

Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church.

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THE TRUTH

BY DR. J. M. HARPER

Sweet snow-white dove of light,
Aye hovering o'er life's battlefield,
Nor ever stained by murky flight
Where differing din hath faith be-
guiled!
'Tis liberty that dares to scan
Thy scope beyond the clouds,
Which prejudice and passion fan,
To weave in shrouds.

A glimpse of thine approach
Emboldens hope with thee to soar,
And duty climbs its heights, to watch
How life has instincts full in store,
To gift man's soul with highest aim
And fealty heaven-pledged,
Steadfast to make his own thy fame
Eternal edged.

And science, circling round
The giddy pinnacles of thought,
Locateth oft thy resting ground
Where finitude is fenced with doubt;
Till poisoning ken begets a pride
Intolerant of faith,
And pique and pride thy beauty hide
With warring breath.

'Tis heaven's aether-wave
That marks the acme of thy flight,
Where life scans high its architrave,
With thee illuminating its night;
In wonderment we thread the maze,
Where faith's our guiding force,
Sheened by the assurance of thy rays,
To light our course.
Quebec, April, 1908.

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BIRTHS.

On April 10th, at 108 Madison Avenue, Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Mitchell, a daughter.

At 80 St. Louis Street, Quebec, the wife of J. G. Scott, general manager Quebec and Lake St. John Railway, of a daughter.

At 103 Mackay Street, Montreal, on March 28 1908, to Professor and Mrs. E. A. Mackenzie, a daughter.

At Mount Albert, on Monday, April 6th, 1908, to Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Shields, a son.

MARRIAGES.

At the residence of Mr. Donald Gunn, 3 Rosedale Road, by the Rev. Dr. Nell, Miss Elizabeth A. Birchard to Mr. John Ross, both of Beaverton.

In Picton, March 31, 1908 by Rev. W. Shearer, Ralsh C. Gerow to Ada M. McDonald, both of Picton.

At the residence of the bride's parents, by the Rev. Wm. Findlay, April 7th, 1908, Claude Brearton, M.D., of Carnduff, Manitoba, to Miss Nellie Ross, of Cannington.

At Goderich, on April 8th, 1908, by the Rev. James Anderson, B.A., assisted by the Rev. Robt. Cochrane, M.A., of Woodstock Olive May Buchanan, B.A., of Goderich, to Charles Henry Armstrong, B.A., of Campbellford.

On April 7th, by the Rev. A. Logan Goggle, Annie E., third daughter of Richard Hill, of Pine Orchard, to Clarence R. May.

DEATHS.

At Cannington, April 7th, 1908, Annabella, wife of Rev. John Vicars, aged 73 years.

At Wilfrid, March 22nd, 1908, Florence Johnston, aged 3 months.

At Pefferlaw, March 28th, Mrs. Duncan, aged 84 years.

At the residence of his son, G. G. S. Lindsey, K.C., 145 Tynally Avenue, Toronto, on 12th April, 1908, Charles Lindsey, in his 89th year.

At Pickering, on April 12th, 1908, George Kerr, late manager Western Bank, aged 80 years.

At his residence, 243 Chapel Street, Ottawa, Robert Chalmers, I.L.D., of the Geological Survey of Canada, aged 71 years.

In Montreal, on April 9, 1908, Agnes S. Hosnack, wife of the late William Cassla.

At Dehra Dun, India, Harry DeWitt, infant son of Rev. Edwin H. and Constance Henderson Kellogg, aged 8½ months.

At St. John, N.B., on April 6th, 1908, Annie, aged 96 years, widow of John Armstrong, leaving four daughters.

At 366 Sackville Street, Toronto, on April 11th, Margaret C. T. Dickie, widow of the late Rev. Robert C. Moffat, D.D., in the 76th year of her age.

At the family residence, London township, on April 6th, 1908, Aletheia, eldest daughter of the late Rev. J. J. A. Proudfoot, D.D.

In Lobo Township, on April 11, 1908, Maggie C., youngest daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Colin J. C. MacArthur, con. 8.

At Lot 27, Seventh Concession of Kenyon, on March 23, 1908, Azelle, daughter of Angus MacLennan, aged seven years and four months.

At Perth, on March 26th, Marion Agnes, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. N. G. Dickson, aged 8 months.

W. H. THICKE

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H. COLLINSON, M.A., late open mathematical scholar of Queen's College, Cambridge.

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NOTE AND COMMENT

The last National Assembly of the Roman Catholic Church, in Germany, announced that, for the future, Africa is to be their sole mission field.

The Legislature of Prince Edward Island has passed an act excluding automobiles from that province on ground that they constitute a menace to public safety.

Two ministers of the Glasgow Presbytery attain their ministerial jubilee this month—Dr. Donald Macleod, and Dr. Gillan, Carmunnock. Both received the congratulations of the Presbytery last week.

Zion's Herald calls the removal of Andover Theological Seminary to Cambridge "the most reprehensible betrayal of sacred trust that we have ever known," and sees in the movement a direct abandonment of the fundamental truth of the divinity of Christ.

The Presbyterian General Assembly of Australia, at Adelaide, expressed itself in favor of a union of the Protestant denominations of the Commonwealth, and commended the system of Bible reading which has prevailed in the public schools of New South Wales for 30 years without objection.

According to a contemporary our legislators at Ottawa are divided religiously as follows: Of the 300 men in the Senate and the House of Commons, 193 are Protestants and 107 are Roman Catholics, thus divided: Roman Catholics, Senate 34, Commons 73, total 107. Presbyterians, Senate 25, Commons 53, total 78. Church of England, Senate 15, Commons 40, total 55. Methodists, Senate 10, Commons 37, total 47. Baptists, Senate 2, Commons 6, total 8. Congregationalists, Commons 4. Lutheran, Commons 1.

During 1907, according to the Catholic Directory for England and Scotland, there was an increase of fifty-one priests and forty-five churches and chapels. There are said to be now 4,075 priests and 2,121 houses of Roman Catholic worship in Great Britain. There are 2,181,000 Catholics in England, Wales and Scotland (Great Britain), and 3,320,000 in Ireland. Gibraltar, Malta and Gozo have 215,000; the British possessions in Asia, 2,085,000; those in Africa, 350,000; and Australia, 1,092,500—a grand total of 12,053,000.

Says the Editor of the Orillia Packet: Mr. Blackett Robinson, the veteran publisher, who established several newspapers and periodicals—among them the first local paper published in Orillia—is still vigorously doing a good work for the Presbyterian Church in publishing and editing a cheap, popular weekly, the Dominion Presbyterian. Though cheap and "popular," there is nothing light or flippant about this paper. On the contrary, it is dignified, reverent and tolerant—catholic and evangelical throughout. The Presbyterian Church in Canada is well served by the publications bearing its name, and among them none perhaps, unless it be that gem among missionary periodicals, the Presbyterian Record, occupies a more useful place than the Dominion Presbyterian. May its shadow never grow less.

Andrew Carnegie gave \$1,631,630 for public and college libraries last year, according to figures just compiled. This brought his total gifts for libraries in all countries up to \$46,605,622.

When a few years ago the saloonkeepers of Chicago made a declaration of their business, as required by State law, five thousand out of eight thousand stated that they were "agents of brewers."

The Montreal License Commissioners have decided that all bars must be closed on Sunday. Evidence has been secured to show that some places on Sunday employ two or three bartenders. The commissioners believe that if the police co-operate with them, illegal traffic in liquor can be stopped. In the future there will be no getting off with fines, excepting in a case of a first offence, and on a second charge being laid the offenders' license will be taken away.

Danish butter has a great reputation in England and on the Continent. This comes from the fact that government regulation assures the purchaser that it is good, and always good. The creameries are generally operated on the co-operative plan, where each member pledges himself to furnish all his milk for a certain year to the creamery, except, of course, that consumed at home. The average-size Danish creamery handles from seven to eight million pounds of milk annually. The creameries are all run on a common basis, and the product of 86 per cent. of the cows in the country go to these creameries. The pack ages receive a government brand.

At the recent first annual meeting of the Anti-Alcoholic League of Quebec city there were over sixty persons present, and very satisfactory reports, showing good work for temperance accomplished during the League's first year, was presented by secretary and treasurer. Addressees were delivered by a number of speakers. The officers were re-elected as follows:—President, Sir Francis Langelle; vice-presidents, the Hon. J. Sharples and Dr. Brochu; recording secretary, Dr. Paquin; corresponding secretary, Mr. Edmond Rousseau; treasurer, Mr. P. B. Dumoulin. The attitude of the Roman Catholic bishops has a wonderful influence in favor of total abstinence in the Province of Quebec.

"The Black Stain" by Hon. George R. Sims, staff correspondent for the London Tribune, is a book to stir the world's heart to righteous anger against the liquor traffic. In it the author conveys, in the brief limits of one hundred and seventy pages, a most terrific indictment of the liquor traffic as it is related to cruelty and crime against children in the leading cities of England. The chapters in this book, as well as those of the previous companion series, "The Cry of the Children," appeared as serial articles in The Tribune during the past year, and have attracted wide attention. The most startling fact which stands out from every page of this running narrative of conditions as they exist to-day in the drink-sodden districts of England's great manufacturing centres is the everywhere dominating influence of the drink curse in the ruin and degradation of British childhood.

In answer to the objections to missions for Mohammedans, that "The time has not yet come," "The doors are not yet open," Dr. Lepsius said to German Christians: "The time has not yet come because we have forgotten to wind the clock; the doors are shut because we keep the key in our pockets."

Dr. Kelman's new book, which Messrs. Black are about to publish, is entitled From Damascus to Palmyra, and embodies his travel and historical impressions of a recent tour in the East. The volume, which contains seventy full-page illustrations in color by Margaret Thomas, will be published at 20s. net.

London newspapers have published an appeal to the British public to take cognizance of the extraordinary and unparalleled conditions in China. An aroused public sentiment is needed to preserve the "Open door" for trade, to insure just treatment of China by foreigners, and to take advantage of the unique opportunity for benevolent and missionary work. Distinguished churchmen of all denominational connections sign the appeal.

It is a source of gratification that Abyssinia has at last opened its doors to Protestant missionaries, and that the first to enter the field are Lutherans—Swedish Lutherans. The Swedish missionaries, so the report runs, have long camped on the boundaries of Abyssinia, and are now located at Adis Adeba, which seems to them the most promising point to begin their work. The Abyssinians are professedly Coptic Christians, and, as is well known, the King claims descent from Solomon through the Queen of Sheba. The religion of the people, however, is not of high order, and when the priestly opposers of the work of the missionaries carried to the King the printed gospels which were being distributed, instead of exiling the Swedes, he said, "I have read these books, they are good. Let the people read them too." He then issued an order that all children over seven years of age should go to school, promising to pay the salaries of any competent teachers the missionaries might supply.

During the night of April 2, thirty-six men, including their commander, were drowned in the wreck of the British torpedo boat destroyer Tiger, cut in two in the darkness by the armored cruiser Berwick off the Isle of Wight. The vessels belonged to the Portsmouth division of the British home fleet, and were engaged in night battle manoeuvres, without lights, in the channel. The night was dark, and the commander of neither vessel was aware of the close proximity of the other. Not seeing the Berwick, Lieut. Middleton of the destroyer steered his thin-sided craft directly across the bows of the big cruiser, which, though steaming slowly, caught the Tiger amidships and cut her in two. The forward part sank immediately. The commander and deck crew, who were dressed in heavy oilskins and boots, went down with the vessel, not having time to free themselves from these heavy incumbrances. Of the 22 men who were rescued, most of them were engineers and stokers, who, having light clothing, were able to keep themselves afloat until boats from other ships which were immediately launched, picked them up.

SPECIAL
ARTICLES

Our Contributors

BOOK
REVIEWS

ATTAINING THE RESURRECTION.

By Rev. E. W. Watson.

Of the certainty of our Lord's Resurrection we have sure and convincing proof in the change that came over the Apostles and in the existence of the Christian church to-day. If there had been no Resurrection, we should have had no Sunday, no New Testament, no Christian Church. The historical proof of the Resurrection is complete and satisfactory, but there is a better proof still for the Living Christ can and does make Himself known to men to-day. They hear His voice and know His power to save. It is possible to meet with Christ, to have as real a meeting as Paul had—not in blinding splendor, but in spiritual power. Our Lord's Resurrection is a pledge of ours, for ours is made certain by His. As it is a great and glorious fact that our Lord Jesus "Christ was raised from the dead thro' the glory of the Father," we know that God "will raise us up thro' His power."—(1. Cor. VI. 14.)

Our Lord Himself said, "the hour cometh when all that are in the tombs shall hear His voice and shall come forth."—(John V. 28, etc.) St. Paul assures us that "there shall be a resurrection both of the just and of the unjust."—(Acts 24:15.)

So we have come to believe that the Resurrection is an event which will come to all at once. As the sunrise brings day to us all, so we think the Resurrection will be the awakening of all from the sleep of death at the end of time. But if this is so, why should Paul write as he did, "If by any means I may attain to the resurrection from the dead," and why did our Lord in speaking to the Sadducees say, "they that are accounted worthy to attain to . . . the resurrection from the dead."—(Luke 20:35)?

Do not these words teach us that the Resurrection depends upon worthiness and imply that those who are not accounted worthy will not attain to it? Yet we know our Lord taught just as clearly that all should rise and come forth—they that have done good unto the resurrection of life and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of judgment.—(Jno. V. 29.) There are then two Resurrections—one of life—the other of judgment.

From St. Paul's words we learn that the resurrection is to be attained by effort. Clearly, he must have thought about the resurrection in a different way than we do or he would not have written thus. Now, unless striving or not striving came to the same thing, the results of striving and not striving must be different.

The Resurrection Paul strove to attain cannot be attained by those who do not strive. And yet Paul declared to Felix that there should be a resurrection both of the just and of the unjust. The only conclusion possible is that the resurrection of life, in the full sense, is only attained by effort.

A resurrection of judgment awaits the unjust and all who do not strive for the "better resurrection." In this world we know and say that there is life, which is not life—an existence so full of pain, privation and sorrow that it scarcely deserves the name of life, so there is a Resurrection to a state of life so full of misery that it does not deserve the name of Resurrection.

The words of St. Paul teach us that the Resurrection is not so much an event, as a process—and a result of spiritual growth. Paul goes on to say—"Not that

I have already obtained or am already made perfect." Paul teaches us that the attainment of the Resurrection is a present concern. It must be attained in this life. Paul was striving to reach a certain spiritual condition before his life here came to an end, so that when he died he might attain to the resurrection from among the dead and be prepared to enter at once upon the life of heaven. And we know that he did obtain his desire, for in his last letter he wrote: "Henceforth there is laid up for me the crown of righteousness."—(2. Tim. 4:8.)

But when did Paul expect to attain to the Resurrection? Was he looking to some far distant event at the end of the age? Surely not, for he wrote: "we know that if the earthly house of our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building from God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."—(2. Cor. V. 1, etc.) and he had "a desire to depart and to be with Christ, for it is very far better."—(Phil. 1. 23.)

There are some who think that Paul has not got his heavenly body yet, but he wrote: "we have a building of God, a house not made with hands." He did not write—we shall have—but "we have," and it seems plain that he expected to move from the earthly body into the heavenly, and the thought of death, not as an unclipping of the spirit, but as a "being clothed upon."—(2. Cor. v. 4.) Death only sets the spirit free from our present perishable body that it may be clothed upon with a spiritual body suited for its spiritual life.

Science teaches us that there is no break—no halt in the progress of life, and that life here is marked by a constant onward movement. If, after death, a Christian entered upon a bodiless state of existence, he would surely be worse off than he is here.

But to be "absent from the body is to be present with the Lord," which "is very much better," and St. Paul assures us that there is a spiritual body. 1. Cor. XV. 44. Just as certainly as there is a natural body now, so there is a spiritual body. We think of spirit and body as the opposite of each other, but St. Paul wrote of a "spiritual body." Surely he meant that there is a body suited to the needs of the spirit, (pneuma) just as our present bodies are suited to the needs of the soul, (psyche.)

Some of our philosophers have taught us that the body, even here, takes its form from the soul and that the soul moulds the body into its own likeness.

In the life to come, it may be that the defects and deformities of the spirit may be manifested in the spiritual body. We pity those who come into this world, blind, or deaf or dumb. How much more are they to be pitied, who enter on the life beyond death with their spiritual life undeveloped.

To be without faith here is to be blind there; to be without love, is to be a helpless cripple. How then, shall we live that we may attain to the resurrection from the dead? As St. Paul lived who counted all things but loss, that he might gain Christ and be found in Him."—(Phil. III. 8 and 9.)

Grand Mere, Que.

If you are discouraged about your work read the one hundred and twenty-sixth Psalm.

If you are all "out of sorts," read the twelfth chapter of Hebrews.

If you are losing confidence in men, read the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians.

SPARKS FROM OTHER ANVILS.

Christian Guardian: To all God's children comes the call to self-denial. Let us not face it with fear and trembling! Let us not turn away from it with dislike and loathing! Let us not speak, nor even think of it, as something peculiar to our faith! It belongs to man as man. The higher is ever rooted in the death of the lower, and joy itself thrives best in an atmosphere of self-denial. Not sadly and tearfully, not reluctantly and with murmuring, but with light in the eyes, and love in the heart, and a song on our lips, let us bend to our cross, and, lifting it, let us follow Him, whose footsteps led by the way of sorrows to the city of joy.

Cumberland Presbyterian: No one can doubt that the existence of the saloon makes it harder to keep the youth of the land from the debasing and degrading drink habit. Laws which abolish the saloon will make it easier to save the young men.

Herald and Presbyterian: Great is that man who, to greatness of intellect and culture, adds the simple-heartedness which makes it possible for him to be a child of God and a prince in prayer.

United Presbyterian: The minister of the gospel may not have chosen his profession because it was one toward which his heart yearned. Other callings may have appealed to him. But for some reason, possibly unknown, or unappreciated, he entered the seminary and the years of his active ministry showed a manifest presence of the power of the Holy Spirit. Even though he may have entered the sacred calling with a divided judgment the call was none the less from God. The Holy Spirit came to him in a round-about way: through the love of a mother, or the prayers of a father, or the death of a friend, or the defeat of a cherished ambition. Who can say by what channel God entered the human heart and makes it obedient to his will?

Westminster, Philadelphia: Two ministers may be located side by side. One is a great scholar, compared with whom the other is an absolute blank. The scholar is not popular. He feeds a little flock. Not so with his neighbor. His church is full. The world calls him a "soul winner." The reason is near at hand. One can tell what he doesn't know better than the other can tell what he does. There is a sixth sense, whose office it is to apply the other five. And to this is largely due the secret of success. We doubt if any one ever acquired it. Genius has many forms, and this is one.

The West-land: There comes a time when the truest application of the Gospel to practical affairs is that of a courageous crusade against oppressors and grafters, and the man who leads such a crusade is no less a preacher of righteousness than the man in the pulpit. It is possible to compliment the pulpit on the theory that its vocation is to preach but not to meddle with business; and that kind of appreciation is the poorest of praise.

Presbyterian Witness: Theology is excellent in its place; exposition and criticism are invaluable; worship is essential to the being and well being of the Church; but the Redeemer, the Saviour, is Christ only. The "Salvation Army" is not perhaps an attractive agency to men of culture, but it is in the main loyal to Christ and hence fitted to do true work. Campbell, of London, so eloquent, so earnest, is trying to form a new sect, but he has no true Divine centre of attraction around whom to rally the weary and heavy-laden; for rest, he cannot found even a sect of lasting influence and power on mere fault finding.

EXTEMPORANE PREACHING.

In his heart of hearts every preacher confesses that the ideal in preaching is that, as Carlyle said, "a man stand and speak to men." And in his heart of hearts every hearer cordially assents. From no other place but the pulpit do men tolerate a manuscript in any address to heart and conscience, or any appeal through motive to action. The advocate at the Bar who would read his speech to the jury would do so only once. He would not be briefed again. The political orator who would turn over careful pages would not find the clumsiness of the method forgiven because of the weightiness of the matter. Even in the House of Commons, full of speakers who know the arduous path of effectiveness, copious notes provoke sarcastic comment. Read speeches are forbidden. The well-based feeling in all men's minds is that of Carlyle when he threw aside his pages prepared for his Rectorial address to the students of Edinburgh University, and delivered the most moving message any Lord Rector ever gave. He felt himself in shackles. All men understand the criticism passed by that famous preacher, Stewart of Cromarty, when, as Hugh Miller tells us, he addressed his brother, also in the ministry, as "The Rev. James Stewart, Reader of the Gospel, Pillochry."

The list of extempore preachers includes all the great names of early days and the great majority of more recent years. We need not go back to Chrysostom, Ambrose, Saxonarda, nor cite Huss, Luther, Ridley, Latimer, Knox. In such primitive times men's minds were in no other way to be approached. But in our modern days, when we read more widely, if not more deeply, the preacher without "the paper" still keeps his pre-eminence. Robertson of Brighton, Spurgeon, Parker, Maclaren, Hugh Price Hughes, George Matheson, are to be added to Bersier of Paris, Guthrie of Edinburgh, Agostino of Florence, Beecher of Brooklyn—to name only those whose day's work is done. Nor can it be said that the men who are holding the crowds today differ from their predecessors. They must at least seem not to read. Still more significant is the fact that, although the sermon loses one-half its power when no longer spoken by the brilliant and magnetic voice, the message of the extempore preacher is more powerful when printed than that of the man with the manuscript. The issues of the published discourses of the ten best-known reading preachers do not altogether equal that of Robertson, Spurgeon, Parker, or Maclaren. Nor will they live so long. Students find that there is more in the extempore preacher's message. It has less embroidery, fewer dainty phrases, but it has no elaborate and prosy plattitudes and more weight and pungency of truth. The new editions of Robertson of Brighton, whose very words have become part of the ordinary preacher's speech, are selling in thousands. Young preachers buy Newman because other men praise his style; laymen leave him much alone.

There are, however, great names of preachers who have used the manuscript. We recall Blair, whose polished periods, no memory could have carried, Chalmers, Newman, Dale—who was, many thought, more moving, if less massive, in his message when he discarded his paper—Candlish, Edward Irving, Liddon, Caird, and Phillips Brooks. But the delivery of all of these, and of all who have held the people, was, as the old woman said of the preaching of Chalmers, "fell reading"; or, as in the case of Newman, it was reading to a select audience in a voice of enchanting music, with a solemn, arresting pause after every sentence, by a man whose brilliant gifts and attainments and sanctity of character held his hearers in a

worshipping reverence. Men like Wesley, with his soft voice, and Whitfield, with his clear but strident note, and Parsons of York thrilled much vaster masses only because they were unhampered by a written page. Newman and Liddon never attempted their work.

The question naturally arises, then, if extempore preaching makes for power, why do men read? To that another question may be added: Why do so many, both of preachers and hearers, declare a preference for the read sermon? The general answer is that men read because they cannot preach. If men could preach effectively, they would as quickly be persuaded to read as to use spectacles when they can dispense with them. But many readers have such bitter recollection of extempore preachers, and many preachers have such humiliating memories of their attempts, that both concur in the comfort of the manuscript. One reason for the manifest failures is that many men are fools enough to believe that extempore preaching is easier, less costly in preparation, and less straining in delivery. But extempore preaching is not extempore thinking. We are not considering the fluent and frothy word-monger who can take a text as he walks in his garden, or as he climbs the pulpit stair. Extempore thinking is as feeble and as noisy as extempore writing. The sermon which many a painful writer dashes down late on Saturday night, or in the small hours of Sunday morning, content when he has filled the requisite number of pages, is as vacuous as any verbiage of the tongue. "Beaten oil for the sanctuary," as McChyne said. No man will continue to preach either with paper or without it who does not read and think and perfect his power of expression. Even R. S. Storrs of Boston, whose rolling periods have a perfect balance, attained his ease only after years of drill with his pen. Spurgeon kept up his fertility and his pellucid English only by incessant study and discipline. The extempore preachers who fail are the men who will not toil.

Another reason why many fail is that their speaking faculty is weak, and has never been cultivated. We all sympathize with the man who, listening to a halting preacher discoursing on Naaman the leper, became so creepy with nervous fear lest the preacher should break down that he felt himself prickly with leprosy before the twenty minutes' serenity was done. Few men can accept Professor Bruce's counsel to his class, when insisting on free speech in the pulpit, that they should thank God for what they forgot, for if they could not remember it, how could they expect others to carry it in their minds; and then he added, more *enuo*, "most likely it was not worth remembering." Yet it remains that many men who are helpful, wise, even moving preachers, would be paralyzed in a pulpit if they found that they had left their manuscript behind them.

To sum up, it must be clear that, could men preach as a French lecturer speaks, with a glass of water as his sole resource, or as Professor Edward Caird addressed his rapt and stilled class, with his notes on the desk, but his large, dark eye suffused with thought and his voice rising and falling in expressive modulation, no man would read or ask reading. But cultivated audiences and congregations who wish clear, well argued, unemotional teaching get from the average man what they want, and perhaps need, better when he has a manuscript before him. Yet when the preacher can speak, or can deliver what he has written so as to make men forget that it has been written, as Guthrie did, the most academic assembly will listen with

deep pleasure. And it remains true, with still more cogency and significance, that to the preacher with the manuscript many topics are forbidden. A man may reason, argue, denounce, expound from a paper, but the evangel—the warm, glowing, pleading message which calls to faith in God—can be preached, and is, in point of fact, preached only by men who speak out of hearts quickened by the sight of men's faces to an urgent passion. It may not be safe or fair to press the instance too far, but neither as He preached from the ship to those on the shore, nor as He spoke to the disciples on the mount, could the Preacher of preachers have used a manuscript. A generation of extempore preachers of skill and taste would fill the churches again.—Scottish Review.

URGENCY IN PRAYER.

By C. H. Wetherbe.

Even those people who are not Christians will urgently pray God to deliver them when they are in great danger of some kind, but it is not because they either love God or love to pray to him. They are urgent because they feel the need of help from a source which is higher and greater than anything human. This is not a wholly commendable kind of urgency in prayer. The true kind is that which has place in the heart of a genuine Christian; but even such a person is not, in many instances, habitually urgent in his praying. His prayers may not be formal and languid at any time, but at times they are destitute of an urgent spirit. In many cases this fact is owing to a condition of mind and body which is not favorable to earnestness and persistence. Then too, some objects of prayer are much more likely to incite urgency than others are. Nevertheless, all Christians ought to be a good deal more urgent in prayer than much of the time they are.

The late Prof. O. S. Stearns, in a sermon on the Gift of the Holy Spirit, said "you have prayed, O, yes, you have prayed, but have you asked, asked with the importunity of a mendicant; asked as you would for the life of your child; asked as you did for the forgiveness of your own sins? With the Spirit of God within you, with the Spirit of God willing to help your very infirmities, with the Spirit of God prompting you to ask for Him more and more,—yes, bidding you to summon a whole world in its blindness before your soul's eyes until you fathom the mighty wonders suspended upon your asking—have you as yet even asked once?"

O, how lazy in prayer we oftentimes are! How frequently do we scant our prayers! We act, too often, as though prayer were one of the least important matters of our life, and that we can scarcely afford to spend much time in that capacity. If we saw God as largely and clearly as we ought to see Him, and more fully realized the worth of human beings, we would much more urgently pray God to save people from sin and death, and also to make us far more useful to humanity around us and beyond us. Pray for that urgency of spirit.

One of the impressive things about the greatest engines is the silence with which they do their work. The stars, rushing through space with a force we cannot even imagine, do so in silence. The same thing may be observed in regard to the work which is done in the world. The most powerful is always very quiet. The great spiritual ministry of the Christian Church is carried forward with very little noise. Noise is not the same as work; frenzy is not power.

SUNDAY
SCHOOL

The Quiet Hour

YOUNG
PEOPLE

JESUS TEACHES HUMILITY.*

(By Rev. P. M. Macdonald, B.D.)

Jesus knowing that his hour was come (Rev. Ver.), v. 1. We are apt to think we have a right to forget our neighbors, when we ourselves are in deep waters. It was not so with Jesus. He forgot self, and remembered others. And it ought to be our aim to do as He did. Self-forgetfulness marks the heroic, noble soul. It was splendidly shown on one occasion by some of our troops in South Africa. The Boer bullets had riddled the line terribly, and the sufferers lay in groups, bleeding to death. When relief came in the form of surgeons and stretchers, the first group of wounded men said to the surgeons, "Don't stay to help us, some of the boys ahead there may be suffering more, go to them." That was like the spirit and speech of Christ.

The devil having now put into the heart of Judas, v. 2. Every man's heart is his castle, and no one can enter without permission. We cannot escape being tempted, but we can keep the temptations from entering our hearts and making their home there. Bad places, bad associations, bad habits, are open doors through which the devil sends his evil wishes. If one will, in the strength of Christ, avoid these places and associations and habits, and read good books and cultivate good companionship and cherish high ideals, he will find that by so doing he is resisting the devil and giving him the notice to quit which he will act upon.

He took a towel, and girded himself, v. 4. St. Augustine was once asked, "What is the first step in religion?" He answered, "Humility." "And the second step?" He answered again, "Humility." "And the third step?" Once more he answered, "Humility." What is humility? It is not an excessive underrating of yourself, an easy and glib abusing of yourself, a withdrawing from service because you are not efficient. Likely enough, when one speaks of you, as you speak of yourself, you grow angry and resentful. Christ's humility shone out from His clear consciousness of power and divinity. By no word did He belittle Himself. In the light of this great Example, we see that humility is the glad consecration, when need arises, of one's whole being, powers, possessions, to lowliest service for others' sakes. He is most humble who will quickest and lowliest serve. "And the cloth of humility should always be worn on the back of Christianity."

Lord, dost thou wash my feet? v. 6. Peter had been looking out for his dignity and his position. When his Lord went about the footwashing, Peter was humbled, and therefore exalted. Humility is greatness, and this revelation that Peter gave of himself helps us to understand his subsequent career. Some one of the ancients has said, "Where a gracious person would sit below me, I will acknowledge his dignity but where a proud person would move about me, I will abhor his vanity." A humble heart may meet with opposition from man, but it will meet with approbation from God. "When humility is the corner-stone, there glory shall be the top-stone."

Thou knowest not now; and thou shalt know hereafter, v. 7. The weaver's

of costly tapestries do their work on the "wrong" side. They do not see the design they are making. All that they see is the tangle of threads and turms, a mystery and confusion of vague suggestions. So it is with our life. We cannot understand what we are doing, or what is being done for us; but some day we shall see and know. Some day Peter would understand why this strange thing was done by his Master. Meanwhile, we must trust and obey and submit. Our Lord is wise and loving. He will see to it, if we love Him, that all things will work together for our good, and our joy shall be larger than our sorrow.

A PRAYER.

Heavenly Father, help us to be like Thyself, as manifested in the person of Jesus Christ, Thy Son! It was His will to do the will of His Father by living and dying for others. Teach us so to live. Help us to learn by positive personal experience that supremest joy comes only in ministering unto others. Teach us what Jesus meant when He said, "I am among you as he that serveth." Plant deeply within us His passion for a life of service. May our morning hours be gladdened and inspired by this divine purpose. Let Thy holy will be done in us this day. Amen.—Rev. Charles Parkhurst, D.D.

TRUSTING.

I do not ask that God will always make
My pathway light;
I only pray that He will hold my hand
Throughout the night.
I do not hope to have the thorns removed
That pierce my feet,

I only ask to find his blessed arms
My safe retreat.
If he afflict me, then in my distress
Withholds his hand;
If all his wisdom I can not conceive
Or understand,
I do not think to always know His why
Or wherefore, here;
But sometime He will take my hand
and make
His meaning clear.

If in his furnace He refine my heart
To make it pure,
I only ask for grace to trust His love—
Strength to endure.
And if fierce storms beat round me,
And the heavens be overcast,
I know that He will give His weary one
Sweet peace at last.

It is a great sin to question God's commands or to resist his will. A dangerous thing, too! Peter, doing so, came near losing his soul, and would, but for his instant submission to his Lord's will. 'Twas a little thing on which to hinge so great a result. So was Eve's eating the forbidden fruit. But what a world-wide and time-long disaster it caused. So was the sprinkling of the blood on the doorpost by Israel's families. But it meant life to their first-born. For a very little thing may be a test of mastership and the crisis, the decisive determinant of one's destiny.—Ex.

They who will not be servants can not be sons.

No man will ever reach heaven with his face toward the pit.

In Jesus we see God's thought when He first made man.—Morgan.

A false profession will wear no better than a wise look on a fool.

LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

(By Rev. James Ross, D.D.)

TOWEL.—Was the apron with which servants girded themselves for manual work. It was generally of colored cotton cloth, about the size and shape of a bath towel, and was worn by fishermen, potters, water-carriers, and sawyers, as a loin cloth; and by more respectable tradesmen, grocers, bakers and carpenters, as an apron to protect their clothes, and as a towel to wipe their stained and perspiring hands upon. Christ's act in girding Himself with it was deliberate, symbolic, and very impressive.

BASIN.—Was a well known household utensil, probably of bronze, the shape of a large cup, with a handle at one side. The ewer and the basin for the express purpose of feet washing are often pictured on the monuments.

FOOTWASHING.—The King of England was formerly accustomed to wash the feet of as many poor men as he was years old, but this is now commuted to a gift of money. On Maundy Thursday (the day before Good Friday), in St. Peter's at Rome, the Pope washes the feet of thirteen selected persons. His red cope is taken off, an embroidered apron put on, and a towel fastened to his waist. An attendant bears the silver ewer, and the Pope, taking a sponge in a pair of silver tongs, does little more than touch the foot of each. He then waits on them at the supper table.

OUR COMPASSIONATE GOD.

In my distress I cried unto the Lord, and he heard me. Ps. 120:1.

This is one of those gracious stories which come home to our hearts so directly. When the inspired writer says, "In my distress I cried," he indicates himself with every troubled one in all ages. "Distress," is man's common lot. Every house has a closet "with a skeleton in it." Every roof is agreeable to the eye until it is lifted, and then we find tragedy and moaning women, and hard-eyed husbands and deluges of neglect. Every life begins with a cry and ends with a groan. When then, he adds, "and he heard me," the preciousness bursts out. The cry of the distressed is no empty wail Jehovah is the one called upon, and the Jehovah of the Old Testament is the Jesus of the New, and he has lived here to show us how universally it is true. Never came to him a voice out of distress in vain. To him, cried the Roman centurion; the Jewish synagogue ruler; the member of the Sanhedrin; the leper; the blind beggar; the heathen woman; the sinful woman; the robber, as well as the disciple, and he heard them; and his hearing was to them sight, riches, healing of the mind; yes, all they needed. Surely, then, we have a word that may prove a source of comfort and peace to every heart today that may be glad to make use of it. The Psalmist cried out, He did not long his distress to his bosom in sullen despondency. He carried it to One who was full of compassion. "He cried unto the Lord," and he heard him.

Trials are not necessarily unfriendly as pain-producing if we only take them to Jesus. A compassionate, sympathizing Saviour is so sweet to commune with! Blessing from him is worth 60 much. "He heard me" is so full of comfort! What would a distressed soul do to-day without a compassionate Lord?—Selected.

*S.S. Lesson, April 26, 1908. John 13:1-15. Commit to memory vs. 3-6. Study John 13: 1-20. GOLDEN TEXT—A New commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; as I have loved you.—John 13:34.

TRUE CHEERFULNESS.

True cheerfulness consists in the utmost tenderness of sympathy, and with a brave facing of all the facts of life. Physical conditions may help or hinder it, but they have no power of themselves to call it into being or destroy it permanently. It is a persistent and habitual attitude of the mind, a clinging to the sunny side of all experience, doubt as well as faith, grief as well as joy, death as well as life; not because the sunny side is the more pleasant, but because of a conviction wrought into the very fiber of the soul that the sunshine and the truth are one, and that the solution of all life's mystery and the unraveling of all its tangled skein are only to be found along that life of thought and life. This is not merely a "theory" which the man has chosen to adopt. It is a conviction, wrought in him by a Power outside himself, a conviction from which he cannot escape save by doing violence to all the best within him, a conviction which he can never fully explain to other men, but which grows upon him with the years and "will not let him go."

Of such a conviction no one can give a perfectly satisfactory account. Much of its genesis and of its method must remain a mystery even to the man himself. Yet there are certain conditions of life and thought which every man must fulfill if he is to know it as his own and to be able in a measure to communicate it to his fellows. Of these conditions, there are three which stand out as most imperative:

First, the man must be unselfish. Second, he must be making an honest effort to do his work. Third, he must have an utter belief in the goodness of God.—From the Cheerful Life.

THE HOPEFULNESS OF OPPOSITION.

When a thing is particularly hard to do, it is likely to be particularly well worth doing. This is worth remembering the next time that difficulty and opposition stare us in the face. Easy things are within the reach of any one; they offer neither inducement nor challenge to people of power. The prizes of life are protected by difficulty. Therefore obstacle, to a strong man, simply spells inducement. Paul knew that the spiritual prizes of the Kingdom were not easily come at, but that the Devil's workers were sure to be between such prizes and the Lord's workers. He counted the presence and opposition of the Devil as a special invitation. So he wrote, concerning his reasons for wishing to remain in Ephesus, "for a great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries." "The line of least resistance" does not appeal to souls of Paul's kind. The line of greatest resistance is the line that often leads to the richest end.—S. S. Times.

LITTLE FAULTS.

You need not break the glasses of a telescope, or coat them over with paint, in order to prevent you from seeing through them. Just breathe upon them and the dew of your breath will shut out all the stars. So it does not require great crimes to hide the light of God's countenance. Little faults can do it just as well. Take a shield and cast a spear upon it, and it will leave in it one great dent. Prick it all over with a million little needle shafts, and they will take the polish from it far more than the piercing of the spear. So it is not so much the great sins which take the freshness from our consciences, as the numberless petty faults which we are all the while committing.—Henry Ward Beecher.

THE VOICE OF THE TRUE SHEPHERD.

My sheep hear My voice. The vital truth of Christianity is that Christ still speaks in the soul that will heed and hear Him.

To have heard that voice on earth—how great the wonder would have been! To have heard that dear "Verily, verily," in a world distracted and confused—how unspeakably blessed would have been the rest that followed! For when He said "Verily, verily," doubts and reasonings and questions and sorrows fell down at His feet as dead. That "Verily, verily," opened the secrets of heaven and the mysteries of the Father. They who heard it built upon the rock, and their house could not be shaken. "Verily, verily"—these words coming from Him who is faithful and true stood like great pillars at the porch of love's holy temple. How marvellous was the voice of Jesus from the first to the last—the voice of the Babe of Bethlehem, the voice of the dying Lamb on Calvary! For the most part the voice of Jesus on the earth was very quiet. It was not heard on the streets; He did not strive or cry. Very quietly He solved the questions proposed to Him, taught the fulfillment of all Scripture in Himself, explained the meaning of His own parables. Very quietly He convicted the ensnarer out of His own mouth, and suffered him to depart as quietly. He prayed in the silent night, in the stillness of the morning, under the stars and amid the trees. Very quietly He taught every day in the synagogue, very quietly He spoke with the sinful woman at the well. But sometimes that voice did wonders as men heard and looked. That voice called Lazarus from the grave, and "He called him by name lest He should bring forth all the dead." That voice like a silver bell summoned all the weary and the heavy-laden to the bosom of His rest. That voice prayed and absolved and cried bitterly and fell into the last word of trust on the cross. That voice spoke when He returned from the unseen world and said, "All hail!" That voice breathed blessing and peace on the disciples as the Saviour bore His way upwards to His true home, and it did not cease to speak to them when the bodily presence was withdrawn.

The voice of the True Shepherd is heard in warning and calling, and entreaty, and pleading, as He goes forth to seek the sheep. All we, like sheep, have gone astray. The Shepherd is behind us. We are hasting further and further from our true country, seeking the land where the Shepherd cannot find us. We have rejected human voices. Our eyes have seen our teachers, but they have sought in vain to bring us back. We have seen them, father, teacher, friend, minister. They have shown us the right way, but we would not take it. But the unseen Teacher speaks, and we hear the word behind us. As we try to run away from it, it pursues. The word is Return, Return, Return.

"Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,

The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea;

And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,

Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee."

—And again:

"I heard the voice of Jesus say,
'Come unto Me and rest.'"

It is this voice of the True Shepherd that is evermore the hope of the lost world.—British Weekly.

THE SILVER LINING.*

Some Bible Hints.

That is a good question. "Why am I cast down?" (Ps. 42: 5). Often, if we require a reason for our grief, we shall find that there is no reason.

Because his soul was cast down, therefore would the Psalmist remember God (Ps. 42: 6). The best of conclusions!

It is his song that shall be with me in the night (Ps. 42: 9); not my song.

Let me be led by His Light through my darkness, by His truth through my uncertainty. Let me not try or know my own way (Ps. 43: 3).

Suggestive Thoughts.

If I cannot see the lining of the cloud, yet surely it is there, and God can see it.

Look back on the sorrows of the past, most of which you cannot even remember; so will it be with the sorrows of today.

Cheerfulness is not a quality; it is an art, to be cultivated.

Every shadow means a shining,

Every cloud a silver lining.

The best road to happiness is helplessness; making others hit.

A Few Illustrations.

We can get above the clouds by the bill of work or the balloon of faith!

For the finest sunsets we need clouds; and so for the sunset of life.

"It is not raining rain," cries the poet Loveman; "it is raining roses and violets!"

"And so," cries another poet, "I turn my clouds about, and always wear them inside out, to show the lining!"

To Think About.

Am I practising cheerfulness?

Do I look on the dark side of life?

Does my life brighten that of others?

A Cluster of Quotations.

An ounce of cheerfulness is worth a pound of sadness to serve God with.—Fuller.

The burden becomes light which is cheerfully borne.—Ovid.

If good people would but make their goodness agreeable, and smile instead of frowning in their virtue, how many would they win to the good cause! —Archbishop Usher.

The most manifest sign of wisdom is continued cheerfulness.—Montaigne.

DAILY READINGS.

M., Apr. 27.—Lot's silver lining. Gen. 11: 14-16.

T., Apr. 28.—Daniel's silver lining. Dan. 6: 16-22.

W., Apr. 29.—The apostles' deliverance. Acts 5: 17-20.

T., Apr. 30.—Job's gleam of brightness. Job 5: 17-19.

F., May 1.—Deliverance from foes. Ps. 106: 42-48.

S., May 2.—Deliverance from death. Ps. 56: 9-13.

Sun., May 3.—Topic—Songs of the Heart. V. The silver lining of dark clouds. Ps. 42, 43. (Consecration meeting.)

There is not enough breadth in many lives. We ought to grow in height, reaching up to the fulness of the stature of Christ. We ought to grow in the outreach of our lives. We ought to know more of God and heavenly things tomorrow than we do today. We are told that if we follow on we shall know, that if we do the little portion of the will of God we understand, we shall be led on to see and know more of that will. We ought to grow in love, also, becoming more patient, more gentle, more thoughtful, more unselfish day by day, extending the reach of our unselfishness and helpfulness.—J. R. Miller, D.D.

* Y.P. Topic—3 May, 1908: The silver lining of dark clouds. Psalm 42, 43.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,
Manager and Editor.

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It is an awful thing to be lost. What a hopeless "lost" is. A passenger on an ocean steamer drops a coin overboard. It is lost. What makes it lost? Separation from its owner. The soul that is separated from God is lost.

The library advertised in another column is well worth the attention of our young ministers who have not yet bought many books, or older ones who may desire to add to their collection. Perhaps some wealthy Presbyterian may buy the entire lot for the new college at Vancouver!

Rev. Mr. Mitchell, of this city, who was a recent visitor to London, is reported as saying: "Ever since my first visit here I was impressed with the homes of London. They are all so neat and attractive. In Ottawa we are getting too many apartment and tenement houses. I am glad there are none in London. Such living is destructive of much that is best and beautiful in family life. Here in London the children have lots of room to play. Where thirty or forty people are living in one flat, the children have no chance to play and develop as healthy children should." Mr. Mitchell is quite correct in his reflections on the unhealthy influence of family life in "flats." In a recent old country exchange we notice that Emperor William of Germany commends the English dwelling house system as against the flat system prevalent in Berlin and other German cities. "The houses even of the poorest workmen," said the emperor, "have a comfortable, homelike atmosphere, with an abundance of flowers inside and outside." Doubtless the prevalence of divorce and scandal cases in the large American cities are mainly due to the crowding of families into hotels and "flats."

ONE MORE YEAR.

The temperance forces in Ontario must struggle along under the three-fifths handicap another year, says The Pioneer. In this democratic country where the opinion of every elector is as good as that of every other man whose name is on the voters' list, no good reason has yet been adduced by Mr. Whitney or any member of his Government for making the vote of the bar-room advocate worth half as much more as the vote of the business man, the farmer, the lawyer, the doctor, the clergyman. When this legislation was introduced the excuse of permanency was put forward. Local Option has proved its permanency to the hilt in two campaigns and without any aid from the three-fifths, for that has not yet come into force in repeal cases.

Just here, it may be said and it looks a fair statement, that if Mr. Whitney and Mr. Hanna had been honest in their professions of furthering the cause of temperance, and making Local Option permanent they would at least have made it apply to the places already under Local Option. Had they done that even, there would have been some color to their temperance professions, and less ground for fearing that the three-fifths was simply and solely a cold-blooded proposition of the liquor traffic, put forward as a matter of bargain and sale.

There can be but one other assumption in the face of the proved permanency of the law and Government's refusal to implement the promise given when the clause was put into the law and that is, that Premier Whitney and his Government favor the bar-room, that they are opposed to the progress of temperance in this Province. The three-fifths clause has kept Local Option out of seventy municipalities in Ontario in the last two years. Is that helping temperance and hindering the bar-room, or is it helping the bar-room and hindering temperance?

CRITICISM THAT COUNTS FOR MOST.

Unspoken criticism—by act rather than by word—is the most effective kind. It points out the fault, shows a better way, and avoids injured feelings, all at once, when we quietly do what the other is failing to do. Scrupulous neatness rebukes the untidy of fender; a tactful changing of the conversation from the shortcomings of an absent one to his good qualities will be remembered long after the spoken reproof would have been forgotten. So in other lines; it is almost always possible to substitute the better way of criticism for the poorer. Of course, example is always harder than speech, which is only another reason for its greater effectiveness.

The Rev. Mr. McLean, of Goderich, occupied the pulpit of Knox Church, Harrison, last Sunday.

Impulse may give a good start. Resolutions alone can keep the long road.

SOME PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THE BORE FAMILY.

By Knoxonian.

One of the best human things in this wicked world is a bright, lively, vigorous conversation, well spiced with wit, well seasoned with good sense, well lighted up with good anecdotes and allusions, with lots of places where a good laugh comes kindly in. The best doctor in the country can't make a tonic that goes to the roots of the human constitution as fast as a good laugh. Solomon said a good many years ago that a merry heart does good like a medicine. If Solomon had ever taken some of our modern patent medicines, he would have added: And much more good than some medicines. Happy is the man, and thrice happy the minister, who knows just where he can strike up in a few minutes a lively, spicy, interesting conversation, interspersed with occasional side splitters. Most of the old ministers were good laughers. We can think of one now who used to laugh so loud that he sometimes woke up the baby, if there was one in the house. He was a grand man. He would have gone to the stake or the battle field for principle, with as little hesitation as he used to light up his long pipe. He was a gentleman, a scholar, a Christian and a man, not a dude. When the family gathered around a fireplace that we remember well, and he formed one of the circle, you might always look out for something good and spicy; it always came. We can hear him tell some stories about Aberdeen now, and we distinctly remember that, however they began, they always ended with a good moral. That man was worth more to his country and his Church than a thousand clerical dudes. He has gone up higher. Would that his class had more successors!

Good conversation being such a good and pleasant thing, it is not wonderful that a class of people, very properly called Bores, inflict themselves on society, and add immensely to the troubles of this life. The Bore family are numerous, and may be divided roughly in this way: There is first The Political Bore. He abounded last winter. He has been to the eyes in clover since last fall. The successful candidate is rarely a bore. He has been bored so much himself that he is thankful when people say nothing about his election. The unsuccessful candidate, you may be certain, is quite willing to talk on some other topic. The bore is a sort of middleman, who burns to tell you of the meetings he organized, the speeches he made, the electors he turned, the sharp tricks he played, and all that sort of thing. To put the matter plainly—but yet in language so exquisitely exact that it cannot offend anybody, but one who hates a truthful description of wrong far more than he hates wrong described—the election bore is often a conceited campaign liar.

And here is the Ecclesiastical Bore. He always has a full budget of gossip about all the congregations and ministers within a radius of fifty miles or so. He sits down, coolly opens his budget, and hopes

you are going to sit quietly until he pours its contents into one or both your ears. If you have any sense or any regard for your ears, you will use them for another purpose. One-half the budget is, perhaps, untrue, the other half grossly distorted truth, and the whole contemptibly small and gossipy. The sickening thing about the ecclesiastical bore is that he calls his gossip religious conversation. Oh!

And here comes the Clerical Bore. Sometimes he tortures you with an account of his alleged triumphs at college; sometimes with the number of his calls; sometimes with grossly exaggerated accounts of the marvellous effects produced by his sermons and speeches; but more frequently with a detailed account of how he managed some motion, or overture, or amendment. The best amendment he could pass would be one enjoining clerical bores not to torture their long-suffering neighbors. If the clerical bore has been brought up in the Old Country, he is very apt to lacerate you with an account of the numbers of Lords and Dukes he has met, or says he has.

The Anecdotal Bore is a being who thinks he has the faculty for relating anecdotes. He is alone in his opinion. The anecdotal bore nearly always begins his story back somewhere about Adam, introduces a parenthesis every minute or so, then takes an excursion to one side, then to the other, and then comes back again to the main line. After running a little while on the main line, switches off again and takes another excursion. He goes into the minutest details, and worries you out miles before he comes to the point, and when you get to the point there isn't any point there.

The Office Bore is the man who drops into the office without any business, and "sits around" for an hour or two. He always smokes, if anybody provides him with the raw material. If he had any business, the office man would be happy to see him, but he never has business or money. All he proposes to give for lodging is his society. Editors suffer more than any other class of men from the office bore. Being mild, modest men, they never like to give the bore a hint to retire. Lawyers suffer the least. Their cheek being as hard as the cheek of their visitor, they usually find ways and means for shortening his visit.

The most excruciating member of the Bore family is the Travelled Bore. He expects you to sit down, and patiently listen to him while he gives you all the details of a trip from some point in Ontario to England and back again. Quite often the burden of his story is what he had to eat on shipboard and in the hotels. It is highly edifying, especially when he enlarges on the manner in which he threw himself away over the side of the vessel. You often know far more about the places he ran through and gorged himself in than he does, but still you listen, because you know the man "has been to Yurup."

The Solemn Bore is a rather amusing

member of the family. His forte is to make the most commonplace, trifling observations in a solemn way. He strikes an attitude, rolls up his eyes till you see little but the white, opens his lips slowly, shakes his head pathetically, and with frequent pauses, in slow time, with a measured accent and falling inflection, says: This is a fine day. The solemn bore is very often a local preacher.

Bores might be classified locally, and their characteristics pointed out. The Toronto bore differs from the Montreal bore and the London bore differs from both. The city bore differs from the country bore, and the Old Country bore differs from the Canadian. The most cruel of all bores is a tenth-rate Toronto man, who coolly assumes that the people of Ottawa, or Brantford, or Winnipeg, or some other place, know nothing, and that he knew everything, and is bound patronizingly to explain everything to these benighted people.

But we must give the Bore family a rest. It would add a good deal to the sum total of the happiness of this weary world, if the Bore family would mend their manners, and cease torturing innocent people.

An Interdenominational Missionary Institute will be held at Peterboro' on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, 4th, to 6th of May. The missionary boards of all the churches are co-operating in a far-reaching propaganda for missionary education. Churches, missionary societies and young people's organizations within a radius of sixty miles are expected to send delegates, but all sessions will be open to the public. Among the speakers and leaders who will attend the convention are Revs. T. E. E. Shore, B.D.; J. G. Brown, D.D.; Canon L. N. Tucker, D.C.L.; F. C. Stephenson, M.D.; R. P. Mackay, D.D.; A. E. Armstrong, M.A.; A. T. Millman and J. H. Bruce.

Mr. Templeman's department has done some extremely useful work in analysing the various products placed on the Canadian market for human consumption; and the task which the Minister has now undertaken, of analysing the cigarettes consumed in the country, with a view to publicly denouncing those which are "doped" with injurious drugs, promises to be as useful as any of its past services. The results will probably be as surprising in the direction of the purity of some of the brands now consumed as in regard to the adulteration of some others, and they will at any rate settle the vexed question of the relative injuriousness of cigarettes and other forms of tobacco.

Though "now we know in part," and cannot see the end from the beginning, the fruit in the blossom or bud, yet this "we know that all things work together for good" (in God's sense of good) "to them that love God. And even in the darkest midnight of our sorrow one smile from His face of love may make it true even to us. "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.

ROMANISM IN SPAIN.

The "Christian" says: "That there is some improvement in Spain cannot be doubted; but there is not much room for optimistic views. An apt illustration of the slow progress which Spain makes in regard to religious liberty is given in the fact that, although from the days when the bones of persons who had been suspected of 'heresy' were exhumed and burned at Valladolid by the Inquisition, nearly 250 years had elapsed, Colonel Stanhope, the British Ambassador in Madrid, not only had to bury the body of his chaplain outside the city, but when it was dug up and thrown into the public road, had to have it buried in his private cellar, where, doubtless, the remains still are. When, too, comparatively recently, Sir Henry Austen Layard was British Minister in Spain, and during the Regency a law had been passed by the Liberal Government to the effect that a spot should be set apart in all public cemeteries for the burial of persons not of the Roman faith, the corner assigned for assassins and suicides was assigned to Protestants, and a hole was made in the wall, through which the body had to be passed. It was only on Sir Henry's insistent and strong protests that this intolerance on the part of the priests was prohibited. Certainly the dawn is breaking, but slowly, in Spain."

CANADA'S ELEVEN SPEAKERS.

The House of Commons has had eleven Speakers since confederation, as follows:—

Hon. James Cockburn, Q.C., from November 16, 1867, until dissolution in January, 1874.

Hon. Timothy Warren Anglin, from March 16, 1874, until April 28, 1877, and from February 7, 1878, until the dissolution in the same year.

Hon. Joseph Goderic Blanchet, M.D., from February 12, 1879, to May 20, 1882.

Hon. George Airey Kirkpatrick, Q.C., from February 8, 1883, to January, 1887.

Hon. J. A. Oumet, Q.C., from April 13, 1887, to February 2, 1891.

Hon. Peter White, from April 29, 1891, to April 24, 1896.

Hon. Sir James David Edgar, from August 19, 1896, to July 31, 1899.

Hon. Thomas Bain, from August 1, 1899, to October 9, 1900.

Hon. L. P. Brodeur, from February 6, 1901, to March, 1904.

Hon. N. A. Belcourt, from March 19, 1904, to the dissolution in 1904.

Hon. Robert Franklin Sutherland, elected on January 11, 1905, and the present occupant of the Speaker's chair.

Of the eleven, four, Hon. Peter White, Hon. Thomas Bain, and the present Speaker, Hon. R. F. Sutherland, are Presbyterians.

The last meeting of the Ministerial Association of Galt and vicinity was held at the Central Presbyterian Church manse. A letter was received from the Minister of the Militia, in answer to one that had been sent by the association, complaining of the manner in which the canteen on the London camp ground was conducted, promising to look into the matter and correct any abuses that obtain. The Rev. Mr. Schofield read a well prepared paper on Dr. Orr's Book, "The Problem of the Old Testament," which led to an exceedingly animated and profitable discussion. After the session closed the association was entertained to tea by the Misses Dickson, when a very pleasant social time was enjoyed together.

You keep the Sabbath in imitation of God's rest. Do, by all manner of means, and keep also the rest of the week in imitation of God's work.—John Ruskin.

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

WHAT PROFIT?

(By Evelyn Orchard.)

Wyndham Royle stood on the summit of the little hill and looked across the smiling acres of his patrimony, and lo, it was good!

A lovely picture stretched before the man's eyes in the sun, rich gleeds whitening to harvest, belts of jessie woodland; green meadows sloping to the winding river that watered the whole estate, making it one of the richest and most fertile in the whole garden of England. Yes, it was good, and yet the little wrinkles about the man's eyes, the severe, somewhat sad line of his mouth, even his attitude, suggested something that was not pride. Yet it was upon his own handiwork he gazed, for he had entered upon a hungry inheritance ten years before, a place that had swallowed much effort and destroyed many hopes, and which at the last had been mortgaged to the hilt. To-day, for the first time in the history of the Royles, the place of their forefathers was free, and the reproach was lifted from their name. And he had done it alone and unaided in performance of a vow, this man with the grave face and the keen, quiet eye, and to-day his cup should have been full.

He had climbed of a set purpose to the highest coign of vantage so that his eye might range unfettered across the broad acres, and that he might see it all at one sweep, and tell himself it was his absolutely, every burden lifted, every title paid, every coin of debt cleared to the uttermost farthing. For this he had toiled and striven, for this he had crushed one side of his nature and stifled the stirrings of manhood, for this he had almost cut himself off from his fellows, and earned for himself in certain circles the title of "the hermit."

To-day he was free, like other men to follow the bent of inclination or will. He could with a happy heart, if so minded, now ask a woman to come as mistress of The Holt and part the gloom of his solitary days. This he could do. It was the privilege he had bought with his years of toil. And he would do it now.

He whistled to the couple of dogs wildly boring themselves into the rabbit warren, and began to descend somewhat rapidly upon the village which lay bathed in mellow sunshine at his feet. A little spire in a bower of green indicated the church, and close by the Rectory, which was his goal. It was the one house that had been open to him, where he had felt himself at home, where he had been saved from that abomination of desolation which is the lot of the solitary man under a vow.

It was now about five o'clock on an August afternoon. It had been a dull, quiet day since dawn, and now the sun was filtering through some hazy clouds, giving a touch of indescribable beauty to the whole picture. It fitted with Wyndham Royle's somewhat pensive mood. He wondered that he did not feel more elated, for certainly he had often dreamed of this day through the strenuous years, and wondered whether the resiliency of boyhood would come back. To-day, however, it seemed further off than ever.

Five o'clock, and they would be at tea in the chintz drawing-room, or perhaps under the cedar on the lawn. He could see the poise of her figure, the graceful sweep of her hands about the cups. How often he had watched them, how often pictured her in other surroundings, making a home for him yonder in the bleak house on the hill!

And she was coming now, there was no doubt about it in his mind, no doubt at all. His heart beat a little, and he wondered, perhaps, in what words he should put the great question and receive the great reply. Probably it would be very simple. She knew what this day meant for him, and would be ready perhaps, and surely not unwilling, to hear how he proposed to crown it. All this passed through his mind and he crossed his own fields and came out upon the dusty road.

He paused there at a wicket gate and sent the dogs home. They, accustomed to obey his faintest word, ran off, and he pursued his way alone.

He passed through the Rectory garden, but there was no tea-table spread under the cedar tree, and when the little maid answered his ring he thought she looked scared.

"Yes, sir, Miss Lucy is in, but master isn't back from London yet."

"Where is Miss Lucy?"

"In the drawing-room, sir."

"Thank you. I can find my way." It was all as it should be, yet still no elation raised his spirits. Rather there seemed to be the tightening of a load. To his surprise, she, usually so alert and active, was lying face downward on a couch. Disturbed by her entrance, she sprang up, however, and to his great relief he saw that she had not been crying.

"Yes, I felt a little tired. Sit down, Wyndham. I am glad to see you to-day. I knew that you would come."

He did not sit down, for there was something in her face that startled and dismayed. To him the most beautiful face in the world, though others missed its charm, it was that day drawn and haggard, all the soft contour gone from it.

"You are ill, Lucy!" he cried in a mighty concern. "What has happened to you since I saw you only a few days ago?"

"Sit down, dear," she said, and in the fierceness of his anxiety he scarcely noticed that she so called him.

"Sit down and I will tell you. I am glad that you have come before Reginald returned from town. He has gone up to lunch with Lady Baring, and—do to some other things."

"What is the matter, Lucy? You look ill. What is it?" was his insistent cry.

"Do sit down and I'll try to tell you. It will be difficult," she said with a little quiver of her sensitive mouth; "and I am sorry it has happened to-day, but it is all in God's hands."

His eyes clung to her face, his lips did not ask a single question.

"First let me say how glad I am that the day has come. I thought of it in the night when I could not sleep."

"Why could you not sleep?" he asked almost savagely.

"Oh, because I had many things on my mind, and I saw the dawn just beyond The Holt. It was lovely then. I felt so glad the sun shone for you in the early morning. It ought to shine on the day The Holt is free."

"I want to know about yourself, Lucy; there is something—"

She drew her chair a little nearer to him and wiped her nervous mouth with her handkerchief, and for one moment dropped her eyes. Then she met his, brave and smiling, and began to talk.

"I have known it for quite a long time, Wyndham, only I kept putting off, for I was not sure. But haven't you noticed how often I have been tired lately, how little I have been able to do in the parish all the last year, how—I have been getting thinner and thinner. Look!"

She turned an old-fashioned ring

loosely on her finger, and showed him how the chain of her bracelet slipped about on her slender wrist.

His face grew grey, and his tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth.

"Lucy, for God's sake, be quick with what you have to say! I feel as if the hangman's rope were about my neck."

"Poor dear, it is hard for you. I've got used to it now, but I know how hard it is. I had all the battle to fight before you, dear. I've been fighting it quite alone for over a year."

"But what's wrong?"

She pressed her hand to her side. "Something here; it's quite hopeless; nothing can be done. I've been to see everybody, and they say they can do nothing. Reggie has gone to someone else today, some great surgeon from Vienna who is lurching at Lady Baring's. But I build nothing on that, nor must you."

"What are you talking about, Lucy?" he asked in a hollow voice. "Do you mean that you are going to die?"

She nodded quite gravely, and into her troubled eyes there came a strange, clear, steadfast look.

"It is easier than you think, Wyndham, and they tell me I shall not suffer much; but it is hard for Reggie and for you. I'm afraid I have let you depend on me too much."

"If this is true, Lucy," he said in a low, hoarse voice that bore no resemblance to his own, "then help me, God, there's nothing left. But I don't believe it—I won't, I tell you. I'll have you yet if I hold you back from death with these hands that have toiled with only one hope—"

She smiled wistfully, and suddenly her tears overflowed, and she hurriedly rose.

"It has been a mistake all along, Wyndham, and we are both to blame. I ought not to have encouraged you in this ambition, though it seemed a fine and noble thing to do. But to it we have sacrificed ourselves. I can never be your wife now, and—and oh the wasted years!"

He rose and took her to his breast, and crushed her there as if she had been a frail flower he would never let go again.

"Yes, it's been a mistake, but you shall be my wife yet, Lucy. I defy death. It shan't have you. Love is stronger than death. Isn't that what your Bible says?"

"It says many things to comfort as well as to smite. In the lesson this morning, Wyndham, were these words, and they smote my heart till I could hardly bear myself: 'What profit hath a man of all his labor which he taketh under the sun? One generation passeth away and another cometh.' We are the generation that is passing away."

"I will fight death for you, Lucy," he said, and his jaw was set with a mighty determination. "And, God helping me, I shall win."

There is no Christian duty that is not to be seasoned and set off with cheeriness.—Milton.

If to please men we would displease God, we are their followers, not His.—Malcolm D. Babcock.

Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray, Though hope be weak or sick with long delay. —Coleridge.

One part of the scheme of living is to learn just what our responsibility is, and to let other people's alone. —Harriet Beecher Stowe.

We can reason down a man's theology, but we cannot reason down the life of a Christian man.—Alexander McKenzie.

A LOT OF FUN.

By Hilda Richmond.

"Children, I wouldn't do that if I were in your place," said Grandma, looking up from her knitting. "I just saw a dog running as fast as he could. He thought some one was shooting."

"You did!" cried the children rushing to the porch. "Oh, Grandma, this is such a lot of fun. Just listen!" and three bags exploded at once. "Wasn't that fine?"

Grandma was looking after the children while their mother was away, and they could not play out of doors on account of the rain. To get them out of her way in the kitchen, Mary had given them a number of empty paper bags, and they filled them with air and burst them whenever any one was passing.

"Yes, it may be fun for you, but you might frighten some one on the street," went on Grandma. "Horses do not like sudden noises."

"I haven't seen a horse pass this afternoon," said naughty Betty. "Bursting bags doesn't scare people, Grandma."

"I wish we could scare old Mr. Gray," said George. "He is so cross to us boys."

"I'd like to scare Tim Hudson," said Bennie. "He's awful mean to the Bible boys."

"If you'll put away the paper bags, I'll tell you a story," said Grandma. "It doesn't seem like much fun to me."

But the children went on bursting the bags and Mary was glad they were not in her way. "Here comes a lady!" said Betty, as she saw an umbrella turn the corner. "Wait till I say 'Ready!' and then burst two together. I want to see her jump."

And the lady in the rain cloak under the umbrella did jump when the bags went off. Betty laughed and laughed to see her parcel roll into the street and break open right in the midst of a mud puddle, and the boys laughed too, till they saw it was Aunt Lucy, and she was coming into the house.

"What do you think?" she said almost out of breath when she came in. "Just as I got in front of the house some one shot off a revolver or gun just behind me, and I was so frightened I dropped the bag of candy I was bringing to you children. I am so sorry, but it fell into a puddle and is all dissolved by this time."

"I wish we had minded Grandma," said Betty, going out with the boys to see the pink streaks in the dirty water. "I just love peppermints."

"And it wasn't much fun after all," said George. "I'm going to put the rest of the bags in the stove. 'Never mind, it will help us remember the next time.'"

HOW THEY DO THINGS IN SWEDEN.

Women clean your shoes, shave you and cut your hair. It is light all night in summer and dark all day in winter. Everybody trusts you, and you are expected to trust everybody. You take off your hat when you enter a shop and return the shopman's bow. A servant who brings you something says "So good." You say "Tack" (thanks). A lady always waits for a gentleman to speak, instead of the reverse, as in this country. You get a bill every day at the hotel. This permits you to correct any mistakes at once. There are more telephones in Stockholm in proportion to the population, than in any other city in the world. Tips are everywhere given, but they are small. Ten ore (about five cents) is the ordinary tip to a cabman or porter. You never have a dispute with the cabman over the fare. A taximeter measures the distance you travel, and shows what you owe at any minute.—Ex.

HELPING THE BAD BOY.

Clyde's mother had moved into a new neighborhood, and as he was a good-natured and social boy, he soon began to make friends with the children of his own age.

"Don't let that dear child play with Willis Payne," said one to his mother; "he is a bad boy, and none of the neighbors like him."

"But he lives next door, and Clyde will have to play with him," was the answer. "I'm sorry for a little boy who has a bad name like that. My boy is two years older, and perhaps he can help him do better." So said Clyde's wise little mother; but she kept a pretty close watch on both the boys after that. And sure enough, before a month had gone by, the "bad boy" of the neighborhood had improved so much that he seemed to be made over. He stopped all his mischievous ways, and began to be so polite and kind that even his own mother was surprised. It wasn't all Clyde's work, either. That mother knew what she was about, and had helped too. She invited the "bad boy" to little suppers and games sometimes, and treated him as if he were the best boy in the world. She took the two boys together on pleasant excursions, and as Clyde was a dear and generous child, his cheerful presence was like sunshine to the boy who had been blamed so much. It seemed like turning round the old saying, "Be good, and you will be happy," for they made this poor little fellow happy—and then he was good.

WHEN THE BOAT COMES IN.

Outreaching forms, strained eyes and eager faces

On fast-advancing deck and waiting shore;

Nearer and nearer grow the parting spaces,

The two will meet in just a moment more.

A wondrous scene—this seeking recognition!

It flashes on me what the look must be, The voice, the gesture, at the great transition,

When we are moored beyond the unknown sea!

Love, joy and pathos in the salutation Of all these hundreds, as they find their own;

But of whatever class, whatever nation, The joyous "Come at last!" was in the tone.

What goodly companies are daily landing,

From mortal shores, and, at the heavenly pier,

Celestial hosts all-eager must be standing

To welcome home the souls they hold so dear.

—Charlotte Fiske Bates, in The Congregationalist.

A little boy seated himself at the breakfast table the other morning. During a slight pause in his attacks upon the victuals, he found time to look about him. Attracting the attention of his mother, he asked:

"Mother, oughtn't the butter be taken away? See how it's perspiring!"

The daughter of the village rector had been painstakingly rehearsing the choir boys. On Sunday she inquired of one of them:

"Jerry, I hope you haven't forgotten the new hymn I taught you last Sunday.

"No'm," was the answer; "I've been skeerin' the crows away from the field with it all week."

MOTHERS FEEL SAFE WITH BABY'S OWN TABLETS.

Mothers who have used Baby's Own Tablets say that they feel safe when they have this medicine in the house, as they are a never-failing cure for the ills of babyhood and childhood. And the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that this medicine contains no poisonous opiate. It is always safe. Good for the new-born babe or the well-grown child. Mrs. Alfred Suddard, Haldimand, Ont., says:—"I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation, vomiting and restlessness, and have found them a splendid medicine. In my experience no other medicine can equal the Tablets for little ones." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

TRIED TO KEEP IT QUIET.

The Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, one of the fathers of what is called the Secession (the principal sect from the Scottish Church since the revolution), was, in early life, minister of the poor moorland parish of Portmoak, in the County of Kinross. Having at length got a "call," or appointment, to a better living at Stirling, he prepared to remove; but thought it expedient for some time to conceal his intention from the people of Portmoak. The matter, however, took wind; and an old wife one day accosted him with: "Weel, sir, I'm tauld ye're gaund to leave us." "Wha tauld ye that?" said the minister. "Wha tauld me, sir! It's e'en the clash o' the kintyry, sir." "Ay, but, Margaret," quoth the clergyman, "the clash o' the kintyry's no' to be depended on. We shouldna lead an ear to idle rumors. Have ye nae better authority for saying that I'm gaund to leave ye than kintyry clash?" "Ay, hae I, sir," responded the inconvertible old lady; "it's been a gae dry summer this; and yet ye haena casten any peats yet; that's no like as ye had been gaund to winter wi' us." "Weel, Margaret," said poor Ebenezer, fairly brought to his marrow-bones by this thrust; "ye ken we are the Lord's servants, and it behooves us to obey His call; if He has work for me in Stirling, you know it is my duty to perform it." "Feuch," cried Margaret; "call here, call there; I've heard that Stirling has a great muckle stipend 'an' I'm thinking if the Lord had gien ye a ca' ower bye to Auchtertool ta neighboring poor parish, ye wad ne'er hae litten on ye heard Him!"

PLAYING SCHOOL.

"How many seed compartments are there in an apple?" he queried.

No one knew.

"And yet," said the school inspector, "all of you eat many apples in the course of a year, and see the fruit every day, probably. You must learn to notice the little things in nature."

The talk of the inspector impressed the children, and they discussed the matter at recess time. The teacher next day overheard this conversation in the play-ground. A little girl, getting some of her companions around her, gravely said:

"Now, children, just s'pose that I'm Mr. Inspector. You've got to know more about common things. If you don't, you'll all grow up to be fools. Now tell me," she said, looking sternly at a playmate, "how many feathers has a hen?"—Selected.

The poorest man on earth is the millionaire who goes down to the river of death and finds himself unable to pay

Some men are honest only because they are afraid they will be found out.

CHURCH
WORK

Ministers and Churches

NEWS
LETTERS

OTTAWA.

The Hamilton Times announces that Rev. A. E. Mitchell, of this city, will accept the call to Knox Church. This intimation is premature. Mr. Mitchell will give his reply—declining or accepting—when the call to Hamilton is placed in his hands by the Ottawa Presbytery.

The already large congregation of Stewarton Presbyterian Church was swelled on Sunday by the addition of 55 new members, 4 of whom entered by confession of faith. The Communion service was the best attended in the history of the congregation, nearly 500 people being present.

An estimable lady, Mrs. Annie McConnell, wife of Mr. Robert McConnell of the Customs Department, and formerly editor of the Halifax Chronicle, passed away at her home, 67 Park avenue, after an illness of some duration borne with Christian fortitude. The late Mrs. McConnell leaves, besides her husband, one son, Mr. J. M. McConnell, of the editorial staff of the Montreal Star, and one daughter, Miss Jean McConnell, and two brothers, Mr. A. McKean and Mr. J. McKean, of Pictou, N.S., and two sisters, Mrs. Hattie, of Halifax, and Mrs. Biackie, of Burnham, N.S., also survive her. The deceased was an active member of Stewarton Church (of which her husband is an elder and clerk of session), and was highly esteemed for her many admirable qualities. On Sunday evening a short service was conducted by Rev. Mr. McElroy, and the large attendance testified to the high esteem in which she was held. The remains left Ottawa on Monday morning for interment at Halifax, and the session of Stewarton Church appointed Rev. Mr. McElroy to accompany Mr. McConnell on his sad mission.

EASTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. A. W. Craw, of Knox Church, Bracebridge, exchanged with Rev. Mr. McLennan, of Huntsville, on Sunday.

Dr. John Watson, of Queen's University has recovered from the severe shock resulting from a somewhat serious fall.

Rev. Wm. Cooper, of Port Perry, who is called to Mount Forest, is offered \$1,200 as stipend with four weeks' holidays.

Rev. N. D. Keith, B.D., of Wick, is called to Prescott, as successor to the late Rev. Dr. Stewart. Stipend, \$1,000 and a manse.

Rev. J. S. Dobbins, of Bryson, Que., has been called to Braeside and Sand Point. The stipend offered is \$800 and manse, with two weeks holidays.

Rev. George M. Robb, of Philadelphia, has accepted a call to be pastor of the Reformed Presbyterian Church of Almonte which has been vacant for some time.

The Oddfellows of Cornwall will observe the 89th anniversary of the order by attending service in Knox Church, when the sermon will be preached by Rev. Dr. Harkness.

The "At Home" of the Oshawa Ladies' Aid Society proved a most enjoyable affair, the prominent feature being an address by Mr. Robert McLaughlin on his recent trip to Florida.

Kingston, Ont., April 18—Registrar Chown, of Queen's College reports that the registrations this past session reached 1,293, but, as 42 registered in two faculties, the real number is 1,251. The advance is marked.

TORONTO.

Rev. Dr. Gandier, of St. James Square church, Toronto, has been addressing a mass meeting of Presbyterians at Halifax in the interest of the layman's missionary movement.

Word has been received of the death at Winnipeg on the 18th inst. of Rev. Dr. McClelland, a graduate of Knox College, and known throughout the province of Ontario by reason of his long ministry. He was a son of the late Alexander McClelland, of Shelburne street, and was sixty years of age. Toronto

A woman who claimed to be working in behalf of the Ladies' Aid of St. Andrew's church, Sault Ste. Marie, obtained a number of subscriptions the other day for a quilt to be sent out by that society. The fraud was speedily detected, and she was compelled to disgorge, when the money was refunded to the victims.

The choice of Rev. Andrew S. Grant, M.D., as president of the Moral and Social Reform League of Toronto places a particularly strong man at the head of the new organization. Striking instances can be given of Dr. Grant's power for morality in the Yukon, where he was pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Dawson, for ten years. Sent as a missionary by the Presbyterian Church of Canada about the year 1897, he was instrumental in building up a cause there which soon became an independent church and called him to be the pastor. Of splendid physique, a graduate of McGill University in arts and medicine, and of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, in theology, and naturally gifted with keen mental and business acumen, Dr. Grant easily becomes a leader among men anywhere, though personally of a very modest temperament.

Twenty congregations in the city so far heard from, have undertaken, after considering the whole situation, as to the responsibility and the ability of their several churches, to raise in missionary giving this year \$90,700. These same congregations last year gave a total of \$87,833. They are thus promising an increase of about 240 per cent. Some of them may not reach the amount they expect to raise, but many others will likely exceed it, and the estimate is a quite conservative one. Four of them are aiming at \$12,000 each. But while this group of twenty churches includes some of the big churches, it does not take in all of them, and it does not include a number of small congregations. Knox, St. Andrew's and Cooke's are among the big churches not heard from yet. Seventeen of the twenty have the weekly envelope system for missionary giving. Five of them are getting each week by this system more than they did monthly under the old plan. One congregation in the first three months of this year has reached two-thirds of the whole amount on hand at the end of last year. Another has more now than it obtained throughout the whole of last year. About half of the churches in the city have been heard from, and already nearly three-fourths of the \$125,000 aimed at has been pledged.

Rev. John Anderson, of Tiverton, an aged minister of our church, is dangerously ill. His two sons (both ministers, James at Goderich, and John D., at Beauharnois, Que.) are at his bedside.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Knox church, Mitchell, will be renovated and handsomely decorated. A Toronto firm has been awarded the work.

Owing to the bad roads the Rev. J. R. S. Burnett, of Victoria Harbor, had to walk some miles to reach his appointment at Moonstone on a recent Sunday morning.

Mr. John King, a well-to-do Maverick farmer, presented the Watford representatives of the British and Foreign Bible society this week with a cheque for \$500 in aid of the work. Mr. King's generous gift is highly appreciated.

Knox Church, Agencourt, is to have a new manse. The building will be located almost immediately opposite the church, of solid brick, and will, when completed, be a credit to the village and the members of Knox Church alike.

A manse is being erected for Rev. W. G. Back, of Eglinton.

The Orillia Presbyterian church was re-opened last Sunday, when Dr. Grant Dr. Gray and Rev. D. C. McGregor took part in the services. The decorations and improvements which have been made cost \$2,000, and this amount was provided by voluntary offering on Sunday. This congregation is always devising liberal things.

The Orillia Presbyterian Bible class is making preparations to bring out, early in May, in the Opera House, the Cantata of "David the Shepherd Boy." There will be a chorus of about fifty adult voices, and about thirty children. Doubtless those having the matter in charge will provide a high-class entertainment for the townspeople.

The induction of Rev. D. C. McGregor, as assistant pastor of the Orillia Presbyterian church, took place on Tuesday afternoon, Dr. Grant presiding. Dr. McLeod preached the sermon, the Rev. J. R. S. Burnett, addressed the minister, and the Rev. Neil Campbell, the congregation. In the evening a congregational social was held when Mr. McGregor was cordially welcomed by the people.

The at home, held in the Watford church last week was a pleasing success. John Cowan, K.C., of Sarnia, presided, and an entertaining program was presented. The feature of the evening was the presentation of an address to the esteemed pastor, Rev. E. B. Horne, M.A., accompanied by a purse of \$100 in gold, and \$50 in gold for Mrs. Horne. The presentation was a genuine surprise but was acknowledged in fitting terms.

VANCOUVER, B.C.

Rev. J. H. Cameron, late of Kildonan, Man., has arrived in Vancouver with his family and has taken charge of the Westminster church, South Vancouver. Mr. Cameron is residing at 278 Fourteenth avenue, east, Mount Pleasant.

At a large gathering of the members and adherents of the Mt. Pleasant church, it was unanimously decided to build a new church, with a seating capacity of not less than 1600, and to cost in the neighborhood of \$30,000. The new church will seat 1600 and this does not include basement rooms and the Sunday school accommodation, which will have to be large as the attendance at the present time is over 500 children every Sunday. Rev. J. W. Woodside, who was recently inducted to the pastorate of this congregation, must be greatly encouraged by its present prosperity and prospective rapid growth.

AN INTERESTING REPORT.

Rev. J. F. Dunstan, Presbyterian Immigration chaplain at Halifax, in his first report says:

People from practically every European nation are now coming as immigrants to the Dominion of Canada. But so far our new comers have happily been predominantly of British stock and English speech. The proportion of immigrants to the United States and Canada is about six to one, but of this body of foreigners who yearly arrive in North America the proportion of English speaking people is very largely in favor of Canada. It is hard to say exactly what that proportion is, but we may place it as high I think as three to one.

The three principal ports of entry through which those immigrants reach us are as is well known to you Quebec, Q., Halifax, N.S., St. John, N.B. Let me indicate as far as can be ascertained the per cent. of entry into all points in this Dominion.

Quebec, 43 per cent.
Halifax, 16 per cent.
St. John, 11 per cent.
United States Sea Ports, 7 per cent.

From the United States there has been of late years a considerable number entering Western Canada. This might be placed at about 21 per cent. And there is also a small but not very heartily welcomed immigration to our Pacific coast from Asiatic points, chiefly Japan, China and India. This might be put at about 2 per cent. In this way we make up the 100 per cent. of our immigration.

I am convinced that we are not doing yet nearly all we can for our immigrants, although I believe our Church is waking up to the importance of this work, and by the establishment of Chaplaincies in Quebec, St. John, Halifax, Montreal, Winnipeg, is showing that she realizes the grand opportunities and the serious responsibilities which confront her in this immigration problem.

I may say that since I was appointed to the office I have tried very earnestly to induce the colonial committees of the Presbyterian Churches in Scotland, and in fact the body of the Ministers in the home land to co-operate with us in keeping hold of our own Presbyterian people from Scotland, England and Ireland.

I have written and received a number of letters on the subject and I have also received a number of communications of a private nature requesting me to look out for persons in whom the writers were interested. I need not lengthen this report by suggestions as to how our work might be further improved, but will be glad to discuss the matter with the committee at any time.

In reporting on my own work I may say that so far, from November 22nd, 1907, to date, March 23rd, 1908, forty-three steamers have landed passengers in Halifax and I have spent about 125 hours in looking after the interests of these immigrants.

In these following statistics I take no account of the first cabin passengers, but only the second and third cabin, among whom your chaplain is engaged.

The number of steamers from Liverpool was twenty-eight, with 9,473 passengers, among whom I found 308 Presbyterians.

The number of steamers from Glasgow was eleven, with 1,520 passengers, among whom were 388 Presbyterians.

The number of steamers from Havre was four, with 657 passengers, among whom the Presbyterians numbered 4.

The totals are as follows:

Steamers arriving, 43, with 11,650 passengers of the second and third cabin, and of these 700 Presbyterians were looked after by the chaplain. So far the travel has been comparatively light, but the rush is only now beginning and for the next six weeks a heavy passenger list may be expected.

It is difficult to report the exact number of families, but so far as we can tell there were about 100, with numbers varying from three to ten, most of the new comers are booked through to Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan and British Columbia, but a proportion stay in Ontario and Quebec and I have given cards to persons going to Windsor, N.S., Spring Hill, Sydney and Halifax. I find in the vast proportion of cases that the immigrants appreciate our work, and many expressions of thanks and gratitude have rewarded our efforts. Most of the officials at the wharf and building are kind and sympathetic, and the chaplains of the four churches work in mutual harmony and valuable co-operation.

MIRACLES.

That far dim yesterday, by Galilee
The deaf were made to hear, the blind to see,
The lame to walk, the dumb to speak and sing;
The dead were called to life, new joy to bring
To broken hearts. 'Twas thus I walked with men.
O, wondrous yesterday! Would it were now, as then.

The lods begin to burst, the streams to sing,
The sparrows' eggs to unfold feathery wing;
The ripened fruit swift follows billowy flower,
The garnered sheaf now marks the autumn hour;
The fall of down will cover winter grain,
The sun return us mist, and snow, and rain.

And we stand idly by, nor pause to say,
"We thank Thee for the miracles to-day."

W. H. Sharp in S. S. Times.

THE MAN ON THE LABRADOR.

To Wilfrid T. Grenfell.
Calmly we fare on the charted coasts
By the buoy and bell and light;
But long is his watch on the Labrador,
And keenly he lists for the breakers' roar
When the white fog drifts like a troop of ghosts
Or he steers through the murky night.

And this is the gift that he brings the souls
To whom he steers in the night;
Chart for their voyage o'er life's wild sea,
Knowledge of reefs on the beesting lee,
News of a Pilot when nearing shoals,
And the flash of a harbor light.
—The Congregationalist.

WINNIPEG AND WEST.

At the recent meeting of Winnipeg Presbytery, Rev. Dr. Hart presented a call addressed by the congregation of Kildonan, to the Rev. Hugh Hamilton, D.D. The call was supported by Robert McBeth and S. R. Henderson, representatives of the congregation, and was signed by every available member. A letter was read from Mr. Hamilton expressing his readiness to accept the call and it was arranged to have the induction in Kildonan church on the evening of Tuesday, April 28. Rev. Dr. Hart will preside and address the minister, Rev. D. McLachlan will preach, and Rev. W. A. Maclean will address the people.

Mr. George Renwick, a student of Manitoba College, has been ordained a minister-evangelist by Winnipeg Presbytery. He will at once enter on mission work in the West.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Over 1,000 men and boys are killed every year in the mines in England. That is 20 per cent., or three or four every day.

The Lord Chief Justice of Ireland, in opening the Clare Assizes, pointed out that there was nothing in Ireland so contagious as lawlessness.

The temperature in London recently was the hottest that has been experienced this year—59 degrees in the shade and 90 degrees in the sun.

The Edinburgh Presbyteries are taking joint action to provide for the spiritual needs of the employees at the forthcoming National Exhibition.

Seven cases of robbery and attempted robbery of His Majesty's mails in Ireland were reported in thirteen months. In none of them were arrests made.

Printed in 1786, a copy of the Kilmarnock edition of Burns, out of the proceeds of which the poet intended pay for his passage to Jamaica, was sold at Sotheby's on Monday for £210.

At a meeting of the trustees of Princeton College a gift of \$250,000 from Mrs. Russell Sage was announced for a dormitory to be erected on the campus for the primary use of the freshmen.

Under the guise of a "Movable Dwellings Bill" a measure has just been brought forward by Lord Clifford of Chudleigh, which is expected to bring the groves within the rules and regulations of modern civilization.

An example of Simon's famous "Petition" crown, struck in the reign of Charles II, which at one time was the most highly prized of all English coins, and has in the past realized as much as £500 failed to fetch more than £155 at Sotheby's recently.

Mrs. Bell Pettigrew, St. Andrews, has generously offered to the University of St. Andrews six thousand pounds towards providing a museum. The gift is to commemorate the long association with the university of the late Professor Bell Pettigrew, her husband.

Out of 1,133 samples of temperance drinks examined in 1907, 422 contained proof spirit in excess of the two per cent. limit. The highest percentage was 10.5 in herb beer and 12.3 in dandelion stout. In previous years two samples of ginger beer had contained 8.3 and 9.5 of proof spirit.

Mr. Donald McLeod, the King's chaplain, addressing the Glasgow Presbytery, said there were in the city eleven hundred farmed-out houses which he classified as nurseries of crime. Within a hundred yards of Glasgow Cross there were two hundred girls under seventeen earning a living by immorality.

Addressing the grand jury at the opening of Queen's County Assizes, Judge Kenney expressed regret that what was known in other parts of the country as cattle driving was beginning to make its appearance. "The spread of this most pernicious practice of cattle driving," continued his lordship, "fills with alarm the minds of everyone having the interests of the country at heart. I cannot but think that, apart from its gross illegality, its economic results would be disastrous to the people."

HAMILTON.

On leaving for Toronto, Mrs. MacKellan, long connected with the choir of Central Church, Hamilton, was presented with a handsome pearl-handled fish set.

The East End Presbyterians of this city are moving for the erection of a church at a cost of about \$17,000 for lot and building. Already \$3,000 have been subscribed; and it is expected \$5,000 more will be in sight within three or four weeks, when the movement will take practical shape.

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Alcohol will take out candle grease.

Lamb chops are delicious if dipped in lemon juice before broiling.

A stiff quill feather will make a good brush for washing the leaves of plants.

Bits of old velvet are a very good substitute for chamolis in polishing articles, and are more easily washed.

Large tin cracker and candy boxes are very convenient, and can be utilized as lunch boxes for school, travel, etc. They also serve as a picnic basket.

Veal Loaf—Take 1 1/2 pound of veal, 1 1/2 pound of pork chopped fine, add 2 crackers, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoonful of salt, butter the size of an egg, and 1 1/2 cupful of sweet milk. Mix well, and bake in a loaf.

Jellied Apples—Slice fresh apples (Spitzenburgs, if you have them), put in a pudding dish with alternate layers of sugar; add half cup of water and cover with a plate and bake in a slow oven four hours. Turn out when cold.

In making cracked wheat, for which we have developed quite a fondness, I soak the wheat all night in salted water—just a little more than enough to cover it—and steam it in the same way. I do rice or oatmeal. Sometimes I add chopped walnuts and dates just before I light the fire under the wheat, and the combination is delicious. Try it.

Cream Cake—One cup of pounded sugar, two-thirds of a cup of butter, four eggs, one-half of a cup of milk, one-half teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of cream of tartar, three cups of flour. Filling: one-half pint of milk, two small teaspoonfuls of corn starch, one egg, one teaspoonful of vanilla, one-half cup of sugar.

Vegetable Soup—Two pounds lean beef with bone (not cracked), three quarts water, adding more as it boils away; one teaspoonful salt; when the meat is cooked tender take it, with the bone, out, and add to stock one small carrot, one small turnip and six medium-sized potatoes, chopped fine. Save the meat for mince pies. We can heartily recommend this soup as the best of its kind.

Baked Macaroni—Take one-half package macaroni and boil it until tender (usually twenty minutes), in salted water. Put it in an earthen baking dish, first a layer of macaroni, then of grated cheese, letting the last layer be of the cheese. Add bits of butter, more salt if necessary, and turn milk over all. Bake until crisp on top, which will in a hot oven be about half an hour. This may be varied by using, instead of cheese, onions or tomatoes, and it is exceedingly nice with celery salt as the flavor.

Potato Beignets—Mash a large plateful of mealy potatoes with two ounces of butter and two well beaten eggs. Rub them till no lumps remain, spread the mass out smooth, not quite an inch thick; then cut out with cutters half-moons, round, oval, and three-cornered shapes. Coat them with egg and bread crumbs, and grate cheese over. Fry them a delicate yellow, or put them in the oven to bake a nice pale colour, without drying. Serve them hot, either alone or as a garnish to different dishes.

Dresden Eggs—Four eggs, 2 tomatoes, 3 ounces of ham, 4 rounds of bread, pepper. Stamp out four rounds of bread with a cutter 2 inches across; fry them a golden brown in hot fat. Chop the ham very finely and season it with pepper, and if required, a little salt. Put a layer of ham on each crouton of bread; on this put half a tomato. Next put the croutons on a baking tin in the oven until the tomato is tender. Fry the eggs carefully, drain off as much fat as possible, then place an egg on each slice of tomato. Serve them as hot as possible.

SPARKLES.

"This is the chicken salad," said the caterer's boy, as he delivered the package. "I guess it was your husband that ordered it sent, ma'am."

"Yes," said little Mrs. Bridey, "here's your money. Now, how do you make it?"

"O! I don't know anything about that, ma'am."

"You don't? Why, my husband told me if I paid you you'd give me the receipt."

Captain (to the man at the wheel)—"Another pint a port, quartermaster." Lady passenger—"Goodness, gracious! that's the second pint of port he has called for within a few minutes. How those captains drink."

"Does he know much?" "Well, he not only knows that he doesn't know much, but he knows enough to keep others from knowing it."

"What's the matter with my husband, doctor?" asked the anxious wife. "He's suffering from auto-intoxication," replied the M.D. "That's not so," snapped the wife. "He hasn't been in an auto this year, and he's never tasted liquor in his life."

"Did you see the Alps?" "Oh, yes; our car broke down right opposite them, and, do you know, I'm almost glad it did; I found them so charming and interesting."

"The light that shines farthest, shines brightest at home." If it is not shining at home it assuredly is not shining afar.

Jennie—I don't know what to do for this frightful cold. What do most people do when they have a cold?

Bennie—They cough.

"On your trip abroad did you see any wonderful old ruins?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied archly, "and guess what?"

"Well?"

"One of them wanted to marry me."

It was bedtime for Herbert and Grace. The two ventured timidly along the unlighted hallway. When the bottom of the stairs was reached, Herbert stopped. After vainly trying to pierce the darkness which lay before him, he loudly called:

"Oh, I say, mother; it isn't polite for men to go first, is it?"

"No, dear," came the response from the distance.

"Then go ahead, Grace," commanded the much-relieved Herbert, courageously pushing his sister to the fore.

A THRASHING FROM THE MINISTER.

A serious war of words had taken place between the minister and the leading elder of a Scottish kirk.

Whether it was about a knotty theological point or the sale of a horse was not quite clear to the parishioners who looked on but the elder waxed so very wroth as to forget the respect due to his spiritual head.

"Man," he roared, "if it wisna' for the black coat on yer back an' the Reverend afore yer name I wud lick ye whaur ye stan'!"

Making a half-turn to the left, the minister planted his stick in the ground, hung his black coat on the stick, and crowned the garment with his hat.

"Stan' ye there, Reverend Alexander Sandison," he admonished the figure, "ill plain Sandy Sandison g'ies this man a guid thrashing."

This he did, and the man afterwards respected the minister the more because he was a "muscular" Christian.

WHY I RECOMMEND
DR. WILLIAMS'
PINK PILLS

The Particulars of a Remarkable Cure
Told by a Presbyterian Clergyman
—The Sufferer Brought Back From
Death's Door.

St. Andrew's Manse,
Cardigan, P.E.I., Jan., 1908.

Though I have never been sick myself, and have not had occasion to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I thought you ought to know of the remarkable cure they have wrought in Mr. Olding's case.

During a visit to my home in Merigomish, N.S., some years ago, I was grieved to find our next door neighbor and friend, Michael Olding, very low. "He is not expected to live," my mother informed me, "And you must go over and see him, as he is liable to pass away at any moment." "Not expected to live," that was the opinion not only of the doctor who attended him, but of his wife and family as well. Upon visiting him myself I found abundant evidence to confirm their opinion.

Mr. Olding had for years been afflicted with asthma and bronchitis, but now a complication of diseases was ravishing his system. He had been confined to his bed for months and was reduced to a skeleton. Though evidently glad to see me, he conversed with the greatest difficulty, and seemed to realize that it was the beginning of the end. He was daily growing weaker; his feet were swollen to twice their natural size, and the cold hand of death was upon his brow. "It's no use," he said feebly, "the doctor's medicine is not helping me and I am going down rapidly." I prayed with him as for a man soon to pass into eternity, and when I took his hand in parting it was the last time I expected to see him in the flesh.

Three years later while on another visit to my mother's, Michael Olding was seemingly in better health than I had ever seen him, for, as I said, he had always been ailing. In sheer desperation he had asked his wife to get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They soon began to help him. His appetite and strength began to improve, and to the astonishment of his family and friends he rapidly regained his health. Now, though the burden of well nigh four score years is upon him, he is able to do a fair day's work, and is in the enjoyment of good health, even the asthma has ceased to trouble him as in former years.

Mr. Olding himself, as well as his neighbors and the writer of this letter, confidently believe that his rescue from the very jaws of death—seemingly so miraculous—is due under the blessing of God to the timely and continuous use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

REV. EDWIN SMITH, M.A.

Mr. Olding himself writes:—"I am glad Rev. Mr. Smith has written you about my wonderful cure, for I confidently believe that if it had not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would have been dead long ago. It would be impossible to exaggerate the desperate condition I was in when I began to use the Pills. No one thought I could get better. I scarcely dared hope myself that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills would bring me through, but they did and I have ever since enjoyed good health. Though I am seventy-nine years old people are always remarking on how young I look—and I feel young. I can do a fair day's work, and I am better in every way than I had been for years. I cannot say too much in praise of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I take every opportunity I can to recommend them to friends who are ailing."

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12.30 p.m.	Tupper Lake	9.25 a.m.
6.57 p.m.	Albany	5.10 a.m.
10.00 p.m.	New York City	3.55 a.m.
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Herald and Presbyter.

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PRESBYTERY MEETINGS

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

Quebec, Quebec.
Montreal, Montreal, 5th March.
Glenarry, Lancaster, 5th Nov.
Ottawa, Ottawa.
Lan. and Renfrew, Smith's Falls,
17th Feb., 1.30.
Brockville, Prescott.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

Kingston.
Peterboro', Colborne, 20th Dec.
Lindsay.
Toronto, Toronto, Monthly, 1st
Tues.
Whitby, Brocklin, 15th Jan, 10 a.m.
Orangeville.

North Bay, Magnetawan.
Algoma, S., Richard's Bldg.
Owen Sound, O. Bd., 3rd Dec., 10
a.m.

Saugeen, Drayton.
Guelph, Knox Ch., Guelph, 21st
Jan., 10.30 a.m.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

Hamilton, Knox Ch., Hamilton,
7th Jan., 10 a.m.
Paris, Brantford, 14th Jan., 10.30.
London, First Ch., London, 3rd
Dec., 10.30.

Chatham, Chatham.
Huron, Clinton.
Maitland, Teeswater.
Bruce, Paisley.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces

Sydney, Sydney.
Inverness.
P. E. Island, Charlottetown.
Pictou, New Glasgow.
Wallace.
Truro, Truro, 15th Dec., 10 a.m.
Halifax.
Lun. and Yar.
St. John.
Miramichi, Bathurst.

Synod of Manitoba.

Superior.
Winnipeg, College, 2nd Tues., bimé
Rock Lake.
Glenboro', Cyprus River.
Portage-la-P.
Dauphin.
Brandon.
Melita.
Minnedosa.

Synod of Saskatchewan.

Yorkton.
Regina.
Qu'Appelle, Abernethy, Sept.
Prince Albert, at Saskatoon.
Battlesford.

Synod of Alberta.

Arcola, Arcola, Sept.
Calgary.
Edmonton.
Red Deer.
Macleod, March.

Synod of British Columbia.

Kamloops.
Kootenay.
Westminster.
Victoria, Victoria.

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Synopsis of Canadian North- West.

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of
Dominion Lands in Manitoba,
Saskatchewan, and Alberta, ex-
cepting 3 and 26, not reserved,
may be homesteaded by any per-
son who is the sole head of a
family, or any male over 18 years
of age, to the extent of one-
quarter section of 100 acres, more
or less.

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

The homesteader is required to
perform the homestead duties un-
der one of the following plans:—

(1) At least six months' resi-
dence upon and cultivation of the
land in each year for three years.
(2) A homesteader may, if he so
desires, perform the required re-
sidence duties by living on farm-
ing land owned solely by him,
not less than eighty (80) acres in
extent, in the vicinity of his
homestead. Joint ownership in
land will not meet this require-
ment.

(3) If the father (or mother, if
the father is deceased) of a home-
steader has permanent residence
on farming land owned solely by
him, not less than eighty (80)
acres in extent, in the vicinity of
the homestead, or upon a home-
stead entered for by him in the
vicinity, such homesteader may
perform his own residence duties
by living with the father (or
mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the
two preceding paragraphs is de-
fined as meaning not more than
nine miles in a direct line, exclu-
sive of the width of road allow-
ances crossed in the measurement.

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

Six months' notice in writing
must be given to the Commis-
sioner of Dominion Lands at Ot-
tawa of intention to apply for
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