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Toronto Nov. 25, 1897.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

The Convention of the Christian and Missionary Alliance passed off quietly last week at Toronto. Rev. Dr. A. B. Simpson and Rev. Dr. Henry Wilson were present, and the sessions lasted for three days. The reports from the Mission fields were very interesting, especially of work in the Sandwich Islands. The addresses were fervent and optimistic, and in the line of thought with which Dr Simpson's name is familiar. While the public attention was not strikingly arrested the meetings were considered as fairly successful and as stimulating to those especially interested in their management.

The Toronto Temperance reformers are bestirring themselves none too soon. The Convention to be held tomorrow evening will give an opportunity for an exchange of views as to the best plan to be adopted in furtherance of the objects of the Union, viz; recommendations as to the municipal campaign, the amendments to the License Act and other matters. Representatives from Churches and Young People's Societies will be made welcome and ought to attend. The early meeting of the Legislature leaves no time to spare in arranging for a proper representation of the claims of the Union before the government and Assembly.

The installation of Sir Oliver Mowat as Lieutenant Governor of Ontario last week placed the capstone on a long and honorable political career. Sir Oliver's new position is one of honor not divested from responsibility for which his exceptional experience of public affairs well fits him.

At the same time it is a position of comparative rest, and no one will deny that such rest has been fully earned. The great influence which Sir Oliver was able to wield over the people of Ontario was due to two main causes, his natural sagacity and shrewdness, and to the confidence inspired by his moral and religious character. The arts of the politician he was master of, but he operated within a well-defined limit, and never transgressed the proprieties of public life. One lesson to be learned from his career is that the people are more alive to high character in their political leaders than they are generally credited to be, and that a lofty standard in public affairs will still pay. The people as a whole, irrespective of party or creed approve Sir Oliver's appointment.

The needy aged seldom fail to enlist the sympathy and aid of the philanthropist, and seldom are better results found than from work among this class of the poor. An instance in point is furnished by the Home for Aged Women, situated in Toronto, at which anniversary services were held last week. The annual report was most gratifying and the ladies and gentlemen who are devoting time and kind effort in connection with the institution have reason to be encouraged. A new branch will soon be added to the Home, designed for the accommodation of aged men whose claims were presented by Rev. Dr. Parsons. The institution is kindly and carefully managed and is worthy the support of all givers to deserving city charities.

Should the negotiations at Washington result in a better understanding between the Governments of Canada and the United States, and a better feeling between the two peoples, very much indeed shall have been gained. As to the settlement of the political questions at issue nothing definite has been made known that can provoke intelligent comment, but the assurance that the conferences between the high officers of state have paved the way for friendly negotiations in the future must be satisfactory to all who can accept it as true. Canada is in no mood to make one sided sacrifices of her trade and commerce, neither is the United States, but in settlement of questions bound to be in dispute between countries so situated as are these two, good feeling will reach just conclusions where diplomacy, based on suspicion, is bound to fail. A promising opening appears for the religious press and the churches of both countries to cultivate the courtesies begun by the national leaders.

What has been rightly termed a remarkable discussion took place at the annual meeting of the Baptist Congress, at Chicago. The topic was the all important one "Whether or not Baptism is a pre-requisite to the Lord's Supper." Some leading and trusted members of the Congress, announced a change of opinion from what has hitherto been generally held. One speaker, Rev. Dr. O. P. Gifford, of Buffalo put the case thus:—"We challenge

the assumption that the New Testament does furnish us with the model of the Church; that the model of the Church was finished in Corinth, or Rome, or Ephesus; that the practice of the Church in the first century is a common law, and all departures from that practice sedition and anarchy. The essence of the Lord's Supper is in the power to discern the Lord's body. Immersed men who fail to discern the Lord's body do not observe the Lord's Supper. Unimmersed men who do discern the Lord's body do observe the Lord's Supper." This position was accepted as has been said, by a number of leading Baptist Divines present and it is evident that the orthodox view of the denomination has received an unexpected and severe shock.

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

FOR special mercies there should be special thanks. 'Tis true we are surrounded with the goodness and mercy of the Creator at all times, and our thanks are day by day, but as a people it is meet we should unite on one set day to own God's hand in providence. His bounties we have richly enjoyed this year. He has given an abundant harvest; the storehouses are full and the people prosperous. Canada recognizes the Divine goodness in this, and to-day when as a nation we offer thanks let it be the sincere offering of our hearts.

We can look back upon our history at such a time and find cause for humble praise. Our experience has been, on the whole, most satisfactory. The pioneer hardships had their seasoning of pleasure and success; the early troubles in church and state have left scarcely a bitter memory behind; oneness of purpose in our national aims is apparent to-day on every hand and faith in the future of our country was never stronger. In these respects, and many others, Canada has been highly favored.

The practice of our Government in appointing a day for Thanksgiving is based on a recognition of God's providence in our affairs, in our prosperity or adversity; it is a national recognition of God as the Almighty Ruler of the Universe. In this sense the day assumes peculiar importance, and ought to be loyally observed for purposes of worship,—not for mere pleasure. It is very desirable that all in authority—the Mayors and Councilors, the officials in the public service, and public men should set a proper example to the people in obeying the mandate of the Government in the spirit of its intention as well as literally. The churches do their duty fairly well, but they ought to be heartily supported by the public officials and the authorities.

Thanksgiving Day as a rule ushers in the season of charitable work among the poor. Let not this be forgotten. In returning thanks let us from our store be liberal in our gifts to the needy and to the cause of the Lord. He has given freely, freely let us give of our best to Him, in good works, and in love remembering that while "a cup of cold water" may be the limit of some, there are many who have much and to spare. From the latter much will be required. God's greatest gift is not national greatness or national wealth. The gift of eternal life He has made free to all. On Thanksgiving Day the deepest gratitude will flow from the most penitent heart.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

ONCE again the welcome news has come to hand of negotiations between Britain and the United States touching an Arbitration Treaty. It is reported that the outline of a treaty has even been agreed upon by the Governments of the two peoples, and it is believed the administration at Washington will succeed in securing

the approval of Congress. All having the welfare of the English-speaking peoples at heart will rejoice in this step forward in the march of civilization, for if the treaty is based on the calm judgment of the two countries immediately concerned, there can be no doubt it will mean a substantial advance in international amity and dealing. As reported, the treaty provisions are guarded by qualifications that leave outlets for war, but the principle is amply recognized that arbitration should be resorted to in all cases which the parties, after deliberation, believe to be competent for arbitration, and this of itself will prove no small deterrent to the excitement of passion and hasty speech.

The non-conformists of Britain have toiled earnestly to bring about an understanding such as has now apparently been arrived at. An influential section of the American public has also helped the cause. Recently the W.C.T.U. petitioned favorably, and just the other day a strong appeal was made by Bishop Doane of Albany, in his address to the clergymen and delegates of his diocese, in favor of better feeling and arbitration. This closing passage from the address is worthy serious perusal:

"And for that wretched party spirit which, for the serving of temporary political ends is capable of risking the permanent horrors of an alienation between two nations which are absolutely one in origin, in character, in interest, in responsibility from God, in language in history, and in religion, there ought to be at the polls, in the press, from the pulpit, and in the personal intercourse of intelligent men, the sternest denunciation and the most incessant rebuke. No greater outrage, it seems to me, can be conceivable, and no more lasting and serious injury to all the best interests of humanity throughout the world, than the severance, or even the straining, of the close tie which binds America to England. A war would be only less a fratricidal war than our unfortunate rebellion; but the prevention of it must be, not by the machinery of statecraft and Cabinet Council, but by the cultivation of the true spirit and temper of the peoples of both nations."

The better class press of the United States have endorsed the Bishop's utterance heartily, a fact that will not be without good effect in that country. Let Canada follow suit and be careful that no thoughtless or hostile remark, at a time when great issues are pending, should, in any way, however small, help to frustrate the bond of concord now sought to be formed between neighbors.

MANITOBA SCHOOL QUESTION.

THE Pope's reply to the representations made to him respecting the Manitoba school case has been withheld for a few days, but if the reports which purport to contain the substance of it be correct, his Holiness supports the view that the Manitoba Roman Catholics had an undoubted right to Separate Schools: and decrees that Roman Catholic children must not attend the Public Schools. The Pope, however, advises moderation in asking the re-opening of Separate Schools, and the use of peaceful measures. With the Pöpal utterance, no doubt, in view, Mr. Tarte delivered a significant speech in Toronto. He condemned Separate Schools and Clearyism in forcible and welcome terms. He maintained it to be the duty of Canadians to Educate their children as much as possible together so that they might know each other better and love each other better. Mr. Tarte hit out at Archbishop Cleary by saying that he desired to go to the grave of his Protestant friends and throw in his handful of earth on the remains, a loving tribute to the departed. "As a Roman Catholic" he declared, "I desire to be permitted to say that we must mourn our dead together and carry them to their last resting place shoulder to shoulder." We need more of

such outspokenness among Roman Catholics. We hesitate to believe that all who adhere to the Roman Catholic Church accept all her doctrines of exclusiveness, but how rarely are instances of courage found among them as that of the Minister of Public Works. The Minister of course spoke for a political purpose, but all the same, his speech shows that the government does not intend, at least at present, to yield a point to Rome.

TAX EXEMPTIONS

THE protest against the imposition of taxes on church property is having effect. Managers and sessions are discussing the subject, faintly, may be, as yet, but we hope their voice will be soon heard with no uncertain sound. The anti-exemptionists—those who advocate the removing of the exemption from taxation the churches at present enjoy, are active in Toronto and it becomes the bounden duty of the Toronto churches to lead a vigorous crusade in defence of their rights. The question will likely be brought to a popular vote at the municipal Elections on the following questions to be submitted by the City Council :

- (1) Are you in favor of the principle of assessing each individual according to his or her actual worth in real and personal property?
- (2) Are you in favor of the principle of abolishing all exemptions?

It will be seen that a clear issue is here evaded. It is not merely church exemption, but the exemption of various kinds of property. Thus is the question complicated. Many who favour church exemption may fairly argue against the exemption of Dominion property on local grounds, holding that as government buildings are for the use and advantage of the Dominion or Province that they ought to bear a share of the municipal taxes. But the distinction to be drawn between such buildings and churches which minister to the religious wants of the given municipality, is quite apparent. Yet by conjoining these separate classes of property the City Council has taken a course which will make it difficult to obtain a fair expression of opinion from the people, and in proportion to this difficulty, is the duty of church members to enlighten the public and to see to it that the real significance of the situation is made fully known. Managers, trustees, members of session and elders ought to make a canvas without loss of time, before the din of the election fills the air. The REVIEW will act its part and it bespeaks the aid of the other religious papers in the City in a cause that affects them all.

EARL ABERDEEN AT KNOX.

WISE counsel it was that his excellency Lord Aberdeen spoke to the students of Knox College. The equipment for the ministry furnished in the classroom, he rightly described as the formation of habits of mind which will entice and lead to a true study of the many problems the minister's life work bristles with. The college imprimatur should imply a well trained mind not only stored with knowledge but capable of utilizing and applying principles and methods, as need arises. His excellency made pointed allusion to the importance of close study, of making the most of present opportunities, and in this respect said the theological work should be free from concurrent studies such as the Arts Preparatory course. In a city with such University privileges as Toronto there should not, in his opinion, be great difficulty in obtaining the literary education in the Arts University so that the theological hall should be free to do its own special work. This belief is widely shared in. Comprehensiveness, was the term he used as that which should distinguish the study for the ministry. An "all-round man" who could take an intelligent interest in the affairs of life, who took a sympathetic share in the avocations of those around him, was the ideal minister of to-day. His excellency urged upon the students to be well prepared for the future which with its glorious opportunities was before them, and in impressive, earnest words invoked God's blessing upon them.

Rev. Principal Caven, who felicitously presided, expressed the appreciation of the church for the high aim their excellencies had set before them in the discharge of their duties and the christian spirit which characterized their actions.

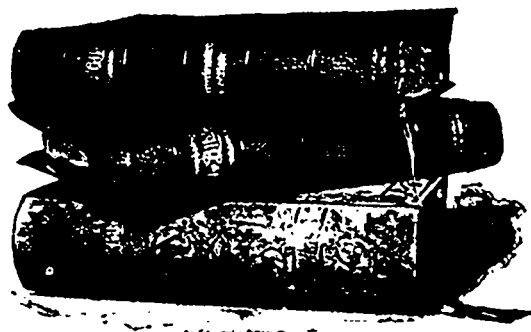
OUR GREAT PREMIUM.

OUR announcement of last week has brought enquiries as to the Bible premiums offered by the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW this fall. We thank many friends for their interest in our offer and can assure one and all that the half has not been told. The books are indeed superb. Not only in point of quality of craftsmanship—the typographical and binding qualities—but the contents and general "get up," in fact in every respect the books offered are marvels at the reduced price at which they are offered. The finest copy will be given, with a year's subscription to the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW for \$4.25, a copy beautifully bound in Morocco, which cannot be secured through the trade at less than \$15.00. Such a bargain as this was only possible after long effort, and because of the undoubted reputation of the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW as the oldest and best church newspaper published in Ontario in the interests of the Presbyterian Church. We had to prove our large circulation and our ability to dispose of an exceedingly large number of these valuable books in order to secure a monopoly of the Canadian Market for our readers, and we can confidently predict that nothing ever offered as a Bible premium at the money will give a tithe of the satisfaction this book will give. A Specimen of the type is herewith given:—

US, 14. *They overtake the children of Israel*

may serve the E-gyp'tians? For it had been better for us to serve the E-gyp'tians, than that we should die in the wilderness.	11 C. 1491.
13 ¶ And Mo'ses said unto the people, ¶ Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the LORD, which he will shew to you to day: ¶ for the E-gyp'tians whom ye have seen to day, ye shall see them again no more for ever.	92 Chr. 20. 15, 17. Is 41. 10, 13, 14. 2 Cor. for whom ye have seen the Egyptians to day, &c. 1 Pet. 2. 10. 1. 21. 22. 22. 4.
14 ¶ The LORD shall fight for you, and ye	

The illustrations are of exceeding value from the artistic and educational points of view. On our ordinary paper it is impossible to bring out a fair specimen of what they resemble on the high toned surface of the paper used in the Bible, but the following will give an idea of the style of illustration with which the book is richly interspersed :



We draw the attention of the reader to the advertising announcements in other parts of this issue. They well deserve careful and favorable perusal. Clergymen in Toronto who have seen these books have pronounced them to be remarkable value at the prices quoted.

The prices are :

- (1) The PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW for one year and the Bible complete, in silk cloth for \$3.25. (Retail trade price \$10.00.)
- (2) The PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW for one year and the Bible, complete in Full Seal with flush gold edges. \$3.75. (Retail price \$12.00.)
- (3) The PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW and the Bible, complete, best style \$4.25. (Retail price \$15.00.)

The text and paper in these three editions are similar, the binding differs in each case. A valuable feature is that the Bible is supplied with Pronunciation marks as a guide to the correct pronunciation of the words.

We remind our readers that we also offer a Bible with "helps" issued by the Nelsons, with the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW for \$2.25, a most useful book testified to by the leading religious papers (quoted last week) as the best value of the kind in the market.

AUGMENTATION IN THE WEST.

The Superintendent of missions, was asked by a representative of the PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW:—

"Does the Augmentatian Fund assist you in Western Canada?"

"It has done much for us already, and, would have done more, if better supported."

"How many augmented congregations have you?"

"Twenty-six."

"Only 26! why I thought you would have 50 at least!"

"And so we should have, but were the Committee to place on the list the 25 or 30 missions that are now ready they would swamp the Fund."

"How many congregations with you have become self-sustaining through the Fund?"

"Over 50."

"And have any missions become self-sustaining without going on the Fund?"

"A few, Lethbridge, Austin, Nelson, Rossland, etc; but these are conspicuously the exceptions."

"Do you in the West favor the Fund?"

"Decidedly, it takes hold of missions at their most critical stage, and allows people, when asking a share in the management of their own affairs, to take that part that secures their interest and commands their support."

"Now tell me your *modus operandi* in connection with this whole work"—Mission and augmented congregation.

"With pleasure. In a new country like ours, settlement is constantly extending and new missions have to be started continually. Owing to a limited revenue, the difficulty of getting men, and the inability of the people to help much at the outset, we are forced to close many of the new missions in winter. When their contributing power is increased, they get supply the year round. When able to contribute \$400 a year or more, they get an ordained missionary, if one is to be had. In this way the mission becomes organized and consolidated; and, ere long, a congregational life is pulsating through it. The people are then anxious to have accorded to them the standing of a congregation, that they may enjoy the rights and privileges thereto pertaining. Deny this right, people are disappointed, interest languishes and progress is arrested. Gratify the just desires of the people, and likely in a short time the congregation becomes self-supporting."

"People are anxious then to call their own pastors?"

"Are you not? Do you not say that this is one of the things that differentiates the Presbyterian system? We have the same spirit in the West. People would rather belong to a self-governing colony than to a crown colony, and to a self-governing congregations than to a mission. Our experience is that a call and settlement gives the pastor a firmer seat in the saddle, and imparts greater confidence and courage in the management and guidance of congregational affairs. The people, too, are more ready to rally round the man of their choice than a missionary sent by a committee, to encourage him, to keep him and to accord him financial aid. The constant change incident to the mission stage, and especially the student stage, is bad for the missionary, bad for the work and bad for the Church."

"I agree with you. Now how do these congregations contribute for the support of their pastors? Do they not lean on the Fund?"

"No, they would not be allowed to do so; and they are too independent to attempt it. This Fund is not a "Hospital for Incurables," but a "Home" for young children, where they can be cared for till able to care for themselves. Proof: The General Assembly requires all augmented congregations to contribute at the rate of at least \$4.50 per communicant; the average in the West is \$9.00!"

"Why! that is a higher average than that of the self-sustaining congregations of the Church! Now, where are your augmented congregations found?"

"All over the country. Prince Albert and Edmonton, both on the North Saskatchewan River, were on this list, the one 500, the other 1000 miles from Winnipeg. Comox and Union, distant points in B.C., call the Fund a foster-mother; Portage la Prairie, Brandon,

Regina, Calgary, Kamloops and the rest all call this Fund blessed."

"I do not wonder at your being so enthusiastically in favor of the Fund."

"I believe that every true member of the Church would be, if he only knew a little more of its operations, and the service it is rendering to the Church and to true religion, East and West."

CHRISTIANS, BUT UNBELIEVERS.

There is a large element in the Church that is only in the vestibule. It has never come to the sanctuary or the most holy place where God makes service sweet, and where duty is changed to the beauty of a devoted life. There are many in the school of Christ who are in their primers, and do not or cannot value the academic stages. They are kindergartners, who have to be amused and entertained whether they learn much or little. Like some Chinese in our Sunday schools, their aim is to learn what will help them in business, while the teacher aims to administer some religion in homeopathic doses unbeknown to them.

"I do not believe in foreign missions" is one of the articles in the unbelieving Christian's creed. Perhaps the objection finds a point of attack from the fact that some missionary lives in a comfortable home, or his wife wore a silk dress, as if Christians who worked in one place should make all the sacrifices, and those who chose to remain at home should excuse themselves from sending the evangel. Perhaps they forget that if the Pauls and Columboes, the Patricks and Augustines, had not believed in missions to the bottom of their souls we might be painted pagans and naked barbarians to this hour. Perhaps they have not thought what they would say to Christ when he asks them if they did what they could to disciple all creatures.

"I do not believe in a Puritan Sunday," says another. Probably the Puritans made too much of the legal side of religion; but it is just as probable that the unbelievers make too little of the Fourth Commandment. Those who remember to keep the Lord's day holy do not spend half their time flinging stones at good people who had to make their faces like flint or be crushed in dungeons. There are too many Christians who believe in pleasure seeking on the holy day. They set out to travel when it is not a real necessity. They go driving or visiting; they do business or kill time; they read trash or secular papers. But they have no taste for the culture and sanctification of the soul. To hallow a whole day would be torture to them; to pray, study God's Word, teach, tell Bible stories at home, hear the Catechism, read to a blind woman, nurse a neglected invalid, help a discouraged neighbor back to God, and live for an entire day as Jesus would if he were in the same house, that seems preposterous.

"I do not believe in prayer meetings," says another. The avowal is made in action, not in words. There is a large section of communicants who seem to be habitually absent. If it is not from principle, why is it? What are the conscientious objections to attending on a week night evening the place where prayer is wont to be made? What is there that is immoral and unchristian in the frequent habit of good people who do unite in praise and prayer to Almighty God?

"I do not believe in Sunday evening service; not for myself, at least." The fellow is generous. He does not go so far as to charge a man with heresy who sustains his pastor by his presence and help on Sunday night. But he does what he can up almost to that point, to break down the Church appointments. He tries to freeze out the custom of church-going except on Sunday morning. He may be always present then, or he may go except when he is indisposed or wishes to do something for himself."

We do not know what to do with such church members. A rough-shod John the Baptist says he is going to draw up an "Apostle's Creed" for some of the baptized unbelievers to sign. Another calls them backsliders, and fears that there is no hope for many of them. But the difficulty with both of these doctors is in their prognosis. These unbelieving Christians, in many cases, never slid forward. They have never risen to that plane of Christianity. They are only in the vestibule, and they have no anxiety to go farther. Theirs are cases of arrested development. If pressed to go farther they may do so, or they may grow angry and shout: "Let us alone." God pity them. What can we do for them?—North and West.

THANKSGIVING.

THE THANKSGIVING BELL.

Under its old trees the old church stood, close to the city street,
Mid the bustle and hum of the busy life, and the tread of the
hurrying feet,
And its silvery chime, and its sacred song, borne out on the summer
air
Seemed a message of love, from God above, to the people passing
there!

How clearly the old church bell rang out, on a bright Thanksgiving
day,
Calling the people, "with cheerful voices," thither to praise and pray;
Bidding the wayfarers thank the Lord for His countless blessings
given,
For the love that is shed o'er the path they tread, and the light that
leads to heaven!

Now it chanced that a sad faced woman passed, when the bell rang,
loud and clear,
Bearing a vessel freshly filled with that which had cost her dear,
With that which should ease her aching heart, and lighten her load
of care,
And if not peace, it should bring release from the gnawing of despair!

But the bell rang out in the autumn air with its sweet and solemn
call,
That seemed to carry the message old of peace and love to all,
Love and peace to the saddest heart that will come with its heavy
load
To Him who came, in the Father's name, to bring us back to God!

And it seemed to enter the sin-sick soul, that words could never win,
And she saw in the light of God's great love, the darkness of her sin,
While yet 'mid the depths of her self-despair, there breathed,
through the burdened breast,
The call so free, "Come unto me, and I will give thee rest!"

Then loosed were the springs, long sealed and dry, and the sad eyes
were wet with tears,
From the sacred memories that awoke from childhood's happier
years;

And she threw away the deadly draught, and thanked God, as it fell,
For the message of love from Heaven above, in that Thanksgiving
bell!

For the law's stern hand had been all too weak, the wayward will
to chain,
And human counsel, though kindly meant, had done its best in vain,
But the church-bell that brought the blessed thought of God's for-
giving grace
Had drawn her in from the depths of sin, to the contrite's lowly place

Then long may the silvery peals ring out on their message clear and
sweet!

For we know not when their pleasing tones may stop the wayward
feet:

We know not how God's grace may reach the soul long lost in sin,
And open, though late, the golden gate, to let the wanderer in!

AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

A STRAIN FROM A SWEET OLD SONG.

BY REV. CHARLES CUTHBERT HALL, D.D.

"Good will toward men."—Luke xii. 14.

I take my theme on this bright Thanksgiving day morn-
ing a strain from a sweet old song, "Good will toward men!"
What day in all the year, more than this day, sets the old
memories in tune within us! And what memories stay with
us, cling to us and bless us, more than the memories of sweet
old songs! They speak to us in the tones of well-remem-
bered voices; they sound with the touch of vanished hands;
they wake the sleeping echoes of tranquil and tender days
and deeds. In the "Golden Milestone," he of Craigie
House, whose life was a life of good will, and whose poems
sing of peace like a choir of angels, says:

"We may build more splendid habitations,
Fill our rooms with paintings and with sculptures,
But we cannot buy with gold the old associations."

Old songs are shrines of old associations. Recall the
unconquerable sweetness of some dear old Scotch and Irish
melodies. Think what some old hymns mean besides their
words. Remember "Home sweet Home." These speak to
something in us that lives at the center of our life. I some-
times think of my life as a scheme of concentric circles.
Some things reach me in the outer circles, and a few things
seek me and find me in the inner circle. Among these things
are some old songs.

This old song, from which one single strain floats to us
to-day, is a song that was composed in another world, but
made for this. It was sung by angels, yet it was not about
them. It was sung by God's messengers, yet it was not
about God. It was a song of this world—a song of men.
It was asong in three parts: whereof the first part told how

men may lift their hearts to a God above them, giving Him
praise and glory in the highest and brave thanksgiving; and
the second part told of a golden age of peace on earth, for
which men shall ever hope, in the coming of which men
shall ever believe:

"When Peace shall over all the earth
Her ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing."

And the third strain of that sweet old song told how men
may feel toward their fellowmen; how there may be the
thought of kindness, the will of goodness in our heart toward
others; how we may go through the world in that broad and
generous spirit, and leave behind us a track of love, to mark
the way by which we passed. "Good will toward men!"
Is it not truly a strain for a sweet old song, and are we not
ready on Thanksgiving morning to hear it with the inward
ear?

"Good will toward men!" What is there in that old
strain so sweet, so broad, so resolute of good? We shall
know as we study its harmony. In the verdant midst of the
Garden of Eden there sprang, so says the record of the Holy
Oracle, a river, flowing forth to water all the garden; and
as it flowed, it parted and became four, spreading abroad in
splendid impartiality to fertilize the whole countryside.
Like the current of that full, that opulent river, breaking from
itself for very plenitude, to fill new channels, is the fullness
of the strain from that great song of old, "Good will toward
men." As it flows toward us to-day, it is a tide too full to
keep within the channel; it breaks into four. Let us stand
awhile to follow with our thought the four channels of that
sparkling, fertilizing thought, that river whose springs must
surely be in the midst of the Paradise of God, where all is
love. When, in a human heart there truly lives the message
of that sweet old song, "Good will toward men," what does
it mean to him who understands it? It means, I think,
these four things; To think the best of others. To wish
the best for others. To do the best to others. To make
allowance for the incurably embittered.

"Good will toward men!" It is to think the best of
others. Unconsciously, or consciously, our thought of life,
our measurement of ideas, our judgment of persons are
governed by our point of view. And how strangely blended
are the forces that help to fix and to assign to each his point
of view. Inheritance contributes its influence, and temper-
ament, and early training, and local surroundings. But
while I note and acknowledge the presence of these forces,
beyond our control, in the determination of our point of view,
far be it from me to grant that the chief influences governing
point of view, in such lives as I now address, are not under
our own control. The habits of thought and of conduct which
we permit ourselves to form, the companionships we cultivate
the books we read, the kinds of intercourse we seek with
our fellowbeings and with God, control our thoughts of life,
our measurement of ideas, our judgment of persons. Especi-
ally this last: our judgment of persons. It is easy to put
the message of the sweet old song away, and by the way we
live to fix a view point where we cannot think the best of
others. I had a friend whose capacity for distrusting other
men amounted to genius. He could see double motives where
none else would suspect them. His mind was like an X ray.
He turned it on the words you said and the deeds you did,
and lo! he found a skeleton inside of every one of them.
As this friend lived on, it ought not to have surprised him,
however much it may have saddened him, that his universal
distrust of other men forced his best friends into a suspicion
of himself, as having a nature which may have been constitu-
tionally true, but, twisted by long malpractice, had become
a deformity. Oh! the sweet reasonableness of that thought:
think the best of others. Remember how many things
have helped to fix your view point, and that it may be so
with others. Believe the singleness of motive in each life
you meet, until the facts on the other side force that belief
away from you, as you have given it forth to the individual.
And, as the great Master said to His disciples, "When they
persecute you in one city, flee to another;" so, when the
facts drive your faith from one person, let your faith take
refuge in others; and still go on your way thinking the best,
acknowledging the sincerity of convictions that differ from
your own, and broadly, blessedly remembering how truly
life may seem to another the opposite of that which it seems
to you.

Good will toward men! It is to wish the best for others.
In the heart of that sweet old song is love for people. And,
if on this Thanksgiving morning, there be one thing for

which an earthly man may bless his Heavenly Father, it is that the music of that far off strain has still this echo in his heart. Love for people: not the specialized, individualistic affinity of one life for another, out of which come earth's closest and most precious relationships; but love for people in the broad, universal spirit of the angel's song! Good will; the will of goodness towards men; the interest in lives as lives; the passion for humanity; the sensitiveness to the sorrow and the joy of the race! For one who is full of the music of this thought, and behind whose living is this perpetual impulse; to whom the small failures and the small successes of the average being are not contemptible, but great and meaningful; it is most difficult to realize how utterly changed the earth is in the sight of him who does not love people, but despises them; who does not delight to help people, but avoids them as insufferable nuisances. He moves in a different world; his thoughts are different thoughts; his joys are different joys. Let us not envy him who has outgrown his love for people, his will of goodness toward men; who have outlived his satisfaction in the successes of others and his sadness in their mistakes; to whom it is no longer joy to wish the best for the lives between which and his own there may be no other bond than the brotherhood of man. To lose one's love for humanity is to endanger one's love for Divinity. For the two commands are bracketed as one: "Thy God with all thine heart—Thy neighbor as thyself."

"Good will toward men!" It is to make allowance for the incurably embittered. Nothing has oftener quenched into silence the echo of the sweet old songs in human hearts; nothing has oftener made men doubters of their brethren, than contact with the suspicious and the embittered. How many times have I met those who had lost their good will toward men by a kind of secondary infection, being poisoned by the bitterness of others. Forced to live within the range of an embittered personality, its morbid judgment tainted theirs, and the chill from a sullen heart struck to theirs and made it cold. But oh! how compelling is the eloquence of that angelic song as it pleads with us not to let the taint in another's thought poison ours, the twist in another's mind deform ours, the gloom on another's brow cloud our world, the scorn and enmity in another's heart drive us into the doubting of men. Make allowance for the incurably embittered. Pity and pray for those who despitefully use you and use the world, but take them at their true value, as disappointed lives, and let them not spoil your world, let them not paint out your rainbows, let them not fog your sunshine, let them not shame your faith! If you cannot lift them up, let them not drag you down! Hear them, if you must, as they tell you all men are liars, then turn and love men more than ever!

And so have we followed awhile in our thought the river that sprang in the Garden where all is love, and parted into four as its fullness broke channel after channel. So have we listened a while to the tidal rush of this grand old song of "Good will toward men" coming down from above to-day like a buoyant burn from the mountain-head, ploughing in its joy a four-fold track through our very life: "Good will toward men!" To think the best of others. To do the best for others. To do the best to others. To make allowance for the incurably embittered.

Can the angels' song ever have meant more in any age than it means in this age? Can the people of any time, or of any land, have heard a larger, lovelier teaching than we hear in those great words, "Good will toward men," as they come down upon us on this Thanksgiving morning? How welcome is this sweet old song to-day; so old and yet so new; sung to so many generations, yet seeming to be meant for this generation; heard under so many skies, beneath so many flags, yet speaking so marvellously the thing we need to hear, in our homes, in our neighborhood, in our churches, in our country!

"Good will toward men!" It is the song for the home. O chant of the winged choristers, ring through our homes to-day! Fill them with the spirit of love: of love that exorcises these demons of anger, wrath, malice, bitterness, evil speaking, whose presence demeans and desecrates the roof that shelters them; of love that banishes from the household life the unkindly comment, the disparaging jest, the blackening rumor, the social scorn! Fill our homes with broad charities of opinion, with generous latitudes of judgment, with grateful appreciation, with benign sympathy!

"Good will toward men!" It is the song for the

neighbourhood: to gather the latent energies of the community and to combine them in yet more devoted service of humanity; to kindle a fresh enthusiasm for human lives; to quicken zeal, not for our own success, but for the successes of our brother men; to make us sensitive to the drawbacks and hindrances which haunt the path of thousands. Up and down the heathery Highland glens, in the old days of Clan rivalry, would peal the shriek of the pibroch, and at call of the tumultuous notes, men would rise, armed with claymore and pike and dirk; and come forth to maintain ancestral quarrels, to make wives widows and little children fatherless. No wrath-stirring pibroch hear we to-day, fanning the fires of hatred; but a song that feeds a nobler flame, a call that brings manhood out for nobler uses; the song of brotherhood, the song of helpfulness, the song of social tenderness, the song that lifts the mind of man toward the broad humanity of the Mind of Christ, expanding it till it learns to care for more than its own personal well being, to share its best thought with less favored minds.

"Good will toward men!" It is the song for the Church; and may that sweet old strain which hovered over the world before there was a Church of Christ to hear it, be heard in these latter days breaking forth anew in the midst of all them that profess and call themselves Christians. Is it too much to hope that some ancient and unnatural sounds of discord are dying away, that some old suspicions and animosities are passing into forgetfulness, and that the Church of Jesus Christ, which has ever owned one Lord, one Faith, one Baptism, one God and Father of all, is making some advance toward a communion of mutual good will and confidence and fraternal recognition? It cannot be otherwise; the progress of this unity may again and again be interrupted by local obstacles and local misunderstandings; the signs of the times may not all seem to point toward this larger brotherhood within the Church; the rasping sound of dissent and of protest may break in here and there to mar the fullness of the sweet old song; but the true leaders of Christ's Church have it in their hearts, and speak it in their deeds more and more distinctly. And the people want it, the people love it; for the good will of Christians toward each other is the necessary fruit of broadening education, and the necessary effect of clearer views of the Church's mission to the human race.

"Good will toward men!" It is the song for our Country on this most memorable Thanksgiving day. To the key of the sweet old song we desire to set our international relationships and our national affairs. God grant we have heard the last of Anglophobia, that most insane of passions! Strife between England and ourselves would be the meaningless cruelty of madness. We need England—God bless her!—and England needs us. She is to-day what Emerson called her years ago: "England, strong, punctual, practical, well-spoken England." Good will toward England is the only spirit and the only song worthy of American dignity, intelligence and patriotism.

And the same sweet song should sound as never before through this mighty convocation of independent States that constitute a Union, upon the maintenance of which, not in name only but in spirit and in truth, enormous destinies depend. In the solemn crisis through which we have lately passed, a crisis that would have brought open revolution in a nation less sane and generous than our own, the good will of men was dangerously tested. In contending for that, which, to the majority, seemed the honor of the Republic, it was necessary to condemn with vehemence the opinion and contention of the minority; and their reply was not the soft answer that turneth away wrath. But if the first Tuesday of this memorable month witnessed a contest of fierce antagonism, this last historic Thursday should behold that truly American reaction, the intense rivalry of good will; brother witnessing to brother, that whilst we may differ fiercely, we can also forgive gloriously; that the strength of contrary convictions is less than the majesty and the might of common interests; and that the zeal of partizanship cools beside the holy heat of loyalty in which all types of citizenship are fused as one.

The question was recently asked, "What is a cigarette?" A correspondent sends in the following: "It is a paper tube, filled with tobacco or a similar weed, a little fire on one end and a fool on the other. The benefit derived is, cancer of the lips, tongue and stomach, nightmare nervousness, collapse of health, ladies in mourning dresses and funeral processions."

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP

THANKFUL'S THANKSGIVING

BY MARTHA H. PILLSBURY.

Only a few days remained until Thanksgiving, and the little town of Whately was alive with interest in the coming feast day. The air was redolent with the odor of mincemeat, and preserves, and pumpkins simmering into sweetness.

The hard times seemed only to have increased every one's appetite and hospitality, and Mr. Hodges, the veteran store-keeper, was authority for the statement that there had not been, for thirty years, so many orders for turkeys.

Thankful Bean lived right in the centre of the village, and many an anxious matron had consulted her judgment in the festal preparations. Bags of sage and summer-savory, from her garden, waited in many a pantry for the grand turkey-stuffing, and every family for a mile around had her recipe for plum-pudding, which had been given her by Governor Henshaw's wife, and had been the standard recipe for Thanksgiving pudding, in his family, for years. Thankful had helped them all, as they desired, no more and no less, but she had gone about with a stern look on her face, and with no pleasant thoughts for the near thanksgiving day.

Ever since she was born the day had always been sacredly observed at Thankful's home. Time was when the dining-room table had to be re-enforced by the kitchen table and two light-stands, to make room for the large family and the invited guests. But the number had gradually grown less, until for years, Thankful had kept the day alone, in the silent, old house, browning her turkey, and steaming her diminutive pudding, and eating her dinner, with no company but her memories.

This past year, as Thankful looked back upon it, seemed to have brought nothing but trouble and loss. A bank in which some of her money had been deposited had failed, and other investments had kept her constantly anxious. Then Millie had gone away with the summer. The very thought of her made Thankful's heart sore. Millie was an orphan niece who had come last winter, to live with her aunt. She was a sweet young girl, and, in the few months of her stay, she had grown into Thankful's heart as no one ever had before. Her bright presence had brought an unwonted softness into Thankful's face, and her dainty touches had transformed the house.

The girl had seemed happy and contented, until the city people up at Hudson's had chosen to be attracted by her pretty face and winsome ways. They had fascinated her with their stories of city life and of the art schools where her talent could be cultivated.

Thankful had watched the acquaintance, and the growing discontent of the girl, and she knew what the end would be.

When the city people went back to their homes, Millie went with them, and Thankful said good-bye with a steady voice and went back to the old life, and no one knew the bitterness in her heart.

Then followed a slow fever, days and nights of helplessness and pain, and the torture of having to accept the unloving service of an ignorant girl. Thankful's strong constitution had triumphed, and she was about again, but it had been in spite of utter indifference.

So, with Thanksgiving near, Thankful, knitting by her fire, thought the whole year over, and she said to herself that, for once in her life, this day should be the same as every other day. The outward observance of it would be hypocrisy, for the year had brought nothing but trouble, and she had no thankfulness in her heart.

Thankful had just come to this decision when she heard a knock at the door. A little boy stood on the step. He had an honest face, framed in a shock of red hair, which fairly lifted up his small cap. His gray, threadbare coat had black sleeves in it, and his shoes were patched.

"Mother told me to tell you I was Mary Ellis' boy. My name is Billy Peters. Can't I come in?" he said.

Thankful led the way into her sitting-room, with a little more warmth of manner than she usually showed

to boys of Billy's age. Mary Ellis and she had been nearest neighbors and intimate friends in girlhood, but after the former's marriage, her home had been a mile away, and, as the cares increased with the years, she and Thankful drifted apart. Her husband had died recently, leaving her penniless, with four little boys.

Thankful had heard, sometimes, of her friend's brave struggle to keep the wolf from the door, but her own misfortunes had absorbed her mind so completely that she had little place for thought of others.

"I'm a committee," said Billy settling himself in the big chair which Thankful drew out for him, and holding his hands up to the cheerful blaze of the hearth.

"You are?" said Thankful, putting on her glasses, to examine him more minutely.

"I be." And Billy drew himself up proudly. "You see it's like this; There's ten poor children down to the country farm this year, and Mr. Walker, what manages the farm, says he hain't got no 'thority to git up no 'Thanksgivin' dinner for 'em. So, down in our Sabbath school, some committees was chose, to go round and see what folks would give towards gittin' 'em a 'Thanksgivin' dinner. We want 'em to have a first rate one,—turkey, 'n' cranberry sarce, 'n' onions, 'n' punkin-pie, 'n' a puddin' chuck full o' raisins, 'n' a 'n'orange apiece."

Billy dwelt long and lovingly on each item of the Thanksgiving dinner.

"Are you going to have all those things yourself?" said Thankful, looking keenly at the poorly clad child.

"No'm, not this year; but we have had 'em some years. Father's dead, 'n' the rent's high, 'n' mother don't get much washin' now. But she says things might be a good deal worse. 'Tain't as though we were poor, like them children. We're goin' to have some fried liver. We ain't poor," he added, stoutly.

Somehow Thankful's glasses needed wiping, as she looked at Billy, who had his mother's eyes. Indeed he was not poor! His bravery and utter forgetfulness of self were possessions a king might envy!

"How much shall I put you down for?" said Billy, taking down his little stump of a pencil from behind his ear. "Some folks gives five cents. Mother give ten, and she said she guessed you'd give that."

"You may put me down for twenty-five cents" Thankful answered, with a burst of generosity.

Billy almost bounced out of his seat at the munificence of the gift, and he mentally resolved to add nuts and raisins to the Thanksgiving bill of fare of the county-farm children.

Long after Billy's sturdy figure was out of sight, Thankful sat idly with folded hands, gazing into the fire. Billy's earnest little soul had awakened new thoughts within her, which were destined to change the current of her life. Could she, too, not be thankful that things were no worse? She had lost her small deposit in the bank, but another investment had proved successful beyond her expectation. She had got up from her illness better than she had been for a long time before. Millie had gone, it was true. But had she not cause for thankfulness that the bright young life had touched her own, even for a little time? If she so willed it, might not this tender memory keep her heart from being quite the withered thing it was?

Now that Thankful was in a softer mood, there came to mind many little causes for gratitude which she had not reckoned before. How they grew, as she thought of them, every one standing out clear and beautiful, a gift of a Father who never forgets His children!

At length Thankful arose, and, going to her desk, she wrote in a fine, old-fashioned hand, an invitation to Mary Peters to come with the boys and take Thanksgiving dinner with her. Then she went out and ordered the largest turkey Mr. Hodges could procure. After that her kitchen was a scene of unusual activity. Cranberries popped and sizzled, pies and cake baked into odorous richness, and jellies quivered in the most approved way.

Early, Thanksgiving morning, a little procession of red-headed boys, led by Widow Peters, wended its way toward Thankful's home. Billy meant to be decorous, but just as they passed the kitchen window, Thankful had opened the oven to give the turkey a basting. It lay in full view, in all its grand proportion, and was a sight to turn an older head than Billy's. He gave a whoop of joy, and executed a somersault, much to the mortification of his mother.

Thankful's currant-cookies kept the boys in a state of bliss till dinner time. And that Thanksgiving dinner! It

stands out clear and delicious in the mind of every one present. Thankful heaped up the plates and filled them again and again, and when, from sheer exhaustion, the boys had to stop, the turkey seemed hardly worsted by the encounter, so gigantic he was!

At last it was over. Thankful watched the happy company going homeward, Billy bringing up the rear with a basket containing the remains of the feast. Long after they were out of sight she sat with folded hands, gazing after them. Her house was in a state of wild disorder. There were three sharp dents in the carved legs of her dining-room table, where little Joe Peters had pounded with his boots, to express his delight at the sight of the steaming plum-pudding. Joshua, her pet cat, had taken to the woods, and she knew it would require a great deal of diplomacy to bring him back again. It had been a busy, anxious day, and she was tired from head to foot. But there was a strange warmth in Thankful's heart, and looking back upon the day, she felt that it was the pleasantest one she had known for years. She had utterly forgotten her own troubles in looking after the comfort of her own guests, and she was conscious of having given them an unusual pleasure.

Thankful did not hear the whistle of the incoming train nor the light step on the garden walk. Some one opened the door softly, hesitatingly, but she did not hear. Then Millie knelt down beside her, and Millie's voice said, tremulously:

"Oh, Aunt Thankful, I've been so homesick. Won't you take me back again?"

And, with Millie's arms around her neck, Thankful felt that the day had indeed been a blessed one.

THE HOME CIRCLE.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

FROM THE FRENCH OF ALEXANDER DUMAS, SENT BY THE REV. ALEXANDER KING, SCOTSTOWN P.O.

The death of the famous dog Sutherland—thus named after the Englishman who had made a gift of it to the Empress Catherine II. of Russia—nearly caused a tragic mistake, in so far as it almost cost the donor, a celebrated banker, his life. The occurrence took place at St. Petersburg.

One morning at day-break, Mr. Sutherland the gentleman who had presented the dog to the Empress, and who was consequently a favorite with that august personage—was suddenly awoke by his man-servant.

"Sir," said the footman, "your house is surrounded with guards, and the master of the police demands to speak to you."

"What does he wish with me?" exclaimed the banker, as he leaped from his bed, somewhat startled by this announcement.

"I know not sir," answered the footman; "but it appears that it is a matter of the highest importance, and which, from what he says, can only be communicated to you personally."

"Show him in," said Mr. Sutherland, as he donned his dressing gown.

The footman departed, and returned some minutes afterwards with His Excellency, Mr. Relu, upon whose face the banker read at the first glance some formidable intelligence. The worthy banker, however, maintained his calmness, and welcoming the master of the police with his usual urbanity, presented him with a seat. His Excellency, however, remained standing, and in a tone the most dolorous which it was possible to assume, said:—

"Mr. Sutherland, believe me when I assure you that I am truly grieved to have been chosen by Her Majesty, my very gracious sovereign, to accomplish an order, the severity of which afflicts me, but which has without doubt been provoked by some great crime."

"By some great crime, Your Excellency!" exclaimed the banker. "And who then has committed this crime?"

"You, doubtless, sir, since it is upon you that the punishment is to fall."

"Sir, I swear to you that I know not of any reproach with which to charge myself as a subject of our sovereign: for I am a naturalized Russian, as you must know."

"And it is precisely, sir, because you are a naturalized Russian that your position is terrible." If you had remained a subject of His Britanic Majesty, you would have been able to call in the aid of the English consul, and escaped thus perhaps the rigor of the order which I am, to my very great regret, charged to execute."

"Tell me then, Your Excellency, what is this order?"

"Oh, sir, never will I have the strength to make it known to you."

"Have I lost the good graces of Her Majesty?"

"Oh, if it were only that!"

"Is it a question to make one depart for England?"

"Oh! no; even that must not be."

"You terrify me. Is it an order to send me to Siberia?"

"Siberia, sir, is a fine country, and which people have calumniated. Besides people return from it."

"Am I condemned to prison?"

"The prison is nothing. Prisoners come out of prison."

"Sir, sir!" cried the banker, more and more affrighted. "Am I destined to the knout?"

"The knout is a punishment very grievous; but the knout does not kill."

"Miserable fate!" said Sutherland, terrified.

"I see indeed that it is a matter of death."

"And what a death!" exclaimed the master of the police, whilst he solemnly raised his eyes with an expression of the most profound pity.

"How! what a death! Is it not enough to kill me without trial, to assassinate me without cause? Catherine orders, yet"—

"Alas! yes, she orders!"—

"Well, speak, sir! What does she order? I am a man; I have courage. Speak!"

"Alas! my dear sir, she orders—if it had not been by herself that the command had been given, I declare to you, my dear Mr. Sutherland, that I would not have believed it."

"But you make me die a thousand times. Let me see, sir, what has she ordered you to do?"

"She has ordered me to have you stuffed!"

The poor banker uttered a cry of distress; then looking the master of the police in the face, said: "But, Your Excellency, it is monstrous what you say to me; you must have lost your reason."

"No, sir; I have not lost my reason; but I will certainly lose it during the operation."

"But how have you—you who have said that you are my friend a hundred times—you, in short, to whom I have had the honor to render certain services—how have you, I say, received such an order without endeavoring to represent the barbarity of it to Her Majesty?"

"Alas! sir, I have done what I could, and certainly what no one would have dared to do in my place. I besought her majesty to renounce her design, or at least to charge another than myself with the execution of it; and that with tears in my eyes. But Her Majesty said to me with that voice which you know well, and which does not admit of a reply, 'Go, sir, and do not forget that it is your duty to acquit yourself without a murmur of the commissions with which I charge you.'"

"And then?"

"Then," said the master of the police, "I lost no time in repairing to a very clever naturalist who stuffs animals for the Academy of Sciences; for in short, since there was not any alternative, I deemed it only proper, and out of respect for your feelings, my dear Mr. Sutherland, that you should be stuffed in the best manner possible."

"And the wretch has consented?"

"He referred me to his colleague, who stuffs apes, having studied the analogy between the human species and the monkey tribe."

"Well?"

"Well, sir, he awaits you."

"How! he awaits me! But is the order so peremptory?"

"Not an instant must be lost, my dear, sir; the order of Her Majesty does not admit of delay."

"Without granting me time to put my affairs in order? But it is impossible."

"Alas! it is but too true, sir."

"But you will allow me first to write to the Empress."

"I know not if I ought; my instructions were very emphatic."

"Listen! It is a last favor, a favor which is not refused to the greatest culprit, I entreat it of you."

"But it is my situation which I risk,"

"And it is my life which is at stake."

"Well, write; I permit it. However, I inform you that I do not leave you a single instant."

"Thanks, thanks. Pray, request one of your officers to come, that he may convey my letter."

The master of the police called a lieutenant of the Royal Guards, delivered to him the letter of poor Sutherland, and ordered him to bring back the answer to it immediately. Ten minutes afterwards, the lieutenant returned with the order to bring the banker to the Imperial Palace. It was all that the sufferer desired.

A carriage stood at the gate. Mr. Sutherland entered it, and the lieutenant seated himself near him. Five minutes afterwards they were at the palace, where Catherine waited. They introduced the condemned man to her presence, and found Her Majesty in convulsions of laughter.

It was for Sutherland now to believe her mad. He threw himself at her feet, and seizing her hand in his, exclaimed, "Mercy, madam! In the name of heaven have mercy on me, or at the least tell me for what crime I have deserved a punishment so horrible."

"But my dear Mr. Sutherland," replied Catherine with all the gravity she could command, "This matter does not concern you at all."

"How, your Majesty, is it not a matter concerning me? Then whom does it concern?"

"Why the dog, of course, which you gave me, and which died yesterday of indigestion. Then in my grief at this loss and in my very natural desire to preserve at least his skin, I ordered that fool Relu to come to me, and said to him, 'Mr. Relu, I have to request that you will have Sutherland immediately stuffed.' As he hesitated, I thought that he was ashamed of such a commission; whereupon I became angry and dismissed him on his errand."

"Well, madam," answered the banker, "you can boast that you have in the master of the police a faithful servant; but at another time, pray, I entreat of you, to explain better to him the orders which he receives."

The four-footed Sutherland was duly promoted to a glass case *vice* the banker—relieved.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES IN RELATION TO THE CHURCH THEY SERVE.

BY REV. MARCUS SCOTT, D.D., DETROIT.

(Conclusion.)

The Church is not a club existing for its own pleasure and amusement, as it too often seems to be, but a working institution in which each member works for God with all his ability, and in which the united membership co-operate in carrying out the good purpose of God. That is no less than the salvation of the world. It is a lost world. God designs its salvation. This He has delegated to Christians. Every Christian is an incarnation of Christ brought down to date. The testimony of Christ is: "As thou hast sent me into the world, even so have I also sent them into the world." And of His own work He says: "The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which was lost." Again we ask has the Church ever fully realized that the salvation of a lost world is her mission? How different her attitude to the masses all around her if she only did. And how different also her attitude to the evils which surround her, and with which she too often makes a truce more shameful and disastrous than that of Israel with the Gibeonites. On every hand she tolerates evils which in God's name she ought to fight. We all admit, for instance, that "the liquor traffic is the curse of our country, the enemy of our homes, the murderer of our loves and hopes." And yet there it is over against our churches, aye and in spite of them, casting its shadow over our houses, tainting everything that is beautiful and lovely in life as by the touch of death, and bringing poverty, misery and crime in its train. And where is the church to-day which is waging relentless war against the saloon, with every knife to the hilt? (2) By whom is this work to be done? We have already said by the organized membership of the Christian Church. And yet the membership of the Church to-day does not do it. How does the matter really stand? Very much like this. The ministers cannot do it, the elders do not, and the members will not. Is it not, therefore, to be done? Yes, we answer. The young

people in our Young People's Societies, if properly supervised, can and will. They emphasize and embody in their societies the two principles already stated, namely, individualized responsibility, and organization. The pledge in the Christian Endeavor Society, if at all lived up to, secures the one, and the constitution of the Society embodies the other. Then these societies of young people are within our churches. They are our own church members, and very often our most intelligent and active members at that. Surely this great movement among our young people has been divinely raised up just for helping the church in this vast work of saving the world. That our young people do it will depend largely on our pastors and sessions. For some years past they have been drilled in their meetings just for this work. That is all very good, but it is only preparatory. The camp exists not for itself but for the field of battle. This is the forward movement which our Young People's Societies, led on by their pastors and sessions, need to make. Has not this magnificent army of young people been organized and drilled, and is it not in the field to-day for this very purpose? Here is the proper channel into which to turn their youthful enthusiasm. Suffer it not to run wild for a single day longer. Ministers and elders, let us lay ourselves alongside of our young people, and let us load them on in this grand and much needed work. Instead of proscribing their enthusiasm, let us wisely use it for the Master. The best of us will accomplish surprisingly little without enthusiasm, and the weakest of us may do much for Christ and humanity by assuming the direction of a much needed enthusiasm. Let us by all means train our young people to be more intensive than extensive, to be more than to do. But all the same let us never be afraid of enthusiasm in our Church work. It has often in the past been very conspicuous by its entire absence. Now, when God has sent it to us, let us give it the proper direction, and let us use it for His glory.

The present is the time for this great work to be undertaken. Never were so many doors of opportunity open to the Christian worker as to-day. Oh, for the wisdom and courage to enter in and take possession in the name of our risen Lord. Now is the time for prayerful, organized, supervised, localized, aggressive Christian work. Our Young People's Societies will furnish us with the workers. The Church has preserved the waiting attitude long enough, let us begin and work now.

This work is needed for the world. Look at its need. Hear its yearning, unsatisfied cry. It is needed for the millions of perishing heathen abroad, and needed as surely for the non-church going masses at home. God, in providence and opportunity, is calling us to the work. It is not reformation, or science, or literature, or philosophy, or sociology that the world needs. It is the Gospel believed and lived. It is Christ.

This work is needed for the Church. It will inspire her, if she undertakes it, with a new courage. It will make her the champion of much needed reforms, and it will place her in the van of progress. It will give her a larger conception of her mission in the world; and it will also give her, what she to-day so much needs, a clearer and fuller consciousness of God's presence with her.

We understand somewhat the magnitude and the number of the many problems awaiting solution. Perils to which we are not blind threaten us on every hand. The night may even grow darker before the day dawns, and things may grow worse before they are made better. But yet, such is our confidence in the saving power of the Gospel when completely applied, that in our very soul we believe a very short time would suffice for winning the world for Christ, and for putting all right that is now wrong, if only the Christian Church would enter unitedly and heartily into the movement. O Church of the living God arise and shine for thy light has come, and the glory of God has risen upon thee. "O, Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountains: O, Jerusalem, that bringest good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength; lift it up, be not afraid: say unto the cities of Judah: Behold your God." "Awake, awake put on thy strength, O Zion; put on thy beautiful garments, O Jerusalem the holy city, for henceforth there shall no more come into thee the uncircumcised and the unclean." "But strangers shall stand and feed your flocks, and the sons of the alien shall be your plowmen and your vinedressers."

At the Battle of Marengo Napoleon appealed to the old guards for a hundred men to lead a forlorn hope. If it did not mean annihilation, it meant at least decimation. How many men were willing to die for the emperor? "One hundred men, forward." Not one hundred, but the whole battalion sprang forward as one man and rang their rifles at Napoleon's feet. Shall the Emperor of the French command what Christ, and church, and country, and humanity cannot? Is there no cause worthy of supreme sacrifice to-day? Yes, and but one. And that one is the glorious cause of Christ. To-day He summons His Church to no forlorn hope, but to a sure and certain triumph. O Church of God call out all your vast resources, close up your broken ranks, and with a courage worthy of the cause go forward to a victory already as good as won. Our flag at the best has been flying only half mast high. For Christ and the Church let us run it up to the topmost peak of the highest mast, flying it free to the winds of heaven, and for the noblest of all Master's, and in the holiest of all causes, keep it waving there.

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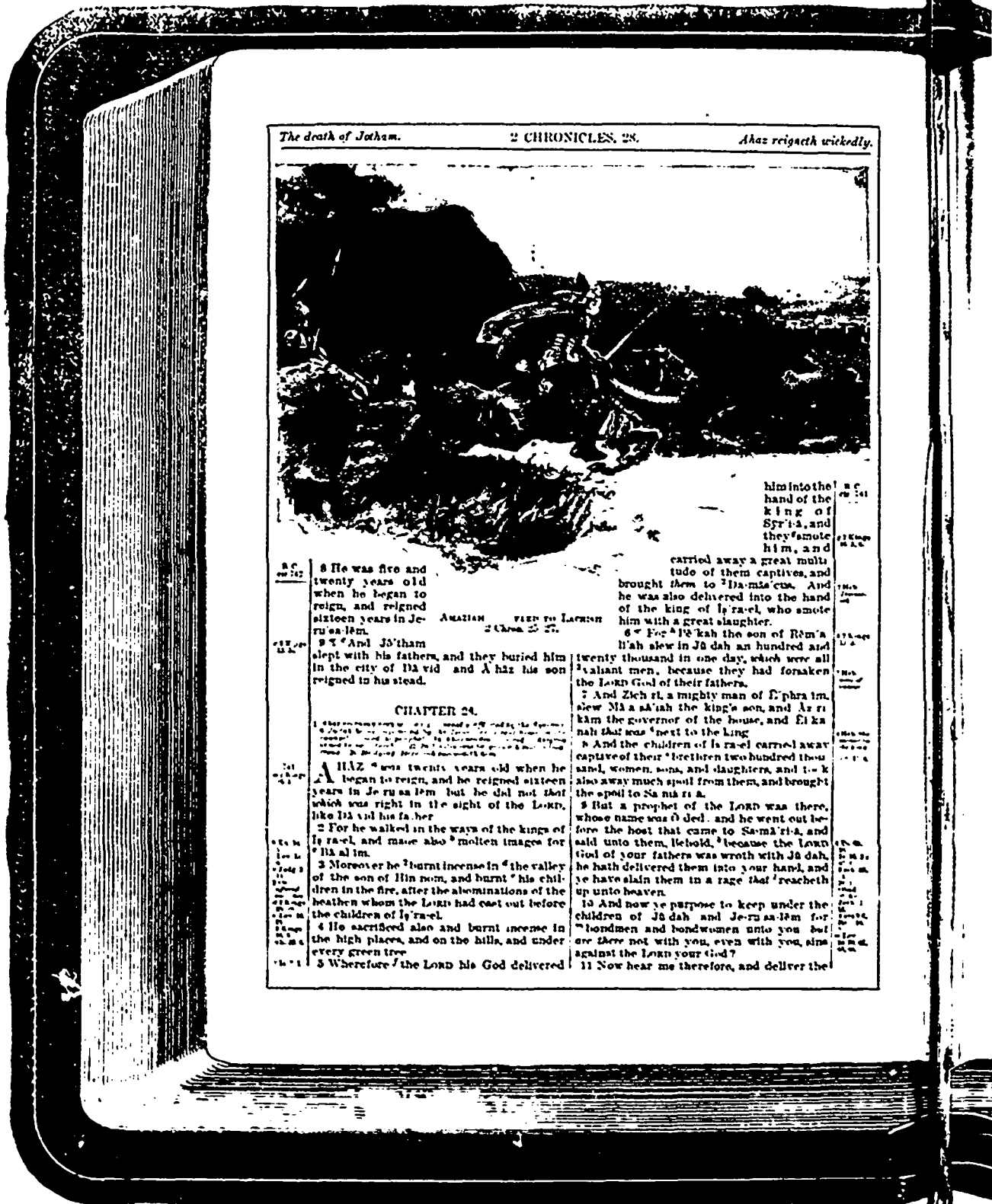
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8 He was five and twenty years old when he began to reign, and reigned sixteen years in Jerusalem. **AMAZIAH** **REIGN TO LACKIN** **2 Chron 28 27.**

9 And Jotham slept with his fathers, and they buried him in the city of David, and Ahaz his son reigned in his stead.

CHAPTER 28.

AHAZ was twenty years old when he began to reign, and he reigned sixteen years in Jerusalem, but he did not do that which was right in the sight of the Lord, like David his father.

2 For he walked in the ways of the kings of Israel, and made also molten images for himself.

3 Moreover he burnt incense in the valley of the son of Hinnom, and burnt his children in the fire, after the abominations of the heathen whom the Lord had cast out before the children of Israel.

4 He sacrificed also and burnt incense in the high places, and on the hills, and under every green tree.

5 Wherefore the Lord his God delivered him into the hand of the king of Syria, and he was carried away a great multitude of them captives, and he was also delivered into the hand of the king of Israel, who smote him with a great slaughter.

6 For Pekah the son of Remah slew in Judah an hundred and twenty thousand in one day, which were all valiant men, because they had forsaken the Lord God of their fathers.

7 And Zichri, a mighty man of Ephraim, slew Maasiah the king's son, and Azriah the governor of the house, and Elkanah that was next to the king.

8 And the children of Israel carried away captives of their brethren two hundred thousand, women, sons, and daughters, and took also away much spoil from them, and brought the spoil to Samaria.

9 But a prophet of the Lord was there, whose name was Iedai, and he went out before the host that came to Samaria, and said unto them, Behold, because the Lord God of your fathers was wrath with Judah, he hath delivered them into your hand, and ye have slain them in a rage that reacheth up unto heaven.

10 And now ye purpose to keep under the children of Judah and Jerusalem for bondmen and bondwomen unto you, but are there not with you, even with you, signs against the Lord your God?

11 Now hear me therefore, and deliver the

THE BIBLE CLASS.

JOHN'S VISION OF HEAVEN.

(For Dec. 5th.—Rev. iv. 1—v. 12; vii. 9-17.)

BY PHILIP A. NORDELL, D.D.*

In discussing the book of Revelation it is difficult to find a single point at which interpreters are agreed. The moment one inquires concerning authorship, date, place of writing, purpose, and principle of interpretation one finds oneself adrift on a sea of endless conjecture. This is the more remarkable in view of the striking unanimity of early tradition in attributing the work to the Apostle John, and the explicit and reiterated affirmation of the writer that it related to historical events that were then close at hand. Without entering upon this discussion the following study assumes that the Apocalypse is a genuine writing of the Apostle John, that it was composed about the time of Nero's death, A. D. 68, in view of the persecution then in progress, and of the destruction of Jerusalem two years later. It consists of a prologue (ch. i.) seven messages to churches in Asia Minor (chs. ii. iii.), a series of visions picturing the conflicts and victory of the church (iv. 1—xiii. 5.) and a conclusion (xiii. 6-21). The book is generally regarded as prophetic. That its prophecies were fulfilled within a short time seems to be intimated by the writer who at the very outset declares that he is speaking of "the things which must shortly come to pass." That the fulfilment stretches from the first Christian century to the end of time is held by those who appear to overlook or explain away the writer's own statement of its aim

THE HEAVENLY THRONES.

The main purpose of the book consists of a series of visions which open with a description of heaven, and close with a description of the new Jerusalem the metropolis of the new earth in the new universe. Between these lie the visions which have perplexed interpreters, and of which it may be safely affirmed that no man now living knows the detailed interpretation, since no two agree beyond the general conclusion that we have here a series of prophetic pictures of the conflicts of the church with the evil powers around her, and her triumph over them. Introductory to these visions of conflict the seer shows his readers the heavenly world, where God is enthroned in eternal splendor surrounded by the "living creatures" who represent the created universe, by the "elders" who represent the redeemed church, and by the angelic host (ch. iv.) Here he sees also the book with the seven seals, and the Lamb in the midst of the throne, who alone had power to open the book and declare its contents (ch. vi.) Then follows the opening of the first six seals, and in connection with each of these appears the symbolical representation of Victory, War, Famine, Death, Delay in divine vengeance, and Catastrophes (ch. vi.) After this comes the sealing of the 144,000 for the Twelve Tribes of Israel, and the adoration of the innumerable multitude of the redeemed (ch. vii.) While the details may be obscure, the general purpose seems clear. The evils experienced by the righteous in this world are not the results of chance, of a blind fate disporting itself throughout the universe. There is a spiritual world. God is on His throne. All agencies and all forces are the ministers of His will. His purposes may be concealed but they stand for the final triumph of righteousness over wickedness, of good over evil. The Lamb, slain, and yet living, enthroned in heaven with God, is the Medium through whom God's redemptive purposes are being accomplished. Unto Him is given all power in heaven and on earth symbolized by the seven horns, and all knowledge symbolized by the seven eyes. Neither the violence nor the craft of the powers of evil can defeat His purposes of grace.

THE NEW SONG BY THE REDEEMED.

The theme of the heavenly praise is the redeeming work of the Lamb. This song was new in heaven because it could not be sung until that work had been accomplished on the cross. It is an endless theme, denoted by the fact that "they sing," not "they sang." And it has many variations (v. 2, 10, 12; vii. 10.) Those who sing have experienced the power of salvation: "thou hast redeemed us"; "These are they who have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." From all the families of earth they come, a multitude that no man can number. Unto God they are made "kings," who share with the Messiah in the government of His kingdom, and "priests," who, like the high priests of old, enter into the very presence of God. All tribulations and sufferings past, all conflicts ended, every victory won, those palm-bearers now dwell under the shadow of their God, who is as a Tent over them: no want in any form shall ever assail them, no discomforts annoy them, no sorrows dim their eyes with tears; every conceivable felicity, all the blessedness that a loving

God can provide is thenceforth theirs forever. Whatever else the vision may mean, it certainly means that heaven will satisfy to the utmost every capacity of the redeemed soul. It means that sacrifice made for Christ on earth will be rewarded in His presence in glory; that "if we died with Him, we shall also live with Him: if we endure, we shall also reign with Him"; and that for those who "have fought the good fight," who "have finished the course," who "have kept the faith" there is laid up the crown of righteousness.

FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL.

International S. S. Lesson.

LESSON X.—CHRIST'S HUMILITY AND EXALTATION.—DEC. 5.

(Phil. ii. 1-11.)

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."—Phil. ii. 5.

TIME AND PLACE.—Written at Rome, about A. D. 62-63.

INTRODUCTION.—We may connect this lesson with Lessons I. and II., of the third quarter, and the founding by Paul of the first Christian in Europe at Philippi. The Philippians had sent Epaphroditus to visit Paul in his imprisonment at Rome, with contributions for the relief of his necessities, and when this was accomplished he bore with him this letter, from which our lesson is taken. From this letter it is evident that the Philippians had a strong affection for their first teacher, and that Paul reciprocated this affection and had strong confidence in their Christian character.

VERSE BY VERSE.—1. "If there be."—That is, if these things are found in the Philippian Christians. "Consolation in Christ."—Encouragement in Christ. "Comfort of love."—The comfort which Christian love brings. "Fellowship of the Spirit."—Participation in the gifts of the Holy Ghost. "Bowels and mercies."—Tenderness of heart, and piety or compassion.

2. "Fulfil ye my joy."—Make my joy complete by being like-minded. "Of one accord."—United in thought and feeling.

3. "Through strife."—That is, in a contentious spirit. "Vain-glory."—Self-conceit.

4. "Look not . . . on his own things."—Do not give selfish consideration to one's own interests, but look on the things of others. That is, give proper regard to the welfare and interest of others.

5. "Mind."—The spirit, purpose, disposition.

6. "Being in the form of God."—Having the attributes, the distinctive nature of God. "Thought it not robbery to be equal with God."—As being that which His very nature demanded.

7. "Made himself of no reputation."—Literally, emptied Himself, meaning that He laid aside not the nature, but the glories and prerogatives of Deity. "Took upon him."—Voluntarily assumed the form of a servant.

8. "Being found in fashion as a man."—Being born into the human family. "Became obedient unto . . . the death of the cross."—The most humiliating death possible reserved only for the lowest and vilest.

9. "Wherefore."—Because of His voluntary humiliation. "God also hath highly exalted him."—Honored Him above all. (See Question in Shorter Catechism.) "Given him a name."—The name of Jesus, which means Jehovah, Saviour.

10. "Every knee should bow."—The bowing of the knee is used to express submission to Jesus, not literal bowing at the mention of His name, but the yielding of heart and will to Him. "Things."—This word is not in the original, all created beings are included in the expression.

11. "Every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord."—Thus acknowledging His sovereignty.

THOUGHTS.—Selfishness is the evil against which this lesson deals tremendous blows. It stands revealed by comparison in its own odious light. Paul points us to the "mind which was also in Christ Jesus." He does not state merely the fact of Christ's condescension and death; but, since the human mind cannot at once grasp the immensity of that condescension, the apostle follows him downward from point to point, till he reaches the lowest depths of his humiliation. How can such an amazing spectacle fail to annihilate selfishness in every heart that beholds it? Paul dwells upon each fact; seeking to vividly present the complete picture to other eyes than his own. "Having carried our thoughts up to that infinite height, where Christ had been from eternity in the bosom of His Father, he shows us the Son of God directing Himself of His glory; and then he detains our eye in a prolonged gaze on His descending course; condescending to be born; voluntarily subjecting Himself to all the humiliating conditions of our nature; taking upon Himself the responsibilities of a servant; still humbling Himself; still passing from one depth of ignominy to a lower still; becoming

*An Exposition of Lesson 10 in *The Bible Study Union Sunday School Lessons on "The Three Great Apostles."*

obedient unto death; and that death the most humbling, the most replete with agony and shame—the death of the cross.

Strife and vain-glory, with the related passions of envy and jealousy, are abhorrent to God. Once introduced into a church of God, they are destructive elements, and, unless overcome by grace from above, will sooner or later destroy. They are favorite weapons of the evil one. Nothing can better serve the purpose of the enemy of souls, than a Christian with these unchristian passions in his heart. There is only one kind of strife pleasing to God; and that is strife with sin. But all strife that is the opposite to brotherly love is nothing but evil.

A vivid picture of the blissful condition, if selfishness were banished from the church, is given by an eminent writer: "Each denomination of Christians, without sacrificing its distinctive character, would seek to ally itself with all the rest as strongly as a community of interest could bind it. Devotion, no longer terminating in itself, would go to God and plead for the world. Piety, no longer seeking comfort as an end, would find it without seeking; find it in the paths of Christian activity and usefulness, denying itself, and laying itself out for God; and a perseverance which would never rest till the whole family of man should be seated at the banquet of salvation; these would be the prevailing features of the entire Christian community. The tabernacle of God would be with men, and all the ends of the earth would fear him."

Prayer should be offered in the name of Jesus. Some have mistaken the meaning of verse 10, taking it to direct that at the mention of the name of Jesus we should bow. Why should we bow at the mention of that name, rather than at any of the other titles of our Lord? Is there any special honor or sacredness not belonging to the others? And why should we bow at the name of the Son, rather than at that of the Father? The custom of bowing at the name of Jesus in some churches has arisen from a misconception or misinterpretation of this text. The thought of Him rather than His name should lead us to humble ourselves before Him.

The glory of that time when every tongue shall "confess that Jesus Christ is Lord," is beyond our feeble comprehension. The darkness that now covers so large a portion of the earth shall have vanished away, and the glorious beams of the Sun of Righteousness will illumine every valley and hill. The profaning and disobedient tongues shall have been silenced, and the rejecting souls sent to their own place. An anthem of praise, grander than all the harmonies of the universe before, will swell and echo throughout the world, then one great sanctuary.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

DAILY READINGS.

First Day—Christ's Humility and Exaltation. Phil. ii. 1-11.

Second Day—"The Word was made Flesh."—John i. 1-14.

Third Day—Christ doing a Servant's Work.—John xiii. 1-17.

Fourth Day—"I am Meek and Lowly in Heart."—Matt. xi. 16-30.

Fifth Day—"Despised and Rejected of Men."—Isa. liii. 1-12.

Sixth Day—"By the Right Hand of God Exalted."—Acts ii. 22-36.

PRAYER MEETING TOPIC, Dec. 5.—"NOT TO BE MINISTERED UNTO, BUT TO MINISTER."—Matt. xx. 20-28.

"He that does good to another does also good to himself, not only in the consequence, but in the very act of doing it: for the conscience of well-doing is an ample reward."

THE LOVE OF CHRIST CONSTRAINETH US.

"The love of Christ constraineth us." No other force so strong as this can be brought to bear upon the heart. Law can lay its commands upon us, and we will obey, because we feel that the "law is holy, and the commandment is holy and just and good." But after all the love of Christ will be far more potent.

The love of Christ constraineth us. It is not merely a human love, strong as this often is. It is a divine love, the love of Christ manifested toward us, and so producing love in us toward Him.

We love him, because he first loved us." He manifested this love in His redeeming work. The purpose to redeem man is old as eternity. The promise to redeem is old as the fall. In the fulness of time the Redeemer comes to earth, teaches, blesses, suffers, dies, rises, ascends back into glory. And now man has a Mediator. He is a Friend and Brother, "touch'd with the feeling of our infirmities." He is the omnipotent Saviour "unto the uttermost of all who come unto God by him." He has overcome the sharpness of death, and opened the kingdom of heaven unto all believers.

He manifests His love in His sanctifying and sustaining grace. Every Christian knows that day by day, as his need is this grace is given to him. The world doubts the fact, or sneers at it. But to the Christian it is a most blessed reality. Temptation assails him,

but Christ is by, and he comes off more than a conqueror. The cross that he must bear after the Master seems too heavy to be carried. But Christ has helped to bear the burden, and it has become light. Sorrow settles in dark clouds around him, the blinding storm of grief well nigh overwhelms him; but Christ has said to the storm, "Peace, be still," and has pointed through the clouds to the clear light of eternal joy.

The love of Christ constraineth us. It operates in the way of motive. This love of Christ reigning in the soul, aways it with a silent, unseen power, but a power that is irresistible, to all that is good, and true, and holy. It takes hold on that which is highest in our nature. It appeals to all the purest affections, to gratitude, to trust, to self-abnegation, to entire devotion. It is like the warm sunshine that, beaming upon the tree, stirs all the forces of life within it, till they send their influence to the utmost twigs, and the buds swell, and the leaves burst forth, and the fruits appear, and rounds at last into ripeness, fit for the use of man.

The spirit of ministering is the spirit of love. This love operates too in the way of example. Christ has done so much for us; has done it all so gladly, shall we not follow His example and do what little we can to show that we are grateful for His goodness, that to the extent of our ransomed powers we will enter into His service? His was a free offering—so will our service be. His was a constant, untiring effort to do good—so will ours be. His was a life of self-sacrifice—so will ours be. Thus we can feel the force of His example, and be led by it unto "glory and virtue."

And thus the love of Christ, operating by motive and example, will constrain us, shut us up to His service. The current of our lives will flow in the channels of obedience. There will be many and sad failures, for we are only mortals; but the general tenor of the life will be right. The stream may run in an eddy now and then, or sweep in a sudden curve, almost retracing its course, but still it flows free onward, gathering new volume and strength, and broadens at last into the calm deep sea of eternal perfection. We must tread the Christian path, we must serve our Lord and Master, not under the pressure of any necessity other than love lays upon us, but forced by its sweet power into obedience, and brought by it at last into everlasting glory. Can you say, "The love of Christ constraineth me."

THANKSGIVING FOR COMMON MERCIES.

They should prompt us to Thanksgiving just because they are common. Food, nourishing and diversified; raiment, comfortable and appropriate, even if not always in the latest fashion; shelter, safe and comfortable; all the material necessities of life, not to mention its luxuries; pleasant companionships, tried and trusty friendships, opportunities for study, culture and recreation; business usefulness and success; spiritual advantages of many kinds—these, or most of them, are common to the large majority of men and women, young or old, especially in this land of ours. Is not this fact something for which to thank God?

When we receive great mercies, special tokens of the divine goodness, gratitude is spontaneous, impulsive, outspoken. It is natural. The absence of it causes comment. Yet such favors, although they may suggest the divine care and love more strikingly than our ordinary blessings, are no more real, are hardly more conspicuous proofs thereof. As we look back over childhood and youth it is not the memory of this or that occasional and special gift or other proof of regard which swells afresh within our hearts the tale of reverence and love for our parents. It is the recollection of their unvarying affection, their unflinching care, their scrupulousness in ordering the little, common matters of everyday life for our highest benefit. So it ought to be when we study the dealings of our Heavenly Father with us. While we thank Him heartily for the exceptional favors which He has bestowed, let the ordinary message, which have come to seem so much matters of course, yet which are so vital to our welfare, be acknowledged with gratitude no less earnest and frank.

To appreciate them at their true value, reflect what our lives would become without them. Consider the difference between ourselves and others who do not possess them in the same degree, if at all. No unusually vivid imagination is required, nor any prolonged or severe mental effort. It is God's common mercies to us, after all, which constitute what we might call the atmosphere of our lives. Their presence increases our happiness indescribably. Let God be thanked for them, therefore, more devoutly than ever.

A clergyman, visiting a ragged school in London, asked a class of bright, mischievous urchins, all of whom had been gathered from the streets, "How many bad boys does it take to make a good one?" A little fellow immediately replied, "One, sir, if you treat him well." That boy revealed the secret of how to make bad boys good.

THROUGH THE NEEDLE'S POINT.

BY CLEVELAND MOFFETT.

It has long been considered a difficult thing for a camel to pass through the eye of a needle, but the science of these latter days—the same science that has given the world the telegraph, the telephone, and the electric railway—has made it possible for men, women and children, for camels, yes, and entire menageries, not only to pass through the eye of a needle, but to pass through the point of a needle, and having thus passed through, to sing and speak, to roar and bark and whinny—in short, to make whatever sounds they please, and be heard after making them thousands of miles away. To-day the great Patti can sing her immortal songs in her castle in Wales and be heard, through the needle's point, in San Francisco and Honolulu and a hundred other places at the same time. And so of the world's great orators and entertainers, the great thinkers who stir the heart, and the merry people who aid digestion.



THE GRAMOPHONE.

In fact, whatever the cities have in their theatres and churches and concert halls that is best worth hearing may be heard quite conveniently, and with only the slightest falling off in quality, by the denizens of the most remote village, by dwellers on the distant alkali plains, by lonely huntsmen in the woods—and all through the point of a needle—the needle of the gramophone, which traces the undulations of the sound-waves as they are preserved on indestructible records and reproduces them through that wonderful little instrument.

Aladdin's trick seems to have literally been performed in our time, and New York, Boston, London, and Paris may be picked up now by whomsoever will, and whisked off through hundreds of miles and made to strike all their beautiful instruments, pianos and blaring horns, and sing with full chorus of voices, and otherwise disport themselves for the amusement or instruction of the humblest provincial.

Whoever buys a gramophone buys a box at the opera, rents a new in a city church, secures permanent admission to the best music halls in the country, can order out the most dashing military band our army has at a moment's notice, can make the great piano-players of the day his obedient servants, and can do a great many other things which would have put somebody in danger of being roasted for witchcraft had they been attempted by our forefathers.

And let it be understood clearly at the start that this is no expensive arrangement, to be easily injured, nor is it anything that requires batteries or electric contrivances for its running. It is as simple and compact as a music box, and is wound up in much the same way, while the disks which preserve the sound records are flat surfaces of gutta-percha, about the size of giddle cakes, and are practically indestructible. They may be thrown about or scratched, or left with the children to play with, and when put back under the needle after months of this treatment, they will give out the original words or music with unchanged sweetness and distinctness. That is the first point, and another point is, that the singing of the gramophone really is singing, not squeaking, and the talking is real talking, as if the speaker were there before you. When you hear a street fakir selling his corn cure, through the gramophone, you are almost in doubt whether the man is not actually in the room, and a person blind-folded, who knew nothing of the gramophone, would be quite sure he was in the room. So perfect is the method of reproduction that the human voice comes out of the receiver, whether in speech or song, practically as it went in, and thousands of people may listen to it at one time, for there is no need of bending anxiously over an ear-trumpet; you hear what is going on whether you will or not. A concert solo played in the Metropolitan Opera House from the gramophone fills the whole auditorium.

And now let us see what this wonderful little instrument is going to do for people who live in the towns and smaller cities all over this country. In the first place, take the young ladies, for instance, who, after four years at Vassar College or Smith College, or some other institution, return to their little homes with many graces and accomplishments, particularly an appreciation of the best classical music. They find themselves suddenly in uncongenial surroundings, where most of the pianos are out of tune, and most of those who play on them play badly. The gramophone gives them a breath of art life in the rendering of the great compositions they love by the finest performers. With this they have masters to imitate in their own parlors, sources of inspiration ever present.

Then take the boys. What one of them does not love to hear the banjo played, a lively strumming of the strings by a cunning hand? The gramophone gives them what they want, and the best banjo playing gives it to them whenever they choose to listen. And if they tire of the banjo they can turn on a crashing brass band, with marches and songs of the regiment until their hearts beat with valor.

And the old folks themselves, with hearts ever fresh for the old emotions, will find themselves won over by the gramophone on many a winter's evening, otherwise lonely, when they will gather about fires of crackling logs, in farmhouse and country home, and listen to the dear old songs, "Annie Laurie" and "Down on the Sawanoe River," and "The Last Rose of Summer," and the old glees from yea's ago, sung to them, not by amateurs from the village choir, but by the greatest artists of the day—sung through the needle.

And then the comic songs—every one likes these now and then but few who live away from the cities ever hear them sung in the best style; they must content themselves with the whistlings of the village lads, who pick the airs up as best they may a year or so late. But now the gramophone, with its disks kept closely up to date, gives the country the best that the city has—those much advertised entertainers from the music halls of London and Paris, whose enormous salaries are told of in the newspapers. All these the country may have now almost as soon as the city has them, and at nothing like the price.

One of the most remarkable uses to which the gramophone will eventually be put is in the teaching of modern languages. There will be no reason why American boys and girls should not hereafter learn French, German and Spanish, as well as other European languages, without journeying to distant lands or taking expensive courses under professors who often teach them little. The difficulty with the present system of language instruction is that the pupils do not get an opportunity, at least not sufficient opportunity, to hear the sounds of the language they are learning often enough and distinctly enough to acquire them by imitation, which is nature's method, and the only efficient method of acquiring languages. He or she who does not learn French or German or Spanish as a little child would learn them, never learns them well. This matter of language acquirement is entirely a trick of the tongue, and no amount of theoretical study or delving in musty grammars will be sufficient for excellence if there is wanting constant and daily practice in imitating the actual sounds. Take the French "u," for instance. How can any one possibly learn to pronounce it, or the German "oe," unless he have unceasing opportunity to hear these difficult sounds spoken as the natives speak them? Nor is it sufficient that the professor or teacher be an expert linguist, for with large classes and a limited number of hours' instruction per week, not even the aptest pupil will be able to seize in memory, and reproduce in speech, sounds that have no equivalent in his own tongue. It is a matter of common knowledge that children who have grown up under the care of French or German governesses acquire French and German without study and without effort and yet acquire them perfectly, as their companions in the schools seldom do, simply because the former have daily and hourly opportunity for learning by imitation. That is whole secret of mastering languages—learning by imitation—and the gramophone, with its unerring facility in reproducing sounds, will yet give boys and girls all over the country, yes, and grown people as well, such opportunity for really acquiring the accent in modern European languages, and for picking up useful phrases of ordinary talk, as has never been offered before by any system of instruction, whether by speech or books, and could not be enjoyed save by those who have the time and money for years of foreign residence.

There seems to be no reason why the whole Meisterschaft system, which has been found so valuable in our schools and colleges, may not be put down on the rubber disks with parallel sentences in English and French, English, German, etc., and the student learn these, not through the eye as heretofore, but through the ear, making the instrument speak them as many times as is necessary until the tongue is able to give perfect imitation of the rolling "r" or the guttural "ch" or the various nasal sounds so difficult for Americans to acquire without actually living among the people who use them. Whoever purchases a gramophone with a set of modern language disks, would then have at his service day and night a whole corps of polyglot professors. And it is likely that in the near future modern languages will be taught in our schools and colleges with the aid of the gramophone, each schoolroom being equipped with one of these wonderful instru-



THE FAMOUS GRAU'S MOUNTAIN CHOIR IN NATIVE COSTUME.

ments just as universally as schoolrooms are now equipped with globes and blackboards.

Now coming back to what the gramophone will do for the country, it is plain that a great change will soon be wrought in the farmhouse Sunday—a dreary enough thing in the past. No more wheezy melodeons laboring away in cheerless parlors, no more feeble singing of hymns by untuned voices, but the best anthems as sung in churches on Fifth Avenue, and the beautiful solos of high-

priced specialists, and the chanting of surplined choirs, and the harmonies of double quartets, not to mention inspiring addresses by the greatest preachers of the day.

Not only in the home is the gramophone to find itself a cause of entertainment, but already small and large private gatherings are using this many-sided instrument as a public entertainer; and a program which includes the best bands, the best story-tellers, the best performers on various instruments, the best vocal quartets, can quickly be made up from the rapidly growing repertoires of this wonderful instrument. Here is a specimen program which speaks for itself, including even so great a novelty as the famous Graus Mountain choir whose songs are perfectly reproduced:

PROGRAMME.

FIRST PART.

1. CORNET SOLO *The Commo tore Polka.*
By the wonderful cornetist, W. Paris Chambers.
2. PATRIOTIC SONG *When Johnny Comes Marching Home.*
By George J. Gaskin.
3. RECITATION *Negro Funeral Sermon.*
By George Graham.
4. BANJO SOLO *Yankee Doodle and Variations.*
By the famous artist, Veas. L. Osaman.
5. ITALIAN SOLO *Di Quella Pira.*
(The grand song from "Il Trovatore.")
By the renowned Italian tenor, Sig. F. A. Giannini.
6. BAND SELECTION *The Stars and Stripes Forever.*
John Phillip Sousa's latest March.
7. MALE QUARTETTE *Hear Dem Bells.*
By the Mozart Quartette.
8. SOPRANO SOLO *Die Nachtigale.*
(The Nightingale.)
Sung in German by Fraulein Yroni Von Kidner.
9. NEGRO SONG *Turkey in the Straw.*
By the negro delineator, Billy Golden

SECOND PART.

10. TROMBONE SOLO *The Palms.*
By Arthur Willard Pryor, the trombone soloist of Sousa's Band.
11. HUMOROUS RECITATION *Hiram Wilkins' Visit to New York.*
His trouble with the gas, the elevator, and the hotel clerk.
By Russell Hunting.
12. TYROLEAN DUET *The Mountain Climber.*
By the Graus Duo of the famous Graus Mountain Choir.
13. CLARINETTE SOLO *Intermezzo from Czarleria Rustiana.*
By Sig. G. Jardella.
14. BANJO DUET *The Virginia Bells.*
By Cullen and Collins, the popular banjoleists of Washington, D. C.
15. COMIC SONG *The Band Played On.*
By the greatest of all singers of comic songs, Mr. Dan. W. Quinn.
16. ORCHESTRA SELECTION *The Pomone Waltz.*
By the Metropolitan Orchestra.
17. TENOR SOLO *Ben Bolt.*
One of the old favorites that appeals to everyone, sung by Mr. E. M. Favor.
18. BRASS QUARTETTE *Adelta Fidelia.*
Messrs. Pryor, Lyon, and Pryor, of Sousa's Band, and W. Paris Chambers.

It is plain that for pleasure, for instruction, and for general benefit the gramophone must soon become a real boon to millions of people whose lives are passed far from the amusements and advantages of our great cities. Its uses are numberless as well as its possibilities for general entertainment. The girls of a family can, in a few hours, make up a programme of disks that will afford their friends far more pleasure than any ordinary party, and if they want their friends may dance with light hearts and heels, for the gramophone gives you Sousa's band or a Hungarian orchestra, for waltzes and two-steps, and that is better music surely than any local performer could offer. And if they wish to sing "Auld Lang Syne" before breaking up, the gramophone will lead the singing with a good grace and play the guests out of the house with "Home, Sweet Home."

GRAMOPHONE.

The illustration on the preceding page is of the improved \$25.00 style, which is handsomely finished in oak with rich trimmings—runs by a perfectly governed clockwork motor.

The National Gramophone Company, proprietors of the Gramophone, are so confident that this \$25.00 style will fulfil its claims, that it is willing to guarantee perfect satisfaction to any reader who will order the Gramophone and a dozen or more of the records mentioned in the above programme, paying \$25.00 for the Gramophone and 50 cents each for the twelve additional records (fourteen records in all, two being free). The distinct understanding being that if the Gramophone does not give satisfaction it can be returned at once and the money refunded, less the express charges. They have also \$15.00 and \$10.00 styles.

Catalogue and further particulars may be had by addressing THE NATIONAL GRAMOPHONE CO., 574 Broadway, New York.

WESTERN SYNOD MEETING.

The Synod of Manitoba and the West met at Winnipeg, there being a large attendance of members. The retiring Moderator was Rev. Joseph Hogg, and the new Moderator, elected unanimously, was Rev. Dr. Du-Val. The routine business was of considerable interest to the public in some cases. A telegram of sympathy was sent to Rev. Dr. Robertson, who is ill at Toronto, and a report from the trustees of Neubitt Academy, stated that no action had been taken in the way of re-opening the academy, owing to the lack of a suitable building and properly qualified teacher or teachers. They asked that the capital deposited in Toronto, \$7,000, be placed at their disposal, or that steps be taken to pay the taxes on the property. The Synod will request Rev. Dr. Warden to try to find an investment for the fund which will yield a better return than 3 per cent, such investment not to be for a period exceeding ten years.

With respect to the bequests of the late Robt. Anderson of \$2,000 each to the "Presbytery of Manitoba," no longer in existence; and to the "Missionary Society," there being no society of that name—it was held that the Synod of Manitoba was the proper recipient of both and steps were taken to secure the funds.

An excellent report on Manitoba College was presented by Rev. Principal King, D.D., in which he paid deservedly high tributes to the professors and to Rev. Dr. Robertson. Last year the attendance of students was 200,—170 in Arts and 30 in theology. This year the number would be even larger. The report was cordially received and supported by a number of leading brethren.

The report on Life and Work was presented by Rev. Dr. Du-Val. Many points were touched upon, such as Sabbath Schools, Sabbath Observance, the Liquor Traffic, Systematic giving, etc., and a resolution was passed in line with the recommendations of the Committee advocating greater interest in the varied work of the church.

Home and Foreign Missions received attention, and much interesting matter was brought before the Synod. Mr. Gordon and Prof. Baird made valuable statements as to work carried on in both fields.

The Young People's Societies were reported upon by Rev. R. G. MacBeth. There are 62 societies as against 58 last year, with an increase of 250 in the membership. The amount of money raised was \$1,428, against \$1,199 last year.

The plan adopted last year for the distribution of Probationers was reported as having worked satisfactorily.

Statistics were submitted by Rev. Prof. Baird as follows:— There had been in the last ten years an average increase of 500 families per year; the increase last year was 829 families. There had been an increase of 8 in the number of places where services are held, and an increase of 80 from 1892, the year when the Synod was formed. The number of communicants was 14,102, an increase of 605. The increase in the number of communicants was less than in the preceding year, i. e., 923 as against 1,124 by profession, and 699 as against 737 by certificate. There had been a falling off of 46 in the number attending the weekly prayer meetings, the number being 3931. The number of infant baptisms was 1,296, being 12 less than the previous year, and the number of adult baptisms was 68, a falling off of 24. The Sabbath school attendance showed an increase of 790 on a total of 13,543, and an increase of 93 in the number of officers engaged in the work of instruction. The amount of stipend paid by the congregations alone amounted to \$39,854, an increase of \$9,582, the arrears of salary due to ministers had fallen from \$6,125 to \$2,745. The contributions to the Schemes of the Church amounted to \$14,298, an increase of \$335 over the previous year. The total contributions for all purposes amounted to \$182,817, an increase of \$2,637 over the previous year. The increase in contributions to the Schemes of the Church was only 2.13 per cent, while the increase in the number of churches was nearly 10 per cent.

TROY ENTERPRISE.

T. F. Dixon of Philadelphia, who was registered at the Troy House on Saturday, came to this city as the business and musical representative of John Wannamaker, to inspect a large peal of bells which had been manufactured by the Meneely Bell Company, on Mr. Wannamaker's order. Not only was Mr. Dixon enthusiastic in his praise of the work performed at our neighboring foundry, but he spoke in the highest terms of the energy of Troy business men in general. He called Troy a "driving city." Mr. Dixon's experience in big enterprises with such a man as Mr. Wannamaker, makes his good words of our city especially acceptable.

Fareweel to the Psalms

REV. XXII, 15, 19.

Oh! the auld Psalms o' David, fareweel! fareweel!
They're no near guid enough for us now!
The Kirk has decreed they may gang in the creel,
An' the auld maun gie place to the new;
The auld folk may weep, an' the young folk may smile,
An' the Session look pale wi' dismay,
For the Kirk has contriv'd to woo us wi' guile,
The Assembly maun hae its ain way!

Oh! the auld Psalms o' David, fareweel! fareweel!
An' the news gangs sae sair to my heart
The folks never were askit how they might feel,
Wi' the auld Psalms o' David to part
Our books were a' printed in England, they say—
An' affront to Auld Scotland's agun;
The hymns a' end up in the Anglican way,
Wi' the orthodox English—AMEN!

Oh! the auld Psalms o' David, fareweel! fareweel!
They were Scotland's best freen in the past,
The bluid o' the Martyrs are in them, I feel,
An' their power to convert will aye last!
Evolution is up—or DOWNWARD! they say,
Is the Kirk purer now than 'twas then?
The precepts and doctrines o' grandfathers' day
Built up kirk going, God fearing men!

Beware! the "thin end o' the wedge," as they say,—
For the rest o' the Psalms will go next!
The Bible itself will be altered some day,
Till we scarcely can find out a text!
Our Ministers, surely, should be on our side,
An' frown on this strange innovation;
An' dinna gie way to guile, fashion, an' pride,
That leads the doon-fa' o' a nation!

Toronto, Ont.

*The compiler's wastrel's lot

JOHN INRIE.

Church News

(All communications to this column ought to be sent to the Editor immediately after the occurrences to which they refer have taken place.)

MONTREAL NOTES.

The congregation of Melville church, Westmount has called the Rev. T. W. Winfield of Ottawa to be its pastor in succession to the Rev. John McGillivray who died about nine months ago. Mr. Winfield joined the Presbyterian church from the Reformed Episcopal in 1893. For a time he acted as private chaplain to the Governor General, Lord Aberdeen. This position he resigned to take charge of a mission in the suburbs of Ottawa under the patronage of St. Andrew's church. A the call is practically unanimous one it is confidently expected that Mr. Winfield will accept it as soon as the regular steps can be taken through the Presbyteries of Montreal and Ottawa.

A large congregation assembled in Calvin church on Sunday morning last at a special service for the ordination of Lt. Col. Barr and Mr. John McLorie as Elders. An excellent sermon was preached by the Rev. Prof. Ross. After the formal ordination had taken place, the Rev. Dr. Scrimger briefly addressed the new elders and the congregation on their duties to each other. The Rev. Mr. George is doing excellent work in this congregation and every department is in a prosperous condition.

On Friday evening last an excellent concert was given by the choir of St. Mathew's church assisted by Miss Ella Walker, Miss Lillian Bengough, Mr. Roland Paul and others. No admission fee was charged but a collection was taken up for the benefit of the choir fund.

On Tuesday evening an entertainment in Lucroix church on Suzanne St. for the benefit of the funds of this interesting little French congregation. The Rev. Mr. Ducloux presided. A good programme of music and readings was rendered to the satisfaction of the audience which was fairly good notwithstanding the inclemency of the evening.

Dr. Warden paid a brief visit to the city on Tuesday last, being called to attend the funeral of his little grandson who died on Monday after a short illness of two or three days.

At a meeting of the Presbyterian Ministers' Association on Monday last the subject of discussion was the new Book of Praise. Much satisfaction was expressed with the book as a whole both as to the character of the hymns, the music and the style of publication. The least satisfactory part of the book was considered to be the selections from the psalter. Some strongly objected to the principal selections at all and freely expressed their opinion as to the way in which the publication has been managed so as to drive the psalter as a whole out of use in the church. Others expressed their dissatisfaction with the selection that had been made and especially with the character of the revision. If the metrical psalms were to be touched at all the revision should have been carried out in a more thorough going and consistent way. So far as expressed the opinion of those present seemed to be that the next task of the Hymnal Committee or of some other Committee appointed for this purpose would be to prepare a careful revision of the whole metrical psalter so as to have it in readiness for another edition of the Book of Praise when the present printing contract expires. This is a work which can not be done in a hurry and if it can be done by all the Presbyterian churches of the two continents in concert so much the better. Rouse's version so long in use is the best version for congregational use that has ever been made but there are many ways in which it might be improved without altering its general character or robbing it of any of its excellences.

BRITISH COLUMBIA NOTES.

Rev. J. M. McLeod, late pastor of Zion Church Vancouver, continues to serve the church as ordained missionary at Langley, and also as Clerk of the Presbytery of Westminster.

Dr. Campbell, of the First Church, Victoria, conducted the customary "Welcome Home" service to the seafarers after their recent voyage, in his church on the last Sabbath evening of October.

A new church at Colwood in the Presbytery of Victoria is rapidly nearing completion and will be opened for divine service this month.

Cheering word comes back to us from our first missionary to the Yukon, Rev. R. M. Dickey. On the first Sabbath after his arrival at Skagway he conducted public worship before quite a large congregation. Steps for the erection of a church were immediately taken. A sufficient sum of money to provide material was quickly subscribed and a number of men compelled to a winter's idleness, gladly undertook to put the building up for nothing. Already the work is opening before Mr. Dickey and he calls for immediate assistance. About the end of November a party of Mounted Police will leave Skagway for Fort Selkirk on the Yukon River above Dawson City. Mr. Dickey expects to join them in this expedition and urges the appointment of a successor at Skagway at once. It is to be hoped that Dr. Robertson will be able to lay his hand, not suddenly, but firmly, on some man of the type of Craig of Black Rock—it would be a pity to take him away—who will stand at the entrance of this northern gold field and welcome the hosts that next spring will pour in to search for the yellow treasure. Dickey is evidently the right man to prospect and locate claims. Some one is wanted now to hold, and later many will be called for, to develop the claims located.

Another "desirable" vacancy on the Pacific Coast is the congregation of Mt. Pleasant, Vancouver, which since the resignation of Rev. J. S. Gordon has been without a pastor. This too is an opening, not for every man, but for the right man. May he ere long appear among us.

To return to the Yukon it may be reassuring to Eastern readers, especially to those who have friends in that region, to learn that there is no cause for uneasiness as to the food supply in that region this winter. The alarming reports of a month ago will not be verified as there is an adequate supply of food-stuffs in the various towns and settlements for all who are there.

Mr. R. B. McMicking, an Elder of St. Andrew's Victoria, and a native of Queenston Ont., has been commissioned by the British Columbia Board of Trade to give a number of lectures, illustrated with stereopticon views, on the Klondyke gold fields in American and Eastern Canadian cities. This will be Mr. McMicking's first trip to Eastern Canada in thirty four years, he being one of a party who in 1863 under the leadership of his elder brother Thomas left their Ontario home and travelled by Red River Cart or on foot over the great prairies and mountains, then a *terra incognita*, to make their home on the Pacific Slopes.

SOUTH AMERICA MISSIONARY PRAYER UNION.

About two years ago, a few of God's children had the continent of South America with its thirty-seven millions of perishing souls specially laid upon their hearts, and longed in some way to aid in the work of preaching the Gospel to these people. As it was not possible for any of them at that time to take the Word of Life to the inhabitants of the "Neglected Continent," they decided to remember daily before the Throne of Grace these poor, degraded souls, and also the missionaries labouring among them. Thinking that others would like to join with them in praying for South America, they were led to form what is now known as the South America Missionary Prayer Union. The prayer of faith is necessary in the great work of spreading the knowledge of Christ, and while "some can go, most can give, all can pray."

Any further information regarding the Prayer Union, or membership card for same, can be obtained on application. In order to defray the necessary expenses of printing, postage, etc., there is a small fee of 25 cents on entering the Union, which, however, is optional. The Secretaries are, A. E. Robinson, 1 Hepburne St., and A. E. Armstrong, 927 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

GENERAL.

Rev. Dr. Buchanan expects to leave in a few days for his field of labor in Central India.

Rev. Mr. Straith, of Innerkip, conducted the anniversary services in the Presbyterian church, Norwich, on Nov. 7th.

Rev. Dr. Smith, of Port Hope, occupied the pulpit of Central Presbyterian church, Toronto, last Sabbath morning and evening.

Rev. J. Matheson, B. A., pastor of Burns Church, Martintown, Ont., resigned that charge after a faithful ministry of 18 years.

Anniversary services were held yesterday in St. John's Presbyterian church, Toronto. Rev. Prof. Ballantyne preached in the morning and Rev. J. A. Macdonald in the evening.

The collection at the annual Thanksgiving service at new St. Andrew's church, Toronto, will be forwarded to the Russell County fire sufferers to aid them in rebuilding their churches.

Rev. A. A. Scott, of Carleton Place, succeeds Rev. Dr. Campbell as Convener of the Home Mission Committee in Lanark and Renfrew Presbytery, not Rev. A. H. Scott, Perth, as stated in our last issue.

St. Andrew's church, Stirling, held their anniversary services on Sunday, Nov. 7th. Rev. J. G. Potter, Peterboro, preached morning and evening and also delivered an interesting lecture the following evening. The receipts amounted to \$177.60.

Rev. Mr. Cochran, of Sundridge, preached his farewell sermon on Sabbath evening, November 14th. Sundridge and the other three stations will be supplied from Knox College for a few Sabbaths, when an ordained man will be placed in charge for the winter.

The anniversary services in connection with the Presbyterian church, of Ilerton, were held on Sunday, Nov. 7th. Rev. W. Moffatt, of London, occupied the pulpit in the afternoon, and gave a very able address, while Rev. E. H. Sawa, of Westminster, preached to a well filled church in the evening. The choir rendered very appropriate music for the occasion.

Rev. T. W. Winfield, Ottawa, has been invited to the pastorate of Melville Presbyterian church, Montreal. The congregation of the church met and balloted to see which of three clergymen the congregation would call. Mr. Winfield received a large majority of votes in two ballots and it was then decided to make the call unanimous. Rev. Prof. Crumple, Mr. A. C. Hutcheon, Mr. Duncan McCormack and Mr. James Brown will prosecute the call before the Montreal Presbytery.

Rev. Robert Johnston, B.D., of St. Andrew's church, London, preached the tenth anniversary sermons of Bloor street Presbyterian church, Toronto, last Sabbath, morning and evening. At both services the church was crowded. In the morning he spoke from the words "And He Said Unto Me, Son of Man, Can These Bones Live?" Ezekiel xxxvii. 3. In the evening he preached a powerful sermon to a packed church on the trial and crucifixion of Christ. The congregation was asked for \$2,500 to apply on the mortgage on the church. At the two collections about \$2,000 was raised.

Well Known Pastor

Health, Voice, Appetite and Strength Failed—Completely Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Last year my health failed entirely. My limbs were so weak that I could scarcely walk. I had no appetite and suffered with constipation. My voice failed me in the pulpit. I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla and very soon I saw a great improvement. In the winter I was attacked with the grip which left me weak and prostrated. I went back to my old friend, Hood's Sarsaparilla, which seems to be the thing for me." REV. C. S. BEAULIER, pastor Christian church, Lowellville, Ohio. Remember.

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the best and the one true Blood Purifier.
Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. 25 cents.