

# Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church.

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## THE ALL-SUFFICIENT ONE

FROM THE BRITISH WEEKLY

Beside the dead I knelt for prayer,  
And felt a Presence as I prayed;  
Lo! it was Jesus standing there—  
He smiled, "Be not afraid."

"Lord, Thou hast conquered death, we  
know;  
Restore again to life," I said,  
"This one who died an hour ago"—  
He smiled, "He is not dead."

"Asleep, then, as Thyself did say;  
Yet Thou canst lift the lids that keep  
His prisoned eyes from ours away."  
He smiled, "He doth not sleep."

"Nay, then, though happy he doth wake,  
And look upon some fairer dawn,  
Restore him to our hearts that ache."  
He smiled, "He is not gone."

"Alas! too well we know our loss,  
Nor hope again our joy to touch,  
Until the stream of death we cross"—  
He smiled, "There is no such."

"Yet our beloved seem so far  
The while we yearn to feel them near,  
Albeit with Thee we trust they are."  
He smiled, "And I am here."

"Dear Lord, how shall we know that  
they  
Still walk unseen with us and Thee,  
Nor sleep, nor wander far away?"  
He smiled, "Abide in Me."

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## BIRTHS.

On Dec. 14, 1907, at 83 St. Mark Street, city, a son to Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Brown.

At Abbotsford, Que., on Dec. 20, 1907, a daughter, to Mr. and Mrs. Jos. J. Gibb.

On Dec. 29th, 1907, at Toronto, to the wife of Jack A. McNeil, of The Mall and Empire, of a son.

## MARRIAGES.

At Old St. Andrew's Church, Toronto, by Rev. Dr. Milligan, on the 30th December, 1907, Lillian Louise MacArthur to Jas. A. Allan, formerly of Paris, Ont.

On Dec. 27th, 1907, at "The Firs," Galt, the home of Mrs. Goldie, aunt of the bride, by the Rev. Dr. Dickson, Mrs. Margaret G. Risk to Geo. A. Chase, B.A., Toronto.

At the residence of the bride's father, on Dec. 18, 1907, by the Rev. R. Drinnan, Geo. R. McRae, of Gravenhurst, Ont., to Catherine Ann, daughter of Alex. J. MacRae, of Cardwell Township, Ont.

At 202 Ryde Street, Montreal, on Dec. 24, 1907, by the Rev. G. F. Kinnear, B.A., Elizabeth Lafferty to David Tosh, both of the city of Montreal.

At the home of the bride's parents, Campbellford, Ont., on Dec. 25th, 1907, by the Rev. A. C. Reeves, B.A., George Hay Weatherstone, of Peterborough, Ont., to Sara Ethel, daughter of William Stevenson.

At the home of the uncle of the bride, on Dec. 25th by the Rev. E. W. Florence, Mr. Alexander McDonald Campbell to Miss Isabella Mary Warden, both of the parish of St. Apicet.

On December 25th, 1907, at 480 Bank St., by Rev. W. J. Dey, Hattie, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Tompkin, Ramsayville, to W. G., eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. Kitcheson, Man.

In St. Paul, Minn., on December 19, 1907, by the Rev. Dr. Maurice Edwards, Henrietta, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Joseph Stirton, of Guelph, Ontario, to Malcolm Gairie MacVicar, son of the late Mr. George MacVicar, of Winnipeg.

## DEATHS.

At the Toronto General Hospital, on December 21st, 1907, Walter Gregg Stewart, aged 19 years, second son of Rev. Alexander Stewart, D.D., Clinton, and grandson of Rev. Prof. Gregg, Toronto.

At his daughter's residence, 10 Kingsley Avenue, Toronto Junction, on December 30, 1907, Robert Clarkson, aged 87 years.

In New York, on Dec. 24th, 1907, of pneumonia, Claude, youngest son of Robert P. Somerville, and grandson of Rev. Dr. Somerville, Toronto.

In Kingston, Ont., on Dec. 26, 1907, William Leitch, aged 73 years.

At his home in Barrie, on Dec. 9, 1907, Frank M. Watt, in his 58th year.

Suddenly, at Winnipeg, on Dec. 22, 1907, John Gratton Herald, only son of the late Dr. Herald, of Kingston, Ont., aged 23 years.

On Dec. 19, 1907, at the residence of her son-in-law, James Brodie, Brodie, Ont., Mrs. Allan P. Campbell, aged 68 years, daughter of the late Donald McLaurin, of Breadalbane, Ont.

At Beech Ridge, Argenteuil Co., Que., on Dec. 23, 1907, Thomas Cowan, aged 74 years 9 months and 20 days.

Quiet hour

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## NOTE AND COMMENT

The oldest Lutheran congregation in the United States is known as the First Lutheran Church of Albany, N.Y. Its history dates back some 250 years. Since 1794 it has had fifteen pastors.

There are now seventy-seven Presbyterian churches in Brazil alone, with 6,999 communicants who contributed, in 1906, nearly \$90,000 for home support and mission purposes.

The Philadelphia Ledger is emphatic in demanding that the words "In God we trust," be restored to their place on the coins. It says: "Consulting art is well; consulting fitness is better; consulting the deeply-founded convictions of a nation is best."

John Nathan beat his wife with a shovel in New York because she would not give him twenty-five cents to buy whiskey. He must now pay a fine of \$1,000 and serve five years in prison. Some drinks come high, even when you don't get them.

Russia has added to the causes of divorce "leaving the Orthodox Church." The law already provided that if a Russian left the State Church, his children would be taken away from him and placed under the care of those who would bring them up in the Orthodox faith. Now a man or woman who leaves the State Church in Russia incurs the possible loss of all his family.

A railroad track may be safely crossed by keeping a good lookout and hurrying over it, but it is not a safe place on which to loiter or to camp, or to go to sleep. There are places where necessity may call a Christian to go and where he may go safely if he keeps a good lookout and hurries through. But to loiter, to camp, to become wonted and to feel at home in the place of danger, the saloon, for example, is to invite disaster. "Watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."

Canadian Churchman: It is incredible that on the sixth of December in the year of grace 1907, an application was made in court, in the Province of Ontario, which disclosed that the Scotch "Wee Frees" maintained a mission in this province, a missionary coming over for several months in each year to convert us. Well, we trust this benefaction by a worthy deceased farmer of Huron will do good and not stir up needless strife in the Presbyterian Church of Canada.

Early in December a new building was dedicated for what is known as "Christ's Mission" in New York City. The mission is under the charge of Rev. James A. O'Connor, formerly a Roman Catholic priest, and more than a hundred priests and monks have been received into it upon their desire to leave the Roman Catholic body. Here they have been cared for and instructed in a home-like Christian manner, until their fitness has been determined for religious or secular work. Many of these are now engaged in pastoral, missionary or evangelistic labors in connection with the various Protestant Churches. The meetings have always been attended by Roman Catholics, many of whom have been converted to the evangelical faith. The work of the mission has been to lead souls to personal faith in the Savior, and great good has been accomplished.

Here is a question for men to answer, says the Cumberland Presbyterian: Where are the boys? Dr. Washington Gladden recently called a meeting of Columbus, Ohio, pastors to consider this question. Dr. Gladden himself expressed the opinion that the Church is losing its hold on the boys because they see their fathers leave most of the church work to their mothers. Hence they conclude that it is unmanly to have an active interest in the church. Before it is too late, fathers, you would better be asking yourselves the question. Where are the boys and why are they where they are?

The correspondent of the North China Herald of Shanghai, who visited the recent famine district, in his closing letter upon the conditions there, wrote: "Throughout my travels I did not experience any manifestation of that anti-foreign feeling which is commonly supposed to exist among the mass of the inhabitants of the interior. Beyond a very natural curiosity—which would be evidenced in any country in the world in similar circumstances—the demeanor of the people of Kiangpoh would not discredit the highest forms of civilization. I am persuaded that this is in a great measure due to the action of the few missionaries throughout the district, who are gentlemen of the most estimable character and worthy of the great calling to which they belong."

The work of Charles Steizle, secretary of Church and Labor in the Presbyterian Church of the United States, has been so productive of good results that the Congregationalists have decided to appoint an industrial secretary to do similar work. All these things, says the Lutheran Observer, are giving practical emphasis to the fact of the interest of the Church in the labor problem, and in the so-called "laboring man." The fact is that unless physically or mentally disabled, a man cannot be a Christian, in the fullest sense, unless he is a "laboring man." Labor, in one form or another, is an essential part of a normal life, and is demanded of every one who would fulfil his duty in the world. But while we are all one in the eyes of the Lord, yet the labor problem, and all that it involves, is too important and too insistent for the Church to treat as though it did not exist, and the move of these two great churches is worthy of note.

The Lutheran Observer claims to be shocked with some features of modern progress in Palestine, for that paper says: "With all our love for the modern, and for progress, there are some things that jar on the sensibilities. We would like to keep some things as they have been through all the ages. It is particularly true with reference to our feeling toward the Holy Land, and it comes with somewhat of a shock to read that Jerusalem is to have its electric light plant and a line of automobile busses. There is to be a trolley, or, at least, one is projected, between Jerusalem and Bethlehem—and all this with the official permission of the Sultan of Turkey. A few miles of railroad have already been built in Palestine, and electric lights are not altogether new to the country, but the whole thing is so utterly incongruous with the Palestine which travellers have made familiar to us, and which has been looked upon as living commentary on the Scripture story, that these modern things seem almost like a desecration."

The attorney for the Anti-Saloon League in Chicago states that 199 saloons were closed by the recent election in that city. "The Prohibition party certainly has reason to feel glad," says the attorney. "We are on the main line now and will sweep the country at the forthcoming presidential election." The prohibition question came up in the Chicago City Council recently, when the aldermen, by a vote of 40 to 28, passed an ordinance, making a section a mile square "dry." It is located in the southwestern part of the city. More than half of the area of Chicago is now "dry." How many wards could be made "dry" in Ottawa?

In the midst of the almost universal strife and gloom which prevail in Russia, well-nigh the only bright spot is found in the free circulation of the Word of God. And, hence, it is with peculiar pleasure we read that last year the British and Foreign Bible Society circulated no fewer than 501,124 copies or portions of Scripture in Russia, with 35,600 more in Siberia, making in all 594,124 volumes within the dominions of the Czar. As indicating the polyglot nature of the work, it is well worthy of being noted that among the many languages represented were not only Russian and Slavonic, but Finnish, Polish, German, Lettish, Estonian, Lithuanian, Yiddish, Hebrew, Swedish, Armenian, Chuvash, Votyak, Chinese, Japanese, French, English, Persian, Turkish and Turki.

The Rev. Wm. Swann, of Fortune, Newfoundland, writing to Dr. Sutherland, of Toronto, under date of November 29, sends his first remittance on account of missionary contributions, and relates the following sorrowful story, all too common among the brave fishermen of Newfoundland: "Newfoundland has suffered severely this year through storms, causing in some places much loss of life and poverty. Recently a schooner belonging to our neighbor settlement, Grand Bank, went down in some unknown way, carrying with her sixteen men and leaving between forty and fifty children fatherless. One poor woman, a member of our congregation, is left with eight children, ranging from thirteen to two years of age. In another small settlement there are, I think, eight widows and more than thirty orphan children. These bereaved ones have to be helped in their time of need."

A lady missionary from the United States, who has spent twenty years in India, recently gave her impressions of India and conditions there to the directors of the Foreign Missionary Society of the Presbyterian church of the United States. She compared the conditions now with what they were when she went to India, twenty years ago, and told how the barriers of caste seem gradually to be breaking down. Mohammedans, who then required a separate table and special food at social functions, now prefer to partake of the foreign tea and cake, and a separate table is no longer set for them. Mrs. Cochran, Secretary for India, reported a discouragement and an encouragement. The country is threatened with the greatest famine in her history, many of the crops having failed on account of drought, and a pest of insects having attacked those that did mature. But a light seems to be breaking upon political affairs as India now has native representation in the national council in London.

SPECIAL  
ARTICLES

## Our Contributors

BOOK  
REVIEWS

## HOPE AMID TEARS.

(By Rev. Professor John E. McFadyen, M.A.)

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy." Thus wrote the Psalmist in one of the most beautiful songs in literature. He traverses swiftly, but in images of surpassing beauty, the strange vicissitudes of human life—the laughter and tears, sorrow and joy, dejection and exaltation, exile and redemption, spring and autumn, the beautiful dream and the cruel reality: but the sorrow of it all is swallowed up in the lovely vision with which it ends—of the harvesters coming home with shouts of joy, their arms full of sheaves.

The men who sang this psalm (Ps. 126) had passed through an experience of redemption. They had come back from the Babylon which they hated to the Zion which they loved. They knew and confessed that their God had done great things for them; and they were at once humbled, grateful and glad. They moved about as one in a dream, because they could not trust themselves to think that so good a thing was true. And they were so happy, that they could not find words to express their joy. Their mouth was filled with laughter, their tongue with ringing shouts; but all they could say was, "We were glad." That is all; but, on the lips of sincere men, that is everything.

Have we any such experience of redemption which enables us, even afar off, to appreciate the rapturous joy of the psalm? Have we ever been delivered from anxiety, from disappointment, from defeat, from danger, from oppression, from sorrow, from evil habits, from sin, from death? And if we have, do we acknowledge our Redeemer? and are we grateful and glad for our redemption? and have our sluggish hearts ever been moved to say, "The Lord has done great things for me; I am glad!" And if we have never made such a confession or known such a joy, are we quite sure that we have been redeemed indeed?

The psalm further reminds us of the duty of hope. Men to whom the dream of redemption has become a fact, may look to the future through eyes blinded by tears; but they see afar off the golden harvest, and to the listening ear the shouts of the merry harvesters are borne back from the future days, as they bring their sheaves in armfuls, home. In days of disappointment, this is a consolation of which no one can allow himself to be robbed who truly believes in God—that no honest effort is ever in vain, that in due time the faithful worker will reap, if he faint not, that the seed sown in weariness and tears will be brought back as sheaves with shouts of gladness: if not in this world, then in some other. No seed is ever flung from any faithful hand in vain. In God's good time, if not in ours, it will spring up and bear its destined fruit. In this world, sometimes one sows and it is another that reaps; but God is as mindful of the sower as the reaper, and one day—how far away we know not—he that soweth and he that reapeth shall rejoice together.

Anox College, Toronto.

Richard Harding Davis is not prejudiced in favor of the missionaries. says the Philadelphia Presbyterian, but as a result of his travels and observations along the African coasts, he declares that their unceasing and unselfish labors have been a most potent force in behalf of civilization.

## GOOD WORK IN WALES.

The parliamentary commission sitting to consider the condition and determine the future of the English Church in Wales, recently heard Rev. John Owen Thomas of Menai Bridge, secretary of the Calvinistic Methodists of Wales, upon the work of the free churches in that principality. Mr. Thomas showed that the Welsh Calvinists had increased the number of their ministers from 354 in 1884 to 669 in 1905. Rev. Evan Jones of Carnarvon, a member of the same denomination, which is identified with the Presbyterian Alliance of the world, reported that they sold half a million religious books from their publication society in sixteen years, adding so potent was the religious sentiment in Wales that no secular paper there ever printed the details of divorce trials, and there had never been issued in the Welsh language an immoral or erotic work of fiction. No betting or gambling transactions are reported in their daily papers; but on the other hand, nearly every journal, secular as well as religious, gives full accounts of religious meetings and publishes regularly the discourses of their best known divines. Where such results had been accomplished among classes never reached by the Anglican establishment in Wales, the witnesses did not find any need of an established church to be supported by the state.

## NOT CONVERTIBLE TERMS.

Dr. Patton sums up on the functions of the teaching and ruling elder in this way:

Ministers in our Church are members of Presbytery by virtue of their ordination; ruling elders are not. Ministers are ordained by Presbytery; ruling elders are not. Ministers are required to have a liberal education, and are rigidly examined in theology before they are ordained; this is not true of ruling elders. Ministers are supposed to have a divine call to preach the Gospel, and usually give up all secular business; this cannot be said of ruling elders. Bishops and elders are convertible terms in the New Testament, but minister and ruling elder are not convertible terms in the Presbyterian Church.

Briefly stated, the Doctor's position is this: "Whether there are or not two classes of elders in the New Testament, there are two classes in the Presbyterian church. Bishops and elders are convertible terms in the New Testament, but ministers and ruling elders are not convertible terms in the Presbyterian Church." When this discussion on the functions of the elder is over there will still be differences of opinion. One good thing is being done: young people who have never given any consideration to such topics are led to think over them. However old a question may be, it is always new to the generation coming up. Old and middle-aged people speak a vast amount of nonsense about books, sermons and discussions of topics just because they forget this fact. "Oh, that is old!" Old to whom, pray? Old to a man of sixty, who read it when he was twenty, but not old to the present men of twenty. An old man ought to have sense enough to know that everything is new to a beginner.

It is with words as with sunbeams, the more they are condensed, the deeper whose cause is God.—Cowper.

## NECESSITY AND FREEDOM.

By Rev. Joseph Hamilton, author of "Our Own and Other Worlds," "The Spirit World," Etc.

Happily the old controversy between freedom and necessity troubles us no more. The reason is, that we now discern that both are true. In fact they are mutually complementary truths. They are the two sides of the shield. If this had been seen sooner, a great deal of uncharitableness and want of unity might have been avoided. One particular church emphasises one of these views, to the almost total extension of the other. Another church extends equally in the contrary direction. The consequence was a long continued rivalry amounting almost to opposition. What was wanted on both sides was balance, and breadth of view. The history of the whole case ought to teach us a lesson of modesty and toleration.

The union of necessity and freedom may be clearly seen in the conversion of Saul of Tarsus. At the first glance it may seem wholly a case of necessity. Saul was suddenly and unexpectedly arrested in his evil course. He was overpowered by the wonderful vision. He was smitten to the earth, and blinded by the heavenly light. His will was captured at once. He surrendered immediately to the divine will. If ever there was a case of sovereignty, surely it was there. Paul speaks of it later in that way. He says that God called him by his grace.

Yes; but at another time Paul clearly recognizes the element of human freedom as well. He says he was "not disobedient to the heavenly vision." There was free will. Necessity and freedom were mysteriously blended. How far the one encroached on, and modified, the other, I presume Paul could never define, and did not try to define. If ever the crucial question occurred to him—could he have resisted? I think he would have regarded it as certainly beyond him. He did not know—and he did not want to know.

And such is the mystery in most conversions, if not all. We cannot define the sphere of divine sovereignty, nor of human freedom. But between them there is harmony and co-operation. It is a marvel that Peter could put the case so clearly in the early days of his apostleship, when he spoke of this union in compassing the death of Christ. Speaking of that event, he says: "Him, being delivered by the determinate counsel and foreknowledge of God, ye have taken, and by wicked hands have crucified and slain." There we have a most happy statement of the unity of divine sovereignty and human freedom.

Thus even in the mysteries of grace there is infinite consolation. Yes! even in the depths where all our thoughts are drowned, the heart can find a sure resting place.

The Presbyterian Standard quotes an elder, "a college bred man, a practical and successful business man," as saying that the chief thing the Church needs in order to greater growth is the harnessing of the laymen, and putting them to work. The presbytery need just the assistance the men of the church could give and would give if they were assigned the work. In his view there would be a widening of interest in the rank and file of the membership and a deepening of consecration in the workers.

**"THIS YEAR ALSO."**

Only a little space of time marked off from the vast stretches of countless ages. It steals upon us noiselessly and glides away swiftly. Before we become quite accustomed to write 1907, we must pass on and begin to write 1908. The time is short, yet it is fraught with significance. This narrow space of one year is a gift of God for a holy purpose.

This year also for repentance. Much depends on repentance, for Jesus says, "Except ye repent ye shall all likewise perish." Time is required for repentance, not much time, but a little time is necessary. It is for this very purpose that time is afforded. Why are wicked men spared and permitted to grow old? Not because they are making the world better, or glorifying God, or doing any good, but because God delights in mercy. Yet how many millions passed through the year 1907 without repentance. They were far from God when the year began and are still far from Him today. Ample time has been afforded them to return unto the Lord. This they could have done in one day, in one hour, yea, perhaps in less time. But God has granted them many hours, many days, many years, and still they do not heed His call. They have had this year also, and yet are far away.

This year also for improvement. "Grow in grace." It is possible to advance in the knowledge of God, to know more and more of His character and works. It is possible to become richer every day in the knowledge of His Word. If one should search the Scriptures diligently every day for three score years he would be able to find more of the gold of the kingdom in them the last day than he found the first day. It is possible to improve every day in brotherly kindness, patience and charity. It is possible to grow wiser, better and stronger to the very end. It has been a busy year, a year of care and study and toil, but what have we to show for it all? Too often the toil that wears the body out and wears the years away is not the performance of duty at all. Too often the care is worse than needless, and the study is about things which do not profit nor edify.

The year has been full of overflowing with opportunities and advantages. We have had the Sabbath returning regularly every week. We have had the Bible with all its priceless treasures of truth. We have had the church with all the means of grace. An intelligent man lies sick in the hospital today. He has been there for three weeks, and has narrowly escaped with his life. Before going there he never attended church although he lived almost in sight of one. The other day he said, "Every time I have closed my eyes since I have been lying here suffering I could see the outside doors of the church, and they seemed to reproach me. If the good Lord will spare me, I will go straight to His house when I am able, and see the inside, and pay my vows unto the Lord." We have had the Bible, and good literature, and the mercy seat. We have had afflictions, and these also are means of grace. Many a man has been greatly benefited by the things he has suffered. God has fed us, clothed us, sheltered us, protected us, and brought us safely through another year. Have we made improvement? Is life richer, sweeter, larger, better than it was a year ago? Are we more grateful, more obedient, more loyal and true?

This year also for service. A selfish life is not worth living. It may be successful in vast material and intellectual accumulations, but it has been wasted. Service alone will redeem our years from waste. One can render some de-

finite service every day. No day should be permitted to close without some noble record. If every day should witness some real service what a splendid record would be revealed when the books shall be opened. But this year also has been a blank year with many. Can we recall one real act of service which we have rendered to anyone since the year began? If not we may well fear that it has been added to the long list of unfruitful years.

What years of wasted time we shall have to account for. One brilliant man says he wasted twenty years of his life on trifles. Science is teaching men how to utilize all kinds of waste almost. But science has not yet discovered any use for wasted time. Alas, it cannot be utilized. In a single hour a decision might be made which would determine a destiny, or a letter written which would win a soul, or a word spoken which would save a wanderer. In one hour a lesson might be learned which would make one rich forever. Think of the time wasted in school, in the church, in sickness. It is a great thing to sit at the feet of a great teacher for one year, to be engaged in some choice pursuit for one year, to be associated with some rare spirit for one year, to live in a Christian home for one year, to listen to some true man of God preach the gospel every Sabbath for one year. If all these opportunities were diligently improved how rich we should all be. Has this year also been wasted?—N. Y. Christian Advocate

**A GRACE FOR THE NEW YEAR.**

Lord, for what we have received,  
Learned and loved, unlearned, achieved;

For our measure of success,  
Failures, cares and fears no less;  
For the joy and stress and strife,  
All that truly counts as life,  
For the kindness and the grace  
On each friendly human face;  
For a larger trust in Thee—  
May we truly thankful be!  
And for what, if we should live,  
We are going to receive;  
For the rapture and the pain  
Certain to be ours again;  
For the future, still unseen,  
And the veil that hangs between,  
For the knowledge all is right,  
Though the darkness hide the light,  
Though Death himself should draw his sword—  
Make us truly thankful, Lord.

—E. F. Howard, in The Watchman.

What could the modern church do without the religious press as a chronicle of current Church History? It brings tidings of the progress of the kingdom of God in all parts of the world. It does regularly, systematically and widely what the apostles and messengers did occasionally and within narrow limits, when they rehearsed at Antioch or reported to Jerusalem what had occurred in Iconium or Samaria. The scant mention of these reports in the Acts and Epistles show the place and power of Christian news, of intelligent and sympathetic acquaintance with the movements of God's Providence and Spirit in every quarter. The facts are fuel to the zeal and faith of the church. And this fuel the Christian press brings weekly to the home, kindling the hearts of God's people and seeking to widen the circle of this sacred fire.

He whose aim is to help God develop the best there is in him, has a saner immorality than he who, neglecting this endeavor, walks the plutocrat's path to the tomb.

If every one would mend one, we should have a new world.—Matthew Arnold.

**BEWARE OF COVETOUSNESS.**

(By Rev. Dr. Dickson, Galt.)

This teaching regarding covetousness is often on our Lord's lips. It is set forth in parable, in precept, as well as in plain teaching. It is one of the most strongly insisted upon truths in His ministry. And why? Because covetousness is one of the most prevalent vices and grows to be one of the most deadly sins. Covetousness takes away the affections of the heart from God, and robs divine things of all their interests. Covetousness is idolatry, the worship of wealth; it makes a god of money and pays to it the devotion that is due to Jehovah, and offers to it the sacrifices of thought, time, labor and life, that belong to God, and which he claims as his own; pours out the heart with all its affections to wealth, which ought to be given to God; robs God of His rightful due, and this in the light of God's goodness, mercy and grace, is a horrible sin.

Wealth and riches are in many ways the touchstone of man's nature, telling what he is, telling it as by public proclamation, for it cannot be hidden. Who does not know of Carnegie, or Rockefeller, or McCormick, or McDonald. As they are known to the whole world, so others are known in their own little world, and that by the particular use they make of their riches, which represents to them world power, and their means of influence. This parable of the fool who laid up riches, tells what the man is who worships his wealth. He is a fool. He trusts in uncertain riches, which often deceive, and so we have this strong statement in Proverbs 33:24: Labor not to be rich, cease from thine own wisdom. Wilt thou set thine eyes upon that which is not, for riches certainly make themselves wings; they fly away as an eagle towards heaven.

"When a man makes up his mind to enjoy what he has accumulated, saying, 'Soul thou hast much goods laid up for many years, take thine ease, eat, drink and be merry,' he forgets that God said unto him, 'Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee, then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided.'" So is he that laveth up treasures for himself and is not rich towards God."

"What is it then to be rich before God? It is to abound in the God-like, in the holy Spirit's presence and the graces which he imparts. To be rich towards God was to have faith in God, to have love for God.

How do we stand? Are we poor because we are like the man that layan in his immortal allegory represents us working with the muck-rake, ever looking down, and never looking up, seeking mostly and chiefly material things, or are we listening to the cry of the soul, and coveting earnestly the best gifts.

The spirit of our time has been making us poor, because we have been engrossed by business, and the affairs of this world. And by success and prosperity our hearts have been lifted up. We have been worshipping the temporal and material, and thrusting God from His throne.

"And now what means the change that has come like a bolt out of the blue sky? What means the arrested wheels of machinery?

It is God coming in to convince the gainsayers that He rules over the hosts of heaven and the inhabitants of the earth. It is to assure men that God still lives, and that though men turn to Him a deaf ear through their immersion in business, yet God will make Himself heard, as the old colored woman said at a time of disappointment and dismay, to the friends of freedom, "God is not dead; God is not dead."

SUNDAY  
SCHOOL

## The Quiet Hour

YOUNG  
PEOPLE

## JESUS AND JOHN THE BAPTIST.\*

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

They said unto him, Why, v. 25. Faultfinders are often hard to satisfy. They are sure to see first the spots on the sun and the thorns on the rose tree, while they ignore the light and warmth of the one and the fragrance of the other. There are, however, two kinds of faultfinders, those who criticise to help and those who criticise to hinder. Teachers, parents and true friends belong to the helpful critics. The hinderers are the enemies of progress. They look for some evil in all they meet and store up all they find. They are like the vulture that goes seeking for carrion. And they find what they search for. The others are like the bee which hunts for the honey-giving flowers. And they also find what they search for. Beware of the bread of the Pharisees, which is censorious fault-finding.

One among you, whom ye know not, v. 26. A stranger once asked the organist of a German cathedral for permission to play on the great instrument. The organist was very careful of his organ, and said, "No, sir, I cannot allow you. No one but myself ever touches it." The visitor persisted, however, and at last his gracious pleading won the organist's consent. Seating himself at the keyboard, he called out from the soul of the organ harmonies the organist had never heard or dreamed to be possible. When he had recovered from his amazement he said to the stranger, "Are you not Mendelssohn?" "I am Mendelssohn," said the other. "Oh," cried the organist, "to think that in my ignorance and selfishness I refused to allow Mendelssohn to play on my organ!" The Master of the harmonies that are possible in life is Jesus Christ. When He asks for admission to your affections, beware of refusing. Be sure you know whom you are turning away.

Whose shoe's latchet I am not worthy to unloose, v. 27. The little hill thinks it is very imposing until it sees the tall mountains. The rivulet thinks it is very great until it meets the ocean. The leader of a band of rough men in the West, years ago, arrogated to himself all possible perfections. When a missionary came to that man and told him of Jesus Christ, the scales fell from his eyes and he saw himself a sinner. So acute was his sense of sin, that he felt himself unworthy of the ordinary necessities of life. One day, while out riding, he came to a stream, and thus addressed his horse, "You may drink, for you are not a sinner; but I am not worthy to take any of His good gifts."

Behold the Lamb of God, v. 29. Some texts are to sincere Christians what the North Star is to the sailor. They are guides over the trackless sea of life into a haven of safety. This text is one of these. The great Richard Baxter tells how it was his daily deliverer from despair. He had been for a long time in the habit of looking into his own heart and mourning over his sins. He found evil tendencies and emotions that gave him great sorrow. His life became gloomy. There was no cheer nor gladness in it. Then he came upon a new meaning in these words, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away

the sin of the world." He saw here the advice he needed, and he began to take it. He refused to look in, and looked away from himself and all about him, to Jesus as his Saviour. Then "the peace of God, which passeth all understanding" came to him, and he began to be glad in the Lord as he had never thought a Christian could be.

I knew him not, v. 31. Often we build better than we know, and cheerfully serve greatness that we do not recognize. One day, a woman in the Highlands of Scotland answered a knock at the door of her humble home. There stood a plainly dressed little woman who asked if she might rest in the house for a few minutes and have a cup of water. Certainly she might. So she entered, and after being kindly treated went away, still a stranger to her benefactor. Next day the word went round, that Queen Victoria had been seen walking alone on the quiet hill paths. It was she who had asked for rest and refreshment, and it was from her that the gift not long afterwards came to the poor woman who had done a kindness to a tired and thirsty sister who happened to be a queen.

I saw, and bare record, v. 34. Silence is sometimes golden, but not always. Sometimes it is sinful. When we have a word of cheer, it ought to be spoken. When bad things are being said of one we know, let something good be said. "When we are near the sick and know of one who can heal them, we ought to speak. When God has blessed us with a knowledge of Christ as our sufficient Saviour and perfect Example, we may not, we dare not, keep silence. The world is said enough and sick enough and sinful enough, to need from each of us the positive statement that it can be gladdened and cured and forgiven by Him who has done such great things for our land, our loved ones and ourselves. If you have seen Christ, you ought to bear record to His power. Testimony of lip and life, not controversy, is the best way to spread the kingdom of the Son of God.

## LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

Shoe—Although boots of hide, covering the whole foot, somewhat like our shoes, were known among the Hittites, Greeks and other tribes, who occupied the lofty mountain ranges which were often covered with snow, the shoes of the Egyptians and the Hebrews were sandals, a sole of leather, wood or wickerwork bound on the foot by thongs. These sandals were usually pointed and turned up at the toe like the Turkish slippers of today. They were sometimes made of rice straw, palm leaves, or papyrus stalks, and were lined with cloth on which the figure of a captive was painted. When land was transferred, a sandal was delivered to the purchaser and was sometimes thrown by him on the land in token of occupancy. The Orientals remove their shoes on entering a house or a church, just as we remove our hats. Sandals were usually fastened or unfastened by servants, and this being such a frequent act became a symbol of servitude. On the Egyptian monuments slaves are represented with the master's sandals on their arm and so sandal-bearer became a conventional term of servitude. Ladies of rank paid great attention to the shape, materials and decorations of their sandals, so that they might display their well shaped feet to the best advantage.

Nature is but a name for an effect whose cause is God.—Sowper.

## WALKING WITH GOD.

We have just crossed the boundary line between the old year and the new. We would be more or less than human did not solemn thoughts fill our minds to-day. Longfellow, in his "Evangeline," speaks of the strange fears of coming ill which at times we all feel, and adds:

As, at the tramp of a horse's hoof on the turf of the prairies,  
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,  
So, at the hoof beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,  
Shrink and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.

Perhaps our hearts tremble as we begin the New Year, and listen for the hoof-beats of God's possible providences before the year shall close. What messengers shall come? Shall some dark shadow fall over home or heart? Who can tell? Thank God, no one can tell. We go out into the opening year trusting in His divine care and almighty love.

Let us, like Enoch, walk with God through the months and days of this New Year. To walk with God we must go in the same direction; two cannot walk together except they be agreed. Enoch walked and walked with God till they reached the limits of time and earth; and still kept on walking with him, walked into eternity, into heaven; walks with Him still. Some who begin the year with us will end it with God. God alone knows what of trial this year has in store for each of us. But above all the sounds of life's trials shall be our note of triumph in God, who will bring us off more than conquerors, and in eternity the sweetest strain of our immortal song shall be, "He hath done all things well." If trial shall come, may God help us to say:

If from Thy ordeal's heated bars  
Our feet are seamed with crimson scars

—They will be done!  
—Robert Stuart MacArthur, in the Examiner.

Thank God we have a country. It is not our poverty or land or sea or wood or mine that shall ever urge us to be traitors. But the destiny of a country depends not on its material resources. It depends on the character of its people. Here, too, is full ground for confidence. We in everything "are sprung of earth's first blood, have titles manifold." We come of a race that never counted the number of its foes, nor the number of its friends when freedom, loyalty, or God was concerned.—George M. Grant, D.D.

## THE BEST IS YET TO BE.

Grow old along with me!  
The best is yet to be,  
The last of life, for which the first was made:

Our times are in His hand  
Who saith: "A whole I planned,  
Youth shows but half; trust God; see  
all nor be afraid!"

Youth ended, I shall try  
My gain or loss thereby;  
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold;

And I shall weigh the same,  
Give life its praise or blame;  
Young, all lay in dispute; I shall know,  
being old. —Robert Browning.

The young man who has reached maturity without the taste of alcohol or tobacco is to be commended.

\*S.S. Lesson—John 1:25-34. Commit to memory vs. 29, 30. Study John 1: 19-34. Golden Text—Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world John 1:29.

**CHRIST THE LIBERATOR.**

By Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D.D.

"Loose him, and let him go!" At this command of Jesus they unwind the banages from the limbs of Lazarus, and by the old familiar path he walks back to his old home. This was the master miracle of all which Jesus wrought during his incarnation, but he is still doing for imprisoned souls what he did for the body of his Bethany brother when it had lain four days in the sepulchre.

I looked not long ago with genuine pity on a noble eagle, caged in a public park, as an exhibition for school boys. The old Lay mountaineer felt its galling imprisonment, and occasionally flapped its wings as if it were home-sick for the skies. "Loose him, and let him go," was the thought inspired by the sorry sight, and how he would have sailed off to fly in company with the sun! Eagles are not born for slavery. I thought, too, as I looked at the chained bird, how much he resembled some fettered souls, yes, some Christian souls that are terribly tied down by unbelief. Too many people have enrolled themselves in the Church—some have entered the ministry—with a heavy clog that binds them to the lower earth. It hampers them, hinders them, and is fatal to all spiritual joy or growth in holiness. Many a young convert begins his religious life with a doubting and desponding spirit. He nurses his fears in a morbid war, and mistakes all this guinea-gross for humility. He is a chained bird from the skies.

Others are fettered by besetting sin, from which they have never out loose. They have never made a clean break with the old sinful self, or with the beggarly elements of this world; they are hobbled with practices and associates that they have never out loose from. They have probably passed from death unto life, yet they appear very much as Lazarus would have looked if he had walked the streets of Bethany in his ghastly grave-clothes! This is a pitiable style of religion; it brings but little joy to its possessor, and gives him or her no power in the community. While they are content to be what they are, there is no hope for such manacled professors. Their only hope is in a timely and thorough repentance, and a fresh work of Christ, a deeper and thorough work, and for this they must earnestly seek, or else they will be chained birds in a church cage to the last.

Some really good people are clogged by bodily ailment—dyspeptic stomachs or weak nerves, and they see but little sunshine in their Christian experience. Bunyan has depicted several specimens of these pilgrims who hobble towards heaven on crutches, until death unlooses them and lets them go. Such Christians are to be pitied more than blamed; they are rather patients in Christ's hospital than soldiers on his battle-fields.

False doctrine, false views of sin and of Christ are at the bottom of a great deal of this spiritual debility. Every error is the enslaver of the soul. Truth makes us free indeed. Martin Luther was a chained eagle in the Erfurt Convent, until that heaven-sent truth, "The just shall live by faith," unloosed him. Thomas Chalmers was another chained eagle, but when the great doctrines of man's guilt and Christ's redemption liberated him, he soared up into the empyrean, the king of Scotland's Gossellers. John Wesley never attained to a full salvation until in that little London prayer-meeting his eye rested on these words: "The Spirit of Life in Christ Jesus hath made me free from the law of sin and death."

To every member of our churches who is dragging out a half-dead religion, the Holy Spirit comes with the arousing call: "If ye be indeed risen with Christ,

seek those things which are above!" Instead of sitting in the gates of the tomb, cast away your grave-clothes, and begin to live as Christ's freemen and Christ's witnesses, and the heirs of a magnificent inheritance. Look higher! Live higher!—Get a new grip on Christ and then go out and labor to draw sinners from the pit of hell. This is the revival we all need.

**A PRAYER.**

Oh, Lord, we would that we might have a sense of Thy presence with us here, as had Thy disciples in the upper room; not in grandeur, not in majesty, not in Thy terrible might; but in gentleness, in sweetness, in soothing for our fears, in calming for our troubled spirits. We are so needy, so limited, so often sinful. If only we could know Thy hand was pointing our way, could be sure we understand the meaning of life's experiences, could rest trustfully on the promises which the Word contains, how blessed we would be. And if we would know that Thou art near us as the child knows the mother is near when first it trusts its powers, and walks alone, then we would walk not fearing even though it should be in the dark valley; and we bless Thee for the thought. There be no dark valley when Jesus comes." Then we shall walk in the light, for He is in the light. So we pray Thee give us foretaste of the food on which our souls will feed when He leads us in the green pastures; give us foresight of the lovely land in which He is the light; let these things come to us here, that we may know a little of what awaits us there, where Thy presence is the glory forever and ever. We ask it for Christ's sake. Amen.

**NEW YEAR THOUGHTS.**

Let us walk softly, friend;  
For strange paths lie before us, all untold.  
The new year, spotless from the hand of God,  
Is thine and mine, O friend!

Let us walk straightly, friend;  
Forget the crooked paths behind us now.  
Press on with steadier purpose on our brow,  
To better deeds, O friend!

Let us walk gladly, friend;  
Perchance some greater good than we have known  
Is waiting for us or some fair hope flown  
Shall yet return, O friend!

Let us walk humbly, friend;  
Slight not the heart's ease blooming round our feet;  
The laurel blossoms are not half so sweet,  
Or lightly gathered, friend.

Let us walk kindly, friend;  
We cannot tell how long this life shall last,  
How soon these precious years be overpast;  
Let love walk with us, friend.

Let us walk quickly, friend;  
Work with our might while lasts this little stay,  
And help some halting comrade on the way;  
And may God guide us, friend!

A man with no sense of religious duty is he whom the Scriptures describe in such terse but terrific language, as living "without God in the world." Such a man is out of his proper being, out of the circle of all his duties, out of the circle of all his happiness, and away, far, far away, from the purposes of his creation.—Webster.

**THE TRUE CENTRE OF LIFE.\***

**Some Bible Hints.**

Even if it is a part of the vine, a branch needs pruning (v. 2). Being a Christian does not insure against sorrow.

The branch cannot bear fruit except it is in the vine (v. 4); but neither can the vine bear fruit except through the branches.

Unfaithful Christians are cast out (v. 6), but only because they have first cast themselves off.

If you have become a part of Christ, of course you may receive what you will from Him (v. 7), for thus He is giving to Himself.

**Suggestive Thoughts.**

The centre determines the circumference; the life aim determines the whole life.

Christ is the centre in which alone the history of the world becomes significant; get near to Him, if you would live a significant life.

Our thoughts, we say, "revolve" in our minds; true, but around what centre?

If our life centre is gold and earthly fame or power, what shall we do when our lives are removed to where they are not? Let us use on earth the geometry of heaven.

**A Few Illustrations.**

When even an apple falls to the earth, the earth actually rises to meet the apple. So when the least child approaches Christ.

At the centre of the earth, objects lose all weight so at the Christ-centre of life our burdens have no weight.

Planets revolve around the sun, but comets wander through space. Which are you?

Watch a great fly-wheel revolving. Its centre alone is fixed, but the rest is stable because it is fixed. Thus the busiest Christian whose heart is fixed on Christ.

**To Think About.**

What is the chief desire of my life? Of what do men think chiefly in connection with me?

Will death make any real change in my life?

**A Cluster of Quotations.**

Creature comforts are often to the soul what suckers are to a tree, and God takes off those that this may thrive.—Ryland.

Abide in me; overshadow by Thy love Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin.—Mrs. Stowe.

Apart from Christ men must inevitably wither and die, like the branches cut off from the parent stem, although they may retain for a little while a deceitful greenness and appearance of life.—Lange.

Every action has a keynote: let Christ be that note to which your whole life is attuned.—Henry Drummond.

**Daily Bible Readings.**

- M., Jan. 6. Christ our Righteousness. Jer. 23: 5, 6.
- T., Jan. 7. Christ our Maker. Ps. 102: 24-27.
- W., Jan. 8. Christ our Saviour. Hos. 1: 1-7.
- T., Jan. 9. Christ the Word. John 1: 1-5.
- F., Jan. 10. Christ our Judge. 2 Tim. 4: 1-5.
- S., Jan. 11. Christ our Preserver. Col. 1: 9-7.

A man's attitude toward God may be told by the restfulness of his inner spirit, his ability to rest. And more, a man's attitude toward God's rest-day tells to men his attitudes toward God.

\*Sun., Jan. 12. Topic—The true centre of life. John 15: 1-10.

# THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN

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A propaganda is in Toronto and elsewhere for local option in sections of cities. Why not?

The Catholic view of "Modernism and the Papal Encyclical" is presented in a moderate yet effective way by the Right Rev. Monsignor Canon Moyes, in an article which The Living Age for January 11 reprints from The Nineteenth Century.

A lot of good work is done by ministers and laymen who may not be brilliant, but who keep at the work in hand, with patience and prayer, and good will. Their talents may not be those of Spurgeon or Gladstone; they may not be intellectual Croesuses, but with their moderate but useful talents they are like the available and comfortable man whose pockets are at least full of sixpences.

One sometimes hears fine distinctions drawn between liquor-drinking bars "respectably conducted," and "illegitimate dives." But to our mind the evil influence of the one is as great as that of the other. "Good," "pure," "unadulterated" whiskey will make drunkards and blight the prospects of youth just as readily as what some people call "bad liquors." The bar-room in any shape or form will not much longer be tolerated in thinking, progressive Ontario.

Brockville, it is said, has a sort of working arrangement municipally by which an equal number of competent men out of the two political parties are sent to the Council, with the Mayor elected alternately from each party. If this is correct, it is greatly to Brockville's credit. Party politics should have nothing to do with municipal management. Get the best men. Brockville's view is sound, and the Canadian Clubs ought to do much during 1908 to spread the idea.

### SOMETHING ATTEMPTED.

There should, if possible, be given to every person, young or old, connected with a congregation, some specific work. There is great waste of latent talent in churches. The most successful leader is the minister who can set most people at work. Apart from the good that might be done, the individuals themselves need it for training. How else can the important working vacancies be filled as old age overtakes the senior workers? Something could be found for young people to do; and as for the aged, they can pray for those bearing the heat and burden of the day; in which way they may perhaps make the greatest contribution of all. In speaking of prayer, Presbyterians are always afraid of degenerating into cant phrases; yet it may be confidently said real prayer was never yet ineffective.

### BE KIND TO NEWCOMERS.

On the other side of the big water the authorities are giving advice to people leaving England for Canada not to be too bumptious in their new home, not too full of national conceit, not too fond of saying in Canada, "That is not the way we do it in England." The advice is useful and sound; but it is only half the advice needed. The other half is needed by Canadians, by whom more kindness to new comers should be shown. There should be more endeavor to understand the stranger's point of view, more consideration for his little peculiarities, which will for the most part wear off in time. So we say, be kind to strangers from other countries. It is right. It is Christ-like. It affords opportunity to commend the Gospel of Christ. We are not sure at the moment whether showing kindness to the strangers will do most good to them or to yourself, but it will do good all round.

### MAKES UNIVERSAL APPEAL.

It is the glory of Christ's Gospel that while it appeals to men of average mind, it makes equal appeal to men of gigantic intellectual powers. Gladstone once said the greatest intellects with whom he had during his life come in contact were believers in Christianity. Lord Kelvin, who died last month, at his Ayrshire residence, Scotland, was the most eminent of contemporary men of science. His suggestions and ideas have given the first hint of many scientific developments during the past decade. Massive in intellect, and gigantic in knowledge, he remained a humble-minded man. He was no mere materialist. "Proofs of intelligent and benevolent design lie all around us," he said. In 1903 he wrote: "We are absolutely forced by sciences to believe with perfect confidence in a directive power—in an influence other than a physical or dynamical force."

We get close to the heart of humanity when we get close to the heart of God. The Christ love overflows and mankind is the gainer.

### SHOULD AIM HIGH.

Most young men have aims in life. They want to be somebody and to do something worthy of themselves. This desire to advance is a law of our being. It is implanted by the Creator in the nature of man. Every one who sets out with an ardent desire to fulfil worthily the end of his existence does not succeed. The pathways of the past are strewn with failures. Many whose lives were ennobled by virtues and whose names have become lustrous, emerged from obscure and untoward surroundings while others who started life under most favorable external aspects have perished miserably by the way.

To fail in the highest purposes of life it is not necessary to form any definite resolve. As a general thing, drifting with the tide will be sufficient. To make of the one life allotted to each individual here what in its best and truest sense it is capable of becoming requires a clear perception of its purpose and possibilities. Without a clearly defined conception of individual responsibility, a truly Christian life is impossible. Vague and nebulous desires, however, will not lead to permanent and practical results. True aspiration must become crystallized into steady and resolute purpose. To lead a worthy life, the eye must be constantly fixed on certain guiding stars. We hear much of the value of example, and every true life is a powerful influence for good to all who come within its range; but guiding stars are in the heavens, not down here. The best and the holiest human lives are but reflections of the light that comes from above.

One abiding principle, applicable in all ages and places, finds its expression in the formula with which all Presbyterians, whether old or young, ought to be familiar, "man's chief end is to glorify God." A moment's reflection on this fundamental truth will show that for all human conduct it supplies a test and a motive. Were this principle kept more steadily before our gaze than unhappily is the case, what a difference there would be in our lives and their surroundings! The base and sordid elements of human nature would not be so conspicuous as they are now. Our views of many things would be changed. Life would not become less but more significant than it now appears to many. Men, jaded by the monotony of existence would not wearily ask "Is life worth living?" It would attain its due proportions. There would be a more vivid consciousness of the divine nearness and presence. It would teach us the true value of time, and help us to treasure it as one of God's precious gifts. Much of it, now squandered in idleness and frivolity, not to speak of riotous waste, would be redeemed and made a means of good to ourselves and others.

As applied to conduct, what an important aid this principle of living to God's glory would become were it steadily acted upon. It is the merest truism to repeat that those who drift into evil courses forget God. He is not in their



thoughts. It is no less true that much of the tacitly understood separation between business and religion, too general in these days, would, under the clear light of this principle, disappear. Only a morbid cynicism can maintain that the maxim of the mart, "business is business and religion is quite another thing," is the rule, not the exception. Christian merchants, professional men, state and soldiers, have not yet all left this world and gone to the better land. They do not all live only in biographical memoirs. They are to be met with in all the walks of life, in its busiest activities, in the humblest as well as in the most exalted spheres. Their rule of action, more or less closely followed, is: "Glorify God in your bodies and your spirits, which are His."

To make this resolve and to follow it out, implies that the Christian is the highest possible type of life. It means much more, therefore, than a far-off acquiescence in the scheme of morality taught in the Scriptures. It signifies more than a friendly feeling of respect for the religion of fathers and mothers and sisters. To the ingenuous and high-minded youth of our own day, who look to success in life bounded only by an earthly horizon, however attractive it appears, as the great aim of existence, the Living Saviour says: "One thing thou lackest." The life that is hid with Christ in God includes all that is worth having in this world and adds, in the world to come, life everlasting.

LITERARY NOTES.

"Queen Victoria's Sovereignty," by George W. E. Russell, which The Living Age for January 11 reprints from The Albany Review, draws from the recently published letters of the Queen the material for a study of the influence which she exercised in affairs of state during her long reign.

In quoting the price of Rev. G. H. Morrison's admirable new book, "Wings of the Morning," we regret that a mistake was made. Instead of \$1.00, it should be \$1.50, a material difference. For a volume of over 300 pages this price is very reasonable. Order from the Upper Canada Book and Tract Society, 102 Yonge street, Toronto.

Current literature opens its campaign for the new year with a January number freighted with articles of great literary merit as well as of timely importance: "The Corpulent Pigmy on the Peacock Throne" is one of those picturesque articles that we look for in this magazine. "Do Women Write More Bad Books Than Men?" "The Spectral Loves of Edgar Allan Poe," and "The Vampire Nature of Genius" are three of the most striking articles under Literature and Art. "Christians Without Christ," "When Speculation is Immoral" and "The Education of the Superman," are leading topics in the Religion and Ethics department. Both the clergy and the laity may open their eyes upon perusal of a novel theory relative to the subject "Why Sermons Make Us Go to Sleep. These are only a few of a number of interesting features of this month's magazine. Our readers will do well to buy and read for themselves. Current Literature, 41 W. 25th St., New York, \$2.00 per annum.

Human life is a thing of solemn importance, and it makes a wonderful difference how we live it. Lived in one way, it is a hateful failure; lived in another, it may be a most beautiful success.

STANDING ON ONE OF TIME'S WATER-SHEDS.

By Knoxonian.

The last day of the Old Year and the first of the New is one of Time's water-sheds. From this height we look back over the past, and try to peer into the dim and distant future. Some of us can see into the past for a considerable distance, but none can see any distance into the future. No hand can draw aside the veil that hides the events of 1908. Most of us can see quite vividly the events of the year that is past, and we glance over them with varying emotions. In many cases it might be as well to allow the emotions to die with the old year, and take a fresh start with 1908.

Standing on Time's water-shed, most of us can see some mistakes that were made in 1907. Well, what of it? Who does not make mistakes at one time or another? The only man who never makes a mistake is the man who never does anything, and his whole life is a mistake. A clam never makes a mistake. An oyster is always right. These useful animals never make mistakes, and if we could live like them we would not make mistakes either. But a man can hardly live as quiet and secure a life as a clam. He has to strike out in this busy, uncertain world and earn bread and butter for his family. He must take some risks every day, and in taking risks he is sure to make a few mistakes. What is the use in worrying over the mistakes of 1907? You may worry over them until you come to the age of Methuselah, and that may not put them right. Spoiling a good day's work in January, 1908, by worrying over a mistake made in June or July, 1907, won't mend matters. The only profitable way to use a mistake is to make it a beacon to guard us against similar mistakes in the future. That is the only way in which we can make a mistake pay. Sometimes there are millions in a mistake when it is used in that way.

But there are some mistakes that can be easily rectified. For instance, if a man finds that he made a mistake by not giving enough last year to the Schemes of the Church, he can put himself right in the simplest manner possible. All in the world that he need do is to hand some more money to the treasurer. Several thousand Presbyterians made a bad mistake last year by not paying as much into the Augmentation Fund as they should have paid. It is pleasant to think that this sad mistake can be so easily rectified. All they need do is to pay in a few dollars each before the end of the church year. It is the simplest thing in the world. Similar mistakes may have been made in regard to the other funds. How thankful we should be that they can all be put right. If any good man thinks that the mistake of his life was made last year when he gave a cent for the support of missions, there is still plenty of time to double his contribution. If any of the mistakes of 1907 can be rectified, rectify them; if they can be utilized as beacons, use them; if they can be neither rectified nor utilized, bury them, and don't spend precious time whining over their graves.

Standing on Time's water-shed and looking back over the past, many a good

man regrets bitterly that he has failed so often in the discharge of duty. Unless the failure can be made to contribute to future success, such regrets are worse than useless. They are worse because they unfit for present duty. A minister sits down, we shall say, to write a sermon in the first week of January 1908. His text suggests a sermon in June or July of 1907 that was a miserable failure. He becomes so worried over the failure of six months ago that he unfit himself for good work, and spoils his present sermon! Is there any sort of sense in such conclusion, or from bad arrangements of matter. Now, if a preacher has kept his people too long in the porch on every Sabbath of 1907, we cannot see why he might not take them through at a brisker pace in 1908. The Globe said the other day that a preacher on beginning his sermon should plunge in medias res. Some of the Globe's readers, not being as intelligent as the readers of The Dominion Presbyterian, might be inclined to ask, where that is. And that reminds us, as the late meeting orator would say of an incident which occurred during the Russian War. An old lady, whose son was serving in the Baltic fleet, on hearing somebody read that the fleet was in statu quo, asked how far that was from St. Petersburg! Literally understood, to plunge in medias res in preaching might mean to begin one's sermon in the middle. That would be too much of a good thing. But seriously, the introduction to many sermons is far too long, and if any good brother is sorry on New Year's Day that he kept his people so long in the porch all last year, all he need do is to take them through this year in less time.

There may be some preachers still alive who prolong the conclusion in this way. Somewhere near what should be the end, but what, in fact, may prove to be the middle, the good man says: "In conclusion." Then he goes on and, after a time, says: "But to hasten to a conclusion." Then he starts again and, after a while, says "lastly," and then "finally," and then "one word more." Now, though many a good sermon may have been drawn out in this way, it was not the drawing out that made it good. It was good, and did good, in spite of the prolix drawing out. If any brother, standing on Time's water-shed, regrets that he used to finish his sermon in this way, all he need do is to begin a new way with the new year.

Standing on Time's water-shed, a considerable number will feel rather depressed about the business of the past year. The balance does not come out as they hoped it would. Probably, it is on the wrong side. It is a matter of regret that good men are not always successful in business. The more money a good man makes the better for the Church, the poor, and every good cause. The talk about "filthy lucre" is often cant—miserable, mean cant. The man who says with a sanctimonious snivel that "money is the root of all evil," does not know his Bible. There is no such thing in the Bible. Would that all good men and women in our Church had plenty of money and grace to use it properly! We need money for every good cause, and can get it only from the best of our people. Would that the generous, willing ones had more to give! But if the balance is not exactly right, as we examine it on Time's water-shed, murmuring won't make it any better. One thing is clear, we all have much more than we deserve.

There may be some burdens that we cannot leave behind as we enter upon the New Year. Let us, as we stand on Time's water-shed, seek grace to bear them. Time will make them lighter. It is well to know,

The care and trial seem at last,

Through memory's sunset air.

Like mountain ranges overpast,

In purple distance fair.

STORIES  
POETRY

## The Inglenook

SKETCHES  
TRAVEL

### BLESSED BE NOTHING—A DREAM OF THE NEW YEAR.

Kate Upson Clark.

The father and mother were looking at a magazine, when the Boy came up behind them, and asked, "What are you laughing at?"

They pointed to a colored cartoon before them, and then the Boy laughed, too. The day happened to be the last of the old year. The cartoon appropriately represented a decrepit old man going painfully out as one side of the scene, and a gay little child coming in at the other—the Old Year and the New Year.

On his back the Old Man bore a miscellaneous load of damaged toys and other things—broken rainbows, crumbling castles, bladeless swords, and a quiver of arrows stripped of their feathers and labelled. "The resolutions that didn't stand the strain."

The merry Child carried quantities of fresh and sparkling gewgaws, pet animals—every sort of a thing that one could want—but he seemed to feel no weight. On top of it all was a quiver of arrows full-feathered and bright with paint. They were marked, "New Resolutions."

The Old Man was in partial shadow. The dancing Child was in the full light, and made the chief impression, as the New Year should. Hope and courage seemed to spring in one's breast, just from looking at him. His gait was infectious, and his ridiculous pack made one laugh.

Practically the Boy went to bed and to sleep. As he slept he dreamed.

In his dream the smiling Child of the cartoon stood before him and said joyfully: "Here I am. I'm the New Year, you know. I've got a jolly lot of things in my knapsack. What do you want? You can have anything you choose."

The Boy's breath came hard, and his heart beat like a trip-hammer. His father was a poor minister, and it seemed to him as though he had never had anything that was wanted.

"Can I?" he gasped.

"Certainly."

"Well"—thinking like an express train—"I want a boat—and a bicycle—and some rabbits—and an automobile."

"Hold on!" chuckled the New Year. "That's enough for now. I'll detach these various things and then we'll go on. You know there is a whole lot of stuff to go with almost everything—a lot that doesn't show in the picture."

"Oh!" said the Boy, with a mystified and slightly crestfallen air.

"Yes, of course." The New Year spoke in a light, indifferent tone. "Here is the boat, for instance. Is it a yawl that you want? Very well. Here is your yawl, with two or three extra sails; but even with these you will have to do considerable sail-mending, so here is a big needle and some thread. Also, a printed set of rules. Bail freely—never leaving water standing in the bottom; here is the pail. Always drag your boat upon the beach when you come in—or put it in your boat-house if you have one. Caulk up a hole the instant it appears—here is the stuff. Paint every season—here is the paint. You must keep the boat mighty clean, or you'll have trouble."

"Oh!" said the Boy again, even more ruefully than before.

"And the next thing you mentioned, I believe, was a bicycle," went on the New Year, in a brisk voice. "Here you have it. But you must clean it every time you use it—or, at the very least, once a week. This is a nice kit of tools that goes with it—but you can't leave them lying around, you know. You will probably need a new tire pretty soon,

but if you use this strip of plaster—it's a good, long roll—you can hold off new tires 'quite some time,' as they say in certain sections. Then you want to keep your tires well blown up, and your lamp filled—be careful not to get caught out late minus that lamp. And always wear your bicycle clothes, and take a good bath after every spin."

"Oh, cut all that out!" groaned the Boy. "Maybe I don't want it, if I've got to have all that bother."

"But you must take what you ask for," said the New Year, cheerfully. "The next thing, I believe, was a pair of rabbits."

"Ye-es," responded the Boy, but without enthusiasm.

"Here they are," cried the New Year, with undented promptness. "White ones—beauties. You must build a tight little hutch for them, and then you must fence off a place for them—for if they get into the garden they can eat it all up in about a day. You must watch them most of the time, for they burrow into the neighbors' yards, if you don't look out. You have to feed them regularly—regularly, mind—and a good deal of the stuff has to be bought. It costs something—and any sort of pet is a good deal of care—but it all goes with the rabbits, so here you have them. Now for the automobile. This is the kind you said you wanted—cheap; it costs only \$1,500 and—"

"Maybe I don't want it," groaned the Boy. "It will take pretty much all my time to tend to the boat and the bicycle and the rabbits; and don't know where I am going to get all the money to—"

"But you said you wanted an automobile," reiterated the New Year, inexorably, "and so you must have it. Here it is—no, there isn't room for it unless you head it well into the hall, but I can crowd it in. It weighs several tons—and the care and the tools, and the extra tires make it weigh about 200 more. The gasoline to last you a year, with ordinary use—several hogsheads will cost you a pretty penny; and you might as well count on \$500 for new tires. You should take a chauffeur's course somewhere—yes, it is expensive—but it is the only thing to do. For general repairs, perhaps \$1,000 is a moderate estimate—and then there will be the doctor's bills, surgeon's and nurse's and all that, and maybe the undertaker's. It makes quite a load for a boy to carry, but you remember you wanted it. The Rich Boy's Burden is heavy. He has to hire lots of helpers, and they are likely to do his work badly and ruin all his costly toys, which is trying. You know the proverb, 'He who would be well served, let him serve himself,' and luckily you have to do just that. 'Blessed be nothing' isn't in the Bible—though there are some texts there which are a good deal like it—and that is so true that you might as well learn it."

"I've learned it all right now," moaned the Boy.

"And was there anything else that" began the New Year.

"No, no! You aren't going to leave me time to breathe, as it is!"

"But you surely want a Good Resolution. Everybody wants at least one for this time of year."

"Yes, yes!" cried the Boy, ceasing to weep. "Give me one that says: 'I will never again ask for anything till I see all the things that go with it.'"

The New Year gave him a brightly-planned arrow, and with an arch smile inquired: "And haven't I something more in my pack that you want?"

"No, no, no!" shrieked the Boy.

His mother heard his anguished scream, and hurried upstairs to see

about him. He was writhing and groaning, as if in pain.

She shook him and asked tenderly what was the matter.

"I don't want 'em! I don't want 'em!" he sobbed, sleepily. "I thought I did, but I don't. And, mother! don't you trip over that automobile!"

She soothed him for a moment more, and then she went downstairs laughing. "He talked like a crazy boy," she said to his father. "He must have been having a sort of nightmare."—Selected.

### AFTER THE NEW YEAR.

It is the days following that prove the testing-time. You awaken New Year's morning to the chime of a newborn year; earth wears her fresh ermine robes; the bare ground, the fallen leaves, all the scarred and miserable grayness of the dead year are blotted out—forgotten. The new year greets you in her bridal white, her robes all a glitter with diamonds dropped by the morning sun. It is easy, then, to make fresh resolutions. The very atmosphere seems filled with the wings of prayer rising heavenward. But it is the third day, and the fourth day, and the after days when our faith is tried, and we begin to weary in the carrying out of our better purposes.

The trouble is, with most resolutions, that we make them for a year regardless of the fact that we have but one day of life at a time to live. Don't look away ahead and fear lest you falter at the one hundred and fifty-sixth or one hundred and fifty-seventh day. Strive for to-day. Daily carrying out your good resolutions for a fortnight will do much to molding those resolutions into habit, and habit into character. And what a result! If you were going up at the end of a year to write on an examination for a gold medal, how earnest would be your efforts! What comfort would you not sacrifice! You would weary at times, but you would never forget your purpose. But look at the reward that awaits the carrying out of our best New Year resolutions, a medal you may wear throughout eternity, the medal of a golden character. Is not the prize worth a daily warfare? What else can we toil for that we may possess forever?

Into each of our lives has ere; the consciousness of the need of improvement along certain lines, physical, mental and spiritual. You know of habits that, once formed, would better your physique, habits of regularity, of taking more outdoor exercise, etc. You know of mental habits you ought to form. You know you have mines of wealth in that poet's corner on your book-shelf that you have not half explored. You know you ought to cultivate a taste for better literature, a better method of reading, a fuller knowledge of many things around you. But above all, whatever good resolutions you make, there is one you cannot leave out unless it has been already made and adhered to faithfully. If it is not now your habit, start to-day, resolve to open your Bible before you open your door in the morning. Look into the face of God before you look into that of the world. Prayer at noon or at night may all be well. There is nothing in this world that can ever take the place in your daily life of God's morning greeting to you.

Then resolve to let no day pass without doing some little thing to make life pleasanter for others. The days may be ever so cloudy, but to those who scatter sunshine there is ever a gleam of gold, and so we wish for each one of the readers of our paper that this might be the best, brightest, and happiest year they have ever yet known.—Guardian.

## JAPANNED ENGLISH.

Every foreigner who has explored in a jirkiksha the great street labyrinth of Tokyo must have noticed the comparatively frequent occurrence of English signboards over the shops of Japanese tradesmen. One seldom runs across a French or German signboard, but in all parts of the city, even in quarters to which foreigners seldom go and over shops that tourists never patronize, one sees, among the perpendicular strings of Chinese ideographs, the familiar letters of the English alphabet. Often, however it is only the letters that are familiar. The words of which they form a part are as unintelligible as a cipher or a cryptogram. The first time I passed a Japanese signboard bearing the legend "Miluk Hole," I tried in vain to guess what the owner of the shop had for sale; and it was not until I had seen other signboards inscribed "Fulish Milk," "Fulish Milk," "Fulish Buttr," and "Milk Holl" that I was able to solve the puzzle. "Miluk Hole" was intended for "Milk Hall." Why a seven-by-nine shop for the sale of dairy products should be called a "hall" I did not know and I have never since been able to ascertain; but the Japanese invariably call such ships "Holes," "Holls," or "Halls" when they describe them in English on their signboards. "Fulish," "Fulish," and "Fulish" are attempts to spell phonetically the word "fresh" as it sounds to the Oriental ear. English words containing the letter "r" give the Japanese a great deal of trouble; and in trying to reproduce them, with their imperfect knowledge of alphabetic values, they make some curious and funny combinations. One would hardly guess that "Karare and Kufus" meant "collars and cuffs," unless one happened to see a Japanese ironing those articles in the laundry bearing the signboard. Neither would one recognize the English element in the name "Howjiudu Maru" painted on the bow of a Japanese junk; and yet "Howjiudu" is not a bad reproduction of "How do you do" as the words are often carelessly and slurringly pronounced. "How do you do" was probably the only English phrase that the owner of the boat had ever heard; and, having the courage of his ignorance, he treated it as a single word, combined it with a Japanese suffix applied to sailing vessels generally, and gave it, with pride, to his "honorable" junk.

All of these blunders are obviously the results of inaccurate hearing, or imperfect knowledge of the phonetic values of English letters; but in the literature of Japanese signboards there is another class of errors which is plainly due to the looking up of English words in Japanese-English dictionaries and the putting of such words together without regard to the rules of English syntax. When, for example, a Japanese wishes to paint on a signboard the words "Shop of the Courteous Barber," he turns in his dictionary to the Japanese word for "courtesy," and finds opposite it a whole group of nearly synonymous English words, among which is "kindness." Not having knowledge enough to discriminate between shades of meaning, he selects "kindness" almost at random, and associates it with "shop" and "barber" as follows: "Barber the Kindness Shop." Another Japanese, practising the same trade, refers to himself as the "Cheerful Barber"; a laundryman gives notice that he is a "High Washman"; and a sartorial artist describes himself as "The Sublime Tailor." "High" and "sublime" seem inappropriate or at least hyperbolic adjectives to apply to "washmen" and tailors; but reference to a Japanese-English dictionary shows that among the definitions there given of these words are "eminent," "superior," and "great"; and such were the ideas that the Japanese signboard-paint-

er intended to express. I passed almost daily, for weeks, a Tokyo shop whose signboard bore the words "Nourishing Drugs," but whether the proprietor sold cocktails or cod-liver oil I never ascertained. All sorts of drinks, however are described in Japanned English as "nourish, ag." A dealer in coffee, advertising his specialty in a daily newspaper, said: "More men is not got dropsey of the legs who use this coffee, which is contain nourish." Although the statement is somewhat ambiguous, I presume the advertiser meant to say that more people would escape "dropsey of the legs" if his nourishing coffee were more generally used.

Sometimes words taken almost at random from a Japanese-English dictionary go queerly together. Between the American embassy and the Shinbashi railway station in Tokyo, there is a shop whose signboard bears the words, "Japanese Rare, Celebrated, Elegant and Suchlike Porcelain," and in another place a dealer describes his candles as "Brilliant, Glorious and Economical." In the Japan Times a Tokyo druggist advertised, for months, "Invaluable, Fragrant and Nice Pills." He never informed the public what they were good for, but evidently expected people to take them, as they would eat confectionery, because they were "fragrant and nice."—George Kennan, in *The Outlook*.

## GETTING A GRIP ON OURSELVES.

We are tricked by our expectations. We foray hope that the new year will make us better, but it does not unless we get our hand hard on the helm. Driftwood does not float up stream, and no more will time carry us upward unless we lend it a hand. The nineteenth psalm is mournful, but it is great, and one of its greatest utterances is the prayer, "So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom." That means that we have something to do, that we must get a grip on ourselves, or get busy with our hearts and with wisdom. There is no drift in that verse, and nobody is a passenger on its stream of time.

The break in the years is a call to us to make the days count. "I have no time," is an expression that meets us at every turn. But we each have all the time there is, 365 days in the year, seven days in the week. None of the men of marvellous achievement ever had any more than that.

## A MOTHER'S SONG.

Some years ago a company of Indians was captured on a western frontier. Among them were a number of stolen children. They had been with the savages for years. Word was sent through the region inviting all who had lost children to come and see if among the little captives they could recognize their own.

A long way off was a woman who had been robbed of a little boy and girl. With mingled hope and fear she came with throbbing heart. She approached the group. They were strange to her. She came nearer, and with eyes filled with mother-love she peered into their faces, one after another, but there was nothing in any she could claim, nor was there anything in her to light up those cold faces.

With a dull pain of despair at her heart, she was turning away when she paused, choked back the tears, and in soft, clear notes began a simple song she used to sing to her little ones of Jesus and Heaven. Before a line was completed, a boy and a girl left the group and ran up to her, exclaiming, "Mama, Mama," and she folded her lost darlings to her bosom, and took them home rejoicing. So lives a mother's earthly influence in the hearts of her children.

## A WORD TO MOTHERS.

Baby's Own Tablets is the only medicine for children that gives the mother the guarantee of a Government analyst that it is absolutely free from opiates and poisonous soothing stuff. The Tablets cure all stomach and bowel troubles, destroy worms, break up colds and simple fevers, and bring teeth through painlessly. They give baby sound natural sleep because they remove the cause of crossness and sleeplessness. Mrs. Ralph Judd, Judd Haven, Ont., says: "Baby's Own Tablets have given me great satisfaction both for teething troubles and constipation." Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## THE GREATNESS OF HUMILITY.

By Rev. W. G. Wilson, M.A.

There are few instances recorded in which we have Christ's estimate of the worth of an individual teacher or preacher. When, therefore, He pays so high a tribute to His immediate forerunner and places him in the forefront of all the men who had lived up to His own time, He must have detected some elements of greatness in him beyond those which we find in most men.

May it not well be, that Christ's admiration reached its highest point, when He considered the great humility of this stern man from the desert, who was attracting so much attention about the time when He was entering upon His own public work? Jesus would not be so unsympathetic as to fail to see the opportunity which John had to gain for himself a little glory, when the people surrounded him and eagerly equaled if he were not the One for whom they had been so long waiting. For listen for this great man's response to so tempting an offer. "I am not worthy." "I am but a voice." "I must decrease, that He may increase." Could any words better reflect the deep sense of humility which must have possessed the Baptist's soul, uttered under the prevailing conditions? Willing that his little light might go out, if need be that the light of Another might shine forth in undimmed brightness. We need not be surprised that Jesus was quick to recognize and pay tribute to a man who could suffer such self-abasement, for He well knew that only a great man could assume such an attitude to One who was soon to supersede him.

It is not different to-day. The truly great workers for Christ are less anxious for their own glory than they are for the spread of the Christ influence in the hearts of men; and they have found that their efforts have been most blessed when they have been most successful in hiding behind the cross of Christ, and letting His saving glory appear.

And what increase of power for Christian service would come, if we could but forget ourselves when we undertake work for our Master! What lessons could be taught, if the teacher were only willing to become but a "voice" speaking a message from God Himself to the minds and hearts of the scholars!—*Teachers' Monthly*.

For Rheumatism—Sufferers from rheumatism should dress entirely in woolen clothing and dust the inside of their clothing with the flowers of sulphur. They should abstain from taking beer, acids, sweets, sugar or pastry, but should take plenty of milk, celery stewed in milk, or prepared in other ways, and onions. They should rub the joints night and morning with a brine of salt, rubbing it in until the skin is dry. Turkish baths do much good to rheumatic persons, but, being a severe remedy, should never be tried without first consulting a medical man, or the result may be most injurious.

<p>CHURCH WORK</p>	<h1 style="margin: 0;">Ministers and Churches</h1>	<p>NEWS LETTERS</p>
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**OTTAWA.**

Several of the city congregations will hold their annual congregational meetings next week.

Rev. A. G. Cameron, of Westboro', took the services in the Glebe church, last Sunday, the pastor, Rev. Mr. Milne, being indisposed. The communion was observed at the morning service, and was largely attended.

The annual Union Prayer Meeting of the Ottawa Auxiliaries of the W. F. M. Society will be held in the parlor of Bank street church next Friday at 4 p.m. A large meeting of members is expected.

So successful was the New Year's day rally of the Presbyterian Sunday schools, in Knox church yesterday morning, that the event will be an annual one. This conclusion was arrived at after a short meeting of ministers and Sunday school superintendents, in the vestry, at the end of the rally. The church was filled to the doors, the pupils of McKay, St. Paul, Knox, Bank, St. Andrew's, St. Mark's, Zion (Hull), Erskine, Hintonburg (Ottawa West), Stewarton, and Glebe Sunday schools filling the galleries and body of the church to overflowing. Standards were set up to dictate the various places allotted to the scholars, and no confusion was apparent whatever in seating the big crowd. Many of the pupils came in huge vans. The pulpit was draped with a large Union Jack, and on the platform, besides the ministers and superintendents, was a splendid orchestra under the direction of Mr. W. H. Pearce, the piano being played by Miss Harvey. The singing was really wonderful, especially of the national anthem and Maple Leaf. On the platform were: Mr. W. B. Garvock, Mr. McPhall, Mr. H. S. Campbell, Mr. R. McGiffin, Mr. Gilbert Allan, Mr. L. Bonnenfant, Mr. J. H. McKay, Mr. Thomas Bowman, Mr. W. H. Tate, Mr. J. Rorgan, Mr. W. H. Fitzsimmons and Mr. Nimmo, superintendents of the schools, with Rev. P. W. Anderson, Rev. Dr. W. D. Armstrong, Rev. Dr. Ramsay, Rev. J. H. Turnbull, Rev. Dr. Herridge, Rev. Mr. Vessot, Rev. Mr. Mitchell, Rev. Robert Edie, Rev. Mr. McLroy and Rev. Mr. Milne. The collection, which was a generous one, was for the deficit in the French mission in Hull. Rev. P. W. Anderson, who presided, making an eloquent appeal for the good cause. Rev. Mr. Turnbull, of Bank street church, made the only address of the day, talking on Time, and illustrating the points to the children in true scientific fashion. The pupils paid excellent attention, a compliment to Mr. Turnbull's attractive presentation of the lessons he sought to convey.

People who boast of always saying just what they think are usually people who think disagreeable thoughts.

Queen's and Ottawa College have decided upon the following subject for the final debate of the inter-collegiate series, "Resolved, That the Government should establish a system of old age pensions." Queen's will argue the negative.

The new attitude on missions is exemplified by Governor Hoke Smith, of Georgia. His own trenchant testimony to his own change of mind on the subject was thus expressed at a dinner at which he presided in Atlanta: "I have been a holder back on missions. I thought others were pressing the matter too much and too fast. But I will be a holder back no longer."

**EASTERN ONTARIO.**

Last Sunday week the services in the Spencerville church were conducted by Rev. Mr. Ferguson, of South Mountain.

Rev. J. U. Tanner and Mrs. Tanner, were the guests of Rev. Chas. Tanner, Windsor Mills, Que., during the past week.

The Rev. J. B. Inkster, of the Presbyterian College, Montreal, spent New Year's here, the guest of Mr. J. S. Stewart, Inkerman Cottage, South Lancaster.

Rev. Mr. McMillan, formerly of St. Enoch's Church, Toronto, preached at both services in Knox church, Azincourt, last Sunday. It is expected the congregation will soon proceed to call.

The service in St. John's Church, Cornwall, on New Year's morning was well attended. Owing to indisposition, the pastor, Rev. N. H. McGillivray, was unable to officiate, and the service was conducted by the Rev. J. S. Burnet.

The annual Congregational Tea held by the ladies of Knox Church, Cornwall, at the residence of Mrs. W. Atkinson on New Year's Day was a very enjoyable affair. There was a large attendance. An excellent musical programme was rendered with much success.

**HAMILTON NOTES.**

The season for annual meetings has arrived. 1907 has been a good year for Presbyterianism. There has been steady advance all along the line.

Rev. Dr. Fletcher, by appointment of Presbytery, preached the pulpit of Knox church, Hamilton, vacant last Sunday. Dr. Fletcher is interim moderator of the session, to whom communications having reference to a hearing should be addressed.

Rev. Neil Leckie, an old Hamilton boy preached in McNab street church on Sunday last, Jan. 5th. Mr. Leckie was for two years assistant pastor in Central Church here before accepting a call to his present charge at Londesboro' in Huron Presbytery.

Rev. E. M. Keirstead, D.D., of Toronto, was the speaker at the last regular meeting of the Hamilton Ministerial Association. At the preceding meeting our own Prof. McFadyen of Knox College was the speaker. Strong New Year messages were delivered from many of our pulpits on Sunday.

The published summary of the agricultural census for 1907 shows a gratifying and, doubtless to some pessimistic persons, a surprising increase in farming operations in the Maritime Provinces. Since 1901 the cultivated area of New Brunswick has been increased by some 182,000 acres. Commenting on these facts the Maritime Baptist says: "But far more significant is the record of increase in orchard land, in the acreage devoted to the cultivation of potatoes, in the growth in the dairying interests, and in the large increase in the number of swine and poultry. The indications are that present development is due to an intelligent effort to meet the special conditions which exist in the east. It is a qualitative rather than in quantitative result. As such it gives hopeful promise for the future. The east cannot hope to compete with the west by the use of the same methods; but there is every reason to believe that a farmer in the east can obtain by intelligent adaptation to existing conditions of soil, climate and market, quite as good results as the farmer in the West."

**WESTERN ONTARIO.**

Rev. George W. Carter, M.A., of St. Andrew's church, Keewatin, is visiting friends in the East.

Rev. D. D. Millar, of Hawkesbury, was the preacher in Westminster church, Mount Forest, last Sunday.

At Jarratt, Oro, the members of Eeson congregation presented Mrs. Haig with a beautiful fur coat.

Mr. McLeod, a student of Knox College, very acceptably occupied the pulpit of the Ardrea church for the past two Sabbaths.

Rev. J. H. Graham, of Avonton, has been lecturing on the Life and Work of Father Chiquiquay before the Young People's Missionary Society.

The scholars of the Bradford Sunday school had a sleigh ride to Bond Head last week, followed by tea in the Sunday school room. Needless to say, the youngsters had a good time.

The Christmas entertainment of the Wallaceburg Sunday school realized the handsome sum of \$95.00. The programme was greatly enjoyed by all present.

The Christmas entertainment of the Embro Sunday school was quite successful. A cantata was given by the scholars. The proceeds amounted to \$44.00.

Rev. Dr. McCrae, of Wilton Grove, his many friends will be glad to know, has been able to resume work after a sharp attack of grip. He took the services last Sunday.

On Sunday evening, December 29th, a special children's service was held in Knox church, Moonstone when prizes were given the children for attendance at the Sunday school. Mr. Burnett, of Victoria Harbor, gave an interesting address, mainly intended for the children.

Rev. H. R. Horne, B.A., general secretary of the Upper Canada Tract and Book Society, occupied the pulpit of Knox Church, Embro, on Sunday morning, and that of the Congregational Church on Sunday evening. Mr. Horne is proving himself an able successor to the late Rev. Dr. Moffatt, who so long and so faithfully discharged the duties of field secretary for the society.

Scores of Windsor's citizens attended a public reception given on New Year's eve by Col. Bartlett in honor of his father, Magistrate Alexander Bartlett, who upon the closing day of the year, saw also the close of the 35th anniversary of his birth. On that day, the venerable magistrate occupied his seat on the bench of the police court, where he has officiated for nearly 30 years, and showing apparently the same vigor that he did 20 years ago. Early next month Mr. Bartlett will have completed the 50th year of his public service in Windsor, he having been appointed town clerk in 1858. It may be added that Mr. Bartlett has been for more than fifty years an active and honored elder of the Presbyterian church; and it was only a week ago that we gave extracts from the readable and accurate historical sketch of St. Andrew's church, Windsor, prepared by him which certainly gave no indications of weakening powers.

On a recent evening a number of the Woodlands congregation met at the Manse and presented Rev. J. S. Caldwell with an oak arm-chair, and Mrs. Caldwell with a fancy table. The presentation was made by John Tullock. Mr. Caldwell replied in suitable terms. Afterwards refreshments were served by the ladies and a very pleasant hour was spent in social intercourse.

## JUBILEE OF REV. P. DUNCAN.

Cobourg, Ont., Jan. 3.—The Jubilee of the Rev. Peter McLaren Duncan's fifty years in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church in Canada and of his pastorate of the Colborne Church, was fittingly celebrated at Colborne on Monday evening. The Synod of Toronto and Kingston, of which the Rev. Mr. Duncan is Moderator, the Presbytery of Peterboro, of which he is also the Moderator, and his congregations at Colborne and Lakeport united to show him honor upon this occasion, the church being crowded to the doors with a most interested and sympathetic audience. It was a unique and memorable occasion. Seldom indeed is it given to a minister to labor for half a century in the ministry rarer still does one minister for that length of time to the same congregation. Yet in December 1857, the Rev. Peter McLaren Duncan filled with the vigor and enthusiasm of youth, came to labor in Colborne. Since that time he has gone in and out among his people, the sharer of their joys, the bearer of their sorrows, their adviser in times of difficulty, in hours of discouragement a sympathetic friend. It is small wonder that his loved form is at most regarded as a part of each household and his name is known and honored not only throughout Northumberland County, but largely throughout the Province. The Synod of Toronto and Kingston was represented by two classmates of the reverend gentleman, the Rev. Dr. McLaren, of Knox College, Toronto, and the Rev. Dr. Carmichael, of Kingston, who gave appropriate and able addresses, presenting felicitations and congratulations on behalf of their many brethren in the ministry not privileged to be present. The Rev. D. A. Thompson Hastings, his oldest collaborator in the Peterborough Presbytery, and the Rev. Wm. Beattie, Cobourg, representing the younger ministers in the Presbytery presented congratulations on behalf of that body and the Rev. C. S. Lord, Fenelon Falls, on behalf of the Presbytery of Lindsay.

By the Synod of Toronto and Kingston Mr. Duncan was presented with an illuminated address; by the Peterborough Presbytery with a purse of gold, and his congregations at Colborne and Lakeport presented him with an address, and Mrs. Duncan, his faithful adviser and helper, with a purse of gold. To these manifestations of appreciation and regard Mr. Duncan made suitable and feeling reply.

Some few months ago Mr. Duncan resigned from the active work, his resignation to go into effect at the completion of his fifty years pastorate. The congregations have extended a call to the Rev. Mr. Thornton, of Knox College, who at a special meeting of Presbytery held yesterday was licensed to preach, and in about three weeks' time will be ordained and inducted. On the first Sunday in January the pulpit for the first time in fifty years will be declared vacant.

Canadian Baptist: The one hard, stubborn fact that is breaking the hearts of the pastors and directing discussion to the passing away of the churches is that the people do not come out to the preaching services of the churches, at least to the second service. The members and those who have grown up under Christian influences will attend the morning service. In so doing they feel they have discharged their Christian duty. Their indifference as to the evening service is made the excuse by non-church members and the worldly and pleasure seeking not to go, and the pews in the evening are unfilled."

He who mixes with unclean things becomes unclean himself; he whose associations are pure, becomes purer each day.—Talmud.

## SPARKS FROM OTHER ANVILS.

Philadelphia Westminster: God does not always come across lots to the human heart. There is oftentimes a way farther round that is more sure.

Morning Star: The miserable can't see an education for shame in peace and disgrace in war. From a drunken army and a drunken navy, the prayer of patriotism will ever be, good Lord deliver us.

Presbyterian Witness: Give your countenance and aid to all who pity the destitute, who stretch forth the kindly hand to save, who heal the sick and raise the fallen, feed the hungry and clothe the naked, and minister at the bed of weariness and pain.

Central Presbyterian: The New Year is a good time, it has been said, for returning borrowed property. Not the umbrella only, though one might begin with that, but the books. We have returned one already, and are looking for others. Then one might return a note of thanks for the kindness shown, or make some evident return of the affection given us by wife or mother or sister.

Michigan Presbyterian: A prominent elder in the Monroe Presbytery thinks there ought never to be any "age limit" for ministers. He says: "I believe in the older men and love them best." That sounds good. It is as welcome as a Christmas gift. The gray-haired veterans ought to cheer up and take heart to know they are "loved best." The younger men will come in for their full share after they have fought as many battles.

Lutheran Observer: After we have joined ourselves in faith to God, after we have the divine life and strength imparted to our faculties, after we can say: "Christ liveth in me," then we have no right to say we can do nothing, stand nothing, encounter nothing, but we hear the jubilant, triumphant tone that is to pervade our life in the words: "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me."

Sunday School Times: Life in a world where sin was not punished would be unthinkable horrible. It would mean that God did not care what became of us. We could continue a downhill course without any warning signals. The principal of one of our theological seminaries was, toward the end of his life, partially paralyzed. One day his hand fell upon a hot water heater, and, as his nerves sent no message of pain to his brain, he was terribly burned without knowing it. Penally for wrongdoing is a sign of our Father's loving care for his children. But pain does not cure disease; it only shows its presence.

Canadian Churchman: To-day the air is full of social schemes to aid the cause of Christianity. We should remember that Christianity is not at fault. The trouble is that its professors have failed to apply its principles to the varying needs of social life. They have been too self-centered and self-satisfied. Content with their own affairs and the social intercourse of their own circles of friends, the mass of outside humanity has been calmly ignored. Now that the Salvation Army and other efforts along that line have attracted the public Church people are being roused to adapt themselves to the new order of things. As we have repeatedly said where the Church should have led it is a follower. Now the danger is that the enthusiasm along social lines may blind the enthusiasts to the main principles for which the Church stands. This is a rock to be avoided.

There is immense satisfaction in standing by what one believes to be the truth, even though one may not be successful.

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Gipsy Smith will conduct a ten days' mission in Assembly Hall, Belfast, beginning on February 15 next.

Scottish bagpipes have just been used for the first time at meetings of the Salvation Army, and a band of pipes are shortly to be introduced to London.

In consequence of the appearance of the Asiatic bubonic plague at Seattle, every vessel in the harbor has been ordered fumigated. This includes ferry boats and everything afloat that may contain a rat.

Rev. J. G. Semple, a minister of the Presbyterian Church, U.S.A., has applied to the Assembly for admission as a minister without charge, and Belfast Presbytery has recommended the application.

Throughout the Church much interest is being taken in the appointment of a successor to the late Rev. Dr. Blair, of St. John's church, Edinburgh. The committee have gone over the names of a large number of ministers, and have meantime reduced the list to twenty.

The Glasgow College has at present in attendance at its classes over ninety students, including over twenty foreign students. A new departure has been made this year by the admission of three lady students to the theological classes, which have hitherto consisted of male students only. The three theological lady students are Americans.

An appeal has been issued on behalf of dispossessed congregations of the United Free Church of Scotland. Of the sum of £150,000 required, over £50,000, it is stated, has been raised privately, Lord Overton heading the list with £10,000, and Mr. John S. Kennedy, of New York, contributing £5,000. The present public appeal is now issued to congregations.

Sir George B. Bruce, the Church's "Nestor," who is now unable through the infirmities of age to take any part in its public work, attained the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the eldership on Friday last. He was ordained at Berwick on Tweed in connection with the congregation of which the late Rev. Principal John Cairns, D.D., was minister.

A severe earthquake shock lasting six minutes was felt throughout the entire Japanese Empire from Hokkaido to the Bonin Islands. It occurred at 2:17 o'clock on the morning of November 22, and fortunately, no damage was done. Hokkaido and the Bonin Islands are respectively the most northerly and southerly islands of the Japanese archipelago. The earthquake area embraces over 1,000 miles of coast line.

At a recent meeting of the Church Union Association in Edinburgh, Mr. T. T. Maclagan, who presided, said the differences between the Churches were important in themselves, but they were on a different platform from the work which the Churches had before them—their real work. He was afraid they in Scotland for many years allowed these differences to usurp the place that really did not belong to them, and had therefore allowed them to do an amount of harm which it would take them a very considerable time to make up. For this state of matters he thought the blame lay partly on the clerical and partly on the lay side. He called on his fellow-laymen to do all they could to break down the barriers between the Churches. There was a good time coming, when this scandal and weakness would come to an end.

Herald and Presbyter: Every Christian should resolve to make this a year filled with usefulness in Christ's service. We ought to be determined to do what we can to advance his kingdom among men. One can at least be useful.

## HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

Rain water and soda will remove stains from varnished furniture.

To attempt hard work or close study within an hour after eating invites derangements of the digestive organs.

Because air is invisible it is no reason why pure air is not as essential to good health as is wholesome food and drink.

**Fruit Pudding, Steamed**—Sift together two cups of entire wheat flour, half a teaspoon of salt, two teaspoons of baking powder, and one quarter of a cup of granulated sugar. Beat one egg, add half a cup of milk, and one teaspoon of flavoring extract, and stir into the dry mixture; then beat in two table spoons of butter, melted, and lastly, three-fourths a cup of fruit: currants, sultanas, citron, figs, dates or prunes may be used, either singly or in combination. Steam in a buttered mould one hour. Serve with hard sauce.

**Hard Sauce**—Cream thoroughly fruit, sugar and butter, adding cream to make the sauce soften, and sprinkle with nutmeg.

**Maple Sugar and Walnut Cream**—Boil, without stirring, one pound of maple sugar grated or broken, and half a cup of boiling water, until the "soft ball" stage is reached; that is, until the syrup thickens to a skewer, plunged into cold water, the syrup, and cold water again, will form a soft ball between thumb and finger. Stir until thick enough to drop from a spoon; drop in well-shaped rounds, and decorate with a walnut meat on the top.

**Cream of Oyster Soup**—Scald a cup of cream and half a cup of milk with a slice of onion and stalk of celery. Scald a quart of oysters in their own liquor. Remove the oysters from the liquor. Chop fine, pound in a mortar, and pass through a sieve. Cook together two table spoons of butter and three table spoons of flour to which has been added one fourth a teaspoon each of white pepper and paprika, and half a teaspoon of salt. Dilute with the oyster liquor, and add the oyster pulp. Beat the whites of two eggs until dry. Poach by desertspoons in hot water salted. Strain the cream into the soup, add more seasoning if necessary, and serve with the poached egg on the top.

The true secret of happiness is not to escape toil and affliction, but to meet them with the faith that through them the destiny of man is fulfilled. —Westcott.

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## SPARKLES.

"You have three pairs of glasses, professor!"

"Yes; I use one to read with, one to see at a distance and the third to find the other two."

"I wouldn't cry like that if I were you," said a lady to little Alice.

"Well," said Alice, between her sobs, "you can cry any way you like, but this is my way."

Little Johnny Smith suddenly asked, in a startled voice, says a writer in "Everybody's Magazine," "Mamma, is that bay rum in the bottle on your table?"

"Mercy, no, dear!" she replied. "That is muceilage."

"Oh!" said little Johnny. Then, after a moment's pause he added, reflectively, "Perhaps that's why I can't get my hat off."—Youth's Companion.

Papa: "Karlichen, look what you have done; upset the ink-pot all over my desk!"

Karlichen: "Yes, papa, Anna wasn't looking after me properly."

Teacher (to new pupil): "What's your name?"

New Pupil: "T-t-tommy T-t-tinker."

Teacher: "And do you stutler all the time, Tommy?"

New Pupil: "N-n-no, m-m'am; o-o-only when I t-t-talk."

"How in the world, Mrs. Wisely, do you manage to have all your three daughters in so early when they spend the evening out?"

"The last one home has to get breakfast next morning."

Said an Irishman to a telegraph operator: "Do you ever charge anybody for the address of a message?"

"No," replied the operator. "And do you charge for signing his name, sir?" said the customer.

"No, sir."

"Well, then, will ye please send this? I just want my brother to know that I am here," handing the following:

"To John McFlynn, — St., New York—(signed) Patrick McFlynn." It was sent as a tribute to Patrick's shrewdness.

However beautiful our dreams, we prefer the open vision. The labor of the day is more than the passing vagaries of slumber. It is here that life faces its realities and accomplishes its mission. Yet for the sub-conscious realm we thank God, for therein we have had most beautiful glimpses of the land that lies afar off, and the soul has been so mellowed by anticipations, that we have arisen from our sleep and have gone more hopefully to the duties of the day.

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You can get these pills from any medicine dealer or by mail at 50c a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## A LITTLE POEM BY GREAT MEN.

Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour? —Young.

Life's a short summer; and is but a flower. —Dr. Johnson.

By turns we catch the fatal breath and die. —Pope.

The cradle and the tomb, alas, how nigh? —Prior.

How long we live, not tears, but actions tell. —Watkins.

The man lives twice who lives the first life well. —Herrick.

The trust that's given, guard, and to yourself be just. —Dana.

For live now how we may, yet die we must. —Shakespeare.

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6.57 p.m.	Albany	5.10 a.m.
10.00 p.m.	New York City	8.55 a.m.
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*Herald and Presbyter.*

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**PRESBYTERY MEETINGS**

**Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.**

Quebec, Quebec.  
Montreal, Montreal, 5th March.  
Glengarry, Lancaster, 5th Nov.  
Ottawa, Ottawa.  
Lan. and Renfrew, Smith's Falls, 17th Feb., 3.30.  
Brockville, Prescott.

**Synod of Toronto and Kingston.**

Kingston.  
Peterboro', Colborne, 30th Dec.  
Lindsay.  
Toronto, Toronto, Monthly, 1st Tues.  
Whitby, Brocklin, 15th Jan, 10 a.m.  
Orangeville.

**North Bay, Magnetawan.**

Algoma, S. Richard's Bldg.  
Owen Sound, O. St., 3rd Dec., 10 a.m.  
Saugeen, Drayton.  
Guelph, Knox Ch., Guelph, 21st Jan., 10.30 a.m.

**Synod of Hamilton and London.**

Hamilton, Knox Ch., Hamilton, 7th Jan., 10 a.m.  
Paris, Brantford, 14th Jan., 10.30.  
London, First Ch., London, 3rd Dec., 10.30.  
Chatham, Chatham.  
Huron, Clinton.  
Maitland, Teeswater.  
Bruce, Paisley.

**Synod of the Maritime Provinces**

Sydney, Sydney.  
Inverness.  
P. E. Island, Charlottetown.  
Pictou, New Glasgow.  
Wallace.  
Truro, Truro, 18th Dec., 10 a.m.  
Halifax.  
Lun. and Yar.  
St. John.  
Miramichi, Bathurst.

**Synod of Manitoba.**

Superior.  
Winnipeg, College, 2nd Tues., 10.30  
Rock Lake.  
Glenboro', Cyprus River.  
Portage-la-P.  
Dauphin.  
Brandon.  
Mellita.  
Minnedosa.

**Synod of Saskatchewan.**

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

**Synod of Alberta.**

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

**Synod of British Columbia.**

Kamloops.  
Kootenay.  
Westminster.  
Victoria, Victoria.

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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Servants' Quarters, R.M.C., Kingston, Ont.," will be received at this office until Friday, December 6, 1907, inclusively, for the work above described.

Plans and specification can be seen and forms of tender obtained at this Department, and on application to H. P. Smith, Esq., Architect, Kingston.

Persons tendering are notified that tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with their actual signatures.

Each tender must be accompanied by an accepted cheque on a chartered bank, made payable to the order of the Honorable the Minister of Public Works, equal amount of the tender, which will be forfeited if the person tendering declines to enter into a contract when called upon to do so, or if he fails to complete the work contracted for. If the tender is not accepted the cheque will be returned.

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

By Order,

FRED GELINAS,

Secretary.

Department of Public Works,  
Ottawa, November 18, 1907.

Newspapers will not be paid for this advertisement if they insert it without authority from the Department.

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## HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of A Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, excepting 5 and 24, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 100 acres, more or less.

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

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:—

(1) At least six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

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

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

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

Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa, of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

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