

Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church

\$1.50 per Annum

MONTREAL, TORONTO, WINNIPEG

Single Copies, 5 Cents

Note and Comment

The Common Council of Glasgow, by a vote of 48 to 12, has rejected the proposal to open the picture gallery on Sunday. The labor party strongly desired that the gallery be opened on that day.

Dawson City, in the Klondike region, has three churches; one each by the Presbyterians, Episcopalians and Roman Catholics, to which the Methodists have now added another. The Salvation Army is also there. It is stated that each place of meeting is filled every Sunday night.

A correspondent sends to a London paper an interesting letter, concerning "Ruskin's evening of his days" at Bramwood. The master, he says, is failing fast. He has passed his eightieth birthday, and weaknesses incidental to such an advanced age have taken possession of his mind and body. He is practically confined to his house, save for occasional airings in a bath chair on Sunday mornings. He never reads, nor does he write, "and Ruskin," the correspondent adds, "has given his last message to the world."

The Herald and Presbyter says the Presbyterian Church "ordains to its ministry only those who accept its doctrines." Dr. Charles Hodge, says the Christian Work, who knew a thing or two about Presbyterian doctrine, said forty years ago—we quote from memory—that it was not required of a minister in the Presbyterian Church to accept every statement in the Westminster Standards, but only the system of doctrine inculcated by them. "The editor of The Herald and Presbyter should have no difficulty in comprehending this distinction."

The graduating class at Yale has voted strongly in favor of compulsory chapel. Moreover, two out of every three of this class are church members. When reckless attacks are made upon the morals of the university, as happens once in a while, the latter fact should be remembered. No institution in which the proportion of Christian students in any class is so large is morally unsafe for young men.

A Presbyterian pastor writing recently to the Outlook with regard to the suggestions of that paper concerning a "Non-Episcopal Service," protests and with reason, against the use of the expression, "Episcopal" Prayer Book. "It's crowning glory is that it is not a sectarian volume, but is the book of Common Prayer," "The Prayer Book does not belong to the Episcopal Church, but is the heritage of English-speaking Christendom.

... The post-Reformation contributions to the volume are quite as much from Presbyterian and Lutheran as from Anglican resources, if not more so." Yes; it is true that there are in the Prayer Book contributions from John Calvin and John Knox; but there are elements in it that justify its Anglican name.

Last year it was proposed that a section of the trunk of the mpundu tree, under which Livingstone's heart lies buried, should be removed and brought to London for preservation in the rooms of the Royal Geographical Society. This course was suggested as the only means of saving from destruction the original inscription carved on the tree, and now an attempt is being made to raise £5,000 for the purpose of providing a substantial and elaborate monument in bronze, which is to be taken out to Central Africa in sections and erected there.

It was a hobby of the late American theatrical manager, Mr. Augustin Daly, to collect plates illustrating the Bible. He had about 8,000 of them bound up with the text in a copy that made forty-two volumes, bound in half white levant, with vellum sides Mr. Henry Blackwell, the binder, used two Douai Bibles for the text, as each page had to be pasted on special paper. Mr. Blackwell spent years on the work, and calculates that the cost of the Bible to Mr. Daly must have been at least £5,000.

Some American ladies recently visited the German Emperor on board his yacht at Kiel. They were, says the Christian World, pioneers in the movement for the emancipation of women. One of them spoke at great length on the degrading position of women in Germany. The Emperor listened patiently to the end. "Well," said His Majesty, with a sigh of relief, "I agree with my wife. She says that women have no right to interfere with anything outside of the four K's—Kinder, Kirche, Kuche and Kleider—children, church, kitchen, and clothes." The American ladies retired from the contest convinced that the Emperor was a hopeless subject.

Principal Fairbairn, in some remarks made after his return to Mansfield College from India, said: "It is wrong to attempt to speak in generalities, which are ever closely allied to fallacies, but one may say that where the missionary has the advantage over the civilian is in his closer intercourse with the Hindu men through his longer residence in one place, and through his approaching them on the side of their intellectual and religious interests rather than on those of their commercial, judicial or civil. It may be a curious fact, but it is a true one, that I found more appreciation of the good things in Hindu men and in the Hindu religion among the missionaries than in any class of the European community. It is possible that the missionary does more to reconcile the Hindu to the British regime than any other single Western element operating in India." Speaking of missionary work, he said: "Its many-sidedness is surprising. The zeal with which it is trying to adapt itself to the multitudinous demands of a most complex state of society and thought, the ungrudging labor of its members in their respective fields, and the way in which they have conquered the respect of the Hindu community, are very impressive."

More news from ministers and churches is needed. Let the Presbyterian know what you are doing, and it will be sent abroad amongst the people. They want to hear from you, brethren.

Rev. F. B. Myer at a recent gathering in Calcutta recommended the Christ method of propagating Christianity, and said that if he were a young missionary he would do his very best to "train twelve apostles, seeking to imbue them with his own spirit, living with them, working with them and sending them forth." A man of the fullest consecration, largest faith, greatest tact, soundest judgment and ripest experience would be necessary for this kind of work; but workmen developed in this way, a most effective and blessed service would follow.

John Ruskin has no sympathy with the bicycle. In a recent letter to a friend he said: "I am prepared to spend all my best 'bad language' in reprobation of bi-, tri- and 4-, 5-, 6-, or 7- cycles, and every other contrivance and invention for superseding human feet on God's ground. To walk, to run, to leap and to dance are the virtues of the human body, and neither to stride on stilts, wriggle on wheels or dangle on ropes." That is the Ruskinian way of putting it.

The Neapolitans in general hold drunkenness in very great abhorrence. It is said among them that a nobleman, having murdered another in a fit of jealousy, was condemned to suffer death. His life was offered to him on the sole condition of saying that when he committed the deed he was intoxicated. He exclaimed, "I would rather suffer a thousand deaths than bring eternal disgrace on my family by confessing the disgraceful crime of drunkenness." He persisted, and was executed.

The Christian and Missionary Alliance, led by Dr. A. B. Simpson, held its annual camp meeting at Old Orchard, Me., last week. The contributions and pledges for missions amounted to \$54,881. This is a large sum, but considerably smaller than in previous years, due, probably, to the recent criticisms of the unbusiness-like methods of the Alliance in the management of its finances.

The policy of the Roman Catholic Church is shaped mainly by the Pope; the next Pope is always chosen by the cardinals; the vacancies in the college of cardinals are filled by appointment by the Pope. Pope Leo is growing old, and some of the cardinals have been hoping for a change of policy in the Church at his death. But the Pope has arranged for that. He has just appointed twelve new cardinals, who are all "cordial supporters of the present policy" of the Church. Says the Independent: "The German party, together with the party favoring an arrangement with the Quirinal, are out-matched. At least this appears to be the result of the nominations."

The Quiet Hour

(For Dominion Presbyterian.)
Rebuilding the Temple.*

The building of the sacred temple is an important event in Jewish history, and in the religious life of the world. It is one of the small things with a great meaning. It might seem a small thing that a few Jews should manifest great zeal in building a house of prayer, and that they should have many miserable squabbles with their Samaritan neighbors, but with the view we now possess of the history of Israel as a preparation for the coming of the Christ, we can see that this was an essential step, the restoration of the Jews to their own land, the re-creation of Jerusalem as a new religious centre, the compiling of the Hebrew hymn book and the careful collection and arrangement of their prophetic and historic books. The Jews henceforth became in a fuller sense people of the temple and of the book. They possessed a richer liturgy and a more perfect ritual. This seems to have been necessary if they were to preserve a separate existence and maintain a strong church life until the coming of the true Redeemer. We see here, then, the beginning of the new religious movement which follows upon the "Sacred exodus." For long the Jews had been cut off from their temple and ritualistic forms of worship. This deprivation, which they regarded as a curse, no doubt did them good in helping to wean them from idolatry. If they could not sing the songs of Zion in a strange land they could ponder them and learn to appreciate their deep spiritual meaning, if prophets were scarce they could gather and treasure the words of prophets who had lived and died for Jerusalem. These things that drove them into themselves and back to the past were blessings in disguise. The time had not come when there could be "no more temple," but the time had arrived for building a temple which might have a purer worship and serve as a centre for the scattered Jews.

The foundation of the new house was laid with great rejoicing; great attention was paid to the service of praise. David was then looked back upon as the founder and patron Saint of psalmody. The name Moses meant to the Jews the law with its various teachings and commands, while David spoke not only of war and kingship, but also of the dedication of music in the service of the sanctuary. So now when there is to be a new house of prayer, the foundation is laid to this glorious strain, "For His mercy endureth forever toward Israel." This foundation is only a beginning of a work that is to be long and troublesome. Could the worshippers have foreseen all the worry and delay they would have been quite disheartened. It is good that we cannot see beforehand the toil and vexation of the weary way. It is sufficient to rejoice in the good beginning and to be glad that the word can be begun in the name of God with the assurance that work so begun must in spite of difficulties find its completion.

The people made a great noise as befitting a great occasion, but the shout was mingled

in its character, it was not all joyful. Old men who had seen the first house, and known its glories, wept when they saw the foundation of the new house. This was all very well, but it was not like the "good old days." But the younger people were glad and full of hope. The two cries blended and swallowed each other up; it was hard to say which was loudest, and afar off it was a strange noise that had had the joy taken out of it by the mingled lamentation. Is not this a picture of the sounds of human life, the sound which goes up from any home or society is not one of pure joy; with even our greatest festivals keen regrets and strange sorrows are mingled.

After the foundation is laid difficulty begins. The neighbors desire to help, but are told they can have no part or lot in the matter. To-day it is hard for us to sympathize with the stern separativeness of the Jewish leaders. We are inclined to regard it as fierce, selfish bigotry. It did become that afterwards, but some measure of exclusiveness seems to have been necessary if the Jews were to maintain their religious life at a high level and become freed from the old superstition. It was a question of war or of a hurtful peace. The Jews chose open war and fought the long battle relying upon their God. We are perhaps too much given to compromise and we may learn from them that we must not sacrifice principle for the sake of comfort.

W. G. J.

(For Dominion Presbyterian.)
The Living Water.

By Nicol Moffatt.

Why think of the woman of Samaria and leave out her partners in shame? Let them all assemble together, since Jesus has called for them. "Go, call thy husband and come hither," is His commandment. They represent a large, sad class in society, and for their uplifting His disciples must ever strive and pray.

Notice the Saviour's method of reaching her. "Give me to drink," were words which instantly removed their differences. Both were agreed that on a hot, dusty noon hour a good drink of cool water was necessary. Both felt a debt of gratitude for the refreshing water of Jacob's well.

Take another step, however. They are to agree once more. "Living water" was spoken of thrice, and to "never thirst" become the hope and desire of both. Poor soul! thou hast hardly touched the wide sea of good. If left to thyself thou never canst. But the Saviour knew the keenness of hope. "Give me this water, that I thirst not, neither come hither to draw," revealed a better self within her just awakening. What a quick wing hope has.

But there must first be a clearing away of obstacles. The conscience must be reached. Here again the Saviour shows his skill in discovering a breach in the soul's wall—go call thy husband. Now is the moment of all the ages to her. Is she to lie and kill the last root of that tender plant or God—conscience? It would have been the last and fatal leap into endless night. But it was the same gentle voice that appealed to her honor which

had previously driven away her fears and renewed her hopes. She therefore was enabled to save herself from that cruel fate.

Consider anew at this point the gift of God, referred to by Jesus, and also termed the "well of water springing up into everlasting life." In our holidays we have all searched the hillside for the cool springs. We turned not at the bog or nettles; we were undeceived by the moss-covered stones or decaying stumps. A poor place this for anything good! But see the bubbling fountain! From afar, somewhere, the fresh, pure liquid has arisen, and here it overflows and puts to naught its rude surroundings.

Woman of Samaria! thy soul may be as rough as that wild mountain side, and seem unknown to any good. But receive the "gift of God," which will be a well of "living water." From thy soul will spring up a stream of pure rich thought and impulse.

Disciple of Christ! hasten to find these springs. It will cost thee something. But as the Master who had added to His physical exhaustion by this interview, said, "I have meat to eat that ye know not of," so verily thou wilt be fed. Thou too must sit at the well or beside to do this work. A smile is worth a dozen tracts and thy sympathy may be needed in the absence of the mother—probably dead, probably deceived. Thou art the living wire which with one hand thou dost raise the fallen and with the other hold to Christ. Thy meat will be to do His will and finish His work. Waver not at thy weakness—thou seest not the whole. Since love has emptied thy heart, thou hast given thy best. Since effort has exhausted thy soul thou hast done thy part. With Christ thou hast spent thyself, and with Him thou shalt wear the crown.

A Song in the Night.

I woke in the night; the stars were hid,
The skies were cold and gray,
My soul grew sick with a nameless fear,
And I scarce had faith to pray.

I thought of the day's mistakes with tears,
Of wrong that outmeasured right,
When lo, from a rain-washed tree near by,
A bird sang in the night.

So soft and so low, so fearlessly,
So full of a glad content,
Of a faith that knew the day would break
Though the wet boughs o'er her bent.

I said to my heart, "Behold, a sign,
Heart, let us read aright,
That faith is easy and hope is sure
To him who sings in the night!"
—British Weekly.

A Governing God.

When things get beyond your control, when you face an unknown future, and when trying conditions confront you, remember that there is a governing God in Israel, and that it is His to bring light out of darkness, joy out of sorrow, and hope out of despair. Be patient and acquiescent. Let the Ruler of the universe and the Lord of the individual manage affairs in His own way, and at His own time. Neither grow weary or become too anticipative. Roll upon a covenant-keeping God your cares, taking His dispensations as they come, and multiplying sorrow neither by distrust nor by foreboding. God unravels the future day by day, hour by hour, and moment by moment, accompanying the distribution with His supporting and sanctifying grace.—The Presbyterian.

*S. S. Lesson for September 3rd. Ezra, 3:10 to 4:5. Golden text, "The Temple of God is holy, which temple ye are." 1 Cor. 3:17.

The Ambitiousness of Faith.

By Phillips Brooks.

There is a great deal of danger of our forgetting that to believe much, and not to believe little, is the privilege and glory of a full-grown man. There will come times—and upon such a time our lot has fallen—when men are led to sing the praise and glorify the influence of doubt. Assuredly it has its blessings, but while we magnify them we ought never to forget that they are always of a nature of compensation. The blessings of doubt are like the blessings of poverty, not to be chosen for themselves, but to be accepted thankfully when they come in to mitigate the unattractiveness of the condition into which a life missing its true purpose and success has fallen. There do come times when you must cut a tree down to its very roots that it may grow up the richer by and by; but a whole field of stumps is not the ideal landscape. The forest, with its wealth of glorious foliage, is the true coronation of the earth. There is a great deal of danger lest the tendency to dwell, upon the blessings and culture of doubt—may come to make a full and rich faith seem to be almost a burden instead of a treasure; a thing for a man to be pitted for, and not to be congratulated upon.

It is, I think, no very unusual thing for men who believe little to look at one who lives in the richness of a faith, full faith with something almost like commiseration, somewhat as there is a tendency in settled invalidism to count exuberant health a somewhat gross and vulgar thing; and their feeling is very apt to communicate itself to the thinking man himself, and make him half ashamed and mistrustful of his own belief.

Against such a tendency we want to warn one another, and to warn ourselves. Seek faith—as full and rich a faith as you can, and try to know all you can about God and your own soul. Count every new conviction which is really won a treasure and enrichment of your life. There are dangers in accumulation of every sort—danger lest the thing accumulated should lose some of its value as it becomes more plentiful; danger lest the sense of possession should lose for us some of the discipline that can only come in search—but these dangers are nothing to the danger of the despair of faith, the terrible danger of coming to think that God is darkness and not light, the terrible danger of ceasing to hear His perpetual invitation to His children to come into ever more trustful and certain knowledge of His purpose, of His love, and of Himself.

A Lost Art.

Is it true that family worship is a "lost art" in the Christian Church? Has it fallen into disuse so far that its observance is the exception and not the rule? Has old-fashioned family prayer ceased in this country to such an extent as to call forth earnest words of advice and warning from Dr. Clark, the President of the International Christian Endeavor Convention? Will the time soon come when the knowledge of it will lie in the dim traditions of the past, as we read of the olden times when every respectable Christian family kept up the worship of God in the home, while they upheld his public worship and waited upon it in the sanctuary? It is sad to think of the possibility of such a state of things, but the alarm is already sounding and all conscientious lovers of Christ and the Church should take heed.

The voice of the Church in its best periods has been in favor of family worship. The altar, with its daily incense, has been kept up in every period of religious prosperity,

The time was in Scotland when there were more praying families in proportion to the inhabitants than in any other country. The Puritans of England were a people of a like mind and practice in this respect. That same spirit was transferred to this country, when the Scotch and Scotch-Irish, the Puritans and Huguenots came as the early settlers. When the Lord sifted Europe to find a people to take possession of this continent, the choice ones he found on their knees around their family altars and called them out to do special work for Him. Their homes at first were rude and bare and built by their own hands in the wilderness. The furniture was scarce and often of their own contrivance, but every house managed to have a Bible, a Bible on which the dust was not allowed to gather. The floors of the humble cabins were rough and made of split timber, from large forest trees, with no rugs nor carpets, but they were often pressed by knees of suppliants, who bowed in daily prayer. The solitude of the forest was broken night and morning by the songs of praise to God, from these devout worshippers. Burns' description of his day is the most life-like picture of thousands of the homes of the early settlers of this country:

"Then kneeling down to Heaven's eternal King,

The saint, the father and the husband

Prays;
Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing,
That they all shall meet in future days;

There even bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise.

In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere."

Such scenes were reproduced in almost every cabin home in those early days. The first churches of this country were organized by such people as these, who first set up the family altar and then met together with this consecrated spirit and set up a public altar for God's worship. These were the people that laid the foundations of this government and without whom the battles of the Revolution would never have been fought to success. In the dark days of one hundred years ago, when piety had declined in high places under the baneful influence of French infidelity, religion was kept alive in this country, as the godly persisted in their family devotion, bringing their daily sacrifice before God and thus holding fast to Him till He returned in mighty reviving power.

What do we think of those days of old and of the way in which our ancestors served God? Do we not rejoice in such forefathers and in their spirit and practice? There are those who will read these words and have precious memories revived and will say this was the life that was lived by my parents and grandparents.

Are there any disposed to cast aside this time-honored custom, as antiquated and useless, in this progressive age? Think of all the Bible teaching to enforce this most reasonable duty? What advantages must come to parents. What greater advantages arise to children trained up from infancy under such hallowed influences! What blessing may come in this way to friends and occasional visitors! And what help would arise from it to the Church of Christ!

How has it fallen into disuse till we speak of it as a lost art? Are we too busy in this hurrying, bustling age? Has the head of the house no time to gather his family around him to perform his Christian duty? When the father dies, shall the family altar be permitted to perish? Cannot the mother or some child in the home keep up the altar and see that the daily incense arises from it? Blessed is that home where the altar of prayer is maintained from generation to generation, one voice becoming silent and another taking up the service, but the Lord

always having one to stand before Him and minister in his name.

When a home is set up is the proper time to arrange for an altar that must never be forsaken. Or if any have suffered the altar to fall down, let them hasten to build it up again. A custom that has been so blessed cannot be abandoned without the decline of religion that must soon follow. There is a call for a general awakening of the Christian conscience on this all-important subject.—The Presbyterian.

Personal Communion With God.

This is the secret of spiritual growth and even of spiritual life. To become a Christian is to enter into it consciously. Those who are not Christians but are aware of an inner restlessness and longing, bidding them to pay heed to the welfare of the soul and identify themselves with the work of uplifting and saving humanity, really are but becoming aware, more or less consciously, of their need of personal communion with God. And when once the consciousness of this communion has become established in the heart, life is different for ever after. It may be allowed to become dim, but what is is never can be forgotten, and what its possibilities are never can be estimated.

It often is difficult to be maintained. The cares of daily life, the temptations which beset even the best of us, the vicissitudes of every one's experience, the bewilderments and anxieties which harass even the most carefully sheltered life, all co-operate to interfere between our Heavenly Father and ourselves. They take off our attention from Him and seek to focus it on worldly interests. Sometimes they even tempt us to believe that communion with Him is but a dream. Yet, if once we have known it, nothing ever can wholly blot out the conviction of its genuineness and power. The richest blessings of life are due to it. We may attain the success for which men commonly strive. Wealth may not come to us, culture may not be attained, honors may pass us by. We may not even be able to feel ourselves conspicuously useful in our own spheres. Positive disappointments and distresses may harass us, grave disasters may crush for the time. Yet, whatever happens, the soul that has once known true communion with God is able in and through it, and in spite of every hindrance, whether of prosperity or adversity, to keep in touch, if it will, with its Father.

And thus it is able to draw upon His spirit, to reap the blessing of His peace, to serve with something of His strength and to be assured with great rejoicing that He has fulfilled His promise to come and dwell in the human heart and make it the abode of positive happiness which no calamity can wholly dispel. Let it be added that no argument nor any appeal in behalf of Christianity is half so powerful as the witness, invariable and inevitable, given silently and even unconsciously, yet always perceptible, by those who maintain true communion with God. It radiates from their lives in a manner not to be concealed and is impressive with the power of the divine. It is the more effective because of its unobtrusiveness and is a testimony to the truth and the desirableness of the religion of Christ which nothing can shake.—The Congregationalist.

Teach me that harder lesson, how to live
To serve Thee in the darkest paths of life;
Arm me for conflict now, fresh vigor give,
And make me more than conqueror in the
trifles.
—Burman.

World of Missions

Three Discoveries in Egypt.

During the last few weeks, as the summer heat was drawing on, when work in Egypt or in the Mesopotamian valleys becomes impracticable, we dismissed all hope of any further present discoveries among the ruins of those countries. We are therefore somewhat surprised to come across the reports of two or three additional finds within the last month or so.

One of these affords a new testimony to the degree of advancement in art which prevailed in Egypt fifteen hundred years before Christ. It is a statue of the idol Ammon, some eighteen feet in height, and exquisitely carved out of a single block of alabaster. It has had a fall; the nose is damaged, and the image is broken into three pieces. But the parts have been put together again. "The features are perfect in execution, the ears delicate, nose shapely and lips smiling, as if Ammon was speaking to a friend." It is described as being as perfect in the artistic execution as the statues made in Greece in her palmy days.

This image was found in the colossal temple of Karnak. It testifies to the degree of civilization which prevailed in Egypt in the days when its tyrants compelled the Israelites to labor in building Pithom and Rameses.

A second discovery which is of great interest to Egyptologists is that of the statue of Antef, father of Usertosen I., of the twelfth dynasty in Egypt, who ruled in that land in the days of Abraham. This also was found in the temple of Karnak. The public does not yet know enough of his history to feel a special interest in his statue. Suffice it that each of these statues adds another evidence that the fanciful theories of the higher criticism, touching the legendary character of the Genesis narrative, is all as false as it is imaginative.

But recently there comes from Cairo the news of a discovery that is of much greater popular interest. It is to the effect that the mummy of Thothmes I. has been found and identified.

Who was Thothmes I.?

He was one of the first kings of the eighteenth dynasty in Egypt. The sixteenth dynasty was that of the Shepherd Kings, who were probably Hittites from Syria. Under their reign, Jacob and his family, also from Syria, were welcomed in Egypt, for they would strengthen the Syrian power in Egypt. The seventeenth dynasty seems to have been a continuous struggle for the expulsion of the Hyksos. With the advent of the eighteenth dynasty came the era of Egypt's great power as a nation. Aahmes, the first king of that dynasty, prepared the way. Amenophis and Thothmes I., II., and III. (the latter being the greatest of all) brought Palestine and Syria under Egyptian domination. Thothmes I. extended the dominion of Egypt as far as the River Euphrates at Carchemish. Then came the period of Egyptian power and glory. He may be the Pharaoh who is described in Genesis as "another king," who "knew not Joseph."

Again, as on previous occasions, we await with interest a report of what inscriptions are found along with this mummy. The "four hundred years" of Israel's abode in Egypt included the reign of this king. Dis-

cussion of the question whether the four hundred years dates from the days of Abraham or of Joseph has been active. It is possible that in connection with this mummy there may be statements which will contribute toward its solution.

This discovery will again do much to silence the critics who are trying to discredit the historic verity of the Pentateuch. When we stand face to face with the body of a man who then lived, and find in the sands of Egypt accounts of his life, we can but feel that any questioning of the records of those times is simply folly.—Christian Observer.

Love's Not All.

By Francis Steine Palmer.

For life means much to do, to be,
And men must met it manfully—
A mingling in the world's rough strain,
A friend to help, one's self to train;
So love's not all
That to a man doth fall—
And yet perchance it is,
For love is strength for all of this.

The Shadow of a Rock.

By Rev. Theodore Cuyler, D.D.

The land of the Bible is a constant confirmation of the language of the Bible. For example, those of us who have crossed the Valley of the Jordan, or have climbed from that valley up to Jerusalem on a hot day, have found the journey a very weary one. There is no shelter of trees; from the bare earth or stones the rays of the sun flash with intolerable brightness, and pierce our eyes like bayonets.

But on the torrid road we come upon what Professor H. B. Hackett says that he came upon with such delight, and that is a company of travellers reclining on the shady side of a huge overhanging rock. At once we recall, as he did, that passage in Isaiah where the ancient prophet describes our Lord as "the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." This is a fruitful text for a summer-day meditation.

Jesus Christ is a shelter for all his redeemed ones from the devouring heat of the divine displeasure against sin. That holy hatred of sin would be a "consuming fire." Thanks and praises evermore for Christ's atoning sacrifice for our guilt, so that God may be just and yet the justifier of every one who accepts and trusts that atoning Saviour. There is no condemnation to them who are in Christ Jesus. "Blessed be our rock!"

A part of every true Christian's religion is walking; another part is working; another part is watching, and sometimes it is weeping. In the midst of such experiences our souls find a sweet repose in Jesus.

After the hot walk of the week, with its toils and its temptations, we reach the blessed Sabbath, and then we sit down awhile among the green pastures and beside the still waters. That is our feeding time; and if we lose that we have no strength for either hard work or sharp fighting. That is our resting time.

"Tell me, O thou whom my soul loveth, where thou feedest, and where thou makest thy flock to rest at noon?" The response of our loving Shepherd is—"Come unto me"; I will feed thee with the finest of wheat; I will give thee to drink of the water of life, if thou art weak or soul-sick or weary. "My left hand shall be under thy head, and my right hand shall embrace thee."

The Christian who allows himself to venture into the week without his Bible food and some quiet communion with his Master on the Sabbath, as surely robs himself as the toiler who goes to his day's work without a wink of sleep, or the soldier who goes into battle without his rations. In these times of heated over-driving and money-seeking, one of the greatest dangers to Christians is that they fail to make the very most of an indispensable Sabbath. No wonder they give out when they neglect the "shadow of the great Rock" in this wearing, wearying world.

A third thought suggested by this beautiful passage is that the shadow of Jesus brings great coolness to our feverish spirits.

Our tempers often get ruffled. Some provocation has set us on fire; we need cooling down, and a look at that patient, forgiving Saviour who when reviled never replied back again, may shame us out of wicked irritation.

There are other things which heat our souls—the fever of selfishness, the flame of covetousness, the inflamings of fleshly lusts, or the rash impetuosity of hasty words, and decisions and deeds. Oh, for the calming and cooling shadow of Christ at such seasons! How many mortifications, how many intemperate acts, how many reckless blunders, how many falls into sin and how many woundings of our Christian character we would be delivered from!

It was a wonderful comfort to me when, after a toilsome clamber from Jericho under a broiling sun, my guide and myself found shelter under a great wayside rock. The change was so delightful; the protection was so complete; for we had been in absolute danger of sunstroke! Similar to this is the experience of the soul that finds shelter under the infinite love of a pardoning and protecting and purifying Jesus. Oh, the breadth and the depth and the height of the love of Christ that passeth knowledge! The broken law of God shot its condemning fires upon our heads; now we are delivered from the curse of these violations. Every step in sin brought the stings of conscience; here we are at peace with ourselves and at peace with God. There was no joy in travelling over the hard, flinty path of disobedience; but

I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn and sad,
I found this Rock a resting place,
And He has made me glad.

"How do you manage to live here?" inquired a minister of an old poverty-stricken pilgrim, as he sat in his forlorn and leaking cottage, that was not much better than a hut. The aged man had his Bible on his knee, and replied, "Sir, I am sitting under the shadow of Jesus with great delight, and his fruit is sweet to my taste." This would have been a weary land to him; the journey was hard to a footsore pilgrim; but he could find repose under the cool shadow of the Rock, and wait with patience until his name was called to go up to his heavenly home.

Divine mercy provided this shelter for us. Man builds his showy mansions—often but a vestibule to the grave. Fashion rears its noisy house of mirth. But he who built snow-crowned Hermon, and placed the great, cool, overhanging rock on the hot highway from Jericho, has provided the soul's sweet, safe resting place in Jesus. As man cannot make, so man cannot move this Rock of Ages. Caravans of pilgrims have halted beside it,

and found shelter from the torrid heats. The Psalmist when he fled from his foes found refuge there, and sang, "The Lord liveth, and blessed be my rock!" Devout Hannah in her prayer exclaims, "Neither is there any rock like our God." Homeless Peter felt as if he had thrown off his pilgrim pack from his shoulders when he sat down under the noon-tide shelter, and cries out, "I have cast off all care; for he careth for me."

John, the beloved—happy in his Patmos exile—is overheard talking to himself, and we listen to his cheery words, "Now, little children, abide in him; he that keepeth his commandments dwelleth in him and he in us. Hereby we know that he abideth in us by the Spirit which he hath given us."

Good friends, let us abide in the shadow of the great Rock, and cultivate the grace of quietness. A Christian life is not all work, or all seed sowing, or all conflict; much less is it all bustle and worry. We must find time to think—to pray—and to commune with our Master. A soldier cannot always be on the march; he must renew his strength in rest. Life would sometimes wear us out if we did not sometimes find that "our strength is to sit still." Some of you are tired out, and want to bathe your aching heads in the cool stillness beneath the everlasting Rock. Some of you are footsore, and need a bit of rest. Many of you, with weary limbs and weeping eyes, have struggled along up a hard and flinty pathway, and are ready to cry out, "O blessed, loving Master, just let me come in under the rock!"

The Evolution of Confession.

The Rev. R. B. Tollington, M.A., examining chaplain to the Bishop of Ripon, dealing with the subject of confession in *The Church Gazette*, says: "Confession of some sort there must, of course, always be in every acknowledgment of sin. It is not confined to Christianity. The Jews of old confessed their offences. Those who came to the preaching of John were baptized 'confessing their sin.'

"In the early Christian Church there arose a certain practice of public penitence for great offences. This public confession was originally restricted to such sins as idolatry, murder, and adultery; but it seems that in time there grew up also a wider practice of people coming forward to confess voluntarily before the Church the offences of which they felt themselves guilty.

"The thing was done in public. Clergy and laity alike were present. The penitents came often bare-footed, clothed in sackcloth, with ashes sprinkled upon their heads.

"Little by little this custom of public confession was changed into that of private confession to the priest. There were, of course, obvious risks and dangers in the earlier practices of confession in public. Sometimes by acknowledging his misdeeds the penitent laid himself open to the action of the law. Sometimes he aroused his neighbor's vengeance. Sometimes the publicity acknowledged sins of Christians brought scandal on the Church. Sometimes people shrank from the pain of acknowledging the offences that lay heavy on their souls.

"But originally confession was a public act; originally, too, except in cases of notorious sin, it was voluntary. Then there comes a time when, little by little, confession became private, secret, and no longer public, though it still remains a voluntary act—a thing done by the penitent persons of their own accord. We have now to see a still further stage in its development.

"Among the many additions which the Church of Rome has made to Apostolic Christianity, one is the Sacrament of Pen-

ance, which takes us back for its origin to the middle ages. Private auricular confession at least once a year has been obligatory on every member of the Roman Church since the Lateran Council of the year 1215 A.D.

"Mark how completely the custom of the Church has been inverted. You begin, in the New Testament, with such precept as that of St. James, 'Confess your faults one to another,' but there is absolutely no trace of any recognized system or rule. All is voluntary. Then the Church provides a public service of penitence for great sinners and such as may desire it. Then, for good reasons, there comes in the practice of confessing in private. But it is voluntary still; there is no obligation, no rule. Then at length you have in its full development the Sacrament of Penance; you have the absolute rule of the Latin Church that every-one must confess in private; you have the unnatural, unscriptural, and purely ecclesiastical doctrine that forgiveness is certain for those who receive the absolution of the priest; you have what seems to me the monstrous corollary of this doctrine, that without auricular confession and without priestly absolution God Himself does not—unless one ought to say cannot—pardon sin."

Slumber Song.

Lo, in the west
A cloud at rest—
A babe upon its mother's breast
Is sleeping now.

Above it beams
A star, that seems
To shed the light of holy dreams
Upon its brow.

But cloud and star,
Though nearer far
They seem, my babe, more distant are
From heaven than thou.

—John B. Tabb.

My Brother's Keeper.

By Rev. Thomas Nield.

Oh, for the grace that wills to bear
The burdens of a weaker brother!
The grace that gladly shuns whatever
Might prove a pitfall to another.

Though I should have a giant's might
To stand where weaker ones would
stumble.

I would not exercise my right,
But walk in safety with the humble.

Lord, save me from the weak conceit
That scorns to practice self-denial,
Lest my example tempt the feet
Of others into deadly trial.

Engrave the fact upon my heart—
Yea, every day engrave it deeper—
That I must act a brother's part,
And so become my brother's keeper.

"He leads us on

Through all the unquiet years;
Past all our dreamland hopes and doubts
and fears

He guides our steps. Through all the
tangled maze
Of sin and sorrow and o'erclouded days

We know His will is done;
And still He leads us on."

Christianity is the one eternal force in the world. Every ethnic faith save Christianity is on the road to the graveyard. Not one has the power of expansion. That means that the chill of death is coming. The so-called ethnic faiths are dying faiths, sorrowing sisters clad in black, for whom there is no to-morrow.—Rev. Bishop Hurst.

Music and Matrimony.

Luther declared that it was no more possible to do without a wife than to do without eating and drinking; but there have been a good many unmarried musicians for all that. Still, they have for the most part given assent to the theory so far as to make some effort toward attaining the blissful state. It is usual to represent Handel as a cold-hearted misogynist, because he was a bachelor. But Handel was certainly more than once engaged to be married. First it was to an Italian lady with whom he fell in love while a young man in Venice. Afterward he would almost certainly have married an English lady but for the rude way in which the mother interposed; and finally he was engaged to a lady of large property, who insisted as a condition of the union that he should give up the practice of his art, which Handel would as soon have thought of doing as of going without his dinner. It is indeed curious to note how frequently the musicians have escaped matrimony owing to the absurdly mean view taken of their profession by prospective fathers-in-law. Bellini practically died of a broken heart because the father of his enamored, a Neapolitan judge, declined his suit on account of his social position. Beethoven, again, certainly had desires toward matrimony. "Oh, God!" he exclaims, "let me at last find her who is destined to be mine, and who shall strengthen me in virtue." But Beethoven had none of the arts and graces of the lover, and to the end he remained wedded only to his art—which was perhaps just as well both for the art and the woman.

Gluck, the founder of the modern opera, had also to contend with the Philistine father, in this case a rich banker and merchant who had no very high opinion of the financial resources of musicians. Fortunately for Gluck, however, the banker died while the composer's love was still fresh, and consequently there was a Mme. Gluck left to mourn him when he said farewell to the world. Chopin's "sentimental amenities" with George Sand have been the subject of more speculation than the love affairs of any other musician who has ever lived. It was a heartless business altogether on the side of the lady, who not only left the composer to his cough and his piano after winning all the affection he had to give, but represented him to the world as a consumptive and exasperating nuisance.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

You cry, "O Lord, solve this problem!" and the solution does not come. "What! must I walk in darkness?" your poor soul cries out; and then He comes and takes your hand and says: "He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the Light of Life." In place of the answer to your prayer comes He to whom you prayed. You have not got the solution of your problem; it still floats in doubt. You have not got the sure prophecy of the future; it is hid behind the wavering and trembling veil. You have not got the brother's dear presence for whose life you cried and wrestled; he is walking beside the river of Life in the new Light of Heaven. You have not got what you prayed for, but you have got God! You have the source, the fountain, the sun! You have taken hold of the essential meaning and essence of all these things for which you prayed, in taking hold of Him to whom you prayed. In His silence you have pressed back to Him. . . . Not in the word He speaks, but in the word He is, you have found your reply.—*Phillips Brooks*.

A holy life has a voice; it speaks when the tongue is silent, and is either a constant attraction or a perpetual reproof.—*Rev. J. H. Stinton*.

Our Young People

HELPING OUR PASTOR.

Topic for September 3—What can we do to help our Pastor?—Exodus 17: 1-13.

"BE BUT FAITHFUL, THAT IS ALL."—Arthur Hugh Clough.

(For Dominion Presbyterian.)

Helping Our Pastor.

By Woodford.

Topic.—The relation of mutual dependence and help is suggested in this reading as that which ought to exist between pastor and people. In an army the leader can plan and command; he is supposed to be best versed in the theory and practice of all that pertains to a successful campaign—but each soldier-camp must perform his part, and down to the private soldier each one is expected to do his duty. It is even thus and ever will be in the Church militant. Who are those who will regard it as their first duty, not to be eager to do valiant deeds singly; not to be wondering forever if some new plan should not be tried, but to do that which is convenient "ye nexte thyng," and that willingly and earnestly. In connection with this reading, the work would be to cheer and support the pastor in his weariness, to say that to him which will hearten him in his prayer, to do that which will enable him to feel that he can indeed pray in his prayers, and give him to feel that he is relying on the promise, "That if two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything they shall ask it shall be done for them of my Father, which is in heaven." In many such ways may those who would be successors to Aaron and Hur do their part. Some exceedingly helpful ways are suggested in the readings that follow, which, if carried out in any Church, would contribute greatly to the advancement and extension of the Kingdom of God.

Monday.—There is something pathetically grand in Paul's asking for the prayers of these new converts. It is the leader entrusting his forces and giving them to understand that victory and honor for each and all depend upon each one doing his best. All believers can pray that the Word of God may have free course and be glorified—in others as in themselves—and that those whose special work it is to expound and explain this Word may be delivered from irrationalism and to worthy rationalism and from wicked men. In the present unsettled state of matters, theological people can indeed help their pastors by praying for them, and with them—and practising, as is their ability, as they pray.

Tuesday.—"If a brother or sister be naked and destitute of daily food, and one of you say: Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; what does it profit?" Practical sympathy is what is called for in Christianity. That there are pastors struggling against the odds of more than one form of poverty, yet doing excellent work, is proof of the might of the strength which God gives; yet this state of things shows clearly the poor grip Christianity has on those who suffer this to be when often by them it could be prevented.

Wednesday.—Get acquainted with your pastor, esteeming him highly in love, for

the sake of the cause of Christ. This of itself will be a very fruitful means towards being at peace among yourselves. If we had the success of the work at heart much more than is being done would be done along this line. "Which sort of man is most helpful to you personally and individually?" asked one pastor of another. "Is it the man who agrees with all your views, and so helps you with his sympathy and comprehension, or the independent thinker who argues with you and stimulates you to write convincing, stirring sermons?" "If you really want to know," said the older man, with symptoms of a smile at the corners of his mouth, "it isn't either of those men who helps me most. It's the man who may or may not agree with my views, but who cares enough about my sermons to come to church on those Sundays when most people stay at home; he's my best helper."

Thursday.—There is no pastor who is worthy of the name, but who criticises himself and his work more mercilessly and often than could any of his people. He knows defects that others can never detect. If he makes a mistake it is altogether likely he is far more sorry about it and ashamed because of it than anybody else. Aaron and Miriam were jealous of the power of Moses among the people, and craved for popularity for themselves, so regarding themselves before the cause of God. The Christian critic will act as Aaron and Miriam ought to have done, and as Christ clearly instructs. "Moreover, if thy brother shall trespass against thee, go and tell him his fault between him and thee alone (not in the rude and public way Aaron and Miriam did) if he shall hear thee thou hast gained thy brother."

Friday.—There never is any difficulty in finding Aarons and Hurs among those who pray for, sympathize with, are friends of, withhold criticism from their pastors. Such people recognize work is to be carried out in the way God has appointed. And as Aaron and Hur, having the cause of God at heart, were ready to fall in with the way God had appointed in the battle between the Amalekites and Israel, so will all praying, sympathetic, friendly, kindly people be ready to help him who is set over them in spiritual things. Of God they will be taught and shewn what their peculiar work is, and as laborers together with God they will do all heartily as unto the Lord.

Saturday.—Discussion of the topic might have ended with the reading for Friday, for those who busy themselves in the Lord's work; indeed in any work, can find no time for contention. The explosive power of a new affection so cleanses their lives that for them to live is Christ—not themselves, not Paul, nor Apollos, nor Cephas. Only can the work be done without murmurings and disputings when One is Master. When that One is Master, Chief Shepherd, and the pastor is a faithful under-shepherd (and this as Britons—let alone as Christians—we must suppose, according to the honorable British code, which deems a man innocent until he is found guilty), then surely all who, as

sons and daughters of God, would be laborers together with God (and surely this term applies to all who will discuss this topic), will do their part in this day of battle.

Hints for Talks and Testimonies.

- Why should one help the pastor?
- What are some of the common ways of hindering pastors?
- How can we help our pastor in our own homes?
- How can we help our pastor in our associations with others?
- How can we help our pastor during the church service?
- What help can one give the pastor in the prayer meetings?
- How may we help our pastor to gain those that do not go to church?
- How may we make our pastor's words more effective for winning souls?
- How might the pastor be helped by prompt reports of news about the parish?
- What that we can say to our pastor would help him most?
- How can one help the pastor in the Christian Endeavor meeting?
- How can the society help best in the Sunday evening service?
- How can the social and flower committees help the pastor most?

For Daily Reading.

- Monday, Aug. 28.—By our prayers.—2 Thess. 3:1-5.
- Tuesday, Aug. 29.—By our sympathy.—Phil. 4:10-20.
- Wednesday, Aug. 30.—By our friendship.—1 Thess. 5:12-18.
- Thursday, Aug. 31.—By withholding criticism.—Num. 12:1-16.
- Friday, Sept. 1.—By engaging in church work.—1 Cor. 12:4-11.
- Saturday, Sept. 2.—By avoiding contention.—Phil. 2:14-16; 1 Cor. 3:1-9.
- Sunday, Sept. 3.—Topic. Holding up the pastor's hands. What can we do to help our pastor?—Exod. 17:1-13.

Young Men Should Remember.

- That it takes more than muscle to make a man.
- That bigness is not greatness.
- That it requires pluck to be patient.
- That selfishness is the most unmanly thing in the world.
- That consideration for mother and sister does more to mark a gentleman than the kind of necktie that he wears.
- That piety is not priggishness.
- That the only whole man is the holy man, that to follow the crowd is a confession of weakness.
- That street corners are a poor college.
- That one real friend is worth a score of acquaintances.
- That to be afraid of one's noblest self is greatest cowardice.
- That it is never too soon to begin the business of making a man out of one's self.
- That what is put into the brain to-day will be taken out of it ten years hence.
- That the only manliness worth possessing is shown in the life of the Son of man.

We long to hear thy voice;
To see thee face to face;
To share thy crown and glory then,
As now we share thy grace.

—H. Bonar.

The Modern Sermon.

By a Minister.

During a recent period of rest I heard twenty sermons. They were preached by different ministers, one of whom was a student from a London college. Each sermon had been carefully prepared by the preacher. Most of them were read from manuscript. The themes were well thought out, and all were useful, interesting, and Christian. But I was greatly pained by the fact that in not more than three of these twenty sermons was there any attempt at, or any approach to, a clear statement of the Gospel way of salvation by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. Nor was there any reference to the necessity of conversion, nor to the work of the Holy Spirit, so that if a sinner had come to listen to any or all of these seventeen sermons, desiring to know how he could be saved, he would not have been instructed.

Is this a state of things that justifies optimistic views of our ministry? Does it not rather call for misgiving and serious inquiry? Should our sermons be of this character? Are they not on this account shorn of their real power? Can we expect conversions while this is the case?

John Angell James, in his most earnest and spiritual introduction to "A Pastor's Sketches" of the late Dr. Spencer, says: "In all preaching there should be a prevalence of the converting element—i. e., of truths and the manner of treating them, which are likely to rouse the hearer to the state of his soul; to show him his state as a sinner; to awaken a deep solicitude for his eternal welfare by convincing him of his danger; to make him feel the necessity of repentance and faith, and to urge him to flee without delay to Christ for salvation. Almost any truth of the Bible may be so handled as to lead to this." Is not this true? Why then are our sermons so often destitute of this element? That this is their character is readily confessed by our best friends.

I was one of a group of ministers a short time since. We were speaking about the present-day pulpit. One of our company said, "How is it that there is scarcely ever any earnest pleading with sinners for conversion now? One seldom hears it." There was silence; all felt it was so. There is very little in the sermons we now hear to convince of sin and to lead to genuine repentance and conversion. Yet that should be the prominent aim of our sermons. I think it is William Law who says: "Nothing can do good, or should be used by us in preaching or worship, that has not in it a redeeming virtue." There is need for earnest prayer that our ministers may get back to more rousing, convincing, converting Gospel preaching.

J. A. M. B.

General Gordon's Bible.

The Pall Mall Magazine says: There is one article in the corridor that never loses its interest for Her Majesty—indeed, she rarely fails to point it out to an infrequent visitor. This is the Bible of the late General Gordon. It is of the plainest, being bound in a much-worn limp, leather cover, and lies on a satin cushion, open at the Gospel according to St. John. The Bible is enclosed in a splendid casket of seventeenth century Italian work, with frame of silver gilt and enamel, and sides of engraved rock crystal. This is surmounted by a figure of St. George and the Dragon. The casket stands on an ebony pedestal containing a clock with ornate mounts, and bears a small plate with inscription recording the fact that the Bible was presented to Her Majesty by his sister after the death of General Gordon.

Learning is Easy.

One, two, three!
Now please listen to me;
A minute is sixty seconds long;
Sixty minutes to an hour belong.
One, two three!
Learning is easy, you see.

Four, five six!
'Tis easy as picking up sticks.
Twenty-four hours make one long day;
Seven days in a week we say.
One, two three!
Learning is easy, you see.

Seven, eight, nine!
Never cry or whine
The years are only twelve months long;
There is no time for doing wrong.
One, two three!
Learning is easy, you see.

Tick, tack, tock!
Only look at the clock.
He works away the whole day long,
And every hour he sings a song.
Ding, dong, ding!
So we'll work and sing.

A. E. L.

Diet in Health.

In health, as a rule, to live generously is to live wisely. A diet which includes a variety of fairly digestible articles of food supplies a reserve fund which enables the system to meet emergencies, and to avoid the possibility of "physiological bankruptcy." Hippocrates observes that "a very slender and restricted diet is dangerous to persons in health, because they bear transgressions of it with more difficulty." A sound digestion seems to possess, within certain limits, a capacity for adapting itself to circumstances—at any rate, for the time being. When taxed beyond endurance, like the "whirligig of time," it "works its revenges."

Another fallacy is that we should eat what we do not like; or, as many unhappy children are taught, "we must eat what is good for us, whether we like it or not." In other words, we must disobey the instinct whereby nature protects our idiosyncrasies. Even Poor Richard, who is generally so sensible—and who is by no means as ascetic—enjoins his reader: "Wouldst thou enjoy a long life, a healthy body and a vigorous mind, and be acquainted also with the wonderful works of God, labor in the first place to bring thy appetite to reason" (as if the physical laws of life are to be ignored), and bids them "eat for necessity not pleasure."

A healthy appetite craves and digests the food material which the system requires. If we know that in infancy milk is essential to the human organism, because before the age of six months, or thereabouts, the "physiological machinery" is not prepared for the digestion of starchy foods; that in childhood sugar and starch and fat are required to supply the elements especially needed for growth; that in youth bread and meat in abundance are necessary to meet the increasing demands which development imposes on the constitution; that in mature life, when the brain is most exercised, digestible phosphatic salts are needed to repair the wasted tissue; that in old age less food is required, and bread, as the monogermarian Sir Isaac Holden asserted, renders the arteries "like furred boilers"—if we find, in brief, that every period and condition of life has certain exigencies in which reason must take instinct for her guide—we should listen to the voice of instinct, realizing that the appetite is subject to a "law of its own." This law does not involve the fallacy that instinct

is not to be trained or disciplined; it only requires that the function of instinct be given due recognition. In the words of Shakespeare we should let "good digestion wait on appetite, and health on both."—Harper's Bazar.

Sparks from Other Anvils.

North and West: The Independent admits a poem, which places a Brahmin seeking Nirvana as on the way to salvation and heaven. We fear that the recent change in its conduct by which it finds its Bible by selection from the Bible is leading it, as is commonly the case, to seek its Bible also outside of the Bible.

Christian Observer: It is to be hoped that the Alaska boundary question will soon be settled. That it should be is important in itself, and its settlement will prepare the way for an understanding between this country and Canada in regard to several other irritating questions. Recent utterances in the Canadian Parliament have been variously understood. There is no reason to believe that any of the speakers dreamed of war, as even a possibility. The Canadians seem to insist on arbitration, before an impartial tribunal, of all the questions involved. In the light of our demand touching the Venezuelan dispute, we ought to be willing to submit the whole question to similar arbitration. The good feeling and Christian sentiment of the two countries give good hope of a speedy settlement.

Presbyterian Journal: Religion is a question of faith. No one who believes in God should hesitate to submit his life to His control.

Presbyterian Witness: Is it too much to hope that in a short time—a shorter time than most of us suppose—the prohibition question also shall be out of politics and cease to give trouble? We think the hope is warranted. Everything (under God) depends on the earnestness and honesty of the temperance host. If they adhere to their professions and principles in the face of all temptations, victory is certain—an early and brilliant victory. . . . National prohibition is the best battle cry. Encourage all that tends in this direction. Public men will be ready enough by and by to give their aid to a great popular movement.

Religious Telescope: Dr. Briggs having been ordained a priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church, Dr. Buckley, of the Christian Advocate, is reported as asking whether Dr. Briggs, when he was a Presbyterian minister, believed that he had no proper ordination, and if so, why he performed the functions of a minister when he knew that he had no title to them. He then inquires: "How did your suspension on doctrinal grounds convince you that besides the order of presbyter there is an order of bishops, who have descended without a break from the apostles, and who alone have the power to make a layman first a deacon and then an elder?" These questions must be rather embarrassing to the distinguished apostle of the destructive higher criticism. They remind us of an anecdote we once heard. A colored preacher was dilating eloquently on the creation of man, and, among other things said: "De Lo'd made man out ob clay an' stood him up ag'in' de fence to dry." Just then a voice from the pew cried out: "Who made de fence?" To this, after a short pause, the preacher solemnly remarked: "Brudder Sam, jes stop right dar. A few mo' such questions as dat will spoil all de theology in de wo'ld."

"Be but faithful, that is all."—Arthur Hugh Clough.

The Dominion Presbyterian

IS PUBLISHED

AT 232 ST JAMES STREET, MONTREAL

TERMS

\$1.50 per Year, in Advance

The Mount Royal Publishing Co.,

C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Manager

Saturday, August 26th, 1899.

The Dominion Presbyterian is seeking a reliable agent in every town and township in Canada. Persons having a little leisure will find it worth while to communicate with the Manager of The Dominion Presbyterian Subscription Department. Address: 232 St. James St., Montreal.

It is not strange that Canada should have the lowest death rate of all Christian countries when it is known that she also has the lowest drink rate.

Indignation is a virtue, and so is violence; but the former should not be cherished or the latter exercised till all the other methods have been tried in vain. This is the great thought in the Cromwell memorial sermon of Dr. Joseph Parker, of London, and it should find a response in every heart that loves the purity and triumph of Christ's kingdom.

The sixth General Council of the Alliance of the Reformed churches is appointed to meet in Washington on the 27th of September next. Beyond the date and place of meeting little has been made known. Considerable surprise is being expressed at the persistent silence respecting the arrangements. It is supposed that delegates have been made acquainted with all that concerns their private accommodation, but the public also has an interest in this great gathering of representative church leaders.

There are homes whose influence is against piety. In them the Bible is never read, the voice of prayer is never heard, the name of Jesus is spoken only in blasphemy. It is a miracle of grace when the children of such a home are brought to Christ. But God sometimes finds his jewels in most unlikely places. Now and then, like the dying Jacob, he crosses his hands, and bestows the greatest blessings where they are least expected. The children of Christian parents are highly favored, and their unbelief is without excuse.

At a crowded street corner the other day a bicyclist ran into an old negro, who had been crowded off the sidewalk. We expected an explosion, but the old man looked up with the jolliest face imaginable, and called out, "It's all right, sah, I wuz in youh way an' you wuz in mine!" There was a relieved laugh from the bicyclist, a mutual apology, and the two dropped into their respective channels of travel again. The incident, though an untoward one, left no unpleasant memory, indeed we doubt not that both smiled as they recalled it afterwards. How many jagged edges might be smoothed off during each day were there an effort to give a good-humored setting to an unpleasant encounter.

Rev. James Tresidder, says the C. E. World, made the Toronto, Ont., Endeavorers happy by consenting to hasten thither and speak at their rousing echo meeting. In behalf of the 6,000 societies of Great Britain, he welcomed all the children to the maternal reception next year. His son, Mr. Sidney Tresidder, favored the audience with a solo, and Mr. S. J. Duncan Clarke, and Mr. G. Tower Ferguson, without whom no Canadian Endeavor gathering would be complete, added their quota of Detroit memories and responses to the motherland.

It is stated on the best authority that Pundita Ramabal, who has returned to India, intends to give herself more distinctly to religious work. Henceforth she will be a missionary devoting herself more and more to the work of evangelizing. But is not this result a logical and spiritual sequence? Is it not inevitable that those who begin with the purpose of doing mainly humanitarian work should end in the aspiration to redeem the whole nature? And if this supreme work is undertaken, will anything less than a Divine Redeemer be sufficient as a helper?

Before the new century opens we shall add the "Yukon Presbytery" to the list, as we have the Kootenay this year. There are already six men in the field or all but there. They are men of whom the Church may well be proud. They have already received sufficient adulation to turn the heads of ordinary men, but they have been supremely indifferent to it. The work they are doing is stable, and they have established a cause where weaker men would have done worse than fall. The latest arrival will give a good account of himself.

The question of the rate of speed at which the Psalms and Hymns in the Book of Praise ought to be sung has engaged the attention of the Music Committee as a matter of very great importance. In order that some approach towards uniformity throughout the Church be reached the committee have compiled the pamphlet, "Helps to the Use of the Presbyterian Book of Praise." The scope and purpose of the "Helps" will be found fully explained in the preface, which concludes as follows: "An earnest effort has been made to avoid at once that unseemly haste which borders on the irreverent, and an equally objectionable heaviness; and to attain a reverent mean, in keeping with the grave sweet melody of the sanctuary, and an interesting variety of speed suited to the structure of each tune, and the character of each Psalm and Hymn. Cordial thanks are due R. A. Becket, Esq., Montreal, who, by unceasing labor and patient investigation has rendered very valuable service in the preparation of these helps."

Copies can be had on application to the Governor of the Musical Committee, Rev. Alex. MacMillan, Toronto.

What a tremendous waste of energy there is in the Christian Church! In a church of one hundred members there are twenty workers. We are not at present concerned with the eighty inactive members, but with the twenty who do the work. It is safe to say that among the twenty there are at least ten methods of doing the work. Why could not these good people get together and agree upon one method, which might not commend itself wholly to any one of them, but which would commend itself, on the whole, to all of them? Is it because it calls for more grace than is possessed by the average church member, even among the workers, who possess that useful commodity in

much greater abundance than their brothers who exist only? If the Century Fund movement contributes only a little towards a combination of the working element in the Church, it will have justified its existence. It ought to be possible to concentrate the full strength of the Church upon any desired point at any desired time. Some day God may raise up a leader whom all will follow.

Discrediting or Accrediting.

At some time in the life of every man his energy is spent in an effort to secure pre-eminence. Afterwards it becomes for some a struggle for existence. To gain a place in the highest rank, men adopt one of two methods. Some seek to rise by pulling others down, some climb through the mass till their head shows above that of their fellows.

The former policy, that of discrediting companions in the struggle is painfully common. The game of politics, for at best it is little more, holds a larger place in the public mind than any other, and the rule of the game is—discredit the other party. The press, the most powerful of all agencies in the shaping of public opinion, gives its best strength to the discussion of party issues. Even great moral questions are not discussed so much upon their merits as with respect to the issue to the party of settling them in this or in that way. This spirit, so evident in the daily press, is also seen in the lives of the people.

One is not surprised to find this spirit in the realm of the secular life. One does not expect to meet it when one enters the circle of the religious life. It is distinctively antagonistic to the teachings of Him by whose name religious men desire to be known. Yet we find it operating openly, even within the precincts of the Church. Two congregations are joined under one charge, one man ministers to them, yet they have as little of the spirit of co-operation as if the one were Jew and the other Samaritan. Two charges are in the same town calling "good cheer" one to the other as they work side by side for Christ. And yet, the new family just moved into town hears all the faults of each during the first week of residence there. Two men are nominated for some position in the church, and before the day of the election the congregation is aghast that men of such monstrous character should have ever been mentioned for the position. It has been even hinted that certain congregations when vacant obtain the most of their information concerning the short-comings of the candidates from the lips of certain of those who are themselves candidates. And a certain religious journal systematically misrepresents other journals in the same field in order that it may secure the patronage that has hitherto gone to the rival journals.

Some will justify, or at least excuse such action on the ground of the prevalence of similar practices in the everyday life. But we, who are followers of Christ, are in the world for other purposes than to conform to its practices. We have another standard of life than that by which the world is governed. It is ours to induce others to rise to that standard. We can accomplish this only by strictly conforming to the higher standard ourselves.

It is possible to rise by intrinsic merit. Progress may be slow, and success may be apparently indefinitely deferred, but when it does come it is not embittered by the memory of any one upon whom our foot was placed as we pushed our way upward.

It is a good divine that follows his own instructions.—Shakespeare.

Dignity in the Service of the Church.

To secure the proper ends of congregational worship, dignity is essential, and it is a good sign of the times that this is recognized widely to-day. There is an increasing sense of the solemnity and grandeur of the hour when the people meet to worship God. We want to feel that God is waiting to receive what we should be prepared to give; that we must render to him truly the sacrifice of the heart; and that we must use conscientiously and thoroughly the best means at our command to express in an outward way what we are attempting to do in the soul. In carrying out this intention the mistake is often made of confusing beauty with dignity. They are far from being the same. Indeed, they may be contradictory. A service may be too beautiful, and so defeat its own purpose. Emphasis on exquisite but intrusive irrelevances distracts the mind and lowers the tone of the sacred hour. When men are in earnest in desiring to worship God they do not want to be disturbed by fussiness over trivialities, or to be delayed by artistic entertainment of any sort.

The dignity of the service depends almost wholly upon the minister. He determines and imparts the temper of the hour. To make a service what it ought to be, he should bring it to an evident spirit of profound reverence. He should be prepared perfectly at every point, so that the people may feel respectful, confident that everything will come exactly into place. For this it is necessary that he should have the order of service before his eye, should have every page found in Bible and hymn-book, and should have settled in mind the way in which the words he speaks ought to be spoken. He must be careful, brief and prompt without haste. It degrades the service when the minister neglects the portion in which the people happen to be engaged, in order to hunt out what comes next. He himself should be worshipping, should share in what he is supposed to be leading. If one were to construct a series of ministerial "Don'ts," it would include, don't be colloquial in the pulpit, or use slang, or raise a laugh; don't plan your service as though you did not know at what hour it is supposed to end; don't forget some notice in its place and drag it in at the announcement of the closing hymn to dissipate the spiritual impression you have labored hard to produce. It is important to have a plan in the service, an idea running through the whole. There should be nothing haphazard, nothing unworthy.—N. Y. Observer.

Advice to Ministers.

Rev. F. B. Meyer gives the following good advice to fellow-ministers:

1. Let our ministers beware of drifting into preaching on social topics and questions of the day, apart from the person and work of the Saviour.
2. Let us maintain the custom of expository and experimental preaching.
3. Let us not announce sensational subjects to draw congregations.
4. Let us be strict to keep outside of our churches objectionable ways of raising money.
5. Let us carefully maintain church discipline, and let people understand that if they want cards, balls, theatres, etc., they must dissociate themselves from our churches, and be one thing or the other. If they feel able to serve Christ in these things, let them

stand or fall to their own Master, but let them do it apart from the church, lest they invalidate her testimony and impair her life.

6. Let us see to it that we act as light and salt on the movements of the time, not allowing the government of affairs to drift into the hands of irreligious and professional politicians.

7. Let us avoid having too many paid officials in our church work, and train our members to fill the various functions of church life.

8. Let us avoid throwing on the evangelist duties to which God has not called him. His work is not primarily with the Church, but with the world; and he should not be called in till the Church is in a healthy condition, and there is already a symptom of God's work through her upon the world.

The Busy Minister.

Christian ministers who do their duty lead as busy lives as any class in the community. They work hard from Sunday morning to Saturday evening, if they attend with any measure of fidelity to the calls of pastoral visitation, philanthropic activity, committees on church and conference work, preparation for the pulpit, and the frequent demands for sermons. The better the minister the more unceasing is the strain on his time and energies. No workingman has such long, hard hours as the average preacher of our day. With realizations of this fact misapprehensions as to lazy lives and easily earned salaries of ministers must pass away from the mind of every honest artisan, and compel him to admit that here at least, no just cause of reproach can be found.—Northern Christian Advocate.

Pulpit Mannerisms.

No man, however fluent his speech, however fertile his mind, however broad his culture and deep his spiritual life, can keep fresh and attractive in his pulpit utterances without constant care against hackneyed phrases and against slavish adherence to a certain order of procedure and manner of speech. The most catchy phrase, the most apt expression, and the most forceful formula of truth reduced to a mere mannerism falls upon the ear as a vain and empty thing.

Why should any man indulge a pulpit tone and a repulsive pulpit manner? Why should a preacher in the pulpit habitually shrug his shoulders, toss his head, stroke his beard, nervously thrust his hand into his pockets, and do a dozen other things that are as ungraceful and unnatural as they are absurd? Why should a man punctuate and puncture his sermons with Ahs! and Ohs! and with "Bless you!" "For God's sake!" and similar expressions.

Not long since some of our exchanges were passing a paragraph relating the instance of a young minister who was so addicted to the use of that convenient phrase, "Along this line," that in an address of seventeen minutes he repeated that sweet morsel fourteen times. The last time we saw that paragraph the editor added, "Give us a rest on this line." It is related of a certain evangelist that he was in the habit of addressing his audience as "Dear souls," wherever he happened to be conducting services. When he was at Belfast it was over and over, "Dear Belfast souls;" at Dublin, "Dear Dublin souls," and at Cork it was "Dear Cork souls," in which instance his audience was overcome with laughter before he knew what he had said.

Some preachers are in the habit of gazing at some fixed point on the floor or ceiling much of the time during the delivery of

their sermons. With others preaching and whining always go together. There is no good reason for being victims of such habits in pulpit work. They are mannerisms. They are artificial, unnatural performances. Some of them are extremely annoying to the hearer, and all more or less detract from the force and effectiveness of the sermon, and should give way to that which is natural and most pleasing to God and man.

It is important that the preacher guard against emphasis that does not emphasize—such as violently and frequently stamping the floor with the feet, or pounding the Bible with the fists, or indulging in hysterical shriekings, so that utterance is rendered almost if not altogether unintelligible thereby. This habit becomes so fixed and extreme in some instances that the solemn and pathetic portions of the discourse are sent crashing over the heads of the people like so much grape and canister from an overloaded artillery. A stamp of the foot may in rare instances be proper and appropriate, and may possibly help drive the truth home to the hearts of the hearers; but such instances are too rare to allow that form of emphasis to become a characteristic of a man's delivery.—Evangelical Messenger.

The Parties in the Anglican Church.

The Rev. John Watson, D.D. (Ian MacLaren), in a recent article writes in a very illuminating way of the various parties in the Anglican Church. The article itself is on the troubles and controversies in that ancient communion. He says there are really three parties, and describes them as follows: "There is, first of all, the High Church party, which rests upon a solid historical basis, and represents the views of those who never desired to separate from the Catholic church but only were weary of the abuses of the papacy. This party would have been satisfied, at the time of the Reformation, had moral scandals been removed and the ecclesiastical tyranny of Rome been reduced. The second party represents the tendency at the Reformation which was called Calvinistic, and somewhat later in England, Puritan. Low Churchmen were determined to go to the farthest length in rescuing, as they believed, Christianity from superstition and doctrinal error. Their idea of worship was, and is unto this day, praise sung by all the people, extempore prayer in which the people are able to join, the preaching of a sermon, and the administration of the two sacraments after the simplest and sometimes baldest form. Low Churchmen accept, of course, the service of the Church of England, but they reject as much as they dare of what is Catholic, and introduce extempore prayer where they can. . . . The Broad Churchmen occupy a detached position as regards both Anglicans and Puritans, since they do not hold the high doctrine of the sacraments and of the ministry, while at the same time they are in favor of an ornate and reverent service. Everything which is historical and everything which is aesthetic appeals to their culture, but they are, at the same time, cleansed from a belief in ecclesiastical authority and doctrinal obscurantism. Their cardinal tenets are the Fatherhood of God and the true humanity of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Incarnation as a perpetual force in human life, and the salvation of the race through the spirit of Jesus."

The Church of Christ has been hindered in her enterprise by her over-estimate of human gifts and graces, dependence on eloquence and learning. What we need above all things is a return to the apostolic conception of power from on high.—Rev. George Hanson, D.D.

The Inglenook

The South Door.

By Margaret H. Eckerson.

It was such a fine, convenient barn, such a model in all respects, that Giles Hewitt felt his excessive pride in it a perfectly justifiable thing; and as he strolled about it this sultry July morning, surveying it from all points of view, he could not restrain his oft-repeated encomiums, "Admirable! Admirable! Fine! None better in the country!" Then, as he spied Esther, his wife, looking for early apples in the orchard below, he called, in his soft, slow voice, "Come up here, Esther."

The call troubled her. She had no time to spare, as this was a very busy morning, crowded with work, and the girls, Ria and Ella, were engrossed with preparations for a picnic at Point o' Rocks, on the lake, that afternoon. As for the barn, how thoroughly she knew it, from the shining cow that served as a weather vane to the foundations! It had been the staple of Giles' conversation for months, and she could not tell how many times she had meekly followed in his wake to survey its conveniences.

"Esther, do you hear me?" The soft voice was distinctly peremptory. Giles Hewitt always expected his women folks to come at his bidding.

She put down her basket, filled with red Astrachans, and went reluctantly up the hill.

"I want you to see how well these doors work now," said Giles, leading the way to the rear of the building.

What a grand view these doors framed! It always struck her with a sense of loveliness quite inexpressible in words. She drew a long, sighing breath as she looked on wood and meadow, dimpled dells, and swelling hills, church spires rising whitely from bowery hamlets, and a river winding afar like a silvery ribbon. Northward a blue lake glittered like a jewel in an emerald setting, and in the west a circle of hills vanished delicately like a dream into the softly-tinted sky.

"How beautiful!" she said. "It rests me just to look. I could sit here and look—just look—for hours! Oh, Giles, if the house only stood here on the hill, and I could only see all this from the kitchen door!"

"The house is in the best place, Esther, sheltered from the north winds. I don't understand why you are always saying that."

She sighed. "Yes, I know; but such a view is food and rest. Oh, I know you think me silly. Yes, I am truly glad you have such a big, convenient barn—so many nice labor-saving things about it. It must be good to have things as you want them." She began to plead her apron hem nervously. "I was thinking that now the barn is finished, and all the crops so promising, and the hay crop is so large, that you will be willing to let me have the door cut through the south side of the kitchen. You know how long I have waited to have it done!"

She looked so wistfully meek, standing there with a timid, deprecatory smile on her lips. She had never been a self-assertive woman—no one knew that better than Giles. Nevertheless, he felt annoyed and angered. He had not called her up here to discuss her whims.

"You know," she went on, "I just want a common door with a glass sash, and then I'd like a little stoop running to the end of the house. I could do the churning out there and lots of little chores—the kitchen is so small and hot—and it won't cost much. Johnson calculated he could do all I wanted for forty dollars."

"Johnson!" his tone was distinctly angry. "You see, Giles"—she pleaded the apron over and over, quite upset at his perceptible annoyance—"it was when he came down to the house one day for a drink of buttermilk—and you know what a hand he is to joke. He said, 'This is a sort of unhandy kitchen, Mrs. Hewitt; you'd better move up to your husband's barn, and have it airier and handier.' Then I told him how I wanted a door cut through on the south, and we talked it over, and he figured it up, and—"

"Good heavens, Esther," cried Giles, too vexed to listen further, "I never knew such a gaddy as you are. You get an idea in your head and harp on it eternally. 'Door! Door! Door!' You can't think or talk of anything else. And now, after all the barn has cost, and the necessity for economy, one would think you would have some common sense. But you are a Royal!"

He enered as if thus branding her signified that her people had been extravagant and wasteful. Then, noting the quivering of her lips, and the tears welling beneath her lids, he was more angered than ever, and went on, irately, "For forty years my mother used that kitchen; and I never heard her complain; but some women want the world, and, having that, would cry for the moon. Don't you say door to me again."

She turned away without a word, and went down the hill to the orchard bars. She wiped her eyes before she took up the apples, and trudged back to the house. The girls must not see the tears.

"Mother is a long time picking apples," said Ella Hewitt, as she frosted a tempting cake just baked for the picnic.

"Probably pa has called her to tag him about the barn," said Ria, who was deftly slicing pink ham for sandwiches. "That barn is the hub of his universe just now—has been for six months. He houses his cattle better than his women folks. Isn't this a fine, light, airy, handy kitchen?" "Very, for a man of his means," said Ella vexedly. "I'm just ashamed of such a gloomy, unhandy little pen. See the walls—rough boards that it never pays to clean; two miserable, tiny windows, stuck so high up you can't see out of them, and a cellar trap-door in the middle that takes up a good quarter of the room; no water brought in, and the well away down in front of the house; not a single convenience to make work handier or easier. And poor mother has had to put up with it all these years. Why doesn't pa have that door cut through for her?"

She shrugged her pretty shoulders. "Say, do tell me if this ham is thin enough. I want my sandwiches to be first-class."

Giles Hewitt was distinctly taciturn at the dinner-table at noon, and in view of his lowering countenance the meal proceeded in unpleasant silence. Immediately after dinner he made ready to drive to Hoyt with a load of grain. It was second nature for Esther to anxiously wait on him when he

dressed to go anywhere. She always put out his clothes, brushed them, tied his cravat, saw that he had a clean handkerchief; but to-day he told her coldly to go about her work—he would help himself. Presently he came into the kitchen, where she was washing the dishes, to blacken his shoes. Phew! how hot it was, and how dark that little corner where the cracked square of looking-glass hung, before which he fumbled with his cravat!

Esther stood at the sink, with her back to him, and just opposite the trap-door was a white cross, chalked in the rough wall boards marking the spot where she wanted the outer door cut. Somehow the sight of the innocent mark angered him again. She seemed to have chalked it for a purpose, and he went out slamming the door childishly.

Presently the girls came in, all in a flutter, looking very pretty and dainty in their simple lawns and big hats, and quite overflowing with the pleasurable anticipations of youth.

"It was a shame, mother, to leave you in this hot place to do the dishes alone," said Ria, penitently, "but we had to make ready. See! the Warmen boys are driving through the gate now." They kissed her and fluttered out, and she followed to take a look—a fond, proud look—after them as they rode away with their cavaliers.

It was almost insufferably hot that afternoon; the mercury mounted higher and higher in the tube on the stoop, the fowls went with drooping wings and gaping beaks, the cattle sought grateful shade and ruminated in shallow pools, the house dog dug a grave behind the currant bushes, in which he lay panting, with lolling tongue; vegetation shrivelled and wilted, the earth was cracked and baked. But by-and-by clouds gathered in the west, and gusts of wind capriciously swirled the dust and caught up sticks and straws in elfin dances. An old farmer driving by called to a man digging a ditch in a field, "I guess the dry spell is broken; a shower is coming up." Then he lashed his wet, jaded team, so as to distance the storm if possible.

A gloom almost appalling settled upon the landscape, the bees flew to their hives, the cattle snorted and raced about, frightened at the rolling of thunder and the shooting of javelins of fire from the jagged clouds.

There was a going in the tree-tops—a strange, distant murmur of millions of rain-drops advancing with the swiftness of a mighty host.

"I wonder if Giles shut the barn door?" said Esther, hurrying out. Then there was a thunder-clap that seemed to shake the universe to its foundations, and a blinding, swirling deluge.

It was four o'clock when Giles Hewitt jogged homeward. Dixey and Topsy, his big black naves, resented being held down to a sober gait, and tossed their heads and snorted as they splashed through puddles. The clayey mud coked the wheel-rims, streaked the spokes, and clung in tenacious blobs to the hubs. Everywhere were signs of the storm's havoc, and Giles was conscious of certain ugly misgivings lest the new barn, the pride of his heart, might have suffered. But no. As he turned a corner he saw it silhouetted on its hill, dominating the landscape, the shining weather-vane all agleam with reflected glories of the west.

He breathed more freely now, and critically scanned his neighbor's fields to see what damage had been wrought.

When he came in sight of the white farm house he wondered to see a number of people in the yard. Then he said, "Gracious! if the old elm hasn't been struck! What a shame!"

Dan Conly, his neighbor, hurried down to

meet him, as he turned up the drive. His face was ghastly. What on earth ailed the man!

"I say, Hewitt!"—he clasped his hands mechanically as he called—"stop a minute—hold on—I want to tell you—man, how can it? The lightning struck—Esther's dead! Whoa there!" catching the reins that fell from Hewitt's palsied hands, and leaping to the seat beside him. "Lean on me. There! there! You had to know it. Oh, but it's rough!"

Kind neighbors stood aside in silent groups as Giles Hewitt tottered into the room where Esther lay.

Oblivious of spectators, he fell on his knees beside her with an exceeding bitter cry. "Esther! Esther! You are not dead! Speak! Look up! You were always good, Esther; you were never unreasonable. You shall have that door made! You shall, I say! Somebody get Johnson."

Crazed with shock and anguish, he stroked her cold hands. "Speak to me, Esther! Speak to me! Do you want the door?" Some of the neighbors left the room weeping. In the next room Mrs. Only rocked hysterically back and forth.

"The Lord knows I can't stand it to see a man going on so," she cried. "I says to Dan, says I, 'Break it to him gently, Dan—kind o' lead up to it'; and there! he's just gone and right out with it, and shocked him crazy. Hark! there he goes again, talking senseless-like about a door. He's clean out of his mind!" The Independent, New York.

An Australian Cattle Stampede.

When a cattle rush comes in the blackest of the night, among thick-standing, low-limbed trees, with the noise and levels of the country unknown and invisible, to stem it calls for the finest and fiercest quality of the horseman. As he dodges, swerves and clings in the saddle to avoid mutilation from the rushing trees, he must see to it also that the horse shall win to the lead of that thundering multitude beside him. If hands and spur may compass it. And when he does, the maddest of the danger is still to come. The rider's hands must do double duty now as he lets loose the whip and guides the horse as well. The rout must be turned and directed against itself. The horse is dragged inward, the whip hisses and falls; the man, silent until now, opens throat and lungs in the stockman's battle cry. If the leading cattle swerve and swing away, carrying confusion among the rest, and breaking the directness of the rush, it is the finest moment of the driver's life. As the beasts that come thundering blindly on feel the scorching of the thong on head and flank, and hear the note of man's supremacy that they have feared since branding time, the eddy spreads.

The blind rush becomes a maelstrom, the maelstrom spreads into eddies of confusion—the clash of horns and huge muttering sounds. Then the herd settles down and spreads out. When the sound arises of big muzzles blowing and nibbling at the grass, the horseman knows that his danger is past. Low down in an embrasure of the woods a white planet burns; it is the herald of the dawn.—Harper's Magazine.

I am glad to think that I am not bound to make the world go right, but only to discover and to do, with cheerful heart, the work that God appoints.—Jean Ingelow.

God's goodness hath been great to thee; Let never day nor night unhallow'd pass, But still remember what the Lord hath done. —Shakespeare.

New Cure for Seasickness.

Among the most interesting recent electrical developments is one for the relief of those who suffer from seasickness, says the New York Post. It consists of a small electric hanging stove, supported by a bracket, which can be attached to a stateroom wall, with a device for holding securely a polished cup containing about a pint and a half of liquid food or drink. The electric heat supplied is just sufficient to keep the contents hot without boiling.

A common experience of ocean travellers who feel the approach of qualmsiness, or, seasickness, is to ring for the steward or maid and ask for a cup of hot food or drink, and though it is the constant effort of all first-class steamship companies to provide the best possible care for their passengers, however watchful and attentive the attendants may be, it is impossible to make the innumerable visits necessary to keep passengers supplied with fresh cups hot from the galleys. An occasional swallow, if taken hot, is an excellent preventive, but if taken in larger quantity, or when grown tepid, the trouble is aggravated. Hence the value of the electric heater, which is at hand day and night.

Another electric device for the comfort of passengers is the electric heating-pad, which takes the place of the hot water bottle. The electric pad is a soft piece of light woollen material, with a wire attachment to an ordinary electric light socket. As long as the current is turned on, the pad remains heated at an even temperature.

Things That Never Die.

The pure, the bright, the beautiful,
That stirred our hearts in youth,
The impulses to wordless prayer,
The dreams of love and truth;
The longings after something lost,
The spirit's yearning cry,
The strivings after better hopes—
These things can never die.

The timid hand stretched forth to aid
A brother in his need,
A kindly word in grief's dark hour
That gives a friend indeed;
The plea for mercy softly breathed,
When Heaven threatens nigh
The sorrow of a contrite heart—
These things shall never die.

The memory of a clasping hand,
The pressure of a kiss,
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,
That make up love's first bliss;
If with a firm, unchanging faith,
And holy trust and high,
Those hands have clasped, those lips have met—
These things shall never die.

The cruel and the bitter word,
That wounded as it fell;
The chilling want of sympathy
We feel, but never tell;
The hard repulse that chills the heart,
Whose hopes were bounding high,
In an unending record kept—
These things shall never die.

Let nothing pass, for every hand
Must find some work to do;
Lest not a chance to waken love—
Be firm and just and true.
So shall a light that cannot fade
Beam on thee from on high,
And angel voices say to thee—
These things shall never die.

—Charles Dickens.

Only he who lives a life of his own can help the lives of other men.—Phillips Brooks.

Two Legends.

There is a legend in the Greek Church about her two favored saints—St. Cassianus, the type of monastic asceticism, individual character; and St. Nicholas, the type of genial, active, unselfish, laborious Christianity.

St. Cassianus entered heaven, and Christ said to him:

"What hast thou seen on earth, Cassianus?"

"I saw," he answered, "a peasant floundering with his wagon in a marsh."

"Didst thou help him?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"I was coming before thee," said St. Cassianus, "and was afraid of soiling my white robes."

Then St. Nicholas entered heaven, all covered with mud and mire.

"Why so stained and soiled, St. Nicholas," said the Lord.

"I saw a peasant floundering in the marsh," said St. Nicholas, "and I put my shoulder to the wheel, and helped him out."

"Blessed art thou," answered the Lord; "thou didst well; thou didst better than Cassianus."

And He blessed St. Nicholas with fourfold approval.

It is like the legend of one who saw an angel writing in a book the names of those who loved the Lord, and he said, "I pray thee have my name written among the lovers of my fellowmen." The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night he came again with great awakening light, and showed the names of those whom God had blessed; and lo, this man's name read above all the rest. One thing, my friend, is certain—the more truly we love the Lord the more thoroughly shall we love and serve our fellowmen.—Dean Farrar.

The Negro as a Business Man.

To give a measure of justification for the bad treatment of the negroes in the South, we hear much of the vices and weaknesses of the negro character, declares Leslie's Weekly. It is well to have some facts and figures on the other side. Professor Du Bois, of Atlanta University, has been at work for a year collecting information to show the colored man's capacity for business. Reports have been received from about 2,000 negro business men, covering all the Southern and several Northern States; 1,624 reports have been tabulated. These statistics represent a capital of \$5,416,329. In twenty cities tabulated, fifteen of them in the South, the capital represented is \$2,281,620. These cities are in fourteen States. New York city stands first, with \$393,000; Richmond, Va., second, with \$303,000; Charleston, S.C., third with \$212,000; Pine Bluff, Ark., fourth, with \$210,000. These figures throw a broad beam of light upon the negro problem. It is Booker T. Washington's contention that peace, happiness and prosperity for his race lie in the direction of industrial education and the development of the business instincts, and these statistics show that his teachings are already bearing fruit. It is sound doctrine, and here is the proof of it.

True obedience neither procrastinates nor questions.—Francis Quarles.

How can the sense that the living God is near to our life, that He is interested in it and willing to help it, survive in us, if our life be full of petty things? Absorption in trifles, attention only to the meaner aspects of life, is killing more faith than is killed by aggressive unbelief.—George Adam Smith.

Ministers and Churches.

OUR TORONTO LETTER.

Dame-Tumor has been unusually active in filling the vacancies, real and prospective, in the city recently. She announces quite positively that one city minister is about to accept an important Western appointment, that his congregation is aware of his decision and that they have already selected his successor. This will doubtless be news to the said city minister, who, we believe has as little thought of leaving Toronto as his congregation has of looking for his successor. Another Toronto charge, not yet vacant, has also fastened its eye upon the man who shall succeed its present minister. The only vacant charge that has not yet called a minister, has chosen an Eastern man, we are assured, and will present his name at the September meeting of Presbytery.

All this is entertaining, and would be harmless pastime for a hot afternoon, were it not that names are mentioned and bandied about till some imagine there is some truth in the good Dame's story. The ubiquitous reporter, too, gathers it in, and it appears in a reputable morning daily, and is forthwith copied into the local paper where the minister lives, to his great discomfort, if not serious trouble.

So far as we have been able to learn there is no more foundation for the rumors to which we have referred than the whisper of a gossip over a cup of afternoon tea, or the remark of the irresponsible member of the congregation as he lights his after-dinner cigar.

It is true, however, that Dr. MacClements has notified his session that, if the Presbytery will release him, he has decided to accept the call of the Rutherford congregation in the Eastern States. Personally we regret the decision very much, and we believe this feeling will be shared by all who have come to know Dr. MacClements. So keenly do the members of his congregation feel it, that a determined effort will be made to induce the Presbytery to refuse to release him from his present charge.

Dr. MacClements is not as widely known outside his own congregation as he deserves to be. He has given all his energies to the work within the bounds of Chalmers' Church. He has felt the isolation and the constant strain and, we believe, this has been one of the determining elements leading to his desire to accept the present call. The congregation has felt the influence of his unstinted service during the brief pastorate of less than two years, and, were his strength equal to the demand upon it, his ministry gives promise of signal power where he has been laboring.

Dr. MacClements is not known even to his brother ministers. He has not yet pierced the "reserve" with which the new-comers are invariably met, and which touches the new brother with the fingertips. Not one in a score of ministers of the city know anything of the genial, whole-souled personality of the present minister of Chalmers' Church. He is a typical North of Ireland man, as delightful a companion as one could meet. In all probability he will return to the city early in September.

Prof. W. G. Jordan's ministrations in Westminster during August have been much appreciated. His treatment of a theme is at once scholarly and interesting. He provokes the hearer to think, and suggests trains of thought that stay with him even in the active business of the week. Dr. Jordan will occupy the pulpit next Sabbath also.

The Rev. Alex. Gilray is enthusiastic over his Northfield experiences. The surroundings are delightful, and every day is full of fruitful suggestion. Mr. Moody dominates everything, and, while one may not always agree with him, one feels that on the whole, Mr. Moody succeeds. But he is a unique personality, and his methods, in other hands, would be utter failures.

Rev. R. P. MacKay has left for Juddhaven, Muskoka, where he will spend his vacation.

Rev. Alex. Truphart, of Indianapolis, a graduate of Knox College, who has been sending a few weeks visiting friends in Toronto and other parts of Ontario, has returned to his home.

Rev. Dr. R. M. Thornton, of Camden Road Church, London, Eng., who is the guest of Mr. John Gowans, Jarvis street, conducted the services at St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, last Sunday. Dr. Thornton is a graduate of Toronto University and Knox College, from which latter institution he received the degree of D.D. a few years ago on the occasion of Knox jubilee celebration. He is a son of the late Dr. Thornton, formerly of Oshawa. Before going to London Dr. Thornton was pastor of Knox Church, Montreal.

MARITIME PROVINCE.

A new Presbyterian Church will be erected at Cavendish, P.E.I. Tenders are called for. Rev. D. Henderson, of Chatham, N.B., assisted Rev. J. A. McGlashen, Cape Breton, at the communion last Sabbath.

Rev. J. M. McLean, of St. John's Church, Chatham, will preach at the opening of the new church at Church Point on Sept. 3rd.

The Presbytery of St. John claims to have on its roll the oldest minister in the Church, Rev. Lewis Jack, now residing at Chatham, N.B.

There seems to be a temporary revival of shipbuilding in Nova Scotia. As many as thirty-seven new vessels are in the course of construction in Lunenburg shipyard.

Keith Pelton, the 13-year-old son of the stipendiary magistrate at Yarmouth, was fatally burned last Tuesday by his clothes catching fire while he was dressing for an amateur entertainment. Judge Pelton is an active member of St. John's Church.

At the observance of the Lord's Supper at Brooklyn, P.E.I., on the 6th inst., the singing was led by thirty elders. This is a congregation of "McDonaldites," and the usual "manifestations" of the Holy Spirit's presence were given. The founder of this congregation was the Rev. Mr. McDonald, a disciple of the famous Edward Irving. The "tonques," etc., which so perplexed and scandalized Regents Square, London, are still continued in this community in Prince Edward Island. They claim still to be loyal Presbyterians, and their pastor is a minister of our Church, but they don't report to our church courts.

The Maritime Provinces are just now completely annexed by the summer tourist. Distinguished divines from the south are disgustingly repaying hospitality in kind. "Did you catch anybody yesterday?" said a popular city pastor to me this morning. "I had Dr. McCook, of Philadelphia, in the congregation, but didn't know it until the service was over. I declare these Yankee preachers disguise themselves so that we can't spot them. And he looked disgusted. Any of our friends from the west who come this way should put half a dozen good sermons in their grip-sack. They will be appreciated by those who can't go to the seaside, because they are there all the time."

WINNIPEG AND WEST.

Rev. Alex. Dunn, B.A., a graduate of Manitoba College, is in Winnipeg for a few days on a visit to friends.

Rev. W. G. White, B.A., of Binscarth, preached in St. Stephen's, Winnipeg, last Sunday.

A reception was tendered Rev. Prof. Hannill, D.D., in Convocation Hall, Manitoba College, on Monday evening, Aug. 21st.

Mr. G. M. Dunn, of Manitoba College, conducted a service in St. Giles Church, Winnipeg, last Sunday evening in the interests of the Missionary Society.

Rev. C. H. Cooke, of Smith's Falls, Ont., who has been occupying Knox Church pulpit for the last two Sundays, delivered his closing discourses in that church last Sunday.

Rev. D. Munro and family have returned to Winnipeg after spending a short vacation visiting friends in Emerson, Gretna and Morden. Mr. Munro occupied his own pulpit both morning and evening last Sunday.

Rev. R. G. MacBeth conducted the services at Brandon Presbyterian Church last Sunday, and Rev. Dr. Hamill, of Belfast, took the service Sunday morning at Augustin Presbyterian Church in Mr. MacBeth's stead.

Rev. Joseph Hogg, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, has returned from a vacation at Duluth, and occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's Church on Sunday. Rev. Prof. Hamill preached in the evening.

EASTERN ONTARIO.

The Rev. J. C. Campbell, agent for the Bible Society, will hold the annual meeting of this auxiliary in the Presbyterian Church, Middleville, on Sunday evening, the 26th inst.

Rev. A. Graham, B.A., of Lancaster, occupied the pulpit in Zion Church, Carleton Place, on Sunday, and preached two very able sermons. In the evening he was greeted with a full church, notwithstanding the awful heat. The music was also good.

St. Andrew's Church, Appleton, was opened on Sunday morning, after being thoroughly repaired and varnished inside, which greatly improves the edifice. Mr. Taggart, of Stittsville, conducted the service, Rev. G. T. Bayne preaching in Stittsville. Next Sabbath a children's service will be held, when the church will be tastefully decorated with flowers, and everything will be done to interest the little ones.

Communion was observed in the Presbyterian Church, Stittsville, on Sunday, when Rev. Mr. Bayne, of Ashton, conducted the services. Some eighteen or twenty new names were added to the membership roll, which speaks well for the faithful work of our student pastor, Mr. Taggart. The congregation is in a healthy and prosperous condition.

Looking for a model.—The Terth Courier says: "Mr. D. Fisher, of Athens, County Leeds, along with two other gentlemen, was in town looking at St. Andrew's Church. They are remodeling and enlarging the Presbyterian Church at Athens, and are looking at several edifices which have undergone the same process. Mr. Fisher thought St. Andrew's a very nice church, and its like would just suit them if not too expensive. At Stewarton Presbyterian church, Rev. T. Herbison, who has returned from Kingston, preached at both services."

WESTERN ONTARIO.

The Rev. Hugh A. McPherson, Acton, preached in Knox Church, Galt, last Sunday.

Rev. A. M. Hamilton and family, of Winterbourne, left last week for Durham.

The house of Rev. Dr. Lyle, of Hamilton, was robbed during the family's absence.

Rev. Alex. J. McGillivray, of London, has returned home after a pleasant holiday in Bruce.

Rev. Mr. Robertson, of Port Dover, exchanged pulpits with Rev. J. D. Edgar, of Cayuga, on Sunday last.

Rev. W. S. Smith, Middleville's genial Presbyterian pastor, was visiting in Almonte on Monday of last week.

On Sunday last Rev. Mr. Miller, of Holstein, preached in St. Andrew's Church, Pakenham, and was well received.

Principal Grant is reported to be much improved by the operation he underwent in a New York hospital.

Rev. Dr. Payne, of Pembroke, and Rev. R. J. Hutchison, of Almonte, exchanged pulpits last Sunday.

Rev. Mr. Stuart, of London, occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church, Komoka, last Sunday.

Rev. A. MacWilliams has returned to Hamilton and occupied his own pulpit in Wentworth Church last Sunday.

The Rev. Dr. Dickson, pastor of the Central Church, Galt, has returned from his vacation sojourn at Ocean Grove. He occupied his own pulpit on Sunday last.

The congregation of St. Andrew's Church, London, at a recent meeting, decided not to go on at present with the building of a new Sunday school, but instead to repair the church.

The Rev. Dr. Dickson, Galt, having returned from his holidays, spent at Ocean Grove, conducted services in the Central Church last Sunday.

Mr. Alex. McInnes, of Vankleek Hill, filled the pulpit in the Presbyterian Church Plantagenet, on Sunday, the 13th inst., in place of Rev. Mr. Elmhurst, who was absent.

The Rev. Hugh A. McPherson, of Acton, officiated in Knox Church, Galt, on Sunday, delivering admirable discourses. The Reformer says: "Mr. McPherson's pleasing address, choice diction and erudite knowledge explains his marked success as a pulpiteer, great beyond his years."

British and Foreign

Mrs McQueeney, a cousin of Dr. Livingstone, has reached the age of 102. She has lived for seventy years in the Island of Mull.

British residents in Boston, Mass., have asked the aldermen to allow them to erect a monument there to the 226 British soldiers who fell at the battle of Bunker Hill.

The Free Presbyterians, as the seceders from the Free Church style themselves, are making marked progress in North Ulster. A church has been built at Paible.

Rev. William B. Gardiner has entered upon the thirty-sixth year of his ministry in Polokshaws Church. Of the 164 members on the roll in 1864 only 17 now remain.

Rev. John McNeill has concluded a very successful mission at Ballachulish, and is now taking a short holiday at Redcar, Yorkshire.

Glasgow Presbytery has agreed, on the motion of Dr. Marshall Lang, to co-operate in the forthcoming evangelistic campaign with the other churches.

Sir Julian Pauncefote will probably retain his own name on his elevation to the peerage. He will resume his post as ambassador to the United States in October, but will retire from the Diplomatic Service in March or April.

Rev. William Todd, of Auchtermarder, was recently selected to organize a new congregation in the Crown district of Inverness. His appointment has not been approved by Inverness Presbytery.

The English, Scotch and Irish delegates to the Pan-Presbyterian Alliance, to the number of 150, leave Liverpool about the end of this month. The meetings commence in Washington on September 27th. Dr. Marshall Lang, the president, will deliver the opening address.

As illustrative of the contempt felt by the late Professor Bruce for every kind of pretence, it is told that once while preaching at Cardross he was obliged to consult a note. He calmly produced it from his coat-tail pocket, and then replaced it with the naive remark, "That's the right place for those sort of things."

The aged King of Denmark, who is staying at Gmunden, visited the Emperor of Austria at Ischl and took dinner with him. The Emperor accompanied the King to and from the railway station. The last time the aged monarchs met each other their wives were both alive.

There are 253,606 "Smiths" in England and Wales, according to a report of the Registrar-General, and 242,100 persons named Jones, Williams, Taylor, Davies and Brown are the next most popular names. Smith also leads in Scotland, and Macdonald, Brown and Thomson follow. In Ireland there are 2,900 Murphys, and 55,900 Kellys. The next most familiar surnames there are Sullivan, Walsh, Smith and O'Brien.

Rev. William Macdonald, M.A., of Bourtreebush Church, Kincardineshire, has addressed a letter to Aberdeen Presbytery, in which he resigns his charge. He writes: "After almost thirteen years of experience of this charge I find some parts of my work oppressively difficult. This is especially so in regard to preaching. I am deeply concerned at finding myself apparently unable to give enough interest to the Sabbath services to secure more than a very irregular attendance on the part of a portion of the congregation." The Presbytery has appointed a committee to confer with Mr. Macdonald, and, if possible, to persuade him to withdraw his resignation.

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Health and Home

Rice Pudding.—Put three tablespoons each of well washed rice, granulated sugar and seeded raisins, and one quart milk into a buttered baking pan, and let it stand on the back of range one hour, then bake slowly until the rice comes to the top and the milk is nearly absorbed. Serve hot with butter, or cold with cream.—American Kitchen Magazine.

Coffee Jelly.—Dissolve three-quarters of an ounce of gelatine in one-half cupful of water, then pour it into one cupful of strong hot coffee; add one-half cupful of sugar; cool and strain. Whip three-quarters of a pint of cream; add it to the gelatine; turn into a mould and set away to harden.

Farina Croquettes.—Put one-half pint milk into a double boiler, add slowly four level tablespoons farina, stir till it thickens, then remove from the fire, add the yolks two eggs well beaten, one-half teaspoon salt, a dash of pepper and one teaspoon fine chopped parsley, turn out to cool. When cold form into small cylindrical croquettes, dip into egg, then into bread crumbs and fry in hot, deep fat. Drain and garnish with parsley.

One of the greatest mistakes about food which people make is to forget that the true value of food to anybody is the measure of its digestibility. Half a pound of cheese is vastly more nourishing, as regards its mere composition, than half a pound of beef, but while the beef will be easily digested and thus be of vast service to us, the cheese is put out of court altogether for ordinary folks by reason of its indigestibility. We should bear this rule in mind when we hear people comparing one food with another in respect to their chemical value.—London Hospital.

Batter Bread.—One teacup of cornmeal, half cup of cold hominy or rice, 1 spoonful of lard or butter melted, 1 teaspoon of baking powder (the best), enough sweet milk to make the batter rattle: two eggs, 1 teaspoon salt. Put into a mixing bowl the teacupful of meal and the hominy. Scald with boiling water stirring briskly all the time, until you have a batter like mush or light-bread sponge. Set this aside to cool. Pour in sweet milk until the batter is thin enough to rattle when lifted in spoonfuls and poured. Sift in the baking powder, add salt and melted lard. Last stir in the two eggs, not beaten separately. Pour at once into a buttered baking dish—the one in which you wish to serve the bread. Place in a hot oven and bake for half an hour.

The growing practice of utilizing the waste products of all manufactures has brought out the fact that buttermilk possesses many unsuspected qualities. A medical paper says its reputation as an agent of superior digestibility, has become firmly established. It is, indeed, a true milk peptone—that is, milk already partially digested, the coagulation of the coagulated portion being loose and flaky and not of that firm, indigestible nature which is the result of the action of the gastric juice upon sweet cow's milk. It is of great value in the treatment of typhoid fever and, being a decided laxative, it may be turned to advantage in the treatment of habitual constipation. It is no less valuable in kidney troubles, from its diuretic qualities. It is in great request for the treatment of diabetes, either alone or alternately with skim-milk and in cases of gastric ulcer and cancer of the stomach it can often be retained when no other food can. Chemical analysis shows that in its nature it greatly resembles koumyss, with the exception of which it is the most grateful, refreshing and digestible of the products of milk.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON, Managing Editor.

Romance of the Pew.

The family pew would seem to be connected more with somnolence than romance; but church pews have a history which may some day be written in a book all to themselves. We are apt to forget that there was once a time when the naves of churches were devoid of furniture. They were simply open spaces such as are still to be seen in some of our cathedrals. At this time they were the only covered meeting places in the village or small town; and they were put to all kinds of secular uses. The naves of churches in pre-reformation times were places where tradesmen assembled for bargain and barter; where owners of property deposited their goods, and where various abuses prevailed. There was a regular thoroughfare across the nave of Durham Cathedral until 1750, and a similar one at Norwich till 1748. The introduction of pews into churches was but gradual, and commenced soon after the Reformation. They were, however, not regarded with approval by the clergy. They considered the portable stools, which some of the congregation used to carry with them, quite sufficient. The well-known story of Jenny Geddes hurling her stool at the head of the dean in St. Giles' Church, Edinburgh, showed that in 1636 fixed seats had not become general in the north. The reason for the opposition of the clergy is easy to understand. Bishop Corbet, in condemning pews, declared that "Stately pews are not becoming tabernacles, with rings and curtains to them. There wants nothing but beds to hear the Word of God on. We have casements, locks, keys, and cushions—I had almost said bolsters and pillows. I will not guess what is done in them. . . but this I daresay, they are either to hide disorder or proclaim pride." Mr. Beresford Hope, in his "Worship in the Church of England," declares that pews were not only fitted with sofas and tables, but provided with fire-places; and Mr. Abbey, another writer, declares that cases might be mentioned where the tedium of a long service, or the appetite engendered by it, were relieved by the entry between prayers and sermon of a liveried servant with sherry and light refreshments. He adds that such an instance was once mentioned to him by Bishop Eden. It is also known that card-playing was not uncommon in the curtained pews, and one of the Georges is credited with card-playing in church. But perhaps the most extraordinary thing in connection with pews is a singular custom, which was annually observed at Otteringham, in Yorkshire, which was called "Flapping the Church." The lads of the parish, armed with cords, invaded the church, and, headed by the bandle—the ringers meanwhile starting a merry peal—"flapped" all the pews with the cords so that flaps or thongs of leather were attached—the whole thing ending in a general scurrage. Similar customs prevailed at other towns,

Death of Gladstone.

Unlike Ingersoll's.

The new and elaborate "Life of Gladstone," by specialists, edited by Sir Wemyss Reid, describes his last days. On March 18 Sir Thomas Smith announced to him on the same day the results of the consultation, that his disease was cancer, and that it was mortal. The editor testified that "the illustrious invalid received the announcement not so much with calmness as with serene joy." He wished to die at home, and began his last journey from Bournemouth to Hawarden. A crowd met him at the railway. As he crossed the platform some one reverently called out, "God bless you, sir!" Instantly

facing the uncovered crowd he lifted his hat, and "in the deep tones which men knew so well, said, 'God bless you all, and this place, and the land you love!'" These were his last words in public.

In the last days he spoke no words of passing events. But he spoke constantly of "God's infinite mercy, of His free forgiveness for the repentant sinner, of the great hereafter." When lonely he repeated Newman's well-known "Praise to the Holiest in the Height." On the morning of Ascension Day, May 19, 1898, he took his last farewell of servants and friends, children and wife in perfect calm. A little before five o'clock his son Stephen, who, with the other members, was kneeling round the bed, where they had "seen with wonder and reverence how the noble face had lighted up with a joy which was not that of this world," read two of his favorite hymns and offered up a prayer. "At its close Mr. Gladstone was heard to murmur a distinct Amen. At ten minutes to five his breathing ceased."

Thus one characterized by his noble opponent, Lord Salisbury (when announcing his death in the House of Lords), as "a great Christian man," met the pangs of dissolution.—New York Christian Advocate.

Died.

In Guelph, on the 21st inst., Helen Gerrard, the beloved wife of James Innes, in the 67th year of her age.

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