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At Edmonton, N. W. T., on November 12th, by the Rev. D. G. McQueen, E. D. Grierson to Lola D. Booth.

On Nov. 26, 1902, at the residence of the bride's father, 139 Bank street, Ottawa, by the Rev. D. M. Ramsay, of Knox church, W. Sanford McFarlane, to Ellen, only daughter of Mr. James McCracken.

On Wednesday, Nov. 12th at the manse, Sutton, by Rev. D. T. T. McKerrill B.A., Margaret Rachell Shire of Brock, to James McTamney, of Pefferlaw.

On Wednesday, Oct. 29th at the residence of Mr. Wm Carnochan, Tuckersmith, by Rev. F. H. Larkin of Seaforth, Mr. James Smith, Toronto, to Miss May Carnochan.

On Wednesday, Nov. 12th by Rev. R. A. Cranston of Cromarty, Mr. James Walker of Comber to Miss Helen Cans of Hibbert.

At the manse, Chatham, on Nov. 17th by Rev. J. J. Ross, Mr. Dyer Smith, of Louisville, to Miss Margaret I. Cudmore.

At Richmond, November 19, by Rev. Dr. Kellock, Ernest Hawker, to Clara Ann Day, of Cleveland.

On Dec. 2, 1902, by the Rev. A. E. Mitchell, W. J. Morrison, of Buffalo, to Lizzie McKnight, second daughter of Mr. F. E. McKnight, 65 Anderson street, Ottawa.

On Dec. 3, 1902, by the Rev. E. A. Mackenzie, B. A., B. D., Norman R. McLeod, of Vankleek Hill, to Maggie Dewar, of Montreal.

Vankleek Hill papers please copy. On Dec. 2, 1902, at the residence of Mrs. H. Ward, 41 St. Eustache street, Quebec, by the Rev. A. T. Love, Mr. Grant Ireland, of Beauport, to Miss Florence McBain, of Valcartier.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Burlington, Wednesday December 3rd, 1902, by the Rev. S. W. Fisher, B. A., of Christie, assisted by the Rev. Dr. Anderson, B. A. of Knox church, Isabelle Scott Currie to John Sinclair McCulloch of Hamilton.

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Note and Comment.

The New Hebrides has a population of 56,000, of whom 16,000 are professed Christians. There are on the islands 25 missionaries.

At the annual meeting of the Edinburgh and East of Scotland Liberal League, held in Edinburgh on the 21st ult., a motion was adopted condemning the Education Bill.

Dr. Gillespie, of Mouswald, Dumfriesshire, will be the next Moderator of the Church of Scotland, and Dr. Robson, Bridgmont Church, Perth, of the United Free Church.

Great Britain does not spend on missions to the heathen one-fiftieth part of what she spends on strong drink. It would be interesting to ascertain how the matter stands in Canada.

Be not wise above what is written! Popes push their claims to extremes, and so do other men, but the claim is untenable wherever it is urged. God alone is great and God alone is infallible.

A Paris Exhibition for 1911 is already talked about. It is calculated that during 1910, the year of the last exposition, some £6,000,000 more were spent by foreign visitors than in ordinary years.

Dr. E. Pressence, writing of the human and the divine will, says: "My will not thine, be done," turned paradise into a desert. "Thy will, not mine, be done," turned the desert into a paradise and made Gethsemane the gate of heaven."—Christian World.

The Rev. Dr. Parker, who passed quietly away last week, was the most popular preacher in London since the days of Spurgeon, and his place at the City Temple will not easily be filled. England is poorer by his death, and, although he was a pillar of Nonconformity, he will be mourned by the nation at large.

When Mrs. Eddy finds that her religious instructions as to the treatment of disease were bringing her disciples into trouble before the courts, she advises them to "refuse to doctor infectious or contagious diseases." When the disciples of Christ found themselves in the same position, they endured the persecution and ceased not to preach. Let the contrast be noted.

At a meeting held in Edinburgh on the 19th ult., Principal Rainy was the chief speaker. He moved a resolution protesting against the Bill and urging its withdrawal, and said he was for the Bible and the school, but the Bill was a wanton and wicked affront to the principles which ought to commend themselves to the people of the twentieth century. He would be slow to meddle with any Bill affecting England provided the English people were agreed, but he thought they in Scotland ought to concern themselves when their neighbour's house was on fire. Moreover, he thought that in the wake of this Bill there would be an effort to introduce denominationalism to Scottish education.

A fine edition of the "Thibetan Gospels" has been issued from printing works of Ghoom, near Darjeeling, in the Himalayan Mountains, under the auspices of the Moravian church. Altogether Thibet is still a land jealously guarded against foreign influence. These gospels are sold on the frontiers to Thibetan traders, and thus the seed of eternal life is sown broadcast.

The British and Foreign Bible society reports an extraordinary increase in the sales of Malay Scriptures from Singapore. In the past few years the sales have averaged about 3,500 per annum, and in 1899 they were even less. But last year the number of copies sold excelled 11,000, and in consequence several new editions have had to be printed.

It is not simply a question as to what is to become of the heathen world if we withhold the Gospel, says the Herald and Presbyter, but what is to become of ourselves if we are so unkind and unfeeling as to have no regard to the need of those who are perishing. We will move at the impulse of Christ's love. We will try to seek the lost everywhere in remembrance of him and of his directions.

A recent exploration of Baffin's Land has been made under the direction of the Geological Department of Canada. It appears to be the third largest island in the world, being exceeded in extent only by Australia and Greenland. It has an area of 300,000 square miles. It has a wonderful system of inland waters, and has twelve harbours roomy enough for large vessels. It is a possession of immense prospective value.

Archbishop Ireland seems to believe that Canada is sure to become a part of the United States. He talked about it in a recent speech in New York. Like a good many other United States men, who ought to know better, the Archbishop does not know what he is talking about when he talks about Canada. Pope Leo is quite as likely to be president of the United States as Canada is ever to become a part of that country.

We have just read, remarks the Christian Observer of a boy nineteen years old, who wanted to learn a trade, but could find no opportunity. The rules of the trades unions, limiting the number of apprentices, shut him out. Then he stole a set of harness, was caught and convicted. When questioned, he said that he knew that in the penitentiary he would have an opportunity to learn a trade, and he stole the harness, leaving track so that he might be caught and sent to the penitentiary. Without justifying the act, we call attention to a state of affairs which is demoralizing our young men. It ought to be remedied. There ought to be opportunities for them.

Dr. J. J. Ridge, writing in a London paper, sets forth the disastrous effects of drink on social life, and states that careful and experienced investigators have calculated that at least three-fourths of the pauperism is due to it. To what an extent alcohol leads to vice, in the specific sense of the word, is a matter of common knowledge.

As to its effects on the health of the individual drinker, Dr. Ridge says it has been estimated that the deaths caused by drink amount to between 40,000 and 60,000 per annum, while those indirectly due to the same cause amount to as much more. The amount of disease for which drink is responsible is beyond calculation. And yet thousands and thousands among us act in regard to the liquor traffic as if it were perfectly harmless, and a matter of no importance whatever either to the individual or to the commonwealth.

Dr. Underwood, of the Presbyterian mission in Korea, is authority for the statement that the 300 churches of his denomination in that country are self-supporting, with one or two exceptions. They build their own churches and schools, support their own teachers, and pay current expenses.

There is perhaps, no greater international crime, says the Christian Intelligencer, than the arming of savage races with modern firearms. Yet this is what the French are said to be regularly doing. They are all the time shipping guns to the natives of Africa. The Mad Mullah has most of his supplies from them. The *Journal and Messenger* well says that because of this kind of crime Great Britain has practically been obliged to fight all the nations of Europe in any difficulty which has occurred in the last ten years.

Let us come to figures. Twenty-five years ago there was not a single school in Central Africa. To-day there are nearly one hundred and thirty in one mission alone. Twenty-five years ago no one in Central Africa knew a letter of the alphabet. To-day we have more than twenty thousand scholars in our schools. Twenty-five years ago there was no Christian in all the country. To-day three hundred native teachers preach Christ in the villages every Sabbath day. Twenty years ago there was but one inquirer after Christ, and a year later the missionaries met with great joy to baptize him in the name of the Trinity. Last year there were more than three thousand catechumens in the baptism classes, and on a single day at one of the stations, more than three hundred adults were received into the church of Christ.

There is a tremendous effort being made at this time by certain men, says the Herald and Presbyter, to sweep away every distinctive element of the Christian religion while using the very words of Scripture and juggling, in a most unskillful manner, with their meaning. It is not because these men are learned, or scholarly, but because they are rationalistic by temperament and training, and do not feel any interest in the doctrines which involve the reproach of the cross. They would sweep away all that the apostles wrote, as to Christ and his sacrificial death, and would leave us only such things in the gospels as present Christ as an amiable, religious, fervent young man. Such rationalistic methods have characterized the opposition of Christ for nineteen hundred years. In spite of them those who draw their faith from the Word of God will continue to believe in Christ as the Son of God who died to take away the sin of the world.

Our Contributors.

A Tribute to a Great Preacher,

BY PROF. W. G. JORDAN D.D.

Dr. Parker, of the City Temple, was, since the death of Spurgeon, the English preacher most widely known throughout the world. That pulpit was the throne from which, for more than a quarter of a century, he executed a powerful and beneficial influence. In the summer of 1901 I had another opportunity of attending one of those famous Thursday services. I met there a Presbyterian layman from Ontario, and a recent graduate of Knox College; and I daresay that if the census of that congregation could have been taken, the result would have been to show that it contained people from all parts of the British Empire, and representatives of almost all the Christian communions. When a man has sustained a service of that kind for over a quarter of a century, there is no apology needed for calling him "a great preacher." In this case also, it is true that "you cannot deceive all the people all the time." No sensational tricks or vulgar eccentricity will account for such real success and abiding usefulness.

At the close of the service just mentioned, I went into the vestry to shake hands with the preacher, and to thank him for helpful stimulus received in bygone days. I am not much given to that kind of demonstration, perhaps, like other Presbyterian people not so much as I ought to be. On this occasion I had a special stimulus, as I wished to thank Dr. Parker for a wise and timely letter he had written some time before, to a well-known religious journal on the subject of Old Testament Criticism. He seemed to appreciate this sincere testimony from one specially engaged in Old Testament study. When I told that about twenty-five years had passed since I first heard him preach and that I still had a lively recollection of the sermon, he replied "You see I still preach the same old Gospel." True, it was the same Gospel with the same tone and colour if not quite the old vigour. And now he has gone to his rest and reward, as I write this brief tribute there is a feeling of loneliness creeping over the spirit, and I for one feel poorer because Joseph Parker is gone.

Parker was first and last a preacher, a preacher to intelligent men and to preachers. He wrote many books, with whatever strength and weakness they possessed they were the books of a preacher. Our young men—who are studying the great art of preaching should possess and read some of these suggestive expositions. Some went to hear Parker as they went to hear Henry Irving, and these said that "he would have made a great actor." I do not know whether or not he would have made a great actor. I am not a dramatic critic. But I know that he was not an actor, all the drama of human life, the tragic results of wickedness, the tenderness of Christ's compassion, the efficiency of His atoning love—all this was

real and living. Rich meditations on these great themes he brought into the pulpit and set them on fire. He knew when he had hold of a great central truth, and he was determined that his hearers should know it. He was a strong, sturdy man with a powerful voice and he dominated his audience. He could speak in italics or in capital letters. He could use an illustration in such a manner that it stood out in bold relief like a living picture making the principle set forth as clear as day light to those who possessed any intelligence. The man who was offended by the preacher's mannerisms and did not go back, suffered a great loss. I was exceedingly fortunate in the first sermon I heard him preach but I must reserve that for another day.

Parker had his faults then? You say, Oh yes! lots of them. He was very much open to criticism. Some superfine people settled the whole business by saying that he was vulgar and bombastic; that is futile criticism, which shows the limitation of those who make it. He was not one of the men of whom all spoke well; he was not sufficiently negative, there was something in him that must come out. Your small perfect people never explode, they do not possess the energy to make an explosion. They are always smoothly happy and graciously self-satisfied. Dr. Parker sometimes brought his withering satire to bear upon that class of people, and one felt that it was not enough to be perfect and find fault with other people. To come up to the preacher's ideal one must possess the power to flame out with indignation against wickedness, and fight with all one's might against insolent tyranny and braggart hypocrisy. If Parker was not a model of neatness, and a pattern of perfection he was a man of real originality and tremendous force. From his great efforts men went away and said "Yes, that is preaching; there is a real man and a living voice."

I remember very distinctly a smart critical article on Parker written by a very clever young man, whom at that time I numbered among my friends. It patronised the great preacher, it pointed out how ridiculous some of his mannerisms were, how he played strong tricks with his handkerchief, how "he roared and snook his mane." We were very young then as a certain writer says "No one was ever so young as we were then." I had to admit the truth of some of these criticisms, and I learned some homiletic tricks from my friend, but when I heard the strong man deliver a great discourse full of philosophic insight, poetic beauty and sublime passion, all these little things were swept away. My friend is a respectable vicar in the Church of England and has published many homiletic helps. I am trying in my feeble fashion to teach young men how and what to preach, and Parker having through all those changeable years fought a good fight "in the fierce light that beats upon a throne" has just finished a glorious career. What career is nobler than that of a great preacher? To me, at least, it is an inspiration to remember that such a man has lived.

Notes by Nemo

In these days there is an increase of attractive interesting books dealing with missionaries and their work, but what is more there is a cheerful recognition of the powerful beneficial influence exerted by the leading missionaries, and that in quarters where at one time the attitude was coldly critical. There are now thousands or men on the foreign field, and it is to be expected that some of them will be weak and indiscreet, but on the whole they are a fine body of men, and the really great leaders in this wonderful work have compelled the respect of the world by their high intelligence and statesmanlike skill as well as by their sincerity and courage. We may safely say that many of these men have shown capability and character that is quite equal to anything seen in the noblest specimens of workers in any other sphere. The following sympathetic notice of a South African missionary is taken from the Literary supplement of the London Times.

"A South African Seer"—"There is hardly any other word which will describe the character and work of the man whose life is presented in John Mackenzie of Shoshong, written by his son Professor Douglas Mackenzie, of Chicago (Hodden and Stoughton, 7s 6d. net.) Again and again the reader is reminded of such work as Samuel did for Israel, bringing a divine message, seeing justice done between man and man, seeing a definite example in his own person. Mackenzie was, indeed, a man who deserved and needed a biography, and in his son he has found a chronicler whose impartiality is worthy of acknowledgment, and whose only fault is that he did not give his work an additional month or two for the sole purpose of compression. John Mackenzie was a strange mixture. His youth, passed in the town of Elgin, was characterized by a devout religious introspection. He made daily entries of his meditations in paper diaries that he stitched together. He told the Almighty all about himself. "Every day"—so his confession ran—"I am engaged as a printer. I cannot then think on Thee, or if I do I cannot think on my work." And you fancy, as you read his musings, that you have come upon a Henry Martyn. But his acceptance by the London Missionary Society plunged him into the heart of Southern Central Africa, and turned his youthful mysticism into farseeing statesmanship. He was perhaps never quite understood by the directors of his society; committees mostly fail to manage missionaries of more than ordinary ability. But he takes his place among the men who have made history in South Africa. His one fault in the eyes of Boer and Afrikaner, in the eyes of Mr. Rhodes and the Colonial Office as it then was, was an intense sympathy with the Bechuana, which impelled him to resist the mere land grabber with all his might. But his experience of the country and his knowledge of its problems were possessed in the same degree by few other men. He had his first taste of Boer ambitions in 1859; he interviewed Moselekatshe in 1863; he drew up the proposals of Macheng, the Bamangwato chief, to the Governor of the Cape at the time of the gold discovery in the Tati district in 1867; on various occasions he conducted earnest campaigns in this country in favour of a

policy of protection for the natives and of South African supremacy for Great Britain. Nearly twenty years ago he placed in the forefront of our duty the appointment of a High Commissioner, who should be Governor neither of the Cape nor of Natal. Dr. Dale and Mr. Chamberlain helped him. Mr. John Morley was sympathetic. Mr. Leonard Courtney "made 'no bones' about admitting right off that those who think with him want to clear out from South Africa entirely." As long as Mackenzie was permitted to watch events, he perhaps saw little result of his efforts as a statesman. His monument as a missionary remains in his careful revision of the Bechuana Bible."

Among the Churches in Britain.

Dr. Alexander M'Laren.

[BY ARLEY LANE.]

In the porch was a printed pathetic petition imploring all strangers within the gates to refrain from taking seats until places were duly indicated by lawful authority. I read it, and my countenance fell, while my spirits receded to zero. Clearly this was no free-and-easy church, where the poor could sit in the front seats and the wandering visitor anywhere. Here was the reign of law, of prescriptive right; here was the happy hunting ground of the pew renter. I thought of the irate cathedral vergers who tapped the praying stranger on the shoulder and asked him what he was about.

"I'm saying my prayers," the poor man said.

The vergers was disgusted.

"You can't say 'em in Mrs Brown's pew," he remarked, with a rebuff; "and besides"—here he looked at his watch—"Prayers is at eleven an' arter arter four, an' not at twenty five minutes to two!"

It there was law at the Union Chapel, Oxford Road, Manchester, its reign was mitigated by a courtly urbanity. The brother who took me to the front was a veritable Good Samaritan. The lady who filled the other end of the pew was a model of Lancashire goodness, which for warmth and abundance is unsurpassed by any other brand of good nature on the planet. She not only provided books, but actually found the places, indicating the exact verse with a delicate ivory finger tipped with rose. One of the books belonged to a certain B Laycock, who had inscribed his name on the Twenty fourth Day of May, 1846. Raising mine eyes to a tablet on the wall, I observed that William Romaine Callender, a benefactor of the Chapel, died on the Twenty fourth day of May, 1872. A curious coincidence which reminded me that Queen Victoria's birthday was the Twenty fourth day of May, 1819. Another tablet on the further side excited curiosity. Did it also bear the magic date? Is twenty-four the lucky number of the chapel?

The three rows of windows in the sides were remindful of Dr Parker's church; likewise the organ behind the pulpit, which shortly gave out Gauntlett's tune "Triumph," into which we all chimed with might and main. Then Dr. M'Laren said "Let us pray," in a calm, matter of fact way that reminded me of the Duke of Wellington at St. Paul's Cathedral soon after Waterloo. "Let us pray," said the Dean, to which the Iron

Duke, who had not been to church for years, replied, "Certainly, Mr. Dean; very proper indeed." When the Doctor closed his eyes, and turned his calm face heavenwards I recognised in him the born mystic; the man of religious imagination who convinces by the force of his own conviction. When he spoke I recognised the Scot's accent and the Northern aspiration after the aspirates. Unlike the vast majority of English preachers, he makes a distinction between which and where, and witch and were. His voice is thin, but clear and of good carrying power. He asked the Creator to help us to drink of the brook by the way on our journey to the fauntain's head. We wanted a clearer view of the invisible, opined the Doctor, rather paradoxically, and somewhat in the vein of the Irish orator who said that with the prophetic eye he could see in the untrodden paths of the future the well marked footprints of an unseen hand. The Doctor next prayed for the House of Parliament which showed him to be a man of sanguine temperament and inexhaustible faith in the efficacy of prayer.

The Anglican chant has found its ungodly way into the services of Nonconformity. We sang a Psalm to Dr. Croch's famous recte et retro chant in G just as though we were under the roof of the Establishment. Year by year Nonconformists become more and more ritualistic. Already they sing the responses of Tallis; already they give the "Amen" in four part harmony; already they use a printed form of prayer; already their choirs sing florid anthems, while the people sit still as in a concert room. Not at the Union Chapel; so far there is only the thin end of the wedge. But I noted the chant, the Anglican chant, which is the peculiar appanage of the Church of England. That was all. Dr. M'Laren's congregation do not yet deserve the reproach of the Methodist preacher who looked on innovations as inventions of the evil one, and who said, at the close of the sermon: "The Primitives are following the Wesleys; the Wesleys are following the Congregationalists; the Congregationalists are following the Church of England; the Church of England is following the Roman Catholics; and the Roman Catholics are going to the Devil."

His text, said the Doctor, would be taken from the eighth verse of the Ninety ninth Psalm: "Thou wast a God that forgavest them; though Thou tookest vengeance of their intentions." The word "though" was not in the Hebrew. There was some apparent contrariety in the text—the two things, forgiveness and vengeance were both stated, laid side by side. The vengeance of God was not retaliation. It was more like the unimpassioned, unimpassioned action of public law. Not the wild justice of revenge, but the just retribution that dogs the impudent. Both forgiveness and scourging were manifestations of the Divine Holiness.

Here the Doctor became exalted. He took his hands to the front; extending them before him, knuants nearly together, palms downwards. Next he pointed to the ceiling with his left fingers extended and widely separated. Then he closed both hands over his chest, and, opening them with a sudden thrust forward, threw in trust upon us in double handfuls. Not prodigal of gesticulation; not theatrical; not in any degree sensational, Dr. M'Laren fills his church with sheer force of intellect. I am reminded of Garrison, who, being asked how he produced such colours, said he mixed

them with brains.

Many hundreds of preachers have I sat under, and in many countries, but never under a better preacher or a more beautiful old man than Dr. M'Laren, of Manchester. His sermon had every good quality—simplicity of direction combined with elegance; perfect arrangement and resulting clearness; a surprising thoroughness and a single-mindedness of purpose which was unmistakable. The subject was pursued into every corner; held up in every light; examined microscopically, yet without pedantry. The preacher wished to instruct; to remove false and misleading notions; to build up the people in the faith. Not to display his learning, or his eloquence, nor yet to create a host of lady admirers who would spread the fame of the preacher as "a perfect dear." The Doctor was strictly on business. What did the forgiveness of sins actually mean? Remission of penalties? Let us look at the imperfect type. Let us look at human forgiveness. Take a sin against friendship. The injured party says "I forgive him." No remission of penalties there. Remission of penalties was always a part, but always the smallest part; a derivative and secondary result.

Here the Doctor brought his hand to his necktie several times in succession, and looked over it ponderingly. The action meant "Do you see?" or "Have you grasped it?" He speaks slowly; every word has its weight; he gives the audience time to take in his meaning; does not overwhelm them with too rapid consignments of exposition. Remission of the offence was one thing; the purging of the heart from all feelings of enmity was another. We remembered our own childhood? Not when the angry parent put away the rod, but when his face cleared; then it was that the child knew he was forgiven. Dangerous it was—here the doctor grew warmer—to run away with the metaphor of the Father's love—God curses sin!

We sang a concluding hymn, and departed in peace, each, let us hope, with a clear notion of the sermon, I, for one, well pleased with the chapel, the steward, the congregation, the preacher, and, above all, with my charming companion of the Laycock pew. It was hard to part from her without a word of thanks. But we live on a proverbially cold, hard, inconvenient, old world. No matter; we shall meet again. The future is before us. She will find me waiting at the Gates of Pearl.—The Chronicle.

Building on the Rocks.

Leave God to order all the way,
And trust in Him whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find Him in the evil days,
Thine all-sufficient Strength and Guide,
Who rests on God's unchanging Love,
Builds on the Rock which none can move.

—Geo. Müller.

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"The Universal Perfume."
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The Quiet Hour.

Samuel the Judge.

S. S. LESSON—1 Sam. 7: 2-13. December 21, 1902.

The ark abode in Kirjath jearim, v. 2. It is full of encouragement to us to know that, low and degraded as Israel had become, there was yet a spark of grace left in their hearts, even as in the heart of the worst backslider who has ever really known the Lord. We ought to be encouraged to hope, in the worst state of the church, and for the most abandoned backslider.

If ye do return unto the Lord, v. 3. The great lesson of repentance is taught us in this verse. (1) What it is—a returning unto the Lord with all our hearts. (2) Its fruits—a putting away of all false gods, a directing of our hearts to God and serving Him. (3) Its result—God will deliver us from the hands of our enemies.

Put away the strange gods, v. 3. This is the test of true repentance and conversion. To acknowledge sin, and not to forsake it, is to mock God and proclaim our own insincerity. The wicked must "forsake his ways" (Isa. 55: 7) if he will really return unto the Lord.

Prepare your hearts unto the Lord, v. 3. It is not enough to turn away from idols; we must give ourselves earnestly and heartily to a hearing and doing of God's word. "Sin is most effectively broken off by righteousness; an old affection is most effectively expelled by a new one." (See Matt. 12: 43.)

Serve him only, v. 3. A beekeeper says that there can be but one queen to a colony, and as soon as a queen is born, she will go round to the other queen cells, rip them open and kill the about-to-be-born queens just as fast as she can. Two queens would be worse than none at all. Surely a man ought to be as wise as a bee; and whenever he is, he knows that Christ's word is true that "no man can serve two masters," Matt. 6: 24.

I will pray for you, v. 5. When our friends are in trouble and passing through deep waters, it is our privilege and duty to lift up our hearts to God on their behalf. But this prayer will be effectual only when we ourselves are righteous and are living in the spirit of prayer and communion with God.

We have sinned, v. 6. An unreserved confession of sin is good for the soul, and is the first step towards forgiveness. We must not try to soften matters, or excuse ourselves, when we confess our sins to the Lord. We must take all the blame on ourselves: "I have sinned. The guilt is mine. I have no wish to deny it or explain it away." This is true penitence.

When the Philistines heard, v. 7. When a sinner begins to repent and reform, he must expect that Satan will muster all his forces against him. But let him not be afraid, because God will bring good out of evil, and will make the wrath of the devil, as of man, to praise Him. We are never so strong to resist Satan's attacks as when we are repenting and praying. "It was bad policy for the Philistines to make war upon Israel at a time when these were making their peace with God."

Then Samuel took a stone. Ebenezer helped us, v. 12. We have had occasion to set up many Ebenezer stones in grateful recognition of God's help. But such an Ebenezer not only acknowledges God's help

in the past, but anticipates future need, and confidently counts on the help given in the past to be given in the future. We reason from the past to the future, but our confidence for the future must be based on the help of Him who in the past has not suffered us to be overthrown. God will be faithful to the record of His past dealings.

Concerning The Bible.

Speaking of books, where shall we find a book like the Bible? Judged from the publisher's point of view on purely commercial grounds, there is no other book that can compare with it a moment. For one thing, it is nearly twenty centuries old, some of it is thirty centuries old, and it has been continuously published ever since its origin, and yet it is still pouring from the press in an ever-swelling flood. It is an uncommon book that now holds its own with the public for five years, and ten years bury most books in utter oblivion. Few are the books that live fifty years, and rare as diamonds are those that survive five hundred or a thousand years. But the Bible is young and flourishing after two or three thousand years, and the Word of the Lord endureth forever. Then how it outdistances all other books in the number of copies published and circulated. The book that sells five or ten thousand copies, especially if it be a work on some solid subject, is thought to have done well. Books of fiction, if they strike the popular liking, run up to a hundred thousand, and occasionally one reaches half a million and is advertised and exploited as a phenomenon. But if the sale of the Bible were to drop to half a million copies annually the Bible publishers would be panic-stricken. The Bible societies now publish 10,000,000 copies annually, and the trade publishers put out about 5,000,000 more, so that the total annual product of Bibles in the world amounts to the magnificent total of 15,000,000 copies. What would the publisher of the most popular novel say to that? In languages, also, the Bible leaves all other books behind. It is counted a feather in an author's cap to have his book translated into one or two languages, but the Bible is now printed in 450 languages. One hundred years ago the Bible was published in 50 languages, now it is published in 450; one hundred years ago there were 4,000,000 in existence, now there are 500,000,000. Simply as a business proposition the Bible is the biggest thing on earth. We sometimes hear of "higher criticism" or some form of infidelity "destroying the Bible," but these statistics show that if the Bible keeps on being destroyed at this rate, it will soon fill the earth with the knowledge of the Lord. The Bible is a great book and has come to stay. It cannot be killed, and the publishers have no fear it can, for they are putting in bigger and faster presses that they may multiply it by millions and millions. Let the good work go on. "The entrance of thy word giveth light."—Presbyterian Banner.

A Prayer.

BY REV ANDREW MURRAY.

Holy Lord Jesus! look upon Thy church, look upon our hearts. And wherever Thou seekest that there is no love like Thine, oh, make haste and deliver Thy saints from all

that is still selfish and unloving! . . . Teach us to believe that we can love, because the Holy Spirit hath been given to us. Teach us to begin to love and serve, to sacrifice self and live for others, that love in action may learn its power, may be increased and perfected. Oh, teach us to believe that because Thou livest in us, Thy love is in us too, and we can love as Thou dost. Lord Jesus, Thou love of God! Thine own Spirit is within us; oh, let Him break through and fill our whole life with love!

The Sermon and the Preacher.

BY REV. W. H. JAMIESON PH. D., D. D.

A minister was asked by a member of his congregation why it was that some of his sermons were so much better than others. That minister had the shrewdness to know, and the frankness to state, the reason. "Some of my sermons," said he, "are grown; others are made. Those I grow are the good ones; those I make are the inferior ones." This distinction may be regarded as general in respect to oratorical productions and their merit. Every sermon or address is either grown or made, and differs accordingly.

There are two ways of getting a flower. One is to drop a seed into the ground and surround it with favorable conditions. By the secret laws of vegetation the life in the seed starts forward toward maturity, and, in due time, a flower appears, fragrant and beautiful. The other is to take dead matter—dry branches and tissue paper—and, with scissors and mucklage, form an artificial flower. Let the two be planted side by side, and, at a little distance, they may appear considerably alike, but the first bumblebee that comes that way will know the difference. So in the production of addresses. One way is to get a seed-thought into the mind. According to psychological laws, as yet but imperfectly understood, that thought will develop into an organism, instinct with the life and personality of the speaker. That organism is the address desired, and, to be effective, must be given before time and circumstances have separated it from its author and rendered it foreign matter. The other method is to collect dead material and work upon it, as in the case of the artificial flower, until it has become a finished product. In this instance the address is something apart from the speaker, and, in giving it, he fails to give himself—beautiful, it may be, but cold and lifeless. Let these two addresses be delivered before the same audience, and one speaker will be received to the hearts of the people and they will become his followers, while the address of the other will be listened to with indifference and soon forgotten.

As with sermons and addresses, so with orators. Some are grown, others made—and spoiled in the making. Years ago it fell to the lot of the writer frequently to call at the homes of French Canadians. One feature of family life was particularly noticeable viz, the freedom with which the children expressed their thoughts and feelings, each emotion manifesting itself in the countenance and in the movements of the body. Every gesture was graceful and full of meaning, because it was natural. It has long been a noted fact that the most graceful orators in the Canadian House of Commons have been among its French Canadian members. Why? Those children are natural orators, undeveloped; these men were natural orators, fully grown. At no period of child-life were those free movements ever criticised. They were common

ly regarded as inseparable from the spoken language. Thus, unrestrained, every thought and feeling found expression, and every day marked progress toward the highest type of oratory.

But all children are not so fortunate as to be let alone, in this respect, and allowed to develop as nature designed they should. In most English-speaking families it is otherwise. A child begins to manifest emotion and true individuality and significant smiles pass over the faces of the older members of the family. Winks and nods are interchanged. The little one is not long in taking in the situation. Sensitive, he recedes within himself, checks those manifestations of feeling, becomes unnatural, self-conscious. Emotions, continually suppressed, die. That child, instead of going on in a career of oratorical development, has entered on a course that means death. In some few cases, when the boy is approaching manhood, it is resolved that he shall be made a public speaker. He is turned over to a mechanical teacher of elocution who finds him deficient in the expression of emotion. The defect must be remedied. Artificial gestures are taught, voice modulations, emphasis, etc., and, in the course of time, the young man is turned out a *made* orator. The whole process is as though a gardener, entrusted with the training of a rose-bush, were to continue to pluck off the leaves and opening buds, and, when they had ceased to appear and the shrub was dead, hand it over to an artist to deck it out with artificial leaves and flowers, and call it a rose-bush. A *made* rose-bush! A *made* orator!

But the question may be asked, "What is to become of those who have been the victims of false training?" Well, let us hope that they are not quite dead and that they yet may be restored by natural methods to a full and vigorous life. The roots of the dying rose-bush may be nourished and stimulated, and leaves and roses may yet appear. The emotions that were crushed in childhood may be revived and may yet find natural expression. But to everyone who persists in mechanical methods, we would utter a warning. You are effectually shutting yourself out from what you seek. Except you change your course and become as a little child you cannot enter into the kingdom of oratory.

Blenheim, Ont.

Lending to the Lord.

"My son," said a banker to his son, "I want to give you a lesson in business. Here is a half dollar. Now, if you can find any boy whom you can trust, who will take this money, and pay you interest for it, you may lend it to him; and, if you invest this wisely I'll increase your capital." When night came the banker said, "My son, how did you invest your money to day?" "Well, father," replied the little fellow, "I saw a boy on the street without any shoes, and he had no dinner; so I gave him my fifty cents to buy something to eat with." "You'll never make a business-man in the world," said the banker: "business is business. But I will try you once more. Now, here is a dollar to invest: see how well you can do it." A loud peal of laughter from the boy followed this speech, which was thus explained: "My Sunday-school teacher said giving to the poor was lending to the Lord; and she said he would return to us double: but I did not think he would do it quite so quick."—James R. White.

Our Young People

The Christmas Message.

Luke 2: 1-20; John 3: 14-17.

Notes on Topic, December 21st.

Every holiday says, "Think!" The message of Easter is, "Think of Heaven!" The message of the Fourth of July is, "Think of our nation!" The message of Thanksgiving is, "Think of your blessings!" The message of New Year's Day is, "Think of the passing of time!" Most of these have relation to ourselves.

But the message of Christmas is, "Think of others!" It is "Think of others," practically, before it is "Think of Christ," though all unselfishness is of necessity so closely linked to Christ that we cannot long think of others without coming to think of Him who is our inspiration to think of others.

There is no greater parody of the spirit of Christmas, just as there is no greater parody of the spirit of Christianity, than to think of one's self. When "get" and not "give" is the word of your Christmas, it is not the true Christmas. When "get" and not "give" is the word of your Christianity, when you are more occupied with thoughts of getting heaven and pardon and peace than with thoughts of how others are to get them through you, then yours is not the true Christianity, but only a base imitation of it.

Let us try to pass one Christmas in which all our thought shall be of others, and so make full proof of our Christianity. Let us try to pack at least one Christmas full of the spirit of Christ, whose "mass," whose festival, it is. Those who have tried it say there is no joy of getting to be compared with this joy of giving. Let us see whether they are not right.

If we observe Christmas with this thought for others completely in our minds, Christmas will be found to be a union of the joys of all holidays. It will do more for our new year than New Year's Day. It will do more than Easter to render us at home in heaven. It will bless our country more than the Fourth of July. And it will fill us with the joy of gratitude for life and all it means, even more than Thanksgiving Day itself.

Thoughts to Ponder.

The lovely Christmas carol by Phillips Brooks puts into poetry the very heart of the Christmas message and motive:—

It is coming, old Earth, it is coming to-night!
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

There is a close connection between the Christmas story and the parable of the Prodigal Son. The world before Christ came was like the Prodigal, feeding upon husks after having wasted its substance in riotous living. And Christ's coming was like the father running to meet the son when he was a great way off, and falling on his neck and kissing him.

In "The Christmas Carol," that beautiful story by Charles Dickens which one could read with profit every year as Christmas time approaches, the miserable miser, Scrooge, is made to see the spirits of Christmas Past, Christmas Present, and

Christmas Future. He learns from each of them the lesson he needs to learn. So we have not learned our Christmas lesson aright until we get into the spirit of the first great Christmas that made all other Christmases possible, and until we put that Christmas spirit into practice in the present, and until we ally our present Christmas with the eternal future.

No one who has read "Ben Hur" will ever forget that matchless opening, the account of the journey of the Wise Men to Bethlehem. At one time they lose sight of the star, but again it flames out before them and they cry as with one voice, "The star! The star! God is with us!" In the spirit of that scene we may be very sure that God will be with us during the coming year if we can keep with us the Christmas star and what it signifies.

The message of the angels to the shepherds was the first gospel service ever held. It was a small audience, but a ready one, and the preaching was done by a host of heavenly beings. The sermon was short and very much to the point. The choir was the finest ever heard. The result of the service was one to be desired for every gospel service, for the shepherds went at once to seek Christ.

For Daily Reading.

- Mon., Dec. 15.—The promise. Luke 1: 26-38
- Tues., Dec. 16.—The Magnificat. Luke 1: 46-55
- Wed., Dec. 17.—"An horn of salvation." Luke 1: 67-79
- Thurs., Dec. 18.—Light and glory. Luke 2: 25-35
- Fri., Dec. 19.—The magi. Matt. 2: 1-12
- Sat., Dec. 20.—Blessed Bethlehem. Mic. 5: 1-3
- Sun., Dec. 21.—Topic. Christmas: its message and motive. Luke 2: 1-20; John 3: 14-17.

Have you ever tried to enter into friendship with a selfish man, a man who did not think of others, but only of himself? It is almost impossible to be a friend of such a man. How, then, can God enter into friendship with us if we are selfish?

In the "Pilgrim's Progress," Bunyan represents in one place the joys of Christian fellowship. He pictures Christian and Faithful on the way to the Celestial City, and says that they went on together, talking of what they had seen by the way, and so they made the way easy, for it was a wilderness they were going through. So modern Christians can make the wilderness way of the world easy to one another if they will share with one another their Christian experiences.

Ian MacLaren says, in regard to Christ's eating in the upper room at Jerusalem, that any one who invited Jesus then had to count on having His twelve disciples also. Now if any one invites Jesus he will have many more than twelve disciples to count on—millions upon millions of them; for Jesus will never enter a heart that is not glad to receive at the same time all of Jesus' followers.

"Without obedience there can be neither consecration here nor coronation yonder."—Henry T. McEwen, D. D.

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AFTER THE REFERENDUM.

Although it does not seem likely that "the Ontario Liquor Law" will come into force at an early date owing to failure to gain the required number of votes yet the Temperance party has shown that it is very much alive, and has succeeded, considering the circumstances, in rolling up a large number of votes in favour of Provincial Prohibition. The campaign was vigorous, aggressive and up to a certain point, successful. The thing to be remembered now is that the Temperance movement is a constant warfare not only against excess but against the drinking customs of society. Much success has been attained in this movement during the last fifty years; the great change for the better has been brought about by men who were able to manifest moral courage and stand alone for a good cause. Now when the Prohibition cry is popular in certain circles, it is possible to have people clamouring for legislation who do not do much in the way of personal temperance work, and who do not even agitate wisely. In the last generation, to be an avowed total abstainer, required some strength of character and firmness of purpose. Before there could be improvement in laws there had to be improvement in men. Good laws need strong consistent men to give them reality and force. Though there may be no immediate prospect of absolute Prohibition, there will still be need of special warnings against the temptations to drink, of efforts to attract young men, in the critical period of life to other and nobler attractions, and of appeals to citizens to give the law their loyal support. It is possible for temperance men to differ as to the best mode of legislation but it is not possible for an earnest Christian man to deny the dangers connected with the use of intoxicants and the responsibility that rests upon us to use our personal influence on the side of sobriety. If the full advantage of the present vote is to be realized there must be a spirit of unity

among temperance workers. Though they may differ as to methods they are all aiming at the same thing, viz: the purifying of our social life. Therefore, unseemly squabbles must be avoided so that the world may see that the temperance for which we are striving, is a broad, healthy thing, in fact, that it includes charity as well as purity, general life as well as self denying abstinence.

So important is the modern press, that the retirement from the editorship of the Toronto Globe, of Mr. J.S. Willison, has naturally excited considerable interest. It is freely stated Mr. Willison contemplates connecting himself with a new daily newspaper, conducted on non-partisan lines. It is to be hoped this is correct. Mr. Willison is the sort of man Canadian journalism cannot afford to lose.

The largest subject before the people of Canada is the intention, now officially announced, on the part of the Grand Trunk Railway, to extend its line until it reaches the Pacific. This new trans-continental road will run on the average perhaps 300 miles north of the Canadian Pacific. It follows to a considerable extent Sir Sandford Fleming's original recommendation for the C.P.R., and embraces almost every fundamental necessary to agricultural, mineral, and general development. Much of the soil, according to Prof. Macoun and others, is of wonderful fertility. Another interesting point from Prof. Macoun is the fact that the 300 miles farther north does not mean either more snow or a greater degree of cold. What an advertisement for the Dominion that it is shortly to have two, and perhaps three transcontinental lines of railway! Canada is being discovered, not merely by the people of Great Britain and the United States, but by Canadians themselves. From this time onward the advance of Canada will show immense progress with every decade. The churches will have their hands full if they are to keep pace with the material development just ahead of the Dominion.

Literary Notes.

In "Notes by Nemo" in the DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN last week reference was made to a new and important book, entitled, "Priests and People in Ireland," which is likely to have a wide circle of readers in Canada. Drysdale, of Montreal, has it on sale, and we have no doubt there will be a large demand for it. It is not often that an intelligent Roman Catholic writes with such force and frankness of the malign influence of the Priesthood; and no one, with any knowledge of the facts, can doubt that the picture Mr. McCarthy draws is true to the life. Our readers will do well to secure a copy of the book.

The Christmas number of Harper's Magazine is a most excellent one both in form and reading matter. The cover is particularly handsome, rich brown and gold; and the many colored illustrations add to the attractive appearance of the issue. There are short stories by Mark Twain, André Castaigne, Mary E. Wilkins, Edith Wharton, and others; several good articles and

poems; and an interesting instalment of "Lady Rose's Daughter." Harper and Brothers, New York.

The Red House, by E. Nesbit. This book is one of the most delightful published this season. Those who are fortunate, or wise enough to read Harper's Bazar have had the pleasure of following the fortunes of the hero and heroine for several months past, and now are only too glad to be able to read the story in book form. Chloe and her husband are delightfully original, and the adventures they pass through when settling in the Red House are most interesting. One is glad too meet once more the Bastable children whose inimitable pranks are told in "The Woodbegoods." Harper and Brothers, New York.

We have received from R. H. Russell, the well known New York publisher, a catalogue of his fall publications. It is unnecessary to make comment on the books issued by this firm—they are recognised to be the height of artistic productions, and it is safe to say that no books are more popular as Christmas gifts than the beautiful volumes got up by Mr. Russell. They include books of pictures, poetry, novels, stories for children profusely illustrated, and more serious works such as "The True Napoleon." The handsomely printed catalogue will be sent free on application. R. H. Russell, 3 West 29th St., New York.

Select Poems of Shelley Edited with introduction and notes by W. J. Alexander, Ph. D., Professor of English in University College, Toronto. Athenaeum Press Series. Cloth 12mo. 387 pages. Price 80c. Boston, Ginn & Co. The issue of this edition of Shelley in cheaper form gives occasion to direct the attention of Canadian readers to its substantial merits. The Athenaeum English classics is by far the finest series of English books for study published on this continent, and this is one of the very best volumes. Everywhere there is evidence of that fine scholarship and exquisite literary quality which is characteristic of all Professor Alexander's work. The introduction is very fine. The well balanced account of the life and personality of Shelley is that likely to obtain among fair minded, thoughtful people. The characterization of his works shows delicate discernment of poetic quality, penetrating analysis of purpose, a delicate sensibility to various modes of expression, and that true touch which invests his literary estimates with decisive value and haunting charm. The selections are truly representative of Shelley's best poetry and includes all that the average reader of literary taste would care to know. What we find here is of abiding value, and what is excluded is of interest only to the curious. Professor Alexander has laid readers of English poetry under a debt of gratitude by his admirable selection and the presentation of what is real worth in Shelley's poetry in so accessible form. The notes do more than merely explain. They give the reader insight into the author's meaning and motive in the use of various forms of expression and allusion. It has been no easy task to give concrete embodiment to Shelley's philosophical abstractions. Then too, his acquaintance with Greek literature was so remarkable that it was fitting Prof. Alexander's rare Greek scholarship should be so happily utilized in the annotations, especially in the case of such a poem as the Prometheus Victus. The select bibliography will prove helpful to those who wish to pursue the subject further. A good index is wanting, but the book is one of quite exceptional value.

THE CRITICS CORNER. IX.

A GREAT CANADIAN.

There was recently held at Kingston a memorial service to the late Principal, when able addresses were given by the Hon. G. W. Ross, Premier of Ontario, and Prof. Ross of Montreal, the former speaking as a public man and representative of the people of his province, and the latter as one of Dr. Grant's old students. At the same time the student's memorial tablet was unveiled in Convocation Hall and the foundation stone of the new "Grant Hall" was laid by the Chancellor, Sir Sanford Fleming. Since the events of that memorable day, the Memorial number of the College Journal has appeared, and thus the students who were scattered far and wide at the time of the funeral have been able to pay the last tribute of respect to the man who they respected and loved. In this connection, it may not be amiss to say one more word concerning a man whose greatness is now recognized by all sects and parties.

Principal Grant was a keen critic of men and things. He admired, above all things, sincerity and strength of character. If he had any real intolerance, it was towards stupidity, pretentious ignorance and shifty weakness. He thought it the privilege and duty of a man to see into the heart of things, to lay hold upon a central principle and follow it consistently. That is not always an easy thing to do, in fact, it is seldom easy; the man who would accomplish that high task in the face of difficult social problems must have intelligence and courage. He must be content to be in a minority and to wait a long time for acknowledgement. We wish that the Principal of Queen's had lived longer, but during forty years of public life he came to see many things hailed with enthusiasm for which in the early stages he had fought a hard battle. This was the case, because in dealing with large questions he took a large view; he refused to allow his horizon to be bounded by any one province or any one branch of the Church. The smaller view may gain quicker popularity and rouse partisan passion, but in the end wisdom is justified of her children.

Principal Grant was a patriotic critic. He loved his own country, he took pride in its vast resources and helped to spread its glory, but he felt that we had still much to learn, and many difficulties to conquer. The true prophets have always felt that it was a part of real patriotism to point out national weakness and warn against national dangers. The shallow "jingoism" which cries "We are the people, and there are none on earth like us"—that blatant folly is always distasteful to the thoughtful man. The patriot desires success for his country, certainly, but he desires honour and righteousness still more. The Principal of Queen's University lifted his voice strongly against political corruption in his own city and elsewhere; he realised that the trickery and bribery that takes place in our electoral contests was a shameful blot on our national life. Men may form new parties and agitate for new laws, but there can be little real reform until there is more true straightforwardness and genuine honour. Without this it is impossible to carry out a law in an efficient

manner.

With regard to the life of his own Church, Principal Grant had sometimes to play the part of critic and represent the views of the minority. There are times when a majority is in danger of becoming tyrannical and it is well to have a strong voice to vindicate the rights of the minority. But Dr. Grant was not a mere fault-finder, he threw himself heartily into positive work and sympathized with all the great schemes of the Church. Neither was he a man to form factions; he believed that brethren should work together for the common good, while agreeing to differ on non-essential points. He stood for breadth in the logic and Biblical criticism, but not for mere negation for he was essentially a man of faith. As the year draws to a close and we think of those who have passed from the battlefield to the eternal home, we are justified in cherishing gratitude for the wholesome living influences that went forth from this man's life.

There seems to be a pretty general consensus of opinion that while the recent referendum vote may not be a mandate for prohibition up to the limit allowed provinces by the highest court of the Empire, it is a mandate against the open bar and the resultant treating habit. No government in Ontario can refuse to take the step in advance alluded to. If the open bar and the treating habit can be destroyed, the various plebiscites leading up to the present position will be worth every penny they have cost ten fold. This is the view taken by Rev. Principal Caven, whose statesmanlike insight needs no commendation from us. The opponents of the liquor traffic in the referendum vote just taken may not have cast a sufficient number of ballots to bring the prohibition act into force; but they are also not exposed to the dangers of a reaction of public opinion such as followed the adoption of the Scott Act; and probably the recent splendid expression of popular condemnation of the bar room and the treating system will mean early practical fruits more important than might have followed the attempt to enforce at this stage an act of more or less complete prohibition. As the precursor in Ontario of the abolition of the open bar and of the treating habit, the referendum vote of December 4th possesses the highest importance. *Te Deum Laudamus!* "We praise thee, O God!"

A British Parliamentary white paper has been issued giving particulars of the grant in aid to the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony for the expenses consequent upon the termination of the war. The aggregate amount proves to be £8,000,000 made up as follows:—(1) The £3,000,000 provided in the terms of surrender for free grants to burghers for the restoration of their homes; (2) a sum of £2,000,000 to loyalists in respect of war losses in the two colonies; and (3) by the Colonial Government to supplement the grants already mentioned. The two sets of grants are to be out of Imperial funds, while the third item represents merely a temporary accommodation by the Imperial Government to the Colonial Governments, as it is on the latter that the duty of affording these loans actually devolves.

Too Much of the Bible.

BY MRS. ANNA ROSS.

I Paper.

"We cannot have too much of the Bible," some will say. But perhaps we can.

For years it has been a growing conviction with the writer that very many people read too much of the Bible at once. The usual thing is to read a whole chapter at a time. Except in the narrative portions, one whole chapter of God's marvellous word is surely a much larger meal than most people can digest; and undigested food, whether material, mental or spiritual is always either useless or hurtful.

This way of reading a whole chapter at once leads to a considerable familiarity with the words of the sacred Book but the wealth—the measureless wealth—represented by these words is usually absolutely unexplored and unknown, and the Bible-reading Christian goes through the world with poverty often written on his face, when every night, if he only knew it, he is blindly fingering his millions.

Let me suggest a better method of Bible reading, which is really Bible study.

Where it is possible, give ten minutes in the early morning to God and His word, instead of twenty minutes at night. What a plant of God's planting it is to have this habit formed in early youth. Ten minutes with God and His word before I mingle with men at all.

Take one rich chapter, preferably one of whose wealth you have already had some glimpses. Begin with the first clause of the verse; but before reading it lift up your heart to Him who has undertaken to teach, in some such brief prayer as this, "Lord, open Thou mine eyes, that I may behold wondrous things out of Thy law," and expect Him to do it. Now read your first clause, pausing carefully over each principal word, that you may take in its real meaning and its bearing toward yourself and others. If you are near to God you cannot do this without finding precious matter of conversation with Him, either thanksgiving, or petition, or heartfelt adoration when in His word, you get a sight of Himself. If you are far away from Him, you will find ample occasion for the prayer of the psalmist, or the Psalmist's cry, "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."

If, after going through the verse in this way, you find you have not got its words all securely in memory, finish by carefully getting it off by heart, so that it shall be ready for further development and Divine teaching through the day, or during the silent hours of the night, for God loves to teach His people when the world is still and the darkness curtains us close in to Himself. Then the still, small voice can be heard.

Hoping that some of the readers of the DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN may be led to adopt this method of Bible study the writer proposes, during the next few weeks, to deal in the manner suggested with the 55th chapter of Isaiah, under the title, Bible study—One Verse at a Time.

If anyone feels like writing to me on the subject at any time, either in sympathy, criticism, or enquiry, I shall be very glad to hear from them.

Ottawa Ladies' College,

Every day in thy life is a leaf in thy history—
—a leaf which shall be turned back again.

FIONA M'IVER.

The
Inglenook

A ROMANCE OF THE WESTERN ISLES.

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By Arthur Jenkinson
and
Emily J. Jenkinson

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued.)

Torquil M'iver rose from his chair, and stood before the fire. As was usual with him, he was thinking about the future, and wondering what Fiona would do if she were left alone in that old house.

'Ah,' he murmured plaintively as she turned from the window, 'this is a very desolate place for you, my child; nothing but cares and storms. I wish you could fly away like the swallows to the south.'

'What, and leave you alone, father? that would never do,' she replied brightly, pushing back his thin, grey locks, and kissing his forehead.

'I am an old man,' he answered sadly, 'and age is not a good companion for youth. I would like you to be where you would have young friends, and amusements, and things to interest you.'

Fiona was about to say that no place was so interesting to her as by her father's side; but the door was flung open unceremoniously by Ronald Campbell.

'A ship iss in danger,' he cried. 'She will be trying to get in to Loch na Keal.'

'God pity the poor sailors,' exclaimed Torquil M'iver. 'It is not possible in such a storm, unless they know the coast well.'

He raised his hands despairingly.

'Wait for me, Ronald,' called Fiona, as she ran for something to put on.

'You will be drenched, child, and get your death of cold,' said her father, as she returned, 'and you can do no good.'

'That's the pity of it; we can render no help; still I must go.'

They ran across the fields towards the shore.

'This way, Miss Fiona,' cried Ronald, making towards a promontory where the cliffs broke down precipitously to the sea.

There, under the shelter of a towering crag, was a small group of men, women, and children—the whole population, in fact, of Fàs-Ghlaic, with the exception of a few sick and elderly people.

Every eye was fixed on a vessel endeavouring to beat up against the hurricane that was sweeping her among the fierce whirlpools and black jagged reefs of that inhospitable coast. It was a steamship, but her fires were out. One of her masts was broken at the cross trees, and another supported only a torn sail and a signal of distress. The rain had ceased, and from the west a sickly reddish-yellow light gleamed through the hurrying storm clouds, and revealed her hapless plight.

'Sorrow! sorrow!' wailed old Morag Campbell as Fiona came and stood by her side; 'it iss Himself that must save them; they are 'last the help o' man.'

'A hard fight they will have for their lives, mother,' said Ronald, 'but she iss a fine ship, a beautiful ship, and well handled, whatever. If the wind would go round another point, and she had any one on board that knew the rocks, she might win in.'

'Sure! and this iss the last voyage she will effer make,' remarked another fisher-

man; 'and it iss not in Loch na Keal they will cast their anchor to-night.'

A breathless silence fell on the little group as they watched the ship fluttering like a wounded bird for life. On she came, now mounting on the back of a huge wave, now sinking in the trough of the sea. At one moment the breakers made a clean sweep over her and she seemed gone; and then again she staggered out of the foaming mass, the light struck her torn sails with a red stain, and the broken mast hung like a fractured limb.

Each blast of the tempest drove her nearer to her doom.

For extending far into the sea were black reefs whose sharp serrated edges gaped amid the surf like the horrid jaws of sharks. The shore consisted of an irregular line of black and grey boulders, covered with slimy weeds, and piled one above the other in dreadful confusion. Behind them rose gaunt cliffs with dark, yawning caverns, within which the winds and waves roared with fearful clamour. Upon this appalling coast the Atlantic flung itself with wild commotion. It writhed and tossed in sudden whirlpools, plunged down in black hissing gulfs, and spouted up again in white foaming torrents.

As the vessel drifted nearer, and it was inevitable that it must strike on one of the reefs, Ronald and several other young fishermen climbed down the face of the cliff.

There was no regular path, but they were able to scramble from ledge to ledge, until they reached a rough sheep track. It was a precarious descent, but they were sheltered somewhat from the wind, and strong and sure-footed. The rocks shelved sheer down to the sea, and the breakers below churned themselves into foam. No one could escape who slipped and fell there.

Along this narrow track they proceeded until they reached a gloomy cavern called the Priest's Cave, up to the mouth of which the sea ran at very high tides. Tremendous walls of rocks that formed its outer sides ran up in ridges to a giddy height, while their bases extended towards the sea, forming a wide, broken channel, uneven and rock strewn, where the tide boiled and spouted in a hundred roaring cataracts.

Here they stopped and watched the ill-fated ship with eyes full of pity and fear. There was nothing they could do: no boat of theirs could live in such a sea.

They had not to wait long. For hardly had they reached the cave before a heavy sea struck the ship and tore away her rudder.

All hope was now gone. She fell on one side, helpless and beyond control. Another wave lifted her and flung her on the rocks called the Black Gulls. There she lay, showing her graceful lines, except when the sea made a clean sweep over her. Nothing now could save her from becoming a wreck, and yet she was within a few hundred yards of safety.

How those on board fared could not be seen because of the way she had lurched over, but there were signs that they were trying to launch their boats. Whether they succeeded, and safely reached Loch na Keal

or one of the near islands, those who were watching could not tell, for a driving mist had suddenly swept down and obscured their view.

It seemed only too likely that every one of the crew had perished; for when the atmosphere cleared again, she was breaking up, and not a soul could be discovered upon her. Ronald and his companions saw her tremble from bow to stern, then her decks burst open, she rolled over, and within a few moments nothing could be seen beyond tangled wreckage tossing amid the white foam.

'Ochone! ochone!' wailed Morag Campbell in Gaelic, the tears running down her venerable cheeks. 'Sorrow! sorrow! the cruel storm reaps another harvest o' brave men and handsome lads. The sea wins them with gentle whispers and false smiles, and then flings them on the sharp rocks and buries them in her sunless caves. And it is their mothers and wives that will see them no more, no, never again. Was it not this way with my own brave lads long ago? Ochone! ochone!'

'It is sad, it is sad,' said Fiona pitifully, trying to comfort the old woman, but death is sure whether men stay at home or go to sea. It is Himself that has done it, and they are at peace.'

'Ochone!' cried Morag, 'it is not for the men and the lads my heart is so sad. Sure! they are in the hands of the Lord. It is for the mothers that bore them; it is for the wives and children that will wait and watch and look for them, and will never see them again, no, never again.'

'Let me help you down, Morag,' said Fiona soothingly. 'We shall know what all this sorrow and trouble is for by and by.'

She linked her arm with the old widow's to lead her away. As she did so, she cast a lingering, searching glance over the weltering mass of heaving waters. And then she started.

'Look! look! Morag,' she cried. 'What is that? Surely there is a man struggling in the surf! I can see his arms moving.'

Morag turned and gazed wistfully seawards.

'Ochone,' she wailed again. 'My eyes are old and full of tears; I see no man.'

But as Fiona continued to watch, a whirlpool that roared round one of the black reefs, again flung a man out of its seething current towards the shore. He was alive, and struggling desperately to keep his head above the waves.

Without a moment's delay, she scrambled down the face of the cliff, and ran along the rough sheep track by which the young fishermen had descended. When about halfway down, she met them returning. They were no longer watching the sea, and so had observed nothing.

'Back! back!' she cried. 'There is a man; he is living; we must save him.'

They turned and sprang down the path like wild goats, Fiona closely following them.

'This way,' she called when they reached the cave, and climbing over the rocks, she hurried along until the clouds of flying foam

stayed her steps.

Still the man was quite beyond their reach.

'There he is!' cried Fiona. 'Oh, can we not reach him?'

'It iss a pity, oh, yes, it iss a terrible pity,' said Ronald; 'but though he was only half the distance off we could not save him.'

There was the man, thirty or forty yards away; but between them and him roared a tide in which the strongest swimmer would be helpless.

The next moment, however, another great sea caught him in its powerful grip, lifted him off the rock to which he was clinging, swept him clear into the channel, and flung him on the reef opposite to Fiona and the young fishermen.

The sea swept up the channel, quite into the mouth of the cave, and then roared back, a white, seething, swirling mass.

Yet, somehow, the man had got wedged in among the rocks, and the waves retired, sweeping over him, but leaving him there, not twenty yards away, helpless, yet still alive.

Swift as an eagle, Fiona swooped down into the channel, sprang to the other side, and flinging her arms round the man tried to raise him.

'Oh, Fiona, my bonnie, bonnie lassie, you will be drowned,' wailed M'rag from the cliffs above.

'Now, lads, we must save them,' cried Ronald in Gaelic.

He leaped down the rocks and across the channel, followed by the others.

'Back to the rocks,' he shouted; 'hold together, and God help us when the next wave comes.'

With one hand he gripped Fiona, with the other his nearest companion, and wedging himself among the rocks, waited the strain which he knew would try every limb. Another fisherman grasped the stranger and did the same. The others followed their example. It was all done in a moment, quick as thought. Each as he heard the waves rushing up took his longest breath and firmest hold.

On came the mighty rush of waters, up to their waists and shoulders, a surging, boiling mass. Then in a second or two followed the returning back-draught, straining every muscle, sucking and dragging at their limbs, waving over them to the sea. But it passed, and every man had held his ground.

'Now to the cave,' cried Ronald. He and his nearest companion helped Fiona to her feet and hurried upwards; the other two followed with the stranger. Before the next wave could overtake them they had gained access to the cave.

Then they gave a mighty cheer, which echoed and re-echoed through all its gloomy recesses.

CHAPTER V.

IN THE PRIEST'S CAVE.

'It's glad I am to see you, doctor,' said Torquil M'Iver. 'This iss a fery dreadful affair.'

'Ay, it's that,' replied Mackenzie, swinging himself from the back of a strong, shaggy horse, whose distended nostrils and foam-flecked limbs told of a hard gallop over a rough road. 'But,' he added, wiping the sweat from his shrewd, weather-beaten face, 'it might ha bin waur. There's ane Jonah, at ony rate, bin vomited out o' the jaws o' death.'

'Yes, only one I fear, though; but you'll come in, doctor, and have something before you go to the cave. It's a long ride you

have had, and a stormy one.'

'Na, na, patients first; that has aye bin my way. How's Fiora?'

'Sleeping soundly now, thank God.'

'That's guid, that's guid. Ye'll be prouder than ever o' her, now. An' ye hae guid reason.'

'She iss a brave girl, whatever,' said M'Iver, as a bright gleam lit up his white face.

'An' so the young man's still in the cave?'

'Yes, he is there, and is very ill indeed. He has a broken leg, and is badly bruised. I hope you'll be able to bring him round.'

'Oh, ay, I maun do that. Do ye ken wha he is?'

'His name is Waldegrave—Gerraffrey Waldegrave, and he's a lieutenant in the army.'

'Ma certes!' exclaimed the doctor, raising his shaggy eyebrows, 'that's a grand name to be cast on the shores o' Mull wi'. Surely he issa ane o' the Northumberland Waldegraves?'

'Yes he is. He told Morag Campbell that he was on his way home from Canada on account of his father's death. Do you know him?'

'Na na,' answered Mackenzie, hastening to unstrip his leather bag from the saddle. 'Bnt the Waldegraves are weel-kent folk in the North o' England. Wha will show me the way to the Priest's Cave?'

'Here comes Ronald Campbell with a lantern, and there is Colin Munro to take charge of your horse. The time was and I could have climbed down with the best of them, though I cannot do it now.'

'You mauna think o' it. You content yourself in the hoose, an' keep the water hot. I'll be richt glad o' a rummer o' toddy when I return.'

'I'll do that, and you be fery careful of your steps, for it's a rough road to the cave.'

'Dinna be fear'd; I'll dae that,' said Mackenzie, walking quickly towards the sea. 'Noo, Ronald, ma lad, hoo did ye leave Lieutenant Waldegrave?'

'The young shentleman iss very patient, but he iss lookin' fery ill. He wass askin' several times if the doctor wass come.'

'Why hae ye left him in the priest's cave?'

'I will tell you that, doctor. It wass up to the big hoose we tried to carry him; but it hurt him too much. He will hef to bide in the cave till we can take him away in a boat. We hef done all we could for him there.'

'Could ye no bring him up on a stretcher?'

'It would not be possible. Dr. Mackenzie; you will see for yourself. He will hef to stay in the cave till the sea has gone down, and then we will tak' him away in the "Fionnaghal."

(To be continued.)

Master of His Craft.

Among the immigrants awaiting examination at Ellis Island was a tall, young fellow, with a little black bag under his arm. He was a Pole, about twenty years old, and his admission was a pleasing and dramatic incident. The lesson it teaches is as good for native Americans as for immigrants.

When the young man's turn came to answer the inevitable question, "How much money have you?" he smiled, and answered frankly, "None."

"But don't you know you can't come in here if you have no money, and no friend to speak for you? Where are you going?"

"To Fall River first. I have a friend there. Then I shall see the whole country. You will hear of me."

The inspector proceeded rather sharply: "How will you get to Fall River? Where will you eat and sleep to night?"

"I shall be all right," replied the young fellow, confidently. "With this"—tapping the black bag—"I can go anywhere."

"What is it?"

The Pole laughed, and, opening the bag took out a cornet. It was a fine instrument, and gave evidence of loving care.

"Can you play it well?" asked the officer, more kindly.

In answer the young Pole stepped out into an open space, and, lifting the horn to his lips, began the beautiful intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." At the very first note every one in the great building stood still and listened. The long lines of immigrants became motionless. The forlorn waiters in the pit looked up, and their faces became tender.

When the music ceased there was a burst of applause. Shouts of "Bravo!" "God boy?" "Give us some more!" came from every side. The physicians, who had a few moments before made their hurried and not over-gentle examination, joined in the applause. The officer who had questioned him so sharply slapped him on the back. The commissioner himself had come up from his office at the sound of the horn, and asked for the particulars.

When he had heard them, he turned to the agent of the Fall River boats, and said: "Give this fellow a passage, including meals, and charge it to me."

"I will charge it to myself," said the agent, and he took the young Pole by the arm and led him away.

This incident was a sermon on competence, a lesson on what it means to be a master. The trade may be music, or firming, or bricklaying—it does not matter. The man who has conquered it, who knows its root and branch, can point to it as confidently as the Pole pointed to his cornet, and say, as he did, "With this I can go anywhere."—Scribner's Magazine.

Michigan Presbyterian: Education, like everything else, must be governed by laws of commercial machinery. We admit all of these things in regard to our colleges. Perhaps we are not so ready to accept them as being almost as true of our churches. But the fact is that the church is a rare one that selects its pastor for his lofty Christian character and his ability as a preacher of the Word. When such a selection is made it is a matter for thanksgiving all the more precious, because of its rarity.

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Ministers and Churches.

Our Toronto Letter.

At last, the day so long and anxiously looked forward to and prepared for has come and gone, and all know now somewhat more clearly than ever before, how the province of Ontario stands with regard to the bar-room and the saloon part of the liquor business. Those who expected that the requisite vote would be polled, who could only be the most sanguine, will be disappointed; the more calm and sober minded cannot but be gratified with the result as a whole. The keenest, most clearly defined struggle between the liquor and anti-liquor traffic has been fought, and, we may say won by the anti's, although the total vote needed to abolish the bar and saloon has not been secured. Toronto was splendidly organized for the fray, well instructed through many agencies in the issue, and the result shows the good effect of the work done, and well repays it. Briefly put, the great advance in sentiment for sobriety and against the liquor selling in bars and saloons, or the effect of better organization and work done, is indicated by the fact that, while in the plebiscite of 1898 the majority against prohibition was 4,137, the majority on Thursday last for the liquor act of 1902 to close up the bar-room and saloon, was 15,31. Temperance men and workers for it in the city, are upon the whole well satisfied, cheered and encouraged by the result of the vote. It is as clear as noonday from the voting of Thursday, that any government in Ontario may feel justified, if not indeed called upon by that vote to greatly restrict the number of places for the public sale of liquor. The educational effect upon the country of this campaign needs only to be followed up by earnest and intelligent effort in the same direction, and the day will be won for the cause of temperance so far as the bar-room and saloon are concerned. The lesson of the campaign just closed for all who long for that day is, fight on, be steadfast, unmovable, always abounding in this good work, and victory is sure, and before very long.

On Monday evening of last week Association Hall was filled to its utmost capacity with an enthusiastic audience to hear Joseph Devlin M.P. and Hon. Edward Blake M.P. plead the cause of Home Rule in Ireland, such as we enjoyed in our self-governing Colonies of the Empire. Appropriate mottoes were arranged in different parts of the hall, and the meeting was hearty, untold and enthusiastic. Suitable and well-worded resolutions in favour of the object of the meeting, which was held under the auspices of the Toronto Branch of the United Irish League were put and at once unanimously carried. Mr. Joseph Devlin, whose youthful appearance was a great surprise to most, made a speech eloquent in the warmth of feeling which pervaded it, forcible by its array of facts, its moderation and its hopefulness and fairness. Hon. Edward Blake's speech was also convincing and able, but lacked the power, warmth and directness of the youthful looking and eloquent Irish orator. A collection in aid of the objects of the League was taken up which amounted at the meeting to \$825, since increased to nearly double that sum.

Knox College Conference began last Monday, and its programme as published, may be divided into literary, social, scientific and theological subjects. Each topic is introduced and discussion upon it opened by speakers previously appointed. A specimen of each subject may be given—“Victor Hugo,” “Restrictive Legislation and Moral Reform,” “A Glimpse of Palaeontology,” “Christianity as presented by Paul, compared with the Christianity of the Gospels,” “The Philosophic Doctrine of Immortality.”

It would be unpardonable to overlook a piece of news, that, St. Andrew's Day was duly honoured by the Scotchmen of Toronto by attending church on Sunday evening in Old St. Andrew's, to hear a sermon from Rev. Dr. Milligan, and a ball on Monday evening in the Temple Building. Both were largely attended. The reverend doctor, who is Scotch from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, took his text from Ps. lxxxv. 9. In the course of it, he traced the history of Scotland from the early days, to shew the extent to which the richness of character, and that strong devotional spirit, which is the glory of the race had been developed by the evangelistic teaching of the church, and the high moral education of the people of the

State, in recognising the foundation principles upon which national greatness must rest.”

The Technical School of this city is doing a good and widespread work both for it and the whole country. At a distribution of prizes last week, Hon. R. Harcourt, Minister of Education, speaking of the progress made in Canada in technical education, expressed the opinion that, the Dominion will soon occupy a prominent position in all the departments of technical training. President Loudon of University College, who distributed the prizes, praised the good work done in the school, and mentioned that, the University was about to establish a degree in “Household Science.”

Dr. Parkin, late Principal of Upper Canada College, who has been absent for some weeks in Oxford, making arrangements connected with the Rho-le's Scholarships, has again returned to this country to consult with educationalists in Canada and the United States respecting their allotment, and the selection of candidates for them. It is a difficult and complicated task. The number of scholarships available to the Colonies and the United States is some 200, each of the value of \$1,500, and to be held for three years. In addition to the good to be expected from bringing so many of the brightest young minds together from many different quarters, they ought to furnish a powerful stimulus to those seeking the best education that England and all the countries concerned can give.

The important subject of homes for the poor in this city has been brought up for consideration by Controller Graham, and has also been referred to the sub-committee of the Ministerial Association. As our cities grow, this subject must become of ever-increasing importance, especially to avoid over-crowding and its evils. This committee recommends that “a block in some outlying district should be selected, and small houses of sanitary and convenient construction be erected, thus permitting breathing space, and giving room for a small garden for each house. In connection with building, but of a different kind, a movement is on foot to obtain funds to provide a new and much larger Convocation Hall for Toronto University. Of \$50,000 which will be required \$15,000 have been promised. The Caven Hall fund for Knox College library is, it is gratifying to know, making good progress.

Mr. Willison, who has so successfully for several years past filled the place of editor-in-chief of the Globe, has severed his connection with that paper and the directors on the very best terms, and it will gratify many to know that, his recognised ability in this kind of work is not to be lost to the country, but only transferred to another field.

Rev. Dr. Courtice who succeeded Rev. Dr. Dewart in the editorship of the Christian Guardian, the well known organ of the Methodist church retires next month from this work, and his place will be taken by Mr. Bond. Dr. Courtice is referred to by a brother-editor, as “the genial and well beloved brother,” and Mr. Bond as “his amiable successor.”

Montreal.

The St. Lambert Presbyterians held a pleasant “Scotch Social” the other evening, which was largely attended and greatly enjoyed.

Rev. Professor Ross, of the Presbyterian College, is preaching with much acceptance in the American Presbyterian church. He is a great favorite with the members; and could get an unanimous call if he wanted it.

There has been added recently to the reception room of the Presbyterian College a valuable historical picture, being that of the first Presbyterian Union Committee as they are sitting in deliberation in the St. Paul's Presbyterian church of this city. The picture is very large, and is the work of Lorenz, the artist, and Mr. James Inglis, photographer. Accompanying the picture is a sketch outline key, with original autograph signatures of the members of the committee. Only about two or three are left now, among whom are the Rev. Dr. Ure, of Goderich, and Mr. James Croil, of Montreal. The picture is the gift of Mr. David Morrice, one of Montreal's merchant princes, and liberal as wealthy. He has been a munificent benefactor of the college in the past, the fine Convocation Hall being a monument of his munificence given to the institution

The anniversary sermon of the local St. Andrew's society was preached in St. Paul's church on Sunday evening by the Rev. J. Lyall George, M. A., senior chaplain. There was a large attendance of members. The text was from Dan xi, 32, and in his opening remarks he instanced the great national history of the Jews, as shown in the story of the Macabees who suffered martyrdom rather than worship Bacchus, eat swine's flesh or give up the observance of the Lord's day and the rite of circumcision. Scottish history affords not a few parallels of like heroism, and Scottish religion has a close connection with Scottish theology. The family religion and training, as pictured in Burns' ‘Cottar's Saturday Night,’ had purified the national life at its fountain-head, and the observance of the Sabbath, though some men sneered at it as needlessly strict, was absolutely essential to the national welfare. The preacher then cited a noble line of Scottish worthies: Wallace Bruce, Knox, the Covenanters, Samuel Rutherford, Thomas Chalmers, Thomas Guthrie, Hugh Miller, Norman MacLeod, Robert McCosh, David Livingstone, President McCosh, of Princeton; John G. Paton, the missionary of the New Hebrides, and the three great Canadians lately passed away, George Leslie Mackay, James Robertson and George Munro Grant. Scotch folk had exerted a mighty influence on the world, and their clannishness and their brotherly sympathy led them to help each other. Might they all unite in the noble work of charity till they reached their ‘ain country,’ the ‘land o' the leal.’

Northern Ontario.

Last Monday evening the Taylor family of East Nottawasaga Presbyterian church, presented their pastor Rev. J. A. McConnell with a beautiful fur coat as a token of their esteem for him.

Anniversary services in connection with the opening of Knox church, Copper Cliff were held in Sudbury 23rd Nov. It is three years since this church was opened and dedicated to the worship of God. The Presbyterians in this thriving time, are staunch and true to the church of their fathers, and have been liberal in their offerings for the maintenance of ordinances in their midst. After paying off the debt of the church, they built a beautiful manse, part of which has likewise been paid for. The pastor, Rev. J. H. White M. A., preached an appropriate sermon in the morning, and in the evening Rev. H. S. Graham, Sudbury, preached an eloquent sermon to a crowded congregation. A social gathering took place on the Monday evening following when suitable addresses were delivered by Rev. H. S. Graham, Rev. J. H. More, Copper Cliff, and the members of the congregation, and musical selections of a high order were given by the choir. The offerings made at both diets of worship wanted but a few cents of \$50.00.

Algoma.

At Naims, the Rendry camp movement is doing good work by means of papers and teachers.

The Thessalon Presbyterians are contemplating the building of a good large commodious church, up to date in every particular.

An American Lumber Company is building a large saw mill at this point, which will employ about 1,000 men.

Victoria Mines where “The Mond Nickel Co.” is at work, is regularly supplied this winter and the employees show their appreciation by a regular attendance.

The marriage of Rev. Mr. Drennan, who is now in charge of the work at Massey Station, to Miss Mary MacLennan, of MacLennan, Ont., will take place on January 1st.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian church, Webbwood, met at the manse last Friday and presented Mrs. (Rev.) MacInnis, their president, with a beautiful fur coat. This is a timely present, and one that other congregations might profitably follow.

Miss M. Shanley, who has been organist at St. Paul's church, Sault Ste Marie, was waited upon by the members of the choir and presented with an address and memento, previous to her departure to Mattawa, where her father goes as Roadmaster. St. Paul's loss is Mattawa's gain.

Rev. W. A. Duncan, who has now passed his twelfth year as pastor of St. Andrew's church

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Customs of Korean Boys.

One sees a good deal of the boys in Korea, for they play on the street. The little girls are kept inside after they are eight or nine. If they do come out they have to cover up their heads and faces with a big veil. This "veil" looks like a very big kitchen apron thrown over the head and held in front under the chin, just allowing room to peek out.

Well, these boys generally wear long red coats fastened to one side. Their clothes are tied on—sometimes buttoned, but that is a luxury. They do not know what pins are. Then the hair is always in a braid down their backs. When they marry the hair is done up on the top of the head in a queer little knot. A very tight band is worn coming over the forehead, and then—but never till then—they wear a hat. Before the hair is done up they always go bare-headed.

The boys are often married very young, but they do not put on grown up ways, so it is quite often we see these married gentlemen playing on the street. The poor little married girl has to stay at home and drudge for her mother-in-law. Then, if a man is too poor to marry, he is not allowed to put his hair up, so he is called a "boy," no matter how old he is.

Little Korean boys do not wear any clothes at all in the summer time. In the spring time they wear a waist which reaches just below the arms. It is generally pink and they are quite dressed up for the summer season. In winter they wear very wide clumsy trousers, caught in at the ankle, and straw or wooden shoes. Their clothes are so clumsy and heavy that they can scarcely walk. From being tied to some one's back when a baby, almost every Korean is bow-legged. When boys come to our church where do you think they like to sit? Why, right up in front, as near to the preacher as possible, and they are quiet and listen very attentively.

You know we sit on the floor in church in Korea. These boys very seldom have

any money for the collection, and they seem real sorry, but money is very scarce among the poorer classes, and probably they never had any of their own. One day I went with one of the missionaries into a courtyard and we had a meeting just with the boys. We had the little organ and soon the boys came in from the street, some with hair up and some with hair down. Some of them did not know what a prayer was, but when they were told, they all shut their eyes through quite a long prayer in Korean. Then we gave each a card to take home, on which was a verse written in Korean.

The boys are never rude to us. Some times they call after me on the street, saying: "Lady, where are you going?" but that is Korean custom, and quite polite. It is also Korean custom, to answer, "Yes, where are you going?" When we say that, they think we have been quite polite and nice to them.—Over Sea and Land.

Health and Home Hints

Carving.

Carving is a simple operation, and yet to be an expert carver it is necessary to understand the natural construction of the various pieces to cut. Meats that are to be carved on the table should be laid on the dish without any garnishing or sauce.

The tools necessary for carving consist of a sharp-bladed knife, a two or three-pronged fork and a pair of carving scissors. These implements should only be used for carving.

Roast Beef—How To Carve.

Roast beef is best when carved on the table, or else on the sideboard, where each slice may be served as soon as cut. If cut beforehand it loses the best part of its juices. Have the beef brought on a hot dish. If the top be dry, cut off a little from the surface. Stick in the fork lengthwise on top of the roast, close to the edge; hold the fork firmly with the left hand, having a large, sharp knife in the right, and cut even, thin slices, leaving a small piece of fat on each one; cut close to the rib bones; gently make a cut underneath to separate the slices. Place the slices as soon as cut on hot plates with a little of the platter gravy, and serve.

Ham—How To Carve.

The most delicate part of ham is the kernel; this should be cut in very thin slices, leaving the fat adhere to the meat. Some prefer to cut the ham in thin slices around from the bone; others carve it in thin slices from each side. If the ham is to be handed around the table, it should be carved and reconstructed.

Turkey—How to Carve.

Place the fork in the breast of the turkey, one prong on each side of the breast bone. Grasp the handle of the fork in the left hand, and laying the flat of the knife parallel with and close to the neck, just above where the left wing joins the body, cut downward, catching the joint; a slight pressure severs the cartilage and a single sweep of the knife removes the wing. Next put the point of the knife into the flesh which holds the second joint to the carcass and cut downward to where the second joint's bone joins with the carcass, bend the knife over, detaching the joint from the body; clip off the drumstick at the knee joint with the shears and then divide the second joint in three or four pieces. The breast is carved in two distinct ways: the first consists of cutting the breast in crosswise slices slightly

on the bias, the second by cutting the filets lengthwise from the breast. Proceed and carve the other side of the turkey the same way. All this time the fork should be kept in the same position; and then remove the oyster which lies on the side near the second joint; this part is considered the most delicate part of the turkey; then remove the oyster bones, the pope's nose, the two bones to which the wings are articulated and the breast bone. The latter is removed last of all, because the fork is never taken out of its original position until that bone is separated from the carcass; the back is cut out with the shears in three pieces. The turkey may be carved in the kitchen and reconstructed. This is done by cutting of the wings, the second joints, and the breast either length or crosswise. Lay the meat from one side of the turkey on a hot dish, place the carcass on top of the meat, then lay the remaining meat back in its original place, attach the wing, second joint and leg with small silver skewers to the body of the turkey, pour over a few spoonfuls of gravy, garnish with a few sprigs of parsley and serve. If the family is not very large, only one side of the turkey need to be carved.

New York Observer: Budgett Meakin's book on Morocco is regarded as the standard work on that country. He quotes the following confession of a Moor, and says that his Mo-riah friends endorsed this statement: "Do you want to know what our religion is? We purify ourselves with water while we contemplate adultery; we go to the mosque to pray, and as we do so we think how best to cheat our neighbors; we give alms at the door, and go back to our shop to rob; we read our Korans, and go out to commit unmentionable sins; we fast and go on pilgrimages, yet we lie and kill."

A farmer once went to hear John Wesley preach. The preacher said he would take up three topics of thought; he was talking chiefly about money.

His first head was "Get all you can." The farmer nudged his neighbor and said: "That man has got something in him; it is admirable preaching."

Wesley reached his second division, "Save all you can." The farmer became quite excited. "Was there ever anything like this?" he said.

The preacher denounced thriftlessness and waste, and the farmer rubbed his hands as he thought, "And all this have I been taught from my youth up." What with getting and with hoarding, it seemed to him that "salvation" had come to his house.

But Wesley advanced to his third head, which was "Give all you can." "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" said the farmer, "he has gone and spoiled it all."—Selected.

God never makes us feel our weakness except to lead us to seek strength from Him.

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Presbytery Meetings.

SYNOD OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

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

SYNOD OF MANITOBA AND NORTHWEST

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

SYNOD OF HAMILTON AND LONDON.

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

Huron, Goderich, 20 Jan 11 a.m.
 Sarnia, Sarnia, 9 Dec. 11 a.m.
 Maitland, Wingham, 16 cc. 10 a.m.
 Bruce, Paisley, 2 Dec. 11 a.m.

SYNOD OF TORONTO AND KINGSTON.

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

Algoma, Blind River, Sept. North Bay, Parry Sound, 30 Sept., 9 a.m.
 Saugeen, Palmerston, 9 Dec., 10 a.m.
 Guelph, Hespeler, 20th Jan. 10.30 a. m.

SYNOD OF MONTREAL AND OTTAWA.

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

SYNOD OF THE MARITIME PROVINCES

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

P. E. I., Charlestown, 3 Feb.
 Pictou, New Glasgow, 4th Nov. 1 p.m.
 Wallace, Oxford, 6th May. 7.30 p.m.
 Truro, Truro, Jan, 20 10 30 a.m.
 Halifax, Chalmers Hall, Halifax, 26th Feb., 10 a.m.
 Lunenburg, Rose Bay, St. John, St. John, Oct. 21.
 Miramichi, Chatham, 24th June.

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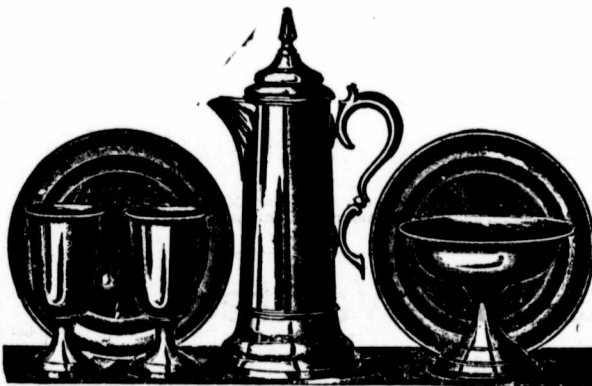
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