

Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church.

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FOR ONE GONE HOME

EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, IN INTERIOR.

Sometimes the Master takes a human life
And clothes it with the beauty of His grace,
And sets the radiance of His peace to shine
With its clear light on some beloved face.

And hand in hand with His own saints
we stray,
While day by day their voices tenderer grow:
Till, sudden, at the parting of the way,
His chariot meets them, and they smile
and go.

So she passed on—the loving and the loved—
We know not where—we could not see
for tears—
But in some realm from doubt and fear removed,
She wears the beauty of unfading years.

Smiling, she waits, serene and undismayed;
For lo! her eyes in clearer light behold
The hosts of God, in shining ranks arrayed,
The angel-guard the prophet saw of old.

Onward with them her tireless footsteps
press;
Her soul takes up their strong, exultant call,
And knows the truth our hearts but dimly guess,
How God's great purpose folds about us
all.
With us, with them; unseen, yet near
at hand;
Not loving less for that sweet, heavenly birth,
She has but joined the glad immortal band
Who do the Master's will in heaven or earth.

Who knows what nobler errands of His grace
In ways untried her eager hands fulfill?
Or if her feet, with swift, unwearied pace,
Tread the familiar paths before us still?

When strength is small and courage almost fled,
It may be hers to whisper at our side:
"O faint not! fear not! since the Master said,
'All power is mine, and I with you abide.'"

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BIRTHS.

At 167 College Street, Toronto, to Dr. and Mrs. E. A. McCulloch, a son (Allister Hart), April 15th, 1908.

On April 17, 1908, at 451 King Street West, Hamilton, to Dr. and Mrs. D. G. MacRobbie, a daughter.

At Theford, on the 15th of April, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Greig, late of Armadale, Scotland, a son.

At Maxwell, on April 19, 1908, the wife of Finlay McEwen, of a son.

At 267 Prince Arthur Street, on April 19, 1908, to Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Gordon, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Norwood, Que., by the Rev. Wm. Morrison, John Archibald Scott, of Cote St. Michel, eldest son of the late John Scott, to Laura May Bulmer, second daughter of the late Edgar John Bulmer, of Montreal.

By the Rev. J. A. Clark, pastor of Knox Presbyterian Church, Calgary, April 9th, 1908, Dr. Edmund M. McLaughlin, of Winona, Minnesota, to Mina K. Fortune, of Huntington, Quebec.

On April 14, 1908, at the residence of the Rev. Dr. Armstrong, 317 Daly Avenue, Ottawa, Eileen Lucie, only daughter of Lester I. Simpson, of the Montreal Road, to J. Herbert White, of Cummings' Bridge.

At the residence of the bride's parents, 136 Dunn Avenue, Toronto, on Thursday, April 16th, 1908, by the Rev. A. Logan Geggie, Robert B. H. Cotton to Beatrice Eva Caroline, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Smallpiece.

On April 16th, 1908, by the Rev. James Murray, of Erskine Presbyterian Church, Miss Amy Clarke, of Toronto, to Mr. Hal. M. Johnston, of Ingersoll.

DEATHS.

In Montreal, on April 16th, 1908, at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. J. Hubert A. Baker, 133 Stanley Street, George Moore assistant editor of the Journal of Agriculture, in his 82nd year.

At 95 Pretoria Avenue, Ottawa, on April 12, 1908, Jas. Thos. Scott, of the Bank of British North America, formerly of Monaghan, Ireland, aged 34 years.

At Lancaster Township, Glengarry County, on March 13, 1908, John McGillis, aged 82 years, a native of the Isle of Skye, Scotland.

At Jackson, Ky., on Monday, April 13th, 1908, Japh Martindale, widow of the late Rev. William Bee, of Toronto, aged 75 years.

At the old homestead, Meadow Bay, near South Lancaster, on April 12, 1908, Miss Margaret Ferguson, aged 88 years.

At the residence of her brother, Kirkhill, on March 29, 1908, Flora MacCuag, daughter of the late Malcolm MacCuag, Kirkhill, and wife of Charles Ross, St. Eugene, aged 36 years.

At Dunvegan, on April 13, 1908, Mrs. Cameron, widow of Donald A. Cameron.

On Saturday morning, at his late residence, Winnipeg, Rev. Dr. McClelland, son of the late Alex. McClelland, Sherbourne Street, Toronto.

At Beamsville, Ontario, on Saturday, April 18th, 1908, James Millar, late mathematical master Parkdale Collegiate Institute, in his 59th year.

W. H. THICKE

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NOTE AND COMMENT

Monarchists were overwhelmingly victorious in elections held in Portugal.

Edict from throne at Peking, China, was issued appropriating 90,000 taels for creation of an Opium Board to control or suppress the use of opium.

Herbert Henry Asquith was appointed prime minister and First Lord of the Admiralty, to succeed Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, resigned.

The Transvaal Government has decided to reconsider its attitude toward Asiatics, with a view to finding a less objectionable registration system.

At the recent meeting of the Presbytery of Durham, it was decided to nominate Professor Skinner for the Principalship of Westminster College.

James Bertram, Andrew Carnegie's private secretary, is one of the most highly-paid secretaries in America. He is the man who really gives away the Carnegie libraries, as he makes a careful investigation of all demands, and the great philanthropist usually acts on his opinion.

A large gathering of church members and others assembled in Anfield-road Welsh Calvinistic Methodist Chapel last week to bid farewell to the retiring pastor, the Rev. Owen Owens, who for thirty-six years has ministered to the church with marked success. Mrs. Owens was presented with a handsome watch-bracelet.

Of the 80,000 Catholics in the Diocese of Antigonish, Nova Scotia, 45,000 are Highland exiles or their descendants. 20,000 are French and 15,000 Irish. There are sixty Gaelic speaking priests, of whom the dean is Bishop Cameron. An old man he is, who has himself seen Popes Gregory XVI., Pius IX., Leo XIII and Pius X. Besides the sixty priests, there are about fifty Gaelic-speaking nuns in the diocese, who are chiefly engaged in the schools.

There are in Paris 43 French Protestant churches of different denominations, and in the outskirts there are 47 more, making a total of 90 churches where French Protestants worship. In three of these English services are also held, and in four of them German services. There is also one Swedish church. The British and American churches number six in all as two of the Wesleyan churches are used for both languages. There are in Paris and the immediate environs some fifty or sixty thousand Protestants.

Business will be greatly injured, we are told, by the adoption of local option. We are happy to admit it. Here, for instance, are a few of the kinds of business that will be injured: The saloon business; the gambling business; the pawn shop business; the Sabbath breaking business; the bawdy house business; the poor house business; the work house business; the suicide business; the police court business; the crime breeding business; the orphan-making business; the divorce business; the thug business; the hangman's business. It will be a bad day for these industries should local option carry.

The Rev. Dr. Turnbull, for 49 years a minister of the Church of Scotland and for 39 years parish minister of Dailly, Ayrshire, is dead in his seventy-fourth year. He was educated at Glasgow School and Glasgow University, and tied for first prize in Latin competition with Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman.

A new railroad regulation in Norway provides that a wife travelling with her husband shall be charged only half fare. Norway gave women Parliamentary suffrage last year. "Is the new regulation meant for an inducement to husband's when they go on an excursion, to take their wives along?" asks the Woman's Journal.

Of the educational work of the Baptists in Burma a writer in the Reflector says: "Besides the Karen Theological Seminary there is a seminary for the young Burman preachers. There are about thirty students here. The Rangoon Baptist College has in attendance about 1,100. In addition to the above is a school for the Karens, and also a school for Burman girls."

A distinguished Scotch preacher says that he always thinks of three things when he appears before an audience, first, that every person in the audience is mortal; second, that each one before him is immortal; and third, the latent power there is in such an assemblage. With these three thoughts constantly before him, every minister must recognize the high responsibility of his office, and the holy joy that responsibility brings.

Mr. Donald Maclean, one of the Members of Parliament for Bath, gets the place of honour in the Presbyterian Messenger for April, his portrait appearing on the front page. Mr. Maclean, who is a Cardiff solicitor, is a member of Windsor-place Church (Rev. Wm. Lewis Robertson's). He is a strong advocate of temperance reform, and has closely identified himself with the work of the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children.

Sir Asquith, the new Premier of Great Britain, will make a few changes in the Cabinet, shifting some men from one position to another, but no general change of policy is expected, although the Government will, on the whole, be rather more conservative than under Sir Campbell-Bannerman. There was a little talk that Lord Rosebery might be invited into the Cabinet. If he would have accepted it would have added greatly to the strength of the Government, but would also have alienated many of the Government's supporters.

Dread of being buried alive is not unwarranted. Indeed, cases have been recorded where on the very eve of burial the supposed deceased has revived to the astonishment of mourning relatives and friends. A writer in the Paris "Cosmos" has been considering this subject from the standpoint of recent scientific methods of ascertaining the fact of death. The simplest method appears to be to take the temperature of the body. If the interior temperature is about twenty degrees (sixty-eight degree, Fahrenheit) "death" he says, "is sure." This method is, one would think, within the reach of all. The general adoption of it would, therefore, dissipate all uncertainty as to the actual fact of death.

The British House of Commons is limited to six hundred and seventy members. The House of Lords, as shown by "The Roll of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal," just issued, gives the names of six hundred and fifteen members.

The people of the British Isles consume less liquor per throat than they did a generation ago, the figures being six litres apiece in 1870, and now five. In twenty years Denmark has fallen from 18.6 to 14.2; Norway from 16 in 1833 to 3.1 in 1900; Sweden from 12 in 1850 to 7.3 in 1900; Switzerland from 9.2 in 1861 to 4.9 in 1900. Germany changes little. Austria-Hungary and Belgium are on the up grade, guzzling more alcohol yearly, and France holds the accursed lead, having increased its application of hot and rebellious liquors from 2.4 litres per capita in 1831 to 8.7 in 1900.

How widespread investment has been, even by clergymen in English brewery stocks, and how it turns the edge of the opposition to the reform proposed by the government, may be judged by the figures which a correspondent of the Methodist Times has collected: "From the lists of brewery companies, excluding the public-house trust companies, the following number of clerical shareholders are taken: Church of England, 940; Roman Catholic, 104; Church of Scotland, 16; Wesleyan Methodist, 5; Congregationalist, 2; Baptist, 2; other denominations, 85."

Dr. Helen MacMurchy is doing good service to the State, says the Canadian Churchman, in urging the Government to undertake the care of the feeble-minded. It is a reproach to our civilization that our present system, or rather lack of system, should be continued. When these comparatively helpless people of either sex come before the courts they are sent from one unsuitable place to another for the simple reason that no proper provision is made for their care by those on whom the moral duty is cast. It is lamentable too to think that through marriage this deplorable condition is being constantly perpetuated. The time has arrived when this matter should be dealt with on a just and scientific basis.

The English Establishment, remarks the Lutheran Observer, is face to face with a problem that may help to make it desire disestablishment, if the high-church element maintains its present attitude toward marriage to a deceased wife's sister, which was legalized by parliament during the past year. A gentleman who contracted such a marriage went to communion with his wife in his own parish, and was refused admission to the sacrament. He at once brought suit in the court which has to do with ecclesiastical cases, and the verdict can scarcely be a matter of question. There seems to be doubt, however, as to the ability of the court to enforce its verdict, and to compel the admission of the plaintiff to the sacrament, and added irritation will be the only result. On the one side there will be resentment that the State should interfere, and a growing willingness to yield the benefits of the support that establishment gives for the freedom of disestablishment. On the other hand there will be the increased determination that a Church which will not obey the laws of the land and the orders of the court shall no longer be a pensioner of the Government.

SPECIAL
ARTICLES

Our Contributors

BOOK
REVIEWS

FORSYTH ON PREACHING.

By Rev. R. G. MacBeth, M.A.

The great book by Principal Forsyth, "Positive Preaching and the Modern Mind," being the Yale lectures for 1907, has been in the hands of readers for several months. Many have, doubtless, read it and put it aside for the claims of some more recent volume. Of making many books there is no end and no one can hope to read them all. A great number of them are not worth reading. But there are some books that have to be read more than once if we are to get the real good out of them and this book of Forsyth's on Preaching is one of these deep works. Those who have heard him and those who have read him before, would be prepared for something the opposite of superficial. And in the preface to this book he frankly warns the mere skimming reader of this fact. "I confess," says the Principal, "I have kept in view rather students than mere readers—those who do not resent an unfamiliar word, who are attracted rather than impatient towards a dark saying, who find the hard texts the mighty ones, and who do not grudge stopping the carriage to examine a mysterious cave or to consider a great prospect." This prepares us for a book that we must read with all our faculties on the alert and which we will do well to keep on the desk for a second or even a third study before we put it on the shelf. Even there one would suggest putting it in the "reference" shelf, for it will pay rich dividends to the persistent miner. In the meantime, we say to every minister that it is worth his while to get the book if he has not long ere this secured it.

The general position of Principal Forsyth in relation to what is commonly but somewhat vaguely called "modern thought," is well enough known. He is progressively conservative. He discards some of the views of the Bible which once obtained and accepts many of the positions reached by advanced critics. But on the other hand he holds unwaveringly to the great central doctrine of the cross of the Divine Redeemer and refuses to be moved from the supreme fact of his own experience by any human theory of any kind. In this connection he says, for instance, as to the virgin birth: "Was such a mode of entry into the world indispensable for Christ's work of redemption? If it was otiose to that work we can leave it to the methods of the critics. But if it was essential to that work we must refuse them the last word. If it was essential to the perfect holiness of Christ's redeeming obedience, then it must stand whatever the critics say. I am not here called on to decide that question. I only quote it as an illustration of method, to show what is meant by saying that there is a dogmatic criticism of the Bible higher than what is called the higher." This is not a final statement, but it shows the point past which the Principal refuses to be moved by any man-made theory. He is a whole-hearted believer in the central facts of the life and work of Christ, he refuses to minimize the awfulness of sin, and he sees no hope for a lost world other than Christ and Him crucified. The Cross is ever the centre of his thought and one who reads the book recalls how Dr. Forsyth a few years ago at a Boston convention gave such a passionately powerful address on that theme that the vast audience, thrilled by the grandeur of its conception, rose and sang, "When I Survey the Wond-

rous Cross." This much we say as to Principal Forsyth in his relation to "Modern Thought."

As he opens his book the lecturer declares his belief that for the churches of the Reformation preaching must always remain as the most distinctive institution in Christianity. This is because the starting point and source of preaching is the Bible. The Bible is the preacher's charter and he must always come back to it or be driven with the wind and tossed. He advocates strongly Biblical preaching in the best sense of that expression, but deprecates the fact that the disuse of the Bible by the laity makes it in many cases difficult. Speaking of the authority of Christianity, he holds it to be the authority of Christ as Redeemer and elaborates this with great power.

Coming to the subject of the Church, Principal Forsyth warns against making the Church synonymous with organized work of a merely philanthropic kind. He presses strongly the view that a minister's first duty is to his Church and not to the world. He must make it a Church that acts on the world, but the minister acts at its head, and not in its stead. This is practically saying that the Church is the minister's force by which he is to influence the world; and he speaks rather scathingly of the people who make use of the Church but evade its responsibilities. The preacher must study his age, but he must take his theology from the Bible. That is the real source of light, the preacher must "take the sun" for himself, for what is the use of captains who are more at home entertaining the passengers than guiding the ship.

The whole book is full of these striking sayings, but space forbids any further review. Our aim was to call attention to the book rather than to discuss it at length. In view of the present discussion of Church Union, it is interesting to note what Dr. Forsyth says in one place and with this we must close. He is speaking of the value of vitality and says: "We interpret men and movements diversely, according to our supreme interest in life. No doubt sects and parties thus arise. But they are better than a unanimity of frozen thought like the Greek Church, or of imperious thought like the Roman."

Paris, Ont.

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We needn't be bothering our heads and troubling our minds about what our future is going to be. If we are wholly given up to God, he will lead us. Paul never marked out the path he was going to tread. Hold your reins loosely, and God will guide you.—D. L. Moody.

If we must have heroes and wars wherein to make them, there is no war so brilliant as a war with wrong, and no hero so fit to be sung as he who has gained the bloodless victory of truth and mercy.—Horace Bushnell.

AMENDED HYMNS.

By Rev. Joseph Hamilton, Author of "The Spirit World."

In the introduction to the Methodist Hymn Book John Wesley used to scathe all pretenders to emendation of his own or his brother's hymns. As a rule, such emendations are not fair, especially when the original author has gone. In some cases, however, a word makes a wonderful improvement in the rhythm or the sense. Let me give two illustrations. Some days ago I was reading that fine old hymn commencing:

"When rising from the bed of death,"

The last verse struck me as very tender and sublime, yet in one important word as not being good English. The verse runs thus:

"For never shall my soul despair,
Of mercy at thy throne,
Who knows thine only Son has died,
Thy justice to atone."

The faulty word is "atone." Justice is not atone, it is propitiated. But the exigencies of rhyme required a word to rhyme with "throne," and so the author had to take the word "atone." But the verse on the whole struck me as being so good that I tried my hand at revising it without giving it a new identity. But the effort was fruitless, though I pursued the subject—or rather, it pursued me—into the silent hours of the night. But a surprise awaited me on the next morning. Not thinking of the hymn at all, I took up a hymn book, and opening it at random, I was confronted by the same hymn, with the imperfect verse amended exactly as I wanted it. The verse as revised runs thus:

"For never shall my soul despair,
Thy mercy to secure,
Who knows thine only son has died,
To make my pardon sure."

Now was this a coincidence—or what? The other case I would refer to requires only the alteration of a word. It is a child's hymn, and two lines of it are these:

"Guard the sailor tossing,
On the deep blue sea."

Here we have simply to deal with a matter of fact. The fact is that the sea, though normally deep blue, is not deep blue when the sailor is tossing on it. It is then foaming white, as anyone can attest who has been at sea in a storm. So the correct word is "foaming." Just see how the lines read with the substitution of this one word:

"Guard the sailor tossing,
On the foaming sea."

Lindsay, Ont.

We are bound to do the best we know, otherwise we are doomed to live with a consciousness of defeat. To ignore the "voice of the Highest is to walk in the way of death. As we rise to a realization of what is best in life, and as we have power and opportunity to do that best, then duty becomes fixed, and the ways of life and death part before us. It is just here that the matchless character of Jesus claims our choice: "I lived as man and tasted deepest tragedies, but in it all I found the worth and meaning of life. Come thou unto me and live." The life of Jesus challenges the race to live the overcoming life. Not from his lips alone, but from his masterful presence comes the vital imperative: "To love because he loved, and to give our lives for others because he gave his life for us." And this fact of Jesus Christ remains.—American Friend.

THE TRAINING OF CHILDREN.

(By Dr. G. Campbell Morgan).

New methods and new ideals concerning children have made men question the absolute accuracy of the Old Testament words in Proverbs 22:6: "Train up a child in the way he should go, and even when he is old he will not depart from it." I, nevertheless, intend to treat it as an inspired statement, as a declaration of truth. The first thing I desire to say is that training involves an ideal. We are living in an age when even in the Christian Church the ideals we have for our children are very low. Too often the aim for our boys is that they shall be educated, gain a position for themselves, and "get on in the world." Too often for our girls we have the ideal that they also shall be educated, refined, and accomplished, and presently, again to use a phrase which, if I could, I would cancel absolutely from the thinking of Christian parents, "get settled." These are ideals are anti-Christian and pagan. I am not undervaluing education. It is the duty of every man to give his children the best education possible. I am not undervaluing position. Let every lad be ambitious to be the best carpenter, the best doctor, the best lawyer in the whole district. Let our girls, in very deed and truth, be educated, cultured, and refined; but if these constitute the ultimate, then in what are we removed from pagans?

What, then, should be our ideal? That the child should realize Jesus Christ's estimate of greatness. A man is great if his character is what it ought to be. In the manifesto of the King not a single blessing is pronounced upon having, nor upon doing. All the blessings are upon being. The true ideal toward which we are to move in the training of our children must be the realization of the character upon which Jesus Christ has set the seven-fold chapter of His benediction. That the boy may be a godly man, and the girl may be one of the King's daughters, is the supreme matter. To neglect that as the ultimate, to lose sight of that as the goal, is to ruin our children by a false love. Next, the training of a child involves personal discipline. You will make your boy what you are, and not what you tell him to be. You cannot expect your boy to be a Christian athlete if you are weak and anaemic in your Christianity. If you neglect prayer, and if the family altar is a thing you can lightly lay aside, your boy will not be likely to erect it in his own home. If I am to train my child, I must see the goal towards which I desire him to press, but I must go that way, too.

Then, again, training involves a recognition of certain facts about the child. First of all, account for it as you will—I care very little about the philosophy, but I care a great deal about the fact—there is enough iniquity in the heart of every child to effect the ruin of the race if it works itself out. I remember this also, that there is not a child born that is not born to the inheritance of the grace of God, and that is far mightier than the forces which are against them. So I have these two things to remember in the training of every child, that there is in the child, first of all, the capacity for evil, but beneath it, deeper than it, truer than it, is the capacity for good, and at the disposal of the child for the realization of the good as against the evil, is all the grace of God.

I suppose it is necessary in these days that we should teach children in crowds. Would to God we could escape from it. Every child is a lonely person-

ality, a special individuality. When God made you, he broke the mould, for no two men are alike. You cannot find in any one home two children alike. Train up your family of two, or three, or four, or five, on exactly the same lines, and you may hit the goal in the case of one and miss it in all the rest. No, you must specialize. Every child demands special consideration. We have suffered in every way, socially, politically, and most certainly religiously, by the habit of imagining that we can deal with children in crowds, and treat them all the same way. It cannot be done. For the teaching of certain things which they must know, it is necessary; but when you are going to train a child it is a matter of education rather than instruction. There is all the difference in the world between instructing and educating. To instruct is to build in; to educate is to draw out.

Training must be twofold. It must, first of all, be positive. The children must be taught that they belong to Christ, and led to the point of recognizing this fact and yielding themselves thereto. In the second place the children must be taught that sin is their enemy, and therefore God's enemy, and it is therefore to be fought perpetually. Our first business is to bring the child into a recognition of its actual relationship to Christ, and a personal yielding thereto. Let it be done easily and naturally. Do not be anxious that your child should pass through any volcanic experience, but as soon as possible the little one should be able to say, "Yes, I love Jesus, and I will be His." It should be as simple as the kiss of the morning upon the brow of the hill, as the distilling of moisture in the dew.

Now we must notice that it is only upon the fulfilment of the conditions enunciated that we have any right to expect a fulfilment of the promise made. We have no business to expect that our child will fulfil the true purpose of life if we neglect the training of the early days. It may be asserted that the untrained must go wrong. Not necessarily. You may neglect your child, and some godly Sunday-school teacher may do the work you have neglected. Or it may be said that the wrongly trained must go wrong. Not necessarily. It is not always so. There are children wrongly trained at home who yet at last have found life and its great fulfilment. People sometimes who have been very careless about training their children in godliness, who thought of all things except the supremely needful things, when their children are taken from them, speak of the hope that they will meet them when they cross the border line. Yes, perchance, but your child, if you fed, clothed and educated it, and neglected its relation to God, will be more eager to meet the Sunday-school teacher who led it to God than to meet you. Spiritual relationships are the final relationships.

With such an ideal, and such a training, and such a promise, the only fear we need have about our children is fear concerning ourselves. It is true that there have been great failures. Why? Children from Christian homes sometimes turn out ill because of the laxity which imagines that a child's happiness consists in self-pleasing, and in having its own will. There is all the difference between letting a child have its own will and training it in its own way. To train a child in its own way crosses the will sometimes. This, however, must never be done with passion. Passion burns to destruction. Reason fires to construction.

Or, it may be, on the other hand,

that there is the sternness which forgets the needs of young life. There is the method of the moral policeman. When it is adopted the boy crosses the threshold and with a sigh of abandonment plunges into every excess of evil.

Said a man to me some years ago: "How is it I have lost my children?" I replied: "I do not see that you have lost your children. They are sitting round your board, most of them, and they respect you." "Oh, yes," he said, "but there is not a boy round my board who trusts me." Then I said to him, more for the instruction of my own heart than with the idea that I could help him: "What do you mean?" "Why," he replied "there is not one of them who makes a confidant of me." I looked the man in the face and said: "Did you ever play marbles with them when they were little?" At once he replied: "Oh, certainly not." And I said: "That is why you lost them."

We do not lose our children when they are seventeen. We lose them when they are seven. You are a good man, and a hard man, and your children know it. They respect you, but they do not trust you, and you lose them. There may be a laxity that is too gentle, a love that is anaemic; but there may be too much iron in your blood, too much sternness.

How shall we find the happy medium? Be very much and very constantly in comradeship with Christ. If we are going to be so severe as to be true, and so tender as to hold, we must know him, the Man who could look right into the soul of a Pharisee and scorch it with His look, and into the eye of a little child and make the child want to come and play with him. We must be much with Christ if we are to be with children. If you do not know Christ, keep your hands off the bairns."

HALF-MAST.

By A. Lawrence Thomson.

From mountain to the lake the city lies
unstirring
Enwrapped in mists,
And 'gainst the gray shadows of the
dawning dim
There hangs, weird and dark, a token
mute,
Yet ominous in meaning.

Somewhere 'neath some roof there lies
A loved one sleeping
Who will not wake again.
No good morning, however tender, meets
with response;
No answering look in the dear eyes
where the love-light
Has gone out forever;
And the gloom of the beginning day
quite well the dismayed hearts
That fall half-mast in the face of this
dread mystery.

I look again,
And, lo, a power called light touches
the mists,
Changes the gloom to gold; gilds steeple
and roof,
Grey shadows turn to radiant clouds,
And the pennon no longer droops motionless
and black,
For the sweet morning airs shake it out
And the light proves it to be crimson
instead.

Come, hearts half-mast, run up above
the clouds,
And in the Sun of Love, bask and lave
your wounds,
Be healed with Love of God, and in
the Light that lighteth this dark
world
Clearly see.

Hamilton, Ont.

SUNDAY
SCHOOL

The Quiet Hour

YOUNG
PEOPLE

OUR HEAVENLY HOME.*

Let not your heart be troubled, v. 1. An old hunter once told me, that the noblest birds rise to the upper air when they are shot at. "When they are flying low over their feeding grounds," he said, "and we surprise them, they mount in a sharply ascending direction, and unless we can quickly shoot again, they are beyond any harm we can do to them." What a way is this for harassed souls! When troubles assail and dangers bring dread, fly higher and nearer to God in trust, in faith, in love. If they strike at you again, fly still higher, and soon you will be so superior to them, that the darts and slings of evil fortune and temptation will fail to reach you.

Ye believe in God, believe also in me, v. 1. Sometimes the captain of an ocean steamship, making her way up the majestic St. Lawrence, finds it necessary to cast anchor. There the great vessel lies, all the force of the river's strong current striving to carry her out again to sea; but she keeps her place, because the anchor has taken firm hold on the bottom. Everyone knows of many forces, which, like that mighty stream, threaten to sweep him away from the place of peace and joy to which he has attained. But he is held firm, in safety and quiet confidence, if he has cast the anchor of his trust in God,—not a God far away and unknown, but a God to be seen and loved in Jesus Christ. "Trust God," says Jesus, "yea, trust Me, in whom God is fully revealed."

In my Father's house are many mansions, v. 2. There is enough accommodation and provision in the hospices, in the dangerous Alpine passes of Switzerland, for all the people who have to travel through the passes in times of peace during the winter months. But let the foot of war begin to move in that region, and let it be necessary for vast armies to march over these mountain paths, and the hospices would be quite inadequate to minister to the needy crowds. It is not so with the house of God opened for men. All along the way of the pilgrim, it offers comfort and refuge to every one weary and heavy-laden, and when the life-work of all the sons of men is done, the house of our Father will be roomy enough for each of the race to say, if he will, "I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

"Therefore will I wait patiently,
Trusting, where all God's mansions be
There hath been one prepared for me!

And go down calmly to death's tide,
Knowing, when on the other side
I wake, I shall be satisfied."

A place for you, v. 2. On the tomb of Dean Alford, in Canterbury Cathedral, is the inscription in Latin, The Inn of a Traveller on his way to Jerusalem. That is the Christian view of the grave. It is not a place where one must abide in eternal darkness, but a resting place for a brief space, until the glorious resurrection day shall dawn. Then the believer shall come forth, as did his Lord, and enter into a joy and happiness that shall never end.

I am the way, the truth, and the life, v. 6. Our deepest needs can be met in Christ. Superficial demands can be appeased by external means; but, for all the hunger of the heart and the outgoing of the soul's desires, He only is

*S. S. Lesson, May 3, 1908. John 14:1-14. Commit to memory vs. 2, 3. Study John ch. 14. Golden Text—In my Father's house are many mansions.—John 14:2.

the all-sufficient One. Thomas a Kempis puts it well: "Without the Way we cannot go; without the Truth we cannot know; without the Life we cannot live. I am the Way which you ought to follow, the Truth which you ought to believe, the Life which you ought to hope for." How foolish is he who refuses way, truth, life! It is only madness that will make one refuse a guide when the land is strange. To reject truth is the act of the ignorant. To refuse life is to be a suicide. In Christ are all the things we need. He is a trinity of supply for us. Let us make Him ours,—Way, Truth, Life.

Greater works than these shall He do, v. 12. What! greater works than the miracles which Jesus wrought, when He made the blind to see, and gave back their lost strength and activity to palsied limbs? Yes, greater works than even these. For the disciples would have the wonderful story to tell of Calvary, with its revelation of God's heart of love. Of the empty grave and of the might of the risen Lord, and of Olivet, whence He was received up into the opened heavens. More, He would be seated on the throne of omnipotence, and His power would energize all their work and ensure its success. The key to boundless resources would be in the hands of the disciples,—the key of believing prayer. Thus equipped and endowed, they would go forth, not merely to heal a few sick ones, who must, after all, die in a few years, but to bring salvation for time and for eternity to the souls of men the world over.

THE WORLD'S BIBLE.

Every confessed follower of Christ is daily helping or harming Christ's cause among men. For, while those who have not accepted Christ are under just as much obligation to do his will as those who have accepted him, nevertheless it is to his followers that the world properly looks for evidence in favor of or against Christ's claims. It has been said that "the Christian, very frequently, is the only Bible that the world can be induced to read." Are the pages of our life presenting, or misrepresenting, our Saviour to the world? The world's power to read is mercilessly keen.—S. S. Times.

RELIGION COVERS ALL.

You cannot draw any lines whatever when you are dealing with the religious life. There are no provinces outside of it. It covers the equator and the poles, and thrusts its root into the core of the world of personality. If it does not go through and through a man, it does not go into him at all. That is the nature of religion; it is as thorough-going, as permeating, as life itself. I pulse into and suffuses the least things—as the life blood warms the very finger-tips—and says: "These are mine; these are sacred things. Make them so." Nothing is too small or remote to have a vital religious significance. If we really and truly believe that, we will make an end of drawing those futile lines between what we call secular and religious, commonplace and sacred. There are no such distinctions in the new life which the Lord Jesus Christ brought into the world. Like His own garment, that robe of life is all one piece, seamless, inseparable; and every thread that enters it runs straight through wrap or woof, and intertwines with every other thread to form the entire fabric of character.—James Buckingham.

LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

By Rev. James Ross, D.D., London.

Mansions—The ancient Persians thought of heaven as divided into seven parts or spheres, rising one above the other, and their great prophet Zarathustra enthroned in the highest. Rabbinical literature speaks of seven, and even of ten, heavens. In the third of the seven, or the seventh of the ten, Paradise was placed, and within it the treasures of the life and righteousness for the soul. The language of both Old and New Testaments gives countenance to the idea of a plurality of heavens; for example, Paul mentions the third heaven, 2 Cor. 12:2. But the conception is free from the extraneous which are found in the extraneous books. In the light of the New Testament references, it is difficult to avoid the idea of gradation, as well as number, in the "many mansions."

"Shew us the Father"—The early conceptions of God were materialistic. If He had not a body so gross as man's, it was believed possible to strengthen human vision, so that His rarer, but real, form could be seen. It would appear from Ex. 24, 10, 11, that the Supreme Being accommodated Himself to the limitations of a childlike age, and assumed a human form to meet a need in their spiritual education. The prophets, in such passages as Isa. 40:5, had awakened the expectation of many, that, what their fathers had once enjoyed, should be common again.

LOVE'S SACRIFICE.

By Rev. Henry J. Keith, D.D.

Knowledge is power. When a scholar inquires about this thing and that, what a difference it would make to the teaching of the lesson if we only knew. If we had but taken more time to prepare, there would be greater knowledge. There would also be keener attention, and teaching would be an easier matter. There would be greater results. Yes—knowledge is power.

But there is something more important than knowledge—a power that conquers where knowledge fails or is all together beyond our reach, a power that solves the problems of preparation and teaching, and makes them comparatively easy. It is the power of love. Love for the souls of the young placed under our training, love for ourselves, a loving desire that they may know the love of Christ. God is love. God loves, and through his love He reveals Himself. His love conquers us. Our love is the secret of conquering others. Love is the channel of our understanding God, and of our revealing God. Love is the means of winning others to God.

It is when we learn to love, that sacrifice becomes a joy. Time to prepare for the lesson is gladly found. The teaching of the lesson becomes a pleasure to which we look forward.

Peterboro, Ont.

PRAYER.

Almighty God, give us the blessing of heaven, and we shall never more be poor. Without Thy blessing there is no wealth; with it there is no poverty. Send upon Thy believing children—a double blessing, and no sorrow shall be added with it. It shall be a great peace, a tender sight, an assured and inextinguishable hope. They who are thus blessed can never be disquieted. The foam will be on the surface, the depths of their hearts will be as a sanctuary inhabited by the spirit of peace. Amen.

THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIA

WHAT THINK YE OF CHRIST.

The great heart of the world is just, and turning from the ignorant and rancorous men who fight with the poisoned weapons of savages or slaves, I cry across the ages to the mighty spirits of the Christian centuries, "What think ye of Christ?" The poets, led by the great Florentine, the men of sad, lone spirit, of face so beautiful, yet so full of wondrous thought, who imagined the strange circles of the "Inferno," and yet saw as in open vision the celestial "Mount of Light;" while Chaucer, in his quaint English guise, and Shakespeare, "Fancy's sweetest child," and Milton, whose voice had a sound as of the sea, and Cowper and Coleridge and Wordsworth, and many another bright spirit following in this train—make answer. "He was the soul of our poetry, our inspiration and our joy."

"What think ye of Christ?" we ask the men of thought, and out of the Middle Ages rise the School-men, whose mighty intellects made light in its darkness, the founders of modern philosophy, Descartes and Bacon and Locke, the fore most minds of the eighteenth century the century of unbelief, Leibnitz and Newton, and Berkeley and Kant; the thinkers, too, that in sheer intellectual force transcend all the other men of this century of conscious wisdom, Schelling and Hegel; and they altogether confess and acknowledge "the Christ stands along, pre-eminently, only Son of God among men."

"What think ye of Christ?" we ask great philanthropists, the men who have made our laws kindlier while more just to the criminal, our prisons more wholesome while more deterrent of crime, who have accomplished the liberation of the slave, who have made us conscious of our duties to savage people abroad and to our lapsed at home, the men who in these centuries have been the foremost in doing good and in guiding to nobleness the mind of man; and Bernard and Francis of Assisi, John Howard and Mrs. Fry, Wilberforce and Livingstone, surrounded by the noble band of all our good Samaritans, answer with one accord: "Without Him we should have been without our inspiration and our strength, the love of man and the hatred of wrong, that have constrained us to our work."

"What think ye of Christ?" we cry to the great masters of music and song, who have woven for us the divine speech of the oratorio, and filled the ear with harmonies grander than any nature has known; and they for answer bid us read the names of their supreme works, "Messiah," "St. Paul," "Redemption," and know that but for Christ, the one art in which the modern has far transcended the ancient world had never been.

"What think ye of Christ?" Ask painters who have made the canvas live with their ideals of love and holiness pity and suffering; the sculptors who have chiselled the shapeless marble into forms so noble as to need only speech to be the living man made perfect; and their great leaders, from famed Giotto through Fra Angelico to Angelo and Raphael, to Rembrandt and Rubens, send forth the response: "He has been the soul of our art, our dream by night, our joy by day; to paint Him worthily were the highest, though, alas! most hopeless, feat of man."

O, yes; Thou Christ the Redeemer, Son of God, yet Son of man, stand forth in Thy serene and glorious power, leader of our progress, author of all our good, ideal and inspiration of all our right and righteousness, and reign over the hearts and in the lives of men!—Principal Fairbairn.

Just where you stand in the conflict, there is your place.—Rutherford.

THE INVISIBLE STRING.

By Rev. Prof. R. E. Welsh, D.D.

Paderewski is a master of the ivory keys, but few know about the invisible string of his music. That he should have some "secret" will be credible to every one who knows human nature. For it is a familiar fact to those who know the inside of human life, that most men of influence have something intensely personal as the secret key of their work or character.

I observed a number of years ago that the great pianist had lost his only son. Few of those who read the bald mention of the fact in the papers knew how it stood related to his career. "You are not aware," he once said to an acquaintance, before his re-marriage, "that my wife died some years ago, and that my only child is an incurable cripple. He is all in the world that I have. My only motive in studying for the career of a public artist was, that I should be able to obtain the best medical advice possible for my poor boy. When the public applauds me, I think of the little fellow lying on his couch in the house by the sea which I have taken for him." The public naturally assumed that he lived only for his art, for mastery over his instrument and over human emotions, or for fame and its golden harvest. Doubtless these incentives animated him in his profession. But a finer inspiration lay behind—the vision of his suffering boy, who might yet be cured.

In our Christian service, have we some such deep and sacred inspiration to give vital power to our work? Without it we cannot reach and strike the heart strings of those for whose benefit we are working. To penetrate and quicken others' souls, our words must vibrate in answer to some hidden chord, some fine and ardent motive. If Christ has become the centre and ruling force in our lives, "for My sake" will animate and energize us, and will draw around it other high inspirations. And these will become the secrets of our power with God and men.

There are practical human reasons, standing at the front of our minds, for carrying on our work—perhaps the argument of our imperative wants, or the pleasure of being associated with friends in a good cause, or the natural wish to be useful. Men and affairs crowd and press on us; the business of our post calls forth the ordinary prosaic incentives; and we cannot always be keeping up a conscious whispering communion with the Holy One. Yet all the time the deep undertone of our life may be, must be, a holy devotion "for the sake of Somebody," an urgent love, or the high calling to win the Christlike character and make our lives fruitful of good in the lives of others. Presbyterian College, Montreal.

A COMPLETE LIFE.

Every young man and woman should strive to make his or her life a complete life. Many people only half live. Health without usefulness, intellect without unselfishness, pleasure without duty, business success without growth in service to God and man—these are incomplete and unsatisfying elements of living.—Forward.

LOOK UNDER FOOT.

The lesson which life repeats and constantly enforces is "Look under foot." You are always nearer the divine and the true sources of your power than you think. The lure of the distant and the difficult is deceptive. The great opportunity is where you are. Do not despise your own place and hour. Every place is under the stars, every place is the center of the world.—John Burroughs, in the April Atlantic.

WORK AND PLAY.*

Some Bible Hints.

God is the world's great Worker, unceasing, unshifting, unforgetting; and His work is the basis of all our work (John 5: 17).

Work done with our might is done in the easiest way, and the best (Ecc. 9: 10).

The only work we know about surely is our work in this world, and our chance for that is soon over (Ecc. 9: 10).

Work is expensive, it wears away. Recreation is to restore what has been worn away. That is the sum of the philosophy of play (Prov. 17: 22).

Suggestive Thoughts.

Being a Christian at work means that we do not overwork, or underwork. That is no work or play for a Christian into which he cannot easily imagine Christ entering.

The ideal for both work and play is that we get the play-spirit into our work.

Choose your life-work for life—for your eternal life!

A Few Illustrations.

Play is the fallow land of life, and fallow land is the condition of continued product.

All tools, as the saw, hammer, auger, are means of concentrating one's power upon a point of resistance. Make your mind such a tool.

Play is the springboard from which we leap into work. Keep that as your end in view.

Overwork is the twisting of the spring of life so far that it breaks; overplay is the untwisting of the spring of life so far that it breaks.

To Think About.

Do I let Christ choose my work and my play?

Does my play leave me stronger for my work?

Can my work be fittingly continued in the next world?

A Cluster of Quotations.

The modern majesty consists in work. What a man can do is his greatest ornament, and he always consults his dignity by doing it.—Carlyle.

It is not work that kills men. It is worry. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.—Beecher.

Pleasure soon exhausts us and itself also; but endeavor never does.—Richter.

Choose such pleasures as recreate much, and cost little.—Fuller.

DAILY READINGS.

- M., May 4.—A servant who was dear. Luke 7: 1-10.
- W., May 5.—Conscientious work. Titus 2: 9, 10.
- T., May 6.—Patient under abuse. 1 Pet. 2: 18-20.
- T., May 7.—Expecting rewards. Matt. 6: 30-34.
- F., May 8.—Ministering to the mind. 1 Sam 16: 16-23.
- S., May 9.—Playing in Jerusalem. Zech. 8: 1-6.
- Sun., May 10.—Topic—Being a Christian. 1. In our work and our play. John 5: 17; Ecc. 9: 10; Prov. 17: 22.

Whoever is not in him as the way is out of the way and lost; whoever is not in him as the truth is in fatal error; whoever is not in him as the life is dead in sins.—John Hall.

* Y. P. Topic, May 10, 1908.—Being a Christian. John 5: 17; Ecc. 9: 10.

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Manager and Editor.

OTTAWA, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 29, 1908

The Living Age for April 25 contains a second instalment of David Masson's vivid "Memories of London in the Forties," reprinted from Blackwood's.

Some people are forever trying to manage other people. Talmage once said, and truly: "There is only one person you need to manage, and that is yourself."

An unfortunate man was declared out of his mind last week, and the report says that he suffered from the delusion that he is the greatest man living. If this is to be regarded as sufficient proof of insanity there should be many millions of dollars immediately expended to enlarge the hospitals.

Once more a European power has shaken the mailed list in the face of Turkey, says the Christian Advocate, and once more the "sick man of Europe" has yielded what he could not hope to retain. This time it is Italy which, by threat of sending a war-fleet to the Bosphorus, has extorted from the Sultan the right to maintain Italian post offices in all Turkish cities in which other European powers enjoy a similar concession. Italy is a next door neighbor to the Ottoman Empire and hungry for a share of the sick man's farm, should he die intestate.

A law now before Parliament in Denmark proposes to make drunkenness a misdemeanor. The bill further stipulates that a person found guilty of drunkenness more than three times within twelve months shall be incarcerated in an asylum for alcoholists.

After he is cured the local authorities are at liberty to forbid him to partake of alcoholic stimulants for a period of five years. Any breach of the drunkenness law will be punished by jail.

The revolt against alcoholism, as expressed in the above bill, is the more remarkable as the consumption of alcoholic drinks is greater per capita in Denmark than in any other European country.

A STRONG SON OF CANADA.

Among the makers of Presbyterianism in Canada, we do not know of many who have done more valuable constructive work than Rev. R. N. Grant, D.D., of Orillia, familiarly known throughout Canada as "Knoxonian," a frequent and welcome contributor to the Dominion Presbyterian. We observe by the public press that on the 21st of April, Rev. D. C. MacGregor, B.A., was ordained and inducted by the Presbytery of Barrie as associate pastor with Dr. Grant.

In membership, sound yet attractive teaching, and in the quality of its representatives sent forth to mingle with the stream of Canadian life, there are few congregations more outstanding than that at Orillia; while the church building, with its alteration and interior decoration, is claimed by many to be the finest between Toronto and Winnipeg.

Dr. Grant stands in the front rank of Canada's clergymen of solid ability and constructive influence, and we trust that with the co-operation of his talented and enthusiastic associate, he may find opportunity to do, in his maturer years, some of his most important work, whether by pen, by voice, or through the results of a rich garnered experience.

On a recent Sunday evening the writer heard a powerful and stirring evangelistic message; so stirring that one young man, evidently much moved, said to a friend afterwards that he knew now how the prophets of old must sometimes have impressed those who heard them. Perhaps a satisfactory sequel to the impression made on the young man may some day be told; but who knows whether, as the young man passed out with the audience, some of his companions may have spoken slightly of the sermon; or perhaps started up conversations on frivolous topics, which diverted attention from higher and more serious things. "Behold, a sower went forth to sow; and when he sowed, some seeds fell by the way side, and the fowls came and devoured them up"

Which leads to this enquiry: While there is a great deal of good and faithful preaching in Christian pulpits, is there lack of simple, suitable machinery for clinching the message? What about striking while the iron is hot in the case of those upon whom impression has been made?

In "Through Five Republics on Horseback," Mr. G. Whitfield Ray, F.R.G.S., describes in a most attractive manner his wanderings in South America. "The writer writes a facile pen, and every page glows with the passion of a man on fire with zeal for the evangelization of the great "Neglected Continent." Argentina, Brazil, Bolivia, Paraguay and Uruguay, are the countries visited; and the possibilities of each as a field for missionary effort are vividly set forth. There are numerous illustrations, and the book is well printed on good paper, from clear type. It will make an interesting and useful book for the Sunday school library. Toronto, William Briggs.

SUNDAY SALE OF REFRESHMENTS.

What is Lawful and What is Not.

It will be remembered that about a year ago Judge Morson, the junior of the three County Judges of York, Ontario, reversed a conviction by Magistrate Kingsford against John Devins, a restaurant keeper, for selling on Sundays, candies, peanuts, and other eatable articles to be carried off the premises.

It was pointed out to the public at the time that this judgment was going to result in an immense increase in Sunday business, inasmuch as it implied, if it did not declare, that any man holding a restaurant license, and doing a restaurant business, might also carry on a confectionery business, a fruit business, a grocery business, and a business in all sorts of eatable articles, and could sell freely any or all classes of these things on Sunday, over the counter, to be carried away and used as the purchaser might desire. It was evident that large numbers of shop keepers and their employees were going to be deprived of their Sunday rest and other privileges if this interpretation of the law were to remain unchallenged. The matter was therefore brought to the attention of the Attorney-General of Ontario, the Hon. J. J. Foy, and, recognizing the serious import of the judgment, he requested Magistrate Kingsford to grant a "stated case," and requested County Crown Attorney H. L. Drayton, K.C., to take charge of the case in its preparation and in its argument before the High Court. The case was duly granted, and came before Mr. Justice Clute of the High Court on Friday, 10th April. The case was known as "The King vs. Weatheral." Weatheral held a restaurant license and did business at Toronto Island, selling refreshments of various kinds, and among other things he sold on Sunday, 9th June, 1907, "candies, popcorn, peanuts, and soft drinks."

The questions submitted to the court were as follows:

1. "Does the mere fact that Weatheral holds a license as restaurant keeper enable the said Weatheral to sell on the Lord's Day candies, popcorn, peanuts, and soft drinks, notwithstanding the Statute (Lord's Day Act)."

To this question Mr. Justice Clute replied "No." Unlike some judgments, this does not lack in clearness.

2. "Can a bona fide restaurant keeper sell candies, popcorn, peanuts, or other commodities not in connection with any meals served on the premises but done up so as to be taken away by the purchaser on the Lord's Day."

To this Mr. Justice Clute replied "I take this question to mean that the articles there referred to are sold, not in connection with the giving of meals served on the premises, but in the ordinary way of business as a merchant, so as to be taken away by the purchaser. Taking this to be the meaning of the question I answer again 'No.'"

There was a third question as to whether the Restaurant License that Weatheral holds from the City prohibits him making such sales on Sunday in itself apart from the Lord's Day Act. The Judge gives substantially the same answer to this question as to the other two.

This judgment makes it clear, therefore, without equivocation, and beyond peradventure, that even a bona fide restaurant keeper, who holds a license and is running an eating house under that license, is not entitled to sell on Sunday anything excepting what is purchased and consumed as a meal. Articles of food may not, therefore, be sold on Sunday under any circumstances to be carried off the premises unconsumed, but must be consumed in the restaurant at the table or lunch counter as a meal.

It is important to observe that this judgment is binding upon all magistrates and Division or County Court judges throughout the Province of Ontario, and for that matter will be followed by magistrates and trial court judges throughout the Dominion. It is well that this judgment be given prominence in the press everywhere so that restaurant keepers may not unawares, during the coming season, commit violations of the Lord's Day Act and lay themselves liable to its heavy penalties. The public generally will recognize also the reasonableness of the law in this regard. It is proper that the hungry should have the right of going to a restaurant and satisfying their hunger. No one will contend, however, that this necessitates or would justify general business in the sale of articles of food to be carried away, which, if it were allowed, would result in depriving large numbers of shop keepers and their employees of their Sunday rights and privileges.

TRUSTING AGAINST APPEARANCE.

Sharp turns in the course of our lives are generally disagreeable. But if we have a Pilot in whom we have perfect confidence, we should trust him to bring us safely to port. The skilled steersman who brings his boat down the Lachine Rapids, near Montreal, has to follow what seems to the landman a most erratic course. At times it looks as though he were making straight for some great rock or going needlessly near a whirlpool. But to the pilot, who knows every rock and bend in the channel, his course is the only safe one. How many hidden reefs and sandbars are avoided for us, by abrupt changes, we shall never know, until we see our Pilot face to face. Let us trust him who knows the whole course and the best harbors.

The Catholic Abetainer says: Judge Alderic Ouimet, of Montreal, contends that saloons ought to be separated from restaurants, and restaurants from large hotels, and that saloons should be shorn of their social aspect by having no better furniture than the counter. The comfort afforded by most saloons leads the poor laborer or workman to spend most of his leisure hours there, in preference to the less comfortable home, with the result that he generally acquires the liquor habit.

Lady Ritchie—Anne Thackeray Ritchie—in a paper entitled "Concerning Tourgenieff," which The Living Age for April 25 reprints from The New Quarterly, gives some charming personal reminiscences of the great Russian.

ECHOES FROM PRESBYTERIAN PULPITS.

Rev. E. A. Henry, Knox Church, Regina: "There were many tragic elements connected with such lives as those of Lincoln, David Livingstone, Henry Drummond and many others in the history of the saints; but there was nothing like tragedy. There was tragedy in the life of Byron, who said he had had only eleven days of happiness in his experience, and in the life of Goethe, who said that in all the 75 years of his life, he had not known what it was to have three weeks of enjoyment. In the life of Jesus there was no tragedy, no failure in spirit, in motive, or character. The cross of Jesus was the ladder on which he climbed to his crown."

Rev. Dr. Herridge, St. Andrew's church, Ottawa: "In an age of much flippancy, irreverence, and at times aimless action, he believed there were really many who had a sincere desire to look deeper into human nature. Christianity was not a formula, a dogma, a set of creeds. It was greater than any external organization. Perhaps the best definition of it was the old one—to be like Christ. Christianity and manliness were by no means incompatible. In reality the two words meant the same thing. When had Christ ever quailed before His accusers? When had He ever shrunk from uttering unpalatable truths when He knew it was really necessary to utter such? Christ was the supremely manly man who appealed to the world."

Rev. Dr. Barclay, St. Paul's, Montreal: "The Church, whatever might be the issue regarding favor or disfavor, must, if she be true, reach out to the rich and the poor to employer and employee. The Church would be no true friend of the workman were she to follow the unwise and unprincipled leaders who proclaimed the wrongfulness of private property, or recommended the taking, by force, of wealth from those who had earned it, and owned it. She must have full sympathy with labor in its struggle for justice, but in that struggle which had neither justice nor freedom on its side, the Church then could give no help; she must rise above all party interest, and speak to all alike, the truth, in love. She must beware of any unholy alliance with any powers of the world; she must allow no class to use her wrongly, and she must disinterestedly seek the good of all men. If only workmen would help to make her what she should be, they would find in her the strongest and wisest ally they could have."

Rev. Dr. Armstrong, St. Paul's church, Ottawa: "That there was a terrible retribution awaiting the impenitent after death, there could be no doubt in the minds of those who read the Scriptures or observed the life of men. Hell would be marked by an absence of all good and the presence of the suffering symbolized by the fire and the worm. What was the trend of the teaching of the Scriptures from end to end? That there was a finality of reward and punishment then came the resurrection and the judgment. Occasionally a man was heard to say he didn't believe that God would create hundreds of millions of people only to sweep them into a lake of fire. They weren't asked to believe that. Did they believe in wickedness? Had they not seen a Satanic hardness manifested in others and felt the experiences of sin in their own hearts? Sin had a terrible power of propagating itself. The tendency of sin was toward a permanency of the sinful nature. The man that resisted all that was good went to hell. They could not make it a condition of God's goodness that He would put an end to all evil. The fate of the finally impenitent was suffering eternal."

CHARACTER OF GENERAL GORDON.

In his "Modern Egypt," which has just appeared in Great Britain, Lord Cromer gives this estimate of General Gordon: "In the course of this narrative I have alluded to General Gordon's numerous inconsistencies. I have pointed out errors of judgment with which he may justly be charged. I have dwelt on defects of character which unsuited him for the conduct of political affairs. But, when all this has been said, how grandly the character of the man comes out in the final scene of the Sudan tragedy. History has recorded few incidents more calculated to strike the imagination than that presented by this brave man, who, strong in the faith which sustained him, stood undismayed amidst dangers which might well have appalled the stoutest heart. Hordes of savage fanatics surged around him. Shot and shell poured into the town which he was defending against fearful odds. The soldiers had to eat dogs, donkeys, skins of animals, gum, and palm fibre, and famine prevailed. The soldiers stood on the fortifications like pieces of wood. The civilians were even worse off. Many died of hunger, and corpses filled the streets—no one had even the energy to bury them." Treachery and internal dissension threatened him from within, whilst a waste of burning African desert separated him from the outward help which his countrymen, albeit tardily, were straining every nerve to afford. "All the anxiety he had undergone had gradually turned his hair to silvery white." "Yet," said an eye-witness, "in spite of all this danger by which he was surrounded Gordon Pasha had no fear." "Go," he said, "tell all the people in Khartoum that Gordon fears nothing, for God has created him without fear." Nor was this an idle boast. General Gordon did not know what the word meant. "Death had no terrors for him." "I would," he wrote to his sister, "that all could look on death as from a world of friend who takes us from a world of trial to our true home." Many a man before General Gordon has laid down his life at the call of duty. Many a man, too, has striven to regard death as a glad relief from pain, sorrow and suffering. But no soldier about to lead a forlorn hope, no Christian martyr tied to the stake or thrown to the wild beasts of Ancient Rome, ever faced death with more unconcern than General Gordon. His faith was sublime. Strong in that faith he could meet the savage who plunged a spear into his breast with a "gesture of scorn" and with the sure and certain hope of immortality which had been promised to him by the Master in whose footsteps he had endeavored to follow."

Mr. Frank Hugh O'Donnell, who declares himself a loyal Roman Catholic, has published a book on the Irish problem. He sums up the causes of Ireland's miseries as follows:

1. Agrarian legislation, which breaks the very springs of industry.
2. The gombeen grocer or publican
3. No protection against extortion, so that a peasant proprietorship would inevitably become bankrupt.
4. Defects of Irish character, ignorance, and idleness.
5. The incubus of an overgrown priesthood, who extract money for grand churches, towering above wretched hovels.
6. The political ambition of the priests.
7. The Congested Districts' Board, who work through the priests, and so cause unsettlement, and perpetuate clerical domination.

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

NUMBER TWO!

CHAPTER I.

A SMALL MEETING

It was a cold wet night, one of those nights that make one listen to the patter of the rain upon the window panes and the shrieks of the wind in the chimney with a snug, self-satisfied feeling, as one leans back in a well-cushioned chair before a blazing fire.

The Rev. David Alister had just come into the Manse from a long, wet walk in the rain. He had been attending a committee meeting in the neighboring town, and not falling in with any kind neighbor who owned a trap, had walked the four miles uncomplainingly. He had been kept later than usual, and Mrs. Alister, who was a great invalid and rarely left her couch, looked up with a relieved expression as he entered the cosy little parlor.

"Here you are at last! Oh, how tired and wet you are! Have you changed your boots? What a dreadful night it is!"

The minister tried to look cheerful. "Yes, it is a bad night," he said, checking a little sigh. "I don't know how 't is, but our Friday's are generally wet nights, I have noticed. No, my dear, I have not changed my boots. I shall be going out again in half an hour's time. I am rather tired, a cup of hot tea will refresh me and set me on my legs again." He threw himself into an easy chair, and stretched out his damp boots before the cherry blaze of fire.

"I really do not think you are called upon to go to that prayer meeting, David. For three successive weeks you have had no one but old Mrs. Batty. Our people will not turn out such stormy nights as these, so why should you? You have been hard at work all day, and deserve a little rest. Let me send a message to Mrs. Batty, and you stay at home with me. Come, I do not often ask you to keep me company, but I want you to-night, and we will read that new book from the library together. It will do you all the good in the world.

Mrs. Alister rose as she spoke, and, with her hand on his shoulder, pressed a soft kiss on her husband's brow. These two were very fond of each other; no child had ever brightened their hearts, but after fifteen years of wedded life they were lovers still. The minister looked up and hesitated; then he shook his head.

"Don't tempt me, little woman! I shall never give up that meeting as long as one of my parishioners attends it. Did I tell you what Mrs. Batty said to me last Friday? She saw me give rather a hopeless look round the empty room, and then at the door: 'Eh, sir, dinna ye be discouraged. Twa of us can have the A'mighty in our midst, and ten thousand couldna mair!'"

"She's a dear old soul," said Mrs. Alister with a tearful smile, "but I'm wicked enough to wish she would not do so regular; then perhaps you might drop the meeting for a time, and start it a-fresh again with better numbers. I only wish I were strong enough to attend it myself. Why is a prayer meeting so attractive to them, I wonder? I ought not to be."

"It is my fault," said her husband gloomily; "there is no life in a church that does not produce praying members. I feel as if I am a failure here. They come to church and pat me on the back after my preaching, and say how much I help them, and then go home, and I never see them till the following Sabbath. If it is not one excuse, it is another. They are full of apologies when

they meet me. As if I want their apologies! Do they come to pray to me?"

"Well, well, dear, don't distress yourself. You have only been here two years. It certainly was very different in K—; but we had such an earnest band of workers, and they were so enthusiastic and whole-hearted that there was no chance of our meeting flagging. These good people may take a long time to stir up. You must remember your predecessor never attempted prayer meetings! Now let us have our tea and forget our troubles."

Half an hour later the minister sallied out, buttoned up to the chin in his great-coat, and struggling through wind and rain to protect himself with an umbrella.

Let us look at one more fireside that evening. Old Mrs. Batty, with the aid of her widowed daughter, kept a small general shop at the corner of the village. She was a hearty, round faced, hawpy old body, and her Christianity showed itself more in deeds than in words. Her back parlor looked quite as cheerful as the minister's and her daughter was expostulating and scolding in one breath, as she presided at the tea tray.

"Ye will just lay yourself up, mither, and then how shall we get along! I'm sure life is a struggle as it is. It isna a fit night for a dog to be out!"

"Janet, wha looks the stronger, the minister or me? An' will he be enjoyin' his comfort this night? For certain, no! I've never missed a prayer meetin' yet; an' as lang as the Lord keeps me in health and strength I never will!"

"Granny," asked the fair-haired little lad just five years old, her special pet and darling, "is ye goin' to say your prayers agen wi' the minister?"

"Yes, my bonny bairn, an' we have much to thank for, as weel as to beg. We pray for those who winna pray for themself, an' there's a deal to talk over wi' the Almighty. My heart's just full the night! I wish at times there were mair supplicants, but the minister an' me are keepit busy, an' the Almighty just surrounds us wi' His gracious, holy presence till I 'most feels mysel' in heaven!"

The old woman's faded blue eyes were shining with a glad light; her daughter turned away with a shrug of her shoulders, but Robbie stuck his fat finger in his mouth and regarded his grandmother with awe.

"Tak Robbie to see A'mighty, granny!" Mrs. Batty stooped to kiss the rosy dimpled face.

"Ay, my pet, when ye get bigger ye shall come wi' your auld granny, but not for a while yet."

In a few minutes the old woman, with pattens on her feet, a shawl over her bonnet, and skirts well tucked up under her arm, was fighting her way through the raging elements to the little schoolroom, where the minister was already awaiting her. It is surprising that minister and parishioner returned to their respective homes that evening with glowing hearts and radiant faces after a time of close communion with their God? They could, with the two disciples of old, exclaim—"Did not our heart burn within us while He talked with us by the way?"

CHAPTER II.

GRANNY'S SUBSTITUTE.

A few Friday's after this Mrs. Batty met with a serious accident. In coming down the steep little stairs that led to her back parlor she missed her footing, and fell heavily down the whole flight. She was picked up unconscious, and when the doctor came he found that her right leg was badly broken. Her daughter was

nearly distracted, but a neighbor at once offered her services in the sick room, and in an hour or two Mrs. Batty was quite herself again, though suffering great pain. Just after tea the chubby face of her little grandson peeped in at the bedroom door.

"May Robbie, see poor grannie!" cried the child.

"Let him come in," murmured Mrs. Batty.

"What a mercy it's the auld woman's leg and not the bairn's that is broken!"

Robbie came up to the bedside and patted his granny's outstretched hand with his soft baby one. Then with round eyes he demanded—

"Wha's goin' to say p'ayers wi' the minister the night?"

"Eh, dearie me!" groaned Mrs. Batty in real distress. "It's hard to lie here an' think o' the meetin'. It's the first time I'll have been away, an' I fear 'twill be terrible disheartenin' to the good minister."

"Ain' wad think the meetin' depends on yourself," said Mrs. Crake, the neighbor, with a good-natured smile. She was a kind-hearted woman, too busy to be 'lower religious,' as she expressed it. She had heard of the Friday prayer meeting, but like many others, took it for granted that the members who had more leisure than herself attended it.

"Ah," sighed Mrs. Batty, "I fear it will miss me sorely. The promise is—" "If twa of ye shall agree on earth, as touchin' anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven." I've been number twa for over six weeks noo, an' there'll be nae body to step into my shoes the night, I'm thinkin'."

"To think o' that!" exclaimed Mrs. Crake. "Are ye the only prayin' one in the village?"

"There'll be just a few wha find their ain firesides a preferable place to do their prayin' in, nae doot," said Mrs. Batty charitably. "It's no' easy for all or convenient to go out at nights, but the minister an' me have had gran' times in ye could little schoolroom, an' I'm sore vexed he'll be alone the night."

"Maybe someone will turn up. Dia ita fret yourself."

The door closed as softly as it had opened, and Robbie's rosy face had disappeared. His mother was busy in the shop. No one noticed the little fellow as he struggled into his great-coat. His lips were muttering determinedly—

"The minister'll no' be alone. Robbie'll go an' say his p'ayers with him; and out into the dusky street trotted the baby. He knew his way to the schoolroom, but half way up the street he was stopped by a burly farmer hurrying home to his tea.

"Weel, laddie, an'-what may ye be doing at this time?"

Robbie looked up, and holding his head in the air, said with great self-importance in his tone, "Robbie's goin' to say his p'ayers with the minister the night astead o' granny!"

The farmer scratched his head, and stood looking at the child in astonishment.

"Ay, ye'll be Mrs. Batty's daughter's bairn," he said slowly; "an, how's your granny? Is it true that she has broken her leg?"

Robbie nodded gravely. "Granny's in bed, an' Robbie's goin' to be number twa, an' then the A'mighty will come. He aye did when granny went, 'cause He said He would!"

He trotted on, leaving the farmer gazing after him stupidly.

And then, after a few moments' thought, Peter Quirls followed the child's

footsteps. He paused when he came to the schoolroom. Robbie, after a frantic struggle with the latch, had opened the door and gone in. Peter stepped into the porch. Partly out of curiosity, partly out of shame, he peeped through the door to watch the scene. How often he made up his mind to come to the meeting, and how often had his good resolutions melted away under the excuses that so easily presented themselves before them!

The minister was there. One dim oil lamp was burning, and the child's muffled boots clattering up the room resounded through the building.

Mr. Alister looked at the little fellow in wonder as he approached him. Then a smile of recognition lit up his tired face.

"Mrs. Batty's little grandson! Have you come with a message from her, little man?"

Robbie shook his head.

"No, I've come myself."

"But isn't your granny coming?"

"Granny tumble all the way down stairs," said the child, with grave round eyes; "she b'oked her leg, an' she wanted to bed, and the doctor came!"

"Dear, dear! How very sad! I must come and see her." Then with a little sigh the minister looked round the empty schoolroom. He had hoped so much that this room might prove a little Bethel to his congregation. He had pictured it full of praying men and women; himself coming to it when tired and deponent, and going away gladdened and refreshed by the bursts of praise and prayer that rose from its walls.

Was this to be the end of it?

He was in the act of turning down the lamp, when Robbie's voice arrested him. "Iena the A'mighty here the night? I s'pect He will come noo when he sees me here."

Mr. Alister started.

"Why?" he asked the child, only half understanding his speech.

"Granny says He p'omised if there was twa to come, an' I've comed myself. I's number twa astead o' granny!"

There was silence; the innocent upturned face of the child brought the tears to the minister's eyes; and Peter Quirle from his post at the door felt a strange lump rise in his throat.

"Have you come to pray with me, Robbie?" asked the minister, laying his hand very tenderly on the flaxen curly head.

Robbie nodded solemnly.

"I can say my p'ayers and ye can say yours, an' then the A'mighty winna go 'way disappointed 'cause naebody wanted to p'ay to Him!"

Without a word, the minister dropped on his knees, and with a little fuss and clatter the child did the same, steady-ing himself by clutching hold of the edge of the table with his two fat hands. Peter Quirle stepped inside, and knelt down by the door. He heard the minister pouring out his soul to his Maker above, perfectly oblivious of the child's presence after the first moment or two. He heard him pleading in agonized accents to be kept from being discouraged and disheartened in his work; for quickening power to be given to the sleeping souls in his charge; for a return of their former love those who were entirely engrossed in worldly pursuits; and a conviction of sin to come upon the unawakened and godless. He prayed for the sick the tempted, the weak, the suffering; and also for the self-satisfied, prosperous members of his flock. Not one was forgotten; and Robbie knelt on, his blue eyes alternately glancing from the minister's earnest face to the roof of the schoolroom, where in his childish fashion he was vaguely expecting to see signs of the 'Almighty's' presence.

The minister paused. Robbie uttered a fervent and hearty 'Amen,' and then, glad at last to take some active part

himself, lifted up his baby voice, and in soft reverent tones repeated his simple evening prayer. That was the last straw to Peter Quirle.

When he heard the lisping, childish voice, and realized that of all the minister's flock only one baby of five years could be found to take part in the intercessory prayer meeting, he rose to his feet, stumbled awkwardly up the room, and in broken, humbled tones added his prayer to the others.

When they rose from their knees he grasped the minister's hand.

"Ye'll never see me absent from this prayin' again minister!" he said huskily, and then, without another word, he hurried away.

Robbie looked after him with wondering eyes.

"There was anither number twa," he said; "come and tell granny!"

And later on, when Mrs. Batty learnt that her broken leg was the turning point in the history of that small meeting; when she had sufficiently recovered to be able to take part in it again, and found herself in the midst of twelve or thirteen others; when she heard that the story of her little grandson's act had spread through the village, and shamed every member of the church, she lifted her voice and sang, in the fulness of gratitude and praise—

"Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant, depart in peace."

Peter Quirle was never tired of telling his experience that Friday evening; and he would always conclude with these words—

"The arrow that pierced my heart through and through was the words of the wee laddie, "I can say my p'ayers, an' ye can say yours, an' then the A'mighty winna go 'way disappointed 'cause naebody wanted to p'ay to him!"

THE BELLS OF THE FLAX.

A factor making for the new prosperity of the great Northwest may be termed "the discovery of flax." For years there had been a few scattered flax fields, but it was only in the middle nineties that the north-western pioneer awoke to the discovery that linseed oil was of a more truly golden hue, not only than the wheat field, but than any gold-bearing quartz California ever saw. And so the endless golden yellow of the fields of wheat gave place to the blue flowers in August and the tinkling bells in September, of the flax field.

Those who have never heard the ringing of the flax bells have missed a truly wonderful sensation. The round seed pods, smaller than peas, which contain the seed, give a faint metallic sound which as one drives or walks through a field, setting thousands in motion, seems like myriads of infinitesimal bells tinkling so faintly as to be all but inaudible. Nor is the mere sight of a flax field in the mellow August soon to be forgotten. Imagine a hundred-acre field, filled with flowers of a blue more delicate than violets. And of its profitable character one illustration will suffice. In June, 1900, Ole Janssen bought 160 acres in the heart of the great flax belt for \$10 an acre on the crop payment plan. Ole "broke up" that fall and the next spring 135 acres and planted it in flax. In round numbers, he threshed in the fall eighteen and one-half bushels to the acre; sold it for \$1.39 1/2 a bushel; total, \$3,500; a little more than twice enough to pay for his land out of his first crop. Not only was the flax immensely profitable itself but it removed from the country the stigma, "one-crop country."—A. E. Dickey, in The World To-day, for February.

Bacchus drowns more than Neptune. A morning dip is better than a morning "nip."

BABY'S TEETHING TIME IS A TROUBLOUS TIME.

When baby is teething the whole household is upset. The tender little gums are inflamed and swollen; the poor little child suffers and often cries day and night, wearing the mother out and keeping the rest of the family on edge. In the homes where Baby's Own Tablets are used there is no such worry. The Tablets allay the inflammation, soothe the irritation and bring the teeth through painlessly. Mrs. S. Williams, St. Joseph, Ont., says: "My first baby suffered terribly when cutting her teeth and the doctor could do nothing for her. I got a box of Baby's Own Tablets and they did her so much good that I cannot say enough in their favor. You may be sure that I always keep the Tablets in the house now." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25c. per box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE CATERPILLAR'S NAP.

One day last fall, when Madge was playing in the garden, what do you think she found? A great big green caterpillar that seemed to be fast asleep. Madge was afraid of it, so she called Uncle Ted. He lifted it up on a stick and put it in a pasteboard box and carried it off with him to the attic.

"What did you do that for?" said Madge when he came back.

"The caterpillar is sleepy, and so I have made it a bed, and by and by it will weave itself a blanket," he said.

"Oh, uncle! Can it really? How can a caterpillar make a blanket?"

"It weaves it, dearie, something as a spider weaves its web. It will take a good while. You must watch and be patient."

Madge went nearly every day to look at the caterpillar, for her uncle had put a piece of glass over the top of the box, and after what seemed to her a long time, one day she saw some fine threads from the creature to the glass. Every day there were more threads, until at last Madge could not see the worm at all.

"He has covered himself all up, uncle. Is the blanket finished now?" she asked.

"Yes, and now the caterpillar will sleep all winter, and when he wakes in the spring I don't believe you will recognize him."

After a while Uncle Ted went up to the attic and lifted the glass cover off the box and found the caterpillar snugly wrapped up in his home-made blanket fastened tightly to the glass. So he stood the glass against the wall on the mantel in his room and there it stayed all winter.

But one day in April a strange thing happened. Madge had just gotten out of bed when she heard Uncle Ted calling her from his room. "Oh, Madge, come here as quickly as you can." So she ran just as she was, in her little white nightgown. And there on Uncle Ted's mantel was a lovely yellow butterfly.

"Oh, Uncle Ted, how did it get here? Did it fly in your window?"

"No, dear; it crept out of its winter blanket."

And then Uncle Ted showed her the cocoon, as he called the blanket which the caterpillar had made. There was a hole at one end, and out of that the ugly green worm, now changed into a fairy-like insect, had crept to spend its second summer floating in the air and sipping sweets from the flowers.—McCall's Magazine.

Virtue is like precious odours; most fragrant when they are incensed and crushed; for prosperity does best dis-cover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.—Bacon.

CHURCH
WORK

Ministers and Churches

NEWS
LETTERS

WESTERN ONTARIO.

At the last communion in Knox church, Galt, forty-one new members were added to the roll.

The concert given in Knox church, Owen Sound, on Good Friday, realized the handsome sum of \$92.

Rev. Joseph Hamilton, formerly of Mimico, is living in Lindsay, Ont., and will be glad to correspond with anyone requiring pulpit supply.

Rev. J. G. Stuart, pastor of Knox church, London, has returned from a trip to Cuba. He had been gone several weeks.

The Orillia Presbyterian Bible Class last week presented the Rev. D. C. MacGregor with a handsome Geneva gown and cassock.

The Presbyterians of Rockwood, have extended a call to the Rev. J. A. Dodds, of Bridgeburg. Mr. Dodds was the choice on the first ballot and the call was afterwards made unanimous.

Rev. A. C. Stewart, M. A., of Toronto, who was formerly in charge of Chalmers' Church, mountain top, Hamilton, has been renewing old acquaintances up there the past few days.

Rev. A. R. Gregory, B. A., principal of Westminster Ladies' College, Toronto, occupied the Presbyterian pulpit on Sunday, 12th inst., giving two interesting and eloquent discourses.

The Rev. Robert Knowles and family will remain in Orillia for the summer at least. Mr. Knowles has rented the residence of the Misses Thomson for the season.

A local paper describes the new Presbyterian church, about being erected in Hespeler, as promising to be "undoubtedly the first church edifice" in that thriving town.

Inwood, Guthrie and Corunna, in the Presbytery of Sarnia, are still vacant charges. The call recently extended by Corunna has been declined, and the moderator, Rev. G. E. Currie of Sarnia would be glad to hear from any desiring a hearing.

Rev. R. W. Ross, M. A., of Knox church, Guelph, is called to Fort Massey church, Halifax, in succession to Rev. J. W. Falconer, who recently resigned the pastorate. The late Rev. R. F. Burns D.D., and Rev. Dr. Gandier, of St. James' Square, Toronto, have ministered to this congregation.

Rev. J. L. George, M.A., minister of Calvin church, Montreal, will occupy his pulpit on May 3, after an absence of 16 months on account of ill health. He has just returned from a trip to Bermuda, which has been of benefit. His many friends will be glad to hear of his resumption of the work to which his life has been devoted.

In the course of a generous and very appreciative notice of the various churches in Galt, The Reporter this week says: It must be very gratifying to citizens to know that the church life of the town reflects the steady progress, purposes and hopes of Galt. Every denomination appears to be in a flourishing condition, manned by energetic officers and well conducted. Dry rot has overtaken none. Last year Central Presbyterian Church, because of the beneficence of ten of its members, installed a peal of ten bells. A few months ago Knox church congregation authorized the construction of a massive and ornamental stone Sunday school building, that will be opened the coming fall. Galt church life is something the citizens should be proud of.

In a recent sermon Rev. Dr. Pidgeon, of Victoria church, West Toronto, said: "What is the central theme and purpose of the Christian church going to be? Is the preaching of a social and moral religion to be the church's greatest aim?" These questions were at present occupying the thoughts of many earnest secular writers, as well as theologians. What is it that changes the hearts of men and makes sinners into saints? was the earnest question to be settled. If we as priests to God fail to satisfy ourselves on that matter our mission is vain. Faith in Jesus Christ, was the only qualifications necessary to become a member of the Presbyterian church, although to become a minister it is necessary to accept the church's doctrine. Let us seek vital relationship with God, that we may be transformed into His likeness—till this is accomplished all other matters, however important, should take a secondary place.

The death is just announced of Rev. John Anderson, of Tiverton. He was one of the pioneer ministers of the Presbyterian Church, and only a few years ago celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his induction to the ministry. His life reached back to the early settlement of Bruce, when the settler's axe rang in the deep woods, when the way was made along blazed trails, and the log shanty was the common habitation. He was a faithful preacher and a laborious pastor. He preached the old theology in its integrity. The note of the disciplinarian was in his sermons. The inerrancy of Scripture was his sacred and enduring faith. But with all his tenacity of opinion and rugged zeal for the ancient standards, he was a sympathetic friend at the bedside, a tender counsellor in the time of trouble, and an active co-worker in all the higher concerns of the community. He was distinguished, too, for wide reading and solid thinking, a generous sympathy with all movements for human betterment, and a patient tolerance for social practices into which he could not wholly enter, but from which he would not wholly dissent. He gave strength and character to the community in which he lived, and left to his descendants the record of a blameless life, ennobled by patient service and high endeavor.

At the ordination and induction of Mr. D. C. MacGregor last week, Rev. Dr. Grant, who presided, referred to the fact that this was only the second ordination in the history of the Orillia Presbyterian church. The first was held fifty-seven years ago on the 21st of May next, in the front parlor of the hotel which then stood on the site of the Orillia house. The young man then ordained and inducted (Dr. Gray) was on the platform at the present service. The only other survivors of the little company gathered at that service, as far as he knew, were Mrs. Paterson, who was one of the twenty members of the congregation; Mrs. J. P. Henderson (then Miss McKinlay), and Mr. Wm. Horne, of Rugby, who was present as a boy with his mother. Dr. Gray had then been inducted to the charge of ten townships, with Orillia as headquarters. It was interesting to note that there were only two ministers at this ordination, Professor Esson, of Knox College, long since dead, and the Rev. Thos. Lowrie, of Barrie, who had survived till comparatively recent years. It was a satisfaction to the congregation to have Dr. Gray with them still, and it was further pleasing to know that he was able to conduct Mr. MacGregor's examination in Hebrew, with which language he was still more familiar than most of the younger men.

HAMILTON.

Rev. R. J. McAlpine, of Cleveland, preaching in Knox Church on Sunday last.

Rev. Wm. Gaud, of North Formosa, now home on furlough, preached in two of our Hamilton churches on Sunday.

St. John fittingly celebrated its anniversary with special service last Sunday. Rev. Dr. Milligan, of Old St. Andrew's, Toronto, was the preacher for the day.

Rev. Beverley Ketchen, of McNab Street Church, and Rev. J. G. Inkster, of First Church, London, exchanged pulpits on Sunday, April 26th.

Easter services are becoming more and more elaborate as the years pass. There was scarcely one pupil in our city which did not give special emphasis to the Easter message, and scarcely one choir that did not put special effort into the musical services. What would our fathers have thought?

Hamilton Ministerial Association held a special meeting recently to consider the advisability of inviting Dr. Wilbur Chapman and his associate for a master evangelistic effort next autumn. The matter has not yet taken definite shape. Rev. C. W. Gordon, who has spent the last month with the evangelists in Philadelphia, will visit our city next week to talk the matter over with the local clergy.

TORONTO.

Mr. E. H. Pickup, B.A., one of the recent graduates of Knox College, is called by the South Side Church, in succession to Rev. Wm. McKinley, who recently resigned. The stipend offered is \$1,200.

Rev. William Patterson has declined the call to the vacant pastorate of Cooke's Church. This announcement was made at a meeting of the congregation on Wednesday night. The members had hoped that he would return to the church which he left eight years ago to go to Bethany Chapel in Philadelphia. No other name was substituted to the meeting; and meanwhile the assistant minister will be in charge of the congregation.

Rev. Dr. John Gray, pastor emeritus of the Orillia Presbyterian Church, gave the concluding address at the induction of Rev. D. C. MacGregor as Colleague and successor to Rev. Dr. Grant. We quote from the Packet's report: Though he moved slowly and feebly, Dr. Gray spoke clearly, and could be heard as distinctly as any of the speakers. His address was deeply impressive, both for its matter and for its manner, and moved not a few in the congregation to tears. He expressed pleasure at being present on such an occasion, and hoped that as a result of the gathering, a flame of living truth would go forth, to fire the whole country side. More and more as the years went by, and as friends and relatives dropped out by the way, his love to Jesus had increased. More and more he had come to cherish Christian love as the greatest thing of all. Though an old man, he was not unhappy. He had many friends, and an increasing list of those whom it was his pleasure to remember daily before the throne of grace. He exhorted his young friend who had just been ordained, and whom he highly esteemed, and all his hearers, to loving kindness and Christian humility, and impressively invoked the divine blessing upon them all.

ANNUAL MEETING W.F.M.S.

The thirty-second annual meeting of the W. F. M. S. (Western Division), will be held in Westminster church, Toronto, on May 5, 6 and 7.

The opening session on Tuesday afternoon will begin with devotional exercises and Tuesday evening will be one of the regular sessions for the delegates and members of the W. F. M. S. Part of the time will be devoted to conference on the Society's work, followed by a talk by Dr. Chone Oliver on the work in India.

The usual public meeting will be held on Wednesday, when addresses will be given by Rev. Clarence McKinnon, of Winnipeg Rev. Wm. Gauld, of Formosa, and Rev. S. B. Rohold, the recently appointed missionary to the Jews in Toronto. Wednesday and Thursday will be devoted to the regular work of the Society, and a number of the missionaries on furlough will take part.

Delegates should purchase first class, full fare, one way tickets and secure standard certificate. If there are 300 in attendance delegates east of Port Arthur may purchase tickets any time between April 30 and May 6, inclusive, and the return certificate will be honored in Toronto until May 11.

Delegates west of Port Arthur to Moosejaw may purchase tickets from April 30 to May 3. West of Moosejaw to Coleman and Laggan, April 23 to May 2. Kootenay to Pacific Coast, April 29 and 30 to May 1. All certificates for return will be honored up to June 4, and continuous passage must be made in either direction. For one way lake trip an additional charge of \$8.50 will be made for meals and berth. The extra charge for lake trip both ways is \$17.

THE W.H.M.S. BOARD.

At the meeting of the Board in Westminster church, last week, the Conveners of the various committees reported their plans of work. They are getting the work in the several departments well in hand, and the prospects of a fruitful year are bright.

Miss Macdonald, convener of the Finance Committee, gave an interesting report, which showed that all matters relating to finance are in wise and capable hands. They passed, with the Board's approval, another \$50 for Mr. Bordog's church in Winnipeg.

The convener of the Publication Committee also gave her report. They have an editor and business manager, and hope to have a good supply of interesting literature.

The convener of the Organization Committee reported four new auxiliaries. Five new life members were also reported.

Mrs. Anderson, convener of the Supply Committee, has allocated to the different presbyteries and auxiliaries their work, and said that the committee were sending out a number of comfort bags which were needed immediately.

The letters read by Mrs. Kipp are always interesting; some from the mission fields, some from the nurses in the different hospitals, and some from the auxiliaries. One auxiliary sent five dollars from their "memorial fund." In that auxiliary, when one of the members dies, a special collection is taken up, and, instead of sending flowers, it is sent to the Board, to go to some needy work in which they were interested, as a memorial of the one who had passed away.

Norman A. McEachren, who has just returned from Scotland, conducted the anniversary services of St. David's Church, St. Clair avenue, last Sunday.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

The Possilpark United Free Church, Glasgow, will henceforth be known as the Henry Drummond Memorial United Free Church.

The curse of Brazil lies in the great illiteracy of its men and women. According to the official government figures the illiteracy is 80 per cent.

Professor Marcus Dods, D.D., has withdrawn his resignation of the Chair of New Testament Exegesis in New College, Edinburgh. This is most reassuring news, and will be accepted as a welcome sign of returning strength.

The adherents of the United Free Church in the Highlands are, of course, enthusiastic supporters of the new buildings scheme. In Dingwall on Sunday they proved the sincerity of their attachment by contributing a collection of more than £1,000 in aid of the fund.

To Dr. Oswald Dykes has fallen the distinction of being appointed the first Cunningham Lecturer since the allocation of the lectureship to the United Free Church by Lord Elgin's Commission. Dr. Dykes, since his retirement from the Principalship of Westminster College, Cambridge, has resided in Edinburgh, the scene of his labors as colleague of Dr. Candlish. His Cunningham Lectures will be delivered in the spring or autumn of 1909. The subject will be "The Christian Doctrine of Creation and Providence."

The death is intimated of a venerable Irish minister, whose life was given to the service of the Free Church of Scotland. The Rev. John White was born at Lisburn in the year 1816, and was for a time English master in Foyle College, Londonderry. Studying in Edinburgh for the ministry, he threw in his lot with the Church of the Disruption, and was ordained in 1845 to the charge of the Free Church, Carluke, which, when he began his work there, numbered eight souls. His congregation is now the largest in the United Free Church Presbytery of Lanark.

Medical authorities have come to the conclusion that a disease which has long puzzled them is due to the prevalence of the "kissing habit." The fact was mentioned by Dr. W. Rushton in a lecture delivered under the auspices of the British Health Society. The jaw is at first affected by the disease—known to scientists as "Pyorrhea alveolaris"—a loosening of the teeth follows, and finally, although they may be perfectly sound, they fall out one by one. A victim is not, it appears, likely to recognize the malady in its insipient stage, and outwardly there is no sign to betray its presence.

A RAILROAD MAN'S PRAYER.

The following is a text of a "railroad man's prayer" posted in the fireman's side of a switch engine in the Northern Pacific yards in Spokane:

"Now that I have flagged Thee, lift up my feet from the rough road of life and plant them safely on the deck of the train of Salvation. Let me use the safety lamp of prudence, make all the couplings with the link of love, and let my hand lamp be the Bible, and keep all switches closed that lead off the main line into the sidings with blind ends. Have every semaphore block along the line show the white light of hope that I may make the run of life without stopping. Give me the Ten Commandments as a working card, and when I have finished the run on scheduled time and pulled into the terminal may Thou, Superintendent of the Universe, say: 'Well done, good and faithful servant; come into the general office to sign the pay roll and receive your check for eternal happiness.'"

SPARKS FROM OTHER ANVILS.

Herald and Presbyterian—No one may estimate the results which may come from the conversion of one soul. It will take all eternity to disclose the good that will follow. No wonder that there is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repents. But if there is joy over one, there must be more over one hundred. Let us seek the one, but let us not stop with the one.

Philadelphia Westminster—Those ritualists who imagine that ritualism is Rome only betray their ignorance as to what Rome is. Rome centres in the Pope. Forms and ceremonies, however Romanesque, have no standing with the Apostolic See. The Thames and the Tiber have their own respective sources, and no power on earth can force them through the same channel.

Lutheran Observer—And so, at its very core, the gospel is power—the power of a new life, the life of faith, the life of Christ in our mortal flesh overcoming the law of sin and death. For the application of this power to us the forms of religion have been ordained. For this cause they exist and to this end they are adjusted. No higher reason could be given why they should be valued and used.

Presbyterian Witness—The old Orthodox Evangelical doctrine is as good to day as when it was taught by the Apostle Paul. The teachings of the Shorter Catechism are as Biblical as they were when set in order by the men of Westminster Assembly. And on the other hand the "Council of Trent" with its dogmas is as objectionable as it was when Spaniards and Italians compacted it together. No lapse of years can improve its religion or its philosophy or its politics.

HOW IT WARMS.

"But, doctor, I must have some kind of stimulant!" cried the invalid earnestly; "I am cold and it warms me."

"Precisely," came the doctor's crusty answer. "See here, this stick is cold"—beside the hearth and tossing it into the fire; "now it is warm; but is the stick benefited?"

The sick man watched; the wood first sent out little puffs of smoke, and then it burst into flame, and he replied, "Of course not, it is burning itself."

"And so are you when you warm yourself with alcohol; you are literally burning up the delicate tissues of your stomach and brain."—Youth's Companion.

Let me truly feel that in myself I am nothing, and at once through every inlet of my soul God comes in and is everything to me. And as soon as I feel this, the almightiness of God pours through my spirit like a stream, and I can do all things through him that strengthens me.—William Mountford.

On earth our best music is dissonant, for our instrument is sadly out of tune. To die is to be set in tune to God's eternal keynote—love. It is to come into harmony with one's self, and therefore with God; it is to come into harmony with God and therefore with one's self.

At a congregational meeting of St. Paul's Church, Smith's Falls, held on the evening of Tuesday, April 21, the salary of the pastor, Rev. E. W. Mackay, M.A., was increased by \$200 per annum. Authority was given the Board of Managers to have the schoolroom enlarged for Sunday school purposes; and, with the assistance of the Ladies' Aid Society, to have the interior of the church renovated. St. Paul's is enjoying a high measure of prosperity.

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Clean zinc with hot soapy water and polish with kerosene.

Paint spots may be removed from glass by rubbing with a penny.

The line as soon as its duty is ended should be reeled up and placed in a bag until next time.

Keep a careful account of your household expenses. You will find it invaluable for reference.

It is said that lumps of gum camphor, scattered inside of a piano will keep the moths from attacking the wooden lining of the hammers.

A remedy of great value for both cats and dogs consists of sweet oil. Put two tablespoonfuls in their milk and they will seldom refuse it.

Try how much easier it is to poach an egg when you put a teaspoon of vinegar in the boiling water. It helps to keep the shape of the egg; it also makes the white firmer and whiter.

A plumbing hint is never to put rock salt in traps. It is true that the salt by absorbing moisture from the atmosphere, will keep the traps full of liquid, but the strong salt solution will attack brass couplings and trap screws and injure the glaze of porcelain.

Rice Milk Soup.—To every half pound of whole rice allow three quarts of milk and sugar to taste. Wash the rice well, put it into an enamelled saucepan, and pour the milk over it. Let it come to the boil over a clear fire, and then draw the saucepan on to the side and allow it to simmer for two hours, or rather more. Just before removing it from the fire, add sufficient sugar to taste. Serve either hot or cold for supper. This is an excellent vegetarian dish.

Sardine Sandwiches.—Take two boxes of sardines, and throw the contents into hot water, having first drained away all the oil. A few minutes will free the sardines from grease. Pour away the water, and dry the fish in a cloth; tie a scrape away the skins and pound the sardines in a mortar till reduced to paste, add pepper, salt, and some tiny pieces of lettuce, and spread on the sandwiches. The lettuce adds very much to the flavor of the sardines.

Danish Pudding.—Three-fourths of a cup pearl tapioca; one and a half pint boiling water, one tablespoonful of salt, one-fourth cup sugar, one-half tumbler currant jelly. Pick over and wash the tapioca. Put it in the double boiler with the boiling water and cook one hour, or till soft and transparent, stirring often. Add the salt, sugar and currant jelly. Stir till the jelly is all dissolved. Pour into a glass dish and keep on ice. Serve very cold with sugar and cream. Half a cup of lemon juice, or any acid fruit syrup, or one cup of canned apricot, peach or quince may be used instead of the jelly. Or, in summer, use one pint of ripe berries or any small fruits, adding more sugar as required.

Muffins or Stale Bread.—In every family bread is apt to accumulate, and the good economist always manages to dispose of it in some useful way before it moulds. The following recipe teaches the easiest way of making such a disposition, and will be found reliable: Take a quart loaf of bread, slice it, and put it in a bowl, and pour on sufficient water to cover, and let it stand until well soaked; then press the water from it, and mash the bread until no lumps remain. Add two thoroughly beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of flour, one of melted butter or lard, a little salt, a very small portion of soda (unless the bread or milk is sour when more will be required), and milk enough to make it into a stiff batter. Bake in muffin rings or drop from a spoon upon a grid-
dle.

Out of an average annual loss to the world's shipping of 2,172 vessels, 94 are completely missing and never heard of again.

SPARKLES.

Mr. Subbs (after engaging cook)—There's one other thing I suppose you should know, Miss Flannigan—my wife is a chronic invalid, confined to her room.

Miss Flannigan—That's fine. I was afraid she might be wan iv thin chronic kickers that are re confined t' th' kitchen.—Puck.

Church—What's that piece of cord tied around your finger for?

Chapell—My wife put it there to remind me to post her letter.

"And did you post it?"

"No; she forgot to give it to me!"—London Opinion.

Bangs—I notice you call that dog of yours "John D."

Hunter—Yes. Never lost a scent in his life.

Sahib (to native bill collector)—Well, what do you want?

N. B. C.—Four rupees wheel tax, one dog cart, sahib; two rupees tax each two ponies, and one rupee one bicycle; total, nine rupees, sahib.

Sahib—How do you know what I've got? You've been asking my servants, and the next time I catch you here I'll set my dog on to you. Do you understand that?

N. B. C.—Yes, sahib. One rupee more dog tax. Total, ten rupees, sahib.—Punch.

Patience—This paper says the kangaroo sometimes leaps 70 feet.

Patrice—Oh, are they afraid of mice, too?

"Shakespeare wrote for all time."

"For instance?"

"Take his expression: 'Tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a barn door, yet 'twill serve. How well that describes a 1908 spring hat!"

First Aeronaut—Hall is hover! hall the ballast has gone and we are sinking. What shall we do?

Second Aeronaut—Couldn't we drop a few h's overboard?

THE "LAKE OF BAYS" COUNTRY.

A handsome brochure, artistically illustrated, has been issued by the Grand Trunk passenger department, telling of the beauties of the Lake of Bays district, in the "Highlands of Ontario." A new feature of this district is the new hotel—the Wawa—at Norway Point. The hotel itself has a page illustration reflecting the summer glories of woodland and water, with a brood of seven wild geese soaring skyward beyond the tower. The concise description embodies the story of a charming resort. The very pretty duo tone photo engravings show the beauties of the new fairy land far more effectively than words can do. A copy can be obtained free on application to J. Quinlan, Bonaventure Station, Montreal, Que.

A LESSON IN GIVING.

Nannie had a bright silver dollar given her. She asked her papa to change it into dimes.

"What is that for, dear?" he asked.

"So that I can get the Lord's part out of it." And when she got it into smaller coins, she laid out one of the ten. "There," she said, "I will keep that until Sunday." And when Sunday came she went to the box of offerings in the church vestibule and dropped in two dimes.

"Why," said her father as he heard the last one jingle in, "I thought you gave one-tenth to the Lord."

"I said one-tenth belongs to him, and I can't give him what is his own; so if I give him anything, I have to give him what is mine."—Selected.

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Take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills When the First Symptoms Are Noticed and Save Yourself Much Suffering.

Are you troubled with pallor, loss of spirits, waves of heat passing over the body, shortness of breath after slight exertion, a peculiar skipping of the heart beat, poor digestion, cold hands or feet, or a feeling of weight and fullness? Do not make the mistake of thinking that these are diseases in themselves and be satisfied with relief for the time being.

This is the way that the nerves give warning that they are breaking down. It means that the blood has become impure and thin and cannot carry enough nourishment to the nerves to keep them healthy and able to do their work.

There is only one way to prevent the final breakdown of the nerves and the more serious diseases which follow. The blood must be made rich, red and pure, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills is the only medicine that can do this promptly and effectively. Every dose of this medicine helps make new blood and strengthens the weak or worn-out nerves.

Mrs. David J. Tapley, Fredericton, N.B., was cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after suffering from nervous breakdown, which resulted in partial paralysis of the face. She says: "The trouble came on quite gradually, and at the outset I did not pay much attention to it. Then it grew more serious, and there was a general breakdown of the nerves, which was followed by partial paralysis of the face, one side being completely drawn out of shape. I was under a doctor's care for a couple of months, and one treatment after another was tried without benefit. By this time I was confined to my room, and the doctor told me he could not cure me. Almost in despair I was persuaded to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The improvement was slow, but the building up of a run down nervous system naturally is slow. Slowly but surely this medicine did its work, and after a time I was able to again come down stairs. From that on the improvement was much more rapid and now I am as well as ever I was in my life. My friends look upon my cure as almost miraculous. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me what the best medical treatment failed to do—they brought me back good health.

It is the blood building, nerve restoring power in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that enable them to cure such troubles as anaemia, rheumatism, the after effects of la grippe, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus' dance, partial paralysis and the secret ailments of girlhood and womanhood. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A famous African explorer found during his travels that, next to his white skin, nothing excited so much wonder among the woolly-haired Africans as his sleek lank hair. One day he found it convenient to have it cut, and the clippings were thrown outside his hut. Presently, he says, he heard a tremendous uproar, and, on looking out to see, there were numbers of natives scrambling to get possession of the traveler's shorn stubble, to be worn as a fetish to bring good luck.

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12.55 p.m.	Kingston	1.42 a.m.
4.40 p.m.	Toronto	5.50 a.m.
12.30 p.m.	Tupper Lake	9.25 a.m.
6.57 p.m.	Albany	5.10 a.m.
10.00 p.m.	New York City	5.55 a.m.
5.55 p.m.	Syracuse	4.45 a.m.
7.30 p.m.	Rochester	8.45 a.m.
9.00 p.m.	Buffalo	8.35 a.m.

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Report of the First Convention at Indianapolis, November 13th to 15th. A complete Handbook for the Brotherhood and its Work.

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Herald and Presbyter.

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PRESBYTERY MEETINGS

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

Quebec, Quebec.
Montreal, Montreal, 5th Mar.
Glengarry, Lancaster, 5th Nov.
Ottawa, Ottawa.
Lan. and Renfrew, Smith's Falls,
17th Feb., 3.30.
Brockville, Prescott.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

Kingston.
Peterboro', Colborne, 30th Dec.
Lindsay.
Toronto, Toronto, Monthly, 1st
Tues.

Whitby, Brooklin, 15th Jan, 10 a.m.
Orangeville.

North Bay, Magnetawan.
Algoma, S., Richard's Bldg.
Owen Sound, O. St., 3rd Dec., 10
a.m.

Saugeen, Drayton.
Guelph, Knox Ch., Guelph, 21st
Jan., 10.30 a.m.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

Hamilton, Knox Ch., Hamilton,
7th Jan., 10 a.m.

Paris, Brantford, 14th Jan., 10.30.
London, First Ch., London, 3rd
Dec., 10.30.

Chatham, Chatham.
Huron, Clinton.
Maitland, Teeswater.

Bruce, Paisley.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces

Sydney, Sydney.
Inverness.

P. E. Island, Charlottetown.
Pictou, New Glasgow.

Wallace.
Truro, Truro, 18th Dec., 10 a.m.

Halifax.
Lun. and Yar.

St. John.
Miramichi, Bathurst.

Synod of Manitoba.

Superior.
Winnipeg, College, 2nd Tues., bimo

Rock Lake.
Glenboro', Cyprus River.

Portage-la-P.
Dauphin.
Brandon.

Melita.
Minnedosa.

Synod of Saskatchewan.

Yorkton.
Regina.

Qu'Appelle, Abernethy, Sept.
Prince Albert, at Saskatoon.
Battiford.

Synod of Alberta.

Arcola, Arcola, Sept.

Calgary.
Edmonton.

Red Deer.
Macleod, March.

Synod of British Columbia.

Kamloops.
Kootenay.

Westminster.
Victoria, Victoria.

MARRIAGE LICENSES

ISSUED BY

JOHN M. M. DUFF,

107 St. James Street and

49 Crescent Street,

MONTREAL

QUE



TENDERS - OR DREDGES

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Dredging," will be received until Friday, May 15, 1908, at 4.30 p.m., for dredging required at the following places in the Province of Ontario:— Burlington, Blind River, Beaver-ton, Collingwood, Cobourg, Goderich, Hamilton, Kincardine, Little Current, Midland, Meaford, Owen Sound, Nigger and Telegraph Islands, Point Elward, Penetanguishene, Port Burwell, Port Elgin, Picton, Rondeau, Summers-town, Thames River, Toronto, Thornbury, Trenton Harbor, and Dark Channel, Waubaushene, Wil- arton, and Wingfield Basin.

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

Combined specification and form of tender can be obtained at the Department of Public Works, Ot- tawa. Tenders must include the towing of the plant to and from the works. Only dredges can be employed which are registered in Canada at the time of the filing of tenders. Contractors must be ready to begin work within twenty days after the date they have been notified of the accept- ance of their tender.

An accepted cheque on a char- tered bank payable to the order of the Honourable the Minister of Public Works for six thousand dollars (\$6,000), must be deposited as security for the dredging which the tenderer offers to per- form in the Province of Ontario. The cheque will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

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

By Order.

FRED. GELINAS,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works
Ottawa, April 23, 1908.

AUCTION SALE OF TIMBER BERTHS.

DOKIS INDIAN RESERVE.

TIMBER WILL BE OFFERED for Sale by Public Auction, at an upset price, in the Russell House, in the City of Ottawa, on the 24th day of June, 1908, at the hour of ten o'clock in the forenoon, timber berths numbered 1 to 8, inclusive, covering the pine timber of nine inches in diameter and over at the stump and no other, on the whole of the Dokis Indian Reserve, situated on the French River, in the Province of Ontario.

Each limit will be offered separately at a bonus, ten per cent. of which is to be paid in cash on day of sale and notes to be given for the remainder, payable in three, six, and nine months, at the Bank of Montreal, in the City of Ottawa, with interest at six per cent., in addition to Crown dues at the rate of \$2.00 per M. feet B.M., and \$5.00 per M. feet C.M., an annual ground rent of \$24.00 and a license fee of \$4.00, the cash payment to be forfeited upon failure to pay the balance of the bonus within the time limit above mentioned.

The licenses will be issued in due course after payment of notes above specified, and will be re- newable yearly upon compliance with all conditions thereof for a period of ten years and no longer, and will be subject to the provisions of Order of His Excellency in Council of the 19th day of April, 1901.

Dues at the rate above speci- fied to be paid on sworn returns, as required by the Timber Regu- lations of the Department.

Information regarding the tim- ber berths in question may be had upon application to the under- signed.

The unauthorized insertion of this advertisement will not be paid for.

J. D. McLEAN,

Secretary.

Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa, April 8, 1908. 40-0

4%	Capital Paid Up, \$2,500,000 Reserve 400,000	4%
Money Deposited with us earns Four Per Cent. on your balances and is subject to cheque.		
THE INTEREST IS COMPOUNDED QUARTERLY		
The Union Trust Co., Limited.		
TEMPLE BLDG., 174-176 BAY ST., TORONTO, ONT.		
4%	Money to Loan Safety Deposit Vaults For Rent	4%

IT IS SO NICE TO DO
THE NECESSARY
CLEANING WITH

CALVERT'S

Carbolic Tooth Powder

That is obvious at once from its pleasant flavour and the feeling of freshness left in the mouth, and, of course, you will soon see how splendidly, how easily, and how thoroughly it cleans.

Of all chemists, in tins, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d.
New glass jar with sprinkler stopper, 1s. nett



MAIL CONTRACT

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the Postmaster General, will be received at Ottawa until Noon on 22nd May, 1908, for the conveyance of His Majesty's Mails, on a proposed Contract for four years, six times per week each way, between Skye and Greenfield Ry. Station, from the 1st July next.

Printed notices containing further information as to conditions of proposed Contract may be seen and blank forms of tender may be obtained at the Post Offices of Skye, Dumvegan, and Greenfield, and at the office of the Post Office Inspector at Ottawa.

G. C. ANDERSON,
Superintendent.

Post Office Department, Mail Con-
tract Branch.
Ottawa, April 6th, 1908.
11-3

THE QUEBEC BANK

Founded 1818. Incorporated 1822.

HEAD OFFICE, QUEBEC

Capital Authorized	\$3,000,000
Capital Paid up	2,500,000
Reserve	1,000,000

BOARD OF DIRECTORS:

John Breakey, Esq., President. John T. Ross, Esq., Vice-Pres.
Gaspard Lemoine, W. A. Marsh, Vesey Boswell Edson Fitch
Thos. McDougall, General Manager.

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Que. Quebec Upper Town Black Lake, Que. (Sub-agency
Victoriaville, Que. Quebec St. Roch. Toronto Ont. St.
Henry, Que. Montreal, St. James St. Three Rivers, Que.
Shawnesgan Falls, Que. Ottawa, Ont. Thorold, Ont. Stur-
geon Falls, Ont.

AGENTS—London, England, Bank of Scotland, New
York, U. S. A. Agents' Bank of British North America,
Hanover National Bank of the Republic



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

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, ex- cepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any per- son who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one- quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

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

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:—

(1) At least six months' resi- dence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.
(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farm- ing land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this require- ment.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a home- steader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a home- stead entered for him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is de- fined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclu- sive of the width of road allow- ances crossed in the measurement.
(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself, must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commis- sioner of Dominion Lands at Ot- tawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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

SYNOD OF MONTREAL & OTTAWA

The next meeting of the Synod is appointed to be held at Lachute, Que., and within the Church there, on Tuesday, 12th May, next, at 8 p.m.

Members (whose single fare is not less 50 cents) are directed to secure at the starting-point—and over each line used—a Standard Certificate. This, when issued by R. R. Agent and signed by the Synod Clerk, will entitle bearer to return at one third fare, provided that 50 certificates are returned.

Conference: "The Proposed Church Union." Leader, Rev. W. J. Clark, B.D. Discussion opened by Rev. A. Bowman and W. D. Reid.

Members who expect to be in attendance, and desire accommoda- tion, are requested to intimate their purpose to Mrs T. Christie, Technic, Que., not later than 1st May.

The Business Committee (Moder- ator, Clerk, and Clerks of Pres- byteries) will meet, on day of opening, in the Church, at 7.30 a.m. sharp.

J. R. MacLEOD,

Synod Clerk.