

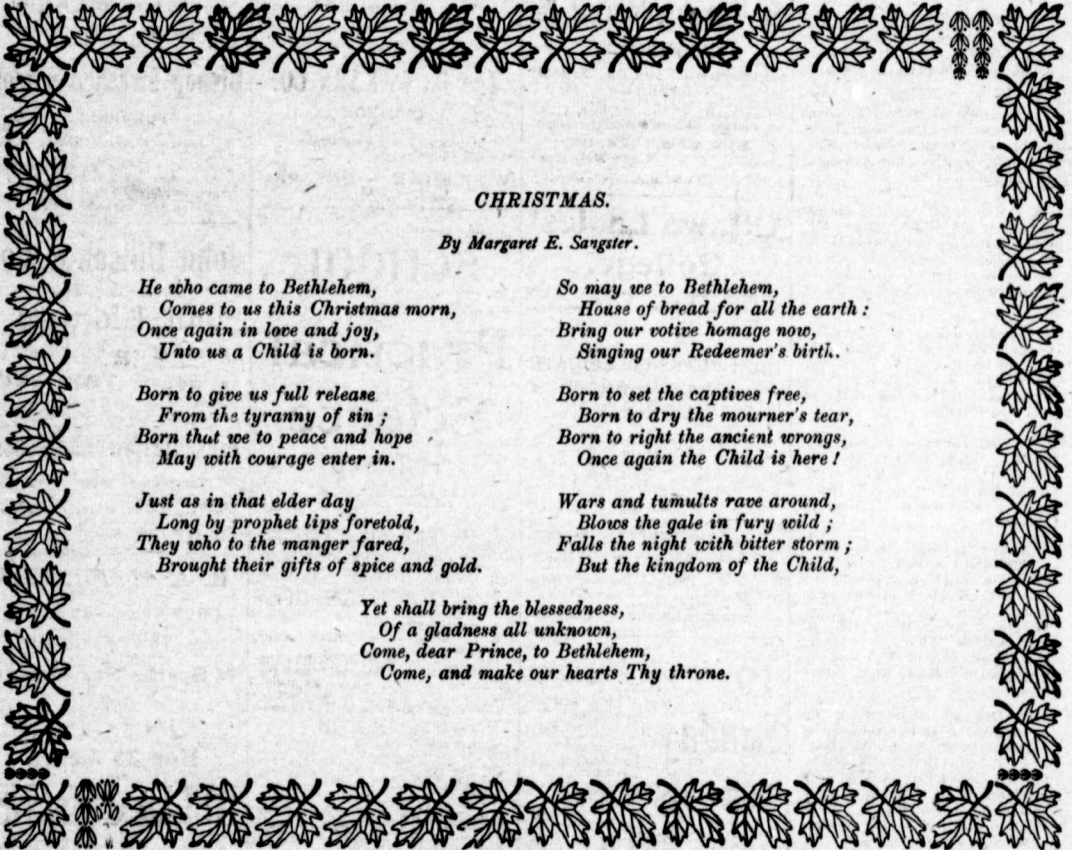
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By Margaret E. Sangster.

*He who came to Bethlehem,
Comes to us this Christmas morn,
Once again in love and joy,
Unto us a Child is born.*

*Born to give us full release
From the tyranny of sin ;
Born that we to peace and hope
May with courage enter in.*

*Just as in that elder day
Long by prophet lips foretold,
They who to the manger fared,
Brought their gifts of spice and gold.*

*So may we to Bethlehem,
House of bread for all the earth :
Bring our votive homage now,
Singing our Redeemer's birth.*

*Born to set the captives free,
Born to dry the mourner's tear,
Born to right the ancient wrongs,
Once again the Child is here !*

*Wars and tumults rave around,
Blows the gale in fury wild ;
Falls the night with bitter storm ;
But the kingdom of the Child,*

*Yet shall bring the blessedness,
Of a gladness all unknown,
Come, dear Prince, to Bethlehem,
Come, and make our hearts Thy throne.*

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At the manse, Kippen, on Dec. 10th, by Rev. M. C. McLennan, Mr. Frederick George Tomlinson, of Stanley, to Miss Lavina Kyle, of Hay.

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In Montreal on Dec. 10th, 1902, by the Rev. Dr. Campbell, David Cochrane Drysdale, son of Wm. Drysdale, to Alexander Chisholm of Alexandria.

On Nov. 19th, 1902, at the residence of the bride's father, Mr. Chas. Patterson, by the Rev. G. A. Woodside, M. A., Alexander P. McLaren, of Lanark Township, to Lizzie Patterson, of Carleton Place.

At the residence of the bride's mother, Bell Street, on Nov. 8th, 1902, by the Rev. G. A. Woodside, M. A., John B. McLaren, of Calgary, Alta., to Lavennie Miller of Carleton Place.

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Note and Comment.

Sir Edwin Arnold, though totally blind, still does some literary work. He said recently, "My condition would be a bad one without patience and resignation. I never despair, and thank heaven for my unimpaired mental powers."

Baba, which means "father," Premchand Bharati, a propagandist of an Indian faith based on the Vedas, has come to this country to make converts. He will work principally in New York city. He speaks in very hopeful terms, as reported in the secular papers.

In the good old meaning of the word, we hope that Christmas may be "merry" for all our readers. It means not boisterous nor giddy, but glad and happy. To be merry-hearted is to be glad and sweet of soul, and such we should all strive to be and to help others to be.

The Editor of the "New York Observer," says:—"The Presbyterian of Olympia, State of Washington, maintains a pastor at large. We know a good many pastors who might be set at large on the community, authorized to do good to whomsoever they could, with profit to all concerned."

It is stated that Mr. Frick is to give Pittsburg a university that will out rival the Carnegie technical school, and that he has secured a site opposite that of the great iron-master, who was once his partner, but is now his enemy. If this Frick(tion between millionaires goes on, says the Endeavor Herald, we shall not know what to do with all our schools.

Corsica, the intolerant, has felt the influence of the Protestant movement in France. The Protestant Church at Aulene has made application to the Minister of the Interior to be recognized as the parish church, and to be given the allowance formerly given to the Catholic priest. The petition is on the ground that the village has adopted the Reformed faith. Evangelical worship is conducted in a number of villages, and the movement is spreading.

"Make your life more simple even if you have to make it less fashionable. The world wants you to make it less fashionable. The world wants to see a real difference between Christians and other people, in their attitude toward money. A Christian can use money as a servant, but if he makes it the ruler of his life, his Christianity is a lie." This sane message Dr. Van Dyke gave his Brick Church people when he left for Princeton to take a chair in English literature. It is another way of emphasizing plain living and high thinking, says the Standard.

Some of the effects of the new Russian railway across Siberia are thus summarized: The opening was followed by a rush of settlers into Siberia, many of them being farmers. New methods of farming are introduced among the peasantry. Immense quantities of butter are being made. The mining industries have all been developed. The railroad has created a coal industry. Several great coal fields are being developed.

Furnaces of the locomotives are fed to-day with Siberian coal. The rudimentary workshops of old times are shutting up; they cannot compete with European manufacturers. Methods of mining have been changed. The old steamboats on the rivers will not do; new ones are being made. In 1900 the expenses of the railroad exceeded the receipts by about three million rubles, (about \$1,500,000.), but the government does not call this a loss, because the receipts from government roads in Russia have been increased several million rubles in carrying freight from and to the trans-Siberian road.

Never in any year of its history, remarks the Herald and Presbyter, has our Presbyterian Church made the preparation and put forth the united effort it is now doing in the field of evangelistic effort. The spirit of longing for revival and for conversions seems to be filling the hearts of pastors and people as scarcely ever before. The prayers for souls is in many hearts like that of John Knox: "Give me Scotland or I die." It is not too much to expect that this is to be a year of "the right hand of the Almighty."

John Alex. Dowie claims that he holds \$23,000,000 in his own right, and yet he keeps appealing to his followers for more. A recent appeal said: "Any one having \$5 to loan will please communicate with John Alexander Dowie, general overseer of the Christian Catholic Church. The 'five' will be gladly received, and its owner will be promised 6 per cent interest on his investment." The appeal for five dollar loans is rather remarkable from the second "Elijah" who gathers to himself the tithes of all his dupes. It is astonishing how much men put up with when once they have made up their minds to be deceived.

Dr. Payson sent a message to the young men who were studying for the ministry in one of the colleges, as follows: "What if God should place in your hand a diamond, and tell you to inscribe on it a sentence which should be read at the last day, and shown there as an index of your thoughts and feelings. What care and caution would you exercise in the selection? Now, this is what God has done. He has placed before you immortal minds, more imperishable than the diamond, on which you are about to inscribe, every day and every hour, by your instructions, by your spirit, or by your example, something which will remain, and be exhibited for or against you at the judgment day."

"A few years ago, when liquid air was new, we were told it would revolutionize the power problem," says Amateur Mechanics. "A passenger train was to run from New York to San Francisco on a barrierless track, and a small express wagon would haul enough in one load to take the largest steamer across the Atlantic. Now it is unknown outside of laboratories, and in fact only four universities in the country are equipped to make it. Careful tests last week at Cornell University demonstrated the fact that a one-horse power engine working continuously for one hour could produce only enough liquid air, when converted into power, to run a one-horse power engine one

minute."

"It has generally been conceded," says The Sanitary Inspector (August), "that there is quite an element of danger in the consumption of raw salad plants which have been grown upon soil that is possibly infected with disease germs which may be present as the result of the application of stable manure to the soil. All such salad plants should be carefully washed with an abundance of water. A writer in *Policlinico*, an Italian journal, concludes as the result of his experiments that such salad plants may be effectually sterilized, so far as disease germs are concerned, by immersing them a half an hour in a three-per-cent. solution of tartaric acid.

"Fogs," says the *Revue Scientifique*, "do not seem to lessen in frequency or intensity in London, and so, to aid the ordinary gas and electric lamps, which are insufficient in foggy weather, there are now kept in reserve in Westminster special lamps that are distributed in frequented streets when they are needed. They consist essentially of a large round reservoir that may contain about twenty five gallons of gasoline, in which the air is compressed. Thus are produced carburetted vapors that rise in a hollow stem above the reservoir and reach a burner, situated ten or fifteen feet above the ground. This burner gives a flame twenty to twenty-five inches high with an intensity of 1,000 candle power."

After tests covering two years, a physician of New York City has announced a new method for treating tumors. It is by the use of boiling water. He uses a syringe with a cylinder and adjustable piston, with needles varying in size. Using the ordinary aseptic precautions, water is taken directly from a cauldron and injected into the substance of the tumor. The water must be at a temperature of from 190 to 212 degrees Fahrenheit, or even higher. The water, he says, should be hot enough to coagulate the blood and the albuminoids of the tissues immediately, but it should not be forced in so extremely hot and under such pressure as to scald and produce a necrosis of the skin. During the treatment, the patient is put under the influence of narcotics.

Pope Leo's encyclical, says the Interior, appointing a commission "to devote their entire energy to insure that the divine words may receive the explanation demanded of them by the times," does the utmost possible to make the errors of the commission utterly sterile by adding this qualifying instruction: "That must be held to be the true sense of Holy Scripture which has been and is being held by the holy mother church." There is not a minister anywhere in Protestantism who will not agree that that sentence contains the gist of the reason why the Catholic church is so nearly a failure as a witness to living, saving Christian truth. And yet we have known even Presbyterian ministers who whenever theological professors were appointed to do for our church what this commission is to do for Catholicism, have insisted that they must put on just such clamppocks as the pope has commanded these scholars of his to wear.

Our Contributors.

Historical Criticism V. *

Genesis, chapter 3. (continued)

First, some words of explanation to remove misapprehensions.

When we speak of Genesis as a "late" book, we mean that it assumed its present form at a late date. It is part of a compilation, known now as the Hexateuch. The compilers of the Hexateuch had before them several documents of different origins and different dates. The Priest's Code, of which the first chapter of Genesis is a sample, was a late document; the Jehovistic which we are examining at present was an earlier document, composed about 850 B.C. But even the Jehovistic document is late in comparison with the traditions upon which it is based, not to compare it with the even s which it records, some of which are pre-historic.

Again, Babylonian influence, though never absent in Jewish history, was particularly strong at two periods, viz at the very beginning of their history, and at the time of the exile. The question has been raised, to which of these periods of contact are we to trace the Babylonian elements in the story of the Fall. The great majority of critics think that these elements, e.g., the serpent, the cherubim, and the flaming sword, come not from Babylon of the Exile, but from ancient Babylonia; that they belong to a tradition common to all the races of mankind, which has been worked up into different shapes by different peoples. Among these different versions, that of the Jehovist is unique. It was, as we believe, written by a Jew writing under the guidance of God's spirit, after the time of David, with a full knowledge of the history of his people, and seeing in that history the love and the goodness of God; and as he weaves together the old records, he fills them with a spiritual content such as no Egyptian, no Assyrian could give us; and in this spiritual content, we find the proof of the writer's inspiration.

Again, the word 'myth' is misunderstood. In the popular sense a myth means a nonentity, something purely imaginary. But it has also a technical sense. The first efforts of the human mind were directed to the task of explaining the phenomena of Nature, which were conceived of as spiritual forces. These first efforts to interpret the spiritual significance of the universe through the phenomena and contents of Nature, are called 'myths' or collectively, 'mythology'. Mythology is therefore the beginning of theology.

Now this third chapter is the work of a man who took the first thoughts, the myths of his people, and re-wrote them in the light of fuller knowledge, giving them a richer content but (so skillfully is it done) without destroying their primitive freshness and simplicity. It is, therefore, not to be read literally but as a poetical, symbolical, or mythological representation of moral processes, a pictorial history or epic of the inner life.

The interest of the story turns on man's

*Notes of the fifth of a series of sermons by Rev. G. M. Milligan, D.D., of Old St. Andrew's Church, Toronto.

attaining to a knowledge of good and evil, and so taking the first step towards gaining a sense of the obligation to choose the good, and to reject the evil, which is the mark of a fully developed moral character.

The writer would teach us that sin is alien to man's nature. Man was innocent at the start. So sin is not something physical as the Persians thought, nor is it a limitation or defect of being as some evolutionists say. But, as this story plainly tells us, sin is a perversion of the will, the placing of self gratification before the pleasing of God. It is in the language of St. Paul "a law in the members, warring against the law of the mind."

Men have laughed at the tree. But this springs from superficial literalism. The tree does not stand for the cause of the Fall, but for the occasion of moral testing. And many occasions of moral trial are commonplace. Animalism or spirituality may be shown in such commonplace things as eating and drinking.

What lesson is there in the cherubim and the flaming sword? The word 'cherubim' seems to mean the dragon or viper of the sky. Some say that it symbolizes the sandstorms of the desert. At any rate it stands for awful doom, and so likewise does the flaming sword, which probably was suggested by the lightning. Remember that we are dealing with a childlike primitive age, whose theology took the form of mythology. We must read poetically, not literally. God saw that man had advanced to such a point that the old life would not satisfy him; he was now conscious of something lacking in himself; he would reach out after a fuller life. And lest man should seek to realize himself through the life of the flesh rather than through the life of the spirit, God has made carnal indulgences terrible. In the nightmare of the opium-eater, the delirium tremens of the drunkard, the fearful punishments of those who abuse the body in any way, we recognize the cherubim and the flaming sword. Thus He protects man from what would ruin him. The story of man's disobedience ends in the redeeming love of God.

So this chapter bears out the claim which we made for it, that it has all the characteristics of an inspired literature as set forth by Paul in 2 Tim. 4: 16, 17.

Notes by Nemo

At the present season the following wise, well balanced words seem to be worthy of careful consideration. They are taken from "Social Aspects of Christianity" by the late Dr. B. F. Westcott.

We turn then to the problems of our own age and country and ask how we can meet them with the help we may draw from this teaching of earlier experience. In seeking for an answer it is something that there is a general agreement as to the source of our characteristic dangers. We are suffering on all sides, and we know that we are suffering, from a tyrannical individualism. This reveals itself in social life by the pursuit of personal pleasure; in commercial life by the admission of the principle of unlimited

competition; in our theories of life by the acceptance of material standards of prosperity and progress. Nor is it difficult to see why this should be so. The silent revolution which has taken place within this century in the methods of production and distribution has terribly intensified the evils which belong to all late forms of civilisation. The "great industries" have cheapened luxuries and stimulated the passion for them. They have destroyed the human fellowship of craftsman and chief. They have degraded trade, in a large degree, into speculation. They have deprived labour of its thoughtful freedom and turned men into "hands." They have given capital a power of dominion and growth perilous above all to its possessor.

So it has come to pass that in our fierce conflicts we are in peril of guiding our conduct by a theory of rights and not by a confession of duties; of losing life in the search for the means of living; of emptying it meanwhile of everything which gives dignity to manhood, though stripped of the accidents of outward dress, and hope to sorrow, though it must be borne in loneliness even to the end. We need therefore in order that we may hold our faith erect in our day of trial to deepen in ourselves the sense of responsibility. We need to show to the world the reality of spiritual power. We need to gain and to exhibit an idea which satisfies the thoughts, the aspirations, the aims of men straining towards the light.

1. We need, I say, to deepen in ourselves the sense of responsibility, the sense of responsibility proportioned to our endowments. The first words attributed to man born outside the Paradise of God, are words which disclose the secret of all social evil. "Am I," said the earliest murderer, "my brother's keeper?" And the answer came from the unfruitful earth, silent witness of the deed of violence; came from the soul filling with remorse the fugitive who could not flee from himself.

Yes; and the same answer must come as often as the thoughtless, the self-indulgent, the idle, propose the question now. We are our brothers' keepers even as they are ours; and unless we accept the charge the scene of our toil and the inexorable sovereign of our hearts will condemn us to unsatisfied desires.

But let us not be mistaken. What we need is a grave sense of responsibility, and not that generous impulsiveness which is swayed this way and that by successive courses of suffering; we cannot with impunity treat the miseries, the crimes, the vices of men, as excitements, spectacles, tragedies, to stir our emotions. They are our grief, our reproach, our shame, because we too are men; and as men we must take them to ourselves. They cry to us with the voice of an awakened conscience, which knows the temptations with which we have dallied and the safeguards by which we have been protected. They bid us ask with persistent resolution till some reply is gained, what means for us that tending of the leper by Francis of Assisi which was for him the revelation of the Lord? What means for us that a peal of Geo. Fox to the drunken rustic which was for him the revelation of the Light, the true Light which lighteth every man?

2. We need to quicken our sense of responsibility and we need also to shew to the world the reality of spiritual forces.

This we must do, by the help of God, in forms which correspond with the trials and the temper of the age. Behind every social question there lies not only a moral but a religious question. And the final solution of every question belongs to the highest sphere. "You cannot," in the words of a noble leader of modern democracy, "change the fate of man by embellishing his material dwelling." We most touch the soul if we are to change the mode of living. And if we believe that the Gospel teaches us not only to relieve distress but to remove it; not only to alleviate sorrow but to transfigure it; we must make good our faith.

And yet than this we have a wider duty. Many who allow that Christianity can deal with individuals deny that it has any message for classes or states. Its virtues, they say, are the petty virtues of private life; its promises, the gratification of the small objects of personal aim; towards the struggles of society, of the nation, of the race, it can at best produce nothing better than a temper of benevolent neutrality. We know that the charge is essentially false, but we must admit without reserve that we have given occasion to it. We have not dared, as we should have done, to assert that our faith in Christ, the Saviour of the world, must be the inspiration of our national policy; that our faith in the Divine Fatherhood must be the measure of our social obligations. It is not indeed easy to determine in every case the special application of the truth. It is not necessary that we should determine it, but if we cannot improvise peremptory judgments, we can always affirm an eternal principle; we can quell in our hearts that spirit of self-assertion which fills us with restless jealousy till our personal demands are fully paid, and that spirit of larger, deadlier self-assertion, miscalled patriotism, which tempts us to think that the power of a nation is the power of dictation and not of service, and that every failure must be washed out in blood. We can do this; and shall we venture to say that we have done it?

3. We need once more to gain and exhibit a great ideal. We are troubled on one side by the spirit of irony which shrinks from the avowal of its loftiest aims; and on the other side by the spirit of confidence which assumes that all will be well if we go with the stream. We play with noble thoughts. Now we want insight, and now we want courage. In both cases we want faith in men, and that which alone can give it, faith in God. No word is used more familiarly than "progress," but it is very hard to see the goal towards which we are supposed to be moving. The greatest triumphs of modern science are, as we have seen, fruitful in evils no less than in blessings. They have increased our power, our opportunities, our resources; but in themselves they cannot open the heavens and show the glory of God and Jesus standing at the right hand of God: they cannot give us that vision of immeasurable majesty which fills the whole soul with the consciousness of its destiny, and that vision of sovereign love which brings the assurance that attainment is within our reach. For we do not think too much of life, too much of humanity, too much of men, but infinitely too little, because we allow that which can be seen by the eye of sense to furnish the data of our estimate. But let us bring the gospel of Christ, Maker and Heir of all things, into connection not with

ourselves only but with the world and then there will rise before us a spectacle which move the dullest with enthusiasm and touches the most disconsolate with hope; a spectacle of a life unfolded through the ages in which, in spite of every partial loss and every temporary check, a divine counsel of righteousness is fulfilled; of a humanity through whose discipline and victory, won by sacrifice offered in the ministry of every member, the end of the whole creation is reached in the peace of an indissoluble harmony; of men who each in their appointed place receive the inheritance of the fathers and transmit it enriched by their own toils to a new generation and enter living and dying into the joy of the Lord. What ideal can be offered to the spirit which is greater or more true?

The sense of responsibility, the energy of spiritual force the power of a divine ideal, how can we gain them? To this question, which is for us the question of all questions, the past returns no uncertain answer. Each new revelation of Christ among men has hitherto found expression in some social movement, in some form of disciplined life which has embodied and interpreted it. And Christ is revealing Himself through the very needs which trouble us. We can see now, as men could not see in earlier times how there has been a law in the growth of the race; how man was taken from himself by the ancient organizations of the state; how he was taken from the world by the dominant religious communities of the middle ages; how he has been taken from society by the isolating narrowness of many forms of popular Protestantism; and seeing this we can see also, when we let the Incarnation give its perfect message, that he is given back to himself, to the world, to society in the Risen Christ. This then is the revelation which we have to embody; to embody in the eyes of all by some fellowship which shall strike the imagination; which shall teach by manifold experience the power of social relationships and social obligations in commerce, in politics, in religion; which shall claim for the family and the nation their proper parts in preparing the Kingdom of God on earth, in bringing to redeemed humanity the fullness of its life in Christ.

Prophetic Ideas and Ideals. *

We have read this book from cover to cover with great pleasure and profit. The title of the book tells us what it is, "Prophetic Ideas and Ideals," a series of short studies in the prophetic literature of the Hebrew People.

It is not a commentary nor a systematic treatise. It claims to be a "series of suggestions" in the wide field of prophetic literature. It is a series of suggestions—most valuable suggestions too. After all are not the books which give us suggestions the best kind of books? One can only say that the mind that is not awakened by Prof. Jordan's suggestions must be a dull mind indeed.

Prof. Jordan does not parade his learning but anyone can see that back of his clearly put statements there is wide reading and the careful judgment of a sane mind.

The author thinks his book will be specially helpful to "theological students youthful ministers and intelligent laymen."

*"Prophetic Ideas and Ideals," by Rev. Prof. Jordan, D. D., Queen's College, Kingston. Fleming H. Revell Co., Toronto, 91c.

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The preacher will find homiletic suggestiveness in these pages—in the variety and appropriateness of the treatment given to each prophetic book.

On every page too he will find some sentence that will attract his attention by its felicity of expression and comprehensiveness.

Such chapters as, "The Prophet's call or the Vision of the King," "The Prophet's presentation of God's Plea," "The Prophetic Missionary Idea," will be read more than once.

The book, as we might expect, is pervaded by a fine genial tolerant spirit and one is consciously better for having read it.

We shall look with pleasurable anticipation for further contributions from Prof. Jordan's pen.

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The Quiet Hour.

A Christmas Lesson.

Luke 2 : 8-20. Commit to memory vs. 10, 11. Read Isa. 9 : 1-7 ; Heb., ch. 11.

S. S. LESSON—Dec. 28, 1902.

We come once again to the old, familiar Christmas story.

V. 8. Shepherds abiding in the field. Perhaps, like Simeon, (v. 25) these men were "waiting for the consolation of Israel." The selection of this humble order of men was a prophecy of the work of Christ in exalting the lowly. It was from that same duty and from this locality that David was summoned to be the deliverer of Israel.

V. 8. An angel (Rev. Ver.) ; not the Jehovah angel of Old Testament revelation. The glory of the Lord ; like the Shekinah, or cloud in which the Lord appeared above the mercy seat ; Ex. 25 : 22 ; Lev. 16 : 2. Light is the emblem of God, 1 John 1 : 5. Here it shows the divine authority of the angel's message. They were sore afraid ; because in the light of God's presence they had a sudden revelation of their sinfulness.

Vs. 10-12. Be not afraid (Rev. Ver.). Compare ch. 1 : 13, 30 God's messenger, like God Himself, was quick to see and pity human weakness. Good tidings of great joy ; the best news ever heard by men. It is the same word as "gospel." To all the people (Rev. Ver.) ; all the people of Israel. The Gospel was first for the Jews, who were to send it to the Gentiles. A Saviour ; a deliverer from sin and its consequences. Jesus means Saviour ; see Matt. 1 : 21. Christ the Lord ; the Messiah, the Anointed One. A sign ; by which they might prove the truth of His words.

Vs. 13, 14. And suddenly ; as heavenly visitors are wont to appear. A multitude of the heavenly host ; the "hosts" of angels who surround the throne of God, 1 Kings 22 : 19 ; Ps. 103 : 21 ; Matt. 26 : 53. Note carefully the arrangement of the angels' song. It consists of two parts of three members each.

1. Glory . . . to God . . . in the highest.
2. Peace, goodwill . . . to men . . . on earth.

Vs. 15-17. Let us now go. They made no delay in seeking the Saviour, nor should we. And see ; verify for themselves. Which the Lord hath made known unto us. Their faith was remarkable. They did not doubt that the message was from God. God makes known His will to prepared hearts. They came with haste. Their faith is zealous. Found ; found everything just as the angel had told them. So God rewarded their faith. They made known. This was the first gospel message borne by men. If one has truly found the Saviour, he yearns to tell others the good news, Acts 4 : 20 ; 1 John 1 : 1, 2.

Vs. 18-20. All . . . wondered. The news was so good that they could scarce believe it true. Contrast this with the effect in Mary's case, v. 19. More surprise that does not issue in action is apt to pass away easily and be forgotten. But Mary kept all these things. She stored up all these words in her memory. They became treasures to her for life. Pondered them in her heart. While the shepherds published, Mary meditated. She reflected upon the facts, and no doubt compared them with the prophecies and promises of the Old Testament, for she

would not, at first, understand the full significance of the events. The shepherds returned ; but with a new vision in life, investing their ordinary duties with a higher interest. "Their experience was the best example of the first beatitude," Matt 5 : 3. Glorifying and praising God ; celebrating the greatness and goodness of God as manifested in the new gift He had sent. A new employment was added to their old, and the music of their song has never died away. Many all over the world will join in it today.

Bible Study. One Verse at a Time.

Paper 11.

Isaiah 55 : 1.

BY MRS. ANNA ROSS.

Last week I was advocating the study of one verse of God's word each day instead of a whole chapter. Wishing to help anyone who may have been interested, I now propose during the next few weeks, to deal in the manner suggested, with this glorious chapter of Isaiah, beginning to-day with the first verse. If anyone feels like writing to me on the subject, either in sympathy, criticism or inquiry, I shall be glad to hear from them.

Prayer at the beginning, "Lord, open Thou mine eyes that I may behold wondrous things out of thy law." As Jesus Christ was sent into this world on purpose to open blind eyes, it is suspecting Him of being either unable or unwilling to do His appointed work, to offer this prayer without gladly expecting an answer. He will answer and His answer means light on this sacred page.

1st clause, "Ho !"
This is the voice of God the Father Himself ; for in this same chapter He speaks in the third person of both the Son and the Holy One of Israel, or the Holy Ghost, verses 4, 5 Our Father who is in heaven calls Ho ! or Hullo ! to arrest the attention of those who are passing by heedlessly, in danger of missing this chapter and the feast to which it is a summons. Thank God for caring so much that He has sent out this long, loud Ho ! sounding through the centuries.

2nd, "Every one that thirsteth" : (4th) "And he that hath no money."

These two clauses describe those who are called, and are best studied together. Every one is not called in this verse ; it is only the thirsty and those who are toward God, utterly poverty-stricken. Thank God that these two classes are specially invited to the feast. Is there not opportunity for some very close conversation with our God in these two terms of His own word ? Can we not through them get such a look into the heart of our Father that our own hearts shall soften and warm ?

3rd, "Come ye to the waters."
"What is meant by the word waters ? If we do not understand that, the invitation has no meaning. How that question puzzled me in early days ! But now it is all clear. This chapter itself explains it further on. "As the rain cometh down—so shall my word be." The rain comes down from heaven with life and refreshing for the thirsty earth, so God's word comes down from heaven with life and refreshing for the thirsty

soul. We are here invited to come to the waters—to come to the word, and drink what we will of it freely, because we are invited.

An old Highlander saw hanging on a kitchen wall, in large letters the words, "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge, my fortress, my God, in Him will I trust." He pointed to them with desire in his face and said "O if I could only say that !" Why should he not say that ? Had he never heard God's "Ho !" to every thirsty soul ? and the triple invitation that follows, "Come ye to the waters, come ye, yea come." He had read and heard it all many times, but he had never paused to understand that the waters meant the word of God, and that he was here invited to take the richest word that bubbles up out of that well of living water, and drink it to his own refreshing. He did not understand that this invitation with the arresting "Ho !" in front of it, constituted a God-given warrant to any thirsty soul to take up this very word and sing, with a blessed emphasis on the personal pronouns, "I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge, my fortress, my God, in Him will I trust."

5th, "Come ye" ; 6th, "Yea come."
God's urgency to overcome timidity. Thank God for that "Yea." It is strong to overcome the unbelieving Nay that ever springs instinctively from the human heart in view of the offers of God's grace.

7th, "Bring wine and milk."
What is wine ? Christ's own word makes that plain. He took the cup and said, "This cup is the new covenant in my blood." The wine stands for God's New Covenant of promise, and each single promise in the word of God is only one drop out of that cup of blood-purchased wine. A promise grasped is the best wine to give courage and gladness. There is nothing like it, especially if the covenant held at the back of it is apprehended.

What is milk ? Peter makes that plain. "As new born babes, desire the sincere milk of the word, that ye may grow thereby," and "Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Milk is that which makes us grow. The knowledge of the Lord is that which makes us grow ; therefore, whatever in the word makes us to know our God—that is milk. There is milk everywhere in the word of God. In the narratives. They are full of milk. How we can learn to know our God studying Abraham and Jacob and Joseph ! How the history of Moses and Joshua and Samuel and David shine with the revealed glory of the living God ! There is milk in the commands and in the promises, and surely in the judgments of God.

8th, "Without money and without price."
These are the published terms. Thank God for these terms. They fit the poorest, and are meant to do so. Thank God for the poverty that makes us willing to buy on those terms.

He who would understand this chapter should see at the beginning that the invitation given is not to the feast of salvation in a vague sense, but that it is to the feast of the word of God, and that it is only through the "diligent" and "appropriating" study of that word that all the precious results spoken of are to be realized. Men have forgotten what the word of God means.

Ottawa Ladies' College, Nov. 29th.

The Bible is the guide book to heaven, and if we really love the Bible, that is one of the best signs that we are on the way to heaven.

The End of the Play.

The Bbleiot for December contains Ballads and Lyrics by William Makepeace Thackeray. The great novelist's work is too well known to need reviewing. The closing poem is suitable for the season and will give a fair specimen of the whole. Many will be glad to have the poem in this cheap dainty form.—(I. B. Mosher Portland Maine, 5c.

The play is done; the curtain drops
Slow falling to the prompter's bell,
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task;
And when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,
Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As fits the merry Christmas time.
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
That Fate ere long shall bid you play;
Good night with honest gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go away.

Good-night—I'd say, the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain than those of men;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say we suffer and we strive,
Not less nor more as men than boys;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
And erst at twelve in corduroys.
And if in time of sacred youth,
We learned at home to love and pray;
Pray Heaven that early Love and Truth
May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say, how fate may change and shift;
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
Blessed be He who took and gave,
Why should your mother Charles, not mine,
Be weeping at her darling's grave?
We bow to Heaven that will'd it so,
That darkly rules the fate of all,
That sends the respite or the blow,
That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit,
Who brought him to that mirth and state?
His betters, see, below him sit,
Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel,
All to spurn the rags of Lazarus?
Come brother, in that dust we kneel,
Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn, in life's advance,
Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
And longing passion unfilled.
Amen, whatever fate be sent,
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart,
Who misses or who wins the prize.
Go, lose or conquer as you can;
But if you fail or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young,
(Bear kindly with my humble lays);
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days,
The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful angels raised it then,
Glory to Heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and mirth,
As fits the solemn Christmas tide,
As fits the holy Christmas birth,

Our Young People

Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace, on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

Our Heavenly Home.

John 14: 1-6; Rev. 21: 1-4.

Topic for Dec 18.

We often say, after a long and tiresome journey, "It was worth while to go away to go away just to find out how good it is to get home!" Perhaps that is why our experience of this world is given us, with its sorrows and difficulties, its hard work and frequent failure, with its brightness, to be sure, but with it many dark clouds—just so that some day we shall realize how good it is to get home in heaven.

How is it that, in spite of everything, we think of heaven as a strange land and not at all as our home? We do not picture it as filled with real, solid, substantial beings such as are waiting us in our homes on earth; but in reality the inhabitants of heaven are even more real than the inhabitants of earth, and not a particle ghostly.

When we think our homes, we think of this and that familiar object—the mantelpiece in the sitting-room, the old clock in the corner, mother's rocking chair by the mending-basket, our own little room with the book-case by the pleasant window. Would it not be a good plan to look ahead to our heavenly home and become familiar with its nooks and corners? It will do no harm to imagine all sorts of delightful things, for we know that the actual picture will far overpass in joyfulness whatever we can imagine.

The way to heaven is along the line of just such continual, happy, eager thought of heaven, just as such thought is the way to our earthly homes. No one goes home on earth that cares nothing for home, takes no thought for it, does not plan with ardent longing for the home coming, count the days that must pass before he can be there. Are you counting the days before your heavenly home-coming? Do you long—really long—to be there?

Thoughts to Ponder.

We are to live forever with God in heaven, and any work we do that does not fit us for living in heaven forever is dangerous work. We need never do such work; but do we not do it every day?

No one ever reached heaven by living a careless, listless life. As Oliver Wendell Holmes once said, "To reach the port of heaven, we must sail sometimes with the wind and sometimes against it, but we must sail and not drift, nor lie at anchor."

When a man who has been accustomed to living among mountains is brought down to live on the plains, he becomes terribly homesick for the hills. And so it is that every Godlike soul is homesick for heaven. Christ has been born in Him, and Christ's home is heaven.

God is preparing heavenly mansions for our souls, and at the same time He is preparing our souls for the heavenly mansions. In both of these works He is all the time showing His love for us. He wants to make every one of our days a preparation for heaven.

One of the saddest of all sights is the coming of an immigrant to a strange country, with no one to welcome him, the busy throngs passing him by carelessly on the streets. But Christ has told us that He has prepared a place for us in the country to which we are going, and he will be there to give us a welcome.

One way to get ready to enjoy heaven is to enjoy the earth. If we do not see beauty in the woods and the fields here below, how can we expect to see beauty in the trees that are for the healing of the nations, and the smiling fields of Paradise?

For Daily Reading.

- Mon., Dec. 22.—Who are in heaven? Heb. 12: 22-24.
- Tues., Dec. 23.—Who are not there? Matt. 25: 41-46.
- Wed., Dec. 24.—How to get there. Ps. 73: 23-28.
- Thurs., Dec. 25.—What to do there. Rev. 7: 9-17.
- Fri., Dec. 26.—Heavenly joys. Ps. 16: 1-11.
- Sat., Dec. 27.—Heavenly glories. 1 Cor. 2: 9-16.
- Sun., Dec. 28.—Topic. *Our heavenly home, and the way.* John 14: 1-6; Rev. 21: 1-4.

It requires a well kept life to do the will of God, and even a better kept life to will to do his will. To be willing, is a rarer grace than to be doing the will of God. For he who is willing may sometimes have nothing to do, and must only be willing to wait; and it is easier far to be doing God's will than to be willing to have nothing to do—it is easier far to be working for Christ than it is to be willing to cease. No, there is nothing rarer in the world today than the true willing soul, and there is nothing more worth coveting than the will to will God's will. There is no grander possession of any Christian life than the transparently simple mechanism of a sincerely obeying heart.—Professor Drummond.

Gratefully Rejoicing

Robert Moffat, the great missionary to Africa, tells this story:—

Not long ago a woman came to me, having travelled fifteen miles, and said that she wished for a new Testament. I said to her, "My good woman, there is not a copy of it to be had."

"What! Must I return empty?"

"I fear that you must."

"Oh, said she, "I borrowed a copy once, but the owner has come and taken it away, and now I sit with my family sorrowful, because we have no Book to talk to us! Now we are far from anyone else. We are living at a cattle outpost, and have no one to teach us but the Book. Oh, go and try to find a Book! O my elder brother, do go and try to find a Book for me! Surely there is one to be found; do not let me go back empty."

I felt deeply for her, for she spoke so earnestly, and I said, "Wait a little, and I will see what I can do."

I searched here and there, and at last found a copy and brought it to the good woman.

Oh, if only you could have seen how her eyes brightened, how she clasped my hands and kissed them over and over again!

Away she went with the Book, rejoicing, with a heart overflowing with gratitude.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Manager and Editor

Ottawa, Wednesday, Dec. 17 1902.

A great deal will now depend on the united wisdom of the temperance leaders. History shows that enduring progress in moral reform can only be made a step at a time. It would be a big stride just now to get rid of the open bar and the treating system.

The Gentle Art of Making Happy, by G. H. Morrison, M.A. (Olliphant, Anderson and Ferrier, London.) Mr. Morrison is a Glasgow minister who has already gained literary reputation in his *Memoirs of the Life and Times of Thomas Boston*. This volume is small, neat and inexpensive but it contains five suggestive chapters "Or the Gentle Art of Making Happy," "The Deep Significance of the Usual," "The Sweet Doctrine of the Second Mile," "The Illuminative Power of Immediate Action," "The Evil Philosophy of the Clean Stall." These titles will give a hint of the author's clear, crisp, unconventional style. The teaching is sound, the illustrations fresh and the expression natural. Mr. Morrison wisely preaches the importance of the common things of earth and sky. He says, "I suppose that is the reason why all our greatest novelists bring in the startling with such a sparing hand. You cannot read our master novelists but you feel the importance of the usual. The weaker sort must drag in crime and murder. There is hardly a chapter without violence or alarm. I take it that there are multitudes who think a novel a failure, unless it is violent, sensational, and scarlet. But the consummate masters never degrade things so. How leisurely they are! How quiet and easy! How they will take some common day or incident and work it out into a chapter until, through a score of chapters such as that, somehow the characters begin to breathe. We love them; they become our intimates; if we met them tomorrow we should recognise them. And all the violence of all the scribblers can never win a victory like that."

A recent speaker asserted that about nine-tenths of the average congregation's expenditure was expended on the adults; with about one-tenth on the Sabbath schools; his contention is these proportions should be reversed.

CHRISTMAS.

Once more we approach the great festival of the Christian year; just before the year runs to a close, and in solemn mood we take count of its dying hours, we are called to rejoice in the coming of One whose mission was to reveal the Father's love and give new beauty to our common life. This is a call to rise up out of the dust and sing the old song of redemption. Time which is swiftly ebbing away is not our only element, we belong to the eternal sphere. This is part of the Christmas message, and a very precious part to those who feel that because of sad circumstances or recent loss the festive music jars upon their feeling. It is not the music of earth but an attempt to echo the heavenly strains of "Glory to God in the highest, and peace on Earth to men of good will." To those who have had a varied experience the festival brings sad memories as well as sweet recollections, but meditation upon the love which is commemorated should tone away the bitterness of our pain and give us joy real though subdued.

We are reminded of the lowliness of God's highest revelation. The Ideal Man who fulfils the longing of past ages, and brings new hope for the future came as a child, entered this life in the same way of unconscious birth and lowly beginning as that which we have all trodden. The gateway into life is made golden and glorious when we think of the babe of Bethlehem, and all the blessed possibilities wrapped up in that dawning life. That also is a painful path, a way of the cross for mother and child. But in the light of Christian teaching it gains new sacredness and sweeter meaning. As He entered our world so we must enter His. To leave our pride and strength and become as a little child is to enter the kingdom, and conquer by submission a new world of experience and usefulness.

It is the human side of the divine life that we now exalt; the glory of motherhood, the sacredness of childhood, the beauty of sympathy, the nobility of generosity, all this and more is implied in an intelligent joyful celebration of the Saviour's birth. This demands soberness and reverence. Of those who degrade a festival of the soul into a carnival of the senses, we are compelled to say that they know not what they do; a name they know which they pervert through coarse selfishness, but of the spiritual reality they are ignorant. Much of this ignorance and selfishness clings to us all and the cure of it is to reflect upon the coming of the lowly child, and the shadow of the cross falling upon the cradle; then we shall learn once more that selfish pleasure turns to dust and only the living loving service abides, the service of those who sow in tears and reap in joy.

There has been talk of the underlying affinity of Great Britain, the United States and Germany. Well, they are acting together now, in demanding civilized treatment for British and German subjects in Venezuela; that is, Britain and Germany have taken possession of the chief harbors; while the United States, admitting the justice of the proceedings, looks benevolently on. The United States might not look on so benevo-

lently were either European power intending to take permanent possession of any part of Venezuelan territory; but it is understood assurances satisfactory to the United States have been given. The important thing is that Great Britain, Germany, and the great English speaking Republic, have been acting in concert; and they may do the same at another time and at some greater crisis.

THE SCHOOLS OF QUEBEC.

An interesting lecture was given recently to the Catholic Union by Mr. M. B. Lippens which *La Patrie* describes as a thorough and learned study of the education question. There is no doubt room in Ontario for improvement in all the departments of this work but according to this witness there is crying need for reform in the province of Quebec. "Education," says the lecturer, "should embrace the development of the body, the culture of the intelligence, and wise moral guidance. But to realise this ideal something more than laws and books are needed; an organization and a competent staff is necessary." Along all these lines reform is urgently demanded. According to official reports, thousands of children are compelled to pass six hours a day in an atmosphere charged with microbes, while it is proved on the same authority that the sanitary condition of the penitentiaries is first rate. Mr. Lippens states the case in strong but sober language, to the effect that criminals are well housed, the insane not so well, and the children of the poor worst of all. That seems a strange inversion of the right order. We do not mean to suggest that prisoners are to be punished by being confined in wretched, unclean cells, but we do maintain that when they are well cared for, as to their physical conditions, the thousands of children gathered into the day schools should have proper care and attention, both with respect to their bodily and mental well-being. *La Patrie* says, "Hundreds of the school houses and their furniture are so inferior as to cause pain. How can you expect that the young boy, or the young girl who goes to such places can work in them with any relish and acquire a love of study with unqualified teachers and schools badly furnished."

"When all these conditions are gathered under one roof, the result is clear; a parish or a corner of a parish, instead of forming itself for the future becomes deformed." "Let us all join hands; priests, laymen, men, women, to stimulate the movement, to which, for our part, we shall continue to give our entire cooperation." Let us hope that Quebec will listen to "the cry of the children" and give the needful attention to the elementary school. In these days the children cannot compete in the race of life unless they get a fair start. *La Patrie* has for some time been crying in the wilderness, let us hope that something will come out of the cry.

The publishers of THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN respectfully request of subscribers the renewal of subscriptions at the earliest possible date. A University Principal gave his students this motto: "Do it now."

THE CRITIC'S CORNER. X.

The Function of Journalism.

Mr. J. S. Willison so long connected with the Globe has left that journal to pursue the path of independent journalism; he leaves the post which he has held so long, and in which he won the respect of many both inside and outside of his office, to attempt a difficult task in which we trust he will have some measure of success. In this age, as in every other, independence is a thing for which men have to pay a painful price, but the man who is faithful to his own conscience, and who follows steadily the dictates of duty, has an inward satisfaction and this is a treasure that all the wealth of the world cannot purchase. We need individuality and independence in Canada, we need it now more than ever; not fretful crankiness or shallow eccentricity, but real healthy independence of spirit, the spirit that resists mere conventionality in the name of reason and conscience.

What is a journal, and what work has it to do? Those who conduct the most important newspapers often boast of the large constituency which they address. We are reminded that the preacher speaks to a few people once a week while the newspaper speaks to a large number of people six days out of seven. That may be true and we are not desirous of denying it; it certainly presents to the journalist an immense field for work, and a great opportunity for usefulness. But it is well to remember that bigness even in this sphere, is not the highest standard, and that kind and quality of influence needs to be considered. A little of the right kind of power may sometimes go a long way. Of course a newspaper must have an influence by the way in which it serves up the news of the day, and by the character of its reports and advertisements, as well as by the opinions it expresses. But a newspaper cannot have the highest influence unless it has a living policy and real power of heart and brain consecrated to its service. Many newspapers go in for sensational features to get a circulation and then seek to present as much light entertainment as possible in order to maintain their position. That is true, but it is also true that some of the noblest moral battles, battles against corruption and injustice have been fought by newspapers, and fought at great cost. So the situation cannot be described in a few simple phrases. There are different ideals of journalism as of all other forms of human activity; there are men who are content to be purveyors of news, and retailers of gossip; in so far as their journal has any voice it is raised on behalf of the things that pay or appear to pay. But there are others; the annals of journalism are rich in the names of men who have made the greatest sacrifices and put forth strenuous efforts for the sake of the highest interests of society. Here as elsewhere these men are "the salt of the earth," they keep the whole business from becoming stagnant and putrid. Whether the journals are less or more influential than in some other time or country, that is, whether they really help to form opinion or merely collect news, and express opinions already formed—that is too large a question for the present moment. The newspaper helps to make this

people, and the people make the newspapers, there must always be this action and reaction; no great body of men can stand quite out of relation with the atmosphere of the time. On the recent question of Prohibition it is mentioned by some that the newspapers were practically silent, they opened their columns to correspondence and gave full information, but exercised no guiding influence. That may be true of many, and admits of an easy explanation. It is not unlikely that the people who cry for more light on this question would have called it darkness if it did not suit their taste. The Temperance question calls for mansided discussion and we trust will receive it from our best journals and our leading public men. A little healthy criticism might also be offered on many of "the shows" that are presented in the cities. I have a great admiration for the Globe as a clean, healthy, highclass journal but it disappointed me in this respect. The conclusion of the whole matter is that there is room for all of us to use our best strength in the cause of truth and righteousness.

VERAX.

THE REFERENDUM VOTE—WHAT NEXT?

The referendum on the Liquor Act of 1902 has been disposed of so far as the votes are concerned. From some points of view the result is a disappointment to both the temperance people and the liquor dealers. The former are somewhat disappointed in not securing the vote of 212,000 called for by the act, and the latter are disappointed, almost to the verge of alarm, at the magnitude of the vote and the practically overwhelming majority won by the temperance party. The result to a large extent clears the moral atmosphere and indicates somewhat decisively the strength of public sentiment on each side. The campaign was an educational one and will have considerable effect in moulding public opinion in the direction of imposing greater restrictions on the liquor traffic. While the vote has not been large enough to secure the bringing of the Act into force, it does not follow that the temperance people would be justified in laying back on their oars. The vote is sufficiently decisive to warrant the Christian and temperance people of Ontario in calling upon the government and legislature to take a considerable step in advance on all previous liquor traffic legislation. They are justified in calling for three things: (1) A substantial reduction in the number of licenses throughout the province; (2) Making it more difficult for liquor sellers to secure licenses—that is, require them, in order to get a license, to secure an absolute majority of the ratepayers in any given section to their petitions, and require them to do so each year. (In Nova Scotia liquor sellers are required to secure the signatures of two-thirds of the ratepayers to their petitions for license, with the result that outside of the city and County of Halifax there is not a section in the province where liquor-sellers can secure such two-thirds.) (3) Appoint as license commissioners men who can be depended upon to enforce the law strictly

and impartially, and whose moral sense will be guarantee that they cannot be made the tools of the publicans.

These three requirements incorporated into the provincial license law would constitute a marked advance in temperance legislation. In view of the referendum vote they are not unreasonable requirements, and backed up by enlightened public sentiment, their operation would soon pave the way for further advances; and thus step by step, practicable legislation and growing public opinion would bring us every year nearer the prohibition goal. The victory, if ever it is to be won, must be won step by step.

At this juncture the temperance people should not lose sight of one important feature of the referendum campaign. The demand for prohibition, pure and simple, seemed to pass into the back ground, while the brunt of the fight was directed against the bars and saloons and the treating system. It is along this line, for some years at least, that the temperance people should direct their attacks. On such ground they can rally to their support the considerable number of temperance men who do not regard prohibition as the best method of dealing with the liquor traffic, as well as the large class of moderate men who, while opposed to the traffic and becoming anxious as to its moral and economic effects upon our country, have not to any extent allied themselves with the temperance party. The liquor bars and saloons—practically the citadel of the liquor traffic—cannot be wiped out by one stroke, but they can be gradually wiped out if the temperance people will accept and make good use of such concessions as they can from time to time secure from the legislature; and much good may be accomplished by promoting anti-treating societies in every corner of the province. Along these lines an effective campaign of education can be carried on which will steadily mould public opinion in the direction of absolute prohibition, the goal which all Christian and temperance men should keep in view.

Christmas is the Children's Day of Days. To parents of middle age it appeals because of the delight it gives the young folks; while the older people, who have seen many winters come and go, there is pensive pleasure in recalling the Christmas days that are no more. Callous must be the heart, deep must be the wounds made by the world, if there is no response to the glow of Christmas sentiment which once a year lights up every Christian heart with the light "that never was on sea or land." The poet says the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, and doubtless to many of the young, Christmas seems long a-coming; but to older people the Christmases flash past like the telegraph-poles seen on a railway journey. It is impossible to estimate how much the world owes to the Christmastide, and the attendant Christmas-spirit, fleeting though they may be. The Compliments of the Season to every reader of THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN!

After all, how many people are there in the congregation who can detect the words of the anthem?

The Inglenook.

FOR DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN.

The Little House Over the Way.

BY FIDELIS.

The December afternoon was swiftly darkening down under a heavy grey sky, and the bitter north wind whistled circling round the little white house that stood back from the street, solitary in its neglected garden. In summer it looked rather picturesque with its little old-fashioned windows or a glimpse of white curtains, showing through straggling old plumtrees that never bore any fruit. An old church tower near made an effective contrast, and Miss Mabel Deane who lived in the handsome brick house nearly opposite, and was artistically inclined, had made a pretty sketch of it from her window, one summer day, which she intended to send to a Christmas sale, for the benefit of the church.

But in the gloomy December afternoon, with the snow covering up the old garden, and outlining the small window-panes, the little house had a decidedly dreary look even from without. Mabel Deane and her little fair-haired sister as they passed homeward from Sunday school, wrapped in their warm furs, noticed how dull and dark it was, and wondered who lived there; for they had not lived very long in that vicinity themselves. Little Gladys declared that she sometimes saw a woman going out or in and that she looked very poor, and Mabel noticed the hand printed notice over the door, "For Sale.—Enquire Within," and laughingly said they must go some day and enquire the price. And then they turned into their own bright cosy home, where the warm firelight sent its cheerful glow to defy the closing dusk—and happy voices greeted the two girls and loving hands helped to undo their wraps; and little Gladys was speedily engrossed in petting her beloved grey kitten, basking on the hearthrug.

The solitary inmate of the little white house had watched the two lightfooted girls pass, and her eye had followed them towards the ruddy light that already showed through the windows of that comfortable looking home towards which her thoughts often wistfully turned, as she tried to imagine the warmth and cheer within.

She had much need of a little imaginary cheer, for the fast darkening room looked dreary and desolate enough. The little house was all the property she owned in the world, and as each year found her waying poorer and poorer, it was long since she had been able to do anything to repair the ravages of time. The paper which had once covered the low walls now hung here and there, in strips, leaving most of the dingy grey plaster uncovered. An open fireplace was the only means of warming the cold draughty room, into which the bitter wind found many an entry through crevice and open seam, so that as the solitary occupant sat with her little rocking chair drawn close to the handful of fire in the wide chimney, she shivered in the draught that chilled her shoulders. One old tea kettle was propped on the burning sticks, to make her solitary cup of tea. The oil in her smoky lamp was almost gone, so there was nothing for it but to go to bed as soon as the little fire had burned out, for the weather had gone down

to zero and she must not use her small store of fuel any faster than she could help. It would be exhausted soon enough and she did not know where she should find the money to buy more. Yet she could hardly find much warmth in the small bed in the corner, with its one thin tattered blanket and two or three cotton spreads. It was scarcely to be wondered at if some bitter thoughts found their way into her rambling disconnected thoughts, as she still recalled the picture of those winsome girls tripping towards their happy home.

"And I once was a girl like them," she half muttered to herself, as memories came thronging to her mind of a happy country home, and merry sleigh rides, long years ago!

The flickering firelight threw a fitful light on the weatherstained walls, here and there bringing into view the photographs and prints that were fastened up, with a certain attempt at adornment. The same attempt was noticeable in the heterogeneous collection of old glass or china ornaments displayed on an old stand. Each bit represented some pleasant memory of the past,—some birthday or Christmas. Ah me! It was long since she had a Christmas present now. To-morrow would be Christmas Eve and she would be thankful if she knew where she should procure one comfortable meal. For work, such as she could do, had become very scarce. The few vegetables her garden had produced were done long ago. Her half-dozen fowls had been sold one by one, each with a heartache, to procure the wherewithal for a bare livelihood. Now she was at the end of her resources. "To beg she was ashamed"; and partly through a constitutional proud reserve, she had no intimate friends left and could not bring herself to sue for compassion. She had been wont in happier days to attend church, and there she had often heard of a Heavenly Father who helps his children when they call upon Him. But the habit of church going had been long broken for now her best attire seemed to be no longer presentable, even for attending the church close by where in any case she had always felt herself a stranger. And with church going had ceased such little religious feeling as she had once had. And now she had even forgotten how to pray! yet in her loneliness and extremity, something like an unuttered petition for help and daily bread and warmth flowed through her dark and despondent soul.

How long she sat over the fire after her poor meal of bread and tea, she could not have told. She dreamily heard the footsteps of the church going people creaking on the dry hard snow, in the frosty stillness of the night. Then after the bells had ceased their chiming she roused herself, for the fire had burned low; and with a heavy sigh rose to seek her comfortless bed. Just then a scratching at the door arrested her attention, and as she listened, wondering whether it was one of her enemies the rats, she heard a trill plaintive mewling. She had always had a soft heart for animals, especially when in distress, and she quickly opened her door, to discover the applicant for admission, when in bounded a pretty grey kitten, with a pink ribbon adorning its neck.

"Somebody's pet!" she said to herself;

"and a pretty little creature it is; well 'twill be a bit of company, and the poor thing is glad to get in anywhere such a night." The kitten purred all around her showing in its joyous gambols its gladness at finding even such a shelter and so it came to pass that poor Mrs. Norris, in the little white house, fell asleep with the kitten curled close to her neck and keeping her a little warmer—Gladys Deane's pet kitten, for whose mysterious loss she had been lamenting, till she, too, had fallen asleep with tears on her cheek, even though it was almost Christmas Eve.

Next day Mrs. Norris had finished a late and very spare breakfast, intended to serve for dinner as well, from which she had, however, spared a morsel for the hungry kitten, when a knock at her door startled her. As she undid the clumsy fastening, she encountered the bright eyes of the two girls she had watched the previous evening. The fair haired child burst out with—"Oh, please, did you see my kitty?" She hesitated whether to ask them to come in, but just then the kitten hearing its little mistress voice ran out, and then, with true kittenish caprice ran in again, as if to challenge Gladys to follow.

"Oh kitty, kitty!" the delighted child exclaimed, "please may I come in and catch it?"

Half against her will Mrs. Norris stood aside, while Gladys impetuously ran in, to find her pet quite ready to play a game of hide and seek with her there.

The older girl with gentle voice and manner, apologized for the intrusion, explaining that her little sister would take no rest till she had sought for the kitten in every house where it would likely to be found, and Mrs. Norris not liking to keep the young lady standing at the door, invited her in.

Mabel Deane caught her breath in dismay as she looked round the desolate room, and, through all her wraps, she shivered as she felt its damp chill. And this was the interior of the picturesque little white house, with its deceptive white muslin curtains, now reinforced by several folds of newspapers. Her eye took in rapidly the absence of all ordinary comforts and conveniences, the hollow, empty fireplace, the miserable bed, and, forgetting her little sister and the kitten, she exclaimed with the tears starting to her eyes, "Oh, how can you live in this cold place?" "Well Miss, it's all the place I've got!" the poor woman replied. I suppose it does seem kind of poor to the likes of you? Nor I wasn't always used to the likes of it!" she added, her pride and fortitude breaking down a little under the novel experience of kindly sympathy.

A little talk followed, while Gladys caught and duly hugged and scolded her kitten, and Mabel drew, gradually from the poor woman and her surroundings, some conclusions as to her needs. Then taking out of her purse a crisp new dollar bill, she almost forced it into Mrs. Norris' hand, declaring that in finding her kitten, Gladys had got the most welcome Christmas treat she could have, and that Mrs. Norris must at once procure some fuel, and have a good Christmas fire that very evening.

"And you must come over to see our Christmas tree this evening!" said Mabel as she turned to go, ignoring the scruples of Mrs. Norris at being paid for nothing at all. "Gladys shall come for you when it is ready, and perhaps there will be something for you too."

It was not long before Mrs. Norris had secured a small supply of firewood and

treated herself to one generous fire which gradually diffused its heat through the chilly room, as Mabel Deane's kind words and gracious manner had already taken some of the chill of her heavy heart. She was full of anticipation, too, of the treat before her. Now she should see the inside of the house whose exterior had tantalized her so long; and of whom did Mabel Deane remind her so strongly? She thought and thought, but the resemblance that haunted her, always eluded her recognition. Gladys, too, with her clear blue eyes and bright smile recalled some one out of the past. But with the name of Deane she could find no association.

But how could she make herself presentable to go into such a house even to be a humble spectator of the Christmas Tree? This was a difficulty indeed. But she went to an old trunk, in which lay some relics of more prosperous days from which she drew forth an old "muslin-de-laine" skirt that had once been her mother's. It was thin and moth eaten, but the holes would not show at night, under her shawl, and in this attire with her old hood drawn close over her head, she set out with little Gladys who had run over to bring her, when all was ready.

The story of the forlorn little white house had awakened much sympathy in the brick one, and Mrs. Deane had declared that it was too bad none of them had ever thought before of learning something about its inmate. She cordially welcomed the poor woman and gave her a chair where she could have a good view of the pretty tree, gleaming with all its candles and decorations in a little alcove lined with green spruce boughs, whose spicy odour seemed to bring back her rambles through the woods in her childhood days. And now, as she watched the fresh kindly face of her hostess, lighted with frequent smiles,—memory stimulated by that suggestive odour, suddenly revealed to her the source of the resemblance that had so impressed her in the two girls. For now she saw that little Gladys was almost a reproduction of little Nelly Graham,—the daughter of her old minister in her childhood, whom she, as a little the elder, had often been trusted to conduct to school by the familiar woodland path. Mrs. Deane, so fair and fresh looking still, retained much of her early self in her kindly face, for life, with her, had gone smoothly enough. But she knew it was no wonder that Mrs. Deane should not recognise her careworn, sad, prematurely aged countenance. To Mrs. Morris' intense surprise the "Tree" held a gift for her, or rather three. There was the material for a nice warm winter dress, the gift of Mabel and Gladys, another a pretty, light warm "comforter" for her bed, from Mrs. Deane; and another still, a covered basket containing a ready cooked Christmas dinner. The poor woman could hardly stammer out her thanks, for her overmastering emotion. Presently she became aware that Mrs. Deane was regarding her with a somewhat perplexed scrutiny. "Have I ever seen you before?" she inquired at last.

"Oh, ma' am, weren't you Nelly Graham, once?" stammered the poor woman shyly. "And you—were you Mary Moore; and isn't that dress the pattern of the one your mother used to wear to church. I seem to remember those pansies."

It need scarcely be said that this unexpected discovery created much interest in the family, for like most children, those of Mrs. Deane loved to hear all they could about their mother's childhood. After that evening the little white house was never so forlorn again. Mrs. Deane herself, or one of the

girls frequently looked in on Mrs. Norris solitude, often bringing with them some little comfort or delicacy to vary her homely fare. And by degrees, thanks to their kind interest, the widow's room lost its forlorn look and put on an aspect of comfort to which she had long been a stranger.

After a time, too, Mrs. Deane succeeded in finding a purchaser for the dilapidated house and garden, as a building lot, and the modest sum realised enabled her to secure a much more comfortable place of abode, her only regret in the change being that it removed her a little farther from her kind friends in the brick house over the way, which had so long seemed to her to stand so coldly aloof from its forlorn little opposite neighbour.

But best of all, Mrs. Norris had also learned a lesson that she never forgot. Mrs. Deane's generous kindness helped her to recognise that Her Heavenly Father had not forgotten her, that he had heard and answered her half uttered prayer. Her old Bible was found and opened again once more, she found her way to the house of God, and joined with others in the hymns and prayers that softened and cheered her heart, and revived the faith she had been taught in her childhood. She began to see that her own wayward heart had been a source of many of her troubles, and that God had, after all, been leading her on when she had thought herself forgotten. And so, the human kindness and sympathy, which had come as so timely a help, had led her burdened heart to Him who could give her rest and peace and hope, and the love that never fails.

A Second Hand Christmas Tree.

BY ELIZA STRANG BAIRD.

"Mamma, I shall see the candles and the pretty things after all. We don't have to keep our Christmas by just remembering the good times we used to have!"

Little Richard Benton spoke quickly and cheerfully, as his tired mother stooped over the easy-chair in which he lay. It had been a long day for the invalid boy, alone in his room on the top floor of the great tenement house.

His mother wondered what could have happened to make him so unusually gay, in spite of her absence at the factory, during the weary hours since 7 o'clock that morning.

"Some one has been to see me!" he cried eagerly. "You never will guess, mother, who came this afternoon. You might just as well spy you give it up, and I will tell you. It was Mrs. Farrant, the ashman's wife, on the fourth floor. She says she wants to have a big Christmas tree for all the children in the tenement. I am to be the guest of honor, and Peter, himself, is to carry me down, chair and all. Won't it be grand, mamma?"

"But, Dickie, I don't see how the Farrants can afford a tree on such a large scale. That would take a good deal of money, you know. Just think! Sixty children to be provided for, even if each has only a very trifling present, and, besides, there will be the cost of the tree and all its decorations."

Richard looked puzzled also. "It seems queer, and one other thing surprised me, too. Mrs. Farrant said particularly that they would not be able to have their celebration on Christmas Day but that they had appointed it for the fifth day of January. Isn't it funny, mother, to wait until so late?"

Peter Farrant's Christmas tree was an immense success. The idea of it had come

to him one evening as he drove his empty ash wagon rattling along towards home.

It was drawing near the holiday time, and all the store windows were aglow with the display of their tempting treasures. Peter was pondering gratefully over the Lord's goodness to him during the past year, and wishing he could do something to keep his birthday by making other people happier.

"It's the little 'uns I'm thinkin' about most!" he said to himself. "Though I haven't any myself, I believe I love every child in the street, and their poor young lives are dark enough. God knows, with all the poverty and filth and sin around them. Now, how could I manage to fix up a surprise for them all? Why, I believe I have an idea! Let's see what Lizzie will say to it."

The results of this brilliant thought displayed themselves on the evening of January 5, to the dazzled eyes of the sixty children, who managed to squeeze into Mrs. Farrant's tidy rooms. In one corner of the larger apartment stood a beautiful Christmas tree, decorated in marvelous fashion with glittering balls, tinsel and candles, and brightly painted animals and birds.

To be sure, many of the balls were cracked, the birds and animals usually had a leg or two missing, and the candles were half-burned out. But this did not lessen their value in the eyes of the children nor shadow the happy light which shone in their faces.

There was a half pound of home-made molasses taffy for each to take home and that was all the actual outlay which had been made in dollars and cents, though plenty of care and time had been expended. For Peter Farrant's Christmas tree, with all its accessories and decorations, had been literally fished out of the ash barrel, and that was the explanation of its delay until after the New Year.

When the pine needles began to tumble, and the novelty of the Christmas tree in the parlor had worn off, those wealthy mammas upon the avenue discarded the used-up tinsel, and butterflies and toys. Tenderly Peter and Lizzie rescued them—mending and scrubbing, arranging and planning for their next scheme.

The sixty children were intensely happy. They could not move about much in the crowded rooms, but they stood on tiptoe, and nudged one another with delight.

Just before they went home Mrs. Farrant blew out the fragments of candles which still burned, and then she divided all the decorations among the children, till the evergreen stood stripped and bare.

"Mamma," said little Richard Benton, as he lay in bed that night, holding a mutilated china dog in one hand and a headless monkey in the other, "I don't think I really ever enjoyed anything quite so much as the ashman's Christmas tree!"—Ex.



Ministers and Churches.

Our Toronto Letter.

The echoes of the vote on the Liquor Act on the 4th inst. continue to be many and clear. Our daily press still publishes belated returns, and the question is still largely asked, "What do you think of the vote on the Liquor Act?" It is doubtful if the returns have all been thoroughly examined yet; it is satisfactory however to know by the last published report, that the vote for, now comes up to 166,050, giving a majority for the act of 78,028. The feeling of satisfaction among temperance advocates is universal, and the conviction, and demand are also universal, that the situation shall not continue in Ontario such as it is at present. Very many have, through the press or otherwise, given the country the benefit of their judgment as to what ought to be done, but it now rests with the Legislature to say authoritatively what shall be done, and in deciding this important question, all views no doubt will be carefully considered, and though what may be done will not be satisfactory to all, yet if a great improvement over the present bar-room and saloon system is not made, it will certainly be the fault of the Legislature, which will no longer be able to plead ignorance of what the country wants as regards these two features of the liquor business. At the meeting of the Presbyterian Ministerial Association held last week, a committee was appointed to meet and confer with any similar Committees appointed by ministerial bodies, to consider what action should now be taken to advance the temperance movement. Generally there appears an anxiety on the part of all temperance organizations, to unite in a demand on the Legislature for immediate action in the direction which the large vote and majority for the Liquor Act call for. No government can afford to be blind or deaf to the demands of the people as expressed in the vote cast.

Knox College Conference, which began on the afternoon of Monday the 8th, closed on Thursday evening with a lecture by Dr. J. Humphrey Anger, Mus. Doc., on "The History and Development of Church Music during the Canadian Era." This lecture was held in the large hall of the College, which was filled. The lecture was deeply interesting and it was accompanied with illustrations by a select choir. Papers on literary and scientific subjects, as well as theological, were read at the Conference, and members of the staff of the University of Toronto and other theological schools in the city lent valued and able assistance. All the papers read shewed careful preparation and were listened to with deep interest. The time for discussion of the subjects treated is far too short to be of any real value, and it was also noted that it would be most desirable if, at least those who were to open discussion upon the papers read and subjects treated in them, could have some knowledge beforehand of their contents and method of treatment. Though well attended, alumni of the College outside of the city were not so well represented as on some former occasions. It will be of interest to your readers in the city of Ottawa and in the Ottawa Valley, where he was so well-known and beloved, to know that Rev. Dr. Wardrope, looking still hale and hearty, was present and took the opening exercises of one of the sessions. From grave to gay is said to be a natural and frequent transition, and so, on Friday evening, the quiet halls of the venerable College which are trodden usually only by the feet of learned and reverend divines, and of sober youths intent on mastering the mysteries of theology and other subjects, were resplendent with light and many coloured decorations, were thronged with hundreds of guests, re-echoed the sounds of music and the voice of song, and the hum of the many voices of those who flock to the annual "At Home," which in those "degenerate days," appear to be considered a necessary part of the education of those who are looking forward to the sacred office of the ministry.

A much more serious matter is interests of the College than even the most successful "At Home," is the declinative, which was cabled during the week to Mr. Mortimer Clark, Chairman of the College Board, of Rev. John Keimman of the professorship made vacant by the death place cannot now be filled for the present College year, and before the next, there will be ample time to look out and select some

one well qualified to fill the Chair. During the week, a business meeting of the Alumni was held for the election of officers for the ensuing year, at which Rev. Prof. Maclaren was appointed Honorary President and Rev. J. M. Duncan was re-elected President. The latter gentleman reported on the Caven Library fund. He stated that he had received responses from only about one-fifth of the Alumni to whom circulars asking contributions, had been sent out, a month ago and from these he had received subscriptions or money amounting to upwards of \$2,000. The total cost is expected to be \$30,000, or thereabout. A number of ladies in the city, who take a kindly interest in the College and the comfort of the students, also met during the time of the Conference and made arrangements for continuing their good work in fitting up and making the rooms of the students in every way more attractive and comfortable.

Rev. J. T. Sutherland, pastor of the Unitarian church in the city, gave the Sunday before last a lecture or sermon on "The New Thought of the Bible." He has succeeded in setting some people talking at least. "The Bible," he tells us, "is no more the word of God than the writings of Plato, Dante, Luther, Shakespeare, Whittier, Emerson or of any others of the best writers of all ages were the word of God. It is only one of the best sacred books of mankind." This, and much more of a similar kind. His subject last Sunday evening was, "The New Thought of Jesus." Judging from the public condition of Unitarianism in Toronto and in Canada, not many are prepared now, or have been in the past to accept the views of this kind of Unitarian teaching.

Rev. Professor Clark, of Trinity Episcopal University, a man of great mental activity and much in request, preached a sermon lately in St. George's church on the Judgment Day, one of a series in the four last things. In it he takes strong ground against the doctrine of Evolution, considered as the springing from a germ of all kinds of life, and form. In this case he holds there is no such thing as conscience, or free will, and it is only a matter of opinion whether there exists a God. If men's acts are the result of evolution, then wrong-doers are objects of compassion, crime is a disease and should be treated in a hospital.

Rev. Dr. Sutherland, Methodist Foreign Mission Secretary, has been speaking before the Toronto University Political Science Club, on the "Church in Relation to Social Problems." This is a knotty question and in these days much to the point. One of the Church's great needs at present, Dr. Sutherland thinks, is men of ability thoroughly to master the great social problems of our time; but in the ethics of Jesus Christ are to be found the only solution of these problems. The work of the Church is to strike at the selfishness of our lives which lies at the root of all these complications.

On a recent evening Bishop Baldwin of Huron, gave an interesting address in Association Hall on behalf of the Toronto Jewish Mission. The Jews of to-day, he said, are directing the press and entering the Cabinets of Europe, while their wealth is beyond the dreams of avarice; this means, he considers, that there is a mighty future in store for Israel, who will yet as a nation acknowledge Christ, be gathered together into and possess Palestine, and Jerusalem will be the great centre of the world.

Educational subjects of various kinds are occupying at present with all who feel interest in them, a large amount of attention. High School Inspector Seath has laid before the Minister of Education, a report on the Schools of Toronto, which indicates a state of things, especially in administration, far from perfect. The Minister has acted promptly on this report, and its effect is quite likely to lead to important changes in School management and organization in this city.

Hon. Mr. Harcourt, who is proving himself an excellent Minister of Education, is also taking great interest in Forestry in Canada, and under his lead, steps are being taken to establish a School of Forestry in connection with the University of Toronto and the Agricultural College in Guelph combined. In addition to, how best to preserve our existing forests, many other practical matters of a like nature, all of them of great economic importance, would come under the view and treatment of such a School.

Technical Schools and technical education, as I have already stated, on which depends to so large an extent the most effective use of our great natural resources, are securing, and deservedly, an ever increasing amount of attention. The other view of education, the religious, which needs to be constantly kept in sight if we are not to become altogether material and nothing more, was the subject of an address by Rev. Dr. Milligan last Monday before the Ministerial Association. The subject of Dr. Milligan's address was "The Religious Element in National Education."

Quebec.

The Presbytery adjourned to meet in Sherbrooke, 3rd March, 1903.

Rev. D. J. Graham has accepted a call to the annex in Montreal.

Initial steps were taken with a view to opening work at Riviere du Loup.

The present assessment for Synod and Presbytery fund was maintained.

Presbyterial certificates were granted to Revs. C. E. Gordonsmith and Wm. A. Stewart.

At the last meeting of the Presbytery of Quebec, Rev. A. Stevenson, late of Danville, was appointed to Grand Mere for two years.

The Manual, "Aids for Family Worship" was approved with the suggestion that a thanksgiving prayer be added to those for special occasions.

Ministers were urged to connect themselves with the Widows and Orphans' fund, and the fund was commended to the support of congregations.

Rev. C. A. Tanner, convener, submitted the report on French work within the bounds, and various recommendations were adopted thereat.

The resignation of Rev. J. R. MacLeod as Clerk of Presbytery, which has been on the table since July was taken up. The Presbytery urged upon the Clerk to withdraw his resignation. The resignation was not accepted.

Rev. D. McColl, B. A., tendered his resignation of the charge of St. Sylvester and Leeds village, Mr. McColl being desirous of returning to, or visiting Scotland. Action on resignation was deferred till March meeting.

It was resolved to invite Rev. Dr. MacLaren, General Home Mission Secretary, to visit as many of the congregations as possible. All ministers were instructed to hold missionary meetings in their respective congregations.

Northern Ontario.

Presbytery of Owen Sound.

The Presbytery of Owen Sound met on the 2nd inst., and was opened with devotional exercises led by Rev. Mr. McAlpins.

An application was made by the congregation of St. Paul's, Wiarton, for leave to raise by mortgage the sum of \$1,800 to pay off the balance on their new manse.

Mr. McNabb, the missionary appointed to the Indian Peninsula, tendered his resignation owing to the fact that he was unable to secure a residence for his family in the district. The resignation was accepted with much regret, and the hope was expressed that the congregations would see the way to take immediate steps for the erection of a manse for the use of their missionary.

Rev. Mr. Davidson reported that Rev. Mr. Manthorne has been appointed to Lion's Head by the assembly's H. M. committee; that Mr. Manthorne, formerly a minister of the Baptist church, was seeking admission to the ministry of the Presbyterian church, and would make application through the Presbytery of Owen Sound.

It was moved by Mr. Rodgers and agreed that the Presbytery place upon record its appreciation of the long and devoted services of the late Samuel Carr as an elder of the church in Keady, and of the Presbytery of which he was a frequent member, and express to the bereaved widow and family the heartfelt sympathy of the Presbytery in the loss which they sustain, and its prayer that the God of all consolation may comfort and sustain them in their sorrow.

Eastern Ontario.

The ladies of Knox church, Cornwall, had a very successful sale last week.

The Anniversary of the Sabbath School of the First Church, Port Hope, was held on Sabbath last. The Rev. David Geggie, of Parkdale Presbyterian church, Toronto, occupied the pulpit both morning and evening, and addressed the Sabbath School in the afternoon.

At Lyn, the Presbytery of Brockville met on Tuesday, 9th inst., Rev. R. Laird, moderator. The notice of motion proposing to reduce the number of Presbytery meetings, was tabled till the next regular meeting in February. After a good deal of reasoning, it was agreed to lay aside the sum of \$200, to be divided equally among the commissioners, with the proviso that the amount given any commission does not exceed \$40. The moderator welcomed Mr. McConnell, of Morton, to the Presbytery, who in turn, addressed the court on the prospects in his new field, which was very encouraging. A general discussion followed as to the advisability of appointing a missionary at Jones' Falls and Chaffey's Locks, next summer.

Montreal.

The Late Principal MacVicar.

The Rev. Donald Harvey MacVicar, D.D., LL. D., principal of the Montreal Presbyterian College, died of heart failure on Monday afternoon, at the age of seventy-one years. While his students were waiting for him in the lecture room he passed away quietly, sitting in his study, with the manuscript of his lecture before him. His death was entirely unexpected. He had hurried away from a meeting at Knox Church in order to give his five o'clock lecture on systematic theology, and it was while preparing for his study that he died.

Dr. MacVicar was born on Nov. 29, 1831, at the Scotch village of Dungleigh, near Campbellton, Argyllshire. Four years later the family moved to Canada, and settled near Chatham, Ont. He was prepared by a private tutor for Toronto Academy, where he completed the course, and then, after a partial course at Toronto University, he entered Knox College as a theological student in 1855. Two years later he was ordained, and did mission work at Collingwood until his graduation in 1859. He refused calls to Collingwood, Brantford, British Columbia and West Toronto, and finally accepted a unanimous call to Knox church, Guelph. He had only been there a year when his ability as a preacher attracted the attention of the Cote Street Free church, Montreal, one of the leading churches of Canada, which was looking for a successor to the Rev. Donald Fraser, D.D., who went to London, England. He accepted the call, and was inducted into the charge on Jan. 30th, 1861. His pastorate lasted almost eight years, and under his care the congregation, now known as Crescent Street Church, doubled.

In 1868 the General Assembly appointed him principal and professor of divinity to the Montreal Presbyterian College. Lectures being given in the basement of Erskine Church, and its growth to its present size and efficiency is largely the result of Principal MacVicar's energy and ability. For the last third of a century he has presided over the college, and his place will be hard to fill.

Ottawa.

In St. Paul's church, Anniversary services were conducted last Sunday, by Rev. Dr. Rose in the morning, and Rev. Dr. Herridge in the evening; while Rev. Dr. Armstrong preached in Dominion Methodist and St. Andrew's Churches. On Tuesday evening a most successful social was held.

Presbytery of Bruce.

Presbytery of Bruce met at Paisley on Dec. 2nd. The Rev. Mr. McEachern was appointed moderator for the ensuing six months.

A petition from the charge of Allenford, Elsinore and Skipness, asked to be transferred to the Owen Sound Presbytery. This was refused and an appeal will be made to the Synod.

It was recommended that the Treas. of Presbytery receive \$10 per annum. Rev. Mr. Conning of Walkerton tendered his resignation on account of the state of his son's health, which made it advisable to live in a warmer climate. Mr. Conning has been offered the pastorate of Reid Memorial Church in Baltimore, Maryland, and has decided, if released from his present charge, to locate there. A letter was read from Walkerton congregation embodying a resolution of sympathy with Mr. Conning, and reluctantly acquiescing in the acceptance of his resignation. The Presbytery then resolved to declare the pul-

pit vacant on the 7th of Dec. Mr. Johnston was appointed interim Moderator of Session.

The anniversary services of the Presbyterian church were held on the 7th inst. Rev. Dr. Murray, of Kincardine, conducted the services on Sabbath, preaching two excellent sermons, and on Monday he lectured on "My impression of Scotland." The congregations were large at all the services and the offerings were liberal. Mr. Sawers took Dr. Murray's place at Kincardine.

Schemes of Our Church.

St. Andrew's Manse, Perth, Dec. '02
Dear Brother:—This letter is written in the interests of one of the Schemes of our Church. It is the outcome of communications from the Agent of the Church, and the Convener of the Committee in charge of this Scheme.

Like the Augmentation Scheme, the Scheme in aid of ministers who are aged and infirm is an important branch of Home Church enterprise. Thus, neglected heretofore, it is now in a condition that is hopeful and promising in every way.

The object of the fund is to secure for every minister who has given 40 years service to the Church, a retiring allowance yearly of at least \$400, and a proportionate annuity to those who serve for shorter periods. The sooner a minister becomes connected with the Aged and Infirm Minister's Fund after his ministry has been entered upon, the better.

The capital at the disposal of the Committee in charge is now in such condition that a good contribution from each congregation, together with the rate from each minister added to the income from capital, will place the Fund on a cheerfully remunerative basis.

The expectation is that every minister in the Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew will be connected with the Aged and Infirm Minister's Fund before the end of the present year, and that there will be such heartiness by ministers and congregations in the maintenance of the Fund year by year that our brethren and ourselves may have as much as a well-furnished fund can supply when we get on into the Indian summer period of life.

Fraternally yours,

A. H. SCOTT.

State of Fund.

The following table shows the condition of the several funds of the Church (Western section). In the first column, the receipts to 1st Dec., 1902 are given, and in the second column, the amount still required before the close of the Church year, on 25th Feb. next.

RECEIPTS TO 1ST DECEMBER, 1902.	AMOUNT STILL REQUIRED.
Knox College, \$ 896.20	\$ 10,104
Queen's College, 197.33	5,303
Montreal College, 358.58	4,632
Manitoba College, 559.91	2,000
Home Mission, 34,377.43	67,623
Augmentation, 3,422.42	26,578
Foreign Mission, 34,359.85	45,640
Widows & Orphans, 2,305.55	12,695
Aged and Infirm Ministers Fund, 705.16	11,295
Assembly, 2,376.54	4,626
French Evangelization and Pointe Aux Trembles, 9,121.18	25,679

Of the \$306,100 required this year for the Western section of the Church, only \$89,885, have been received up to 1st December. In other words, not one-third of the total amount has yet been got, although three-quarters of the year have expired, and it is hoped that Congregational and Missionary Society Treasurers will, at the earliest possible date, forward any money at present in their hands. It is also hoped that the allocation of their missionary funds by congregations, will be somewhat in accord with the requirements of the respective schemes. Money sent unapportioned can be, meantime, entered in the Unapportioned account, and divided according to the wishes of the congregation before the end of the year. It is specially requested that all parties will bear in mind the fact that the church year now closes on 28th February, and that only moneys received at the office of the church on or before the evening of that day, will appear in the annual reports to be submitted to the General Assembly.

R. H. W.

Toronto, Dec. 11th, 1902.

A Statement and a Suggestion, About Century Fund.

Three years ago the General Assembly appealed to members and adherents of our church on behalf of a fund which was to be, "A Memorial of the great things God has done for us in the Nineteenth Century, and to be used for strengthening and extending the church's work."

The first object of the scheme was the clearing off of debts on churches and manses, for which purpose over \$900,000 have now been subscribed and paid. An inestimable blessing has been wrought through this branch of the scheme. "Burning the mortgage" has been the central feature of many a happy church gathering, and the beginning of brighter and fuller church life in many congregations.

The second object was to provide \$600,000, for the Missionary, Benevolent and Educational enterprises of the church at large. Some said "we can never reach that, so we will wait and see how this scheme gets on." Some said "our debt is large and we cannot do much for outside work". There were difficulties and discouragements of many kinds and yet the work went on. A little over \$600,000, has been subscribed, Payments have been met with a fullness that has, perhaps, never been equalled in any similar subscription list. In the older provinces 95% of the amount subscribed has been paid, and we hope to do better than that by the closing day. If we could get \$30,000, by the first of January it looks that there would be nothing lacking to the completeness of the church's plea. This might possibly have been secured had not the Agent's health broken down and prevented him from further canvassing. The thought comes to him that if our people thoroughly knew how near we are to the goal there are many of them, richer or poorer, some who wait to see and others who have given already, who would unite in helping to make up the remaining sum.

The suggestion is this:—That in the Christmas season, and especially on Christmas day, when families meet and rejoice together, acknowledging God's goodness and love, they should remember especially the blessings that have come to them through Christ and his Church. Then let them set apart a token of their gratitude and dedicate it to the completion of the Common Fund.

Let it be the Christmas gift to Christ and His Church of those families to whom, during the last one, two or three years, God has given large prosperity or many joys or special consolation in the time of sorrow. Let it be worthy of what he has done for you and given freely for His sake. Then whatever it may be, cents or dollars or perhaps thousands of dollars, you will know that it will be gladly received by Him, and that it will be used by His Church for work which is in pressing need of just such gifts as these.

Having settled what your gifts shall be either put it in an envelope stating its purpose, and place it on the collection plate on the last Sabbath of the year or send it direct to Rev. Dr. Warden, Confederation Life Building, Toronto, Ontario, or Rev. E. A. McCurdy, Halifax, N. S.

It would greatly help if Ministers would read this statement to their people on the Sabbath before Christmas and, if they see fit commend the suggestion to their people.

R. CAMPBELL.

"The Mineral Bath City."

Twenty-one miles north of Detroit is situated Mount Clemens, a City known as "The Carlsbad of America," at which place thousands of people visit every year for treatment of different ailments; and the wonderful cures that are made with rheumatic sufferers are almost miraculous. Principal among the diseases cured are those that accrue from traces of uric acid in the blood. But the waters of the Springs are a panacea and cure for bilious and liver troubles, digestive troubles, nervous disorders, general debility, etc.

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The Empire Loan & Savings Company, Temple Building, Toronto, offers excellent opportunities to ministers to add to their incomes by selling the stock of the company. Stock certificates guaranteed and paying 6% semi-annually. Kindly write for particulars when you read this.

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Ache all over. Throat sore, Eyes and Nose running, slight cough with chills; this is La Grippe.

Painkiller

taken in hot water, sweetened, before going to bed, will break it up if taken in time.

There is only one Painkiller. "PERRY DAVIS"

How Do You Like It ?

Editor DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN,

Dear Sir: Referring to the superabundance of Theology preached from the Pulpits by the majority of ministers, and the great scarcity of really practical Sermons, my ideas are fairly well expressed in the following quotation from that interesting novel "When Knighthood was in Flower," chapter 3, page 29; and is well worthy of thoughtful consideration by a large proportion of the Clergy, who are constantly struggling to discover something new in the Bible, and who also persistently torture their hearers with lengthy dissertations on Biblical characters, together with their personal opinions of such persons and their lives: which so often differ from the varied opinions of their colleagues; causing, as it too often does, harrassing newspaper and platform discussions, that usually do more harm than good. A thorough knowledge of the Bible is all right and necessary; but so much Theology month after month and year after year, becomes somewhat tiresome, particularly when we are waiting and hoping month after month and year after year for something more simple and practical, connected with everyday life.

In the quotation referred to, during a conversation between Charles Brandon and Mary Tudor, (sister to King Henry VIII), Mary says:—"Oh, but what is good, and what is wrong? So often we cannot tell them apart, until we look back at what we have done; and then it is all too late. I truly wish to be good, more than I desire anything else in the world. I am so ignorant and helpless, and have such strong inclinations to do wrong, that sometimes I seem to be almost all wrong. The Priests (and Preachers) say so much, but tell us so little. They talk about St. Peter and Saint Paul, and a host of other Saints and Holy Fathers, and what-nots; but fail to tell us what we need every moment of our lives. That is, how to know the right when we see it, and how to do it. They ask us to

believe so much, and insist that Faith is the sum of virtue, and that the lack of it the sum of sin. That to faith all things are added. But we might believe every syllable of this whole disturbing creed, and then spoil it all, through blind ignorance of what is right, and what is wrong."

Apologising for troubling you, and trusting that what is herein contained may do some good where it is needed, I remain,
Yours Sincerely,
"Observer."

Health and Home Hints

The Christmas Feast.

Olives	Tomato Bouillon	Salted Almonds	
Roast Turkey,	Chestnut Dressing	Cranberry Jelly	
Cauliflower	Mashed Potatoes	Boiled Sweet Potatoes	
Lettuce and Walnut Salad	Celery,	Cheese,	Crackers,
Plum Pudding	Bon-bons,	Mince Pie	Fruit,
Nuts,	Coffee.		

There are more problems that enter into the preparation of a Christmas dinner than the average mortal imagines. Even now the good housewife is pondering the matter of decorations and the more substantial part of the feast.

In a small household much may be done to facilitate the housewife's work and to render an elaborate dinner as easy to serve as an ordinary one, by a certain amount of consideration being bestowed upon the menu. It can be arranged so that half the dinner may be prepared the day previous.

The above is a simple yet delicious menu for a dinner of ten to twelve persons.

The soup should be made the day before, and will simply require reheating. The dressing should be made and the turkey stuffed and ready to slip in the oven. The cranberry jelly, the pudding and the pies, too, can easily be made ready a day in advance, and in this way the work of getting dinner on the eventual day is not nearly so labourious.

Tomato Bouillon.—For the soup use a two pound soup bone and two pounds of lean beef. After cracking the bone, cover it and the meat with three quarts of water and simmer slowly for four or five hours, having carefully removed the scum when the water began to boil. Add two turnips, two carrots, an onion, a small head of celery, all carefully cleaned and cut small; also two cloves, a bit of red pepper pod, a bunch of herbs (consisting of a spray of parsley, thyme and sweet basil), two tablespoonfuls of salt and a quart of canned tomatoes. Boil two hours longer, strain, and when cold remove all the fat. Reheat when needed, season with more salt and pepper, if required, and serve with croutons of bread.

Turkey Dressing.—If chestnuts are not obtainable, an extra good stuffing for the turkey is made from sweet potatoes. Have them cooked and mashed, and to a pint add half a pint of finely chopped raw celery, a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of cayenne, and one-fourth of a teaspoonful each of thyme and sweet basil. Mix well, then add four

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tablespoonfuls of melted butter and the grated rind and juice of one lemon. This gives a stuffing which is light and not soggy, as bread stuffing is apt to be. A few oysters or mushrooms will enrich the stuffing. Stuff the turkey and truss compactly, and when roasting baste faithfully, as it renders it juicy and tender. If any stuffing is left over, form it into tiny balls, dip in melted butter and bake in the oven till a light brown. When the turkey is dished, surround it with these quenelles and slices of lemon with a thick garland of parsley.

"A Reg'lar Bird."

If Ernest Seton-Thompson chose, he could write a book on his lecturing adventures that might prove as interesting, though in a very different way, as his "Lives of the Hunted." The other evening he was stopped at the theater door by half a dozen ragged boys, one of whom said:

"Say, Mister, are you de jay dat talks about de animals?"

"Yes."

"Well, say, won't you give us a pass?"

"How many are there of you?"

"On'y eleven" (others now appearing).

Mr. Seton-Thompson called his manager, and said:

"Pass these eleven boys."

"There's eighteen now," said the spokesman.

"All right, pass eighteen," said the man of the beasts, for he never sends a child away if he can help it.

During the hour and a half lecture he had no more appreciative hearers than those eighteen newsboys. After it was over he stepped out the back way, and there were the eighteen awaiting as before.

The spokesman now came forward and expressed the sentiments of the others in language more forcible than ornithologically correct:

"Say, Mister! that—was—great! You're no jay. You're a bird—a reg'lar bird."

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Presbytery Meetings.

SYNOD OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Calgary.
Edmonton, Strathcona, 23 Feb. 8 p.m.
Kamloops, Revelstoke, March, 4 10 a.m.
Kootenay, Nelson, R.C., Feb. 17.
Westminster, Chilliwack, 1 Sept. 8 p.m.
Victoria, Victoria, 2 Sept. 10 a.m.

SYNOD OF MANITOBA AND NORTHWEST

Brandon, Brandon.
Superior, Fort Arthur, March.
Winnipeg, Man. Coll., bi-mo
Rock Lake, Crystal City, 17 Feb.
Glenboro, Glenboro.
Portage, Portage la P., 2 Sept., 7 p.m.
Minnedosa, Minnedosa, 17 Feb.
Melita, at call of Moderator.
Regina, Moosejaw, Feb.

SYNOD OF HAMILTON AND LONDON.

Hamilton, Knox, 6 Jan. 10 a.m.
Paris, Woodstock, 13 Jan. 11 a.m.
London, London, Guelph, 1 Nov. 11 a.m.
Chatham, Chatham, 13 Jan. 10 a.m.
Stratford, 11 Nov.

Huron, Goderich, 20 Jan 11 a.m.

Sarnia, Sarnia, 9 Dec. 11 a.m.
Midland, Wingham, 16 Dec. 10 a.m.
Bruce, Paisley, 2 Dec. 11 a.m.

SYNOD OF TORONTO AND KINGSTON.

Kingston, Belleville, 9th Dec. 11 a.m.
Peterboro, Port Hope, Dec. 9 2 p.m.
Waihy Park ring, Jan. 21 10 a.m.
Toronto, Toronto, Knox, 1st Tues. ev. mo.
Lindsay, Lindsay, 16 Dec. 11 a.m.
Orangeville, Orangeville, 13th Jan.
Barrie, Dec. 9h 10 a.m.
Owen Sound, Owen Sound, 2 Dec. 10 a.m.

Algoma, Blind River, Sept.
North Bay, Parry Sound, 30 Sept., 9 a.m.
Saugen, Palmerston, 9 Dec., 10 a.m.
Guelph, Hespier, 24th Jan. 10.30 a. m.

SYNOD OF MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

Quebec, Quebec, 9 Dec.
Montreal, Montreal, Knox, 9 Dec
Glengarry, Maxville, 15 Dec. 7.30 p.m.
Lanark & Henricw, Arnprior, 20 Jan. 10.30 a.m.
Ottawa, Ottawa, Bank St. 1st Tues Nov.
Brockville, Lyn, 9 Dec. 2.30 p. m.

SYNOD OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES

Sydney, Sydney, March 5
Inverness, Whycomagh, 3 Feb., 11 a.m.

P. E. I. Charlottown, 3 Fe.
Pictou, New Glasgow, 4th Nov. 1 p.m.
Wallace, Oxford, 6th May. 7.30 p.m.
Truro, Truro, Jan. 20 10.30 a.m.
Halifax, Chalmers Hall, Halifax, 26th Feb., 10 a.m.
Lunenburg, 10se Bay.
St. John, St. John, Oct. 21.
Miramichi, Chatham, 24th June.

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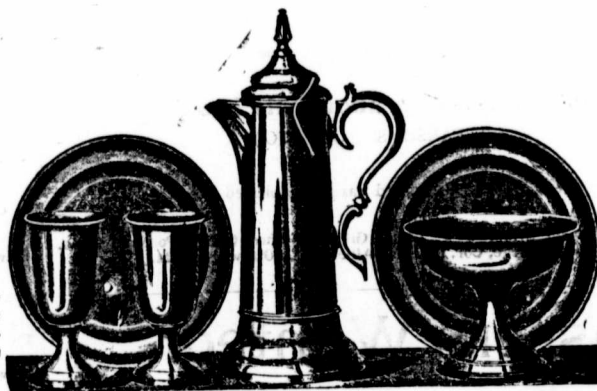
Communion Set and Baptismal Bowl

FREE . . .

For a Few Hours' Work

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- (1) The above set will be sent to any congregation, on receipt of Sixty (60) new yearly subscriptions ONE DOLLAR each club rate
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