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Good Tea Cakes.—Three pints of flour, three teacupfuls of sugar, one and one-half cups of sour milk, one and one-half cups of lard or butter and one and one-half teacupfuls of soda. Roll out very thin, and bake quickly.

Ragout Pickle.—One gallon of tomatoes, one gallon of cabbage, one quart of onions, one pound of sugar, one teaspoonful of mace, one teaspoonful of celery seed; cut the vegetables very fine, cover with vinegar and let come to a boil.

Chile Sauce.—Twelve ripe tomatoes, four onions, two peppers, one cupful of vinegar, four tablespoonfuls of salt, two teaspoonfuls of allspice, two teaspoonfuls of cloves; chop fine and boil all ingredients together. Ready for immediate use, or may be sealed while hot.

Sweet Tomato Pickle.—Two pounds of tomatoes, one pound of sugar, one pint of vinegar, mace, cloves and cinnamon; boil medium-sized green tomatoes in ginger tea till the green taste is gone. Use proportions given above and boil ingredients five minutes. Can while hot.

Apple Marmalade.—Peel and core a small quantity of tart apples. Cover with water and boil till tender. Put through a fruit press and take equal weights of sugar and apples. Cook, stirring constantly, until of the consistency of jelly. Add the juice of a lemon. Seal in jars.

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Tomato Catsup.—One bushel ripe tomatoes, one-half gallon of vinegar, thirteen medium-sized onions, one-half pint of salt, two ounces each of cloves and allspice, three tablespoonfuls of black pepper, one-half teaspoonful of cayenne pepper; boil tomatoes till soft and strain. Add other ingredients; mix well and boil two hours. Strain, bottle and seal.

Tomato Soy.—One peck ripe tomatoes, one pound of sugar, two large onions, two peppers, one cupful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of cinnamon, one tablespoonful of cloves, one quart cider vinegar; peel tomatoes and boil all the ingredients except the vinegar for two hours. Just before taking from the fire add the vinegar slowly. Bottle when cold.

Tomato Sauce.—One gallon green tomatoes, four large onions, eight cupfuls of vinegar, one tablespoon of salt, one teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves, ginger and grated nutmeg, dash of cayenne pepper; peel and chop fine the tomatoes. Let stand in a jar all night. Drain off the water, adding onions finely chopped, with the other ingredients. Boil until thick.

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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

Vol. 25.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16th, 1896.

No. 38.

Notes of the Week.

Dr. Snyder, of the American Southern Presbyterian Mission, who arrived at Liverpool lately from the Congo region, reports that he had penetrated into the interior for over a thousand miles, and had discovered a new lake, which was many miles long, and so broad that his eye could not trace its width.

References have been made in the newspapers to excesses committed by Japanese troops in Formosa, and they have also been denied. Now the Rev. Duncan Ferguson, English Presbyterian Mission, Tainanfoo, Formosa, sends to the *Presbyterian*, London, England, a long and distressing account of the condition of the island. He charges the Japanese troops with persecution and outrage of peaceful inhabitants.

There has just been published by T. & T. Clark, "The Life of James McCosh: A Record Chiefly Autobiographical," edited by William Milligan Sloane, of which the Rev. Dr. T. L. Cuyler remarks that, "to hundreds of the Alumni of Princeton this volume will be a treasure. They will hear in it the ringing of the old college bell. They will see the lines of students marching across the campus to evening prayer and trooping into the chapel. Upon the platform mounts the stooping form of grand old 'Uncle Jimmy'; and in his broad and not camelodious Scotch accent, he pours out his big, warm, heart in prayer. With honest pride in their Alma Mater they will thank God that they were trained for the battle of life by James McCosh."

Apropos of bicycling accidents, which are now neither few nor slight, it would be worth the while of our City Council to take note of and follow the method adopted in the Austrian capital with cyclists. The danger to the public caused by cycling there is greatly lessened by the regulation forbidding any cyclist to go into the streets without having first passed an examination in mounting and dismounting, back-peddalling, and, in short, complete control over his machine. His certificate has to be produced whenever called for, with his photograph attached, that it may not be transferred.

There are in the United States 232,295 dealers in distilled and fermented liquors, or one dealer to every 295 of the population. This is a decrease from the figures of 1894 when there were 241,419 dealers in this liquid poison. There is in these figures every incentive for Christian people to continue their warfare against the saloon. Prohibition, while it may not absolutely prohibit, is a great element in reducing the consumption of liquor, as is evidenced by the fact that including all the duly authorized State liquor agents and druggists in the State of Maine, there is only one dealer to 579 of the population, while in California there is one to every ninety-nine of the population, and in Nevada, one to every seventy-five.

All interested in such things have heard again and again of the monster petition prepared under the auspices of the W.C.T.U. of the world, to be presented to most of the world's Governments protesting against the traffic in opium and spirituous liquors. It has for some time been lost sight of, but now it is announced that the Queen has signified her willingness to receive a petition protesting against the traffic in opium and spirituous liquors, to

which document are appended 7,000,000 signatures. The names were collected by the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the names of Miss Frances E. Willard, President of the World's Women Christian Temperance Union, and Lady Henry Somerset, President of the British Women's Christian Temperance Union, heading the list.

Labour Day is now one of the days of great and growing significance from year to year. The appearance presented by the procession on that day through the streets of the city was such as could not fail to impress every beholder with the fact that labour, in the sense of manual labour, and labouring men are very fast getting to understand their enormous power. We have no fear of this so long as our population is sober, industrious and moral, and wisely led. All men who are doing anything for the world are workers in it with head or hands or both, and there should be amongst all toilers, whether of brain or hand, only the best understanding, the kindest feeling and good-wishes, for the prosperity and happiness of the one are inseparably bound up in the prosperity and happiness of the other.

The Rev. Mr. Ramseyen, missionary in Ashanti, of the Basel Society, speaking of the result of British rule in that country says: "In Ashanti there has been such an upturning of things as I never dreamt of. Kumassi, the capital, is, in fact, a picture of what has taken place all over Ashanti. As one that dreams I stand in the street. Where there was formerly a whole complex system of houses and streets, everything is cleared away, and a number of labourers are busy taking out the roots of the fetish trees that have been cut down under which so many poor creatures were slaughtered. The Place of Skulls hard by the market place is cleared. Only a beautiful row of trees remains. The people were so glad when I told them that the missionaries would now remain in Kumassi, and that now the time of peace had come. They told us that the whole country rejoiced at the arrival of the English. Everyone wished it, but no one could have dared to say so."

Toronto is just now en fête. Banners and streamers, ornamented shop windows, throngs of people, sightseers and strangers from far and near, noisy cars rushing along in quick succession, and all the other vehicles which crowd our streets make a busy and noisy scene. But the crowning attraction came on Monday in the person of Li Hung Chang, whose tour of the world may be said to wind up with Canada. His yellow jacket, peacock feathers, umbrella and sedan chair, his pipe and tobacco, servants, sons and retinue have all been here and have all been seen, stared and wondered at by hundred and thousands. Great numbers have been introduced to him, and it must be said that according to all accounts he has shown an unfailing geniality and the good humour of a polished gentleman, and so far as that was possible in the circumstances, has made hosts of friends, or to say the least, given pleasure to hosts. All will join in wishing his Excellency a safe journey home. What will come out of it all now remains to be seen, and the outcome, there can hardly but be something significant if Li's life is spared, will be watched with much interest and expectancy. If with the Japanese war, this world tour, and still more with the introduction and spread throughout the empire of Christianity, China should waken up, and take a start at all like that which

Japan has taken, then a new power in the world's movements will have to be reckoned with, whose character no one can see, but whose vast importance for good or ill the duller can at once understand must be very great.

We hear it often said, and it is very generally believed, that a large part of the ill-feeling against England, which undoubtedly exists among certain classes in the United States, is owing to the teaching given the youth in their school histories. A writer in the *Christian World* takes the ground that it is not the school books that do the mischief, and adds truly, "the history of every country must tell the story of its wars." We are told that "one of the most extensively used school histories of the United States, Mr. John Fiske's, plainly declares that the Revolutionary War was waged not against England, but against George III. Says Mr. Fiske: 'In that struggle the people of England were not our enemies; we had nowhere better friends than among the citizens of London, and on the floors of the House of Commons and the House of Lords.' It is to the journalists and newspapers that the source of the bad feeling is traced. It is said, "some of them for trade reasons, some to catch the Irish vote, some to make a point against the administration by misrepresenting its foreign policy, are responsible for whatever suspicion of England or alienation from her friendship is still discoverable in any portion of the American people." We can well believe this, and it goes to show what a tremendous responsibility rests upon journalists in these days, and how necessary it is that they should be men who act under a due sense of all that this responsibility involves.

For some time a Court of Inquiry of the University of Aberdeen has been engaged in hearing evidence *pro* and *con* and investigating charges brought by the students of his class against the Rev. Dr. Johnston, professor in the University of Biblical Criticism. The charges brought by the students were mainly of incompetency to teach, and not taking up and dealing with recent views upon this important subject. Counter charges were brought by the professor against the students of "ungodliness and conspiracy." While the students may not have conducted themselves with the propriety and respect toward a professor which is expected of them, they have yet in substance been acquitted of the charges against them. The professor has not fared so well. The committee have found that the first complaint preferred against Dr. Johnston—viz., that "he is unmethodical in the treatment of the subject of which he is professor"—has been established. The committee go on to say that Dr. Johnston, "whatever other merits he possesses, fails almost entirely to possess the first essential for a teacher," which they define as "the faculty of communicating knowledge in such a form that students can benefit by it." The result of the whole inquiry as regards the professor is that the court recommends that Professor Johnston should be retired from his charge on a suitable retiring allowance. The report was received, and consideration deferred for a month. Dr. Johnston has intimated that if the report be carried he will appeal to the Privy Council, a course which is not in the least likely to improve matters, if it does not even make them much worse. There is in this whole matter a hint to all professors, both to keep themselves thoroughly up, and also to study well the art of imparting instruction.

PULPIT, PRESS AND PLATFORM.

Bishop Hopkins: Prayer is a golden key which should open the morning and lock up the evening.

Charles Hodge: The Judge of all the earth will do right. No human being will suffer more than he deserves, or more than his own conscience will recognize as just.

Hugh Miller: Prayer is so mighty an instrument that no one has thoroughly mastered all its keys. They sweep along the infinite scale of man's wants and God's goodness.

F. W. Farrar: Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little silent victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together, gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.

Presbyterian Witness. Amusements, entertainments—what are they in this very earnest and awful life of ours, with its tragedies, rebellions, wars, disasters, cruelties! It becomes us to clothe ourselves with the whole armor of faith; with perfect loyalty to God and to our highest convictions. God should be in all our thoughts.

Joseph Parker, D.D.: I made myself servant to all that I might gain the more. This is the secret of success in life. The Apostle lives for his work, and in his work he is willing to make any effort, if by so doing he may gain one soul. To the Jew who reverences the law, he says there is nothing in the universe except law. We will tabernacle together on the skirts of Sinai. To those that are without law, he says that instinct, that intuition of yours, the searching gaze into the past, the darkling glance into the future—I claim them as the gift of God. From that point we can proceed together. He is the servant of all that he may gain the more.

New York Observer: The demagogue and the pedagogue have always been at war. The demagogue who leads the people without teaching them is the natural foe of the pedagogue, who leads the people by teaching them. The demagogue is he who applies to his pigmy self the old monopolistic assumption, "I am the state!" while the pedagogue contends for the idea of "res publica," or a public interest and good. The two social factors accordingly can have nothing in common, since the motives of the one are entirely selfish and self-centred, while the other labours constantly for the introduction of a higher intellectual and moral idea.

Herald and Presbyterian: The great need of our human society is moral renovation. Men need to have new hearts. There is light in the world. There is enough light and knowledge to make this world entirely different from what it is. The condemnation is that light is come into the world, and that men love darkness better than light. Their hearts being wrong, their lives are wrong, and their lives being wrong, their hearts are corrupt. Moral natures being evil, their deeds are evil. There is not the excuse that men do not know better. They do know better. The sin that is around us is against light and knowledge as well as against God and holiness. God's law is light. It enlightens and teaches us what we are to be and what we are to do.

Our Contributors.

KNOXIAN ON EDINBURGH.

Edinburgh is a splendid school for the study of Church history, especially Presbyterian Church history. In the Modern Athens you can "get up" the work without straining your eyes or burning any midnight oil. A day's sight-seeing on High Street is a much more pleasant kind of exercise than reading Mosheim. Viewing the historic spots from the Castle, or from Calton Hill on a fine day is much more exhilarating than taking notes in Dr. Burns' Church History Class used to be. Still, if one did not know something about the books the places would not have so much interest." One of the best ways to "rea' up" the Disruption of '43 is to read the biography of Dr. Chalmers or of Dr. Guthrie. In fact, the best way to read up any kind of history is to read the biography of one or two of the men who helped to make the history. Having read Guthrie, then go across to St. Andrew's Church and follow the line of march to the Hall in which the Free Church was cradled. Then go back to the old part of the city and take a look through the New College, the Free Assembly room, and be sure to see the busts and pictures of Chalmers, Candlish, Cunningham and Hugh Miller that are found everywhere. Some good man may say that is looking at the Disruption from the Free Church side. Quite likely. There are other sides from which the stirring events of '43 may be viewed, but I don't happen to know much about the literature of the other ecclesiastical sides.

Viewed from the political side, if Scotland had been wisely governed by the civil powers the Disruption might never have taken place. Had Peel and Melbourne, the English Premiers of that time, known Scotland and Scotchmen as well as Sir John Macdonald knew, and Sir Oliver Mowat knows Canada and Canadians, the National Church of Scotland might never have been split. Questions that might have been settled when they arose were allowed to drift until they crystallized into what seemed to many vital issues, and then the split was inevitable. The only course open to an honest man who believed the Headship of Christ at stake was to go out. Chalmers and those associated with him appealed, but appealed in vain, to the English Government. Melbourne and Peel did not know, or did not care to know, how tenaciously Scotchmen cling to their ecclesiastical opinions. They thought Scotch Presbyterians were as flexible on ecclesiastical and theological questions as English Episcopallians are, and that perhaps was the tap-root of the difficulty so far as the civil powers were concerned. Even Lord Macaulay, who represented Edinburgh in the House of Commons at the time, seemed to think that his whole duty was done if he kept out of the trouble. Writing to a friend he said he could not spend a Sabbath in Edinburgh because whatever church he worshipped in somebody would be offended. Macaulay could go to the bottom of questions three centuries old, lay bare the causes that brought about certain results, unmask the actors in many a plot, and paint historic characters until we can see them walk before us, but Macaulay could not, or would not understand what was going on in his own constituency. He could and did devise plans for the better government of India, but he had nothing to suggest in the way of a remedy for the troubles in Scotland. And so the National Church split, and colleges, manses and churches had to be duplicated at an enormous cost over all Scotland. Viewed merely from a political standpoint, it seems as if wise civil government might have averted the Disruption of '43 by dealing with the difficulties when they arose and before they assumed an acute form. But what is the use in speaking about what might have been. Still one cannot help asking if revival would not have been as

good a thing for the Church as dismemberment.

One lovely Saturday afternoon I went out to the Grange Cemetery to see the last resting-places of some of the leaders of 1843. Turning to the right after you enter, a short walk brings you to a large marble slab, on which is chiselled this name: Thomas Chalmers, D.D., LL.D. Across the walk Principal Cunningham sleeps his last sleep. A little farther on, and on the same side as Chalmers rests, I saw another name, engraved on Peterhead granite, which moved me more than any name in that cemetery, and there are many names, illustrious names, there. Need I say it was the name of Hugh Miller. What stirring associations cluster around that name. Over on the other side of the cemetery a beautiful white monument marks the last resting-place of Dr. Guthrie. Westminster Abbey, even the Poets' Corner, did not impress me half as much as the old Greyfriars' Churchyard and the Grange Cemetery. I suppose that comes from Scotch blood and Presbyterian training. Well, these are both good things to have.

A MISSIONARY TOUR UP LAKE TEMISCAMINGUE.

BY REV. JAMES BINNIE, M.A., B.D.

"Land of the forest and the lake,
Land of the rushing river."

—Canadian Song.

"How do you purpose spending your vacation?"

This question was asked me by the Rev. A. Findlay, Superintendent of Missions for Algoma. I replied that I expected to attend Mr. Moody's conference at Northfield.

"You had better come with me and visit another north field," he said.

He then explained that being commissioned by the Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew, he would spend two weeks or more in visiting the Temiscamingue district. On further consideration I agreed to accompany him.

According to arrangement, therefore, we met on the following week at the home of that veteran of Home Missions, Dr. Campbell, of Renfrew. Taking the C.P.R. train going west, we arrived in due time at the town of Mattawa, about 140 miles from Renfrew. This is a brisk town of over 2,000 people, and is beautifully situated at the junction of the Mattawa and Ottawa rivers. It owes its importance mainly to the fact that it is the principal distributing point for the immense lumbering region to the north. The population is largely French and Roman Catholic. There is a Presbyterian church here. The pastor, Mr. McNabb, was then unwell, and had gone over to Rome for physical repairs, that is to say we found him in the hospital, an apparently well-ordered institution, under the auspices of the Roman Catholic Church, but open to all.

From Mattawa we travelled by the Temiscamingue Colonization Railway, a branch of the C.P.R. recently completed. The high rates charged on this line almost took our breath away, but, like true Scotchmen, we resolved to get full value for our money, by missing none of the fine scenery on both sides of the track, and when we reached the end of our journey we were almost ready to admit that it was worth seven cents a mile single fare.

On the newly constructed bridge at Mattawa the road crosses to the Quebec side and follows up the Ottawa river, winding along close by the water's edge. The Ottawa, as its name implies, is a rapid and majestic river, closed in with high and rugged banks, over which the branch streams plunge in roaring, foaming cascades. About forty miles from Mattawa we come to Gordon Creek, a station at the lower end of Lake Temiscamingue. From this point the road leaves the Ottawa, climbs the steep bank, and seven miles up reaches Norcliffe or Kippewa, a small village at the foot of Lake Kippewa. The level of this lake is nearly 300 feet above that of Lake Temiscamingue. These two lakes are connected by a stream

of considerable volume, called Gordon Creek. It has been enlarged and improved for lumbering purposes by Mr. Lumsden, of Ottawa. For three miles of its course, above where it empties into the Ottawa, it is one wild and continuous rapid. Lake Kippewa is a large body of water about a hundred miles in length, consisting of a succession of bays and indentations, and dotted with numerous islands. Hence its name, which means hidden waters. A vast amount of lumbering is carried on here. A steamer belonging to Mr. Lumsden plies regularly on its waters.

At Kippewa we were met by Mr. A. C. Wishart, student of Knox College, who is in charge of this portion of the field. He conducts service at six points covering a distance of some 45 miles. Travelling between his stations by walking, rowing, riding on a hand-car and steamboat, he gets abundance of exercise. It is just the place to develop muscle and backbone. He is doing all that a man can do in such a wide and primitive field.

The next day being Sabbath, service was conducted by Mr. Findlay in the dining-room of the hotel, and communion was dispensed, there being a few members of our Church present. After dinner we boarded a hand car, took off our coats—with the exception, of course, of Mr. Findlay who sat on a box and tried to look comfortable as he squeezed himself into as little space as possible and hung on—and worked our passage down the track to Lumsden's mill, where another service was held in the eating-room of the boarding-house. There were about forty people present, the majority consisting of men working in the mill. Arriving back at Kippewa another service was held, at which I preached, and on Monday evening Mr. Findlay conducted a missionary meeting. The few people here were greatly encouraged and pleased with the services. It was a red-letter day in their history.

We leave early Tuesday morning and from the platform of the hand-car wave adieu to Kippewa with kindest wishes for hospitable friends we found there. We strip off our coats, seize the handles, and whirl ourselves away ere the sun has quite dispelled the morning mists. The air is bracing and the track is down grade, so we make splendid time to Lumsden's mill. Then a walk of two miles beside a roaring torrent, where we get some delightful views, brings us once more to Gordon Creek. After some delay we get on board the *Meteor* and steam away northwards up Lake Temiscamingue. It is a delightful sail. The evening is perfect. The lake being narrow we never lose sight of the shores, whose high and rugged banks are covered with varying shades of green, the dark foliage of the pine mingling with the lighter poplar and birch. The whole scene is lit up by the lingering rays of the setting sun. My companion's fund of stories is inexhaustible, hence the time passes very pleasantly. We reach at length the village of Baie des Peres, a French settlement on the Quebec side, fifty-two miles up the lake, nestling snugly on the shores of a beautiful bay.

Here we found, Mr. Scott, student, in charge of the upper part of the field, also from Knox College. Bronzed and weather-beaten he was from constant exposure on the lake in his skiff, but withal none the worse of his hard summer's toil.

On the following day, through the kindness of Mr. Wright, manager of a silver and lead mine, owned by the London Petroleum Oil Trust Co., we were taken on board his private yacht the *Elsie Ross*, and, after visiting the mine where we had dinner, were landed on the other side of the lake. About half way across our craft caught fire under the boiler. There was a small panic on board for a time, but at last the fire was extinguished, and we were safely landed at a new settlement called Haileybury, on the Ontario side. Here a town site has been surveyed on an ideal spot where the ground slopes gently up from the water's edge. A few buildings have been erected, a saw-mill, a hotel and an English church are in course of

erection. On the following day we were rowed five miles up the bay to another settlement named Liskeard, the rival of Haileybury. Here we attended a picnic given by the English Church Sunday school. There were about 70 people present, many of them being from Muskoka, and old acquaintances of Mr. Findlay's. I also found an old schoolmate who had taken up his abode here and was building a saw-mill. We were prepared if called upon to say some cheering and helpful words to these sturdy pioneers. But the desire to air our eloquence in this scarcely more than broken wilderness was quenched by the chairman, who remarked that as the children were invited out for a sail—which by the way never took place—we would have to forego the pleasure of listening to any other gentlemen present who might otherwise have favoured us with speeches. So we were compelled to bottle up our eloquence for future use, but returned to Haileybury delighted with our visit.

These two settlements are very promising. The soil is good judging from its appearance as well as from the excellent crops of hay, oats, wheat and vegetables which we saw. The land is fairly level and well-timbered. Prices are good, as the people can dispose of their produce to the lumber men. In the summer months they have communications by steamboat. The settlers are a good class, mostly English and Protestant, intelligent and full of confidence in the future prospects of their new home. A large number of young men are moving in. We were assured that they are not troubled with summer frosts, and that the winters are not severely cold. Last winter the lowest point reached by the thermometer was 35° below zero.

Considering the size of the settlement the Presbyterian cause here is strong, and Mr. Findlay laid the foundation of a future congregation. At Haileybury we received as a free gift, from Mr. Farr, a member of the Anglican Church, two town lots for church purposes. The location of these lots was chosen and trustees were appointed. The people are anxious for the services of an ordained missionary. This is certainly what the field needs. The right stamp of man would do excellent work by taking charge of the whole district in winter, and in summer having the assistance of one or more students. Here is a splendid opening for one of our manly, athletic graduates, who desires to render excellent pioneer service for the Church.

Where or under what strange guise will you not find Scotchmen? Paxton Hood in his *Scottish Characteristics*, gives instances of Scotchmen found in the disguise of Russian, Turkish and Sardinian military officers. But up here in this wild region we found a still more remarkable instance of Scottish ubiquity. One of the settlers related how when clearing his land some Indian youths came out of the woods and began helping him. Since they were so friendly he asked their names. To his surprise they answered in broad Doric that their respective names were Sandy, Donald and Rory. Truly the Scotch are a peculiar people.

On Friday Mr. Findlay and I separated. Leaving him on the Ontario side, I crossed over in the *Meteor* to Baie des Peres, passing on the way the beautiful summer resort of a United States millionaire, whose house of cedar logs, built on an island, cost \$7,000.

I visited Fort Temiscamingue, an old Hudson Bay station established about two hundred years ago. It is now abandoned and used only as a summer resort. Here in his old age lived Wm. Garson, an Orkney man, who spent fifty years in the Hudson Bay employ. He died recently in Montreal, and out of his hard-earned savings left \$500 for Presbyterian missions on Lake Temiscamingue, \$2,000 for the Presbyterian cause along the Ottawa river, and \$2,000 to the British and Foreign Bible Society.

On Sabbath morning I failed to gather a congregation together at Baie des Peres. There are only a few Protestant people in the village, and some were absent. It was

Teacher and Scholar.

BY REV. A. J. MARTIN, TORONTO.

Sept. 27th] STUDIES IN O.T. HISTORY. { Review. 1896.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Prov. xviii. 10.

MEMORY VERSES.—Golden Text for the Quarter.

CATECHISM.—Questions for the Quarter.

HOME READINGS.—M. 2 Sam. ii: 1-11; v: 1-12. 7: 2 Sam. vi: 1-12, vii: 4-16. H. 2 Sam. xix: 1-13; x: 8-9. Th. Ps. xxxii: 1-11. F. 2 Sam. xv: 1-12; xviii: 9-33. S. 1 Chron. xxii: 1-16. Sub. 2 Sam. xxii: 40-51. and Prov. xvi: 22-33.

Somehow it seems impossible to get away from the idea that the Golden Text for Review Sunday ought to be made the centre about which the lessons for the quarter may be grouped for review. Our text for this quarter is a delightful one, and one the truth of which can be readily illustrated from the lessons we have been studying together, during the last three months. The "Name of the Lord" signifies all that God is in Himself, His attributes, His love, mercy, power, knowledge—in a word, the revealed God. The "high tower" brings before us an idea with which we are not so familiar as the Orientals; a central fortress, in which, at times of danger, the surrounding population could take refuge. We can find more than one instance mentioned in the period of history covered by our lessons for the quarter, when men fleeing from their pursuers took refuge in such a fortress and were safe, until either the fortress was reduced, or they were delivered over by those with whom they had taken refuge. But this strong fortress there is no danger of the enemy overcoming; nor is there any fear of one who has fled there for refuge being given up. "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." The righteous man hiding himself in God is set on high—lifted up out of the reach of the trouble or danger that besets him. How aptly David's career illustrates this need scarcely be pointed out. It was only because the Lord was David's hope and refuge that he escaped the plottings and snares of Saul, and was brought to rule over a portion of Israel on the death of that monarch. It was only because the Lord was with him during the seven-and-a-half years he ruled in Hebron, that he was enabled so to conduct himself as to win the favour of the whole nation, and so to secure the kingdom God had promised him, by the best of all conquests, a conquest of love. It was only because the Lord was his refuge that David brought up the Ark of the Lord to Jerusalem. He knew what God had been to him, and desired that God should be such to the whole nation. Therefore, he strove to establish Jehovah-worship as a national religion, and longed to give to that religion a fitting habitation by erecting a house to God in Jerusalem. It was only because his trust was wholly in God that David could endure unquestioningly the setting aside of his heart's desire, and could so earnestly urge upon Solomon, as the chief duty of his reign, to carry out that work for which he had made such great preparations. It was only because the Lord was David's portion that he was able to love his enemies, and to do good to those who had hated him, and to show kindness to the heir of a rival line of kings, because of the love he bore to that heir's father. It was the consciousness of God's help to fight God's battles that nerved David to victory in all his contests. Only the assurance that God would not cast him off forever could have snatched David from the mire of sin into which he fell, and lead him again through confession and supplication into the joy of God's salvation. Only the sustaining grace of God kept David under the severe blow which came upon him as the direct fruits of his sin. Absalom's rebellion and his painful end must have tried the faith of David in such a way as only true faith in God could have endured. Only firm reliance upon God could have led Israel's poet-king to make such an acknowledgment of his indebtedness to Jehovah for victory and deliverance, as the eleventh lesson tells us of. And blessed be our God, that same strong tower of sure deliverance is available for our refuge, if only we are wise, and choose the "way of understanding" instead of the way which seemeth right in our own eyes, the end whereof is the ways of death. May God by His Spirit lead every boy and girl in our Sabbath School to take refuge in this strong tower.

The choir of St. Andrew's Church, Lindsay, under the leadership of Mr. J. P. Morris, gave an admirable concert at Cresswell, a week ago. The Misses Gross and King, Dr. Gillespie, and Messrs. Morgan, Morris and Jackson took a prominent part in the programme.

of Jesus, "as they delivered them unto us, which from the beginning were eye-witnesses and ministers of the word," although from the very first sentence of Luke we can gather that others had endeavored to reduce to writing the things concerning Christ which the disciples were wont to speak.

Dr. Gloag rejects the theories of a Mr. Matthæus and a Mr. Marcus, as not supported by the statements of the Fathers, and in themselves improbable. He regards it as not demonstrated, though probable, that Matthew's Gospel was written in Hebrew, and admits that a mistake is made in Matt. xxvii. 9, 10, in ascribing to Jeremlah what is contained in Zechariah, although he thinks that the error is more likely to have occurred through the fault of some early copyist, than through the ignorance of the evangelist, and instances the perpetuation of the error in the King James' version, *straining "at" a gnat* instead of "out" a gnat, in subsequent issues, as showing how mistakes may gain currency.

Regarding Mark's Gospel, he sides with those critics who claim for it entire originality and unity as well as genuineness. And while warmly commending the *Revised Version* of the Scriptures, generally, he takes issue with the revisers in their conclusion regarding the last twelve verses of Mark. Dr. Gloag holds that external evidence is strongly in favor of their genuineness.

He also vindicates the genuineness of Luke's Gospel, although he admits that the comparative absence of patristic testimony in its favour and its relation to the Gospel of Marcion as well as its alleged Ebionite tendency—"composed . . . to exalt poverty and promote asceticism"—are all considerations not without their weight when thrown on the other side of the scale.

The portrait of Jesus, which our author finds in these several Gospels, he well likens to three photographs of the same person, placed in three different relations to the camera. In Matthew, the Messianic promises meet in Jesus of Nazareth—the Gospel to the Jew. In Mark we have the graphic picture of the Lord of the whole earth everywhere evidencing His easy mastery over the forces of nature. In Luke we have the Catholic Gospel, in which the love and tenderness of God to all mankind, and especially to all consciously penitent ones, and the doctrine of free justification are emphasized.

But while Dr. Gloag invites men earnestly to ponder the Saviour, as He is set forth in the Synoptic Gospels, he very properly protests against the tendency of some recent writers to underrate the other portions of the New Testament, especially the Pauline Epistles, in comparison with Matthew, Mark and Luke. Quoting the Master's own words: "I have yet many things to say unto you but ye cannot hear them now; howbeit when He, the Spirit of truth, is come, He shall guide you into all the truth," Dr. Gloag justly remarks: "Paul and the other sacred writers unfolded truths which Jesus had only revealed in part. They explained the way of salvation more distinctly; the agency and work of the Holy Spirit were not clearly made known until the outpouring of His influences on the day of Pentecost."

Dr. Gloag closes his volume with dissertations on the two crucial historical difficulties arising out of Luke's Gospel—that of our Lord's genealogy, and that of the census of Quirinius. As to the former, he comes to the conclusion that while Matthew traces the genealogy of Joseph, Luke gives Christ's true parentage through His mother Mary. But as only male ancestors are named, Luke does not mention Mary, but goes right from Jesus to Heli, His maternal grandfather. In order to this rendering all the words after "being" until we come to "the son of Heli," will be thrown along with "as was supposed," into the parenthesis, reading: "And Jesus Himself when He began to teach, was about thirty years of age, being (the son as was supposed of Joseph) the son of Heli."

As regards the matter of the census, Dr. Gloag accepts Zumpt's conclusion that Quirinius was twice Governor of Syria, first at the time of the Saviour's birth, and again, ten years afterwards, in which view both Mommsen and Merivale concur.

On the whole, few books dealing with the subject are more worthy of a place on a minister's shelves than this work of Dr. Gloag's. While free from the numerous minute references which encumber most treatises of the kind, and written in a flowing and most readable style, it is up to date as embracing the latest revelations, on the points at issue, of the most recently discovered manuscripts.

Montreal.

Gospels aright . . . we must have spiritual discernment; we must feel the truth in our hearts." And he adds in a note: "The Scriptures address themselves not so much to man's rational nature, the ψυχή as to man's spiritual nature, the πνεῦμα. . . . We must be in sympathy with the great Author. There is great truth in Neander's famous adage: *Pectus est quod theologum facit.*" While the temper of his mind is to conserve what has been held and found in men's spiritual experience to be true, he desiderates candour in dealing with the real difficulties that are met with in these Gospels, and he well illustrates it in the concessions which he makes in several parts of his work. For instance, he admits, regarding the sources of the Synoptic Gospels, that there are "many objections to which no satisfactory answers have been given. . . . We must leave the question . . . in a considerable measure unanswered, but we look hopefully forward to a satisfactory solution by future critics." He also admits that there is an irreconcilable discrepancy between these Gospels as to the number of blind men cured by our Lord at or near Jericho, and as to the locality where the miracle was performed.

Dr. Gloag is disposed to accept the view that the Gospel was at first essentially a spoken Gospel, and that, being often repeated by the disciples, it came to have a fixed character, and then its substance was committed to writing by the disciples themselves or by those who were familiar with their narratives. And undoubtedly this seems the natural view to take of the subject. We must exercise the historical imagination and strive to think of things as they then were. We are apt to project the situation and experience of our own time into all time. For instance, Dr. Gloag gives a quotation from Professor Salmon which illustrates this: "A few detached aphorisms of a great teacher may be carried by the memory for some time, and be passed from one to another; but discourses of the length we find in the Gospels would, in the ordinary course of things, have perished if they had not been from the first either committed to writing, or, if committed to memory, kept alive by constant repetition. It is surprising how little of spoken words ordinary memories are able to retain." Yes, in this age of books and universal reading and writing, among the Western nations. But it was not always so among them, as it is not so among Eastern peoples even now. We do not in these days trust our memories, and so they are not cultivated, and consequently they do not serve us; for we all hear and read with notebook in hand, and trust to our notes, and this is fatal to memory power. But persons whose recollections go back forty or fifty years can recall wonderful feats of memory performed by some whom they knew, and these not always of the lettered class. It was no uncommon thing for ploughmen in the south of Scotland to be able to repeat the whole of Allan Ramay's "Gentle Shepherd," although they had perhaps never seen it in print; and Highlanders could recite long poems of Duncan Ban McIntyre and Peter Grant's long hymns, which they had learned from their mother's lips. And all scholars know that the Hindu priests can repeat the "Vedas" from beginning to end; and their memories are trusted for the correct reading, rather than printed copies, of those, to them, sacred compositions. Our Lord's disciples belonged not to the literary class, to whom methods of composition were familiar, but to the observant, practical class, who were wont to use speech as the vehicle of communicating their ideas, and who trusted to memory rather than to books for treasuring up what they knew. The Lord's promise on their behalf that the Paraclete should bring to their remembrance all things that He said unto them, assumes that it was their recollections that were to be used in their witnessing for their Master. The introduction to Luke's Gospel also seems to imply that it was oral testimony which the disciples bore to the life and teaching

what is called "big Sunday" at the head of the lake, or the Archbishop's annual visit to the Indian mission. The boats went up taking away the majority of the people. However I held a service at the Fort for the families spending the summer there.

On Sunday night Mr. Findlay rejoined me at Bale des Peres. Monday was spent at the Fort and on Tuesday morning we got on board the steamer and started homeward, reaching Gordon Creek before noon. There were other ecclesiastical dignitaries on board besides ourselves. Archbishop Daham, a kindly, pleasant-looking old gentleman, accompanied by a number of priests, was also on his way down.

At Gordon Creek a sad accident occurred. A young man, Thomas Laum of Campbell's Bay, Quebec, agent for Gillies Bros., was taking a large number of men up to the lumber woods, and in attempting to get on board the baggage car while the train was moving, lost his balance, fell under the car wheels and had both legs taken off. Dr. James, of Mattawa, happened to be there and stopped the bleeding, but could do nothing to relieve the pain. He was taken to Mattawa hospital, had both legs amputated, but died shortly after the operation. The deepest sympathy was manifested by all.

Reaching Mattawa, Mr. Findlay went west intending to visit another mission field before reaching home. I took the next train east and reached home in safety, delighted with my trip but pretty well tired out.

I am fully convinced that the work our Superintendent of Missions has to do is no easy task. Two weeks nearly used me up, but Mr. Findlay had spent eight continuous weeks at the same kind of work, and still seemed able for more. One cannot but be convinced of the great utility of such work, in discovering the need of the outlying districts, in bringing gospel privileges to the remotest corners of our own land, and thus laying the foundations of future congregations. The gratefulness with which the Superintendent's visit is received and the hope and encouragement which it inspires are worth going to see. Nor are the people apt to forget how the Church seeks out her children wherever they go, and watches over them with a mother's tender care. For this work and labour of love, often toilsome and discouraging, yet carried on with much energy and alertness, the Church owes much to her quiet, unassuming, canny, Superintendent of Missions for Algoma.

McDonald's Corners, Sept. 1st, '96.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SYNOPTIC GOSPELS.*

BY REV. ROBI CAMPBELL D.D.

Dr. Gloag has laid all students of the Bible under fresh obligations by this new contribution to the literature of the Book. He has brought to bear upon the subject of the relations subsisting between the three first Gospels the same qualities that characterized his previous works—sobriety of mind, solid sense, great candour, much caution and a thorough acquaintance with the views of other authors who have dealt with the same problems that presented themselves to his mind for solution. The positions he takes are, on the whole, conservative. He does not set out with assuming that traditional views must, *prima facie*, be discarded. On the contrary, it is quite clear that he means to hold fast that which the past has handed down, until he sees good reasons for abandoning it. He accepts, indeed, the late Professor Jowett's dictum: "Scripture is to be interpreted like other books, with attention to the character of its authors and the prevailing state of civilization and knowledge, with allowance for peculiarities of style and language and modes of thought and figures of speech," as the main correct. But Dr. Gloag modifies this principle by another one which he lays down: "To interpret the Synoptic

*"Introduction to the Synoptic Gospels." By Paton J. Gloag, D.D. Edinburgh: T. & J. Clarke. 1895.

Pastor and People.

NOT COMFORTLESS.

The night approached, yet the way before us
Is wild, and long, and fears our heart oppress,
A tender voice calls from the darkness o'er us,
"I will not leave you comfortless."

The night grows darker and around us ringing
We hear the sounds of weakness and distress,
Yet over all is still the sweet voice singing,
"I will not leave you comfortless."

The wind grows bitter and the rain is falling,
O Christ! is this the path of holiness?
Bear up! bear on! the heavenly voice is calling
"I will not leave you comfortless."

"This thorny way and weary, I before you
With feet unsaddled, for your sake did press,
The Father's watchful eye is ever o'er you,
Nor wilt I leave you comfortless."

Thus ever sweetly with the tumult blending,
This benediction as a soft caress,
Is through the heavy cloud from heaven descend-
ing,
"I will not leave you comfortless."

Ah might we, *patient Lord*, learn Thy endurance,
To know Thy peace and win Thy rest,
O'er weary hearts still wait the dear assurance
Thou wilt not leave us comfortless.

—Selected.

THE GOSPEL IN LARGE CAPITALS.—II.

DR. PATON'S STORY OF A CHRISTIAN ADVENTURE.

BY FIDELIS.

John Paton did not go out to the New Hebrides alone. He took with him a young wife, whose heart was as devoted as his own to the work they had jointly undertaken, and whose affection and society were to gladden his exile, for, alas! little more than one short year. At Aneityum they were received by the heroic pioneer missionary, Dr. Geddie, under whose labours the people of the island had, from heathen cannibals, become a band of simple-minded Christians, and who had now a little group of fellow missionaries about him. Tanna, an island where the people were still heathens and cannibals, was assigned to Mr. and Mrs. Paton, as well as another missionary and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Matheson, while a third, Mr. Copeland, was to assist both at their respective stations as occasion might require.

Accompanied by Dr. Inglis and some energetic Aneityumese converts, the new missionaries went to prepare houses, etc., at Tanna, leaving their wives, in the meantime, at Aneityum. At his station, Port Resolution, the house Mr. Paton and his wife were to occupy, built of wood, plastered with ground coral, and thatched with sugar-cane leaf, was rapidly advanced, but unfortunately the site, too close to the shore and exposed to miasma, turned out to be a very unhealthy one. The natives they found to be in a very unsettled and excited state, and, indeed, they continued so during the whole four years of Dr. Paton's residence. The chiefs were willing to accept any material benefits they could derive from the presence of missionaries; but they were not at all disposed to pledge themselves for their protection, nor would their pledges have been much to be depended on if they had. "No heathen there," says Dr. Paton, "could be trusted one step beyond what appeared to be his own self-interest for the nonce; and nothing conceivable was too base or too cruel to be done, if only it served his turn. The depths of Satan, outlined in the first chapter of the Romans, were uncovered there before our eyes in the daily life of the people, without veil and without excuse."

The feelings inspired in Dr. Paton by his first experiences of these natives "in their paints and nakedness and misery," as recorded by himself, closely resemble those described by Pere Beard as awakened by the sights of the wretched savages at Tadoussac—deep compassion, almost a despair of their conversion, followed by the hopeful faith in the all-powerful grace of God to do what with man seemed indeed impossible. The

Scottish missionary had, however, the inspiring example of Dr. Geddie's wonderful success in Aneityum to cheer him on. But Tanna was not to be a second Aneityum, and the record of his four years there is one of endless sufferings, discouragements, alarms, and hairbreadth escapes. At times it seemed as if everything was against the sorely tried but still dauntless missionary. He had to battle with the childish fickleness of even the friendly natives, always oscillating between a shallow kindness, responding to his loving patience, and the savage thirst for blood which ever and anon rose to the surface. He had to contend with the unfavorable effects of climatic catastrophes sure to be attributed to the presence of the missionary and his strange worship, and, worst of all, with the worse than heathen sandal-wood traders, who seemed inspired with a diabolical ingenuity in their vile machinations to get rid of the missionaries, who seemed to them as did the Apostles to the heathen Asiatics, hindrances to their insatiable cupidity. The first native conflict, witnessed while the missionaries' house was being built, is graphically described: "The discharge of muskets in the adjoining bush, and the horrid yells of the savages, soon informed us that they were engaged in deadly fights. Excitement and terror were on every countenance; armed men rushed about in every direction, with feathers in their twisted hair, with faces painted red, black, and white, and some, one cheek black, the other red; others, the brow white, the chin blue, in fact, any color and on any part—the more grotesque and savage-looking the higher the art. After the battle their Aneityumese boy who had gone for water, came back with the following report:

"Missi, this is a dark land. The people of this land do dark works. At the boiling spring they have cooked and feasted upon the slain. They have washed the blood into the stream, they have bathed there till all the waters are red. I cannot get water to make your tea."

The killing and eating of each other was to this lad, as Dr. Paton remarks, "a thing scarcely to be noticed; but it was horrible they should spoil the water! I, if trained like him, would probably have felt like him." Then came the experience of the strangling of widows, common there as it had been in Aneityum. Amid such surroundings the mission house at Port Resolution was built, and in November 1858 Mr. and Mrs. Paton, accompanied by Mr. Copeland, were safely landed there with their goods, while the other missionaries for the island, Mr. and Mrs. Matheson, went to settle on the south side, at a considerable distance. Dr. Paton had now full opportunity of estimating the depth of superstition and degradation in which the natives were sunk, worshipping almost every natural object, and having "sacred men" for sorcerers, very like the "medicine men" of the North American Indians who, of course, proved one of the greatest stumbling blocks in the missionaries' way, and to whose influence they owed many a misfortune and defeat. Dr. Paton began to learn their language in the practical manner which all missionaries have to adopt towards savage tongues. He soon found out the names for all the material objects about him; and hit on at least one gleam of sunshine and hope amid the darkness. "The Tannese called Heaven by the name of Aneai, and we afterwards discovered that this was the name of the highest and most beautifully situated village on the island. Their best bit of earth was to them the symbol and type of Heaven. The fact that they had an Aneai or promised land opened their minds naturally to our idea of the promised land of the future, the Aneai of the Gospel hope and faith." Their desire, too, to know the greater and more powerful gods, and to have them on their side, led them to listen eagerly to the missionaries' teachings of the God of the Bible. But when it became clear to them that the service of this God demanded the sacrifice of their superstitious observances, and their sinful customs, their savage hearts rose in

utter revolt, and too often in bloodthirsty hatred against the teachers of the unwelcome doctrine.

For the first three months of his residence on the island, Dr. Paton had the solace and help of his young wife as his companion and helper. But early in March the crowning joy of the birth of a son was quickly followed by the death of the young mother and her babe; and the bereaved missionary was left in the darkness of crushed hopes and a desolated home to work alone and unaided, beside the double grave. Too late he realized that the site chosen for their house had been an unhealthy one, exposed to damp and miasmatic winds, and even on himself, stunned by his irreparable loss, the weakening influences of malarial fever told severely. But still he toiled on, amid the mean, forbidding savages, making of the white coral-covered grave a sacred shrine at which he prayed for the salvation of the poor heathen around him. Missionary annals present few pictures more touching in heavenly pathos.

Had Mrs. Paton lived, she would undoubtedly have exercised a strong influence over the native women whom she had already begun to teach. Her valuable help was now removed from the solitary worker, whose sympathizing brethren would have persuaded him to leave for a time the scene of his sorrow. A pleasant touch of Christian fellow-feeling is that of the visit of good Bishop Selwyn and the young Coleridge Patteson, the future missionary martyr, when the venerable Bishop stood with his bereaved brother beside the grave in which were buried the hope and sweetness of his life; and, amid sobs and tears and broken prayer, laid his hands on the young missionary's head in paternal benediction. "The virtue of that kind of Episcopal consecration I did and do most warmly appreciate," writes Dr. Paton in recording the touching incident. "They urged me, by many appeals, to take a trip with them round the islands, as my life was daily in great danger from the savages. They generously offered to convey me direct to Aneityum or wherever I wanted to go, as I greatly need rest and change." But he felt that it was his duty to remain at his post, and to bear his burden of sorrow and physical weakness in the strength which the sense of his Lord's presence could give.

TO A BUSINESS MAN.

MY DEAR SIR,—Yesterday was the Sabbath, and after being once in church, you made a call, and spent the evening with your wife and family, one or two friends joining. There are so many engagements for town-folk nowadays that if it were not for Sunday evening you and your children would hardly know each other well enough to bow when you meet; you would scarcely ever sit an hour in your own parlour. I was going to say "a quiet hour," but something checked the words. These hours are not so quiet as they should be. You remember the time when, full and occupied as the Sabbaths were, they had always this distinction, that they were days of peace, of what the French finely call "recollection." Now they have lost that character. You suppose it to be a part of the inevitable loss of life as you pass middle age. You are getting old, you say, and Sunday, like other things, is not what it used to be. It is part of the lost Bower which the poet lamented and so many lament after her.

"I have lost—oh many a pleasure,
Many a hope and many a power—
Studios health and merry leisure;
The first dew on the first flower!
But the first of all my losses was the losing of the bower."

And for you, it seems, something is gone from church and Sabbath, never to be recovered. The world has changed: you suppose you must change with it. The young people rule now, and they do not keep Sabbath as it was kept in your father's house when you were a lad. You miss the old-fashioned calm, the dawdle over "a good

book," the avoidance of secular topics. Nothing is avoided on Sundays now, unless it be respect for ministers and sermons; you find yourself wishing sometimes that you had the courage, or that the spirit of the age would permit you to be such a Puritan as your father was.

Well, for my part, I believe many of our losses are just our cowardices. The cruellest thing life does to us is to make us "falter where we firmly trod," to make us afraid of this and that. It may be necessary, for practical purposes; it may be useful, often; but it is just a cooling down of energy, and as it grows it means decay. We live while we purpose and plan, while we prevail over the chaos or inertia of the world. Your father the Puritan accepted a view of life, marched forward according to it, died anticipating his reward. You are for ever making compromises all round, and your moments of assurance are few and far between. This matter of "Sunday observance" is a test one; the whole comes to a point here, so the more straightly and frankly we look at it the better.

Among the literary men who were young yesterday and can hardly be considered very old fogies yet, there is one who is certainly no puritan, nor always courteous to the dame, but his intellectual clearness and courage, his entire freedom from the priggish element, bring him very near, sometimes, to the view-point of puritanism, and what he writes can never for a moment be suspected of cant. So when Mr. Jerome, in *To-Day*, preaches on the folly of making Sunday a day of racket instead of rest, one feels that church members are being rung up to their duty. Mr. Jerome speaks of physical exertion, but there are other "bykings" which are just as demoralising. You and I have occasionally spent a Sunday with people whose tongues left one bruised and sick, they were so secular, so restless. Whatever our religion is to be, it must not cease to be a message of peace, it must not cease to commune with God and be still. For yourself, I know that the Sabbath being what it is in your household you do find it a weekly bath for the mind. This very Monday morning you have arisen like a giant—I mean a Glasgow merchant—refreshed; you have gone in to the warehouse with a sort of eagerness for the beneficent burden of daily toil, a renewed wish to prosper honestly and to be a good master. Tell me now, do you ever feel so much interested in your dependants on Saturday night as you do on Monday morning? Well then, what will happen if we let the tide of the mundane increase upon us, if we give up "recollection," if we allow Sunday to be a noisy "disjaskit" addition to an unsettled week? Let us have the courage to claim what God gives us—a Sabbath day made holy, that is complete and satisfying, a day of grace. The ministers will then preach better, and the week will run better, and we shall begin to think that all fair things may be recovered yet.—Yours, with best wishes.
—Deas Cromarty, in the *British Weekly*.

I have seen a little plant beneath an oak tree sheltered from the storm and wind and rain, and it felt pleased and happy to be so screened; but I have seen the woodman come with his axe and fell the oak, and the little plant has trembled with fear because its protection was removed. "Alas! for me," it said, "the hot sun will scorch me, the driving rain will drown me, and the fierce wind will tear me up by the roots." But, instead of these dreadful results, the shelter being removed, the plant has breathed freer air, drunk more of the dews of heaven, received more of the light of the sun, and it has sprung up and borne flowers which else had never bloomed, and seeds that never else had sown themselves in the soil. Be glad when God thus visits thee, when he takes away these overshadowing but dwarfing comforts, to make thee have a clear way between thee and heaven, so that gifts might come more plentifully to thee.—*Rev. C. H. Spurgeon.*

Missionary World.

A CRITICAL HOUR IN MISSIONS.

Rev. Arthur T. Pierson, D.D., speaking of a very critical hour in missionary history, says that first of all, it must not be disguised that this is a very critical hour in missionary history. It is about a full century since Wm. Carey's arrival in India marked the starting-point in organized missionary effort. There is no question in any candid intelligent mind that the century has shown advance which is not by steps, but strides. What an increase of general intelligence as to mission fields, religious systems, foreign peoples, and biography of the heroes of mission history! What a new era of sanctified womanhood, now organized so widely for promoting acquaintance and co-operation with the work of a world's evangelization! What a marvellous crusade on the part of our young men and women in Christian Associations, Endeavor Societies, and last, but not least, the Students' Volunteer Movement, now like all others, belting the globe, and undertaking the occupation of all uncultivated fields! What a new epoch in medical missions, reviving the apostolic method of uniting physical healing with Gospel teachings and winning a way to the soul by ministry to the body! What a handmaid to the voice of the herald is the pen of the ready writer made vocal in so many tongues by the art of the translator, and the power of the press.

AN AMBASSADOR ON MISSION WORK.

A missionary's stories may be dismissed with incredulity; but no shrug of the shoulder will get rid of such a testimony to the value of missions as that borne by the United States Ambassador to China, the Hon. Chas. Denby, in a formal State document, a despatch to Mr. Gresham, his official superior in Washington. "Does missionary work benefit the Chinese?" he asks. "I think," he replies, "that no one can controvert the patent fact that the Chinese are enormously benefited by the labors of the missionaries in their midst. Foreign hospitals are a great boon to the sick. China, before the advent of the foreigner, did not know what surgery was. There are more than twenty charity hospitals in China, which are presided over by men of as great ability as can be found anywhere else in the world. In the matter of education the movement is immense. There are schools and colleges all over China taught by the missionaries. I have been present often at the exhibitions given by these schools. They show progress in a great degree. The educated Chinaman who speaks English becomes a new man. He begins to think. . . . There are many native Christian churches. The converts seem to be as devout as people of any other race. As far as my knowledge extends, I can and do say that the missionaries in China are self-sacrificing, that their lives are pure, that they are devoted to their work, that their influence is beneficial to the natives, that the arts and sciences and civilization are greatly spread by their efforts, that many useful Western books are translated by them into Chinese, that they are the leaders in all charitable work, giving largely themselves, and personally distributing the funds with which they are entrusted; that they do make converts, and such converts are mentally benefited by conversion. . . . Missionaries are the pioneers of trade and commerce. The missionary, inspired by holy zeal, goes everywhere, and by degrees foreign commerce and trade follow. I suppose that whenever an uncivilized or semi-civilized country becomes civilized, its trade and dealing with Western nations increase. Humanity has not devised any better, or even as good an engine, or means for civilizing savage people, as pros-

elytism to Christianity." We should hear no more "travellers' tales" of missions as unwise interferences with the "civilization of other races."

"THEY CANNOT BE RAISED."

So has it been said of Patagonians, of New Zealanders, of aboriginal Queenslanders; and the cruel belief has been in each case refuted by happy facts; by successful Christian Missions; by genuine Christian lives; by an elevation of character, not to be gainsaid. One of the latest of these declarations of the impossibility of humanizing a degraded people concerned the Ainu, an aboriginal race, found in various parts of Japan. A.C.M.S. Mission was begun among them, and for a time it had no converts, and it seemed as if here at last men had been found who must be left on the level of the beasts. But in the last half-dozen years, Ainu hearts have been moved; and now the Ainu Mission has one of the brightest chapters in the great C.M.S. record. Last year there were 160 Ainu baptisms; and the happy deathbeds of some of the earlier converts made a deep impression on their heathen neighbours. The Ainu religion was largely a dread of death; and this new thing, men and women triumphant in the last hour, awed and attracted many souls.

"IT'S A SMALL MATTER TO DIE FOR SUCH A SAVIOUR."

The speaker is a Brahman scholar baptized last year. In 1893 he used to argue against the Christian faith with the preachers in the streets. Then his conscience was touched with some sense of sin, and he sought peace in an ascetic life. But after six months of self-crucifixion, he sought peace where alone it may really be found. His old father was grieved and angry, and tried to keep him back from baptism. "If you show yourself in the streets," he said to his son, "you will be killed." "It was a serious matter," was his answer, "that the innocent should have died for my sins, but it is a small matter for me to die for such a Saviour's sake. Besides, He now lives to defend me; and no one can touch me without His permission. Even if that man should lift his club to fell me, Christ can arrest the blow and save me. But if He should not, I can but die and go to Him."

"I have long since ceased to pray, 'Lord Jesus, have compassion upon a lost world.' I remember the day and the hour when I seemed to hear the Lord rebuking me for making such a prayer. He seemed to say to me, 'I have had compassion upon a lost world, and now it is time for you to have compassion. I have left you to fill up that which is behind in Mine afflictions in the flesh for the body's sake, which is the Church. I have given My heart; now give your hearts.'—A. J. Gordon.

Nothing could be better for rousing the spiritual life of a congregation, and leading it on to a higher life, than the cultivation of the spirit of missions. The progress of the kingdom of God in the world is a study well calculated to enlarge the mind and soul, and rescue torpid congregations from their self-satisfied ease. What a power for good would be our home millions of Christians, if really alive to their privilege and duty in helping forward the work of God in all lands.—Mackay, of Uganda.

At a great meeting, some time ago, of the natives of India at Calcutta, a thousand representatives of the various missions are said to have been present. These were in the habit of using many different languages, but there was only one language in which they could make themselves intelligible to one another.

Young People's Societies.

CONDUCTED BY A MEMBER OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY'S COMMITTEE.

A PAUSE COMMITTEE.

One C. E. society of which we have heard has a Pause Committee, whose work will be self-explanatory, if our readers will glance at the following five cards which are distributed by this committee before the beginning of each Christian Endeavor prayer meeting:—

(1) Should a pause occur in our meeting to-night, will you kindly offer promptly a short prayer, and oblige

THE PAUSE COMMITTEE.

(2) Should a pause occur in our meeting to-night, will you kindly offer promptly a brief comment on the topic, and oblige

THE PAUSE COMMITTEE.

(3) Should a pause occur in the meeting to-night, will you kindly announce promptly some familiar hymn, and oblige

THE PAUSE COMMITTEE.

(4) Should a pause occur in our meeting to-night, will you kindly quote or read some appropriate Scripture reference, and oblige

THE PAUSE COMMITTEE.

(5) Should a pause occur in our meeting to-night, will you kindly offer promptly a short prayer, and oblige

THE PAUSE COMMITTEE.

—Christian Endeavor.

GOOD ADVICE FOR BOYS.

The head master of the famous Harrow School spoke thus at the annual gathering, a few weeks ago, of the Boys' Brigades of Britain: "There is a little advice which I will offer to the Boys of the Brigade, as I am told to speak about the needs of Boy-life. I will say to them, if you want to rise high you must go down—down upon your knees, and the lower you are in prayer the higher will you be in spirit. I will say to them, if you want to keep straight yourselves then try to keep others straight. That is the way—so far as I know, it is the only way—in which, by the grace of God, any one of us can keep himself straight. And if you want to set to save your own souls, which is a poor business if it stands by itself, then seek to save the souls of others. And, lastly, if you would love men with a pure, intense affection, then love the Lord Jesus Christ."

THE BICYCLE SERVICE.

Brief services for bicyclers seems to be the coming fad in many places. A half-hour's service early in the morning, and then away, away, for a spin on the wheel the rest of the day. We will not say that this service may not be better than none for the worldly young man, who would not go to church at all; but for the young Christian thus to salve his conscience with a few minutes of worship before a day of worldly pleasure is a poor and paltry thing, and will gain him neither the favor of God nor the respect of man. God will not be compromised with for ten cents on the dollar. Any such effort to cheat heaven will result in spiritual bankruptcy.—Golden Rule.

WHY SO?

The New York Sun recently asked: "What can there be about Presbyterianism that makes so many of its adherents successful in politics? A few days ago we spoke of a dozen or more governors who are Presbyterians. There are plenty of them in both Houses of Congress. The Methodists are nearly four times as numerous in this country, yet they seem to be less skilful in politics than the Presbyterians. The Baptists likewise are three as numerous, but few of them gain the mastery in the political field."

The man who does not believe in missions—foreign or domestic—who does not want to have their needs brought constantly to his attention, must be prepared to take heroic measures with himself. He must give up the Lord's Prayer; he must forget the Catholic Creeds; he must put away the Prayer Book; he must close his Bible; he must go no more to the Lord's Table, to be reminded of the one "full, perfect and sufficient sacrifice, oblation, and satisfaction for the sins of the whole world" Who is ready to pay such a price?—St. Andrew's Cross.

LESSONS FROM DAVID'S LIFE AND WORDS.

REV. W. S. M'FAVISH, B.D., DUFFERIN, ONT.

Sept. 27.—2 Sam. xvii. 1-22.

This is such a large subject that it can be treated only in barest outline. David's experiences were so varied and his words were so many and so profound that many lessons are suggested by them.

I. From his boyhood we learn that fidelity will be recognized. When Samuel was sent down to Bethlehem to anoint one of Jesse's sons as king over Israel, David was in the field tending the sheep. But Jesse knew where he was and was satisfied he could be found without delay. If David had been like some lads, the father would not have been able to speak so positively, for he would not have been sure whether David was with the flock or away after crows, with his sling. But David had shown his fidelity more than once and so his father knew that he was not hunting game, but keeping sheep as he had been requested to do. Would he ever have been anointed king over Israel if he had not been faithful in the humble sphere of a shepherd? Not likely. "He that is faithful in little is faithful also in much," and if one is not trustworthy in little matters, he is not likely to be trusted with more weighty responsibility.

II. Again, we learn that we lose nothing by awaiting God's time for promotion. There were times in David's life when he could have taken the life of Saul, and have ascended the throne of Israel long before he did ascend it. But though David had the assurance from God that he would be king at some future day, he would not anticipate God's time. How different in this respect was his conduct from that of Jacob. Jacob was promised the birthright blessing, but he was too impatient to wait until it was regularly bestowed upon him. He took matters into his own hands, so to speak, but he paid the penalty. David, being wiser and more trustful, was content to wait God's time, and all ages have admired him for his patient self control before he ascended the throne.

III. His life reminds us that "man is immortal till his work is done." How determined and well-planned were the schemes which Saul had made to cut off David's life! David had good reason to feel that God preserved his life from destruction (Ps. ciii. 4), for in Ziph, in Ziklag and in many other places his life seemed to be in imminent jeopardy. But God had a plan drawn out; He had work for David to do and so He frustrated all the attempts made to take the life of His servant. David once said, "There is but a step between me and death," but God saw that David did not take one step too many.

IV. We are reminded, as we study David's life, that even great and good men may sometimes sin grievously. Better things were to be expected of David than that he would be guilty of two such heinous sins as adultery and murder. But many horrible things have been done by men of whom better things were to be expected. How necessary the caution, "Let him that standeth take heed lest he fall."

V. We may be sure our sin will find us out. This truth taught so long ago by Moses was exemplified in the most striking way in the life of David. David devised a scheme by which he sought to have Uriah, the Hittite, put to death, and put to death in such a way that no one would suspect the murder had been committed deliberately or designedly. But "murder will out." God knew what David had done and sent Nathan, the prophet, to him with a message which brought the king's sin home to him with telling effect. David then learned that nothing was hidden from God's all-seeing eye.

VI. This story teaches us that sorrow follows sin. If we sin we must suffer either in this life, or the life to come, and even in this life many are punished for their sin.

"Sorrow follows wrong
As echo follows song, on, on, on."

David lost the joy of salvation; his moisture was turned into the drought of summer; his heart was crushed under the weight of sin.

VII. But his life teaches the very cheering truth that when the sinner sincerely and humbly repents, he shall be forgiven. We know that David was pardoned, for he says to God, "Thou forgavest the iniquity of my sin" (Ps. xxxii. 5). How thankful we should be that this page from David's experience was preserved! There is hope for any one who humbly and sincerely confesses his sin, and forsakes his evil course.

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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 16TH, 1896.

KNOXIAN, our invaluable contributor, having now returned home from his visit to the old Homeland, and his warm Presbyterianism having got still more warmed up by coming into closer touch with Presbyterian associations and traditions, our readers may expect many an allusion to things which he saw and heard during a visit which he will long remember.

STUDENTS attending the classes at Knox College are reminded that they must be certified to the Senate of the College by the Presbytery within whose bounds they have been labouring or resident during the summer. Students within the bounds of the Presbytery of Toronto are requested to correspond at once with the Clerk of Presbytery, Rev. R. C. Tibb, 36 Macdonell Ave., Toronto, that arrangements may be made for them to meet with the Presbytery's Committee.

THAT eloquent Nova Scotian, the Hon. D. C. Fraser, stated the other evening at a banquet in Toronto that the Highlandmen who were driven from their native hills never spoke an unkindly word of their native country. True, but we fear some of them occasionally forget to speak kindly words of the country that gave them a home and bread, and a good chance for their children when they were driven out of Scotland to make room for sheep and deer. By all means let every man speak well of the land of his fathers, but let us not forget the land that has given us a home.

AMONG recent visitors from a distance who have called to pay their respects at the office of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN have been the Rev. Dr. King, Moderator of the Texas Synod of the Presbyterian Church, South, and the Rev. George Simpson, for many years the editor of this paper and now one of the staff of the widely and well-known *Interior* of Chicago. Mr. Simpson, though loving his work in Chicago, assures us that he has still a warm heart toward Canada, and he shows this by faithfully returning every summer to spend a month's holiday among the Muskoka lakes and islands.

THE University Y.M.C.A. of this city, with the laudable desire of at once introducing young men coming to the city to pursue their studies into their society, to churches and Christian surroundings, earnestly request all pastors of such to furnish them on their leaving home, especially those doing so for the first time, with a note of introduction to Mr. J. Lovell Murray, B.A., Secretary University Y.M.C.A., Toronto, or to apprise him in advance of their coming. This will ensure that they will be immediately attended to on ar-

iving in the city, or even met at the train by the secretary where this is wished. All Christian ministers and parents will surely gladly embrace such kind and Christian service offered on behalf of their young people coming up to the city to pursue their education.

TIMES may be hard, business dull and money scarce, but positively no one would have thought so at the great fair in Toronto last week. The crowd was larger than ever and evidences of substantial comfort, if not of great wealth, abounded on every hand. A more comfortable or more respectable and orderly lot of people could not be gathered in any country in the world. If we have few millionaires and no lords nor dukes, we have what is much better, a fair competence for the average man. Our contributions for charitable and religious purposes should be in keeping with the display made at these annual shows. If it is, no fund of any church will ever be behind.

THE new Premier has promised that after the next session of Parliament the people of this Dominion will be asked to say whether they wish an end put to the liquor traffic in this country. The session will begin about the first of February and probably end in May. In all probability the vote will be taken in June or September. There will be little enough time to prepare for the contest. The issue will not be mixed up with any other kind of a question. The people will be asked to say what they wish done about the liquor business and they will not be asked any other question at the same time. Knowing something of the dangers of prophesying, we venture to say that if the campaign is wisely conducted an overwhelming majority of the people will vote in favor of prohibition.

THE Rev. John Gray, D.D., a graduate of Knox College but now of Kalamazoo, Michigan, who was lately in the city, was pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Windsor, Ontario, for over twenty years, during which time the congregation grew and prospered, and as a gratifying recognition of his earnest and successful pastorate in that place, there is to be seen in the new church a beautiful brass "Lectern" (or pulpit), with the appropriate inscription, "Presented to the congregation of St. Andrew's Church, Windsor, by Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Scotton, in grateful memory of the long and earnest pastorate of the Rev. John Gray, D.D." The First Presbyterian Church at Kalamazoo, Michigan, of which Rev. Dr. Gray is now pastor, has about 500 members; and he is very highly esteemed for his pulpit services and pastoral work. The friends above named, Mr. and Mrs. Scotton, are representative of a large number of additions to the church membership during Dr. Gray's pastorate. Windsor has grown to be a city, and Presbyterianism has grown in proportion, and reflects much credit on the Rev. Dr. Gray's long labours there.

IN response to inquiries, Rev. Mr. Jordan informs us that Rev. Dr. Watson, of Liverpool, will arrive in New York about 25th inst. The Lectures which he is to give under the auspices of the Theological Faculty of Yale University (the Lyman Beecher Foundation) will be delivered during the ten days which intervene between Sept. 28th and Oct. 8th. Dr. Watson will then begin a three months' tour of the United States. As at present arranged he will visit only four Canadian cities, viz., Montreal, Ottawa, Kingston, and Toronto. It is probable that he will speak also in Hamilton. He will lecture in Toronto on Monday evening, Oct. 19th., but it is now extremely unlikely that he will be able to preach here. Dr. Watson, while in the United States, will preach in one of the large churches in New York, as also before the University of Chicago, in Old South Church, Boston, and in Plymouth Church, Brooklyn. The subjects of his lectures and readings are as follows:—1. "Certain Traits of Scottish Character;" 2. "Readings from the Annals of Drumtochty, with Notes;" and 3. "Two unpublished Annals of Drumtochty" (viz., How we kept Christmas at Drumtochty; and Kildrummie Fair.) A very special interest has been awakened, wherever the English (or Scottish?) tongue is understood, in the writer of "The Bonnie Brier Bush." Many a passage of tender pathos, of winning-kind-

liness, of robust good sense, or of pawky, indescribable humour will long live in the memory of every reader of this new author's rapidly multiplying volumes. Dr. Watson is certain to be greeted with a very cordial welcome to Toronto.

A MISSION in India between which and our own there has always existed the most kindly relations is that of the United Presbyterian Church of Scotland at Rajputana. The pioneer and veteran of that mission was the late Rev. Williamson Shoolbred, D.D. He spent nearly forty years of laborious and successful work in that mission, which during that time has been greatly enlarged. A few months ago Dr. Shoolbred was seized, while in the Hill region for rest, with severe illness, on account of which he was ordered to return home, which, reluctantly, and after too long delay, he did. On his way homeward, at Capri on the coast of Italy, he had an attack of pleurisy and his life was despaired of. Recovering to some extent he reached Scotland, and although still very weak, his friends had hope of his recovery. On Sabbath evening, the 23rd ult., while conversing with his wife, he was seized with heart failure, and suddenly and unexpectedly this servant of God entered into his eternal rest. In him has passed away one of those who, over a generation ago, began that work now so widely extended by other Churches, which is working out the regeneration of India and its teeming millions.

THE NEW REFORMATORY FOR YOUNG MEN.

THE treatment of the criminal class has, within the memory of men still living, undergone a great improvement and reformation. Its objects and methods are different, much more wise and rational than they once were. It is not punishment that is now chiefly thought of in their treatment, but while not ignoring this, it is now chiefly reformation. And this is much more the case as the whole subject of criminology becomes the subject of careful and intelligent study by philanthropic men and women who devote themselves to this subject and the reformation of the criminal class. It is more and more becoming the method of dealing with this class, to arrest crime by taking it in hand in its first stages, ere yet the heart has become hardened or the conscience seared. Accordingly we have reformatories for comparative children in which, by all wise appliances and methods, it is sought to turn them at the outset from a life of crime into one of virtue, usefulness and well-doing. This step with mere youth implies another, that of dealing in a similar way with young men. Under the auspices of the Prisoners' Aid Association of Canada, steps are being taken to deal with young men of the criminal class with a view to their reformation.

The late Government, we understand, had been approached by the Prisoners' Aid Association to establish a reformatory for young men—a step which had already been recommended by the Prison Reform Commission appointed by the Ontario Government in 1890. The Inspector of Penitentiaries for Canada endorsed this recommendation in his report to the Minister of Justice for 1891, and the late Sir John Thompson was heartily in sympathy with the proposal. There are obvious advantages of many kinds in having such an institution placed in or quite near to some city, where, both during a period of confinement and discipline with a view to reformation, and immediately on its close all the helps that a city furnishes could be taken advantage of. The Inspector of Penitentiaries had recommended Ottawa as a suitable place for such a reformatory. But for some reason not apparent the late Government instead of adopting the recommendation in this regard, of its own officer, heartily supported by the Prisoners' Aid Association, chose the village of Alexandria, in the county of Glengarry, as a suitable location for the proposed reformatory for young men, and already a certain amount of work has been done, we understand, to carry the placing of it there into effect. The reformation of young men who have become criminals, will, members of the Prisoners' Aid Association, which has chiefly interested itself in this matter, think, be carried on in a small village under such difficulties, will be deprived of so many invaluable aids easily obtainable in or near a large city, that the present Government at Ottawa is being asked to reverse the decision of the late

Government in locating the proposed reformatory for young men at Alexandria. The ground taken is, that however well situated Alexandria may be for a reformatory for Roman Catholic young men, its location there would render such an institution largely a failure for Protestant young men who should be sent there for reformation.

The Prisoners' Aid Association of Canada accordingly is asking the Government to establish the institution near a city or large town, so that the Protestant inmates may be brought into touch with the religious teaching, sympathy, and practical help of such organizations as Ministerial Associations, the Y.M.C.A. and the Prisoners' Aid Association.

We most heartily sympathize with the spirit of this movement. It may possibly be that the late Government has so far committed the country to the location at Alexandria as to render a reversal of the policy now next to impossible. In that case we would strongly urge that a new reformatory be built for Protestant young men, and that the building now under construction at Alexandria be set apart for the reformation of young men (first offenders) of the Roman Catholic faith. A strong argument for this course may be found in the fact which experience proves, that criminals of these different faiths can be much more effectively dealt with through religious means separately than when confined and having to be dealt with together.

The Prisoners' Aid Association is also asking for the appointment of a Dominion Commission to formulate a well-considered scheme for the organization and subsequent management of the proposed reformatory or reformatories. It strikes us that this would be a very proper thing to do. The pity is that this was not done by the late Government before the location at Alexandria was decided upon. The whole subject is so important that, in its initial steps especially, it is the most obvious dictate of prudence and wisdom to hasten slowly, and adopt such a method of dealing with it at the outset as can in the future be followed up with the best advantage to the class whose benefit it contemplates, and to the advantage of the country whose interests are closely bound up in this matter with those whose reformation is sought.

IDEALS.

IN this so-called very practical age of ours, and this word practical is ordinarily used only in the narrowest sense, it is well that we should remind ourselves that, after all, the world is governed by ideals. The history of civilized and enlightened society is to a large extent the history of a few men, who from age to age have so impressed their spirit upon it that they have moulded society by their ideas; they have dominated it and in a greater or less degree determined its character. Every man who has left his mark upon his fellows and influenced them for good or ill has had his ideal. Every organized society of men, social, philanthropic, religious, or political, is governed, its character and methods determined, by some ideal. And, it may be added, the more that civilization and enlightenment are advanced, the more will they be governed by ideals.

We propose to apply this thought to a slight discussion which has arisen as to our school system because of a remark made in our columns, made as such remarks often are, without any thought of arousing discussion, or without waiting, perhaps, to weigh fully all that they might be taken to mean. The sentence in question was called forth by the fact of the addition of a number of cells to the Central Prison and was as follows: "It made thoughtful men uncomfortable to feel that, because of this, they cannot emphatically deny the charge brought against our educational system, that it is morally a failure." With regard to the justice or injustice of this charge against our educational system being "morally a failure," it is obvious that any discussion of it must be only beating the air, until it is first settled what the ideal is that ought to be aimed at in an educational system, or which is in the mind of those who are responsible for the main features of the system. According to the *Globe*, which has mainly taken us to task for the charge of "moral failure," our school system is apparently doing all in the way of moral training which can fairly be expected of it. That statement indicates what is its ideal of an educational system as to its methods and results. If

our ideal is different, not to say higher than that of the *Globe*, our judgment upon the system will be different, and, as we said before, without giving the full and deliberate thought to the statement, and all that might be taken out of it, which we frankly admit should be given to it, it is because of the importance of the subject, worthy of the most honest and careful consideration and enquiry, whether our educational system is or is not morally "a failure." We protest that we have no wish to discuss this subject for the mere sake of discussion, but with the desire to improve if possible the moral results of our educational system. And that they may be improved we say that, it is essential for all who have to do with it, from the Minister of Education down to the humblest trustee of the humblest school district, to have a high ideal as to the aims, methods and results morally of our school system.

It is not easy to determine how far an educational system is chargeable with failure because of the amount and persistence of crime in the youth of the country, on account of the many elements which enter into the question. But to confine ourselves for this occasion to the matter of ideals, it is obvious that, according to what they are, judgments as to the results morally of our school system must differ. To illustrate: No scientific man's life or work could hardly be imagined to be a more splendid success than that of Lord Kelvin's; and yet, speaking of it himself, he says that in his own estimation, written over it all is the one word, "failure." Why? Because he had not attained to his ideal, the goal to which he aspired, and this fact was to him the constant spur and stimulus to attempt higher and yet higher things. The Apostle Paul also, though so pre-eminently Christian and noble in his character, says of himself: "I do not reckon myself as yet perfect," and the effect of this was not to make him rest content that nothing more could be done or attempted, still less to abandon himself to despair; but, "this one thing I do, forgetting those things which are behind, I reach forth and press on to those things which are before." It is the absence of this spirit, this ideal in our educational system of its noble possibilities in the future which, if it does not now exist, there is reason to fear may arise, because it is so often and so unthinkingly lauded, that we would most earnestly deprecate.

It may be that the language "morally a failure" is too strong or not the happiest; the *Globe* can well understand such a slip if it be one. We wish only for truth and progress in the right direction, and no one will claim, the *Globe* does not, that morally, our school system is not capable of producing higher and better results than it has yet done. In order to this we venture to point out two or three respects, enough for the present, in which we conceive our system is lacking. The first is, apparently at least, the totally inadequate estimate put upon moral qualities in the character of the education given. The system is highly praised, but what we hear most about in it is examinations—examinations, passing or failing to pass—and promotions. Although no actual test can be applied to judge of moral quality, in the same way as arithmetic and the like, yet we should greatly desire to hear more about moral quality in imparting education, as an indication of the estimation in which moral quality is held. And next, in connection with this and as cognate to it, we should like to see in the selection of teachers by school trustees, while paying due regard to literary and professional fitness, much more regard paid than is now the case to the moral character and qualities of the man or woman who is to mould by precept, and vastly more by example, the moral character of the youth committed to their care, and who are to determine the moral character of the nation. There is no class of persons whatever in the land, if we except that of parents themselves, whose moral qualities are so important to the moral character and wellbeing of the whole body of the people. We could wish also in the last place, although well aware of the difficulties in the way of it, a larger amount of time devoted to the reading of the Scriptures, and so far as right-minded teachers can be obtained, of definite instruction in morals and in those great and divine grounds and sanctions of morals which have their foundation in the Scriptures and by an appeal to which only they can be authoritatively and impressively enforced. If these things were done, and we do not feel that they are too high to aim at, we could with good reason hope for and expect better moral results than have as yet been attained.

Books and Magazines.

THE ORDER OF THE CELEBRATION OF THE HOLY EUCHARIST, AND OF THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE COMMUNION, ACCORDING TO THE USE OF THE SCOTTISH CHURCH. To which is added a Form of Admission to First Communion, compiled by a Churchman. Edinburgh: James Thin, 54 South Bridge. 9 cents post free.

This brief compilation is spoken of favorably by some who have examined it. While it is too elaborate to be used in its entirety in our churches, valuable hints may be obtained from it for the devout observance and administration of the Lord's Supper, and along with the Scriptures, it might be read with profit both by those who observe and him who administers this holy ordinance.

BEAUTIFUL SONGS AND LIVING FOUNTAIN, for Sunday Schools, Young People's Meetings, Revivals, etc. By S. W. Straub. S. W. Straub & Co., Auditorium, Chicago, Ill., U.S.

The enterprising publishers S. W. Straub & Co., Auditorium Building, Chicago, have put into one volume two of their most popular Sunday School Singing Books, "Beautiful Songs" and "Living Fountain," making a work twice the usual size. The price is the same as that of ordinary books, 35c. (The publishers will mail one sample copy for examination upon receipt of only 20 cents.) Mr. Straub's books have always been regarded as very excellent, and this combined book with its double amount of the richest music and its extremely low price will be quickly appreciated by our best schools.

AN INTRODUCTION TO DOGMATIC THEOLOGY, BASED ON LUTHARDT. By Revere Franklin Weidner, D.D., LL.D., Professor of Theology in the Chicago Lutheran Theological Seminary, etc. Second edition revised. Toronto: Fleming H. Revell Company.

The call for a new edition of this work has given its author an opportunity which he has availed himself of, to revise the whole of it, rewrite parts of it and bring it all up to date. It is intended to be but the door and vestibule into the rich treasures of a great subject, which it treats in outline under the following heads with sub-heads: "The Definition of Dogmatics," "The Contents of Dogmatics," "The Method of Dogmatics," "The History of Dogmatics," bringing this down to the most recent times.

Besides shorter articles useful to the teacher, the *Canada Educational Monthly* for August-September contains these longer papers, "Education and Sociology," "Shakspeare and his Predecessors," "Misuse of the Classics," "The Uses of Facts and Fiction in the Early Education of the Young." [The Educational Monthly Publishing Company, Toronto.]

Among the names of those who contribute to the Review Section of the *Homiletic Monthly* for September we find those of Professor A. H. Sayce, D.D., LL.D., Rev. J. D. Witherspoon, D.D., LL.D., Mr. Eugene Parsons, Professor George H. Schodde, of Columbus, O., and Professor J. F. McCurdy, of the University of Toronto. The subjects which they respectively discuss are, "Light on the Pentateuch from Egyptology," "The Kind of Preaching Needed among the Unevangelized People of our Country," "Tennyson's Attitude towards Scepticism," "Protestant Church Problems in Germany," and "Light on Scriptural Texts from Recent Discovery." In the Sermonic Section are suggestive sermons by representative men of different denominations, and in the other numerous departments of this month's Review will be found a large amount of varied matter suggestive and helpful to every minister.

The *Westminster* for September is an excellent number. Its cover is made attractive by a fine imposing cut of Westminster Abbey, reproduced in the body of the magazine, accompanied by other cuts and a sketch of some length by A. H. C. Colquhoun, B.A. Its editorial articles are "After the Holidays," "Ethics of Speculation," "Order of Service," and a large number of notes on public events under "The Survey of the Month." Its contributed articles are too numerous to mention. We may mention these "Li Hung Chang and Christian Missions," "The Gaelic Renaissance," "The Old Testament," by Professor George Adam Smith, LL.D.; and "George Adam Smith," by the Rev. C. W. Gordon, B.A. In its other departments, "Sunday Afternoon," "The Home World," "The College World," "The Literary World," etc., there is to be found much wholesome interesting and instructive reading. [The Westminster Co., Confederation Life Building, Toronto.]

The September *Ladies' Home Journal*—in a cover giving a dainty suggestion of early autumn—opens with an interestingly chatty paper on "The Personal Side of Dickens," in which Stephen Fiske writes of the famous author at home and as a host. A new study of the novelist by Alice Barber Stephens illustrates and well supplements the article. The last letter written by the late Harriet Beecher Stowe, is reproduced in fac-simile. Biographical sketches of the daughters of George William Curtis, Joseph Jefferson and Charles Kingsley, and sketches also of Grace King, Ruth McEnergy Stuart and Elizabeth W. Bellamy (all with portraits), bring the readers into closer intimacy with "Three Daughters of Famous Men," and "Three Writers of the South." The practical and literary value of the score of admirable articles in the September *Journal* is very materially enhanced by the large number of excellent illustrations, making the number one of the best ever issued. [By the Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia; \$1 per year, 10 cents per copy.]

The Family Circle.

THE IDEAL POPULAR LEADER.

He is one who counts no public toil so hard
As idly glittering pleasures; one controlled
By no mob's haste, nor swayed by gods of gold;
Prizing, not courting, all just men's regard;
With none but manhood's ancient order stirred,
Nor crowned with titles less august and old
Than human greatness, large-brained, impit-
souled
Whom dreams can hurry not, nor doubts retard
Born, nurtured of the people; living still
The people's life, and though their noblest
flower,
In naught removed above them, save alone
In loftier virtue, wisdom, courage, power.
The ampler vision, the serener will,
And the fixed mind, to no light dalliings prone.

THE LESSER MINISTRIES.

A flower upon my threshold laid,
A little kindness wrought unseen:
I know not who love's tribute paid,
I only know that it has made
Life's pathway smooth, life's borders green.
God bless the gracious hands that e'er
Such tender ministries essay;
Dear hands, that help the pilgrim bear
His load of weariness and care
More bravely up the toilsome way.
Oh, what a little thing can turn
A heavy heart from sighs to song!
A smile can make the world less stern;
A word can cause the soul to burn
With glow of heaven all night long!
It needs not that love's gift be great—
Some splendid jewel of the soul
For which a king might supplicate.
Nay! true love's least, at love's true rate,
Is tithed most royal of the whole.
—The Churchman.

Written for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

A STORY OF UNCROSSED LOVE. IN THREE PARTS.

BY "NOVUS HOMO."

I.

The hot July sun blazed down upon a large brick farm-house, situated about a quarter of a mile from the beautiful Rideau Lake, one of the many into which the little Rideau River widens as it pursues its tortuous course through some of the most fertile land which Ontario boasts. This residence was by no means a handsome edifice, but had that indescribable air of comfort which so many farm-houses have, while not possessing any particular architectural beauty. But although at first glance this house was a pleasant and artistic picture enough, surrounded as it was by huge, shady elms, still on looking more closely one noticed that every shutter was tightly closed, and on the huge oaken front door—that symbol of the transitory nature of human life—a piece of black crepe was languidly stirring in the summer's breeze.

Some twenty years or so before the day on which this story commences, John and Mary Tennant had left England, the land of their home and affections, and having crossed the "briny" with the object of repairing their shattered fortunes, had settled down on this picturesquely situated farm. Two years afterwards, when they had succeeded in making a comfortable home for themselves, they were blessed by the birth of a baby girl, a dainty little creature, who seemed to embody all the refinement of the Tennant family. Her mother wished to name her Sophia, after a very wealthy maiden aunt of hers, who lived in England, but the father ardently objected to this much used and much abused cognomen, and insisted on her being christened Florimel. As the baby girl made no objections, Florimel she was named.

Eighteen years after she had first seen the light, Florimel had developed into a beautiful girl. She had neither blue eyes

which seemed to reflect the glory of the heavens, nor had she golden locks gracing her snowy temples, nevertheless, although she was not the time-honored ideal of the author of fiction, still in spite of that very discouraging fact, she was a very beautiful and attractive lass of eighteen summers. Anyone passing there on a summer's morning before the dew was off the grass would in all probability have seen her drinking in the fragrance of the early morn and plucking with her dainty fingers the many-hued flowers which grew in profusion in front of the house. Surely she was a vision of delight with her perfectly poised head crowned with a glory of soft brown hair, which the sunbeams delighted to touch with their golden fingers, her delicately tinted skin, and large, wondering gray eyes, from the inmost depths of which gentleness and innocence shone forth. The fortunate spectator of this daily recurring scene would next have noted the dainty figure, the small slender foot and stately carriage which exclusively belongs to those of gentle birth.

But alas! on this unhappy morning the greatest sorrow which can enter into the heart of a devoted daughter had bedimmed the lovely gray eyes, and had robbed the sweet face of its fresh fair color. Florimel's mother was dead. The next day a long procession of mourners followed the remains of Mary Tennant to the lonely spot where the people of the surrounding country buried their dead. Only Florimel knew the agony which that parting caused her. The last, long, lingering kiss imprinted on those cold irresponsive lips marked a change in the life and character of our heroine.

Mary and John Tennant had always bestowed on their daughter the tenderest affection. She had been watched and tended like the rarest and most precious of exotic flowers. But although the development of her character must thus have been stunted to some extent, still she was by no means unable to shoulder the burden of duties which devolved upon her at her mother's death. The departed mother had been the tenderest of women, the most affectionate of mothers and most unselfish and loving of wives. Her whole aim in life had been to make a bright and happy home for those whom she loved. Her efforts were crowned with success, and until she was taken away no sorrow of great magnitude had touched the life of Florimel. Thus besides being a girl of sweet disposition she had grown up strong and healthy in body and mind, and no maid in the country-side was merrier than she.

John Tennant was a man of no great individuality of character. The death of his wife had been a severe shock to him and he derived his only consolation from the devotion of his daughter. He looked upon her with great pride, but felt that his days were numbered and therefore he strongly desired that he could leave her to the guardianship and protection of some good man, in whose love and care she might be safe and happy.

Thus these two were thrown entirely on each other's society. Only one who has lived in the country can realize the great want of society—of refined society—which Florimel felt, now that her mother, who had been her constant companion, had been taken away. For a girl of eighteen—a beautiful girl, who was above all things refined and cultured, and who was gifted with no mean share of intellect—the

unvaried monotony of country life could not fail to be irksome. But as we shall see, Florimel was soon to find a joy far above the pleasures of varied life and society.

II.

It was an August morning. The sun beat down relentlessly upon the yellowing fields. The air was filled with the languid hum of bees, the peculiar hum of the grasshopper, the fragrance of flowers and the music of sweetly singing birds. The lake was like a sheet of glass. The motionless foliage of the trees showed the absence of the slightest breeze.

Suddenly the door of the house around which our story centres was flung open, and Florimel appeared arrayed in a well-made black gown. For awhile she stood perfectly still enjoying with charmed spirit the pleasure which one always feels on taking a morning survey of the beauties of nature. Her lovely eyes were misty with tears and she had the dejected look of one in great sorrow. Anon, a gleam of sunshine swept across her face, she hesitated a moment and then entered the house, but reappeared soon, holding a large shade hat in one hand.

"Father is so sorrow-stricken and silent," she soliloquized, "that he won't talk to me, and as I cannot comfort him I must find someone to comfort me. I wonder if Archie Wendover would be passing. He might brighten me up a little bit."

When a beautiful maid turns to a man in time of sorrow, it shows that she has more than ordinary regard for him, and as we are interested in Florimel's future, we must see who this fortunate young man was.

Archie Wendover was a young Presbyterian minister, who two years before had graduated with honours at Glasgow University. As his health had been somewhat impaired by over-work, his doctor advised an ocean trip. So Archie had decided to follow the adage, "Young man, go west," and after much wandering in search of a charge had finally received a call from the small but thriving congregation in the village of Y—, which was about two miles distant from the Tennant farm. He lived with his sister in a pretty and comfortable cottage, surrounded by a few acres of land, about midway between the village and Florimel's home. As Wendover was an athlete in his way, he had been unable to resist the bicycle craze and had that summer purchased a "wheel," upon which he was wont to enjoy a morning spin down the road which passed the Tennant farm. There were many equally good, if not better roads in the neighbourhood, but Archie, strange to relate, preferred this one with all its hills, hollows and roughnesses. He had never up to this time explained to himself precisely why he did so. Of course very often he saw Florimel as he passed, and occasionally he stopped just to tell her how that rheumatic old woman, or poor sick baby in his parish was progressing. He would ask Florimel to send a pot of jelly or some such dainty, so dear to the heart of the sick. Sometimes—in fact very often—the conversation would drift on to some other matters and last much longer than was quite justifiable under the circumstances. The fact of the matter was that Archie, was very much in love with our heroine. They made a charming picture as they often stood there on the bright mornings,

leaning on either side of the rustic gate. Archie was a fine, stalwart, broad-shouldered fellow, with honest blue eyes and curly brown hair. Some of our society match-makers would have been very much interested in the result of those long morning chats.

This morning, however, Florimel watched in vain for the little cloud of dust which heralded the approach of her "spiritual adviser." She was very much disappointed. She went slowly back to the house and took her mother's old place at the breakfast table with her father. They ate their meal in silence, and when it was finished Florimel went quietly up to her father and putting one arm around his neck kissed him tenderly and said in a soft, low, tone, "I will try and take mother's place, father dear, if I can." "I am sure you can, as far as anybody could do so, my sweet daughter, but it will not be long until I follow your mother, my darling." "Oh, dad, don't talk like that!" said Florimel, bursting into tears.

"But it is true, my dearest, and my only wish now is for someone who will love and care for my darling." Florimel said nothing, but a faint tinge of colour spread over her features. After breakfast she learned that Wendover and his sister had gone to the seaside for two or three weeks. She was very lonely for those three weeks; for Esther Wendover was her only and very much beloved girl friend; and then, as she said to herself, Archie Wendover was rather nice. She missed him more than she thought she would have done, but attributed it to her solitude on account of her mother's death. However she managed to fill in the time. She learned how to attend to all her new duties. She nursed her father, who was still suffering from the shock of his wife's death, so tenderly that he became much better. In short she was a ministering angel to all about her.

III.

Florimel was not the only one who found those three weeks lonely and long, for Archie also felt an undefined longing for some absent one, although he was in the midst of the beauty and gaiety of "Old Orchard," with its beautiful bathing and unrivalled beach of glistening white sand, extending unbroken for twenty miles. But Wendover had by this time discovered that he was passionately in love with our fair Florimel, whereas she, if she was in love with Wendover, was, as yet, hardly conscious of it.

Everything however, whether pleasant or unpleasant, comes to an end. It was a bright August day and Archie and his sister were to arrive home by the afternoon train. Florimel had ridden over on her "bike" to meet Esther, and they were now walking home with their arms linked, girl-fashion. Archie was walking rather dejectedly in the rear shoving Florimel's pretty little bicycle along the dusty road. Several times he narrowly escaped tumbling over it, so occupied was he in watching the graceful girlish figure in front, and thinking what a lucky mortal that sister of his was. Presently they arrived at Wendover's trim, vine-covered cottage. Florimel held out her little daintily-gloved hand, and it seemed to Esther, standing by, that Archie took it in his large brown hand with almost significant eagerness, and held it much longer and more tightly than was necessary. Florimel gazed into

his honest blue eyes and saw something there which brought a faint tinge of colour to her brow and cheeks.

"Will you and Esther come over this evening," she said, quickly withdrawing her hand; "father wishes to see you on business, and I am simply dying to have a chat with Esther."

"O Esther! it's always Esther," he said in a slightly annoyed tone. "Don't you want to see me at all?" "Oh, yes," she said with a little toss of her pretty head, "but you know Esther is of much more consequence to me." Then she mounted her wheel and rode slowly away. Archie stood long and silently, following her with his eyes which were full of admiration and love. Even after she had disappeared he stood watching the little eddies of dust which her wheel had raised. "There goes my ideal woman. The only one in all the world for me, of high degree, and beautiful as well."

"Archie! Archie!" called Esther, coming to the front door of the cottage, arrayed in a huge snowy-white apron, "where on earth are you? Well, you foolish boy, have you been standing there all this time? I suppose you don't want any tea to-night. You would despise anything so utterly terrestrial, wouldn't you—you dear old fellow!"

This sally, which produced a very visible rise of colour on Archie's handsome face, was followed by a merry rippling laugh, and Esther, tripping out and taking him by the arm, dragged him forcibly into the house.

When they had sat down to their cosy tea, and Archie had summoned sufficient dignity, as he thought, to hold his own with his vivacious sister, he began very innocently to enquire into the meaning of what she had said to him.

"My dear, silly sister, what were you driving at," he said with the most innocent air he could assume.

"Oh, nothing, except this very terrible fact," she said, leaning towards him, and holding up a finger in a very dictatorial manner, "that you are head-over-ears in love with Florimel Tennant. Now you needn't deny it. I am not as blind as a bat."

"Well, Esther, people always told me that women were as fond of finding out love affairs as cats are of finding mice, and equally skilful at the game. However, I have always confided in you, my good angel, and as I know you can keep a secret I confess that I do love Florimel with all my soul, and, God helping me, I will win her."

"My dear," said Esther, looking very wise and motherly, "you know God only helps those who help themselves, and you don't help yourself half enough in this matter. You don't pay her enough attention to show her that you are really in love. Still I think she is very fond of you and perhaps a little more."

Florimel, all unconscious that two people were having such an interesting conversation about her, was pouring the tea for her father, and amusing him by telling him all about Esther and Archie. She did not notice that whenever she mentioned Archie her father looked questioningly at her as if trying to read her thoughts.

John Tennant was very proud of Florimel and thought that he would be perfectly happy if he could leave her in Archie's care, for whom he had great love and respect.

About seven o'clock that night, when Florimel and her father were sitting chat-

ting on their broad verandah, enjoying the evening air, they heard the gate click, and Esther and Archie came up the broad avenue which led from the road to the house. When Florimel saw Archie's tall, athletic figure, his handsome open face and broad, high forehead, from which his straw sailor hat was thrown back, exposing his brown curly hair, her blood thrilled and her heart beat wildly, for now she knew that she loved him. Her father took Archie into the house for a minute and when he came out he looked so bright and happy that his fine face looked handsomer than ever.

"Oh, Archie, do take us for a paddle," solicited Esther.

"You are always making such charming suggestions, Esther dear," said Florimel. "We could not have a more charming night. Look, the lake is like a sheet of silver beneath the rays of the moon. Now wasn't that poetical?" she said turning to Archie, who stood gazing at her with eyes for nothing and nobody else in the world. They walked down to the canoe-house and Archie having lifted the canoe into the water, stepped in and assisted Florimel down from the wharf, wishing very wickedly that it was much higher, so that he would have to lift her in. Then he held out his hand to help his sister in, but to his surprise she refused to go.

"No," she said, decidedly; "I'm going up to the house to keep Mr. Tennant company. He must be very lonely and I feel like having a quiet chat."

Archie, nothing loath to have this opportunity of opening his heart to Florimel, shoved the canoe off and began slowly to paddle across the lake. Then he glanced at his loved one. He had not noticed before how particularly lovely she looked. She sat surrounded by cushions, arrayed in a white muslin gown, the soft white folds of which set off her beauty of form to perfection. She wore a large shade hat, tastily trimmed with the same material. It was carelessly thrown back and looked like a halo around her head in the soft moonlight. Archie thought she could not have looked more divine if she had been an angel. Then something struck him as peculiar. He opened his mouth as if to speak but stopped abruptly.

"What is puzzling you so much, Mr. Wendover?" I think I know. You wonder that I am not dressed in black so soon after my mother's death, do you not?"

"Well, yes," said Archie, somewhat confused; "that was exactly what I was thinking about."

"Now, Mr. Wendover," she said, don't imagine for one moment that I am one of those girls who take delight in breaking down the barriers of convention, for I am not. In fact, I have a great respect for convention in most things, but I do not believe in wearing mourning except for a short time after the death of those whom we love. No one could feel more sorrow on account of a mother's death than I feel, but I do not consider it either right or necessary that I should give any outward token of it."

She said this with the air of one who had thought the matter over earnestly and had come to an honest conclusion, and changing the subject, said, "I wish you would tell me about your trip, Mr. Wendover. The sea has always had an unspeakable attraction for me. The majesty, might, and boundlessness of it seem to draw one so near to the infinite.

Did you ever notice how, as you stood on the shore and watched the mighty billows roll in, they turn back again, as if they held in contempt the earth and its inhabitants?"

As she said this her gray eyes glowed with feeling and she waited for his answer with head slightly thrown back, and parted lips, which disclosed perfect rows of glistening, pearly teeth.

"Yes, Miss Tennant, I have," he answered, "and I have often thought how this little river strives to reach the ocean, fettered by barriers which man has made, just as our spirits are fettered by the flesh, but eventually it bursts from all bands, breaks into the noble Ottawa, and then into the more majestic St. Lawrence, which carries it to the boundless ocean."

Florimel listened to his words with rapt attention, and then seemed to reach his very soul with her gaze, to see if he were sincere. She shivered slightly and suggested that they should return home.

They walked from the shore of the lake towards the house on a path thickly wooded on either side, canopied above by luxuriant foliage, and carpeted by the softest of verdure. Looking back down the narrow vista they could see the sun shedding its roseate and golden tints over lake and wood. It was a scene that spoke of love, and beauty, and peace. Archie stopped, and Florimel, as if some unseen hand were bringing them together, stopped at the same moment, and they both gazed at the vision of radiant beauty.

"Florimel," he said, and his voice quivered with passionate love, "that sunset brings the same thought to me as the ocean has brought to you. It seems to bring me nearer to the infinite, nearer to the true realization of myself; but without you, my darling, I can do nothing! Help me! make my life complete. Be mine now and forever."

She trembled, so great was her joy at his avowal of love. Her lips parted and he heard a whispered word of assent, which seemed to him like a message from the other world of beauty and peace. He clasped her in one long, lingering, fond embrace which sealed the fate of their lives.

"A PINT A DAY."

It is the amount of water required by each inhabitant of a great empire, set down as a sign of a backward civilization: The accuser is a new native Korean newspaper, the *Seoul Independent*, published three times a week—the organ of Korean reformers. It invites foreign friendship and guidance in the development of the resources of the country. It advocates a thorough system of education, including the translation of the best foreign classics, that Korean youth "may have access to the great things of science, art, and religion." One page of this enlightened newspaper is in English. At the request of the Minister of the Interior it is being sent to provincial governors and district magistrates all over the kingdom—the Hermit Kingdom, as it was but a very few years ago. In an early issue, the *Seoul Independent* advocated an improved water supply for the city; and it is in this connection that it gauged civilization by the amount of water used by the people. "In Paris seven gallons a day is used by each person, while a quart a day suffices for the average Korean, and a pint a day would be oceans for the ordinary Chinaman!"

Our Young Folks.

AN ANCIENT TABLE.

"I have a table,"
Said Arthur to Mabel,
"Three thousand years old,
And though it has stood
So long, 'tis as good
As the finest of gold."
"O, Arthur, your table,
I fear, is a fable,
And you are its knight.
Of course it is round,
But where was it found,
Now tell—honor bright!"
"Twas found, they say, Mabel,
In the great tower of Babel;
And learned folk say
That wise old Hindoos
This table could use
Before Egypt's day!"
Why, Arthur, said Mabel,
"Do show us this table
That's older than Egypt—as old as creation!"
"My table is square,
Not round—to be fair,
But why should I show
What all the girls know—
This very old table, called Multiplication?"
—St. Nicholas.

BETTER THAN GOLD.

"I will give that to the missionaries," said Billy, and he put his fat hand on a little gold dollar, as he counted the contents of his money-box.
"Why?" Susie asked.
"'Cause it's gold. Don't you know the wise men brought Jesus gifts of gold? And the missionaries work for Jesus."
Stillness for a little, then Susie said:
"The gold all belongs to Him anyhow. Don't you think it would be better to go right to Him and give Him what he asks for?"
"What's that?" Billy asked.
Susie replied softly:
"My son, give Me thine heart."

SHAPES OF KITES IN CHINA.

Letters in the China papers refer to the beginning of the "kite season." A correspondent at Chinanfu writes: "I have been more than usually interested this season in noticing the various shapes of the kites flying in the air or exposed for sale at the city gate. The most artistic I have seen is in the shape of a brilliant red butterfly two feet or more across the wings, which was really beautiful as it gracefully floated high up in the air. Another which struck me specially was in the form of a dragon-fly, with long, spindling body and broad, spreading wings. The serpentine kite seems to be one of their higher artistic efforts. The common herd consists of representations of human figures, shapes of flies, beetles, cicadas, etc. The other day, returning from the city, I saw for the first time a small kite made to simulate a mud-turtle. Imagine such a groveling creature soaring aloft as a light and airy thing! —*London Daily News*.

It is said that when the mother of Professor Drummond met a young friend who had offered his services as a missionary, but was declined, and was obliged to take a position in a commercial house in a foreign land, she suggested: "My dear boy, you can be a merchant missionary." In like manner Commodore Perry, when introduced to a foreign missionary in Japan, added: "I also am a missionary."

The Young Men's Christian Association, says Dr. Cuyler, is a recruiting station for Christ and an effective training school for Christian work and the development of Christian character.

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Victoria and Munro Parks.—Open cars on King Street run every six minutes. Connections are made at the Junction of Queen Street and the Kingston Road with the Toronto and Scarborough Railway cars, which run direct to the Park gates.

High Park.—College and Yonge, and Carlton and Coleridge cars run every five minutes direct into the Park.

Long Branch.—Open cars leave Sunnyside by the Toronto and Mimico Railway every twenty minutes. Special rates from any part of the city to this Park may be had for school and other picnic parties.

Private cars and moonlight trips can be arranged for on reasonable terms.

June 23, 1896.

JAMES GUNN, Supt.

Ministers and Churches.

Rev. Joseph Hill preached recently in Tilbury.

Rev. J. D. Stephens has been preaching at Limehouse.

Rev. Alex. Laird, of Port Hope, is on a trip to Halifax, N.S.

Rev. H. F. Thomas, of Preston, was in the city last week.

Rev. Dr. Armstrong, of Ottawa, preached in Prescott on Sunday.

Rev. P. A. McLeod, of Sonya, recently preached in Almonte.

Rev. H. F. Thomas, of Preston, has been preaching in Hawkesville.

Rev. J. T. Hall, formerly a teacher at Highgate, preached there recently.

Rev. J. S. Hill, of Bridgen, lately filled the pulpit of the church at Tilbury.

Rev. G. W. McColl conducted the preparatory service in Oshawa last Friday.

Rev. J. D. Stevens, preached in the church at Limehouse on a recent Sunday afternoon.

Rev. J. J. Wright, of Yonge Front, is spending his vacation with friends at Newborn.

Rev. J. J. Cameron, of Athens, occupied the pulpit of the church at Kempsville recently.

Mr. Albert Ferguson, B.A., of Knox College, recently visited Mr. Walter I. Reid at Ayr.

Rev. John Thomson, who spent his vacation in Muskoka, has returned to his home in Ayr.

Rev. R. J. Hutcheon, M.A., preached in St. Andrew's Church, Almonte, on Sunday week.

Principal Grant on Sunday preached in the church at Napanee at the reopening services.

A brother of the celebrated Rev. John McNeill preached in Windsor a week ago Sabbath.

Rev. Dr. Barclay, of Montreal, who spent the summer in Scotland, has just returned to his work.

The Presbyterians of Farewell are asking for tenders for the erection of a new brick and stone church.

Rev. Wylie C. Clark, of Brampton, last Sunday occupied the pulpit of the First Church, St. Marys.

Rev. Dr. McLennan is filling Rev. W. C. Clarke's pulpit in Brampton during the latter's holiday.

Rev. Lincoln Small, a recent graduate of Manitoba College, has been preaching in Portage la Prairie.

Rev. C. J. Cameron, of Brockville, has been preaching the last two Sabbaths in a prominent church of Boston.

Rev. Dr. Fletcher, of Hamilton, preached the anniversary sermons in the church at Watford on Sunday.

The Harvest Home which was held in the church at Culloden was a decided success. About \$40 were the proceeds.

A military sermon was preached recently in Windsor by Rev. J. C. Tolmie to the members of the Twenty-first Battalion.

Mr. E. F. McL. Smith, B.A., licentiate, is at present supplying for his brother, the Rev. George H. Smith, St. Andrew's, Thamesford, Ont.

The Ladies' Aid Society of St. Andrew's Church, Carleton Place, have had a handsome set of electrical fixtures placed in the manse.

The congregational social held in aid of the Presbyterian Church in the Aylwin town hall on Tuesday evening week was a grand success.

At the recent sacrament in Westworth Church, Hamilton (Rev. A. McWilliams, pastor), a large number were received into membership.

Rev. James McEwan, of London, occupied the pulpit at Ailsa Craig on Sabbath last. The pastor, Rev. D. L. Dewar, is expected home this week.

Rev. Dr. James, of Midland, conducted service at Jarratt's Corners, on Sunday morning week and in the evening assisted at the service in Orillia.

The Presbyterians and Baptists of Georgetown, united on Sunday week, Rev. L. Perrin preaching earnest gospel sermons on both occasions.

On a recent Sunday Rev. A. D. McDonald, D.D., of Scaforth, conducted the evening service in the Central Church, this city, before a large congregation.

Rev. Robert Johnston, of London, is continuing a series of sermons, begun last spring, to young men. They are spoken of as being enjoyable and helpful.

The communion was dispensed in Scotstown Church on the 30th ult. Under the pastorate of the Rev. Alex. King, M.A., B.Sc., this church is prospering all along the line.

Rev. J. W. MacMillan, of Lindsay, and Rev. Malcolm MacKinnon, of Fenelon Falls, visited Minden recently for the purpose of considering Rev. S. McDonald's resignation, and also to look into the needs of the mission field in that part of the district.

In connection with the administration of the Lord's Supper at Sundridge, a week ago Sabbath, Rev. W. J. Dey preached an impressive, appropriate and able sermon.

Rev. Neil Shaw, of Egmondville, occupied the pulpit in St. Andrew's Church, Sarnia, at both services on Sunday week, and delivered able and interesting discourses.

Rev. Dr. King, principal of Manitoba College, preached in the Keewatin Church recently. The discourse was highly instructive, and the earnest delivery of it gave additional weight.

Rev. Dr. Laing, of Dundas, and Rev. H. S. Beavis, officiated at the communion service at Knox Church, Hamilton, on Sunday week. There are over 1,000 names on the roll of that church now.

Rev. Wm. J. West, M.A., who recently returned from taking a post-graduate course at Edinburgh, has received a unanimous call from Osgoode Presbyterian Church, Ottawa Presbytery.

Work on the new church at Whitney has been completed, and the building, it is expected, will be opened for public worship next Sabbath, when the Rev. Hugh Taylor, of Lochwinnoch, will preach.

The Rev. J. W. Mitchell, of Thorold, has after the heated term resumed evangelistic work at Camilla, where he is conducting a series of special meetings with the pastor the Rev. James McMillan.

The services at the reopening of Chalmers Church, Guelph, towards the latter part of the month, will be conducted by Rev. D. C. Hosack and Rev. J. A. Macdonald, editor of *The Westminster*.

Rev. Mr. Dodds, a missionary from Mexico, preached in the Presbyterian Church at Laskey, a week ago Sabbath, and on the following Monday evening lectured on the customs and habits of the people.

Mr. W. J. Porte, conducted the morning service in the Presbyterian church, Picton, a week ago Sabbath, in the absence of the pastor, Rev. D. MacPhail, who preached in the Main Street Methodist Church.

Rev. J. Mackie, of Kingston, spent a most enjoyable time this summer in Great Britain, and on the continent. At Baden-Baden, a very fashionable watering-place, he met the Rev. Mr. Craig, formerly of Deseronto. Mr. Mackie has resumed his work.

Rev. John Campbell, pastor of Lucan and Grauton congregations for twelve years, died on August 29th, at the residence of his brother, Thomas Campbell, Richmond, N.B. The reverend gentleman had been ill for a long time.

Rev. A. Henderson, M.A., Atwood, on leaving the place resigned the presidency of the Public Library Board. Warm testimony was borne to Mr. Henderson's efficient and valuable services to the library, and regret expressed at his leaving.

Rev. J. H. Graham moderated in a call at Napier and Brooke, Sarnia Presbytery, Tuesday, September 21st. The unanimous choice was T. A. Bell, B.A., of Avonton, graduate of Knox College 1896. Mr. Graham is himself under call to Avonton.

At Kinburn Presbyterian Church on Sunday week Rev. John McLaren preached a memorial sermon for the late Mrs. Matthew Riddell, of Galesia, taking as his text the words, "Jesus wept." A correspondent characterizes the discourse as "beautiful, expressive and pathetic."

Rev. R. N. Grant, D.D., of Orillia, after his brief absence in the Old Country, has settled down to work once more. His first sermons, notwithstanding inclement weather, were listened to by large congregations. At the prayer meeting last week Dr. Gray, at the instance of Mr. H. Cooke, formally welcomed the pastor home.

Albani was last month the scene of a very interesting event in the ordination and induction as pastor there, by the Presbytery of Victoria, of the Rev. Mr. Taylor. In addition to members of the Presbytery there were present and took part on the occasion the Rev. Professor McLaren, D.D., and the Rev. R. P. Mackay, Foreign Mission Secretary.

On Sabbath week, the Rev. Mr. Morison, B.A., of East Church, Oak St., Toronto, began his work after his holidays. Large audiences were present, especially at the evening service. Numerically and financially the church is making healthy progress. The Rev. Dr. Moffat addressed the large Bible class in the afternoon, on behalf of the Tract Society, receiving a warm welcome, followed by a very liberal collection.

Rev. Jas. A. Anderson, B.A., pastor of Knox Church, Goderich, has returned from a month's holiday. A reception has been tendered him, when an address, couched in complimentary terms, was presented to the reverend gentleman. Mrs. Logan, the Misses Campaigne, Kay, Lena Martin, Belle Wilson, Aggie Thomson, and Mr. James Thomson, took part in a well rendered programme.

Very successful Harvest Home Services were held in the Presbyterian Church at Cresswell on Sabbath and Monday the 6th and 7th inst. Rev. J. McD. Duncan conducted divine service at 3 and 7 p.m., preaching to large and appreciative audiences. On Monday evening, after a Harvest Home Supper, the church was filled with an interested congregation who listened with delight to choice music rendered by the choir of St. Andrew's Church, Lindsay; and addresses by Rev. Messrs. Tucker and Brace, of Manilla, and the pastor, Rev. P. A. McLeod.

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Rev. D. G. Hyland, of Fitzroy Harbour, died very suddenly recently. The deceased was born in the county of Frontenac, near Kingston, about forty-two years ago. He was educated at Queen's College, Kingston, and ordained to the ministry by the Presbytery of Brockville. On the 29th of May, 1888, he was appointed pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Bishop's Mills and East Oxford. He was transferred on the 14th of April, 1891, to the Presbytery of Ottawa, and appointed pastor of the churches at Fitzroy Harbour and Torbolton. He leaves a wife and four children, two sons and two daughters, to mourn his loss.

The church at Little Rapids has been formally opened. The building was purchased some time ago but was unfinished. The lot was the gift of Mr. W. Bell, of Little Rapids. Mr. P. F. Sinclair, B.A., student, has been labouring on the field very successfully during the summer. It is due to his zeal and energy assisted by others that the church has been completed. Rev. W. C. Armstrong, M.A., assisted by Mr. Sinclair conducted the opening services, the seas and aisles being filled with an intelligent audience. The Thessalon Presbyterian choir furnished excellent music for the occasion.

Rev. Dr. Cochran, Prantford, who has resumed his pastoral duties after an absence of three months, received a hearty welcome at the prayer meeting last week. During the evening a resolution, moved by Mr. W. N. Hossie, seconded by Mr. Alexander Moffat, was presented to the Rev. A. S. Ross, who has occupied the pulpit of Zion Church during the Doctor's absence. "Our thanks are due and hereby tendered to Mr. Ross for his thoughtful, earnest and practical sermons; for the deep interest he has taken in the work of our several Sabbath Schools, as well as for his kind, sympathetic and unceasing attention to the sick." Messrs. W. B. Wood, S. M. Thomson and Dr. Nichol supported the motion.

PURSER JOHN MacEDWARDS.

Of the C. P. R. Steamer Arthabaska, says that Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder is the Best Remedy in the World.

To the thousands who have enjoyed a trip on the beautiful Canadian Pacific steamers, few men are better known than the purser, Mr. John Mac-Edwards, of the Arthabaska. Sailing, however, has not been all joy to him, as he has been a sufferer from catarrhal troubles. With others, fortunately, he at last found relief, quick and effective, in Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder. So pleased has he been with this medicine that, Gosh Samaritan like, it is a practice of his to send supplies to friends whom he knows have been afflicted like himself. It never fails to give relief in ten minutes, and cures permanently.

Delicious Drink

Horsford's Acid Phosphate

with water and sugar only, makes a delicious, healthful and invigorating drink.

Allays the thirst, aids digestion, and relieves the lassitude so common in midsummer.

Dr. M. H. Henry, New York, says: "When completely tired out by prolonged wakefulness and overwork, it is of the greatest value to me. As a beverage it possesses charms beyond anything I know of in the form of medicine."

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Write to-day for free treatment blank. Warrant's Safe Cure Co., Rochester, N.Y.

A large number of members of the pastoral charge of Atwood and Moncton, and friends of the Rev. A. Henderson, M.A., who has been pastor of these congregations for fourteen years, on the occasion of his leaving, gathered in the manse and presented him with an address testifying to his indefatigable zeal and faithfulness as a pastor, and expressing the kindest feeling and good wishes. Accompanying this a presentation was made to Mr. Henderson of a beautiful and costly gold watch and chain. Suitable and grateful acknowledgment was made by Mr. Henderson of the kindness of the congregations and his friends.

PRESBYTERY MEETINGS.

TORONTO: This Presbytery held its regular monthly meeting on Tuesday the 1st inst. Rev. William Patterson was elected Moderator for the next six months. A communication from the Prisoners' Aid Association was referred to the Committee on Church Life and Work. Resolutions expressing the Presbytery's esteem for Mr. J. G. Potter, translated to the Presbytery of Peterborough, and for Mr. W. A. J. Martin, translated to the Presbytery of Guelph, were read and adopted. Mr. Robert Wallace has completed his fiftieth year as a minister of the Gospel, and the Presbytery passed a resolution congratulating him, and expressing its sense of the value of his long services in the Church. On the report of a committee, Presbytery agreed to cordially endorse the Church Account Book prepared by a committee of the Presbytery of Hamilton, and to cordially commend it to the congregations within its bounds. A resolution expressing the sympathy of the Presbytery with the family of the late Mr. James Brown, and its sense of the valuable services Mr. Brown has rendered the church during his lifetime was adopted by the Presbytery. Principal Caven submitted the following resolution respecting the running of street cars on the Sabbath, which was unanimously adopted by the Presbytery: "The Presbytery remembers, with thankfulness to God, that the voters of the city of Toronto have twice given their decision in opposition to the operating of the Street Car System on the Sabbath day. In view of the fact that the matter of a Sabbath service is again probably to be submitted to vote, the Presbytery would earnestly and affectionately counsel the members and adherents of its congregations in the city, zealously to bear their part in defending the sacred claims of the Lord's day, and in resisting all attempts to increase the labor by which the rest and quiet of the Sabbath would be impaired, and irreparable injury, in many ways, inflicted on the community."—R. C. Tinn, Clerk.

WILL NOT PERMIT DELAY

In Cases of Heart Trouble—How to Act Quickly.

What to do till the doctor comes is a good thing to know, and is urgent in cases of heart disease. Keep in the house Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and it will be found to exceed the skill even of the skilled physician. Many letters are in the possession of the proprietor of this medicine, showing that death would have ensued from heart disease had it not been promptly taken when heart spasms had manifested themselves. It is a remarkable specific for this one particular purpose, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, strong as the statement may seem, will cure heart disease, either in its incipient stages or the more chronic.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

The General Assembly's Committee on Young People's Societies, met in the Board room of the Church offices, Toronto, on Wednesday, 9th September. The following were present: Revs. R. Douglas Fraser, convener; J. A. Turnbull, Toronto; J. S. Conning, Caledonia; J. A. Brown, Scarborough; J. McP. Scott, Toronto; J. G. Shearer, Hamilton; Dr. Dickson, Galt; W. G. Hanna, Uxbridge; R. McNair, Carleton Place; W. R. McIntosh, Allandale; A. G. Garner, Dundas; S. H. Eastman, Oshawa; R. Whiteman, Port Perry, and J. H. Young, Hamilton; also G. Tower Ferguson, Toronto. Letters of apology were received from Rev. Anderson Rogers, New Glasgow, N.S.; R. G. McBeth, Winnipeg; R. M. Hamilton, Brantford; W. S. McTavish, Deseronto, and from Messrs. W. J. Parks, St. John, N.B., and J. H. Burgess, Welland.

The Questions to be issued to societies at the New Year were revised, and the schedules for Presbyteries. It is the desire of the committee to secure even more complete statistics than last year.

The question of the organization of societies where none have yet been formed, and especially in mission districts where societies might be peculiarly helpful, was discussed, and the convener was instructed to correspond with presbyterial conveners, and with the Superintendents of Missions in regard to the matter.

The instruction of last General Assembly engaged the committee at great length, viz:—"To consider how the doctrine, polity, history, and work of the Church may be brought more adequately before the young people through their societies, and to propose to the Societies such means to this end as the committee may find feasible. In connection with this matter a deputation from the Sabbath School Committee, consisting of Revs. John McEwen and J. W. Rae, was present. These brethren addressed the committee, which agreed to record its pleasure in receiving them, and its desire to cooperate with the S.S. Committee when possible. There was entire unanimity in the view that the young people's meetings as at present arranged should be utilized for the study of the doctrine, polity, history and work of their own Church, thus adding nothing to the number of meetings or the order of work, the studies proposed by the committee being supplementary to topics already in use, or a substitute for them a certain number of times in the year. The mainpoints of the Scheme adopted are (a) The recitation of a question of the Shorter Catechism at each meeting, with a brief address or paper on some point contained in it, the whole to occupy, say, five minutes. In this way the doctrine of the Church would be brought forward in the most effective manner. (b) For the study of the polity, history and work of the Church it is recommended that one meeting a month be taken. For the year 1897: A General Survey is proposed, six meetings to be occupied with the polity and history, and six with the work. Literature helpful to preparation for the meetings is to be arranged for. The whole Scheme, as completed by a sub-committee appointed to perfect it in detail, will be issued shortly, and copies sent to each society. It is hoped that arrangements may also be made for an edition of the Christian Endeavor Topic Cards for 1897, which will embody this Scheme in addition to the full list of regulations. These will be issued in good time for the New Year, when the Scheme begins. From expressions of view given in the committee, it is confidently hoped that the plan for the study of our own Church and its great enterprises will be received with great heartiness by ministers and young people's societies.

OBITUARY.

REV. JOHN CAMPBELL.

At McKenzie Corners, in the county of Carleton, N.B., all that was mortal of the late Rev. John Campbell was recently laid away. Though his ministerial life, which covered eleven years, was spent in Granton and Lucan, Ontario, it was fitting that his remains should rest at McKenzie Corners, for it is there that many of his kindred sleep, it was near there he spent his early manhood, it was in the church there that he made a profession of his faith and was afterwards ordained to the eldership.

Memory vividly calls up the day we first met in the halls of Knox College, in 1878. We who were his class-mates were younger than he. He had seen more of life, had passed through a more varied experience, had served the Master longer, and so he edified us by the richness of his conversation, while he charmed us by its beauty and variety. The student who took a walk with him was the better for it, for whether the subjects he discussed were gay or grave, his conversation was always interesting and elevating. It was a real pleasure to visit him when he became a pastor, and to see the strong and tender ties which bound him to his flock, and his flock to him. The children felt he was their friend and loved him; the young men and women regarded him as a sympathetic counsellor; the aged realized he was a trustworthy adviser.

To know John Campbell was to love him. His spirit was sunny as a day in June. His laugh was a tonic, and was irresistibly contagious. He was the very soul of honor. His opinions were decided, but he was always amenable to reason. He read widely, he thought deeply, he investigated carefully, he labored patiently. Sometimes his familiar letters were droll to the

last degree; at other times he wrote like Augustine or Thomas a Kempis. His love for his mother, who preceded him across the river by only a year or two, was exquisitely tender. In the ministry, even when his strength was wasted by disease, he labored with wonderful energy, for the love of Christ constrained him. Early last winter a trip to Southern California promised to restore him to health, but the hopes it excited were speedily dispelled when he returned to his beloved work in Granton.

Beloved comrade of college days, farewell! Thy life when reckoned by its years—only fifty-one—was brief; but when reckoned by its heart-throbs it was long, purposeful, and fruitful of good results. We owe it to thyself and to thy many friends to place this tribute of affection upon thy grave. W. S. McT.

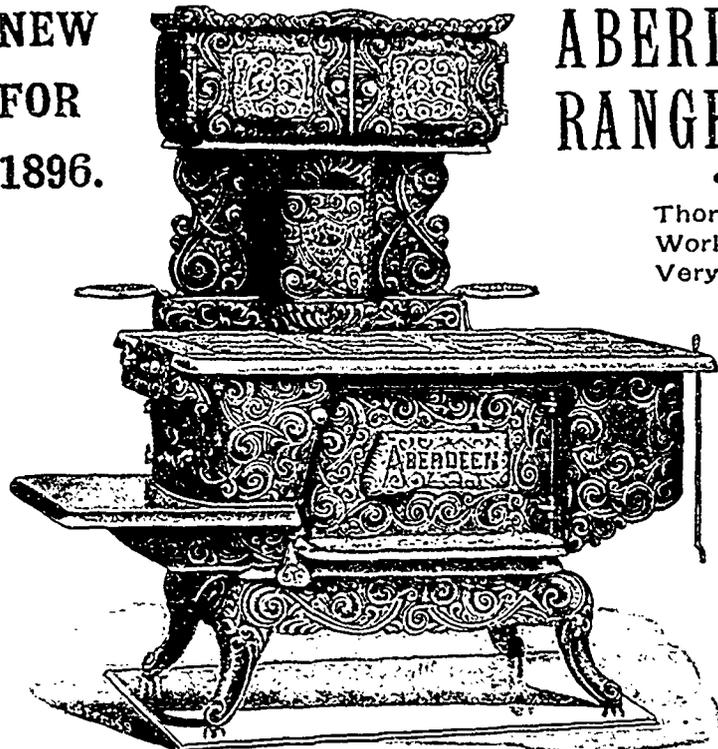
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Agricultural College, GUELPH.

The Ontario Agricultural College will re-open October 1st. Full courses of lectures, with practical instruction, at very small cost, for young men who intend to be farmers. Send for circular giving information as to course of study, terms of admission, cost, etc.

Guelph, July, 1896

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British and Foreign.

The death is announced of Olivia, the eldest daughter of Mark Twain.

Lord Dufferin will present his letters of recall to President Faure on October 1st.

The Duke of Norfolk has purchased for \$65,000 a site for a Roman Catholic college at Oxford.

Thirty-seven years ago August 23rd the foundation stone of the Metropolitan Tabernacle was laid.

The London Missionary Society has received intelligence of the death, at Hiao Kan, China, of one of its missionaries, Mr. W. G. Terrell.

The Marquis of Bute is contributing \$50,000 to the University of South Wales for the purposes of technical education. The Drapers' Company have also promised \$50,000.

The Executive Committee of the English Presbyterian Church of Wales has just completed the arrangements for the annual conference to be held at Oswestry in Sept.

Dr. Leroy Hooker, a Methodist minister, has accepted the call to be pastor of the Windsor Park Presbyterian Church, Chicago, where he has been preaching for some time.

Rev. John Symon, minister of St. Paul's Free Church, Perth, died on Friday evening after a protracted illness. He was ordained in 1881, having entered the ministry somewhat late in life.

Rev. Arthur Robins, Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen, Chaplain to the Prince of Wales, and Chaplain to the Household Brigade, on Sunday preached his five-thousandth sermon in Windsor.

The total expenditure on hospitals, other charitable institutions, and home and foreign missions in England, Scotland, and Ireland, during the year 1894, amounted to nearly seven-and-a-half millions sterling.

The Protestant Alliance will hold its autumnal Conference at Shrewsbury on October 27-29, with a view to counteracting any Romanising influence the Church Congress may exert upon the neighborhood.

The directors of the London Missionary Society have accepted the resignations, through ill-health, of Rev. Dr. S. H. Davies, Samoa; Rev. G. A. Shaw, Madagascar; and Rev. W. Thomas, Central Africa.

Dr. Lorimer, who has been filling the pulpit of Marylebone Presbyterian Church, London, England, for the last seven Sundays during the absence of Dr. Pentecost, has left London for the United States.

The committee who had charge of the entertainment of the great company that attended the Christian Endeavor Society at Washington, have been able not only to meet all the expenses, but have a surplus over.

It having been pointed out that so many large centres of population in England are without a Presbyterian Church, efforts are likely to be made by local Presbyteries to remedy this state of things as far as possible.

The 50th report of the Commissioners in Lunacy states that the number of insane patients on January 1st was 96,446, an increase of 2,365 upon the corresponding number last year. This increase is the largest yet recorded.

Mrs. Ballington Booth is engaged on a new sphere of work—that of visiting several of the American State prisons, and endeavoring, by private interviews and correspondence, to awaken the consciences of the convicts.

STRANGER THAN FICTION

IS THE TRUTH CONCERNING JOHN GIBBONS OF EAST LONDON.

He Was Tortured With the Pains of Sciatic Rheumatism—Tried Doctors, all Sorts of Medicine and Went to the Hospital in Vain—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured Him When All Else Had Failed

From the London Advertiser.

There are two things in this world which Mr. John Gibbons, a resident of Queen's Avenue East, will henceforth place implicit confidence in. One is the judgment of his wife and the other the curative qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. In his case the two went hand in hand. Mrs. Gibbons thought of the remedy, the pills did the rest, and today Mr. Gibbons is a well man where last fall he was virtually a cripple. An Advertiser reporter called at the house the other evening and was met at the door by Mr. Gibbons, to whom he told the object of his visit, and was cordially invited in. The reporter had no sooner got comfortably seated when Mr. Gibbons went into an adjoining room. The sound of clinking bottles floated through the half open door, and when Mr. Gibbons reappeared he had in his arms a whole basket of bottles—all he has to show for many and many a hard earned dollar spent in useless drugs. As Mr. Gibbons was busy showing the bottles and decanting upon the impotency of the medicines they had contained, the reporter had abundant opportunity of marking the personal appearance of the man. His speech betrays his English birth and his face still bears the marks of suffering, but his frame is erect, his step light and elastic, and when he tells you that he can work, run, or jump with any man, you cannot help but believe him. He is 29 years of age and was born in Bow Road, Stratford, England. He came to Canada in 1882, and located at Galt, where he is well and favourably known. He worked for the Hon. Mr. Young, member of parliament, for a long time, and seven years ago he married Miss Alice Mann, also of Galt. After Mr. Gibbons moved to London he settled down near the car shops and did very well, always having plenty of work and always having the strength to do it. He cared nothing about a wetting until one day a year ago he took an acute attack of sciatic rheumatism following wet feet. "I lay down on this floor," said Mr. Gibbons, in telling his story, "night and day suffering terrible agony. I could not get up a step and my wife had to help me up from the floor. I felt the pain in my back first. It then apparently left my back and got into my hips. Doctors came here to see me. They gave me prescriptions but none of them seemed to do me any good. The neighbors could hear me all over Queen's Avenue when I would get an attack of the pains. Last fall I was taken out of their place in a hack and taken to the hospital. I remained there about three weeks and the doctors did what they could for me, but could not give me any relief. At the end of three weeks I came home again suffering as much as ever. My wife got hold of a pamphlet which told of a number of remarkable cures by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and we determined to try them. I took about three boxes and felt myself getting a little easier. I took thirteen boxes altogether, and it is over two months since I felt the least suggestion of pain." "Do you feel that you are entirely cured?" asked the reporter. "Yes, sir, I can go out and do a day's work just as well as ever I could. I feel perfectly strong and have a good appetite." "No, I don't want another attack of sickness like that," said Mr. Gibbons, as he lighted the reporter to the door.

Mrs. Gibbons was not at home on the occasion of the reporter's first visit. Subsequently he called on her and received an entire confirmation of Mr. Gibbons' story. "He was home all last summer," said Mrs. Gibbons, and last August the pains were so severe as to bring him down on his knees, and to save himself he could not get up. I had to lift him off the floor many a time. He seemed powerless. The bottles he showed you had almost all of them been repeatedly filled so that the number of bottles is no criterion of the amount of medicine taken.

Before he took the pills," concluded Mrs. Gibbons, "I thought my husband would never be able to stand upright again. But now," she added in parting, "he is as well as ever he was."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills create new blood, build up the nerves, and thus drive disease from the system. In hundreds of cases they have cured after all other medicines had failed, thus establishing the claim that they are a marvel among the triumphs of modern medical science. The genuine Pink Pills are sold only in boxes, bearing the full trade mark, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People." Protect yourself from imposition by refusing any pill that does not bear the registered trade mark around the box.

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People naturally look upon
Eddy's as the standard of ex-
cellence.

Insist on getting

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Matches.

Rev. Dr. Hoge, the celebrated American divine, preached to crowded congregations in Belfast on a recent Sunday, occupying the pulpit in Duneairn Presbyterian Church, in the forenoon and Rosemary Street Presbyterian Church, Belfast, in the evening.

A League of Love of the Salvation Army in New York is about to send ambulances into certain districts of the city at night in order to pick up drunken men and convey them to an Army shelter. There they will remain until sober.

Rev. G. P. N. Johnston, assistant at Regent Square Presbyterian Church, London, was drowned whilst bathing at Marlow. He was a son of Rev. James Johnston, formerly missionary in China. He was only licensed in May last by the Presbytery of London North.

The Emperor of China has conferred upon Dr. Atterbury, an American Presbyterian missionary, the Imperial Order of the Double Dragon, a distinction never before granted to any foreigner except a ruler of a friendly Power. The bestowal is a recognition of medical services during the war between China and Japan.



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when your clothing is interlined with the light and durable Fibre Chamois. It positively keeps out every breath of cold wind and frosty air and keeps in the natural warmth of the body, because it is a complete non-conductor. You'll enjoy genuine fall and winter comfort with it through your clothing, for only a few cents extra expense.

The Real Fibre Chamois sells now for 25c, with a label on each yard and there is also a label on every ready-to-wear suit which is interlined with it. Always look for them.

IN FIVE MINUTES

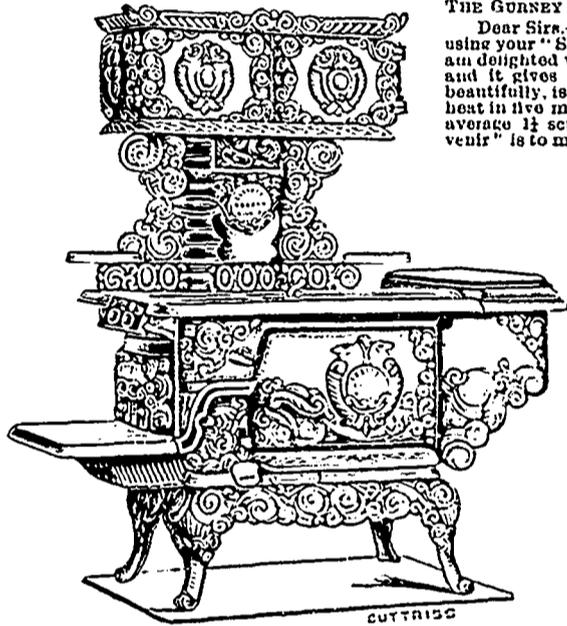
AT ANY TIME

Hamilton, Jan. 7th, 1895.

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Dear Sirs.—In reply to yours of 11th, I have been using your "Souvenir" (range all Fall and Winter, and am delighted with it. I keep fire going day and night, and it gives positively no trouble. The oven works beautifully, is a perfect baker, and will give a roasting heat in five minutes at any time. It consumes on an average 1 1/2 scuttles nut coal in 24 hours. The "Souvenir" is to my belief the zenith of perfection.

Yours truly, NETTIE CUTTRISS.



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Perfect Satisfaction.
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Last a Lifetime.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

The American Government has been invited to send some men-of-war to Lisbon, in July, 1897, to participate in the Portuguese celebration of the fourth centenary of Vasco da Gama's departure for the discovery of India.

The church of Dr. Withrow, Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly, has in it eight Christian Endeavor Societies, which sent thirteen delegates to the Washington Convention. Moreover, Dr. Withrow said to the convention, after hearing the arguments for the Senior Society, that very likely he should soon have to have in his church a ninth.

Anxiety and worry are the friction of the soul, irritating, disorganizing, and wearing out the delicate machinery of life. They dim the brightness and sour the sweetness of what might otherwise be the happiest life. They repel sympathy, alienate friendship, and destroy love. They are productive of no good, and work only evil, both to self and others.

The city of Paris has just voted a sum of \$2,000,000 for the establishment of homes in Algeria, Tunis, and Corsica for the consumptive patients of the metropolitan hospitals. The homes are to be arranged in accordance with the new theories concerning the necessity of isolating patients in the last stages of the malady from those who are not altogether beyond the hope of recovery.

In his recent book on Butler, Mr. Gladstone, probably unconscious of the full meaning of his statement, notes that Butler's habit of constantly quoting from the Bible instead of from the Anglican divines of the seventeenth century, was probably formed by "his education as a Presbyterian Dissenter." "His theology was made up, so to speak, with raw material drawn straight from the fountain-head."—*Light and Leading*.

Some men who worked in a wood-pulp factory at Elfvedale, got into a discussion about how fast wood can be made into pulp and then paper. The result of the discussion was an experiment, or trial of speed in which these men performed the feat of cutting down three trees, chopping them up, making them into pulp, then into paper, on which the evening newspapers of the place were printed; and it took them just two hours and a half from the time the first tree was hewn until the first copy of the evening paper was sold.—*Harper's Round Table*.

An unpublished Bronte manuscript on "Passing Events," written when the authoress was twenty, realized £25. The pane of glass from Carlyle's lodgings on which he scratched a five-line stanza fetched £11 5s. An autograph letter of Burns, together with a poem of thirty-two lines, sold for £30. A lock of Napoleon's hair sold in London for £30. A copy of Caxton's first edition of the "Canterbury Tales" found a purchaser at £1,880. An estate on the Derwentwater, including the celebrated "Falls of Lodore," was put up for auction, but failed to reach the reserve price.

It should be of interest to Glaswegians to know that the descendant of Burns who most closely resembled him both physically and mentally was his grandson, Robert Burns Thomson, a native of this city. He was manager for many years of a large weaving factory in the East-end. He had a tall, handsome figure, and his likeness to the poet was most striking, both in his features and in the brightness of his flashing eyes. He wrote poetry, too; certain of his pieces being even worthy of comparison with those of his distinguished ancestor.

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The evangelistic mission of Rev. Dr. Pentecost to India, a few years ago, was so eminently productive of good that a desire has been expressed that he should undertake another. A gentleman of his present congregation, it is said, has offered \$5,000 to defray the expense of filling his place during his absence. The matter, it is understood, has been mentioned in the Marylebone Church session, but nothing definite has yet been settled. Should the visit, be decided upon it will not take place for a year or two.

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John Watson, D.D. (Ian Maclaren): Death is a very successful teacher of that faith we all long to possess, the conviction of the Unseen. Let one of our flesh and blood bid us good-bye and pass within the veil, and reason surrenders the place to love. A young child with Christ does more to illuminate the other world than all the books that have ever been written, and it has often come to pass that, at the touch of this unseen hand, hard and skeptical men have arisen and set their faces towards God, for the hope of seeing again a golden head on which the sun was ever shining.

Our old country exchanges from Scotland, Ireland and England alike, make it evident that owing to the presence and services during the past summer of so many of our Canadian ministers, both our Church, and country, and ministers are becoming every year better known, and the extent of the work we are doing appreciated. The following from the *Belfast Witness* is a sample of some of the paragraphs that are going the rounds of the press: "The Presbyterians in the Northwest of Canada conduct services in the following languages—English, Gaelic, German, Scandinavian, Hungarian, Icelandic, Chinese, and three dialects of Indian." The thanks of the whole Church are due to the brethren who have thus been serving her, and we shall, in various ways, without doubt, reap good fruit from their services. Referring to statements made by Rev. Prof. Bryce, of Winnipeg, the *Presbyterian*, London, says: "It is certainly a very agreeable circumstance—inspiring, as well as agreeable—that in the brief space of twenty-five years a Church organization should develop from some nine or ten, preaching stations into several hundreds, and the income increase from £200, or so, to a revenue, self-contributed, of £54,000. We trust that help and sympathy may be deepened and extended, for it is very largely a mission work which is being carried on in that great Northwest amongst our own flesh and blood—emigrants from our own homes and our own firesides in England, Scotland and Ireland." This is the simple truth.

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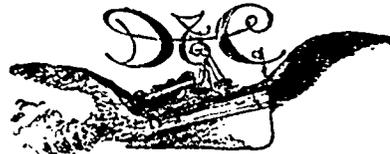
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MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

- At GORE.—At Gore Bay, September 22, at 7.30 p.m. At BARRIE.—At Barrie, on Sept. 29th, at 10.30 a.m. At BRANTFORD.—At Brantford, first Tuesday in March, 1897. At HURON.—At Clinton, November 10, at 10.30 a.m. At LINDSAY.—At Woodville, October 20th, at 11 a.m. At MELITA.—At Melita, in the first week in March, 1897. At MONTREAL.—At Montreal, in Knox Church, on Tuesday, 22nd September, at 10 a.m. At ORANGEVILLE.—At Orangeville, Nov. 10, at 10.30 a.m. At PARIS.—In Chalmers Church, Woodstock, December 8th, at 11 a.m. At PETERBOROUGH.—In Millbrook, on fourth Tuesday in September, at 1.30 p.m. At SARNA.—In St. Andrew's Church, Strathroy, September 22, at 11 a.m. At SAUGEN.—At Durham, December 8th, at 10 a.m.

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES AND DEATHS NOT EXCEEDING FOUR LINES 25 CENTS.

MARRIED.

At the residence of the bride's mother, on the 9th inst., by the Rev. J. Frazer, Sutton, assisted by the Rev. Neil Morrison, Corbetton, the Rev. J. D. Morrison, Billing's Bridge, Ottawa, to Sadie E., youngest daughter of the late Kenneth Cameron, Esq., Georgina.

DIED.

Suddenly, at the Royal Victoria Hospital, Montreal, on August 28th, Alice Church, widow of the late Rev. Hugh Cameron former minister at Halville, Ont., aged 50 years.

Both the church at Nanaimo and that at Wellington, in the Presbytery of Victoria, are now vacant. The Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Victoria, is ad interim Moderator of the Session of the former, and the Rev. Alex. Young, of Nanaimo, that of the latter.

Rev. J. M. Gray, formerly of Stirling, Ont., has been inducted into his new charge at Selkirk. The Presbytery members present on the occasion were Rev. R. G. MacBeth, Moderator pro tem., Rev. A. Matheson, clerk pro tem., and Messrs. P. R. Young and Robert Moncrieff, elders. The newly-inducted pastor was suitably addressed by the Rev. Mr. Matheson, and the people, by Mr. MacBeth, after which Mr. Gray was introduced to all present by Mr. Young and Mr. Moncrieff, and received a hearty greeting.

Rev. J. Chisholm, B.A., has just entered upon the seventh year of his pastorate at Dunbarton and Scarborough. The total annual payments for mission and benevolent schemes of the church increased from \$159 six years ago, to \$539 last year. These congregations occupying now the first position in this respect among their fellows in the Whitby Presbytery. During the same period the debts existing on both churches were completely liquidated, and the salary kindly advanced from \$900 to \$1,000. And although the loss by death and removals were unusually large, the membership during the same period increased in the joint congregations from 179 to 249.



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For many years I suffered from Catarrh, which destroyed my hearing, and for twenty-five years I was so deaf that I could not hear a clock strike by holding my ear against it. I had tried every known remedy, and nothing gave me the slightest relief. I obtained Aerial Medication, and in three weeks my hearing began to improve, and now I can hear common conversation across a room; I can hear a clock strike in an adjoining room 30 feet away. I think I am entirely cured, and my hearing permanently restored. EDWIN COLEMAN, Box 585, Wichita, Kan.

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The publisher of this paper has reliable information that Dr. Moore is a reputable physician, and recommends every interested reader to write him at once and investigate Aerial Medication. CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

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