

Dominion Presbyterian

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Note and Comment

Lady Aberdeen has resigned the presidency of the National Council of Women of Canada, and Lady Taylor will succeed to the office.



Lord Strathcona has accepted an invitation to become a candidate for the Lord Rectorship of Aberdeen University.



Rev. Principal Grant is still spending his vacation in Scotland, and it is not likely he will return until Christmas. The Principal has undergone operations which render a rest advisable.



Pocket looking-glasses which, when breathed upon, show up the name of a blend of whiskey, are the latest notion. The Glasgow Evening News suggests that the temperance party might issue a rival which simply showed snakes.



Mr. E. W. Bok has captured two popular authors for an early number of the Ladies' Home Journal—Rudyard Kipling, who will write a page on "The American Girl," and "Mr. Doodley," who will begin a series on "The New Woman."



One of the most gratifying signs of progress in the Canadian Northwest is the great increase in sales of land this year. One company reports its September sales double that for the same month last year, and the railway land sales, largely farming lands, show an increase over previous years. Most of the sales are to actual settlers.



Christian Work says: The Pope's letter to the Brazilian bishops tells them they should interest themselves in public affairs, and that leading priests might well even enter Congress, for the benefit of religion and their native land. The Pope doesn't have to send a letter to the American R.C. bishops, priests and deacons not to eschew politics. They are in it every time.



Nine columns of the hypostyle hall of the Temple of El-Karnak, at Thebes, have fallen. The Temple of El-Karnak is one of the most magnificent temples of ancient architecture in the world. The hall measures 170 x 329 feet. The stone roof was originally supported by 134 columns, the tallest of which were nearly 70 feet high and 12 feet in diameter. It was built by Setee I. of the nineteenth Egyptian dynasty.



The secret of Lord Dufferin's wide range of accomplishments is that the little leisure time his political duties have allowed him he has always devoted to study. When Governor-General in India in 1884, he began to learn Persian, a language bristling with difficulties, and, as it was his custom to take a walk after the heat of the day was over with an escort of two native policemen, he selected for this duty men who were proficient in Persian, that they might instruct him in the language.



The St. Lawrence canals will attract a great deal of trade when they are completed. The capacity of the canals now nearing completion will at first be about 3,000,000 tons a year in one direction, but by degrees as ships are built more to the requirements of the trade, the capacity may be doubled, and when the power of the Falls for lighting purposes is fully used and the canal system comes under Government control, 12,000,000 tons each way may be handled.

A natural soap mine and a paint mine were two of the latest curiosities which have been discovered in British Columbia. Several soda lakes have been found in the foothills near Ashcroft, British Columbia. According to Fielden's Magazine their bottoms and shores are encrusted with a natural washing compound containing borax and soda. It is quite equal to the washing powders in common use for cleansing purposes. About 275 tons of the compound have been cut and taken out of one lake. It is handled exactly the same as ice. One lake alone contains 20,000 tons.



The chair in the Free Church College, Glasgow, which has been made vacant by the death of Dr. Bruce (says the "British Weekly") is not to be filled up till after the Union, when some radical changes must take place. Under the existing arrangements the professor is required to teach two subjects—Apologetics and New Testament exegesis. These are not regarded as vitally related, and the proposal is to separate them, and institute two chairs. Among the men named as conceivably fit to occupy them are Professor Orr, Dr. McEwen, and Mr. Welch, of the U.P. Church, and Dr. Stalker, of the Presbyterian Church, of Fimthorn; Dr. Hastings and Dr. Kennedy, of Callander. Dr. Bruce's place will be occupied during the coming session by Dr. Hutchinson, of Bonnington, a much-esteemed United Presbyterian minister, who was Moderator of Synod a year or two ago.



Rev. A. B. Simpson, of the Missionary Alliance, has announced himself as opposed to the Twentieth Century Funds for Education, on the ground that the Second Coming of Christ will probably prevent the use of the funds then raised. Now, how does Brother Simpson know? remarks the Presbyterian Standard. This is the danger of dwelling too much on the Lord's return. "No man knoweth," said Christ himself, and again, "It is not for you to know. And it is not only a disarming of Christ to doubt this word, or to try to explain it away, but it is the deadliest enemy of permanent and enduring work for him, to limit the period of the age which will end with His return. Let us try to preserve the Scriptural attitude of expectancy and watchfulness as to that great and blessed event, and at the same time lay broad and deep the foundation for new walls and towers in the edifice of the Christian Church, as though it were to breast the storms of centuries to come and be hoary with age when the last stone is put in its place and the building is complete."



The Novoe Vremya of Russia regards the absorption of the Dutch states in South Africa by Great Britain as being the development of a scheme by the latter power for the formation of a vast Mohammedan empire embracing Central and Eastern Africa, the Sudan and Egypt, surpassing in power that of the Sultan himself, and designed to sweep Russia out of Central Asia. Of the 200,000,000 Mohammedans estimated to exist not more than about 32,000,000 are under the temporal direct or indirect, of the Sultan, while in British India, Malaya, Protected Indian States, and Arabia there are nearly 60,000,000 Moslems, governed directly or indirectly by Great Britain. The populations of Egypt, the Sudan, British Central Africa, Uganda, East African Protectorate, and Zanzibar, are practically, in name at least, Mohammedan. The population of the Sudan is a very uncertain quantity, but is estimated at about 11,000,000; therefore the total number of Moslems in Eastern Africa, under the direct or indirect control of the British Government may already be reckoned at nearly 23,000,000. The Montreal Witness calls the Russian view referred to above "a far-fetched accusation," but says that "it must be admitted that the future potentialities of such a state under British domination and direction are far from being mere fanciful creations, and may well be subjects of interesting as well as instructive speculation."

Literary Notes.

We have received a copy of Mr. Mosher's latest catalogue (T. B. Mosher, New Exchange Street, Portland, Me.), entitled, "A List of Books in Belles Lettres." It is got up quite artistically, and contains, as well as the titles of the various books, a statement of their contents, and, in some cases, brief notes on their history and significance for modern literature. Those who can afford to treat themselves generously in the matter of hand-some books, or who wish to give Christmas or birthday presents in this form, should send for this catalogue.



Messrs. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier continue to issue the Famous Scots Series (1s. 6d. per volume). The latest is an interesting, instructive little book by Sir George Douglas, the greater part of which is devoted to James Hogg, "The Ettrick Shepherd," but which includes brief biographies of Robert Farnhill, the Paisley poet; William Motherwell and William Thom. These chapters in Scottish literature have been carefully prepared and are well written. No one can fail to gain from this volume a clear view of the shepherd who tried his hand at many things; and who, though heavily hampered from the beginning by illiterateness, succeeded in making for himself a lasting place in literature. As the author says it is an inspiring story. And these stories are of the kind which gain greatly from the happy ending. For, in all departments of life it is only natural to salute the victor; and though the Chattertons and Daniel Grays may have aspired with equal generosity of feeling towards the light, we must allow its due credit to the tougher fibre and the better balance which enable Hogg to persevere till the goal was reached and the wreath wrested.



"Cromwell and His Times," by Holda. Pyke. This book is, as the sub-title says, on the subject of the social, religious and political life of England in the seventeenth century. It is valuable and interesting, not as a chronicle of events, but as a picture of the conditions of Cromwell's times. We are made to understand the great Protector's character and influence through the knowledge given us of his surroundings. The author shows how despotism failed, and how the development of Puritanism was inevitable. Then we see the course of the war, but not in detail, just in its effects on different people. The parts which tell of Colonel Hutchinson and his wife are perhaps the most interesting in the book, though the last chapter, in which we are asked to look at the religious, social and industrial life of the people, is very comprehensive. The value of the book is enhanced by the numerous illustrations, also by its neat appearance and good type. T. Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Square, London, England.



A number of attractive books for boys have been received from Dana, Estes & Co., Boston. "Off Santiago with Sampson," by James Oles, "When Dewey Came to Manila," by James Oles, are both bright stories treating of recent events. "Captain Tom, the Privateersman of the Armed Brig Chasseur," also by Oles, tells of brave fights on the sea during the war of 1812. Small boys will find the accounts contained therein very thrilling. "The Minute Boys of Bunker Hill," by Edward Stratmeyer, tells of many stirring deeds and exciting escapes. "Two American Boys in Hawaii," by C. Waldo Browne, gives us a good idea of life in this strange island; and there is also no lack of adventures. These books are all excellently printed on good paper and handsomely bound in linen. From the same publishers comes Chatterbox for 1899, full of stories, anecdotes and puzzles, for the little ones, with many illustrations, including six colored ones. This annual is liked by all our young people for those who cannot read can enjoy the pictures.

The Quiet Hour

(For Dominion Presbyterian.)

Nehemiah's Prayer.*

By Rev. Prof. Jordan, D.D.

Nehemiah impresses us as being in the highest sense a strong man—a man who was intelligent, devout and earnest. Like all other men, he bears the marks, and is hampered by the limitations of the time in which he lives; but as to his spirit and purpose, he was in the fullest sense a noble patriot, a man who sacrificed mere personal interests for the sake of Church and country. In other sections of the book which bears his name, we see examples of his masterful energy and practical wisdom; here we note the deep sources of his life, its strong religious and patriotic feeling expressing itself in pleading, patient prayer. He was at this time, we are told, in the last clause of the lesson, "cup-bearer to the king." Here was a position of comfort and luxury if he had cared only for that, but he was a man who thought of other things, and he could not be content while his less fortunate brethren were struggling with great difficulties. Some who reach positions of wealth and influence feel justified in forgetting those of their own flesh and blood who are burdened with poverty and trouble. Nehemiah had often in his silent hours thought of those who had escaped from Babylon, and gone in the "Second Exodus," to build up Jerusalem. There was no daily newspaper or quick telegraphic despatch to bring him the news, and so he must wait till someone should come from the scene of action. When such people came, Nehemiah did not wait until they poured out their sorrowful tale and then treat them as intruders upon his pleasant court life. He was anxious to hear about Jerusalem and the condition of the people there. Alas! the news was very sad, the beautiful prophecies had not been quickly and literally fulfilled. Jerusalem was not arrayed in festal garments, serving her God with peace and gladness. No; this is the report: "The remnant that are left of the captivity there in the province are in great affliction and reproach; the wall of Jerusalem also is broken down and the gates thereof are burned with fire." In a few words we have a terrible picture of misery and desolation. If Nehemiah had been simply a selfish courtier he would quickly have drowned his grief in the wine that he served to the King; but as a man of deep piety he allowed it to sink into his heart. He fasted and wept before God for several days; it was not a mere rush of feeling, but a settled, deliberate brooding over his country's sorrows. Out of such stern, devout meditation a real abiding purpose was sure to grow. The fault with us often is that we hasten quickly to resolutions which have no root and no strength. This order is best: first, silent pondering over life's hard problem; then earnest prayer, to be followed by consistent action. Out of Nehemiah's faithful self-examination in the presence of God there comes a prayer which is full of power, because it is so true and terribly in earnest. A man's best theology is expressed in his living prayers. Then not by way of sermon, but confession, his noblest thoughts of God, and his most vital beliefs

*International Sunday-school lesson for Nov. 5th; Neh. i. 1-11. Read chap. ii. Golden Text: "Prosper, I pray thee, thy servant, this day."—Neh. i. 11.

are put into words. Men may differ widely as to their theology and yet express in their prayers substantially the same great truths.

Note, then, the spirit of reverence. There is no flippant familiarity with God; but rather a sense of the Divine mightiness, with lowly remembrance of the Divine mercy. What finer invocation could we have than this: "O Lord God of Heaven, the great and terrible that keepeth covenant and mercy for them that love Him and observe His Commandments." God is not to be won by fine phrases; but this style of address, at once simple and sublime, shows the true spirit of piety. Then the prayer opens with the cry for attention in our sorrow; God seems so far off and so inattentive. This is not so; but it is well that we should plead for a hearing, and express with pathetic earnestness the sense of our need and of the importance of our cause. But immediately follows the confession of sin, which is one of the most important elements of prayer. As the patriot broods over the sorrows of his people he is prepared to admit that they have brought much sorrow upon themselves, by their forgetfulness of God and their perversity of life. Noble confession: "I and my father's house have sinned." It is not wise to talk glibly of God's judgments on others; but we do well to recognize God's judgments upon ourselves, and to admit that our failures and pains may be needed as a chastisement. Thus Nehemiah confesses that his nation has fallen under the condemnation prophesied of old. Their God was not a mere idol or tribal god, but was a God of righteousness. He would not keep the people in their land because they fed him with daily sacrifices; because they sinned he would scatter them, that they might learn righteousness and cast off idolatry. In their sorrow the Divine justice was manifested; that justice without which love is mere sentimental gush. But see how beautifully this is brought in; it is two-sided. If God would banish the wicked he would also bring back the penitent; and the patriot having acknowledged the side of justice would lay hold of the side of mercy, and make his plea for the building up of a new nation and the manifestation of fresh grace and peace.

This may all seem very general, but in the conclusion it converges on to Nehemiah's own life, and the plan he has before him. He is about to ask a favor of the earthly king, but he will ask it of God first; for he knows that the hearts of kings are in the hand of the God of Heaven. The prayer, then, is not a piece of general declamation for the purpose of relieving his soul; it is a preparation for personal service. This is what all prayer ought to be. When we think of Nehemiah's successful expedition, of his practical statesmanship, of his hostility to shallow compromise, and his fervent zeal for the temple worship, let us not forget the great hour of worship and the season of true prayer by which it was preceded and inspired.

The heart of a Christian should be a well of living water, a fount of holy and blessed influences, whose streams flow in all directions, carrying comfort, cheer, encouragement, help and gladness to every other life they reach. Much orthodoxy of belief does not make one a Christian, nor does attention to ecclesiastical rites and rules; a Christian is one in whom the life of Christ pulses and the love of Christ glows and burns.

The Ministry of Joy.

By Rev. George Matheson, D.D.

There shall be no night there.—Rev. 21: 25.

There shall be a serving of the sorrowful? You tell me that heaven is a land of ministrations. How can it be so if my heart is to have the joy of morning? Can joy minister to grief? Yes, joy alone can. It is not night that ministers to night; it is nightlessness. To meet the clouds of others, I should myself be clear. If I have lost a child, and my neighbor across the street has lost a child, the common experience does not itself make either of us helpful to the other. To be helpful to my neighbor, it is not enough that I have passed into the same valley; I must have passed through; "Yea, though I walk through the valley," is a saying of deep significance. It is not the darkness that makes me a comforter; it is seeing the evil at the foot of the lane. It is being able to say, "I have passed through; you will also."

O Thou who art training me to be a ministering spirit, let me enter into Thy joy. Ere I go with Thee to the wilderness, let me stand with Thee by the glad streams of Jordan; let me see the opened heavens and the descending dove. It was by the joy set before Thee that Thou didst bear my cross; how else shall I bear Thine? Thou hast said that Thy yoke of ministration is easy and its burden light; but to whom? To those who have found rest to their souls. Thou hast bidden me learn of Thee, and that is Thy experience. It was the gleam of Olivet that made possible Thy Calvary. In vain shall I seek my brother's night if there is night in my own soul. In vain shall I stand by when he drinks the cup of sorrow, in vain shall I participate in his cup of sorrow if I have not seen the sparkle in the bitter draught. Show me that sparkle, O Lord. Reveal to me the sunlight in the cup. I would not go forth to help the sad on the mere ground that I have myself been sad. I would see Thy crown in my own waters before I say to my brother, "Peace, be still." Reveal to me Thy gold ere I go. Let me stand with Thee one hour on the mountain ere I descend to meet the valley. Let me catch the morning rays ere I confront the evening shadows. My heart will be a minister to the night when there is no night there.

The Master's Touch.

In the still air the music lies hidden;
In the rough marble beauty hides unseen;
To make the music and the beauty, needs
The Master's touch, the sculptor's chisel keen.

Great master, touch us with Thy skillful hand;

Let not the music that is in us die!
Great Sculptor, hew and polish us; nor let,
Hidden and lost, Thy form within us lie!

Spare not the stroke! do with us as thou wilt!

Let there be naught unfinished, broken, marred;

Complete Thy purpose that we may become
Thy perfect image, Thou our God and Lord.

He who loves Christ loves his brother also. To begin to be a Christian is to remove from the arctic zone of cold selfishness into the warm summer zone of love. We cannot make too much of our relation to Christ—that is the beginning of it all—but we have relations to others as well. We are to live in the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians, with love that suffereth long and is kind, that envieth not, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own, is not provoked, beareth all things, endureth all things. The Christian life that does not make us more gentle, more patient, more unselfish, more helpful, is not realizing its true meaning.

A Little While.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuvler, D.D.

In our Lord's last conversation with His disciples before his betrayal and crucifixion he said to them, "A little while and ye shall not see Me; and again a little while and ye shall see Me, because I go unto the Father." Before them was the bloody tragedy on Calvary, and forty days after that his ascension through the vernal air to heaven. They would see him no more in earthly form. But in another little while—in fifty days thereafter—he would come again by His Holy Spirit in the wondrous baptism of power at Pentecost. He was then to be glorified by the Holy Spirit in the hearts of His disciples. Jesus Christ is with His people now; for did He not promise, "Lo, I am with you always?" Those sweet, tender words, "a little while," have deep thoughts in them, like the still ocean at the twilight—thoughts too deep for our fathoming. They breathe some precious consolations to those whose burdens are heavy, either of care, or poverty, or sickness. If the prosperous can enjoy their prosperity only for a little while, neither shall the mourner weep much longer, or God's poor children carry much longer the pains or privations of poverty. The daily toil to earn the daily bread, the carking care to keep the barrel from running low and the scanty "cruse" from wasting, will soon be over. Cheer up, my brother! "A little while and ye shall see Me," says your blessed Master, "for I go to prepare a place for you." Oh, the infinite sweep of the glorious transition! A few years here in a lowly dwelling, whose rent it is hard to pay, and then infinite ages in the palace of the King of Kings. Here a scanty table and coarse raiment soon worn; yonder a robe of resplendent light at the marriage-supper of the Lamb. Let this blessed thought put new courage into thy soul, and fresh sunshine into thy countenance.

I sometimes go into a sick chamber where the "prisoners of Jesus Christ" are suffering with no prospect of recovery. Perhaps the eyes of some of those chronic invalids may fall upon this article. My dear friends, put under your pillows these sweet words of Jesus—"a little while." It is only for a little while that you are to serve your Master by patient submission to His holy will. That chronic suffering will soon be over. That disease which no earthly physician can cure will soon be cured by your Divine Physician, who, by the touch of His messenger, will cure you, in an instant, into the perfect health of heaven! You will exchange this weary bed of pain for that crystal air in which none shall say, "I am sick;" neither shall there be any more pain.

Not only to the sick and to the poverty-stricken child of God do these tender words of our Redeemer bring solace. Let those words, "a little while," bring a healing balm to hearts that are smarting under unkindness, or wounded by neglect, or pining under privations, or bleeding under sharp bereavements. I offer them as a sedative to sorrows and a solace under sharp afflictions. "A little while and ye shall see Me," and the sight of Him shall wipe out all the memories of the darkest hours through which you made your way into the everlasting rest.

"A few more struggles here,
A few more conflicts o'er,
A little while of toils and tears,
And we shall weep no more."

These words of the Master are also a trumpet-call to duty. In a little while my post in the pulpit shall be empty; what manner of minister ought I to be in fidelity to dying souls? Sabbath school teacher, in a little while you shall meet the young immortals in your class for the last time. Are you winning them to Christ? The time is short. Whatever your hands find to do for the Master, do it. Do it, Aquila and Priscilla, in the

Sunday school! Do it, Lydia, in the home! Do it, Dorcas, with thy needle, and Mary in the room of sickness and sorrow. Do it, Tertius, with thy pen, and, Appollos, with thy tongue! Do it, praying Hannah, with thy children and make for them the "little coat" of Christian character which they shall wear when you have gone home to a mother's heavenly reward.

Only think, too, how much may be achieved in a little while. The atonement for a world of perishing sinners was accomplished between the sixth hour and the ninth hour on darkened Calvary. The flash of divine electricity from the Holy Spirit which struck Saul of Tarsus to the ground was the work of an instant, but the great electric burner of the converted Paul has blazed over all the world for centuries. A half hour's faithful preaching of Jesus by a poor itinerant Methodist exhorter at Colchester brought the boy Spurgeon to a decision, and launched the mightiest ministry of modern times. Lady Henry Somerset tells us that a few minutes of solemn reflection in her garden decided her to exchange a life of fashionable frivolity for a life of consecrated philanthropy. Why cite any more cases when every Christian can testify that the best decisions and deeds of his or her life turned on the pivot of a few minutes? In the United States Mint they coin eagles out of the sweepings of gold dust from the floor. Brethren, we ought to be misers of our minutes! If on a dying bed they are so precious, why not in the fuller days of our healthful energies? Said General Mitchell, the great astronomer, to an officer who apologized for being only a few minutes behind time, "Sir, I have been in the habit of calculating the tenth part of a second!"

Our whole eternity will hinge on the "little while" of probation here. Only an inch of time to choose between an eternity of glory or the endless woes of hell! And as a convert exclaimed in a prayer meeting, "it was only a moment's work with me when I was in earnest." May God help us all to be faithful—only for a little while; and then comes the unfading crown:

"A little while for patient vigil-keeping
To face the stern — to wrestle with the strong,
A little while to sow the seed with weeping,
Then bind the sheaves and sing the harvest song.
"A little while to keep the oil from falling,
A little while faith's flickering lamp to trim,
And then, the Bridegroom's coming footsteps hailing,
We'll haste to meet him with the bridal hymn."
—Christian Work.

A Prayer.

By John Henry Newman.

O, Lord, I give myself to Thee, I trust Thee wholly. Thou art wiser than I—more loving to me than I myself. Deign to fulfil Thy high purposes in me whatever they be—work in and through me. I am born to serve Thee, to be Thine, to be Thy instrument. Let me be Thy blind instrument. I ask not to see—I ask not to know—I ask simply to be used. Amen.

Are you tempted to irritable, censorious speech or violent deeds, think not of the present only, but of the future. At leisure, how often have men repented of what they did in haste! How often have they recoiled in mortification and bitter distress from the opponents they had prostrated! How often has the cold corpse of a human being taught them, too late, that compassion which His living presence could not! Now so forbear and forgive that you may see looking at you, through the mists of the grave, only the faces which, before they went, you clothed in smiles.—C. A. Bartol.

No Better Than the Roman Catholics.

In the Dominion Presbyterian of Oct. 21 is the following: "Many of the churches held their Thanksgiving services last Sunday" (Sabbath).

The Roman Catholic, as is well known, pay no attention whatever to Thanksgiving Day. For this we often condemn them. We say that they have as much reason to thank God for His goodness to us as a people during the closing year as we have. Their bishops could invite them to observe a certain day as one of thanksgiving to God for His goodness to their land, appointing the same day as the one appointed by Government. I have seen the same view expressed in Tarte's paper.

But what better are those Protestant churches above mentioned. They practically treated with contempt the day of Thanksgiving appointed by Government. I suppose they did so that their people might have the whole of Thanksgiving Day for work or diversion.

When our rulers invite us to do what is quite proper, and without threatening to punish us if we do not comply, we ought to honor them by a cheerful compliance. A day of public thanksgiving is a most becoming thing. There is no punishment inflicted on those who do not observe it.

God's favors to us as a people during a year are truly of little account if they are not worth our spending, in publicly thanking Him for them, a part of one of the days which He has given us "specially for our own employment."

Woodbridge, Ont.

T. FENWICK.

A Common Prayer.

By Marianne Farningham.

Friend of all in sorrow,—
Thus I prayed,—
Those who of to-morrow
Are afraid,
Lift their eyes to meet Thee
In the night;
O, to me be gracious
And give light.
When my hope is darkened
Like the days,
And my heart too heavy
For Thy praise,
Do not Thou forsake me,
But at length
Teach me hope and courage
Through Thy strength.
Lord, I crave Thy pity;
I am weak,
Yet art Thou so gracious
To the meek
That I will not clamor
To be strong,
Only pray to serve Thee
My life long.
In the time of trouble
Be my stay;
Let Thy presence brighten
Each dark day;
Grant me what Thy wisdom
Knows is best,
And within Thy kingdom
Give me rest.

"Take heed, therefore, how ye hear."— Luke 8:18. It is a solemn thing to preach the Gospel, but remember it is also a solemn thing to hear the word preached. Take heed, therefore, how ye hear. A lady who was present at the commemoration of the Lord's Supper, where the celebrated E. Erskine was assisting, was much impressed by the sermon. Having inquired the name of the preacher, she went the next Sabbath to his own place of worship to hear him; but to her surprise, she felt none of those strong impressions she experienced in hearing him before. Wondering at this, she called on Mr. Erskine, and, stating the case, asked what he thought might be the reason of such a difference in her feelings. He replied: "Madam, the reason is this: last Sunday you went to hear Jesus Christ; to-day you came to hear Ebenezer Erskine."

Our Young People

A Meeting to Talk About the Christian Transformation.

Topic for November 5.—THE NEW NAME—*Gen. 32: 24-29; Rev. 2: 17.*

"I have called thee by thy name: thou art mine."

ur New Name.

By Rev. F. D. Power, D.D.

Jacob wrestles with God and is blessed. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." Impetunate prayer has here a strong illustration. With all Jacob's blemishes God delights in him, takes him in hand, disciplines him, until Jacob "the supplanter," ready to do anything to gain his own ends, becomes "Israel, a prince of God." Name, heart, and character are all changed. Jacob becomes Israel, the one who had prevailed with God and seen Him face to face.

The main thing is to get a blessing. The angel did not tell Jacob who he was, but "the blessed him there." The patriarch had many footstool blessings; he wanted the throne blessing, namely, peace with God; and God gave it.

John reveals the message of the Spirit to the churches, the promise that to the overcoming one shall be given "a white stone, and in the stone a new name written." In the public games the victor was conducted with pomp through the city, and received the tessera or white stone with a name inscribed on it, which entitled him to be maintained at the public expense for life. So the believer that overcomes receives the earnest of the Spirit, the seal of adoption, and is welcomed to the means of grace, acquires a new name,—that of a child of God,—a name which no man can know until he has received the tessera, or divine witness.

To the Christian all things are made new. "If any man is in Christ, he is a new creature; the old things are passed away; behold, they are become new." The old state of life is gone, broken with, and done with altogether, and a new estate begun. The reign of darkness is over and the reign of light is here. God hath delivered from the power of darkness and translated us into the kingdom of His dear Son. Once we were blind, now we see. Once we did the deeds of darkness, now we walk in the light. Once we were not the children of God, but now are we His children. (Rom. 8:14-17.)

The new creature is known by a new name. He says, "Abba, Father!" And God says, "My child." "Behold now are we the children of God." We wait not until the final judgment and eternity for this distinction. Now are we children. A gentleman had an only daughter, and she was an adopted child. One of her playmates on one occasion told her that she was "adopted." The little girl regarded the term as offensive, and hastened to her father in tears with the story, and asked what "adopted" meant. "Why," said the father, "it means that you are my real child. You know we are sinners until God adopts us into His family, and then we become His real children." The little girl was perfectly content with this scriptural explanation. What a world of sweetness and comfort and blessing in this new name, "child of God!" (Gal. 3:26-29.)

There is another name, "Christian." The name of Christ is the name that is above every name. "The disciples were called Chris-

tians first at Antioch." Almost thou persuaded me to be a Christian," said Agrippa to Paul. "If any man suffer as a Christian, let him not be ashamed," said Peter; "but let him glorify God on this behalf," or "in this name." In one of the persecutions of the followers of Christ in the second century a man was brought before a heathen magistrate. The charge against him was that he was a Christian, but of his name and nationality they could make nothing.

"What is your name?" demanded the judge. "Christianus sum, I am a Christian," was the reply.

"What is your country?"

"I am a Christian."

"What is your business?"

"I am a Christian."

"How dare you refuse to swear by the emperor?"

"I am a Christian," once more was the reply; and to every question, through torture unto death, he made the same reply, "I am a Christian!"

What better name? The Christian is the highest style of man. The best thing in the world is to be a Christian. There is no richer heritage than a good name. Think of Luther, Knox, Hampden, Washington. And can the new creature in Christ wear nobler name than that of his Master?

"Good name in man or woman is the immediate jewel of their souls." " whatsoever commodity you lose, be sure yet to preserve the jewel of a good name." "A good renown is better than a golden girdle." "If I may but keep a good name, I have wealth enough." "A good name is like precious ointment." Every Christian should keep his name as he would keep his life.

Let us walk worthy of the new name by which we are called. Let us adorn it and glorify it in our lives and characters. Let us never bring reproach upon it. — Christian E. World.

Hints for Talks and Testimonies.

What would a true name tell about one?

What are some Bible names with a meaning?

What are some names that have gained a meaning because of those that had them?

What is meant by the truth that Christ knows His sheep by name?

When does one become so changed as to need a new name?

In the case of Bible characters whose names were changed, what change had then taken place in the persons?

How is a new name given by God a promise to its bearer?

How should one gain a new name among men on becoming a follower of Christ?

What knowledge of God does each gain through his own experience which is different from that gained by any other?

What is meant by the new name given to those that overcome?

Daily Readings.

Mon., Oct. 30—Abraham's new name.	Gen. 17:1-8
Tues., Oct. 31—Sarah's new name.	Gen. 17:15-16
Wed., Nov. 1—Judah's new name.	Isa. 62:1-12
Thurs., Nov. 2—Simon's new name.	John 1:40-42
Fri., Nov. 3—The disciples' new name.	Acts 11:19-26
Sat., Nov. 4—Mine own new name.	Rev. 3:7-13
Sun., Nov. 5—Topic. A new name.	Gen. 32:24-29; Rev. 2:17

Ministers' Subscriptions to Century Fund.

Returns have been received from 540 ministers, who have subscribed upwards of \$56,000. It is very desirable that this list should be closed within the next ten days. It is hoped, therefore, that any other minister who intends to subscribe will report his subscription without delay.

My White Stone.

And will give him a white stone, and in the stone a new name written.—Rev. 2:17.

I wonder if out of God's quarries,

That with brightness of Sardis shine,

He hath told some one of His Angels

To carve a new name for mine.

As he works does he often grow tender?

Is its lustre not dimmed with a tear,

When he thinks of temptations and sorrows

That I need first to suffer here?

Perhaps even now 'tis finished,

The last letter carved with care;

And he smiles on my dear prize of victory,

At the "jewel name" I shall wear.

I think He will whisper it softly,

And hold me close to His side.

I shall see but one face in the glory,

And my heart will be satisfied.

But, perchance, away off in the distance,

Where none but the spotless e'er came,

Will be, singing for me a welcome,

The angel who carved my name.

And in that one rapturous moment,

Sins lost at the touch of His hand,

I shall pity e'en the blest angel

Who forgiveness cannot understand.

—Mitchella.

"Thou art Simon. . . Thou shalt be called Rock," Peter. The man standing around, and knowing Simon well, might turn away to hide a smile; but Simon knew the Lord had found him, and uttered the very word which could bind him forever to Him. And the event showed how true this appellation was. Simon became Peter,—bold to stand for the rest, and beard the Sanhedrim.—Marcus Dods, D.D.

Rev. W. Gauld, missionary to Formosa, preached on September 24th to the First Presbyterian Church, London. He gave an interesting account of his work in connection with the Formosan mission.

Mrs. Stewart, wife of the Free Church Moderator, attended a meeting of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, held in the hall of St. Matthew's Church, Glasgow, and gave a most encouraging report of the work at Lovedale, Central Africa. At present there are over 200 young girls in training to act as teachers.

"Christianity Without the Conscience."

The author of this work writes: Would you kindly favor me by publishing the argument against evolution complete, which was curtailed to disadvantage by my learned critic in your last issue. It is as follows.

Men must feel a need for God, before they seek and find Him. The divine nature has two sides. For more than a generation there has been distaste for the more awe-inspiring and effective one, no doubt among men unwilling to experiment with faith and make their peace with God. At any rate, there has been failure to present God to the public in the inspiring manner in which He has been pleased to present Himself. It might be well to find out what churches are most responsible, or should be held responsible, for the sceptics.

It does not seem that any of them can be held responsible for Darwin personally. Thomas Carlyle said that he knew three generations of Darwins, atheists every one of them. In spite of possible denials, Darwin's object in life was to underpin the negations in which he had been indoctrinated, and, if possible, by science, falsely so-called, to knock the bottom out of the Sacred Scriptures. The Bible point of view is of a Personal God revealing Himself by personal acts; a man made in the image of God reveals himself; those acts put forth long before as well as after, and at the creation of man. If divine manifestation by law only is a fact, then there has been no open revelation; but by open revelation it became known that the laws were created, so that where Revelation is unknown the Creator is unknown. The emphasis put upon "Law" is to make it a "pons asinorum" to stagger the imbeciles. Has God ever said, or who is it that says that God will never suspend the laws of nature to show that He is their Author?

Darwin's writings are not dangerous to religion in themselves, as his conclusions are not contained in his premises, but are the work of imagination pure and simple. The little changes he gathered from all over nature were parallel, and not cumulative, amounting to the production of one species out of another, of which he failed to find a single instance. If it were known that occasionally a sheep produced a kid, or a goat a lamb, or a horse an ass, or a pigeon a chick, such things would suggest evolution, and in fact would prove it; but varieties to which Darwin always appealed prove nothing, because a variety of the sheep is still a sheep. When a new species appeared it could not be as a variety, but as an anomaly. Evolution, therefore, supposes that the life of the world was built up by anomalies, of which there is not a particle of evidence in the nature that we know. The danger, therefore, lies in admissions by men who have no skill in weighing evidence, or penetration to distinguish between the products of an abnormal imagination and facts.

The law of life, according to Genesis 1, 24, 25, is that like produces like. And God said, Let the earth bring forth the living creature after its kind, cattle, and creeping thing, and beast after its kind; and it was so. And God made the beast of the earth after its kind, etc. But if, as evolutionists say, God made one creature out of another, he did not make them after their kind. As the Bible is committed to this position, it is necessary to find out what can be said in its favor.

We have to admit to the evolutionists that the fishes of our lakes, rivers and streams resemble each other: perch, chubb, trout, bass, pickerel, pike, grey trout, etc., as much indeed as do the kind of the various countries, or the dogs or pigeons, and look as if as nearly related. But put the kind of the world into the same great field in perfect freedom, and their peculiarities will soon disappear. The fishes are perfectly free in their native element, always were so, and yet by

"natural selection" they have acted as if some Moses had given them a law and enforced it as a religion. The kind grew into their many characteristics in separation, by climate and feeding, helped by artificial selection; but no such separation ever took place in the case of the fishes, so that their peculiarities were formed when in free juxtaposition. Sea fishes differ greatly from each other, which at once suggests created difference; relatives in the enjoyment of free intercourse could never have so differentiated themselves.

Then, what is true of fishes holds equally of the denizens of our forests, many of them resembling each other very closely: squirrels, rats, weasels, minks, muskrats, ground hogs, martins, racoons, foxes, wolves, wild cats, moles, lynxes, etc. They have formed themselves into specific groups while living together in perfect freedom in the same forests and by the same streams. The same thing is more striking in the case of the feathered tribes, because in their case locomotion is more untrammelled. While resembling each other closely in form, they obey the law of some Moses as strictly as if so many tribes of Jews. For example, take the wild ducks that come in swarms to our lakes and rivers in autumn, and it will be seen that their summer breeding has been according to the strictest rule. According to geologists, birds are broken-up lizards, which reminds of one of their number who discovered clear proof of the evolution of the horse on a continent where there never was a horse till imported. "Most fools," Carlisle would say.

The point is the supposed original formation of specific groups out of near relatives, first and second cousins, etc. Equally inexplicable are the differences among the trees that constitute our forests, some of them going the length of bearing fruits and others nouns of various kinds and sizes.

It may be replied that the various groups might have taken place when the incipient continents were groups of islands like those in the Pacific; but for incalculable ages, according to sceptics, the human race has been scattered over the islands as well as the continents of a world. Nevertheless, the unity of a race remains intact. The objection, however, cannot apply to birds and fishes.

On the other hand, it may be thought that like would naturally draw to like by natural selection; but it must not be overlooked that while each creature saw all the others, not one of them saw itself for the mirror is a human invention. No! evolution is not the suggestion of anyone brought up face to face with nature, and familiar with it; it is a suggestion of the proverbial "Cookneigh."

In justification of indignant expressions in the above, the author has no respect for the person who spent his days trying to demonstrate that man is not the son of God, but the son of an ape! Is the deference paid to such not evidence of the decay of conscience towards God?

As for the "Sage's" name, the writer thought it well to spell it right after giving the changed spelling; it is derived from a town near the Solway Firth.

Rev. Dr. MacKay, pastor of Chalmers' Church, Woodstock, will be away for several Sabbaths. He will visit the Presbyteries of Chatham in the interests of the Presbyterian Century Fund.

Mr. J. Burt Sutherland has returned to the city after a pleasant visit to the sea coast. While away he was not idle, speaking—sermons and lectures—seventeen times altogether at Salisbury Beach, Amesbury, Beechmount, Waltham and Summerville, Mass.; Burke and Trout River, N.Y., and Kensington, Norton Creek and Howick, Que.

The Itinerary of the Plague.

With the plague widely diffused over the Indian Empire, what measures have been taken to prevent its spread to other parts of the world? There are two routes by means of which the disease may pass from India to Europe. One of these is by ship through the Red Sea, the Suez Canal, and the Mediterranean; the other is overland from the northwestern provinces of India through Afghanistan to three overland routes from northwestern India into Europe. One of these leads from Lahore, the capital of the Punjab, through Afghanistan into the Transcaspian Province of Russia. The Transcaspian Railway extends from Samarkand, a place of about thirty-five thousand inhabitants, through the desert to the Caspian Sea at Ouzoun Ada. The latter place is connected by steamer with Baku and the Russian railroad system. The second overland route starts from the northwestern Provinces, or Afghanistan, or Baluchistan, passes through Persia, extending on up between the Caspian Seas, and crosses the Caucasus Mountains in the neighborhood of Tiflis. Both of these routes are quite extensively travelled and pass through cities of considerable commercial importance. Samarkand has extensive manufactures of cotton and silk, and carries on considerable trade by means of the Transcaspian railway with European Russia. The second route passes through Teheran, the capital of Persia, with a population of about two hundred and twenty-five thousand. This route is also largely employed by commercial travellers, especially from Russia. The third overland route passes through Persia and Turkey in Asia up to Constantinople. This route can not be called a commercial highway, but it is used to a considerable extent, especially by pilgrims, and since at no point do travellers along this route come in contact with European guards against the plague, it is most likely that the pest will find its way into Constantinople by this avenue, if at all.—*Appleton's Popular Science Monthly* for September.

Loving Patience With Others.

Lulu was blowing bubbles. "O mamma! Do come and see how beautiful they are!"

Mamma came, and watched while the little girl blew a larger one.

"Now—see!"

With a careful little jerk, Lulu shook it off the pipe. She clasped her hands as it slowly rose in the air.

"See the colors in it!" she cried. "Red and purple and green and gold. Why, mamma, they are like the flowers—or the birds. The colors are just as bright."

"Yes," said mamma, "there are so many bright-colored things in the world."

"I think," said Lulu, "it is very good of God to make so many pretty things for us to look at."

She went on blowing, thinking each bubble brighter than the last. Soon she heard a voice at the door:

"Let me blow!"

It was Willie, a little boy who lived next door.

"Yes," said Lulu. "We'll take turns."

But very soon she saw that Willie did not like to take turns. He wanted the pipe all to himself. At last Lulu went to her mother.

"Mamma," she said, "I wish you'd tell Willie to go home. He wants to blow all the time."

"I am sorry," said mamma, "but don't you think you can bear with Willie a little. He has been sick a long, long time, and has forgotten that he ought to do his share of giving up."

"But I don't think it fair that I should do it all," said Lulu.

"That is true," said mamma. "But we all sometimes have to submit to what is not fair. Now, listen, my little one. You think it good of the Lord to make the bright things for us. It pleases you to see them. Just so it pleases him to see a little heart which for His dear sake is willing to show loving patience with others."

"I think I'll do it," said Lulu, with a smile.

"I've had two good times this morning," she afterwards said to mamma. "First it was the pretty, bright bubbles, and then it was being good to Willie."

World of Missions

(For Dominion Presbyterian.)

Foreign Mission Committee Notes.

There was a full meeting of the committee on the 17th and 18th inst. and a long docket. The minutes of the Presbytery of Indore of the 8th of August, an abstract of which was given to the press some weeks ago, were read. The committee declined to become a party to the case, and adopted the following resolution:

"Having read relevant documents, the committee regrets that the Presbytery of Indore adopted a resolution seriously reflecting upon the character of the Rev. Principal Wilkie, a member of the Presbytery and a missionary of this committee, without formulating a specific charge and taking action thereupon in accordance with the laws of the church. The committee further regret that the resolution referred to has been published broadcast over the signature of the clerk of the Presbytery of Indore. The committee resolves that in reference to Mr. Wilkie's request for advice, the secretary be requested to intimate to him that the constitutional procedure is open to him in accordance with the laws of the church, to require the Presbytery of Indore to formulate a specific charge or withdraw the resolution complained of."

It was further agreed to give this resolution of the F.M.C. to the press.

Dr. J. Frazer Smith has been seriously ill with typhoid fever. A medical certificate was read stating that Dr. Smith must have change of climate. It was accordingly agreed to grant him six months' leave of absence.

Rev. J. T. Taylor, who is on the way to India, has been appointed to Indore, and temporarily as treasurer of the mission in Dr. Smith's place. Dr. and Mrs. Nugent and Miss Goodfellow are also on the way to India in company with Mr. and Mrs. Taylor. Miss Jamison has now twenty-eight blind children under her care, and it was agreed to allow her to erect a suitable building for them, the greater part of the funds being provided by private contributions, from friends in India and elsewhere. It is said that there are 500,000 blind in India, and that there are only two other institutions in the country for their instruction.

A letter was read from Mr. Ledingham, in which he reports encouraging work in the college. He also tells the sad story of the death of a young girl through cobra bite. She was one of the children of the girls' school, and became one of their teachers. She knew she was to die in a few hours, but calmly faced the great reality, trusting to the Saviour, to whom her heart had been given.

Miss White, whose furlough is due next year, requested that she might remain another year in the interests of the work. The request was granted.

It was reported that Miss Ogilvie sailed on the 9th of October, to be the future Mrs. Dr. Leslie. It was also reported that Erskine Church, Montreal, which supported Dr. Leslie as a single man, is to continue to support him on a married man's salary. Dr. Leslie whilst at the coast for a change, was placed for six weeks in charge of a quarantine station by the Chinese Government, until another could be secured. The station was established because of the cubonic plague that has done such terrible havoc in India and has reached China.

Dr. Leslie is to receive from the Government \$250 a month whilst in the service, which he says is to be given to the Century Fund.

The Presbytery of Honan grieves very much over the removal of the Rev. Donald MacGillivray, of Shanghai. Mr. MacGillivray is an army in himself. The rapid opening up of the work and the loss of such a man makes them inconsolable. They want two or three others to make up the loss.

The missionaries in British Columbia held a conference in Alberin, in which the whole Indian work on the coast was discussed, and unanimity arrived at as to the best methods of doing the work. They were much encouraged by their day or two together. Mr. and Mrs. Motion, who have taken up the work at Alberin, were thus introduced to their fellow-missionaries and their methods.

Dr. Warden stated that at this date the fund was \$33,675, in debt. The expenditures in building in Honan and the West are unusually large this year. The estimates adopted by the General Assembly are \$10,000 greater than the estimates of last year. As this is a specially prosperous year in Canada, it is hoped that the contributions of the church will be especially generous, in order that the work may not only be maintained, but expanded, as doors open, and they are already open in every field, beyond the ability of the committee to enter.

Mrs. Jeffrey, who visited the Indian missions in the Northwest and British Columbia, submitted certain recommendations, which were considered and most of them approved. They will be submitted to the committee in Winnipeg in charge of the Northwest work.

Prof. Baird, on account of his increased duties in connection with Manitoba College, has resigned the joint convenership, which the committee regrets very much. Prof. Baird has for seven years had much to do with the development of that work. He will still serve until the next meeting of the committee, when a successor will be appointed.

R. P. MACKAY.

Our Gifts.

By Rose Terry Cooke.

"What shall I give to Thee, O Lord?"

The kings that came of old
Laid softly on Thy cradle rude
Their myrrh and gems and gold.

"Thy martyrs gave their hearts' warm blood,
Their ashes strowed Thy way;
They spurned their lives as dreams and dust,
To speed Thy coming way.

"Thou knowest of sweet and precious things:
My store is scant and small,
Yet, wert Thou here in want and woe,
Lord, I would give Thee all."

There came a voice from heavenly heights:
"Unclose thine eyes and see.
Gifts to the least of those I love
Thou givest unto me."

Principal Fairbairn on Woman's Work in India.

(We give the following extract from the Rev. Dr. Fairbairn's address at the London Missionary Society's anniversary. It is full of interest and power.)

From Darjeeling I went to Benares, and there for the first time came face to face with two things. One of our missions, and a noble

mission it is, and the work of woman in it. Now there is nothing that I am more prepared to say than that the woman is a most efficient agent in the mission field. She, as she lives, and as she works in India, has accomplished, and is accomplishing, wonderful things. I was very much inclined, before going out, to say it is risky to send our daughters. It is an adventurous thing to send our wives and sisters. Ah, go and see, and you will discover no better, no finer work was ever undertaken or more successfully performed by any human hand. One day, outside an Indian city, I passed two shapely and beautiful English women. They came well mounted, trotting gaily and gallantly, one on either side of the road, bearing themselves on horseback as only English women can. That was one great type of the English women the native sees. May I tell you of another? It is not a tale told by a missionary; it was a tale told by a civilian to me.

We were walking in his garden just as the sun was westering, and he broke out in the way of an enthusiastic Scotsman. After having relieved his soul in criticism of what he thought defects in mission work, he broke out in praise of the woman as missionary, and then he told a tale, how, in a district where he was commissioner in the famine, there had been in one of the cities or towns somewhat of an outbreak. There was no white man in the residence. Into the mission school where sat the only white face, a missionary woman among her scholars, there suddenly broke the Tesildar, the native head of the town, saying, "Oh, Mem Sahib, there is a mutiny. Come and quell the mutiny." "That is not my function, it is yours; I am a woman, you are a man." "Ah, but you are the only white face in the district. Come, they will hear you. Send them to their homes." So she arose, she marshalled her scholars behind her, she marched out, she ordered the men to disperse. They fell right and left, she marched through with her scholars behind, the Tesildar humbly bringing up the rear. Nor was that all. She had to go on leave, and a younger woman took her place. Then the famine came, and all that she could personally raise she carefully distributed. Then came word of the Mansion House Fund. How was it to be distributed? A meeting was called, the commissioner presiding. Up stood a venerable Hindu, the chief man of the town, and said: "If this money is to find its destiny, and none of it is to stick to anybody's hand that does not need it, you must place it in the hands of the Mem Sahib at the school." "Ah," said my friend, "we cannot do that; she is of a mission." "She may be of the mission, but she is the one person that will see every anna properly distributed, fulfilling its end." Then—for he was supported by the chief Mussulman—it was determined to entrust the distribution to the Mem Sahib; there that young girl did a work that no man could be found to do, and did it so well as to fill all hearts with admiration. As the summer went on she grew pale—faded, and they proposed to send her to the hills. To the hills she long refused to go, but by and by she consented. Just the day before she was to go, cholera came. Then she got my friend with a face radiant with smiles, and said: "Now I cannot go; now I must stay," and through it she stayed, and through it she lived, and when one came to compliment her who remarked on the folly of trying to change the Hindu, she met him in the noblest way by saying: "Why, what would you consider the man doing who came and asked you in your office as to the folly of your own work?" There is a type of the woman in Indian missions, living to help, living to heal, living to educate the child, and, above all, living to give to the Indian wife and Indian mother an ideal of womanhood as the promise of remaking India, and she will be beloved and remembered after the exquisite heroism of many a rare and graceful rider has perished and been forgotten.

An Estimate of Ingersoll.

By Prof. John Moore.

R. G. Ingersoll, who was a prominent figure before the public, has lately passed away. He was noted as an infidel or agnostic of the most intense kind. He is viewed from somewhat different standpoints in published articles in the newspapers. Having myself most decided convictions in regard to him and his teachings for years, I wish briefly to add my estimate of him.

It is a familiar Latin maxim,—"Nil de mortuis nisi bonum," nothing should be said about the dead but what is good. I would modify this—nothing should be said in regard to the dead but what is true. Truth is due to the living. Ingersoll was the avowed enemy of Christianity, and spent years in trying to destroy it. He professed to be an agnostic, that is, a know-nothing; but he was as positive in his utterances as if he knew a great deal. To have been consistent, he should have kept silent, but that he did not do. He was an infidel of the worst sort, being in advance of Voltaire and Paine. The latter positively expressed his belief in one God and a future state of existence, but opposed Christianity as a divine system. When he wrote the first part of his "Age of Reason," he sent the manuscript to Dr. Franklin, requesting him to read it and give his opinion of it. Franklin returned it with a letter in which is this passage: "I would advise you not to attempt unchaining the tiger (infidelity), but burn this piece before it is seen by any other person; for if men are so bad with religion, what would they be without it."

But Ingersoll was zealous in trying to let loose even a worse tiger than Paine. Voltaire said that if there were no God, there ought to be one invented. At Ferney he built a church and over the door put the inscription,—"Voltaire erexit Deo,"—that is, Voltaire built this church for God.

I often said, while Mr. Ingersoll was living, that he was a public corrupter of morals, and I say the same now, after he is dead. He did all he could to weaken and sever the bonds of morality. He declared that he recognized no God, or moral law, which meant, of course, that there was no such thing as moral obligation. He denied that man would live hereafter, and that therefore when he dies that is the last of him. He would stand on a platform and utter blasphemies and crack jokes, at the terms of fifty cents and a dollar a head. When he faced an audience of human beings, who would live a few years and perish like brutes, he might have felt sad and solemn in view of their present condition and wretched fate. For, if man is not to live hereafter, he is the most miserable failure in the universe. If human beings derive a little comfort from what he regarded as fiction, why deprive them of even that if it made their state more comfortable during their short animal existence?

But we are often told that he was a kind husband and father, and tried to make home happy. But what of that? King Charles I. of England and some other men had the same reputation, while in the public life they could violate solemn oaths and perpetrate crimes of murder and cruelty. Ingersoll labored to destroy the religion of humanity and love, which is directly the producer of happy homes. I have heard of whiskey-sellers who did not drink themselves, while they dealt out the poisonous stuff to others for gain. Such are too shrewd to drink the vile fluid themselves, which is rather against than in their favor. If Ingersoll did not swallow his poison himself in private life, he did all he could to diffuse it among others.

He went so far as to justify suicide, though he did not apply it to himself. Rev. Dr. Buckley, in an editorial in the Christian Advocate, in alluding to this stated that a dozen of persons who committed suicide within a certain area left evidence behind them of the

influence of his teaching over their minds in this direction.

What a sad spectacle his home presented after his death. Darkness and black despair reigned, according to authentic accounts! Not the faintest gleam of hope and consolation, such as Christianity inspires, broke the darkness. Such was the natural fruit of the teachings and influence of the head of the disconsolate and hopeless family. The tree is known by its fruit. In view of the facts, I have thus written, as I believe in calling a spade a spade, and a fig a fig, as John Knox used to say.

Are The Heathen Lost.

By James M. Gray, D.D.

"Are the heathen lost?" is a question very often asked even by professing Christians, among whom a secret skepticism existed as to whether it were really true that they were lost. The argument presented is something like this: There are hundreds of millions of heathen who do not know the Gospel and have never heard of Jesus Christ, but it is not their fault that this is the case, and God, who is just and loving, will not punish them for that for which they are not to blame.

We might sympathize with this feeling so far as it is born of a spirit of compassion for the heathen and a desire to sustain the honor and integrity of God, but there are certain fallacies in the argument which ought to be exposed.

In the first place, the heathen are not lost because they do not know the Gospel or believe in Jesus Christ, but because they are sinners like all the rest of the world. The proof of their sin is borne witness to by history, by the reports of missionaries, and by their own confession, and especially by the unmistakable evidence that they are idolators, and idolatry is really the basal sin.

The second point is that the heathen are not only sinners, but accountable for their sin. This is shown very clearly from Rom. i. 18-25, which indicates that God had revealed Himself to them in the work of creation, that the heathen world had once known Him but failed to glorify Him, and became vain in their reasonings and voluntarily changed the glory of the incorruptible God for that of images, and it was for this reason that God in punishment upon them had given them over to the condition in which they are now found. The Word of God distinctly says they are without excuse. Moreover, missionaries bear witness that this is as true to-day as ever, and that the heathen possess a conscience, a moral sense and apprehension of a Supreme God which only needs the touch of the Holy Spirit to be awakened into active exercise.

The third point is that the hope of heathenism is not in itself. It is not only true that their breach is great like the sea, but that the Lord only can heal them. Some philosophers have claimed that various religious systems of heathenism are only so many steps in the development of the religious instinct of man. That they who had begun as open deniers of God, and by and by came to worship material objects, then spiritual beings such as demons, etc., would finally by a natural process of evolution come to acknowledge of their own accord the one true and only God. But this theory is denied first of all by the Bible, which teaches unmistakably that man began with the knowledge of God, lost it by sin and has been wandering further away ever since. It is denied also by the facts of history, for the nearer we trace nations to their origin the purer is their religion and vice versa. Current facts also substantiate this, since we have yet to hear from the missionary who had discovered any heathen nation making progress toward God of itself.

The fourth point is that we have no right to believe, as some imagine, that the heathen will have another chance after death. The idea of a second probation, as some call it, is rendered inadmissible by the fact that there is no first probation at present extended to man. The only probation man ever had was in the Garden of Eden before the fall, and when he fell he lost that forever. "The world is lost in the darkness of sin." There is no Scriptural evidence of another opportunity to find Christ after death, upon which a man can base a reasonable probability that it will be so. If any individual heathen is now living up to the light he already has, and we may hope that there are such, God in mercy and love will undoubtedly give him more light. In this sense we may understand perhaps, those words of Peter, "that in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted with him." That is, some way or some how that man will be brought to know Jesus Christ and be saved. But it is very seldom or never that our missionaries report the discovery of such men.

Under these circumstances, what is the duty of the Christian toward the heathen? The former might say, "we have more than a fair chance, for mercy has been brought to our door and laid at our feet." But the answer to this is that this mercy has been given us not to selfishly hoard for ourselves, but for the very purpose of carrying it to those who are in deeper need. It is sometimes asked, why does not God give the Gospel to the heathen world as well as to us? But is it not reasonable to reply that God could in no simpler or better way give the Gospel to the heathen than through us? Did not Jesus die to make it possible for the whole world to be saved, and did he not give us the commission to carry the knowledge of that salvation to the uttermost parts of the earth? Before we charge God with unfairness or inequality, should we not first of all lay a still more serious charge at our own doors? The heathen will never have to answer for not believing on Jesus Christ if they have not heard of Him, but we will have to answer for not giving them an opportunity to hear.

The Rest of Christ was in giving fullness of delight unto the Father; ought not ours to be the same?

When widows in India are no longer able to serve they are permitted to die like beasts of burden.

In India the refusal of the Government to make Sunday a legal holiday is a serious hindrance to missionary work.

Christianity proves itself as the sun is seen, by its own light. Its evidence is involved in its existence.—Coleridge.

How much trouble he avoids who does not look to see what his neighbor says or does or thinks, but only to what he does himself, that it may be just and pure.—Marcus Aurelius.

"The Arya Messenger," a Hindu paper, says: "Every Hindu community is being vigorously assailed by the missionary in ways diverse. What are we going to do to neutralize this effort? is the question. Hinduism is indeed inert, and can do nothing."

No people can maintain an independent and stable government until they have been trained to habits of intelligent cleanliness. Even from the body's purity the soul receives a secret sympathetic aid.—Ida M. Gardner.

A man may be wise in worldly learning, and yet ignorant of the rudiments of spiritual life. Many an untutored man knows many times more about religion and God than the most learned sage who has never bowed before the throne of grace.

The Dominion Presbyterian

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The Dominion Presbyterian is seeking a reliable agent in every town and township in Canada. Persons having a little leisure will find it worth while to communicate with the Manager of The Dominion Presbyterian Subscription Department. Address: 232 St. James St., Montreal.

According to list published in to-day's Dominion Presbyterian, 537 ministers have contributed \$56,400 to the Century Fund. Very good, indeed! This leaves the smaller half of the \$100,000 to be subscribed by the larger half of the ministers of our Church. The present list of names is largely from the Maritime Provinces, whose ministers and people, like their brethren in the West, are ever devising "liberal things."

The fact that one thousand of our own Canadian men are on their way to South Africa will lead us to scan the war bulletins eagerly. Some will glance first at the headlines to see who has won; some will turn first to the list of the wounded and dead. May God watch over our brave men who represent us in this war, and may He care tenderly for those whose interest in the struggle centres in one person—husband, father, or brother.

Thanksgiving Day has come and gone. It is little more than a name for an autumn holiday. It is annually set apart, with high-sounding words, as a day for public thanksgiving to God; but it is really a day in which to make merry with our friends, a day of feasting and pleasure. About one-tenth of the members of our congregations meet in the House of God to render thanks, and, perhaps, nine-tenths of these give thanks by proxy. The Feast of Tabernacles in the old economy was a joyous time, but it was a holy joy, and not junketing.

With all our hurry, we do not accomplish as much, proportionately, as our fathers did. Modern appliances give us a great advantage, but we throw this away by our want of thought. We have been watching a workman for the last five minutes. In that time he selected three bricks and placed them where he could reach them in further operations. Yet he was busy all the time, but accomplished about half a minute's work. In the other four and a half minutes he was wasting energy. And this workman was not singular. He is the product of an age that will not take time to think. It would pay to be singular in this respect.

British and Boer met at Glencoe recently. Both were brave; both fought well, but one was disciplined, and discipline told. Even against odds, both of numbers and position, the trained soldiers won. So it is when the field of battle is spiritual. Discipline tells there also.

The editorial sanctum was cold and we went over to the window and stood in the warm sunlight that streamed in there. But the glass through which the heat rays passed to warm us on the other side were cold as the air outside. That is just like some Christians we meet. They are right in the line of God's warm love; it pours upon them, and through them, lights upon and warms the heart of others standing beside them, but they themselves are not one whit warmed by it. They are transmitters, nothing more. That is not God's plan. In receiving and transmitting, He plans that we shall ourselves be made to glow with love, giving back as well as giving out. Would it embarrass you if the suffering one to whom you spoke God's word of comfort should ask you: How do you know this is true? It should be possible for us to give a practical and convincing answer for the hope that is in us.

Missionaries Needed.

The Rev. Dr. Warden, Convener of the Home Mission Committee, desires us to state that there is an urgent need for about forty additional missionaries in the home mission field during the present winter. In addition to those required for the North-west, about twenty are needed in Ontario and Quebec. In the Muskoka and Parry Sound district there will be ten fields without service this winter unless men are got to occupy these. It has been necessary to send in ordained missionaries to many places heretofore supplied by student missionaries, notwithstanding the largely increased expenditure of Home Mission money in providing such supply. For the fields now vacant the supply desired is that of students who, from any cause, may be unable to attend college this winter, and other young men who have been approved by Presbyteries as catechists.

It is hoped that the Home Mission Committee may be in a position to occupy within the next week or two, many of the fields now vacant.

Concerning Tares.

Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts thinks we do not give sufficient thought to the forces that are working against us while we endeavor to teach the truths of the Christian religion. He considers this to be especially true in regard to the training of the young. In the course of a vigorous article on the necessity for protective measures, he says: "We shall get a larger and better harvest if, instead of giving all our attention to sowing, due attention is given to fencing. The churches have underestimated environment as much as science has overestimated it." The man who will give five minutes to an honest consideration of that sentence will see the force of it. We are actively propagating the Gospel, casting in the seed with lavish hand. Little of it comes to fruition. One cause may be unskillful sowing. There certainly is not anything wrong with the seed. It is all good. Why, then, does it not yield results?

We think Dr. Crafts has hit upon one reason—the seed is choked as soon as it comes up, or in the course of its growth. Tares are thickly sown, side by side with the seed, and the growth of these former is ranker and more rapid, and nothing comes of the work in the Sabbath school and Bible class, of home training and church care. It used to be that

the enemy came by night; but he does his sowing now in broad day, keeping step with the sower of the good seed.

The pressure of business or the call of work makes family worship impracticable, it is said, and religious training of the family is out of the question. The Sabbath school attempts to supply the need. The teacher has nothing to build upon, and often finds it next to impossible to hold the attention of the children over whom no parental control is exercised. The parent can find no time to direct the reading of his children, and often even neglects to provide food for the restless eager minds in the home. Again, the Sabbath school attempts to supply the need. But in the Sabbath school library, under a thin veneer of religious diction, one often finds the most unwholesome teachings concerning life. Christian truth is perverted, and the seed of a nerveless life is sown. We do not say that men seek to introduce such books into a Sabbath school library that the youth may be enervated. The truth is that the matter is wholly commercial. Those who introduce them want to sell their books, that is all. They are entirely careless about the effect produced upon the readers. But they sow ares, all the same, and with liberal hand.

In the cities other influences are at work. We have known children spend the money given for collection in the Sabbath school for the hire of a bicycle, and the class hour was spent in skimming through the streets and parks. It is common to see children, on their way home from school, stand before shop windows in which are displayed illustrations that certainly are not calculated to promote virtue. Stand where you can hear the comments of a group of boys on these pictures and your eyes will be opened with respect to their influence for evil.

Against these pernicious influences there are practically no preventive measures being taken. There was an effort made recently to regulate bicycle liverymen on the Sabbath, but the officer who initiated these preventive measures was allowed to stand alone. Parents not only did not support him, but actually branded him as officious. The effort to preserve the Sabbath Day that has been made throughout Ontario has received no support, and the Christian men and women who have interested themselves in this matter have been dubbed "fanatics" and "narrow cots."

Is it any wonder that the tares flourish? Need we be astonished that so little result is found for the abundant sowing of good seed. We meet and pass resolutions, we urge the cultivation of a deeper spiritual life, we organize so as to bring every class and age into the ranks of the workers, so that the seed may be sown more lavishly. Would it not be wiser to do something to check the other sowers? After the seed is sown the Master has told us to let both grow together, but he has nowhere told us to stand idly by while the enemy sows tares. Is it not time that those most closely interested—the parents—aroused themselves, and made some effort to surround the home life of their children with safeguards against the host of evil influences that are daily invading the homes of our Christian people. The future of your son depends much more upon his moral culture than it does upon the good start you are able to give him financially. It will pay to sacrifice the one, if need be, for the sake of the other.

A large number of Sabbath schools have not thus far forwarded the contributions got in connection with Children's Day for the Century Fund. It is hoped that these will be forwarded without delay to the Rev. Dr. Warden, who is the treasurer of the Sabbath School Committee. It is confidently expected that from every Sabbath school connected with the Church contributions will be obtained.

An Element of Danger.

It is to be hoped that Canada will not have a severe attack of jingoism, bringing with it the mutual recriminations of opposite parties and press. It is natural we should feel interested in the present struggle for supremacy in South Africa. And, notwithstanding the pious confidence of the Boers, that we should believe British domination in that quarter is for the good of the world. But there is no need to be unduly excited; and men of the highest patriotism will not desire to make party capital out of a crisis of this kind. We are all dependent upon the daily journals for our news; but as intelligent men, we ought to be able to form our own opinions. Canada is a country that exhibits in its constitution and ordinary life the British peculiarities of unity and diversity, and the tolerance which must go along with a broad comprehensiveness.

Looking at the matter from the standpoint of country and not of any particular party, the danger we see now arises from the "falsehood of extremes." Some think it is a fine thing to bully the French part of our population and to fling in their faces charges of disloyalty. On the other hand, several of the French journals reproduce with bold headlines the bitterest sentiments they can find in English papers for the purpose of saying to their readers, "See what these people of Ontario think about you!" This kind of thing may be spicy; but it is far from being wise, and it is exceedingly dangerous. Those who act in this manner may be consulting the interest of a party, on one side or the other; but even from this low point of view they make a mistake; and it is time for the religious as well as the non-partizan press to utter a dignified protest.

On this subject the pulpit has already spoken in no uncertain tones. Dr. Edgar Hill, of St. Andrew's, Montreal, in his Thanksgiving sermon, administered a deserved rebuke to the fomenters of racial or religious strife, as follows.

"It has been with extreme regret that I have seen more than once recently the policy of some amongst us fanning the flame of racial strife and alienating the good feeling of those who desire to live in peace and amity. I regret it for its effect upon the peace of this city and province, and I regret it still more for the injurious effect it must have upon those who resort to such perilous tactics. Depend on it, no race or class can follow such a divisive course without incurring the charge of disloyalty to Canada's interests, with all that charge means in retarding the national well-being."

Referring to the sending of a Canadian contingent to South Africa, Rev. W. J. Clark, of London, in a Thanksgiving address, said:

"In this connection he felt it his duty to condemn in the strongest manner the attempts of certain writers and speakers at this time to introduce dissensions of race and creed in relation to the sending of the Canadian contingent. Such incendiary conduct was as unpatriotic as it was unwise and unchristian. Canada now faced the future, with all the probabilities of becoming a great, a powerful and populous country. But it could only be by every dweller in the Dominion, whatever his national origin, whatever the shrine before which he worshipped God, being united as patriotic Canadians to hold and develop our mighty heritage. Let all true Canadians put aside everything like divisive speeches, actions and cries, and go forward into the responsibilities and privileges of the twentieth century a band of brothers."

The Montreal Auxiliary Bible Society, at its regular monthly meeting, in the Bible House, received a most favorable report of the work done during the last month. A letter of encouragement was read from Sir William Dawson. Among those present were the Revs. Dr. Amaron, F. M. Dewey, Jas. Patterson, and Mr. D. Torrance Fraser. Mr. Bennett's work was highly commended.

The Century Fund.

Additional subscriptions toward the Century Fund from ministers:

Rev. Dr. Black, Halifax, N.S.	200
" J. R. Munro, Antigonish, N.S.	50
" H. B. MacKay, Halifax, N.S.	25
" Henry Dickie, Windsor, N.S.	300
" A. J. Macdonald, Loch Katrine, N.S.	50
" Adam Gunn, Canso, P.E.I.	50
" Thomas Fowler, Halifax, N.S.	200
" George Millar, Brookfield, P.E.I.	75
" Robert Laing, Halifax, N.S.	100
" Dr. Sedgwick, Tatamagouche, N.S.	150
" M. A. McKenzie, Middle River, N.S.	50
" W. R. McKay, Gore, N.S.	50
" A. H. Denoon, Salt Springs, N.S.	50
" G. Lawson, Gordon, River John, N.S.	50
" Anderson Rogers, New Glasgow, N.S.	150
" R. L. Coffin, Middle Stewiack, N.S.	50
" J. C. Robertson, Zionville, N.B.	50
" J. D. Macgillivray, Truro, N.S.	150
" H. R. Grant, Trenton, N.S.	75
" J. A. Forbes, Glace Bay	120
" William Forbes, Noel, N.S.	50
" Lewis W. Parker, Clifton, N.S.	50
" T. C. Jack, North Sydney, N.S.	150
" S. E. Gillies, Murray Harbor, N.S.	20
" J. M. Robinson, Moncton, N.B.	100
" D. McDodrum, Marion Bridge, N.S.	50
" Dr. Morton, Tuapuna, Trinidad	25
" Dr. Grant, San Fernando, Trinidad	25
" W. L. MacIaie, Princetown, Trinidad	25
" A. W. Thomson, Couva, Trinidad	25
" S. A. Fraser, San Fernando, Trinidad	25
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" Arpad Givaa, Williamstown, N.C.	65
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" Francis Andrews, Keene, N.C.	80
" W. D. Reid, Montreal	125
" H. Prizzell, Toronto	100
" H. A. McDonald, Cedarville, Que.	100
" James Sutherland, Inverness, Que.	30
" Dr. DuVal, Windpeke	500
" T. A. Cosgrove, St. Mary's	120
" J. J. Cameron, Athens	25
" R. Knowles, Toronto	100
" P. H. Larkin, Chatham	100
" John Burnett, Keedy	100
" H. Gracey, Gananoque	50
" J. C. Herdman, Calgary	50
" G. A. MacLennan, Jarvis	50
" A. J. Mowat, Montreal	50
" J. W. Orr, Mono Mills	20
" G. C. Patterson, Embro	100
" D. McDonald, Glenarm	100
" R. Hyde, Warsaw	25
" J. S. Scott, Hespeler	100
" K. Maclellan, Tiverton	100
" J. P. McQuarrie, Tansley	80
" R. M. Hamilton, Brantford	100
" W. W. McNaire, Sheet Harbor, N.S.	30
" R. A. Falconer, Halifax, N.S.	250
" J. F. Macfarland, South Mountain	50
" J. McLean, Arnprior	100
" D. McMillan, Woodstock	100
" A. Stevenson, Danville	50
" A. D. MacIntyre, Cumberland	50
" C. T. Tough, Hornby	30
" Joseph Goodfellow, Presbytery Edmonton	18
" A. E. Nelly, Horning's Mills	25
" Alexander Stewart, Clinton	125
" W. J. West, Bluevale	30
" P. Straith, Innerkip	25
" S. Lawrence, Vanneck	40
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" John Sharr, Quebec	50
" W. McNichol, Hopewell, N.S.	50
" Jasper George, Peterborough	100
" R. Fowle, Erin	75
" J. L. Simpson, Thornbury	40
" J. S. Morton, Fairville, N.B.	75
" L. A. McLean, Louisburg, C.B.	25
" G. P. Duncan, Unionville	20
" C. Munro, Oxford, N.S.	100
" M. Fraser, Hamilton	400
Rev. Percy C. Leslie, Homan	150
Rev. E. A. McMurty, Halifax, N.S.	200
" A. McMillan, West Bay, C.B.	20
" A. C. Bryan, Westport	50
" David McLaren, Alexandria	40
" W. T. Hall, Belgrave	75
" J. M. McLean, Chatham, N.B.	60
" Donald Fraser, Kingston, N.B.	25
" George S. Carson, Pictou, N.S.	25
" W. M. Tufts, Stellarton, N.S.	100
" W. M. Burton, Langley, B.C.	50
" A. G. Sinclair, Port Hope	50
" A. H. Foster, St. John, N.B.	50
" E. D. Millar, Yarmouth, N.S.	250
" A. B. Dickie, Milford, N.S.	100
" E. J. Rattee, Blue Mountain, N.S.	50
" A. H. MacGillivray, Newmarket	50
" John A. Black, Massie, Ont.	50
" D. McD. Clarke, Chipman, N.B.	100
" G. MacArthur, Cardinal	100
" James Maclean, Great Village, N.S.	100
" Thomas Stewart, Dartmouth, N.S.	100

537 subscriptions.....\$56,403

The Island of Sulphur.

About thirty miles from the shore in the Bay of Plenty, North Island, New Zealand, is an immense rock or rather series of rocks three miles in circumference which rise precipitously from the sea to a height of 860 feet. "White Island" is the name given to the spot, and the name is particularly appropriate because it is constantly enveloped in thick impenetrable clouds of white vapor which rise to over 10,000 feet in height, making White Island a conspicuous object for many miles around. It is perhaps the most extraordinary island in the world, and it is the subject of an interesting article by James R. Falconer in the September number of The Windsor Magazine, and from this article we obtain our facts.

The Island is practically one mass of sulphur, while the clouds of vapor constantly rushing from the craters are highly charged with acid fumes, which can be noticed sixty miles away. The appearance from the sea is most imposing, the rocks rising abruptly from the waters. At first sight it seems impossible to effect a landing, but as the steamer sweeps around the south side of the island into Crater Bay, a beach comes into view, which, though small, is sufficient to admit of disembarkation provided the sea is calm. This is the only level stretch on the island, the rest being great irregular rocks.

In the centre of the island is an immense lake fifty acres in extent and twelve feet deep and it is fifteen feet above the level of the sea. The water contains vast quantities of acids and the temperature is about 110 degrees Fah. It is dark green, and dense clouds of dark sulphurous fumes are constantly rolling off from this boiling cauldron. At one side of the lake are blowholes, and the roar of steam as it pours forth into the air is deafening, and huge bowlders and stones are often hurled to a height of several hundred feet.

A boat brought from the ship can be launched on the lake, and the very edges of the blowholes may be safely explored, but the trip is by no means an enjoyable one, and only those who have inhaled fumes of acid can form any idea of their very overpowering nature when given off in large quantities from such an expanse.

Should the boat upset, death would be almost instantaneous. When the boat was taken to the sea it became so corroded that it dropped to pieces after all the passengers had been landed. The mouths of the blowholes are weird in the extreme. Steam belches forth from every fissure and crevice in the rocks and ground, while the noise drowns all other sounds. The whole island is in a ceaseless state of agitation.

Except in the immediate neighborhood of the craters no sulphur is apparent on the surface, but by digging a little into the earth large beds of this mineral will be laid bare, for the island is practically one mass of sulphur mixed with a quantity of gypsum and one or two other substances. The White Island sulphur is much esteemed on account of its purity, and it can be employed for any purpose without any preliminary preparation. The older deposits contain about 90 per cent. pure sulphur, and that around the blowholes 98 per cent. It is surprising that these immense deposits have not been more systematically worked. Some years ago a company was formed for working the deposits, but for lack of capital the scheme was abandoned and the amount of sulphur and gypsum exported at present is very small. In the event of a serious war, doubtless the island would immediately rise to prominence.

Mr. Archibald McIntyre, the well-known builder and contractor, died suddenly on Sunday at his residence, on Mackay street. He was a member of Erskine Church, Montreal.

The Inglenook

Elton Slade's Auction Habit.

The dust in the wake of Elton Slade's clattering wagon with a final dizzy swirl subsided, and his wife, Waitstill, went back to her work. There were little humorous, indulgent creases in her face. She laughed a little, softly.

"That's the third one this season!" she said aloud. "I don't know what Elton would do for recreation if twasn't for 'em. If there's one thing over 'n above another that's Elton's edification, it's an auction!"

The neat, shiny little kitchen had the incipient smears of good things for dinner in it, and Waitstill set to adding yet another.

"I wonder what he'll buy to this auction," ran on her low monotone. She talked to herself for company.

"Last time he brought home that keg of rusty nails that the Angel Gabriel himself couldn't build a trumpet case with. There isn't a lonesome, decent nail among 'em!"

She laughed again, with a gentle ripple over her buxom form.

"It's a regular craziness of Elton's, but it's lucky he ain't a money-maniac and wants to buy expensive things every time. My grief, Elton's things ain't worth two cents! There's more old scrap-iron and broken farm tools and legless chairs and chairless legs out there in the barn chamber than I could count in a fortnight o' Sundays. Auction trash, too, every mite of it is."

The pans clashed merrily under the brisk fingers and Waitstill Slade's merry laugh joined in cheerfully.

"Bless him, he's got to amuse himself some way, and auctions are innocent anyhow. Elton hasn't got another single bad habit. I guess you don't need to complain much, Waitstill Pynechon Slade!"

The neighbors maintained that "Miss Slade" humored Elton too much—"babied." Aunt Drusilla Rudd called it.

"I suppose it's because she ain't ever had anybody else to baby," she usually concluded, charitably. "Waitstill Slade would've made a capital bringer-up of ten or a dozen children."

When the noisy wagon came back along the dusty road and clattered into the Slade dooryard, the good things had been waiting a long time for dinner. The smells were not quite so savory and appetizing.

Waitstill had been watching ever since Elton turned the school-house bend, and her keen eyes had seen the bulky load "on behind." It stumped her, she said.

"My grief, what's Elton been buying now? It's something big and comical-shaped and dark colored," she murmured, as she peered through shading palms. "I can't make it out. It bumps round dreadfully. Looks as much like a cabinet organ as anything else, or a chaise-top!" Even when the wagon rattled in, she was unenlightened.

"What's that you've got in behind, Elton?" she cried, from the back door-steps. She had thrown her apron over her head and the light breeze blew it about her in sinuous waves.

"What—in—the-world,—Elton—Slade."

"Hey. Oh, that? That's a reg'lar bargain, Waitstill. I only paid a dollar for it. Mahogany, too; no veneering about it. It's mahogany clear through. Jude Perry came mighty near outbidding me."

"But what is it, Elton? There, I might's well come out and see for myself—Elton Slade it's a cradle!"

Elton unloaded it and hovered about it a little nervously. He took out his handkerchief and polished a small spot of the rich dark wood till it shone redly.

"See there—see the grain, will you, Waitstill! Ain't it beautiful? It was up in the attic lumbering round like a pine box. I tell you it was a reg'lar bargain."

But his wife, Waitstill, said not a word. The tears were in her eyes and blurred the old battered cradle till it looked more than ever like a chaise-top. She was thinking of the babies that had gone to sleep there, jolted by some mother's foot.

It was an old-fashioned hooded cradle that grandmothers' babies' little twisted faces had peeped out of long ago. There were little yellow cradle-clothes in it still. The process of being "auctioned off" and jolted home in the wagon's tail had disarranged them more than the gentler hand of time.

Waitstill stooped and straightened them out. How yellow how yellow the little pillow-slip was, and the little woollen quilt was nibbled by generations of moths.

"Set it into the front hall, Elton, and come right in to dinner," she said, briskly to avoid the jolts in her voice. "I'll see to it. I wouldn't put it up in the barn chamber with the nails and things."

After dinner, when Elton had gone away again, she hurried the clearing-up and went out into the front hall.

The cradle drew her like a magnet. "I guess I'll do up the pillow-slip and the sheets," she thought, thriftily. "But the quilt's beyond helping—it's all riddled. I could make a new one—"

The idea pleased her at once. She got her bag of bright pieces and planned the work with eager interest. It would be so cunning when 'twas done! It must be real bright, of course—babies' things ought to be.

It was quite a while before she could decide where to put the cradle. It couldn't stand in the front hall.

"Why, yes—why didn't I think of it? I'll put it in the spare room. Nobody but me goes in there, and it'll be a real addition to the furniture. I can oil the wood part all up. Besides, I can go in and look at it sometimes when my work's done."

That was the best part of it to Waitstill Slade. The spare room was on the ground floor, opposite the parlor. There need be no running up and down the stairs when the magnet drew her—just a step or two from the sitting room, across the hall, slantingwise.

She pushed the cradle into the spare room and "arranged" it in an empty corner. A rocking-chair sat too near it for her to resist the temptation of sitting down a few minutes. Involuntarily she put out her foot and set the cradle gently joggling.

"I wonder how it felt," she murmured, wistfully. "They set beside it and knit or darned, and I s'pose they were dreaming about when the baby grew up. I s'pose they were making plans to the tune of 'the joggling.'"

There had never been a little cradle, old or new fashioned, in the Slade household. There had never been any plans to make for the baby's growing up.

Waitstill did up the bit of a pillow-slip and the yellow little sheets with narrow hem. She made the gay little counterpane and tucked it in neatly with the edge of white sheet above it. How pretty—how pretty the little mite of a bed looked.

Waitstill got into the way of going into the spare room afternoons with her sewing. Elton was nearly always away in the news. It was shady in there and cool—and the little bed was there.

She moved in her work-table beside it, and sat there sometimes all the long summer afternoon, in a low rocking-chair. The cradle was always joggling.

"Nobody sees me," Waitstill reasoned when she was afraid she was laughing at herself—her other self. "Nobody knows I do it, and I like it—it's a comfort. I guess there ain't any reason why I can't do it if I want to. I like to see the little bed rocking, and hear the jog, jog, joggling. It's real easy to imagine—things."

Waitstill Pynechon Slade had received her quaint name as an heirloom direct from Puritan ancestors, but even the quaint name could not dispel the vivid imagination that had contrived to grow up with it through fifty years of monotonous, hum-drum life. In another setting Waitstill Slade's imagination might have made a poet of her. In the setting of treeless fields and rock-studded pastures and a lonely, childless life, it made her only a beautiful, cheery woman with a hungry spot in her heart. The things she could not have she "made believe," as little children make believe in their play.

"And," said Waitstill Slade, sturdily, "it don't hurt anybody a mite, not a mite."

That was how she came slowly to making believe, in the spare room, with her sewing-work in her lap.

One night at supper, a few weeks later, Elton laid down his knife and fork in sudden remembrance of something.

"Why, if 'tain't to-morrow! I declare if I didn't come next door to forgetting it altogether! Don't you want to come with me, Waitstill? You'd enjoy it—you couldn't help it."

"Well, if I knew what 'twas," laughed Waitstill. "Is it a camp meeting or a funeral, or—Elton Slade, you don't say it's another auction?"

"I say it. It's Jim Bill's auction—Jim Bill Baker, you know, the little one-armed chap that drove the Five Corners stage. He lost his wife a week or ten days ago, and he's going to pull up stakes. It pretty nearly broke him all up."

"Oh, I didn't know—the poor man! And hasn't he got quite a lot of little children, Elton?"

"Eight, counting the smallest of the lot, and I don't know's he's big enough to count. Don't believe he's more'n three months old, if he's that. Jude Perry says it's a real pitiful case. He says Bill goes round lugging the smallest chick on his one arm, and the tears rolling down his face."

The next morning Elton went to the auction. He was not to be back until nearly night. He jogged along slowly, thinking about poor Jim Bill and all those eight little young ones. The usual auction zest was gone out of the trip.

When he jogged homeward in the late afternoon, he was still thinking of Jim Bill's babies or one of them at least. It lay across his knees in a long, limp bundle. With one hand Elton steadied it, and with the other he drove. His honest, homely face was a study of self-disapproval and helpless dismay, and of shy enjoyment. He kept looking down at the long bundle with the pink dot of face at one end, on his knees.

"Well, I guess I've done it this time," he muttered. "I don't know what Waitstill'll say now. She'll be watching for me and saying, 'My grief! I wonder what Elton's bought to this auction!'"

Here the bundle stirred. The big browned hand slid along its length with soothing intent. On its return trip it ran across a tiny moist fist that clutched its forefinger tightly and forbade any further progress. For the rest of the ride Elton Slade's finger was a prisoner in close confinement.

Waitstill was evidently not at home and Elton breathed a sigh of temporary relief.

"She'd be out to the door if she was to home," he thought, "and I should have to tell her what I have done right off. It'll give me time to think. Sho! I don't know what Waitstill'll say, but I had to do it. I had to."

He laid the long, limp bundle on the seat and got out. Then he tried to lift it down, but there was a good deal of real difficulty in manipulating it under those circumstances. Elton grew warm and nervous.

"There's such a terrible waste o' cloth—how's a man going to tell where the little chick ends? And he's so mighty slippery! Sho!"

When the perilous descent was finally contrived with a measure of success, Elton carried the baby into the house. The kitchen was empty, but the tea kettle on the stove sent forth a long, curling steam of welcome. Elton tramped through the sitting room. An inspiration came to him.

"... needs a bed to lay him on the spare room's just the place!" and into the spare room, across the hall slantingwise, they went.

That was empty, too, but a rocking-chair stood beside an old-fashioned hooded cradle, with some white sewing lying across its seat.

Elton Slade had not been into the spare room for a long while—not since he helped Waitstill put down the carpet after spring house-cleaning. It was a strange, unfamiliar place to him. His eye lighted on the cradle.

"Sho! that's where she put it, is it? Don't it look nice in here! And Waitstill's got it all shined up. It's just where this little young one belongs—in with you!"

The baby snuggled into the little nest with grave approval, and Elton left it there and went back to put up his horse.

"I'll tell her at supper time" he said to himself.

At supper time Waitstill came in breezily and hurried the things onto the table. She had been over to Aunt Drusilla Rudd's on an errand.

"Well, Elton, what did you get to Bill—Bill Jim's, is it?—auction?" she said, cheerfully. I looked in the wagon to see as I came along, but I couldn't see anything but two rake heads."

"I got those," Elton said, promptly; "there's enough teeth in 'em to make one—I only paid a cent apiece."

He was playing uneasily with his knife and fork, listening all the time for a baby's sharp wail. But it did not come.

"I'll tell her at milking time," he thought.

On his way out of the kitchen, he thought him to look in on the little young one and see if it was all right. He went round to the front door and stole in through the hall in his stocking feet. The baby was asleep. His tiny, wizened face made a faint pink spot on the pillow, and one little round arm was thrown across the gay quilt. The little rosy palm was uppermost.

"Sho! sho!" muttered Elton Slade, a little huskily. The forefinger that had been in prison tingled inexplicably.

He crept across to the table and bent over it. The small palm quivered at the touch of his bearded lips, but the baby slept on.

"Sho! sho! sho!"

After the supper dishes were washed and set away, Waitstill went back into the spare room for her work. A little cry greeted her on the threshold. In utter astonishment, she followed it to the pink spot on the little cradle pillow. In the room's dim light it

seemed to her that the "making believe" had suddenly embodied itself by some amazing miracle. Yes, oh, yes! A baby lay in the cradle, wriggling feebly under the little gay patchwork quilt! A baby—flesh and blood, with moist, warm little fists and an imperative little cry!

Waitstill sank down beside it and drew it into her arms. Then through one of her swift intuitions she knew it was Jim Bill's little baby—she knew it!

She knew Elton had brought it home to her.

"This is what he got at the auction!" she cried.

If Elton could have seen her then, in the dark room with the light all in her face!

If Jim Bill—poor Jim Bill—could only have seen her.

At milking time, when Elton Slade went back to the house for the milk-pails—and to tell Waitstill, a strange picture met him. Waitstill sat in front of the stove in a low rocking-chair, giving the baby a bath. A basin of water and a soft towel were near. The baby long-clothes lay in a heap on the floor and the tiny, pink, unshrouded form lay in Waitstill's lap. She touched it with light, motherly fingers.

"Sho! sho!" She was crowning a little low song without any words. Elton stood in the doorway and listened. How fast her hands moved—how easy they touched the little young one. How much Waitstill looked like somebody whom the baby belonged to!

Then she glanced up and saw Elton in the door.

"Waitstill!" he cried, and his voice had the sound of twenty years ago in it. It vibrated, as it used to then, with tenderness.

"Waitstill! Waitstill!"

She held out her baby-burdened arms to him, and he never quite decided whether she was crying then or laughing.

"No—no! Don't call me 'Waitstill' any more, Elton. I don't belong to me. I feel as if the Lord had changed my name!"—The Cosmopolitan.

The Kaiser may become the guest of the Prince and Princess of Wales at Sandringham next month after his visit to the Queen at Windsor.

Child and Mother.

By Eugene Field.

O Mother—My-Love, if you'll give me your hand,

And go where I ask you to wander,

I will lead you away to a beautiful land—

The dreamland that's waiting out yonder.

We'll walk in the sweet-posie garden out there,

Where moonlight and starlight are streaming,

And the flowers and the birds are filling the air

With the fragrance and music of dreaming.

There'll be no little, tired-out boy to undress,

No questions or cares to perplex you;

There'll be no little bruises or bumps to caress,

Nor patching of stockings to vex you.

For I'll rock you away on the silver-dew stream

And sing you asleep when you're weary.

And no one shall know of our beautiful dream

But you and your own little dearie.

And when I am tired, I'll nestle my head

In the bosom that's soothed me so often,

And the wide-awake stars shall sing in my stead

A song which my dreaming shall soften.

So, Mother—My-Love let me take your dear hand,

And away through the starlight we'll wander—

Away through the mist to the beautiful land—

The dreamland that's waiting out yonder.

Four and Twenty Blackbirds.

You all know this rhyme, but have you ever heard what it really means? The four and twenty blackbirds represent the four and twenty hours. The bottom of the pie is the world, while the crust is the sky that over-arches it. The opening of the pie is the day dawn, when the birds begin to sing, and surely such a sight is fit for a king.

The king, who is represented as sitting in his parlor, counting out his money, is the sun, while the gold pieces that slip through his fingers as he counts them are the golden sunbeams. The queen, who sits in the dark kitchen, is the moon, and the honey with which she regales herself is the moonlight.

The industrious maid, who is in the garden at work before her king, the sun, has risen, is day dawn, and the clothes she hangs out are the clouds. The birds, who so tragically end the song by "nipping off her nose," are the sunset. So we have the whole day, if not in a nutshell, in a pie.

A Philadelphia book clerk tells of a richly dressed woman who came into his store the other day inquiring for "A Day in a Harem." After a period of search she was given "David Harum," which she took with the understanding that she could return it if it was not the book she wanted.

Dr. Alex. Whyte conducted a service in connection with the re-opening of Fifeorth Church, Edinburgh. The old building was destroyed by fire about a year ago.

The Riddle of Things That Are.

By Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

We walk in a world where no man reads

The riddle of things that are—

From a tiny fern in the valley's heart,

To the light of the largest star—

Yet we know the pressure of life is hard,

And the silence of death is deep.

As we fall and rise on the tan-pled way

That leads to the gate of sleep.

We know the problem of sin and pain,

And the passions that lead to crime,

Are the mysteries locked from age to age

In the awful vault of time—

Yet we lift our weary feet and strive

Through the mire and mist to grope,

And find a ledge on the mount of faith,

In the morning land of hope.

The suggestion of towing an iceberg down from the Arctic regions to New York in summer to afford a cheap and abundant supply of ice is occasionally made by humorists, but one may see in half a dozen places in Switzerland a similar idea carried out in practice, says the New York Sun. A party of tourists, arriving at the Hotel Weterhorn, situated a few hundred yards from the foot of the upper glacier at Grindelwald, one hot day last August, sat down on the veranda and called for some iced drinks. The waitress returned in a few minutes much perturbed and announced that the hotel had run out of ice. But, she added, a fresh supply would be procured in a few minutes if the party would wait. Shortly afterward a man came out of the hotel having strapped on his back one of the peculiar barrel-like baskets in which the Swiss people carry almost everything, and holding in his hand an ice axe. He trotted down the hillside and along beside the glacial river to the cliff-like face of the glacier, a huge mountain of pure ice, at which he began merrily hacking with his axe. He broke off neatly chunks to fill his basket and returned to the hotel inside of five minutes with a supply of ice that was clear and pure as crystal.

Ministers and Churches.

OUR TORONTO LETTER.

The services on Thanksgiving Day were fairly well attended. The churches that competed with the theatres and concert halls in the evening, by providing a taking entertainment at so much per head, had good audiences, and gathered in a pretty sum of money. Of course they did not call this worship. Quite a large number studied the war bulletins that each downtown newspaper displayed, keeping themselves warm by discussing the relative merits of the British and Boer side of the question. The discussion was one-sided, for we are a loyal people here in Toronto. Then many went out to see the mimic battle to the west of the city, and still others went out to the thimble-riggers' carnival called the Woodbridge fair. There was any amount of outward pleasure, but one could not discover much real gratitude to God, or recognition of Him as at all concerned in the affairs of life.

Three courses of Sabbath evening lectures are already announced for this winter. Rev. Louis H. Jordan is preaching in St. James' Square, upon "The Tabernacle," and drawing lessons from its equipment and from the forms of worship connected with it. In Old St. Andrew's Dr. Milligan began, last Sabbath evening, a series of discourses upon "Texts that Have Been Misinterpreted or Missapplied." In his hands, such a series should be, not only interesting, but eminently profitable. Rev. Armstrong Black has begun a most interesting series on the life of Joseph. The opening lecture was introductory. Last Sabbath evening Mr. Black dealt with "The Young Man and His Dreams," and for the two following Sabbath evenings will treat of "The Gate Opened," and "The Blank in the Tent." Dr. Black is already noted for his rare power of interesting the young men, especially in Old Testament themes.

On Monday evening last the Presbyterial ministers of the city met in the parlors of St. James' Square Presbyterian Church for a social hour. The meeting was the first of the meetings of the Ministerial Association for the season. The ladies of the several manse in the city and vicinity were invited, and a most enjoyable evening was spent by all. It has long been felt that the opportunities for social intercourse among those most vitally interested in Christian work are all too few, and this feature of the annual programme was devised to give opportunity for better acquaintance. So successful has this been that it is likely to become an important feature of the Association's programme. During the evening the president, Rev. L. H. Jordan, delivered the inaugural address.

Dovercourt congregation is now self-sustaining. Under the energetic ministry of the Rev. Samuel Carruthers this little congregation has steadily grown, not in numbers alone, but in strong spiritual life. They are now entirely united, and full of energy for greater work. The decision to dispense with spontaneous aid from the Augmentation Fund was surprise to the committee in charge of that fund. The announcement of the decision was cheered in the Presbytery, and the Moderator was asked to convey to the congregation hearty congratulations, and good wishes for the future. This is the second charge in the city to become self-sustaining within a year.

Two of the fathers of the Presbytery have been sick, but are recovering. Dr. Parsons is not yet able to resume work, but is rapidly gaining strength, and the health of Dr. Gregg is very much improved. There are few whose counsels are more missed among their brethren than are the words of these two. They make for peace and good-will.

There will be held, on Thursday evening of this week, a mass meeting of the Presbyterians of the city in connection with the Century Fund. The appeal has been made to the whole, satisfactory. The appeal is now to be made to the membership of the churches. Cooke's Church has been chosen as the place of meeting, and, though it is the largest auditorium in the city, it should be filled. Toronto should give a generous send-off to the good ship that will be launched that night.

Rev. A. L. Geggie has decided to come to Parkdale, and the Truro Presbytery, on Tuesday last, decided to release him from his present charge. He will be inducted into his new charge here on the evening of the 7th of November. The Presbytery will give him as hearty a welcome as he will receive, even from the good people of Parkdale.

The Interior man and the Westminster man are congratulating each other upon having worried the grave body of councillors at the recent meeting of Alliance of Reformed Churches. Dr. Gray chuckles, "Didn't we do it?" and Macdonald was his head, and says, "You bet we did!" Of course they don't print terpretation of the polite phrases we read week by week. We hope the Alliance hasn't forgotten all about it.

The classes in Knox College are in full swing again, and lectures are being well attended. We have not heard of a single student entering upon the Modified Arts Course, which begins this year.

An exchange says: "Under the leadership of Rev. Armstrong Black, St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, has begun to look like the good old days when Rev. D. J. McEwen was preacher. Numbers are turned away at every service." Mr. Black is delivering a series of sermons on "Men of the Bible," which are designed to be especially helpful to young men.

WINNIPEG AND WEST.

Rev. C. W. and Mrs. Gordon, of St. Stephen's Church, Winnipeg, received a welcome home from their congregation, which included a cabinet of silver.

Rev. R. G. MacBeth, M.A., conducted the services at the opening of the new church, Ryebank, last Sunday. In his absence, Dr. Bryce preached in the morning and Rev. J. P. Cameron in the evening, at St. Augustine Church.

OTTAWA

The Ladies' Aid of Stewarton Church had arranged for a concert on the 16th prox.

In the Globe Church last Sunday the pastor, Rev. J. W. H. Milne, preached his second sermon on "The Prophets." Hosea was the prophet discussed.

Meetings are being held this week in Knox Church, Ottawa, for the "deepening of spiritual life." Several ministers are taking part, among them the venerable Dr. Wardrope, who was for many years pastor of one of the city churches, and who is always a welcome visitor to the Capital.

Mrs. (Rev.) Robert Eadie held her annual "at home" in Bethany Church on Thanksgiving evening. The church was crowded by parishioners and friends, who came to pay their respects to Mrs. Eadie. An enjoyable musical programme was carried out, and short addresses were given by Rev. Mr. Eadie and Dr. Wardrope, who made touching references to the present war.

The Thanksgiving service in St. Andrew's Church was of an impressive character. The choir, under the leadership of Mr. F. M. S. Jenkins, choirmaster, rendered an excellent harvest cantata. Rev. Dr. Herridge took as his text the words "Fear not, O Land." He began by describing national sentiment, and fulness on the one hand and pessimism on the other hand, dwelt on the reasons why all Canadians should be thankful this year; impressing the idea on his hearers that it was not so much the monetary condition of a people as the religious and social which should be taken into account.

QUEBEC

Thanksgiving service was held in the Presbyterian Church, Valleyfield, on Thursday evening, and the attendance was unusually large for a week-day meeting. Rev. Dr. the speaker of the occasion. His address was French evangelization was eloquent, interesting and instructive, and was listened to with close attention by an appreciative audience. Mr. Tanner, French missionary in Valleyfield, was also on the platform. The speaker, said that there was a happy coincidence in the presence of the sons of the two oldest missionaries engaged in French evangelization. Dr. Amaron, son of Mr. Amaron, 1840, and Mr. Tanner, grandson of Mr. Visset, who came from France in the work of the society. The collection was taken in behalf of French evangelization.

On Sunday evening Rev. J. E. Ducloux gave a thanksgiving sermon, in the course of which he touched on the work of the plebsicite. He also spoke of the homes blighted by the curse of strong drink, and how some wives and as it brought to them no peace and happiness, but discord and wretchedness, the fruits of alcohol. He startled the congregation by saying that they could not mark the closing of the nineteenth century by anything more beneficial to the community than the signing of the pledge by every member and adherent.

NORTHERN ONTARIO.

Mrs. (Rev.) Roge, of Owen Sound, addressed the monthly meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society at Annan last week.

Mrs. (Rev.) Somerville and Mrs. Telford, of Owen Sound, were some days ago thrown from a buggy, both ladies receiving nasty cuts and severe bruises.

Mr. Norman McKenzie, Knox College student, gave an interesting address on "What Our Students Are Doing for Home Missions," in the Kemble Church, on Sabbath evening, the 8th inst.

The congregations of Dundalk and Ventry recently made vacant by the death of Rev. E. A. Harrison, have called Rev. James Buchanan of Pelham and Louth, Presbytery of Hamilton. Stipend offered \$800 and free manse.

The Rev. S. McLean, who occupied the pulpit of Westport Presbyterian Church, Winnipeg, during the absence of Rev. C. B. Pitblado, is in Bal-saver on a visit to his mother. About the 1st of November he will return to Mossburn to accept a call extended to him from that thriving Northwest town.

Miss Jessie Sloane, who has for several years been leader of the Annan Church choir, was last week, previous to her leaving to reside in Owen Sound, presented by the congregation with an address expressive of their high appreciation of her services, accompanied with an elegant music cabinet and beautifully bound Bible and Book of Praise.

At a Joint meeting of the Flesherton and Proton Station congregations, held in Chalmers' Church, Flesherton, on Monday last, it was decided to unite Proton Station mission with the Flesherton and Engonia charge. This will necessitate the withdrawal of the evening service at Flesherton in favor of Proton Station.

EASTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. Dr. Smith, of Queen's, has been preaching in Knox Church, Carleton Place.

Rev. Dr. McIntyre, Beamsville, has been preaching in Cooke's Church, Kingston.

Rev. J. W. C. Bennett, B.A., of Elliott, preached last Sunday at Rossbank and Clayton.

A unanimous call has been extended from Port Perry to the Rev. William Cooper, for merely of Listowel.

On Sunday last the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was observed in Portsmouth Church, Rev. G. Shore presiding.

The congregation of Winchester presented the Rev. J. F. Macfarland, B.A., of South Mountain, with a handsome gold-headed cane in appreciation of the valuable services which he had rendered them in his capacity as moderator for Winchester during the vacancy.

The Auxiliary of the W.F.M.S. of the Presbyterian Church, Lakefield, held their annual Thankoffering service on Sabbath morning, Oct. 22. Interesting reports from the Auxiliary and the Mission Band were read by Miss S. B. McEwen and Miss Bella Graham. Rev. J. W. McIntosh, of Centreville, was the preacher for the day, and delivered an eloquent and inspiring address. The offering amounted to \$32.

A very pretty wedding took place on the 11th of October at the residence of Mr. J. K. Gordon, barrister, of Whitley, when the marriage of his youngest daughter, Miss Victoria Pentland, with Rev. W. J. West, M.A., of Bluevale, was celebrated. The ceremony was performed by Rev. John Abraham, of Whitley, assisted by Rev. W. T. Hall, brother-in-law of the bride. The bride was beautifully attired in organdie muslin over white silk, and carried a shower bouquet of orange blossoms. The bridesmaid was Miss Linda Harris, of Toronto, who was prettily dressed in pink and carried a shower bouquet of pink roses. The groom, Mr. and Mrs. West, assisted the groom. Mr. and Mrs. West will spend a few weeks at Niagara Falls and Buffalo before settling in their home at Bluevale. Mrs. West was made the recipient of a large number of valuable presents by her many friends.

MONTREAL

The Rev. Dr. Scrimger preached to the Masons on Sunday morning in Taylor Church. St. Giles Church expects to obliterate its debt as a contribution to the Century Fund.

A Roman Catholic and a Protestant chaplain will go with the Canadian contingent to the Transvaal.

In several of the Protestant churches collections were taken on Thanksgiving Day in aid of the Montreal General Hospital.

The front of St. Paul's Church is in process of being adorned with a new stained glass window.

The McGill Y.M.C.A. gave its annual tea to the members on Thanksgiving Day, in accordance with an established custom.

Part of a building on Wellington street west has been leased to serve as the temporary home of the new Point St. Charles Hospital.

The annual social gathering of the officers and teachers of St. Matthew's Sunday-school took place on Thursday evening. The work of the past and future was discussed with a view to furthering the interests of the school.

The fourth annual convention for the deepening of spiritual life, opened in Stanley Street Presbyterian Church on Monday evening. The Rev. Adam Murman and S. Osborne Troop were the speakers.

Lord Strathcona has been asked to become a candidate for the lord rectory of Aberdeen University, and has expressed his willingness to do so. The position is now filled by the Marquis of Huntley, who wishes to retire.

In Crescent Street Church lecture room a concert was held on the evening of Thanksgiving Day in aid of St. Cuthbert's Church, St. Lambert. The concert was a success, the programme being excellent, and a considerable sum of money being realized.

At Petite Cote Thanksgiving Day was observed by evening service in the school-house, conducted by the Rev. W. T. Morrison. The service was followed by a social. The sum of \$67.50 was collected for the Montreal General Hospital.

The Rev. Dr. J. Edgar Hill, of St. Andrew's Church, preached a war sermon on Thanksgiving Day. He said: "The Empire's war is Canada's, too," and arraigned the Boer for cruelty to the natives and injustice to the whites. "Christian civilization," he said, "forbids such high treason to the human race as to leave South Africa to the Dutch."

On Tuesday evening of last week a welcome social was given to the Rev. H. J. MacDiarmid in St. Cuthbert's Presbyterian Church, St. Lambert, to the pastorate of which he has recently been inducted. The Rev. Messrs. Dart (Episcopal) and Lennon (Methodist), of St. Lambert, and the Rev. D. MacVicar, of Point St. Charles, occupied seats on the platform. Other ministers of various denominations were present and contributed their greetings. Mayor Wickham, in a kindly speech, welcomed Mr. MacDiarmid as a citizen of St. Lambert. Mr. MacDiarmid's acceptableness augurs well for a happy pastorate.

Mr. Norman Murray, a newsdealer, charged with having published and sold obscene literature, caused a scene in court the other day by tearing up his Bible, which he professed to regard as an immoral book. He declared himself to be a freethinker, believing the doctrines of Renan, and said that he accepted the New Testament, but not the Old. By means of a large poster displayed before his little news store, he announced to the public that on Sunday afternoon, in a certain hall, he intended to prove to all the world that a Roman Catholic is more tolerant than a Methodist. Out of deference to the feelings of our Methodist brethren, with whom it is well to keep on good terms, we do not report the address.

At one of the sessions of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, held in Ormstown, Dr. Bazin presented an interesting scheme for regulating the liquor traffic. This scheme, which he would regard as a stepping stone to prohibition, embodied the following points: That the Government should import, manufacture, and dispense all intoxicants for all purposes; that there should be no bars in hotels and restaurants, and that no intoxicants should be on draught. The Doctor, however, would give hotels and restaurants the privilege of dispensing for the Government by bottle in the dining room. Another provision of the scheme is, that after the act has been in force three years, any province or municipality may establish prohibition.

On Sunday evening the Rev. Dr. Barclay preached to a large and attentive congregation in "The Fruits of the Spirit," dwelling largely on the spiritualizing effect of Christianity on common life.

An excellent paper on "The Ministry of the Hebrew Prophets and the Ministry of To-day" was read by Dr. Harlan Creelman, of the Congregational College, at the bi-monthly meeting of the Protestant Ministerial Association on Monday morning. Dr. Creelman pointed to the high type of moral courage and devoted citizenship furnished by the prophets. Dr. Scrimger, taking part in the discussion on the paper, showed that the ministry of to-day had a Gospel of glad tidings to preach—a more important mission than the denunciation of wrong. Mr. Fleck regarded the vision of the New Testament preachers as a larger view than that of the Old. Mr. George and Canon Dixon thought that the spirit of true citizenship which animated the prophets was something to be emulated by the ministry of to-day. There were also present the Revs. Dr. Amaron, James Patterson, R. P. Duclos, King, Brueneau, and D. MacVicar.

WESTERN ONTARIO

Rev. John Young, of Hamilton, is holidaying in his old home near Goderich.

Rev. Mr. Radford, of Chatham, had charge of Shakespeare and St. Andrew's for the past two Sabbaths.

The induction of Rev. S. D. Jamieson as pastor of Burgoyne and Dunblane will take place at Burgoyne on 1st November.

Rev. W. A. Bradley, of Mitchell, has accepted the call to Berlin, notwithstanding the determined effort made by his late charge to retain his services.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Linton were tendered a farewell social by the U.F. congregation, Galt, on their leaving that place for Hamilton. Both had been prominent in all good work, and their going is deeply regretted.

It is reported that Lyn and Mallorytown, vacant since the removal of Mr. Wright to the Klondike, will call at an early date. Rev. D. Strachan, of Brockville, is Moderator of Session.

Rev. Dr. Robertson, superintendent of the North-west Presbyterian missions, preached in the Auditorium, last Sunday morning and in the First Church in the evening.

Anniversary services were held in Knox Church, Watertown, last Sunday. Rev. J. McNair, B.D., of Oakville, was the preacher morning and evening. On the Monday evening Dr. Beavis, of Hamilton, lectured most acceptably on "Heroes of To-Day."

Rev. M. C. Cameron, B.A., B.D., of Harrison, conducted anniversary services for Rev. M. C. McLennan in Zion Church, Nichol, on October 15. The following Monday a successful tea was held, at which addresses were given by Messrs. Cameron, Mullen and McAlpine.

On Tuesday evening of last week a memorial service for the late Dr. Cochran was held in Zion Church, Brantford. The present pastor, the Rev. W. A. J. Martin, presided, and the Rev. D. Hutchinson, Dr. Nichol and Thomas McLean delivered suitable addresses.

Rev. J. P. McInnes, B.A., who recently resigned the pastorate of Puce, has been presented with a purse of gold by the congregation, and to Mrs. McInnes a gold watch and chain, the gifts being accompanied by an eloquent address, expressive of the high esteem and deep affection in which both are held and of sorrow for their loss.

Thanksgiving was observed in St. Catharines by a union service in First Presbyterian Church, conducted by the pastor, Rev. J. H. Batcliffe. The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Gee, of the Methodist Church. In the evening Rev. Dr. Smith, of Knox Church, gave his lecture on "A Man," in St. Paul Street Methodist Church, the occasion being the anniversary of the Y.M.C.A.

The basement of Knox Church, Hamilton, was the scene of a merry gathering on the evening of the 17th inst., on the occasion of a banquet tendered to the young men of the church by the ladies of the Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor. In spite of the disagreeable weather, the boys turned out in goodly numbers. The pastor, Rev. Dr. Fraser, was master of ceremonies, and judging from the quality of the orations delivered by the youthful speechmakers, Knox Church will soon be able to boast of some capable speakers.

It was a delighted and charmed audience, says the Galt Reformer, that spent "A Night With a Sweet Singer and His Songs," in Knox Church on Monday evening. The singer was Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and the interpreter the Hon. Dr. Montague. Vivid, picturesque, yet true and realistic were the word paintings that he drew of the American bard, and from beginning to end every man, woman and child listened, entranced as much by the speaker's beautiful imagery as by the key to which he tuned his lay. And many a responsive chord did he strike as he followed the man, and the poet, from early, promising youth to ripe and lovely age.

In the congregation of Harrowsmith and Wilton, under the pastoral charge of Rev. David Flemming, B.A., extensive improvements have been made in both churches. On September 24 the Wilton Church was reopened, the Rev. W. W. Peck, of Napanee, preaching at ohnson service and the pastor at the other. At Harrowsmith, the old steep well has been replaced by a more modern tower, well proportioned and a fine piece of architecture. Other changes have been made, and the whole building thoroughly renovated, at a cost of about \$600. On October 15 reopening services were conducted by Rev. M. Macgillivray, M.A., of Chalmers, Kingston, who preached strong sermons to crowded audiences. On Monday evening again the church was filled with intensely interested listeners. As Miss Dr. T. G. Smith told of "The Boys I Knew."

Married.

On October 11th, at Toronto, Miss Victoria Pentland Gordon to Rev. W. J. West, M.A., Presbyterian minister at Bluevale.

In Montreal, on Sept. 14, 1899, by the Rev. A. J. Mowatt, W. J. Kerr, D.D.S., to Lottie, youngest daughter of Mr. R. Simpkin.

On 12th October, by Rev. J. A. Cranston, M.A., assisted by Rev. R. J. M. Glassford, John Ramage, Eden Mills, to Mrs. Mary Mel drum Swan, Guelph.

On October 11th, at the residence of Dr. MacKinnon, by the Rev. T. Eakin, M.A., Mr. Harry Murton to Mrs. Ella Shepherd, both of Guelph.

At the residence of the bride's father, Caledonia, on October 4th, by the Rev. John MacLeod, Geo. E. Johnson, of Jersey City, N.J., to Annie C., daughter of Mr. Kenneth Fraser.

At Cobourg, on the 18th October, 1899, by the Rev. John Hay, B.D., Alfred W. Roper, of the Bank of Toronto, Montreal, to Jessie C., daughter of the late Andrew Black, of Cobourg.

At the manse, Vankleek Hill, on October 18th, by the Rev. John MacLeod, Donald Alexander Benton, of Lochiel, to Margaret Mary, daughter of Mr. Neil McIntosh, of Lochiel.

At the residence of the bride's father, West Hawkesbury, on October 11th, by the Rev. John MacLeod, James G. Smith, of Glen Sandhill, to Eliza Ann, daughter of Mr. John N. McKee.

On Sept. 20, 1899, by the Rev. J. Mattison, at the parsonage, Summerstown, front Chiltonburg, Ont., Mr. William G. Whissel to Catherine, only surviving daughter of Alex. and Janet McArthur.

At Blackburn Park, Fergus, Ont., the residence of the bride's mother, on Sept. 20, 1899, by the Rev. J. B. Mullan, Mabel K., third daughter of the late John Black, Esq., to Mr. Edward B. Hayward, of Woodland, Yola County, California.

On August 19th, 1899, at the Marble Collegiate Church, New York City, by the Rev. Dr. Bradshaw, John McP. Eadie, eldest son of the Rev. John Eadie, of Point Edward, Ont., to Miss Jennie Louise Carr, only daughter of the late Mr. W. H. Carr, all of New York.

Died.

At "Riverview," Beaverton, Ont., on the 24th inst., Mary Isabel Robinson, aged 23 years.

At Blyth, Ont., on October 23, suddenly, Robert Forsyth, in the 80th year of his age, a native of Earlston, Berwickshire, Scotland.

At his late residence, 136 Kent street, London, on the 21st October, 1899, William Alexander Gunn, secretary of the McClary Mfg. Co., aged 59 years.

At 453 Clarke avenue, Westmont, on Oct. 6, 1899, Catherine Robertson, daughter of the late James Robertson, of the Hon. Hudson Bay Co.'s service.

British and Foreign

The Journey from London to Omdurman has been made in twelve days.

President Kruger has just attained his 74th birthday.

Captain Dreyfus, with his wife and children will winter in Egypt.

Dr. Stalker has promised to deliver a course of Biblical lectures at the conference of Y.M. C.A. general secretaries next year.

Berry Street congregation, Belfast, has celebrated the ministerial jubilee of their minister, Dr. Crawford.

Mr. William McNeill, a licentiate of the Dromore Presbytery, has received a call to Drumbo.

Although the recent falls of rain have averted famine, scarcity is being felt in India, and 200,000 persons are already in receipt of relief.

Tayport U.P. Church, Dundee, has been granted liberty to call a minister. The stipend proposed is £300. It is now a self-supporting charge.

Old Greyfriars' Church, Edinburgh, has been re-opened after renovation. Dr. John Hunter, of Glasgow, was the preacher at the morning service.

Arbriot Kirk Session has resolved to discontinue the observance of fast days. The custom now lingers in but a few parishes in Scotland.

Egmont congregation, Liverpool, have decided to call Rev. James G. Gould, of Dumbarton. The pulpit has been vacant owing to the resignation of Dr. Muir.

London is now in complete telegraphic communication with Klondike, and business telegrams pass over the wire from Dawson City to the City.

The ministerial semi-jubilee of Rev. S. Sleath, of Boiness, has been celebrated. Mr. Sleath was presented with a purse of sovereigns and other gifts.

Six new banks have been opened by the Army in India, with the object of lending money to poor villagers at a low rate of interest and saving them from the clutches of usurers.

The amount contributed towards Westminster College now exceeds £42,000, and money is still coming in. This is in excess of the sum aimed at, and should cover any additional outlay.

The marriage of Mr. George Keith Murray, of Ochtertyre, to Miss Richmond, of Monzie Castle, is the first ceremony of the kind held within the walls of Monzie Church since the Reformation.

As the bell of Inverary Parish Church was being rung on Sunday for the assembling of the Sunday school the tongue fell on the pavement within a few feet of the minister (Rev. D. A. Cameron Reid), who was entering the building.

The new Waverley Station in Edinburgh will be the largest in the kingdom. It covers twenty-three acres, half an acre more than Liverpool Street Station. Half of the area is under roof and there are nineteen platforms.

The Queen of Holland has been on a visit to the Kaiser at Potsdam. She stood god-mother to the infant son of the Prince and Princess of Wied. It is now considered certain that the young Queen will marry a German prince.

The death of Dr. James Smith, of Uddings-ton, removes one more of the men who did so much for education in Scotland at the time of the Disruption. Dr. Smith was appointed to the charge of the Free Church School at Uddington in 1847, and was confirmed in his appointment when the school was taken over by the School Board.

A Veteran's Trials.

Attacked With Kidney Trouble in an Aggravated Form.

His Digestion Became Impaired and His Case Was Looked Upon as Hopeless—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Him When Other Medicines Failed.

(From the Telegraph, Welland, Ont.)

Among the residents of Port Robinson there are few better known than Mr. Samuel Richards, who has resided in that vicinity for some twenty-seven years. Mr. Richards came to Canada from Illinois, and is one of the veterans of the American Civil War, having been a member of the 7th Illinois Regiment. Mr. Richards is also one of the vast army who bear willing and cheerful testimony to the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. To a reporter who recently interviewed him he said: "I very gladly testify to the great merit of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A few years ago I fell a victim to one of the worst forms of kidney trouble. I was tortured with terrible pains across the back. I could neither sit up or lie down with any degree of ease. I consulted a doctor, and he gave me medicine which I took from time to time, but instead of helping me I was growing worse. My digestion became impaired and I suffered from additional pains in the stomach. I would feel cold along the spine and in the region of the kidneys; sparks would apparently float before my eyes, and I would have frequent headaches. I then began using a medicine advertised to cure kidney trouble, but to no avail; it left me poorer in pocket, while I grew worse in health. I fell away in flesh until my neighbors scarcely knew me. In my day I have undergone many hardships and a great deal of pain, having been through the American war; but in all this I never experienced the dread that I now have when I recall this sickness; not even the hour when I was captured and drugged within two miles of Libby prison. My sufferings were intensified by the stomach trouble. I could not eat and was bent almost double from pain. In fact, I deemed myself a wreck. One day R. A. Abbey, general merchant, advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as he highly recommended them I purchased three boxes, and before they were used I could feel improvement. I kept on taking them until I used twelve boxes and am now so well and strong that I can do two days' work in one and weigh 226 pounds. My cure was a surprise to everyone in the community, as all thought my case hopeless. I feel so gratified that I consider this testimony compensates only poorly for what this medicine has done for me, and I believe I would have been dead if I had not taken Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

The experience of years has proved that there is absolutely no disease due to a vitiated condition of the blood or shattered nerves, that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will not promptly cure, and those who are suffering from such troubles would avoid much misery and save money by promptly resorting to this treatment. Get the genuine Pink Pills every time and do not be persuaded to take an imitation or some remedy from a dealer, who, for the sake of the extra profit to himself, may say is "Just as good." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure when other medicines fail.

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Health and Home

Snow Pudding.—Three sour apples, pare and core and steam until soft; beat them with a silver spoon and set away to cool, then add white of one egg, and a cup powdered sugar, beat one hour. **Sauce.**—Yolk of one egg, one cup milk, half cup of sugar; let boil up, then remove from fire; flavor with vanilla. Serve cold.

Creamed Turnips.—Pare the turnips and cut in slices one-fourth of an inch in thickness, then cut the slices in strips like a match. Boil these in salted water half an hour. Drain them, place them in a dish, and cover with cream sauce, made by melting in a small frying pan one tablespoon of butter, adding to it one tablespoonful of flour; stir until smooth, and then add one pint of milk, stir it constantly until it boils, then season it with one teaspoonful of salt and a little pepper, and pour it over the turnip.

White Mountain Rolls.—Four cups flour, one cup milk, quarter cup butter, two tablespoonfuls sugar, one-third cake compressed yeast, half teaspoonful salt, white of one egg, beaten stiff; have the milk warm; add the butter (melted, warm, not hot), salt, sugar, yeast and flour; mix well; then the white of the egg, the last thoroughly mixed in with the hand. Let them rise over night; in the morning roll into shape, cut and fold over or make in any other form. Bake in a quick oven after they have stood an hour.

Virtues of Buttermilk.—The growing practice of utilizing the waste product of all manufactures has brought out the fact that buttermilk possesses many unsuspected qualities. A medical paper says its reputation as an agent of superior digestibility, has become firmly established. It is, indeed, a true milk peptone—that is, milk already digested, the coagulation of the coagulated portion being loose and flaky and not of that firm, indigestible nature which is the result of the action of the gastric juice upon sweet cows' milk. It is of great value in the treatment of typhoid fever, and being a decided laxative, it may be turned to advantage in other treatments.

In the West Indies a lemon bath is almost a daily luxury. Three or four limes or lemons are sliced into the water and allowed to lie for half an hour, in order that the juice may be extracted. A remarkable sense of freshness and cleanliness is given to the skin.

Paraffin, bath-brick, and whiting mixed to a paste is excellent for cleaning steel fire irons. Remove all stains by rubbing with this, and polish with dry whiting and soft dusters.

To keep insects from bird cages, hang a small bag of sulphur in the cage. This will not harm the bird, but it will keep away the vermin that collect, unless great care is exercised, in bird cages.

The colors of flowers may be changed by certain additions to the soil. Charcoal powder deepens the flowers of the dahlia, the rose, petunia, etc., carbonate of soda reddens hyacinths, and superphosphate of soda alters the hues or bloom of other cultivated plants.

Food is very cheap in Russia. Black bread, which, with vegetables, is the principal food of the working classes, costs barely 1-24 per pound; white bread is about 14 per pound; butter is 5d per pound, meat is from 3d to 8d per pound and other food in proportion.

Dr. Robert P. Lyle, of the Rotunda Hospital, Dublin, an old Coleraine boy, has just been appointed lecturer and examiner in obstetrics and gynaecology in the Durham University College of Medicine, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Managing Editor.

(For Dominion Presbyterian.)
 Rev. Mr. Frock's Sermon.

"One Sunday morning recently the Rev. Mr. Frock,
 Being somewhat indisposed, 'twould seem, or leastwise out of sorts,
 Gave the following exhortation to the members of his flock,
 With good results, according to reliable reports:
 Dear brethren, bear with me to-day, and do not think me vext
 If some censorious sentences get mixed with my remarks,
 And don't suspect the moon if I should wander from my text,
 For that's natural to preachers as the flying up of sparks.
 My text was—I've forgotten just exactly what it was,
 But let that pass, and listen—I've a word for every peev;
 And I hope that no disturbance will necessitate a pause,
 And that none will go away before my exhortation's through.
 And first—I crave your pardon for referring to the fact—
 Attendance—your assembling of yourselves together here—
 The edifice is never disproportionately packed
 Except when buns and coffee are provided twice a year.
 And, secondly—it pains me to make mention of this head—
 Finance—your plate collections are discouragingly scant,
 And contain—I blush to say it—too much silver plugged with lead;
 We don't manufacture bullets—it's good money that we want.
 And thirdly now, and lastly, your behavior—I'm ashamed
 To see so many dogs in church—dogs aren't what we desire;
 And you sleep throughout the sermon, and the prayers, too, 'tis claimed,
 Except when you're awakened by the giggling of the choir.
 And, in conclusion, brethren, if you don't amend your ways,
 I will assuredly vacate this elevated perch;
 Plugged money, dogs, and vacant seats must vanish from my gaze,
 Or you'll get another pastor, and I'll get another church.

FATHER FOOLSCAP.

A "Guild of St. Columba" has been organized in connection with the Presbytery of St. John, consisting of members of Presbytery (ex-officio), Sunday School workers and Young People's Societies within the bounds. The object is the furtherance of the religious welfare of young people and the promotion of a spirit of corporate unity amongst the rising generation of Presbyterians. The first convention was held in St. Andrew's Church, St. John, on the 13th and 14th inst. It was most encouraging. Between forty and fifty delegates from outside the city registered themselves; all the meetings were well attended and the addresses and papers were well prepared and far above the average. Rev. H. H. Martin was elected president and Rev. F. W. Murray secretary. The annual meeting is fixed so as to connect with the autumn meeting of Presbytery.

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