

Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church.

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OTTAWA WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 29, 1909.

Single Copies, 5 cents.

BRIEF LIFE.

BY SOPHIE JEWETT.

He came with the wind of dawn, when rose-red clouds
were flying;
In the glory of his coming the old moon drifted dim.
He went when the evening star outwatched day's quiet
dying;
Its path upon the sea made a white, straight road for
him.

Did he dream a wistful dream in some radiant place sup-
ernal?
Did he hear the human call, follow and lose his way?
Has the touch of earth on the child made strange to him
things eternal?
Is he heir to sorrow and love, being mortal for one swift
day?

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BIRTHS.

At Gravenhurst, on Sept. 5, 1909, the wife of J. J. McNabb, of a son.
 In South Orillia, on Sept. 10, 1909, the wife of Jas. Allan, of a daughter.
 At Foxmead, on Sept. 14, 1909, the wife of Wm. Huston, of a daughter.
 In South Orillia, on Sept. 12, 1909, the wife of Peter Jamieson, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At the residence of the bride's father, on Sept. 16, 1909, by the Rev. G. Whillans, James Wright, of North Georgetown, Que., to Susie Gardner, daughter of James Symons, St. Louis de Gonzague, Que.
 On Sept. 15, 1909, at the residence of the bride's parents, Toronto, by the Rev. Norman MacLeod, John Ernest Weeks to Marie Louise, second daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Gilmour.
 At the home of the bride's father, by Rev. L. Beaton, Moose Creek, assisted by Rev. I. C. McLeod, Port Hastings, C.E., Reuben Dewar, Apple Hill, to Katie, daughter of Donald McRae, Warina.

At the residence of the bride's parents, 13 Hillcrest Park, Toronto, on Sept. 15, 1909, by the Rev. W. B. Findlay, Mr. S. Gordon Rennie to Miss Pearl Beathune, daughter of Mr. Roderick Beathune.
 On Sept. 4, 1909, in Toronto, by Rev. Dr. Gilray, Howard J. Baldwin, Asquith, Sask., to Agnes Baldwin, of Toronto.
 On Sept. 1, 1909, by the Rev. R. A. Fraser, Nora Beatrice, fourth daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Crosby, Victoria street, Uxbridge, Ont., to Ellsworth McGrattan, third son of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas McGrattan, Caron, Sask.

DEATHS.

At Jarratt, on Thursday, Sept. 9, 1909, Robert Bralley Ego, infant son of R. J. Ego, aged 1 month and 15 days.
 At Orillia, on Tuesday, Sept. 14, 1909, Helen Axtell Gray, relict of the late Allen Gray, of Gaysville, Ontario, aged 81 years, 5 months.
 At 105 Milton street, on Sept. 8, 1909, Janet Edwards Denoon, in her 90th year, relict of the late John Greig.
 At 291 Red street, Peterboro, Ont., on Sept. 19, 1909, Jean Frances Morrison, only daughter of J. F. Morrison, formerly of Montreal, aged 7 years.
 At the home of the bride's parents, Fairview avenue, Acton, on Tuesday, Sept. 14, by Rev. A. Blair, B.A., Jennie, daughter of Robert Storey, Esq., to William John Allison, of Naasagaweya.
 On Sept. 15, 1909, at the residence of the bride's mother, Horsa Back, by the Rev. W. M. Hay, Wilhelmina Hurdman Moffatt to Peter Alexander Monroe, of Maxville, Ont.

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NOTE AND COMMENT

Paulham, the aviator, made a cross-country flight near Paris in which he traveled nine and nine tenths miles in eight minutes.

For its missionary work the Methodist church in the United States proposes to raise \$3,000,000 for 1909, \$4,000,000 for 1910, \$5,000,000 for 1911, and \$6,000,000 for 1912.

At Gross-Messerschitz, Austria, during maneuvers of army, sixty horses stampeded as result of the "enemy" throwing a searchlight on them, ran through the camps, killing one and injuring many sleeping soldiers.

At London Captain Scott, who led an expedition in 1902, appealed through the press for funds for another expedition in search of the south pole, to be entered upon next July or August.

Mr. Karl Kogler, of Vienna, an insurance expert, in explaining why there ought to be a different rate on insurance on workmen who are total abstainers and those who are not, says: "Alcohol increases the number of diseases, lengthens the time of sickness, shortens life, aggravates the effect of wounds and causes premature incapacity." Pretty strong argument this against the use of alcohol.

A Roman Catholic writer states that there are about 4,890 parochial schools in the United States with an average attendance of 230, or about a million in all. He adds that there are several million Catholics who do not live up to their faith because they were not sent to the parish school and that if these schools were closed to-day in 20 years the Catholic population would probably not be more than half what it is now.

Recent statistics, official and authentic, dispose in a most gratifying way of previous reports which have rather discredited the great revival which visited Wales six years ago. There has been a net gain in the membership of four denominations of 67,431, as compared with their membership previous to the revival. It is stated that the blessings of the revival continue to be apparent not only in increased numbers but in the development of spiritual life.

A German lawyer, who recently died at Strassburg, stipulated in his will that his body should be cremated, and the ashes should be handed over to his brother. The brother was to climb with two guides to the summit of the Gross-Glockner, one of the highest peaks in the Tyrolean Alps, carrying the ashes with him, and on reaching the top of the mountain was to scatter the ashes to the winds. This curious Alpine funeral has just taken place according to the wishes of the lawyer.

There is grim humor in Dr. Cook's challenge to the world if it shall not believe his story. "I buried a brass tube containing an American flag in a block of ice. If any would know whether I was there or not, let him go and find the flag." That is worthy of Mark Twain, very properly remarks the Westminister of Philadelphia. For two hundred years men have been striving to do what Dr. Cook has done. It cost him six weeks of dash early in 1908 to achieve the object of his ambition, and a year and five months of battle against the ice blockade to return to his base of operations. Will it require an equal period of two hundred years for the world to test the truth of the story by finding the brass tube? And when two hundred years have sped, where will be the ice-block mausoleum of that buried brass tube?

King Edward has now completed his "cure" at Marienbad, and has authorized Dr. Ott, his physician, to make the following statement:—After a thorough examination of the King, which I made, I am very happy to state that the King enjoys perfect health. In every respect his strength is similar to that of a sound man ten years his junior, and, having known the King for ten years, I have no hesitation in saying that he astonishes a medical man by his robust constitution and vigor. The cure in every direction was a great success.

The attention given to "labor day" in religious journals is a good omen, says the United Presbyterian. Prominence was given to articles, editorial or contributed, sometimes both, speaking in sympathetic and approving terms of the efforts making by labor organizations for alleviation of the conditions under which many toilers are yet compelled to exist. There appears to be a growing recognition on the part of labor organizations that the churches and pastors are their friends and co-workers in all lawful efforts for the improvement of the conditions of toilers of all kinds.

In a fascinating series of articles, entitled "The Far East Re-visited," a special correspondent of "The Times" gives some most interesting details of the awakening of China. Change is everywhere. It is no unusual thing nowadays to meet Chinese officials of high rank dining at foreign houses. Even some Chinese ladies have begun to exchange visits with foreign ladies, and at the Palace Hotel, which is very largely frequented by the Chinese, I saw (says the correspondent) two Manchurian ladies of high degree come in with their children and order five o'clock tea in the hall with the same ease of manner as if they had been English ladies of fashion at Ritz's or Rumpelmever's.

The discovery of the North Pole, as might be expected, starts the newspaper prophets. Here is one of them: "Eventually, of course, and perhaps before the Sun Alpha in the Little Bear, now known to us as the North Star, shall have ceased to guide the stellar spaces and made way for another star, men will have conquered this little globe, its limits and its forces. Man's genius will distribute the sun's heat and the earth's water scientifically. Excessive heat from the equator will be transferred to the Arctic and Antarctic zones." On this the New York Christian Advocate remarks: Perhaps it is too soon to consider what effect this will have on the flannel and linen industries and hot air, water and steam furnaces, stoves and grates!

Human nature at its worst has been shown in newspapers, conversations, interviews, telegrams and innuendos, by the fact of two claimants to the discovery of the North Pole. Certain newspapers have taken up the defense of one or the other and are conducting it about in the style of a conscienceless party paper just before election. Very temperately and fairly the New York Christian Advocate says: During the discussions of the past week we have seen nothing adequate to destroy belief in Dr. Cook's claim. Commander Peary is criticised in England, France, Germany, Denmark and by many in this country for his vituperative and apparently jealous spirit. His friends have done him great damage by joining in the attack, but he has forfeited sympathy. Dr. Cook, hesitating so long to produce his reports in definite shape, has suffered in popularity. We see no utility in attempting to discuss the subject until grounds of Cook's claim are scientifically presented and the antagonistic position of Peary as against that claim is fully set forth.

The New York Observer has a judicious article on the "Pros and Cons of Big Churches," meaning congregations. It pays a deserved tribute to the noble large organizations. "There is a place for very large churches, which everyone, for the sake of inspiration, should visit now and then, and where some may find their life-work. Such churches form the nuclei, or headquarters, for general campaigns of 'angelical missionary and philanthropic work, and to them the tribes periodically resort for help and to obtain new inspiration to give help. Several such churches are needed in every great metropolis—how many, circumstances should determine." Having said this it adds: "But the craze for 'Federation' and for shutting up what are contemptuously styled by some 'gospel shops,' should not be carried so far as to combine too many smaller churches into larger aggregates. Mere bigness means nothing, and serves no useful end. In most cases the smaller church is more workable, handy, united, happy, worshipful and useful. Let us be reasonable about all these matters and utilize to the full, for Christ's cause, the few big churches and the many smaller ones."

Some weeks ago we gave an outline of the statement of faith prepared by the committee of creed, working under the general committee of the Presbyterian, Congregational, Methodist and Baptist churches of South Africa, which are looking toward organic union. This general committee, which was constituted with large official powers by the joint action of the four denominations interested, at a recent meeting in Bloemfontein, received and adopted not only this report on creed but a separate report from another sub-committee on polity. The latter report provides that the united church shall elect an executive head to have general charge of stationing preachers. The congregational right of call is to be maintained, and no pastor is to be located anywhere without the congregation's consent. But when either pastor or congregation becomes dissatisfied with a pastoral relation, it shall be incumbent on the executive to effect a readjustment by transfers. He shall always manage to provide a field for each minister. Pastorates are to run without time limit, and to end only at the wish of one or the other party thereto, unless the executive considers that "the ends of the ministry" require him to interfere.

The "Youth's Companion" notes that "Israel is coming into its holy of holies, from which it has been barred for many long and bitter centuries. As one result of the new regime in Turkey all religions are officially recognized on an equal basis, and at last the Jews are allowed to enter the site of their ancient temple at Jerusalem and there worship according to their creed. Since the destruction of the second temple by the Romans under Titus, in 70 A.D., no Jew has been permitted on the spot. For a dozen centuries Moslem soldiers, stationed at the gates, have slain or turned away all who sought to enter; and the devout Jews have had no other privilege than to weep and pray outside the walls. Within the past generation visiting Christians have been allowed, under guard and for payment of a fee, to enter the beautiful Mosque of Omar which stands where the great Temple of Solomon stood and where Christ taught in its successor, which was erected after the return from the captivity. Beneath its lofty dome is the wonderful rock of numberless traditions, revered alike of Jews, Christians and Mohammedans. Late in July the Jews were allowed to enter and worship for the first time. So 1909 is a notable year in Jewish history, and the promise of the olden prophecy has come to pass."

SPECIAL ARTICLES	Our Contributors	BOOK REVIEWS
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THE CRY FROM THE CAVE.

By Rev. A. J. Mowatt, D.D.

David is hiding from Saul in the cave, most likely Engedi. Engedi, or Ain-Jiddy, Fountain of the Kid, is at the southwest end of the Dead Sea, one of the wildest, grandest, loneliest, most God-forsaken spots in the whole land. Just because it is so, however, it is all the safer hiding-place. But then it is banishment to be there, and such a sense of isolation, loneliness, forsakenness, falls upon him that he fills his cave night and day with cries and prayers and tears. He is passing through one of the darkest and most trying spiritual experiences a human soul has ever been called to pass through, and so we call it the Cry from the Cave. The whole psalm is the cry from the cave. Its heading is: "Maschil of David, when he was in the cave," and opens thus:—

I cry with my voice unto Jehovah;
With my voice unto Jehovah do I make supplication.
I pour out my complaint before Him;
I show before Him my trouble.

But while the whole psalm is the cry from the cave, the burden of it seems to me to gather around these pathetic words, and I make them the keynote of my message tonight:

"No man careth for my soul."

Trouble of Soul, A Cry from the Cave.

David is in trouble. That is why he is in the cave. He has got himself into trouble with the King, and so the cry from the cave. It looks suspicious, you tell me. There must be something wrong—something wrong with the man in the cave.

The story is in brief this: David is the youngest of a family of eight sons. Jesse is the father. They live at Bethlehem, and belong to the tribe of Judah. With seven between him and the humble paternal inheritance, there is not much of a chance for David at home. The times are hard, too, troublesome and very early in life David has to help. His work is to keep the sheep. That is all he is good for. He is boyish for his years, and small of stature alongside of his big brothers. But if he is not big in body, he is big in soul—the biggest of the family in that respect—great-souled, every inch a man, a hero. His big brothers follow the king to the glory of war—they bear arms; the little David follows the sheep to the hills.

But the day of his opportunity comes. With his sling he slays the giant, and thus saves the nation. You call it a lucky hit. But God is with him. When the question of the royal succession is up and has to be settled, his big soldier-brothers, one and all, are passed by, and David is the Lord's choice, and is anointed. But jealousy is awakened, and now his troubles begin. The next you see of him, he is in the cave, and there is a cry from the cave.

Poor David! He is in sore trouble. A cave is a hard place to be in. Is he a bandit, an outlaw, that he should be in the cave? Is he a revolutionist, a rebel, a political adventurer, that he should be in the cave? Better to be out on the hills with the sheep rather than be a king hiding in a cave. It looks suspicious. Appearances are against him. Once the pet and pride of the people, now an outcast, a dweller in no man's land! Once, too, so faithful in his attendance at the sanctuary, never absent indeed, and so active and prominent in everything that was good, especially in the praise part of the service; now shut away from all that, his name blotted from the roll of membership because of unexplained absence

and neglect of ordinances—outlawed, excommunicated, anathematized! That is what he feels most—the loss of his spiritual privileges. No one to talk to him about his soul! No one to take any interest in his soul! No care for his soul! His body safe in the cave, but his soul neglected there! And so the cry from the cave, sad, pathetic, full of trouble, is: "No man careth for my soul."

Is that the cry here tonight—the cry from the cave, the cry of a soul in trouble, the cry of a soul in trouble because neglected, because not cared for? The cry from the cave, and it is a real cry, and a sad cry, is the cry of the unchurched. David in the cave is one of them, and the deprivation of his spiritual privileges is what he feels and laments most.

And like David, some of the so-called unchurched of the city can look back to the day when they were never absent from the services of the sanctuary. They sat at the communion table. They loved the prayer meeting. Their children were at Sunday school. They enjoyed religion. Their pastor and elder never forgot to call, and were heartily welcomed. But something happened. Reverses came—loss of health, loss of property, loss of prestige. They could not dress as they once dressed. They could not move in the society they once moved in. Their altered circumstances necessitated their removal to another quarter of the city. This interfered with their church attendance. They went to a church nearby, but they did not feel at home. The worship did not appeal to them. And then nobody seemed to know them, nor take any interest in them. No minister or elder took the trouble to hunt them up, and keep in touch with them. And so it went on, till they stopped going to church altogether. It was not altogether their fault, any more than it was David's vonder in the cave by the Dead Sea, that they were the unchurched, but the fault of circumstances over which they had no control. Are they happy in their cave? Call it that. Are things improving with them in other respects? No. And how can they? And so you hear a cry, a cry from garret and cellar, a cry from the great unwashed and unchurched, and the cry is a pitous appeal, a cry like the cry that David cried from the cave: "No man careth for my soul."

Doubt's Cry, A Cry from the Cave.

Turn now to another thing, for there are caves and caves, cries and cries. To doubt, to question, to speculate and all that—it seems wise, clever, right. There is the intellectual young man crammed with modern magazine literature, the budding scientist fresh from the schools of bold investigation—he turns over the pages of his grandfather's Bible in a careless way, and dares face the dark of life, with its problems and mysteries, make his way into the geological caves of prehistoric ages, and think things out for himself. But out of the cave at last is heard a cry, a cry of a soul for light and peace, and the burden of it is: "No man careth for my soul."

Just the other day I read a somewhat striking article on George Romanes. Brought up in a Christian home, amid the happiest and holiest surroundings, he broke away from it all, and embraced boldly infidel opinions. Darwin and Herbert Spencer, Huxley and Tyndall, ventured far, but Romanes ventured still farther, and faced the dark with all its grotesque and grim shadows. He wrote an anonymous work called *Physicus*. It was cleverly written, bold and brilliant,

and became at once the banner book of infidelity. The book denied the very existence of God, and assumed to prove that there was no need of the divine mind, since nature was sufficient unto itself. The writer confessed that he had once held the Christian faith, but had set the example of intellectual daring by abandoning it.

At the very end of his book he wrote these remarkable words. I call them the cry of a soul from the cave. The words are to this effect: "I confess that with this virtual negation of God the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness. . . . When at times I think, as at times I must, of the appalling contrast between the hallowed glory of that creed which was once mine, and the lonely mystery of existence as I now find it. . . . It is impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is susceptible. To think of nothing better for myself, and those who think as I think, than that death ends all—no hereafter life; to face death with all the unknown there with the prayerless prayer of the pagan poet Oedipus—

Mayest thou never know the truth of what thou art;—

to die thus, I confess, makes me shudder and recoil. But I face it all."

I ask, is there no cry from the cave in such words? Twenty years later George Romanes died, his pen dropping from his hand in the middle of a sentence. He had returned to the faith he had left, and died a humble Christian. When he died men gathered up his papers, and found that he was the author of *Physicus*, and was engaged in counteracting the poison of the former, and this was to be called *Metaphysicus*. But the pen fell from his hand, and the work was never finished.

Are you a doubter tonight? Are you a sceptic? Digging among the debris of the cave-dwellers you have come to that, and so you have lost faith in the teaching of the Old Book, and have turned your back to the light, and your soul is now in the dark unless and starless cave. But is it well with your soul? Is there no cry as the darkness deepens, and the ghosts of the dear old past come haunting you? I hear a cry from the cave of doubt and darkness, for while you can live without Christ, it is hard to die without Him, and the cry is the cry of the text: "No man careth for my soul!"

The Cry of Sin and Crime, the Cry from the Cave.

Men in stress of circumstances over which they have no control, just like David, often resort to doubtful expedients for temporary relief. They take shelter in dark places; they do some curious things. They feel themselves driven to do them. You would not go as far as say perhaps they are wrong, sinful, criminal. They excuse themselves, and you feel like excusing them. But if they are not sinful and criminal, they are next door to it. It is the cave of a doubtful expediency they have sought shelter in, they have fled to for refuge.

One thing however leads to another, and soon they are in a darker, deeper cave—they are in prison. You find David in this very psalm, in his cry, speaking of himself as in prison:

Attend unto my cry;
For I am brought very low;
Deliver me from my persecutors;
For they are stronger than I.
Bring my soul out of prison.

It is so easy to be led into doubtful courses, to help yourself from your employer's money when you are hard up, to borrow at a high rate of interest, to

pawn and beg and almost steal. You do not intend anything bad. But you are entering a dark cave, and you are led on and on till at last you waken up to find you are in durance vlie, in jail. You never thought it would come to that with you. You never intended it to come to that. But it is there with you, and the cry from the cave tonight is the cry of sin and shame and crime, and you feel so forsaken and fallen: "No man careth for my soul."

Am I speaking to men and women, young men and young women, who have already taken the first wrong step? It is not known by their friends, but they themselves know it, and their soul is crying the cry from the cave. They are more sinned against than sinning perhaps. It is not altogether their fault. And so they are seeking to comfort themselves with an excuse like that. But the devil has them in hand, and how he will grind them, till their cry is like the cry of a lost soul, and they are ready to do something dreadful and desperate.

You put confidence in men—do you? You lean upon the arm of human friendship—do you? David thought that, too, when everybody was shouting and singing his praises. But now he is in the cave, and he has changed his tune. Now his cry is: "No man careth for my soul!" And, my hearer, when trouble comes to you, and it has already come perhaps, you will find what David found, that there is no one you can look to in your trouble of soul. It is the old story over again with its sad variations. The old cry from the cave: "No man careth for my soul."

Prayer to Jehovah, the Cry from the Cave.

The cry from the cave

David's cry from the cave was a prayer. He knew where to go to with his trouble—not to man, but to God. His trouble brought him to his knees. His cry was not therefore the cry of despair, the cry of a lost soul, but the cry of a great hope, the shout of salvation, an exultant cry. King Saul, with an army of three thousand men, was in pursuit, and what could one man do in the face of such an army? But he cried to the Lord, and the Lord was on his side, and so more were with him than were against him, and no harm could come to him:

I cried unto Thee, O Jehovah;
I said thou art my refuge,
My portion in the land of the living.

Who, then, is in the cave of trouble, any trouble at all—want, out of work, poverty, no health, distress of soul, forsakenness, slander, oppression, persecution, imprisonment? Carry it in prayer to Jehovah, and be sure He will hear you, and find a way of help for you. David did that, Jonah did that, and his cave was a deep dark cave, and even the whale's belly. Daniel did that, and his cave was the lion's den. Joseph did that, and his cave was the prison house of Egypt. Peter did that, and a great iron gate was between him and liberty. Oh, it was a dark cave he was in! But prayer was made for him as well as by him, and the iron gate swung open itself, and he was saved.

Is sin your trouble, condemnation your cave? Do I hear you say "I have fallen so often, sunk so low, sinned so greatly, what hope for my soul?" But you are to remember David, what a great sin he sinned, and God heard his prayer, and saved him from the horrible pit and miry clay. You are to remember Paul, the chief of sinners, and what a salvation there was for him. You are to remember Jesus, lifted up on the cross, dying there to redeem your soul, and with such care as His care caring for you, you are not where you have to say: "No man caring for your soul! Think of His love dying for your soul! Think of Him in the dark cave the tomb was to Him in the interests of your soul's salvation! Think of all that, and what care for your soul, and what hope!

A word more. Is there any one in the cave of neglect, that will have it to say of me, and of you: "I am lost, my soul lost, for he did not care for me?" There is no judgment word so terrible to a minister, to a Christian, as that. Let us come together, and consider, if we cannot do more than we have been doing to silence this cry from the cave—"No man careth for my soul!" It is a very real cry, and as sad as real, and there is judgment in it, if we neglect it, and blessedness in it, if we attend to it.

BURN'S MONUMENT AT DUMFRIES

G. Lawrence Thomson.

With bare uncovered head he sits
And thoughtful face;
One hand within his bosom's folds,
And one with homely grace
Some scattered daisies holds.

Around like vast old sentinels
The reverent mountains rise—
'The storied Conveners' hills
Outlined against the skies,

Keep watch and from their rugged
sides,

The heather tribute flings;
And down through all the lovely land
The Nith his requiem sings.

And on the graven stone I read,
'Twixt joy, and pain and tears,
His words that fuller meaning take
Down all the changing years.

Sublimest truths, so simply writ
Divine, the pathos caught,
Oh, poet heart, to me it seems
Thou wert of Heaven taught.
Hamilton, Ont.

INSCRIBED ON MONUMENT.

"The ha'rt is aye the pairt aye
That makes us right or wrang."

"To make a happy fireside clime
To weans and wife,
This the true pathos and sublime
Of human life."

"Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.
Affliction's sons are brothers in distress
A brother to relieve, how exquisite the bliss."

"It's coming yet for a' that
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be an a' that."

The world goes up and the world goes
down,
And the sunshine follows the rain,
And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's
frown,
Can never come over again.
—Charles Kingsley.

A Gaelic revival is in prospect in the County of Glengarry, under the most favorable auspices. Recognizing the fact that in many portions of the county Gaelic is rapidly disappearing, together with many of the customs which were common among the early settlers in the county, a number of the leading Highlanders, including Messrs. J. F. McGregor, Conservative candidate in the Federal election, D. D. McDonald, M.D., Angus McDonald, License Inspector, Norman McRae, drover, Duncan N. McLeod, agent, and Angus Cameron, proposed to test the local feeling by giving a purely Scottish concert, in which the Gaelic language would be a conspicuous feature. Many doubted that it would meet with a hearty response, but such were put to confusion when on Monday evening the largest audience ever gathered in the Alexander Hall met and thoroughly enjoyed the several numbers, while very many persons were unable to secure admission. The committee will in the near future hold a meeting of the Scottish residents for the purpose of organizing a Gaelic society.

Observations of Mars from Mount Whitney disclose that there is water vapor about the planet.

A PHYSICIAN'S WARNING.

By Z. Fuller, M.D.

Physicians see more, perhaps, than any other class of people the evils which come from social impurity. We see health impaired and broken in many ways; see innocent and pure wives and children suffer from the most loathsome, repulsive, and painful diseases; see death mercifully come to these as their only relief; see homes broken, ruined and made desolate; see the higher, nobler, God-like qualities of mind and heart choked and smothered by the rank growth of uncontrolled and perverted appetite; see the extremes of unhappiness, of mental torture; see the weakened and perverted intellect; see the minds diseased and dethroned.

And all this comes from a wrong growth, a perversion of a God-given and very important part in the nature of mankind, the right growth and manifestations of which are as powerful for good as the other for evil, bringing results between which and those I have named there is as little likeness as there is between darkness and light.

From a right sexual life and purity there comes love, the mother, and the home, most powerful of all influences for good in the lives of men; there comes thoughtfulness for others, unselfishness, self-sacrifice. Much of the beauty, grandeur, sublimity, of poetry, of music, of art, of every high endeavor, has this as an underlying and impelling force.

Much impurity comes from sheer ignorance. Without right understanding we grope in the darkness of ignorance, with probabilities largely in favor of making mistakes; we must first know where the right course lies, then how to follow it.

But there must be more than this knowledge. There must also be a pure heart and right ideals. There must be awakened, and fostered an interest in and a taste for the higher things and purposes of life, exercising and developing thus the loftier and better qualities of the mind and heart.

There is one fallacy so seductive, and out of which there grows so very large a part of the social evil, that advantage should be taken of every opportunity to point and correct this error, particularly for young men. I refer to the fallacy which says that continence in men is injurious to health.

Nature and the experience of many men not only abundantly disprove this but on the contrary prove the continence may become a conservator of health, and that the strength of will often necessary to its accomplishment may be made a powerful training and aid to the cultivation of that strength of character so necessary to success in every human endeavor. These truths are accepted and emphatically indorsed by most, if not all, competent, honest, and conscientious physicians. To follow the teaching of error must often of necessity result in the violation of some of the most important of the laws of both God and man. This alone should be sufficient to condemn it.

In our prayerful words it is the aspiration that counts, and it is well to give the aspiration definite expression. It is the aspiration which is the thing with wings, the thing which soars to heaven's gates; and aspiration may continue when the words have ceased. We cannot speak without ceasing, but can aspire without ceasing, and it is the aspiration which counts.—J. H.

To a very great extent preaching in the pulpit to-day is preaching in defense of the Bible rather than preaching the contents of the Bible. We spend a great deal of time in making clear and clean the approaches to the temple, and a great many of us never get any farther than the vestibule door, and we spend so much time in this way that we do not have time to go inside and worship.—Francis L. Patton.

SUNDAY
SCHOOL

The Quiet Hour

YOUNG
PEOPLE

PAUL A PRISONER—THE ARREST.*

By Rev. J. M. Duncan, D.D.

Seven days were almost ended, v. 27. "When you are in Rome, you must do as Rome does." So runs the old proverb and, on one side, it is a good rule. If we have formed one plan for a day's pleasure and our companions wish us to join them in something else, or, if of an evening we would prefer music, while the rest of our family circle would rather spend the hours in quiet conversation or reading, we show our strength best by setting aside our own wishes in favor of the desires of others. But, on another side the proverb is as false and evil as it can well be. If, for example on coming to a strange town or city, one is tempted to begin tippling or to frequent questionable places of amusement, because the majority of his companions do these things, he should be ready to stand alone, if need be, on the side of principle. Where it is a question of our own feelings alone, we should be yielding as water; when it comes to be a question of right or wrong, we should be firm as a rock.

The doors were shut, v. 30. Every Christian church has its Gate Beautiful, like that between the Court of the Gentiles and the Court of the Women, in the ancient Jewish temple enclosure. But, while on pillars at either side of that old-time gate were engraved commands forbidding, on pain of death, any save Jews to enter the inner Court leading towards the temple itself with its holy place and its holiest of all, the Christian Gate Beautiful is flung wide open to all comers, and the invitation to enter is given to those of every country and class and color. Right through that gate, and on, on, into the very presence of God, all may go, without let or hindrance, since He has given them the right who is the Lord. No one dares to shut the gospel Gate Beautiful in the face of any human being, since it has been thrown open and is held open by the hands that were nailed to Calvary's cross, to remove every barrier between God and man.

They went about to kill him, v. 31. A gentleman in India made a pet of a tiger cub, which was, at first, as playful and harmless as a kitten. One day, however, when it had grown larger and stronger, in licking its master's hands, it drew forth and tasted blood. At once, the tiger nature was roused, and the beast sprang upon his master, who, to save his own life, was obliged to shoot his pet dead with a revolver. From the case of the Jews who were ready to murder Paul, we see how evil passions, allowed to slumber in the heart, when they are roused, may lead to the worst of crimes. Our only sure safety lies in shooting them dead.

A citizen of no mean city, v. 39. A true citizen will always cherish pride in his own district or town. Its good name will be dear to him. He will feel that its honor is in his keeping. What he does will bring credit or disgrace on the old home. It is a great thing, when it can be said of any place, as is the case with regard to many a country neighborhood and town in Canada, that young people from that place can be counted upon for industry and integrity. And such a reputation can only be gained and kept by any locality, as each one going forth from it, lives nobly and worthily.

Suffer me to speak, v. 39. In one of the famous Duke of Marlborough's campaigns, the town of Lille, in France, was being held against a besieging

force under the Prince of Savoy. The garrison came into great straits for powder. To relieve this lack, a body of French horsemen carried powder into the town, each man bearing forty pounds behind him, in spite of a cavalry attack and fierce infantry fire from the besiegers. Half of the men engaged in this daring adventure were blown to pieces, but the garrison was supplied with the powder so greatly needed. So, in all the ages of the church's history, missionaries with the spirit of Paul have willingly and cheerfully risked their very lives, to make known the gospel message of salvation.

LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

By Rev. James Ross, D.D., London.

Castle—In Nehemiah's time there was a fortress in Jerusalem connected with the temple. Josephus says there was a citadel on the north side of the temple, with square, strong walls, built by the Hasmonaean kings, and called the Tower. When Herod rebuilt the temple, he also greatly extended and strengthened this fortress, and called it Antonia after his friend and patron Mark Antony. It was built along the outside of the northern wall of the temple. The rock at the northwest corner of the sacred enclosure was twenty feet higher than the sacred rock itself, so that the Roman sentinels could see whatever was taking place in the temple courts. The castle had four corner towers and a large inner space with courts, baths, and places for camps, and it could accommodate probably a thousand men. It was connected with the temple by cloisters and stairs, and the permanent Roman garrison was quartered there, so that they could command the temple and quell any riot that rose. When the Jews revolted, they destroyed the communications between Antonia and the temple. The Turkish barracks and the governor's house stand on the site to-day, and from this they keep order among the pilgrims of various creeds, as the Roman soldiers kept order among the inflammable Jews.

THE GREAT SECRET.

Loving God is the secret which reconciles all. This is the secret of being occupied, with interest, in the things of earth, without ceasing to love the things of heaven. But ye divided hearts, who have dreamed of a compromise between heaven and earth, and have appeared tormented with fears and scruples, now know the cause of your condition: Ye fear God, but ye do not love him. Love had speedily cut the difficulty; everything for God, nothing for self, is its motto. Everything for God, provided God is mine. Then let him enrich or impoverish my life, let him extend or limit my activity, let him gratify or oppose my tastes; if I have my God, I have all things at once.—Alexandre R. Vinet.

"It is finished." We are ever taking leave of something that will not come back again. We let go, with a pang, portion after portion of our existence. However dreary we may have felt life to be here, yet when that hour comes—the winding-up of all things, the last grand rush of darkness on our spirits, the hour of that awful sudden wrench from all we have ever known or loved, the long farewell to sun, moon, stars and light—brother men, I ask you this day, and I ask myself, humbly and fearfully, What will then be finished? When it is finished, what will it be? Will it be the butterfly existence of pleasure, the mere life of science, and selfish gratification; or will it be, "Father, I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do?"—F. W. Robertson.

THE SOLEMNITY OF AUTUMN.

By Rev. James Hastie.

The beauty of autumn, the bounty of autumn, the beneficence of autumn, these topics have often been descanted upon, and worthily so; but there is a kindred theme too often overlooked, viz.: The Solemnity of Autumn.

Pre-eminently, autumn is a solemn season. Autumn's beauty is the beauty of death. Autumn's plenty can be had only at the price of dissolution. The gorgeous hues of the maple and beech are but the pictorial form of the lament "Ichabod," "the glory (of summer) is departed." From field, and forest, and fruit tree comes the solemn reminder: "We all do fade as a leaf." "In the midst of life we are in death."

The change that comes over the face of nature between June and October is not greater than the change that comes over man between youth and old age. In both cases, trials play an important part in the transformation. Sun and wind, and biting frosts have much to do in beautifying the variegated leaf and fruit. And is not character ripened and beautified by providential trials? Happy those whose autumn of life is more conspicuous for the beauty of ripeness than for the deformity of decay; whose character glows with love and meekness and goodness, with faith and hope and charity; who are more humble, more pure, more Christlike as the winter of the grave draws near. But, happily, the solemnity of autumn is not a gloomy solemnity, but a gladsome. It contains the promise and potency of coming seasons. The fruit it matures as it passes away is embryonic fruit, and contains in germ springs and summers and autumns yet to be. And has not the Christian the best of grounds to be gladsome and hopeful in the autumn of life? "Marvel not at this, for the hour is coming, in the which all that are in their graves shall hear His voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good, unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." Yes, precisely so. "As the sowing so the harvest." "Glorify, honor, immortality, eternal life"—this fruitage hereafter can only spring from Christ the crucified, believed on here and lived out in daily life. "As is the earthy such are they also that are earthy; and as is the heavenly such are they also that are heavenly. And as we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly." "He that hath ears to hear let him hear" to profit this present preacher on his timely topic: "The Solemnity of Autumn."

Sawyer, Que.

Religion gives a man courage. I do not mean the courage that hates, that smites, that kills, but the calm courage that loves and heals and blesses such as smite and hate and kill; the courage that dares resist evil, popular, powerful and anointed evil, yet does it with good, and knows it shall thereby overcome. That is not a common quality. I think it never comes without religion.

"No men help their times so much," it has been said, "as the men of hope." Every one should cultivate the habit of hopefulness. There is much in this world that tends to discourage people, and some persons are especially prone to melancholy. But pessimism advances no interest, and finally condemns itself, for if all things are as the pessimist says, why is it worth while even to be pessimistic? Be hopeful, and you will be an efficient servitor of your own times.—Zion's Herald.

*S.S. Lesson, Oct. 3, 1909. Acts 21: 27-39. Commit to memory v. 39. Study Acts 21: 17 to 22: 29. Golden Text—Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.—2 Timothy 2:3.

THE FAITH OF CALEB AND JOSHUA.

It requires more than faith to stand out against the majority of one's associates. It takes courage and a brave heart. It requires no faith to go with the crowd. A log can float with the stream; but it takes a strong arm and a directing will to row against it. The spirit of the mob is irresistible to the unprotected arm that opposes it. It is easier to throw a stone than to resist the stone that is thrown. In the lives of Caleb and Joshua we find that faith and courage were united. They were the two links that were most tested in these men's character. They were the links that revealed their character; tested it and proved what manner of men they were.

Their faith is shown in the fact that they had the great majority of their associate spies to contend against. Twelve of them had gone at the direction of their commanding general to make an inspection of the land of Canaan and to report. They were all good men. Every one was a prince (verse 2). They "were heads of the children of Israel" (verse 3). They had gone together. They had seen the same cities and the same inhabitants. They had inspected the same fortifications. They had seen the same fields and vineyards, the same orchards and groves, the fruitful lands and the barren. And the report which they presented to Moses on their return was ten against two, Caleb and Joshua being in a sorry minority. It would naturally be supposed that the eyes of the ten would be more capable of forming an accurate judgment than the eyes of the two. It would be pretty hard for two men of the jury to convince ten that they were wrong in their estimate of facts. And it would be pretty hard for the two to convince the public that the overwhelming majority was in error. That was the situation. And if these facts only were to be considered one can scarcely find fault with the disappointment of the Israelites. But that was not all the story. Moses believed the two rather than the ten. God was on the side of the minority and opposed to the report of the majority. Their report was a false deduction from admitted facts. They saw the giants, but forgot the Lion of the Tribe of Judah. They saw the walled cities; but forgot the forces which the God of Israel was able to bring against them. The majority forgot all about their own defenses. The mightiest battlements are only relatively strong. The walls of Jericho and the trumpets of the host of Israel. But the majority of the spies succeeded in influencing the people that the two were wrong; and this is where the faith of Caleb and Joshua comes in. This is where it shines with such conspicuous brilliancy.

They were not led away by the crowd. Public sentiment did not move them from their moorings. They still believed God, that he was mighty to the throwing down of these strongholds. "Let us go up at once and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it." That was their slogan. And when the Israelites in the height of their despondency and unbelief, proposed to choose a captain to supercede Moses (14:4) and march back into the valley of the Nile, then these two brave men rent their clothes in sight of the people, and with a marvelous faith in God told them again of the richness and fertility of the land and plead with them not to rebel against God; and in a burst of pathetic eloquence, cried: "If Jehovah delight in us, then will he bring us into this land, and give it unto us; a land which floweth with milk and honey. Only rebel not against Jehovah, neither fear ye the people of the land, for they are bread for us; their defence is removed from over them, and Jehovah is with us; fear them not" (14: 7-9). But it was reasoning with the mob. The people believed the lies of the ten rather than the truth of the two, and Caleb and Joshua narrowly escaped being stoned to death. Then it was that Jehovah took a hand in the proceedings. "The glory of Jehovah appeared in the

tent of meeting unto all the children of Israel," and pronounced a judgment upon the people for their rebellion against God. The testimony of the two men was vindicated in the presence of all the people of Israel.

The whole story goes to show that it says to trust God. It shows that only when we have faith in God can we put the proper construction on events that are passing before our eyes. Men may see the same things, but only the judgment that is divinely guided can place the proper construction upon them. It shows that a faint heart may see "cities walled up to heaven," where faith will see only an opportunity for God to display the greatness of his power.

THE HEART OF THE GOSPEL.

How much is said in the New Testament about our Lord as cleanser. Depart from me for I am a sinful man, said Peter. But he did not depart. He remained. And Peter remained with him, and Peter was cleansed. He came to the temple and it was full of all uncleanness. He made a whip of small cords, and put majesty into his looks and bearings, and the money-changers took their departure, and those who sold doves, and the holy precincts were for the time at least made clean. "Lord, if thou wilt, thou shalt make me clean," said a poor fellow who because of his leprosy for years had known no cry but unclean, unclean. "I will; be thou clean," was the answer, and his uncleanness departed from him and he became whole as a little child. Now ye are clean by the washing of regeneration is Paul's thought in writing to Titus. It is Christ's ministry of cleansing carried on still after he himself had entered into his ascension glory. And he is carrying on his work today. Into hearts, into homes, into communities he is entering and with his coming cleansing enters also. In one of Walter Savage Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" Plato says of Pythagoras he "entered the courts of princes." "True," replied Diogenes, "he entered there and cleansed them; his breath was a lustration; his touch purified." How much truer this of Jesus Christ; nothing passes under his influence that is not cleansed. Cot of peasant and palace of prince are alike made sweeter by his entrance. He breathes on art and it is exalted, on literature and it takes on a new strain, on commerce and it is ennobled, on life and it is made over. It is because of this that he cannot be superseded. His Kingdom is an everlasting Kingdom because it is a kingdom of transformation. When the world may not more care for cleansing another may take his place. — Baptist Commonwealth.

THE INFLUENCE OF A WORD.

How enormously important are these first conversations of childhood. I felt it this morning with a sort of religious terror. Innocence and childhood are sacred. The sower who casts in the seed, the father or mother casting in the fruitful word, are accomplishing a pontifical act and ought to perform it with a religious awe, with prayer and gravity, for they are laboring at the Kingdom of God. All seed-sowing is a mysterious thing, whether the seed fall into the earth or into souls. Man is a husbandman; his whole work, rightly understood, is to develop life, to sow it everywhere. Such is the mission of humanity; and of this divine mission the great instrument is speech. We forgot too often that language is both a seed-sowing and a revelation. The influence of a word in season—is it not incalculable? What a mystery in speech! But we are blind to it because we are carnal and earthly. We see the stones and the trees by the road, the furniture of our houses, all that is palpable and material. We have no eyes for the invisible phalanxes of ideals which people the air and hover incessantly around each one of us.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

A boy dreads a pan-full of water, but is not afraid of a pond-full.

LIFE LESSONS FROM EPHESIANS.*

By Rev. Robert S. eers.

There is no richer portion of Scripture than the Epistle to the Ephesians except the last talks of Jesus with the disciples and his great prayer as recorded in the 13th to 17th chapters of the Gospel of John. Those were the deepest and tenderest of our Lord's own words. The Epistle contains the deepest and tenderest of the words of Paul.

We learn here first of all where the Christian life is to be lived. It is in Christ. The letter is addressed not to the Ephesian Christians only but to all "the faithful in Christ Jesus." The blessing of God upon all such is found in his gifts to them in Christ. They were chosen in him before the world began. In him they have redemption and forgiveness. In him they are all gathered together. In him they have believed and trusted. In him they have boldness and access with confidence. Make a list of all the times when the preposition "in" is used with regard to Christ and you will see how noble and earnest was Paul's conception of our relation to him. It is in him that we are to live and therefore we can have nothing in our lives that we can not have in them in Christ.

We see accordingly also how great our privileges as Christians are. Christians are blessed with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ. They do not need to ask for such blessings. They have them. They have the greatest of all treasures that can come to men and they have them according to the riches of God's grace (1:7). They have an inheritance in Christ. They are to have the riches of the glory of Christ's inheritance in them and the greatness of his power, which was mighty enough to overcome death. They dwell in the rich mercy and love of God who has done what he has for them in order to show the exceeding riches of his love in his kindness toward them. They have what Paul was privileged to preach, even the unsearchable riches of Christ. If Christians are dry and lean and poor it is their own fault. God has provided everything for them if they will have it. It is all with Christ.

We learn from the epistle the greatest of all truths, the truth unity. We learn the unity of the family. Husbands and wives are to be one, even as Christ and his church are one. Children and parents are all one in the Lord. We learn the unity of the church. It is like one body, each member being part of each other member. The far off ones and the near by ones are united in Christ. We learn also the unity of humanity. Men are to be true because they are members one of another as men, and all falsehood is anarchy and contradiction. And the end of all things is unity. When we shall have all come in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God unto a perfect man. All family quarrels and dissensions, all racial prejudices, all national selfishness is inconsistent with the lessons of Ephesians. When brothers and sisters quarrel they are doing what they would not be doing if they had learned these lessons.

And we see also that deep thinking about the secret things of God does not make a soul weak and unpractical. This is the Epistle which ends with the fine description of the Christian's armor. The man of prayer was also a warrior.

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

- Mon.—The eternal purpose (Eph. 1: 1-14; 2:10).
 Tues.—My great desire (Eph. 1: 15-23).
 Wed.—My spiritual resurrection (Eph. 2: 1-10).
 Thurs.— The old man and the new (Eph. 4: 17-25).
 Fri.—Walking in the light (Eph. 5: 1-21).
 Sat.—Social relationships (Eph. 5: 22 to 6:9).

*Young People's Topic: Sunday, October 3, 1909.—Life lessons for me from the Book of Ephesians (Eph 4: 1-6, 25-32).

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Manager and Editor

OTTAWA, WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 29, 1909.

A thoughtful article by Professor Adolph Harnack, the distinguished German theologian, upon "International and National Christian Literature," is the leading feature of THE LIVING AGE for September 25.

The vote last week in Montreal gave a great jolt to the grafters. We see that fears are expressed in some quarters that the citizens will not follow up their votes by a determined effort to have the right men on the board of Control. The fears, we believe, are groundless. The citizens, knowing the immense interests at stake, will not be satisfied with anything short of a complete change in their civic administration.

Among the evil habits of growing lads and young men seriously complained of must be reckoned gathering in groups at street corners, spending the evening in disgraceful talk and insulting the passers-by. When policemen are more than ordinarily watchful they disperse the young scamps. No sooner are they scattered than they reassemble elsewhere and continue their disgusting pastime. This evil is to be found in large cities, but is by no means confined to them. It is met with and deplored in towns and villages throughout the country. A more irrational method of spending the evening hours can scarcely be thought of. Healthful and innocent recreation, a quiet walk into the country, reading, and such like, would be much more preferable and certainly more profitable. One thing is clear, that young people who mispend their leisure time in loafing about street corners are on the down-track. For their own safety they cannot too soon bethink themselves, and abandon a course that leads to disaster and covers them and their friends with shame. Parents, guardians and all who have the care of youth ought to use their influence to put down one of our disgraceful Canadian institutions, street-corner rodyism.

DIVORCE TRIALS.

Six or seven divorce cases are already entered for trial by the Canadian House of Lords at the next session of Parliament. It is more than time that provision was made for trying such cases by another and more efficient tribunal. We intend no disrespect to the Senate when we say that that august body does not discharge the functions of a court of law very well. But even if the tribunal were perfect the present system of trying divorce cases is highly objectionable. It is class legislation of the most odious kind. The law provides a remedy for the rich but none for the poor. To tell a poor man to go to Ottawa and get an Act of Parliament drawn up, to bring his witnesses there and perhaps keep them there for weeks, to pay enormously high fees to counsel for attending to his case before a committee of the Senate—to tell a man to do this who has no money is to add insult to injury. No poor man can do it. No man of moderate means can do it without running the risk of ruining himself financially. To tell a poor woman to do all this is to mock her misery. A rich man or woman can get rid of a partner that has violated the marriage vow; but a poor person must suffer without any remedy.

The most galling thing about it is that the injured party may have to support the profligate. Cases are continually occurring in which men have to support their wives living in open sin, and injured wives have to help to maintain debauchees who do nothing for the home but pollute it and take their meals in it.

We are no advocates of "divorce made easy," but we do contend for a proper court to grant swift divorces at a reasonable cost for Scriptural reasons. The absurdity of the present system is further seen from the fact that after the evidence has all been put in and the bill giving relief has passed the Senate and two readings in the Commons, it is certain to be thrown out on the third reading if a majority of the House happens to be composed of Roman Catholics. What a cruel farce!

The Montreal Standard's Special Number has come to hand, and is a most creditable production. It has a magnificent cover in colors, painted by one of America's best known artists. The Number contains nearly 150 half-tone plates devoted to subjects of general interest, and has two superb panoramic views of Montreal suitable for framing. The printing is first class, and we understand that many thousands of the issue have been sent to friends abroad. In looking over the numerous illustrations given of five commercial and public buildings, one could not help noticing the entire absence of Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist Churches, while Anglican and Roman Catholic Church edifices are given a prominent place.

The congregation of St. Paul's, Ottawa, has decided not to hear candidates in the vacant pulpit. A committee, with Mr. John McKinley as chairman, has been appointed, with instructions to look out a suitable successor to Dr. Armstrong, and report to the congregation.

ONE FEATURE OF REVIVALISM.

We approve of revivals when they grow up spontaneously and not when they are gotten up artificially. In the former case, results promise to be permanently good; in the latter, a number of persons are suddenly precipitated upon the religious life with no security of permanence. This must certainly be accounted an evil. In the Methodist system, the minister is bound to hold revival services once a year on his circuit, and he does it as a matter of routine, without any reference to whether the conditions are such as to render the work permanently useful. Thus, annually, special services are held, and numbers of people under excitement are precipitated upon the religious life, the great majority of which sink back in a little while into their old ways. We do not favor revivals by almanac dates; but wherever there seems a prospect of permanent good being done, we would be only too glad to see the attempt made.

But there is one feature in the revivalism of the present to which we take exception, and we think on good grounds. A revivalist visits a place, and either before he begins his work he stipulates for absolute control of the arrangements, or without any stipulation he assumes all control, and next to ignores the pastor and church officials altogether. Everybody is to give way for the visitor; all other plans are to be subordinated to his. And the coolness with which this is frequently done goes to show that this is considered the right thing.

Now, we do not account it either right or prudent that the regular servants of a church should be bowed out, or left to the minor task of "pronouncing the benediction," that a man who is here to-day and gone to-morrow, and who is responsible to nobody, may follow his sweet will. And this view is not based upon any fear that church officers will suffer from loss of dignity. For we do not care about hurting dignity, as it is only a very artificial thing at best. But we base it on prudence, on a desire that the good done may be permanently done. From this standpoint we judge that instead of a revivalist assuming to control a church he should help the church, being more of a servant than a dictator. Sometimes a church may be warranted in handing over the management to men of much experience and much honored by God in the work; but such cases must be deemed exceptional. Generally, the minister of the church should be at the head of revival efforts, backed up by the more earnest and godly members of his flock. Then the many unpleasantnesses and dissensions which revivals sometimes leave in churches might be avoided. And, also, the revival itself would not be so likely to depart with the revivalist as it so frequently does.

At the meeting of The British Association in Dublin last September Sir James Grant gave to the scientific world the results of almost a lifetime of research on the Blood Making Machinery of the System. As years pass on, the blood centres are liable to become defective in power, and as blood is the very basis of life, a lessening of vitality is certain to follow. Sir James Grant defined how massage and electricity combined add greatly to blood formation, giving new life and increased vitality to the system. This advance in science is attracting wide attention.

"I DON'T LIKE THE MINISTER."

Perhaps he does not like himself any better than you like him. Perhaps he may be thought convinced that there is need of some change in his makeup. But how to bring it about is the question.

We cannot see that your staying away from church will improve him. On the contrary, it will probably add to his discouragement. And discouragement is not the soil most favorable for the growth of excellence. If you would like to see your pastor abler, freer, more whole-souled and cheery, stand by him. Make him feel the stimulus of a warm friendship. It will put him upon his best for progress.

We are at a loss to see how your absence for the above reason can improve the church. Abseteeism is not a curative. It creates many ills, but we do not know of its curing any.

Least of all does it appear how your staying away from church and prayer meeting because you do not like the minister will help your own soul. Christian graces do not flourish under the deadly nightshade of a dominant criticism. There is one further view to be taken. How will your continued absence from the sanctuary where you are covenanted to worship please the Master? It is related that for us He did some things which were not pleasant. Perhaps we may in return do for Him a thing even so very hard as to attend church although we do not like the minister.

BACK FROM VACATION!

Congregations in city or country who have granted their minister a holiday will now feel much better pleased with themselves than if they had permitted him to plod on without a respite. The ministers who have had the privilege of a vacation are grateful for it, and have sought to use it to the best advantage of themselves and their flocks. Like other men, a brief cessation from the ordinary labors in which they are engaged is greatly enjoyed. Though there are some who have the mistaken notion that a minister has an easy time all the year round, there are few men who work harder than the faithful pastor, who has to study his sermons, visit his people, counsel them in their difficulties, visit them in sickness, console the bereaved, warn the erring, succour the tempted, and tend the dying. Besides all this he has his regular meetings and classes, and numerous public duties to discharge. A vacation is an absolute necessity. Now those who have been spending their holidays in travel at home and abroad are returning to the spheres and the labors they love. They come back invigorated in nerve and brain. Their thoughts have been widened by observation and by meeting with others that they are accustomed to meet in their daily rounds. Their sermons will be all the better for the brief leisure they have enjoyed. The benefits they have derived they share with their people.

It is not at all improbable that Manitoba will yet be an apple producing province. At Gretna, this year, some orchards have borne well, and quite a lot of apples have been sent to Winnipeg. The Winnipeg Free Press reports that there are two or three orchards in Gretna that are really worth going quite a distance to see. It would be a great thing for Manitoba if it could grow its own supply of apples.

INCREASE OF INSANITY IN ENGLAND.

The following from *The Christian*, of London, Eng., is impressively suggestive and should lead the people not only of Great Britain but also of Canada, where insanity is likewise on the increase, to very serious thought and to the adoption and vigorous use of such means as may diminish the terrible affliction. Our contemporary says:

How few are the people who ever give a thought to the terrible fact that the huge army of lunatics in our population has for a number of years been added to at the alarming rate of over 2,000 per annum; or, in fact, an average of 2,370 for each of the years from 1898. The total number of certified insane is now, according to the report just issued by the Lunacy Commissioners, 128,787, figures which, as the commissioners point out, show that whilst the general population has since 1859 increased by 81 per cent. "the number of insane persons known to the authorities has increased by 250 per cent." It is noteworthy, too, that pauper patients number 91 per cent. of all the certified insane. These statistics would be sufficiently painful in themselves without the added information as to the traceable causes, the chief of which is frankly stated to be "alcoholism," with its consequent offshoot of "heredity."

A LARGE REQUEST.

One hundred thousand who will enter into a Prayer Covenant for the evangelization of the world. This is a large request, but the possibilities and responsibilities are large and urgent. There come from both Home and Foreign Mission fields the cry for help. There is much activity which is so far good, but which will be fruitless and subside, unless backed up by unceasing intercession. The situation is more critical than most of us appreciate. If this wave of enthusiasm amongst laymen and young people subsides, which is inevitably will unless baptized in prayer, the situation will be worse than ever. In the hope of eliciting a mighty volume of prayer and rising to the highest possible spiritual results the Foreign Mission Committee has issued a Prayer Card, and ask that one hundred thousand Presbyterians use them. It is a large request, but not too large for such times as these. Would it not be possible to have in every congregation a circle who will take up this burden? Ministers may find themselves busy, but some willing members could secure a list of persons ready to enter into this ministry of intercession. They will be distributed freely to all who will apply. It is not desirable to waste by distributing in pews to be destroyed. If, however, samples are sent for and then lists of names secured the proper number can be sent on application.

Already the working season is on. Time passes. Let there be such a combination at the Throne of Grace as will bring showers of blessing according to promise.—R. P. MacKay.

If any man would be first, he shall be last of all and servant of all.—Jesus.

SPARKS FROM OTHER ANVILS.

Herald and *Presbyter*: All that is good and beautiful and true is realized in the person and life of Jesus Christ. Let us think upon Him in faith and love. Let us take Him into our hearts and lives. This is thinking to the best and highest purpose. This is thinking that means salvation and eternal life.

Irish Presbyterian: While not standing for any formal or pharisaical observance of the Sabbath, we can never get away from the fact that it has been given as a day for the rest and recreation of body and soul, and anything which militates against this privilege, either personally or as regards others, is to be resisted with all the powers of our being.

Presbyterian Witness: Our excellent contemporary, the *New York Observer*, claims that the North Pole is on "American soil." From what appears, there was no "soil" in the vicinity of the Pole—not within 8 miles at any rate—possibly not less than scores and hundreds. If there is no land within three marine miles of the Pole, it belongs to the whole world! No one begrudges to the discoverers their splendid achievement.

Canadian Baptist: We hold the view that the Roman Church today is fighting a losing battle, and that its leading officials know it. The general appearance of this Plenary Council confirms us in this view. Another reason for our lack of fear is that the whole organization and methods of procedure, so far as yet reported, bear on their surface, to our view, the marks of the influence of Protestantism and of democratic institutions. And why should not this be the case?

Lutheran Observer: There is exhilaration in the quest of truth. There is joy in each new discovery — something rousing in the voice that is ever moving on and calling us to follow. So with growth in goodness. With sense of condemnation for failures and non-attainment removed through faith in Christ, displaced by the sense of peace with God, we pursue the spiritual quest with courage and good cheer. Thankful to God that by his grace we are what we are, we rejoice in hope as each victory shows us fresh fields for conquest.

Cumberland Presbyterian: In an age when materialism has been granted such power upon men's minds and consciences as it never had before, what greater task could the church have than that of maintaining the eternal standard of values, of holding up the life of the spirit as the only life worth having, the life without which the gain of the whole world is nothing? Then let it teach that men who have grasped this ideal have much to do in this present world; let it encourage them, not to retire from the turmoil to some retreat where they may play the miser with their spiritual treasury but to step down into the conflict with organized selfishness, with corporate greed, the struggle of eternal life against the world, the flesh and the devil.

Canadian Churchman: We live in an ever moving world, and the man who stands still is left behind, and is soon "old," while the man who moves is always "young." But this is not, or need not be, a question of years. The world readily, joyfully and enthusiastically rallies to the leadership of the "young old man," of the man who retains his faith in humanity's future. His years, in this case, are a positive gain to him. The man whom bent age cannot daunt and deaden has the true gift of leadership. He will always have a message, and he will always have followers. So there is no reason to fear that the day of the "old man," fear that in gone or going, if only men will realize the fact that it is within their power to keep themselves young. To no class of men does this apply with greater force than to the clergy.

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

"THE ONE THING NEEDFUL."

By Annie S. Swan.

The little schoolmistress came tripping over the street with a smile on her lips. Her arms were full of parcels, the big brown velvet bag, hung by the draw-strings over her right arm, fairly bulged with them; the side pockets of her fur coat showed mysterious humps, and brown paper peeped out from the slits thereof. Why was she thus laden? Because it wanted but five days to Christmas, and this was the last Saturday she could come in for Christmas purchases.

Joe Elmar, the farmer on the next section to her little homestead, had waited with great patience till she had accomplished all her shopping; and when she came into the stable-yard of the Crescent Hotel he was getting the horses into the sleigh. With his big fur coat and the flaps of his cap tied down over his ears, he looked not unlike a big woolly bear, but the eyes looking out from under the bushy brows were honest and true, and they took a very tender survey of the little schoolmistress as she appeared, laden with all her purchases, within range of his vision.

"I guess you're full up, Miss Willett," he said, good-naturedly. "Why didn't you leave them at the stores, and let me stop for 'em as we went by?"

"They're not a bit heavy, thank you, Mr. Elmar, and I always like to see all my parcels tied up with my own eyes; see?"

"Don't trust the Eldridge stock-keepers, eh?" queried Joe, with a wink in his eye.

She laughed back, as she began to bundle her goods into the sleigh.

"I do hope I haven't forgot anything or anything, Joe," she said, anxiously. "You see, I lost my list, and it took me a good half-hour last night to make it out."

"Give 'em a half-holiday next Thursday, if you have, Miss Willett, and I'll hitch up an' fetch you in again—always a pleasure to me, sure."

She smiled up into his face, a queer sort of far-away smile, which made Joe's heart beat faster. As he helped her in and tucked the buffalo robe about her, he took a desperate resolve. With eight good miles in front of them, speeding like the wind across the frozen snow, what was to hinder him making one more attempt to win the little schoolmistress, whom he had faithfully loved since the very day he had clapped eyes on her, when, as school manager, he had driven in to meet her on her first journey from the East. That was a year ago, and she had so entwined herself about all their hearts, his especially, that she had become the pivot of his existence. Many would have given her shelter and board for live of her bright, unselfish spirit, and Joe would have given half his possessions for the right to shelter her for ever, but she had said "No" to all. She preferred the little lonely shack hard by the school-house, where she lived in perfect security and safety, her door on the latch summer and winter, day and night, and no companionship but the stars. For such a bright creature, her spirit loved solitude, and knew neither loneliness nor fear. She had received nothing but kindness from all living creatures through the short span of her simple life.

The horses, whetted and spurred by the sharpness of a temperature forty below zero, simply flew across the frozen trail. They swept down the steep slope of the bluff whereon the little town was perched like a bird in an eyrie, crossed the icebound river by the bridge, and so to the open country gleaming under the pale opal of the

sky, with the stars like lamps to guide them on their way.

"Seems like we'll have fine weather for Christmas," said Joe. "I wish you'd go right up to Aunt Emily Winslow's next Friday and stop over the holidays. It ain't no Christmas for a lone little woman in a shack all by herself."

"I shan't be lonely. I'm going to have all the children to tea Christmas Day, and I shall be ever so busy getting ready and decorating the school. I shall want some help with the flags, Joe. Just lately I don't seem to be so spry as I used to be."

"I'll be right there, you bet," said Joe. "Are you warm enough, sure?"

"Quite; but so sleepy. Do you mind if I don't talk much?"

"No, I don't mind," replied Joe, as he drew another fold of the fur closer about her, and urged forward the willing beasts. In an incredibly short time they had covered the distance, and came within sight of the white school-house, and the little brown shack beside it.

"Don't come in by the gate, Joe, the snow's so soft. Just stop right here, and let me carry my things up. There's a lot, but there isn't any weight in them. There; that's all, and ever so many thanks."

She looked up at him as he stood by the restive horses, and once more Joe screwed his courage to the sticking point.

"Do say you'll go up to Aunt Emily Winslow's next Friday. You can just as well have the kids there. She'd like it uncommon."

"I won't do that, but I'll go on the Saturday if you like to come and fetch me. Good-night, Joe, and thank you for everything."

"And if you go up on Saturday, may I come on Sunday, and—take my chance?" he said, desperately.

She smiled, and the color wavered in her pure, round cheek.

"You may come, but you won't be taking any chances, Joe. I guess I'm just about tired being a school-marm. Good-night—dear."

She reached up, and gave him a little kiss, and then darted off, the echo of her sweet laugh ringing across the snow, and sending her lover home with a tumult at his heart. By the time she had opened her door and got all her parcels laid on the table, guided to it by the bright shaft of moonlight which fell athwart the floor, she could hear by the sleigh bells that Joe was already half a mile away. The smile lingered on her lips, very tender, and beautiful, and into her heart there crept a great peace. It had found its haven in the love of a good man, and the thought that she, homeless so long, had a home at last seemed to her a very sweet and wonderful thing.

The little living-room was the picture of neatness and homely comfort; it was cold, certainly, icy cold; but the fire was laid, a few moments more and the cheerful glow and crackle would make life in the little shack. She drew off her long fur mittens and began to fumble among her parcels; then her color grew a little grey and a sharp apprehension tugged at her heart. Matches—she had forgotten matches. It had been the first item on her list, the first and most needful thing. Without them she could have neither light nor heat, upon which her very life might depend. She was so cold now, she was glad to draw her mittens on again and run to the door.

But Joe was out of sight and sound, and it was a good mile to the nearest house. A sudden bank of cloud had sprung up to the north, swept thither by some unknown and cruel force, and she could hear the whistle of the rising wind. Already the beam of the moon had become fitful; ten minutes more

and it might be wholly obscured. She knew well the treacherous vagaries of the weather in these high latitudes, how death and destruction could become possible in an hour. A blizzard was coming up now across the vast prairie, which stretched like the steppes of Russia to the far horizon, with nothing to break or combat nature's forces. The fine powder of the on-coming snow beat against her face as she stood a moment in the open door wondering whether she might essay the hazard of the trail, and ask the one thing needful at the nearest house. No, she dared not, the risk was too great. She closed the door and crept back into the grey dark of the little house, crying weakly. And the storm came on, and beat upon the panes as the little schoolmistress huddled up her rocker, her furs about her, and all her Christmas parcels on the table, fell asleep.

* * *

Joe Elmar, in his comfortable frame house, made warm and cosy by the glow of his furnace fire, could not sleep. He was very happy, but there was something mingling with his happiness—a strange, new element, which he did not like to call fear. He rose betimes, far before his usual winter hour, and by six o'clock had his horses harnessed to the sleigh. It was a fine, clear morning, and the fresh fall of snow had raised the temperature slightly as well as obliterated yesterday's trail. He came to the corner where stood the school-house and the little brown shack, and there stood still. She would be asleep still in her bed, and what excuse had he for such a visit in the still morning hours of the new day? But something stronger than convention or propriety made him tie his train to the familiar posts and stride up to the door.

The handle yielded to his touch, and he stepped across the threshold and stood a moment just within the living-room. Then he drew his matchbox from his pocket and struck a light. His fingers trembled so that he could scarcely apply it to the lamp which stood in the middle of the table among all the debris of the Christmas shopping.

She was sitting very still and motionless in front of the stove; her face very sweet, even smiling, though the frozen tears were on her cheek.

The little schoolmistress, tired of teaching, had closed her eyes upon the winter desolations of the prairie and had opened them in that land which has no need of the sun.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

Apropos of Tennyson's famous ballad, there ought not to be forgotten the story of the soldier who was one of the survivors of the Balaklava Charge, one of those of whom it is said that they were perfectly aware when obeying that word of command that they rode to certain death. He escaped, but he received a hurt soon afterwards that sent him to the hospital in a despondent mood, which prevented his recovery. To rouse him somebody produced a copy of Tennyson's poem then just published, and read it aloud. The man's eyes kindled, and he began a spirited description of the terrible charge. In short, he soon recovered, leaving the attendants uncertain as to whether the ballad cured him or the medical treatment. It is recorded that Tennyson wrote the poem "in a few minutes" after reading in the London Times the description of the charge, in which occurred the phrase "Some one had blundered." This phrase was the origin of the metre of the poem.—Edinburgh Dispatch.

A BATTLE THAT ALL MUST FIGHT.

There is one passage in Hugh Miller's Autobiography, "My Schools and my Schoolmasters, where, with all his manliness, he gives way to a little pity for himself. His school boy days had been days of some work but much play—stirring, roving days, full of fun and frolic, and interspersed with grand expeditions, and hair breadth escapes by sea and land, with like-minded comrades. But the comrades dispersed, the school-boy era came to an end, and a very different era—the era of hard work for a bare livelihood—came in sight; and the poor boy was sorry for himself. "I found myself standing face to face with a life of hard labor and restraint. The prospect appeared dreary in the extreme. The necessity of ever toiling from morning to night, and from one week's end to another, and all for a little coarse food and homely raiment, seemed to be a dire one, and vain would I have avoided it. But there was no escape, and so I determined on being a mason."

And yet Miller could afterwards look back on this dire necessity as a great boon and give his benediction to honest, homely labor, with her horn of plenty and hard conditions, for in her school he had learned some of the most useful lessons of his life.

It was the same with David Livingstone. The woods of Blantyre were charming scenes for a young explorer, and every plant and every animal, great and small, had an interest for a born scientist. The pools of Clyde had their treasures, which it was fine sport to throw out with the rod on the grass—all the more if the catch of trout should be varied by an occasional salmon. But there came a Monday morning (and he was but a child of ten) when he must turn out at six o'clock to the spinning mill and toil there till eight at night, amid deafening noise and monotonous sights, with but short intervals for breakfast and dinner. But, however hard it was felt at the time, this necessity was welcomed and blessed by Livingstone, too, in future life. Speaking to the people of Blantyre, after he had become famous, he told them that if he had the choice of a way of beginning life, he would choose the same hard lot through which he had actually passed. It had furnished a most valuable training both for mind and body, and had prepared him for his work in Africa; for he would not have shown the same power of enduring hardship, the same patience and perseverance in conquering the irksome, if he had not gone through that long, hard apprenticeship in the mill at Blantyre.

These are not solitary cases; but they are valuable as showing how nobly the battle with what is irksome may be fought in youth, and what precious fruits come of the victory. Unfortunately instances of the contrary are but too common. Of all the causes that give rise to useless trifling, and even pernicious lives, the most common is impatience of irksome labor in youthful days. No greater curse could well fall on a young person than the disposition to turn up his nose at all regular protracted labor, as if the only good thing in life were self-indulgence. What a fatal defect in many a young person's education lies here!—Professor Blackie, in Cassell's Magazine.

Out of the soil in which deciduous leaves are buried, the young tree shoots vigorously, and strikes its roots deep down into the realms of decay and death. Upon the life of the vegetable world the myriad forms of higher life sustain themselves—still the same law, the sacrifice of life for life.—F. W. Robertson.

There is need of prayer similar to that made by an old colored woman who, praying for one who had been guilty of slander, said: "O Lord, won't you be kind enough to take the door of his mouth off, and when you put it on again, just hang it on the gospel hinges of peace on earth and good will to men?" Amen.

HOLDING HIS PLACE.

He was a very handsome black and white cat, and also endowed with more than ordinary intelligence. He was, withal, a great pet in the family and was indulged in many of his feline ways without any remonstrances, until he considered his privileges equal to the other members of the household; but one day there came a radical change, not understood by him. He could not see why a crying baby like little Herbert should usurp his place in the affections of his friends enough to forever be in their laps and cuddled and talked to and even given a goodly share of his own sweet milk.

Wasn't he there first? and had he not been there ever so long before baby Herbert came disturbing their slumbers and causing them all to be forgetful and indifferent to his needs, especially in the morning, when he felt cold and hungry.

One morning in January, when his mistress, rising late and with tired nerves, was hurrying to prepare breakfast, her deserted pet came purring and rubbing against her dress, asking in his gentle way that he might receive some notice, but, impatient that he should demand so much before she herself had breakfasted, she quietly opened the door and ushered him into the unwelcome atmosphere outside. Poor Shy wandered about for a while, daintily lifting his feet from the new fallen snow and seemingly debating what to do, finally decided upon a wise plan as it happened.

Mr. H. as a busy man, accustomed to receiving callers at any hour of the day, was not particularly surprised to hear the ring of the front door bell before he was quite ready to receive. Hastily dressing and taking a little extra pains with his toilet, he came down to open the door for his guest. When after a moment's hesitation, Mr. Shy demurely entered, apparently expecting a welcome from his master, and walking toward him jumped upon his shoulder, as if to thank him for so cordial a reception, and then proceeded to the dining room. His mistress, quite astonished to learn who was the dignified morning caller, and feeling in a somewhat calmer mood, hastened to bring the nicely prepared meal for the belated ones, not forgetting the dish of warm milk for Shy, who by asserting his rights in his own house, never again lacked for proper attention at the proper time.

PAPA'S MISTAKE.

Papa distinctly said the other day,
That in the night, when I'm asleep
so sound,
The earth kept turning over all the
time,
And every morning it's been half-
way round.

I thought how grand to see this big,
round world
Go turning past this window in the
hall,
And here I'm up at four o'clock to
swatch,
And there is nothing going by at all!

I thought that deserts, palm trees and
giraffes
Might just be passing by the time I
came;
And now, instead of all those lovely
things,
Here's this old yellow rose bush just
the same!

Let us have faith that right makes
might, and in that faith let us, to the
end, dare to do our duty as we under-
stand it.—Abraham Lincoln.

Certainly in taking revenge, a man is
not even with his enemy, but in pass-
ing it over he is superior, for it is a
princes's part to pardon.—Bacon.

"There are three kinds of people in
the world, the wills, the won'ts and the
can'ts. The first accomplish every-
thing, the second oppose everything,
and the third fail in everything."

CHILDHOOD AILMENTS.

Most of the troubles that af-
fect little ones may be traced
to the stomach and bowels, and
if these are put right the child
will get well and thrive well.
Baby's Own Tablets cure all
stomach and bowel troubles and
all the other minor ailments of
babyhood and childhood. The
Tablets are easy to take and
are guaranteed free from opi-
ates. Mrs. H. Matthews, Can-
field, Ont., says:—"I have used
Baby's Own Tablets for my lit-
tle girl who had a weak stom-
ach and was badly constipated.
The Tablets cured her of both
troubles, and I really feel as if
they had saved her life." Sold
by medicine dealers or by mail
at 25 cents a box from The Dr.
Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-
ville, Ont.

IN CLOVER.

"Oh!" said Jamie, one day, "I wish I
was a little bird or a bee!"

How mama laughed! "Why do you
wish that?" she said. "Do you want
to fly to the top of a tree?"
"No, but I was just thinking how
good it would feel to live in clover all
the time."

It was June, and Jamie was in the
country. He was enjoying it and felt
as if he just could not get enough of
it.

All around him were acres and acres
of clover, and the air was sweet with
the perfume of many blossoms.

Hundreds of bees and butterflies
were flying here and there, sipping the
sweet white and red blossoms. And
Jamie, too, enjoyed drawing the sweet
from the little tubes. But he was al-
ways very careful not to interfere with
the flower the bees had selected.

Every morning Jamie went to the
field and brought a nice basketful of
the clover, with the dew on it, for
Bunny Wee, going again late in the
afternoon to get it fresh for his sup-
per.

Bunnies are all very fond of clover,
ponies, too. Prince was—Jamie said
when he went to the stable and asked
him if he wanted some clover, Prince
just "sniggered and laughed," he was
so happy.

And Jamie felt very happy, too, as
Prince cantered off with him on his
back to the clover field.

Did you ever find a nicer place, chil-
dren, than a big clover field?

What good times!
Can you find any sweeter place to
play hide and seek?

By the way, did you ever look at
clover leaves after dark? The two side
leaves, which are its "hands," are fold-
ed together, while the third leaf leans
over and clasps them.

Some one said, "The clover was
asleep and had folded its hand to say
its prayers."

Clovers usually have three leaves.
But when you find four leaves in a
cluster, it is said to bring "good luck."

When you hear people say "they are
living in clover," that means they are
having a splendid time.

And Jamie certainly "lived in clover"
all that summer, for he had the most
splendid vacation he had ever had.

Life, like the waters of the sea,
freshens only when it ascends towards
heaven.—Richter.

There is nothing so strong or safe in
an emergency of life as the simple
truth.—Dickens.

I have discovered the philosopher's
stone that turns everything into gold.
It is—"Pay as you go!"—John Ran-
dolph.

A cottage will not hold the bulky
furniture and sumptuous accommo-
dation of a mansion; but if God be there,
a cottage will hold as much happiness
as might stock a palace.—James Ham-
ilton.

CHURCH
WORK

Ministers and Churches

NEWS
LETTERS

OTTAWA.

The Rev. T. Crawford Brown (minister of St. Andrew's church, Toronto) and Mrs. Brown, formerly Miss Melvin Jones, are guests of Lady Laurier.

A much respected minister of this city was suddenly called hence, on the 18th inst. We refer to the death, in the 60th year of his age, of Rev. W. M. McIntosh, for the past 20 years pastor of the First Congregational church, and who all these years was prominent in the social and moral reform movements and was chaplain of the St. Andrew's Society. Death was due to heart failure.

At a well attended meeting of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Ottawa South church, the society was reorganized for the winter and plans were laid for the work of the season. Mrs. P. M. Mulligan occupied the chair at the meeting and the following officers were elected: President, Mrs. Wm. Hay; vice-president, Miss Ida Mulligan; secretary, Mrs. T. W. Ritchie; treasurer, Mrs. A. E. Fairbairn. Committees were elected to visit the sick of the parish and to make arrangements for meetings, and it was decided that during the season the society should see to having the church cleaned up and put in the best of order, in addition to doing work for charitable purposes.

Rev. J. R. Urquhart, pastor of the Merivale church, was on Wednesday morning, at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Cook of Kingston, married to Miss Edith Jane Cook, only immediate friends and relatives being present. On their return to Merivale, Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Urquhart found that the ladies of the church had decorated the manse, and the bride was made the recipient of a handsome silver pudding dish, the gift of the congregation. The young couple also received valuable presents from friends in Halifax, Toronto, Boston, Portland, Oregon, Kingston and Winnipeg.

The sudden death of Mr. Hugh Fletcher, of the Dominion Geological Department, came as a sad surprise to his many friends. The end came on the afternoon of 23rd inst., at Lower Cove, N.S., and was due to an attack of pneumonia. The deceased was, at the time of his death, in the 60th year of his age. His wife predeceased him some years ago. He is survived by one daughter, who is married in Glasgow, Scotland, and one son, William, who resides in Quebec, and two sisters, one Mrs. (Dr.) McPhedran, in Toronto, the other, Mrs. Ratcliffe wife of Rev. Dr. Ratcliffe, of St. Catharines. His brother-in-law, H. M. McLeod, who was assisting him in his field work, was with him when he died. Mr. Fletcher occupied a high place in his profession, and was looked upon as probably the greatest living authority on the mineral resources of Nova Scotia.

WINNIPEG AND WEST.

Westminster congregation in this city extends a unanimous call to Rev. Jas. Christie, M.A., of St. Matthew's church, Glasgow. In moving that the Presbytery sustains the call, Rev. Principal Patrick referred to the fact that Mr. Christie had had an experience of nineteen years in the ministry, partly in Edinburgh and partly in Glasgow, in the latter city ministering to a large and influential congregation. He concluded by expressing his concurrence with the view of the commissioners that, if Mr. Christie came, as he hoped he would, the cause of Presbyterianism in the city and province would derive signal advantage from his presence here.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Mr. F. S. Dowling, of Orillia, has been duly licensed by Barrie Presbytery.

Rev. Chas. Ruthford was the preacher in the Bradford Church last Sunday.

Union services were held in Knox Church, Camlachie, the other congregations joining with Knox.

Rev. Dr. McLeod has been elected moderator of Barrie Presbytery for the ensuing six months.

The Presbyterians of Victoria Harbor relinquished their service in favor of the Methodist anniversary services.

A call from Alliston to Rev. W. I. Ellison, of Carluke, was sustained, Barrie Presbytery and provisional arrangements were made for his induction.

Rev. W. I. McLean, of Guthrie, preached anniversary sermons in the Sombra church last Sunday week. The supper and concert on Monday evening proved a success, the proceeds being over \$100.00.

St. Mary's Argus: Rev. George Hackney, B.A., and bride, of Bristol, Que., spent Sunday with Dr. and Mrs. Coupland. Rev. Mr. Hackney who is a graduate of St. Mary's Collegiate, met many old friends.

A Presbyterian certificate was granted Rev. E. W. Panton, former minister of St. Andrew's, Stratford, to be deposited with the Presbytery of Batteford. Mr. Panton is now residing at Radison, Sask.

At a meeting of Chalmers' congregation, Woodstock, Rev. Dr. McMullen, presiding, it was decided to call Mr. Paulin, a recent graduate of Knox College. Mr. Paulin has accepted and his induction takes place on 30th inst.

Permission from the General Assembly having been granted, Rev. John Kay of Stratford was received as a minister of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, and his name ordered to be inserted in the appendix to the roll of the Presbytery of Stratford.

A very flattering address was presented by Barrie Presbytery to the Rev. Dr. McLeod congratulating him on the observance of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his ministry in Barrie and the conduct of his congregation in fittingly commemorating that event.

Rev. D. N. Morden of St. Mary's, reported to Stratford Presbytery that he had consulted with Rev. Jonathan Goforth, missionary to China, home on furlough, in regard to holding a series of evangelistic services in some central place within the bounds of the Presbytery, and Mr. Goforth was prepared to hold such meetings at Stratford, Ont, 3 to 10.

Last week the Laymen's Missionary Movement was successfully inaugurated at Westminster. The pastor, Rev. Dr. McCrae, presided and the principal addresses were made by Mr. F. W. Anderson, M.A., and Mr. J. A. Paterson, K.C., both of Toronto. Mr. Anderson gave an able and convincing address, and Mr. Paterson's address was a masterpiece.

Mr. Elliot reported to Barrie Presbytery for the committee appointed to consider the question of rearrangement of the Penetang field. It emphasized the necessity in the near future of enabling Penetang to stand alone and recommended Presbytery to keep this purpose in view. It was agreed to raise Washago, etc., to the status of an augmentation charge and to apply for a grant of \$275 in their behalf.

At the recent meeting of Barrie Presbytery Dr. McLeod presented the report of the Home Mission Committee. The report showed that all the stations had been well supplied during the summer. He proposed radical changes

in dealing with the whole field. Mr. Crow reported that there was in hand a balance of \$225 from the Tourist work and a further balance from Windermere of \$37. After expenses are met the balance is to be sent to Dr. Somerville for Home Mission Fund.

Rev. F. C. Harper, B.D., who recently resigned the charge of Drummond Hill, Niagara Falls, goes to Knox College for a post graduate course. Before leaving the Falls he was presented with an illuminated address by members of the congregation, as a token of appreciation of his three years' pastorate there. At a farewell banquet in the Masonic Hall, Mr. Harper, who is Past Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of Canada, was the recipient of a travelling bag and an address from local brethren.

After some weeks in the hands of painters and decorators the Paris Presbyterian Church was re-opened on the 19th inst, the pastor, Mr. MacBeth, exchanging for the day with Dr. Lyle, the Moderator of the General Assembly. The church building with its lofty Romanesque arches and handsome proportions has been decorated with fine taste, and new frosted globe lights add greatly to the beauty and restfulness of it. Dr. Lyle's sermons were able, earnest and evangelical, and the choir of 40 voices led the singing with great expression. The progress of this church is very gratifying.

In the death of Rev. Robert Hamilton, D.D., an eminent minister of our church was called to his reward. Deceased who had reached his 85th year, had not been in robust health for some months, but it was not expected that death was so near. Five minutes before he was in apparently usual health. Death was due to heart failure. Dr. Hamilton was born in Stirlingshire, Scotland and came to Canada in 1857 as a missionary, locating at Motherwell, where for forty-three years he was in charge of the Motherwell and Avonbank congregations. Eight years ago he retired from active work to live in Stratford, but his career of usefulness was not yet completed, as he continued almost every Sunday to fill vacant pulpits throughout the Presbytery. Last year his 50th anniversary in the ministry was celebrated at Motherwell. Intermment took place at Avonbank, and there was a large attendance at the funeral.

There was a large gathering of the members of the Orillia congregation in the lecture room on Friday evening, to welcome home the respected pastor of the church, the Rev. D. C. MacGregor, and his bride, who had returned from their honeymoon that day. Mr. and Mrs. MacGregor stood at the door to receive the greetings of the people as they arrived. Following this, there was a short platform meeting. Dr. Beaton occupied the chair, and short speeches of congratulation and welcome were delivered. Mr. H. Cooke, on behalf of the congregation, presented Mr. and Mrs. MacGregor with a very handsome library suite in mission oak, including Davenport, Morris chair, rockers, easy chair, revolving and tilting chair, library table, two sets of sectional bookcases, and a beautiful rug. It was a princely gift. In acknowledging the various tokens and expressions of esteem, Mr. MacGregor spoke with much feeling and good taste of the pleasure and satisfaction with which he contemplated his brief pastorate in Orillia. On behalf of Mrs. MacGregor as well as himself, he thanked the congregation for their hearty and generous welcome home. The ladies, who had decorated the room very prettily for the occasion, then served refreshments, and a pleasant hour was spent in social intercourse.

REV. DR. ARMSTRONG SAYS FAREWELL TO ST. PAUL'S.

There was a large attendance at the morning service in St. Paul's church on Sunday morning, when the pastor of thirty-five years, Rev. Dr. Armstrong, preached his farewell sermon. He retires from the charge to give his entire time to the management of the Ottawa Ladies' College. The pulpit was embanked in flowers for the occasion and the congregation felt deeply the loss of the minister who had guided it so well for all these years. Dr. Armstrong in giving a short resume of the life of the St. Paul's church since he became its minister, said that it was not his purpose to preach a farewell sermon. He could not in any way express his feelings in the matter. He called attention to the fact that other work had called him, and he felt it his duty to take up the management of the Ottawa Ladies' college. He did not prefer college work to pastoral, but this new work had in a way singled him out to do it. A good number of works had come to him and it had never been his lot to get anything easy. The Sunday observance, the Lord's Day alliance, the lumbermen's missions, the home missions, the Bible society, and finally the college have come to him, and he had a measure of success in each.

Naturally this occasion recalled old memories and associations. He had been with the congregation in its fears and hopes and in its tolling and anxieties. He had been with its families in all their joys and sorrows, in their trials and bereavements. "Every home and every house would furnish a chapter in a story not uninteresting; often pathetic."

He had been in the struggles which the congregation had had in the past. He spoke of the advantages derived by a congregation that had to strive. It developed the character of the people; it made necessary a great deal of self-sacrifice and united effort. There had been hard times in this congregation which brought out a great deal of self-sacrifice so necessary for both pastor and people. For fifteen and twenty years upon that hill it had been a strife which needed "the strong heart for the strae brae." But during the past few years the aspect in this point of the city had changed. There was a new population with a new prosperity. With a united congregation and a church all paid for, the new man could come to the work under hopeful auspices.

"In the midst of all the difficulties, financial and otherwise, I have not stood apart from the congregation. There has been no scheme advanced by the congregation in the initiation and pressing of which I have not taken my full share. I do not think there is one which I did not stay with to the end."

The position of the congregation had been one which demanded a spirit of unity and self-sacrifice. The congregation had always been amenable to good sense and "free from cranks and mutineers." Much of the untidiness of the congregation was due as well to anticipating things which would cause trouble and avoiding them. He urged the congregation in the future to stand united by the ship as in the past.

His Call to the Church.

He referred to the fact that his call had been signed by 127 members, and as far as he knew only 18 were now living. There had been enrolled since 1861, or an average of 28 each year. There had been 400 baptisms in the thirty-five years. He had preached between 3,000 and 4,000 sermons in that time, which if written out would make one hundred respectable volumes. These sermons would reveal much of his personal history and the history of the congregation. His first sermon had been on God is Love, and again and again he had returned to that text, preaching his anniversary sermon each year on it. He found that the creed and rules for practical life resolved themselves into these two: to live in the love of God and to live in the will

of God. While he saw the faces of those present he did not forget the faces of those who were gone. They all made up the whole family, all to unite in the one home.

There was a meeting of the Sunday school students in the afternoon, when Rev. Dr. Armstrong gave an address on the Use of the Bible.

In the evening Rev. J. W. H. Milne, M.A., interim moderator, preached and paid a well-deserved tribute to the worth of the retiring pastor. He was a warm admirer of Dr. Armstrong, not only for his strength of character, sound judgment and his abilities as a preacher, but as well for the great value of his ministry. Dr. Armstrong was a great force and a great power in the Presbyterian church. He initiated many movements that have been and will be of great importance not only to the Presbyterian church but to all Canada.

PRESBYTERY OF ROCK LAKE.

The regular fall meeting of this Presbytery, met in Miami on the 14th of September. Rev. R. A. Clackson, Moderator, occupied the chair, and Rev. F. Scott acted as clerk, owing to the absence of Rev. Wm. Caven. After the reading of the minutes, and some corrections made, the report from those who had dispensed ordinances was received. Mr. Hartley reported for Plum Coulee, and Mr. McIvor for Snowflake. Rev. J. A. Beattie was appointed Moderator of Swan Lake. When elders commissions were called for Rev. D. McIvor reported the death of Mr. Miller, the representative elder of the La Riviere field. A minute to this sad event was recorded.

The report of the committee who were appointed to investigate the difference in the Lyon's Hall field was received and adopted. Rev. Mr.

who has been laboring there has gone over to the Dakota side, and was accordingly certified. Rev. F. J. Hartley reported for the evangelistic committee that 12 sessions had reported as unfavorable to a Simultaneous Campaign, and 18 sessions favorable, and that owing to the lack of unanimity on the subject in the Presbytery, recommended that the matter be stayed for the present. The recommendation was adopted. Rev. M. C. Rumball reported on the Killarney Appeal case. This was the striking off the roll of a number of names by the Killarney session. The report recommended: (1) restoring Mr. Kilpatrick to his full standing as member and elder; (2) That Mr. G. B. Monteath and the others for whom he appeared be put back on the roll, and any others whose names had been removed, as these had, on application that they be replaced on the roll; (3) Re Mr. McCullagh, who had resigned as elder and the session had accepted his resignation, the acceptance be held as valid.

In connection with this the minutes of a session meeting held at Killarney, on April 7th were declared illegal. The report was adopted.

A call from Deloraine congregation to Rev. Thos. Beveridge, was forwarded to him for decision and an adjourned meeting was arranged for at Deloraine to induct, if the call was accepted and provisional arrangements made therefor.

At the evening session a splendid paper was read by Rev. G. W. Farvon, on the life of Calvin, and an address full of evangelistic fervor by Rev. J. A. Caldwell on Prayer. The Miami Choir led the singing and Miss Collins sang a solo. The good people of Miami very hospitably entertained the Presbytery. A minute was put on the books re the death of Rev. W. C. Rumball's father at the good old age of 81. Rev. Alex. Hamilton received word of the serious illness of his father and started for Ontario, at the close of the Presbytery. The next regular meeting is to be held in Pilot Mound, in February.

Rev. Dr. Sedgewick, of Tatamagouche, is visiting friends and relatives in this diocese, N.S.I. and they were rejoiced to find him enjoying vigorous health.

EASTERN ONTARIO.

The charge of Newburgh is hearing candidates for the vacant pulpit. Parties desiring a hearing should address Rev. J. P. McInnes, interim moderator, Harrowsmith, Ont.

Mr. Strange, student in charge of Juno Lake Mission during the summer, was the guest of Mr. J. T. Lindsay, North Bay, on his way back to Queen's, Kingston.

Rev. N. H. McGillivray, pastor of St. John's church, Cornwall, was summoned to Whitty last week to see his mother, who is seriously ill. His many friends will regret to hear that the doctors give little hope for her recovery.

Three additional elders have been ordained and inducted in St. Columba church, Kirk Hill. At the observance of the Lord's supper in this church last Sunday the pastor, Rev. Dr. McPhail was assisted by Rev. Daniel McLean of Prince Edward Island.

Says the Cornwall Standard: The Rev. W. D. Bell, of Finch, occupied the pulpit of St. John's church at both services on Sunday last and preached two excellent sermons. Rev. N. H. McGillivray was in Finch preaching anniversary services in Mr. Bell's church.

Rev. J. A. Hiltz, who recently resigned the pastorate of the Victoria Avenue Baptist Church, Belleville, makes application, through Kingston Presbytery, to be received into the Presbyterian Church. His petition will be transmitted for consideration by the General Assembly's committee on such applications.

The many friends of Mrs. (Rev.) J. Matheson, Summerstown, will regret to know that she is ill at the General Hospital, Cornwall, suffering from typhoid fever. The sympathy is even greater owing to the almost unprecedented circumstance that both of Mr. and Mrs. Matheson's young sons are also patients in the same hospital, being critically ill. Like his mother, Renwick is suffering from a severe attack of typhoid fever, and Cuyler underwent an operation for appendicitis. Although all the patients are doing well the entire neighborhood anxiously hopes for their speedy recovery.

We note with regret that Rev. Dr. Battisby, of Chatham, has intimated that if his health does not improve he will be forced to resign the pulpit of St. Andrew's, which he has occupied for 32 years.

Says the Orillia Packet: The fine, full-flavored Drumtocht spirit of local patriotism survives in Oro. At the induction of the Rev. A. McVicar last week the Rev. Neil Campbell declared that the purest air in the world was enjoyed in that township. And why not? Moreover, it can be had hot or cold, as desired.

WANTED.—Mr. John Ross, who was in charge of the Ucluelet Mission and school, has been transferred to Ahousaht. A successor is wanted for Ucluelet. It is situated on a beautiful promontory on the Barclay Sound. The Indian band lives in a village easily accessible, and there are a number of white families in the neighborhood. The duties include day school and Sabbath service, besides personal influence over the Indians. Salary \$600.00.

A Meredith article of extraordinary interest is that on "George Meredith as Publishers' Reader," contributed to the Fortnightly Review by B. W. Matz, a member of the publishing house which Meredith served in this capacity, and reprinted in THE LIVING AGE for September 18. The article is largely made up of extracts from Meredith's reports upon the manuscripts submitted to him, and it gives his opinions in a terse and slashing style which is very diverting.

The heart is like the tree that gives balm for the wound of man only when the iron has wounded it.—Chateaubriand.

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Remedy for breaking up a cold: Slice raw onions very thin (the hearts are best) and cover each alternate layer with sugar. Let stand several hours until a syrup is formed, drink or better, sip freely of it just before retiring.

An excellent hair wash is to take one ounce of borax and one ounce of powdered camphor and dissolve in a pint of boiling water added to cold water in a bowl. The camphor will form into lumps, but a sufficient amount will dissolve. This will strengthen the hair and preserve the color.

Scrape and cut parsnips in thin slices; boil until tender, then drain and season; make a cream sauce of one cup of milk and one dessertspoonful of flour stirred smooth in one dessertspoonful of butter. Have ready slices of hot buttered toast. Spread parsnips on toast and cover with the sauce. Serve while hot.

A useful clothes pin bag of any shape or pattern one wishes may be tied on as an apron when hanging out clothes. For those whose fingers nearly freeze in cold weather at the clothes lines, a pair of mittens is useful, made from old soft woolen underwear, should have thumb and first finger separate like a harvest glove.

A lemon pudding that is acceptable if served very cold is the following: Over one pint of sponge-cake crumbs pour one quart of milk. Stir in the juice and grated rind of one lemon, the yolks of three eggs, a small cup of sugar and a pinch of salt. When baked, spread the top with currant jelly, and frost with the whites. Brown in the oven, and set on the ice when cold.

A Pear Compote—Wipe, but do not peel the pears; steam them until they are tender, take them from the steamer and put them in a pudding dish; add enough water to almost but not quite cover them, and a cupful of sugar to a quart of pears. Set them in the oven for some fifteen to twenty minutes. Quinces are also nice served in this way, only they should be peeled and cut in halves.

Farmhouse Cheesecakes.—The way to make the "Cheese"—Curdle one and a half pints of new milk with two teaspoonfuls of rennet. Break the curd with a wooden spoon and drain the whey from it. Add to the curd a well-beaten egg, one dessertspoonful of brandy, a tablespoonful of sugar, with currants and chopped peel to taste. Use this as you would any cheesecake mixture.

Meat roly-poly is an excellent dish for the children's dinner, being light, nourishing and inexpensive. Take a little cold meat and some fat bacon, chop both and add some sweet herbs, a little onion, pepper and salt. Make a light suet crust with ten ounces of flour, five ounces of suet, and one teaspoonful of baking powder. Mix into a stiff dough with cold water, and then roll out on a board. Now moisten the meat with a little good gravy, and spread it over the paste, roll up, and wet the ends to keep in the meat. Roll in a cloth and boil for two hours. Raw meat is even better than cooked for the purpose. When serving the roly-poly pour some thick brown gravy over.

Chicken Pie.—Prepare the chicken as for fricassee. When the chicken is stewed tender season and the gravy thickened, take it from the fire and take meat off of the bones. Line the sides of a four or six sided pudding dish with a biscuit dough a quarter of an inch thick. Put in part of the chicken, a few lumps of butter, pepper and salt; add the rest of the chicken and season as before. Pour over the gravy, being sure to have enough to fill the dish, and cover with a crust quarter of an inch thick, made with a hole in the centre the size of a teacup. Brush over the top with a beaten white of an egg and bake for from a half to three-quarters of an hour. Garnish with parsley or celery leaves.

SPARKLES.

"How do you do, Mr. Pompus?" said Chumley.
"Really," began Mr. Pompus frigidly, "you—er—have the advantage of me—"
"Apparently I have. Your manners are as bad as you'd have me believe your memory to be."

"I do believe," said the old gentleman as he woke up, "that my right arm is still asleep."

"Yes, grandpa," said his grand-daughter, "but your nose has not slept a wink. It has been making a terrible noise all the time."

"Who are your neighbors?" a witness was asked at Preston.

"We have pigs on one side of us and these people on the other, and I would rather have the pigs."

Great Novelist (dictating) — "The storm increased in fury, rain fell in torrents, and the gale shrieked all night like—like—what shall I say?"
Secretary (father of three)—"Like a baby cutting its teeth."

"My wife was rather worried when I left her this morning."

"What was the trouble?"
"Well, she had been worrying about something or other last night and this morning she couldn't remember what it was."

"Say, pa, won't you buy me a drum?"
"No, I'm afraid you'll disturb me with the noise."

"No, I won't pa; I'll only drum when you're asleep."

Wife—There's Mrs. Flutterby. I don't think that she can have been married long.

Husband—Why not?
Wife—Why, she told me last night that in the morning she had tried to reason with her husband.

Scott—A Bohemian is a chap who borrows a dollar from you and then invites you to lunch with him.

Mott—Wrong. A Bohemian is a fellow who invites himself to lunch with you and borrows a dollar.

Mrs. Johnsing—Can't stay long, Mrs. Snow. I just come to see if you wouldn't join de mission band.

Mrs. Snow—Fo' de lan' sakes, honey, doan come to me. I can't even play on a mouf organ.

SLEEPY TIME.

Good-night, little baby,
I've counted your toes,
I've kissed all your fingers
And rumped your nose.
Good-night, little baby,
My arms are the bed,
My heart is the pillow,
My love is the spread.

"L." the GOLD DUST twins do your work.



More clothes are rubbed out than worn out.

GOLD DUST

will spare your back and save your clothes. Better and far more economical than soap and other Washing Powders.

Made only by THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
Montreal, Chicago, New York, Boston, St. Louis.
Makers of COPCO SOAP (oval cake)

AFTER SIX YEARS
OF INDIGESTIONDr. Williams' Pink Pills Made
a Permanent Cure.

There are many medicines that will relieve indigestion for a time—there are few that will make a permanent cure. But there is one medicine that is a sure cure—that medicine is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They have cured thousands of cases—many of them of years standing. Cases like that of Mr. John E. Seale, of Montreal, Que., after many other medicines have been tried and found worthless. Mr. Seale says:—"For nearly six years I suffered with indigestion. During all that time I was constantly taking medicine for the trouble, but never got more than temporary relief. Finally I decided to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after using them for some time the trouble disappeared and I am now able to eat heartily without the least trace of the suffering I formerly endured. I can, from my own experience, strongly recommend Dr. Williams' Pink Pills as a permanent cure for indigestion."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are good for every disease that good blood is good for, simply because they make good blood—that is why they cure rheumatism, heart palpitation, indigestion, neuralgia, St. Vitus dance and the ailments of girlhood and womanhood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all medicine dealers or direct by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

VISITING EDITORS.

During the past month a party of editors representing some of the most important agricultural papers in the United States have been touring Western Canada, and on reaching Winnipeg on their return trip from Edmonton over the line of the Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, wired Mr. Chas. M. Hays, President of the Grand Trunk Pacific, at Vancouver, who is also in the West on a tour of inspection of the new line in company with Sir Charles Rivers-Wilson, President of the Grand Trunk Railway System, and party as follows:

"We believe that every foot of the land traversed by the road is eminently adapted to grain growing, mixed farming or the keeping of live stock, and that it must soon develop into a region of prosperous homes. We also unite in expressing our admiration of the high character and the completeness in construction of the road and road-bed, which must soon give the road high rank among transcontinental railway systems."

The party consisted of the following:

Prof. Thomas Shaw, of the "Orange Judd Farmer" and "Dakota Farmer," St. Paul, Minn.

Herbert Quick, editor of "Farm and Fireside," Springfield, Ohio.

John Arthur Dixon, managing editor of "Home Life," Chicago, Ill.

Phillip Eastman, editor of Capper publications, including "Nebraska Farm Journal," Omaha, Neb., "Missouri Valley Farmer," Topeka, Kan.;

"Farmer's Mail and Breeze," Topeka, Kan.;

E. E. Faville, editor "Successful Farming," Des Moines, Iowa.

E. S. Bayard, editor "National Stockman and Farmer," Pittsburg, Pa.

C. P. Reynolds, editor of "Prairie Farmer," Chicago, Ill.

The party was also accompanied by Mr. Herbert Vanderhof, editor of

"Canda West Monthly," Winnipeg, Man., and Mr. R. C. W. Lett, Traveling Passenger and Colonization Agent,

Grand Trunk Pacific Railway, Winnipeg.

Grand Trunk

Railway System

MONTREAL

8.30 a.m. (daily) 3.15 p.m. (Week days) 4.40 p.m. (daily).

4.40 p.m. (daily)

New York and Boston

Through Sleeping Cars.

8.35 a.m., 11.55 a.m., 5.00 p.m. (Week days)

Pembroke, Renfrew, Arnprior

and Intermediate Points.

11.55 a.m. (Week days)

Algonquin Park, Parry Sound North Bay

Through Cafe Sleeping Cars to New York Daily.

PERCY M. BUTTLER,
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CANADIAN PACIFIC

TRAIN SERVICE BETWEEN OTTAWA AND MONTREAL, VIA NORTH SHORE FROM UNION STATION.

b 8.15 a.m.; b 6.20 p.m.
VIA SHORT LINE FROM CENTRAL STATION.

a 5.00 a.m.; b 8.45 a.m.; a 8.30 p.m.
b 4.00 p.m.; c 8.25 p.m.

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4.40 p.m.	Toronto	6.50 a.m.
12.30 p.m.	Tupper Lake	9.25 a.m.
6.57 p.m.	Albany	5.10 a.m.
10.00 p.m.	New York City	3.55 a.m.
5.55 p.m.	Syracuse	4.45 a.m.
7.30 p.m.	Rochester	8.45 a.m.
9.30 p.m.	Buffalo	8.35 a.m.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Dam, Kipawa River," will be received at this office until 5.00 p.m., on Thursday, October 7, 1909, for the construction of a Dam on Kipawa River, County of Pontiac, P.Q. Plans, specification and form of contract may be seen and forms of tender obtained at the offices of J. G. Sing, Esq., Resident Engineer, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, J. L. Michaud, Esq., Resident Engineer, Merchants Bank Building, St. James St., Montreal, on application to the Postmaster at North Bay, Ont., and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, with their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

An accepted cheque on a chartered bank, payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, for two thousand five hundred dollars (\$2,500.00) must accompany each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if the party tendering declines the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

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

By order,

NAPOLEON TESSIER,
Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, September 7, 1909.
Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.



SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Post Office Boxes and Drawers," will be received at this office until 5.00 p.m., on Friday, October 1, 1909, for supplying Post Office Boxes and Drawers.

Plans, specification and form of contract can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department and at the offices of Mr. Thos. A. Hastings, Clerk of Works, Custom House, Toronto, and Mr. C. Deslardins, Clerk of Works, Post Office, Montreal.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed forms supplied, and signed with their actual signatures, with their occupations and places of residence. In the case of firms, the actual signature, the nature of the occupation and place of residence of each member of the firm must be given.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal to ten per cent. (10 P.C.) of the amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or fail to complete the work contracted for. If the tender be not accepted the cheque will be returned.

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

By order,

NAPOLEON TESSIER,
Secretary.
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, September 14, 1909.
Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

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

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at any Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother, or sister of an intending homesteader.

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

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. He may also do so by living with father or mother, on certain conditions. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents or on farming land owned by himself, must notify the agent for the district of such intention.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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

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