

Dominion Presbyterian

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LOST OPPORTUNITY

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

"There is a nest of thrushes in the
glen;
When we come back we'll see the
glad young things,"
He said. "We come not by that way
again;
And time and thrushes fare on eager
wings!

"Yon rose," she smiled, "but no; when
we return,
I'll pluck it then." 'Twas on a sum-
mer day.
The ashes of the rose in autumn's urn
Lie hidden well. We came not back
that way.

We do not pass the self-same way again,
Or, passing by that way, no thing we
find
As it before had been; but dearth or
stain
Hath come upon it, or the wasteful
wind.

The very earth is envious, and her arms
Reach for the beauty that detained
our eyes;
Yea, it is lost beyond the aid of charms,
If, once within our grasp, we leave
the prize!

Thou traveller to the unknown ocean's
brink,
Through life's fair fields, say not,
"Another day
This joy I'll prove;" for never, as I
think,
Never shall we come back this self-
same way!

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BIRTHS.

On Sunday, July 21st, 1907, at Wychwood, to Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Smart, a son.

At Sudbury, on July 24th, 1907, the wife of Charles McCrea, of a son.

On 25th July, 1907, at 37 Klopstockstrasse, Berlin, Germany, to Rev. E. H. and Mrs. Kellogg, a son.

On Monday, July 29th, 1907, at 1129 Barclay street, Vancouver, B.C., to Rev. R. J. and Mrs. Wilson, a son.

At 208 Herkimer street, Hamilton, July 29th, 1907, a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. John McLaren.

To Rev. S. H. and Mrs. Gray the manse, Dundas, Ont., on June 15, 1907, a son.

On July 11th, 1907, at 193 Markland street, Hamilton, to George J. and Mrs. Robertson, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Hyde, Sask., at 2.30 p.m. on July 24th, by Rev. Hugh McKay, of Round Lake Indian Mission, Rev. Samuel H. Sarkissian, of Woodburn, Ont., to Margaret McLeod, eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLeod.

At the Manse, Port Perry, July 20th, by Rev. Wm. Cooper, Russell Graham and Stella Reader, both of Scugog.

DEATHS.

At the family residence, 90 Wellington road, on July 23, 1907, George Watson, architect, in his 96th year.

In this city, on July 28, 1907, Isabella, relict of the late William Smith, in her 84th year.

In Peterboro, July 22nd, Mary Grace Larke, relict of the late Richard Thornton, Orono, aged 73 years.

Suddenly at Ettrick House, Quebec, on July 27, 1907, John Cook Thomson, aged 71.

At Hemmingford, on Tuesday, July 30, 1907, Marion Stewart, aged 77 years.

On Tuesday, July 30th, at 141 Richmond road, Alexander Kingston Findlay, infant son of Mr. Alex. Findlay.

In Galt, Ont., on July 29, 1907, John Anderson, undertaker, aged 74 years.

At Matane, P.Q., on July 24, 1907, Dorothy Jean, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Russell, aged 4 months and 3 days.

On July 26, 1907, at The Island, Martintown, Ont., Charles Howard, third and well beloved son of Archibald J. MacDermid, aged 17 years.

At the Ladies' Protestant Home, Quebec, on July 25, 1907, Agnes Hunt, wife of the late William Hunt, at the age of 107.

At London, Ontario, July 13th, 1907, John Macbeth, in his 70th year.

At the home of his parents, Chatham, Ont., on July 21st, 1907, Ferguson James Duncan, aged 17 years, 5 months and 2 days, son of James H. and Margaret Duncan.

At 537 Jarvis street, Toronto, on Wednesday, the 17th July, 1907, Grace Gowans, widow of the late Henry Kent, in her 82nd year.

W. H. THICKE

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NOTE AND COMMENT

California is now the only American state that does not officially recognize Sunday.

Some of the Newfoundland fishermen hope to make whole leather a commercial product. A whole hide covers about 1,500 square feet.

After deliberating for 21 hours, the jury in the case of Wm. D. Haywood, accused of conspiracy in connection with the murder of Governor Steunenberg, of Idaho, returned a verdict of not guilty.

The very latest discovery by Egyptologists is that Rameses II, the Pharaoh of the oppression, and commonly known as Rameses the Great, was a fraud, and that the monuments, buildings and colossi so plentifully carved with his name really existed a thousand years before his time.

The Southern Churchman of Richmond, the able representative of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia and the South, is vigorously advocating the opening of Episcopal pulpits to the ministers of other denominations. It is supported by a good number of its correspondents.

Strawberry Mousse: Whip a pint of thick cream very stiff and stir into it a cupful of crushed berries which have been sweetened abundantly and from which all of the juice has been drained. Mould and pack in ice and salt for hours. When ready to serve, garnish with whole strawberries.

The Advance, of Chicago, affirms that the remarkable progress of Christianity in Korea during the past year has given rise to the opinion among missionaries that it will be the first country in Asia to become Christianized. The increase among believers during the year is said to be forty per cent., and the work shows no signs of halting.

Julia Ward Howe once wrote to an eminent Senator of the United States in behalf of a man who was suffering great injustice. He replied, "I am so much taken up with the plans for the benefit of the race that I have no time for individuals." She pasted this into her album with this comment, "When last heard from, our Maker had not reached this altitude."

"Christ's Mission," New York, was founded some 25 years ago by the Rev. James A. O'Connor. It has gradually increased in influence and usefulness so that a new building is in course of erection to accommodate its operations. The buildings will be completed before November. Father O'Connor tells of 125 priests of Rome who have been assisted in their passing to the one or other of the Protestant churches.

The Baptists of Canada have taken a highly important step to increase the strength and the usefulness of the denomination. They propose to unite the Baptists of the Dominion in one organization for purposes of Home and Foreign missions and education. The independence of the different sections will not be curtailed in the least, and their usefulness, jointly and severally, will be increased. The Baptists are relatively stronger in the sea provinces of Canada than in any other section of the Empire.

A Cincinnati congregation has set an example to the rest of the world by voting a salary to its minister's wife. Like a great many other women of her class, she was doing half the work of the parish—work for which deaconesses and other pastoral assistants not married to the pastor are commonly paid, and the congregation did not see why it should have her services for nothing.

At The Hague, Great Britain and Germany are urging the establishment of an international supreme prize court, before which ships captured in war must be brought for adjudication of the question of whether they were properly seized, and whether the ship and cargo shall be confiscated. Great Britain has presented the question of limitation of armaments. The United States favors the English view. Russia strenuously objects, and France regards the question as academic, and limitation of armaments by agreement as practically impossible.

There was applause at Shanghai when Mr. Mann, an English missionary, left the conference hall as a volunteer for famine relief, and again when, having been stricken down, a woman physician and a nurse also rose and left all to care for Mr. Mann. Here is another phase. The wife of an American missionary took Mr. Mann into her spare room, and, the next day, he developed small-pox—in her best blankets and pillows, and she with three little children. So the involuntary, unappreciated sacrifice fell where it often falls, abroad or at home, upon the wife and mother.

The London Christian World describes a very valuable manuscript which was recently discovered in the library of the Church of the Mother of God, at Erivan, in the Trans-Caucasia. It is an Armenian translation of a treatise by Irenaeus, bishop of Lyons in the latter half of the second century of the Christian era. It was probably written A. D. 190. It contains a definition of Christian doctrine, a sketch of the history of revelation from the beginning to the age of the prophets, an outline of the scheme of redemption as foretold in the Old Testament, with an examination of passages held to refer to Christ, and a brief summing up, with a warning against heresies. Great stress is laid on the Virgin Birth of Jesus.

In an article in the New York Observer on the "Canadian General Assembly," the writer seems to think that the movement toward church union is making steady progress. He says: "A vote was taken on church union. It was in no way indicative of the feeling of the membership in the demonization, and yet it is plain that the union sentiment is growing. Episcopalians and Baptists are still among the negotiating bodies, although the activities belong to the Methodists, Congregationalists and Presbyterians, who have been longest fraternizing. Strong things were said pro and con. New voices and new arguments are heard against the kind of union which some speak of as a denominational merger. Whilst over against these, there is a cry that an opportunity is now offered in Canada which has not presented itself since the time of the Reformation. And some have a vision that beholds a consummation that is to give the place of honor for Christian union to Canada among the constituent parts of the British Empire."

One of the most talked-of articles in the July Blackwoods (Leonard Scott Publication Company, New York) is Andrew Sang's "New Light on Mary Queen of Scots." Someone has discovered inaccuracies in some of the statements and considerable discussion has been caused thereby. Charles Whibley's criticism of "The American Millionaire" is also most interesting reading. "Indomitable," the story of the endurance of a young Dutchman in Africa, is excellently told, and would appear to be a sketch from life. Book V. of Alfred Noyes' Apic on Drake is welcome, as is also an instalment of that very interesting serial, "A Subaltern of Horse."

Before forty catechists of the Church of England left their native land to labor in our North-West, they were addressed by the Archbishop of Canterbury and by Bishop Montgomery. With the following advice, given by Bishop Montgomery, we heartily concur, and pass the same along to our own young preachers: "(1) You go to a young nation, expect the faults of youth. Have a strong sense of humor, not because you don't care, but because behind all else you have hope in God and can await results. (2) Refuse to be ticketed as belonging to any party or society. (3) Beware of the time on board ship. Don't talk of what you are going to do. Be reticent. Listen much, but keep your own counsel. (4) Don't pretend to be theologians, for you are not. It is easy for men to ask you questions to which there is no full answer. Many questions contain untrue assumptions though unknown to you. Refer such questions to those who know. You are a humble catechist and a scholar of Christ. (5) Don't talk of England or compare Canada with it, then Canada will take you to her heart. (6) We shall think of you entering for the first time a bar of a hotel to get a congregation. You will feel a coward, but remember who enters with you and overhears all. (7) Be real, not sanctimonious. (8) Let us often hear from you. Letters are kept for ever. Your letters will be of intense interest a century hence."

It is sad to read the following in a contemporary: "Notwithstanding its bitter war with Romanism at home, France is doing everything possible to crush out Protestant missions, the first and most successful of all missions, in Madagascar. It will be remembered that when France seized that island, imprisoned and exiled its intelligent, educated, and devoutly Christian Queen, the Paris Evangelical Society assumed responsibility for the missions which the English had established and supported for many years. It was thought this self-sacrificing move on the part of French Protestants would deprive the Government of all pretext for proscription. But those who so believed did not know the bitterness with which the priests could pursue Protestant converts. To this day every obstacle is thrown in the way of Protestant schools in Madagascar, and lately the Government has gone so far as to break up the Malagasy Young Men's Christian Association, which had just purchased for itself a home in Antanarivo, the capital. Two thousand Protestant schools have recently been closed under the pretext that the State must assume the entire education of the youth of the colony. But the decree is, in each case, so worded that while effective against Protestant schools, they permit the continuance of Romanist schools, the very ones which are ruthlessly crushed out in Paris."

SPECIAL
ARTICLES

Our Contributors

BOOK
REVIEWS

WHY I AM AGAINST LIQUOR.

By Wilfred T. Grenfell, M.D.

Dr. Grenfell, the medical missionary to the fishermen of the Labrador coast, gives strong reasons for his uncompromising enmity to drink:

The reasons why I have no use for alcoholic beverages on sea or on shore are so numerous that it would be impossible to detail them all. My standpoint is simply that liquor is unnecessary and bad. It is a help only to thieves and robbers, and I have seen them use it over and over again as a means to lure the fishermen and sailor to his destruction. Saloons and haunts of vice swarm around most seaports, and it is as easy for the liquor-sellers to prey on the newly-landed sailor, with his pocket full of money, his generous and simple nature, and his lack of friends in a strange place, as it is for any other vulture to prey on carrion.

How many times have I seen our poor fellows robbed of their money, of their self-respect, and even of their lives by the liquor-seller.

Alcohol is not now allowed to be sold on any part of the coast on which we are working, but so surely as it comes and an illicit sale begins, one sees its evil results as quickly as if, instead of alcohol, it had been the germ of diphtheria or smallpox. Lying at my anchors in Labrador harbors, women have come off to the ship after dark, secretly, for fear of being seen, to ask me for God's sake to try and prevent its being sold near them, as their sons and husbands were being debauched and even their girls were in danger of worse than death.

I have seen it come among the Eskimos. It kills our native as arsenic kills flies, and it robs them of everything that would differentiate them as human beings from the beasts.

Why don't I want to see liquor used at sea? Because when I go down for a watch below, I want to feel that the man at the wheel sees only one light when there is only one light to see; that when the safety of the ship and all it carries depends on the cool head, the instant resolve and the steady hand of the helmsman there is not standing there in place of the man, the poor, debased creature that all the world has seen alcohol create—even out of such gifted men as Burns and Coleridge and hosts of others.

I have seen ships lost through collision because the captain had been taking a "little alcohol." I have had to tell a woman that she was a widow, and that her children were fatherless, because her husband, gentle and loving and clean-living, had been tempted to take "a drop of alcohol" at sea, and had fallen over the side, drunk, and gone out into a drunkard's eternity. I have had to clothe children and feed them when reduced to starvation, because alcohol had robbed them of a natural protector and all the necessities of life. I have had to visit in prisons the victims of crime, caused as directly in honest men by alcohol as a burn is caused by falling into the fire.

Why do I not want alcohol as a beverage in a country where cold is extreme, exposure is constant and physical conditions are full of hardship? Simply because I have seen men go down in the struggle for want of that natural strength which alcohol alone had robbed them of. The fisherman that I live among are my friends, and I love them as my brothers, and I do not think I am unnecessarily prejudiced or bigoted when I say that alcohol is inadvisable. After one has seen it rob-

bing his best friends of strength, honor, reason, kindness, love, money and even life.

During twenty years' experience on the sea and on the snow in winter—an experience coming after an upbringing in soft places—I have found that alcohol has been entirely unnecessary for myself.

I have been doctoring sick men and women of every kind and I have found that I can use other drugs of which we know the exact action and which we can control absolutely with greater accuracy in case of necessity for stimulating the heart. I contend we can get just as good results without it, and I always fear its power to create a desire for itself. It is not necessary for happiness, for I have known no set of men happier and enjoying their lives more than the crews of my own vessel, and the many, many fisherman who, like ourselves, neither touch, taste nor handle it.

I would be willing to allow that the manufacture of it gives employment, that the sale of it is remuneration, that a desire for it can be easily created. But the desire for it has to be "cultivated," and once cultivated the "market" is certain to open up—for the desire becomes an insatiable, uncontrollable lust in many. I have no controversy with anything that gives employment and circulates money, and should possibly be satisfied if after all the good grain and good foodstuffs had been fermented and converted into this particular kind of poison, instead of being poured down men's throats, it were poured into the ocean—where at least it would do no harm.

I have seen men robbed in many ways, but they have been able, by the help of God, to wipe out any lasting results of such transient losses. But the robberies of alcohol are irremediable. I buried in a lonely grave on a projecting promontory, far down the coast of Labrador, a young girl of eighteen. She was someone's daughter and someone's sister. I had taken her aboard our little hospital ship for the last week of her life. She would have been alive to-day, but she had no desire to live. All that could possibly make life worth living for her had been robbed from her through the means of alcohol, and she could not face the home-going again.

If I ever have the opportunity given to me to say a word at any time or in any place which could help to prohibit the use of alcohol as a beverage, so long as I can stand upon my feet I shall be proud to get up and speak it.

The July Nineteenth Century (Leonard J.) Publication Company, New York) opens with an article on "England, Germany and the Baltic," by J. Ellis Barker; and other subjects discussed are: "Discontent in India," "The Fourth of July in America," "Marie Bashkirtseff: The Reminiscences of a Fellow-Student," and "The Liberal Party and the House of Peers." This is only a partial list of the good things for the month.

The pulpit of Chalmers Church, Montreal, has been filled during the last four Sabbaths, by the Rev. John E. Duclos of Valleyfield, who preached in a most acceptable manner. His discourses which were able and edifying, were greatly enjoyed by many.

Other ministers will supply the pulpit until September when the pastor, the Rev. G. Colborne Heine is expected home.

NEW FINDS IN EGYPT.

Archaeologists and all interested in the uncovering of the monuments of the past will be interested in the announcement contained in a Berlin despatch to "The Sun" that a discovery of great importance to philology and history has just been made at Cairo by Carl Schmidt. Dr. Schmidt says that some seemingly insignificant sheets of parchment, supposed to be late Coptic manuscripts of small value, were offered to him at sale. He at once noticed that the language was not Coptic. He concluded from the recurrence of the word "Urit" which among modern Nubians means king, that the text was written in Nubian. This was a great discovery, since Nubian, although still spoken, has long ceased to be a written language. As soon, therefore, as the documents can be fully deciphered philological science will be richer by knowledge of the language spoken by the inhabitants of Nubia before the invasion of the Semitic tribes. A further consequence is that it will probably now be possible to read the inscriptions on a large number of ancient monuments in Egypt which heretofore have been a mystery. These will doubtless throw light on the history of the earliest Nubian races. Herr Schmidt has ascertained already that two of the Nubian fragments are translations of Christian works. The first consists of a collection of extracts from the New Testament, and the second of a hymn to the cross. There are frequent references to St. Paul. Unfortunately the Greek original of the hymn is not known. The manuscripts date from the eighth century, A. D. Dr. Schmidt, we may add, is a distinguished German savant, and a pronounced authority on Coptic and the early Christian archaeology of Upper Egypt.

THE BROTHERS MARIS.

James, Matthew and William.

The subject of this summer number of "The Studio" is one which appeals to all who are interested in the highest forms of modern painting. James Maris, the leader of the modern Dutch school of landscape painting, is universally accepted as one of the most accomplished artists the last century produced; while Matthew Maris is considered by the more enthusiastic of his many admirers to be the greatest artist living at the present time. Few of his works have hitherto been reproduced, and this book offers an excellent opportunity of studying every phase of his subtle art.

The number contains numerous illustrations of important works by each artist, including sixteen separately-mounted plates in facsimile colors and photogravure, and a lithographic reproduction from an original drawing lent by Matthew Maris. The letterpress has been written by Mr. D. Cral Thomson (author of "The Barbazon School," etc., etc.), who has enjoyed exceptional facilities for obtaining most interesting information concerning the three artists. The demand for this volume, one of the most distinguished and attractive of "The Studio" Special Numbers, has proved so exceptional that only a few copies remain, and those who desire to obtain any of these should place their orders at once, as the number will not be reprinted. The price of this valuable publication is five shillings.

Human love began in paradise on earth but it is carried over into the paradise of heaven.

SOME UNREASONABLE EXPECTATIONS.

By Knoxonian.

Ministers sometimes complain that their congregations are unreasonable. They expect their pastor to be what no man can be and do what no man can do. The real fact is that some congregations, and perhaps a few people in all congregations, are unreasonable. The great majority of Presbyterian people are more than reasonable—they are kind, generous and helpful.

But still it must be admitted that sometimes very unreasonable, yes, impossible, things are expected from ministers.

Here is a church at some crossroads, or in some small village, that seats 400 people. There are not 200 healthy Presbyterians within a radius of ten miles, and yet the pastor of that church is expected to keep it full every Sabbath. When all his own people are there it is not more than half full, and in some way or another he is expected to have every seat occupied. That does not strike one as a reasonable expectation.

Here is a congregation deeply in debt. A minister supposed to be popular is called and settled. Disguise the matter as you may, use all the pious phrases at the induction that you please about getting a minister from the Lord to care for the souls of the people, the plain, hard, bottom fact is that the people have called that man mainly to pay off the church debt. The debt is not paid as soon as expected. The minister is voted a failure. He must go. Now that is scarcely a reasonable thing to do. In less advanced times it was generally supposed that the people paid their own debts. If a congregation recklessly, or even judiciously, goes into debt it seems but reasonable that they should pay their own bills.

Very unreasonable things crop out in regard to pastoral visitation. Some rural congregations are scattered over the greater part of a township. The families most distant from each other are perhaps twenty miles apart, and the others are scattered between them. When the pastor visits them he is expected to "put in his horse and spend the day." Anything less than a day is considered no visit. Doing pastoral work in that way, along with funerals, sick visits, Presbytery work and other duties, takes up every waking hour of the year, and yet the man is expected to prepare as good sermons as a minister who studies six or eight hours every day. That is scarcely reasonable. The people mean it for kindness, but it is a species of kindness that has killed many a minister—intellectually.

Perhaps the most unreasonable thing people ever do is blame a minister for not knowing that there is sickness in their homes, though no one tells him. They don't tell him nor tell anybody else to tell him. They send for the doctor. Nobody ever takes for granted that the doctor knows they are ill without being told, though he has a lively financial interest in the matter. They send for him promptly. But they quietly assume that the minister should know without being told. When asked why they did not send word, the reply nearly always is: "We thought you would have heard it." Many a faithful pastor has been cruelly wronged for not hearing that some parishioner was sick when nobody told him. To expect a pastor to know every case of sickness in a large congregation without being told is a sweetly reasonable expectation. Is it not?

Some people are rather unreasonable in the matter of recognition on the street or elsewhere. They look at the pastor twice every Sabbath for years. His face, such as it is, becomes photographed on their minds. They expect him to recognize them as readily as they recognize him. They conveniently

forget that while they were looking at one person he was looking at several hundred and conducting the service besides. To expect a man to recognize a thousand faces as easily as one is scarcely reasonable.

There is no use in saying anything to those people who blame a minister for not bringing their careless friends to church when said friends have fully made up their minds that they will not go. Nor is there any use in discussing with people who blame ministers because their ungodly relatives are not converted. There are such people, but they are beyond the pale of reason.

These and many other unreasonable things are expected from ministers by some people. Are ministers the only men from whom unreasonable things are expected? Nay, verily.

Here is a doctor whose patient expects him to put in a new liver. The old one goes on strike with painful frequency. It is almost useless. The patient says he must have something done. He does not say in so many words that he wants a new organ put in, but that is practically what his demands amount to. The doctor cannot put in a new organ, and the man leaves and employs somebody who is dishonest enough to say in effect that he can. That is scarcely a reasonable way to treat an honest doctor.

One of those lively men who are never without at least one lawsuit on hand goes to a lawyer and tells a long story. He declares he can prove certain things. The lawyer believes him and brings his case into court. It comes out at the trial that the story was mainly rubbish. There is no evidence—no case. Then the lively litigant turns around and abuses the lawyer. He says lawyers are not honest men. He did not get justice. Perhaps if he had got justice he would have been in Kingston many years ago serving his country for his board in a striped suit of clothes.

Merchants are expected to do unreasonable things every day. When a skinflint customer coolly asks a merchant to sell goods for less than they cost him he asks something that is scarcely reasonable. If he proposes to sell the merchant a crock of butter with a stone or a brick in the middle of it, he makes a proposition that can scarcely be called reasonable. A grain merchant who is asked to buy a load of grain with the best wheat on the top of the bag from which the sample was taken is asked to do about as unreasonable a thing as was ever asked of any preacher.

The men who suffer most from unreasonable demands are tailors. Some people who like to wear good-fitting clothes are not very elegantly constructed. They expect the tailor to do more for them than nature did. The tailor can't. He may be a most accomplished artist. He may make garments that fit a well-shaped specimen of humanity like a glove. But he can't take down an ill-shaped customer and rebuild him on a new model. Hence the tailor "suffers." One fashionable tailor suffers more from unreasonableness in a week when business is good than most ministers suffer in a year.

Next to the tailor comes the shoemaker. It is most unreasonable to expect that a shoemaker should make a No. 4 boot for a No. 6 foot. "Six into four you can't." A foot that resembles in its general outlines a birch-bark canoe, though perhaps not quite so large, cannot be fitted with an elegant-shaped boot. Shoemakers have to face a vast amount of unreasonableness.

So have photographers. To make every photograph handsome, and at the same time correct, is a problem that no photographer has yet successfully grappled with.

Politicians are treated most unreasonably. In this regard they rank with tailors.

Municipal men are often treated as unreasonably as politicians. Some of the people want good light, good police

protection, good sidewalks, good school houses, good school teachers, good everything, and at the same time want the taxes kept down to almost nothing. That is sweetly reasonable.

Cheer up, brethren of the ministry. A little examination may show that ministers are the most reasonably dealt with men in society.

Moral: Let us all deal more reasonably with our neighbors.

MILLIONS FOR CARS.

The G. T. R. Will Soon Have Spent \$7,000,000 This Year for Coaches and Engines.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

MONTREAL, July 24.—With the daily delivery of engines, passenger coaches and freight cars, the Grand Trunk Railway is rapidly approaching the day when the last of nearly \$7,000,000 worth of rolling stock will have been received by them during the present year. There were in all about sixty passenger coaches ordered, costing about \$12,000 each, laid down in Montreal, which makes a total of \$720,000. Thirty of these have already been delivered.

There were 100 engines ordered, and of these sixty have been received. The average cost is \$15,000 each, or an aggregate of \$1,500,000.

The tremendous increase in freight traffic may be imagined by the delivery of 4,500 up-to-date cars. The order was for 5,200, and the average cost is \$850 each, so that the great sum of \$4,420,000 is being spent for freight cars alone. With the daily delivery of many of these the G.T.R. people are hoping to get well on the way to lift the present congestion.—Toronto News, July 24, 1907.

MISSION FORCES IN CHINA.

Apart from the discussions and proceedings of the recent Shanghai conference, which already have begun to bear great fruits, the very definite facts of mission growth in the empire set down in cold figures in the statistical reports are of striking interest. At the time of the first Shanghai conference, in 1873, 22 sections were at work in China when the second conference convened, in 1890, the number had grown to 41, and in June last the number had doubled, the actual figure being 83. The force of foreign workers had grown from 473 in 1878, and 1,298 in 1890, to 3,833, the communicant membership from 13,035 and 37,287 to 178,251. The 1878 report showed 91 stations under the care of missionaries and 511 substations under the care of Chinese, the figures for this year being respectively 632 and 5,102. The extent to which the natives are being set to work for each other is indicated by the increase in the number of unordained preachers from 511 to 5,722, while the number of Bible women is now recorded as 894, comparing with 90 in 1878. This is a showing which confutes criticisms of the indefiniteness of missionary accomplishment; but when the totals are set alongside the population statistics of the Flowery Kingdom the magnitude of Christianity's task seems lessened in only an infinitesimal degree.

Arrangements have been made this year again for Union Services between St. John's and Knox congregations. Cornwall for July 28th, Aug. 4 and Aug. 11 the Sabbath and Wednesday evening meetings were held in St. John's church. Then beginning Aug. 18 the meetings for three weeks will be held in Knox Church.

Only when we match our work with the best of models will we be able to see most clearly our many defects.

SUNDAY
SCHOOL

The Quiet Hour

YOUNG
PEOPLE

THE SIN OF NODAB AND ABIHU.*

Which he commanded them not, v. 1. Stonewall Jackson, the great Confederate general, was personally a very tender-hearted man. He was asked whether he had no compunctions in shelling a certain town, which had been threatened, if it did not surrender. "No," was his soldierly reply, "I had no compunction whatever. What business had I with results? My duty was to obey orders." God is our divine Commander. He has given us His definite orders. It is not for us, as good soldiers, to question their wisdom, to estimate their full consequences with our feeble judgment, and to substitute our methods for the divine plans. It is for us neither to do the things which God does not command, nor to leave undone the things which He does command.

Before all the people I will be glorified, v. 3. There is a legend of a man whose garden produced nothing but weeds, until he chanced to meet with a beautiful foreign flower of singular vitality. He sowed a handful of this seed in his overgrown garden. He slept and rose and knew not how the seed was growing, until one day he opened the gate and found the whole garden fragrant with the new plant. It had killed all the weeds, and occupied the whole space with its fair petals. Christ is such a flower. He demands a place in the garden of our hearts; and when once He is planted there, He does not rest until He has destroyed every selfish weed, every sinful desire, every unbelieving thought, and fills the whole garden Himself. Nadab and Abihu thought they could grow a few of their own devices, but God would not suffer it. He will not divide His glory with another. He asks to fill the whole life with the sweetness of His presence, and thus be glorified before all men.

Ye shall not out from the door of the tabernacle, v. 7. The revival is over, the evangelist has come and gone, the last beautiful strains of the sweet singer have died away, the overflowing meetings are closed. During the enthusiasm of the great movement, Christians have lived upon the mountain peaks, they have beheld the glory and the power of the Lord, backsliders were reclaimed, prodigals returned home. But now the excitement is ended, and the terrible danger of relapse has succeeded. The everyday life, with its routine of daily tasks, lays its deadening hand upon our spiritual exuberance. What are we to do? On the peril of our souls, we are to frequent God's courts, study His Word, seek His presence.

Do not drink wine nor strong drink, lest ye die, v. 9. An eagle on the shores of Chautauqua Lake was seen to dive down into the water and then mount upwards, carrying in his talons a large maskinonge, which weighed about ten pounds. The bird with its prey soared upwards to a height of over a thousand feet. Then flapping its wings frantically, it was seen to sink slowly down and down to the water's surface, until gaining momentum with its fall, it disappeared with a splash in the lake. Later the bird and the fish were found together dead. The fish had proven too heavy a weight, but the eagle's claws, too firmly embedded in its flesh, could not be extricated, and both together perished. How often has a

*S.S. Lesson August 11, 1907. Leviticus 10:1-11. Commit to memory v. 9. Read Leviticus, chs. 8 to 10. Golden Text—Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.—Proverbs 20:1.

young and strong man acquired the habit of a social glass! It has seemed to him quite innocent, nay, he has approved of it as an additional enjoyment in his life. But he has been deceived. The drink habit is upon him, he finds himself descending with accelerated speed, the dreams of youth are abandoned, his one effort is to save himself from the terrible ruin that threatens his life. He hears of hundreds that have gone the same swift way to destruction. Happy indeed is he, if the saving grace of Christ delivers him before he becomes another victim.

I cannot say if motherhood today
Had been so sweet, or childhood half
so fair,
Save for the veiling light of heaven that
lay
In Mary's heart, and on the Child
held there.

Nor say if friendship—all its joys con-
fessed—
Had touched with sacredness these
hours of mine—
Save for the love of one who found a
rest
In friendship's trust upon a Heart
divine.

And since in one dark hour the Eastern
stars
Looked down in awe on His great
loneliness,
The night holds now no solitude that
bars
His fellowship—nor depths He cannot
bless.

So, every rose of life and every thorn,
Is consecrated by remembrance sweet—
Because once long ago Love did not
scorn
To tread the wilderness with bleeding
feet.

THE SOURED MAN.

We know few, if any, misfortunes comparable to that which has made a man miserable by changing to his eye the whole face of things. It comes about often in this way. The discipline of life in place of humbling, or even making him despondent, puts him as Oliver Wendell Holmes tells it wittily, "at an acute angle with the rest of the world." In a plain word makes him sour. He is wretched and his words and deeds, tend toward making everybody else wretched. His neighbors, his friends, his family, hold him in dread. The sermons preached by the pastor are not sound, the work of the carpenter on the house top is all wrong, the prospering business man is stealing, and everything appears ugly because everything is seen with ugly eyes. The life, and the heart, seen through the life, presents a pitiable spectacle. Let us cultivate happiness. It can be done. We deserve little. If we will but accept this as a fact we may have a fountain of happiness always bubbling up within us. For who can be found who has not far more of the things of this life than he deserves.—Presbyterian Standard.

The exercise of patience involves a continual practice of the presence of God; for we may be called upon at any moment for an almost heroic display of good temper, and it is a short road to selfishness, for nothing is left to self; all that seems to belong most intimately to self, to be self's private property, such as time, home and rest, are invaded by these continual trials of patience. The family is full of such opportunities. —F. W. Faber.

LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

Wine.—The vine was much cultivated in Egypt, and was generally trained over a trellis. The grapes were collected in baskets and carried to the wine press, which was a long, low box, with a wooden framework over it higher than a man. The box was filled with grapes, and five or six men then stepped into it, and grasped ropes attached to the framework above and trod the grapes with quick movements of their feet. The mass that remained after this, was put into a coarse sack, which was then wrung by four powerful men, by long sticks put through loops at the ends. The juice was run into jars, which were sealed and set away. In the offerings to the gods wine frequently occurs, and a sacrifice usually commenced with a libation of wine, which was also sprinkled on the ground on which the victims lay. Some temples excluded wine altogether, and forbade it to their priests. In other cases, according to Herodotus, they were allowed a small quantity daily, except during their solemn purifications, and times of separation, when the use of it was strictly prohibited. Drunkenness at social feasts seems to have been very common even among ladies, and it was unsparingly caricatured by the artists in graphic delineations of the absurd and humiliating attitudes in which the drunkards were placed.

PRECIOUS FAITH.

It is "precious faith," costly in itself, priceless in the blessings it brings. And how does it bring them? Not by any virtue or worthiness of its own. There is not merit in faith; how can there be when it comes simply trusting the trust-worthy? Is there anything virtuous in the fact that we have "fed for refuge," and have found safety in the cleft of the Rock? No, faith is not in the least a recommendation of goodness before God. It is the clasp on the life-belt when the man is drowning; the rest of the rescued in the arms that bear him to the shore; the standing in peace behind the shield which our champion presents to the foe. It is the very opposite of merit; it is our recourse to mercy. But just because it is all this, it is "precious" in the blessings it brings. Cowper calls faith "the blood receiving grace." So it is, and it is the "receiving grace" also for all the circle of the blessings of God in Christ, purchased for us with His blood, stored up for us in His fullness, conveyed to us by His Spirit. Cherish, there this "precious faith." But do so, not by continually looking at the faith and as it were pulling it up to see if it is growing. Do so rather by often looking at its object, and by continually putting faith into use, as you meet each reality of life, relying upon Him. By faith Jesus Christ becomes, not only an outside fact, but an inward power to make all things new, in you and so around.—Dr. Moule.

That was a great victory over Himself which Jesus won when He said, twice over: "Thy will be done." For He knew that at a word he could make the cup pass from His lips. And it is a victory we gain over our heart, for the heart may resist even when we are powerless to prevent what we do not desire. Mere submission to power, and willing and loving surrender to love, are two very different things. That is Satan's act; this is Christ's, and should be ours.

LITERARY NOTES.

The July Studio (44 Leicester Square, London, England), contains several articles of special interest. The opening one is on The Paintings of Mr. Charles Lein, by A. Lys Baldry. Then follows a description of the work of Santiago Rusinol, a painter of gardens, whose work, from the illustrations given, must be most beautiful. An out-of-the-ordinary subject is chosen by Inglis Sheldon-Williams, who writes of "Bits of Old China." We mention only a few of the very interesting subjects discussed in this number.

The July Fortnightly (Leonard Scott Publication Company, New York) gives us a most attractive variety of topics, including among others the following: The Austrian Elections, The Entente between Holland and Belgium, Mr. R. J. Campbell and the New Theology, The Hedda Gabler of To-day, and the Problem of the West Indies.

A striking article in the July Contemporary is by George Barlow on Optimism or Pessimism, in which he compares the optimistic state of feeling that existed among the leaders of religious thought some thirty years ago with the present period of pessimism. The writer quotes Kingley, Maurice, Brooke, Mazzini, Emerson, Francis Newman, Theodore Parker, Tennyson, Geo. Macdonald, who were all "passionately and consistently optimistic," and then goes on to show the change that has come over the minds of men and explains some of the reasons for the change. The article is a thoughtful one, well worth a careful reading. Most interesting, too, is Mr. Sidney Low's report of the journalistic tour in Germany, in which he shows with what great courtesy and kindness the two score British editors and newspaper writers who recently took a trip through Germany were treated on all sides. "The occasion was seized to show us, and through us our countrymen, that Germany is not universally hostile to us, as some English and some German writers contend; that, on the contrary, the most influential sections of its population are friendly; that the fire-eaters who are stirring up strife and bitterness daily do not express the thoughts and wishes of the vast majority of Germans; and that these latter, so far from welcoming the project of a quarrel with England with enthusiasm, would regard it with the utmost repugnance and dismay. Exceedingly to our astonishment, we found that our tour was being turned into a sort of triumphal progress; that the newspapers were filling their columns with accounts of our doings and firing off a salvo of 'Cadets' in our honor at each of the towns we visited; that ceremonial and municipal entertainments were being everywhere prepared for us on a scale of lavish magnificence; and more than all, that we were receiving gratifying tokens of good-will, not merely from those we met at banquets and receptions, but from those we encountered in the streets and public places. We discerned no trace of coldness or hostility anywhere; on the contrary, smiles, and cordial salutes, and hearty hand-shakings and handkerchief-wayings were our portion in small towns, and politeness and amiable interest in all. That these tributes could be due in the smallest degree to any personal qualities of our own, we could not be vain enough to imagine. We were made much of because we were supposed to represent, in a higher degree than any of those other British commissions or delegations which have been seen in Germany, the people of Britain as a whole. The Germans said to us, as pointedly as they could: 'Go home, and tell your readers that we like them, that we want them to be friendly to us, that we wish to keep friends with them, whatever they may hear to the contrary.'"

TRUE TO HUMAN NATURE.

One cause of the barrenness of many churches and ministers in converting power is their failure to use the Word of God in the portrayal of human nature — its conditions, tendencies and needs. The Bible is the broadest, deepest and most detailed and diversified text-book of human nature in the world; and one of the chief proofs of its divine origin is that all the great books of the poets and the philosophers have been compelled to quote, to imitate, to paraphrase, or to expand the description of universal man in the Scriptures. The many hundreds of such uses of the Scripture in Shakespeare may serve as a wholesome illustration. More modern writers do the same, so that it has been said that "if there be found any characterization of human nature in their works that cannot—in its substance—be paralleled in the Bible the presumption is that such characterization is not true to human nature."—New York Christian Advocate.

PRAYER.

O Lord, enlighten those who do not know of the road of prayer to Thee, and show them its manifold blessings. Make plain unto them the value of a way of communion with Thee—a way which is always open unto the very least of men, to the lisping infant and the oldest wayfarer among us. Make manifest the greater blessings of prayer to those who, although they are aware of its value, through carelessness have forgotten its use, and receive them when they return unto Thee, with gracious love. Amen.

A FAREWELL.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you,
For every day.
Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long;
And so make Life, Death, and that vast Forever
One grand, sweet song.

—Charles Kingsley.

FORGIVENESS.

There is no surer sign of a noble character than the spirit of forgiveness. "To err is human, to forgive divine." God's greatness is seen as truly in his willingness to forgive as in the grandest works of his hand. What exalted nobility was there in Jesus, when he said to the sinful woman: "Neither do I condemn thee; go thy way; from henceforth sin no more!" Can anything nobler be conceived than the spirit which he showed when, dying on the cross, he prayed for his enemies, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do?" A spiteful and revengeful spirit is always most ignoble. Keep the highest ideals before you if you would rise high.—Ex.

It is not while remaining in our sin that we are led to discover its vileness, but when we have come to Christ. His purity discloses our impurity; his righteousness our iniquity; his sinlessness our sinfulness. We know better how dense the darkness is when we have come into the light. The heart will never know the beauty of holiness while living in sin; nor will it know the vileness of sin until it looks back upon it through the windows of holiness. We must look into the mirror before we can see ourselves as we are.

THE TEACHING OF THE TREES.*

The natural world about us is the handiwork of God, and if we will only open our eyes we may behold the manifestations of God's creative and providential power, in the star-decked heavens above us, and in the flower-besprinkled fields around us. Everywhere we behold the tokens of the divine power and goodness. Everywhere we may read parables teaching lessons of spiritual truth to our souls.

The trees are not the least beautiful and impressive of these objects. On the plains and on the hillsides they arrest the eye of those who love beauty. They catch the sunshine and rain and rejoice in the free air of the heavens. They tell us of God who made them and who cares for them.

The trees teach us to make the most and best of our limitations. Where they are planted there they must abide. They are not like the members of the animal kingdom that can walk or fly, on feet or wings, if they tire of their location; Where they grow they must abide. They must sink their roots deep in order to secure moisture, and if this is withheld from them, they must die. They must spread open their foliage to inhale and exhale, and if their leaves are stripped from them by insects, they must perish. They must brace themselves in the soil against the storms, and if the winds blow too fiercely, they will be uprooted. They are limited in many ways, and yet, despite all, they grow on in strength and beauty, making the world habitable for man, adding loveliness to the landscape, and glorifying God by being just what he meant them to be. If human beings would be as persistent in taking advantage of all their possibilities, in accomplishing their destinies, and in doing the will of God in all things as are the trees, this would be a world of physical and spiritual beauty, heart-some to the life and delightful to the eye.

The trees are useful in life. They give shade about our homes. They afford shelter to the birds of the air. They furnish food to man and bird and beast, in nuts and fruit of almost illimitable variety. They cover the hillsides and mountains and check the floods that devastate the lands from which the forests have been stripped. Man in his folly is making a wilderness out of regions which God made to be full of life and beauty. If we have proper wisdom, we shall repair the wastes of the forests, for the trees are so useful that we can not get along without them. So let us make our lives useful. Let us bless and shelter and feed and comfort and delight those around us, and make this earth a better place in which to live because we, ourselves, live here for a little time.

The trees are useful after death. Without the wood which they furnish it would be almost impossible to find material for the building of our houses and ships. Very largely do the trees supply us with fuel and with furniture. Each one of us should leave behind him in the world something for the blessing of men after we are gone. We should leave a good, and holy influence that shall enter into the lives of others and make them strong for doing their duty.

As the tree draws its sustenance from the earth and its moisture from the air, the rain and the sun, so let us draw our spiritual sustenance from God. We are helpless, and limited, ourselves, but we may have living relationship with God, and may be strong and vigorous of soul.

*C.E. Topic, Aug. 11, 1907; Psalm civ., 16:18; 1, 1, 6.

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The Japanese have taken hold of affairs in Corea with characteristic vigor. There can be no question as to their intention to completely control the affairs of the kingdom, both domestic and foreign. There is a thoroughly frank avowal of intention to take entire control, reorganizing the governmental machinery in accord with Japanese methods. There is a nominal recognition of the Corean royal family, but the authority is in Japanese hands. There continues to be some protest against Japanese seizure, finding its expression in riotous demonstrations. The indications, however, are that these will be short lived, and of course futile.

Professor Goldwin Smith, that master of English composition, has the power of saying much in little, and in the following punctures the weak spot in evolution as most frequently popularly represented:—

To the Editor of The Sun—Sir: The general theory of evolution, so ably and vigorously expounded and defended by "E. W.," I have never presumed to criticize, though it has sometimes occurred to me that in this case as in others a grand discovery might be carrying us rather too far. However, whatever may have been the process of development, man is what he is; something essentially different from the brutes. He is progressive, which none of the brutes are or show any sign of becoming. "E. W." recognizes posterity as an object of our interest and care. What brute shows any regard for posterity? What brute shows any sign of having a moral ideal, or looks forward, as man does, to the improvement of its race? "E. W." describes resistance to wrong as merely opposition to "waste." Is there nothing more in the self-sacrifice of the hero or the martyr? The Christian ideal, whatever its source, did not present itself as mere opposition to waste; yet we see what a part it has played.—Goldwin Smith.

UNTO YOU, YOUNG MEN.

President Eliot, of Harvard University, has been a teacher of young men for half a century. He recently had these things to say to his students, and his movements are just as applicable and just as much needed by Canadian students as by their American cousins:

It is a very safe protective rule to live to-day as if you were going to marry a pure woman within a month. That rule you will find a safeguard for life. It is a good rule early to work to learn how to work hard. It is a good rule never to take four minutes to do what you can as well accomplish in three minutes, or take four years to do what you can as well accomplish in three years. It is a good rule to live to-day and every day like a man of honor.

As an indispensable foundation for solid, durable satisfaction, a young man ought first to be a clear, wholesome, vigorous animal. That is the foundation for everything else. In domestic, civic and business life we have to build everything on this animal strength.

It doesn't mean that to be strong you have to be barbarians. You must avoid drunkenness, licentiousness and getting into dirt of any kind. It is fine to enjoy sports. They are legitimate enjoyments. But if they are made the main ends, they cease to be a source of durable satisfaction. They must be incidental.

The second thing necessary is a strong mental grip, a wholesome capacity for hard mental work. The great difference between the privileged class of educated men to which you belong and the great majority of other people is that the educated class lives by the exercise of mental, not physical powers. You ought to get a capacity for rapid, keen, intense, intellectual labor.

The third thing necessary is a spotless reputation. This only comes by living with honor. There are things an honorable man won't do, can't do. He will never wrong or degrade a woman. He will never oppress or cheat a person weaker or poorer. He is honest, sincere, candid, generous.

THE SLEEPING SICKNESS.

One of the most deadly maladies known at the present time is the "sleeping sickness," which is rapidly spreading in Africa. So important is the matter that the English government has had an international conference in London to consider it. The disease in some respects resembles malaria, but it is infinitely more deadly. It is peculiar to Africa; while at present confined to the centre, it is rapidly spreading from the Atlantic to the Indian ocean and pushing north and south. White men are no more immune than black, and it is not known by what climatic conditions the habitat of the fly which transfers the germ from one infected person to another is determined. No epidemic so destructive is known. In the infected area of Uganda 200,000 out of a total population of 300,000 have died. Uganda is the most stricken of all, but the two other chief centres—the Congo and the Gulf of Guinea—are hardly less unfortunate. The disease is mortal in every case. An animal parasite, the trypanosoma gambiense, is the cause, and that the parasite is injected by the bite of a fly akin to the tsetse fly, so fatal to cattle.

BRITISH NONCONFORMISTS.

Whatever the Campbell-Bannerman cabinet may believe as to the necessity for proceeding slowly in relation to the important measure in which the British free churchmen are interested, the nonconformists themselves are not disposed to accept the situation as calling for passivity. Slowness in taking action toward the promised effort to curb the veto power of the House of Lords aroused a wordy revolt, led by the influential British Weekly, against the Liberal leaders. This forced the hand of the ministry in the resolution, introduced by the premier a short time ago, which secured a test of sentiment in the Commons on the subject, though it came far from satisfying the clamor for positive action. Reintroduction of the education bill, with a view to again "putting it up to" the peers, is also demanded, and much impatience is evident in connection with the failure to press the Welsh disestablishment bill. The nonconformists of the principality have adopted resolutions and sent deputations to the premier and other ministers to urge advancement of the legislation. The government has not been forced to a definite promise of early action, but it is probable that Sir Henry has been shrewdly waiting exactly this sort of boiling up of public sentiment to strengthen his hands.

VERY SIMPLE AND VERY COOL.

For downright simplicity and refreshing coolness we greatly admire some who speak for episcopacy. Thus, for example, the bishop for the Protestant Episcopal diocese of Nebraska is quoted as saying: "There is nothing that can be said reverently and wisely to sustain an argument in favor of sectarianism in Christianity. The failure to secure unity is due to the disbelief in the Protestant world in a priesthood and the sacramental system which this involves. Until there is the acceptance of this teaching of the Bible and the prayer-book there can be no organic union among Christians concerned. On this vital question no concession can be made."

The case is clear and it is closed. The great body of Christians are shut out of that great organic body of which so many dream. Some people will think for themselves. Of course this is unnecessary and unwise, for why should one have his own convictions when another can save him all that trouble and the consequences of independent thought? But why not enter the Roman Episcopal church at once and be done with it?

The United Presbyterian pertinently asks:—Is Protestantism falling in the religious training of the children? If the Bible and religious instruction are to be excluded from our public schools and in large measure from our colleges, as it is from many of our homes, what will become of the religious culture of mind and heart? Can our Sabbath schools be depended on? Is the character of the instruction there imparted such as to encourage the hope that its pupils have clearly defined knowledge of the truth? Is the experience of teachers such as to lead to the belief that the pupils have anything like a systematic knowledge of the doctrines of grace as revealed in the Scriptures? There is certainly strong reason for believing that from the family altar and the place of secret prayer, through all the gradations of secular instruction, the culture of the spiritual side of the child is far from what it ought to be.

CLERICAL ORDERS AND CHURCH UNION.

(Continued.)

The second alternative by which the difficulty involved in diversity of views regarding valid ordination may be solved is by the ministers of the non-episcopal bodies consenting to a formal, or "hypothetical," ordination at the hands of a bishop, with an unequivocal declaration at the same time that, on the one part, no reflection is intended upon their previous orders, and on the other, that the rite is submitted to solely out of deference to the desire of episcopalians to preserve the unity and historical continuity of their organization. This course was suggested by the late Archdeacon Langtry of Toronto, but elicited only a smile from those whom he invited to immolate themselves on this altar of charity. But when we come seriously to discuss organic union, as we are now invited to do, it becomes one of the practical possibilities which we cannot leave out of consideration.

In the first place, would such an ordination be agreed to by the advocates of the exclusive validity of episcopal orders? I have been assured, on the best authority, that it would be freely granted, without any mental reserve or Jesuitical sophistry, exactly in the spirit which I have indicated. According to the view of our episcopalian brethren, the one essential condition, so far as the performance of the ordination is concerned, is that the hands of a regularly consecrated bishop be laid on the head. It matters not what other sanction may have been previously obtained, or how much importance may be attached to it, there is no renunciation of it called for, nor need there be any recantation of former views. The person who is being ordained is only asked to receive the same authority a second time, if he choose so to regard it, from one whom he acknowledges to be fully competent to bestow it, for the sake of perfecting union and placing all the clergy of the united church upon the same footing, beyond all cavil. Any minor verbal changes in the service, such as substituting "presbyter" for "priest," as is done in the Scottish Episcopal Communion Office, would be granted without hesitation. The Methodist Church uses the Church of England service, word for word, in the ordination of its ministers, the only changes being those necessitated by the fact that a president and not a bishop presides.

In a sermon preached in the cathedral, Montreal, last January, Rev. Dr. Symonds quoted a case in which the course under discussion was followed. He is represented as having said: "Archbishop Bramhall, who was a disciple of Laud, reordained certain Presbyterian ministers, but he inserted into their letters of orders this clause, which is a very remarkable testimony to the general opinion with reference to the continental Reformers, 'Not annulling his previous orders . . . nor determining their validity, much less condemning all the holy orders of foreign churches, which we leave to Him who alone can judge, but merely supplying that which was previously lacking as required by the Canons of the English Church, and providing for the peace of the church, not in any way doubting as to his ordination, or rejecting his acts as a Presbyterian as invalid.'" Some such declaration as this publicly made previous to the "laying on of hands," and embodied in the certificate of ordination, ought to satisfy all conscientious scruples. It would be easy to agree upon the exact terms to be used since all parties would be anxious to respect the principles involved.

There is no doubt that the Church of England in Canada would willingly consent to any explanations necessary to remove a possible feeling of humiliation at being reordained.

But, ought a Presbyterian to accept of such terms? I feel deeply how difficult it is to answer this question. Disparage sentiment as much as you will, it is stronger than logic and even puts conscience to rout. It can only be displaced by awakening counter sentiments of a nobler character and appealing to a higher sanction. Yet what can be more worthy of the warmest devotion of our hearts than the principles which our fathers prized so highly and for which they suffered so cruelly? Yes, there is something better still, if, without sacrificing these principles, we can clasp in friendship and brotherhood the hands of those who represented today that form of ecclesiastical polity against which they contended, and permeate the United Church with those views of spiritual independence which are our most precious inheritance from them. Far from being false to our traditions, we do but carry out to successful achievement the object for which the Church of Scotland ardently strove in the time of the Commonwealth, namely, the union of the historic churches of Britain. We should exhibit a petty narrowness unworthy of such sires if we allowed the bigbear of a form of organization to prevent our hearty coalescence with those who are our true brethren in loyalty to "the crown rights of Jesus" and "the chartered liberties of His people." By conceding a "hypothetical" ordination, along with our Methodist and Congregational brethren, we should heal the schisms of more than 1,200 years and stand before Christendom as the true heirs in doctrine, discipline, evangelistic zeal, and historic continuity of the primitive Church of the British Islands—one, undivided, and apostolic. We sacrifice nothing of our past. England can give us nothing grander than the dowry we bring with us to the common treasury of inspiring memories. As the missionaries of our common Mother Church went out from the sacred Island of Iona, north and east and south, to evangelize the Pict, and German, and Saxon, so we would consolidate all the agencies of a truly Catholic Church to win Canada and Heathendom for Christ. These are some of the sentimental reasons, most inadequately expressed, which move me to advocate a more comprehensive union on terms which I really think we can honorably accept.

The practical reasons for accepting reordination are many and obvious. By submitting to the form, all questions of ministerial status would be set at rest. A presbyter of the united church would be eligible to occupy any pulpit in Episcopal, Methodist, Congregational, or Presbyterian church the world over. To dispense with the form would inevitably lead to unpleasant controversies within the church which would mar its harmony, and humiliating experiences when visiting the United States or Great Britain. However willing our Episcopal brethren might be to omit reordination, I respectfully submit that the non-episcopal parties to the union can and ought to accede to the scruples of "weaker brethren" for the sake of accomplishing more effectually the consolidation of the reunited church.

There are many points on which I have not touched, and much will suggest itself to the reader that ought not to be passed over, but may I not hope that, imperfect though they are, these letters may aid in clearing the ground for discussion and convince some that a union with the Church of England in Canada is within the sphere of practical ecclesiastical statesmanship?

PACIFICUS.

CHURCH UNION IN CHINA.

The Shanghai conference gave great prominence to the subject of the union of all native Shanghai churches of the great kingdom. It is felt that denominational divisions are a hindrance to the progress of Christianity. The sentiment was strongly in favor of such consolidation. But on what basis? They looked at the question from the points of view of that which is held in common. To formulate a creed would tend to divisions, and therefore a general statement was agreed upon, which will be the practical basis on which unity is sought. It is as follows:—

"This conference unanimously holds the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments as the supreme standard of faith and practice, and holds firmly the primitive Apostolic faith; further, while acknowledging the Apostles' Creed and the Nicene Creed as substantially expressing the fundamental doctrines of the Christian faith, the conference does not adopt any creed as a basis of church unity and leaves confessional questions to the judgment of the Chinese Church for future consideration; yet in view of our knowledge of each other's doctrinal symbols, history, work and character, we gladly recognize ourselves as already one body, teaching one way of eternal life, and calling men into one holy fellowship; and as one in regard to the great body of doctrine of the Christian faith; one in our teachings as to the love of God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; in our testimony as to sin and salvation, and our homage to the Divine and Holy Redeemer of men; one in our call to the purity of the Christian life, and in our witness to the splendors of the Christian hope. We frankly recognize that we differ as to methods of administration and church government; that some among us differ from others as to the administration of baptism, and that there are some differences as to the statement of the doctrine of predestination or the election of grace. But we unite in holding that these exceptions do not invalidate the assertion of our real unity in our common witness to the gospel of the grace of God."

BIBLE VERSE SOCIETY.

The Bible Verse Society is an odd but commendable organization which is said to number many thousands of members in Canada, in the United States, and in many missionary lands. The society publishes a little booklet of brief Bible readings for every day in the year, and the members are those who promise to commit to memory these passages from day to day. A sort of associate membership is provided for those who promise only to read the passages faithfully. A junior department is intended to encourage children in the habit of memorizing whole chapters of the scriptures. A pathetic interest attaches to the society from the fact that its founder, Miss Alice M. Temple, of Woodstock Green, Vermont, is a hopeless invalid from spinal disease which fastened on her seven years ago at the age of seventeen. Eager, in spite of her helplessness, to be of service in the church, she hit upon this plan for extending a little society which she had organized among school-girl friends when in the bloom of health.

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

A PAPER BOUND MISSIONARY.

Sarah finished up the ironing and put away the board. She packed the pile of none-too-smooth sheets into the clothes press with careless regard for their airing. Her motions were slow and spiritless, and she sank down upon a chair and stared dully at the undusted stand with its litter of small things,—the buckle broken from John's suspenders; a bunch of dry golden-rod Elmer had found a day or so ago down in the swale, and which no one had found time to put in a pot; the string off her own sunbonnet, and a litter of buttons where her father had upset the button-box fumbling with large, stiff fingers for some small thing. It was all unlovely, but she looked upon it passively.

Sarah went up to her own attic chamber and began to change her dress. Nothing in the little room was pretty. The corrugated wooden bedstead with its fadged straw tick was made up with a burling patchwork quilt of many colors, and the thin little pillow with its scrimmed slip drooped dejectedly at the head. Sarah's clothes, in a limp row, hung at the foot, against the sloping plaster walls, and the one-breadth cheesecloth curtains were draped at conflicting angles. In a corner a calico-covered stand stood burdened with undone pieces of mending with which Sarah employed her evenings. The shelves above stared down at her with a handful of cherished toys from her lost girlhood. No dainty, dainty things, suggesting "maiden dreams," to warm her heart. Here it was she laid her down to rest at night, heavy of heart and sore of body. From here she rose again each morning to tread once more the endless round of toil. She replaced her faded gray print dress with one similar, but stiff and angular with newness. New frocks were "best frocks" with Sanders women till after they were washed, when they became "everyday." They were made on good, substantial lines with a view to their latter uses,—plain, throat-band and ungarnished cuffs. Sarah passively viewed her reflection in the hand-spread of scarred glass. There was nothing unusual to attract special attention. She went downstairs with slow, clumping tread, and took the basket of butter her mother had made ready.

"You had better stop at Martha Wheeler's and see if she can use another bushel of green tomatoes for pickles; and if you could bargain a bushel of grapes somewhere, we could send them down Saturday by father. Mis' Hudnutt spoke about a bushel for her jelly. You might stop in and tell her they're getting pretty ripe for jelly," her mother said, following her to the door. "I'd like a few more glass fruit jars myself, but I guess I'll have to give up this season," she said, as she turned to go back into the room. "I hate to see good fruit waste, but I've pickled and dried till I'm sick of it. I'd like to have all the fruit jars I wanted for once," she said, as she sat down to pare apples and rest.

Sarah Sanders walked through the village streets aimlessly. She had made all her purchases, from the overhauling for father to the box of rivets for John.

She had spent all her money save one solitary dime left in the corner of her pocket handkerchief. Her heavy shoes dragged past. The bake shop with its rows of cakes and buns, the shoe shop with shining high-heeled boots in grand array, the drug store with its show of perfumes and brushes and the great red and green globes close up to the glass. She saw the pans of toothsome candies spread out temptingly in the confectioner's window, and the boxes of yellow oranges before the fruit vender's

door. Other girls passed her briskly, their trig heels clicking merry music as they went; their bright faces flashed like meteors athwart the darkness and were gone. She walked on alone. Somewhere an organ was playing merry music and a young voice sang. Three girls came down the street. Their happy faces were a wholesome sight. They paused, looked upon her and smiled, but she went her way more miserable than before—on to the far end of the street, then she turned and walked back again hungrily. The desire for something gnawed at her breast. She could have taken the ugly blue gingham that would wash well, from her basket, and torn it in strips, so hateful did it become in its inability to satisfy.

She stood a moment helplessly fingering the rows of showy paper books spread out before a store front. She read the titles over slowly: "Rose Mather," "The Scarlet Letter," "Ishmael," "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Mollie Bawn." Her hand lingered hesitant. Something in the sweet, simple name stayed her. "Mollie Bawn"—she pinched her kerchief to feel the hard dime knotted in the corner.

Never had she bought a book. On the shelves at home there were a few pieces of a queer bric-a-brac,—a china dog and a pair of blue glass vases, a few conch shells that Uncle Stephen had brought from the West, and a bouquet of colored grasses treasured by her mother; on the center table, the plush photograph frames with the pictures of the boys when they were little, a peacock blue album and the family Bible lay out on an aged linen sampler that her grandmother Sanders had done at the age of ten. Somewhere back in her childhood she recalled a book with wonderful pictures over which she had pored for hours, but somehow it had slipped away from her with the years. She stood wandering what could have become of it, as she fingered down the rows for the third time. "Mill on the Ploss," "Maggie Miller," "East Lynne!" Her hard hand trembled nervously as she drew one out. Her father did not believe in books. He called them "lies." He had been hard on her mother once long ago, she remembered, because she had borrowed one.

She pictured his wrath were he to come upon her there. "Ten cents," the swinging placard said, and she undid the solitary dime nervously. Possessing the book, she tucked it guiltily under her arm. Something in the touch of it there thrilled her. It was mysterious and forbidden. So long had she seen only the one life, dull and sordid, heavy with labor, only one grief, the pain of cold and hunger and aching limbs; only one joy, the joy of food and warmth and rest,—that the presence of romance and emotion, even so distant, quickened her pulse. She hastened through the streets. She had a purpose now,—to be home soon, to milk the cows and do up the dishes, that she might be alone in her little room with this sweet, strange mystery. For one night she would not mend.

Exra Sanders felt the overall stuff that his daughter had bought. He considered himself a judge of good values. He could find no fault with it. It was heavy and full width and well dyed, and the price was reasonable. He figured up on a scrap of writing paper: Three yards of overhauling at fifteen cents, and the rivets were ten, and John's suspenders were also ten, and the tea was twenty cents,—Exra Sanders always used forty-cent tea and got a half pound at a time,—the sugar was fifty cents, the half-soles were a quarter, the milk pans

were twenty cents apiece and the husking peg was a dime; mother's crash towels were fourteen cents,—Exra Sanders had a way of speaking of all the household necessities, such as towels and bed furnishings, as "mother's,"—Sarah's blue gingham had been six and a half cents per yard exactly—you couldn't fool him on the price—and two yards and a half was the pattern Sanders women had bought for aprons since he could remember; a five-cent plug of tobacco brought it up to two-thirty. "There's another dime some'ers," he remarked, as he puzzled over the figures the second time. "How much did you say there was of it, mother?"

"There was just twelve pounds by the stillyards," Mrs. Sanders replied shortly. He took a fresh piece of paper and began again. "Twelve pounds of butter at twenty cents a pound,—I don't see how they make it out. Sary didn't bring back any change, did she?" He looked across at his wife sharply. Mrs. Sanders was counting on for a leel, and she shook her head without looking up.

"Well, butter hasn't come down since Saturday. Sary!" He went to the kitchen door, but Sarah had finished the dishes and everything was in order for the night. She had even whittled shavings to start the morning fire. "Well, somebody's cheated her out of a dime, that's all." Exra Sanders grumbled as he jacked off his boots by the kitchen fire. "You can't trust women folks, they're too easy. I allus told you she'd git cheated some time."

"She never has made any mistakes," defended her mother. "She can tell all wool and fast colors better than I can."

"Well, I never got fooled on a piece of shoddy yit," bragged the old man, lifting his teaming socks to the stove. "I'll bet 'twas at Carpenter's. They're a scaley lot,—none too good to take advantage o' women folks," he grumbled sleepily. "A dollar and ninety and fourteen is two dollars and four, and ten is—" He counted it over on his way to bed.

Sarah, up in the bare attic chamber, was lost in a dream of delight. Dainty Mollie Bawn led her through dim, dreamy ways into sunny rooms and fragrant gardens. She went singing with her along the bordered walks. All unlovely things fell away. The little room smelled of rose and lavender. Clothed in filmy robes she danced, aye, clothed, as light as thistle-down. June's roses, and August's water lilies, and October's golden fields were here,—one by one she reveled in them all. Happy-hearted Mollie! how the plain Sarah's heart feasted on her loveliness; how the light, lithe ways refreshed her! and in the still night she bowed her head to join in weeping over the good, patient John.

Exra Sanders always rose early, and his lusty voice roused the household to a sense of their duties. He did not believe in sleeping away the best part of the day. His voice broke harshly in upon Sarah's dreams. "Come, Sary! It's five o'clock. Git up!" "Git a move on y', boys!" "Ho, ma! Goin' sleep all day?" He went from one room to the other. Sarah stirred and opened her eyes upon the dingy little room. The row of ungainly, limp clothes hanging against the plaster were like ugly figures skulking in the dim light. She closed her eyes again and turned her cheek to the pillow. Her dreams were sweet. She fain would have dreamt again, but her father's voice was once more at the stairs. "Come, Sary! Hustle up! I don't believe you've stirred yit." She heard her mother dragging her heavy shoes, then she rose. But

the dreams of the night did not fall from her. One by one they presented themselves she gave them place, and they took firm root. She fastened her gown more painstakingly, and stand in the half-light before the bit of mirror, she drew her heavy hair up into rich plaits and graceful lines. The face that looked out at her encouraged her labor. She tied on a clean light apron before she went down to the kitchen. Her mother eyed her with disapproval. "There's a clean dark one behind the kitchen door, daughter," she ventured, but Sarah's smile disarmed her. It was the smile she had longed for, had hungered so long to see. It lit up the girl's plain face till it was beautiful. "Oh, if she could only look so always," the mother mused. She sought the eyes; yes, the old discontent, for a moment, was gone. She longed to say something. She could have wept with joy over what she saw, but speech came hard with Ezra Sanders' wife. She only managed a few words in praise of her hair, and when she set the table she put the pink-tinted cup with roses on the rim, at the girl's place.

Somehow the homely tasks that day lost some of their ugliness—the washing of milk things, the scrubbing of worn pine boards, and the caring for fruit. Sarah sang as she worked. The sound seemed to thrill and vibrate through the empty rooms and reached up into the attic where her mother sat sorting rags for a new carpet. She heard her daughter's feet stepping about with a strange energy. Sarah hung the dusty parlor curtains out to air, and gathered late asters and dahlias to fill the useless china vases. In the afternoon she worked on the blue gingham apron, and she hemmed and sewed a little ruffle to rob it of its plainness. "Makin' yourself work," Ezra Sanders said. "Won't it be fun to iron out all that puckerin'!" Sanders women had never ruffled their aprons.

Again and again Sara took the book from its hiding place and reread the tender places and the bright places and the jolly places, according to her moods. The leaves became curled and the covers worn. "Seems to me the oil can runs dry pretty often," Father Sanders noticed. "I just got oil on Saturday. You're sure you women folks don't use it to kindle fires?" Time and again he figured up the weekly purchases with the differences of a dime. He grew skeptical.

He continued his complaints later. "Seems to me Sary's gettin' worse" he told her mother. "She don't seem to be so sensible as Sanders women in general. Now this flannel is too nice for them boys to whittle out. I believe you'd better keep it to make her a dress. 'Twould make a first-rate dress for best. I don't believe in fancy cloth for shirts—good old hickory's the stuff. And what's this lace for, ma? Sary's wasteful, and you uphold her in it. She's had three new neck ribbons this fall already, that I can count. The idee o' wearin' silk ribbons around in the kitchen. She didn't use't act so." But the little woman knitting socks held her peace. "She's a good girl, Ezra," she said simply, then she began to "count off."

Ezra Sanders could not deny that she was a good girl. She never grumbled over the milking, and was as good as a boy to lend a hand when things got behind in the fields. She had given up school without much fuss when things indoors got too much for "ma." Never once had she alluded to it, either, though she had been a good scholar. That was long ago—five years. He had meant to send her again when he got able to hire a girl, but somehow he had never felt able. True, he had built a good barn since then, and had started to pay off a new forty; but no Sanders yet, as he could remember, had ever

hired kitchen help. It seemed like a great waste of money. "She's a good girl, all right," he agreed, as he fumbled the new flannel. "Mebby you'd better make it up for the boys. There'll be a little left from the turkeys, I shouldn't wonder, 't'git Sary a new dress."

He arose and blundered along towards the kitchen door. He had left his coat out on the garden fence where he had been working, and he groped out into the darkness after it. There were no stars. It was gathering up for a cold rain. Suddenly a shaft of light from above illuminated his way. He looked up. It came from Sarah's window—not a faint, economical flutter of light such as women usually worked by, but a broad, glaring illumination. She had the lamp turned high. He meant to speak to her about it in the morning. Then he saw that Sarah was not working. The thing she held was neither sock nor the worn blue swankey he had given her to mend. He climbed up a little on the fence to be sure. It might be a letter,—a love letter. He thought it was a book. He said nothing about it that night, but in the morning when Sarah was safely employed with six cows and her mother was in the milk house skimming for as many calves, he crept up the creaking stairs. He prided himself that nothing ever transpired in his house without his knowledge; there could be no underhand business beneath his roof. He lifted the latch and looked in upon the dingy plaster walls, yellow with age, and faded, mismatched strips of carpet that had served its time in the little sitting room downstairs. His heart softened a little till he saw the stack of undone mending, many weeks high. Last night Sarah had not mended. These he went over relentlessly and tore the drawn calico curtain from Sarah's treasure, row upon row of evil-looking books,—paper books, with heathenish covers decorated with the faces of frivolous women. So he had found her out at last. This was Sarah's secret, the incentive for her extravagance. For this she burned the midnight oil, and here at last were the missing dimes from the summer's butter money. Now here was her guilt laid bare. He was justly angry. He took one in his hand. He meant to tear it in bits and leave it on the floor, but a curiosity to see what the thing really was that could so charm and chain a human soul, stayed his hand. He fumbled it a moment, and the wicked cover fell away and he read the words: "Sunter had fallen."

The long disputed point as to whether the South was in earnest or not—He knew all about that. He had been through those times. He read on. It was the story of "Rose Mather," and the thrilling first chapter held him as in a vise. "Civil war had commenced. With the first gun which boomed across the placid waters of Charleston Bay it was ushered in, and they who had vainly cried 'Peace! Peace!' found at last 'there was no peace.'"

When Sarah came in with the pails she thought she saw her father skulking along the side path toward the garden where the boys were topping beets. His big pocket bulged conspicuously, but she did not notice that. For a week John and Elmer worked alone on a ditch, they were digging across the back lot, and Father Sanders "topped" by himself. The beet patch was hidden from the kitchen by a friendly knoll, and he pitted them where he worked so there was no need of going to the house often. The job lasted unusually long, so the boys twitted him at meal times. "Got most through, father?" "How many bushel you got now?" Finally he began a little patch of clearing "on his own hook." The old wood lot was a pleasant place to be. He could just hear the faint toot of

Mother Sanders' dinner horn. He liked to walk through the fallen leaves on frosty mornings. He had been a great hand for the woods when a boy, but somehow he hadn't much time for it lately. Once in a while he brought home a little belated posy for the women folks—a nodding bluebell. Strange he had plowed up so many of them and never noticed how pretty they were before. "It'll raise ranchin' potatoes," he exclaimed to the boys, trying to make his mind easier. The old sugar house was a comfortable shelter. The old bat on its rafters kept him company.

It was there Sarah found him one day when she was out gathering herbs for her mother. He had a comfortable seat on an overturned bucket, topped with a warm sheepskin. A book lay open on his knee. His weather beaten face was puckered with strange lines. He was reading aloud with low, halting words, and tones that were husky; then he raised his eyes and saw his daughter Sarah standing in the doorway. He made at first as if to cover the page with his gnarled, knotty hand, then he rose and stood before her awkwardly. She understood the situation at a glance. At first she whitened with the thought of her own discovered guilt; then her face grew scarlet, and finally she smiled into the old man's disturbed countenance. "How far have you got, father?" she asked quietly. That's interesting. You sit down again and I'll read to you. I can read faster," and in a clear, strong voice she finished the chapter. The old man's pulses swelled over wrongs other than his own. The light in his eyes flashed up. He drew a long breath when she had finished. "I'm glad it came out that way," he said. I didn't know there was a book in the world like that. I wouldn't miss that chapter, Great Book, ain't it, Sary?"

"There's twenty more good ones upstairs," Sarah said quietly, grasping the humor of the situation. "I wouldn't mind lending you—"

"Well, your generosity comes a little late." Sarah never remembered having seen her father look in the last three weeks. The dark comes so early, you see." Then he laughed a loud, hearty laugh that was good to hear. "Seven in three weeks! I guess that's a few. You and I had better shake hands, daughter." He put out his hand, hearty fist for Sarah's. As they walked through the brown, fallen leaves to the house, he pointed out the undone clearing. "Hain't been working very fast, you see! Guess I'll have the boys come down and lend a hand, now that the cat's out o' the bag. Say, Sary! you couldn't finish that book up tonight, could y'?" I'd like t' hear how it comes out 'fore I went to bed. Somehow it sort o' ha'n't me nights. You don't think mother would mind?"

"No, I think mother would like to hear them all twice." There was a twinkle in Sarah's eyes. "She got the start of you a little, father. She's read the whole twenty," she announced calmly.

Ezra Sanders chuckled with delight. "She did, did she? Well I swan! Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. You read the rest o' your'n out loud, and by the time they're gone I'll have a fresh lot to commence on. No paper-covered stuff, neither. Red and gold bindin's; bow's that?—though I hain't denyin' that paper covers can hold the meat all right. What do you say, daughter; is it a bargain?" And Sarah agreed that it was.—The Interior.

Work every day as though you expected to live forever. Live every day as though you expected to die tomorrow. Make all you can honestly. Save all you can prudently. Give all you can justly.

CHURCH
WORK

Ministers and Churches

NEWS
LETTERS

EASTERN ONTARIO.

—Rev. D. R. Drummond, B.D., of Hamilton occupied the pulpit in St. Andrew's church Almonte on Sunday.

The Maxville Sunday School held their annual picnic on Thursday last in D. J. McIntosh's grove, at Dominionville.

Rev. W. McDonald, B.A., of Lanark, Ont., preached in Stewarton church, and Rev. Dr. Pidgeon of Toronto Junction, filled Knox church pulpit, Ottawa.

The last Sunday of the ministry of the Rev. R. B. Nelles at Mill street church was one of the best attended since his arrival in Port Hope.

Rev. Robt. Gamble, of Wakefield, Que., and Rev. James Haste, of Cornwall, occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's church, Perth, the two last Sundays.

The congregation nearly all stayed to shake hands and say good-bye to the pastor and his wife, who left Monday for a short vacation before going to Kingston.

Mr. Nelles enters the work of the Y. M.C.A. in Kingston, which is one of the largest in Canada. The hearty good will of the congregation goes with him to his new work.

The ladies of Mill street church, Port Hope, presented Mrs. Nelles with a solid silver water pitcher server and goblet, and a bon-bon dish as a token of esteem, before leaving Port Hope for Kingston.

Mr. Nelles closed the evening service with words of thanks to the congregation and friends for their kindness to Mrs. Nelles and himself during his stay. He wished them every success and all prosperity.

Last Sunday the Methodist and Presbyterians of Kemptville worship, as united congregations. In the morning services were held in St. Paul's Church and in the evening in the Methodist, Rev. A. L. Howard, M. A., the pastor of St. Paul's preached on both occasions.

Rev. Wm. Shearer of St. Andrew's church leaves this week for St. Catharines, where he will supply the pulpit of Knox church during the month of August. Mr. James Shearer, his eldest son, who has been doing mission work in Alberta, will occupy his pulpit during his absence.

The Presbytery of Glengarry will meet at Finch on Thursday for the induction of Rev. W. D. Bell to that charge (Finch and Crysler); Rev. Mr. Burnett, the Moderator of Presbytery, to preside; Rev. H. S. Lee, to preach; Rev. H. N. McLean, to address the minister, and Rev. N. H. McGillivray the congregation.

Rev. P. F. Langill, late of Vars, was inducted to the ministry of the church at Carp by Rev. P. W. Anderson, minister of Mackay church, Ottawa, who has been acting as Moderator of the vacant charge. Rev. Geo. McGregor, of Aylmer, preached the sermon. Rev. Robt. Eadie, of Hintonburgh, addressed the minister, and Rev. P. W. Anderson the congregation. Rev. N. H. McGillivray, of Cornwall, a former minister, and Rev. J. W. Humphrey, pastor of the Carp Methodist church, delivered short addresses. A large congregation witnessed the ceremony, among those present being Rev. Robert Gamble, clerk of the Presbytery. After the induction, the ladies of the congregation served refreshments on the manse lawn.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. Dr. McTavish, Kingston, is spending a fortnight at his old home.

Rev. W. J. Clark, of Westmount, Que., is spending his vacation in London. His family will move to Montreal in September.

Rev. Mr. Walker, of Tavistock, occupied the Presbyterian pulpit, Shakespear, on Sunday, July 21, and delivered two fine sermons.

Rev. D. H. Marshall, pastor, occupied the chair. In the evening a garden party was held on the new church grounds.

In the absence of the Rev. Mr. Rogers, pastor of Emmanuel church, Toronto, on his holidays, Rev. Mr. Jackson of Fenelon Falls preached on Sunday.

Rev. James Kendall, of Burlington, gave two very excellent sermons in the Presbyterian church, Smithville, on Sabbath, July 21st, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. F. D. Roxburgh.

Rev. James Russell, of Wolseley, Sask., is occupying the Erskine church pulpit, Hamilton, while his brother, Rev. E. Burnside Russell, is away on his vacation.

The Rev. W. S. Wright, B.A., of Mohawk, Ont., occupied the pulpit of Knox church, Cayuga, last Sunday and preached two good sermons to large congregations.

Rev. Mr. Whaley of Burns' church, Braemar, is leaving this week for a month's vacation, and Rev. Mr. Barber of Toronto, is to occupy the pulpit during his absence.

Rev. W. E. Mackay, of St. Paul's church, Smith's Falls, took Rev. D. Currie's services in Knox church, Perth, on Sunday. Rev. J. Gibson Inkster, of Bristol, Eng., conducted services in Mr. Mackay's church.

Rev. A. Macdonald, of Napanee, preached in St. Andrew's church, Tamworth, and in Camden Eighth church, on Sunday, July 28th, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. J. K. Henry, who is spending his holidays in Quebec.

After a thorough renovation the church at Holstein was re-opened on Sunday by Rev. A. Gandler of St. James' Square church, Toronto. He also lectured on "The Land of William Tell" on Monday evening.

Bethel Presbyterian church, Mt. Forest, held a very successful garden party. A pleasing programme of music was rendered, over which the Rev. Mr. Simpson presided. Addresses were delivered by Revs. Messrs. Dyke and Perry and by Messrs. Alex. M. Martin and Alex. Hamilton.

The Kirkville church was re-opened after repairs on Sunday. Rev. H. T. Ferguson, B.A., B.D., occupied the pulpit in the morning and Dr. Long of Bradford preached in the afternoon and evening. There was a lecture given in the church on Monday evening by Dr. Long.

Rev. Murray Tait was inducted into the pastorate of the Wallaceburg church on August 1st. Rev. Mr. Lindsay of Dresden presided over the meeting. Rev. Hugh Cowan preached the sermon. Rev. J. Ross addressed the minister and Rev. J. A. MacGillivray the congregation.

Anniversary services in the Nassagaweya church were well attended. Rev. J. B. Mullen, of Fergus, conducted the services. His sermons were much enjoyed. Rev. Mr. Mullen will shortly make his home in Elora. Next Sabbath the pulpit in Nassagaweya church will be filled by the Rev. Mr. McNally, of Kingston.

Rev. Mr. Smith, a graduate of Knox College, Toronto, conducted the services at Knox church, St. Mary's, Sunday week. Rev. W. R. McIntosh of Elora preached last Sunday.

Rev. S. H. Sarkissian, the pastor, of the Binbrook and Saltfleet churches, and who also "supplies" at Chalmers' Church, on the Mountain Top, went west three weeks ago to spend his holidays, and incidentally to secure a bride, in the person of Miss Margaret McLeod, of Springbrook Farm, Wolseley, Saskatchewan.

Re-opening and diamond jubilee services were held in the Barton Presbyterian church at Ryckman's Corners on July 28. This church is one of the oldest in this part of the country, the original building, which was used jointly by the Presbyterians and Anglicans, having been erected almost 100 years. The present one was erected sixty years ago, and opened in 1847.

Before a large gathering the corner stone of the new church at St. George was laid on Tuesday afternoon by Hon. Wm. Paterson, Minister of Customs. An address of welcome was read by Dr. Adison, and a beautiful silver trowel presented by Mrs. Marshall, wife of the pastor of the church. The dedicatory prayer was given by Rev. Mr. Martin, of Brantford, and addresses by Messrs. W. B. Wood and Rev. Mr. Fritchard, Brantford; R. A. Thompson, M.P.P., Lynden; J. H. Fisher, M.P.P., Dewar Harris, Rev. Mr. Pettigrew, George Morris, Rev. J. E. Hawkins and D. Burt, of St. George.

The members of Knox church choir, Woodstock, with some friends, including their popular pastor and his charming wife, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Cochrane, were entertained in a delightful manner by Mr. and Mrs. McLean, of Orchard Grove, East Oxford. The party numbered about thirty and were driven out in carriages supplied by the host. An abundant supply of luscious strawberries, rich cream and other delicacies made delicious refreshments and music and speeches followed. All voted the evening one of the most pleasing and enjoyable spent for some time. Advantage was taken of the occasion to present to Mrs. McLean a handsome parlor clock on behalf of the choir. The presentation was accompanied by a few well chosen remarks by Mr. Sykes and Rev. Mr. Cochrane.

Rev. Dr. Johnston, of Montreal spent a few days in London, Ont., last week, where he was busy meeting old friends and expressed himself as more charmed with the beauties of the Forest City than ever.

After spending a few weeks at Kin-cardine Dr. and Mrs. Johnston will visit the West, going as far as Prince Rupert. Dr. Johnston's first purpose in this trip is to visit the missions which are supported by the American Presby'terian Church of which he is pastor. These numbers eighteen, with about eighty-five preaching appointments, all of them in the Province of Alberta, and all of them under the Canadian Presbyterian Church.

In foreign mission work Dr. Johnston's congregation has mission stations in North and South China, India, Japan, Egypt and South Africa, this part of his parish he hopes to visit some day also.

Dr. Johnston has thoroughly regained his health, which was somewhat broken at the time he left London and preached to the great congregation that filled St. Andrew's church, on don last Sunday night with his old-time vigor.

PRESBYTERY OF NORTH BAY.

The Presbytery met at Magnetawan July 9th, with a good attendance of ministers and elders. Rev. S. Childerhose was elected moderator for the ensuing twelve months.

In accordance with instructions from the General Assembly, Rev. I. A. Rodger was accorded the status of a minister in good standing, and his name was placed on the roll of Presbytery. Arrangements were made for the ordination of Mr. W. H. Alp July 31st at South River as a minister-evangelist.

The report of the commission to Latchford, stating that matters there have been satisfactorily adjusted, was read and ordered to be recorded in the minutes.

A committee was appointed, as requested by Assembly, to consider some scheme on the settlement of ministers, and to report at next meeting of Presbytery.

The moderator and clerk were instructed to look into the matter regarding the examination of candidates for the position of Catechist, and ascertain the law of the church with respect to their standing.

Mr. Mann presented a resolution of the congregation of Sturgeon Falls asking permission to place a mortgage of \$1,000 on the church there. After ascertaining that the church property was worth \$2,500, insured for \$2,000, and that the deed was in good shape, the Presbytery granted the lease requested.

Leave was also granted the Cobalt congregation to place a mortgage on their church property on condition that the resolution of the congregation for the request be sent to the clerk.

Mr. Childerhose, on behalf of the Lumber Camp Committee reported that the camps were better supplied than in former years. There was great difficulty in getting suitable men, for it was a waste of time and means to send inexperienced persons. The district between North Bay and Temagami was not supplied, as it was necessary to have there a person who could speak French. The report was received and a resolution passed asking the Board of French Evangelization to co-operate with the committee in fields where the French language is spoken extensively.

Dr. Findlay was requested to visit Hartfell and Lynch Lake, and Berriedale, Bonfield, Markstay and Warren.

Mr. Pitts was appointed to visit Brethour; Mr. S. G. Steele, Carling and Conger; Mr. Donnell, Charlton; Mr. McNoble, Commanda; Mr. Mitchener, Dunchurch; Mr. Cochrane, French River; Mr. McKibbin, Sprucedale and Katrine; Mr. Byrne, Latchford, and Mr. Thom, Loring.

A special meeting of the Lanark and Renfrew Presbytery was held in Zion church, Carleton Place, on July 30th, Rev. E. W. MacKay in the chair and Rev. Dr. Campbell clerk. Elder's commissions were received. Rev. Mr. Inkster, of Montreal, was asked to sit with the court. Mr. W. E. Wallace resigned his charge of Middleville, and parties were heard. Mr. Wallace's resignation was accepted, to take effect on and after August 11th, and Mr. McLean was appointed moderator of session during the vacancy, the pulpit to be declared vacant on August 18th. Dr. Campbell resigned the position of moderator of St. Andrews, Smith's Falls, and A. A. Scott was appointed moderator. Rev. Mr. Hay of Renfrew was added to the committee of supply for Pembroke. The call from Cobden in favor of Mr. Goodwill, of Blind River, was sustained and ordered to be forwarded to the Algoma Presbytery. Provisional arrangements were made for Mr. Goodwill's induction in the event of his acceptance of the call, and the presbytery adjourned.

PRESBYTERY AT FERGUS.

Pursuant to adjournment the Presbytery of Culph met July 30 in Melville Church, Fergus, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The chair was occupied by the Rev. R. W. Ross, M.A., of Knox church, moderator.

A communication was received from the convener of the assembly's committee on the fund for aged and infirm ministers, acknowledging the receipt of the application of Mr. J. B. Mullan for leave to retire from the active duties of the ministry with a beneficiary interest in the fund. It was stated that the application would be sent on to the General Assembly for its final action in 1908. As the presbytery were desirous that Mr. Mullan should have an immediate interest in the fund, a committee was appointed to collect and furnish all the facts in the case to the assembly's committee, and endeavor to secure payment of benefit at and from the date of his being loosed from his charge namely, the first of July, 1907. In the course contemplated no payment would be made till after the assembly next year.

The main business before the Presbytery was the resignation by Mr. MacVicar of the pastoral oversight of Melville church, Fergus, in which he was settled in 1896. Mr. MacVicar spoke on the reasons that led him to adopt the course he had taken, namely the opportunities of the junction for consolidating Presbyterianism in the locality, and the need he felt for a prolonged season of rest. The clerk reported that he had issued citation on the session and congregation to appear for their interest at this meeting and evidence was produced that the same had been duly served.

A letter was read from the late moderator expressing his surprise that the resignation had been offered, stating his opinion that it ought not to be accepted, and suggesting that the presbytery give Mr. MacVicar six months' leave of absence and supply his pulpit during the time. Commissioners were heard from the session board of management and the congregation, all of whom spoke of the excellence of the services rendered them by Mr. MacVicar as their pastor, the great loss they would sustain were he to remove from them, and offering him six months, supplying his pulpit in the meantime, for rest and recuperation. The members of presbytery bore testimony to Mr. MacVicar's faithfulness as a pastor, and the important service he had rendered to the church in many ways, and expressed the hope that he would withdraw his resignation. On being called upon to state his mind he signified his adherence to his resignation, gave the reasons for his doing so, and spoke feelingly of the many tokens of kindness he had received from his people, followed by the generous offer they had just made. After deliberation it was reluctantly agreed that the resignation be accepted. Mr. MacVicar stated that he would preach his farewell sermon the last Sabbath of August, and Mr. McMullan was appointed to declare the charge vacant on the first Sabbath of September and act as moderator of session during the vacancy. The clerk was requested to prepare a suitable minute on Mr. MacVicar's retirement, and also on that of Mr. Mullan.

Mr. McIntosh, of Knox church, Elora, announced that he had received an invitation to act as Field Secretary in the interests of Temperance and Moral Reform for the province of Alberta, and that he had made the matter known to his people, who had passed a resolution urging him not to accept it, but remain among them and keep the oversight of their souls as he had been doing now for a number of years, and making provision for his more comfortable maintenance. He stated that his disposition in the meantime was to remain in his

present charge, and the presbytery recorded its gratification at hearing he had come to this conclusion.

The moderatorship of St. Andrew's church session having become vacant through the resignation of Mr. MacVicar, Mr. McIntosh was appointed in his place.

LONDON PRESBYTERY.

The Presbytery of London met in adjourned meeting in Knox church, St. Thomas. Among those present were Rev. D. Kelso, John Currie, Jas. Malcolm, Dr. McCrae, I. A. Watson, J. H. Courtenay and A. S. McGregor, A. Stuart, K.C., D. M. Tait, elders, and Rev. W. H. Reeds, moderator.

Rev. R. C. McDermid, of Fingal, asked leave to moderate in a call at Chalmers and McBride's church, when the people are ready. This was granted.

A call to First church, London, was presented by Rev. A. Henderson, interim moderator of session. The call was in favor of Rev. Dr. Pidgeon, of Toronto Junction, and was perfectly unanimous and hearty. The stipend offered is \$2,700, with not less than four weeks' holidays. The call was supported by Mr. John Cameron and Mr. C. G. Jarvis from the First church. Several members spoke highly of Dr. Pidgeon, Dr. McCrae, a fellow graduate of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, bearing testimony to his fine ability as a preacher, his scholarly attainments and his delightful personality.

The call was very heartily sustained, and Rev. A. Henderson was appointed to prosecute it before the Presbytery of Toronto.

The call to Rev. H. W. Reede from Duff's church and Tait's Corners, was next considered. It was supported by J. G. Lethbridge and Nathaniel Urquhart from Tait's Corners, and Don. McMillan and Arch. McGeachie of Duff's church.

The foundation stone of the new Presbyterian church at Cheltenham, was laid Tuesday afternoon, July 30th, by Rev. E. D. McLaren, B.D.

Rev. T. Albert Moore, General Secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance, who returned last week from a month spent in Newfoundland and the Maritime Provinces, occupied the pulpits of three of the churches at Acton last Sunday. He preached in Knox church in the morning; at the Baptist church in the afternoon, and in the Methodist church at night.

Rev. Mr. Currie, of Hillside, occupied the Presbyterian pulpit at Bradford on Sunday, July 28, and preached to a large congregation.

PRESBYTERY OF STRATFORD.

The Presbytery of Stratford met in Knox Church Stratford on July 13. The Rev. P. J. McLaren, moderator, presided, and the following ministers were in attendance: Dr. Hamilton, Rev. T. J. Thompson, Stratford; Rev. N. D. McKinnon, Milverton; Rev. J. D. Ferguson, Monkton; Rev. J. W. McIntosh, Mitchell, and Rev. R. Stewart, Motherwell.

A call from Cromarty and Roys to the Rev. R. G. McKay, B.A., of Kintore, was largely signed and was sustained by the presbytery. Arrangements were made for induction at Cromarty on Tuesday, July 30th. Rev. G. N. Morden, B.A., will preach, Rev. T. J. Thompson will address the minister, and Rev. R. Stewart, the people.

Mr. McKay intimated by telephone his acceptance.

Rev. Mr. Kannawin, of Woodville, was the preacher in Calvin church, Pembroke, last Sunday.

A SECRET OF YOUTH.

One of the good signs of the time is the fact that people no longer conceive of life as arbitrarily divided into periods of time. The women of forty to-day do not follow the habit of their ancestors, and put on caps and take to knitting, under the impression that henceforth for them there is laid up nothing but the profound respect which children ought to pay to advanced years, peace after toil, and the making of an endless series of small garments for newcomers. A recent writer in *The Atlantic* expressed the hope that some day the dear old lady of silvery hair and quiet gown and the ripened and mellow charm of advancing years will return to us. Something undoubtedly has been lost, but very much has been gained. The old-age limit was absurdly premature from Shakespeare's time to the time of our immediate ancestors. Emerson somewhere recalls the remark of an old gentleman who said that he had been born at a most unlucky time of transition; when he was a boy the greatest respect was to old age, and now that he was old the greatest respect was paid to children.

There has been a great extension of the time of activity for men and women since the middle of the last century. People are no longer ashamed to be about and doing their work at eighty. They no longer feel compelled to apologize to their young descendants for standing in the way. They have discovered that old age is a relative term, and that, unless serious physical disablements or crippling disease come, at eighty one may be active without being disrespectful to the younger generation or lacking in respect for one's own contemporaries. There was a great deal of truth in the statement of a French writer that the gods made us all immortal and that old age is a voluntary matter.

Age is largely a matter of habit; and most people who grow old, in the sense of losing their interest and their working power, fall insensibly into the slough of inactivity because they do not understand how to feed their spirits and nourish their bodies. Youth is not a matter of years; it is a matter of spiritual condition. It does not consist simply in young muscles and arteries that have not yet begun to harden! the root of it is freshness of feeling, vitality of interest, and joy in one's work. Men and women become old by involuntary mental process; by thinking themselves old. They dwell so much on the mortal side that they forget their immortality. Disuse of muscle in any part of the body speedily means stagnation and hardening; giving up interest in life, going into voluntary retirement, coming to anchor with the intention of never putting to sea again, is insensibly followed by spiritual and physical acceptance of declining energy and fading interests. The mortal must be kept alive by the immortal; the body

kept young by the mind; the mind fed by constant contact with fresh ideas. The conservatism of old age lies chiefly in closing the doors, shutting the windows, and barring the house against the new ideas of a new time. It has come to be almost a tradition that old people are pessimists, bewailing the degeneracy of the later times, and holding constantly before the eyes of their younger contemporaries the charm and beauty of a past age. A little intimate knowledge of history speedily cures all this. If one is not willing to keep up his interest in acting history, if one has an open door only for friends and never makes new ones, if one has no companionship with the later world and the rising ideas which are always coming into it, his house becomes desolate and he falls into melancholy. When the years begin to multiply, one must fasten back the shutters and leave the latch-string out; one must insist on his immortality. Elderly people must keep at the head of the procession in their hospitality to new ideas.

Variety and charm and interest lie in the preservation of freshness. Robert Louis Stevenson wrote: "Cling to your youth. It is the artist's stock in trade. Do not give in that you are aging, and you won't age." In this familiar and homely advice is hidden the secret of the artist's power and charm. He never grows old; things never become commonplace to him; the colors do not fade. As a matter of fact, they never fade; it is the perceptions which become duller, the interest which becomes less keen. A good many men and women have discovered that it is a good thing to associate intimately with persons younger than themselves. This is one refuge against old age, but the real refuge is within. It is the assertion of one's immortality, the conscientiousness day by day, in all relations and occupations, that one is going forward and not backward; that the world, which grows sadder because one's companions go out of it, is growing brighter because one is pushing toward the sunset. There is a great mass of misleading and cynical philosophy about old age. Poetry is full of images of disenchantment created for the greater part of disenchanted men. There was a profound truth in the old Greek picture of the spirit beginning its life in a strongly built house, protected from all the elements; finding presently that the house begins to be less secure; discovering at last that it begins to crumble, and at the end that it falls in ruins—only to leave the man free under the open sky.—*The Outlook*, New York.

Before sin entered the world the tree of life was in the garden, and when sin shall be no more we shall find again the tree of life in the midst of the paradise of God.

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JULY ON THE MOUNTAINS.

There is sultry gloom on the mountain brow
And a sultry glow beneath.
Oh! for a breeze from the western sea,
Soft and reviving, sweet and free,
Over the shadowless hill and lea,
Over the barren heath.

There are clouds and darkness around
God's ways,
And the noon of life grows hot,
And though His faithfulness standeth fast
As the mighty mountains, a shroud is cast
Over its glory solemn and vast,
Veiling, but changing it not.

Send a sweet breeze from Thy sea, O Lord,
From Thy deep, deep sea of love;
Though it lift not the veil from the cloudy height,
Let the brow grow cool and the foot-step light,
As it comes with holy and soothing might.
Like the wing of a snowy dove.
Francis Ridley Havergal

MARK TWAIN OBEYED.

In the Iowa town where Mark Twain used to reside, the following story of him is occasionally handed about: One morning when he was busily at work an acquaintance dropped in upon him, with the request that he take a walk, the acquaintance having an errand on a pleasant country road. "How far is it?" temporized Mark Twain.

"Oh, about a mile," replied the friend.

Instantly the humorist gathered his papers together, laid them aside, and prepared to leave his desk.

"Of course I will go," he announced; "the Bible says I must."

"Why, what in the world has the Bible got to do with it?" asked the puzzled friend.

"It distinctly commands," answered Mr. Clemens, "if a man asks thee to go with him a mile, go with him, Twain!"—*Lippincott's*.

WHY NOT?

"What is the meaning of 'alterego'?" asked the teacher of the beginners' class in Latin.

"The other I," said the boy with the curly hair.

"Give a sentence containing the phrase."

"He winked the other I."—*Chicago Tribune*.

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12.30 p.m.	Tupper Lake	9.25 a.m.
6.57 p.m.	Albany	5.10 a.m.
10.00 p.m.	New York City	8.55 a.m.
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PRESBYTERY MEETINGS

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

Quebec, Quebec, 5th Mar.
Montreal, Knox 5th Mar. 9.30
Glengarry, Lancaster, 5th Nov.
Ottawa, Ottawa, 5th Mar. 10 a.m.
Ian. and Renfrew, Arnprior, 2nd
Sept. 8 p.m.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

Kingston, Belleville, Sept 8, 11
a.m.
Peterboro', Peterboro', 5th Mar. 9
a.m.
Lindsay, Woodville, 5th Mar., at
11 a.m.
Toronto, Toronto, Monthly, 1st
Tues.
Whitby, Whitby, Oct. 15th, 10 a.m.
Orangeville, Orangeville, 10th and
11th March at 10.30 a.m.
North Bay, Magnetawan, 9th July.
Algoma, S. Richard's bldg., Sept.
2nd, July 10 a.m.
Owen Sound, O. Sd., 2nd, July,
10 a.m.
Saugeen, Drayton 5th Mar.
Guelph, in Chalmers' Ch. Guelph,
16 July, 10.30 a.m.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

Hamilton, First Ch. St. Catharines,
Sept. 3rd, 10 a.m.
Paris, Woodstock, 5th Mar. 11 a.m.
London, St. Thomas 5th Mar. 16
a.m.
Chatham, Chatham, 9 July, 10 a.m.
Huron, Clinton, 4 Sept. 10 a.m.
Maitland, Wingham, 5th Mar.
Bruce, Paisley, 2nd, July, 10.30
a.m.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces

Sydney, Sydney.
Inverness.
P. E. Island, Charlottetown,
Pictou, New Glasgow.
Wallace.
Truro, Truro, 18th Dec. 10 a.m.
Halifax.
Lun and Yar.
St. John.
Miramichi, Rathurst, 2 Sept. 3 p.m.
Bruce, Paisley 5th Mar. 10.30
Sarnia, Sarnia, 11 Dec., 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba.

Superior.
Winnipeg, College, 2nd Tues., Mmo.
Rock Lake.
Glenboro', Cypress River, 5th Mar.
Fortage-la P.
Dauphin.
Brandon.
Mellita.
Minnedosa.

Synod of Saskatchewan.

Yorkton.
Regina.
Qu'Appelle, Abernethy, Sept.
Prince Albert, at Saskatoon, first
Wed. of Feb.
Battleford.

Synod of Alberta.

Arcoia, Arcoia, Sept.
Calgary.
Edmonton.
Red Deer.
Macleod, March.

Synod of British Columbia.

Kamloops, Vernon, at call of Mod.
Kootenay.
Westminster.
Victoria, Victoria, in February.

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Thoroughly Cured by the Fittz
Treatment—nothing better
in the World.

Rev. Canon Dixon, 417 King St.
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tions—he handled it for years.
Clergymen and Doctors all over
the Dominion order it for those
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BISCUITS**

Are in every respect a
Superior Biscuit

We guarantee every pound.
A trial will convince.

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4%	Capital Paid Up, \$2,500,000 Reserve - - - 400,000	4%
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**Synopsis of Canadian North-
West.**

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

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

Entry must be made personally
at the local land office for the dis-
trict in which the lands situate.
Entry by proxy may, however, be
made on certain conditions by the
father, mother, son, daughter,
brother or sister of an intending
homesteader.

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

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

(2) If the father (or mother, if
the father is deceased) of the
homesteader resides upon a farm
in the vicinity of the land entered
for, the requirements as to resi-
dence may be satisfied by such
person residing with the father or
mother.

(3) If the settler has his per-
manent residence upon farming
land owned by him in the vicinity
of his homestead, the require-
ments as to residence may be sat-
isfied by residence upon the said
land.

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

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the In-
terior.

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



COMFORTABLE HOMES

**EASILY
PROCURED.**

THE KELSEY SYSTEM assures
to the user the most HEALTHFUL,
EFFICIENT and ECONOMICAL warming
and ventilating for either the home,
church or school.

THE KELSEY SYSTEM is quite
unlike all others, and any intending
purchaser of warming apparatus cannot
afford to decide without investigating
the many special and valuable features
known only to the Kelsey.

THE KELSEY SYSTEM is install-
ed under the direction of COMPETENT
and EXPERIENCED KELSEY EXPERTS,
and with the strongest possible guar-
antee.

**MORE THAN 30,000 PLEASED
KELSEY USERS**

**"There's Only One Warm Air
Generator."**

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Capital Paid up	2,500,000
Rest	1,000,000

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SEALED TENDERS addressed
to the undersigned and en-
dorsed "Tender for addition to
Rideau Hall, Ottawa," will be re-
ceived at this Office until Wednes-
day, August 7, 1907, inclusively, for
the construction of an addition to
Rideau Hall, Ottawa.

Plans and specification can be
seen and forms of tender obtain-
ed at this Department.

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

Each tender must be accompanied
by an accepted cheque on a char-
tered bank, made payable to the
order of the Honorable the Min-
ister of Public Works, equal to
ten per cent (10 p.c.) of the
amount of the tender, which will
be forfeited if the party tendering
decline to enter into a contract
when called upon to do so, or if
he fail to complete the work con-
tracted for. If the tender be not
accepted the cheque will be re-
turned.

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

By order,

FRED. GELINAS,
Secretary.

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, July 16, 1907.

Newspapers will not be paid for
this advertisement if they insert
it without authority from the De-
partment.