught.

SUNDAY
SCHOOL

The Quiet Hour

YOUNG
PEOPLE

JOSIAH AND THE BOOK OF THE LAW.*

By Rev. C. McKinnon, B.D., Winnipeg.

I have found the book of the law in the house of the Lord, v. 15. How true an experience this, for many Christians! Not that they had never seen a Bible in their lives before. From earliest infancy, indeed, they had been familiar with its rich binding, its quaint old illustrations, and the names and order of its parts. They had treated it differently from any other book, with an almost superstitious veneration. Nevertheless, it had not become the law of God to them until one memorable day in the house of the Lord. Under the powerful impression of a sermon, the Spirit flashed its illuminating message into their hearts. From that moment it became a new book, the dearly loved record of God's revelation of Himself. After that precious discovery, they needed no further human argument to prove that it was inspired.

All that was committed to thy servants, they do it, v. 16. A rarely good report for a public officer. He could answer clear for himself, and for those under his direction. Fortunate is the sovereign in the state with such servants; and fortunate, too, for the church, whose leaders and members can give a good account to their Lord and Master of responsibilities discharged.

He rent his clothes, v. 19. The sinner will not turn to the Saviour or ask for pardon unless the evil of his life has been shown to him. So true and wise is His love to us, that God in His Word holds up before us a mirror in which we may behold our real condition. The sight may fill us with grief and sorrow. But the pain will be blessed, if it leads us out into the joy of forgiveness.

Went to Huldah the prophetess, v. 22. It is a true saying, that he that will learn of none but himself, is sure to have a fool for his master. When troubled with doubts in the soul, or with difficult questions about religious truth, a wise person will talk them over with some one of larger knowledge and experience than himself, that he may the more clearly understand what the mind of God is. How needful that he be clear in his own mind and that he make his meaning clear to others! Like the mother wren, that warbles over and over again with great distinctness the notes she would teach the little birds, ever patient to begin anew where they have failed to imitate, so should we, who teach, linger over the eternal truths of our faith, until the feeblest has firmly and clearly grasped them.

Behold, I will bring evil, because they have forsaken me, vs. 24, 25. When deadly noisance has had time to run through the veins to every part of the body, no skill of the physician, however great, no remedy, however powerful, is of any avail. By God's law written in the book of nature, the victim of poison must die. And in God's other book of revelation, He has written the law that sin will bring suffering and at last destruction. This law cannot be broken any more than the laws of nature. How great is the mercy that has written, as in letters large and distinct, in all the history of the past, the warnings that are meant to save us. We have but to give heed to these and we shall be in the way of safety.

*88. Lesson, August 13, 1905. 2 Chronicles 34: 14-28. Commit to memory v. 21. Read chs. 34, 35, and 2 Kings, ch. 22. Golden Text—I will not forget they word.—Psalm 119: 16.

Therefore my wrath shall be poured out, v. 25. Imagine a kingdom where the king allowed all sorts of crime to go unpunished. We should not care to live under such a government. Or think of a family in which a father never punished the faults of his sons. There would be reason to fear for the future of children so indulgently treated. But God is both a King and a Father. Shall we think it strange if He is resolved to punish sin in His subjects and children?

The Lord God of Israel, v. 26. The God who comes to the rescue, as the story of Jacob at Peniel tells (Gen. 32). Which of us has not been, or shall not be, in like plight—in the face of anxieties and peril, not knowing what the next step or the next day may bring? The least cry to God will bring Him to our side, as did Jacob's prayer; it may be to wrestle with us, as He did with Jacob. But never mind; the hardest thing is merciful, if it but throws us on God for help and guidance.

Because thine heart was tender, I have even heard thee, vs. 27, 28. Look! There is a train of cars standing on the track, and another seems rushing down upon it. We watch with bated breath for the dreadful collision. But before the moving train reaches the other it is turned off on another track. This only required the moving of a switch lever. The lesson is plain. God has given us the lever of penitence and prayer. We have but to touch this, and in a moment the punishment our sins deserve will be averted from us.

Behold, I will gather thee to thy fathers, v. 28. Each of God's servants has in this life a work to do, a battle to fight. He may find inspiration and courage in the lives of those who have gone before. Their task is done, their victory won. Now they are enjoying their glorious reward. And there is a place among them for all who have been faithful and true. In the joy that we shall share with them we shall forget all the hard and discouraging things we have had to meet here. Every trial of the present will only add to the gladness of the blessed time to come.

IMMORTALITY.

"The popular belief that, however careless a man may be while in health; at least on the 'low, dark verge of life,' he is appalled at the prospect of leaving these warm precincts to go he knows not where—this popular belief is erroneous. As a rule, man dies as he has lived, uninfluenced practically by the thought of a future life, . . . I have careful records of about five hundred death-beds, studied particularly with reference to the modes of death and the sensations of the dying. . . . Ninety suffered bodily pain or distress of one sort or another, eleven showed mental apprehension, two positive terror, one expressed spiritual exaltation, one bitter remorse. The great majority gave no signs one way or the other." Probably this is a correct averaging up of dying sensations and manifestations. One thing, however, is certain, the death of the righteous carries with it a promise. However disease may affect the brain, or whatever the physical condition, the soul is in divine keeping, and all is well with it. There may rarely be "exaltation" or rapture, but there is usually the calm inward sense of confidence in Jesus as Lord and Redeemer and the assurance of a bright and endless life beyond. But after all, the question is not, how one dies, but how he has lived. The aim of all should be that of the apostle: "For me to live is Christ; to die is gain." Death is not the end-all. Beyond, to the Christian, is a blessed and glorious immortality.—Dr. Ortis on Immortality.

CHRIST OUR PILOT.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

"Jesus, Saviour, pilot me!" is one of the most beautiful contributions to hymnology by any American hand during this generation. Its author was Rev. Edward Hopper, at that time the beloved pastor of the Church of the Sea and Land in Market street, New York. The same title is given to our Divine Master in Tennyson's exquisite lines, "Crossing the Bar." All through our experiences in life we need to have Jesus at the helm. He knows where the shoals and the sunken rocks are, and where the safe deep water is also; if we are wise, we will let the Omniscient Pilot do the steering. His disciples had a rough night of it while he was asleep in the stern of the boat; he was teaching them a lesson, and when in their extremity they called up the Pilot, the storm lulled, and their fishing-smack floated safe into the harbor.

It is a good thing for us that we cannot foresee tempests or trials, for then we might be frightened out of undertaking many a voyage at the call of duty. When Paul set off for Rome, he could not discern a prison or a bloodstained axe of martyrdom waiting for him in the imperial city. When Clarkson, Wilberforce, and Sharp set in motion their noble enterprise of overthrowing the African slave-trade, they could not anticipate the long years of ferocious opposition that they were doomed to encounter. They tugged at the oars, and left the helm in the Pilot's hands.

The five praying college students beside the haystack at Williamstown were launching a little boat in simple faith; what head-winds it might have to face, they did not know or care. The Master took the helm, and lo! their tiny craft was the pioneer of all the vast fleet of Christian missions to heathendom. No penitent soul who comes to Jesus can foresee all the obstacles, all the temptations or trials, that lie before him. It is well that he cannot. He might be frightened back, or be hamstrung with discouragements. There are too many "Pliables" who get beamed in the Slough of Despond and sneak back into a life of worldliness; the genuine "Christian" gets out on the side towards heaven.

Let us all learn to thank God for difficulties; they are part of our discipline. Canaan lies on the other side of the Red Sea and the Jordan River; we need not cross either of them till we come to them. God can divide the big sea as easily as he can dry up the little river. When we come to the sea, the voice of Providence is, "Go forward!" and the waters part asunder. When we reach the flowing Jordan, and our feet touch the stream, behold, it has vanished, and we go through dry-shod! The story of Christian faith and its frequent deliverances is often like a rosette in the eleventh chapter to the Hebrews. When we voyagers get safely into the desired haven of vantage, we may take great delight in looking over our log-books, and in discovering how wonderfully our Pilot brought us through dark nights and dangerous channels. Pastors often discover very dense fogs lying over their churches; let them never forget that there is one to whom the darkness shineth as the day.

Faith's real office, and faith's real victory, is in trusting the helm to Jesus in the fogs and through the dark hours. Everybody can trust God in the sunshine and over smooth water. It is easy to commit our way to the Lord when that way is as the roadway. Faith's inspiring command is: Commit the helm to the Pilot when you cannot see your hand before your face,

when the clouds have extinguished every star, and no lighthouse of human guidance is in sight. Jesus can see in the dark if we cannot. That is a cheering truth to many a minister who is laboring under numerous discouragements. Take the Pilot on board, brother! Call all hands in the church to the oars, commit the helm to him, and may the Holy Spirit send you "favoring gales" of blessing! The winds and the waves obey the Son of God. He who has promised, "Lo! I am with you always," never forgets his disciples now, any more than he forgot his disciples on that tempestuous night when he came to them walking on the billows. John Newton recalled his own experiences as a sailor when he wrote the cheering lines:

"By prayer let me wrestle,
And He will perform;
With Christ in the vessel
I smile at the storm."

SPARKS FROM OTHER ANVILS.

Morning Star: It is time now to begin this revival. Begin it in private prayer, in personal consecration, in greater activity, in more loving service, in the conviction that all things are God's, that all the world is a brotherhood, and that all things are to be used in promoting a sense of fraternity among men and of filial devotion to God.

Lutheran Observer: Amid much that is morally unhealthy in present social and financial conditions, there is one very hopeful sign. It is the demand, voiced with greater emphasis than ever before by the press of the country, that men who set aught the law and abuse their positions as public officials or trustees by using them for increasing unholly gains, shall be held to strict account.

South Western Presbyterian: Perhaps men will find out after a while, that it is impossible to legislate for all sorts of conditions that may arise, and that the safe rule for the church is to stick closely to her divine constitution, the Word of God. When she departs from that she is very apt to get herself into a muddle. God has made ample provision, in great, fundamental principles, for everything that is going to happen, and safety lies in the rule, "To the law and to the testimony."

Presbyterian Banner: But, with a few exceptions, the Psalms furnish us religious sentiments, aspirations and ascriptions of praise, that are suitable for all Christian people in all generations to sing; and a return to them on the part of the churches that have gradually dropped them from public worship would be a distinct advantage to the worshippers and a decided improvement of our song service. Good tunes have popularized hymns that ought never to be sung, and evangelistic experiences have given vogue to songs that are too sentimental, too emotional, to convey or emphasize valuable truth.

Christian Guardian: The home has lost its grip of our people. Of course, there are exceptions; of course, there are many homes that retain all the blessed and helpful influences that home was everywhere wont to exert. But we are not speaking of these exceptions; we are speaking of life and society among us as a whole. The sad fact is indisputable to the most casual student of existing conditions. It is even too plain that we are suffering from a lack of home life. The healthiest revival that could come to us, the most fundamental and far-reaching, would be a revival of the sense of responsibility among parents, such a sense as would lead to the re-establishment of Christian homes, such a sense as would ensure us a generation trained, not merely in school and university, but at mother's knee and by father's side in the warm atmosphere and subtle but powerful, all-pervasive and permanent influences of real home life.

TO SERVE CHRIST.

"By losing our lives for Christ and His cause, we are meant to save them; to serve Christ, not to feel Christ, is the mark of his true servants; they become Christians in proportion as they cease to be interested in themselves and become absorbed in their Lord." This admirable statement of Charles Gore, in the "Bampton Lectures for '891," might be illuminated by the words of the Master—"Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me." To serve Christ, not to feel Christ, is a happy setting over against each other of an expression of the truth, and the expression of a somewhat prevalent tendency to unduly exalt sensible experiences. They who make Christ's cause their care, and his kingdom their business, will have neither occasion nor heed to be concerned about their experiences. To lose thought of our experiences in absorption in Christ's work, is to have the very best of experiences.—Christian Inquirer.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

This Book is all that's left me now,
Tears will unbidden start,
With faltering lip and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hand this Bible clasped;
She dying gave it me.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
Where all were false, I found thee true—
My counselor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

DAILY READINGS.

M., Aug. 14. Winsomeness: Its nature. 1 Cor. 13: 4-7.
T., Aug. 15. Its example. Rom. 15: 1-7.
W., Aug. 16. Its motive. 1 John 4: 7-11.
Th., Aug. 17. Its fruit. Jude 22: 25.
F., Aug. 18. Its law. 2 Cor. 3: 1-18.
S., Aug. 19. Its reward. Prov. 11: 27-31.
Sun., Aug. 20. Topic—The duty of winsomeness. Prov. 15: 13-15; 17: 22; 1 Cor. 9: 19-22.

SPIRITUAL AND TEMPORAL THINGS.

If we would only manifest the same interest in spiritual things as we do in things temporal, how we might grow in grace. It is surprising how we can be indifferent with souls perishing about us. We talk about things temporal as if they would last forever, when we are not certain to-morrow's sun shall ever dawn upon us. We eat, drink and are merry, and forget the place that knows us now will soon know us no more forever. It is proper to take interest in things temporal but not to the detriment of spiritual life. Our days are beautiful and pure, fresh from the heavenly Father's hand, but how often we sully and defile them. Yesterday is so quickly followed by to-day and to-morrow is yesterday repeated. Yet of these days a record is being kept and on them our hope of heaven depends.—Christian Intelligencer.

For one soul saved by scolding and fault-finding, ten are saved by sweetness; for one soul saved by fear of hell, ten are saved by the thought of God. A gentle voice and a smiling face make religion beautiful to the miserable and sinful, whereas gloomy looks and a harsh or condescending manner make religion seem a thing to be avoided. Do you wish to draw souls to God? Then let your souls reflect his love. Be gentle, be patient. Practical people may condemn you, but only this way you imitate Jesus.—Gospel News.

Labor rids us of three evils—tediousness, vice and poverty.

WINSOMENESS.

Some Bible Hints.

It is useless to expect to put into the face what is not in the heart, or to keep out of the face what is in the heart (Prov. 15: 12).

The physicians are only beginning to find out the powerful, literal influence of the mind upon the body. A hearty laugh is an actual tonic (Prov. 17: 22).

The winsome person is never servile, but always serving; there is a great difference (1 Cor. 9: 19).

Paul was not ready to do anything for men, but anything—that would save them. Many things that men want us to do for them would not save but destroy (1 Cor. 9: 22).

Suggestive Thoughts.

Winsomeness is based on sympathy with others, and sympathy with others is based on knowledge of them.

Winsomeness is fortunate if it is natural, blessed and praiseworthy if it is acquired.

It is Christ lifted up that is to draw all men to Himself; it is not we.

A winsome soul-winner must be unconscious of himself; he must be doubly conscious of Christ.

A Few Illustrations.

Winsomeness is a matter of the heart, not of the face, just as two pieces of iron may look exactly alike, and only one of them be a magnet.

As the power of gravity is to be utilized anywhere and at any time, so is the power of Christ's attractiveness.

As the power of attraction increases as bodies come closer together, and inversely as the square of the distance, so if you would win men, you must get close to them.

If a merchant wants to draw people to his store, he offers for sale not the kinds of goods he fancies, but the kinds the people like.

To Think About.

Is there any particular person whom I am trying to win for Christ?

Am I relying upon Christ for power to win men?

Am I trying to excuse myself from the duty of soul-saving?

A Cluster of Quotations.

Fishing does not mean a gaily-painted boat and a swallow-tail coat. You want to set your heart on the fish and not on yourself.—A. T. Pierson.

It is always well, when you are going to fish, to go where the fish are; nowadays we have a fashion of building a big fish-house on a hill, and expecting the fish to come up out of the water to be caught.—H. L. Hastings.

There is no other way to win a soul than by seeing in him one whom Christ loves, and whom Christ, your Saviour, would have you win to Him.—Munhall.

Men ought to prize the reputation of knowing how to win young men and clear away their troubles. It is the greatest honor you and I can enjoy.—Moody.

In the Church.

Divide the society into fourths, each fourth to take some part in one of the church prayer meetings of the month.

Form a Christian Endeavor choir, if the pastor is willing, to act as a nucleus for the singing of the church prayer meeting and the Sunday evening service.

Establish in your society a pastor's aid committee, to do whatever the pastor wishes done in connection with the church work.

Perhaps you can start and carry on a church paper. Perhaps you can beautify with flowers the church grounds. Perhaps the church needs new cushions, or new lamps, or new paint, or new hymn-books.

Find some definite work to do for the church. Do it, and then find something else to do for it.

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C. Blackett Robinson, Editor.

OTTAWA, WEDNESDAY, AUG. 2nd, 1905.

It is understood that the estate of the late George Gooderham will be declared at a value of \$9,400,000 and that it is practically all bequeathed to lineal descendants. This being the case the succession tax of the Ontario government will be levied at the rate of five per cent, on all over \$200,000. The aggregate of the tax will accordingly be about \$500,000.

Mr. Wm. Whyte, second vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway and manager of the western division, predicts that the wheat crop of Manitoba and the North-west will reach and perhaps exceed 100,000,000 bushels. His estimate is based on an acreage of 4,000,000 acres and an average yield equal to 1902, when it was 25 bushels to the acre. The C.P.R. is making great preparations to handle the crop. Mr. Whyte believes that 30,000 extra harvest hands will be required.

An interesting statement, which we noted in Mr. Fielding's budget speech, was his statement that while between the years 1888 and 1898 the amount of money orders issued in Canada and made payable in foreign countries was between \$2,000,000 and \$3,000,000 annually, in the year ending June 30th, 1904, they amounted to nearly \$8,000,000. The increases were chiefly to the United States, Great Britain, Italy and Japan. This would seem to indicate that the people who had come to Canada had happily found employment, and were able to send money back to the country of their origin.

The Privy Council has refused permission to appeal in the Lord's Day Act case. That has the effect of leaving us without legislation on the subject save the old Upper Canada Act, a copy of the English act of Charles I. It is not to be regretted that the Privy Council regards the matter as one of Dominion jurisdiction. In this connection the Hamilton Times thinks that the true and reasonable solution is to be found in a Dominion law that will operate uniformly throughout Canada, and which will express the healthy sentiment of the people for the preservation of the Day of Rest, free from the crochets of extremists and the weaknesses of doubts as to its legality and practicability.

ADULTERATIONS.

What is to be done about adulterations? It has recently been found that much of what Canadians consume is adulterated. It is time the laws were made stricter or better enforced. We see the United States authorities have discovered much adulteration in drugs. An exchange very properly says:—

"Perhaps no species of villainy is more cruel and reprehensible than the adulteration of drugs used in disease, and which may murder the invalid they were supposed to benefit. It is fortunate that the Washington authorities have taken the work in hand and have succeeded in unearthing a gang of these scoundrels in Chicago, by making raids on the places where bogus drugs were made, confiscating four patrol-wagon loads of "medicine," and arresting five persons for misusing the mails. It is stated that the evidence upon which the arrests were made was based upon a chemical analysis made by Dr. Virgil Coblenz, of Columbia University. He found that a kind of triethylate, sold to druggists as a substitute for ironal, a sleep producing medicine, acted as an irritant instead. This doctored drug was being disposed of at two cents an ounce, while the genuine article sold for \$1.50 an ounce. An analysis of the alleged aristol, sold as a substitute for iodoform, showed that it contained seventy-five per cent of fuller's earth colored with iron rust.

NOW IN STATE PRISON.

Ministers of the Gospel should refrain from going into business—especially business of a speculative character. If they do so their usefulness is gone. Here is a recent case:

News has been received in Toronto of the trial, conviction and sentence to one year in state prison at San Jose, Cal., of the Rev. J. J. Smith, of Oakland. The specific charge was that of obtaining \$100 under false pretenses from Miss Kate Boyle, of San Jose, by selling to her stock in the Alta dea Mining and Investment Company, of which he was general manager and secretary. His trial lasted five days, and the prisoner showed emotion only when sentence was pronounced. It was proved that the gold mine the company possessed was worthless. Peculiar interest attaches to the sentence of Smith. He came originally from Caledonia, Ont., where his family is well known. In the years 1902-3, while visiting relatives on Dundas street, he preached in Carleton street and Wesley Methodist churches, and took advantage of the connections thus established to unload on church members thousands of dollars' worth of alleged treasury stock in the company, in reality turning over to them his own personal stock.

This recalls to our recollection the case of another minister, this time a Presbyterian, who a few years ago, trading on a previous good reputation, got access to pulpits in various parts of Canada, and afterwards sold large quantities of gold mining stocks which turned out to be practically worthless. Indeed it is said that the death of one of our ministers, who unwisely invested all his savings with this good (?) brother, was due to the shock sustained on finding that his money was hopelessly lost. In this particular case we are not aware that justice was invoked for the punishment of the man who so flagrantly betrayed his trusting friends.

At a London Mansion House Meeting, Dr. Barnardo told some pathetic stories of the children that come under his care. One was that of a child whose mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother had all led the most debased of lives. This story afforded the Duke of Argyll, who was one of the speakers, a chance for a neat hit at some of his brother peers. "As for this poor child's great-grandmother," he said, "I would not say too much about her. There are many of us who would not care to have our great-grandmothers' characters too closely inquired into."

PRACTICAL POLITICS.

The temper of the people of Canada is practical. They want practical legislative measures. They want practical results. They want a practical remedy for the evils of intemperance.

The change of government in the province of Ontario, remarks the Pioneer, was not the result of any change in public opinion concerning theories of government, or the doctrines of different political schools. It was because of a desire of the people to have practical methods adopted for the accomplishment of results which all politicians professed to desire.

The old government declared itself in favor of temperance legislation, but did nothing in the way of promoting such legislation. The party which it represented had made more professions of zeal for the temperance cause than had the other party. It had said much, but was doing little. The practical people wanted results that the Liberal party did not give.

The Liberal government condemned electoral corruption, but failed to purge its ranks and its political machinery of the men who were known to have been engaged in improper political practices.

In dealing with the temperance reform, in dealing with other public evils, the people of Ontario want practical results, not merely carefully elaborated theories.

The strength of the present government lies in the public belief that it is a practical government, that it will accomplish what it undertakes, and will do for the people what the people want done.

What the people of Ontario want done on temperance lines is the abolition of the bar-room and the treating system. Temperance men voted against the Liberal party and government because that party and government failed to do anything practical on the line of bar-room abolition. The temperance people will stand by the Conservative party just in so far as that party shows itself practically in sympathy with the measures in which the Liberal party professed to believe.

RECRUITING FOR THE MINISTRY.

We quote the following from the Churchman: "Good mothers," said Bishop Gibson in his charge to the Virginia Council, "ought to have the credit, I believe, of the majority of good ministers. Good fathers have influenced many; good teachers some; good exhorters not a few, and all these need in their armory weapons of every kind. But good clergymen are, after all, the dynamic forces which under God supply the constant power to the whole living machinery. Like priest, like people. If ministers appreciate the power they wield, when in word and life they represent the religion of Christ to the people, their congregations, and especially the young men who are looking for a life work, will put upon that power its proper valuation, and will seek it as the highest gift bestowed of God in the vocation of men."

Each annual exhibition at Winnipeg acts as a sort of milestone pointing out the marvellous progress the West has made in recent years. And as each exhibition comes in turn, and is visited by its crowds, the progress made during the previous year seems more marked than ever. Of course, it is on an agricultural standpoint that the Winnipeg Fair bases its strongest claims to the support of Westerners, and this year, we are told, the exhibits of stock have been not only on a very extensive scale, but the quality of those shown is evidently grading up from year to year. This, however, is only to be expected from such an enterprising body of men as the Manitoba and North-west farmers and cattle-raisers, who realize that a few extra dollars in time and money spent in scientific up-grading now mean millions later on. The "Farmers' Day" at the exhibition this year was an unqualified success, and the crowds fully as large as expected.

FROM THE VIEW POINT OF A LAYMAN.

The Funk & Wagnall's Co., New York, have just issued a new religious volume destined to attract some attention. The author declines to give any intimation of his identity, but the publishers indicate that the writer is "a layman, a man of firm and decided convictions, and of a wide commercial, political and religious experience," which may be taken as a satisfactory introduction to the reading public.

The title of the book is "The Church of Christ." The author presents Christianity as an original religion in contrast with all preceding religions. He points out that it is new in promising forgiveness of sin and eternal life, in teaching the fatherhood of God, in being positive, and original, in that it is missionary. He also reviews all cases of pardon referred to in the New Testament. The author earnestly maintains that the Church of Christ should be one or identical in organization, teaching, and practice with the New Testament Church, before creed or sect or party began; that such unity, according to Christ's own words, is essential to its complete and final triumph in the world.

We do not suppose that all readers of the Dominion Presbyterian will agree with all the views of this author; perhaps many of them will dissent from his views on some points and reserve judgment on other points. The book, however,—which contains forty chapters, covering 330 pages, and is sold for one dollar net—is an interesting volume, well calculated to be instructive and certainly worth reading and studying.

SUMMERTIME.

This is God's autobiography and portrait of himself. Here he writes of his power, his wisdom, his plans. He has spared no pains in its preparation. He has laid on his own choice of coloring. Daring, contrasting but never ever jarring, they renew their fadeless beauty with the year. He loves beauty, so his autobiography says; so he hangs the mountain-side with the varying green shades of the spring, lays on the deeper tints of the summer, and flings out the gorgeous banners of scarlet and gold in the autumn. And in all this fine kaleidoscopic shifting of the colors there is not one tint that shocks nor one line that breaks with the laws of harmony. In this prodigious volume there are footnotes that we are not wise enough to reap as yet, and addenda that coming years will make plain. Beautiful symbols mystify us, and hints of things too great for us are everywhere.

Now what of all this talk about the summertime? says the matter-of-fact man. What deduction shall we draw? This one: If God draws near to you in the summertime, as you love him and yearn for the growth of your soul, get ready to receive him. Open your eyes and ears and make bare your heart and go towards him. The summer is an argument we cannot out with. One good, fair, reverent look will bring a man to his knees before God and he will say, "This is my Father's world. If for this fleeting, perishing thing, he has spared nothing, but wrapped it in beauty, crammed it with fruit and sowed it with undreamed-of possibilities, what will he not do for me, his child made in his image? Shall I have him heap beauty on me and yet keep an ugly soul within? Shall I see him save this old earth out of the desolations of the winter and clothe it with life and loveliness, and not let him save and glorify my life?"

*The Church of Christ: By a Layman. Funk & Wagnall's Co., corner 4th avenue, New York, and 44 Fleet street, London, G. B. Price, \$1 net.

The Christian religion is the only philosophy on the earth that teaches a man how to be rich without money.

J. HUDSON TAYLOR.

This eminent man, founder of the China Inland Mission, travelled all the way from Europe back to China in order that he might die in the land to which he had given his life. In 1933 he appointed Mr. Hoese general director of the work in the field, and himself returned to Europe to speak for the Chinese among European churches. Last winter he realized that the end of his career was at hand, and he insisted that his son, Howard Taylor, should take him back to China. The veteran, now in his seventy-fourth year, lived barely long enough to have his wish; for almost immediately after reaching his old field of labor, he fell asleep, and was buried at Changsha in Hunan. Hudson Taylor went from London to China as a missionary of the Chinese Evangelization Society in 1853. He was grieved to find that only the seaboard fringe of the country was being touched; the great populous provinces of the interior—the heart of the empire—none of the organized societies was then prepared to enter. So Mr. Taylor determined to undertake the work himself. He published a book entitled "China's Spiritual Needs and Claims," in which he called for volunteers to join him on faith of such income as the Lord might give. The China Inland Mission was organized on this basis in 1865, and seventeen candidates were appointed to the work without any promise of support other than that all receipts should be divided equitably among them. It was understood that while full public statement of the needs of the mission would be made, no solicitation of funds would be permitted or collections taken in the churches. Voluntary contributions only would be relied on. These principles have been followed from the first, and the history of the mission abounds with specific answers to requirements of both men and money stated first to the Lord in prayer and then to the Christian people of Europe and America frankly but without urgency. The work now comprises two hundred stations manned by over 800 missionaries drawn from Episcopalian, Presbyterian, Congregationalist, Methodist and Baptist churches. Since the Boxer uprising, the mission has had an especially excellent name among the Chinese, both because its missionaries were so brave in that trouble and because the directors afterwards refused to accept any portion of the indemnity funds collected by foreign governments for injuries done to foreign residents.

ANOTHER IDEAL TOUR.

To the Pacific Coast and the Lewis and Clark Expositions.

On August 28th, the second and last of Bowler's personally conducted tours to the Pacific Coast will start from Portland and Boston, the two sections joining in Montreal, where a Special Train will be taken for the entire journey. This will indeed be a "trip of a life time," as has been declared by the entire party which started with Mr. Bowler on July 8th. The members of that party cannot say enough as to the generous treatment received. The excellent Dining Car Service was much appreciated, the high class hotels used fully enjoyed, and the excellent routes and side trips called for pronounced enthusiasm from one and all. All are loud in their praises of the service which they received and declare that they will always recommend Bowler's Tours as the "Ideal Tours." You may verify this statement by consulting any one of the July party. Any interested in the August tour should make their reservations at once. Address E. C. BOWLER, Bonaventure Station, Montreal.

How often do we sigh for opportunities of usefulness, whilst we neglect the openings in little things which would lead to the accomplishment of most important usefulness.

LITERARY NOTES.

OUTDOOR CANADA, an illustrated journal of City and Country Life, recently started in Toronto, is distinctly creditable to the publishers and will prove a "thing of beauty" to every subscriber. The July number, now before us, is profusely illustrated, and the letter-press is specially adapted for mid-summer reading. Some of the articles are: The Game of Handball, Playgrounds of the Dominion, Trout Fishing in the Nepigon, Lake Kesagami and its Peat Cliffs, Sudbury District for Sportsmen and Wonders of Winnipeg. There is also a story of the Turf, and the Ladies Field. The magazine is as handsome as several good pictures and should find a place in thousands of cultured homes all over the land. Toronto: The Canadian Newspaper Co. Monthly, \$1.00 per year.

THE BIBLE STUDENT & TEACHER for July (American Bible League, New York), contains a valuable quantity of reading matter. A good deal of space is given to the recent conference in New York. Then there are papers on "The Miracle of Prophecy," by John Urquhart; "Deuteronomy and the Higher Criticism," by President Leitch; "Jonathan Edwards," by Edward D. Morris; "The Authority of the Bible," by W. M. Lisle. A useful contribution by the managing editor, is "The International Lessons in their Literary Setting"; and the "Critical and Literary Notes." A useful publication for the student and intelligent layman. Published monthly at \$1.00 per annum; 15 cts. per copy.

THE KIDNAPPING OF URSULA, by Lizzie C. Reid (Gall & Inglis, 25 Paternoster Square, London), is a short story that will probably prove entertaining to a small girl, though the plot strikes a grown-up person as being exceedingly improbable. Ursula is a motherless child who lives with her maiden aunt, during her father's absence in India. The aunt does not understand children and is unnecessarily strict with her niece, who runs away from home, or rather wanders off and is kidnapped by a woman. In the end, however, everything turns out right and the father returns bringing a kind step-mother to take care of the little Ursula.

The August issue of Current Literature (34 West 26th street, New York), is the second number under the editorial control of Mr. Edward J. Wheeler. Perhaps the most valuable feature of this magazine is the Review of the World through which the reader is kept in touch with and thoroughly posted on the important world's events. This department is handled in a clear, concise way which renders it exceedingly valuable, especially to those with little time at their disposal. The various other departments are equally full of interest, and this month we are also given a translation from the French of Catulle Mendes of his short story—a little gem—The Crime of Old Blas.

The opening article in the July Studio (44 Leicester Square, London, England), is one by T. Martin Wood on The Water-Color Art of H. B. Brabazon, with six illustrations, including one in colors. Then comes a description of The Venice Exhibition, with many reproductions of different works of art. An article on The Textile Arts in Sweden is of special interest; as is also the description, with illustrations, of the Salon of the Societe Illustrations, of the Salon of the Societe ant articles in this number are: The Exhibition of Jewellery by Rene Lalique, Leaves from the Architectural Sketch-Book of Georges Kossiakoff; The New York Water-Color Club's First Exhibition in England; and Recent Designs for Domestic Architecture.

Men are won, not so much by being blamed as by being encompassed with love.

- - A SOUL OF FIRE - -

BY E. J. JENKINSON.

"Just now."
 "The message from Sarno. I knew Sir Colin would keep his oath."
 "So he has—to the death," replied Morag.
 She stared at Maisie whose eyes were rivetted on the outlaw. The girl's pale yellow hair, where it caught the firelight, made a ring of glory round her brow; her blue eyes were sparkling, and seemed to be drinking in, with a greedy intensity, the expression of Roderick's face.
 "Maisie Lamont, Maisie Lamont," muttered the mad woman, bitterly, "for all your baby face, you've the withered heart of an old hag."
 Chap. XII.—"What seek you here—gold?"

The next night Helen and Rory wandered together through the glen. The storm had passed away and the wet grass bathed their feet, and the overhanging branches of the trees shed tears upon them as they sauntered along.

"What is coming to us now, Nell, my girl?" he said, "Fergus means treachery. I'd give my right hand to know his thoughts."
 They passed under the shadow of the pine trees, those pine trees that forever exhale the incense of sorrow, and looked down the glen to the faint lights of the huts and the dim violet of the bents beyond.

The message had come from Castle Sarno. Sir Colin was no more. He had been found dead in his bed, in the morning, without a ruffle or mark on his face to show how he had died, and Fergus had succeeded him as silently and quietly as a shadow. Now he had sent to his brother words of reconciliation, and to the Vor a peace-offering of black cattle. He prayed them to bury all old offences, and plan with him the amicable return of the clan to Stron-Saul.

Roderick was hard put to it to understand Fergus's sudden change of tactics. Fergus wished them to gather at the convent of Saint Bride, a ruin half way between Glen Lara and Sarno, on the fourth day of April at noon. Each party was to consist of seven unarmed horsemen, no more.

Rory and John Vor consented to the proposal, though both for very different motives. The old chief believed the day of happiness was dawning for him and his people; Roderick knew that the night was gathering darker and more sinister, and that their only course was to find the terror which it covered, and strike without mercy.

"I had a dream, Rory," said Helen after a pause, "I heard the tramp of feet round my bed all night long, flying, staggering, hunted feet that never rested."

"Dreams are vapor," answered he, "think no more of it."

"Perhaps," she replied, "but if they are vapour they hang over the waking hours with chilliness that makes me shiver."

"You are too fanciful, Helen."

"Yes, mine is a dream-world, Rory."
 "A dream world!" he laughed, "if so, 'tis one more full of fire and passion than the real."

"Hush," she quickly, "I can hear their footsteps still."

He bent forward and listened.

"Sure enough, Nell, there are footsteps, but not such ghostly ones as visited your bed last night. Who goes?" he cried aloud.

The sounds ceased, then began again, slowly and stealthily. A little crooked figure moved up the path.

"It is I, Hugh Lamont."

"Hugh Lamont!" exclaimed the outlaw,

"Hugh o' Hags Ha!"

"Ay."

Rory grasped his arm.

"What are you doing here?" he asked

roughly. "How did you come to the glen?"

"I came with the black cattle."

"Why, man, why?"

"Fergus MacIion has a warrant out against me."

Rory bit his lips and frowned.

"Why?" he asked.

"Heaven only kens! But I'm a poor broken-down old man, Roderick, you'll not give me up."

"I'll make no promise."

"You were aye kind and generous."

"Don't oil your tongue, Hugh," said the outlaw.

"I speak nothing but the truth."

"It has the reek of a lie about it."

Rory let go his arm and stepped back a pace.

"Look here, old man," said he, "if you are up to any of your tricks in Glen Lara, I'll give you nought but a short shrift and a long rope. mind that. I'm in no mood for trifling."

"When did I serve aught but you, Rory MacIion?" whined Hugh.

"When you went body and soul to the devil for a gold piece. Off with you, and be warned in season."

The little old man shuffled away, and Helen watched him till he was lost in the night.

"I hate him," she said, "his face is false."

"And yet but for him, bonnibel," replied Roderick, "you had never come to the glen."

Hugh shuffled away down the stretch to that which spanned the Lara Burn. He expected to meet Maisie there. His face, could it have been seen, would have given Rory some cause for anxiety, but the darkness hid it as it hides most things that are evil.

"I'll play my own game," he muttered, as he splashed through a boggy part of the wood, "and it shall go hard with me if I don't fool them both. I wonder whether Maisie, the daft hussy, that she is, is sent my sign? Sure! this should be near the brig."

He moved a little into the open, and looked warily up and down.

The moon had risen, and shone brilliantly from the edge of a dark cloud. It turned the night of the hill-forest into grey green twilight and silvered the west bark of the bushes till they glittered like mailed serpents among the black boles of the firs. Here and there a cluster of primroses gleamed at the foot of some gnarled old tree and a dank earthy smell hung in the air.

Just within the wood seated on a fallen trunk was a woman's figure, thickly cloaked and hooded. Hugh went up to her and clapped her roughly on the shoulder.

"Well, Maisie, lass," he said, "how goes the world up at Glen Lara?"

"Middling," she replied, letting her hood fall back, "neither better nor worse than in other places. I should think."

"At Hag's Ha," he said, "we've had many a merry, merry joust since you left. See my price lass for coming here!"

He held out to her, so that the moon-rays might strike and quiver on the facets of its jewels, Fergus MacIion's ring.

"Oh," she cried, "lovely!" and stretched out her hand to take it, but he drew it back.

"No, no, Maisie," said he. "I'll keep it. God kens I had hard enough work to get it. There's not an ounce o' silver left in all Sarno. But Fergus wants work done, and Hugh must be paid, so the ring had to go. Still you shall have a bonny, bonny tocher when you marry, lass."

"You can't keep it, father," said she, eyeing the gem greedily. "It's precious but too dangerous to keep."

"And what for no?"

"Give it to me, I can put it where none can see it."

"Give it to me, I can put it where none can see it."

He turned it round in his hand, and held

it again up to the light.

"I can well believe that," he said, "none would ever see it any more, no, not even your own father. Ay, but it's a bonny, bonny jewel."

"If Roderick should get a hint and search you it will tell a secret."

"Roderick be damned."

"So he may be, but that won't save your neck if he finds his brother's ring in your possession."

Hugh cast a long look around.

How still and oppressive was the wood! How silent and uncommunicative, though under the swinging branches of its tall old trees, three other of the great moving forces of that little world were hidden.

Across the dew-splashed, moon-splashed glades moved Rory and Helen, seeking like those of old, and those still to be, the lost Paradise of man; and crouched on the fringe of the wood, concealed from Hugh and Maisie by the closely planted fir-stems, was Mad Morag, the jealous-eyed watcher and guardian of the clan. She could here them speak, she saw the pale moonlight gleam on the ring and the girl's head, she was waiting for her chance.

Hugh gazed at his daughter, long and seriously.

"Supposing," he said at length, "supposing I gave you the bonny bit thing to keep for me, where would you put it?"

She laid her hand on her breast.

"There," she said.

He frowned it lovingly.

"Well," he said at length with a sigh,

"You'd better take it. Only mind if you lose it, you'll pay dearly for your folly. I can't believe in you ever much, Maisie Lamont."

She slipped the ring on a ribbon and hid it away below her dress. That done she rose and picked up her fallen hood.

"No," she said deliberately, "I'm your daughter Hugh o' Hag's Ha. Like father like child."

The pair of worthies moved away.

Then Mad Morag sprang up from her shelter and confronted them.

"Hugh Lamont," she screamed, "what seek you here—gold? There's no gold in Glen Lara since my brother's yellow hair was hid in the clouds. What seek you here, Hugh Lamont? You who betrayed us, you who always leave famine and strife and tears behind you?"

He started back with a cry of alarm.

"Who are you?" he cried.

She laughed.

"Many ask that question but none receive an answer. Know me as Mad Morag o' Lara Glen. I'm she that flung dust in your eyes at Onakine Hag's fortnight by. I had yellow hair when I was a lass, that yellow, the glint o' which has aye bought your allegiance. I was the rose o' Stron-Saul long ago. Ochoone! ochoone! for the lone ago."

Hugh scanned the haggard face closely. There was a note in the old woman's voice that reminded him of someone, someone he had known in the far away days when he was young.

"Let me go," he cried, for she already had her hands on his throat, "you'll strangle me."

"Let you go," she said "strangle you! and what for no? Sure you've done your share o' sin in the world. Tell me, where are my brothers? Av, but you needna. I ken brawl-lying heads and threws in Onakine Hag. The world would be well rid of such as you. Why have you come to Glen Lara? To speak to Dark Rory with the cold tongue o' poisoned steel?"

Oh! I ken you brawl. But I tell you this, man, as long as Rory works for the clan he shall live, he shall live—he shall live."

She brought her face close to his and glared at him with her mad eyes and a sneer on her lips.

He started again. Like a flash he saw the bright features of a young girl and the pale gold of her hair reflected in that of the old woman. It was the picture of a face he had seen long, long ago, and known.

One he had helped to mar.

"You are—"

She struck him full on the mouth.

"I am Maí Morag o' Glen Lara; bring another name to your lips and Dark Rory shall string you up by 'fore moon-down."

He wiped the blood from his mouth and cursed her below his breath. Maisie turned and fled.

"Look you, old woman," he said sullenly. "if you tell Dark Rory aught, I'll be avenged. There's more than the death o' one man on your hands. You—"

She struck him again and he toppled over like a log into a ditch.

Then the moon looked down again on a calm and uncommunicative forest.

CHAPTER XIII.

AN INTERLUDE.

March was drawing to a close. The last few days had been warm and sunny, and although a thin veil of snow still shrouded the highest bens, the glen was awake with the songs of birds and glowing with the green-fire of Spring.

Helen wandered through the uplands at her own sweet will, she came and went, sleeping in the stronghold at night, but through the day when Rory and her father were engaged on matters concerning the clan, dreamed among the rusty bracken and the opening flowers, or climbed the heights that guarded the strath from the wilds beyond.

She was a girl of moods and fancies, a strange elf-child loving the solitudes, the windy slopes, the dark sorrowful pine woods.

She gazed into Nature's eyes, those wells of thought which shadow all things that Were and Be and Will Be, those silent mysteries into which man may look for ever but never solve, though he will become wiser, aye and sadder. She gazed therein in childhood and her own eyes dark as a mountain tarn had absorbed some of their secret.

Dreams rose about her like a tide; vague things floated through her mind, but so vague and swift were they that she could not catch them. The sunshine, the wind, the rain wakened her soul and stirred her to the depths of her being. She was forever wandering in a maze—a maze where the wild rose and the rose of fancy twined together in strange confusion, where the lily bore a dream-flower with its own sweet bells, where every visible thing had

The world treads the magic glass of fancy underfoot, and the wondrous country that lies beyond the senses is uninhabited save by a few. They are the dreamers and the fairy children. Helen Vor was one of them.

Now in Glen Lara there lay a little loch like a sapphire in an emerald setting, and above it a rock jutted out of the mountain side, a huge piece of granite where Helen came at evening to watch the sun set, and the glen-folk moving about in the strath below.

One day—it was about a week before John Vor and Rory were to leave Glen Lara for their tryst with Fergus—Helen climbed up to her airy throne, and sat on the very highest pinnacle of the crag. The sun was drawing Westward and the air glowed with a red light and red beams came slant wise down the brae-side till the lochan glittered like a plate of gold.

With the dusky eyes of her she looked into the ruby-hearted West, and waited for the moment when the sun would sink and the purple shadows steal over the sky. And as she gazed she fell into a profound reverie in which the world around her and the world of imagination melted and mingled together. It seemed to her that a fiere came on the hill-rath, a weary woman's figure with bright robes, travel-stained and dragged through sweeening across the dank grass. Her head was bent upon her breast and mists curled around her while the night-dew clung like death damp to her brow. Away below lay the valley, and further West a faint glimpse of the sea, dark, mysterious. To it the figure turned. A whisper came to Helen's ear like the distant murmur of the shadeless ones. Then Helen knew in her heart that what she saw was a vision, a vision of the dying day. Never again would that pale form steal down the path of dawn

and listen, in the dusk woodland glades, to the songs of awakening birds, never more would she join with all wild creatures in their morning ecstacy, never more stand on the brink of some forest pool, deep-set among the primroses and wind-flowers, and watch the straggling sun-flashes strike its shon into amber. The mossy banks where the spirit had lingered and gazed dreamily at the blue smoke curling up into bluer sky from the peasant's hearth would know her no more, and the sheep that had called to her would call now to another. She had only one chance and it was gone. For joy and flitting fancies, they had mis-spent her hours and all that was left to her was the skeleton of queenship. She took it from her head and looked at the empty gem-sockets with tear-dimmed eyes. "Where are you, now, my hours?" Helen seemed to hear her say. "Gone, gone where I can never recover you." She flung the crown from her. It rolled down the green slope, gathering as it went until it spun like a wheel of fire, then leaping over the crags fell into the loch below.

The water curled and bubbled; zigzag lights circled round then vanished, and the pale queen took her way again into the region of the shapeless ones to be lost for ever.

Helen woke to the fact that the sun had set. A star glimmered in the wake of the last rays and from the hills and the valleys and the dells rose a sigh of utter weariness.

She felt she had been gazing at a dream-pagant. It had taken the soul out of her and bound it by some strange magic to the soul of the vision. What she had seen was but the outcome of her own unconscious thoughts formed and coloured and confused by her power of imagination and love of nature. She could not disassociate herself from the pale woman's form whose day was over and whose night was at hand. She was one with her and yet not all one. For beyond the reach of dream or fancy beat a heart that hungered for the joys and the things of this life, which scorned the vision for the truth, dark and hopeless as the truth might be.

Her love for Rory was like the glare of the sun, the whirl of the tempest, but now for a moment the fierceness of it faded. In that brief hour her passions and fevers slept though she knew they would waken again when the first bar of sunlight fell across her eyelids or when Rory spoke—for he was her glory—waken to whirl again to the music of wind and water and laughter maddened with the mystic elixir of life.

Helen had wandered out of the beaten paths and plunged into the poppied field of passion. She had seized the gold which was meant to be spread out in a thin sheet over her whole life, and crowned herself with it, throned herself on it, she was loving too deeply and too wildly.

As she sat there in the twilight all alone a voice was wafted up to her from the glen below.

"Helen! Helen."

She started and listened.

Azain came the far off call.

"Helen, Nell."

It was Roderick. He had seen the dark outline of her form as the sun went down and was waiting for her in the wood below.

She sprang to her feet, her brief hour of calm was over.

"Rory," she murmured, and swung herself down from rock to rock, her pulse beating like a hammer. Only when she was some paces off, she rested a moment and came to meet him slowly.

A whisper ran through the dead bracken and the rank winter-grass as she passed, and the stream, over which Rory was bending, sobbed and grieved at its loneliness. There was a mystery in the night air, and she felt it.

She came to him through the dusk like some mountain spirit, half shadowy, half real. The wind of the uplands was in her hair, and the dew glistened on every black curl.

He stretched out his arms to her and she glided into them with a sigh.

"My dream," he whispered.

Her whole being thrilled to his touch; she raised her head and gazed into his eyes.

She was like a wave poised before its downward splash into foam. He waited. Then, with a vehemence strong in this twilight figure, she kissed him.

A low derisive laugh floated up from a tree near at hand.

SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

The very best medicine in the world for summer complaints, such as cholera infantum, diarrhoea and dysentery is Baby's Own Tablets. During the hot weather months no wise mother should be without a box of Tablets in the house. These troubles come suddenly and unless promptly checked too often prove fatal. Baby's Own Tablets act almost like magic in these cases, and speedily remove all cause of danger. Mrs. Alex. Poulin, Caraquet, N.B., says: "I think Baby's Own Tablets the best medicine in the world for children. I have used them for cholera infantum, teething and other troubles, and it is astonishing how quickly they relieve and cure these ailments." An occasional dose of Baby's Own Tablets will keep the stomach and bowels right and prevent summer complaints. No mother need be afraid of this medicine—it is guaranteed to contain no opiate or harmful drug. It always does good—it cannot possibly do harm. Be sure that every box bears the full name Baby's Own Tablets and picture of four-leaf clover on the wrapper around the box. Anything else is a dangerous substitute. Sold by all druggists or sent by mail at 25 cents a box by writing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A dedication service of the Nile Mission Press, called in Arabic the Anglo-American Press, was held in Cairo recently. The day was also observed as one of thanksgiving and prayer. There is special interest arising from the fact that the work of the Mission Press is one which unites the efforts of both English and American missionaries.

HIGHLAND BAGPIPES

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CHURCH
WORK

Ministers and Churches

NEWS
LETTERS

OTTAWA.

Mr. J. R. Shearer preached at both services Sunday in Mackay street Presbyterian church, filling the vacancy of the pastor, Rev. P. W. Anderson, who is absent on his holidays.

Rev. J. H. Turnbull, pastor of Bank street church, has left for a month's vacation. Rev. J. R. Conn of Nanawau, will preach at both services in the church next Sunday, Rev. A. S. Ross of Westboro, the following Sunday, and Rev. Mr. MacFarlane, of Bristol, Que., the last two Sundays.

TORONTO.

The service at 7 p.m. last Sunday in the Davenport Road Church was conducted by Rev. Dr. Gilray, of College Street Church.

Rev. J. D. Reid, a recent licentiate and graduate of Knox College, is called to Boyce avenue church; and the call will come before a special meeting of Toronto Presbytery on 2nd August.

Duntroon Church has extended a call to the Rev. C. G. Tough of Hanbury. Mr. Tough is at present in Manitoba. No action will be taken in the matter until the fall meeting of the presbytery in September.

After being without a regular pastor for more than a year the congregation of St. Giles Presbyterian Church, on Wednesday night, extended a formal invitation to the Rev. Robert Herbison, B.A., Ottawa. The recommendation of the session and managers to allow the matter to lie for a month to permit of a reply from Rev. Thomas E. H. Jones, was not adopted. Mr. Herbison is a graduate in arts and divinity of Queen's University. The salary attached is \$1,500 a year.

Arrangements are already being made for the Knox College Alumni Conference, to be held during the first week in October. It will be combined with the college opening and the installation of Rev. Prof. MacLaren as Principal and Rev. Drs. Kennedy of Scotland and Kilpatrick of Winnipeg as professors. Among those who are expected to take part besides the alumni are the following:—The Principal and staff of Knox College; Prof. A. H. Young, Trinity College; Rev. Dr. Milligan, Prof. R. G. Murison, Prof. J. C. McLennan, Prof. J. Howe Cameron, Rev. Prof. Ballentyne, Rev. Prof. McFayden, Rev. J. A. Macdonald. Some of the subjects to be discussed are as follows:—"The Minister's Library," "Early Narratives of Genesis," "The Ethics of Subscription," "Hero Stories of the Hebrews," "Michael Angelo," "John Knox," "Voltaire," "Radium," and "The Gospel of Paul."

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. W. T. Allison, of Stayner, has been visiting friends at Collingwood.

At Barrie Presbytery leave was granted the Collingwood congregation to borrow \$1,000 in order to improve the Sabbath School building.

Rev. Wm. Ross, of Guelph, and Rev. Dr. McMullen, of Woodstock, has been preaching in Central Church, Galt.

It was an error to say that Rev. D. B. Marsh, Sec. D., F.R.A.S., of Hamilton, had been called and had accepted a call to Ladnor, B.C.

Prof. Bart, choir leader of the Presbyterian Church, Collingwood, has resigned to accept a dual position in Toronto as teacher in the Conservatory of Music and also in the Presbyterian Ladies' College.

The Rev. W. Moffat of London, Ont., under the auspices of Knox Church Ladies' Aid, will give an illustrated lecture, "If the cap fits put it on," in the Orange Hall, Sunndridge, on Wednesday evening, August 16th.

EASTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. Dr. Campbell of Perth, conducted the services in St. John's church, Almonte, last Sunday morning and evening.

Rev. Dr. Harkness, Mrs. Harkness and family, Cornwall, have gone to Listowel, Ont., where they will visit friends for a short time.

The Presbytery of Brockville is considering the desirability of re-arranging the congregations of Dunbar and Colquhoun by uniting the former with Chesterville and the latter with Aultsville. Mr. Logie, in company with Messrs. Stewart and Lundy, has the matter in hand and is at present conferring with the congregations interested.

Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Woods, of Metcalfe, have left for a three weeks' vacation, visiting at Bishop's Mills and Prescott, and thence to Atlantic City. Rev. Mr. Baldwin, of the Methodist Church, conducted service in the Presbyterian church last Sunday in Rev. S. A. Wood's place.

The death is announced at Cannington, Ont., of Mr. John Houston, a native of Tyrone, Ireland. He was for many years manager of the Standard Bank in Cannington. Deceased was a fine specimen of the North of Ireland Presbyterian, taking an active interest in church work, and highly esteemed in the community.

Rev. John Hogg, D.D., of Winnipeg, is in Rainy River looking after the interests of the Presbyterian Church there. He will remain for a few weeks. This important work could not be in better hands.

The Rev. C. H. Stewart, of St. Paul's Church, Winnipeg, filled the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church in Neepawa on a recent Sunday.

Rev. J. A. Wilson, B.A., of Hamilton, in visiting in Peterboro', and preached in St. Paul's and St. Andrew's churches, morning and evening respectively.

The bell for the Presbyterian Church at Winchester Springs has been ordered. It will weigh 1,300 pounds and cost \$150. It is expected that it will be placed in position in about three weeks.

On leaving Brooksdale, Rev. J. D. Ferguson of money. Many nice things were sum of money. Many nice things were said of himself and family at the meeting of the congregation called to say good-bye. The correspondent of a local paper says: It was a beautiful ending to a long pastorate, and will leave its impress for many a year here.

The sudden death is announced of Rev. Robert Ure, D.D., of Goderich, who was called hence on Saturday last while sitting in his garden, in the presence of Miss Macdonald and his nurse. Early in June Dr. Ure was stricken with paralysis and up to a week or so ago his life was despaired of. Recently his mental and physical vigor began to return and made such progress that his many friends hoped that he would be spared to them for some time. Saturday afternoon he chatted pleasantly with his household, wrote some scriptural passages and shortly afterwards passed away so peacefully and quietly that the nurse thought that he was sleeping. Dr. Ure was born in Lanarkshire, Scotland, in January, 1828. When nineteen years of age he settled in Hamilton, and shortly afterwards entered Knox College, completing his theological course in 1850. Dr. Ure took a conspicuous part in bringing about the Presbyterian union. In 1862 he removed to Goderich as minister of Knox church where he labored until failing health compelled him to relinquish his charge.

The reason why many people will not come to Christ is because of their love of the bad life which they are leading.

BARRIE PRESBYTERY.

This Presbytery met at Orillia, on Tuesday, Rev. J. H. White, the moderator, presiding. There was a large attendance of members, and much important business transacted. Rev. Mr. Mercer's resignation of Coldwater, Fesserton, and Waubaushe was considered. Messrs. Riddle, Hetherington and Menelley, of Waubaushe; Messrs. McDonald, Carvette and Woodcock, of Fesserton, and Dr. R. R. Harvie, of Coldwater, were present in the interests of the congregations. Presbytery accepted the resignation to take effect first Sabbath in August, when the pulpit is to be declared vacant by Rev. Mr. Burnett, of Victoria Harbor, who was appointed Moderator of Session during the vacancy.

It was moved by Dr. Grant, seconded by Dr. McLeod that the Clerk forward the following motion to Rev. Dr. Findlay: "The Presbytery having learned with sorrow of the painful bereavement which has taken place in the family of the Rev. Dr. Findlay, desire to express their deep sympathy with him and his family in their sore affliction, and assure him that the blow which has so suddenly come upon him, has been felt by every member of the Presbytery. We desire also to put on record our appreciation of the long and valuable services Dr. Findlay has rendered in the Home Mission field in North Ontario, and to express the hope that notwithstanding this sore bereavement he may be able to continue his labors with even increased prosperity."

A largely signed call from the congregation of Cookstown, First Essa and Carlisle in favor of Rev. W. N. Carr, offering a stipend of \$900 and two weeks' holidays was presented and the Presbytery arranged for his induction at Cookstown on Aug. 1, at 7.30 p.m., Mr. Morris to preside, Mr. Currie to preach, Mr. Crow to address the minister and Mr. Nichol the people.

Rev. Mr. Cranston presented a unanimous call from Duntroon, West Nottawasaga and Nottawa in favor of Rev. C. Tough, offering a stipend of \$800, four weeks' holiday and a manse, and the Presbytery made provisional arrangements for the induction to take place at Duntroon, on a date to be fixed, Mr. Cranston to preside, Mr. Carr to preach, and Mr. Allison to address the minister, and Mr. McLean the people.

Rev. Mr. McLean presented a unanimous call from Bradford and associate stations to Rev. D. N. Morden, offering a stipend of \$1,000, three weeks' holiday, and a manse. Presbytery made the following arrangements for his induction; Mr. McLean to preside, Mr. Ashdown to preach, Mr. Morris to address the minister and Mr. Cameron the people.

A man of strong and enlightened public spirit, a scholar and a gentleman was the Rev. Thomas Fenwick, of Woodbridge, whose death took place on Friday last. Mr. Fenwick was born in Jedburg, Scotland, 75 years ago, and was brought to Toronto by his parents when he was a year old. He studied in the old Bay Street Academy, at the old Grammar School and at Knox, and was ordained in 1861. For twenty-three years thereafter he was pastor at Metis, Quebec, and while there became intensely interested in French literature and in the story of the Reformation. He translated from the French "The Waldenses in 1086," and wrote many magazine articles on his favorite subject. Mr. Fenwick was also greatly interested in art and used the pencil and water colors freely. From 1884 until the present time Mr. Fenwick has been living retired at Woodbridge. He was an excellent type of the minister with a hobby that hurt no one and kept him in touch with men and affairs from youth to old age.

THE MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

The birds which travel by night include by far the greatest number of migrants. Among them will be found the thrushes, with the exception of the robin and the bluebird, which migrate by day; the nuthatches and titmice, creepers, thrashers and finches, orioles, meadow-larks, flycatchers, with the exception of the kingbird, the cuckoos and the woodpeckers. You will observe that most of these birds have neither very strong nor very rapid flight, and consequently require the shelter of darkness to protect them from their enemies. Moreover, most of them take their food in small quantities and require some time to make a full meal. If they attempted to divide up the day between eating and migrating, they would travel but slowly. So they journey by night and spend the day in feeding and resting.

The day migrants, on the other hand, are for the most part birds strong enough to resist attack or swift enough to avoid it. They include the horned larks, titlarks, robins, bluebirds, cedarbirds, swallows, blackbirds, grackles, jays, crows, night-hawks, chimney-swifts, hummingbirds, hawks and doves. Some of these—the nighthawks and chimney-swifts, for example—do not require to stop for food, but feed on the wing as they travel; the rest, although they may have to stop for refreshments now and then, are so swift of wing that they can easily make up for lost time. Of course, there are times when some of these migrants are obliged to cross considerable bodies of water, and in such cases it sometimes happens that they have to travel during a part or the whole of a night.—Woman's Home Companion.

THEN WHAT DID HE SAY.

"Now, you're sure you have everything in the portmanteau, my dear?" asked Mr. Younglove before beginning the back-breaking process of roping his wife's portmanteau when they started their visit to the country.

"Yes, dear," she said, "everything."

"Well, be sure, now; I wouldn't unrobe and rerobe this thing for a five-dollar note."

And an hour later, when he was lying on the floor panting and gasping from his efforts, Mrs. Younglove said, sweetly:

"There, dear, I've forgotten something after all. How careless of me! Would you mind opening the portmanteau, dear, and putting in my dressing gown? I entirely forgot it, and I really can't get along without it. And here's my box of handkerchiefs, and my slippers are on the chair—and, oh! here are my cuffs and collars and my little shawl. I believe I left my box of ribbons in the drawer—yes, here it is, and my fan, too, and one of your shirts. Here are my goloshes and waterproof, and my watered silk sash, and my little work box that I'll be sure to need before we get home. How careless I am! Hurry, dear; we've no time to lose!"

Diogenes, lantern in hand, entered the village drug store.

"Say, have you anything that will cure a cold?" he asked.

"No, sir, I have not," answered the pill compiler.

"Give me your hand," exclaimed Diogenes, dropping his lantern. "I have at last found an honest man."

TOBACCO AND LIQUOR HABIT.

Mr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desires for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine, and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price 2.

Truly marvellous are the results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. It is a safe and inexpensive home treatment, no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a certainty of cure. Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, 75 Yonge street, Toronto.

THE SIMPLE ART OF LISTENING.

"She is charming," observed the man, mentally, as he closed the door of her home behind him.

"Yes, she's an unusually interesting woman," he repeated, as he turned the corner.

And why? Simply because she had sat for two solid hours and listened. Because, by a tactful question or two she had drawn him on to talk of what he liked, while she listened interestedly. Because, when he told her of marvelous achievements, she had seemed awed; when he spoke of a sorrow, her eyes had been all sympathy; when he related an amusing incident, she had laughed merrily. Always she had listened, intelligently, understandingly. And in his eyes she was—charming, an unusually interesting woman.

Since the days of the humorist woman has been laughed at and joked with because of her talking propensities. She has been likened unto a magpie and she has been called a talking machine. She has been accused of never letting a man get a word in, in the proverbial manner, edge-wise. Now, the clever woman lets him round out his every word, and occasionally she asks a question—a tactful, well-timed question, and—listens.

Listening is not merely making use of the two ears with which nature endowed human beings. The woman who has truly learned the art listens with her eyes, her mouth, her hands—her whole attitude is that of listening, of being interested in every word of the conversation.

Even a little child is attracted to the woman who listens to what it has to say. The woman who asks a small girl what she is doing in school, what sort of game she likes to play, where she goes and what she does, and listens to her childish way of telling it, always seeming to understand, is the woman whom the child loves.—Selected.

STOP AND THINK.

"Our days would all be brighter
Our deeds would all be whiter,
If we'd only stop and think."

"We would cease unrest to borrow,
We would banish words of sorrow,
If we'd only stop and think."

SPARKLES.

Domestic (who has been interrogating prospective mistress): "Well, Mrs. Sharply, you have rather a bad name among the girls in the town, but I think I'll give you a try."—Pick-Me-Up.

"My dear," said the wife of the eminent professor, "the hens have scratched up all that eggplant seed you sowed."

"Ah, jealousy!" mused the professor. And he sat down and wrote a twenty-page article on the "Development of Envy in the Minds of the Lower Grade of Bipeds."

Downtown—How did Binkers, the architect, become so poor?

Uptown—He built a house for himself. "They say her wedding beggared description."

"Oh, more than that!"

"Indeed?"

"Yes. It beggared her father."

"Why, Harry, how much you look like your father!" remarked a visitor to a four-year-old.

"Yes'm," answered Harry, with an air of resignation. "That's what everybody says, but I can't help it."

Stranger—I would like to have a tooth pulled.

Dentist—A man who would like to have a tooth pulled must be a lunatic. Guess you'd better go to the nearest asylum.

Mike—Oi hear yez wor' foined foive dollars fer assaultin' McDooley.

Pat—Oi wor; an' it wor' a proud moment when Oi hur-rd th' sintince b'gorry!

Mike—Pfwat's th' rayson av thot?

Pat—Faith, and it show'd which av us had th' best av th' contist.

BIBLE PREACHERS.

Strong preachers have ever been Bible preachers. The old reformers drew their weapons from the heavenly armor. The sermons of Bunyan and Baxter, Flavel and men of this stamp were full of God, instinct with living doctrines. Their very garb was after the scripture pattern. Whitefield as a custom read the Bible with Henry's Commentary, day by day, on his knees, praying over every sentence, line and word. Edwards and Davies were mighty in the Scriptures. Of Chalmers it has been said that his sermons "held the Bible in solution." Preachers who saturate their sermons with the Word of God never wear out. The manna which they bring is pure and sweet and freshly gathered. It never loses. God's Word is deep, and he who studies it will ever have something new. He will never be dull, for the words of the Bible are strong, living words, and its images and descriptions are flowers of elegance. Apt citations clinch the passages of the preacher's discourse, and give sanction, dignity, positiveness, authority to it. And they shed light into his subject, like windows in houses.—Christian Guardian.

SPARKS FROM OTHER ANVILS.

Herald and Presbyter: The farmer will soon know how many bushels of wheat and how many tons of hay he has raised. It is the lawful satisfaction of harvest to know what success one has secured. So in the spiritual harvest it is a lawful joy to know and to tell some of the results of consecrated Christian labor. The pastor may not know exactly what he has accomplished, but he must certainly labor for and expect results.

The Missionary Herald calls attention to the fact that the forces of Islam are active in Central Africa, and that they are winning vast numbers of the population. But it quotes to opposite effect the British commissioner to Uganda, Colonel Sadler, who, speaking from an intimate acquaintance with the field, says that such conversions of the natives to Mohammedanism as he has witnessed have been of men who wished to be free from the moral restraints of Christianity as preached by Christian missionaries. He says that Islam permits the native to practice the vices which are particularly pleasing to him, yet it makes no headway except among the Sudanese. In Uganda, the finest province in Africa, its day is long past.

Lutheran Observer: The desire of the Greeks who came up to the feast was to "see Jesus." And the vision of Jesus still answers to the desires of the great world of burdened and sinful men. They may not always be able to interpret their desire. They may not know the import of the yearnings of their restless and unsatisfied hearts. But in the vision of Jesus they find rest and peace to their souls. To hold him up before the eyes of perishing men that he may draw them to himself, and to a new life in and through him, is the great mission of the Christian Church. When she is intent on this, when she is moved by a passion of love and pity for men and women going down to death unsave, when nothing seems to be important as to reach them with divine help, then her appeals become mighty and constraining. Sinners are converted and there are added to her ranks multitudes of those who are being saved.

Nearly every cook or recipe book says: "Pour boiling water over ripe tomatoes, then skin them;" but this is a very vague direction. The correct way to peel tomatoes is to cover them with boiling water for half a minute, then lay them in cold water, until perfectly cold, and the skin can be peeled off without difficulty, leaving the tomatoes unbroken and as firm as they were before being scalded.

PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

SYNOD OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.

Sydney, Sydney, 29th Aug.
Inverness, Whycoomagh.
P. E. I. Charlottetown, 1st Aug.
Pictou, Hopewell, 4 July, 2 p.m.
Wallace, Wallace, 22 June.
Truro, Truro, April 18.
Halifax, St. Croix, 4th July.
Lunenburg, Lhasse.
St. John, St. John, 4th July.
Miramichi, Campbellton.

SYNOD OF MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

Quebec, Que., St. Andrew's, 5 Sept.
Montreal, Knox, 27 June, 9.30.
Gingay, Finch, 4th Sept.
Lanark and Renfrew, Zion Church,
Larleton Place, 21 Feb.
Ottawa, St. Paul's, 7th Mar., 10 a.m.
Brockville, Winchester, Feb. 23, p.m.

SYNOD OF TORONTO AND KINGSTON.

Kingston, Belleville, 4th July.
Peterboro, Port Hope, July 11.
Whitby, Bowmanville, 17th Oct., 10 a.m.
Toronto, Toronto, Knox, 2 Tuesday, monthly.

INDIAN, CANADIAN.

Orangeville, Orangeville, 4th July.
Barrie, at Barrie, on 26th Sept., at 10.30 a.m.
Owen Sound, Sep. 5, 10 a.m.
Algoma, Blind River, March.
North Bay, South Bay, July 11.
Sauguenay, Harrisburg, July 11.

SYNOD OF HAMILTON AND LONDON.

Hamilton, at St. Catharines, on 5th Sept., at 10 a.m.
Paris, Paris, 11 July.
London, St. Andrew's church, London, July 4, at 10 o'clock.
Chatham, Chatham, 11th July.
Stratford, Knox, Stratford, 27 June.
Luron, Exeter, 5 Sept.
Sarnia, Sarnia, 4th July.
Matiland, Belgrave, May 16.
Bruce Paisley, Sep. 12th.

SYNOD OF MANITOBA AND NORTHWEST.

Portage la Prairie, 10 July, 7 p.m.
Brandon, Brandon.
Superior, Keewatin, 1st week Sept.
Winnipeg, Man., Coll, 2nd Tues. bi-mo.

Rock Lake, Pilot M'd., 2 Tues. Feb.
Glenboro, Tremhe, 3 Mar.
Minnesota, Minnesota, 17 Feb.
Mellita, Mellita, 4th July.
Regina, Moosejaw, Sept.
Prince Albert, Saskatoon, 5th Sept.

SYNOD OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Calgary, Calgary, 25 Sept.
Edmonton, Strathcona, 21 Sept.
Kamloops, Vernon.
Kootenay, Fernie, B.C.
Westminster, Chilliwack.
Victoria, Comox, Sept. 6.

CANADA AT ANTIC RY.

MONTREAL TRAINS

Trains leave Ottawa for Montreal 8.20 a.m., 3.30 p.m., 6.35 p.m. Daily except Sunday.

Trains leave Ottawa for Montreal 8.20 a.m., 3.30 p.m. Sundays. 5.00 p.m. daily except Sunday, and 3.30 p.m. Sunday only, for New York, Boston and Eastern points. Through sleepers.

Trains Leave Montreal for Ottawa: 8.40 a.m., 1.40 p.m., 7.00 p.m. daily except Sunday.

All trains 3 hours only between Montreal and Ottawa.

For Arnprior, Renfrew, Egauville and Pembroke: 8.15 a.m. Express. 5.10 p.m. Express.

For Muskoka, Georgian Bay and Parry Sound, 11.55 a.m. Express.

All trains from Ottawa leave Central Depot.

The shortest and quickest route to Quebec via Intercolonial Railway.

Close connections made at Montreal with Intercolonial Railway for Maritime Provinces.

For all information, apply nearest Agent.

CANADIAN PACIFIC.

TRAIN SERVICE BETWEEN OTTAWA AND MONTREAL VIA NORTH SHORE FROM UNION STATION:

b 8.15 a.m.; b 6.20 p.m.

VIA SHORT LINE FROM CENTRAL STATION:
a 5.00 a.m.; b 8.45 a.m.; a 8.30 p.m.; b 4.00 p.m.; c 6.25 p.m.

BETWEEN OTTAWA, ALMONTE, ARNPRIOR, RENFREW AND PEMBROKE FROM UNION STATION:

a 1.40 a.m.; b 8.40 a.m.; a 1.15 p.m.; b 5.00 p.m.;

a Daily; b Daily except Sunday; c Sunday only.

GEO. DUNCAN,

City Passenger Agent, 42 Sparks St. General Shortline Agency.

THE

Dominion Life Assurance Co.

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Full Deposit at Ottawa. Paid-up Capital, \$100,000.

This Company offers insurance in a separate class to total abstainers—thus giving them all the advantage their superior longevity entitles them to. Its security is unquestionable, its ratio of assets to liabilities is unsurpassed in Canada, save by one Company (much older).—It added a greater proportion to its surplus last year than any other.

AGENTS WANTED.

BINDER TWINE

Until further notice Binder Twine will be sold at the Kingston Penitentiary to farmers, in such quantities as may be desired, for cash, at the following prices:—

"Pure Manila" (900 feet to the lb.), 12½c.

"Mixed Manila" (550 feet to the lb.), 10½c.

"Pure New Zealand" (450 feet to the lb.), 9c.

½c. per pound less on ton lots. All f.o.b. Kingston.

Address all communications, with remittances, to J. M. Platt, Warden Penitentiary, Kingston, Ont.

Papers inserting this notice without authority from the King's Printer will not be paid therefor.

J. M. PLATT, Warden.

Kingston, May 10, 1906.

New York and Ottawa Line.

Trains Leave Central Station 7.50 a.m. and 5.30 p.m.

And Arrive at the following Stations Daily except Sunday.

8.59 a.m.	Finch	6.41 p.m.
9.33 a.m.	Corwall	5.18 p.m.
12.58 p.m.	Kingston	1.42 a.m.
4.40 p.m.	Toronto	6.50 a.m.
12.20 p.m.	Tupper Lake	9.55 p.m.
6.45 p.m.	Albany	5.10 a.m.
10.21 p.m.	New York City	8.55 p.m.
5.55 p.m.	Syracuse	4.45 a.m.
7.39 p.m.	Rochester	6.45 a.m.
9.30 p.m.	Buffalo	8.35 a.m.

Trains arrive at Central Station 11.00 a.m. and 6.45 p.m. Mixed train from Ann and Nicholas St. daily except Sunday. Leaves 6.00 a.m., arrives 1.05 p.m.

Ticket Office, 85 Sparks St. and Central Station. Phone 18 or 1180.

"ST. AUGUSTINE"

(Registered)

The Perfect Communion Wine.

Cases, 12 Quarts, \$4.50.

Cases, 24 Pints, \$5.50.

F. O. B. BRANTFORD.

J. S. HAMILTON & CO.,

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Manufacturers and Proprietors.

LEITCH, PRINGLE & CAMERON,

Barristers, Solicitors, and

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Solicitors for Ontario Bank,

* Cornwall, Ont.

James Leitch, K.C., R. A. Pringle,

A. C. Cameron, LL.B.



Sealed Tenders addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Supplying Coal for the Dominion Buildings," will be received at this office until Tuesday, August 8, 1906, inclusively, for the supply of Coal for the Public Buildings throughout the Dominion.

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

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

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

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

FRED. GELINAS, Secretary.

Department of Public Works, Ottawa, June 26, 1906.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department, will not be paid for it.



THE CANADIAN NORTH-WEST

HOMESTEAD

REGULATIONS

Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, excepting 8 and 26, which has not been homesteaded, or reserved to provide wood lots for settlers, or for other purposes, may be homesteaded upon by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office for the District in which the land to be taken is

situate, or if the homesteader desires he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, or the Local Agent for the District in which the land is situate, receive authority for some one to make entry for him. A fee entry, of \$10 is charged for a homestead

HOMESTEAD DUTIES.

A settler who has been granted an entry for a homestead is required by the provisions of the Dominion Lands Act and the amendments thereto, to perform the conditions contained therewith, under one of the following plans:—

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year during the term of three years.

(2) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) or any person who is eligible to make a homestead entry upon the provisions of this Act, resides upon the farm in the vicinity of the land entered for by such person as a homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence prior to obtaining patent may be satisfied by such person residing with the father or mother.

(3) If a settler has obtained a patent for his homestead, or a certificate for the issue of such patent contemplated in the manner prescribed by this Act, and has obtained entry for a second homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the first homestead, if the second homestead is in the vicinity of the first homestead.

(4) If the settler has his permanent residence upon farming land owned by him in the vicinity of his homestead, the requirements of this Act as to residence may be satisfied by residence upon the said land.

The term "vicinity" used above is meant to indicate the same township or an adjoining or connecting township.

A settler who avails himself of the provisions of Clauses (2) (3) or (4) must cultivate 80 acres of his homestead, or substitute 20 head of stock, with buildings for their accommodation, and have besides 80 acres sublet to other settlers.

Every homesteader who fails to comply with the requirements of the homesteader law is liable to have his entry cancelled, and the land may be again thrown open for entry.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT.

Should be made at the end of the three years, before the Local Agent, Sub-Agent or the Homestead Inspector. Before making application for patent the settler must give six months' notice in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa of his intention to do so.

INFORMATION.

Newly arrived immigrants will receive at the Immigration Office in Winnipeg, or at any Dominion Lands Office in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them. Full information respecting the land, timber, coal and mineral laws, as well as respecting Dominion Lands in the Railway Belt in British Columbia, may be obtained upon application to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa; the Commissioner of Immigration, Winnipeg, Manitoba; or to any of the Dominion Lands Agents in Manitoba or the Northwest Territories.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy Minister of the Interior.

N. B.—In addition to Free Grant Lands to which the regulations above stated refer, thousands of acres of most desirable land are available for lease or purchase from Railroad and other corporations and private firms in Western Canada.

THE YORK COUNTY LOAN AND SAVINGS CO.

The principal function of this Company is the care and protection of small savings.

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243 Roncevalles Avenue
TORONTO.

JOSEPH PHILLIPS, President.

G. E. Kingsbury

PURE ICE

FROM ABOVE
CHAUDIERE FALLS.

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

Prompt delivery. Phone 935.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for alterations and additions to Rideau Hall, Ottawa, Ont., will be received at this office until Wednesday, July 26, 1906, inclusively, for an addition to Rideau Hall, Ottawa.

Plans and specifications can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this department.

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

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

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

By order,

FRED GELINAS,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, July 19, 1906.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department, will not be paid for it.

Directors:
John W. Jones, President
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NO SAFER
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deposit your savings
than with this com
pany.

MONEY deposited here is not "tied up." You can call on it if necessary. In the meantime it is earning interest.

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M. H. ROWLAND,
London, Ont. Manager

SECURITY

Place your money with a strong company—one that enjoys the confidence of the public, where your money will be absolutely safe. That means purchasing our 5 p.c. Debentures. You may invest any amount over one hundred dollars.

Mention this paper when you write, and we'll mail our booklet entitled "An Investment of Safety and Profit."

The Standard Loan Co.,
24 Adelaide Street, East,
TORONTO.
W. S. DINNICK, Manager

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"World Wide" Cartoon Edition
Now Ready.

TEN CENTS A COPY

For sale by all Booksellers and Newsdealers throughout the Dominion, or by remitting 10c. to JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers, Montreal.

If You are **RENTING**

or Working for some-one else Why not get a farm of your own in

NEW ONTARIO.

For particulars write to

HON. J. J. FOY,

Commissioner of Crown Lands, Toronto, Ont.

THE QUEBEC BANK.

Founded 1818. Incorp'd 1822

Head Office, Quebec.

Capital Authorized \$3,000,000

Capital Paid-up .. 2,500,000

Rest 1,000,000

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**From Ottawa
Delightful Day Trip**

Take Steamer "Empress" at 8.00 a.m. for Grenville or any of the beautiful stopping places. The sail through the islands below Thurlow, and the extraordinary beauty and picturesque scenery in the vicinity of Montebello, together with the fine old Manor House, being very delightful. (Electric cars from various parts of the city and all hotels direct to Queen's Wharf.)

Day Excursion Fares per Str. "Empress."
Ottawa to Grenville and back (except Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday) \$1.00
Meals Extra.

Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday Excursions (Orchestra)50
Meals Extra.
(After first Saturday in September, on Saturdays only).

OTTAWA TICKET OFFICES:
A. H. Jarvis, 157 Bank St.; Ottawa Dispatch and Agency Co., 85 Sparks St.; Ottawa Forwarding Co., Canal Basin; Geo. Duncan, 42 Sparks St.
R. W. SHEPHERD,
Managing Director.

**Sterling
Blouse
Sets**

We have a very large and well assorted stock of new and stylish Blouse Sets, in the gray finish, just such as are required by ladies for summer wear.

In Sets of Three Pins—60c. up
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Our Diamonds are unsurpassed for Quality and Value

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America's Scenic Line
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SAGUENAY Line—From Quebec, at 8 a.m., Tues., Wed., Fri. and Sat. TICKET OFFICE,
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**Harrington's
Tubular Chime Bells.**

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