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Calgary, Lethbridge, 5 Sept.  
 Edmonton, Edmonton, 4 Sept., 10 a.m.  
 Kamloops.  
 Kelowna, Greenwood, 1st week Sept.  
 Westminster, Chilliwack, 1 Sept., 3 p.m.  
 Victoria, Victoria, A. 1 Sept., 10 a.m.  
 SYNOD OF MASTONIA AND NORTHWEST.  
 Superior, Rat Porage, 11 Sept., 10 a.m.  
 Winnipeg, Man. Coll., 11 Sept., 10 a.m.  
 Rock Lake.  
 Glenboro, Glenboro.  
 Portage, Neepawa, 3 Sept.  
 Minnedosa.  
 Melita.  
 Regina.

SYNOD OF HAMILTON AND LONDON.

Hamilton, St. Catharines, 15 Sept., 10  
 Paris, Paris, 11 Sept., 10 a.m.  
 London.  
 Chatham, Chatham, 11 Sept., 10 a.m.  
 Stratford.  
 Huron, Clinton, 11 Sept.  
 Maitland, Tweeddale, 11 Sept., 10 a.m.  
 Bruce, Walkerton, 11 Sept.  
 Sarnia, Sarnia, 11 Sept., 10 a.m.

SYNOD OF TORONTO AND KINGSTON.

Kingston.  
 Peterboro, Port Hope, 18 Sept., 2 p.m.  
 Whitby.  
 Lindsay, Lindsay, 18 Sept., 10 a.m.  
 Toronto, Toronto, Knox, 1st Floor, 10 a.m.  
 Orangeville.  
 Barrie, Barrie, 11 Sept., 2 p.m.  
 Algoma, Richard's Landing, Sept.  
 North Bay, Emsdale, 19 Sept., 10 a.m.  
 Owen Sound, Owen Sound, 18 Sept.  
 Saugeen.  
 Guelph, Guelph, Chd., 18 Sept., 10:30.

SYNOD OF MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

Quebec, Quebec, Chd., 11 Sept., 4 p.m.  
 Montreal, Montreal, Knox, 11 Sept.  
 Glogarry.  
 Ottawa, Ottawa, Bank St., 7 Aug., 10 a.m.  
 Lano, Renfrew & Smith's Falls, 10 Oct.  
 Brockville.  
 SYNOD OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES.  
 Sydney.  
 Inverness.  
 P. E. I., Charlottetown, 7 Aug., 11 a.m.  
 Pictou.  
 Wallace, River John, 7th Aug., 10 a.m.  
 Truro.  
 Halifax.  
 Lunenburg, Rose Bay, 11th Sept., 10:30  
 St. John, St. John, St. A., 16th Oct., 10 a.m.  
 Miramichi, Pashouze, 23d Sept., 10 a.m.

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## Note and Comment.

On the great map prepared for use at the Ecumenical Mission Conference lately held in New York, Uganda was not marked.

One hundred Italian deputies, representing all parties, decided to establish charitable institutions for consupines in all parts of Italy, under the patronage of Humbert I.

It is now said that Col. McMillan, ex-provincial Treasurer of Manitoba, will succeed Lt. Governor Patterson at Government House, Winnipeg. The appointment should be well received in the prairie province.

When Mr. Wardlaw Thompson was asked recently, "Will the London Missionary Society send men and women to replace those who have died in China?" he replied, "Will merchants send out cotton goods again?"

London Advertiser: Laurier is getting a grand reception down by the sea, Sir Wilfrid today is as popular, and appeals as much to the popular imagination, as ever did Sir John Macdonald at the height of his palmyest popularity.

In an article on "Progress in Present Day India," Potab Chunder Mozoomdar says: "It is remarkable how within the last thirty years the acceptance of the personal Christ has grown among the educated classes in India."

The Irish Assembly has authorized all medical missionaries ordained to the eldership to dispense the ordinances when there is no minister present. Why not other than elders who are not physicians? Asks the United Presbyterian.

The China problem after the war is regarded as an infinitely greater perplexity than the present difficulty which confronts the Powers. In other words, the military problems are easier of solution than the political problems which will arise after the war is over.

A London (England) paper says that Mr. Sheldon has a bone to pick with the management of some of the Y.M.C.A.'s. Dressed in old clothes, he recently visited the East End and went into a Y.M.C.A., where he sat for half an hour without a word of welcome.

"The revolution now taking place in China is the effect of an ancient system of society and civilization to protect itself against a new and stronger one." So says a writer in The Independent, and it does not appear that the case could be more truly stated in so few words.

The new king of Italy is thirty-one years of age. His health is delicate, made more so by the mistake of his parents who kept him, when young, too much at hard physical drudgery, after the German system of education. He was weakened instead of strengthened by it.

When the gloom of her recent affliction has dissipated, the Queen will doubtless again take up the excellent idea—which is said to be her Majesty's own—of creating a new order out of compliment to the Australians. This will, it is said, be the Order of the Southern Cross, which would be appropriate, as is that of the Star of India in our Eastern Empire.

Pro-Boers are crying out against the awful penalty of five years' disenfranchisement to be inflicted on those subjects of the Queen who have fought against our soldiers in South Africa. Is not such a punishment ridiculously inadequate considering, as a correspondent does well to remind us, that it is only two-and-a-half times the penalty inflicted on an ordinary law-abiding Englishman who has the hardihood to change his place of residence after July in any year?

The Muir Glacier, in Alaska, the largest in the world, was named after Prof. Muir, of California, who first explored it about twenty years ago. It rises from 100 to 250 feet above the surface of the sea, and extends under it at least three times as far. It has receded enormously, and every year is growing smaller, a proof, it is alleged, that the climate of Alaska is growing milder.

The honour of building a temple without the sound of a hammer has hitherto, says the Jewish World, been held by Solomon, but the architect who designed the virtified clay church in Chicago competes pretty closely with the learned king. There is not an inch of lumber or a nail in the whole structure. The entire ceiling is of brick and tile vaulting, the keystones being of terracotta, and the ribs of the arches and groins of moulded brick.

Winnipeg Tribune: That shocking atrocities were committed by the Russians upon men, women and children at the capture of Tien Tsin, hardly supports the belief of the London Spectator that "Christian Russia" and not "pagan Japan" should be aided in China. The Japanese troops, on the same occasion, were distinguished not only for their valor, but for their humane and kindly conduct. The Japanese appear to have been in reality, though not perhaps in name or in theology, the more Christian of the two.

Speaking at a recent meeting of Edinburgh Presbytery, Principal Rainy alluded to the emphatic deliberateness with which the question of union has been approached. Referring to the opposition which had developed, he said it did seem to some of them that certain brethren, including several excellent and devoted ministers of the Church, might see their way to acquiesce in the general judgment of the Church without injury either to their real consistency or to their influence and usefulness. Those brethren would think it a wrong if he imputed it to them to be against union in general, but it was difficult to see when union would ever be brought about if it proved impossible now.

Mr. J. A. Ogilvie, Montreal, received a telegram on Sunday from San Francisco, announcing the safe arrival from China of his son-in-law and daughter, Dr. Percy Leslie and Mrs. Leslie, who were engaged in missionary work in the province of Honan. Dr. Leslie it will be remembered, was evry severely mangled by the Boxers in the attack upon the missionary party on the way from the interior to the coast, the tendons of his arms and legs having been cut. Mrs. Leslie states in the telegram received by her father that her husband is now able to walk but one of his legs is in splints. Dr. and Mrs. Leslie were accompanied by three other missionaries—Dr. and Mrs. Malcolm, and Mrs. Dr. Maclure, all belonging to the Canadian mission.

There is a good deal of acting among the politicians just now. Hon. George E. Foster has been addressing a large gathering at New Glasgow, N.S. Mr. Foster is an able speaker, and was well received. The leader of the Government, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, has also been visiting the Maritime Provinces. Wherever he has spoken he has met with an enthusiastic reception. Indeed so much is this the case that the Journal exclaims, epigrammatically: "Laurier's silver tongue is giving sweet music down by the sea; and the Maritime Provinces are expected to ring the right awail chorus with their ballots." Sir Charles Tupper, the veteran leader of the Opposition, has just returned from England, and his friends have already mapped out for him a series of meetings, at which he is to be the principle speaker. This would appear like heavy work for a much younger man; but Sir Charles faces the conflict with almost eager pleasure, and seems to defy fatigue. Everything indicates an early appeal to the electorate. Already a number of candidates are in the field. We look for a calm discussion of public affairs in the press and on the platform; and, then when the proper time comes, a wise use of the franchise by the electors of the Dominion.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, wherever he goes, constantly advocates the burial of race hatreds and the building up of a United Canada. At Sidney, Cape Breton, a few days ago, in the course of a brilliant speech, the Prime Minister said, among other things, that the ambition he set before himself years ago was to make Canada a united nation. "Whether my political life be long or short, whether my natural life be long or short, all my life shall not have been lived in vain, if, when I am laid in the grave, the races are a little more united."

"An Observer," writes from Ottawa to the Globe, commending the authorities of St. Margaret's College, Toronto, for selecting their prize books wholly from those of Canadian authorship. This should become the rule and not the exception. "An Observer" very properly remarks: "If the schools of Canada generally were to take the pains that St. Margaret's College has taken to do honor to our own authors in the matter of prize-giving it would not only be a well-merited tribute to Canadian authorship but it would surely tend to beget a finer spirit of patriotism among the pupils in our schools than now exists. Through our literature, more than in any other way, is patriotism stimulated."

The Russian Temperance Movement is organized by the Government. It administers no pledge, but consists of counter attractions to the liquor shops. It began in 1895. The chief of Police is *ex-officio* the Local President. The Government designate the Management Committees and supply funds for working. The methods vary, but had by 1899 included securing 138 orchestras; 501 concert and lecture halls; 701 libraries, and 1,715 tea houses where even beer is excluded, but at some of these places beds and baths are provided, and pamphlets sold. The Russian Temperance Exhibit at the Paris Exhibition includes a Model Tea House, etc., and is in charge of Count Louis Skarzynski, who is domicied at 14 Rue Tranchel, Paris.

The Vatican is not a likely place for the discovery of Protestant literature, but it is affirmed that several hithert unknown books, by Martin Luther, have recently been discovered there. They are said to embrace (1) Two Commentaries on the Romans, written in 1515/16, one of which is a solid doctrinal exposition. (2) Two MSS. containing the Reformer's lectures on the Romans, condensed from his Commentaries. (3) Two similar Commentaries on the Epistle to the Hebrews, on which he lectured in 1517; and other works. These words will be read with intense interest by those fortunate enough to see them; and, though possibly they will add little to our knowledge of Luther's mind, they will doubtless be valuable from a devotional as well as a historical point of view.

The Packet: Mr. C. Blackett Robinson, an old Beaverton boy, never loses an opportunity to say a good word for the home of his beehood. (And here our contemporary quotes a few commendatory words about Beaverton which appeared in these columns three weeks ago.) What Mr. Robinson says of Beaverton is true and well deserved. But seeing that he was the pioneer newspaper proprietor of Orillia, one might expect an occasional good word from him for his town also. Do not chide us, dear Packet, for not writing of the attractions of Orillia as a summer resort. It is quite unnecessary that we should do so. Orillia has the Packet—a host in itself—along with two other excellent local papers to attend to its interests. Besides there is an enterprising Board of Trade, we believe, that wisely undertakes to keep the town and neighborhood before the summer pleasure-seekers. Beaverton, on the other hand, has only one paper to sing its praises, and we are bound to say the Express does its work very well; but one against three is hardly fair, even if the one represents the better cause and represents it well. Thus THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN rises occasionally to say a good word for Beaverton, the sleepest, healthiest, most attractive old village in our Northern country, and on the prettiest piece of water in the whole Dominion! Orillia is alright; but give us Beaverton as an ideal spot for a quiet vacation.

## The Quiet Hour

### The Seventy Sent Forth.

BY WAYLAND HOYT, D. D.

"A pregnant phrase of St. Luke's shows that a new chapter (Luke 9: 51), and that the last of Jesus' life now opens." And Christ appointed seventy others (v. 1), others, that is, than the twelve, for peculiar and temporary service. "The number seventy was not a statistical accident. It was a sacred number, and bore the dignity of honorable and historic precedents. Moses had ordained seventy elders. The Sanhedrin numbered seventy. The number seven again and again recurs in the cycle of Jewish religious observance." These seventy were sent on a forerunning, John-the-Baptist errand. The shadows of the end were beginning to gather. Jesus could not tarry long in any place, therefore these were to prepare His way. Let us try to be, by holy example, by putting away all stones of stumbling, path-makers for Jesus. Notice the best way of religious pioneering work—it is two by two. We ought not to send people on *lonely*, difficult service.

*Pray ye therefore* (v. 2). Mark the place of our poor prayers—it is the mediating place between need and supply. Surely, the Lord knew that the harvest was plenteous, that the laborers were few. Yet the plain implication is that more laborers would not enter the harvest without human prayers. I cannot understand this. It seems to be, however, the constant spiritual teaching as to the high place our prayers really hold. Value prayer, use prayer. Where you see need, pray for its supply—in your church, Sunday school, Christian Endeavor society, anywhere. How often divine power is needed to make men willing to undertake for God! And such divine power is at the call of prayer.

*As lambs in the midst of wolves* (v. 3). Christ holds forth no deluding expectations. Frequently His service is hazardous. But this is not to stop or daunt when one hears Christ's "Go your way." This, too, is always to be remembered, that a beautiful, gentle, lamb-like carriage of the self is at once the best defence against wolfish opposition, and the surest way of overcoming it. Milton never said grander or truer words than when he spoke of the "unresistable might of weakness." The "purse" was a money-bag; the "wallet" a leathern sack for provisions; "shoes" were sandals. That such direction was for the time only is to be seen from the fact that "our Lord Himself and the twelve with Him sometimes had money, which Judas carried in a purse." (John 12: 6). The usual Eastern salutation "on the way" is an extremely lengthy and time-consuming ceremony. The salutation on entering a house was not. The practical lesson is, that sometimes our Lord requires unusual and extraordinary service. When He does, as in some emergency, when regular meals and wonted conveniences cannot be had, we should instantly and gladly give such service, not thinking of ourselves. Yet, even on this hasty service they were not to forget to use all possible courtesy.

*Go not from house to house* (v. 7). Again the idea of haste, of undeviating devotion; they were not to be anxious and fritical about their food, as the Parisees were. Nor were they to consider themselves trespassers; they were, in thus serving their Lord and

benefiting their fellows, earning their way,—"the laborer is worthy of his hire." Learn also, from all these instructions, our Lord's attention to detail. He did not despise detail. When you plan work for Christ be as thoughtful and painstaking as possible about all the details of it. As thoroughly as you can, *think the plan through*.

*And into whatsoever city ye enter, and they receive you* (v. 8). Learn how a Christian worker is to carry himself—(a) With contentment, "eat such things as are set before you." (b) With sympathizing beneficence, "heal the sick that are therein"; do not be mindless of the physical sufferings of men; here is a special warrant for the medical missionary. (c) With the declaration of the truth, "and say unto them, The kingdom of God is coming nigh unto you." Learn (a) that sometimes severe truth must be spoken, but never vindictively; (b) that it is possible that further attempt in a special direction may be useless and is best ceased; (c) that rejection of the truth does not change the truth; though they rejected it, it was still true that the kingdom of God had come nigh.

*And the seventy returned with joy* (v. 17). Work for Christ is joyful work. When we go forth in faith and obedience we find ourselves more helped and powerful than we had thought—"even the demons are subject unto us," but it is always by Christ's power, not by our own, "in Thy name." Christian work is successful; there is always a prophecy of our Lord's final triumph in it. Christ will give us all needed furnishings for our duty if we will trust and obey Him, "behold I have given you authority to tread on serpents," etc.; of course, though it might be then, this is not now to be taken literally; miracles are not now needed; but there is a blessed spiritual truth, in the promise, viz., that, going forth in service, Christ will really and variously empower us. But the chief thing to be glad for is not gifts, but *is* goodness.

#### Explanatory Notes.

The early ministry of Jesus had been in Judaea. Then followed the work in Gallilee. This was now closed, and He was to enter on His ministry in Peræa, which filled the remainder of the time until He finally went to Jerusalem. *The harvest is plenteous* (v. 2). The words of Jesus in this verse are the same as those that preceded the sending of the twelve—*Go not from house to house* (v. 7). Perhaps a caution against wasting time through accepting many invitations to entertainment.—*Even the devils are subject unto us* (v. 17). Their commission had not expressly given them power to cast out demons such as the twelve received when they were sent out.—*I beheld Satan fallen* (v. 18) The victory of the seventy over the demons was a pledge of Satan's complete defeat.—*Heaven* (v. 18). Here used not as meaning the abode of the blessed, but as representing the height of power.—*Your names are written in heaven* (v. 20). You are counted among the citizens of heaven.

Bad habits are the thistles of the heart, and every indulgence of them is a seed from which will come forth a new crop of rank weeds.

The world is so planned that a man can accomplish more in six days than in seven—if the seventh be devoted to rest and worship.

### A Large Prayer.—IV. The Prayer Itself.

Ephesians III. 14-21.

BY ANNA ROSS.

There are only two petitions in this prayer. Here is the first: That according to the riches of His glory, these Ephesian Christians may "be strengthened with might by His spirit in the inner man." This is a large petition as well as a large measure. Whatever the need of these very human Ephesian Christians may be, this petition overmatches it. It may be rewritten thus, that they may be "strengthened with might by in dwelling omnipotence." What a climax of supply! Strength, might, Divine Omnipotence.

"As thy day, so shall thy strength be," sounds a modest expression alongside of it; yet it is the same truth, expressed in the one case as a promise, in the other case as a prayer. "That He would grant you to be strengthened with might by indwelling Omnipotence," that is the prayer. "As thy day, so shall thy strength be," this is the promise. But the two expressions otherwise are identical. For, less than the might of indwelling Omnipotence can never be adequate for any "day" in any Christian life, if that day is to be what it was meant to be, a living out of the life and character of Jesus Christ among men. But "strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man," our strength will be as our day, and we shall be "more than conquerors through Him that loved us." With anything less than full portion we shall be less than conquerors, and that means defeat. Paul puts up a similar prayer for the Colossians. It may be well to lay the two together. For the Ephesians, "That ye may be strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man, according to the riches of His glory." For the Colossians, "That ye may be strengthened with all might, according to his glorious power unto all patience and longsuffering with joyfulness." In these ties we have the same strengthening, the same might, the same Omnipotence, and, though differently expressed, the same immeasurable measure.

How was Paul able to pray such prayers? This is a double secret.

1st. He had a large idea of the need of those for whom he prayed. Meagre prayers would never meet large necessities. The prayer for the Eph., as a little study of the preceding verses will reveal, sprang out of a keen sense of their need. The prayer for the Colossians sprang out of the same root as is evidenced by the words "unto all patience and long suffering with joyfulness." Patience implies trouble, long suffering implies troubles; and well Paul knows that nothing short of the mighty supplies he asks will work patience toward trouble or long suffering toward troubles, or joyfulness toward God and men while trouble reigns. Paul had a large idea of the need of those for whom he prayed.

2nd. He had also, as we have seen, a large idea of the supplies treasured up in Christ.

With a deep sense of need, and a large hope of supply, how could he help asking large things? Dr. John Duncan says, "There are two things make us meagre in prayer—a feeble sense of need and a small hope of supply. And there are two things that make us enlarged in prayer—a deep sense of extreme need, and a large and sure hope of supply. A deep sense of need may by itself make us urgent, but it requires the large hope of supply



along with it to make us ample in prayer. Paul is ample in prayer, for he knows the need of his converts, and he knows the resources and the sure promises of his God.

What are the needs that are round about us in our own day? Look at the giddy homes and the petrifying churches and the wars and the famines, and the stricken neglected millions. Are our needs not greater, if that were possible, than those of the Apostle's day? What are the resources of our God in our own day? or the promises that lay these resources all within reach of the grasp of prevailing prayer? These resources are still the unsearchable riches of Christ, and the promises still stand pledged by the word and the oath of the everlasting God.

Shall we not take up Paul's large prayers and his large measures and prove what the result will be in our own day?

Let any one who may have followed this paper with intellectual interest and apprehension, take heed; there is a danger lying right ahead of you. If, following the ordinary custom of ordinary readers, you simply pass on to the next article, and the next, and the next; and so leave the apprehended truth unutilized, it would have been far better never to have apprehended it at all. There is power in the truth contained in this paper, if utilized, to turn an ineffective life into an effective one—to turn it, not merely into a well of living waters, but into a river of living waters. But such a truth apprehended and left unutilized loses its power to make even that intellectual impression which necessarily is antecedent to the utilization of any truth. If you want to know the power of the truth now apprehended, stop short your reading, settle in God's presence whether these things are so and prove Him in the matter. Let there be an immediate transaction of faith.

The curse of the church of to-day is truth apprehended but life unutilized, until the very ability to conceive of that truth as a thing of power is actually lost. "Having a form of godliness," of real, effective, supernatural godliness, "but denying the power thereof."

The next paper will take up the chain of consequences following upon the granting of this petition.

**Fullness of Joy.**

I am Thine own, O Christ!  
Henceforth entirely Thine;  
And life from this glad hour,  
New life, is mine.

No earthly joy can lure  
My quiet soul from Thee;  
This deep delight, so pure,  
Is heaven to me.

I cannot tell the art  
By which this bliss is given;  
I know Thou hast my heart,  
And I—have heaven.

Are we, in this sunny summer time, in this happy land where neither plague nor famine, nor war, nor earthquake, nor flaming fire, nor fierce tornado, nor sweeping flood can molest us,—are we making our country a heaven on earth? At least we ought to have such an aim before us. No people can make steady progress unless their ideals are high. We have a right to aim at nothing lower than making our country a "garden of the Lord"; our people, sober, truthful, honest, brave and industrious,—in one word, a Christian people.—Presbyterian Witness.

• Our Young People •

**Treasure Hunters.**

Topic for Sept. 2.—"Seek Souls."—Luke 15: 1-10.

**Love's Service.**

For reading in the meeting.

Hope not the cure of sin till self is dead;  
Forget it in love's service, and the debt  
Thou canst not pay the angels shall forget;  
Heaven's gate is shut to him who comes alone;  
Save thou a soul, and it shall save thy own!  
—John Greenleaf Whittier.

**Our Mission.**

BY WOODFORD.

TOPIC.—The mission of those who name the name of Christ is surely to seek souls, not by proxy, but personally as did the shepherd the sheep, the woman the coin. To such persevering personal work the love of Christ constrains every believer. The myriads of saved sinners in heaven were gathered there one by one. How shall the many still unsaved be brought to Christ unless every believer be a seeker.

**Monday:** "We love Him because he first loved us; and to give Him to see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied, no weariness nor thirst, must deter us from being ambassadors for Him to Jew or Samaritan. Love only for Him can keep us thus ever alert. But how gladdening to us, in that it is still pleasing to Him, if one day we be privileged so to speak to one that by that person others will be led to Christ. How delightful, how it stimulates to constant watchfulness, to have it to think that there is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth. Just think of it being possible for each one of us to be instrumental in the giving of such joy.

**Tuesday:** But if our Father spared not His only Son, we are bastards and not sons if with us there be grudging of time or money or effort. Not to be laborers together with God in the work of souls-seeking is not to be of the family of God.

**Wednesday:** Then this Saviour, our elder brother, strong-handed, kind-hearted, carried up our sins in His body to the tree. Yet so burdened how energetic, how watchful He was; so leaving us an example. But, eased of our burden, working in the easy yoke which He provides, how in soul-seeking have we imitated Him?

**Thursday:** They only will be seekers, co-workers, who are true to the one duty spoken of by Micah. If they are true they cannot but be seekers. Found themselves they can show others the way. Free themselves they can speak of the blessedness of the liberty of God. (Ps. 51:12, 12.)

**Friday:** And yet duty is still more winsome when robed with love. Not to a God afar off do seekers strive to lead others, nor to an absentee God, but to a Saviour, a very present help, who says to His disciples, "This is my commandment; that ye love one another as I have loved you." To understand this, so as to lead others to an understanding of it is to bear fruit. For His love to us, awakening our love to Him and others, what will it not accomplish. A lost one, a scoffer, who made it his aim to set aside all arguments adduced towards bringing Him to Christ, having been led to confess Christ and Him crucified, was asked by his pastor if the last sermon preached had not brought him. "No," he answered. "I could refute to my own satisfaction, as hitherto, all the

arguments of your sermon, but I could not stand out against feeble old aunty—when I helped her to the sidewalk, from the porch of the church. In thanking me she looked so wistfully into my face, saying, "Oh, sir, I wish you were as kind to my Master as you are to me," that I simply could not get rid of that simple soul's desire for me. This woman so reciprocated the love of Christ that she made it to be very near to others—her life bare fruit.

**Saturday:** Love will creep where it cannot go. But true love has her reward: those whose feet were washed afterwards counted it all glory to be called on to suffer shame for His name. It is in this way that not only is the sense of duty, the passion for righteousness, the desire for service, aroused, but soul is made to cleave unto soul. Love is the compelling principle prompting to persevering personal work, the result of which shall be that souls shall be found, won, and made to take for their motto, "not I, but Christ, which liveth in me." So the work of recruiting for the host of the Captain of our Salvation goes on. So the world is being won for Christ.

**Come Unto Me.**

BY JESSIE STORRS FERRIS.

"Come unto me," and thou shalt find an ointment for thy bitter care,  
Solace for thy broken hearthstone, hope for all thy keen despair.

Hard thy task and great thy burden,—child, I know thy every pain,  
Trust in me and I will heal thee, think thou not 'tis all in vain.

For my heart is kind as woman's, and my power more great than man's,  
And thy smallest grief shall vanish with the healing of my hands.

Only faith I ask. I love thee more than human heart can know.

Come to me and I will make thee whiter than the new-born snow.

**For Daily Reading.**

- Mon., Aug. 27.—God's love for the soul. John 4: 4-16
- Tues., Aug. 28.—His desire to save. Rom. 8: 28-34
- Wed., Aug. 29.—Jesus' gift for us. 1 Pet. 2: 17-25
- Thurs., Aug. 30.—The one duty. Micah. 6: 6-8
- Friday, Aug. 31.—The disciples' responsibility. John 15: 12-16
- Sat., Sept. 1.—After His example. John 13: 1-15
- Sun., Sept. 2.—Topic seek souls. Luke 15: 1-10.

**Soul Winning.**

A soul won is the best instrument for winning souls.—Arnott

Heaven has its myriads of saved sinners; but they were gathered there one by one.—T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

No convert is too recent, too uneducated, to bring others to Christ. Convinced in his own heart that Jesus is the Christ, he can, with Philip, at least echo our Lord's own words to seeking disciples, "Come and see."  
—Record of Christian Work.

If you stand half a mile off from a man and throw the gospel at him, you will miss him! but if you go close to him and lay hold upon him, give him a hearty grip of the hand and show that you have an affection for him, you will, by God's blessing lead him in the right way.—Spurgeon.

### The City of Peking.

Archibald R. Colquhoun, for twenty years an acute observer and student of Asiatic conditions, in his recent book, *Overland to China*, gives a very interesting account of Peking, the city that is just now holding the strained and anxious interest of the civilized world.

It lies in the midst of a practically unbroken plain that stretches from the Nankow Pass to the Gulf of Pechili a hundred miles away. A day's journey from the Pass brings the traveler to the city. The one feature of the place which Mr. Colquhoun is able to praise with heartiness is the fine quality of the air at certain seasons of the year—

"in winter dry and sparkling, the very champagne of atmospheric vintages; in spring and autumn a delicious blending of frost and sun. Life is then one continued exhilaration; the floods of light pour a tonic into the blood, the keen air braces the nerves until mere movement is a joy. After the summer heats and steamy downpours, who shall describe the first crisp blow from the north—the whispered message of autumn from the steppes? Or who forget the sweet Eolian melody of the wheezing pigeons; the almost motionless wings of the great brown hawks, poised against the blue; the sparkling frosted hill when snow has fallen and every outline shines in the uminous air; the tinkle of distant camel bells; or, indeed, any of the hundred nothings that make up the unique and indescribable Peking atmosphere?"

The walls that surround the city seem to spring out of the very sands. They are built of earth faced with bricks, and have an inward slope. They are so broad even at the top that three chariots might race abreast on them. Bushes and even trees grow along the sides, thrusting their roots into interstices, and drawing their nourishment from the earth below the brick facings. Each wall is three miles in length, and is broken by two gates a mile from each corner, the south wall having also a gate in the centre, corresponding to the main gate of the imperial palace within. Each of these eight gates opens on a great thoroughfare that stretches clear across the city to the opposite gate, thus dividing the city into nine squares. "Roughly parallel with these main arteries run roads of lesser dimensions, the intervals being filled up by houses, rubbish spaces and an infinity of tortuous lanes and alleys."

The buildings are nearly all of one story, no other kind being permitted. The only exceptions are the temples, the pagodas, the French Catholic Cathedral, which lifts up the solitary spire to be seen in the city, resented too by the citizens, and the imperial palace. This last, called the "Forbidden City" rises from the centre of the metropolis, "enclosed in high walls of faded vermilion, and appearing from the city wall to consist mainly of a line of glittering yellow-tiled pavilions, extending to just within the gate before alluded to,"—the one that pierces the centre of the south wall. It is appalling to think of the iniquity that has been plotted within the precincts of this "Forbidden City," of the anti-foreign passions aroused from there, perhaps exceeding the expectations of those who kindled them, a terror to the palace as well as to the legations. When the veil is lifted that now hides Peking from us, there may be strange as well as tragic revelations.

The four main thoroughfares that run straight through the city are about fifty yards in width, with a loose earth embankment in the centre, wide enough for wheeled traffic going in opposite directions to pass. As there is scarcely a tree growing in the streets, so there are no pavements. Only a hollow separates the embankment in the centre of

the streets from the houses. The only illumination the city enjoys is for a few moments in each month when the "General of the Nine Gates" makes his round. On these occasions along the edge of the embanked roadway mutton-fat dips, in lantern cages surmounting wooden stands about four feet high, giving out a sputtering and sickly light. With this momentary exception the city is shrouded in darkness at night. The difficulty of locomotion under such a state of things can be imagined, particularly in view of the condition of the streets.

Their filth is indescribable. The hollow that separates the embanked roadway from the houses, and which is made to answer the purposes of our pavements is "a waste of refuse, stagnant water and filth, through which runs the remains of an open stone drain. Foot-passengers pick their way along the shop fronts by an uneven track beaten in the mud or dust, as the case may be. During the summer rains these thoroughfares become sloughs of unimaginable despond. Men and mules have been drowned in the cesspools which form between the houses and the embankment, and even the streets in which the foreign legations are situated are not much better. Outside the Netherlands legation a few years ago a pond of this sort was appropriately named the Zuyder Zee. A Russian *Charge* has been known to ride out to dine 'pick-a-back' on a Cossack of the escort. When cesspools, foot paths and boundary stones are thus submerged, only an *habitué* who remembers the bearings of every stone and every hole could make the journey to the club without risk."

The diplomats all reside in "Legation Street," like the thoroughfares just described, an unpaved slum, and we can well believe it is a curious sight to see an occasional European or American groping his way "between the ruts and puddles with the donkeys and camels." In view of the present tragic uprising against the foreigners, Mr. Colquhoun's account of the prior deep hostility manifested towards the members of the legations is significant:

"It is, one feels, only the ever-present fear of bodily chastisement that restrains the populace to an attitude of sullen dislike, or at very best of polite indifference, their true sentiments, however, being voiced by the rowdies who, from safe distance, shout constant abuse—obscenity of which the mildest specimen, and one incessantly heard, is not repeatable here."

The relations between the diplomats and the court circles are thus described by Miss Scidmore in her volume on *China: The Long-Ed-lived Empire*:

There have been no social relations between the diplomatic corps and the court circle, no meeting or mingling save for the formal presentation of credentials, the dreary New Year's audiences in the palace inclosure, the ladies' audience of 1898, and the formal exchange of visits with the members of the board of the Tsungli Yamen, and, in general, none know less of Chinese character and life than those officially acquainted with the Emperor of China. No Chinese official dares maintain intimate social relations with the legations, even those who have appreciated and keenly enjoyed the social life and official hospitalities of London, Paris, Tokyo, and Washington relapsing into strange conservatism and churlishness, the usual contemptuous attitude of the Manchu official—when they return to Peking. Even then they are denounced to the throne for "intimacy with foreigners," black-balled and cold-shouldered at their clubs, and persecuted into retirement by jealous ones, who consider

association with foreigners a sign of disloyalty. Even the needy literati, who teach Chinese at the different legations, would scorn to recognize their foreign pupils on the street or in the presence of any other Chinese and the contempt of *grandes* and pretty button-folk as they pass one on the streets of Peking is something to remember in one's hours of pride.

In what Miss Scidmore calls the "formal exchange of visits with members of the board of the Tsungli Yamen," however, the Chinese officials, according to Mr. Colquhoun, sometimes develop an unexpected and rather effusive cordiality.

"On a day fixed beforehand the Chinese ministers, presidents of the various boards, and others,—forming a formidable column of sedan chairs and outsiders,—ran the gauntlet of all the legations in one afternoon. No light undertaking this! At each they were regaled with choice vintages and cakes, of which etiquette compelled them to partake. However soberly they might set out for the Belgian legation, the first to be visited, they arrived rumpled and flushed at that of the United States, at the other end of the line. All the ceremonial, all the stiffness had by that time dissolved, the habitual masks had been discarded, and the real men came forth from underneath. At this stage the Confucians were to be tickled by a straw. Solemn viceroys would evince a disposition to change hats with their foreign hosts, and consequential ex-governors of provinces as large as England would find a source of innocent merriment in the elastic properties of the cords of the military epaulettes, which they would pull out and then release, amid peals of laughter. Sweets, confits and (one lady maintained) even curios were stuffed into capacious satin boots—for the children."

The cordiality of the mandarins under such circumstances was a doubtful satisfaction. The habitual churlishness of which Miss Scidmore speaks, even of Chinese officials who had served in their legations abroad, and had enjoyed social courtesies from diplomats who were afterward accredited to Peking, is illustrated in a case cited by Mr. Colquhoun:

"A member of the Tsungli Yamen a few years ago, as Chinese Minister in St. Petersburg, became extremely intimate with Count Cassini—dropping in without ceremony to lunch, driving out with the Count, and so forth. But though the Chinaman afterwards found himself in his own capital at the same time as his former friend—who meanwhile had become Minister to China—much to the Count's half amused disgust, he carefully avoided the Russian legation, except when visiting it with his colleagues as a unit of the Tsungli Yamen, nor did he ever show sign of remembering the old days on the Neva."

The books that are appearing just now in rapid succession, dealing with China and her people, making it plain not only that the ancient capital of that ancient nation is a curious compound of stagnant and decaying conservatism, absurd customs and filth, but that the terrible scenes enacted in recent weeks have been but the fierce outflaming of a long burning and hardly repressed hatred of foreigners.

A city lady was spending her summer vacation in the country. "Uncle Rasmus," she said, one day, "is that chicken standing by the gate a Brahma?" "No," said the farmer, "that is a Leghorn." "How simple of me," said the city young lady. "I might have known that myself: I can see the horns on his ankles now P."

**Hard on Mr. Chamberlain.**

The violent party in England, exasperated by the protraction of Boer resistance, says Goldwin Smith in the Weekly Sun, is calling on Lord Roberts to resort to iron measures of repression; in other words, to shoot prisoners of war, burn homesteads and turn the women and children out to die. Fortunately for British honor, and for Canadian honor herein bound up with it, Lord Roberts is not one of the gin-inspired heroes of the music halls, but a high-minded soldier, who may be trusted to observe the laws and humanities of war towards the gallant enemy who has done nothing to forfeit their protection. To guerilla warfare England can hardly object, having herself acted in conjunction with the Spanish guerillas through all the Peninsular campaigns. The prolongation by the Boers of a hopeless struggle is undoubtedly deplorable. But whose is the fault? More than once the Boers have allowed it to be seen that they were willing to treat. Probably if any shred of independence or any semblance of honorable terms had been offered them they would before now have laid down their arms. But Mr. Chamberlain has insisted on unconditional submission; that is, he has proclaimed war to the knife, which would have justified the enemy in destroying the mines and even in doing at Johannesburg or Pretoria what the Russians, amid the general applause of Europe, did at Moscow. He is an extremely able man, and now on the crest of the waves. But magnanimity and generosity are emotions little familiar to his mind. Even Sir Alfred Milner could find it in his heart to rebuke the Cape loyalists who called the Boers cowardly scoundrels, and tell them that the Boers are brave men fighting for a cause which, though wrong, to them seemed right. Mr. Chamberlain has not found it in his heart to utter a generous, chivalrous or conciliatory word.

The party of vengeance might take a lesson from the private soldiers, in whose letters, it is remarked, there is no abuse of the Boers. One private soldier writes:

"We have beaten the poor devils badly. But they are a plucky lot. As long as they were in our territory we were ready to endure any hardship to drive them out, and we were glad to get to Pretoria to show them that we could do it. But now we cannot help feeling a sort of sympathy with them, for they are fighting, as we should, for their independence, against desperate odds. We have taken away their mines, and you should see the lot who hope to profit by this. Why cannot we leave them alone in a country in which no sensible man would ever want to settle, for it is rocky, pestiferous and generally damnable? I do not know what they say now in England. We soldiers, of course, shall obey orders, but do not suppose that we like the job, and we are always saying that we should like some of the stay-at-home politicians to come out here and take the contract off our hands."

If the soldier's wish could be fulfilled and stay-at-home politicians could be sent to the front, there would be pretty nearly an end of war.

Famine threatens the people of South Africa. Agricultural pursuits have been practically abandoned during the last eight months, and now the food supply is at a low ebb both in the Transvaal and in the Orange River Colony. Crops have been left ungathered, and there is very little grain in the land to sow for next season, so seeds must be imported against next planting time.

**Discovery of a New Tribe in West Africa.**

From the Chronicle of the London Missionary Society we quote the following interesting particular:

The agent of the Basle Missionary Society which has several stations among the Bakoko people in the South Cameroons, has recently undertaken a journey which has brought him into contact with the Bati, a tribe hitherto unknown, living in the interior. After a toilsome march of four days through primeval forest and treacherous swamp he reached the tribe, and was hospitably received by the chief.

The Bati are an intelligent, vigorous, handsome tribe, with remarkably bright eyes, and noses less flat and broad than most other tribes, and as they gathered round him in numbers as soon as his arrival was made known by means of a drum, he had a good opportunity of studying their faces. Both men and women wear their hair long and skilfully plaited. Leaf aprons form the only dress for women, while men wear either European shawls or native ones made from the bark of trees, and very durable.

Many of the women paint the body all over with white clay or powdered red wood which gives them a very ugly, even uncanny appearance; and by way of ornament, those of rank among them wear round the neck a massive brass collar weighing about five pounds, of native manufacture.

In former years the tribe dwelt further inland, but, like all other tribes, they have been moving nearer the coast—a fact to be borne in mind for future operations. Various paintings, rudely executed, were found on the walls of the chief's hut, and as for music, the chief is very fond of his guitar, which he plays with remarkable precision.

In response to his inquiry about their worship, the visitor was taken to the sanctuary of their fetish, which consists of two large animal figures, leopard and serpent, rudely carved out of the trunk of a tree. On a stated day in the year the fetish is carried into the village and presented to the assembled people, whereupon the ceremony of initiating their young men into the mysteries of their worship takes place, the sign being an incision of the skin visible for life, to which certain privileges are attached.

In the evening the stranger was invited to witness a dance, which was entertaining enough for a while, but he was sorely grieved to see that spirits were surreptitiously handed round. Before the people dispersed he gave them a Gospel address; and, though he found the return march most exhausting, he felt amply compensated for what he had undergone by the value of his discovery.

**Ditched The Bishop.**

"I remember once driving across the country with Bishop ——" writes Cyrus Townsend Brady of "A Missionary in the Great West," in the August Ladies' Home Journal, "while discussing the nature of the soul. That is, the Bishop was discussing; I was only prompting by a question now and then. We were on the rear seat of a wagon, with the driver in the front seat. It was a very dark night. In the middle of the Bishop's exposition the wagon took a wild plunge, there was a crash, and over we went into the muddy ditch. 'I beg your pardon, gents!' said the driver, who had retained control of the horses, as we scrambled to our feet, 'I was so interested in hearing the little man discuss my immortal soul, which I hardly ever knowed that I had one before, that I clean forgot where we was, and drove you plump into the ditch.'"

**Ninety Million Involved.**

"A Bystander," (Golden Smith) in the Weekly Sun draws a dark picture of the outlook in our great Eastern Empire. He says:

From India the tidings are terrible. It is now said that the vitiation extends, in different degrees of intensity, over ninety millions of people, a human area larger than that of our continent. Disease, as usual, stalks in the track of famine, and the descriptions of death, emaciation and despair are heart-rending. "When I look," says an eye-witness, "on the scenes through which I have passed and think of the sum-total of human misery and the despair I have seen on the people's faces and the ruin this famine has brought on their homes and on their fields and on their families, I feel it is hopeless to attempt to put into words the agony of India." The Indian government is doing all that its limited resources will permit, but is overpowered by the magnitude of the disaster. Appeals have been made in Parliament and in the press to the British Government for aid, which is refused on the ground that the financial affairs of India must be kept distinct from those of Great Britain, though aid from India Princes for the South African war is not refused but welcomed with applause. Even when the famine shall have passed away the future will be full of despair. Almost all the cattle in the afflicted districts have perished, and the village communities, which are the units of Hindoo peasant life, have been broken up. It is difficult to see how agricultural organization and industry are to be restored. To make the brimming cup of calamity overflow comes the interruption of the Indian trade with China.

An article in the *Alte Glaube*, on Family Worship, says, twenty years ago a teacher in Thuringia found that of forty pupils only three came from homes where family worship was observed. These were children of a nobleman, a pastor and a teacher. The writer of this article, himself a teacher, finds the same state of things in the present day. "Even grace before meat has become seldom. Frequently in village parishes only the minister's family, sometimes also that of the teacher, observes household worship. A blessing is invoked oftener, but by the mother or the children, rarely by the men." "What a decline of religious life!" he exclaims. And that in Thuringia, where the family life of Luther was so long imitated. "Family religion has gone for the most part down to zero, if not lower." The cause is the widespread rationalism, criticism of the Bible, and lack of devotion among the clergy. Certain books are recommended as aids to those who are trying to restore family worship to the homes of Germany.

When Captain Towse, of the Gordon Highlanders, who had both eyes shot out at the battle of Mount Thaba, went to Windsor to receive the Victoria Cross at the hands of Her Majesty, the Queen was so overcome with emotion that she burst into tears, and was unable for a few seconds to speak. The blind officer, though led into the room by his wife, walked forward a few paces alone, and saluted as he reached the Queen. Captain Towse is showing the most magnificent courage in facing his terrible misfortune, and is already able to make use of the blind alphabet in reading.

Preparations for the celebration of the Union between the Free and United Presbyterian churches in the end of October are in an advanced state in Scotland.



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

Ottawa, Wednesday, 22nd Aug., 1900.

Mrs. Anna Ross, Principal of the Presbyterian Ladies' College, Ottawa, is contributing a series of suggestive articles on "A Large Prayer," to which we direct the attention of our readers. Next week will be published an article from the pen of Rev. Prof. Jordan, D.D., entitled: "God's gentleness and man's greatness." It will repay careful perusal.

Show a man it will be to his advantage to reach a given point first, and he will immediately look around to see if there is any other man who has a chance to reach that point before he does. And from that moment, one-half his energy is spent upon trying to prevent a possible rival from beating him, instead of putting all his strength into an honest effort to outclass others.

We had the opportunity to examine the private library of a bright young lady recently. She passes for one who is interested in Christian and philanthropic work, and has the reputation for being somewhat literary. But her private library was worse than chaff. There was not one book in fifty that was worth a moment's serious consideration. Most of them were poetry, many were scums, and one could not help the thought that the few good ones were there for the sake of appearances.

J. H. Ecob, in the August number of Harper's Monthly, writes a most interesting article on dangers in church methods during the century now nearing its close. In the matter of church music, in the style of church architecture, in the social side of church life, but more than all, in the manner of presenting truth there has been almost a revolution. But the change has come about gradually, a result of development in thought and character. The article is a most suggestive one, and with its historical side few will quarrel. With all of its inferences many will not agree.

## THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN

### THE DUTY OF MISSIONARIES.

The confusion and commotion in China has brought a large amount of criticism upon missionaries and the movement which they represent. Some critics blame the missionaries for the whole trouble; and even Lord Salisbury at a missionary meeting, hinted that the missionaries caused a great deal of perplexity and care to civilized governments. A summary of his speech appeared in these columns two weeks ago. Then we have conflicting statements which lay the blame on Roman Catholic missionaries and upon Protestants according to the source from which they spring.

After these general declarations we meet the more specific announcement that the missionaries ought to have died at their post. It was just as much their duty to do that as it is the duty of a ship-captain or a leader of an army to sacrifice himself for the sake of those under his care. Now it is very easy for the arm chair critic, sitting in a comfortable corner, to give off hand deliverances as to the duty of missionaries, and to talk glibly about dying at the post of duty. However, there is this great truth behind it that the Christian religion is worth dying for; and that the man who is called to be a missionary must have the spirit to count it an honour, not only to believe in Christ, but also to suffer for His name. The apostle Paul had that spirit but he did not run recklessly into danger; and he showed wisdom as well as enthusiasm in his action. We venture to say that when the whole history of this terrible business comes to be written it will be seen that many missionaries have died faithfully at the post of duty. We do not claim perfection for the missionaries but we think that most of them have tried to act in the way that seemed best for China as well as for themselves.

Now that so much has been said about the missionaries and an attempt is made to put the whole blame on them, it is just as well to bear in mind a few important points. First, this is not a purely anti-missionary movement; it is an anti-foreign crusade, we do not mean to imply that missionaries, as such, are popular and that China receives the gospel with open arms; but we do say, distinctly and deliberately, that if all foreigners had been as careful in their conduct as the missionaries have been, the anti-foreign feeling would not have attained its present bitterness. The missionaries have had to suffer the consequences of the deeds of Europeans with which they have no sympathy. It is the action of the powers more than missionary effort that has kindled the present bitterness. The French government which is not particularly religious at times, demands official positions for Roman Catholic priests in China, and this wounds Chinese pride to

the quick. Chinamen have been killed in riots in America and there was no redress; but when two German Priests were killed in a riot the Emperor put out his "mailed fist" and seized one of China's best ports, and a fine piece of territory. Then the Chinese look upon the missionaries as the advance agents of scheming foreign governments, and say "they come to seize our country." The missionary may protest. "We seek not yours but you," but in vain. There is too much to confirm the fears of the Chinese patriot and to keep alive the agitation against "the foreign devils." As a matter of fact the help of governments has hindered the movement rather than advanced it. Missionaries are but men; and some of them may act indiscreetly and we have no doubt but that the severe criticism accorded to them now will have an wholesome effect. We do not, however, think for one moment that they are open to the charge of folly, selfishness and cowardice, which have been so freely flung against them.

### CONVERSATION AS AN AID TO PREACHING.

A good conversationalist is more rare than a good preacher. Of course, we mean a preacher in the technical sense of that word, and not as synonymous with "pastor," or "minister." A good preacher is the man who puts his message well, who not only hears it clearly himself, but who tells it out clearly and convincingly to others. Such a preacher is not always born with the silver tongue. He is often a development, and good conversation may have a considerable share in the making of him.

A good talker may not be a good conversationalist. There are few who have not been bored with the mere talker, who spake on and on and said nothing. His counterpart in the pulpit is the glib speaker. Talking answers us when we do not care to think, as the bright novel does if we are alone. Conversation awakens our interest, enlists the faculties of the mind, makes us think and draws us on to give expression to our thought. To put that thought in the best possible form is to converse at our best. The continuous effort to put our ideas clearly and forcefully develops the conversational faculty, till the most trivial of these carries a certain weight.

We do not say that all who converse well would preach well; but we do say that the preacher who strives to be at his best in conversation will preach the better for it. The quick adaptation which the ready conversationalist finds necessary in speaking to different persons in the same aisle, the ready tact which conceals the change from all, will be an invaluable training for presenting a point to a varying audience and in pressing it home to different minds.



Just now there is a demand for better culture in public speaking; and voice culture is much discussed. There is greater need for better public expression, the ability to present an idea with clearness, attractiveness and force. The best culture for this is the continuous effort to put an idea clearly, in the homes, on the street, and everywhere.

The novel monger, if one may be allowed to coin an uncouth word, has his fling at the Sunday school teacher, whose stock answer to her own impossible question is, "It means, children, that we must be good, that we must always be *very* good!" Doubtless in the small army of young people who take up the word, there are some who propound silly questions, and answer them accordingly, but these are by no means characteristic of the class. One does fear that, in the multiplicity of ready-made questions and answers, there will be a lack of originality. It is so easy to appear profound at another's expense.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

Boy, Marie Corelli's new book, is in a style distinctively different from what we have learned to expect from this writer. It is, as it purports to be, only a sketch, for it has absolutely no plot. Boy is the son of a drunken father, who prides himself on being a "gentleman," and fancies that his ability to use a vast amount of bad language proves him to be one. The mother is even worse, for she is a sloven, and "only washed herself under protest, as a sort of concession to the civilization of the day." From such parents one would not expect a sensitive, lively-strung child to be born, but Boy was all that, and a child with a beautiful disposition. The sketch shows how inevitable was his deterioration, but in the end let us see a little glimpse of the Boy of earlier days. In a way, it is hard, to make out why such a book should be written. It is such a universally acknowledged fact that children brought up by worthless parents rarely turn out well, that to write a book on the subject seems unnecessary. When there is so much unhappiness in the world, we like to find something bright and hopeful in the books we read. Boy is, however, interesting, and especially so just now, because the hero dies fighting for his Queen in the Transvaal. W. J. Gage & Co., Toronto.

Table Talk, for August, contains many good things. First of all, there are the menus for August, with hints as to the preparation of the different meals. This department is always an exceedingly helpful one to housekeepers, as is that which is called "Housekeepers Inquiries." An article on Mosquitoes is timely and readable. Transvaal Delicacies, Wedding Anniversaries and the Profession of Housekeeping, are discussed, as well as other interesting topics. Table Talk Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

#### THE JEWISH PEOPLE IN THE MACCABEAN AND ROMAN PERIODS.\*

In connection with the history of the Jews two points have been much emphasised of late. First, that the Old Testament is not a history according to our modern idea of history, but a collection of materials out of which a history arranged on scientific principles may be made; and, second, that the part of the story which is not told in the old Testament and which links the old Testament times on to the new Testament times, is also of great importance: of importance to those who would understand how the life of ancient Israel passes into that of modern Judaism, and how the political and religious conditions were created that our Lord had to face in carrying out his great mission. The volume now before us deals with a space extending over 250 years and covers the two periods, the Maccabean in the fullest case, and the Roman to the destruction of Jerusalem, and the fall of the Jewish state. It may seem a large period to compress into a small, compact volume; but under the prescribed limitations the author has done his work well, and his book will serve as a useful introduction to the history and literature of these periods. For those who wish to pursue this interesting subject more in detail he has appended a list of the best books. The volume is well supplied with index, maps and table; and is a good specimen of a serviceable text-book.

There is every evidence that the writer has studied the best literature and reviewed the subject in the light of the most modern research. As he says in the preface: "From the fact, however, that a large part of the story belongs to inter-testamental times its interest has often been overshadowed by that of the strictly biblical story. Now the earnest historical study of the life and times of Jesus has brought us to a clear realization of the vital importance of an understanding of the whole development of past-exilic Judaism. Whatever may be the comparative worth of these periods they are certainly not surpassed in the annals of history in pathetic suffering and indomitable heroism. The brave struggle of a nation for the maintenance of its convictions is always of the deepest interest." We have much pleasure in commending the story of these struggles, briefly and clearly told in this volume, to the attention of the theological student, and the intelligent general reader.

#### ST. MARGARET'S COLLEGE, TORONTO.

This residential collegiate school for girls has been a phenomenal success. Every succeeding year sees additions made to the buildings, and the strengthening of its always efficient staff of teachers. The aim is to "occupy intermediate ground between the contemporary elementary schools on the one hand and the universities on the other, and in its management an earnest effort will

\*The history of the Jewish people during the Maccabean and Roman Periods (including New Testament Times) by J. J. Riggs, D. D. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, 1900, \$1.25.

be made to combine thorough intellectual culture with the best home training and religious influences. Each department of the Collegiate course is in charge of a University-trained specialist, who employs the best methods of instruction known to modern teachers."

The Academical, Musical, Art and Physical Culture departments are each in charge of thoroughly competent instructors; while "The study of the Old and New Testament forms part of the work of all the Forms of the School, and the same systematic preparation is expected for Bible lessons that is demanded for other studies. The students attend the churches that their parents or guardians designate; and they are always accompanied to church by one of the resident governesses of the School, and careful arrangements are made for the fulfilment of all church duties that their parents demand." Four scholarships, of the value of \$80 each, in classics, modern languages, mathematics, and science, respectively, are being offered to such as attend the classes of St. Margaret's College during the session 1900 and 1901. These subjects are such as may well command the attention of any young woman of the present day. Every pupil cannot be expected to go in for a science course but for those who do, it is satisfactory to learn that the science laboratory in this college is well equipped with apparatus suited to teaching and experimenting in chemistry and physics. In addition to object-lessons in natural science, we observe that Mr. Dickson gives lectures on botany and plant life—very necessary subjects in an agricultural country such as Canada.

St. Margaret's has been exceedingly fortunate in its lady Principal. Mrs. George Dickson makes an ideal head of such an institution; while on the Board of Management will be found the well known names of Rev. Dr. Milligan, Toronto, A. T. Wood, M.P., Hamilton, George Dickson, M.A., late Principal of Upper Canada College, Toronto, J. K. Macdonald, Toronto, and Dr. Courtney, Ottawa.

It will be remembered that some time before his death the late Duke of Argyll by deed of gift conveyed to the Church of Scotland the famous ancient buildings in Iona to be held by her as a Presbyterian possession for all time. We learn on high authority an interesting fact—not hitherto published so far as we are aware. The Duke was offered a very large sum by the Roman Catholics for the whole island of Iona, but he declined to sell. As he was a comparatively poor man, his action in freely conveying the sacred buildings to a Protestant body, notwithstanding a tempting pecuniary offer from the church of Rome is all the more to be esteemed.

Translate the scene of Scripture into your lives, and expound the Word of God by your works. Interpret it by your feet, and teach it by your fingers. That is let your workings and your walkings be Scripture exposition, as living epistles read and known of all men.—United Presbyterian.

## The Inglenook

### What A Beaver Did.

Mr A. D. Bartlett, son of the late superintendent of the London Zoo, has an interesting story of a captive Canadian beaver. A large willow tree in the gardens had blown down. A branch about twelve feet long and thirty inches in circumference was firmly fixed in the ground in the beaver's enclosure. Then the beaver was watched to see what he would do.

The beaver soon visited the spot, and walking around the limb commenced to bite off the bark and gnaw the wood about twelve inches from the ground. The rapidity of his process was astonishing. He seemed to put his whole strength into his task, although he left off every few minutes to rest and look upward, as if to determine which way the tree would fall.

Now and then he went into his pond, which was about three feet from the base of the tree. Then he would come out again with renewed energy, and his powerful teeth would set at work anew upon the branch.

About four o'clock, to the surprise of those who saw him, he left his work and came hastily toward the iron fence. The cause of this sudden movement was soon apparent. He had heard in the distance the sound of the wheelbarrow, which was brought daily to his paddock, and from which he was anxiously expecting his supper.

The keeper, not wishing to disappoint the beaver, although sorry to see his task interrupted, gave him his usual allowance of carrots and bread. The fellow ate it and was seen swimming about the pool until about half past five. Then he returned to his work.

In ten minutes the "tree" fell to the ground.

Afterward the beaver cut the log into three convenient lengths, one of which he used in the under part of his house.

### Kaffirs Setting A Limb.

After the recent invasion of European skill there cannot be much room left for primitive surgery in South Africa. Yet time was when, if a Kaffir broke his leg, it would be placed in a hole dug in the earth, and kept there till the bones were set. We have heard of a case in which the bones of a lad having been set by a European aid, the Kaffir father, had the splints removed, carried the boy home on horseback, and then had the limb set in the earth, with the result that it took six months to effect a cure. The Kaffir doctors are hereditary, the cleverest son being usually chosen to succeed.—From the "Leisure Hour."

### Keep The Children Busy.

Children in a house should be always taught to do little things in the household for two reasons. First, it trains them to be useful; and, secondly, it keeps them happy. Very often teaching entails some trouble on the house-mother. She may be inclined to say that she would rather do the thing herself than teach the little ones to do it. This will be a mistake on her part, for, if she will teach them now, she will find the little ones a help as they grow older. Moreover, by giving them interest in this way, she will never hear that miserable cry, "I don't know what to do!"

### The Sick Child.

Of the minor details of the sick-room, that which most impresses the untrained observer is the fashion in which the nurse gives a drink to the patient who must be kept in a recumbent position. The ordinary lay attendant, whose sole idea of the operation is to lift the sick person to a half or at least quarter sitting posture, looks on in wonder and admiration while the nurse slips her hand under the sick child's head, inclines it ever so slightly forward, and holds the full glass to his lips. In cases of heart weaknesses, where the safety of the patient may depend upon keeping him flat on his back, such a knack in giving nourishment is indispensable.

More difficult to acquire than this is the trick of changing the sheet on a bed without distressing the patient. In order to do this, the soiled sheet is loosened at one side of the bed, and folded in a long compact roll close to the patient. The clean sheet is tucked in or pinned down in place of that which has been removed, and after being drawn over the uncovered part of the mattress, is also folded in a roll close to the soiled sheets. The child has been turned on his side, the rolled sheets against his back he is now turned on his other side, both sheets drawn from under him, the soiled one whisked off the bed, and the clean covering fastened down in its place. When the patient is very ill he may be lifted by two nurses, while a third draws out the sheets.—Harper's Bazar.

### Queer Little Historians.

Just a raindrop loitering earthward,  
All alone.

Leaves a tiny "tell-tale story"  
In the stone.

Gravel tossed by teasing water  
Down the hill,  
Shows where once in merry laughter  
Flowed a rill.

In the coal bed dark and hidden,  
(Ferns how queer!)  
Left a message plainly saying,  
"We've been here!"

You may see here tiny ripples  
On the sands,  
Leave a history written by their  
Unseen hands.

Why, the oak trees, by their bending,  
Clearly show  
The direction playful winds blew  
Years ago!

So our habits tell us, little  
Maids and men,  
What the history of our whole past  
Life has been!

As a train was moving out of a Scotch station a man in one of the compartments noticed that the porter, in whose charge he had given his luggage, had not put it into the van and so shouted at him and said: "Hi! you old fool! What do you mean by not putting my luggage in the van?"

To which the porter replied: "Eh, man! yer luggage is ne'er such a fool as yerself! Yer i' the wrang train!"

His wife.—"If you stop reading about the Boer war for a few minutes, I have something to tell you about the cook."

The Suburbanite.—"Yes? Is she going to trek?"

### A Famine Kitten.

BY EVAN ROBARTS.

Sarah Jane Simmons stood at the door of the farm house on a bright May morning. The sunbeams danced among her golden curls, and did their best to light up her pale face and black dress. The scent of the apple blossoms came wafted on the air from the orchard, and the cherry trees at the gate were shedding their snowy petals on the ground. The pink and white hawthorn was all in bloom down the lane. The birds chirruped under the eaves, keeping a cautious eye on the little girl as they stole nice long straws from the thatch for their nests.

But neither sound of bird nor scent of flower reached Sarah Jane. She was deep in thought, her white Persian kitten was tightly clasped in her arms. Robin redbreast watched her from a bush near by, wondering at the sober face of his little winter friend. Sarah Jane's blue eyes had a far-away look, a pucker of care was on her brow; she was thinking of yesterday's sermon. She did not, as a rule, think much about sermons; they were often long and dreary in the village church; but yesterday a stranger had come and told them of the heathen children in a land far away who were dying of famine on the roadside, and who had never heard of Jesus. Sarah Jane had very few friends, and the whole love of her lonely little heart was given to the Lord Jesus, her dead mother and her white kitten. It was a strangely divided love, but the objects of it knew its value. Her heart had nearly broken when the pale little mother had laid her white wasted hands so lovingly on her head and told her she was going to Jesus, and she must take care of poor father.

Her father was a big burly farmer, who had no time to spare from his fields for his little daughter, and more fear than love was in her regard for him.

The white kitten was a wonderful thing and had come to her in a wonderful way. Coming home in the November dusk from his wife's funeral, Mr. Simmons had found it miles away, hiding under a hedge. Being tender-hearted just then he picked it up and carried it home under his coat. That was his story, but Sarah Jane's firm belief was that her mother had dropped it down straight from heaven to comfort her in her loss.

The preacher's picture of the heathen children had sunk deep in her pitiful child's soul. He had said he would come back in six months, and he hoped the good people of Burnfoot would have some money gathered after the harvest, that he might send more help to the missionaries in India who were trying to help the starving people. He spoke to the boys and girls in church, to their great surprise, for they were not accustomed to be taken any notice of by the ministers, and told them that five pounds would keep for one year an Indian child in a school where he would be fed and taught, and Sarah Jane had set her whole earnest heart on keeping a little boy at school. She had ventured a timid hand on her father's knee as he sat smoking in the porch on Sunday afternoon, and stammered out a wish for some money to give the missionary. "You're a soft-hearted little lass, just like your mother," he said, not unkindly. "But you may put that out of your head. With the land so dear, and the crops so poor, it's little enough Christians can get, so the heathens may shift for themselves."

But the heathen children had squeezed themselves into Sarah Jane's heart and would not be ejected, and now, with sadly puzzled face, she was turning over plans by which a little girl can make money all of her own. I

seems a hopeless problem, and robin in the bush jerked his wise careless head as he saw her eyes fill with tears.

But children's tears are soon dried, and a swift thought came to her that the Lord Jesus and the mother up there would be sure to find a way. She cast care aside for a time and set her kitten down to scamper after the lightly blown petals of the cherry tree.

The sunshine tempted her down the Hawthorn-scented lane, and the morning passed away in races with kitty until the sounds from the farmhouse, and her father's voice on the highroad drew her homeward. Just as she turned the corner of the lane, with kitty in her arms, a carriage met her. In it was seated Lady Carlyon of the Hall, the great lady of the village. Sarah Jane gazed at her with awe, a grand old woman with hooked nose and cold grey eyes. Her big velvet bonnet, with waving plumes, reminded Sarah Jane of the coach that took her mother away to heaven. She squeezed herself against the bank as the glossy black horses swept past. Suddenly a shrill haughty voice called the coachman to stop, and with a mighty clatter the horses were drawn up. Lady Carlyon's companion, a chill grey looking woman, put her head out and beckoned to the child.

"Come here, little girl, Lady Carlyon wishes to speak to you."

In great dread Sarah Jane approached the carriage. The old lady raised her glasses to stare at her.

"Who are you little girl?" she asked. "What is your name?"

"Sarah Jane Simmons, my lady," answered the child.

"Oh, a daughter of Farmer Simmons, are you? Well, your father is a hard-working man. Your mother is dead, is she not? Don't stare so, child! Is not your mother dead?"

"Mother is gone to heaven, your ladyship," stammered Sarah Jane.

"Oh, well, course it's all the same," said the old lady tartly. "You have lost her any how, and I suppose there is no one to look after you. You ought to be at school, instead of wandering about alone like this."

"I have been ill, my lady, and father said I might play about for a while," she ventured to explain.

"Well, well, it's all right, I suppose. What a poor, pinched little thing she looks," said the old lady, turning to her companion. "But I want to know, little girl, where you got that kitten. It's the loveliest little creature I ever saw, just the very kind of kitten I am looking for. Now, is it not, Courtenay?"

"Yes, indeed, my lady. It is just the very thing for you now that you have sent Snap away."

Sarah Jane clasped the kitten till it mewd uneasily.

"Put it on my knee, here, child." She unwillingly obeyed.

"Now, tell me where you got it?"

"Mother sent it to me."

"Sent it! Where did she get such a precious beauty!"

"She got it in heaven and dropped it down, and father picked it up and brought it home."

The old lady gasped.

"What a story, child! You don't expect me to believe that, do you? But, come now, I am going to buy this kitten from you. Give me my purse, Courtenay. See, here is a whole gold sovereign—that is better than your kitten."

The colour flushed and faded on Sarah Jane's cheeks.

"No! no!" she shrieked, snatching up her

treasure. "You're a wicked, bad old lady; I will not sell you my kitten."

Lady Carlyon caught her by the arm.

"You naughty, ill-bred child, how dare you speak to me like that? I must and shall have that kitten? I will give it a velvet cushion to lie on, and cream and fish every day. It will be perfectly happy."

Then growing desperate at the child's set face—"I will give you two, three, five pounds for it. Courtenay, show her five sovereigns, I am going to keep the little beauty."

But Sarah Jane could bear no more. Tearing herself from the old lady's grasp, and nearly strangling the coveted kitten, she ran home, flushed and panting with fear and fury never stopping till she reached her own small attic room. An old crab apple tree stretched its branches across the window, and the faint sweet fragrance was wafted in. She flung herself on her bed, and cried as if her heart would break.

"Oh! mother, mother!" she sobbed, don't let the wicked old lady get my kitty."

By-and-by, wearied out, she fell asleep, until the rays of the afternoon sun shining in awoke her to the sound of the clatter of milk pails and the loud voices of the maids going a milking. She lay thinking deeply over the scene of the morning. No one had missed the lonely child at dinner time, and she felt hungry and weak. The chink of the gold pieces was in her ears, and, suddenly, back to her mind came the story of the poor children in India, perishing for want of food. She grew paler as she remembered the missionary's words—"Five pounds will keep a boy or girl for one year." And she could get five pounds if only she would give up her kitten! "Oh, how could she bear to part with her?" And poor kitty set up a pitiful squeak in protest against a very close hug.

Two days the solitary child thought the matter out, and then with a pale, resolute face, she set out with kitty in her arms for Carlyon Hall.

A splendid footman flung open the door at her timid knock, and smiled a superior smile as his eyes fell on the kitten. He showed her into a vast drawing-room, and she had to walk to the farther end of it, where Lady Carlyon and her companion were seated in a sunny window looking out on the terrace. Scarlet and yellow tulips brightened the brown earth of the borders, and the scent of wallflowers filled the room from tall vases on the tables. The old lady put up her eyeglass. "Well, child," she said mildly, "so you have thought better of it. I knew you would come; you will not get an offer of five pounds for your kitten every day. See, here is her bed all ready," and she pointed to a crimson velvet cushion in the sunny window. "It was puggie's cushion, but I got tired of him and sent him away."

Reverently and sadly Sarah Jane laid her precious offering on the cushion, and a tear fell on the white fluffy head.

"Give her the money, Courtenay, and let her go," said the old lady hastily, "you know how a scene upsets me. Here, child, what's your name? Sarah? Here is a nice little purse with five sovereigns in it. Now, take care of it, it's a great deal of money for such a little girl. What are you going to do with it? Give it to your father, I suppose?"

"I am going to give it to the missionary to keep a little Indian boy at school, where he may learn to know the Lord Jesus," answered Sarah Jane, solemnly.

The old lady stared. "Whv, what a queer child you are, to be sure!" she exclaimed. "Well, I don't care what you do with it, so long as I have my Persian kitten. Run away home, now, and every month, about

this time, you may come and nurse kitty half an hour if you are good."

"Oh, thank you, my lady!" she cried. "I shall be so glad to come!"

At the drawing-room door she looked back, hearing a faint mew, and a fluffy white ball was running down the long room after her. The tall grey figure of Courtenay swooped down upon it, and kitty was borne back to her cushion.

That evening when Farmer Simmons was smoking in the chimney corner, half asleep after a hard day's work, Sarah Jane stood by his chair.

"Father," she said, "I sold my kitten today to Lady Carlyon. She gave me five pounds for it."

He turned his sleepy eyes on his little girl, not gathering the sense of her rapid words. She chinked the gold coins through her fingers. "Look, father," she cried. "Wake up!"

"Five pounds for a kitten!" exclaimed the astonished farmer. "Well, I always heard that old lady was crazy, and now I know it. They say she is fond of pets, and always looking for a new one. She will be giving you back your kitten when she tires of it."

"Oh, do you think she will, father? but she cannot make me give back the money, can she?"

"No, no, she'll never miss the money, but what do you want with all that money, little one?"

"Don't you remember the missionary man father? He said five pounds would keep a little boy or girl for a whole year. Well, I will give him the money when he comes, and I shall have a little boy of my very own at the mission school, saved from the famine and learning about Jesus and heaven."

The farmer's face flushed. He was a hard man, but just, and he had one tender spot. He drew the back of his hand across his eyes.

"You're an odd child," he said huskily, "but have your own way, it's just what your mother would have done."

A vision rose before him of the dainty little dark-eyed girl he had brought home so proudly to Burnfoot Farm, twelve years before, and who had wiled under the burden of hard work and ill health.

The first Monday of every month was a red-letter day to Sarah Jane: Rain or sunshine, storm or calm, saw her on her way to the Hall, and loneliness was forgotten while she sat in the window of the long drawing-room, nursing her darling, which always seemed to purr delight at seeing her.

The tulips were over, but the pink and crimson standard roses drooped their heavy fragrant heads in the sunshine, and a bowl of lily of the valley perfumed the air from a small table beside the easy-chair in which Lady Carlyon sat and dozed.

Courtenay held herself bolt upright in a high-backed chair, the neat folds of her grey gown lying primly around her. She always gave the little girl fruit and cake when the time was up.

November came and the missionary's return visit was approaching. Sarah Jane's purse, with its golden treasure, was safely locked in her drawer.

One bleak morning, when the sad autumn was spreading a rustic and yellow carpet in the lanes, she set out for Carlyon Hall. Her winter cough had begun to be troublesome, and a kindly dairymaid had advised her not to go out, but Sarah Jane was accustomed to have her own way.

Lady Carlyon looked up as the drawing-room door opened.



# Ministers and Churches.

## Our Toronto Letter.

Returning missionaries are being valed as they pass through Toronto, and interviewed as to their experiences in China and their impressions of the present crisis. The answers given to the reporters, and in public addresses, vary considerably, but most of them lay much of the blame for the present state of affairs on the Roman Catholic missionaries, and upon the greed of the other nations for certain portions of China. With regard to the future there seems almost an unanimity of opinion, that the only hope for the future of China is that it shall disappear as a nation, if one may be allowed such a bull, and become a part of the several nations now looking at it with greedy eyes. That does not sound very well from the lips of a Christian missionary, but one must remember that some of these were in danger of their lives recently, and after all missionaries are human.

The great business of life during August is to get as much amusement as possible, and those who use business it is to amuse are here in great numbers. The grand finale is of course at the Toronto Exhibition, after which we are prepared to settle down to work once more. The round of amusements has been wider than ever this summer, and has not increased in moral tone. Many of them have not been positively vicious, but they have been silly, merely aiming to tickle the passing fancy. They are not the best agencies for the education of the youth, who so numerously patronize them. But most of these young people are free from restraint, being part of the great army that comes into the city to earn daily bread and begin the climb to success. One of the problems which those who have the interests of these young people at stake must solve, is how to win them away from the attractions such amusements put in their way.

One of the strong denominations has decided to enter the lists with those who cater for the amusement of the young. A club-house has been purchased, and fitted up with appliances that shall meet the desire for amusement, and shall not shock the sensibilities of the Christian public. The experiment is still too much of an experiment to pass an opinion upon it, but on the face of it the plan seems reasonable. Why should the saloon and dance-house have a monopoly of those things that serve to attract the youth of our cities. These attractions are often used to cover up the positive vice to which they are made the lure. Why should they be so constantly associated with vice. In themselves they are not vicious, but have been so consistently used to lure to vice that they have come under the ban. The experiment of the Methodist Church in Toronto will be watched with interest.

The ministers are coming back again from their vacation, and their church members are following them more tardily. Well-browned faces and robust figures are seen on the streets, and one may count the scowling frowns on the fingers of one hand. The good humor of the returning campers and voyagers communicates itself to others, and for the time we are all good-natured. In the course of the next fortnight the old hard look will be back again, and men who now stop to chat on the street will hurry past with a curt "good-day." What a pity every fourth, or even every seventh week could not be devoted to travel and rest. Men would still be able to make enough to live upon, and life would mean so much more.

The Cumberland and Rockland Presbyterians are making notable progress under the pastoral care of Rev. Mr. McIntyre. The places of worship are as a rule full of worshippers, and the high esteem in which Mr. McIntyre is held by his people is an indication of his faithful and sympathetic leadership. The Manse at Cumberland has been repaired at a cost of \$300.

The social under the auspices of the Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian church, held at the residence of Mr. Colborne Nesbitt, Aylmer, on Wednesday evening of last week, proved to be a great success. The proceeds amounted to about \$18. Revs. J. McNicol and T. A. Nelson were present.

The pulpit of Stanley Street Church, Montreal, will be occupied on the next two Sabbaths by the Rev. Neil McPherson, pastor of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Hamilton, Ont.

Next ordinary meeting of Presbytery of Kingston, in St. Andrew's Church Kingston, on Tuesday, 18th September, at 2 p.m.

## THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN

### Western Ontario.

Rev. S. G. Livingston, B.A., Burns' Church, has been called to Alvinston.

Mr. J. F. Johnston, B.A., a graduate of Knox has been preaching by acceptance at Arthur.

Rev. J. J. Elliott, of Midland, and his family are spending part of their vacation with the Rev. A. Mc. D. Haig, Smithville.

Rev. F. G. Thomson, M.A., Hamilton, has been preaching in the North Presbyterian Church, Milton Grove, with much acceptance.

Rev. Mr. Anderson, pastor of the Presbyterian church, Milverton, exchanged pulpits with Rev. W. M. Haig, pastor of Knox church, Millbank.

Rev. A. Henderson, M.A., Toronto, and a former pastor of the Monkton Presbyterian church, preached two very acceptable sermons here last Sunday.

The pulpit of the Presbyterian church, St. George, was occupied last Sabbath by Mr. McQueen, of Kirkwall, in the absence of the Rev. Mr. Ross, who is holidaying in Beaverton.

Rev. Joseph Hamilton, of Mimico, who has the faculty of presenting the truth tersely and attractively, has been preaching a series of Sunday evening sermons on "Many Young Men of the Bible."

Rev. S. M. Marsh, B.D., pastor of Douglas Park Church, Chicago, is visiting his brother Rev. D. B. Marsh, Hamilton. Mr. Marsh has declined the call to the Presbyterian Church, Dobbinton, Presbytery of Bruce.

Rev. Dr. Dickson, Galt, has returned from his vacation, and occupied the pulpit of the central church on Sunday. In Knox church the venerable Dr. Paton, preached in the morning, and Rev. Erskine Knowles in the evening.

Rev. R. A. Mitchell, who went from Elora to China, is one of the six missionaries from the Canadian Church who are to remain in or near Pekin to watch developments of the war, while the others return to their homes in Canada.

Rev. Mr. McIntosh, and family, Elora, are taking a three weeks' holiday in the vicinity of Lucknow. Rev. Dr. Moffatt, Toronto, supplied his pulpit last Sunday, and it is understood, union service with Chalmers will be held the next two weeks.

Mr. Grant, a missionary from China, preached in Melville church, Fergus, on Sunday morning. Mr. MacVicar filling his own pulpit at night and giving an excellent sermon. Mr. Wilson, a student occupied St. Andrew's, in the absence of Mr. Mullan on holidays. Mr. Harvey is also enjoying a rest.

Guelph Mercury: Rev. David Junor, Station Island, a suburb of New York City, is in town visiting old time residents. It is 28 years ago since he left the stone town to study for the Presbyterian ministry, and he finds on his return visit here a greatly changed. The stone town has greatly improved in fine buildings, but a great many familiar faces have passed away to that bourne whence no traveller returns.

St. Thomas Journal: Rev. W. J. Knox, B.A., the young minister who has accepted a call to the pastorate of St. Andrew's Church, Stratford, occupied the pulpit of Knox Church on Sunday, and will remain here for two more Sundays. The reverend gentleman's sermons on Sunday showed that the Stratford Presbyterians have secured a worthy successor to the talented ministers who have preceded him in the pulpit of St. Andrew's. Mr. Knox is a native of St. Mary's, and is a brother of Mrs. Agnes Knox-Black, the well-known reader.

The Guelph Mercury, in mentioning the visit of Rev. John Wilkie, the well-known missionary to Indore, India, says: In a month from now he will return to India to resume his work. He will leave Mrs. Wilkie and his family in Toronto. Mr. Wilkie is an old Guelph boy, and by way of reminder, it will be interesting to the congregation of Knox church to state that it will be 21 years ago, on the 10th of September, since he was ordained to the ministry in Knox church here—and the only boy belonging to the church that has been ordained in that edifice. Mr. Wilkie notes with pleasure the improvements that are being made in the old church, where he was wont to worship, but also has a feeling of regret that the old seat on which he used to sit will be removed. Such are the changes of time. Mr. Wilkie's many friends here, the Presbyterian church generally and the catholic church universally will wish him continued success in his labors.

Rev. H. H. McPherson preached two very acceptable sermons at Knox church, Stratford, last Sunday to fair sized congregations. His morning text was on the blessedness of the peacemaker, and in the evening he spoke of Christ as the bread of life.

The cornerstone of Knox church, Guelph, was re-laid in a quiet manner on the 21st inst. Owing to the extensive enlargement and improvement of the church, the cornerstone laid in 1868 will have a new location, and the documents placed therein to-day will bring the history of the church up to date. It will be a matter of satisfaction to the congregation, says the Mercury, that the records of 1847 and the records of 1868 can be preserved with the records of 1900 in the enlarged church. Mr. J. I. Hobson presided, and, after a few remarks, explaining the object of their meeting, called upon Rev. Dr. Torrance to read the 132nd Psalm. The chairman and Mr. Scrimgeour attended to the placing of the jars of documents in the stone, while Contractor Redwood made the stone ready. Mr. A. W. Alexander chairman of the Board of Management, then presented Mrs. Ross, wife of the pastor of the church, with a handsome silver trowel, suitably engraved, and she declared the stone well and truly laid. Rev. Dr. Torrance followed with a dedicatory prayer, and afterwards spoke feelingly with reference to the past history of the church, and the promise of the future, exhorting the elders and managers and congregation to the continuance of the worship and service of God in their enlarged edifice. Rev. Thos. Eakin, M. A., of St. Andrew's, closed the proceedings with the benediction.

### Ottawa and Vicinity.

Prof. Prince, of Ottawa, is in St. Andrew's by the sea, engaged in work in connection with the biological station.

At the recent regular meeting of the Presbytery of Ottawa, standing committees for the year were appointed, of which the following are conveners: Church Life and Work, Rev. T. A. Sadler, B.A.; Sabbath Schools, Rev. R. Eadie; Home Missions, Rev. Dr. Armstrong; French Evangelization, Rev. Wm. Patterson, B.A.; Statistics, Rev. Jas. Taylor, B.A.; Examination for License and Ordination, Rev. D. M. Ramsay, B.D.; Students Exercises; Rev. Wm. Patterson, B.A.; Church Property, Rev. Dr. Moore; Young People's Societies, Rev. John McNicol, B.A.; Augmentation, Rev. D. M. Ramsay, B.D.; Supply of Vacancies, Rev. Dr. Campbell; Foreign Missions, Rev. J. D. Morrison, B.A.

On Sabbath 12th inst., there was no service in the Carp Presbyterian Church, Mr. McGillivray being unwell, but the daughters of Mr. Hugh Gourley, elder, turned their private Sunday school, held at 3 p.m., into a meeting at their house, where two clergymen were visiting. Children, parents and friends around assembled in force. M. de Genere, a young Italian convert from Montreal, preached in English on, "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation," eloquently pleading with them on the greatness of the favor, the fine opportunity of securing it, the honor to God and the good to themselves in performing the duty, the great danger of the neglect, impossibility of escaping the punishment. He then requested Mr. Gourley of Ottawa to conclude. His remarks were on the duties for three centuries, including Germans, Britons, Americans and others, to evangelise as well as civilise the anti-Christian and un-Christian nations. He stated as encouraging that now there were reported as many professing Christians in British India as there is all the world at the end of the third century. For this Americans, with all their political speeches against Britain, were actively engaged as co-workers. Japhet is dwelling in tents of Shem and South African Ham must soon become Christian. China, whose threats from the highest authority have recently horrified civilized man, must be compelled to be rational. Her boasted antique civilization is not merely antiquated, but is now proved to be no civilization—that nothing can save these senseless father nations of lives, these degenerate deceivers but the Inspired Word, through the instrumentality of those who hold the strongest form of Christianity, from destruction, municipal, physical, intellectual, moral and religious. The command given to the church to disciple all nations must be carried out by those identified with the church, as well in their own self defence as in obedience to the high command. The meeting was very enjoyable and profitable.

ONE WHO WAS THERE.



## Eastern Ontario.

Rev. A. H. Scott, B.D., of Perth, occupied the Presbyterian pulpit in Cryslar on Sunday.

Rev. George Guthbertson Toronto, has been visiting Rev. Prof. and Mrs. Jordan, Kingston.

St. Andrew's church, Williamstown, which has been undergoing repairs for the past month is now ready for occupation.

The Rev. Alex. Rannie B.A., Roslin, occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's church, Brighton, last Sabbath, preaching both morning and evening.

The Rockland Presbyterians are preparing to build a church that will cost about \$2500. Under the faithful pastorate of Mr. McIntyre the congregation has greatly increased in attendance, and gives bright promise of much further growth.

Mr. James, of Carleton Place, conducted services in St. John's church Almonte, on Sunday in the absence of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Mitchell. W. J. Paterson, M.A., of Carleton Place, took charge of the services in St. Andrew's church Sunday, Rev. Mr. Hutcheson, the pastor of the church, having gone to Europe.

A large number of members of Old St. Andrew's mission, Lanark, drove to the home of Mr. Walter McLaugham, sr., Drummond, on Monday evening, 13th inst., and presented that aged gentleman with an address and an easy chair. Monday was Mr. McLaugham's ninetieth birthday, but even at this advanced age he is hale and hearty, and sound in both body and mind. Only a short time ago he drove to Carleton Place to visit his son. An address, expressive of the high esteem in which the aged gentleman is held, was read by Mr. W. C. Caldwell, M.P.P. This was signed by a committee of the congregation, consisting of Messrs. John Maclean, James McFadden and Robert Beatty.

The anniversary social which was held on the beautiful lawn of the Manse, Summerstown, on Thursday evening last week was a decided success both socially and financially. The large and commodious residence which was opened for the occasion was well adapted for the entertainment. The location is one of the prettiest on the river. Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather a large crowd gathered to celebrate the second anniversary of the induction of their pastor, Rev. J. Matheson. The programme was varied and excellent. Rev. J. Matheson occupied the chair. The entertainment was brought to a close by all joining in "God Save the Queen."

## Winnipeg and West.

The Presbyterians of Edmonton have erected an \$8,000 church.

Rev. Frank Russell, returned missionary, has been addressing a meeting of the W. F. M. auxiliary in Knox church on the mission work in India. Mrs. Du Val presided.

Winnipeg Free Press, Aug. 16.—Rev. Peter Wright, D. D., of Portage la Prairie, will commence to-day in Manitoba college, in connection with the summer session, a two weeks' series of lectures on the subject of preaching.

Rev. Dr. Bryce, has returned from a three weeks visit to the coast and other points in British Columbia.

Speaking of the Manitoba Prohibition Act, to a representative of the Vancouver World Hon. Mr. Johnston said it becomes operative next June, at which time every hotel and saloon in the Prairie Province must close. There will be no liquor sold in the province under any pretext, and the Government have taken measures to enforce the act to the full. Manufacturing which is licensed by the Dominion Government, will, of course, continue; but there are no distilleries and only a few breweries in Manitoba.

Dr. Bryce, Winnipeg, has been visiting Vancouver. He preached in St. Andrew's church while there. To the World, in the course of an interview on the Century Fund, Dr. Bryce pointed out that the fund is proving most popular. Though begun but a year ago in June, the million dollars aimed at in the Dominion is already in view. It was reported at the General Assembly, which met in Halifax, that upwards of \$700,000 had been subscribed, \$400,000 for the debt fund and more than \$300,000 for the aggressive work of the church. Dr. Bryce says that no part of the Dominion occupies so fully the mind of the statesmen of the church as British Columbia. The miners of the Kootenay and of Atlin and the Yukon are exposed to special temptations, and the church is laying plans to

cover the whole field. He makes an appeal to the west to do its share. Winnipeg Presbytery is expecting to raise \$55,000, two-fifths of it for the common fund, and he believes that from the fact that about \$200,000 of the common fund is largely for the west, the two western Synods, as being made up of independent and noble-minded people, will do their full share.

## Maritime Provinces.

The W. F. M. S., of Miramichi Presbytery met in St. John's Church, Chatham last Tuesday.

Mrs. H. R. Robertson, wife of our missionary, intends to return to Erromanga about the middle of next month.

The W. F. M. S., of Wallace Presbytery met at River John on Aug. 7th. The meeting was large and enthusiastic.

The Presbytery of Wallace has called a convention of Y. P. S. and S. S. workers to be held at Amherst on Sept. 3rd.

The new St. John's church at Windsor, replacing the edifice destroyed in the great fire, is to be reopened on September 2nd. Revs. Dr. Black and A. Gandier are to officiate.

The W. F. M. S., of Halifax Presbytery, met at Wolfville on Aug. 7th. Dr. Morton was present and rendered very welcome assistance. There are 30 auxiliaries and \$159.25 were raised.

The N. B. Sunday law, which was sustained by the Supreme Court of the province, is to be enforced next Sunday in St. John. The tobaccoists and soda-water venders are much disturbed at it.

The Kirk congregation of Westville, Pictou Co., has called the Rev. George B. McLeod. Mr. McLeod is a Maritime Province man, and is now settled in Newcastle, Ont. He holds an M. A. degree and was ordained in 1895.

## Literary Notes.

The best thing of the kind reaching our desk is The Living Age. It contains, from week to week, the cream of contemporary literature, republished from the leading English and Continental reviews and magazines. Living Age Company, Boston, Mass. Price \$6.00 per annum.

The third volume of Dr. Hastings' "Dictionary of the Bible" will be published by Messrs. T. & T. Clark, on or about August 25th. The volume extends from Kir to Pleiades, and among the contributors are the following Presbyterians: Prof. Denney, Prof. A. McAllister, Rev. V. Fairweather, Principal Salmond, Prof. T. B. Kilpatrick.

Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly for September illustrates the possibilities of a Magazine which aims to keep in touch with the serious interests of the more intelligent men and women of today, as well as to amuse every reader by cleverness and variety. In this number the much talked of Wu Tingfang, Chinese Minister at Washington, contributes an intelligent paper upon his own people, and this is reinforced by an article telling just the facts about the Boxers which few people know, and everybody wants to know. An instructive article gives an account of the wonderful process of Uncle Sam's mint; and in fiction, too, the number is strong, and its variety is shown by the contrast between an entertaining story of Francis Gribble's "The Princess Who Was Treated Badly," and the "Mission of Corporal Thompson," a story of genuine human feeling. Poetry and illustrations also help make up an attractive magazine.

We should long ago have acknowledged the receipt of the Official Hand Book of the Presbyterian Church of England for 1899-1900. A cursory glance at its neat pages proves it to be a useful publication—a regular *almam in parvo*. The leading feature of the Hand Book is a condensed notice of every congregation in the church, giving among other things, the year in which it was founded, the sittings, communicants, Sabbath schools, stipend paid, finances, names of Ministers, representative Elder, session clerk and other officials. Then there are concise particulars furnished about the various Mission Schemes of the church, list of probationers; officers of the Council of Federated Churches; officers of the Alliance of Reformed Churches throughout the world holding the Presbyterian System, along with a list of the Churches composing the same. Price Sixpence. London: T. F. Downie, 14 Paternoster Square, E.C.

## British and Foreign Items.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie of Skibo is presenting a fever hospital to Bonar Bridge.

Inverness Dean of Guild has passed plans for the erection of Crown Free Church.

Mr. S. R. Crockett is engaged upon a new book which will be named "Grey Galloway."

Rev. Andrew Thom has just completed 25 years' ministry in the Free Church of Tallibody.

On the 26th ult. the Rev. Thomas Paterson was inducted to the Free Church at Auchencrain.

The Earl of Aberdeen takes an active interest in the care of the sick and wounded in South Africa.

Altnaharra Free Church, Sutherlandshire, situated in a wild and mountainous district, is getting an organ.

Rev. W. S. Bruce, D.D., Banff, is a candidate for the vacant chair of Moral Philosophy in Aberdeen University.

Mr. Archibald Forbes' widow, with the assistance of a literary friend, is to write her husband's biography.

Smallpox is decreasing in Glasgow, but it is succeeded by an outbreak of typhoid traced to a farm with defective water supply.

Messrs. John Romans and Charles Waddle have sent a circular to all the members of Parliament demanding Home Rule for Scotland.

At Morganside Park, Edinburgh, on the 29th ult., aged 81, died the widow of the Rev. John G. Macvicar, D.D., LL.D., minister of Moffat.

The death has occurred at Huntly, Aberdeenshire, of Rev. Wm. Ingram, senior minister of Rothiemay Free Church, at the advanced age of eighty-eight.

Rev. A. S. Martin, Scone, has been presented with an address, signed by 1000 persons, expressing sympathy with him and confidence in his character.

St. Clement's parish church, Glasgow, was reopened on Sunday last after renovation. The new feature is a very handsome apse for the organ soon to be erected.

Dr. Carl has gone to Switzerland for a rest, after taking part in a C. E. Convention held in Paris, and a very successful Convention held at Veigoroda, in the Hartz mountains.

A disgusted visitor to Helensburg sneers at the "milk-believe Esplanade" of the place, and declares that the only amusements are tea-total lectures and Salvation Army meetings.

It is now stated that the last minister to be inducted under the Patronage Act was Rev. J. T. Williamson, Ballantrae, who was presented to that charge in December, 1874, by the Earl and Countess of Stair.

John W. Lovell, sales agent, 83 Chambers street, and formerly of Montreal, has filed a petition in bankruptcy, with liabilities \$64,477, and no assets, except a lot in Woodlawn Cemetery, which is exempt.

At a meeting of the Chi Alpha in New York, held recently, Dr. Cuyler said he had passed his fifty-ninth anniversary as a writer for the religious Press, and that during that time he had contributed 4,500 articles to its columns.

The United Presbyterian Church at West Calder, will be known hereafter as Harwood United Free Church, and the Free Church as Limefield United Free Church. The churches take the names of the estates on which they are built.

An Englishman, Mr. Dyson Perrins, has built a beautiful church for the district of Ardross, as a thankoffering for the recovery of his wife from a severe illness. It is one of the prettiest in the Highlands, and is lighted and heated by electricity.

At a meeting of Inverness Free Presbytery a discussion extending over three and a half hours took place on the everture ancient union between the Free and the United Presbyterian Churches. The motion in favour of the union was finally carried by 12 votes to 11.

About three miles from Castle-Douglas a bridge 100 years old spans the river Dee. On the one side is a district called Glenloch, a name obviously modern; on the other lies a small hamlet of about a score of cottages, which has always been called "The Abbeyyard."

"Oh, here is that child again," she exclaimed peevishly. Now, Courtney, what is to be done with her?"

Courtney looked uneasy as the child passed the old lady's chair to the window seat. A shower of sleet was dashing against the pane, and some drenched and woe-begone looking starlings were stepping along the terrace, looking for worms in the grass. A great fire of pine logs roared up the chimney, but on the red velvet cushion lay no white fluffy ball. In its stead a glossy black King Charles spaniel was curled up, a red ribbon round its neck.

Sarah Jane looked round her in surprise. "Where is my kitty?" she asked.

"Your kitty, indeed!" snapped Lady Carlyon. "Did I not give you five pounds for it? You can't see it any more, I have sent it away. Now that is all about it, you may go home again."

Sarah Jane's breast heaved, and her blue eyes flashed fire. Bursting into a storm of sobs, and doubling up her small fists, she fell upon the old lady.

"What have you done with my kitty, you wicked bad lady?" she shrieked, battering with all her might.

Lady Carlyon fell back in her chair.

"Courtney! Courtney!" she cried, "take away this little spitfire, she is going mad, quite mad."

Courtney seized the screaming, struggling child with no gentle grasp.

"You little wretch," she cried, "how dare you? Your nasty kitten got troublesome to her ladyship, and the stableboy drowned it. So there, now you know."

The screams and struggles suddenly ceased, and the child slipped from her grasp and fell heavily to the floor.

The old lady started up. "Courtney, you have killed her, and we shall both be hanged. You are quite too rough, you promised to make it all right for me, and now you have blurted out the truth and killed the child. You know I wanted to give her back the kitten," she cried.

"Don't trouble yourself, my lady, she will be all right presently. I could not help telling her outright, just to punish her for striking at you. I shall run now and order the carriage to take her home."

"Yes, yes, do take her away, I never wish to see or hear of her again, the little fury. My nerves are quite upset."

Sarah Jane came back to the world—the hard world—again, in her own little bed, with Courtney, and Molly, the friendly dairy maid, bending over her, and an unpleasant sensation of cold water trickling down her neck.

"She is all right," Courtney's hard cold voice was saying, "I cannot think what came over the child; Lady Carlyon has been so kind to her, but she is a poor puny little creature. Give her a hot drink, my good woman, and she will be none the worse."

The dairymaid watched the tall retreating figure with no friendly glance.

"You're well out of her clutches, my poor wee lammie," she said, laying a big, red, tender hand on the child's brow.

Next morning Sarah Jane was in a raging fever. The chill and agitation had been too much for her delicate little frame, and the lung trouble which had been latent from childhood rapidly developed. A few days of delirium and pain passed, and she lay in the stupor of exhaustion—a small, shadowy, mortal—no less white than the pillow supporting her head. Her breath came in panting gasps; the struggle had quite exhausted her little strength. "Give her anything she fancies," the doctor directed Molly. her

faithful nurse: "It is a question if she will last till morning; she is quite worn out."

The missionary had returned to Burnfoot and had heard of the little girl's sacrifice and of her dangerous illness. He now sat beside the bed, a tall, bronzed man, with a long beard and earnest eyes. Her father sat on the other side, his elbows on his knees his face buried in his hands. The purse with the five pounds had been transferred from Sarah Jane's small wasted hands to the missionary's brown ones.

Mr. Simmons had told him of the little girl's offering to the cause of humanity—the cause of Christ. The missionary had knelt and offered some quiet simple words of prayer for gift and giver, and a silence had fallen on the room. Molly sat out of sight behind a screen, her apron thrown over her head. Sarah Jane's brow had the old pucker of care upon it, and the missionary bent over her.

"What is troubling you little one? Do you want anything?"

"It will keep him only a year, she whispered. "And now I am going to heaven. Who will keep him the next year?"

The farmer started. "Don't you make yourself uneasy about that, dearie," he said, "As long as I live," he said turning to the missionary. "Five pounds will be paid to that mission school for my little girl."

A happy smile lighted up the pale face, and she put out all her feeble strength to clasp her father's hand.

"And don't you think, sir," she said, raising her eyes to the missionary's face, "Don't you think when I see mother and the Lord Jesus in heaven that my kitty will be there?"

The missionary was a man who had visited many lands and seen strange sights. It was not for him to limit his Lord. "All that you love you will see there," he said tenderly.

The weary blue eyes closed, a smile rested on the pale lips. Sarah Jane's storm-tossed little vessel had sailed into the quiet harbour of heaven, and a voice from the City said: "Inasmuch as you have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, you have done it unto Me."

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4.20 p.m.—Limited, stops at Glen Robertson and Coteau Junction only, arrives Montreal 6.40 p.m. All points south of St. Lawrence River, New York and Boston, etc.  
7.00 p.m.—Local stop at all stations, arrives Montreal 10.10 p.m.

Between Ottawa and Arnprior, Renfrew, Pembroke, Madawaska and Parry Sound:  
8.15 a.m.—Express, for Pembroke, Parry Sound and intermediate points.  
1.00 p.m.—Mixed, for Madawaska and intermediate points.  
4.40 p.m.—Express, for Pembroke and intermediate points.

Trains arrive Ottawa from Montreal at 11.30 a.m., 1.25 p.m., 7.35 p.m., 10.15 p.m., and 9.10 p.m., on Sunday. From New York, Boston and all points south of St. Lawrence River at 11.30 a.m.

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6 12	Fairley	9 05	
6 18	Parker's Crossing	8 58	
6 20	Mohr's	8 50	
6 37	Quyon	8 40	
6 47	Wynn's	8 22	
6 56	Frank	8 14	
6 58	Bristol	8 08	
7 04	McKee's	8 02	
7 25	hawville	7 52	
7 45	Clark's	7 31	
8 40	Campbell's Bay	7 18	
8 03	Frank	7 15	
8 12	Vinton	7 9	
8 30	Conlonge	6 54	
8 45	Mellon's	6 39	
8 55	Waltham	6 30	

\*Flag Station. †Frank. ‡Flag Station.  
Connecting with Hull Electric Railway,  
Aylmer.

P. W. RESSEMAN,  
General Superintendent.

### Home and Health Hints.

A chicken should have a plump breast, a smooth comb and legs; black-legged birds are best for roasting, white for boiling.

Milk contained in cans may be kept perfectly cold by wrapping the cans in cloth or flannel, and standing them in a few inches of water.

Fresh vegetables and sound ripe fruit are the best blood purifiers, but they will not act if you eat flesh food, especially in summer.

Four or five clean, common playing marbles dropped in the bottom of the kettle of boiling fruit juice will, by their continual motion, make unnecessary constant stirring in order to prevent scorching.

In addition to the soap for bathing, white castile should be kept for washing the hair. Occasionally a little borax or ammonia may be used for this purpose, but care should be taken in their application, as they are rather harsh in their effects.

**Salad Dressing.**—Beat up an egg and put with it a teaspoonful of mustard mixed with water; then stir in four tablespoonfuls of melted butter and add three quarters of a cupful of vinegar, salt and a teaspoonful of sugar. If for cabbage, cook, stirring until it begins to thicken like cream.

**White cake.**—Whites of four eggs, one cup of sugar, one-half cup of sweet milk, one-half cup of butter, one-half cup of corn starch, one and one-half cups of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, flavor to suit taste; put all ingredients together and stir briskly until it is a smooth batter, and bake in a quick oven.

Try some plain cookies that the children or even despectics can eat with no bad results. One cup of sugar, one half cup of sweet milk, one egg, one teaspoon baking powder, flour, put all together in the mixing bowl and stir until all is a smooth mass, then add enough more flour to roll out easily and bake in a quick oven.

**Plain Sponge Cake.**—Three eggs, one cup of sugar, three tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, one cup of flour, one teaspoonful of baking powder; flavor, and bake in loaf, or sheet and spread with jelly and roll. In cool weather the butter should be softened, as it mixes more readily, and the quicker a cake is ready for the oven the better the result, provided, however, the oven is properly heated.

**Plain Plum Pudding.**— $\frac{3}{4}$  lb. flour, 6 ozs. butter,  $\frac{1}{2}$  lb. sugar, 6 ozs. currants, 6 ozs. raisins, 2 ozs. candied peel, 3 eggs, 3 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and a little cold milk. Sift the flour and baking powder together, wash and dry the currants, cut the peel, beat up the eggs with the milk, and beat all the ingredients together; pour into a buttered tin, and bake for  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours in a moderate oven.

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Will cure Epilepsy, Fits,  
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## TRENT CANAL.

**Simcoe-Balsam Lake Division.**

### NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Trent Canal" 21st August, 1909, for the construction of about thirteen miles of Canal between Kirkfield and Lake Simcoe which will be divided into two sections.

Plans and specifications of the work and forms of contract can be seen at the office of the Chief Engineer of the Department of Railways and Canals at Ottawa, or at the Superintendent Engineer's Office, Peterboro, where forms of tender can be obtained on and after Tuesday, 24th July 1909.

In the case of firms there must be attached the actual signatures of the full name and the nature of the occupation and place of residence, of each member of the same, and further, an \$15,000 must accompany the tender for each section; these accepted cheques must be endorsed over to the Minister of Railways and Canals, and will be forfeited if the parties tendering decline entering into contract for work at the rates and terms stated in the offer submitted. The accepted cheque thus sent in will be returned to the respective parties whose tenders are not accepted.

The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

By order,  
**L. K. JONES,** Secretary.

Department of Railways and Canals,  
Ottawa, July 16th, 1909.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned and endorsed "Tender for Hull, P. Q. Wharf," will be received at this office until Friday, the 31st August, 1909, inclusively, for the construction of a concrete and masonry wharf at Hull, P. Q., according to a plan and specification to be seen at the office of H. A. Gray, Esq., Engineer in charge Harbour and River works to, at the office of C. Desjardins, Post Office, Montreal, and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

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

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque, on a chartered bank made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for three thousand five hundred dollars, \$3,500 which will be forfeited if the called upon to do so, or if he fail to complete the work contracted for, or if the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

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

By Order,  
**JOS. R. ROY,** Acting Secretary,  
Department of Public Works of Canada, Ottawa, Aug. 11th, 1909.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

## OTTAWA & GATINEAU RAILWAY Co.

Taking effect Monday, May 21st. Summer Time Table will go into effect as follows:

No. 1 train will leave Ottawa, 5.30 p.m., arriving Gracefield, 8.15 p.m.

No. 2 train will leave Gracefield, 6.10 a.m., arriving Ottawa, 8.55 a.m.

No. 3 train will leave Ottawa, 8.00 a.m., arriving Gracefield, 11.55 a.m.

No. 4 train will leave Gracefield, 3.05 p.m., arriving Ottawa, 6.45 p.m.

No. 5 train will leave Ottawa, 1.35 p.m., arriving Gracefield, 5.40 p.m.

No. 6 train will leave Ottawa, 9.40 a.m., arriving Gracefield, 12.20 p.m.

No. 7 train will leave Gracefield, 5.05 p.m., arriving Ottawa, 7.40 p.m.

Nos. 1 and 2, daily, except Sunday.  
Nos. 3 and 4, daily, except Saturday and Sunday.  
Nos. 5 and 6, Saturday only.  
Nos. 7 and 8, Sunday only.

P. W. RESSEMAN,  
Gen'l Supt.



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In British Columbia—Atlin, Bennett, Grand Forks, Nanaimo, Nelson, Rossland, Vancouver (City Office), Vancouver (East End), Victoria, Ymir.  
In Quebec—Montreal (City Office), Montreal, (West End Branch), Westmont.  
In Ontario—Ottawa, In New Brunswick—Bathurst, Dorchester, Fredericton, Kingston (Kent Co.), Moncton, Newcastle, Sackville, Woodstock. In Newfoundland—St. John's. In Cuba, West Indies—Havana. In United States—New York, 66 Exchange Place, Republic, Washington State.

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