

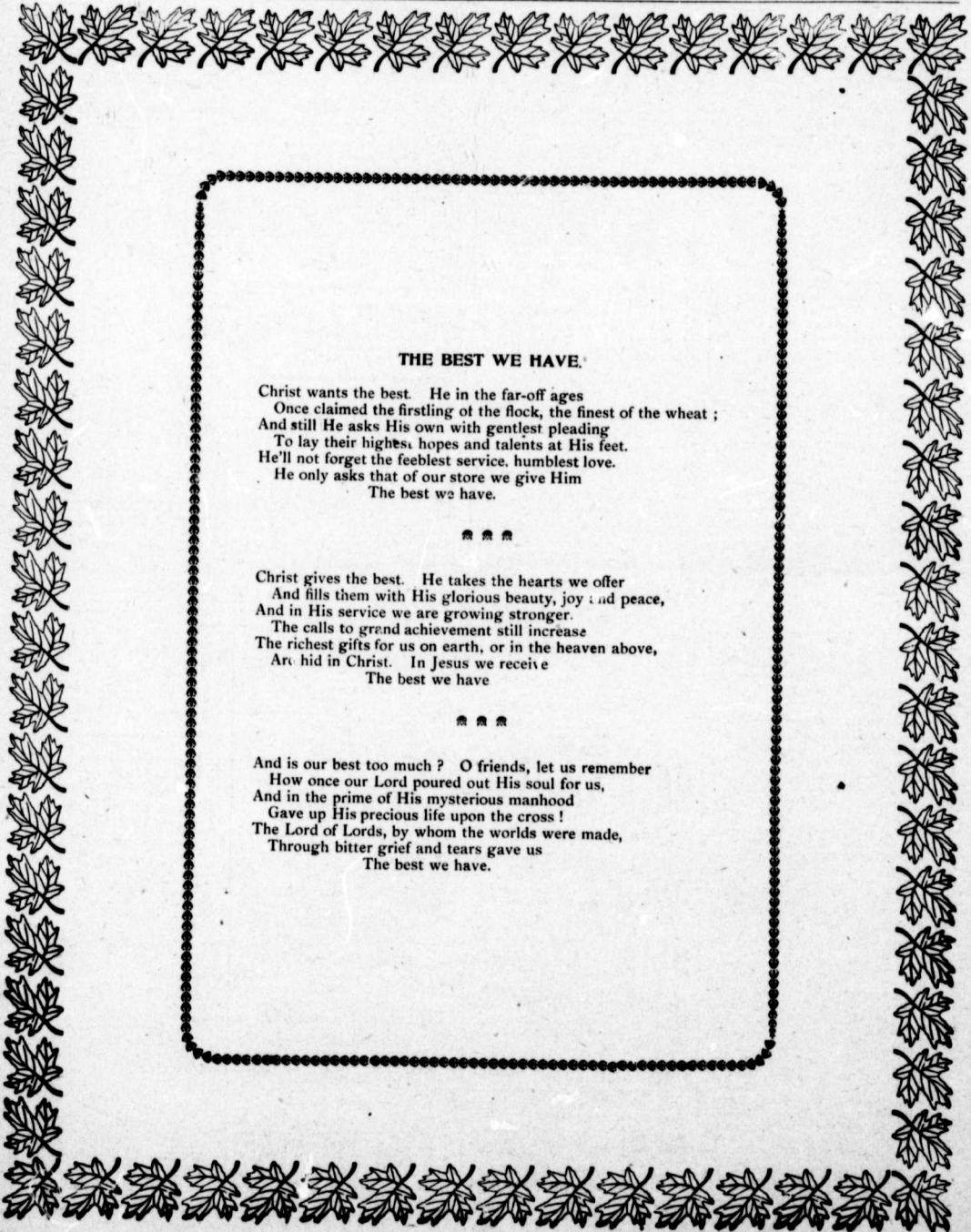
Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church.

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OTTAWA, MONTREAL, TORONTO AND WINNIPEG.

Single Copies, 5 Cents.



THE BEST WE HAVE.

Christ wants the best. He in the far-off ages
 Once claimed the firstling of the flock, the finest of the wheat ;
 And still He asks His own with gentlest pleading
 To lay their highest hopes and talents at His feet.
 He'll not forget the feeblest service, humblest love.
 He only asks that of our store we give Him
 The best we have.



Christ gives the best. He takes the hearts we offer
 And fills them with His glorious beauty, joy and peace,
 And in His service we are growing stronger.
 The calls to grand achievement still increase
 The richest gifts for us on earth, or in the heaven above,
 Are hid in Christ. In Jesus we receive
 The best we have



And is our best too much ? O friends, let us remember
 How once our Lord poured out His soul for us,
 And in the prime of His mysterious manhood
 Gave up His precious life upon the cross !
 The Lord of Lords, by whom the worlds were made,
 Through bitter grief and tears gave us
 The best we have.

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Note and Comment.

It is announced that Melbourne will be the capital of Confederated Australia. It is said to be a beautiful city.

The Bishop of Albany declares that Roman Catholicism in the United States has made enormous progress.

Moody argued that summer is the best time to reach the masses, because they love to be out doors. He advocated city churches having roof auditoriums.

Mr. Gilbert Parker, the novelist, has been elected at Gravesend, securing a Unionist majority of 738 over the Liberal candidate, Mr. Hildebrand Harmsworth.

Tibet is larger than France, Germany and Spain combined, and has a population of 6,000,000. It is ruled over by Dalai Lama, who acknowledges only a nominal allegiance to China.

Mr. George M. Brown, son of the late Hon. Geo. Brown, was elected to the British House of Commons as a Liberal in Centre Edinburgh, defeating Dr. Conan Doyle, Unionist.

The American Catholic Church, says the United Presbyterians, has not a single missionary in foreign lands. Evidently the job of proselyting Protestants in the United States is a sufficiently large contract.

The result of the Galveston storm are thus summarised in a press despatch:—"Deaths, 6,000; injured, 3,000; homeless, 10,000. The number of looters who have been executed during the past week is 125."

The Citizen will not come to the conclusion that Mr. Galt is incompetent because the aldermen have so "resolved." On matters of the kind the majority of the aldermen are not competent to form an opinion.

British Columbia and Ontario fruit is fast driving Californian fruit out of the Canadian Northwest market. This is as it should be. But to make the best results possible, the fruit must always be carefully selected, packed, and marketed in time.

It is said that China will have to pay indemnities, not only for the loss of property and the loss of life in the recent Boxer uprising, but also for the expenditure which the great nations have incurred in protecting their own interests at Peking and elsewhere.

It would be difficult to determine whether the Chinese or the Russians have the advantage in the extremities of barbaric cruelty as perpetrated in the savage exhibitions in China. The Russians seem to excel in the grossness of their inhuman practices.

Through the union of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches the Edinburgh Divinity Hall of the United Free Church will be the New College on the Mound. This college was the first of the colleges instituted in connection with the Free Church.

The sixtieth session of Queen's University opened on 31st inst. The registrar reports that there was a much larger attendance than on any other opening day in the history of the college. The prospects are for a largely increased attendance in all faculties.

The Ottawa Journal pertinently asks: Honestly, now, gentlemen of the local combine, was that extra dollar necessary? Had there been an independent company in the field, would you have put it on? It is safe to say that both queries would be answered in the negative.

So many are regretting this war! It is quite affecting to read the lament of the whisky exporters. Listen:—"The dreary lengths to which the war is being drawn out is proving very irritating to those houses who are ready to make shipments there at the earliest opportunity." What is Lord Roberts thinking about?

A report from Skagway says that the passenger rates from Skagway have been advanced to \$60 first-class and \$50 second class, and from Dawson to Skagway \$75 first class and \$50 second class. It is not the railway company that has put up the prices, but the steamboat companies. There is no interest in the freight rates.

The new assessment roll for the levying of taxes in 1901 was completed in Toronto last week, and the figures give gratifying evidence of growth and progress. The total assessment of the city amounts to \$128,954,144, which is an increase over last year of \$3,218,135. Of that sum \$131,557 represents the increase in the value of land. The population of the city is given as 199,043, an increase of 6,136.

Here is something that may be interesting to Principal Dymond of the Brantford Institution for the blind:—"The work of blind women typewriters is one of the interesting features of the United States Treasury Department. It is said that their work is equal to that of the best operators, and as much is expected of them in diction and copying as of those who have their eyesight. So satisfactory are the services of these blind clerks that it is proposed to give opportunity to many more next year.

While the new Electric Railway in London is working smoothly and without the slightest hitch the Underground Railway in Paris is experiencing many vicissitudes. There have been several accidents, fortunately unattended with any loss of life. The other day recorded a veritable chapter of disasters. First the current broke down, and the train had to stand still in the tunnel for about an hour and a half. A little later the first carriage of a train running from Vincennes to Port Maillot caught fire at the Bastille Station, through the derailment of the end carriage of a train. There was a panic among the passengers, of whom about ten were bruised and shaken.

The various Protestant denominations and those staunch Presbyterians, the Waldenses, are making an impression in Rome. Hear this wail from the Vatican itself, yea, from the very throat of His Holiness:—"To all these causes of perversion" (such as books, professors' chairs and newspapers) "there has been added the insidious activity of heretical men, who, in conflict among themselves find accord only in traducing the supreme pontifical authority, the Catholic clergy and the dogmas of our holy religion, the meaning of which, and still more the august beauty, they are unable to understand." When the Waldenses were being massacred they did find some difficulty in appreciating the "august beauty" of Romanism.

The Princess of Wales has presented to the London Hospital the wonderful apparatus which has been employed in Copenhagen for the cure of certain intractable skin diseases by means of light. As is well known, it is the chemical rays—the blue, violet and ultra-violet—which exert this curious beneficial effect. To use the apparatus the patients simply lie on couches, while the light of the sun, or, failing that, the rays from an electric arc lamp, are focused upon the affected part of the skin. To obviate the heat which is always generated by focusing the sun's rays in this manner, the rays undergo concentration and cooling by means of a curious "reversed telescope." The rock crystal lenses, which are impervious to heat rays, inclose a column of distilled water. The patient is submitted to this treatment for about an hour at a time, but the treatment being quite painless, not the slightest inconvenience is experienced, and the operation has been proved to be eminently successful.

At the Christian Endeavor convention at Guelph, Rev. Dr. Dickson, of Galt, the union editor, reported that the press of the province were in sympathy with the movement. Contributions dealing with endeavor work had been published by 142 papers during the year.

Nothing more pathetic is ever seen upon the streets of Toronto, says the Canadian Baptist, than the procession of vehicles conveying the sick children from the hospital on the Island to the building on College street. Seventy-five little sufferers passed up Yonge street the other day in carriages, and the crowds of pedestrians halted as the little sufferers passed along, many of them trying to look cheerful and happy notwithstanding their weakness and suffering.

The N. Y. Christian Intelligencer: A prominent and honored minister of our church recently said: In my attendance at church during this summer I have heard more than one clergyman change the "You" in the apostolic benediction to "Us." This turns the benediction into a prayer, and if it is still regarded as a benediction, it puts the officiating clergyman in the position of pronouncing a benediction upon himself. Speaking in his official character he speaks for the Lord, and should in the apostolic benediction always say "You," which is according to Scripture. For the same reason that he is speaking in his official character, a clergyman in announcing a hymn should never say, "Please sing," as if he was asking a favor. He might as well say, "Please let us pray." These suggestions may be of service to some of the younger men in the ministry, and perhaps to a few of the older ones as well.

Scotland evidently does not stand where it did in the matter of Sunday observance. The following extract is from the report of the last meeting of the Established Presbytery of Dundee:—"Rev. James Wilson said he had been supplied with statistics from Chief Constable Dewar as to the number of shops open in the city during Sunday, 2nd inst. He found that altogether no fewer than 597 shops were open. Of these 36 were ice-cream shops, 63 temporary bars and 268 for simple confections, while only 102 were of the kind which were perhaps necessary, chemists, dairies, etc., leaving 465 shops not necessary open in the city." The Presbytery "deplored the prevalence of this evil," and agreed to co-operate with other bodies in Scotland to secure such legislative enactments as would put a stop or reduce "the uncalled for and unnecessary Sabbath trading." We have given our friends in Scotland object lessons in Presbyterian union; and now, perhaps, they may also learn something from Canada in the matter of Sabbath observance, although on this point we have little room for boasting.

Col. G. T. Dennison, in the Toronto Police Court lately, made some outspoken remarks on the subject of lawyers' fees. The remarks were brought out by a case in which a lawyer was charged by a client with the theft of a sum of money. The evidence presented showed that whatever money had been retained by the defendant was for legal costs, which left the magistrate no alternative but to dismiss the case. In doing so he said, "It is a monstrous thing that people should be deprived of their money in this manner. Nowadays it is next to impossible to get anything out of a suit at court, after the lawyers have got through with it. Hundreds and thousands of cases have arisen in the past few years in which there has been little or nothing when the charges for lawyers' services have been paid. This thing will come to an end some day. The people will rise in their might and break the system which permits such enormous charges." This is rather a sweeping indictment of one of the learned professions. It is possible Toronto has too many lawyers, and some of them may take advantage of their position to eke out a living; but the average solicitor everywhere maintains the worthy traditions of an honorable profession.

• The Quiet Hour •

The Lost Sheep and Lost Coin.*

BY WAYLAND HOYT, D. D.

Receiveth sinners and eateth with them (v. 2.) To eat with one, especially in Oriental custom, was to acknowledge friendship with one. Though the proud criticise, Christ keeps aloof from none. He loves sinners, though not their sin. "The pride of propriety never understands the liberty of love." "The great variety of sinners, the representative of nearly every kind and class received by Jesus and His apostles, is worthy of particular notice. How widely and graciously welcoming is our Christ! Let not the worst sinner think such a Christ will refuse him.

He spake unto them this parable (v. 3.) Notice that all the exquisite parables—lost sheep, lost coin, lost son—sprung from the disdainful murmuring of these bitter Pharisees and scribes. So out of evil God will bring good. Notice also, how our Lord seized and used opportunity. The Pharisee could not murmur, but he would make their murmuring a door into true teaching. Try to turn all things into ways of service for your Lord.

Having lost one of them (v. 4.) This parable is a parable of seeking love, and in showing what God does toward the lost, it discloses what should be our feeling and action toward them. Learn (a) the value of a soul; though it be but one, its lost condition stirs the heart of God. (b) A lost soul is a loss to God. "The loss here is sustained, not by the sinner, but by God. He is the Shepherd whose sheep have wandered off. To God the sinner is as something lost to Him to whom it belonged." Yes, it is true, God misses the sinner. (c) "A natural and apt type of the sinner is a lost sheep, without wisdom to return to the protection of the shepherd, and without means of any protection in himself from the dangers of the wilderness."

Go after that which is lost (v. 4.) God seeks the lost. All the atonement is latent here. "For God so loved the world," etc. Christianity is not initially men's search for God, but God's search for men. The good Shepherd goes himself; He does not send another—man, angel, or archangel. It is by personal work, not by proxy, we are to seek and to save that which is lost.

Until he find it (v. 4.) Learn the loving persistence of God in Christ. Thus should we be lovingly persistent in our seeking to save others. Restorationists declare this a passage teaching that all will finally be saved. But it is one thing to find and another to recover. We may not lose sight of the other Scripture teaching of the power of a bad will. "Ye will not come unto Me."

He layeth it on his shoulders (v. 5.) Exquisite teaching here. The Good Shepherd does not drive back; He carries back. He helps. This ought to still the tears when we say we cannot live a Christian life. You cannot in yourself, but you can in the strength of Christ.

Rejoice with me (v. 6.) It is the worst symptom for any heart or any church when the news of another saved one is not news the gladdest.

There shall be joy in heaven over one sinner that repenteth, more than over ninety

*S. S. Lesson, Oct. 21st, Luke 15:1-10.—Golden text: There is joy in the presence of the angels of God over one sinner that repenteth.—Luke 15:10.

and nine righteous persons, which need no repentance (v. 7.) One interpretation here is that Christ is speaking ironically; that the ninety and nine just persons refer to the Scribes and Pharisees who imagine themselves such, who think they need no repentance, though they do sorely. The teaching then is that heaven rejoices over even one really repentant and saved sinner, that heaven is not at all stirred with joy over a proudly complacent self-righteousness. Here is another interpretation. "It is positively said that these ninety and nine need no repentance; so it is implied that they have never sinned." Therefore the reference must be to those unfallen spirits who have never lost their first estate. Then the leaving of the ninety and nine would mean the leaving of heaven by the eternal Son that He might seek the lost, His entrance into our world by incarnation, and everything included in His subsequent atoning ministry. Under either interpretation we see that what goes on on earth is not unknown in heaven, that every saved one occasions joy in heaven, that a chief interest of heaven is the salvation of the lost.

Or what woman having ten pieces of silver if she lose one piece, doth not light a lamp and sweep the house, and seek diligently until she find it? (v. 8.) Christ turns everything to spiritual account, even such a household mishap as this. What an Oriental woman most cherishes are such coins; they are her heirloom; her own special property; her husband has no right to them. Such a woman wears such coins hanging from her braided hair; so one could easily be lost.

I have found the piece which I had lost, (v. 10.) We may learn such spiritual lessons as these: The coin was greatly valued; so God values a soul. The coin was lost; so souls may be. Though lost, the coin was still so valuable as to be worth the searching for; it is thus with the soul. Not carelessly but diligently does God seek souls: nor should we be laggard or easily baffled in our endeavors to bring them to Jesus. Announced joy is greater than joy kept secret. Heaven is stirred with joy when even one soul is saved.

Explanatory Notes.

Eateth with them (v. 2.) This was especially opposed to the Pharisees' ideas, and Jesus had done it in the case of Levi and others.—Having lost one of them (v. 4.) In addition to what Jesus had said of Himself as the good Shepherd in John 10, He had used practically this same parable in Matt. 18:12, 13.—The wilderness (v. 4.) Such country as would be the regular pasture of the flock, and leaving the ninety and nine there does not suggest that they were in any way neglected.—Piece (v. 8.) Worth about the same as the coin called a penny, or a day's wages of a workman.

The best reward for having wrought well already, is to have more to do.—Charles Kingsley.

The Cry From India.

The following letter reveals the urgency in the Central India Mission for more help. Our missionaries are finding the burden too heavy. We are glad help goes out soon:

Ujjain, Aug. 16th, 1900.

Dear Mr. MacKay: Got a telegram last night that Mr. Milligan, of the Irish Presbyterian Mission had died. He was a laborer of an especially good kind for the Bihis. His death recalls to mind several things. One is that our mer are so pressed with the burden of famine relief that some of them are ready to fall with the burden. Ledingham I saw last week at Presbytery and would like to have ordered him off to the hills at once. Others are also run down, and yet there is so much to be done for some time to come. After a couple or three months there will be plenty in Malwa, as the rains have now come on nicely and the black cotton soil holds the moisture well; but in the great Bihil country where the destruction to cattle has been so great the soil is comparatively barren and consequently there will be great scarcity for at least another year. If only we had as many missionaries for that district as we have for the whole field, much might be done. I believe we could establish christianity there as it is not, during all these years, established in any part of our Central India field. I make bold to plead for some of the Honan missionaries to come and help us. Dr. Leslie wanted to come to the Bihil before he was appointed to China, you remember. A man with missionary experience of the people of the East, and a helper who knew English, could do this year in the Bihil country a mighty work. I could find opportunity for five of them in the Bihil country for a work that the church would have cause to rejoice in for ages. Then there is the chaplaincy at Mhow and English work in other departments. But my plea is especially for the poor destitute Bihis. I am buying from special funds received in India some cattle here. I have now got 38 and will send them by train to Dohad and from there they will march in. But what are they among so many who need? I have also bought five camels for transport and I expect we may have to buy more for I do not see how otherwise grain can be got in for the people; but all we I can reach such a very small portion of the people. Hence my hope that some relief might be found for my poor people by help from China. India is sending her military officers to China because of special need in that line, could not the church send from China some of her officers because of the special need in caring for the destitute? I have been almost knocked out myself, and yet I feel better again and hope to get back to my Bihis in a day or two. The last twenty hours before taking train from the Bihil country I rode some seventy miles and treated a good deal of sick and then had a tumble, the pony turning a somersault on top of me.

Mrs. Buchanan and the children, after some months absence, have come down here from the hills, but it is the time when he that hath a wife so be as he that hath none, and so I must hasten away back. Nor is that fair to the needy worker in Ujjain, but the need is here and the necessity there.

You will be glad to know that sanction has been obtained to go on with the bungalow of ladies here and that work is now progressing. Every time I could I ran in (once or twice a month) to Ujjain and made it a point to see some of the officials and they profess friendliness, so I hope we may have no more trouble here. They had threatened to throw out the women (widows) and children of Ujjain, but I think that is also a thing of the past. Hence things are looking brighter here. Miss Jameson and Miss Goodfellow are doing a laborious grand work here. With kind regards, Yours, etc.

J. Buchanan.

• Our Young People •

The Psalms in History.*

BY WOODFORD.

It was said by the late Mr. Gladstone "All the wonders of Greek civilization together are less wonderful than is the simple book of Psalms—the history of the human soul in its relation to its Maker." In the Psalms is to be found the heart and essence of the Word of God, so that we, with all the members of the church of God, have in them a meeting place for the heart. There is no other such river of melody which has made glad and strong and hopeful so many generations of the children of God. In these songs of the heart we join in praise with a multitude that no man can number, pilgrims of the past now at rest; pilgrims of the present, journeying on to the trysting-place. Who but the One who made the hearts of the disciples, on the way to Emmaus, burn within them, inspired these productions, making other hearts to burn and drawing them forth to reveal their need before He came to reveal Himself, as that for which their hearts and flesh longed. In the Psalms we feel this beating of the heart-pulse of humanity.

When the day is about to break the birds begin to sing. Even so the faint fore-glimmerings of the Reformation were heralded by songs among the people. Priests and popes had for too long shut the people out from active participations in worship and the Spirit of God brooding over humanity as erstwhile over chaos, caused an awakening to the lights and truths sent forth that made itself felt in such songs as have ever been a feature of the uprising of truth.

Two things marked the sacred songs of those separated from the Romish church, they were in the mother tongue and took the form known as rhyme. Seeing that the Reformation movement as led by Luther had its source in the doctrine of justification by faith, while that led by Calvin took for its basis the Word of God, we are given to understand how hymns were favored by those of the Lutheran order, and psalms by those of the Reformed or Calvinistic. Luther and his followers adhering to the leading truths and spirit of the Bible, and less careful about the form, delighted in sacred poetry in the form of adaptations of the Psalms; Calvin and his followers ever striving to keep close to Scripture, delighted in versions of the Psalms.

The wisdom of combining both in Christian worship has appealed to us in these days. Hymns have their place manifestly, as well as Psalms. But if the hymn awakens impressions and aids revivals, the psalm conducts more directly to the study of the Word of God—without which revivals are shallow and short lived. The flame that is caught from a hymn is most secure when its heart rests in the white heat which gathers round a psalm.

Coming to metrical versions of the psalms the first we have an account of is that by Clement Marot into French. Marot translated only fifty psalms; two were by Calvin, the rest by Theodore Bèze. These versions were sung to the simple airs of the popular songs. By degrees it came to be that one who sang these songs was counted a protestant. By the prohibition thus implied they became more dear to the people in whose blood was

beginning to pulsate the stirring throbbings of spiritual life. These were the songs sung by the Huguenots at the peril of life in the secrecy of their homes, or the solitude of the woods, that rose boldly on the onset of battle, and cheered them while they toiled in the galleys, soothed them on the rack, and mounted with them to the scaffold.

Here we must first note what Carlyle has said of the Psalms, "Reader, art thou one of a thousand, able still to read a Psalm of David, and catch some echo of it through the old time centuries; feeling far off in thy own heart what it was to other hearts made as thine? To sing it, attempt not, for it is impossible in this late time; only know that it once was sung. Then go to the opera and hear, with unspeakable reflections, what things men now sing."

Before the definite triumphs of the Reformation there were metrical versions of a number of the Psalms in England and Scotland. The English versions were by Miles Coverdale, the associate of Tyndale, in the first complete translation of the Bible published in 1535. The Scottish version was by three brothers, Wedderburn of Dundee, and were known as the Dundee Psalms. It was one of these, John Knox tells us, George Wishart and his friends sung at Ormiston shortly before his death. Scotland at this time was more in touch with Germany than with France, so that whatever psalms were rhymed were supplemented by German hymns. Knox and the reformers associated with him brought the Scotch into touch with France and Geneva. In this way a complete English version of the Psalms came to Scotland.

The first English version was prepared by Thomas Sternhold—groom of the robes to Henry VIII and Edward VI, and Jo'n Hopkins, a minister of Suffolk. They were authors of only portions of the versions. The edition was first printed in London, then enlarged in 1556 in Geneva, where were many English speaking refugees from the persecutions of Mary. In 1563 this version was completed and under Elizabeth adopted as the metrical version to be used by the Church of England. It had a wide circulation until 1698, when it gave way to the version of Brady and Tate, which, though free from the rudeness of the other and smooth in syllables and metre, was very unequal in the rendering of the Psalms.

In Scotland the Sternhold and Hopkins version brought by Knox from Geneva, not quite the same as adopted in England, took the place of the Wedderburn psalms and goodly songs. In the version adopted in Scotland many psalms had different versions by various authors. The complete version was first printed at Edinburgh by order of the General Assembly and continued in use till 1650. That it was received with general satisfaction is evident from the many "sang schules" established. This was the psalm book of Knox, Welsh and Melville; in it were the melodies that cheered the prisoners in the dungeon of Blackness, that sailed with them in their ships to France, and consoled them in their exile.

In 1643 the matter of selecting a version of the psalms that might take the place of the existing ones, came before the Westminster Assembly of Divines in London. The idea of one church in Scotland and England made many in both countries anxious to have some common forms in worship as a

bond. The version of Francis Rous, of Cornwall—a lay member of the Assembly, as well as Parliament, who died in 1658, Provost of Eton College, Oxford—was chosen, and a committee was appointed to confer with him on changes and emendations. Owing to divisions in England the Psalter was deposed, and the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland took the matter up for itself on the lines supplied to the Westminster Assembly. Not until 1650, nor without many reprints and much pious care, with many modifications, and substituting for those of Rous a number of translations drawn from the Scottish Psalter and many other sources, was the version now in use in Scotland ready for publication. With the exception of that of Marot, no version has had as long an existence as this, nor made a home for itself in so many lands.

Those who judge that smoothness is better than strength, and correct rhyme superior to scriptural fidelity, criticise this version as uncouth, and Galilean in speech, faulty in measures and rhyme and affording little scope for musical variety from monotonous versification. Notwithstanding any such trivial defects, let it be remembered that no other version adheres so closely to scripture. There are no wordy paraphrases, nor is there weak sentimentalism, but in all a directness that is interpretative, and in many a tenderness, a quaint beauty, that can best—perhaps only—be appreciated by those who are not so utilitarian as to destroy the faded flowers and similar mementoes of days when hearts were young.

Dr. John G. Paton is a notable example of a good steward. There were \$70,000 due him in the way of profits from his biography. Instead of holding any part of this for his own use, he gave the whole sum to the missionary society that had supported him saying: "It is the Lord's. Pass on the bread of life to my brethren in the South Seas."

The world sits at the feet of Christ,
Unknowing, blind, and unconsoled;
It yet shall touch His garment's fold,
And feel the heavenly Alchemist
Transform its very dust to gold.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

The Christian is to be—not by fits and starts, but by habit and repute—conversant with heaven. His life is properly a heavenly life, "hid with Christ in God." It is only "members" that he has on earth—not his life, and certainly not his treasure.—Donald Fraser, D. D.

How aptly that lost coin represents the soul made in the image of God, lying amid the dust of neglect. It may be it is yourself. The one hope for the lost coin is that the owner's heart can never be at rest until it rejoins its companions, and the one hope for you is the anxiety which fills the heart of God, and which will cause Him to leave no stone unturned that He may win you back. There is disturbance and removal on all hands; the house of your life is upset in every part, for no other reason than that you should be recovered.

God's joy in bringing us home, in recovering us, to put us again in circulation, is greater than even ours is at our recovery. The gladness which thrills the heart of the restored backslider is infinitely less than His whose property we are, and who has made us His own by creation, redemption, and fatherly interest. His joy is too great to be self-contained. He bids unfallen angels rejoice with Him.—Christian Endeavor World.

*Special Topic for Oct. 21st.—The Psalms in History.

The Apostle of Zambesia.

BY REV. JAMES JOHNSTON.

Mr. Francois Coillard is a native of Anziers, Bourges, one hundred and forty miles south of Paris, his early widowed mother being a pious Christian, and a warm friend of colporteurs. At sixteen he entered a missionary college, his conversion, singular, to relate, occurring later. Under the auspices of the French Protestant Mission, he sailed in 1857, for Southeast Africa to join the Basuto Mission at Morija, and, in 1861 was married to Miss Christina Mackintosh, the daughter of a Baptist minister in Edinburgh, whose acquaintance M. Coillard made in the French capital. Together, for the next thirty years, they were destined to do 'work of noble note' in Basutoland and isolate outposts beyond.

The breaking out of war between the Boers and Basutos, from 1865 to 1868, led to the Boer ejection of the Coillards, who found refuge and kindness among the Christians in Pietermaritzburg and Durban, and in the houses of American missionaries. On returning in 1869, from toils in Natal and a visit to Kuruman, the young missionary, who had mastered the Basuto language, taught and preached in it, and had written hymns in Sesuto (Basuto), sung at the present day, was witness to a gracious revival Church and school buildings were erected, and, subsequently, their own house was built,—their first in seventeen years, previous to which tents, huts, or wagons were their abode.

With the long-desired awakening over the Basuto desert came joy, and the resolve of the native Christians to send the gospel to Banyai, scattered in Mashonaland, north of the Transvaal. Twice were expeditions checked by the Transvaal Republic, resulting in the discouragement of the Basutos. At this time they were providentially visited by the beloved Major Malan, who quickened their zeal, and simultaneously, the Synod invited the Coillards to lead a new Banyai expedition.

Though on the eve of their departure for their first furlough in Europe at the close of twenty years labors, they made sublime answer to the call, "We laid ourselves on the altar, and God has taken us at our word," whence began a wandering life of spiritual heroism, issuing in the planting of the Basuto Mission on the banks of the distant Zambezi.

Consecrated by the offerings of the Basuto church, the expedition left Lerilie to furrow virgin Banyai soil, north of the Limpopo river, in April 1877, accompanied by Basuto catechists and native Christian drivers.

Their caravans, consisting of three wagons each drawn by sixteen oxen, crossed the Limpopo, which divides the Transvaal from Rhodesia, and took a northerly untrodden route hitherto untraversed by the white man's foot save that of Baines, Livingstone's companion. A compass was their only guide. Through the pathless jungle wood the men in front hewed a road, their slow advance disputed by wild beasts and more savage men. On their rear constantly hung lions, hyenas, jackals and leopards. By the Tokwe river, near Zimbabwe, came worse misfortunes. Entrapped by a chief named Masondo, and their oxen stolen, they had barely escaped, ere the warriors of Lohengula, the Matabele king, carried them off to Bulawayo, where they were detained four months, and refused permission to evangelize the Banyai.

Even this cloud had an unseen silver lining. As they were leaving Bulawayo some Barotsi refugees arrived from the country discovered by Livingstone, north of the Zam-

besi. This land had been conquered years before by a southern Basuto tribe—the Makololo—and, though exterminated later, their language was stamped on the conquered. These Barotsi exiles said to Coillard, "Why do you grieve not to be allowed to go and teach the Banyai, whose language is strange to you, when you know ours already?" to which he inwardly responded, "Perhaps this was the field of labor the Lord had before them," and forthwith accepted the challenge. Passing homewards through Khama's country, they were kindly received at Shoshong, Bechuanaland, by this Christian chief and Mr. Hepburn of the London Society. Their project to evangelize the Barotsi was warmly entertained, Khama proffering to send a courier in advance, urging his friend Lewanika, king of the Barotsi, to welcome the missionary, and allow him residence in the capital.

In six months' time, July 1878, the Barotsi expedition reached Leshoma, twelve miles south of the Zambesi, and a camp pitched. Crossing the river to Shesheke, M. Coillard failed to get an interview with the King, yet obtained vague permission of further settlement. The sorely tried band having lost three of its Basuto members, one of whom, dying, exclaimed, "They would be the finger-posts of the mission," then returned southwards. Barotsi henceforward became Coillard's field of toil. Visiting Europe from 1879 to 1881 for rest and the claims of the work, they arrived again in Basutoland, August 1882. Unhappily, they were detained there two years, restoring discipline, and, early in 1884, the second memorable expedition left Basutoland on its desert journey of a thousand miles for the Barotsi kingdom.

This immense area, almost due south of Gaenganza, is about eight hundred miles in length, containing a widely scattered population, hemmed in north, east, and west by countless unvisited tribes. The region generally is sandy, covered by bushes, and identified with fertile strips of soil. Of the abject condition of the people, at the foot of the scale, Holub, Pinto, and Arnot have written vividly respecting their thievishness, cruelties, witch-burnings, inhumanity to strangers, and their artful mockery.

Struggling on in the face of heat, disease, and hostilities, the three and twenty members of the expedition reached Leshoma, July 1884, and their tarried thirteen months, owing to the Barotsi civil war. M. Coillard frequently voyaged on the river to spy the land, and, by August 1885, the expedition crossed the Zambesi. From Kasungula, the entrance to the country, they travelled seventy miles to Shesheke, beset by recurring obstacles. Horrible was the outlook. Dreading each other, the chiefs had fled to the woods or islands, the mission combatting alone with crocodiles and hyenas, warring against them night and day. Stationing M. Jeannairt there, the Coillards went another three hundred and fifty miles to Sefula, and, in August 1886, founded the mission headquarters, sixteen miles from Lealyui, the king's capital.

Throughout the history of the mission M. Coillard has displayed genius in manual and spiritual gifts, seconded for years by Madame Coillard—a woman exhibiting the divinity of motherhood, whose death occurred in 1891,—and fellow-laborers of scarcely less noble experiences. The story of results forms a romance in real life of civilizing and Christian development, equally attested to by Major Gibbons, Captain Alfred Bertrand, and M. Coillard, "On the threshold of Central Africa."

The tireless missionary visited Europe

again in March 1896, definitely, it was then feared, to retire from the work, due to increasing illness, yet his ruling passion prevailed. Revisiting the European churches, he won fifteen fresh volunteers and secured larger subscriptions, and once more, with health renewed, the saintly man sailed the third time to continue, at the Lord's will, his beloved work with aspiring simplicity and earnestness of faith.

Reminiscences of Septuagenarian.

1854—Then and Now—1900.

VI.—CARLTON PLACE.

My reminiscences touch only "circa sacra." At some future time I may touch on things "in sacris." People now-a-days have no idea how familiar these phrases were in 'the forties.' Everybody used them. We might have been overheard using them when playing marbles. These distinctions were on the lips of all classes, and they knew the difference.

'The Old Beadle' could draw the difference to a hair. 'Ye see, when I'm soopin' out the poopit—or taking up the Buik and steekin' the door ahint the minister—and at times lettin' parties in atore the Session, (which is an event o' rare occasion) these are things 'in sacris.' But when I'm howkin' graves or scoopin' out the kirk and session house and from time to time replenishing the cupboard were a few biscuits and the et-cetras that should be at han' if the minister should become fent or happen to get his feet wat. These are things simply an' necessarily 'Circa Sackra'—hem!

Well, with the Sabbath came the Sabbath duties. I was appointed to take the service at Black's Corners, Backwith, and Mr. Duncan to preach in Carlton Place in the evening.

In the beginning of this century the majority of the probationers had never addressed an audience nor led in a public prayer. Certainly they were never allowed to enter a pulpit until after being licensed. If too tight laced then, we today, err in the opposite extreme. Sex, nor ignorance nor doubtful character, are not always a bar to the sacred desk.

In these circumstances the first sermon was an event fraught with widespread interest. Not unfrequently the Licentia's own minister accompanied him to a neighboring parish to pass through the ordeal. These were attended with varied results. Not unfrequently a complete break down and giving up of the Ministerial Ghost. These became the feeders to the high educational staff, of Scotland especially.

On one occasion an old minister, who was in the pulpit with a young friend, discovered indications of a collapse in the incoherence of his utterances, then in the demi-semi quavers of the voice when there was nothing to call for manifestation of emotion; but when the knees were occasionally knocking and legs becoming tremulous and unsteady, he suddenly tugged at the coat tail of his charge and egged him on as he audibly exclaimed: "Speak on sir, speak on, if it should be blasphemy!"

Mr. Duncan was not in the pulpit with me. With fear and trembling and humility I got through the service unaided and alone.

I need not say that the sermon in the evening was an admirable one. Then, and till now, few could equal, and none

could surpass, J. B. Duncan in pulpit power and efficiency.

On the Monday morning there was a meeting of the Presbytery. I thought Mr. Duncan said it was a 'pro re rata' one, and I concluded that it was to tax pro rata, the congregations for the expenses past or at least present of the students within the bounds, because Mr. Wardrop and Mr. Duncan jointly and severally were loud in their determination to have that stain wiped out and their indebtedness squared up.

Instead of that the clerk of the Presbytery received a rating for neglecting to supply Dalhousie pulpit on days appointed by the last Presbytery, and the clerk drew a herring across the trail by opening out and soundly rating me for not being in the field to which he never assigned me, and taunting me with holidaying at Bytown and Perth in company with the respective ministers. 'It that was not chin! Some would pronounce that 'cheek,' others would call it 'gall.' 'In mediocritissimus ibis—I give it a modern flavor and chime in 'chin.' I was mad and had no voice nor right to speak. If I should write what I thought and inwardly uttered 'I should offend against the congregation of thy people.' To this day I am disturbed about myself. 'There is a sin not unto death.' I trust it is the sin of sudden explosion of temper!

On two occasions, in two places opposite as the poles asunder, I have heard men confess to have committed a breach of every commandment of the Decalogue, and I understood both of them. I have no admiration for the confessional, but I do confess to a weakness or proneness in a moment of irritation, to find relief in 'devouring words.' But wherein is the guilt, pray? Is the flashing eye, the reddened face, the distorted countenance, the squirm, the 'hotching' on the chair, the lips protruded further and higher, and compressed firmer than when in calmer meditation—that raising clearing of the throat or trumpet-like blowing of the nose. Is not one of these, or all of these combined, or in groups, not as expressive as the uttered profane speech which offends ears polite? Should there not be equal care not to give offence to the eye? Is it not a safe formula, 'a sweer is a sweer, uttered or unexpressed!!'

There is as much profanity in the excess of manifested indignation, facially and otherwise, as in the formulated utterance. Looking at it physically and aesthetically and morally, while counselling the adoption of neither—if come it must—I believe it is best to 'let it go.'

What a mercy that 'He knoweth our frame and remembers that we are dust.'

Mr. Duncan assured me that the reputation of the Presbytery would be restored and its honor established. That sounded euphonious.

But there was a Dude from whom his tailor could not collect a farthing. After repeated dunnings he said 'Give me your note,' and when that mode of settling accounts was explained to him, he willingly signed it and with a sigh of relief exclaimed 'Thank God that's paid.' In less formal shape Perth Presbytery paid me.

From the above let us learn:

First:—That the ministry has given the world occasion to charge them with lack of business aptitude, and of being as a rule impracticable; and

Second:—That a promissory note is to a degree, of uncertain value until it is paid,

whether it be in the Church or the State; and

Third, and lastly:—That peace of mind is best insured by having said documents negotiated as soon as possible. Don't haggle about discount!

NEMO G. D.

Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

Mr. Joseph Henderson, convener of the committee having this Fund in charge, has issued the following circular:—

Sabbath, October twenty-first, is the day appointed by the General Assembly for the annual collection on behalf of the Ministers' Widows' and Orphans' Fund.

The object of the scheme is to provide a small annuity for the widows and orphans of former ministers of the church.

There are now 117 widows and 88 orphan children, annuitants upon the Fund. At present the annuity to a widow is \$150. In very many instances, the annuitants are the widows of ministers who bore the burden and the heat of the day in the earlier settlement of the country, when salaries were small, and who, in consequence, were unable to lay past anything. Not a few of these largely depend for their support on the annuity received from the church.

The church entered into a solemn compact with these early ministers, and promised that it would see to the partial support of their widows on condition that they contributed a specified annual rate towards this fund. The ministers fulfilled their part of the contract, and the honor of the church is pledged to fulfil its part. But altogether apart from this, many of the best people in our congregations will esteem it a privilege to help to provide a maintenance for those aged servants of Christ, who cheerfully shared the privations and hardships of their husbands in giving the gospel to the early settlers in our Dominion. The Committee, therefore, express the earnest hope that this appeal will be submitted to every Session in the church, and that the opportunity will be given to every congregation to contribute. This is due to the scheme itself, and due in loyalty to the General Assembly.

The expenditure of the Fund has rapidly increased of late years, owing to the large number of deaths in the ministry. This year there is needed \$21,500. The sources of revenue are congregational contributions, ministers' rates and interest from Endowment Fund. The revenue derived from the Endowment Fund is \$6,000 and from ministers' rates about \$2,500, leaving \$13,000 to be got from the congregations of the church. Last year only \$6,463 were obtained from congregations. The total received was \$2,625 less than the expenditure. The balance of \$1,092 on hand at the beginning of the year was wiped out, and the year closed with a debt of \$1,533. Unless the receipts are double those of last year, the annuities cannot be continued on the present scale. To reduce them would entail hardship and suffering in many instances. This ought, however, to be entirely unnecessary and the committee feel satisfied that a little interest and effort on the part of the ministers of the church will result in securing for the Fund the amount asked from the congregations.

The committee desire to emphasize two points—(1) That a contribution be received from every congregation and mission

station and (2) that the contribution be proportionate to the amount required. An average of 16 cents per family will provide the necessary amount. While many congregations will largely exceed this, it is hoped that an effort will be made to reach this average in every congregation.

Good Advice in Brief.

Principal Patrick, in his address to the newly licensed young preachers at the close of the Summer Session, in Manitoba College, said so many good things in few sentences that we reproduce them here. He based his remarks on the text, "Take heed to yourselves and to the doctrine," and applied these words as meaning: "Take heed to your health, as this work is to be your life work, and without strong bodies you cannot accomplish what is expected of you. Many young preachers enter upon their work with so much zeal that their bodies cannot stand the strain. Then take heed to your studies; this is a reading age and you must keep abreast of the times; and although you will not be known as students now, but as ministers, yet you, no doubt, have come to the conclusion that you do not know as much as you knew before you entered college. Remain students all your lives, and continue to acquire that knowledge which will make you worthy preachers of Jesus Christ. Take heed to your private devotions, and the care of your own hearts by reading the word of God and by private prayer. Take heed to your conduct, for you are the examples to the flock. Let your conduct be of such a character, that by your lives, as well as words, people will be led to Christ, and always practice what you preach. Make the preaching of the Gospel the great aim of your life. Find out the needs of the people and suitable subjects will often be suggested. A sermon without Christ can accomplish very little good. You must prepare carefully; it is a law in liquids that what flows easily is very thin. Write out your sermons very fully and carefully for a time at least, and it will save you falling into ruts. Convince men that you thoroughly believe the truths you proclaim. In delivery be natural. Preach expecting results, but do not be discouraged if you do not see immediate results."

The Ararat Mountains in Armenia comprise two peaks situated seven miles apart. They are known as Great and little Ararat, and are respectively 17,260 and 14,320 feet above the plain. They partially belong to three countries, Russia, Turkey and Persia. The mountains are covered on the tops with perpetual snow, ice and glaciers. The summit of Great Ararat was reached in 1829 by Prof. Parrot, and on September 2, 1900, a member of the Russian Geographical Society named Peoggenphoi ascended the peak with a considerable party. The difficulties of the ascent are very great, and his successful expedition will be welcome news in geographical circles. Ascents are rare, having been made in 1834, 1842, 1845, 1850 and 1856. Little Ararat is even more difficult to climb, as its declivities are greater and steeper, its form being almost conical. It is believed to be the spot where the ark rested, but there is a tradition that Mount Judi in southern Armenia was the spot. The mountain is of volcanic origin and was in eruption in 1785, and in 1840 there was a vast discharge of sulphurous vapors from its sides, and a tremendous earthquake [shook] the surrounding country.

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Manager and Editor.

The Rev. ROBERT V. McKIBBIN, M.A., has been appointed Special Representative and Field Correspondent of THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN; and we commend him to the kind offices of ministers and members.

Ottawa, Wednesday, 10th Oct., 1900.

It does not require a positive bent to sin to lead to its commission, it only needs a weakening of the defences at any one point. The enemy is always alert and quickly discovers the weak spot. A partial excuse for staying from church with no desire to break the Sabbath gives all the opportunity desired to lead on to Sabbath desecration.

Shall the minister seek the church or shall the vacant congregation seek the minister? The former is now the universal custom, and it is bringing numberless evils in its train, the congregation looks upon its minister as one engaged for so much money, to do so much work, to be dismissed at pleasure. Is it not possible to change the order so that the minister is no longer a suppliant for the favors of a congregation.

The great union of the United Presbyterian and Free Churches of Scotland is about to be consummated. There is not entire unanimity, but the opposition is weak in numbers, and, for the most part, captious in spirit. But the easiest part of the way has been traversed when union has been formally declared. There will be opportunity for abundant unselfishness when it comes to an actual adjustment of the right of each to property and place. Of course if it can be at once realized that the two have actually become one that difficulty will disappear.

There is a class where the religious paper can teach nothing. They know more than any editor can possibly know, and read the ablest article with a supercilious smile. Why should not these lend a hand to make the religious paper better than it is? Their knowledge would be invaluable and the average editor would rejoice to be able to report the suggestions of such men. Knowledge grows rusty if it is not put to use; and the world would be better by far if some day the wisdom now hidden in obscure corners were allowed to disseminate a little. So, good people, we grant you superiority, but reach down a hand and help an ordinary mortal up a bit.

SALVATION BY ELOCUTION.

Now that the colleges are about to begin work it must be gratifying to the professors and managers to note that these institutions are not quite forgotten but come in for a fair share of criticism. Criticism is a good thing if it is fair and discriminating; and even random criticism may be better than nothing. The editor, who by his very calling is supposed to be capable of criticising everything, may have something to suggest, and the elder who sits in his seat and watches with pity the efforts that some young men are making to preach, will of course, when he is impelled to take the public into his confidence, cast a flood of light upon a difficult subject. It may be that colleges are like newspapers and some other things in this that everybody knows better how to manage them than the poor creatures who have them in charge. Hence we trust that college professors are not too busy preparing for the work of the session to be on the lookout for hints and practical suggestions which the correspondents of some of our journals are scattering so freely at the present time.

The subject of the training of young men for the ministry is a large subject and requires very comprehensive as well as careful treatment. Of course professors and colleges share the general imperfection of human nature. Just as there are elders who do very little for the congregations who have called them to a sacred office, so there are teachers who are not fully alive to all their responsibilities. But one thing is certain that there are a great many in the Church who show very little sympathy with the difficult and important work entrusted to the colleges. There are many who consider themselves loyal Presbyterians who never give a cent to their support, and still more, who never seem to encourage the right kind of young men to devote themselves to the ministry. The colleges must take the material that comes to them and make the best of it. While no doubt there is large room for improvement, the result is not so bad as some suppose. Individual men make mistakes and miss their way, and it is a pity that some kindly counsel does not come to them before they have spent too large a proportion of their lives in preparing for a service for which they are quite unfitted.

There are numbers of faithful ministers who are doing good work as pastors and teachers who cannot claim to be orators, and are certainly not patterns of pulpit elocution. But even if we were in the miserable plight that some suppose, our salvation would not come by a little more elocution. Clear enunciation, correct speech, and graceful style, are by no means to be despised; but if men mumble and mutter when they should be boldly proclaiming a glorious Gospel, they need more than elocution—they need life. If a man speaking to his fellows about the highest themes is dull and listless there is something radically wrong. Formal elocution which glitters on the surface may be a delusion and a snare. The

preacher must be a student; it is not the business of the professor to cram him with facts, but to quicken his interest and teach him a right method. Something, in fact much, depends upon the student but a living teacher can give very real help. Then the student who is to be a preacher must have a living faith in Christ and a real sympathy with the needs of men. This will vitalise his speech and carry the message home. Elocution, if it is rationally taught, may have a place, but is a subordinate place. It is learned, in a sense, to be forgotten, for preaching is not a thing of superficial tricks, but of the manifestation of a soul made alive by the power of truth.

RUNNING A CONGREGATION.

Does the phrase jar upon our sensibilities? We ought to be used to it, for we have seen men trying to do the same thing for many years. Some run it to make it pay, and take a hint from the business man's note book. We heard of a preacher, not of our own denomination it is true, who asked when settled over a charge, "Do you want me to preach the gospel or to fill this building?" "Well," the good deacons said, "we want both, but we want the church filled." Some in our own denomination, and in others, are not quite so outspoken, but they follow out much the same purpose.

Some run the church, as many of our primary schools are being run, to see how many candidates they can pass year by year. An announcement is regularly made of the number who have been added at the last communion, comparisons are established between the condition of the congregation when Mr. A— became minister, and its present condition, and everything is done to make the public understand that the pastor of that congregation is a live man. A cynical friend drew our attention to a series of these personal items relating to a prominent minister recently, and remarked, "I wonder why he is going!"

Some run the church because no one else will run it. Men are appointed to arrange the financial affairs, and they at once constitute themselves honorary members and take their place in the public procession, but give any work the position entails, either the minister must take this extra burden on his shoulders or the business affairs of the congregation will go uncared for. Disaster results and those responsible for it coolly suggest that if there were a change of ministers the finances would be all right. It would astonish our staid Church Courts if every member of whom this is true, were to rise in his place and say; "That's true!" Complaint is made that the ministers of to-day are not such pastors as were those of a former generation, or those whom the speakers dimly remember in Scotland or Ireland! Does it ever occur to them that the minister of to-day has ten duties heaped upon him where the old minister had but one.

But the minister is not the only man who tries to run a congregation. Bad as that is there would be less trouble if there were none else who tried their pretence hand. Too often the important man of the congregation takes a hand in it, and that means

trouble. The best of men cannot keep down a selfish strain in his nature, and when James Smith begins to ask for such anthems as he likes, or to suggest that some themes are distasteful to him, or to suggest that if the managers will introduce electric light he will pay for it, some one is going to feel aggrieved. There are sure to be some in a congregation in which there is an important family who mentally square every statement or act of the minister and office-bearer by that person's supposed opinion of that statement or act. The congregation is not run for the glory of God or the good of men, but for the pleasure of that person. That soon puts any congregation out of gear, and trouble arises.

Really, if all of us, minister and people, but especially people, were more completely permeated with the anxiety to carry out the will of God, and less concerned about the outward success of our schemes, not only would these latter be more prosperous, but life would run with less friction and more permanent results would be assured.

We do not know the motive that prompts either the kindly or the unkindly act. Some accompany an act of real kindness with gruff words, as if ashamed of the weakness that it seems to imply.

THE PASSING OF THE OLD ORDER.*

There is a certain pathos about the disappearance of an honoured and useful organization, even if it is merged in a higher and richer life. The United Presbyterian Church has had a useful career, and as such it now disappears. The union with the Free Church is a desirable thing which has been prayed for and worked for during many years. Still many good people will look back with fond regret to the old institution and the old life. To these, and there are some such no doubt in Canada, this little volume will appeal with special force. The writer in his preface remarks: "Principal Rainy in his speech in the Free Assembly deprecated speaking of the last Assembly of the Free Church and the last Synod of the United Presbyterian Church, as they would both be continued in the United Assembly. He is correct in so far as the substance is concerned, but not in so far as the form is concerned. Forms change, while the substance remains, and the forms come to be dear to those accustomed to them, and their passing cannot be witnessed without longing regret. But behind the regret there is a permanent joy in the conviction that the abiding substance is clothing itself in new forms which will give it freer scope for the great work it has to do."

This booklet contains three discourses; the opening sermon at the Synod of 1900, the Moderator's retiring address at the same Synod, and the closing address at the Theological Hall. The title of the address in the Theological Hall is "Magic and Spirituality in Religion," and is a vigorous exposure of the absurdity, as well as unspirituality, of the sacerdotal view, as to the "validity of orders." In the sermon there is interesting reference to war:

"And the land had rest for forty years." This is the record we meet once and again in the history of Israel, after the record of some sore oppression and war by which deliverance was wrought. Forty years—the time that could be allowed to pass till evils became so great that the stern purgation of war was needed to root them out, and this has been the experience of our land during the past century. From the close of the great Napoleonic struggle at the beginning of the century to the outbreak of the Crimean war, followed by the Indian mutiny, the land had rest for forty years. Again, from the close of the Indian mutiny to the outbreak of the war in South Africa, the land had rest for forty years, and evils were beginning to pervade society and corrupt the nations. Arrogant self-sufficiency, reckless forgetfulness of God, contempt for the rights and opinions of others, were aggravating evils at which I have already glanced. As a Church we had conference after conference on the state of religion and morals in the country, that made us feel our own impotence and cry to God to arise and plead His cause, and by "terrible things in righteousness didst Thou answer us, O God of our salvation." By the slaughter of the flower of our youth in battle, by reverses of our armies before their toes, by the bitterness of national humiliation in the eye of the world, the nation was brought to its knees and was shaken out of its overweening confidence. Then in a truer spirit of loyalty devotion to duty, of self-sacrifice for their country, of readiness to venture their lives for a cause that they believed to be just, our young men have gone forth to war; and the nation, chastened by the discipline through which God has brought it, is watching how they bear themselves. There have indeed been scenes of violence since success began to crown our arms, rudely attempts to suppress freedom of speech, and still more humiliating, a condoning of these in quarters in which better things might have been expected. But let us trust that these are passing insanities which will be reprobated by the sense of the nation.

Religious Thought and Scottish Church Life, in the Nineteenth Century, by Walter Ross Taylor, from the same publishers, is a similar volume from the Free Church side. It contains three addresses to the Free Church Assembly at the recent meeting, two from the chair by Dr. Taylor in his capacity as Moderator, and one as Convener of the Sustentation Fund Committee, entitled "Learning Liberty." They are all worthy of a careful perusal by those who take an interest in church life and work. A variety of subjects are dealt with in suggestive fashion.

Literary Notes.

Carnill's Prophets of Israel. This is a neat, strongly-bound copy of Prof. Carnill's popular sketch. The same can be had in cheaper form, namely, 25c. in paper covers; but for permanent use and reference, the volume now before us is to be preferred. These chapters were originally given as popular lectures to intelligent laymen in Germany; and it was only under pressure that the author consented to their publication. We are glad, however, that he did so. They have secured a wide circle of readers, and have proved that a broad, critical handling of the Old Testament documents can be united with a true, Christian faith and a reverent, devout spirit. By this time most Biblical students are well acquainted with the method in which modern scholars deal with the story of Israel's religious life, and we cannot in this brief notice, examine either the general principles or the minute details. Sufficient to say that while on many of the points raised by Prof. Carnill there is room for difference of opinion, his sketches of the prophets are stimulating and suggestive. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.

The Modern Priscilla, a monthly journal devoted to ladies' work, contains much that will be helpful and suggestive to women who are interested in fancy work of all kinds. One page is devoted to the subject of china painting. \$1.00 per annum. The Priscilla Publishing Company, Boston.

Both the army and the navy are treated in the October number of The Cosmopolitan in the articles, "The Organization of the Russian Army" and "Our Navy Fifty Years from now," and Olive Schreiner concludes her "The African Boer." An illustrated article on "The American colony in Paris" gives an idea of the way Americans have taken up their life abroad. Three excellent short stories bear an important place in the number. Irvington, N.Y.

The last number for 1900 of The Hesperian which is a western quarterly magazine, contains a most interesting article entitled "Reminiscences of Paulina Lucca," being a translation from the German. The writer is a musician himself, and he tells of his friendship with the great singer. "The Fat, Easy Man" is an amusing little description of "fat, sleek headed men, and such as sleep o' nights." The department of Contemporary Science has something on the North Pole, "Evelless Creatures, Was Adam an American? and The Garden of Eden. St. Louis, Mo.

Wm. A. Pond & Co., of New York, the well known music publishers, have favored us with the following late selections from their publications: Sacred song, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee," for contralto, simple and very sweet; "Speak to Me. Carmine," a love song; "Why Dost Thou Not Love Me," a waltz song, with English and French words also Charles de Janon's compositions and arrangements for the guitar, including "Adelaide," Beethoven; "Forest Wanderings," Giese; "Only For Thee," Fliege; "Rondo Mignon," de Janon; "Parting," Lichner. All are well and clearly printed in the best style of the art, and the Messrs. Pond are to be congratulated upon the variety and popularity of their publications.

The Bibelot for October contains a brief biographical sketch, "Ernest Dowson," by Arthur Symons. It is a sad story of brief painful life, but at the same time a graceful tribute from a friend. Though it appears to Mr. Symons worthy of being thus commemorated, it was according to the same testimony a very limited life. The author says of Dowson: "Had he lived, had he gone on writing, he could only have echoed himself; and probably it would have been the less essential part of himself; his obligation to Swinburne, always evident, increasing as his own inspiration failed him. He was always without ambition, writing to please his own fastidious taste, with a kind of proud humility in his attitude towards the public, not expecting or requiring recognition. He died obscure, having ceased to care even for the delightful labor of writing. He died young, worn out by what was never really life to him, leaving a little verse which has the pathos of things too young and frail ever to grow old." The story of such a life has a sad interest, but is in no sense inspiring. T. B. Mosher, Portland, Maine.

*Our Last Synod and the Last of our Theological Hall, by the Rev. John Robson, D.D. Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier, Edinburgh.

The Inglenook

Amri Trimble's "Ellum,"

ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL.

"That's a fine old elm!" Mr. Trimble.

The summer boarder tilted her dainty head to gaze up into the majestic heights of green.

"Well, I calculate you're right about that, Miss Gertrude. I was tellin' 'Liph jest this mornin' that there must be six good ox-yokes in that there butt. 'An', I says, 'the sooner you an' me get 'em out, the better, 'Liph. It ain't reasonable to put it off any longer,' says I."

"But, Mr. Trimble, you can't mean that you are going to cut the tree down!" gasped the summer boarder in horrified amazement. The old farmer was still mentally laying off the straight, splendid trunk into ox-yokes.

"Yes," he draw'd, "I guess 'Liph an' me 'll get round to it this fall—I've been calculatin' to do it a long spell back. There's six good ox-yokes there, sure. There ain't a finer ellum in this country."

"But it's a sin to cut it down—it would be wicked, Mr. Trimble!" expostulated the indignant young voice. Was the old man crazy? It was, far and away, the grandest elm she had ever seen. Ox-yokes! "Mr. Trimble, I wouldn't give you as much by five hundred dollars for your farm, if you cut that tree down!" the girl cried.

"Sho!" the old man ejaculated slowly.

Nothing more was said of the subject then, as the clear tinkle of Mrs. Trimble's dinner-bell interrupted. The slow, hot summer crept away, and in the early fall the summer boarders went back to their barren, elmless, city homes. The last thing Gertrude's eyes rested on wistfully was the glorious tree with the doom of the ax upon it. She sighed helplessly.

Mary Trimble sighed too. The horror had brooded over her for years, but it seemed slowly and surely looming into reality now. This time Amri was in earnest. She had seen him walking about the tree many times lately, making plans. She heard him discussing the plans with 'Liph out in the shed at noontimes.

"Amri's goin' to cut it down—Amri's goin' to cut the elm down!" the poor woman lamented over her work. The idea of making strenuous objection did not occur to Mary Trimble. She was not an adept at making objections to Amri.

"I don't know how we can live without the old elm—I don't know how we can," her mournful thought ran on. "It was the first thing I set eyes on when Amri brought me home. I was feelin' a little mite homesick and it was a dreadful comfort to see that tree. There was elms at home, too."

She was very tired. The drag of summer boarders had worn upon her frail, ageing body. It was harder to have courage when she was tired. Now she sank into the kitchen rocker and rocked herself back and forth in a burst of tears.

"It's always be'n a comfort," she sobbed aloud. "It was a comfort to Amber, too. She used to love to play house under it from the time she was knee-high, Amber did. Heart alive I can see the little thing now, in her little gingham apron, settin' out there with her playthings. Once I found her there sound asleep an' there was the shadder of the old tree restin' on her little

mite of a round face as lovin' an' protectin' as a kiss."

The kitchen rocker ceased its swaying and the worn little figure in it sat upright, gazing back into the lost years. The look of mothers who are desolate was in the sad eyes of Mary Trimble.

"An' when she went across the river to teach in the Drew neighborhood, she could see the old elm just as plain, Amber could. She was dreadful homesick over there, an' 'Liph an' I used to run the barn lantern up in the side of the elm next to the river for her to watch. It was the greatest comfort to Amber. 'Mother,' she used to say, 'I'm glad the Lord planted that elm tree right in our front yard. I want to live in sight of it, and when I die, I want to sleep in sight of it. I should be homesick away from the old elm, mother!'"

Mrs. Trimble began to rock again slowly. The tears dripped in steady procession over her cheeks. She was thinking of Amber's grave in "sight" of the old elm tree.

But the doom of the tree was put off yet again, for a little later. Amri Trimble was stricken with apoplexy. He lay all winter in the little bed-room off the parlor, and his patient little wife cared for him and yielded to his whims tenderly. He was not sick—only helpless. There was plenty of will power left in the stubborn old mind of Amri Trimble, and there was plenty of time to exert it. It was not an easy life his humble little wife led.

In the early spring he began to gain a little—to move first a finger, then a hand and arm. Little by little life began to creep feebly back to the old man's rugged body. But still he could not compass strength to get out of the little bed-room. With returning vitality came restlessness, and he fumed and fretted unavailingly. He was constantly devising work for 'Liph to do. And then, one day he remembered the old elm tree. That was in April.

"Mary," he called, sharply.

"Yes, I'm comin', Amri—I'll be right there."

"Where's 'Liph this mornin'?"

"He's fixin' up the old harness, Amri. Don't you know you told him to?"

"Well, you tell him to leave that till it rains. Tell him to get the ax an' chop down the old ellum. Mary!" There was no answer.

"Mary!" Amri called again.

"Well, Amri."

"Tell 'Liph I don't want any waitin' this time. That ellum's comin' down. He can get out the ox-yokes an' pay the doctor's bill with 'em. 'Liph'll know jest the way I was goin' to begin—I guess we planned it often enough. Tell him to get Ben Doolittle to help him if he's skeery. Ben's a good hand, Mary!"

"Well, Amri."

"I want that ellum felled down today. I ain't goin' to have that starin' at me another day. First you know them ox-yokes'll be worn out an' onmarketable."

An hour later Amri called again.

"Mary, where be you?"

"Here I am Amri—I'm gettin' your broth ready."

"I ain't heard the ax yet, Mary."

"No, Amri."

"Well?"

'Liph's grindin' it.'

'Grindin' his ax, is he? Mary, you go an tell him I'm waitin' to him chop. Tell him I ain't goin' to wait any longer. What's got to be done's got to be done.'

The thud of the ax was distinctly audible a few moments later and Amri Trimble lay listening to it grimly. He waited expectantly for the crash and when it came, he turned his face to the wall, vaguely disappointed.

"That night he slept little and his gaunt old face was flushed unwontedly. He insisted on going out into the parlor next day, but Mary put him off persistently. For a week she put him off. Some new born courage seemed infused into her mild nature.

"Not yet, Amri," she insisted eagerly. "You ain't able to yet. You wait a little longer till you get your strength up."

And Amri waited, perforce. He had never obeyed Mary before, and the sensation, in its strangeness, rather overawed him. But the day came when he crept with halting, feeble steps into the larger world of the little hair-cloth-furnished parlor. 'Liph supported him and Mary went before with pillows. An odd look of defiance and terror intermingled had found its way into her quiet face.

"The winder!" I want to go over and set by the winder, 'Liph, the invalid gasped, but Mary interposed her lean little frame doggedly.

"Not yet, Amri. You better be satisfied to stop on this side of the room at first. You ain't strong enough to walk clear across—"

"The winder!" commanded Amri with breathless impatience. "Put up them curtains, Mary. I want to see out."

"No, no—Oh, Amri!"

The curtains were all drawn carefully. Mary had pinned the loose thin draperies together. Her hands refused to release them. They trembled like little withered leaves in the wind.

"Now let me down—easy 'Liph! Its a dreadful way across the room, ain't it? I'm tuckered out. It seems queer to be out here; how long has it be'n, Mary? Mary!"

"Yes—yes, Amri."

"Why don't you answer? How long has it be'n since I was out here in the parlor, I said? What day is today, Mary?"

"Tuesday, Amri, today's Tuesday. 'Liph says its Arbor Day, when the Governor asks them to set out plants and trees—"

She stopped suddenly, but Amri did not heed.

"Who said it was Harbor Day? I don't believe it!" he cried querulously. His face had winced at Mary's words.

"They said it was goin' to be, down to the store last night, Amri. 'Liph was down there."

"Well, I don't know as it matters any great whether its Harbor Day or Fourth of July. Ain't you goin' to put up them curtains, Mary? I want to see out."

The withered little hands tremulously unpinned the draperies. Mary Trimble's face was white with dread. But Amri's face—Amri's face lit up with a flash of glad light that transfigured it. The limp old figure straightened up in the chair.

"It's there!" Amri cried exultantly, his eyes on the beautiful old elm tree. A great load had slipped away from his shoulders. His little wife watched him in fear that turned to wonder, then to joy. Amri was glad.

"Oh Amri!—yes, it's there. I was afraid to tell you, I thought you would be so angry because 'Liph didn't cut it down—Amri, Amri, I couldn't let him! I kept rememberin' our little dead girl, Amri. Amber was so fond of the old tree! I wouldn't let 'Liph cut it down. It was the big, dead summer

sweetin' tree you heard crashin'. It was my fault, Amri. That's why I kep' puttin' off your comin' out here—an', an' the curtains, Amri. I thought you would be dreiful put out. Oh, Amri, an' then I saw your face!

It was still shining. The old man put out his best hand to her, with a weak gesture of invitation. It was his turn to confess.

'Mary, all I can think of is it's there,' he said. 'That's all I've got strength to be thankful for. If it hadn't be'n—'

His breath caught in a sob.

'I've be'n laying in that little bedroom, repentin' Mary. You ain't ever had to go through that—you don't know how turrble it is! I kep' rememberin' too—I I couldn't get the little mite of a girl playin' house under that tree out o' my mind, day or night. Mary, Mary—it's there.'

Mary Trimble's face was beautiful to see. She laid it against his, as if it had been forty years ago.

'Yes, Amri, it's there,' she whispered.—Interior.

A Practical Joker.

'I suppose it was wrong,' said a well-known member of the Detroit bar, with a grin, 'but I couldn't afford to let the opportunity pass. My wife has become a convert to the mind cure fad, and for the last month I have heard nothing but the power of mind over matter. I said little, hoping that she would tire of it and drop it. But I was doomed to disappointment, for the longer she harped on it the worse she became.'

'This morning she discovered that a water pipe was leaking, and she went at it with that universal woman's tool, a hairpin, with the result that she only made the hole larger and caused a small jet of water to be shot into the room. Clapping a finger over the hole to stop the flow of water, she called loudly for me, and when I appeared on the scene I took the situation in a glance.'

'What is the matter, my dear?' I asked.

'There is a hole in the pipe,' she gasped. 'Get a plug while I hold the water back.'

'There is no leak there, if you will only think so,' said I, soothingly. 'Put your mind on it and remove your finger.'

'John Henry—she began, but at that moment her finger slipped and a jet of water hit her in the eye, and the valuable remarks that she was about to make were lost for all time.'

'John,' can't you see that the wall paper will be ruined if I let go?'

'Well, my dear,' said I, ignoring her question, 'it is time I was going down stairs, besides I am afraid that if I remain here I may interfere with the calm, reposeful working of your mind. Convince yourself, my dear, that there is no leak and remove your finger.' With that I left her. I took the precaution, however, to send up a plumber, but from what I heard when I left I am afraid that her mind was far from being in a reposeful mood.—Detroit Free Press.

There are now to be found in great Britain in plentiful variety the China Asters, the German Asters and the American Asters, the latter, seemingly being the best acclimatized.

Caller.—'I should like to see your mother if she isn't engaged.' Flossie (aged 5) 'Engaged? Why, mamma's been married ever since I knew her.'

At the close of the sermon.—Minister.—'I think I was rather impressive this afternoon, John.' Beadle.—'Imph! We'll wait, sir, till we see the collection counted up.'

Singing Away the Pain.

A party of tourists were driving along the country road leading to Killarney, that fine old town among the Irish lakes. As they came within sight of a cottage standing back from the road, with a lovely garden of flowers in front, there reached them the sound of singing.

The voice was full of sweetness, rich and strong, now and then rising into such lofty strains it seemed like an angel's song, then dropping to the mellow softness of a mother soothing her babe to sleep.

The little company was entranced. What genius in obscurity was here? Someone, surely, born to win fame and fortune when brought forward and trained by suitable teachers.

'If I could ever hope to sing like that!' exclaimed the young man who was driving, himself a student of music; and then, stopping his horses, he said: 'Let us find who he is, perhaps I might be of help;' but here he paused as a young girl came out of the garden gate toward them. She had a basket on her arm as if going to market. As she was passing, dropping a courtesy as she did so, he asked, 'Will you please tell me who is singing so sweetly in the cottage?'

'Yes, indeed,' said the girl, turning a bright face toward them. 'It is only my Uncle Tim, sir; he's after having a bad turn with his leg, and so he's just singing the pain away the while.'

For an instant the company was speechless, then the young man asked, 'Is he young? Can he ever get over the trouble? Tell these ladies about it, please.'

'O, he's getting a bit old now,' was the answer. 'No, the doctors say he'll never be the better of it in this world, but'—and her voice dropped into tender pathos—'he's that heavenly good, it would come nigh to making you cry sometimes to see him, with the tears running down his cheeks with the pain, and then it is that he sings the loudest.'

'Amen,' said the young man, reverently; and with a 'Thank you, dear,' from the ladies, they drove slowly on.

'And there shall be no more pain, and all tears shall be wiped away,' said Aunt Myra, softly.—Christian Life.

The Pebbles' Lesson.

How smooth the sea-beach pebbles are!

But, do you know,

The ocean worked a hundred years

To make them so.

And once I saw a little girl

Sit down and cry

Because she couldn't cure a fault

With one small "try."

A Laughing Plant.

The laughing plant, so named from its effects upon man, grows in Arabia. It is of moderate size, and bears brilliant yellow flowers and soft, velvety seed pods, each of which contains two or three seeds, which look like little black beans. The natives of the district where the plant grows gather the seeds and after drying them reduce them to powder. A small dose of the powder has the effect of causing the most level headed and sober person to dance, shout and laugh in the most unrestrained fashion of a lunatic and to rush about and cut the wildest capers for almost an hour. By that time he is thoroughly exhausted and falls asleep, to wake after several hours without the least recollection of his previous excitement and antics.

Flowers which are kept in water in which a little saltpetre has been dissolved will remain fresh for a couple of weeks.

Simpson's Discovery of Chloroform.

Simpson discovered that this new anæsthetic was an agent which might be used with safety and excellent effect by medical men. He wrote about it, lectured on it, practised it and freely experimentalised with it. Never did he spare himself, and on one or two occasions he was seriously ill, in consequence of inhaling vapors when in search of anæsthetic agents. Whenever he apprehended danger in any new agent, he invariably first experimented on himself. These were perils enough, requiring the same kind of heroism that is demanded of a soldier who falls uncomplainingly at his post of duty. But there was a form of peril to which all great discoverers in all ages have been subject, and to which many have fallen victims—opposition; this enviroed Simpson, touched his tenderest sensibilities, and became a force that not one man in ten thousand could have battled with single handed as he did. He had to face the opposition of custom, of professional jealousy, of prejudice; he had to fight a terrible warfare with opponents who cruelly found out the soft places in his heart.

In the public press of the day, he was charged with putting a premium on crime by his discoveries; it was alleged that the Burkes and Hares would find their fittest instrument for assassination; and it would be used in cases of abduction and other crimes; in short, there was hardly a criminal purpose to which, his opponents stated, it could not be applied. Others took up another line of opposition, and concocted untruthful reports of deaths from the inhalation of chloroform, reports which were almost daily in circulation in the newspapers; others sought to damage the reputation of the great physician, and retard the progress of the blessing which he was instrumental in bringing to the world, by circulating statements of cases occurring in which persons had been entranced by the use of chloroform, and in this state had been buried alive.

But the greatest storm of opposition was raised by short-sighted and narrow-minded persons of almost every religious denomination, who declared that it was in direct opposition to Scripture to endeavor 'to avoid one part of the primaevae course on woman,' and from pulpit after pulpit it was denounced as impious. Simpson wrote pamphlet after pamphlet to defend the blessing which he brought into use; and when the battle was about to be lost, it seems, he seized a new weapon 'My opponents forget,' said he, 'the twenty-first verse of the second chapter of Genesis. There is the record of the first surgical operation ever performed, and that text proves that the Maker of the Universe, before He took the rib from Adam's side for the creation of Eve, caused a deep sleep to fall on Adam.' This was a stunning blow, but it did not entirely kill the opposition, who maintained in reply that 'the deep sleep of Adam took place before the introduction of pain into the world—in the state of innocence.'

But now a new champion intervened—Thomas Chalmers. With a few pungent arguments he scattered the enemy for ever and the greatest battle of science against suffering was won. Chloroform was, at an early date, administered to the Queen; practitioner after practitioner adopted it, and after all the peril in its discovery, and peril in its defence, Simpson had the satisfaction of seeing the blessing acknowledged and in almost universal use.—From Heroes of Britain.

Kangaroos, which used to be a plague in Australia, are now getting so scarce that it pays to raise them in herds.

Ministers and Churches.

Our Toronto Letter.

The opening of Knox College on Wednesday last week brought back about a hundred of the students, and they have been coming in since that day in twos and threes. By enrolment day there will be quite the usual number present. There seems to be a tendency to seek lodging outside the College building. Some room out and in the College, thus reversing a former custom. There should be an advantage in residence; and we believe that were it possible to have a resident professor or a resident dean, the College residence would once more become popular.

The opening lecture this year was given by Professor MacLaren, who chose as his subject "The Spirit and the Word." The part taken by the Spirit in the giving of the Word was only touched upon, the lecturer dealing altogether with the part taken by the Holy Spirit now in the interpretation and appreciation of the Word.

In his remarks at the opening of the meeting Principal Caven dealt specially with the cry that there are now too many ministers, and pointed out that the supply was not yet equal to the demand; and that, indeed, there was a most urgent call for consecrated men to take up this work. "We believe this to be true, if we understand 'consecrated' in the sense in which Dr. Caven understood it. If they are 'self-devoted,' if they have not been thrust forward by parents desirous of having a son in the ministry, or have not entered the ranks of the ministerial profession, there is need for such men. But it ought to be understood that the ministry is neither a trade or a profession, but a calling, to which response has been made by the one called into it—'Here am I, send me.'"

Some matters of importance were discussed at the meetings of the Senate and of the Board, and at the joint meeting of the two bodies. The gravity of the situation has seized upon the minds of both Board and Senate, and steps are being taken to meet it. An executive has been appointed to carefully consider matters pertaining to the staff and to temporal affairs in connection with the building; and this small body will have an interesting report to submit when next the Board and Senate are called together. In all probability the name of one to fill the proposed new chair will be reported. It is well to know that the very best that can be done is being done, and the Church may well trust the men who are directing affairs.

Already announcements are being made of the plans for winter work. Some will give special courses of sermons and lectures; some will devote special attention to the Young People's Societies; some will watch the interests of the Sabbath; some will seek to strengthen the work in all its departments. In all there is one dominant purpose—the building up of spiritual character and the winning of recruits for Christ's Kingdom. It is noticeable that there is little desire for self-glorification; the great aim is spiritual progress, and the personal agent by which this is secured is considered of little moment.

Eastern Ontario.

Rev. D. Stewart, wife and daughter, of Laguerre, P. Q., were the guests of Mr. D. Fraser, Lancaster, last week.

The Presbyterians of Kinburn are taking steps towards church improvements. The building will undergo thorough renovation.

Rev. Mr. McCallum, of Glen Sandfield, preached in the Free Kirk pulpit last Sabbath, while Rev. J. McLean occupied the St. Columba church pulpit last Sabbath in the absence of Rev. Mr. MacKenzie.

Rev. Mr. Fairlie and family have left Lansdowne for Kingston, where they will reside. A correspondent says: "Deep regret is felt by all that his health will not permit of his continuing in the ministry. During his ten years' labors here he made many warm friends who admired and esteemed him for his upright Christian character and sympathetic manner."

On the eve of their departure for California Mr. and Mrs. James Findlay, Pembroke, were made the recipients of an appreciative address, read by Rev. Dr. Bayne, and a presentation was made by Mr. A. Thompson. Sheriff Moffatt was in the chair, and many kind words were spoken of Mr. Findlay and his partner in life, whose departure is deeply regretted, not only by Zion church, of which they were active members, but by the townspeople generally.

Ottawa.

Rev. Robert Eadie, Bethany church, Hintonburgh, and Rev. Mr. Findlay, Stittsville and Bell's Corners, exchanged pulpits last Sunday.

The quarterly communion service was held in the Glebe church last Sabbath morning, the pastor officiating. There was a large attendance of members.

Rev. Mr. Potter, of the Sailors' Mission, preached in the New Edinburgh church in the morning, and in the Glebe in the evening. He is always listened to with interest.

The canvassing books for the canvass of the city to be made by the Presbyterian Sunday Schools, were sent out Saturday to the Superintendents by the convener of the committee, Rev. D. M. Ramsay. On the return of the canvassing books the superintendents will call the meetings of their teachers, and the districts to be visited by each one will be assigned.

Rev. J. H. Milne, of the Glebe church, has undertaken to complete in Ottawa the canvassing that was begun by Rev. Dr. Campbell, for the Century Fund. A goodly part of the subscriptions in Ottawa will likely be devoted to wiping off the debt on the Ladies' College. This laudable object will receive the sympathetic assistance of Ottawa Presbyterians.

Rev. A. A. Cameron has been making a strong plea against the sin of profanity so prevalent on the streets of our cities. Here are a couple of pithy sentences: Did it ever occur to the profane hat oaths and curses are terrible prayers? What if all these prayers and curses were to fall on the heads of those spoken of, or were to come back upon the man who utters them! After a man has sent everybody about him to hell, what mercy can he hope for?

Rev. Dr. Armstrong preached in St. Paul's church last Sunday on the subject, "How to Make Giving a Pleasure." Most people, he said, understand how getting is a pleasure, but not giving, which is to most anything but a pleasure. The secret of happy giving can only be found by those who recognize that all they have belongs to God and they are but stewards. There is stewardship in the administration of one dollar as well as in a million. Young men should begin to administer their earnings. A thoughtful interest must accompany all right giving. No one can have pleasure in giving to church, hospitals, schools, etc., unless they see the gifts administered properly.

At the adjourned congregational meeting at the Bank street church Monday night, before any resolution was proposed. Dr. Moore, who presided, said that he entered cordially into the movement to procure an assistant minister and stated that he, entirely independent of what the congregation might do, would contribute \$600 per year towards the assistant's salary. The following motion was then made by Mr. A. W. Fraser and Mr. A. W. Ault, and was carried unanimously: "The congregation at a meeting held September 24th, having decided to procure the services of an assistant minister, now further agrees to place in the estimate of 1900, the sum of \$2,800 for the salaries of the pastor and his assistant, and refers the whole matter to the session and managers to be by them carried into effect in such manner as they think best."

Northern Ontario.

The Rev. Mr. Becket, Magnetawan, conducted the services in Knox church, Sundridge, on Sunday.

The Presbyterian choir of Manitowaning held the harvest home at White Lake, and had "a good time."

Rev. Neil Campbell, of Oro, preached on the Century Fund in the Presbyterian church, Lefroy, on Sunday evening.

Dr. J. Fraser Smith, returned missionary from India, occupied the Bradford pulpit last Sabbath and preached with much acceptance. The Rev. gentleman will return next week to hold preparatory services and to dispense the Communion in Bradford and the Scotch Settlement on Sabbath, 14th inst. The Rev. F. D. Roxborough, M. A., lately returned from studying in Germany, will preach next Sabbath.

The Rev. D. Johnston, Sundridge, who some weeks ago received and accepted a call from Guthrie church, township of Moore, Presbytery of Sarnia, preached his farewell sermon in Knox church on Sunday evening. Physically not very strong, he considered it his duty to do the call, which he had not sought, to a less laborious field. In the choir and C. E. meetings Mr. Johnston was ever ready to give a helping hand, and in every possible way was to her husband a willing and successful helper. At the farewell

meeting addresses were presented both Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, expressive of the high esteem in which they were held by the congregation.

A destructive fire occurred recently at the Presbyterian manse, Collingwood, the home of the Rev. Dr. McCrae. When the fire was discovered shortly after eleven o'clock at night, the interior of the building was ablaze from the ground floor to the roof. The contents, including the doctor's library, were totally destroyed. The building was insured for \$1,300; the contents for \$1,800. The origin of the fire is a mystery.

The Rev. Mr. Ferguson, returned missionary from China, conducted a special service Sunday forenoon in Knox church, Sundridge, to a large and deeply interested congregation. Mr. Ferguson labored for six and a half years in China, during which time he travelled 45,000 miles, and is consequently well acquainted with the customs, habits and condition of the Chinese people. Notwithstanding the many trials and persecutions he endured while prosecuting his work, his determination is to return so soon as the present troubles are settled.

The good people of St. Andrew's church, Beaverton, accorded their minister and his young bride a cordial welcome on their return from the wedding trip. The ladies of the congregation had the arrangements in hand, and right well they were carried out. Mr. B. Madill generally discharged the duties of chairman, when several congratulatory speeches were made, to which Mr. Best replied in appropriate terms. The presentation of a well filled purse to the young minister was another evidence of the thoughtfulness and good will of the people. Mr. Best has done well in going to the old Thorah manse for his life partner; and THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN extends to him and Mrs. Best its hearty congratulations on the happy event that has given a mistress to another manse.

Quebec.

Dr. Campbell's discourses at Buckingham on Sunday resulted in several large contributions to the Century Fund.

The Rev. Placide Boudreau, late of the Presbytery of Chicago, was received as a minister of this church in Quebec Presbytery, by consent of the Assembly.

Rev. K. MacLennan, M. A., minister of Levis, tendered his resignation owing to continued and severe illness. The resignation will be dealt with by Presbytery on the 16th Oct.

The Rev. Dr. Campbell, agent for the Century Fund, was heard at length at the Presbytery in Quebec; and by his aid arrangements were made for the canvass of the whole Presbytery by the 1st Dec.

Rev. M. H. Scott, Hull, has had his left eye operated on to remove a cataract which had been slowly growing for years and latterly was proving troublesome. The result so far has been satisfactory.

Mr. O. F. MacCutcheon made application at the last meeting of Quebec Presbytery to be taken under the care of the Presbytery as a student having the ministry in view. Mr. MacCutcheon was encouraged to go forward; and was certified to the Presbyterian College, Montreal.

The parlor social at Mrs. Norman MacLean's, Aylmer, on Tuesday evening of last week, was a most agreeable affair. Vocal and instrumental music with social intercourse among pleasant people, afforded an evening of unmixt enjoyment. The presence of the pastor was greatly appreciated.

Formal intimation having been given to the Presbytery of Quebec of the sudden death by accident, of the Rev. Jno. MacLeod, Vankleek Hill, business was suspended for a time and three members, at the call of the moderator, engaged in prayer. A resolution expressive of the Presbytery's sympathy with the bereaved family was ordered to be engrossed in the minutes; also a like resolution called forth by the death of Mr. Wm. Sutherland, a member of the court, and for many years an elder or Chalmers' church, Quebec.

Quebec Presbytery, at its meeting on 24th Sept, considered the resignation of Rev. N. MacKay, Marshboro. After hearing Mr. MacKay for himself, and Mr. A. MacLean for the congregation, expressing the congregation's attachment to Mr. MacKay, their sorrow at the prospect of losing him, the Presbytery unanimously resolved to lay the resignation on the table, to suggest to Mr. MacKay a complete rest for a period of six months in the hope that his health may be restored. To this proposal the representative of the congregation cordially consented, and Mr. MacKay gave his consent.

Western Ontario.

The Rev. Dr. Stewart, of Toronto, preached in the U. P. church, Galt, on Sunday.

Rev. J. M. Millar has sent in his resignation as pastor of the Presbyterian church, Norwich.

Rev. R. J. M. Glassford of Guelph preached the pre-communion services at Berlin recently.

Rev. W. R. McIntosh, B.D., of Elora, conducted anniversary services in Chalmers' church, Guelph, on Sunday.

Anniversary services were held at Crosshill last Sabbath, which were conducted by Rev. J. R. Gilchrist, B.A., Waterloo.

Knox church services, Galt, were conducted by Rev. W. E. Knowles, B.D. His evening subject was "Lessons from the War."

Rev. W. J. Clark has announced that on Oct. 8 a debating class would be started in the lecture room of the First church, London. All young men over 16 years of age may attend it.

Rev. Wm. Gauld, of Formosa, left for the island last week, after a year's rest. He is accompanied by Mrs. Gauld and daughter. The two sons remain in London to be educated.

Rev. J. C. Tibb, pastor of the Eglington Presbyterian church, is down with typhoid fever. Mr. Tibb is receiving very careful attention, and is reported to be doing as well as could be expected.

St. Andrew's and St. Paul's, Vaughn, has extended a call to Rev. W. G. Bach, of Ottawa Presbytery, promising stipend of \$700 and a manse. The call was sustained. Mr. Bach is a Queen's graduate.

The series of sermons on Old Testament types and characters applied to present day questions, by Rev. Neil McPherson, St. Paul's, Hamilton, began on Sunday. Subject: "Pilate, the man who compromised."

Rev. Dr. Johnston, of St. Andrew's, London, preached the first sermon of the series on the Ten Commandments, which he some time ago announced. The sermon last Sunday night was introductory to the series.

The Rev. A. Baird, professor in Manitoba college, Winnipeg, arrived at the home of his father, Mr. C. Baird, of Motherwell, on Saturday afternoon of last week, and left again on Monday. He occupied the pulpit in the church on Sunday and delivered a powerful and eloquent sermon.

Rev. Dr. Talling, pastor of Kew Beach Presbyterian church, who left on Tuesday of last week for a two months' trip to Boston and St. John, N. B., was tendered a farewell reception by his congregation. Many appreciative references to Dr. Talling were made by the speakers.

At the annual thanksgiving meeting in St. Andrew's church, London, W. F. M. S., on Thursday evening, Mrs. McCrae, of Guelph, delivered an address. A collection of over \$80 was taken up. During the evening Miss Harston and Mrs. Brown sang very acceptably. Mrs. D. B. Dewar was presented with a life membership in the society, of which she has always been a faithful member.

Knox church, Galt, Board of Managers met Friday evening in the session rooms, a committee of the Ladies' Aid being present at the meeting, when it was resolved to light the church with electricity, using two large, handsome, 36-light chandeliers. Clusters of electric lamps will also be placed around the walls in the gallery and underneath. The contract for the work will be let at once.

At Thamesford the induction of Rev. T. A. Watson, as pastor of St. Andrew's church, took place in the presence of a congregation which completely filled the church. Rev. Dr. Johnston, of London, acted as moderator, and there were a number of the clergymen of the presbytery in attendance. Rev. J. G. Stuart, of South London, preached the sermon, after which the usual induction ceremony was conducted, the right hand of fellowship being extended to Mr. Watson at the close of it by the members of the presbytery. Rev. W. J. Clark addressed the minister, and Dr. Johnston addressed the people. Rev. Mr. Lindsay, of Kintore, closed with an earnest prayer. Subsequently Mr. Watson was introduced to the congregation and tea was served by the ladies. A platform meeting following the induction, was addressed by Dr. Johnston, Rev. Mr. Patterson, of Embro, Rev. Mr. Lindsay, of Kintore, and a number of others. The Presbyterians of Thamesford are looking forward to a good work being carried on under the direction of Mr. Watson.

French work was found to be in a very encouraging state, and arrangements were made at a meeting of the Presbytery of Quebec for the supply of fields.

Maritime Provinces.

Rev. W. Hamilton is to supply Tabusaitae, N. B., for three months.

The Synod of the Maritime Provinces met at Chatham, N. B., last week.

Rev. T. Hunter Boyd, of Waweig, N. B., was married recently to a Miss Woods of England.

St. Luke's church, Bathurst, N. B., has called Mr. H. R. Reid. He has accepted, and the ordination will take place on October 15.

The engagement of Rev. A. S. Morton, of St. John, son of Dr. Morton, of Trinidad, to Miss Cushing, of Honetar, Me., is announced.

Miramichi Presbytery has nominated Rev. A. F. Can as Moderator of Synod. It also approves of the appointment of a Synodical S. S. Field Secretary.

A very successful convention of Y. P. S. and and S. S. workers connected with the Presbytery of Wallace was held at Anherst, Sept. 3rd and 4th. About 50 delegates attended out of the 13 congregations of the Presbytery.

Mr. Geo. H. Archibald is to hold "a workers' week" at Yarmouth, N. S., for Sept. 30th to Oct. 7th, and after spending two weeks more in Nova Scotia will visit St. John Oct. 20th to Nov. 4th. His theme at all meetings is "the study of the Child." Our S. S. workers and parents generally, have yet to awaken to the importance of this subject.

The Presbyterian Synod met at Chatham, N. B., and elected the Rev. Dr. Morton, the Trinidad missionary, as moderator. The Rev. D. S. Fraser moved, seconded by the Rev. Principal Pollok, a resolution affirming the principle of appointing a Sabbath School field secretary to labor within the bounds of a synod. Principal Pollok and Elder Lawson spoke in favor of the resolution, and the Rev. H. T. Grant, the Rev. Mr. Dustan and the Rev. D. Wright against it. The Rev. D. McGregor wanted more light, and the Rev. T. F. Fotheringham proceeded to give it in a lengthy speech.—The Witness.

The annual meeting of the W. F. M. S. (Eastern Division) was held in Picton last Wednesday and Thursday. One hundred and seven delegates were present. Miss Blackadar was present and gave an interesting address on the work in Trinidad. The total amount raised during the year was \$11,774.28. This sum was ordered to be handed over to the Foreign Mission Committee. The happy result of this is that the debt of \$19,000 of last year is wiped out and a balance of over \$2,000 is left. The gift exceeds the estimate of the Committee by \$1,927.23. Mrs. Robt. Baxter was elected president and Mrs. R. A. (Prof.) Falconer corresponding secretary.

Rev. James Cameron, M.A., B.D., died at his late residence on Borden street yesterday afternoon, after a lingering illness. Mr. Cameron, when he graduated was double gold medalist at McGill College. His first charge he was at Millbrook and entreeville where he was pastor for fifteen years. From there he came to Toronto, but on account of illness took no permanent charge. He was a preacher of more than average ability, and greatly devoted to his work, until declining health compelled him to retire from the active duties of the ministry. The interment took place at Lancaster.

"It is seldom," says the Montreal Witness, "that there is such a widespread sense of loss associated with the death of a man in the prime of life as prevails in Eastern Ontario and the Ottawa valley, and largely in Montreal, over the sudden ending of the earthly career of the Rev. J. McLeod, of Vankleek Hill, called directly by misadventure from the scene of those urgent activities in which he had shown himself to be a natural leader of men. Aided by no adventitious circumstances, his own nobility of personality was rapidly impressing itself on the community in such a way as to make men say that a thousand could be more easily spared than he. Not that he did anything ostentatious or out of the way. He simply and modestly, and with determination, took the right side in all things, and what lay next to hand he did well and truly. The best hope is that there is something in the front of leaders to inspire others to step to the front by emulating their fortitude and faithfulness."

The memorial stone of Brechin Cathedral restoration was laid on Saturday with masonic ceremonies.

British and Foreign Items.

Langholm U. P. congregation are to celebrate their centenary on Oct. 21st.

Sir Charles Cameron, M. P., says cycling is his main sport—35 miles a day.

Darvel U. P. church has been re-christened "Irvinebank United Free Church."

In course of alterations at Glasgow harbor the remains of Cromwell's fort have been found.

The Roman Catholics of Glasgow are to be appealed to abolish wakes in the meantime.

A bazaar in aid of Bonhill U. P. church has raised £800, being £300 more than aimed at.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie has offered £100 towards an organ for Lochgelly Established church.

It is 49 years since the Queen completed the purchase of Balmoral from the late Earl of Fife.

The Glasgow U. P. Presbytery, on the 11th ult., unanimously adopted the overture on union.

The Glasgow Bible Training Institute has 75 students this season, 60 of whom are young women.

Saltcoats Free Gaelic congregation have adopted for the church a new designation, South Beach church.

At Ardrossan a man who pulled a tipsy chap from in front of the Arran express was rewarded with a black eye.

Rev. George Williams, Ferryden Free Church, has accepted the call to Candlish Memorial church, Glasgow.

The issue of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon's sermons has now reached the unrivalled number of 2,689, or 544 monthly parts.

It is at Wick and Thurso that you begin to notice the absence of trees which makes the special feature of Cairness-shire.

During the past year the visitors to Carlyle's birthplace at Eccleleschan numbered 1300, a decrease of 42 from last year.

Rev. Dr. Black, of Inverness, is directing a lance against church bazaar raffles on the ground that these encourage the gambling instinct.

An Aberdeen lady, Mrs. Marshall, the wife of an insurance agent, died from excitement while awaiting the arrival of the Queen at Ferryhill Junction.

"Never mind the fire, but bring me doon ma watch and ma box," was the request of a servant at a coast residence where a slight outbreak of fire occurred.

Dr. Caesar, Tranent, has been entertained to dinner at Haddington by the Established Presbytery of Haddington in celebration of his ministerial jubilee.

At the Free Presbytery meeting the other day Dr. Gibson, Stirling, received the hearty congratulation of the members on attaining his jubilee, as an elder.

The Rev. H. B. Gray, for eleven years pastor of Lochwinnoch U. P. congregation, has received a call to the first charge of Auckland Presbyterian church, New Zealand.

The sanitary inspector of Forfarshire is anxious that Auchmithie ("The Musselcraig" of the "Antiquary") should be carefully whitewashed and otherwise disinfected.

The Currie parish church congregation propose to erect a hall as a memorial to the late Lieut. Gibson Craig, jr., of Riccarton, 3rd Royal Scots, who died in South Africa.

Many of the Free and U. P. congregations throughout the country are exercising their ingenuity in finding new names for their churches in view of the approaching union.

John Flood, one of the Irish revolutionists in the Fenian movement of 1860, died in Boston the other day so poor that his body would have been buried in Potter's Field but for the interposition of a local Irish society.

The widow of the Rev. Dr. John Thomson, for many years the esteemed pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian church, New York, has been a resident of Forres for some years. She has reached the age of 85 years.

Principal A. M. Fairbairn gives high praise to the editor's work in the new "Dictionary of the Bible." "Dr. Hastings," he says, "is evidently a diligent student of the English tongue. If he had not edited a dictionary of the Bible, he might well have directed himself to English lexicography. Some of the words, which are all selected from the authorised version, are here more fully treated in their older sense than in any completed dictionary of our tongue."

World of Missions.

The Rajputana Kitchens.

BY J. E. SCOTT, PH.D., D.D.

One way of helping the starving people of Rajputana, India, is to give them cooked food to be eaten on the spot. We have several kitchens at which hundreds of our Christian poor, especially, get one good meal a day. Such a kitchen may be seen at Tilaura, a village on the railway between Ajmere and Phalera. This place was selected as it is the center of a large Christian population, and we aim to save our own people first of all.

I rented and fitted up an abandoned cotton press with a square courtyard, enclosed by a stone wall, and convenient outhouses, and a large yard in front, and having bought an immense copper dinner pot with a capacity of at least six bushels of food, we were ready to begin operations.

But everything must be done in an orderly manner. Many more came clamoring for food than we could possibly feed. To begin with, 50 of the worst cases—emaciated men, feeble women, starving children—were picked out and enrolled, and a ticket of admission was given to each, and they were told to present themselves at 9 a. m. each day. Afterwards this number was increased to 100, then to 175, and then to 200.

When the food was ready—a sort of mush made of wheat—the poor people were admitted, one at a time through the gate, each one showing a ticket, and seated in rows on the ground in the courtyard. Each one brought some kind of a vessel in which to receive his share of the food—an earthen saucer, a broken piece of crockery, a plate made of leaves, or even part of the not-very-clean dress spread out, or the end of a chudder.

Then a short service was held—of praise and thanksgiving for the food; of prayer for God's blessing upon the donors and upon the kitchen; of exhortation to trust in Him who fed the multitude—and food, a pound to each adult, and to children a quantity proportionately smaller, was served from large tin plates by men equipped with ladles, and after a special grace said by each over his food, not a sound was heard save the quiet, blessed, pathetic sound of a company of starving people eating mush with their fingers.

At places like these we aim to get the food directly into the locality where it will do the most good. If any of the kind donors of famine money were to visit our Rajputana kitchens they would be convinced that there is no misappropriation of the precious money.

There comes a wail of anguish
Across the ocean wave;
It pleads for help, O Christians,
Poor dying souls to save;
Those far-off heathen nations
Who sit in darkest night,
Now stretch their hands imploring,
And cry to us for light.

Native Chinese Christians in Times of Disturbance.

At the present time the eyes of the civilized world are turned upon China. Many people in all lands are talking of the official representatives of the various governments, of the merchants and of the missionaries now residing in the Celestial Empire. But few take time, however, to consider the circumstances of the native Christian.

Of course, when the great daily papers report the wholesale slaughter of a thousand Chinese converts and comment on the fact

that other thousands have been rendered homeless by a pitiless mob, the public takes a passing interest and indignantly resents the barbarities of the "heathen Chinese." But those faithful men and women who have "left all to follow Christ" deserve more at the hands of the home church than a passing sigh of sentiment breathed out at the announcement of a great slaughter.

When a Chinese becomes a Christian he oftentimes incurs the displeasure of his entire family or his clan. In a thousand little ways, ways hard to understand, he suffers persecution. Things that torture him are thought out and in every conceivable way his own people seek to drive him from the true course of duty.

The tongue is indeed a small thing, but under the control of a heathen clan, and when directed against one who has left the traditions and practices of the ancients to become a Christian, it becomes a very powerful weapon, and its sting is hard to bear. Many fall by it. Others remain faithful and bear the ill attendant upon the Christian life in the Christlike spirit rather than return to the ways of darkness.

But the church at large knows but very little of the difficulties of living a Christian life in a heathen land. Few ever pray for the native convert. The poor fellow staggers on in his weakness. His persecutors are persistent. His every day life is hard. He receives no notice, however, until many hundreds are involved with him.

Then the papers fairly blaze with information, with indignation, and with pity. The pastors pray fervently in the midst of their Sunday morning congregations. Devout people everywhere awaken to the awfulness of things, and great thoughts try to find an outlet. The same quality of disturbance has been in existence 100 years. But quantity was also required. Then the nations start. Then the churches awake.

With the awakening queer things happen. Strange words are spoken. Devout Christians meet the returned foreign missionary. They desire to introduce a subject that will interest him. They ask questions. Here with are some samples: "Are you not glad you are out of China now?" "You got out of it just in time, didn't you?" "Have your colleagues in the work there left their station for a port of safety?"

Such questions as these are asked daily. But, with very rare exceptions, the conditions and outlooks, as relate to the native converts are never inquired into.

People seem to think it a strange thing that a missionary become attached to the people among whom he labors, that their trials become his trials, and their persecutions his persecutions. When great disturbances arise the native convert must bear his full share of the trouble.

People at home seem to wonder why the missionary does not fly at the first blast of the storm. They do not think that by such an action he dishonors his faith, his church, and his work, and worst of all, he leaves the poor native to brave the tempest alone.—Gospel in all Lands.

"Behold us, the rich and the poor,
Dear Lord, in thy service draw near;
One consecrateth a precious coin,
One droppeth only a tear,
Lord, Master, the love is here!"

O, for a strong and lasting faith,
To credit what the Almighty saith;
To embrace the message of His Son,
And call the joys of heaven my own.

PRONOUNCED INCURABLE.

The Story of Mrs. Agnes Foran, of Halifax,

Following Inflammation of the Lungs a Severe Cough set in and her Doctor said her Case was Hopeless—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Have Restored Her Health.

From the Recorder, Halifax, N. S.

Mrs. Agnes Foran, who resides at 21 Agricola street, Halifax, N. S., tells a wonderful story of her complete restoration to health after a protracted and distressing period of extreme illness, and she contributes her present happy condition, under Providence, to the marvellous qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. When Mrs. Foran was called upon by a representative of the Arcadien Recorder, who stated his mission, she cordially welcomed him to her pleasant home, where in the presence of her mother and sister, she freely told the story of her sickness and recovery. She said:—"A few years ago I suffered a severe attack of the lungs, and was attended by one of the best physicians in the city. I pulled through but was left a complete wreck, so that I could not do any work, suffering all the time from palpitation of the heart, nervous prostration, and a ringing sound in my head. I also had a distressing cough and for months I never knew what it was to have a good night's rest. For two years my life was a perfect misery to me, and under the doctor's orders I took emulsion till I was nauseated with the sight of it, but all to no purpose. My life was despaired of by all my friends who were assured by the doctor that my case was beyond the reach of human skill. I was visited by the clergy of my church and the Sisters of Charity, who were very kind and sympathetic and looked upon me as one whose early race was about run. I experimented with all sorts of remedies for my cough, but without avail. My druggist at last advised me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Being fairly discouraged, nevertheless I was persuaded to make the trial, when to the surprise and joy of myself, family and friends, I began to get better, and by the time I had taken seven or eight boxes I was as well as you see me now," and she laughingly added, "I think that you will admit that I don't look much like a sick woman." Her mother, who had been listening to the tale of her daughter's long illness added: "It just seems like a dream to us all that we once despaired of her life, when we now see her the pink of health."

Mrs. Foran said that when on a visit to England about a year ago she contracted a heavy cold and was threatened with a return of her cough, but she at once got some of the pills and by the time she had reached New York she was as well as ever. She related a number of instances in which she had advised persons suffering from chronic complaints to take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and always with the best results. She mentioned particularly a niece of hers living in Boston, who was run down and in a wretched condition of health, but was now a healthy young woman who owed the fact to the use of the pills. When the reporter was taking his leave Mrs. Foran said: "I am very glad to have the opportunity to testify what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me, and you can say that I will never cease to sound their praises, and I bless the good Lord that they were put in my way at a time when I had not a hope that I could live."

Home and Health Hints.

Much coal is wasted by keeping draught on unnecessarily.

A very hot iron should never be used for flannels and woollens.

All cold vegetables left over should be saved for future use in soups and salads.

Clothes lines are made much more durable by boiling for ten minutes before they are used.

White spots upon varnished furniture will disappear if you hold a hot plate from the stove over them.

One of the secrets of having food good is to serve all the hot food hot and all the cold food cold. Always have hot plates on which to serve hot food.

Raspberry sauce.—A very good pudding-sauce is made by simply whipping together until very light half a pint each of cream and raspberry juice. The cream should be thick and rich.

Lunch cakes.—Take a cup of milk, a cup of sugar, a scant half cup of butter, two eggs and a teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir in flour to make a moderate thick batter. Bake in gem pans and eat warm.

Tucks, shirrings, fine pleatings and folds are the fancy of the moment in neckwear, and are remarkably cheap. No woman needs to be untidy in these days, when dainty neckwear may be purchased for a song.

Caramel sauce.—Melt one cupful of sugar in a spider, stirring it all the time, allowing it to become a delicate brown; add three-fourths of a cupful of hot water, blending till smooth, and a tablespoonful each of butter and flour rubbed together. Cook together four minutes.

Corn Muffins.—Separate two eggs; add to the yolks half a pint of milk and a tablespoonful of soft butter; add one cupful of cornmeal and half a cupful of flour, with which has been sifted a teaspoonful of baking powder; beat thoroughly. Fold in the well beaten whites and bake in twelve greased gem pans in a quick oven for twenty-five minutes.

Chocolate cake.—Beat two eggs, add two cups of powdered sugar, and beat hard for fifteen minutes. Add one cup of milk and two cups of flour alternately, beating well, lastly one teaspoonful of vanilla and three level teaspoonfuls of baking-powder. Bake in three thick or four thin layers. For the filling scald one cup of milk, add one cup of sugar; mix together three tablespoonfuls of grated chocolate and one teaspoonful of corn starch, moisten with two tablespoonfuls of cold milk, turn this into the hot milk, and stir until thick and smooth. Simmer for five minutes, add one half of a teaspoonful of vanilla, and spread between the cake layers.

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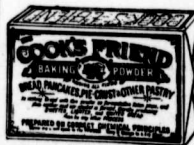
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Assets Over \$750,000.00

DIRECTORS:

Thos. Crawford, M.P.P. (President.)

Ald. John Dunn (Vice President)

Rev. W. Galbraith,

E. C. Davies,

J. S. Deacon.

DEBENTURES:

By-law passed at Annual Meeting of Shareholders, March 14th, 1900:

The Board of Directors may, in pursuance of the Loan Corporation Act, and are hereby authorized in their discretion to issue debentures of the Association for any period, from one to ten years, but for no sums less than \$100 each, interest thereon at a rate not exceeding 5% per annum, being payable on the 1st April and 1st October "each year by surrender of the coupon attached to the certificate for the period covered."

In accordance with the above the Directors have decided to issue \$100,000 at par. Full particulars from Full-yearly coupons payable at the Imperial Bank (Yonge St. branch), Toronto.

TEMPLE BUILDING, TORONTO, May 31st, 1900.

E. C. DAVIES, Managing Director.



Merchants Bank of Halifax

INCORPORATED 1869

Capital Paid up.....\$2,000,000
Reserve.....1,700,000

HEAD OFFICE:

Halifax—President, Thomas E. Kenny.
Vancouver—General Manager, D. H. Duncan.
Montreal—Joint General Manager, Edward L. Pease

BRANCHES:

In Nova Scotia—Halifax Branch, Antigonish, Bridge water, Guysboro, Lunenburg, Lunenburg, Matiland (Hants Co.), Pictou, Port Hawkesbury, Sydney, Shubenansett, Truro, Weymouth.
In P. E. Island—Charlottetown, Summerside.
In British Columbia—Atlin, Bennett, Grand Forks, Nanaimo, Nelson, Rossland, Vancouver (City Office), Vancouver (East End), Victoria, Ymir.
In Quebec—Montreal (City Office), Montreal, (West End Branch), Westmont.
In Ontario—Ottawa. In New Brunswick—Bathurst, Dorchester, Fredericton, Kingston (Kent Co.) Moncton, Newcastle, Sackville, Woodstock. In Newfoundland—St. John's. In Cuba, West Indies—Havana. In United States—New York, (Exchange Place), Republic, Washington State.

OTTAWA BRANCH

Corner of Rideau and Sussex Streets.

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G. E. WILLIS.

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Metropolitan Business College

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S. T. WILLIS, Principal
Cor. Bank & Wellington Sts.
OTTAWA