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"Uneasy lies the head," etc. Within little more than a year there have been four attempts to kill royal people, not because they were oppressors or wrong doers but simply because of their position. Two of these attempts were successful, two failed.

The Empress of Austria was in Switzerland. She was walking with a lady in waiting. Few were near. A young man stepped up behind and stabbed her fatally. There is no capital punishment in Switzerland. He was simply imprisoned for life, and there gloats over his deed and over other similar attempts that are making. Some three months ago the Prince of Wales was travelling through Belgium. He had just stepped into a railway carriage. A young man stepped to the car window and fired but missed. After the mockery of a trial by Belgian authorities, it was announced that the would-be murderer had escaped. King Humbert of Italy a few weeks ago was returning from a fete where he had been distributing some prizes amid the huzzas of a loyal people, when he was shot by an assassin. More recently, as the Shah of Persia was driving in Paris, a man sprang to the carriage steps and attempted to shoot him.

Investigation reveals three things:—

(1) That these are not merely the acts of hair-brained fanatics or fools, but the result of widespread plotting in secret societies and a determination to rid the world of

rulers. It aims not merely at crowned heads but at law and order. It is fraught with peril to the social fabric and to individual safety and life, for these depend upon the enforcement of law.

(2) That the would-be murderers are mostly young men, some of them very young, with abundance of misguided rashness and but little experience or judgment.

(3) That they fear God as little as they regard man. Men are atheists before they are anarchists. They throw off the laws of God (if indeed they ever knew them) and then the laws of man.

For this craze of king-killing, this rebellion against authority, as for all other of the world's ills the cure is the wider knowledge of the Word of God, that "Law from heaven for life on earth." Let it be distributed among the people, taught in the schools, and anarchy will die out.

Canada has practically never known such ills. The way to keep it obedient to the laws of man with its incoming throngs from various lands, is to keep it obedient to the law of God, and this can only be done by a vigorous and earnest prosecution of the various lines of work that extend the knowledge of God's word, our Sabbath School work, our Home Mission work. Where these flourish anarchy will hide its head, and in the extension of these every one may have a part.

OUR HONAN MISSION.

The Dark Side.

Sad seems the cloud that has suddenly shadowed our Honan mission. The known facts at this writing are: Some buildings are destroyed. All our missionaries are safe. Some of them escaped northward, getting out by Tientsin, others southward, getting out by Shanghai. The latter, about twenty, including men, women and children, were plundered and ill-used en route. Some of them were wounded by stones, clubs, and sword cuts. See later additional particulars on page 266. The Foreign Mission committee has cabled advising a few of the missionaries to remain near to watch proceedings, and the remainder to come home. Several of them would be entitled to furlough next year in any case. The following are remaining in China:—Dr. McClure and Dr. Margaret Wallace, who have taken medical work in connection with the British army. Besides these, there are remaining, ready to re-enter Honan as soon as the way is open: Rev. Messrs. Slimmon, Griffith, Hood, and Mitchell; and Rev. D. McGillivray, who continues in his work in Shanghai. Those coming home are the Goforths, Mackenzies, Malcolms, Leslies and Menzies; with Mrs. McClure, Mrs. Slimmon, and the Misses Dow, M.B., McIntosh, and Pyke.

Buildings destroyed! Missionaries driven out! Honan closed! Those that were sent out from time to time during the past dozen years, with high hopes, now returning. All the time, money, effort that has been expended upon Honan, and such a result! Wherefore this waste?

The Bright Side.

Our church has benefited. This work was undertaken in the spirit of Christ, in pity for the millions perishing. In doing this work the Church has been walking in the footsteps of Christ and has been the better of that walk. Whatever is done or given in the spirit of love blesses the giver more than it does any other, and even if the object thus sought and wrought for be never attained, there is good received by the doer. Every self-denial for Christ, every gift of love shapes the character more or less into His likeness, and this is a perma-

nent possession. If nothing more should ever come of the Honan Mission, if China should sink back wholly into heathenism, this work has richly paid the Church that has done it, in the growth into the likeness of Christ, in compassion, pity, and self-sacrificing love, that has resulted from the doing of it.

But there are other elements in the brightness. There are some who have accepted the Gospel and have been called home, and are now among the redeemed. In the arithmetic of eternity these would be a rich return for what has been expended.

But the best is that while the missionaries have had to leave for a time, the work is not destroyed. It cannot be. The missionaries had to leave, not only for their own safety, but for that of the native Christians. The language of the latter in many parts of China was, "If you stay we will be in danger because of you, and we may be destroyed together. If you go away there will be less of hatred to us."

These native Christians—and there is quite a number of them in Honan—will be driven to cling more closely to Christ in matters spiritual, and will grow stronger. There may be a sifting, the true from the false, but the wheat becomes purer and the chaff is no loss.

Then there is the foundation work that is laid, in the dispelling of prejudice, and winning the confidence and friendliness of the people. Thousands of hearts in Honan, that have not yet opened to Christ, have opened to his messengers, and have confidence and trust in them. Multitudes that have been healed of their sicknesses by the medical missionaries will remember them with thankfulness, will lament their absence and long for their return. The very sense of want among the people will be an opportunity for the native Christian workers and for the Spirit of God.

When Christian men and women review life from its ending they almost invariably find that the times of trial were the times of blessing. Out of their troubles they came stronger and better. So will it be with the Church of God as a whole. And when the story of the Church in Honan is complete it will be found that not the least fruitful time in its history is the dark period through which it is now passing. God reigns. Let us thank Him and take courage.

THE CENTURY FUND.

Letter from Rev. Dr. Campbell, Agent.

Dear Record,—

This is the quiet season in Century Fund matters, as well as in other departments of the Church's work. But the work, whilst it is moving on quietly, is still being pushed in various directions, and plans are being considered for more vigorous action in the autumn and winter.

As examples of what is being done at present, I may mention the following instances which have not yet been reported.

Rev. Dr. Wright, of Portage La Prairie, spent some five weeks in the Presbytery of Calgary, prosecuting the canvass in eleven congregations there. It is only, as it were, the other day that the first congregations were organized in this region, and even yet only three or four are fairly on their feet. But Dr. Wright's report shows that over \$4,000 was subscribed for the Common Fund, and that the expectation now is that over \$5,000 will be given to that Fund by this mission Presbytery, besides a similar amount for the Debt department. This result comes as a glad surprise to the Committee, and emphasizes the importance of the Common Fund.

Those who are in the midst of the work, and see all the need, have felt, as those in the older congregations can hardly feel, how absolutely necessary it is that the frontier work should be overtaken, and have set their seal to their convictions by what must be considered, in their circumstances, phenomenal contributions. If congregations out there average \$10 to \$16 a family for Common Fund, what should be the average in towns and wealthy farming districts in the East?

Rev. Dr. Bryce, of Winnipeg, has been spending his holidays in canvassing in Winnipeg and Superior Presbyteries, and has taken a run to the coast in the interest of the Fund. The returns made by him show that, even in face of the crop failure, which intervened, the hearts of our people are prompting an encouraging response. Fort William, Port Arthur, Rat Portage, Kildonan, Selkirk, Emerson, Stonewall, Morris, are all to the fore with substantial contributions to the Common Fund.

They have debts too—debts which like

the kopjes of South Africa, might have been taken advantage of to hide behind. But like true Britons, our friends have disdained to hide. So seventy families in Stonewall, with \$1,100 of debt, have yet subscribed \$600 to Common Fund, and sixty-four families in Morris, with \$900 or more of debt, have subscribed \$700 to Common Fund; and no congregation seems to think it has done its duty unless it has gone beyond the average of \$6 a family for Common Fund. We must take a leaf from the Western book, and learn a lesson here in the East, and hear a voice which says:—"Go and do likewise."

We can do it, too, when we understand the matter aright, and set our hearts to it. The other day I went to the congregation of Maxville, in Glengarry Presbytery. It is a comparatively small congregation for that region, having, all told, eighty-five families. It had a fine opportunity of hiding behind debt too, having just built a new church on which there is a debt of between \$3,000 and \$4,000. But the true and warm-hearted Highlanders made no excuse of that, and in a few days they had \$900 subscribed, and will no doubt make it \$1,000 for the Common Fund. So we can "do likewise" when we look the need in the face, and for church and country and frontier settlers, and, above all, for the Master's sake, determine to consecrate our service with willing heart to the carrying on of the Lord's work.

Speaking of Highlanders reminds me of the Sydney Presbytery, whose regular meeting I visited, and amongst two or three of whose congregations I spent a few days. They were ready to hear what could be said for the scheme, and to know why they should put money in the Common Fund. They wanted to know that there was real need and, when convinced of that, they set themselves to consider now they could provide their proper quota. "A thousand should come from this congregation, and eight hundred from that," and so on down to the little ones of the flock.

The minister of one of the congregations asked for a thousand dollars said:—"I would be glad indeed if I thought you could get that amount, but we have \$4,000 of debt and I fear it will not be possible. Still, come out and see for yourself." I went and found them reasonable and leal-hearted, and after a day's work amongst them the fears van-

ished. They will certainly do as much as they were asked to do—and more.

Up in the Miramichi Presbytery, Rev. A. F. Carr, of Campbellton, has been doing yeoman service. There is much land to be possessed in Northern New Brunswick, and very wisely the help of the Century Fund is to be extended to that region, and a special building fund of \$24,000 is to be provided, so that churches and manses may be secured where they are much needed. The friends in Miramichi have been stirred by that action and, considering their circumstances, have been doing well. Between \$7,000 and \$8,000 are already in sight for the Common Fund. Debts also are to be largely reduced and this Presbytery will give a good account of itself in the Century Fund movements. Perhaps the St. John Presbytery had heard of how forward they are in Miramichi, for at the last meeting in St. John, vigorous and concerted action was provided for, and I am told that there is to be nothing lacking in their case in providing for the large work which the Century Fund is to help them in doing in the new settlements under their care.

Space would fail were I to recount what plans have been discussed with the friends in Halifax and Truro and New Glasgow. Suffice it to say, that in each of these centres assurances were given of earnest work to be done in congregations that have not yet been canvassed, and, in not a few instances it was determined that further efforts should be made in congregations that had been already canvassed.

The feeling was general, in all these instances, that, at all hazards, the Common Fund must be made up. Our people everywhere are making up their minds to that. They see that out of the \$775,000 already subscribed, only about \$340,000 have been allocated to Common Fund. But the determination is that that shall be rectified. And it is quite easy to make the levelling up, as will be seen. Those who have reported have included all that they intended to do for debt. They also subscribed as they thought would be needed for Common Fund. But now they see that more is needed than they had supposed would be required, there will be further effort and a general building up. The indications at least point in that direction. Some may hide behind the debt

boulders. But the sterling workers of our congregations, men and women with hearts and consciences touched by the Spirit's power, will see that what is right is done.

As for the congregations yet to be visited—five hundred or more—the situation can be explained to them in such wise that they shall make no mistake, but, grasping at once the necessities of the case, they will fix the proportions aright. This year, I am confident that, with the great majority, the first point to be settled will be, what ought such a congregation as ours do for the Common Fund? When that is settled then as much as possible may be done for debt and all will be well.

You would notice what emphasis the Assembly laid in its deliverances, on the duty and privilege of our wealthier members. Hitherto the bulk of our contributions have been from those who, in circumstances of medium comfort, have denied themselves that they might give \$100, or thereabouts, to the Fund. A select few have out of their abundance given one or more thousands, and no one more than \$5,000. It is well perhaps that this should have been the course of the work hitherto. But it cannot be well that in the midst of the present prosperity, and with men amongst us who have had fortunes built up with phenomenal rapidity, they should withhold their help at this juncture from such a movement. It cannot be well for them that they should exploit the resources of a great land and that they should do nothing, or what is trivial, towards exalting this nation in righteousness. To this we must direct attention and as one cannot believe, until forced to do so by the stern logic of events, that there are many who would deliberately choose the more selfish course, in such circumstances, we may hope that this year, more than last, we shall have three classes of subscriptions: (1) The dollars of our poorer people. (2) The hundreds of our comfortable people. (both of these we have had in the past), and (3) the thousands of those who, having reaped largely, will not sow sparingly in that field in which the Master has called them to work for Him.

Teach self-denial in your homes. It is not kind to the child to allow him everything he asks. Teach him that the truest and greatest happiness is to be found in denying himself and helping others.—Selected.

THE MORMONS.

Some Facts for Canadians.

The Mormons are increasing in the United States of America at the rate of over forty thousand a year. They have over two thousand native missionaries all over North America and in Europe. These missionaries are usually Mormon citizens of different occupations, but men of zeal and intelligence. At the bidding of their superior, they leave their families for two years or more and go abroad, taking up some trade, it may be where they go, quickly insinuating themselves and seeking by promises of an earthly and heavenly Paradise, to win men and women, especially the latter. They misstate the teachings and practices of Mormonism, deceive the ignorant and unwary, and are continually leading bands of converts, chiefly young women, to Utah. When Rev. Prof. Ross, of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, was returning from his recent trip to the Holy Land, there were some Mormon elders and converts with them in the steamer from Britain. As this is writing, a band of thirty-nine Mormon converts, chiefly from Germany, are passing through Montreal, in charge of a Mormon elder. They are extending their influence from Utah over other States and Territories. They have a settlement in Cardston in our own North-West. They have missionaries in different parts of Canada. Letters have occasionally appeared in some of Canada's leading dailies, with the usual misleading statements regarding them. They are destined to be a power in the West with which Canada will have to reckon ere many years have passed.

In view of these facts the following from one of the leading religious weeklies in the United States, should be read and pondered:

"It is a well-known fact that the worshipper is assimilated to the character of his deity. The contracts between heathenism and Christianity have established that fact during all the ages. Ancient paganism taught its devotees to worship the gods of war, of lust, of every vile passion of the human soul. That worship developed and intensified those passions, until the nations and individuals became monsters, and incarnate crime stalked forth to amaze the world and call down the vengeance of God.

On the other hand, where God's revelation of Himself has been made known, and has been accepted, passion and hate have been swept out of human life. It has been well said that "Christendom, in contrast with heathenism, is the best argument for Christianity." The deities of any people determine the morals of those who worship them.

It ought to be pretty well known to Christian people everywhere that the Mormon

people worship Adam. Their definition of God is this: "What I am now, God once was; what He now is, I shall be." That is, the Mormon God was a man, and we are to be gods if we live in polygamy and secure a numerous posterity. Brigham Young explained the pagan theology of the Mormon Church when he taught that "he (Adam) is our father and our god, and the only god with whom we have to do." This doctrine of the Mormon deity lies at the basis of Mormon system and permeates it.

With such doctrines everywhere taught in Utah, what may we expect of the morals of the people who accept the system? We are authorized to expect just what we find—corruption, treachery and falsehood in religion, politics and social life.

In religion the Mormon teachers preach this Adam-god doctrine in Utah, and deny it when they go before the people in the East. They secretly, and sometimes openly teach polygamy in Utah, and deny it when they go out. They practice this crime against law, against our State constitution, against the home, against God, and deny it everywhere outside of Utah.

A Striking Experience.

A recent convert to Mormonism, Mr. Frank S. Johnson, makes the following statement to the public:

"My home is in Vicksville, Southampton County, Va. I am thirty-eight years old, and have a family of six children. My sister-in-law died after the death of her husband, and left five children to my care. I had been a Christian more than four years before the Mormon missionaries came to my house, and had found great comfort in the Christian life. I was a member of the Christian Church, sometimes called the disciples. Nine members of my family were also members of the church.

George Whittle and Henry Taggart, Mormon missionaries, came to my home early in December, 1899. They have made their home with me since they came, until this time, in May, 1900. (That is the way they preach the Gospel without purse or scrip.) There were six other missionaries coming often to my house and remaining several days at a time.

They told us that we must gather to Israel, flee to the mountains; that this was the commandment of the Lord. They talked like Christians, and I believed what they said and trusted them. They said when Christ came he would come to the temple, and we ought to be there. They said polygamy had been done away with—that no one was living in polygamy, nor had been for a great many years. They told us we could not live our religion in Virginia, but ought to come to the mountains. They said the saints here (in Utah) were a pure people—no such wickedness as in the States. They represented Utah as a paradise. They wanted us to come to the temple and be

sealed to each other as husband and wife and children. They wanted me to sell all and come with my family.

We all joined the Mormon Church, and believed what the missionaries had told us. But I did not want to sell my little home until I had come to see. They said I could take up as much land as I wanted when I came, so I decided to come, and sold all my farming implements, my mechanical tools, my horse and timber that I had ready to work. I got money enough to come and go back again. They did not want me to take money enough for me to return—said I would like it here.

I came on and went to the friends at Preston, Idaho, to which place they had directed me. I called at Mrs. Whittle's, and learned that her daughter, sister of our missionary, was living in polygamy—the second wife of Mr. Pond. I learned also from the Mormons that the sister of Elder Taggart was a polygamous wife.

These facts startled me, as both of the missionaries had declared to us again and again that no one had been in polygamy for a long time; polygamy was a thing of the long past. If they had told me the truth I would not have come to Utah, nor would I have sacrificed my property to come.

While visiting among the brethren at Preston I discovered that the saints would swear, for I heard them. They would ask a blessing at the table, and presently begin to curse. They would pray and swear right along. I had never been used to that, and it hurt me.

President Snow, the "Mouthpiece of God, Prophet, Seer and Revelator," came up to conference at Preston. I thought, now we will hear something good; if he does speak for God, he will surely say something good and helpful. But to my surprise he did not, he talked all the time about tithing. They must "pay up." It was money, money, money all the time; no Gospel at all; nothing about the love of God; nothing about our Saviour whom I loved. I was sick and disheartened. I could neither sleep nor eat.

The saints wanted me to come to all their meetings, but I could not. The missionaries had deceived me. Instead of a paradise, I found the saints swearing, living in polygamy, and the young people were vile beyond description. Instead of the prayer meeting, they had the lance. Instead of the Gospel of love, they preached money. I went out and lay down in the fields, crying to God for help to get away, back to my home again.

All these facts and conditions I found out from the saints. I did not go to any of the denominations for information. I heard with my own ears, saw with my own eyes, and sorrowed in my own heart.

The Mormon missionaries who profess to preach without purse or scrip cost me, a

poor man, with a large family, about three hundred dollars.

But I am thankful that I did not bring my family. I thank God that he has made it possible for me to go back home. I will warn all my neighbors against the falsehoods and deceptions of the Mormon missionaries. I make these statements to warn all people against the Mormon deceivers. "It is the worst thing I have ever heard of."

Mr. Johnson's experience is not infrequent. A lady who had embraced Mormonism through the misrepresentations and false teachings of their missionaries recently came to Salt Lake City. When she discovered that the great pretender, "the Mouthpiece of God," as he calls himself, had seven or eight wives, and that the men calling themselves apostles had followed his example, were living in violation of the law of God and man, her heart sank within her, and she sought to escape to her home again in the South.

The more painful experience is that some of these perverts to Mormonism bring their families. They exhaust their means in reaching Utah. And when they discover the deception practiced upon them they are unable to return. To avoid being boycotted and persecuted, they settle down, pretending to believe what they know to be false.

Our missionaries get hold of some of this class, and help them back to the acknowledgment of the truth. Their poverty is often pitiful, and our missionaries need to help support them, instead of receiving support from them. We trust the day is coming when our brethren in the East can understand conditions in Utah.—The Herald and Presbyter.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

Learn to Forget.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbor's faults. Forget the slander you have ever heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding, and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends, and only remember the good points which make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out as far as possible all the disagreeables of life; they will come, but they will grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or, worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday; start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it, for sweet memory's sake, only those things which are lovely and lovable.—Ex.

APPEAL TO YOUNG MEN.

By Rev. Dr. Robertson.

Seventy-five Home Missions in Western Canada will become vacant October 1st, by the return of students to college. The students now attending the summer session at Winnipeg will supply one-third of these, leaving fifty missions unprovided for.

This summer many were without supply. For example, a settlement nearly twenty miles wide and forty miles along the railway, where two men were needed, was neglected. Another stretch of eighty miles along the railway should have had three men and there was but one. Two Presbyteries had each three missions vacant. These are samples.

There are men enough in our church to man all our missions and congregations, but they are not properly distributed. In Eastern Canada there are more men than charges; in the West more charges than men. Will not some of our young men help to correct this inequality, and meet the wants of the Mission field?

Men advanced in life are scarcely fitted for frontier service. Our hope is in young men. Plenty of young men volunteered for service in South Africa, and any number of our young ministers were prepared to go as chaplains; have we no religious Imperialists?

Would not some students be willing to drop out for a session? If you spend the winter in the Mission field you can join the Summer Session classes in Winnipeg, in 1901, and take your places in your own classes in the autumn. You will not lose a day in graduating; you will have a wider experience in dealing with men, and you are simply doing the work to which you devoted your life.

Are there not graduates of good gifts, but gifts which congregations have hitherto failed to discover, scattered up and down through the land, why not end idleness and anxiety at one stroke by entering the H. M. field? God has called you to preach, to shepherd souls, why not go where preaching is to be done and souls are to be shepherded? Were Christ to meet you and ask you, "Why stand ye here all the day idle," what would your answer be? Do you not think He would command you to enter into the vineyard immediately, and no longer wait on the tastes and whims of pampered, eligible charges? Does He not call you by the destitution in the North and West?

In the district east of the Great Lakes our Church is growing only a fraction over two per cent. per annum just now. Her hope of growth is in the North and West; but, if we neglect these, we cannot grow. The Church to grow must go in with the settler. Shall the Presbyterian church be a laggard here? Her power to maintain herself in her activities at home and to extend abroad are bound up in this work.

The future well-being of the country demands aggressiveness. Into the West there is a large inflow of alien races from Europe. If we are to Christianize and Canadianize them we must have a vigorous religious and national life. Unless we evangelize our own people how can we beget or communicate such a life? Patriotism demands some sacrifice. Will you not make the sacrifice to mould the new life of the West. Unassimilated and unevangelized the foreigners are a national peril.

Sacrifice will nourish and develop the missionary spirit of the Church. Dickey, Grant, Pringle, Sinclair, Cook, Wright, have rendered the Church signal service by their heroic work in the North; there must be plenty of the same stuff among the young men of the Church. By such chivalry the spiritual life of the Church is developed, and the Christian spirit differentiated from the worldly.

You believe the Gospel to be the power of God in the salvation of men; many are perishing, more are likely to perish because the Gospel is denied them; will you not volunteer to be Christ's messenger to give them the Gospel?

Toronto, Ont., Aug. 1, 1900.

FRENCH WORK THE PAST YEAR.

Thirty-six mission fields with ninety preaching stations and fourteen colportage districts were occupied by twenty-nine ordained missionaries, eighteen evangelists, colporteurs and students, and twenty teachers, a total staff of sixty-seven.

The average attendance over ten years of age was 2,283. Number of families connected with missions, 922, and of single persons not connected with these families, 276. Number of communicants, 1,033, of whom 146 were added during the year. The average attendance at Sunday School, 1,074, and at prayer-meeting, 780. Two thousand two hundred and forty eight copies of the Scriptures and 30,000 religious publications were distributed. Contributions from fields were \$5,868, and school fees, \$1,619, making a total of \$7,487.

Three hundred and thirty-six Protestant and 254 Roman Catholic pupils attended the nineteen mission schools.

The Board does not undervalue the significance of these statistics. Neither does it seek to measure the force of the moral and spiritual movements generated and accelerated throughout the Province by the work of its missionaries, nor to tabulate the peace and comfort brought to many in hours of darkness and sorrow, the strength and hope to others in their day of trials and persecutions, by their ministry of love and sympathy. It does not lose sight of these things, which in the sight of Heaven are of highest value, and would "thank God and take courage."

CHURCH NOTES AND NOTICES.

Children's Day will be observed on the last Sabbath of September. It is hoped that every Sabbath School in our Church will take part in the service. The order of service for the day is prepared and a sufficient number of copies for all the scholars in each school has been forwarded and is now in the hands of the superintendents. Great care has been taken to have the lists complete, but if any school has been overlooked, would the superintendent write at once and the required number of copies will be forwarded.

JOHN NEIL,

Convener Assembly's S. S. Committee.

Address:

Rev. John Neil,
18 Charles Street,
Toronto.

Rev. S. J. Taylor, superintendent of French Evangelization, has just returned from an Episcopal tour of the French mission fields of Lower Quebec and New Brunswick, and reports good progress. He makes special mention of the excellent work done by some of the colporteurs in the distribution of religious literature, especially the Word of God. He finds that almost without exception the religious impressions made are directly traceable to the reading of the Scriptures. He is deeply impressed with the supreme importance of the colportage branch of this department of our Church work. We send bread, and rightly, to the starving millions of our fellow-subjects in India, shall we withhold from the myriads of our fellow-subjects in Canada who have it not, the Word of Life, the Word of God.

The experience of C. B. has been duplicated in B. C. The North Sydney Church, in the far East, destroyed by fire a few months ago, shortly after its opening, has its counterpart in Grand Forks, in the far West. A new church was opened with high hopes and glad hearts, 5th August. Ten days later a fire broke out, and was sweeping the town. The only way of making a break to check its progress was to blow up the church with dynamite. As already known the church at Sandon, B.C., was recently burned in a fire that swept the town. "Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ."

Seventy-four missions wanting workers in the North-West, on the first of October, when the student catechists return to College. "Come over and help us" is their call, and "whom shall we send and who will go for us" that of the Home Mission Committee.

Closely linked with Dr. Geddie's name was the Jubilee of the Rev. Isaac Murray, D.D., which was celebrated 11 July at Cavendish, P.E.I. Here he was ordained in 1850, fifty years ago, and here he labored for 27 years, until 1877. It was here that Rev. Dr. Geddie was ordained in 1838, twelve years previously, and here he too labored until he gave up home work to found the first Foreign Mission of our Church in the far-off New Hebrides. Dr. Murray was subsequently pastor at Thorburn, N.S., and North Sydney, and is spending life's evening in New Glasgow.

It is proposed that the Indian Missions of the North-West, which have hitherto been a part of our Foreign Mission work, shall be placed more in charge of the Presbyteries. This is a step in the right direction. All the mission work in Canada, including French Evangelization, work among the N. W. Indians, and the Chinese, as well as our Home Mission work proper, should be under one management, and in care of the Presbyteries.

Louisburg, C.B., is one of Canada's historic spots. Not many years ago it had no Presbyterian service. Then for a time it had the services of a catechist. A church arose in due time, and in it, 17 July, the Presbytery of Sydney ordained and inducted its first Presbyterian pastor, Mr. Murdoch Buchanan. A manse to follow.

Ottawa is the goal of many an ambition. The Dominion Presbyterian has reached it, the first Presbyterian paper, if we mistake not the first denominational paper of any kind, to be issued from the national Capital. Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, formerly of the Canada Presbyterian, is the publisher.

Rev. John Pringle, of Atlin, whose letters and addresses have been of such deep interest, is returning to take up his work in the far northern gold fields.

The Church and Manse Building Board have granted \$250 to assist in building a church at Pine River in the Atlin district.

A church hall has been erected at Belle Isle, Nfld., for the men of the iron mines of the N. S. and Dom. Steel Companies.

Clegg, formerly part of Roland congregation, Manitoba, has been joined to Rosebank. They will now call a pastor.

Two congregations, St. Louis de Gonzague, Que., and Hilton, Man., laid corner stones for new churches 25 July.

The congregations of Longburn, and of Franklin and Swan River, Man., are engaged in church building.

At Wellington, Algoma, a station organized but two summers ago, a new church was opened 12 August.

On July 10 the Regina Presbytery ordained Mr. Campbell H. Munro, missionary to the Indians.

The corner-stone of the new Melville Church, Westmount, Montreal, was laid 4 August.

Special services were held at Baillie, N.B., on August 5, at the re-opening of the church.

The church at Monkton, Ont., was reopened 5 August, after extensive alterations.

Bridgeport, C.B., has started a new church, the old one to be used for a church hall.

St. Andrew's Church, Sydney, C.B., celebrated its jubilee, 22 August.

Guthrie Church, Harriston, was re-opened 5 August, after renovation.

Preparations are making for building a church at Saskatoon.

Work has begun on a new church at Madawaska, Algoma.

The church at Leitch's Creek, C.B., was opened 13 August.

New manses are building at Oakland and at Franklyn, Man.

The church at Rodney, Ont., is being repaired.

The church at Kirkwall is being re-erected.

Obituaries.

Rev. Alexander Smith, died at Minnedosa, Man., 29 June. He was born in Aberdeen, Scotland; came to Canada in 1866; was ordained at Chelsea, Que. After a pastorate there of twelve years he resigned and entered upon mission work in Minnedosa district, where he continued to labor until his retirement in 1889.

Rev. John B. Mowatt, D.D., died 15 July, at his home in Kingston, Ont. He was born in Kingston, 1825, studied in Queen's University, graduating in Arts in 1845, after which he studied theology in the University of Edinburgh. On his return he was for two years assistant at St. Andrew's church, Kingston. Accepting a call to St. Andrew's, Niagara, he was pastor there from 1850 to 1857. He then accepted a professorship in Queen's, which he occupied with great faithfulness and acceptance for forty-three years, until his death. His ministerial jubilee was celebrated a few months ago.

Calls.

- From Cheltenham and Mount Pleasant, Ont., to Mr. J. F. Johnston.
 From Stayner and Sunnidale, Ont., to Mr. L. McLean, of West Nottawasaga.
 From Carman, Man., to Mr. W. J. Herbison. Accepted.
 From St. Andrew's, Strathroy, Ont., to Mr. W. J. Knox. Accepted.
 From St. Andrew's, Sonya, Ont., to Mr. P. F. Sinclair.
 From Shelbourne, to Mr. D. J. MacDonald. Accepted.
 From Belmont and Baldur, Man., Mr. Chas. Mackay. Accepted.
 From Westville, N.S., to Mr. G. B. McLeod, Newcastle, Ont. Accepted.

Inductions.

- Into Louisburg, C.B., 17 July, Mr. M. Buchanan.
 Into Cape North, August 14, Mr. Laughlin Beaton.
 Into Beaverton and Gamebridge, 21 August, Mr. A. C. Wishart.
 Into Gretna, Man., 30 July, Mr. N. Stevenson.
 Into Carp, Lowry and Kinburn, 10 July, Mr. N. H. McMillivray.
 Into Richmond, Fallowfield and Goulbourne, 11 July, Mr. S. A. Woods.
 Into Lariviere, Man., 10 July, Mr. J. S. Hobman.
 Into Qu'Appelle, Man., 14 August, Mr. S. W. Thompson.
 Into Eldon, Ont., 24 July, Mr. N. A. Macdonald.
 Into Tweed, Ont., 14 August, Mr. Robert Harkness.
 Into Marmora, Ont., 15 August, Mr. A. Robertson.
 Into North Ekfrid, Rev. A. Henderson.
 Into Carman, Man., 2 August, Mr. W. J. Herbison.

Resignations.

- Of Tabusintac, N.B., Dr. W. T. Bruce.
 Of St. David's, Ont., Mr. D. Robinson.
 Of Athens, Ont., Mr. J. J. Cameron.
 Of Harrowsmith, Glenvale and Wilton, Ont., Mr. D. Fleming.
 Of Newdale, Man., Mr. Hector N. Maclean.
 Of Mono Centre, Ont., Mr. M. McMillan.
 Of Trail Creek, B.C., Mr. Jno. Munro.
 Of Hawkesbury, Mr. Orr Bennett.
 Of Coulonge, Mr. Geo. Crombie.

Rev. D. C. Johnson, of London, died at London, Ont., on 20 June, in his 53rd year. Mr. Johnson graduated from Knox College, Toronto, in 1873, taking afterwards a post-graduate course in Theology in Edinburgh. He began his ministry with three years' missionary work at Prince Albert, N.W.T.; later he was for some time pastor of Oil Springs, also Gamebridge and Beaverton.

Presbytery Meetings.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces.

1. Sydney, Sydney, Aug. 22, 10 a.m.
2. Inverness, Whycomagh, 4 Sept.
3. P. E. Island, Ch'town, 6 Nov., 11 a.m.
4. Pictou, Pictou, 4 Sept., 1.30 p.m.
5. Wallace, River John, 7 Aug., 10 a.m.
6. Truro, Great Village, 11 Sept., 10.30 a.m.
7. Halifax, Halifax, 18 Sept., 0 a.m.
8. Lunenburg, Rose Bay, 4 Sept., 10.30.
9. St. John, St. John, St. A., 16 Oct., 10 a.m.
10. Miramichi, Dalhousie, 25 Sept., 10 a.m.

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

11. Quebec, Quebec, Chal., 24 Sept., 4 p.m.
12. Montreal, Montreal, Knox., 18 Sept.
13. Glengarry, Lancaster, 17 Sept., 10 a.m.
14. Ottawa, Ott., Bank St., 8 Sept., 10 a.m.
15. Lan. & Ren., Smith's Falls, 16 Oct., 1.30
16. Brockville, Kemptville, 19 Sept., 9.30 a.m.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

17. Kingston, Kingston, 19 Sept., 2 p.m.
18. Peterboro, Port Hope, 20 Sept., 2 p.m.
19. Whitby, Whitby, 21 Sept., 10 a.m.
20. Lindsay, Leaskdale, 18 Sept., 11 a.m.
21. Toronto, Toronto, 4 Sept., 10 a.m.
22. Orangeville, Orangeville, 3 Sept., 10 a.m.
23. Barrie, Barrie, 1 Sept., 10.30 a.m.
24. Algoma, Richard's Landing, Sept.
25. North Bay, Emsdale, 19 Sept., 10 a.m.
26. Owen Sound, O. Sound, 5 Sept., 10 a.m.
27. Saugeen, Harriston, 7 Sept., 10 a.m.
28. Guelph, Guelph, Chal., 18 Sept., 10.30.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

29. Hamilton, St. Catharines, 18 Sept., 10 a.m.
30. Paris, Paris, 10 Sept., 10 a.m.
31. London, London, 11 Sept., 10.30 a.m.
32. Chatham, Chatham, 13 Sept., 10 a.m.
33. Stratford, Stratford, 11 Sept., 10 a.m.
34. Huron, Clinton, 12 Sept., 10 a.m.
35. Maitland, Teeswater, 6 Sept., 10 a.m.
36. Bruce, Walkerton, 11 Sept.
37. Sarnia, Sarnia, 14 Sept., 10 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba and the North-West.

38. Superior, Rat Portage, 11 Sept., 10 a.m.
39. Winnipeg, Man. Coll., 11 Sept., bi-mo.
40. Rock Lake, Cartwright, 4 Sept., 3 p.m.
41. Glenboro, Souris, 4 Sept.
42. Portage, Neepawa, 3 Sept.
43. Brandon, Brandon, 1 Sept.
44. Minnedosa, Birtle, 4 Sept., 8 p.m.
45. Melita, Melita, 2nd week Sept.
46. Regina, Moosomin, Sept.

Synod of British Columbia.

47. Calgary, Lethbridge, 5 Sept.
48. Edmonton, Edmonton, 4 Sept., 10 a.m.
49. Kamloops.
50. Kootenay, Greenwood, 1st week Sept.
51. Westminster, Chilliwack, 4 Sept., 3 p.m.
52. Victoria, Victoria, St. A., 4 Sept., 10 a.m.

Our Foreign Missions.

Our two largest mission fields, India and China, are passing through the sorest trial in their history. The Chinese hatred of foreigners, not incited by Protestant missionaries but which as foreigners they must share and bear, has done its work. Many missionaries have been killed. Our own have escaped with their lives, ready to return when the way opens.

Had our missionaries remained in Honan it would have been suicide and murder combined. They would have been uselessly and wrongly throwing away their own lives, when there was no principle at stake, and they would have endangered the lives of their converts. The hate is anti-foreign rather than anti-missionary, and so long as missionaries remained, their converts would be identified with them. With the missionaries absent, this will not be so to the same extent.

Some details of the escape of the missionaries from Honan, in a letter from one of them, Rev. R. Mitchell, are the following: They remained until driven out. On the way to the sea coast near the city of Hsin Tien they were attacked.

"About a hundred yards from the gate there was a rush made by about 100 men armed with swords, spears, clubs, etc., while the stones flew in a storm. The attack was made simultaneously, front and rear. It was not an easy matter to escape from the carts with the women and children inside. Moreover, more than robbery was the interest of some. Though Mr. Goforth continued shouting: 'Take the goods and don't strike,' they persistently attacked him at a distance from the cart, while one man said to Mr. Griffith: 'I want your goods, but I also want your life.'

"The result of the attack was that the ladies and children and Mr. Hood escaped with no injuries but bruises from stones and clubs. Mr. Griffith had a big gash in the palm of one hand, a cut across the fingers of the other, and a gash in the forepart of his head.

"Mr. McKenzie got a sword cut on the nose and some other little wounds.

"Mr. Goforth was badly bruised with stones, several sword gashes on the left arm and a sword cut, about two inches long, on the back of the head. Another cut went through his hat just over his temple, but did not injure him. I believe he was also clubbed over the head.

"Dr. Leslie has fifteen wounds, the most serious are one in the instep, one on the right kneecap and one on the right wrist. The doctor fears his right hand will never be of much use again; some of the tendons are severed.

"They struggled out from the crowd, but parties outside relieved them of things on their person such as watches, pens, suspenders, shoes, belts, even overshirts, while Mrs. McKenzie was nearly choked in a man's eagerness to relieve her of her rings, etc., tied on a string about her neck.

"Mrs. Leslie saved her wedding ring by slipping it into her shoe."

The party was robbed later, but no further attempts to kill were made.

In India, famine, with cholera, plague, etc., is scourging the land. Rains are now falling, but it will be some time yet before crops can be gathered. The All-wise and Almighty-Kuler will in both those great lands and peoples bring good out of seeming evil. The work is His and "He who withheld not His own Son, but delivered Him up" that the world might be redeemed from sin and misery, will not withhold from the execution of that work anything that will tend to its progress. Be it ours to help as we may in the crises in both these lands. For Honan we can pray. To India we can give bread.

Rev. Dr. Morton has spent a busy summer in the Maritime Provinces deepening the interest in missions. What a contrast his going out this autumn to that of himself and Mrs. Morton to begin the work thirty-three years before. Then they went to 20,000 E. Indians, pure heathen. Now there are 80,000, with 5 ordained Canadian missionaries and their wives, 4 ordained natives, 53 catechists, 14 Bible women, some 60 schools, with over 5,000 children, 80 Sabbath schools, with 3,300 enrolled, and contributions from the native church of \$4,682 last year, or an average of \$6.22 from the 687 communicants.

"Do you know Dr. Morton?" asked one lady of another recently.

"Oh, yes, I know him well, he writes me occasionally," replied the other.

"Writes you! that is very extraordinary and he so busy."

"Well, you see, I am a reader of the Presbyterian Record, etc., and I count that everything he writes there he writes to me."

"We want more such readers," writes Dr. Morton, in mentioning the incident.

Miss Blackaddar's furlough has been strengthening the old ties that bind our Church to Trinidad, and forming new ones. She writes very touchingly of missing life-long friends such as Dr. and Mrs. McCulloch, of Truro, always so kind, and their interest in the work so deep; and of the pleasant gatherings, and the partings made tender by the thought that ere another visit home others tried and true will have passed

away. Her time will be fully occupied during the remainder of the summer, then back again to her loved mission, where, for so many years, and with so much success, she has labored.

Rev. W. L. Macrae, our missionary, writes from Trinidad: "The Indian people throughout the island have sent a noble contribution to their suffering fellow-countrymen in India. Our Christian people here sent a special contribution of \$44.36, to Mr. Wilson, of Neemuch. Of this amount, \$18.30 was by our C. E. Soc.

He also adds: "Would you be good enough to ascertain through the medium of The Record whether we could get even a small second-hand S. S. library, either as a contribution to our mission or at a moderate rate. We would also be pleased to have S. S. and Xmas cards. These after having served their purpose at home will do us excellent service."

We would suggest that some of the S. Schools in the Maritime Provinces that have books which they have used, send them to Rev. E. A. McCurdy, Metropole building, Halifax, for this purpose. Whatever way they are sent do not forget to pay the freight on them to Halifax. The best way to send cards is to mail them direct—prepaid—to Rev. W. L. Macrae, Princes-town, Trinidad.

THAT CRUEL FAMINE.

Letter from Rev. J. Buchanan, M.D.

Amkhut, Central India, 9 July, 1900.

Dear Sister,

The rains are failing again this year. So far, much worse than last year, here in the Bhil country. We should have had nearly a month of rain now, and we have had none. Of the three months of rain, one month, almost, is gone and "no rain." If this continues, I fear the poor Bhils will be all but wiped out as a people. Government can save by relief work the Hindoos, but the same rules (doing very well among the Hindoos), applied here will bring results similar to the first results in the South African campaign.

I am supposed to look after the Bhil districts and the district around Ujjain, either one of which is far more than any man can do. Especially is it difficult, considering the distance between the places, 120 miles by rail, and 40 miles by jungle road.

At the present time I have here, in addition to the starving people and orphans and relief work, three disease camps (all occupied), on the compound, one for dysentery of a bad type, one for small-pox, and one for cholera. Both the cholera and the small-pox are of a very deadly type.

Last night a man came. All the family save himself had been slain by starvation and disease. He only remained alone to tell the tale. This is only one of many. Being alone, I am so much tied down here that I can't get about to do what ought to be done.

Up to this time the Bhils have been living to a large extent on the cattle that have died, or that they could steal. This source is nearly done for few cattle remain. The goats and the hens have disappeared.

If more help does not come from home and we do not get the rains, and present indications are bad, I see nothing for it but that the Bhils people will be practically wiped out. Oh, if Canada could only look for a little into this valley of death, I am sure more help would be forthcoming. In the meanwhile, they are perishing by thousands.

A number of missionaries have succumbed to the cholera; Dr. Whitehouse, of the Rajputana Mission to our north; Miss Buchanan to the south-west, and Dr. Gillespie of the Irish Presbyterian Church, and Mr. Hudson of the M. E. Church to our west.

Ten days ago when I took a run into Ujjain, Dr. Campbell was at the station and said, "Well, you have come in alive." I could not help seeing the ridiculous side though he was very sympathetic and in earnest, so I said, "why you did not expect to see me coming in done up in a box, did you." especially as I had sent him a telegram to meet me at this station. Our lives are in God's hands, but I am something like the boy who had no intention of dying till he was old as his grandmother was.

Two or three days after returning from Ujjain, I was in the same car as a missionary coming from Cawnpore to take Mr. Hudson's place, and he asked me in a matter-of-fact kind of way, in speaking of the number of deaths all round, whether our mission had lost any one or not.

Along with thankfulness to God, that so far we have been spared, there is a kind of recklessness of one's life in the midst of such constant scenes of death and so I added in the same matter-of-fact kind of way, with perhaps a gloomy kind of humor underneath, "They are waiting for me."

Our missionaries have been very kind, and apparently anxious about me out here alone, and poor dear Mary I can only with great difficulty keep at the hills. I wrote her some rather harrowing details but have stopped that.

The heat this year is about 13 degrees hotter than usual, i.e., 13 degrees hotter than hot, and that's pretty hot. I am in fairly good health.

(The latest reports are that the rains have been falling more plentifully, but the need will grow for weeks to come until the harvests are gathered. Send to the Agents of the Church in Halifax and Toronto anything you may be willing to give.—Ed.)

CHINA BEFORE THE WAR.

It is interesting, in view of the recent outbreak in China to look backward a few months, to the following lines written by our Missionary, Dr. Malcolm, from February to April last, but not hitherto given in The Record:—

The "Boxers" are attracting no little attention in North China. Their object is represented by their flag motto: "Up with the dragon, and down with the foreigner."

"Much sympathy is felt at the present time, for sister missions to the North and East of us, who are undergoing such anxious times on account of the persecutions of this society."

Some of the foreign powers—Britain, the United States, Germany, France—have threatened to land troops to protect their own subjects if the Chinese Government will not do so more effectually than in the past.

The "Confederates," or Lien Chwang Hui, a society several thousands strong, have lately been persecuting the Christians, and causing much anxiety about our mission station of Chang Te Fu. They have time and again threatened to burn out the mission premises and murder our missionaries. A spy sent by a magistrate, to watch the leaders, had his eyes dug out. But a few days ago a detachment of one thousand soldiers arrived to wipe out the society. Four of them have been captured, and given three thousand strokes each, and are not likely to recover.

"A few days ago the district magistrate visited the headquarters of the 'Confederates.' At first his soldiers refused to fight the overwhelming numbers of the sect, but yielded when the magistrate pulled a revolver and threatened to end his own life. By a ruse they disconcerted their enemies and gained a complete victory. While the leader of the sect and two others were beheaded, many others were captured and await trial.

"Later: The Confederates met with a severe reverse here lately. About ninety of them, including several leaders, being pursued by the soldiers, took refuge in a temple near by. They were surrounded and the temple set on fire. All were burned to death. We thought it a mere rumor at first, but it is true. As the bodies cannot be positively identified by friends, no one will bury them and so the dogs are getting fat.

"Latest: Eight members of the Confederates were beheaded in the city last week. After a recent battle with the rebels, we understand that twenty-seven men taken prisoners were led to the city by a rope hitched around their collar bones."

Native Christians in Honan are sometimes persecuted, but a token of progress is that the missionaries are now able to secure for them the protection of the law.

World Wide Work.

Protestant Gains in Europe.

The following facts and figures are given by the Philadelphia "Presbyterian," regarding the progress of protestantism on the Continent of Europe:—"Austria continues to manifest a handsome and encouraging gain for Protestantism. One would think that in such a Romish country it would make no progress, but figures taken from official reports during the past six months of last year show that the accessions to the membership of the Protestant Churches number 3,446, 3,275 of them being from the Roman Catholic Church. Nor can Roman Catholics claim that they have made equal inroads upon the Protestant Churches, as the Lutheran Church lost during this period only 272 members, and the Reformed 155, and of this number 382 joined the Romish Church. Deducting this loss, Protestantism made a net gain of nearly 3,000 for the half-year. In Vienna alone the accessions from Romanism were 1,269. It is to be hoped that this is the beginning of brighter days for a pure Gospel in Austria.—"The Presbyterian."

A Catholic Bible for Spain.

A Catholic version of the Scriptures in Spanish has been prepared in London with notes authorized by the Roman clergy. Wherever a text contradicts Roman theory or practice, a foot-note is appended to lessen or destroy the effect. The purpose of the work, according to the preface, is to arrest the progress of Protestantism.

It seems, however, to be an almost utter failure. Very few copies have been sold, partly because the book costs three times as much as a Protestant Bible, and partly because Spanish Catholics as a whole are insensible of their need of Scripture.

The Protestants have very adroitly turned what was meant to injure them into a valuable help. Every colporteur is provided with a copy of this Catholic Bible, so that when he is called to account by a priest or an official he can prove that the Protestant Bible agrees on all essential points with that issued under the sanction of the church.—The Missionary Review of the World.

The Outlook in Africa.

As to the future of missions in South Africa, in view of present disturbances, there need be no fears. Irrespective of the merits of the war now raging in that country, we believe that the result will be favorable to missionary and religious enterprise.

The past years of jealousy and discord between the ruling powers has been a serious hindrance to religious progress. The war

may be expected to clear the political atmosphere, settle great questions of government control, and usher in an era of peace with all its attendant blessings and opportunities.

Africa has been brought vividly before the world never again to lapse into its former dark condition. The opening of the continent must go on still more rapidly. The railroad is open to Bulawayo, which a few years ago was the capital of a heathen king, but which has now a population of 4,000 white people, 10 hotels, 2 club houses, 6 churches, 3 newspapers, hospitals, schools, and all that goes to make a civilized community.

The prince of this world is already making strenuous efforts to forestall the missionary. At a wayside railroad station the writer came across a distiller's advertisement; it was a large map of the world, and across it was printed the words, "Our field is the world." Is the Church of Christ characterized by a like zeal and enterprise? The motto is also theirs.

Millions of dollars are being poured into the Cape to Cairo railroad and telegraph scheme. Yet the promoters of that gigantic enterprise probably will not live to reap dividends therefrom. They are investing for future generations. A nobler investment, making larger promises and offering greater and surer returns, is before the Christian world to-day, an investment that aims at the transformation of a continent—the redemption of millions.

The redemption of Africa and the transformation of its trackless wildernesses, vast forests, and great lakes, now the habitations of wild beasts, and, perhaps, of wilder men, is not a chimera. The time is as surely coming when the wilds of Africa shall be subdued, when its fever belts shall yield to sanitary laws, its great plains be converted into fruitful fields, its great lakes into centres of commerce, and the whole be inhabited by a people whose God is the Lord.—The Missionary Review of the World.

There are now in India,—says an exchange.—467 Presbyterian missionaries, 528 Episcopalian, 298 Methodist, 436 Baptist, 263 Lutheran, 159 Congregationalist, and 27 Moravian. There are also 25 Friends, 108 Female Missionaries, 400 Independent Missionaries, and 86 of the Salvation Army. The total is 2,797, being an increase over last year of 329.

Every village in the Soudan has been reached by Mohammedanism. So says an exchange. The result is that the deepest ignorance prevails, and the natives are more prejudiced against the Gospel than if they were in heathenism. But what Islam has done, surely Christianity soon will do.

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE OF CHINA.

By Rev. William Ashmore, D.D., China.

1. The China of the Past.

The China that has been covers the ground from its earliest history down to the early years of the present century, and before China felt the transforming influence of the West. The average Chinese character of that time was a product of the formative pressure, first of all, of three thousand years of unbroken national history, and of one hundred generations of ancestors.

In this great line were sages and heroes and lawyers and statesmen, men of renown. Every individual Chinaman felt himself to be a member of this aggregation, and the backwater pressure of the multitudinous dead and multitudinous living made its impression upon him as mountain heights solidify the forming granite beneath. To these things were added the undisputed primacy of China among all the tribes and nations surrounding her. She was the middle kingdom, while Japan and Siam and Burma and the Tartar tribes were tribute bearers and suppliants at her feet.

Religiously speaking, Chinese doctrine had a monotheistic substructure with a polytheistic superstructure. To this was added a rationalistic development, and later, a Buddhist annex. Confucius and Lao-tze and the foreign Gautama have all helped to shape the religious thought of China. And so the Chinaman has developed.

His country is a land of cities, towns, and villages, of monuments, pagodas, arches, canals, roadways, bridges, of cultivated fields, terraced hills, idol temples, and ancestral halls. While he, himself, is a hard-working, industrious, money-making, patient, plodding, dogged, persistent being, with his full share of human vices, he has the race material in him of as sturdy a manhood and enduring nationhood as can be found in the most forward nations of the West.

2. The China of the Present.

There is a China that is passing away: It is not found in the decrepitude of old age, though China is old as a nation. The individual Chinaman is remarkable for virile traits. He is an emigrant of ubiquitous adaptation. He is a business man, he is a mechanic, he is a trader, he is a sailor, he is a diplomat, and by and by he will be a soldier. Then let the world look out. His most wonderful characteristic is his capability of being built into a new structure, when his predilection happens to be that way.

Neither is the reason to be found in the enervation produced by luxurious and riotous living such as sapped the energies of the Greeks and the Romans. The Chinamen are poor; they have not the means for luxu-

rious living. Their grinding poverty and the hard toll it entails have given them hardy constitutions, and have made them wakeful and watchful and ready to push, and to push with adventurous desperation, as you know from their endeavors to secure entrance into lands from which they are excluded.

The causes of the impending collapse are to be found elsewhere. Some are from within, some are from without, and some are from above.

Leading off in these internal causes are the accumulated corruptions of a dozen dynasties and of many generations of evil doers. Chinamen say their earlier generations were more virtuous than the later ones. Sins and iniquities become a heritage which fathers hand down to their sons. In this they follow the line of development pointed out in the word of God. Vices and abuses at first committed slyly after a time become bold and open. It has come to pass at last that the official classes of China have come to consider their peculation and extortions as legitimate rights. Their sale of justice, or rather of injustice, passes without rebuke. The wickedness of one generation becomes the capitalized wickedness of another.

Without money in hand nothing can be done; with money in hand anything can be accomplished. Public offices are bought and sold. Robbers and pirates and rebels are bought off and taken into public service. Even the empress dowager offers to assassinate a reward either of money or of office, as the successful assassin may elect.

It is the opinion in China, of those who have studied the situation, that a cure is impossible. China is filled with the sins of her youth. Rottenness is in her whole political and social systems, and she is festering unto death.

Next in order, and to consummate the curse of the situation, China has lost all power of recuperation. She has exhausted all her moral resources. The ethics of her sages are a spent force; her nomenclature of morality are mere names without significance. She retains the words, such as benevolence, wisdom, rectitude, righteousness, uprightness, truthfulness, and good faith; but they are clouds without water, carried about of winds; as fruit, long since withered, twice dead, which nothing can revive, and so there lies the great body politic of China, rolling about like a water-logged hulk in the trough of the sea.

Foremost of the causes from without that is destroying the old China is the impact of modern civilization. A hundred years ago the intercourse between East and West was not enough to disturb the isolation. Each went its own way without a word to the other. The commotion of the West was not felt in the East, nor even the commotion of the East felt in the West. A

vast chasm separated us; an ocean rolled between. But now so quick is the intercommunication that we are within eyeshot and earshot of each other; we touch elbows; practically there is no more sea. We are mutually cognizant and mutually sensitive.

As a consequence the interchange of influence is positive and immediate. In some respects the far East is affecting the far West, but in a much greater number of details the far West is stamping itself on the far East. The two civilizations have come into collision. It is a case of the survival of the fittest. Western ideas, Western methods, Western education, and Western politics are invading the East. One of them must go under. There is no hesitation as to which it will be.

3. The China of the Future.

There is coming a new China: There will be a reconstructed China. All her material conditions will be changed for the better. She will rise in the scale of nationhood; her foreign relations, her financial system, her judicial administration, will be lifted immensely above the level where they now are. New soil is always wonderfully rich. Old people once emancipated from old ideas will grow new ideas with an exuberance unwonted. The Japanese are an illustration of this. The Chinese once started in the same way will move at a slower gait, but will surpass them in the scale of magnitude.

There will be a regenerated China. It would be an achievement of doubtful value to humanity to have only a new material China. There will also be a regenerated China. A purely materialistic China, well-equipped ironclads and Mauser rifles, and no ascendancy of moral force, would be a curse to herself and a menace to mankind. God has something better in store for humanity. By a regenerate China is not meant that all China will be converted; far from it as yet, but it is meant that Christianity will soon move with gigantic strides.

Already it is beginning to make itself felt. Each succeeding decade will witness an increase in the rate of progression. Drawbacks and checks there will be, but, allowing for them all, after taking into account the nature of the Chinese people once emancipated from their slavish allegiance to their literary class, considering that they have no Indian caste to keep them back, counting, as we do, on the mighty power of God to be provident in the last days, now just ahead of us, we are safe in assuming that there will be such ingatherings as the world has never seen. It takes only a small minority of a population, provided that minority is assertive, to create ascendancy in religious matters. And then, of course, it is our firm conviction that the coming century will witness the fall of heathenism in China and the dominance of the Christian faith.

The China of the future will be trans-

cent, great, and powerful. The structural forces are a ready at work. A part is taken by Western civilization. Under this is included the results of trade and commerce and certain operations of Western business men. Western business enterprise has done something for China in the past, and it will do more for it in the future. It will construct roads; it will bridge its rivers; it will belt it with railroads; it will develop its mines; it will furnish its poor with work; it will advance the wages of labor; it will relieve its families; it will check its pestilence that walketh in darkness; it will keep its Yellow River in its banks, and thus put to an end that awful devastation known as "China's Sorrow."

A part is assigned to Western Protestant Christendom. No man liveth to himself; no Church liveth to itself, and Protestant Christendom liveth not to itself. In his material economy God makes use of seed beds.

China at the present hour needs moral power; it is moral power that her statesmen need; it is moral power that her scholars need; it is moral power that her common people need. Unless they get it they are gone, and the missionary is the only man that can give it to them. The missionary stands as the representative of the great loving heart of Western Christendom, just as others now stand for its progress in arts and science, its trade, and its commerce, which of their own poor selves may be utterly without soul or sympathy. The missionaries are to be largely, if the Churches will only back them up, the leaders of the new education.

It is unsafe to prophesy, but, with some knowledge of forces at work and some discernment of lines of movement aided by Scripture intimations, we may not be amiss in indulging in some forecast of the future. The China that is to be will be a homogeneous, self-governed China. It is true that just now indications are not favorable to that view, but the dowager and her policy will not rule forever. The ice-pack will be broken, and the current will move on and carry all before it.

At present China is at the mercy of ambitious nations. Broken up for a time, she may be, into a Russian sphere of influence and a French sphere of influence. But it will not continue; the Chinese will consolidate. "Blood is thicker than water." These troubles will diminish the provincial spirit and multiply the national spirit.

Patriotism is supposed to have been dead in China. The reform movement, short-lived though it was, developed in three years more of a national spirit than had previously been developed in a hundred years. It is not the Gaul or the Slav that will rule the Chinese. They are not quiet under vassalage of the Manchus. They would be less so under the Frenchman. Too much attempt in that direction in the

south of China would be heaping up wrath against the day of slaughter. China once uplifted and fairly on her feet, as she will some day be, will repudiate French suzerainty and sweep its agents into the sea. France has trouble ahead.

Russia has a better prospect, but then neither will she dominate a reconstructed China. China as an anvil has chipped the edges of many a hammer already. China as hammer herself will yet pound the Cossack anvil as no European hammer ever yet has pounded it. The land that produced a Genghis Khan may yet produce a twentieth century Genghis Khan up in the mastery of modern warfare; then even Russia may have to take the defensive.

But is there not the great continental railroad? Yes, there is, and China is powerless to help it to-day; but Western China, made strong in a few decades from now, may snip it in two as a schoolboy snips a wasp in two at the small of the waist, and the Siberian Empire would be cut in twain. The broken ends can be soldered only by China's consent.

So far from being dominated, China will herself dominate the tribes and kindreds on her border. Let not the nations of Europe be blinded. The dynasty may go, and go out like the flame of a candle, but the Chinese people are not dead, and theirs is not an emasculated manhood. Look at the ubiquitous cooly spreading himself over the country; look at him as an emigrant; look at him as a colonizer; and if such is the lower stratum, what will be the upper strata when uplifted and improved?

It is to the interest of the Anglo-Saxon and the Germanic peoples to act the part of the Good Samaritan and help China get on her feet; she will pay them for it in time. She will interpose a greater hindrance to aggressiveness than the navies of the West can do combined, and such a check will be in the interests of our common humanity.

The China that is to be will ally herself with the most pronounced representative governments of the West. There is a tendency to the concentration of power and authority in a few, and there is a tendency to its diffusion among the many.

It may be thought strange that an absolute government like China should sympathize with the representative governments of the West, but the cause is not hard to find. The central government of China is indeed absolute in theory, but in all the towns and villages of China there is a recognized popular element. The people of China are familiarized in all their homes with a certain right of self-government, vested in their own gentry and village elders. This initial training will develop into something potent.

It is not hazarding much to predict that a characteristic of the coming China, as far as circumstances will permit, will be a

strong, practical representative government, with the ever-recurring problems, the centralization and the diffusing of authority, as well balanced in practical administration as they are among any of ourselves. We shall, therefore, find sympathizers in them and not adversaries. It may seem a visionary thing to say, but say it we do—there may be a representative government in China quite as soon as there will be one in Russia; the Chinese cooly may be a voter before the Russian serf; the Chinese uplift of the coming fifty years will exceed the Russian uplift of the past hundred years.

A reconstructed China will become a mighty factor in the world's political and industrial future; a regenerated China will become a mighty factor in the world's religious future. With the first we are especially concerned at this time. Its issues can be left to the speculation of the economist and the statesman.

Concerning the second, we have a little somewhat to offer. The conversion of China has been slow, very slow, but the past is no standard for the future. The Chinese think in bulk—it is hard to get them to flake off. The terrific shaking up they had in the Japan war has had an effect upon them akin to that produced by shooting an oil well.

So now they are arousing themselves, and many of them are striking their tents for the morning march. Twenty thousand applicants for baptism in one province alone is a sign of the times. Expectations may be optimistic, but the optimistic carries the sanction of the word of God and has the right of way.

Go Ye into all the World.

Missions have now, more than ever, a world-wide aspect. For many years the positions selected were those most accessible, or where there were fewest hindrances. The greater part of the world was shut out from missionary effort. Even British India was for a long period not open to the missionary. Not only were many countries closed, but great sections of the world, as in Africa, and even China, were unknown. In recent years there has been an immense advance in geographical knowledge. Almost every part of the world has been traversed, and most of it mapped out by careful surveys. Explorations on the one hand, and enormously increased facilities for travelling on the other have led to an extension of knowledge during the present century, greater than that of all the centuries that have preceded it. There is also knowledge unparalleled in the past, of different tribes and nations, and it is possible to plan new missions on large principles, so that they may reach leading races and the great masses of populous countries.—The Mission World.

The 'Preachers' Page.

The church that is no longer evangelistic will soon cease to be evangelical.—Alexander Duff.

Whether our service is recognized or not is of small consequence. But it is of consequence for us to make sure that our service is freely rendered without thought of recognition.

Christianity calls for a ministry that aims not at drawing crowds, but at saving souls. A large congregation is a means, not an end. Christ has regard, not to the number, but to the character, of the audience. He estimates his servants, not by their attractive power, but by their fidelity. His Church is to be built up by those who rely upon his methods and use them to the purest and highest advantage.

At the preparatory service the other evening, the pastor discussed in a controversial way recent critical theories as to the historical origin of the Lord's Supper. There were young people present and tired women and some factory operatives, but those who could comprehend in any intelligent way the drift and bearing of his remarks might have been counted on the fingers of a single hand. The occasion was pre-eminently one for practical, helpful words as to sin and its forgiveness, and suggestions as to the manner of acceptably coming before the Lord in the special act of approaching the sacramental table. Do you ask whether the pastor took a position for or against the newer theories? That signifies nothing. The people were asking for bread and he gave them a stone.—Ex.

Recognition of Sin in Prayer.

It has been a serious and perplexing question with us, Why is there in many pulpits so little confession of sin and prayer for its forgiveness? In the great majority of cases that come under our observation, there is no reference to sin in the public prayer in which the minister leads the people.

That, of course, means that the fact of sin and the sense of sin have so far dropped out. The Fatherhood of God seems to have been so exaggerated that His justice has been lost sight of; the "wrath of God" is forgotten, since "God is too good to damn anybody;" sin is no longer "that abominable thing" that God's "soul hates;" the conscious need for an atonement disappears and faith in a crucified Christ with it. Naturally, there ceases to be any room for recognition of sin in public prayers. Is there even a vestige of the genuine Christ-religion left in such cases?—The Homilectic Review.

MISTAKES IN "CALLING" A MINISTER.

By a "Down East" Elder.

An "Elder" tells in the Presbyterian Witness of Halifax, of the experiences of his congregation with ministers. It is so good that all ministers should read it for its hints on preaching, and all congregations for guidance in "calling." He says:—"We have had some pretty bad failures.

Mr. Sky Scrapper.

I will give you the worst first. There was Mr. Sky Scrapper. Man, but he could picture the sunrise and sunset, the storm and the calm, and pile on adjectives so thick that it was too sweet for anything. The young people went wild over him.

I said nothing. I never do say anything against the preacher, but I waited and by and by the congregation began to thin off. They did not seem to know what was the matter, but it was quite clear there was no food in sweet adjectives. The preacher was a dead failure, and happily for us the young people in another congregation heard him. The molasses took, and our congregation was vacant.

Mr. Love Joke.

Then we got for a while Mr. Love Joke. I did all I could to keep the people from calling him. If there is one thing I hate it is comic preaching. Sometimes an earnest man full of humor will let out something racy and witty almost in spite of him. Then everyone enjoys it. But to see our man with smiling face balancing himself and preparing to get off some stale old chestnut. Oh, oh, it's awful.

Well, to make a long story short, Mr. Love Joke did not stay long. His preaching was a failure. He left us. Oh, what a relief. Now, I mention these two men first, because they were the worst of all. It was a terrible trial to have a man like either of these come to you as a minister of God and to read them right through as every sensible countryman does and see that they have not even an idea of bringing a message from God! Oh, it's too bad. It's just as if one of the old kings had sent his clown instead of his ambassador.

After that we were vacant for a long time. We could not agree on any one. We had a lot of good well meaning men come along, who evidently were never intended for the ministry. I began to lose faith in Presbyteries, but when I dropped into some of the other churches, I came to the conclusion that church courts were no more infallible than the Pope himself. Things went badly with us. We elders tried to keep the people together, but it was no use. We were afraid our congregation would go to smash.

Mr. New Thought.

So we wrote some of the college professors and they recommended a man who was just through,

He had taken a high rank in all his classes all through College. He was a good scholar and a good man, just the kind of educated Christian gentleman our well equipped colleges are turning out. He had real love for the work and missionary spirit, or he would never have come to our small congregation. I tell you I felt glad when I saw him. Thinks I now's our time.

His first sermon was from Isaiah 61: 1. The sound of the text seemed to do me good.

He started with a long introduction about the book and the prophet, or the prophets, for he said there were two of them. We didn't know much about it. Most of us thought Isaiah was such a good man the more of them the better.

Some of the people thought it very fine, but most of them looked kind of puzzled and didn't know what to think. I had a strange feeling myself like a hungry man who smells dinner and doesn't get any. Well, after that we got all the old errors corrected and a whole lot of new ones we had never heard of before expounded, explained and demolished; but the congregation didn't grow.

A lot of the people began to stay home and go to other churches. The preacher failed. I felt awfully sorry for him. He knew he was a failure. He began to look pale and thin. He remained in his study early and late. His sermons were models of composition. At least the teacher in our school said so.

At last one day he came to me and said, "Deacon Smith, I'm going to resign at next meeting of Presbytery." I asked him why.

"Well," he said, "I've done my best. I long for the progress of the cause, the good of the congregation. I've studied and worked till my health is giving way and I've prayed for help and guidance, but it's no use, my preaching is a failure."

I felt awfully sorry for him. I loved the young man. So I said to him, "Mr. N., I know you have worked hard. I can see it in your face. I know you have prayed, for you tell me so. Did you ever get any answer to your prayer? You believe the Gospel is the power of God; did the Lord ever tell why it won't work in our congregation?"

He looked rather surprised and said, "No, he didn't."

I said, "If you would not be offended at a man like me bringing a message from the Lord perhaps I might be able to get an answer."

A smile came over his pale face. He said, "Deacon Smith, I believe the Lord can send a message by you as well as by a prophet. Indeed you may be a prophet."

I didn't say anything, for they have such

queer notions about prophets now-a-days. I said to him, "Mister N., whether I'm a prophet or not, I think the Lord has given me a message to you. Sit down." He sat down and looked as if he believed me.

"First," I said, "let me ask a question or two. Why did you come here?"

He said, "I honestly believe I came here to deliver the message of the Lord."

"I am sure you did," says I, "What message have you delivered?" He looked a little perplexed, "I don't know that I can answer off hand."

I said, "Do you remember any message at all?" He looked puzzled. He evidently could not think very clearly of the messages he brought, so I tried to help him.

"Do you remember the first sermon you preached?" says I. "Yes, I do. It was from Isaiah 61:1." "That was your first message to this starving congregation. We hadn't any spiritual food for months before."

He sat and thought; for a few minutes I didn't say anything. He saw my point. At last he said: "Well, is it Salvation Army preaching you want?"

"No, I don't like the Salvation Army or their ways of doing, but they certainly can teach us some things. Let us get back where we started. Do you remember any day when you came to the pulpit feeling you had a special message to the people?" He didn't answer. So I kept on, "You remember Sabbath before last when you preached on the Philosophy of Truth. What was the message in that sermon?" He said, "I wrote that when in college. The students were all interested in it, and I thought the people would be." "Perhaps they were, but I tell you honestly I could not tell what you were driving at."

We went over a number of other sermons. Sometimes he got red and seemed angry, but when a prophet begins to tell his story it does not do to stop in the middle. So I kept at it. At last I said, "I've heard every sermon you ever preached since you came to the congregation. I tried to take them home to myself, but I very seldom left the church feeling that the Lord had sent a message by you to me.

Now, I've got to go down and get that hay in the meadow in. Come over to-night and we'll talk the matter over again." He came over in the evening. All the people had gone to the Hall to hear a lecture on Japan, so we were alone. He was very quiet, not like himself at all. I couldn't get him to speak much, so I had to do all the talking. It was kind of hard, but I was beginning to feel I had a message, so I delivered it.

I said, "Mister N., the Presbytery doesn't meet for six weeks. Now, I have a plan and if you are willing to try it and it does not succeed, I'll go to Presbytery with you and ask them to let you go."

He looked kind of confused as if he didn't

know how to take it, but I felt I was honest, and was as sorry for his failure as he was himself, so he said, "Let me hear your plan."

I said, "This is my plan. You go home and take a plain passage of Scripture. Get up a simple direct sermon. Try and feel that there is some sinner there asking, what must I do to be saved, and give him God's answer; that there are some careless sinners there and give them God's warning; that there are mourning ones there and give them God's comfort. Try and feel that we are here a lot of weary, anxious, hungry sinners and God has sent you to feed us. Don't tell us anything about the original Greek or Hebrew. The English is good enough for us. Don't say anything about the new version. The old is good enough for us, poor country people. Try that kind of preaching for six weeks and if it does not succeed I'll go to Presbytery with you and tell the Presbytery your preaching has been a failure and ask them to remove you."

He jumped up and went away without saying a word. I thought he was mad with me, but I took comfort in the thought that I was not the first prophet that was treated that way.

Sabbath morning came and I was kind of nervous. It was a fine day and there was no preaching in the Methodist church. The Methodists have a regular philosopher in their pulpit. He gives them great sermons about Darwin and two chaps named Huxley and Spencer. I don't know who they are. They must be very clever fellows, for they have entirely changed the Methodist church in our place. We haven't had a Methodist revival for three years and if you go into their prayer-meeting they are quiet as Presbyterians. Never hear even an Amen in it.

But to go back to our own congregation. The church was full. The minister came in looking nervous and excited. He gave out Psalm 103. I tell you we did sing it. It seemed to do Mr. N. good, for I never heard him read and pray so well before. When he gave out his text, I could scarcely look at him, Isaiah 61: 1-3. We haven't heard such a sermon for years. I've been in Halifax and heard the big guns up there, but I tell you I don't want anything better than we got that morning. I sit at the side of the pulpit and can see the faces of the people. It did me good to look at them. There was old Mrs. Brown, a Methodist, sitting in one of the front pews. She's a little hard of hearing. Mr. N. spoke low at first and she held her hand up to her ear, but as he warmed up she clasped her hands together, sat straight up in the pew with her eyes fixed on him. Every now and then she would let out an Amen that fairly startled us old-fashioned elders.

When the service was over a lot of the people waited to shake hands with the

minister. For the six weeks we had the same kind of preaching. The preacher never mentioned the original, and only quoted the new version once. He did not tell us about the heresies of other people, but he did tell us about the sins of our own hearts and lives. He told us of Christ crucified, who delivers from all condemnation, of rest for the weary, and of heaven for the redeemed.

Our congregation steadily increased. We don't want to take people away from other churches, but we have some of them every day. The Presbytery met and the minister didn't resign. His preaching was not a failure. It has never been from that day till this.

Now, Mr. Editor, this story is not "historically accurate." I got that expression from one of the youngsters who came here to show us how much more he knew than Moses. I could not tell the story just as it happened for some of your readers would know the men referred to and perhaps they wouldn't like it.

But the story is, as they say in the Sunday School books, "founded on fact" and the lesson it teaches me is this, That no ambassador of Christ possessed of ordinary ability who sits down every Sabbath morning and quietly asks himself, "To whom does my Master wish me to speak? And what is his message?" is at all likely to be a failure.

Lecturing about the things they get in College may be interesting to the preacher, but it has very little interest for the people. What hungry people want is Bread, the Bread of life, and no minister who gave the Bread of life to a hungry people ever failed.

It won't do to lay the blame and responsibility on the age, call it selfish and materialistic. If we wait till the age gets all right we will not need the Gospel at all. If the Gospel will not cure a selfish and materialistic age, what will?

If the preacher fails, in three cases, out of four, it's the preacher who is the cause of it. The preacher may not feel this, but ask the hearers. It is not that we want to blame the preachers. This is not a question of praise and blame. It's a question of success and failure. We want the preacher to succeed. We are as deeply interested in it as he is. We know what bread is, and when we get it, and we know the literary chips and philosophical shavings which well meaning preachers sometimes pass off on us instead of bread, and we're not going to eat them.

The missionary spirit is maintained through quickening information. Those who have the work at heart realize this, and do their best to keep it before the people. Pastors and others must co-operate and keep missionary enthusiasm alive by suitable intelligence on the subject among young and old.

Youth.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

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Conducted by Rev. Alfred Gandier, Con-
vener.

The monthly topics are adapted to the various sorts of Young People's Societies. They are set down for the third weekly meeting of each month and the topic is treated in The Record the month preceding.

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Monthly Topics for 1900.

August—The Place of Song in Christian Worship. (The History of Sacred Song, from Apostolic Days until the Present, suggested as a study.)

September—Our Work among the Indians in N. W. Territories and British Columbia.

October—The Book of Praise—The Psalter. (The Psalms in history, suggested as a study.)

November—Our Honan Mission.

December—The Book of Praise—Hymns 1-34.

Topic for week beginning October 21st.

THE PSALTER IN PRESBYTERIAN WORSHIP.

Rev. Alex. MacMillan, Toronto.

It is impossible to dissociate the thought of Presbyterian worship from the metrical Psalter. The psalms have formed so strong an element in that worship that whenever Presbyterian service is mentioned the psalms come prominently before the mind. In order that the importance of maintaining this association may be impressed upon the young people of the Church, we would endeavour to indicate, although in little more than outline, how the metrical psalter came into use and what its influence has been and ought to continue to be.

How the Psalter came into use.

The story of the entrance of the metrical psalms into the worship of the Scottish Church of the Reformation is indeed fascinating. We shall surely use our psalms with a deeper and more intelligent interest when we have traced the inception of the idea of the use of them, and the process by which they gradually assumed their present form.

The idea of rendering the psalms into metre for popular use arose from a desire to counteract an evil influence. Throughout the lowlands of Scotland and in many parts of England secular songs chiefly in ballad form were much sung. Whilst many of these were of rare beauty and worth, many more were coarse and suggestive of evil. By the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth century, the tendency to a general use of a hurtful type of ballad gave great concern to those anxious for the welfare of the young.

In the town of Dundee lived three brothers, Wedderburn by name. It occurred to them that were they to render psalms into ballad metre many of the young people would sing these words to the familiar ballad music. The result was that metrical psalms appeared from time to time. These were evidently published at first in leaflet form, and were eventually published as a collection. Thus appeared the "Gude and Godlie ballates" of the brothers Wedderburn.

These became very popular, and found their way into many of the Scottish homes. John Knox in his "History of the Reformation" gives a vivid account of the last night George Wishart spent before his apprehension. Incidentally his narrative testifies to the regard in which the "Gude and Godlie ballates" were held. "After Supper he (Wishart) held a comfortable purpose of the death of God's chosen children, and merrily said 'Methinks that I desire earnestly to sleep' and 'will we sing a psalm,' so he appointed the fifty-first psalm, which began thus in Scottish metre :

'Have mercy on me now, good Lord,
After Thy great mercie,
My sinful life does me remord,
Which sore has grieved Thee !''

This is the version of the "Gude and Godlie ballates," and the year is 1546.

Whilst this was taking place in Scotland a similar work was being begun in England. Miles Coverdale, the translator of the Bible, a learned and Godly Bishop of the Church of England, issued his "Goostly Psalmes and Spiritual Songs." The collection consisted of about twelve metrical psalms and certain songs. These were deemed so dangerous to the old order of things, that the Romish party in 1539 had all procurable copies collected and publicly burned.

But the time was now near at hand for the gathering together of these and other separate threads that a complete metrical psalter might be given to the Reformers of England, and another to those of Scotland.

In the year 1556 we find John Knox minister of the English-speaking Congregation at Geneva. A large proportion of the worshippers were refugees from the fury of Bloody Mary, and from the persecuting Romanists in Scotland. These refugees were familiar with a work of the Wedderburns, and also with that of Miles Coverdale, who indeed was actually present amongst them. Beside this they had brought with them the metrical renderings of Sternhold and Hopkins who had successively been most active in this good work. And now with these various materials in their possession, although as yet without a complete psalter, this congregation introduced psalms in metre into the public worship and thus at once revived the congregational praise of the early church and moulded the praise of Presbyterian Scotland for centuries to come.

When John Knox finally returned to Scotland in the year 1559, he carried with him, in his hand and in his heart, this Genevan Psalter. The enthusiasm of his fellow reformers in Scotland was at once aroused and as a result a complete psalter was ere long given to the people for use in public worship. This early Scottish psalter, of which the first edition appeared in 1564, was strongly marked by its Genevan origin. To the extent of about one third the versions are those used in Geneva. It also exhibited the influence of the French version of Marot, used by Calvin and his French countrymen. Many of the tunes also were of French origin, and were sung by the worshippers in Geneva.

A goodly number of the versions in the early Scottish Psalter are of the highest order. Of these perhaps the very best are now universally used in Presbyterian worship, and have been preserved in the later "Rous" version. The beautiful short metre version of the 45th psalm is found in the Scottish Psalter.

O daughter take good heed,
Incline and give good eare,
Thou must forget thy kindred all,
And father's house most deare,
So shall the King desire
Thy beauty excellent ;
Hee is thy Lord, therefore shalt thou
To honour Him bee bent."

Here too, we find the 100th psalm :—

"All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice."

Also, in French metre, that grand version of the 124th psalm :—

"Now Israeli may say, and that truly : "

and the no less majestic 145th.

"O Lord Thou art my God and King."

Besides these versions, preserved to us with comparatively little change, a rendering in this Scottish Psalter has formed the basis and main element of certain other versions. We may, for example, call to mind our beautiful rendering of the 116th psalm and find the source and main portion in the early psalter —

"I love the Lord, because my voice,
And prayer heard hath Hee,
When in my days I call'd on Him,
He bow'd His care to mee.
E'en when the snares of cruel death,
About beset mee round :
When paines of heil mee caught, and when
I wo and sorrow found,
Upon the name of God my Lord
Then did I call and say
Delyver Thou my soul. O Lord,
I do Thee humbly pray.
The Lord is verie mercifull,
And just Hee is also :
And in our God compassion
Doth plentifully flow."

The early psalter was very dear to the people of Scotland, and was in universal use by them from 1564 until it was set aside in favour of the "Rous" version in 1650.

It served its purpose as providing a Book of Praise from the Reformation period, and prepared the way for the fuller praise of the future. Amongst the quaint and beautiful treasures we find in this now well nigh forgotten Psalter, we cannot but quote the opening stanzas of a beautiful version of the 84th psalm

'O Lord, Thou loved hast Thy land,
And brought forth Jacob with Thine hand,
Who was in thralldome strait.
Thy people's sins so great and hudge,
Thou covered hast, and didst not judge,
Thy mercies were so great.

"Thine anger then, and wrath so hote,
Thou didst remit, and hast forgot ;
Such was Thy tender love.
O turn us then, God of our strength,
Release Thine ire, and now at length
Let our distresse Thee move."

It was with great reluctance that this Psalter was given up. But when the Scottish representatives to the Westminster Assembly of Divines returned, in 1647, they reported that a version of the Psalter by Francis Rous, speaker of the House of Commons and a lay member of the Westminster Assembly, had been approved for use in England. After this version had been several times revised by Committees of the General Assembly, and in the process greatly altered from the renderings of Rous himself, it was approved in 1650, and from that time displaced the early Psalter. This version is so familiar to us and our space is so limited, that we must at present be content with brief reference. Suffice it to say that the revisers appointed by the Scottish Assembly included in the new collection much that was best in the old. For centuries these two Psalters were the successive Books of Praise of the Presbyterian Church.

Influence of the Psalter upon our Church.

It has been so profound that we cannot fathom it. The constant use of the Psalms gave to the people adequate views of God. In the

Psalter they found the Lord proclaimed "the Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and that will by no means clear the guilty." These psalms drew the people from self to God. Unlike a certain type of modern hymn which exhibits a certain sentimental egotism which makes self the centre, these grand psalms taught the people to make God the centre, and to view self in relation to Him. As they thus in their praise contemplated God, they also, like the Psalmists, learned to know themselves. They also found that the experience in life expressed by the Psalmists met their own experience at every point. And thus in very gladness they found in the psalms of thanksgiving a full expression of their own joy, in the psalms of penitence the expression of their own sorrow for sin, in the doubts and fears and the solution of them in trust and hope in God an expression of their doubts and fears and the secret of conquest.

Those who had been nurtured upon the psalms and by God's grace had made them part of their lives were capable of attaining strength and holiness in life, and, sustained by God's message to them in the psalms, of walking in the valley of the shadow of death fearing no evil. As we read in the history of Scotland how much the psalms were to the strongest in the hour of need, and as we learn that they were the very food upon which the most devout and mature of our own saintly forefathers were nourished, we see the power they have had over the lives of others, and we may learn of the power they may have over us. And so we earnestly plead that throughout our Church the young people may prize and use them well. While the psalms form the richest praise we have, the music with which they are associated is worthy of them. The young people's society, which not only habitually uses them, but studies them as it uses them, dignifies itself, and, by the blessing of God, its members grow thereby. We shall find in the use of the psalms in our praise, and in all study we are able to give to the that which will strengthen, establish, settle us in our holy faith.

The Bravest Act.

An officer was telling of what he considered the bravest act he witnessed during a war. At a dinner, where wine flowed freely and ribald jests were bandied, a slight, boyish fellow who did not drink was told that he could not go until he had drunk a toast, told a story, or sung a song. He replied, "I cannot sing, but I will give you a toast, although I must drink it in water. It is 'Our Mothers.'" The men were so affected and ashamed that some took him by the hand and thanked him for displaying courage greater than that required to walk up the mouth of a cannon. This, added the Colonel, was the bravest act I witnessed during the war.

The Only Way to be Saved.

A missionary visiting a dying man inquired about his soul.

"Well," the sick man said, feebly, "I think my chance of getting to Heaven is pretty good."

"You must have some reason for thinking so. Please tell me what it is."

Slowly the answer came, "I have been kind to my wife and children, and I have not intentionally wronged my fellowmen."

"It is nice to be able to say that; but what kind of a place do you think Heaven is?"

"I think there is no sin or sorrow there, and they sing a good deal."

Turning to Rev. 1: 5, the missionary said:—"Yes, they do sing, and I will read you a song they sing. 'Unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood.' Notice, they have not a word to say about what they have done. It is all about what He has done. Now, suppose you were up there, and had got there because you had been good to your family, there would be one sinner in Heaven who had never been washed from his sin by the blood of Jesus. You could not join in the song they sing, could you?"

The silence grew painful. His look, as he answered, was as one waking from a dreadful dream. "I never thought of that before."

"God has, and wrote a verse for such as you. I'll read it. It is Romans 4: 4. 'Now unto him that worketh is the reward not reckoned of grace, but of debt.' When you could work, you received your wages, because you had earned them. You could talk to your wife about what you had done, and need not mention the man who paid you. Now if you could get to Heaven by what you have done, there would be no grace about it. You would be there without a Saviour, and you would have no song."

The sick man saw the truth, and frankly confessed he was a sinner. The missionary read 1 Titus 1: 15, and the man repeated, "To—save—sinners!"

Then the missionary read Acts 16: 31, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved."

The man did believe, and his hope was founded, not on what he had done, but upon what Christ had done.

The next morning, when the missionary called, his face was bright with joy, as he said, "Oh, I'll have a song. It will be 'Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own blood.'" A few days afterwards he fell asleep in Jesus.—Sel.

There were never so many open doors to Christianity as now. The young people of to-day must put the enterprise, enthusiasm, energy, devotion of this aggressive business age into their religion and into their church work and life.

The Conversion of Valentino Burke.

Burke was a burglar, a very wicked man, and had been in prison for twenty years in different places. He had a hard face, and a terrible tongue for swearing, especially at officers of the law, whom he regarded as his natural enemies.

Twenty-five years ago Burke was in jail in St. Louis when Moody, then comparatively a young man, came there to hold a series of revival meetings. One of the daily newspapers announced that it was going to print every word he said—sermon, prayer, and exhortation. Moody said it made him quake inwardly when he read this, but he made up his mind that he would weave in a lot of Scripture for the paper to print, and that might do good even if his own words failed. He did it, and his printed sermons from day to day were well sprinkled with Bible texts. The reporters tried their cunning at putting big, blazing headlines at the top of the column. Everybody was either hearing or reading the sermons.

Burke was in the St. Louis jail awaiting trial. Solitary confinement was wearing on him, and he put in his time railing at the officers when they came around. Somebody threw a newspaper into his cell, and the first thing that caught his eye was a big headline like this: "How the jailer at Philippi got caught." It was just what Burke wanted, and he sat down with a chuckle to read the story of a jailer who had got into trouble. "Philippi!" he said, "that's up in Illinois. I have been in that town."

But somehow the reading had a strange look, out of the usual newspaper line. It was Moody's sermon of the night before. "What rot is this?" asked Burke. "Paul and Silas, a great earthquake—what must I do to be saved? Has the 'Globe-Democrat' got to printing such stuff?" He looked at the date. Yes, it was Friday morning's paper; fresh from the press. Burke threw it down with an oath, and walked about his cell like a caged lion. By and bye he took up the paper, and read the sermon through. The restless fit grew on him. Again and again he picked up the paper and read its strange story.

It was then that a something, from whence he did not then know, came into the burglar's heart, and gave him a sharp thrust of pain. "What does it mean?" he began asking. "Twenty years and more I've been burglar and jailbird, but I never felt like this. What is it to be saved, anyway? I have lived a dog's life, and I'm getting tired of it. If there is such a God as that preacher is telling about, I believe I'll find out, if it kills me to do it."

He found it out. Away toward midnight, after hours of bitter remorse over his wasted life, and humble, broken prayers for the first time since he was a child at his

mother's knee, Burke learned that there is a God who is able and willing to blot out the darkest record at a single stroke. Then he waited for day, a new creature, crying and laughing by turns.

Next morning, when the guard came round, Burke had a pleasant word for him, and the guard eyed him in wonder. When the sheriff came, Burke greeted him as a friend, and told him how he had found God after reading Moody's sermon. "Jim," said the sheriff to the guard, "you better keep an eye on Burke. He's playing the pious dodge, and first chance he gets he will be out of here." But Burke made no attempt to get away.

In a few weeks his case came up for trial, and through some legal entanglement failed and he was released. Friendless, an ex-burglar in a big city, known only as a hardened criminal, he had a hard time for months of shame and sorrow. Men looked at his face when he asked for work, and upon its evidence turned him away.

But Burke was as brave as a Christian as he had been as a criminal, and struggled on. Seeing that his sin-blurred features were making against him, he asked the Lord in prayer if he wouldn't make a better looking man of him, so that he could get an honest job. You may laugh at this, but God answered that prayer in a wonderful way, and the consciousness of the love of Christ in his heart transformed Burke's face until it became full of a benevolence and a gentleness that made people trust him when they looked him in the eyes.

Not being able to get steady work, Burke went to New York, hoping that, far from his old haunts, he might find honest labor. He did not succeed, and, after six months, came back to St. Louis, much discouraged, but still holding fast to the God he had found in his prison cell.

One day there came a message from the sheriff that he was wanted at the court house, and Burke obeyed with a heavy heart. "Some old case they have got against me," he said; "but if I'm guilty I'll tell them so. I've done lying."

The sheriff greeted him kindly. "Where have you been, Burke?"

"In New York."

"What have you been doing there?"

"Trying to find a decent job," said Burke.

"Have you kept a good grip on the religion you told me about?" inquired the sheriff.

"Yes," answered Burke, looking him steadily in the eye. "I've had a hard time, sheriff, but I haven't lost my religion." It was then the tide began to turn.

"Burke," said the sheriff, "I have had you shadowed every day you were in New York. I suspected that your religion was a fraud, but I want to say to you that I know you lived an honest Christian life, and I have

sent for you to offer you a deputyship under me. You can begin at once."

He began. He set his face like a flint. Steadily, and with dogged faithfulness, the old burglar went about his duties until men high in business began to tip their hats to him, and to talk of him at their clubs.

Moody was passing through the city, and stopped off an hour to meet Burke, who loved nobody as he did the man whose sermon had saved him. Moody found him in a close room, upstairs in the court house, serving as a trusted guard over a bag of diamonds. Burke sat with the sack of gems in his lap and a gun on the table. There were sixty thousand dollars' worth of diamonds in the sack.

"Moody," he said, "see what the grace of God can do for a burglar. Look at this! The sheriff picked me out of his force to guard it." Then he cried like a child as he held up the glittering stones for Moody to see.

Years afterward, the churches of St. Louis had made ready and were waiting for the coming of an evangelist who was to lead the meeting; but something happened that he did not come. The pastors were in sore trouble, until one of them suggested that they send for Valentine Burke to lead the meetings for them. Burke led night after night, and multitudes crowded to hear him, and many were saved from their sins. When Burke died, rich and poor came to his funeral, and the great men of the city could not say enough over his coffin.

That is a sample of what the grace of God can do when a poor sinner stops trying to hide from the Lord and repents of his sins and accepts forgiveness through Jesus Christ.

Once give your heart to the Lord, and then the presence of God becomes your chief joy. The fact that God knows all your thoughts and purposes becomes your greatest happiness when with all your heart you are seeking to please God and do His will. It is a terrible thing to live in God's world, where we are dependent upon Him for every breath of life, and where death may at any moment summon us before the judgment seat, and yet be afraid of Him. Make your peace with God to-night. How tender and compassionate it is of our Heavenly Father that He comes seeking after us to offer us forgiveness and peace.—Louis Albert Banks, D.D.

We have only one mouth, but two ears; whereby nature teaches us that we should speak little but hear much.—Zeno.

Let us learn to regard our life here as the school-time, the training-ground, the awful yet delightful threshold for the eternal ages of the life with God.—Bishop Thorold.

The Young Doctor.

Twenty years ago, a discouraged young doctor in one of our large cities was visited by his old father, who came up from a rural district to look after his boy.

"Well, son," he said, "how are you getting along?"

"I'm not getting along at all," was the disheartened answer. "I'm not doing a thing."

The old man's countenance fell, but he spoke of courage and patience and perseverance. Later in the day, he went with his son to the "Free Dispensary," where the young doctor had an unsalaried position, and where he spent an hour or more every day.

The father sat by, a silent but intensely interested spectator, while twenty-five poor unfortunates received help. The doctor forgot his visitor, while he bent his skilled energies to this task; but hardly had the door closed on the last patient, when the old man burst forth:

"I thought you told me you were not doing anything!" he thundered. "Not doing anything! Why, if I had helped twenty-five people in a month as much as you have in one morning, I would thank God that my life counted for something."

"There isn't any money in it, though," explained the son, somewhat abashed at his companion's vehemence.

"Money!" the old man shouted, still scornfully. "Money! What is money in comparison with being of use to your fellow-men? Never mind about money; you go right along at this work every day. I'll go back to the farm, and gladly earn money enough to support you as long as I live,—yes, and sleep sound every night with the thought that I have helped you to help your fellow-men."

"That speech," I said to a friend of mine, one who has spent many years as a conspicuously successful teacher, "went into the bones of the young doctor's life, and strengthened him for a life of unselfish usefulness."

"Ah!" said the professor, "that one speech was worth years of text-book teaching! And yet it was made without an instant's preparation."

"Far from it," I answered quickly. "It had taken sixty years of noble living, struggling against sin and self, pressing forward in paths of righteousness, bearing the cross, following hard after the Perfect Man, to prepare that old Christian to make this speech. Then the moment came, and he was ready to teach the glorious lesson."

For this teaching without text-books, fellow-teachers, life's normal school holds daily, hourly classes!—Sel.

You and I are in the world—not merely to prepare to go out of it some day, but to serve God in it now.—Henry Drummond.

Charm of Manner.

There is nothing in this world so winsome as a charming manner. Beauty of face and grace of figure may attract for the time being, but admiration falls away after a while, unless there be associated with them what old English writers used to call "pretty behaviour."

I think Christ must have had this charm of manner, else why were little children brought to him for blessing, and why should women have carried their sorrows to him, and men their suffering ones to lay them down at his feet? Some one has said that Jesus was the first true gentleman the world had ever seen. The compliment is a delicate one. Think of all that it implies: of serenity, gentleness, purity, self-abnegation, and sympathy—the traits that are the hall-mark of the Christian gentleman.

There seem to be two qualities connected with attractiveness of manner—serenity and graciousness. What repose there is in being with a person who has this matchless serenity—what clearness of vision and reserve force it implies—what presence of self-control and absence of self-consciousness! To see plainly your own strength and weakness, or, rather God's strength and your weakness—to feel his power behind and under you, as your reserve force in time of need—this is to possess strength, indeed; and with that strength the quietness which conscious power always confers.

Repose implies self-control, moreover. One could never imagine fussy, fidgety people being charming. They diffuse irritation round them as a puffing locomotive spreads smoke and cinders, and provoke the most long-suffering to wrath. They cannot be depended upon—they are always a hindrance rather than a help in time of need. To hold one's self well in hand is simply a matter of practice and is well worth cultivating, for a fine character is impossible without it.

If I were asked what recipe to use to secure this beautiful tranquility of manner I should say, take that text from Isaiah, "In quietness and in confidence shall be your strength, . . . saith the Lord."

But graciousness is the crowning gem in the diadem of a beautiful manner. It is compounded of equal parts of kindness and tact.

Kindness is simply the feeling of Christian charity to all men, and tact is the valve that regulates its expression. As a rule, the word, the deed, that confers pleasure upon us is almost sure to please the person with whom we have to do. Strive not only to do unto others as you would have them do unto you, but to do it in the way you would like to have it done unto you,—which is simply the golden rule carried out to its legitimate conclusion.

But there is one thing to be cautious

about. A charming deportment is like solid silver—use it every day and it retains its brightness, but lay it away for "company occasions" and ah, how soon it tarnishes! Exercise winning ways on the home-circle—you will be amazed to find what practice will do, what ease and grace of demeanor and what charm of manner you will develop, aside from the "sweetness and light" that you will diffuse over those who love you best and are most charitable to your shortcomings.

Attractiveness, whether of person or manner, is, therefore, the birthright of every Christian, the blossoming, as it were, of the truly Christlike character, which, like the orange tree, bears in profusion both flowers and fruit at the same time. Is it worth acquiring? Every fibre of your being answers, "Yes."

But be warned! It takes time, it takes work, it takes patience. Like the walls of Jerusalem, it rises stone by stone; but the end is the grandest thing the world has ever looked upon—a complete likeness of him who is "like the sun in his beauty."—Jane M. Miller, in "Forward."

The Legacies of Intemperance.

By Rev. Louis Albert Banks, D.D.

The immediate influence, the first legacy, of intemperance, is to the family of the drunkard. His wife and children and his relatives, be they ever so pure and innocent themselves, must share his disgrace and shame, and they must often endure it after he has ceased to feel the shame and ignominy of his position. This bitter legacy brings usually the curse of poverty; the fruit of the twin branches of idleness and waste which grow on the drunkard's tree, to make still more horrible and repulsive the poisonous draught.

One of the saddest of these legacies in domestic life is the hereditary influence of this vice, which often reappears unto "the third and fourth generation." The thirst for strong drink acts not unfrequently like some of the rivers in southern California, that come down from the mountains, strong and courageous in the fulness of their waters, but when they strike the hot plains they sink beneath the sands, to reappear again many miles away and roll onward with unabated current.

So the appetite for strong drink sometimes does not seem to appear in a man's children, but running under a generation, comes up in his grandson, a very lurking devil of evil, so that the unfortunate youth, from early boyhood, never hears the clink of the glasses, or sees the glint of the sun on the bottles in the saloon window, or catches a whiff of the fumes from the grog-shop door but that the inherited appetite for strong drink cries out in his very blood for gratification.

Where Strength Lies.

Someone had said of the quiet little woman that she had "not much force."

When the remark reached her—as such remarks have a fashion of reaching the one for whom they were not intended—she only smiled and said nothing. Others of us smiled also, for we knew her and her life—knew something of how many that quiet voice had influenced, and what a transforming power that gentle presence had been in circumstances which called for strength and courage.

It is not the strongest will that is forever asserting itself; the one that can silently resolve and watchfully wait is the one that finally conquers. Bluster is not bravery, noise is not power, and a curt and domineering manner is no sign of resoluteness or force of character. Young persons often make a mistake just here. They are so afraid they may be considered weak and easy to be imposed upon that they adopt a brusque, on-the-defensive air which is far from pleasant.

Look about you and see what people really have power over other minds—whose opinion really carries in home, church and community—and you will learn that gentleness is no bar to forcefulness.—Forward.

"Be your own Executor."

Some years ago a pastor of one of our churches called on his richest and oldest elder for a subscription toward liquidating a debt of a thousand dollars on the church. His pastor asked him to contribute one-fourth of the amount. He hesitated, whereupon his daughter said to him: "Give it, father; be your own executor." He gave it, and thus became his own executor to that extent. The incident, which made an indelible impression upon the pastor, he used afterward, and often effectually, in securing money for church work from wealthy and aged Christians.

This incident was called to mind by reading the account of Chicago's philanthropist and octogenarian, Dr. D. K. Pearsons, who in the last few years has given to colleges and charitable institutions sums amounting to \$2,500,000, and who is about to deed away the remainder of his fortune, \$1,500,000 in similar bequests, stipulating that for the maintenance of himself and his wife during the remainder of their lives, only an annuity of two per cent. be paid by those who hereafter receive his gifts.

"I have schemed for years to be my own executor," Dr. Pearsons said, "and to see with my own eyes whatever good my gifts are doing. Of what use would it be to allow some one else to distribute my fortune for me after my death? It would mean less money for the institutions I hope to benefit, for the executors would have to receive a

share, and the inheritance tax would be no inconsiderable amount. Now, I shall be my own executor, and in addition I shall have the pleasure of seeing and knowing that my gifts are rightly placed. All I shall ask is an annuity. The property will pass from my hands."

Surely no more wise and satisfactory course could be pursued by men who have much wealth, and who have no children or near kin to provide for.—Christian Intelligencer.

A Tithing Experience.

"Several years ago tithing was presented from the pulpit by our pastor. I was giving what would usually be considered liberal for a clerk, or about one-twentieth of my salary. The only way I could see by which I could give the tenth was to give up smoking; so, after leading a Christian Endeavor meeting on Mal. 3: 7-12, on the evening of March 11, 1894, I prayerfully decided to 'quit the weed,' and since then have always given not less than one-tenth, and my salary is some larger than at that time. In doing this I have found joy in it, and feel sure I am not a 'legalist.'"

The Unseen Policeman.

There is nothing so wonderful in humanity as its unseen police, as these unpaid, ununiformed watchers that inhabit human breasts. Terrible are they in their chastisements, divine in their rewards. They create for us Paradise or Gehenna. It is conscience which makes it true to say with Socrates that "no evil can happen to the good man either in living or dying," and with Catherine of Genoa that heaven would be hell to a soul dying in mortal sin. Were the world without church, Bible or creed, it would have in this witness the indefeasible evidence that man was made for God and holiness, and will in them alone find His peace.—Christian World.

Time for Religion.

A friend of mine told me that he called one day upon a brother clergyman, who had been ill in bed for six months. He said to this man: "I expect that God Almighty had a good many things to say to you, but you were too busy to listen, and so He had to put you on your back, that you might be able to give him time." When he was going out the thought struck him, "I, too, am a busy man, and God Almighty may have to put me on my back, that He may tell me all He wishes." So he resolved that each night he would sit quietly in his study, not reading, not writing, but opening his heart, that God's Spirit might impress upon him what He designed to teach, and criticise the life of the previous day.—F. B. Meyer, B.A.

Childhood.

"If I were a cobbler, 'twould be my pride
The best of all cobblers to be.
If I were a tinker, no tinker beside
Should mend an old kettle like me."

"I'm going to be just the sweetest, brightest, loveliest old lady when I am old" "I hope you will, dear," was the answer; "but when are you going to begin?"

How Frank Won.

A prize of one hundred dollars, to be used for educational purposes, was offered in a school for boys. Among the contestants was a boy of seventeen named Frank Harlow. He did not succeed in winning the prize, and, a day or two later, one of his schoolmates, named Harry Murks, said to him, "Didn't get the prize, did you, Frank?"

"No, I did not," replied Frank, cheerfully.

"Feel kind o' cut up over it, don't you?"

"No; not particularly."

"Well, I'd hate to make as hard a fight as you made to win that prize, and then fail."

"I don't think that I have failed, Harry."

"Well, I'd like to know why you haven't failed! Didn't George Dayton win the prize?"

"Yes, I know that he won the money; but I won just as much as George in that which comes from hard study. But you know, Harry, if you'll excuse me for saying it, your failure has been most marked."

"My failure! Why, what do you mean? I didn't go in for the prize at all. I made no attempt to win it."

"I know it," replied Frank, and then he added "They fail, and they alone, who have not striven."

"Oh! I see what you mean," said Harry, rather soberly. "I suppose that there is something in that."

"There is a good deal in it," replied Frank.

"It is so true that not one of the eighteen boys who competed for the prize may be said to have failed. All of us won the prize that comes from honest effort, and it was a pretty big prize for most of us. I thought at first that I would not compete for the prize, for I felt quite confident that some of the other boys were so much further advanced than I was that I had very little chance of winning in the contest. But one day I came across this verse:—

'Straight from the Mighty Bow this truth is driven:

They fail, and they alone, who have not striven.'

"That's a fact,' I said to myself, and I went straight to work and did my very best."

"You stood next to George Dayton at the examination, too," said Harry. "No, Frank, you did not fail after all."

Harry was right. How could Frank fail

to be a winner, after the honest effort he had put forth?

The Robber and the Colporteur.

Here is a recent fact from Korea, the country of the youngest Foreign Mission of our Church. An American missionary at Seoul, the capital of Korea, writes:—Kim Tu Vongie, one of the best of our helpers in the north of Korea, was just starting out upon a tour of the Soon-an circuit, to the north of Peyng Yang. Slung upon his back, like a knapsack, was a bundle comprising an assortment of Christian books, and possibly a change of Korean padded stockings.

As he trudged along the road, in a lonely spot he was suddenly confronted by three highway robbers, who demanded that he should stand and deliver.

He saw that resistance was useless, and said as much. He lowered his pack to the ground. The robbers eagerly gathered about it and began to untie the knots.

Kim in the meantime went to one side of the road, sat down in a dejected manner and began to pray to God for help.

A moment later the leader of the robbers attracted his attention with the remark, "Look here, are these Christian books? I think I have seen something of the kind before, and I have been wanting to get some of the books myself. Let me tell you that while I know I am following a bad kind of business, I am not at heart a bad man. It is only because I am very poor and must have something to eat that I have taken to the road for a profession."

Then, with curious inconsistency, he who had just been pleading his extreme poverty, and who but a moment before had been in undisputed possession of the goods by right of superior force, now opened a well-filled money bag and declared that he was going to buy the whole bundle of books. And he made Mr. Kim come over to him, count the books, and give him an estimate of the value of the entire assortment.

This accomplished, he counted out the money, slung the bundle on his back and started off. As he and his fellow-robbers were moving down the road he called back to Mr. Kim, "I am going to Vang-dok. If you hear of any men believing over there, you can know I have been selling the books."

The helper watched him for a moment with open-eyed wonder, and then fell to thanking God for His help in answer to prayer."—Sel.

"Only a drop in the bucket,
But every drop will tell;
The bucket would soon be empty
Without the drops in the well.
Only a poor little penny,
It was all I had to give:
But as pennies make the dollars,
It may help some cause to live."

It pays a boy better in the long run to work for twenty-five cents a week and learn a trade, with habits of application to business, than to do nothing and be supported at the expense of his parents.

The Evening Hours.

Boys seldom realize the value of the evening hours. If profitably employed, the spare hours at the command of every boy and girl would render them intelligent and equip them for a life of usefulness. If these spare hours are wasted, the opportunity for securing an equipment for life will never return. Increasing years mean increasing duties and exacting demands upon one's time.

"The boy who spends an hour of each evening lounging idly on street corners wastes in the course of a year three hundred and sixty-five hours, which, if applied to study, would acquaint him with the rudiments of the familiar sciences.

If, in addition to wasting an hour each evening, he spends ten cents for cigars, which is usually the case, the amount thus worse than wasted would pay for ten of the leading periodicals in the country.

Boys, think of these things. Think of how much time and money you are wasting, and for what? The gratification afforded by a lounge on the corner or a cigar is not only temporary, but positively hurtful. You cannot indulge in them without seriously injuring yourself. You acquire idle and wasteful habits, which will cling to you with each succeeding year.

You may in after life shake them off, but the probabilities are that the habits thus formed in early life will remain with you till your dying day. Be warned, then, in time, and resolve that, as the hour spent in idleness is gone forever, you will improve each passing one, and thereby fit yourself for usefulness and happiness."—Lutheran Observer.

What I Heard in a Car.

Yes, she's just sunshine in any community she's in. One woman was talking to another behind us as the cars sped over the Arizona desert, with its cactus and sage brush.

"I knew her first when they lived in New Mexico, in a forlorn little settlement where they had a very hard time, but where everybody loved her; and now they are in California. But it doesn't matter where she is, she is always just the same.

"Her husband is a man who struggles with a very bad temper, and invariably looks on the dark side of things, so she has always had a heavy handicap at home. But it would surprise you to see how much she has changed her husband for the better in all these years, and how she smooths over

the quarrels he feels it necessary to have with his neighbors wherever he goes."

"How about her children?" asked the other woman. "I hope they take after her."

"There were two, but they are both dead. It was a life sorrow that went deep, but she is so victoriously sunny that, except for the tender way in which she mothers all the young people that come in her way, you would never think how lonely she is for those who have gone. She turns everything into sweetness, you see. She is the best Christian I know, and the 'joy of the Lord' isn't a figure of speech with her, as it is with most of us."

That was all we heard, but it was something to be remembered long after the journey was ended. The brave soul that is like sunshine—we all have known such an one. The pity of it is that, while admiring such victorious cheerfulness, we feel no responsibility to cultivate it ourselves. We, too, can be "just sunshine" if we choose. It is a grace worth trying for, and a Christian grace, too.—Forward.

Acting a Lie.

Dolly had been told never to meddle with a beautiful vase on a bracket over the piano. "It will break very easily," her mother said. Now, Dolly had an intense desire to take the vase down without breaking it; but on trying to put it back the bracket slipped off its nail and the vase fell to the floor and was broken into a dozen pieces. Dolly was frightened. As she stood there trying to think her way out of the dilemma, her kitten came into the room.

"I'll shut Spotty into the room, and mamma'll think she did it," decided Dolly, "and Spotty can't tell."

So the kitten was shut in the parlour, and when Dolly's mother came home she found Spotty there and the vase broken.

"Do you s'pose Spotty did it?" asked Dolly.

"I think she must have done so," answered her mother. "You don't know anything about it, do you?"

Dolly pretended that she didn't hear the question and got out of the room as soon as possible. That night she couldn't sleep. "You lied," something said to her. "No, I didn't," she said. "I didn't say I didn't break it." "But you might just as well have said so," the voice of conscience told her. "If you didn't tell a lie, you acted one, and that is just as bad as telling one."

Dolly stood it as long as she could. She got up and went to her mother's bed.

"Mother, I broke the vase," she sobbed out. "I thought if I acted a lie you wouldn't find out about it, but I can't sleep for thinking that God knows, if you don't."

Ah, that's it—God knows, if no one else. We cannot deceive Him.—Ex.

A Steer in the Kitchen.

"Who was that big boy with your crowd, Zack?" asked Mr. Clarkson, as his girls and boys gathered round his table for that coziest of meals, the family tea.

"Which one, father?" Zack asked, with a vague expression of uneasiness on his boyish face.

"The one with the loud voice," answered his father, "and the loud cravat, and the general air of swagger; you will have no trouble about answering the question, seeing that I know the rest of your companions."

"Oh-h!" said Zack, rather sheepishly, "oh, yes; that was Stiffy Morton."

"Stiffy?" cried the mother, behind the tea urn, "what sort of a name is Stiffy?"

"His real name is Ned, I believe, but the fellows call him stiffy."

"I would be sorry to think you are intimate enough with a boy who smells of cigarettes, and uses bad language, to call him by any such name, my son," said Mr. Clarkson, glancing across the table at Zack and looking displeased.

Zack was silent.

"I know enough of Ned Morton," continued Zack's father, "to insist upon your choosing some other direction than his, when you go off for a walk; in fact, I do not want you to have anything to do with him."

"I'm not having much to do with him, father," said Zack, in a grumbling tone; "but the fellows say you would better have Stiffy for a friend than an enemy."

"That's just where they are mistaken," said Mr. Clarkson, and it was easy to see that the tea table was in for a lecture, when the gentleman suddenly began to laugh.

"Mother," he said to the lady of the tea cups, "tell the children the story of your father's wild steer."

"Why, yes; it fits right in," said the children's mother, and her tea got cold in the cup, while she told this story, belonging to her girl life on a big farm:—

"Father had a very wild steer in his field one year, quite a fierce creature, so that he finally was roped up and sold to the butcher, because the men were afraid of it.

"But Pat McLean's wife, a big, kind-hearted Irish woman, proud of her courage, fed the creature at her cottage door with cabbage leaves, and such truck, until he hung round the house like a dog.

"'You'd better let that steer alone, Bridget,' said my father; 'he's no safe plaything.'

"'Shure, I'd raythur the crayther wad be me frind thin me inemy,' Bridget used to say, proudly.

"But one day when the men were working at a distance, Bridget came flying to the farmhouse in terror. 'Sure an' it's meself that's wrong the day. Mistor Bell!' she cried; 'it's me inemy I'll take the crayther for now, once ye'll git him gone.'

"Pat's wife had stepped out of her tidy

cottage for a bucket of water, leaving the door open, and the steer, not finding anything to eat on the door step, had entered the kitchen and taken possession. Bridget found him stretched out on her floor, peacefully chewing his cud. That is, he looked very peaceful lying there, but the woman knew better than to stir him up.

"Well, we called the men, and went down to the cottage. Sure enough, there was the creature, lying cosily by the cooking stove. But the room was not at all cosy by the time the men succeeded in getting the animal out. The chair was broken to bits, the braided rug pawed and soiled, and the tea kettle and irons tipped off by the overturning of the stove.

"Poor Bridget! she wrung her hands and cried over the wreck he left behind him. The steer was killed next week by the butcher, but if he had lived a dozen years longer, Bridget would never have given him a cabbage leaf again, you may be sure. Her experience of his friendship was enough."

The children round the tea table laughed over the story, but Zack saw a sermon in his father's eye.

"There you are, Zack," said Mr. Clarkson, when the boys and girls had had their laugh out. "There you are exactly; there are some evil natures that you would much better have as enemies than friends, especially if they are bigger and stronger than you. They will come into your life much more easily than you can turn them out, and before long they will turn you out, that is, the best part of you, truth maybe, and honesty, and soberness and purity. I have no desire for you to pick a quarrel with Ned Morton, but if it is between his being your friend or your enemy—big, coarse, evil fellow that he is, I'll take him for an enemy every time."

As Mr. Clarkson turned in his gate the next evening he saw Zack's "crowd" coming up from the ball lot. "Stiffy" Morton was not among them, but he heard Zack quoting at the top of his voice, "It's me inemy I'll have the crayther th' day," and a peal of laughter followed.

"The mother's story came in well," said Zack's father to himself, smiling.—Sel.

Paralysis from Chewing Gum.

The peculiar case of a young woman of the West who is suffering from an affection due to chewing gum is given by the "Cincinnati Commercial."

The young woman, who is a bright student in the high school, was an inveterate chewer of gum, and a few days ago noticed that the left side of her mouth was drawing up toward the ear. The trouble grew worse and a physician pronounced it a case of paralysis of the muscles of the mouth due to the continual mastication.—Ex.

INDIAN FAMINE FUND.		Per Rev P Musgrove		12 M Lake Stat		Miss L Clark	
Reported ... \$35,637 45	Mrs V Beattie ... 10	London Kx ss ... 25	Per Times Pig Co ... 18 50	Poland ... 42 40	Mrs C Dalzell ... 1	Carleton Pl Zn ... 1	\$40,634 14
Tor Duun Avoss ... 47	Woodland wfms ... 7	Per J Wood ... 5	Orilula ... 19 20	Mrs Mrs Kirkland ... 15			
Craighurst ... 10	Per J Wood ... 5	Gambidge ... 21	Pilo Creek ... 14 30	W Stanton & Co ... 15			
Claremont wfms ... 9	Friend, Tor ... 1	Forresters' Falls ... 18	Ross ... 6 57	E Gloucester ... 24 78			
Dr R Whiteman ... 8	Times Ptg Co ... 1	A Friend ... 5	Kinecardine Chal ... 10	Annun ... 38 77			
Belg ave ... 5	Kingston ... 25	R Friend ... 5	Drummond hill ... 6	Lizzie Bloye ... 1			
Mrs Carr ... 1	Cayuga wfms ... 3	P r Miss Watson ... 17	P r Miss Watson ... 17	Mrs A McPherson ... 2			
Per WM Roebuck ... 3	Chelt'ham ch'ess ... 7 80	Mrs J H Steeves ... 12 50	Mrs A Watt ... 3	Friend, Ham ... 25			
T A Rrough ... 3	Windsor wfms ... 2 25	Dr Purdie ... 2	Mrs C Williams ... 2	Haultu McZn ce ... 6 25			
Kaskewin ... 6 10	Blenheim ... 39 50	Drumbo 10 Conss ... 4 68	Singhampton ... 8	Friend, Xorra ... 2			
Essex ... 1	Bethesda ... 15	W Arran ... 1	Wallaceburg ... 8 75	Mrs E Longan ... 12 14			
Bolton ... 10	Mrs P McLaren ... 5	E S Shearer ... 5	Cal ... 12 14	Elis-boro ... 12 50			
Pr Miss McTavish ... 21 50	Valetta wfms ... 10	Miss Simpson, etc ... 5	Rv J Hamilton ... 5	Plattsville ss ... 5			
Eramosa 1st ce ... 2	L chaber Bay ... 8 33	Victoria St P ce ... 2 5	Miss S Gray ... 1	Miss S Kenzie ... 1			
J W Edwards ... 1 25	Southamptonss ... 10	Mrs F Ross ... 1	Friend ... 25	Friend ... 25			
Per C J MetGregor ... 2	Shallow Lake ... 6 25	Per Cowan Ave ... 75	Friend ... 1	Mrs O Hardy ... 1			
Mr, Mrs G A Grier ... 100	Miss A J Hogg ... 3	Ella McKenzie ... 1	Friend ... 1	Miss F Cameron ... 1			
Per Midland Press ... 12	T Turnbull ... 10	A Friend ... 5	Friend ... 1	Miss F Cameron ... 1			
Vla Dale ss ... 1 06	Lillie McKee ... 5	R A D ... 1	Friend ... 1	Chain Letters ... 80			
J Kilpatrick ... 1	W Puslinch Duf ... 9 07	Per D McConne'l ... 1 10	Friend ... 1	Mother & I ... 3			
Rosedale ce ... 4	Badenoch ... 58	Sympathy ... 5	Friend ... 1	Carlucke ... 5			
Acton Public Sch ... 4	Billings Edge ... 41 80	Metz ... 9	Friend ... 1	J Allison ... 10			
Ruby S, Deer Pk ... 3	Muir's Sett ... 8 75	Ellington ... 10	Friend ... 1	Sydney ss ... 16			
Port La Prairie ss ... 50 60	Eramosa st wfms ... 9 2	Tor, Bloor g. ol ... 3 35	Friend ... 1	Friend, Revolst ... 2			
Winchester ... 11 25	Dundalk wfms ... 10	A McArton ... 2	Friend ... 1	Mr, Mrs T Anderson ... 5			
Thamesford ... 48	Mrs T Henderson ... 1	J McArton ... 2	Friend ... 1	Thamesford ss ... 7 60			
S Devino ... 5	Mrs D Campbell ... 1	A Farmer, Man ... 200	Friend ... 1	Vaughan, Kx ... 4			
McIntosh ss, g. & K ... 10 61	Willoughby ce ... 3	Culloden ss ... 6 25	Friend ... 1	Metz ... 1 15			
Bruce Co Council ... 200	Tor, St And mb ... 1	Woodford A OFC ... 29	Friend ... 1	Billings Edge ... 2			
Brant Tp Farmers "In His Name" ... 4	Tor, Doverc't Rd ... 1	Friend Chal Tor ... 29	Friend ... 1	Caradoc Cooke's ... 20			
Agnes Murray ... 2	Bapti tss & frs ds ... 150	Mr-T J Hodgkin ... 2	Friend ... 1	W Lorne ce ... 10 25			
Manchester ... 1 50	Alice Miller ... 5	L A ... 3	Friend ... 1	Rev E W Watson ... 5			
Restored Suff'rg ... 5	Mrs Lowry ... 1	Pr Rv J McMillan ... 3	Friend ... 1	Brookvil I wfms ... 5 75			
Maple Valley ... 16	Mrs Victoria ... 5	Friend, B G ... 2	Friend ... 1	Anon ... 3			
Englishman Riv ... 2	Roseale ss & fr ... 35	Harrow ss ... 6	Friend ... 1	Mr Adams ... 1			
Mary Turnbull ... 5	C M H London ... 5	Pr Rev S Jamieson ... 14 33	Friend ... 1	Woodlands, St M ... 3 45			
Brown's Cor ss ... 41 90	J Hornby ... 1	Poole, Meunonite ... 13 33	Friend ... 1	Daywood ... 23			
A Friend ... 50	Oro, Guthrie ... 20	H H Trenholme ... 25	Friend ... 1	Johnson ... 7 65			
King, St And ... 2	Bristol ... 15	Brantford, Zion ... 66	Friend ... 1	Woodford ... 10 50			
Mrs Herron ... 1	Friend, Lit Cur't ... 1	Perolea ... 3 35	Friend ... 1	Caven Ch ... 1 75			
Tor Col St ce ... 1	Ottawa, Kx ... 1	Dunchurch ss ... 1	Friend ... 1	E A Lyall ... 1			
Win St A, G IINS ... 22	W Sutherland ... 5	Magnetawan ... 8	Friend ... 1	W Beattie ... 2			
Sunnidale Cor ... 11	Kirkton ss ... 5 25	Spence ... 6 75	Friend ... 1	Cedarville ... 21 50			
Friend, Tot'ham ... 2	Friend, Wingham ... 29 52	Rutherford ce ... 35 25	Friend ... 1	Perlve A Fitzpatrick ... 5 50			
H E Trail ... 25	Chesterfield ss ... 29 52	J Stewart ... 1	Friend ... 1	Elora, Chal mb ... 30 70			
Mem'g, Lachine ... 5	Friend, Tilson'g ... 5	J Davidson ... 50	Friend ... 1	Pritty R Vally es ... 4 50			
Prescott ce ... 5	S Delaware ... 5	West'n't Mel mb ... 9 40	Friend ... 1	Lakefield ... 56 30			
Drum'on Hill ss ... 8 25	J W Hamilton ... 4 21	Brantford, Zion ... 12	Friend ... 1	N Smith ... 2 25			
St Cath Ist ... 5	Rev J A Simmon ... 29	Frie d, Tor ... 2	Friend ... 1	Woodland ... 1			
A. B. C. St. Mary's ... 23 55	W F M S West ... 50 29	Hensall ... 4 25	Friend ... 1	Morewood frds ... 1			
Claremont Ersk ... 23 55	Bd of Trade's Bk per wfms ... 250	W J Graham ... 1	Friend ... 1	Thos York ... 1			
Mrs Rymal ... 10	J Alkan ... 3	H Graham ... 1	Friend ... 1	Friend ... 1			
Mont Stan J K P cl ... 3	Miss M Adair ... 2	A M Graham ... 1	Friend ... 1	Cardinal b. cl ... 2 50			
Hensall ... 140 30	Huntingdon ... 91 74	Belwood wfms ... 3 50	Friend ... 1	Friend, London ... 2			
Cromarty ... 11	St Andrews ... 10	A Myers ... 1	Friend ... 1	Regin, Omence ... 50			
Hintonburg Beth ... 7 25	ev A E Vert ... 18	Friend, Tor ... 1	Friend ... 1	Pr Rv P Musgrave ... 13			
Dr Stanbury, Tor ... 1	Pr Rv J Turnbull ... 22	Win, Pt Doug ss ... 24	Friend ... 1	Calgary ... 18 20			
Per Dr Geikie ... 12	Garden H I wfms ... 6 50	Eliza Thomsson ... 1 50	Friend ... 1	Galt, Central ... 25			
Winnie Gartshor ... 2 30	Dornoch, Saugeen ... 5	Per J Pratt ... 2	Friend ... 1	Barrie ce ... 5			
Geo Wood ... 10	Farmers Brant ... 2	Vaughan, Knox ... 2	Friend ... 1	West Lorne ce ... 1 25			
Miss B McLaren ... 1	Saugeen & Bruce uss ... 20	Ms L & G McLaren ... 6	Friend ... 1	Victoria Kx ss ... 10 30			
Monkton ss ... 2 9	St Andrews ... 10	Eglinton ... 6	Friend ... 1	Win Pt D wfms ... 10			
Peabody ... 12 1	ev A E Vert ... 18	Rossburn ... 12 55	Friend ... 1	Little Falls Win ... 3 85			
" ss ... 6 46	Pr Rv J Turnbull ... 22	The Valley ... 4 45	Friend ... 1	Langley Prairie ... 5			
St Helens ... 5	Garden H I wfms ... 6 50	A M Boosey ... 10	Friend ... 1	Ladners L G ... 5			
Breadalbane ... 4 50	Dornoch, Saugeen ... 5	Windsor Mills ... 3 50	Friend ... 1	An Old Lady ... 10			
Walton ss cl ... 1 52	Farmers Brant ... 2	Last River ... 7 50	Friend ... 1	Per Dr Geikie ... 170			
Miss Kossack ... 15 48	Saugeen & Bruce uss ... 20	Lakeview ... 2 50	Friend ... 1	D. McAnish ... 7			
Charleston Kx ... 15 48	Moonshine, Vasey ... 30	Miss S Begg ... 3	Friend ... 1	Qu'Appelle ss ... 2 60			
Woodst'k, Kx yps ... 16 80	Rosed le Y Fr's ... 1	Rat Portage ... 2	Friend ... 1	Leamington L ss ... 1			
Mayboro n ss, DC ... 16 80	Ingorsoll V mb ... 3	" ce ... 2	Friend ... 1	Anon, St Mary's ... 2			
Friend, Mont ... 1	Lady Kx, Perth ... 1	" ce ... 2	Friend ... 1	Belwood ... 18 34			
Mrs Waddell ... 1	Memb, Lond Ist ... 5	Sutherland fam ... 3 15	Friend ... 1	" ss ... 5 25			
Nairn Beech'w'd ... 19 70	A Friend, Utica ... 1 03	Shakespeare ce ... 20	Friend ... 1	Mrs A Nichol ... 50			
Fisherville ... 23 70	Lottie Baird ... 2	L M H ... 2	Friend ... 1	Dresden ... 20			
Mrs Copeland ... 1	Ormslow ... 2	Kewatin, Nor-man ... 17	Friend ... 1	Dr, Mrs Walker ... 9 21			
W Adelaide ... 1	Mrs T B Miller ... 1	Friend, Ottawa ... 2	Friend ... 1	Milford, Gays R ... 6 10			
Port Ar'ert ch. ... 8 25	Tor, Bloor ... 40 10	Lute Rapids ... 18	Friend ... 1	Nash'w'k, Stanly ... 5			
" ss ... 1 07	Per Dr Geikie ... 40 10	Hyndman's ... 57 53	Friend ... 1	Farrsboro ... 10			
Fairmont las ... 41	Per Dr Geikie ... 40 10	Barton ss ... 10 15	Friend ... 1				
Mr, Mrs P Steel ... 11	Per Dr Geikie ... 40 10		Friend ... 1				
Goderich Un ce ... 11	Per Dr Geikie ... 40 10		Friend ... 1				
T W Copp, Tor ... 5	Per Dr Geikie ... 40 10		Friend ... 1				
Falmerton ce ... 23 30	Per Dr Geikie ... 40 10		Friend ... 1				
Avonmore wfms ... 4	Per Dr Geikie ... 40 10		Friend ... 1				
Oak Bay ss ... 15 50	Per Dr Geikie ... 40 10		Friend ... 1				
J E Billingsley ... 10	Per Dr Geikie ... 40 10		Friend ... 1				

Receipts.

For the month of July by Rev. E. A. McCurdy, agent at Halifax: Office, Metropolitan building, Hollis street.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

Reported ... \$2860 16	Bedford ... 11	Chatham, St J ss ... 5	Lawson Mem Fd ... 15	S John, St A ... 19 08	Rev W Hamilton ... 5	Hx, Coburg Rd ... 15	Pleasant Bay ... 25 50	Shubenacadie ... 23 83	Ritch'd Bay, L H ... 16	Wolfville, ce ... 5	Yarmouth ... 10 40	Nash'w'k, Stanly ... 5	Parrsboro ... 15	Up Musquodobt ... 32	Sum'side, P E I ... 42 65	Mil'pton, Derby ... 1	& Chelmsford ... 10	Int. Dep Rec'pt. ... 1 24	Richmond Bay, ce ... 28	Perrona, Zion ... 20	Hx, Park st ... 9	Hx, Park st, MAE ... 10	Friend ... 500	Int from Deposit ... 12 87
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Total \$3693 71

HOME MISSIONS.

Reported ... \$830 79	Mait'Pd, St D ms ... 6	Rev W Hamilton ... 2 14	St Jhn, Pres wms ... 58	Hx, Coburg Rd ... 15	Wallace ... 39	Col St John Pres ... 72 30	Kenville ... 2	Merigonish, wms ... 10	Rev L A McLean ... 1	ref'd ... 12 50	Richm'd Bay, L H ... 11	Harvey & Acton ... 25 59	Nash'w'k, Stanly ... 5	Middle River ... 26 90	Parrsboro ... 15	Up Musquodobt ... 2	Pictou, Prince ... 115 62	Mil'pton, Derby ... 1	& Chelmsford ... 3 90
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Northwest.

Summerside ... 25	N Glas'g, Jas las ... 20	Clifton H & bs ... 8	Moncton, St-Jn ce ... 15
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Total \$1320 74

AUGMENTATION FUND

Reported ... \$4190 22	Milford, Gays R ... 6 10	Nash'w'k, Stanly ... 5	Farrsboro ... 10
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Mil'rton, Derby & Chelmsford. 10 Murray Har S... 30 Total \$4256 32	Rates. Reported \$26 50 Rev Dr Burrows. 11 62 Total \$38 02	Dr G O Hannah 10 F F Burpee..... 10 Wm Murdoch... 20 Dr P R Inches... 20 J V Russoni... 20 James Knox..... 10 Total \$16174 03	Geo Douglas..... 3 D Menzie..... 3 James Ferrin... 1 W B McLellan... 1 A G Fraser..... 1 James McLeod... 1 Mrs Woodlark... 1 Mrs J Johnmore. 1 And Matheson... 3 J Matheson..... 2 J Bonynman..... 1 75 Hugh McPherson 1 Neil McPherson 1 Mrs H McPherson 1 Mrs H McPherson 1 A P Semple..... 6 Chas Reid..... 5 Mrs C Reid..... 5 James Reid..... 5 Chas Reid jun... 50 Christina S Reid. 50 D McDonald, Fls 1 Mrs D McDonald 1 L Lynds..... 1 Ella Murray..... 1 Mrs Forman..... 5 John Dunlop... 1 John McInnes... 10 Margt A Johnson 1 Mrs John Bentley 1 W F Logan..... 3 Wm Johnson..... 5 Ezra Johnson.... 5 Lewis Fulton... 25 Mrs Janet Brown 25 J W Crocker..... 1 J H Archibald... 2 50 Jos R Archibald. 2 50 Alex McKay..... 5 James Johnson... 5 W A McKay..... 1 Rev W T Bruce... 25 2nd instal..... 25 In mem Ed Bachman 10 N Glasgow, Un member..... 15 D P Montgomery 5 Mrs D P Montgomery 1	W N Montgomery 1 Annie " 1 Chris " 50 Saidie " 50 Wm Crewe..... 50 Mrs Wm Crewe. 50 Maud Crewe... 50 Satsprings, St L 96 25 Total \$12103 22
COLLEGE FUND. Reported.....1995 29 Mrs J Laurie,int 22 03 Hx, Coburg Rd... 8 Kentville..... 20 J H Marks, int... 78 Richm'd Bay, L14 5 Dr J W Reid, int 50 Nash'wk, Stanly. 2 Farrsboro..... 6 83 Sum'rside, P E I 20 Int Dep Recpt... 5 27 Pictou, Prince st 57 Clifton, NS..... 10 Total \$2279 46	FRENCH EVANGELIZATION FUND. Reported.....\$111 90 Hx, Coburg Rd. 4 10 Kentville..... 10 Millford, Gays R. 35 Richm'd Bay, L14 5 Farrsboro..... 6 Satsprings, Eb. 36 Nash'wk, Stanly. 1 Middle River... 7 50 Summerside..... 18 53 Dalhousie..... 63 Total \$298 03	CENTURY FUND. <i>Paid-up Subscriptions.</i> Reported.....\$10861 22 Milford, ce..... 3 60 Hx, Chal ce... 20 50 Wallace..... 50 Dorchester..... 101 Salo Book, wfms 8 60 Rev D McKinnon 5 " Prof Falcover 50 " A B Dickie, ad 6 29 Gays River, ce... 2 66 N Glasgow, Jas. 362 Mrs H Newcombe 10 " J " 15 " J " 5 M A McKittrick, ad..... 10 Annie McDonald 5 Rv D Sutherland.100 Nine Mile River. 13 Mrs C M Murtag 5 Mid Riv, Pic Co. 59 10 Rev D Fraser, 3rd instal..... 10 Rev A Cameron, 2nd instal..... 15 Rev J C Robertson, 1st instal. 30 Mem Geo Creelman..... 50 W Matheson... 5 Rev J Valentine. 1 50 Dr R Wiley..... 10 Three Brook, NB. 5 75 E C McLellan... 10 Dr Johnson..... 10 Gordon Clark... 6	ERRATA Dr. I. H. Morrison, \$5, for New College Building, in May Record, should have been Dr. J. H. Morrison, St. John, N B. In Century Fund Paid-up Subscriptions in August Record. Harbor Grace, Nfld., should be \$75.00 instead of \$225.00. The contributions of the Trinidad missionaries was combined in a lump sum in above, and should have been as follows:— Rev Dr Norton. \$50 00 " W L Macrae 25 00 " Dr Grant..... 25 00 " S A Fraser. 25 00 " A W Thompson..... 25 00 Barney's River should have been \$19.00 instead of \$50.00. Francis McKenzie and Mrs James McKenzie, which were acknowledged separately, are included in the acknowledgment from Barney's River.	
BURSARY FUND. Reported.....\$145 00 Richm'd Bay, L14 2 Total \$147 00	ASSEMBLY FUND. Reported.....\$42 47 Hx, Coburg Rd.. 4 Kentville..... 3 Richm'd Bay, L14 1 Nash'wk, Stanly. 1 Total \$51 47	NEW COLLEGE BUILDING. <i>Paid-up Subscriptions.</i> Reported.....\$16039 05 St. John., Wm J Fraser..... 25 W A Porter..... 10 A B Campbell... 10	AGED MINISTERS' FUND. <i>Interest and Collections</i> Reported... \$272 01 Mrs P W, int... 75 Mrs E C, int..... 22 29 Albert P, int..... 33 Joseph B, int... 30 Kentville..... 5 Hx, Coburg Rd, int 50 19 Sum'rside, P E I 10 Total \$497 49 38 02 Grand total \$535 51	

FORM OF BEQUEST.

"I leave and bequeath the sum of,—(the amount to be written in words, not figures)—to the Fund of the Presbyterian Church in Canada,—(here state either Eastern or Western Section)—and I declare that the receipt of the Treasurer for the time being, of the said Fund, shall be a good and sufficient discharge to my Estate and Executors.

The Liquor Trade.

Lady Henry Somerset was reported to have declared in a speech, which she recently delivered at Wolverhampton, England that "the trade has no politics, no philanthropy and no outlook, save the making of money." Lady Henry was challenged to say whether she accepts the report as correct, and in reply has written a letter, in which she says: "To my mind, not all the gold in the Rand or the diamonds in the De Beers mines would compensate the nation for the loss it yearly sustains by the immeasurable evil of the drink traffic. The definition of the word 'philanthropy' is, 'Love to mankind, benevolence towards the whole human family, universal good will, desire and readiness to do good to all men,' and to my mind this is incompatible with the fact that the fortunes of the trade are made and amassed by carrying on a traffic that

a great statesman of England has characterized as 'devilish and destructive.'"

It is little use to use strong language regarding the liquor traffic, and then to encourage it, to enter into covenant with it, to vote for it, to hold up the white flag in the face of it, and urge that it might be worse! O for a Prohibitionist revival, true and fearless and keen.

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