

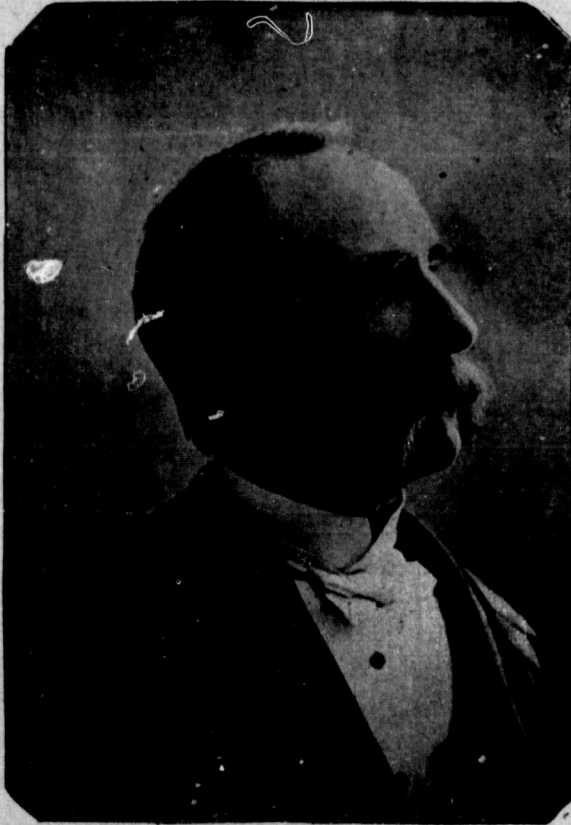
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OTTAWA WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1909.

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BIRTHS.

On Feb. 15, 1909, a son to Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Grant, of Salmon Lake, P.Q.
 At Glen Murray, Que., on Feb. 14, 1909, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Malcolm McNay.
 On Feb. 17, 1909, at 527 Gilmour Street, Ottawa, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Robertson, a daughter.
 At Trail, B.C., on Feb. 15, 1909, the wife of J. Moncrieff Turnbull, of a son.

MARRIAGES.

At Karlsruhe, Germany, James W. McBain, M.A., Ph.D., of the University of Bristol, England, son of the Rev. J. A. F. McBain, D.D., of Port Dover, Ont., to Anna, daughter of Ludwig Roeder, of Karlsruhe.
 At St. Andrew's Church, Chatham, Ont., on Feb. 17th, by Rev. J. R. Battersby, D.D., Thomas Moore Morrison to Ellen Ross, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Terry.
 At the residence of the bride's uncle, Mr. Norman McLeod, 104 Lpincott Street, Toronto, Feb. 17, 1909, by Rev. Alex. Gilray, D.D., Archibald J. Fisher to Flora Stevens McLeod.

DEATHS.

DEATHS.

In Kingston, Ont., on Feb. 11, 1909, Eliza Summerville, relict of the late Charles Munro, aged 92 years.
 On Feb. 18, 1909, in Toronto, Robert Wallace, in his 75th year.
 At his late residence, Cooksville, on Feb. 20, 1909, John Stewart, aged 75 years.
 On Feb. 20, 1909, at 3 Gledhill Avenue, East Toronto, Charles J. Murray, in his 52nd year.
 At his son's residence, 1227 King Street West, Toronto, on Feb. 21, 1909, James Lynn, in his 85th year.
 At 34 Broadway Place, Toronto, on Feb. 21, 1909, Mary Ross, widow of the late Alexander Ross Urquhart, aged 78 years.
 At Kincardine, Ont., on Feb. 15, 1909, David Donald, laid to rest on Feb. 17, 1909.
 At Athol, Glesgarry, on Feb. 16, 1909, John Fisher, brother of Peter Fisher, of Cornwall, aged 78 years.
 At St. Andrew's, on Feb. 18, 1909, James D. Fraser, aged 83 years.
 On Feb. 19, 1909, at 72 D'Arteny Street, Quebec, Lesley Isabel, beloved daughter of Walter H. Henderson, aged 9 years and 7 months.
 At his son's residence, 199 Albert Street, Ottawa, Thomas McKay Robertson, formerly of Bell's Corners, in his 82nd year.
 In the Township of Kingston, Ont., on Feb. 20, 1909, John Redden, aged 79 years.
 On Feb. 12, 1909, Christina Ross, relict of the late William Ross, aged 92 years.
 At Markham, Feb. 13, 1909, Henry Ryan Corson, in his 96th year, proprietor of the Markham Economist.
 In Picton, Feb. 10, 1909, Stephen M. Conner, aged 73 years, formerly editor and proprietor of The Gazette, Picton.
 At his residence, 5 Queen's Park, Toronto, on Feb. 18, 1909, Donald Mackay, in his 94th year.
 At Toronto, on Feb. 13, 1909, Peter McLaren, Sr., late of Guelph, in his 85th year.

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NOTE AND COMMENT

The result of the conferences between the British and German statesmen at Berlin has been highly satisfactory, the nations agreeing on practically all important questions of foreign policy.

The Methodist church has tribulations of her own, says the Christian Guardian, but from recent happenings in this city, she should be decently grateful that she does not have the task of electing a bishop.

In the Victoria B.C., police court a few days ago, a Hindu giving evidence in an assault case, testified that a local Hindu priest was busy raising money to send rifles to natives in India, to help them fight the British Government.

Lincoln was ever a staunch friend of the temperance cause. Here is one of his pithy sayings: Let us make it as un-fashionable to withhold our names from the temperance cause as for husbands to wear their wives' bonnets to church, and instances will be just as rare in the one case as the other.

In Halifax, last week, a delegation from the Provincial Alliance waited on the Government and asked for the enactment of a prohibitory law for the province. The Premier, in a lengthy speech, held that the Scott Act was more effective than any provincial law could be, but he promised to consider the representations made.

News received from Teheran, Persia, shows that the violent earthquake recorded Jan. 23 at almost every scientific observatory in the world where seismographs are installed had its location in the Province of Luristan, in Western Persia. Sixty villages in this district were wholly or partially destroyed, and the resultant loss of life is placed at between five thousand and six thousand.

The Mormons are carrying on mission work in Norway with a vengeance. Late-ly they held a meeting in Christiania, at which 400 persons are said to have been enrolled. The president of Scandinavian missions and 33 missionaries from Utah were present. Plans were devised for carrying on an active and extensive mission work over all Europe, where, it is said, 2,000 missionaries are at work teaching Mormon doctrines and inducing people to migrate to Utah. In Alberta they are carrying on their work noiselessly but, doubtless, none the less effectively.

The following facts, culled by an exchange from an article in the January number of the "Missionary Review of the World" by Dr. D. L. Leonard, are full of encouragement and hope. The figures throughout are for 1908: "The total foreign missionaries reaches 19,875, with whom are associated 4,999 ordained natives and 98,955 unordained native workers. The entire missionary force is given as 118,901, occupying 41,563 stations and ministering to 2,056,173 communicants, besides 4,285,199 adherents. The total membership in Sunday schools is 1,290,582. The total contribution of the evangelical churches of Christendom to foreign missions in 1908 was \$22,864,465, while \$4,843,814 was given on the fields. As to the character of the converts, no one who knows the martyrologies upon the fields ever speaks slighly of these new disciples of Christ."

In the Japan Mail we are told that the Western practice of separating young married couples from parents is being adopted in Japan. The new families originate new ways of living, and this tends to weaken traditional family notions. "Individualism," says the editor, "is an essential fact of Western civilization. Hence nothing can keep it from spreading in a country that has gone so far as Japan has in the adoption of Western thought and institutions."

Figures issued by Manchester University point to the fact that women graduates rarely marry. Out of 560 women who have taken degrees, only 64 married. Twelve of these wedded male graduates of the same university. The same state of affairs prevails in London, where the percentage of marriages of women graduates is very low. The secretary of London University explains this by the fact that men are afraid of women with a degree, and consequently fight shy of them. This statement does not appear to apply to Canadian lady graduates. Are our young men braver than they are in Britain?

The Recorder of Philadelphia deploras the custom of burning cancelled mortgages. He suggests that if there must be some ceremony incident to the satisfaction of a mortgage that a copy and not the mortgage be burned. The Recorder's attention to the custom has been called by recent experiences he has had with persons, who once their mortgages are satisfied, regarded them as worthless paper to be thrown into the fire. Subsequently they have been called upon to produce the paper to straighten out a title and have been put to the expense of a court proceeding. While a record of all satisfied mortgages is kept at the Recorder's office, a copy, he says, is worthless.

A recent issue of The Intercollegian contains a list of 275 student volunteers who left America in 1907 to enter upon their missionary service in distant lands. They are now at work in all parts of the world. Some of the fields to which they have gone are: China, Mexico, India, Japan, Brazil, Columbia, Peru, Cuba, Africa, Korea, Turkey, Phillipine Islands, Egypt, Persia, Chili, Assam, Malaysia, Burma, Syria. Of these 275 volunteers three were members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. The returns from all the mission boards of the United States and Canada show that 647 new foreign missionaries were sent out by them during 1907. Of these 332 were student volunteers.

A writer in the Homiletic Review for January very truly says: Ministers are often called time-servers and popularity-hunters and cowards because they refuse to preach against tobacco, cards, dancing, and other most practices. The unvarnished reason for their conduct is not far to seek; it is because they have no time. They generally have more important things to do. They have to fight giants and not men of straw. They are called to oppose the giants called spiritual pride, religious selfishness, bigotry, uncharitableness, hypocrisy, and a whole army of the satanic brood, and it takes not only courage, but also some special grace of tact and wisdom to fight such enemies successfully. It is no skilful play to contend against the Pharisees in Christendom, for they speak the language of genuine piety, to deceive the very elect, and often occupy the places of greatest influence.

After a half-century of most intimate acquaintance with China and its people, Sir Robert Hart has been telling where the emphasis should be put in missionary work. The measures which he specially urges upon missionary societies are an increased force of medical missionaries and trained nurses; the opening of new schools and colleges; the enlargement of work among women and girls; the establishment of more philanthropic agencies to help the blind, deaf, and dumb foundlings and lepers; and the sending of missionaries specially qualified to influence the ruling and literary classes through lectures, literature, and friendly intercourse. The result of such measures, he is confident, will be hopeful and rewarding.

In Scotland, says the British Weekly, the Presbyterians only to celebrate the Lord's Supper only once or twice a year, and they did it with elaborate preparation. A day was set apart for humiliation and prayer. The whole intensity of religious meditation and passion were thrown into the observance of the sacred rite. We cannot but think that the blessing was great, and that much was lost when in most places the public preparation day was disused. It may be well that the observance should be more frequent, but in any case it should be serious, and it should be preceded by earnest self-examination and prayer. The communions of the old days represented to many fresh starts in the religious life. They do so still, but their results would be more visible if greater stress was laid on the observance and its meaning. We can very well recall similar celebrations in our boyhood days in Glenangry, Bruce, Beaverton and other places, where north of Scotland people predominated. There was an attendance from a distance of thirty or forty miles, and the services lasted, as in Scotland, for five or six days.

"What the Chinese are Reading" is the subject of an editorial in The Outlook from which we make this extract: "China seems to have turned, almost in a day, toward the West, eager to learn what Western civilization has to give, and opening the doors to Christianity as wide and with as generous an intellectual hospitality as it once locked and bolted those doors. The Rev. S. Harrington Littell, one of the most devoted and able of the younger missionaries in China, in a recent letter presents a group of facts which indicate how complete the whole wall of separation has fallen. An energetic native firm is advertising on its latest list of English books translated into Chinese, Ivanhoe, David Copperfield, Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver's Travels, Sherlock Holmes, Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, Westward Ho! and even John Gilpin. To these are added a group of Dumas' novels, Hugo's Les Miserables, books from Spencer, Mill, and Huxley, Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, Tolstoy's works, and Aesop's Fables. The Chinese taste is evidently as catholic as its interest in the literature of the West is eager. Mr. Littell also reports that while the best foreign literature is being put within reach of the enormous reading public of China, the language, which has been as stationary as the people for generations, is undergoing marked enlargement as the result of the contact with foreign nations and the introduction of Western ideas, customs, and inventions."

SPECIAL
ARTICLES

Our Contributors

BOOK
REVIEWS

CALVIN AS A REFORMER.

By Prof. Henry E. Dosker, D.D.

The next question to be discussed is that of the position of Calvin among the Reformers. Chief among them are the great quartette—Luther, Zwingli, Melancthon and Calvin. Of these Zwingli died young and Melancthon was by nature and temperament precluded from the task of true leadership; Luther and Calvin, therefore, remain as the two greatest leaders of the Reformation. And between these two fair comparison seems impossible. Each was marvelously great in his own sphere. We can, however, conceive of Luther without Calvin, but not the reverse. Their task was divinely appointed, each moved in his own orbit and occupied his own peculiar place in the great work of the Reformation.

Luther stands forth as the great originator of the Reformation, Calvin as its great organizer. Both men thoroughly respected each other. Melancthon tells us that, after reading Calvin's "Institutes" on the Supper, Luther said: "I hope he will some day think better of us. It is right, however, to hear something in so excellent a spirit." Calvin addressed Luther as: "Very renowned man and faithful servant of Jesus Christ and at all times my revered father." Luther said of Calvin's letter to Sadoleto: "This writing has hands and feet and I rejoice that God has called up such people, who, if it be his will, may give the final blow to the papacy and finish, by His help, what I began against anti-Christ." And after reading Calvin's special tract on the Lord's Supper, he lamented the fact to Maurice Goltsehen, his bookseller, that "Zwingli and Oecolampadius should not thus have explained themselves." Said he to Calvin, on that occasion—"Certainly a learned and pious man, and I might well have entrusted the whole affair of this controversy to him, in the beginning." Luther, therefore, deeply appreciated Calvin's conciliatory spirit.

Melancthon became Calvin's bosom friend, and although pointed things were frequently said in their correspondence, especially when Calvin detected between them was only broken by Melancthon's death in 1560. Some passages in this correspondence, especially on Calvin's part, are pathetic in their tenderness. An equally strong and abiding friendship existed between Calvin and the Strasburg Reformers and especially between Calvin and Bullinger, the successor of Zwingli at Zurich, and his spiritual heir. There was not a theologian of name in his day with whom Calvin did not stand in direct contact. Melancthon first called him "the theologian" and afterward Scaliger said of him—"Calvin stands alone among the theologians." His great power and erudition were recognized on every hand and his relation to nearly all the great leaders of the Reformation was one of mutual esteem and confidence.

Luther was the idol of the German people, even his enemies paying him secret homage; Calvin remained an alien in a strange city, almost to the last. He did not become a citizen of Geneva till 1559, four years before his death. When we look at the lives of the two greatest Reformers, they appear to be anomalous. Luther's effervescent, impulsive temperament seems better suited to the volatile French character; Calvin's tranquilizing temperament to that of the Germans. As Henry says, "the watchword of the one was war, of the other, order."

Luther uprooted old things, Calvin organized new things. The former planted one foot in the past, the other in the present; the latter one foot in the present, and the other in the future. Luther never completely broke with his Catholic past; Calvin created an entirely distinct and new view of the world and of the Church. He dug up again, from the neglect of ages, the doctrine of "common grace" and ranged all human development under it.

In Catholicism and also in Lutherism, the link between God and man is the Church. Calvin knew no intermediary. He brought God and man face to face in the most intimate relation and received the doctrine of the priesthood of all believers. In a sectarian sense Calvinism may stand for a group of believers; in a confessional sense it may indicate a faith, but in its truest and wisest, that is in the historical sense, it stands for a "Weltanschauung," a view of the world and of life. And that view of the world, combated as it is alike by the rationalism of the last century and by its revolutionary idealism, is after all the strong foundation, on which modern civilization is built. It has its own viewpoints, its own principles, its own ideals. Luther could never have organized the Reformation; Calvin found it on a downward grade, in distress and confusion, and did organize it. But it is equally certain that Calvin, with his methods, could never have inaugurated it. The Melancthonian Reformation, as the Interimperial witnesses, would have reverted to Rome and would have shared the fate of Hussitism. Calvin, to use his own favorite doctrine, was predestinated for the task and for the hour.

The two systems appealed to the world of the sixteenth century and whilst Germany largely clung to Luther, together with Denmark and Scandinavia, the rest of Europe followed the banner of Calvin. Nor is this strange. None of the Reformers had so wide an outlook as Calvin. Providentially trained both for the law and for theology, gifted with a mind both acute and profound, practical as well as erudite, a man of meditation as well as of action, a man with an immense store of reserved force—he was the very man God needed for His work among the nations. Rome always recognized in Calvin her chief enemy. Dr. Kuyper has pointed out this fact in his "Stone Lectures."

Geneva radiated a power far greater than Wittenburg had ever done. Its influence was literally felt all over Europe. Besides, with all the Swiss and German theologians, Calvin corresponded with Cranmer, Grindal, Hooper, Coverdale, Cox and Wittingham in England. In Poland with A. Lasco, who has imprinted himself forever on the Anglican and Dutch Churches. In Holland with Louis of Orange and Marnix of Aldegonde, the great poet-statesman and the right-hand man of William of Orange. Princes and nobles were among his correspondents. Margaret of Navarre and Renata de Ferrara (a daughter of Louis XII), Coligny and Conde, and King Anthony of Navarre, Lord Sommer set and King Edward VI, Frederick III of the Palatinate and King Sigismund of Poland. Wonderful Calvin! A man of marvelous industry and marvelous reach of influence! Does anyone wonder that he could make of Geneva a fulcrum? He has been called "the Protestant Pope" and with a show of truth, though what a Pope! How poor and humble and unostentatious! When King Anthony of Navarre had proved unfaithful, Calvin wrote to him—"The enemy has flung this dirt upon you that

he might be able to sing a song of triumph at your disgrace." But when the same king needed money, he applied to the poorly paid Geneva pastor and Calvin obtained the money for him. When the French Government invited Calvin to attend the colloquy of Poissy, in 1561, the Council of Geneva would not let him go unless hostages of the highest rank were given for his safety. He addressed Charles V on the convocation of a general council and fiercely attacked the first seven sessions of the Tridentine Council, as if he were the mouthpiece of organized Protestantism.

None of the Reformers, therefore, exerted such an influence as he did; his life was fuller than that of any of them. During his lifetime he saw the growth of the Church he had founded, and when he closed his eyes, in 1564, he might well have said with Paul: "I labored more abundantly than they all; yet not I, but the grace of God, which was with me."

What he did say was this: "I have labored with all my strength for the common good. It would be hypocrisy not to own that the Lord has been pleased to employ me, and that not unprofitably in His service."

Louisville, Ky.

CHARACTER MOULDED BY PURSUIT.

By Joseph Hamilton, author of "The Spirit World," etc.

Whatever be the ambition that rules a man, that ambition will give to the man something of its own complexion and character. Our pursuits react upon us, and bring us more or less into sympathy with them. So, if a man have an earthly ambition, he becomes earthly; if he have a heavenly ambition he becomes heavenly. Our pursuit, whatever it is, somehow moulds us into its likeness. If a man gives himself to cunning and intrigue, his heart becomes a labyrinth of tortuous, crooked, ways. If a man's great ambition is to be rich, his heart in time becomes as hard as the gold he is pursuing. If a man's ambition is to scatter seeds of kindness, he finds that "the quality of mercy is not strained; it blesses him that gives and him that takes."

Thus our character is moulded by our pursuits. As a heavy cloud casts its dark shadow upon the earth, or as the setting sun gilds the earth with beauty, so we catch something of the color of the object to which our face is turned. If we look to the earth chiefly, we get the earthly look. If we lift our face to the heavens, we get the heavenly look. Wherever our treasure is—on earth or in heaven—there our heart will be; and it is the heart that gives the tone to the whole man.

A FAMOUS STATESMAN'S EARLY TRAINING.

When Sir Robert Peel was a little boy, his father used to set him on a table and teach him to make short speeches; and, while still very young, he accustomed him to repeat as much of the Sabbath's sermon as he could recollect. At first, it is said, the boy found some difficulty, and did not make great progress; but he steadily persevered, and soon attention and perseverance were rewarded, and he was able to repeat the sermon almost word for word. It was in this way that he began to cultivate those powers of memory which he displayed so brilliantly when, in after life, he became one of the most distinguished statesmen of his country.

EDGAR ALLAN POE.

The flawless literary workmanship, the balanced sentences which somehow are never monotonous, the perfect unity of plan and singleness of effect which are shown in a dozen of Poe's tales have never been surpassed. They may deal with utter impossibilities—but you never feel this while reading them. The intense horror never goes far enough to produce the revulsion of disbelief, the suggestion is always kept a suggestion; and when you reach the climax of "Ligeia" or "The Tell-Tale Heart," you feel that you have been an eye-witness to the terrors set forth. The only time Poe scores a failure is when he tries to be humorous; and then he scores very bad failures indeed. Humor implies sympathy with one's fellows, and the quality was very nearly left out of Poe's make up. He despised most of his contemporaries, and was totally indifferent to the rest. The only persons he ever loved were his cousin-wife and himself; and the second named passion began earlier and lasted longer than the first.

Leaving out the abortive "grotesques," Poe's tales, like ancient Gaul, may be divided into three parts. There are those which for want of a better word we must call the romances: "The Fall of the House of Usher," "The Pit and the Pendulum," "Ligeia," and many others. There are the studies of monomania; as "The Tell-Tale Heart" and "The Black Cat." There are the stories with a scientific basis: as "The Descent into the Maelstrom," "The Gold-Bug," and the three detective stories. These last have been the subject of many acrid and amusing debates. It is charged that Conan Doyle modeled Sherlock Holmes on the lines of Poe's Frenchman, Dupin; and that the whole spring of the tales whereof the cocaine-using Londoner is the hero may be found in Poe. I believe the charge to be equally true and unimportant. If one does please work in an acceptable fashion why should it be counted a reproach that he learned his trade under a competent workman? To my mind Poe has fewer greater claims on modern gratitude than that of being a literary grandfather to "The Five Orange Pips," "The Priory School," "The Hound of the Baskervilles," and "The Second Stain." I do not include "The Dancing Men." For this particular tale to be found in the possession of one who had read "The Gold Bug" seems less a case of inheritance than of larceny.

The studies in monomania have never, I think, been equaled; not even by Maupassant. That bit in "The Tell-Tale Heart" which describes the long terror of the old man sitting up in bed, trying to persuade himself that the noise he had heard was not at his chamber door, is one of the most fiendishly perfect things of literature. But I believe that Poe reached the climax of his powers in his romances. "The Pit and the Pendulum" alone would have made the reputation of a lover author; the weird yet ordered horror of that tale haunted my boyhood dreams for months. Yet if I could save but one of Poe's works from destruction, that one would be "The Fall of the House of Usher." That is a tale as near to absolute perfection of its kind as human wit can either perform or appreciate. Study it over and over, pick it to pieces in anywise you will; the wonderful mastery is still there, showing ever brighter the longer you look.—Selected.

In how small a world that one lives whose sole thought is self, and whose measure of everything is the way in which it affects himself! And the worst of it is that in such a world the horizon contracts more and more as the days go by.

THE SCOTTISH CHURCHES COMMISSION.

The Churches Commissioners have broken a long silence by issuing a memorandum giving effect to their last year's labors. The United Free Church have reason to be thankful that they have gone back on their last proposals, to allocate to the Free Church the college funds, from which the professors' salaries are paid, and have agreed to make up the £92,000 falling to the Free Church out of bursary and miscellaneous funds not essential to carrying on the United Free Church colleges. This will enable the vacancies at Edinburgh to be filled up. Large sums, amounting in all to over £42,000, are being allowed to the Free Church for the excess of their expenditure over income since 1900, and as interest on the capital allocated to them. The sum of £37,759 is allowed in respect of the legal expenses up to the end of 1907. This is, of course, in addition to that Church's judicial expenses in the original litigation, which, under the House of Lords' decision, fell on the United Free Church. Large as this sum is, it is understood to be about one-fourth less than the Free Church state they have expended on legal expenses. There is a very general feeling that the best thing the Commissioners can do in the interest of both Churches is to bring their labors to an end without much refining in matters of detail. The expenses of all parties came off the United Free Church, and the prolongation of the inquiry is more likely to augment the expenses than to reduce the amount allocated to the Free Church.—Correspondence British Weekly.

A FOLK SONG.

By Jessie MacKay.

(The finest poem that has come out of New Zealand says Mr. A. G. Stephen, editor of the Bookfellow.)

I came to your town, my love,
And you were away, away!
I said: "She is with the Queen's maidsens
They tarry long at their play.
They are stringing her words like pearls
To throw to the Dukes and Earls."

But O, the pity!
I had but a morn of windy red
To come to the town where you were bred
And you were away, away!

I came to your town, my love,
And you were away, away!
I said, "She is with the mountain elves,
And misty and fair as they.
They are spinning a diamond net
To cover her curls of jet."

But O, the pity!
I had but a noon of searing heat
To come to your town, my love, my
sweet,
And you were away, away!

I came to your town, my love,
And you were away, away!
I said, "She is with the pale white saints,
And they tarry long to pray.
They gave her a white lily-crown,
And I fear she will never come down."

But O, the pity!
I had but an even grey and wan
To come to your town and plead as a
man,
And you were away, away!

Lord Castlereagh and Sir Thomas Romilly were the leaders of the bar in their day. They both died suicides. Wilberforce accounts for their aberration of intellect on the ground that they were unintermittent in their work, and they never rested on Sunday. "Poor fellow!" said Wilberforce, in regard to Castlereagh. "Poor fellow! it was non-observance of the Sabbath."

NIGHT AND GOD.

And yet it seems so full of comfort and strength, the Night. In its great presence, our small sorrows creep away ashamed. The day has been so full of fret and care, and our hearts have been so full of bitter thoughts, and the world has seemed so hard and wrong to us. Then Night, like some great loving mother, gently lays her hand upon our fevered heads and turns our little tear-stained faces up to hers, and smiles; and though she does not speak, we know what she would say, and lay our hot, flushed cheek against her bosom, and the pain is gone. Night's heart is full of pity for us; she takes our hand in here, and the little world grows very small and very far away beneath us, and borne on her dark wings we pass for a moment into a mightier Presence than her own, and in the wondrous light of that great Presence all human life lies like a bark before us, and we know that Pain and Sorrow are but the angels of God.—Jerome K. Jerome.

AN ARROW AT A VENTURE.

The minister had just finished a little opening talk to the children, preparatory to the morning service, when Mrs. Berkeley suddenly realized, with all the agony of a careful housewife, that she had forgotten to turn the gas off from the oven in which she had left a nicely cooked roast, all ready for the final reheating. Visions of a ruined dinner and a smoky kitchen roused her to immediate effort, and, borrowing a pencil from the young man in front, she scribbled a note. Just then her husband, an usher of the church, passed her pew. With a murmured "Hurry!" she thrust the note into his hand, and he, with an understanding nod, turned, passed up the aisle, and handed the note to the minister. Mrs. Berkeley saw the act in speechless horror, and shuddered as she saw the minister smilingly open the note and begin to read. But her expression of dismay was fully equalled by the look of amazement and wrath on the good man's face as he read the words: "Go home and turn off the gas!"

MONTREAL.

The Rev. Peter A. Walker, of Maisonneuve Church, preached at the Garden-ville Avenue Church, last Sunday evening by appointment of Presbytery. He conferred with the managers of the church, after the service, on matters pertaining to the growth of the mission. The Rev. Dr. Amaron preached at Maisonneuve at the evening service.

A very encouraging meeting of Calvin Presbyterian Church was held last week when reports from all the organizations were read, showing a decided forward movement, particular credit for this state of affairs being due to the Ladies' Aid and Christian Endeavor Societies. Feeling references were made to the resignation of the pastor, the Rev. J. L. George, M.A., and resolutions were adopted, sympathizing with him in his illness, and expressing the earnest hope that his health would speedily return in all its fullness. The following officers were added to the present staff—To the board of management, Messrs. Chas. Paton, George Meldrum, P. Brockie; as trustees, Dr. Walter H. Smyth, Messrs. H. E. Hardisty and John Asborne; auditors Messrs. R. H. Brown and John Gow; treasurer, Mr. H. E. Hardisty.

Mr. H. R. Pickup, B.A., a young Knox College man, has been appointed assistant to Rev. Dr. Gilray, pastor of College Street Church, Toronto, at a salary of \$1,000 a year. He enters upon his duties in April.

SUNDAY
SCHOOL

The Quiet Hour

YOUNG
PEOPLE

PHILIP AND THE ETHIOPIAN.*

By Rev. P. M. MacDonald, M.A.

An angel of the Lord spake unto Philip (Rev. Ver.) v. 26. In Greenland, when a stranger knocks at a door, he asks, "Is God in this house?" If they answer, "Yes"; he enters. If they answer, "No," he passes on. So with the angels of God who come to us. They say, "Are you willing to hear? Do you desire to know the good news of God, His will, His wish for you?" If we answer truthfully, "Yes", they make us glad with what they say. But if we care for none of these things, they are silent and sad, as they recede from us, to seek and find willing ears. God's angels often come to us disguised in sorrow and sickness, poverty and death, but if we wait, they will lift their frowning mask, and we shall behold the seraph's face beneath.

Go...the way...which is desert, v. 26. The desert gives more than we imagine. It has a work to do in making beautiful and fruitful the inhabited parts of the world. Science tells us that our wonderful sunsets are due to the dust of the deserts. The winds that sweep these great wastes, carry the fine particles of dust to the upper airs, and the slanting rays of the sinking sun striking through these clouds of fine dust, glorify our evening skies. The same dust produces that condition of the atmosphere that gives a rainfall, and it is the opinion of many scientists, that, if there were no deserts, the existence of a large part of all kinds of life on the earth would be endangered. Barren of joy and usefulness are the days that sometimes come to us. But these days of weariness and seeming waste are meant and fitted to make us strong and patient, and to prepare us for bringing sympathy and help to other desert-dwellers.

A man of Ethiopia, v. 27. The Nagas were the most degraded of all the mountaineers in Assam, a district in northeast British India. They were naked, often utterly so. They were as filthy as they were nude, incrustated with dirt. Old men had never had their faces washed. The Nagas, it is said, were as far below the ordinary savage, as the savage is below the white man. They were the most cruel of all the fierce and heartless Mongolian tribes. Rev. Dr. E. W. Clark, though forbidden by the civil authorities to do so, went to live for a year in a Naga village, while he learned their language. At the end of that time, he was joined by his wife. They built a large Naga house, and lived in it for twenty-five years. During that time, the whole tribe were lifted by the power of the cross out of the depths of degradation, hundreds were converted, and are followers of Christ. Seventy-six were baptized in a single year. A Normal School and ten village schools assist the church in carrying on the work of enlightenment and grace.

Preached in all the cities, v. 40. A man of wealth wished to beautify his estate. Before he set men to work, however, he asked, and secured, permission to destroy the noxious weeds of the whole district surrounding his place; and then, to put shade trees along the roadsides, and on the bare hill slopes. He said it would be no pleasure for him to see his own fields and driveways well kept,

S.S. Lesson, March 7, 1909. Acts 8: 26-38. Golden Text—Search the scriptures; for in them ye think ye have eternal life; and they are they which testify of me.—John 5: 39.

if the landscape was unsightly and neglected. So it came, that his estate was the centre of a cultivated and beautiful countryside. It is God's design to make the whole earth lovely through the knowledge of Christ; and so the commission is, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the gospel."

PRAYER.

Almighty God how can we praise Thee when Thy mercy is our theme? Our song cannot rise to the height of that great appeal. Thy mercy endureth for ever. How can we with the voice of a moment praise the gifts of an eternity? Whatever Thou doest is done as from the unbeginning time. Thou doest nothing at the moment to be measured by the moment, to end within the moment. Thou doest always work from the centre of eternity; so every touch of Thine is an infinite contact, every word of Thine holds every other word Thou didst ever speak. Let Thy book be unto us its own witness. Thou shalt the end be a more thankful and grateful acceptance of Thy benefaction. Amen.

RELATION TO CHRIST.

The friend of the Master is not devoted to him simply as to a beautiful memory. He sustains the most intimate relation to a living person. He, the living Jesus, is now thinking of his friends, guiding them, opening ways for them, revealing his will to them, giving them assurances of his love. Many a time in the pages of the gospel, in prayer, in the fulfillment of some taxing duty for his sake, we seem to catch intimations of his presence; and one of these days there will be a swift transition from the stony streets of our earthly cities to the golden pavements of the New Jerusalem; from the dwellings of the wood and stone in which we live, to the Father's house; from seeing him through a glass darkly, to beholding him face to face.

HOW LONG AND HOW MANY.

How long do you think it took to write the Bible? Fifteen hundred years. From Moses, who wrote Genesis, to John, who wrote Revelation, it was that long, long time.

How many people helped to write it? More than thirty. There were Matthew, Mark, Luke, John, Paul, and Peter. There were Moses, and Ezra, and David, and Daniel, and Samuel. Some were shepherds, some farmers, some fishermen, some tent-makers, some kings, some judges, some princes; some were learned, some were unlearned; and yet all agree in what they write.

How could that be? Because God did all the thinking in the Bible. The thoughts in the Bible are all God's thoughts.

These thirty men only did the writing. They wrote just what God told them. How many different sections or books are there in the Bible? Sixty-six, all bound together, comprised in one beautiful whole. It is a blessed volume. Prize it above every volume in the wide, wide world. Receive it as the man of your counsel and the guide of your life. Your life can never be a failure if you follow its instructions; it shall be a lamp to your feet and a light to your path.

LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

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

Candace—For some time before and after the beginning of the Christian era, Ethiopia was ruled by queens who bore the official name of Candace, which was not a personal name, but a distinctive title, like Pharaoh or Ptolemy in Egypt. A one-eyed queen of that name attacked Egypt in B.C. 24, overpowered the Roman cohorts at the First Cataract, and devastated the Thebaid, but was defeated by the legate, Petronius, and pursued to her northern capital Napata, which was destroyed. On the pyramid at Assour, a female warrior with the insignia of royalty on her head drags forward a number of captives as offerings to the gods.

Treasure—Meroe was long the centre of commercial intercourse between the heart of Africa and the continent of Asia, and consequently became very rich. Its wealth was the theme of the poets of both Palestine and Greece, and much of this wealth would reach the sovereign. The amount of treasure stored in the form of gems and bullion in the royal vaults of the East almost passes belief. It once passed through part of the Sultan's treasury in Constantinople, and was amazed at the huge uncut emeralds, and priceless rubies and topazes. One throne, captured centuries ago from Persia and studded with precious gems, is valued at the enormous sum of ten millions of dollars.

A LOOK WITHIN.

What is your life? We can answer at once that it is all we have. The life of the body, the life of the mind, and the life of the soul merge in the existence of the human person. All our good and all our evil are here. Nothing can much avail that does not enrich and improve personal being; nothing can work us much harm that leaves high existence unscathed, untouched. Health, wealth, position, fame, influence, intellectual power, rich relations with the high minds of the race are good only as they raise personal existence to higher excellence, only as they impart to it a finer grace and nobility. If they leave the quality of personal being low, unimproved, they lie outside the sphere of our utmost concern; they are vanity in the presence of the worm that gnaws and the fire that is unquenched. Our prosperity, our splendor and power are vain; we are still in our sine. If misery is the essence of our personal being, what does it avail to possess the whole world? Here is the closet where the skeleton dwells, if skeleton there be. It is not in the body—that is well; it is not in the means of existence, for these are abundant; it is not in position, because that is honorable; nor in repute, for that is fair; nor in intellectual power, for that is respectable and, in many cases, eminent. All these rooms in our dwelling are open; the sweet air and the gracious sunshine fill and flow through them. There is another door yet unlocked, another apartment into which we have not yet looked. What is the character of your personal being? Are you just and kind, or unjust and cruel? Open the door into that inmost recess of your being and look upon the veritable character of your soul.—From "The Sure and Living Faith."

Character is a bundle of habits. Habits originate in the mind and are registered on the body.—Geo. D. Tripp.

PERSEVERANCE OF THE SAINTS.

"The righteous shall hold on his way; and he that hath clean hands shall be stronger and stronger." These words were the utterance of Job. This Old Testament worthy, away back in the dim past, believed in the "Perseverance of the Saints." It is, noteworthy that the utterance was made in his saddest hours. The same unshaken faith appeared a little after in the words: "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." He exemplified in fiery trial, and distinguished heroism, the precious doctrine. All that Satan could do failed to move him. Family, property, health, all that he held dear, were taken away, yet he rejoiced in God. Like Job, we are comforted by the thought that the righteous shall hold on his way. Like David, we hope in God, whom we "shall yet praise for the help of His countenance." And like Paul, we are sure that nothing shall "separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord."

The Perseverance of the Saints is unsurpassed among the comforting truths of our religion. It is this: Those who truly receive Christ by faith and are regenerated by the Holy Ghost, will be saved. They will not so backslide as to be finally lost.

The gospel rings this doctrine clear in the words to the Philippian jailer: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." And the words from the lips of the Saviour: "He that believeth on me hath everlasting life." The promise in the covenant to faith is the gift of everlasting life. The only condition required for the giving of salvation is faith. The salvation is perfect, for it is "everlasting life." It is not said to the jailer: "Believe on Christ," and if you succeed in living a consistent life, you shall be saved. But it is said, "Believe," and you shall certainly be saved.

Faith cannot expect less than a completed salvation. The reason is it rests in perfect certainty upon God's promise and on His unchangeableness. "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth forever."

We call this doctrine the perseverance of the saints, but we might equally well call it "the perseverance of the Lord." For it is grounded in the faithfulness of the Lord. In Him is the hope that anchors us within the veil. When more conscious of weakness, and face to face with liability to sin, we turn to the reassuring words: "I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish. Neither shall any pluck them out of My hand. My Father, which gave them Me, is greater than all, and none is able to pluck them out of My Father's hand." In the darkening hours that come we find sweet comfort, too, in the prayer of our Saviour: "Sanctify them through thy truth." And also in the hope-inspiring words: "Wherefore He is able to save them to the uttermost, that come unto God through Him, seeing He ever liveth to make intercession for them."—Presbyterian Standard.

Zaccheus acted like a man who has counted the cost and made his mind up. None of your superficial emotional, excitable people was he. Are you, too, hungry for Jesus? Is it Jesus you want? Then he is very near you. He is nearer than the seat upon which you sit. He is nearer than the friend beside you; nearer than the book you hold in your hand; nearer than the handkerchief with which you dry your tears away. Jesus, the Son of God, the Saviour of the world, is very near you. May the Holy Spirit take away the bondage, the blindness, the scales from your eyes and let you see him now.—Gipsy Smith.

"THIS YEAR ALSO."

The words of Jesus startle us. There is no limit to the love of God, but there is a limit to His patience and grace. He revealed his love for the world in such a manner that the whole universe of holy ones bow and adore, for he gave his Son with the offer of eternal life to whoever would believe. We accustom ourselves to think of this, and go on in our course of neglect and sin. But Jesus tells that there is a limit beyond which His Spirit does not strive with men. He does all that is possible for us. He seeks not only our admission to heaven with himself, but a present life of faith and Christian living. He plants the fig and carefully cultivates it. He watches its growth and waits until ample time has been given for it to bear the fruit he seeks. And still he waits, and comes with earnest desire, the desire of a hungry soul, for the proper fruits of his care and culture, but is disappointed. It is vain to do more; "cut it down."

Still further grace is given but the fact of a limit remains. He yields to the entreaty for a limited time. "This year also." After that the patience of God ceases. He who died for us that he might live in us declares the limit: "This year also, if after that it does not bear fruit cut it down."

Is that year coming to a close? Has God's grace been without avail? After all the appeals of love, all the stirrings of conscience, all the prayers, is your life without fruit to God in love and righteousness? Are you at the beginning or near the close of the year of God's patience? There is a limit: there is a final "Cut it down." Oh, save yourself from the terrible blow of that axe, by a life of faith and service.—United Presbyterian.

TINY TOKENS.

The memory of a kindly word,
For long gone by;
The fragrance of a fading flower,
Sent lovingly;
The gleaming of a sudden smile,
Or sudden tear;
The warmer pressure of the hand,
The word of cheer,
The hush that means, "I cannot speak,
But I have heard!"
The note that bears a verse
From God's own word;
Such tiny things we hardly count
As ministry,
The givers deeming they have shown
Scant sympathy.
But when the heart is overwrought,
Oh, who can tell
The power of such tiny things
To make it well!

—Selected.

DECLINING TO REMEMBER.

Memory is given to us for purposes of help and encouragement only. When we allow our memories to discourage us, we are sinning against God and our fellow men. It is as wrong to brood over memories of our mistakes and failures as it would be to drink typhoid fever germs with deliberate intention. We can learn from the memory of our failures, how to guard against repeating those failures; but that is the only right we have to such memories. Much of our past we have no business to remember at all; and God will help us to blot it out if we confidently ask his aid in this. "The man who cannot forget the past is no good for the future."

DAILY BIBLE READINGS.

MON.—My confessional (Psa. 61).
TUES.—My shepherd (Psa. 23).
WED.—My war-song (Psa. 68: 1-6).
THURS.—My King (Psa. 2).
FRI.—My Saviour (Psa. 22: 1-11).
SAT.—My Home (Psa. 90: 1-12).

LIFE LESSONS FROM THE PSALMS.*

By Robert E. Speers.

It was after reading this forty-sixth Psalm that Demetrius, Grand Prince of Russia in the 14th century, plunged in to the fight with the Mongol invaders and utterly defeated them at Koulikoff.

Luther's use of the Psalm, says Prothro, "exemplifies his magnificent courage, and suggests the source from which it sprang. There were moments when even he felt something akin to despair, and he asked with the Psalmist, 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul?' In such hours he would say to Melancthon, 'Come, Philip, let us sing the 46th Psalm,' and the two friends sang it in Luther's version. 'Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.' The version is characteristic of the man. It was his heartiness, his sincere piety, his joyful confidence, his simplicity and strength, his impetuosity and ruggedness."

It was a favorite Psalm of Cromwell's. In 1656 he says to Parliament: "If you set your hearts to it (to make God's will done on earth, and first of all in England) then you will sing Luther's Psalm (46). That is a rare psalm for a Christian! and if he set his heart open, and can approve it to God, we shall hear him say, 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.' If Pope and Spaniard, and devil and all, set themselves against us—yet in the name of the Lord we should destroy them! 'The Lord of Hosts is with us; the God of Jacob is our refuge.'"

This was the Psalm which upbore the English soldiers in Jellalabad when Dr. Brydon came in, the last survivor of the British Cabul force in 1841, and following on his heels the storm burst upon the garrison. "They knew that, insufficiently provided with ammunition, and scantily supplied with food, fighting behind crumbling walls whose circuit was too vast to be properly manned, they would have to hold their own for weeks against a host excited by previous victory. Such a position might well solemnize the feelings of the most careless. On the next Sunday the whole garrison assembled for Divine service in one of the squares of the Bal Hisar. There was no chaplain, but the Church Service was read to the officers and men by a gray-haired captain, of slight, well-knit figure, whose clear, strong voice made every word audible. Instead of the Psalms appointed for the day, he chose the forty-sixth Psalm, 'God is our hope and strength,' etc., which, as he said, 'Luther was wont to use in seasons of peculiar difficulty and depression.' The words, well suited to the desperate circumstances of the garrison, expressed their determination to defend the battlements to the last extremity. They expressed, also, the sublime dependence upon God which was the strength of Henry Havelock, who officiated as chaplain. He was then an unknown man, though he had served with distinction in Burma, in Afghanistan, Gwalior, and the Sutlej. Fifteen years later, when he died at Alumbagh, after the relief of Lucknow, his name was a household word. His death was worthy of his life. 'I have for forty years,' he said, 'so ruled my life, that, when death came, I might face it without fear.'"

From this Psalm John Wesley took his last words: "The Lord of Hosts is with us, the God of Jacob is our refuge." Throughout the last night he was heard attempting to repeat the words. They are good words both to live and to die by.

Y. P. Topic, Sunday, March 7, 1909. Life lessons for Me from the Psalms. (Psa. 46: 1-11. Consecration Meeting).

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,

Manager and Editor.

OTTAWA, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 3, 1909.

The number of applications for divorce to come before the Dominion Parliament the present session has increased to twenty four and these all come from Ontario, Quebec and the three prairie provinces, the other provinces having divorce courts. Last year there were twelve applications, eight of which were granted, the other four having been withdrawn. The time has passed for Canada to point to the United States as a place where divorce has been made easy. And what of the morals indicated by this state of affairs?

The permanency of the Laymen's Missionary Movement, and that it is not to be a mere spasmodic effort, is guaranteed by the character of the men who are accepting permanent appointments in connection with it. Colonel Elijah W. Hatford, the founder and for many years editor of the Chicago Inter-Ocean has been secured as corresponding secretary of the movement in the Methodist Episcopal church of the United States. Col. Hatford was at one time private secretary of the late President Harrison, and is a speaker of unusual effectiveness, as those who heard him in Ottawa at the laymen's meetings last September can testify.

The proportion of Roman Catholics in the Capital city of Canada appears to be falling off, if the assessment returns can be taken as a criterion. The assessment of 1909 shows an increase in value of property among the supporters of Public schools of almost six million dollars over that of the previous year, while the increase among Separate school supporters is only \$358,000. The totals are: for Public school supporters \$38,943,037; for Separate school supporters, \$10,440,186. The rate of taxation is 6 1/2 mills for Public schools and ten mills for Separate schools. The Separate school authorities have got more children to educate than the Public School Board.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The American Presbyterian Church in Montreal, though not in connection with the Presbyterian Church in Canada, is doing more than any one congregation for home missions in this country. It has just taken up its twentieth field in the North West. It recognizes the fact that the city holds two mighty sceptres—wealth and the power of the press—and that an obligation rests upon it, and all great city congregations, to use them for evangelism, for church extension, for missions for the lapsed and lapsing, and for the foreign people's coming to us. The church should have but one rallying cry—Canada for Christ. This aggressive congregation, which is under the pastorate of Rev. Robt. Johnston, D.D., formerly of Lindsey and London, Ont., has 1,386 members, and raised last year \$45,995, of which the larger part—\$23,362—was for home and foreign missions and benevolences, and \$22,633 for congregational purposes. This is carrying out the principle which the late Rev. D. J. Macdonnell always urged, that a wealthy congregation should spend at least as much upon outside objects as upon itself.

When the Rev. George Simpson wrote the leading articles, and Dr. Grant furnished a column of editorial paragraphs and his "Knoxonian" contributions to the Canada Presbyterian, dullness was banished from its pages, and it was eagerly read by thousands all over Canada and beyond. This was equally true after Mr. Simpson accepted the associate editorship of the Chicago Interior, and the Rev. W. D. Ballantyne, M.A., succeeded him. With both the editors, as well as with the managing editor and publisher, his intercourse was ever kind and courteous, always evincing a deep and lively interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of the paper and the large interests it was striving to promote. Had Dr. Grant taken to journalism instead of the pulpit he would have made a great editor. His judgment was good, his style of composition clear and incisive; his knowledge of public affairs thorough and extensive; while his interest in all moral questions was keen and immensely practical.

Dr. Grant commenced writing his "Knoxonian" articles for the Canada Presbyterian while in Ingersoll. Among the first was one entitled "Rounders," which was an immense success, being copied into many papers on both sides of the Atlantic. It appeared in the Sword and Trowel in London, England, accompanied by words of warm commendation from the late Mr. Spurgeon. His contributions under this pen name were kept up with unflinching regularity for a number of years; and later in THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN to the great delight of a large circle of readers. They were always looked upon as "good copy" by the press and were reproduced far and wide.

We are indebted to The Orillia Packet for the report of the services connected with the death and funeral of Rev. Dr. Grant, as well as for the half-tone on first page.

DEATH OF REV. DR. GRANT.

The Passing of Knoxonian.

After a long and trying illness Dr. Grant passed away on Saturday morning, 13th February. For the previous two weeks he had been hovering between life and death, and it was not known at what moment the long and wearying struggle against disease might come to an end. In the end, having fought manfully and well against great odds as long as there was hope of continued usefulness, he was well content to depart and be with Christ, "which is far better."

Robert Neil Grant was born near Peterborough in the year 1837. His father, Alexander Grant, a native of Sutherlandshire, Scotland, had come to Canada in 1832. His mother was a native of Agnell, near Wick, Caithnessshire, Scotland. Alexander Grant was a man of more than average ability and attainments, and his wife, though for years an invalid, was a woman of strong character and high ambition, who found keen gratification in seeing her family rise to positions of honor and usefulness. In 1839, the family moved to what was then known as the Huron Tract, and settled in North Easthope, county of Perth. After passing through the common schools, young Grant attended the grammar school in the neighboring town of Stratford, which was then presided over by a teacher of more than ordinary ability and reputation, Mr. C. J. McGregor. Obtaining a teacher's certificate, he taught school for a time, his intention being to enter the profession of law. But he abandoned this idea, and decided to enter the ministry, not the least potent factor in bringing about the change being the evangelical preaching of the young minister at Millbank, the Rev. W. T. McMullen, from whom he also took lessons in Greek while teaching school in that village. In 1859 he entered Knox College, graduating in 1865. His father had died in the interval—in 1863. In the autumn of that year he received three calls—from Markham, Picton, and the united congregation of Waterdown and Wellington Square, the latter of which he accepted. The induction took place on the 23rd of January, 1866. For five years and a half Mr. Grant labored in this field with a good measure of success. He was for a greater part of the time a member of the Board of Education for the county of Wentworth. Owing to ill health, caused partly by driving between his two stations, Mr. Grant felt it necessary to change his field of labor, and in July, 1871, accepted a call from Knox church, Ingersoll. However, in 1882, steps were taken towards uniting the two congregations in Ingersoll, and as he had what turned out to be well-founded doubts as to the wisdom of the movement, he decided to leave that town. He therefore was open favorably to consider the call given him by the Orillia congregation in May of that year, on the retirement from active service of the Rev. Dr. Gray.

(Continued on Page 13.)

A TRIBUTE TO PRESBYTERIANISM

One of the greatest tributes to Presbyterianism which we have seen is that contained in an opinion prepared by Judge Barker, a member of the Christian (Disciples) Church, for the Kentucky Court of Appeals, in a Church Union case which recently came before the court in that State. The concluding paragraph of his opinion is as follows:

The question whether or not the various families of the Presbyterian faith must remain ever separated, although the causes which originally divided them have disappeared in the light of modern theological evolution, is one which must give solicitude to all who have the advancement of civilization at heart.

The history of the Presbyterian Church is the history of a very large part of what we know and enjoy of civil and religious liberty. The teachings of her faith are such as to have always attracted to her the most lofty minds and the boldest spirits; in following her path through the pages of history, whether her votaries be called Lutherans, as in Germany; Huguenots, as in France; Covenanters, as in Scotland; or Puritans, as in England, they will always be found to be among the bravest and the best.

As a religious organization, it had no compromise along the lines of conscience to make with power, and it could be deflected from the path of rectitude neither by the frown of authority, nor the blandishments of corruption. With the same indomitable courage, it confronted the haughty princes of the House of Tudor, and the crowned weaklings of the House of Stuart; with the same words of scornful condemnation it rebuked the sins of Messalina on the throne and the wanton in the street.

Her path has led her oftener into exile than into favor with the great, oftener to the dungeon and the stake than the pleasures of king's houses, or the friendship of courtiers. But under her searching gaze the shackles have fallen from the human mind, and the divine right of kings has shrunk to the mean thing it now appears.

Wherever a battle was to be fought for human liberty, wherever a forlorn hope was to be led or a mine braved for conscience' sake, whenever the blood of a martyr was needed as a testimony to truth, her answer was always that of the prophet of old, "Here am I; send me."

Judge Barker is evidently well versed in the history of the world's struggle for civil and religious liberty, and has a keen appreciation of where the credit for securing it is due. The case before him did not necessarily call for such an expression of opinion, and coming voluntarily, carries the more weight and will be the more appreciated.

The annual meeting of the General Assembly's Committee on the Augmentation of Stipends (Western section), will be held in the Confederation Life Building, Toronto, Tuesday, March 23rd, at 9.30 a.m. Presbytery conveners are requested to send in quarterly claims and annual returns to the secretary, Rev. J. H. Edmison, Cheltenham, Ont., one week prior to the date of meeting.

He that sitteth in heaven and hath ten thousand thousand of angels to minister unto him, hath but two thrones, the highest heavens and the lowest heart.
—Thomas Hooker.

CHRISTIAN CHARITY.

No subject is oftener invoked, more frequently misrepresented, nor more persistently perverted than Christian charity.

According to the notions of some it is charitable to commend everything which is uttered as religious truth, whether sustained by the Word of God or not, and to recognize all religious teachers whatever may be the character of their teachings. This idea of Christian charity is, in a bad sense, to be all things to all men, and to drift with the popular current.

True Christian charity is a noble sentiment, abounding in honesty of purpose and correctness of action. It is too strong a principle to be awayed by every popular breeze, too honest to be bribed into compliance with error in doctrine or incorrectness of practice.

"It rejoiceth" not in error, "but in the truth," and is exercised towards persons, not towards doctrines at all. It never calls evil good, and good evil, never puts sweet for bitter, nor bitter for sweet; but when dealing with opinions, it brings them to the test of God's word, and if they do not agree with this standard, it sweeps them away with an energy almost amounting to fierceness. But when it comes to deal with poor frail and erring man, it is as gentle and pitiful as a mother when handling her own darling child. It distinguishes between the errorist and his errors, and never takes any stock in persecution for opinion's sake.

It never aids in erecting the stake, placing the fagots and kindling the fires, which are to be employed in the destruction of heretics; but says to the false teacher, "The Lord rebuke thee." Charity is not blind, but is wonderfully discriminating, distinguishing clearly between truth and falsehood, and is ever ready to approve the one and condemn the other.

This charity, while it is kind, is also faithful, and will not suffer sin upon a brother.

Jesus is the incarnation of true charity, and none ever denounced wrong with greater energy than he when dealing with the sophistries of false religionists.

He exposed the shallow pretensions and denounced the insincerity of the Pharisees with an energy and zeal which burned with a white heat.

He was the uncompromising enemy of all sham, and the fast friend of truth and honest conviction, and yet no one ever entered so fully into sympathy with the erring and penitent children of men as did Jesus. Fierce and unrelenting in his opposition to strongly fortified wickedness, He is tenderness itself when dealing with the broken in spirit, or when looking upon the bruised reed and the smoking flax. His example, in this respect, is worthy of imitation, and is the pattern by which we should shape our lives.

In spite of the financial depression which prevailed last year, the amount contributed for foreign missions in Canada and the United States was increased by \$602,000 over the previous year. This no doubt was due largely to the Laymen's Missionary Movement, but it is a hopeful and encouraging sign of the increasing interest and responsibility felt by the Church in the work of Missions.

LITERARY NOTES.

The February number of Outdoor Canada shows marked signs of improvement, not only in illustrations but in the articles that go to make up the letter-press. Outdoor Canada worthily represents the clean, healthy games and sports of the country, and merits a large circulation. Monthly, \$1.00 per year.

"Little Folks," as the name implies, is intended for the younger members of the household, and should find a welcome in thousands of Canadian homes. The magazine is as good as it is beautiful, and a year's subscription will prove a delightful gift to any boy or girl. Cassell and Co., Toronto.

For choice stories and religious reading of a wholesome and elevating character we can always heartily recommend The Quiver, published by Messrs. Cassell & Company, London and Toronto. The February number is well up to the mark, both in literary excellence and beauty of illustrations.

Cassell's for February contains eight complete stories, three storeyettes, and a number of special articles, all of which go to make up an excellent literary bill of fare for the readers of this favorite magazine. In the "Special Articles" department "The Birth of a Battleship," illustrated by photographs, and "New Zealand's women Writers," illustrated by portraits, will claim immediate attention. Cassell and Co., 42 Adelaide St., Toronto.

"Hints to Student Missionaries and Some Others," by Rev. D. D. McLeod, D.D., of Barrie, is a booklet of little bulk but within its pages are garnered the fruits of much careful thinking and the results of a wide experience. It contains the substance of an address to a Presbyterian Conference in the interest of Christian Endeavor societies, and is now sent out at the suggestion of friends who considered that its publication would serve a useful purpose. Under the following heads important subjects are treated in a brief but very suggestive way: The Raw Material; Student Missionaries and Home Missions; On the Field; Personal Religion; Talents; On Dress and Manners; The Bible; Our Own Church. Later on we shall make two or three extracts for the benefit of our readers. Meanwhile the booklet, we have no doubt, can be furnished by Mr. J. M. Robertson of Upper Canada Tract Society, Toronto, or by the author.

The United States has frequently been credited with a desire to annex Cuba. Recent events do not seem to indicate that she is over anxious to extend her territory in that direction. Perhaps her experience in the Philippine Islands has not been in all respects happy. At all events Cuba, which came under the control of the United States after the Spanish-American war, has been allowed to organize as an independent republic. On January 23 General Jose Miguel Gomez was sworn in as president, and immediately thereafter the United States officials departed from the island. One of the chief dangers to be apprehended arises from the number of Cubans who are said to be seeking political preferment. If the experiment of an independent Cuba fails annexation to the United States will be inevitable.

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

BEAUTIFUL UPON THE MOUNTAINS.

By David Lyall.

Janet Fairweather opened the door of the little cupboard in the attic room which was the sleeping place and sanctuary of her son David when he was at home, and took therefrom something hung in a long, white cotton bag. It was a fine morning in the early summer, the dew lay warm and sweet on the little garden, glittering on the first roses that bloomed to do honor to the June Sabbath day.

The sun was high, though it was only a little after seven o'clock, and the larks made a perfect riot of melody in the upper air. The little cottage on the high road to Maryport, and just without the hamlet of Mains of Ord, was embowered in green, the sweetbriar climbing so high about the posts of the garden gate that the passer-by could not get a clear glimpse of the door. The air was heavy with the sharp, sweet smell of it, and the joy of summer, long delayed, was lying on the land. Janet Fairweather, a small, neat, rather white-faced woman in black, carried the white cotton bag to the broad window sill, and carefully let out the long string, which kept it together at the top. Then she put her hand in, and felt with something of a lover's touch the soft, crisp folds of silk, which had thus been carefully preserved from soil through all the years of her widowhood. It was her wedding-gown. Finding there was not room to examine it carefully there, she carried it to the side of David's bed, drew it out with an almost reverent hand, and laid it down against the white coverlet.

It was a silk gown of a delicate mauve shade, wrought with flowers of a darker shade upon it, fashioned simply, with a full skirt and a pointed bodice, which had once set off Janet's slim figure to perfection.

"Eh, I would like to wear it the day," she murmured to herself in a low, cooing voice. "It's the anniversary o' my marriage and Davie's birthday, and my heart's uplifted. I wonder whether I daur?"

Her eyes clave to the dainty thing which had been hidden away for nigh twenty years—only sometimes looked at with secret tears.

"Eh, but Jamie liked it. Mony's the time I put it on to please him when my better judgment was stamnet the weather for it, and it seen—like as if he were bidding me put it on the day. Are ye, Jamie?"

She dropped the fold of the silk suddenly, and lifted her sweet, pathetic eyes to a portrait, neither conspicuously good nor conspicuously attractive, which hung in a gilt frame above the mantelpiece. It was the likeness of a somewhat heavy-featured face, of the dour old Scottish type, a long, strong mouth, greatly redeemed by a sudden, unexpected curve at the corners, and by the peculiar softness of the kindly grey eyes.

A common man, who had driven the carrier's cart between Mains of Ord and Maryport for nearly thirty years, but who had ever been a hero and a king to his wife, and whose memory was now to her a shrine.

Her eyes were soft and sunshiny, but tears were not far off. They were not so much tears of sorrow as of a tender regret. She had got over the sharper pang of her solitary life, and was so assured that presently, when her feet

grew a little more weary of the earthy pilgrimage, she should join him where sorrows are no more, that she could "thole the waiting," as she termed it.

"Davie's birthday, and I think they might hae let him hame the day; but they're terrible busy in his parish, and he canna be spared. Eh, I wonder wha'll we'll hae the day! The young lad we had last Sunday had plenty assurance an' very little grace, God forgive me for sayin' it."

She gathered up the silk gown, and carried it downstairs and laid it on the kitchen bed, where her small, quiet bonnet and her little cloak of velvet lay. There had been a great scandal in Mains of Ord when Janet Fairweather, instead of the orthodox widow's weeds, appeared the first Sunday after the carrier's death in a simple black frock and cloak, without a scrap of crape on it, and not a streamer nor a weeper to her bonnet.

"Whatever Fairweather was, and nae body can deny that he was thrash, she might show him a little mair respect for her ain sake," said the village gossip, totally unaware that Janet was only carrying out her part of a contract made betwixt two; that a fair world should not be made needlessly hideous by the superfluous trappings of woe. It did not disturb Janet in the least then, and it did not disturb her now, as she decided to wear her wedding gown though she was well aware that some of them would stare aghast.

She hung it over the back of a chair before the kitchen fire, and proceeded to make her breakfast. She would stop sometimes as she passed to and fro to pat the pretty silk, or feel it between her finger and thumb, and then she would nod her head, while the smile deepened on her lips. She had just boiled her egg, and made her bit of toast, and was putting the tea in the pot, when a tall figure darkened the doorway, and she ran out with a little cry. David himself came home, Sunday morning as it was, carrying his little black bag, come to spend his birthday at home.

"Good morning, mother! I hope you've got something to eat. I've walked from Maryport, and I'm famishing."

"Walked frae Maryport! But what for, Davie? Eh, my man, I'm fain to see ye. I've been thinkin' on ye a' the mornin', you an' your father. Queer wasn't it, an' you on the Maryport road all the time!"

"Since the back of six o'clock; and I'm going to start on this egg, mother," he cried, as he tossed his soft clerical hat, rather irreverently, his mother thought, into a far corner of the kitchen. She ran to pick it up reprovingly, wiping it tenderly with the corner of her clean apron, smiling more and more.

"Start on the egg, of course; and I'll put another spoonful in the pot, and there's a bit o' nice could ham in the press. But tell me first, my man, hoo did ye get away?"

"Well, I wasn't expected till half-past ten. They were to drive me over, but—"

"Drive you over! What for?"

"I'm preaching here today, mother, for—the vacancy."

She stopped still in the middle of the floor, and stared at him incredulously.

"Davie, you're no!" she said in an almost voiceless whisper.

He nodded, smiling slightly, as he set down his bag.

"And, mother, if I please the folk the day, it's almost a sure thing that I shall be minister of Mains of Ord."

"David Fairweather, ye are leein'," she said, and the pink flushed her cheek.

"Am I?"

He caught her suddenly to him and pressed his brown cheek to hers, and almost lifted her off her feet.

"I ken I'm to be the minister of Ord, mother. Something has been tellin' me it all along. Firstly, I thought I would not let you know I was to preach today. But has nobody told you?"

"Naebody. But I've brocht doon my weddin' gown, Davie, for it's the anniversary o' my marriage day, and a day out of the common, besides being your birthday. An' if you're to preach, I'll be kirkin' in my marriage gown."

They made merry over it, and David praised the gown, and when she dressed herself in it, teased her by saying folk would think she was his bride instead of his mother.

But a little later, when the first bell began to tinkle sweetly through the delicious, quiet air, a deep seriousness settled upon them both. And when the moment for leaving the house came, such a trembling was upon Janet that she was glad of the support of her son's strong arm up the brae to the kirk gates. Very blithe was David Fairweather to give that arm, for in all the world he was prouder of nothing than his mother.

When sundry of them saw the glint of the soft mauve colouring under the little velvet cloak, there was an inclination to toss heads and remark that "Janet Fairweather was neither to haud nor to bind theday because her son was in the pulpit, but she might hae minded them that were awa'."

Janet was totally unconscious of those strictures; and if she had heard them, they would not have disturbed the sweet serenity of a soul which dwelt chiefly in the upper air, where there is no din but only celestial harmony. What did concern her was that the son of her many prayers should conduct himself acceptably to the God whose service he had chosen away back in his young boyhood, without so much as one word of advice or persuasion from any.

She was not in any great fear, because her faith in him was complete; but somehow her heart yearned for a special message, because for her it was a special day. The neighbors who fancied in her some common uplifting of heart at sight of an ambition almost realized, had no idea of the holy of holies into which the widow's heart had crept, and how unconscious she was of any jarring element without.

She sang out clear and sweet, putting all her gratitude into the psalm:

"Bless, oh my soul, the Lord thy God,
And all that in me is
Be stirred up His holy name
To magnify and bless."

David Fairweather made a very manly and acceptable appearance in the pulpit through the earlier part of the service; but the sermon, the crux and test of every ministerial reputation in these parts, was awaited with a good deal of anxiety and apprehension.

The text rang out true and fine—
"How beautiful upon the mountains
are the feet of them that bring good
tidings, that publisheth peace."

Janet Fairweather crept back in the corner of her little square pew, grasping her handkerchief of fine linen,

scented with a sprig of southernwood, and with a deep light in her meek, sweet eyes, awaited the message from on high, delivered to her through the mouth of her own son.

It did not fail.

David Fairweather was one of the few who are born for the pulpit, and whose rare gifts seem to have upon them the seal of heaven. His clear, young voice, his quietly impassioned face, his winning and persuasive manner, made his message one of peculiar fragrance to all who opened their hearts to receive it. Old men and women felt that they could gladly leave the cares of earth for the delectable hills where the weary are at rest; the middle-aged still wrestling with the problems of life, were arrested and reminded that they could possess their souls in patience, because by faith all else is added; the young looked out wistfully from the threshold, and felt within them the stirrings of holier desires; to each and all David Fairweather had a message. The little lad who had run the braes of Ord in the springtime of his days had grown to man's estate, and in some wondrous way seemed to have held converse with the Unseen.

The congregation dispersed slowly and with a subdued air of gladness; and if there was a dissentient voice, it was not raised. The vacancy in the parish had been filled.

Mother and son walked back together to the cottage on the brae, and very little speech passed between them.

"Did I do right, mother?" asked David, as he paused with the sneek of the low door in his hand.

"Ye did well, my son; an' the Lord spoke through ye, blessed be His name, I'm like Simeon now, Laddie—I could depart in peace."

"Not you, mother; what you've got to do is to get ready to fit to the Manse of Ord, and make it a fragrant nest as you have made this all your days for me and my father before me."

She shook her head, gently smiling, like one who had inner knowledge, which she was in no haste to impart.

David Fairweather slept that night under his mother's roof; and when he awoke the sun was on his bed. He sprang up, astonished to find how late it was, and, as he dressed, was disturbed a little by the quiet of the house. When he went downstairs, the blinds had not been drawn, nor the fire lighted in the little kitchen, though the honest hands of the wag-at-the-wa' pointed to nine o'clock.

In haste and fear and awe he opened the bend where his mother slept. The blind was partially drawn there, and the sun lay across her bed. She had died in her sleep. On a small table her Bible was open at the text from which he had preached in the morning. The Wedding Dress lay across the bed.—British Weekly.

KIND WORDS—WHY USE THEM?

1. Because they always cheer him to whom they are addressed. They soothe him if he is wretched; they comfort him if he is sad. They keep him out of the slough of despond, or help him out if he happens to be in. 2. There are words enough of the opposite kind flying about in all directions—sour words, cross words, overbearing words, irritating words. Now, let kind words have a chance to get abroad, since so many and so different are on the wing. 3. Kind words bless him that uses them. A sweet sound on the tongue tends to make the heart mellow. Kind words react upon the kind feelings which prompted them, and makes them more kind. They add fresh fuel to the fire of benevolent emotion in the soul. 4. Kind words beget kind feelings toward him that loves to use them. People love to see the face and hear the voice of such a man.

A MODEL TELEPHONE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

Boys and girls can make a model telephone by taking two empty condensed milk or oyster cans and stout, smooth string. Let a small hole be made in the bottom of each can, through which the string—say fifty to one hundred feet in length—is passed and secured. Then let the experimenters set up telegraph by choosing their stations as far apart as the tightly stretched string will permit, and while one operator holds his ear to one of the cans and his companion his mouth to the can at the other end of the line, they will find that a conversation can be carried on so that most tones, and even a whisper, will be distinctly perceptible. What usually most astonishes those who make this experiment for the first time is that the sound of the voice does not seem to come from the person speaking at the other end of the string, but to issue from the can itself, which is held to the ear of the listener. This at first seems to be a deception, but it is really not so. The ear tells the exact truth. The voice that is heard really comes from the can that is held to the ear of the hearer. The voice of the speaker communicated sound-producing vibrations to the wall of the can with which his voice is in immediate contact. These vibrations are communicated to the string, but so change that they no longer affect the ear. A person may stand by the string while the sound is passing and yet hear nothing.

A HONEY COMB.

A Honey Comb.—There are three bodies, and only three, that can be placed close together without leaving any interstices; these are the perfect square, the equilateral triangle and the hexahedron, or six sided figure. No other forms can be placed together without some interstices being left. And the third, the hexahedron, is at once the strongest and the most capacious. Now how remarkable it is, that the bee has chosen the hexahedron, and that every comb in a hive of bees is that which contains the greatest amount of honey in the least possible space, and leaves no interstices! Kepler, the mathematician, calculated the angle that must be at the bottom of the cell, in order to ascertain what would be the best to form the base of a hexahedron comb the most capacious and most fitted for juxtaposition with others; and the very demonstration which mathematical calculation proved, is exactly realized in every comb we find in the beehive. We have therefore in the bee and in the hive, and all the characterized, the traces of palpable design—the evidences of an existing and a wise God.—Dr. John Cumming.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Joy and sorrow; pain and pleasure,
Sunshine, shadows, smiles and tears,
Intermingle in this earth life.
Mid the passing of the years,
Life is cheery; life is dreary;
As we journey on the way;
With our eyes upon the homeland,
Naught on earth to bid us stay.
Homeward bound. Homeward bound.
O the joy, the joy of meeting,
On that distant shining shore,
Where the angels wait our coming,
Those who journeyed on before,
From the homeland light is gleaming,
Through the dark and gloomy space,
Cheering many lonely pilgrims
In this long and weary race,
Homeward bound. Homeward bound.

You cannot sink the sinner in the gentleman.—Rev. J. G. Stuart.

KEEP CHILDREN WELL.

An occasional dose of gentle laxative such as Baby's Own Tablets will clear the stomach and bowels of all offending matter, and will keep little ones well and happy. For this reason the Tablets should be kept in every home. Mothers have the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no opiate or harmful drug. Mrs. Geo. McLean, Springfield, N.S., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets and know them to be a cure for all the minor ills of childhood. I recommend them to all mothers." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHISKERS AND LANGUAGES.

"How long does it take you to shave?" asked the man with the brushwood whiskers.

"About ten minutes, usually," answered his fellow traveler, who was trying to land a few scrapes between the lurches of the Pullman car.

"And how often do you shave?"

"Every day of my life."

"Have you ever thought that if you devoted this time to study you could learn a foreign language in two years?"

"No I never did. That's rather interesting. How long have you been wearing a beard?"

"It's sixteen years since a razor has touched my face."

"That makes eight languages. Well, you beat me. I am professor of modern languages in a college, and so I have had to learn French, German, Spanish and Italian. I suppose you began with those, too. What four did you take up after that—Portuguese, Greek, Russian, Swedish?"

"Ah—that is—to tell the truth, I never had a head for languages. They wouldn't do me any good if I had."

AN ADOPTED MOTHER.

Arthur Allen was a very tender-hearted little boy, and there were tears in his eyes when he came into the kitchen one morning carrying in his arms a big brown hen, which had been run over by a hay wagon and killed.

"What will become of Brownie's little chickens, mamma?" he asked. "They are out under a currant bush, all peeping for their mother."

Mrs. Allen went out into the garden with Arthur to look at the poor little chickens. There were thirteen of the yellow, fluffy little things, and they were only three days old.

"They musn't die," said Arthur. "I'll take care of them myself."

He brought a basket and put all the little chickens into it. Then he carried them off to an empty oat bin in the barn, where there was plenty of room for them to run about.

The next morning, when Mrs. Allen went out to the barn to tell Arthur to hunt for some eggs, she stopped at the oat bin to look at the motherless chickens.

There in one corner of the bin hung the big feather duster, and gathered under it were all the little chickens.

"I thought the duster could be a mother to them, mamma," said Arthur. So Mrs. Allen left the duster in the bin, and the little chickens gathered under it until they were old enough to roost on a bar.—Youths' Companion.

Praise God, then, praise His holy name, at the remembrance of such mingled mercy and love and wisdom; and while the heart and soul are abased at the thought of a Savior's agony, let them exult in His triumph; for it is His purpose that, through grace, all His ransomed should share it.—W. K. Tweed, B. D.

CHURCH
WORK

Ministers and Churches

NEWS
LETTERS

EASTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. H. Young, of Glasgow Station, was elected moderator of L. and R. Presbytery.

Rev. W. A. Morrison, of Dalhousie Mills, has been elected Moderator of Glengarry Presbytery.

Rev. Robert McNab, of St. Andrew's Church, Marvelville, has been preaching an interesting series of sermons on "The Creation."

The Rev. W. H. Smith, of Uptergrove preached at the preparatory service in the Presbyterian church, Orillia, last Friday evening.

St. Andrew's Church, Campbellford, has extended a hearty and unanimous call to Rev. George A. Brown, M.A., B. D., of Burks Falls. Stipend \$1,100 and manse.

Lanark and Renfrew Presbyteries has nominated Rev. Dr. MacKay, F. M. Secretary, for the moderatorship of next General Assembly; and Rev. John McDougall, of Spencerville for the moderatorship of the Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

The Rev. N. H. McGillivray, of Cornwall, was appointed by Glengarry Presbytery to represent the Presbytery at the meeting of the Glengarry Presbyterial of the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, to be held in Cornwall, June next.

Rev. D. Currie submitted to L. and R. Presbytery the report on Social and Moral Reform, urging the importance of Sabbath observance. Temperance along the lines of Local Option also the very great desirability of pure citizenship.

The induction of Rev. John Pate to the pastorate of Knox Church, Lancaster, will take place on Tuesday, 9th inst., at 1.30 p.m. Rev. C. A. Ferguson, of Vankeek Hill, will preach. Rev. A. Govan, of Williamstown, will address the minister, and the Rev. J. Matheson, of Summerstown, will address the congregation.

At the meeting of G. Presbytery an appeal from the decision of the Avonmore session by Messrs. J. H. Werb and I. Shaver occupied all the documents read and from session and appellants, the whole matter was most amicably settled by a resolution of presbytery, which was agreeable to all parties concerned.

The Presbytery of Lanark has been divided into eleven central missionary districts as follows: Pembroke, Cobden, Beachburg, Eganville, Renfrew, Arnprior, Almonte, Carleton Place, Smith's Falls, Lanark and Perth. This is to help forward the Laymen's Missionary Movement, which promises to give a great impetus to missionary effort.

At the last meeting of L. and R. Presbytery Rev. Orr Bennett read the report on Church Life and Work which showed on the whole a favorable condition of things in the various congregations; at the same time there is much room for improvement, and there is need of the Holy Ghost power in the hearts and lives of the people.

Rev. J. J. and Mrs. Monds, of Carleton Place, received a surprise on the eve of St. Valentine's Day, when a deputation from the ladies of St. Andrew's congregation called at the manse and in a very formal manner presented their pastor and his lady with a purse containing the neat sum of \$125, a token of good-will and esteem.

The report on Sunday Schools presented at last meeting of L. and R. Presbytery by the convenor, Rev. W. W. Peck, showed some evidences of improvement, and still great room for improvement, especially as it most desirable that the men should show a more practical interest by taking part in the work; also that parents should be alive to their obligations and teach the lesson in the home.

Glengarry Presbytery nominates Principal Springer as moderator for next Assembly, and Rev. H. Cameron, of Morrisburg, as moderator of the Synod of Montreal and Ottawa. The Rev. K. A. Gollan, Dunvegan, was nominated as the representative on bills and overtures at the assembly meeting, and the Rev. R. McKay, Maxville, for meeting of synod.

L. & R. Presbytery will send the following commissioners to next Assembly:—Ministers—A. A. Scott, D. J. McLean, A. H. Scott, M. D. M. Blakeley, J. Hay, E. W. McKay; Elders—Dr. Sinclair, A. Johnston, Mr. Walford, R. W. Brown, and two to be nominated by sessions, also alternates both of ministers and elders. A. A. Scott was appointed representative on the Assembly's Committee on Bills, and J. Rattray and A. Johnston on that of the Synod. The next meeting of L. and R. Presbytery is appointed for next May at Renfrew.

At the last meeting of L. and R. Presbytery Rev. Currie reported for the committee to strike the standing committees for the year, which with some slight amendments was adopted. A complete change in the conveners of the committees was made. Rev. J. J. Monds reported for the committees appointed to consider Assembly remits, and the report with some amendment was adopted. A. A. Scott reported for the Home Mission committee. The report, making arrangements for securing grants and missionaries for the several fields was adopted. J. Hay reported for the Augmentation Committee, not much change to be noted in any of the charges, but good and efficient work being done in all, the report was adopted. A. H. Scott reported on the Benevolent Schemes; some improvements are contemplated which it is hoped may be effected. E. W. McKay reported on Systematic Giving, urging the importance of regular systematic methods and setting forth the very great significance of the Laymen's Missionary Movement.

At a largely attended meeting of the united congregations of Annan and Leith the pastor, Rev. Dr. J. B. Fraser, who has been twenty five years minister of the united charge, was presented with a generous cheque, accompanied by an appreciative address. Rev. S. H. Eastman, of Meaford, presided and addresses of congratulation were given by Crown Attorney Armstrong, who spoke on behalf of Rev. G. A. Woodside and the congregation of Division street church. Mr. A. F. Armstrong, town treasurer of Owen Sound and a former member of Annan church, also spoke. An address to Dr. Fraser from the united congregations was read by Mr. T. J. Harkness, elder of Annan church. Mr. Malcolm Rutherford of Leith church then presented Dr. Fraser with a cheque from the congregations. Dr. Fraser, in reply, said that it was the fact that the members were what they were, that had enabled him to do any of the good work he had done.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Stratford Presbytery nominates Rev. Dr. Lyle, of Hamilton, for the moderatorship of next General Assembly.

Rev. S. Woods, of Metcalfe, conducted services at Thurso on Sunday, while Mr. Thos. Woods took charge of the Presbyterian services at Metcalfe.

Rev. J. G. Stuart, of Knox church, South London, fell and cut his fore head while running to catch a street car. The injury is not a serious one, and Mr. Stuart is able to be around.

The church at Kintore has been closed owing to the outbreak of scarlet fever in the neighborhood; and it will remain closed till all danger of infection is passed.

Rev. Robert Stewart, of Motherwell, was elected moderator of Stratford Presbytery for the ensuing six months. Mr. Hamilton, of Boissevain, and Dr. Armstrong, of Baden, being present, were invited to sit and correspond.

The Presbyterian church of Mount Forest are asking Carnegie for a donation to assist in defraying the cost of a new pipe organ. The steel king appears to have a stand in with all classes and creeds, particularly when money is required.

Rev. J. Hardie, of Listowel, has resigned. Adhering to his resignation before Stratford Presbytery, notwithstanding the representations made by Messrs. Thomas Hardie and J. H. Macdonald on behalf of the congregation, the Presbytery regretfully accepted the resignation.

Mr. Haig reported to Stratford Presbytery the formation of a new charge at Wellesley. After organization the pulpit had been declared vacant, and the congregation had agreed to pay \$800 and \$100 for manse. Leave to call was granted to Listowel and Wellesley.

Stratford Presbytery appoints the following commissioners to the General Assembly: Rev. Messrs. Graham, of Avonton; McKay, of Hibbert, Stevenson, of Duncan; Morden, of St. Mary's; Elders: Messrs. Thompson, Shakespeare; Grant, Avonton; Mundell, Millbank; Braunton, Lucan.

The fourth anniversary of the induction of Rev. D. R. Drummond, as minister of St. Paul's church, Hamilton, was celebrated last week by a large social gathering. Mr. and Mrs. Drummond and Mrs. A. C. Turnbull received the members of the congregation at the door. Mr. J. J. Morrison was the chairman of the evening, and introduced a short musical programme, in which Mrs. (Dr.) Mullin and Miss McFarlane took part. This was followed by refreshments. The affair was in charge of the Ladies' Association, of which Mrs. Turnbull is the president.

Rev. J. Gibson Inkster, B.A., of London, preached a special sermon to the medical students in attendance at the Western University, of whom over 100 were present, along with several of the professors. Mr. Inkster took as his subject "The Good Samaritan," and drew many valuable lessons from this parable. He paid a high compliment to the profession, saying that he knew of no class of men who did so much good as the medical men. He warned them of the dangers of their calling, and exhorted them to be good men. After the sermon a reception was held for the students, a large number of them remaining. Miss Forrester sang a solo and Mr. Inkster gave a short address.

DEATH OF REV. DR. GRANT.

On the 19th of July, 1882, began the long pastorate which was terminated only by death, and of which the twenty-fifth anniversary was celebrated with much rejoicing in 1907. The story of that pastorate is too familiar to most of our readers to need recital. It is one of solid accomplishment and steady growth. The congregation, which had 235 communicants when Dr. Grant entered upon his pastorate, has now nearly 1,000 on its communion roll, while it now gives more to the missions of the Church than its total income then amounted to. Up to within the last two years, Dr. Grant has with high courage and rare industry borne the growing burden alone, in spite of frequent physical weakening and increasing years.

Of Dr. Grant's literary labors, the most pretentious and permanent was his sympathetic biography of his friend, the Rev. Wm. Cochrane, D.D., of Brantford, which he undertook at the request of Mrs. Cochrane. In his early days he was a frequent contributor to *The Globe*; but it was by contributions to various Presbyterian publications over the non-de plume of "Knoxonian" that he was most widely known. These bright comments on current events were continued almost to the last, in the pages of the *Dominion Presbyterian*. His lectures also were very popular, by reason of their raciness and humor. He prepared them, as a rule, for the benefit of some of the organizations in connection with his own church, but was frequently called upon to repeat them abroad. A lecture by Dr. Grant was always certain to draw an audience wherever he was known.

He was a loyal son of Knox College. It was principally due to his efforts that his alma mater secured the right to confer degrees in divinity, and it was secularly appropriate that some years later the degree of doctor of divinity should be conferred on him.

On the 9th of May, 1868, Dr. Grant was married to Miss Marianne McMullen, third daughter of the late A. McMullen, of Fergus, and sister of the Rev. Dr. McMullen, of Woodstock, and of Senator McMullen, of Mount Forest, who has been to him a faithful helpmate, in every sense of the word, and who survives him with five of their six sons: George, Inglis, and Gordon, of Orillia; William, of Walkerville, and Fred, of Midland; and one daughter, Edith, at home. A sister also survives him, Mrs. Hislop, of Stratford. His eldest son, the late Robert A. Grant, died in April, 1906.

The Sunday Services.

Sunday services were tinged with the great sorrow which had fallen upon the congregation. The Rev. Dr. McLeod, of Barrie, occupied the pulpit both morning and evening, and preached appropriate and impressive sermons. He alluded to the remarkable fact that it was the first time in its history of nearly sixty years that the Orillia congregation had been called upon to mourn the death of a pastor. In his morning sermon, after some more general remarks, based on the text "They rest from their labors, and their works do follow them," Dr. McLeod paid a fitting tribute to Dr. Grant's memory. He said he believed that the first aim of his dead friend's life had been fidelity to his duty as a pastor. He then touched upon Dr. Grant's chief characteristics, as a large-hearted man, endowed with high intellectual gifts; as a humble and exemplary Christian, following the footsteps of his Master; as a diligent preacher, filled with a scorn for those who were indifferent to the great responsibilities of the position; as a sympathetic and industrious pastor; and as a judicious counsellor, whose advice always carried weight in the Church

courts. He referred to his rare gift of humor, that quality ordinarily so difficult to control, but which Dr. Grant seemed to use with unerring skill. It was, he knew, the chief joy of the departed that God had made use of his ministry to draw many into the way of life. And he also knew that the kindness of his congregation had made sweet Dr. Grant's last days.

In the evening Dr. McLeod preached from "In my Father's house are many mansions; I go to prepare a place for you." The prayers and hymns through out the services of the day were appropriate to the circumstances. The pulpit was draped in black.

The Funeral.

The funeral on Tuesday was one of the largest seen in Orillia. Many friends were in attendance from various parts of Ontario.

After the singing of a portion of scripture, and prayer, Dr. McLeod, who presided, called upon the Rev. Dr. McKay to address the congregation. Dr. McKay said that in going over the beauties he had thought that all might be applied to Dr. Grant; but one was particularly appropriate—"Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God." In the Church courts, while Dr. Grant did not speak often, when he did, he always contributed something to the debate and nearly always rose to pour oil upon troubled waters. But it was as a preacher that Dr. Grant stood pre-eminent, and for this he had had a number of special qualities. First he had had the anointing of the Holy Ghost, which was a prime essential to successful preaching. With this gift, it became not so much a question of what a man said, as the man himself. To the end, Dr. Grant had cultivated close fellowship with God. A second quality was that he put a high estimate on man—not so much on what a man was but on a possibility of what he might become. In the third place, Dr. Grant always came to his congregation with a supernatural message for the betterment of their lives. He recognized that the natural would not save men. Then there was in his preaching always the note of eternity. Man's thoughts should be directed to the other world, as Christ had done, not to satisfy curiosity, or to induce a wish to get out of this life, but as a motive for the performance of present duty. These had been some of the chief characteristics of Christ's preaching, and the speaker asked for no further qualifications in any man. He congratulated the congregation on such a ministry. Rather than mourn, he would rejoice with the friends on such a life to look back upon. Might all strive to follow him as he had followed the Master.

Dr. McLeod then called upon the Rev. Dr. McLaren, who represented Knox College, and who paid a touching tribute, made more impressive by his venerable appearance. Dr. Grant, he said, was not only a faithful preacher, but held clear and distinct views on religious truth. While not a doctrinal preacher in the ordinary acceptance of the term, the doctrine of salvation lay back of all his preaching. He was not a man who put on the outward semblance of piety, but no one who knew his life could doubt his soundness or sincerity. He was a great and good citizen as well as a faithful preacher. He lived the truth as well as preached it, and was influenced by the truth in every department of life. Yet even in such a case if there was no hope beyond this life, what sort of outlook would there be—could we conceive what a funeral would mean. "Thank God we know death does not end all, and thank God for the Gospel of His Son."

The Rev. Canon Greene followed in a sympathetic address, as the representative of the local clergy; and the venerable pastor emeritus, the Rev. Dr. Gray, closed the service with the benediction.

After an opportunity had been afforded the large concourse of friends to take a last look at the familiar features, the funeral procession proceeded to the Presbyterian cemetery, where interment took place. The funeral cortege was a long one, notwithstanding that a cold and disagreeable rain was falling. The pallbearers were Dr. Beaton and Mr. C. J. Miller, representing the Session; Messrs. Wm. Thompson and J. B. Tudhope, M.P.P., representing the Board of Managers; and Dr. McLean and Mr. T. A. Main, representing the congregation. The chief mourners were the five sons, with Senator James McMullen, of Mount Forest; his son, Mr. William McMullen; and Mr. W. M. McMullen, of Woodstock son of the Rev. Dr. McMullen. The last named was unable to attend, owing to feebleness due to advanced years. Barrie Presbytery was represented by the following ministers: The Rev. W. A. Amos, Allandale; the Rev. J. J. Elliott, Midland; the Rev. A. McD. Haig, Jarratt; the Rev. C. H. Cook, Bradford; the Rev. A. W. Cray, Bracebridge; the Rev. G. I. Cray, Thornton; the Rev. W. H. Smith, Ontario; the Rev. Neil Campbell, Ore; the Rev. W. W. McRae, Beaverton.

WINNIPEG AND WEST.

Rev. J. A. Caldwell, pastor of the Presbyterian church at Pilot Mound, has been visiting in the city.

Rev. Dr. John Mackey, principal of the new theological college, Westminster hall, at Vancouver, will open Knox church, Vancouver, March 7.

The Rev. David Fleming, B.A., for the past eight years pastor of Knox church, Strathcona, Alta., has accepted a call to the pastorate of the church at Dauphin, Man., where his induction is expected to take place early in March.

Rev. D. H. Jacobs, formerly of Emerson, Man., but who has been pastor of the Carlyle church for nearly three years past, has tendered his resignation to the Presbytery, the resignation to take effect April 1. Mr. and Mrs. Jacobs purpose going on a six months' trip to England. Mr. Jacobs is one of the ablest ministers in the Presbyterian church in western Canada, and the announcement of his resignation is received with regret by friends in the Arcola Presbytery.

Says the Winnipeg Free Press: A very charming woman, Mrs. McEwen, of Brandon, vice-president of the National Council of Women, was the guest of honor at the Canadian Women's Press Club luncheon at the Angelus on Saturday. Around the table, decorated with hyacinths, were gathered Mrs. McEwen, Miss Hind, Miss Beynon, Miss F. Beynon, Miss Lipsett, Mrs. Hamilton, Miss Lediard, Miss Moulton, Mrs. Parker, Mrs. Stead, Mrs. Livesay, and Miss Cornell. Mrs. R. C. Osborne and Mrs. C. P. Walker, who were much missed, had sent notes regretting their absence. After luncheon Mrs. McEwen gave a most delightful talk on western women and of their responsibility for forming ideals and opinions in this prairie country, saying that there should be nothing narrow about those who live on the prairie. She also touched on the question of domestic science, saying what splendid opportunities the girls of today had of learning something about homemaking on the prairie, and urging upon them the necessity of taking advantage of these opportunities. The club hopes that it will not be long before they again have the honor of having Mrs. McEwen as their guest.

A theology that is not missionary is of no use in this world of ours

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

A hot bath taken at night affords refreshing sleep.

Persons subject to rheumatism or weak heart should not take baths that are ice cold.

Olive oil, taken internally, is excellent for biliousness, and will do much to improve a yellow, pimpled skin. Commence by taking a spoonful before breakfast and one at bedtime.

Chicken Salad—Cut up the meat of a fowl in pieces as large as the end of your finger; add four hard-boiled eggs, cut the same size, and, if you have it, two cups of celery also cut in equal pieces; sprinkle well with French dressing and set away till needed. Make a large cup of mayonnaise, and just before serving mix most of this with the salad; put in a bowl and spread the rest over the top; garnish with celery tips. Turkey can be used instead of chicken. If you have no celery, use more hard-boiled eggs instead; olives are a great addition, as in the potato salad.

Milk toast and cheese is a tasty luncheon dish. When trying to think of something a little different for lunch make some rich milk toast and place it in a flat pan. Cover with a thick layer of grated cheese and put in the oven till the cheese melts and browns.

Crushed Wheat Griddle Cakes.—One teacupful of cracked wheat, two pints of flour, two spoonfuls of salt, two cups of baking powder, one egg and one pint of milk. Boll the wheat in a half pint of water one hour before mixing it. Bake brown.

Vegetable soup.—Cook two cups of navy beans in water to which baking soda has been added. When tender, drain and wash in two waters. Put over the fire with enough water to cover the beans to come several inches above them. Add a good-sized onion, sliced, and a stick of celery or a handful of celery tops. Cook until all are very soft, then run through a coarse strainer, return to the fire, and season with pepper and salt, and add a gill of cream, if you have it, if not, add a little milk and butter instead. Serve very hot.

FAMILY MEALS.

A certain amount of ceremony should be observed even at the simplest family meal, but when this is carried too far it crushes sociability and cheerfulness. One should be careful not to eat so rapidly that the food may not be properly masticated, or that one will have finished while the others at the table are still eating.

When a meal is announced, go to the table promptly. It is annoying to the housekeeper and cook to have the meals delayed. It often happens that a few minutes' waiting may spoil some dish, and in any case it causes a waste of precious time to the housekeeper and other members of the family. Some thoughtless people seem to think that it matters less that the whole family be kept waiting five minutes or more than that they should complete the work which they happen to have in hand. There are many jars and breaks in the household machinery from this cause alone.

In many households where there is a regular waitress, there is a rule sometimes that nothing shall be handed by the members of the family.

In offering to serve any one at the table use one of these forms, "May I help you?" "May I offer (or send) you?" "Let me give you," etc. They are better than "Will you have?" Do not say "May I give you some more?"

SPARKLES.

What Willie Saw.—When Willie saw a peacock for the first time he said to his mother:

"Oh, mamma, you should have seen it! Electric lights all over the ferns and a turkey underneath!"

Harry was walking with another boy, when he was joined by a friend, a year or so older and inclined to manners.

"Introduce me, Harry," the newcomer whispered pompously.

Harry twisted, reddened, and at last turned to his companion with: "Jim, have you ever seen Gilbert Spencer?"

"No," the other boy answered.

"Well," Harry blurted out, reddening still more, and jerking one thumb over his shoulder toward the newcomer, "that's him!"

The June bride frowned.

"These tomatoes," she said, "are just twice as dear as those across the street. Why is it?"

"Ah ma'am, these"—and the grocer smiled—"these are hand-picked."

She blushed.

"Of course," she said, hastily: "I might have known. Give me a bushel, please."

"Papa is going to marry again."

"Aren't you sorry, girl?"

"Not altogether. He was getting beyond my control."

"I know where the electricity that lights our house comes from," said little Edna.

"Where does it come from?" asked her small brother.

"From the wall," replied Edna. "When mamma wants a light, she unbuttons it."

Hiram—"Was your house damaged by that there cyclone?"

Ike—"Dunno. I haint found it yet."

HE WENT TO SLEEP, BUT—

Recently a friend who had heard that I sometimes suffer from insomnia told me of a sure cure. "Eat a pint of peanuts and drink two or three glasses of milk before going to bed," said he "and I'll warrant you'll be asleep within half an hour." I did as he suggested, and now, for the benefit of others who may be afflicted with insomnia, I feel it to be my duty to report what happened, so far as I am able to recall the details.

First, let me say my friend was right. I did go to sleep very soon after my retirement. Then a friend with his head under his arm came along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was negotiating with him, when the dragon on which I was riding slipped out of his skin and left me floating in midair. While I was considering how I should get down, a bull with two heads peered over the edge of the wall and said he would haul me up if I would first climb up and rig a windlass for him. So as I was sliding down the mountain side the brakeman came in, and I asked him when the train would reach my station.

"We passed your station four hundred years ago," he said, calmly folding the train up and slipping it into his vest pocket.

At this juncture the clown bounded into the ring and pulled the centre pole out of the ground, lifting the tent and all the people in it up, up, while I stood on the earth below watching myself go out of sight among the clouds above. Then I awoke, and found I had been asleep almost ten minutes.—The Good Health Clinic.

Our opinion of a man is likely to be determined by his opinion of us.

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Mr. H. Thomas Curry, Post Maitland, N.S., says: "About three years ago I was attacked with what the doctors termed acute indigestion. The first indication was a bad taste in my mouth in the morning, and a sallow complexion. Later as these symptoms developed my tongue was heavily coated, especially in the morning, and I felt particularly dull. My appetite began to dwindle, and even a light meal left me with a sense of having eaten too much. As I grew worse I ate barely enough to sustain my body, but still experienced the most acute pains. A wretched languor came over me which I could not throw off. It seemed as if I were always tired, with but little strength and frequent violent headaches. The remedies given me by my doctor, as well as many others failed to restore me, or even to relieve me. I was in this very unhappy state for almost a year when I read in a newspaper one day of the cure in a case similar to mine through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. This decided me to give these Pills a trial. It was not long before I felt some relief from the distress after meals, and as I continued the use of the Pills all languor and drowsiness and headaches left me and I began to enjoy increased energy and new strength. Today I am a well man, enjoying the best of health, with never a twinge of the old trouble, and I attribute my cure entirely to the fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

WHY MAKE US SUFFER?

We find it difficult to believe in that almighty goodness that inflicts trials on those whom it loves. "Why," we say, "should it please God to make us suffer? Why could He not make us good without making us miserable?" Doubtless He could, for He is all-powerful; the hearts of men are in His hands, and He can turn them as He will. But He who could save us from sorrow has not chosen to do it, just as He has willed that men should slowly grow from infancy to manhood instead of creating them at once in maturity. We have only to be silent and adore His profound wisdom without comprehending it. Thus we see clearly that we cannot be virtuous, but in proportion as we become humble, disinterested, trusting everything to God, without any unquiet concern about ourselves.—Fenelon.

There is not thought that more transforms a man's life than the thought that he can tie his life up to the doing of the will of God.—Speer.

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Tenders for Indian Supplies

SEALED TENDERS, addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tenders for Indian Supplies," will be received at this Department up to noon on Monday, 15th February, 1908, for the delivery of Indian Supplies during the fiscal year ending the 31st March, 1910, duty paid, at various points in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta.

Forms of Tender containing full particulars may be had by applying to the undersigned, or to the Indian Commissioner at Winnipeg. The lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted.

J. D. McLean,
Secretary.
Department of Indian Affairs,
Ottawa.

N.B.—Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority of the Department will not be paid.

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

A NY even-numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, excepting 8 and 28, 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 or 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 the 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.



Department of Railways & Canals

DOMINION CANALS

Notice to Dealers in Cement

SEALED TENDERS, endorsed "Tender for Cement," will be received by the undersigned up to 10 o'clock on Friday, the 29th January, 1908, for the supply some 160,000 barrels of cement more or less, required for the construction and maintenance of the various canals of the Dominion and to be delivered in such quantities, at such places and at such times as may be directed.

Dealers in cement may tender for the total quantity required, or for such portions thereof as may suit their convenience.

Specifications, forms of tender and full information can be obtained at the Department of Railways and Canals, Ottawa, on and after this date.

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

By Order,

L. K. JONES,

Secretary.

Ottawa, 24th December, 1908.
Department of Railways and Canals.

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