

Dominion Presbyterian

Devoted to the Interests of the Family and the Church.

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L. H. WRIGHT
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CAN YOU ANSWER?

Can you put the spider's web back in
its place
That once has been swept away?
Can you put the apple again on the
bough
Which fell at your feet today?

Can you put the lily-cup back on the
stem
And cause it to live and grow?
Can you mend the butterfly's broken
wing,
That you crushed with a baby blow?

Can you put the bloom again on the
grape,
Or the grape again on the vine?
Can you put the dewdrops back on the
flowers,
And make them sparkle and shine?

Can you put the petals back on the
rose?
If you could, would it smell as sweet?
Can you put the flower again in the
husk,
And show me the ripened wheat?

Can you put the kernel back in the
nut,
Or the broken egg in its shell?
Can you put the honey back in the
comb
And cover with wax each cell?

Can you put the perfume back in the
vase
When once it has sped away?
Can you put the cornstalk back on the
corn,
Or the down on the catkin—say?

You think that my questions are trifling, dear;
Let me ask you another one:
Can a hasty word be ever unsaid,
Or an unkind deed undone?

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BIRTHS.

On Nov. 9, 1907, at 378 Indian Road, Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Carruthers, a son.

At Reston, Man., on Oct. 12, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Duncan, a daughter.

At Lanark, on Oct. 27, to Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Wilson, a daughter.

At Bowbrook, Hamilton, on Nov. 10, the wife of Henry Ewart McLaren, of a son.

On Nov. 8, 1907, at 26 McMaster Avenue, Toronto, to Mr. and Mrs. Stuart B. Playfair, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

At Huntingdon, Quebec, on Nov. 1, 1907, by the Rev. E. W. Florence, Mr. Everett Hobart Reed, of Montreal, Quebec, to Miss Anna M. C. Gilmore, daughter of Mr. John H. Gilmore.

At High Bluff, Man., on Oct. 22, 1907, by Rev. John Russel, Hugh McGillivray, Pense, Saskatchewan, to Mary Fergie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Wilson, Birtson.

At the residence of the bride's parents, Beaverton, Ont., on Nov. 4, 1907, by the Rev. D. W. Best, Jessie Drake to Lou H. Lucas, of Mistatini, Sask., formerly of Toronto.

On Nov. 6, 1907, at Toronto, by the Rev. Dr. W. G. Wallace, John Isaac Hart, of Chicago, Ill., to Clara Etta Notman, daughter of the late J. C. Notman, ex-Queen's Printer.

At Belleville, Ont., on Oct. 31, 1907, by Rev. R. S. Laddlaw, Norah Laster to Henry Carre, jun., both of Belleville.

DEATHS.

At Swansea, on Nov. 6, 1907, Isabella, third daughter of the late Alexander Gemmill.

In the Third Concession, Cornwall Township, on Nov. 6, 1907, John J. McDougall, aged 82 years.

At Whitby, on Nov. 8, 1907, Eliza Hucksin, widow of the late Thomas Paxton, M.P.P., aged 82 years and 21 days.

In Smith's Falls, on Oct. 30, 1907, John McCallum, sr., aged 80 years.

At Orillia, Ont., on Oct. 30, 1907, Frances Eleanor, youngest daughter of the Rev. Thomas A. Rodger, aged 2 years and 5 months.

On Nov. 10, 1907, at his late residence, Lot 7, Con. C, London Township, James McLaren, aged 81 years.

At Wiesbaden, Germany, on Nov. 7th, Mary A., relict of the late Robert Simpson, of Toronto, founder of the Robert Simpson Company, Limited..

At her late residence, 132 Dundas Street, Toronto, Nov. 8, Emily Vince, widow of the late John Lindsay, formerly of Kingston, in her 83rd year.

At the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. Jas. Anderson, 201 Markham Street, on Oct. 25, 1907, Wm. Corbett, sen., in his 89th year. A resident of Toronto 66 years.

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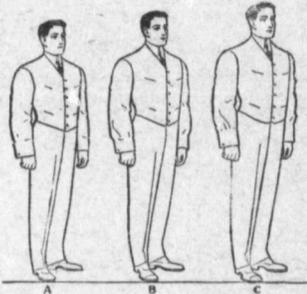
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NOTE AND COMMENT

With the maximum rate of fare two cents per mile the railroads of Ohio collected more money than they did when the maximum rate was three cents per mile. The increase is, in round numbers \$1,330,000.

The ministers' meeting at the First church last Monday, says the Michigan Presbyterian of Detroit, was enlivened with a talk by Rev. Robert E. Knowles, of Galt, Canada, who, in felicitous words, strengthened the ties of brotherhood which already bind together the Presbyterians of two great countries.

The passing of the manufacture of Bessemer steel in the United States is announced from Pittsburg. The Bessemer departments of the Duquesne and Homestead steel works of the United States Steel Corporation have been closed down, and in the place at least of the former department a great open-hearth furnace will be substituted. The growing capacity of high-grade ore accounts for the decline in the making of steel by the Bessemer process.

The everyday life of the Emperor Francis Joseph—who is now so seriously ill—has been one of great simplicity. A believer in earlier rising, it has been his custom to be up every morning at five, and after a light breakfast to walk for nearly two hours. At seven o'clock his despatches are brought to him, and for the next few hours his whole attention is devoted to affairs of State.

At midday the Emperor takes some light refreshment, and at half-past two dinner is served. His Majesty, however, eats very little, but is noted for his great vivacity, as he converses on many subjects. He usually spends the afternoon in reading and walking. A light supper is served at seven o'clock, after which he enjoys a little music, and his day ends about eight, when he goes to bed. The Emperor is now in his seventy-eighth year.

New South Wales has the usual Anglo-Saxon record of heavy expenditures caused by intemperance, far more than counterbalancing the revenue derived from the traffic by the State. In dealing with this question, Canon Boyce says: "It is argued that the receipts from the liquor traffic are an important asset to the State. Last year they amounted to £1,172,848; of this, £1,089,204 was from Customs duty and Excise, and £82,644 from license fees. I readily admit that this is a large item in the revenue. But there are serious expenses on the other side. One-third of the poverty and two-thirds of the crime, etc., are traceable to drink, and show a cost of about £700,000 a year. If, again, 10,000 persons do not work because of drink, there is a loss of £1,040,000 at £2 a week each. According to Adam Smith, labor is wealth. This estimate is not extravagant when we remember that 20,000 convictions in our courts for drunkenness in a year, the thousands who become drunk but are not arrested, the Domain loafers, the sun-downers who tramp the country districts, and those of other classes largely affected by alcoholism. These figures—and I merely touch a part of this branch of the liquor question—show a heavy debit for the country on the wrong side."

A Methodist missionary in China is credited with having told the Chicago Conference recently that the advance of Christianity in China during the last five years had been greater than in Japan during the past fifty years.

One more instance of the power of punctuation. Even a comma may play the very mischief. Not many years ago a distinguished graduate of Oxford decided to enter the Non-conformist ministry, and to wear no sacerdotal garb. And he announced his intention in a manifesto containing the words, "I shall wear no clothes, to distinguish me from my fellow Christians."

Mr. John Morley, Secretary of State for India, addressing his constituents at Arbroath, confined his speech to India. Replying to those who declared he had swallowed his Liberal principles, he declared that in the interests of India, our own national honour, and in the name of duty and common sense, our first and commanding task was to keep order, quell violence, and sternly to insist upon impartial justice, independent of European or Indian. He stigmatised as the height of political folly the suggestion that what suited Canada in the way of administration would suit India. The Government of India would neither be hurried by impatient idealists in its programme of reforms nor driven by stern repressionists into needless measures of coercion. The situation in India, was not at all dangerous, but it required serious and vigilant attention. He had never lost his invincible faith that there is a better mind in all great communities of the human race. They were appealing to the better mind. The root of the unrest was racial, and not political. They were calling Indians into Council, instituting reforms, fighting the plague, and preparing to face the possibility of famine.

The New York Christian Intelligence notes a gratifying fact that vigorous measures are to be inaugurated for reclaiming abandoned farms. Secretary Wilson and leading officials of the Department of Agriculture, at Washington, are taking a great interest in this question, which is becoming more and more acute in New York State, in New England, and in other parts of the East. What the desertion of the farm means to New York State is shown by the fact that land values there decreased \$168,000,000 in the twenty years from 1880 to 1900. The 1900 census showed this, and also that there were 14,000 less farms in New York in 1900 than in 1880. It likewise showed a 16 per cent. decline in rural population as compared with 1890. That such a falling off in farm values and farm population must injure the business of the cities is apparent. The same facts in general could have been obtained by a study of Pennsylvania and Ohio, New Jersey, Vermont, and Maine. Massachusetts and New Hampshire have already done something to counteract the tendency to desert the farm. The older provinces of Canada are suffering from the same cause—abandoned farms, and there is urgent need that something practical should be done to counteract the evil. In fact Nova Scotia has inaugurated a movement in that direction. The occupancy and tillage of the abandoned farms in our eastern provinces, including Ontario, would improve business immensely and of course increase our population.

The activity and aggressiveness displayed by the Christians of Korea—so often referred to as the "hermit nation,"—is simply marvellous. Exchanges tell us of the Presbyterian church at Pyeng Yang, that it has a regular Sunday-school attendance of from one thousand to twelve hundred pupils, and a membership of more than fourteen hundred. This church has five colonies in the same city, each fully organized, and is planting numerous missions. As an instance of enterprise, the church recently canvassed the entire city and carried gospel invitations to the whole population. In the same Presbytery there are fifty-two churches and twenty-seven of this number have enlarged their buildings during the past year, while eighteen new churches have been erected within the same period.

Says the Cumberland Presbyterian: "If we expect to enlist the practically-minded men of to-day in church activities, then the church must become active along lines which appeal to these same practical men. It is useless to shut our eyes to the fact that the religious emphasis is not placed to-day where it was in days that are past. In the time of the Reformation the emphasis was placed on faith, and there was a hearty response to the rallying cry. It was a faithless age, and the call to faith was recognized as timely. In Wesley's day, it was the need of personal piety which was apparent, and he easily won recruits for a campaign in behalf of personal holiness. Faith and personal piety are needed still, but the emphasis is elsewhere. This age demands that the emphasis shall be upon good works, upon 'the faith that worketh by love.'" This is a thought that needs emphasizing.

That there is a widespread awakening and unrest in Roman Catholic communities in several countries of Europe—notably France, Italy, Austria and Spain cannot be gainsaid. The seriousness of this unrest is indicated by the outspoken protests and comments of prominent Roman Catholics, laymen as well as clergymen on the reactionary features of the policy of the present pontiff, who has apparently surrendered to the influence of the Ultramontane wing of the Papacy. For instance, here is a protest recently published in the London Tablet (Romanist Organ) by Rev. Father Tyrrell, a noted Jesuit, who claims to have large correspondence with Roman Catholics, laymen and priests, who are in doubt of their beliefs, and anxious as to their spiritual state. Rev. Father Tyrrell says: Cardinal Ferrata now desires to control that vast correspondence which for ten years I have held with people troubled about their faith, or rather about their theology; correspondence mostly with Catholic priests and prelates; with seminarians and their professors; with writers and teachers; with religious and their bewildered superiors; and also with many souls outside the Church; often with Ministers of religion—always, or nearly always, with those who come to me secretly and privately as to one whose secrecy they can trust."

This is very plain speaking for a Roman Catholic priest, which must be the outcome of a strong current of unrest and anxiety which seems to be honeycombing the thinking masses of that denomination. The Belfast Witness suggests: "Would that Father Tyrrell would become a later Savonarola." Such a figure may appear sooner than most people imagine.

SPECIAL
ARTICLES

Our Contributors

BOOK
REVIEWS

THE AWAKENING OF CHINA.

And the Crisis which it involves in the relations of the Christian nations with that country.

We have enabled our readers, says the Belfast Witness, to pursue the interesting letters upon "Missions in China" of Rev. Wm. Cecil, who was one of the deputation to that country appointed by the China Missions Emergency Committee. We now subjoin a letter addressed to "The Times" by the chairman and hon. secretaries of that committee, in which the present duty of Christian countries towards China is very forcibly stated. It will be read with much interest. The writers say The Awakening of China, following on the rise of Japan, is, perhaps, the greatest event of the last few years in the history of the world. Not long ago those two nations, and especially China, were regarded by the Western nations as fields for exploitation to their own profit. Today they rank as equals; they hold their own independence, they take their place in the conference of the nations: the East has, to a large extent, come into line with the West; the centre of gravity of world politics has shifted, and the relations between the European peoples and the United States on the one hand, and the Far East on the other, are entirely altered.

China, however, is very new at development. For ages she has remained stationary. It has required the sharp touch of war to rouse her to a consideration of her own future. The awakening, however, has come, and it is of the utmost importance, both to herself and to the West—indeed to all mankind—to consider what the line of her progress is to be, and how it can best be influenced for good. She naturally looks to Japan as a forerunner, and as an example of success. Her own civilization is strongly materialistic, and the present influence of Japan is of the same character. The issue, so far as can be foreseen, is between Materialism and Christianity; and it is for our own country to face this issue, and to reflect that her duty to China as well as her interest requires her to consider and revise her attitude and her action towards China, and to revise it in the Christian sense.

The task laid upon us is twofold. First, it is necessary that our policy of insisting on free intercourse and open trade receives the close attention of Christians at home who must confine the public promotion of trade interests within the limit of her fair dealing and must maintain at least as high a standard of international conduct in regard to China as prevails in regard to the powerful nations of Europe. Trade privileges must be obtained by fair negotiation without force or threat, and we must endeavor by the integrity of our commercial relations to recommend our Christian civilization.

The second part of our task concerns the benevolent missionary agencies which we have so long kept up for the benefit of China. These great missions have now a much wider and more open field before them.

China has always been a country where education has held a very high place. Now, by a sudden—perhaps too sudden—change, she has transformed her entire system, and proposes to establish in all the provinces of her vast Empire, universities, colleges and schools, devoted to the introduction of Western learning. Here is an opportunity which the Christians of this country, if they are wise, will seize and use to the very utmost of their power.

The great missionaries in China press this policy upon us. The Chinese Government needs thousands of teachers; and they must be first-rate teachers. Japanese instructors are pressing in. Is the teaching to be based on Christian or Agnostic foundations? This is one great question for the missionary societies.

The situation, as a whole, calls for a reconsideration of missionary policy to be followed by a rearrangement of missionary effort. In this view, the missionaries in China itself are at one. They have resolved, in their recent conference in Shanghai, that preparations should be made for a self-governing native Church in China, responding to the national cry. "China for Chinese;" and that the missionaries, whose influence on that native Church must for a long time be very penetrating, should themselves federate, with a view to unity of aims, economy of work, and the large spirit which would inform a universal and combined effort.

It is of perhaps equal importance that this proposed concentration of Christian effort in China should be sustained by a similar combination at home, not necessarily by fusion, but certainly by co-operation. And not by combination alone. It is obvious that for producing at this critical period the utmost effect, for the gigantic task of rapidly influencing the course of a sudden rush of a nation of hundreds of millions, the present scale of effort and expenditure is absurdly low. If ever Christians were called to a supreme effort in the cause of their Master, it is now. They have to "think in continents." They are dealing, not with individuals, but with provinces, with Governments, with educational systems. A public movement is demanded which will carry with it not only the ordinary missionary workers, but the men of business, the traders, the officials, the statesmen. Since the ages when Christianity had to effect the conversion of the conquering hordes of half-savage pagans who overrun Europe and to transform them into civilized and Christian Powers, there has been no such task laid upon the Western Churches. Is there to be a Christian or a non-Christian China? If this issue be evaded, can we hope to make our own Christianity effective in our national career, or to stem the current of materialism in our own land?

THE VALUE OF REBUFFS.

It is painful to be knocked down, but it may be a great blessing. The brakeman, walking along in the dark on the top of his train of box-cars, may not like the warning slap in the face he receives from the cords arranged over the track for that purpose; but he knows he must either throw himself down or be swept to death in passing under the bridge or through the tunnel. In a good-sized town a young man was just beginning to prosper in business on a side street, when a fire completely destroyed his premises. This was a disaster; and in looking about for a suitable property, he found that the only building he could get was on much larger and costing more than he felt that his business would justify. In great fear and with sad heart he took possession. To-day he has the leading business in his town—made possible by his enforced move. It is man's plan, to try to escape from sorrow; God's plan, to save through sorrow.

Love is the only power of the human heart that grows absolutely by giving itself away.

OPIUM SHOPS CLOSED AT
FOOCHOW.

The following letter from the pen of the Principal of the S. I. Baldwin Theological School, Foochow, shows that the Chinese can do and are doing to carry out the Anti-Opium Edict. It is:

"Intense interest is taken by the people of Foochow at this time in the abolition of the opium traffic. When last year the Government announced its purpose of banishing opium from China many were incredulous, some doubting the sincerity of the Government in making this announcement, and some doubting its ability to carry out such a project. With every city, town, and village full of opium dens and patronized by millions of opium smokers, the probability of being able to uproot this deep and widespread evil certainly did not present a very hopeful prospect, and it is not surprising that many should doubt and question. A more gigantic undertaking has probably never been attempted by any country or nation. But to the surprise of nearly everyone, the authorities are taking hold of the matter in such a determined and undaunted manner, that notwithstanding the greatness of the task, it is the general opinion now that the traffic will be suppressed in a very short time. The date fixed for the closing of the opium shops in Foochow was the twelfth day of May. Those who were engaged in the opium business did all they could to resist the enforcement of the law. Several days previous to the time appointed for closing their shops, over a thousand of them came together in mass meeting in one of the heathen temples, passed resolutions against closing, and drafted a remonstrance to the Viceroy. A large sum of money was subscribed to fight the anti-opium crusade. But it was all in vain. The man who presented their petition was arrested and locked up in prison. More positive and stringent orders than ever were issued for closing, and on this single day three thousand opium shops in Foochow City and suburbs went out of business, not considering it wise to offer further resistance. One man who was related to some of the officials, presumed to trust to his influence with them for protection, and so did not close his shop. He was summarily arrested, lodged in jail and his property confiscated. Two or three others who defied the law were loaded with chains, and in this way marched through the streets, an example or warning to any who might be inclined to treat lightly the decree. It is now one week since the law went into effect, and so far as is known there does not exist in Foochow City a single opium den, so completely has the law been enforced.

"Strong anti-opium societies, composed of many of the most influential men in Foochow, have taken an active part in helping to enforce these new regulations. They have vigilance committees at work night and day to detect anyone who may be trying to evade the law. The day the opium shops were closed was made a day of general rejoicing throughout the city. Flags were hoisted from hundreds of business houses and private dwellings; processions of students paraded the streets with banners; great public demonstrations were held in the different parts of the city, and in various other ways the people sought to give expression to their unbounded joy over the victory that had been won."

DEATH OF REV. M. W. MACLEAN.

A message to Mr. W. G. Craig, of Kingston, on Tuesday afternoon of last week, announced the death of his brother-in-law, Rev. M. W. Maclean, M.A., formerly of Belleville, at Arlington Beach, Saskatchewan.

Rev. Matthew Witherspoon Maclean, was born in Glasgow, on June 11th., 1842, and completed his education at the university of that city. While a divinity student, he visited Canada in 1862, and decided to make this country the field of his labors. He entered the divinity hall of Queen's College, where he studied two years, afterwards attending a session of Princeton Theological Seminary, New Jersey where he graduated in 1866. Returning to Canada in that year, he was licensed by the Presbytery of Niagara in connection with the Church of Scotland. His first pastoral charge was St. Andrew's church, Paisley, Bruce county. Here he found abundant scope for his zeal and energy. The country was newly settled, and the spiritual wants of the people had been but inefficiently and irregularly supplied. Mr. Maclean found himself the only pastor belonging to his denomination within forty miles. His work extended over the large area of five townships, and, in addition to daily pastoral visits he travelled every Sabbath, from twenty to forty miles preaching three times a day. His church increased so rapidly that it became necessary to provide additional accommodation for what had previously been a sparse and dwindling congregation. There mission stations were organized at different points in the neighborhood.

After five years of persistent and effective labour in this place, Mr. Maclean accepted a call to the Mill street church, Port Hope, where he remained for two years. In 1873 he went to Belleville, where he became pastor of St. Andrew's church.

Mr. Maclean remained in Belleville till 1904, when owing to failing health, he resigned his charge, and with his sons, went west to the Saskatchewan Valley, being strongly recommended to that province in the North-west to recuperate his worn-out system.

Mr. Maclean's ministry in St. Andrew's was very successful, resulted in a strong, vigorous congregation, contrasting sharply with the struggling one that existed when he entered upon his Belleville work. His wife, the daughter of Mayor George Davidson, Kingston, and sister of Mrs. W. G. Craig, of this city, died in 1908, and it was a great blow to Mr. Maclean in his delicate state of health, and had much to do with the resignation of his charge.

Mr. Maclean, though at times enjoying fairly good health since his removal to the west, never regained his wonted strength, and the end came apparently suddenly. He accidentally fell on the 30th ultimo, fracturing his hip, and as a result of this fall the silent messenger visited him Tuesday morning when, as the telegram announcing the sad occurrence puts it, "he passed peacefully away."

He is survived by one daughter, Mrs. Robert Balmer, Buena Ayres, South America, and two sons, Malcolm John and John Carruthers, of Arlington Beach, Saskatchewan.

Mr. Maclean was an able and scholarly preacher, and most zealous in the discharge of the various duties of his high office. He was also highly successful as a platform speaker, uniting elaboration of thought with fluency and grace of expression.—Kingston Whig.

COMFORT FOR THE BEREAVED.

The bereaved are everywhere. There are few homes without their vacant chair. How can we best comfort others? What solace is there in the Gospel for breaking hearts? What is there in Christianity that will wipe away tears?

There is comfort for the bereaved in the infinite and eternal love of God. In this divine love all life's whys are answered. St. John puts it all in the one little sentence—"God is love." Back of and in his power, his justice, his holiness, his truth, is love. We know that this is our Father's world. There is no chance in any of its events or circumstances. Science tells us that in all occurrences in nature, even in those which seem disastrous—storms, earthquakes, tidal waves—no force no drop of water, no particle of matter ever gets out of the clasp and control of natural law—that is, out of the hand of God. So in all the events of Providence, though we call them calamities, nothing ever happens without God's permission, and, therefore, all that happens has love in it.

Another element of comfort for the bereaved is that their friends who have gone from them, have finished their work. Jesus was not caught in a snare when he was arrested in the Garden. There was no inextricable dilemma in his position that night. He could have escaped, but his "hour" had come. It was now the Father's time for the closing of his life. The same is true of each one of God's children. Sometimes it is in infancy, even in earliest infancy, that the death-angel comes. "My baby lived only two hours," a young mother wrote the other day. Yet, in its coming and its brief stay, it brought blessings to its parents. It left a touch of beauty on their lives. Dr. Moule, Bishop of Durham, wrote these lines "On the Death of a Little Boy":
Think not, because so early with our

King
He rests, before his infancy's fourth
spring,
That aught is lacking in the eternal
Eye.
To that dear life's full orb and rounded
history,
No, in his sovereign all-foreseeing will,
Who works unerring for his people
still,
Not Abraham's end, not John's late-entered
bliss,
Marks a more finished pilgrimage than
his.
No casual stroke removed him, or sur-
prised
That Artist who of old his date devised.
To us all looks abrupt, a fragment, torn
Ere the first page was read; and we
must mourn,
But he, great Poet, of the souls he
saves,
Writes now his epics, now his shorter
staves,
His tender nursery-songs; and these
disclose
As great a skill, as full an art, as those.
That small sweet life-time in his hidden
plan
Through morn and noon to sunset duly
ran,
Short prelude, but consummate, to that
day
Which knows no evening clouds and set-
ting ray.

The short life was not a fragment, a broken life—it was complete. However brief, it was a plan of God wrought out to the end. We must never think of death as breaking into God's plan, as snatching away any precious life before God wanted it to leave this world. Death is never stronger than God.

It ought to comfort us to know this when we are pleading with God to spare some dear life. Then if, after all our prayers, the life is taken away, it should give us measureless comfort to know that God could have kept it longer if it had been his plan for it.

There is comfort for the bereft also in the truth of immortality. In Christ there is no real separation between us and our loved ones who have passed out of our sight. They are with Christ inside the veil, and we are with Christ outside the veil.

"Death doth hide,

But not divide."

In Eversley churchyard Mrs. Kingsley placed a white marble cross over the grave of her husband, Charles Kingsley, and on it, under a spray of passion-flower, the epitaph, "We have loved, we love, we shall love." Never was there on this earth a holier, truer, more faithful wedded life than that of Charles and Fanny Kingsley. In this world they loved ideally. After he had gone while she still remained behind, they continued to love. In all the eternal years they would still love on. That is the meaning of immortality as it has been brought to light in Jesus Christ.

A mother wrote after the first break in the home circle: "I am passing through my first bereavement. One of my eight children died a year ago. There were nine of us left, and we faced it together. . . . We indulged in the tender memories of seventeen beautiful years, but fought against selfishness in our grief. We still speak of her as one of the family—never as one of the dead." It is beautiful to think thus of a loved one, still and always as "one of the family, never as one of the dead." It will give very sweet comfort to those who have been bereft to train themselves to think of their loved ones as going on with life very much as when they were in this world, only more beautifully, more lovingly, more purely, more thoughtfully.

Stonford Brooks somewhere asks the question, "What manner of man should we be in life when we think of all we shall do when we are dead?" What are your sainted ones in heaven doing today? We know at least that their life is going on in new beauty and power. What people call the gate of death is really the gate of life. The whitest line in all the story of life is the line we make so black—the line which marks the passing from this world. Is there no comfort in this?

Another element of comfort for the bereaved is in the blessing there is in sorrow itself. Some one warns us against wasting our sorrows, "Take care that you do not waste your sorrows; that you do not let the precious gifts of disappointment, pain, loss, loneliness, ill health, or similar afflictions that come into your daily life, mar you, instead of mending you. Let us beware of getting no good from what is charged to the very brim with good." Our griefs are bearers of blessings to us, and we should welcome them as God's angels, coming with hands full of good gifts.

There is also for the Christian bereaved the comfort of reunion in the home above. Separation which brings so much pain and grief is but for a little while, and then we shall be together once more in a fellowship which never shall be broken.

Central Presbyterian: The author of the letter to the Hebrews says that though the very foundations of the earth and the heavens above shall perish, "Thou, O Lord, remainest!" Our portion is the life and the love of an everlasting God. His word cannot pass away. His truths cannot fail. His promise will be true when heaven and earth have crumbled into dust. Therefore, it is that His righteousness is as the great mountains, and His love a boundless sea. And far up on heavenly hills, where the morning spreads, as the Prophet Joel sees, therefore remaineth a Sabbath to the people of God.

SUNDAY
SCHOOL

The Quiet Hour

YOUNG
PEOPLE

WORLD'S TEMPERANCE SUNDAY.*

By Rev. Prof. MacKenzie, B.D., Montreal.

Every one of us shall give an account of himself to God, v. 12. It is a fine thing to have a comfortable balance to our credit in the Savings Bank. We like to watch it grow. It fills us with a glow of independence, and sets us free from anxiety. But how about our account with God? The debit side is full to overflowing. Health, home, friends, education, the chance to work, opportunities to do good,—all these and many other things we have received from God. It is a disgrace to us if the credit side is empty or scant of entries. But there is time yet to fill it up,—time before our Judge, who is also our loving Saviour, shall call us to our reckoning. Let us so live that we shall not dread that reckoning, or be covered with shame at the final casting up of accounts.

A stumbling block... in his brother's way, v. 13. A poet has pictured a soldier in battle, running through with his bayonet a man fighting on the other side, and, lo! when he stooped to draw it out, looking into the face of the fallen foe, he recognized his own brother. God has linked us in bonds of brotherhood, not alone with members of our own families, but with all men the world over, whether they be white or black or brown or yellow. When the revealing light of the judgment day throws its searching rays on our lives we shall see in every fellow man we have injured or failed to help, one who had a claim on us for a brother's kindness.

Destroy not, v. 15. On the coast line of some countries, the sea has been encroaching for centuries. Acre after acre has tumbled into the waves; and homes and churches, now threatened by every high tide, are pointed out, which at one time stood, it may be, a mile from the sea. Like that encroaching sea, is the drink habit. Every one knows lives in which it has eaten away nearly all that is noble and beautiful, and homes where, bit by bit, the comforts and joys have been broken off, to fall into the devouring waves of this un pitying curse. Who that loves his fellow men will not, by personal influence and by working for prohibition, put forth all his energy to build up a strong and solid break-water to protect their lives and homes?

For whom Christ died, v. 15. A rich man once conceived the idea of building a mansion from the fragments of ruined vessels. That is a picture of what those engaged in the drink traffic are doing. They are building up fortunes from the wreckage of ruined bodies and lost souls. And yet every soul thus destroyed is worth, in God's sight, more than the whole world. To redeem each one, He paid the price of His own Son's life. We cannot speak too strongly about the utter selfishness and heartless cruelty of the traffic in drink. But we, too, stand convicted of a like selfishness, if, by our neglect, or, worse, through our example, any one perishes whom we might have helped to save. It is "up to us" to prevent, according

*S. S. Lesson, November 24, 1907. Romans 14:12-23. Commit to memory vs 19-21. Golden Text.—Judge this rater, that no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way.—Romans 14:13.

to our power, the evils of the most accursed business on the face of the earth.

Let not your good be evil spoken of, v. 16. A little girl once prayed that all the bad people might be made good, and that all the good people might be made nice. It is our business to attract others to the religion of our Lord Jesus Christ. We must be winsome as well as holy. Indeed, what we need is just the "beauty of holiness." Sincerity and sourness have no necessary connection. It is all important that our religion should be firmly rooted. But let us seek, as well, to have it adorned with the lovely, fragrant flowers of all the Christian virtues.

Happy is he that condemneth not himself, v. 22. "I should have to live a long time with myself afterwards." This was the reason a young man gave for refusing to do a thing he knew to be wrong. After all, next to what God thinks of our conduct, the most important matter is the judgment our own conscience pronounces upon it. If His voice above us and the voice of conscience within us agree in their approval, we can well enough endure the faultfinding of others.

FISHERS OF MEN.

All night they fruitless toil; and, with the morn,
There standeth One upon the misty shore
Whose loving help is theirs for evermore,
Who bringeth hope and cheer to hearts forlorn.
All night! Yea, dark the night, O Master dear,
And oft thy toiling servants can not see
In all their labors aught achieved for thee,
Yet we would strive in hope, since thou art near.
Fishers of men! We have obeyed thy word:
Wherefore we work and wait for that glad day
When all men everywhere shall own thy sway,
And faith cry in the dawn, It is the Lord!

—London Chronicle.

THE GREAT CATASTROPHE.

There is only one catastrophe to dread. It is not money-loss, or bodily-maiming, or death of self or friend. Any of these so-called disasters may be richest blessing. It is the catastrophe of God's will defeated. There can be no greater tragedy in any life to-day than that God's will for that life shall be made of no effect. Yet this greatest of all disasters is the commonest of all disasters; so common, that even Christ's own followers think little of it. Every time we depart just a little from the duty that we know is ours, or leave a duty undone, or do a distinct wrong, we precipitate a calamity than which there is none greater; we make God's will for us at that moment a failure. It is true that Christ's redemption does not permit these daily tragedies to mark us for the eternal death that is their logical result. But it is equally true that even Christ's redemption does not restore to us the lost opportunities of doing God's will. We shall have fresh opportunities, but never again those that we trampled under foot. How earnestly should we pray each morning that God will keep this day free from the irreparable loss of crossing His will!—S. S. Times.

NOTHING FORGOTTEN.

By Rev. George Bruce, D.D.

When the disciples were entering upon their work, our Saviour spoke words of chastening admonition: "I sent you to reap that upon which ye bestowed no labour. Other men laboured, and ye have entered into their labours."

His eye did not rest only upon the white fields ready to harvest. He saw the past; the early springtime when the ploughman made ready the ground, often stubborn and uncongenial,—when the sower went forth to sow, after weeping as he scattered the seed for a harvest which he never should see. Now the reapers have come; but while they fill their arms with the sheaves of the abundant harvest, gladly and perhaps with self-complacency, scarcely asking how it had come, He, whose the harvest was, remembered the plougher and the sower as worthy of equal honour with the reaper. Their work was of equal importance; without their labour there would be nothing to reap. He knew that it was easier to reap, seeing the grain, and gathering the golden-topped sheaves, than to plough the dry bare ground, and sow in faith. The toil of the reaper has its own reward in itself. There is a wealth in the very weight of the sheaves, which stimulates the heart and nerves the arm for the needful effort of the ingathering, and turns that into a grateful exercise which else had been a toil. The ploughman and the sower can only see this afar off, and need therefore a strong faith, a deeper consecration.

And God knows this. Man may not have seen, or they may have failed to understand, or they may have forgotten those who went before; but Jesus does not forget them, even in the joy of the ingathering. Let us remember this. Sowing and reaping will both be found in every faithful life. How arduous the one, how joyous the other. Yet it may be in the sowing, rather than in the reaping. You were near to Jesus, and gave Him joy in fair, faithful self-consecrating service. It cost you more, far more to do the one than the other.

And so to some it is given to be reapers, to others is appointed the toil of the plough and the seed-bag. They see but little of the fruit of their labours. They preach and they teach, and pray for some token, for some moving; but men come and go, and there is little change. Prayer meetings are small and heavy; a terrible silence falls when prayers are waited for, or the meeting is thrown open. Brethren, asked by name, pray as a machine moves when it is set on the same sentence, the same monotonous length. Singing God's praise is like a grim struggle on the part of the few who, somehow and sometime, have learned to open their lips in their fashion, so dead, so dead. One would almost welcome the ripple of some activity, of some vitality, even if it were evil; for oh! this toil, this silent ploughing, this casting of seed, walled with tears and placed into the ground, this giving, with no receiving, it tries a man!

Yet all the time the seed is growing, and by and by there will be a harvest. Who should rejoice most? They who reap or those who sow. God says that they who sow and they who reap shall rejoice together, and no service is so small as to be unworthy of His notice. Among the rivers which run to the sea, some are great and some are small. Some move down upon the ocean with mighty restless impulse, cleaving their way so that their waters can be traced for leagues; others flow quietly with many a sinuous bend along the few

miles of their course, till they steal silently across the seaside sands, and are lost in the heavings of that mighty boom. Such are men's lives, some are mighty and cleave their way for centuries into the ocean of human influence; others steal forth silently beneath the shade. Yet, to God, one is known as well as the other. He knows how the little stream watered yonder garden, laved the roots of the shade trees, and quenched the thirst of the traveller. A cup of cold water shall not lose its reward.

Let us learn to work for God, and, whether we sow or reap, whether our influence be large or small, He will remember our work amidst the solemnities of that august harvest day. We may not be well known harvesters, but we can all be "other men," we can labour. Toronto, Can.

UNITY IN ESSENTIALS.

At a large party in a London drawing-room, a Christian gentleman was approached by a man who did not sympathize with Christianity, who, with sarcastic smile, said:

"I've been wondering how you Christians can expect us rational men to accept your doctrines, when you so ludicrously disagree among yourselves. I see here to-night English Churchmen, High, Broad and Low; a Roman Catholic, a member of the Greek Church, a Presbyterian, a Wesleyan, a Baptist, a Congregationalist, an Irvingite, and a Quaker. Where and what is truth?"

"If I can obtain our host's permission to make an experiment which has come into my thought," replied the gentleman, "you shall hear what I have to say to Pilate's question."

The permission was granted, and the gentleman, requesting silence, said to the guests:

"I appeal to you in the cause of our common Christianity, and I solemnly call upon those who believe that Jesus Christ was the Son of God and the Son of Mary, that he came into the world, was made flesh, was crucified to save sinners, that he rose again from the dead, ascended into heaven, ever liveth to make intercession for us, and will come again at the end of the world to judge the quick and the dead. I ask you to kneel and repeat with me the prayer which he has taught us."

All knelt but one, and thus gave evidence of a real unity of faith and hope and charity among Christians, however they may be divided and scattered by human creeds and controversies.

LIGHT FROM THE EAST.

By Rev. James Ross, D.D., London.

Drink Wine.—At the close of a festive meal the entertainment was usually turned into a symposium, or drinking party. The wine, which was often eleven or twelve years old and very strong, was sweetened with honey and mixed with water, never less than half and half, and very old Maronean wine, with twenty times its own weight of water. A master of the feast was elected by casting dice, whose commands all had to obey, and who regulated the manner of drinking and proposed the amusements. The wine was mixed in a large vessel, and poured into goblets which varied in size. Socrates emptied one which held nearly four pints. When the goblets were first filled, a small portion was poured out of each on the floor as a libation to "the good spirit," and this was accompanied by the singing of the psalm and the music of flutes. It was to this ceremony often repeated during the feast, that the Christians objected. The guests drank to one another, to absent friends, to the emperor and the army. If the toast was a lady, the number of glasses drunk consecutively must equal the letters of her name. Witty conversation, games of hazard, music, and professional dancers were among the means used to entertain the guests.

REV. ROBERT H. WARDEN, D.D.

By Rev. W. G. Wallace, D.D.

When, on the early Sabbath morning of November 26th, 1905, the soul of Robert Harvey Warden took its flight, it seemed as if a great tree of the forest had fallen. He was not old in years, not having yet reached his sixty-fifth birthday, but he had come to occupy such a prominent place in the life of the church and the nation that his removal seemed nothing short of a public calamity.

Of the many valuable gifts we have received from the old land, the outstanding leader, to whom the special Topic of this month is devoted, was not the least. Born in Broughty Ferry, Dundee, Scotland, in 1841, he received his early education in Madras College, St. Andrew's. Still in his youth, he turned his face towards Canada, and entered on a career which, from start to finish, was closely identified with Canadian life and the Canadian church. Soon abandoning the study of law for the ministry, he entered Knox College, Toronto, in 1865, and graduated there from three years later. Shortly afterwards he was called to Bothwell, Ontario, where he rendered eight years of devoted and effective service. Already the church began to recognize in him a man of exceptional gifts, and in 1874 called him to wider fields of usefulness, first in connection with the building fund of Knox College, the new college buildings being then in progress of erection, and afterwards as Agent of the Board of French Evangelization. He became also Treasurer of the Presbyterian College, Montreal.

The college finances were ably administered, and he threw himself with enthusiasm into the promotion of the scheme of French Evangelization, which contemplates the giving of the Gospel in its freeness and purity to our French-Canadian fellow-citizens.

There are two schemes of our Canadian Church with which, especially, however, the name of Dr. Warden will ever be associated,—Home Missions and Augustinians, the former having to do with a mission cause in its earlier stages, the latter helping it at a critical time in its history to self-support. To the great home missionary undertakings of our church he was early apprenticed. Whilst in his first and only pastoral charge, he was accustomed to visit neighboring congregations to present the claims of Home Missions. After serving for several years as Secretary of the H. M. Committee, he became, on the death of Rev. Dr. Cochrane, in 1886, its Convener, a position which he held until his death, and which he filled with far-seeing statesmanship and singular success. It was during this period that the great development of the West and of New Ontario took place and under Dr. Warden's guidance the church awoke to its privilege and opportunity, and its home missionary work received an impetus which has given the Presbyterian Church in Canada a place second to none.

On the death of Rev. Dr. Reid, Dr. Warden was appointed by the Assembly of 1896, General Agent and Treasurer of the church. The office was becoming, in view of the expanding church, one of increasing responsibility, and the church was wisely guided in calling to it a man of such strong personality, commanding gifts and devoted spirit. Legal, financial, administrative questions were all involved; the work was varied and comprehensive enough to require the services of such a well-trained and far-seeing man. Many a one, who saw Dr. Warden only as Assembly Clerk, must have been struck by his wide and intimate grasp of affairs.

It was the privilege of the writer to serve, under Dr. Warden's Convenership, as Secretary of the Century Fund Com-

mittee of the church, and he feels free to express his belief that the Century Fund Scheme would probably not have been inaugurated, certainly would not have issued so successfully, had it not been for Dr. Warden's earnest advocacy and wise direction. The proposal was a bold one, \$1,000,000 as a thank-offering at the beginning of the new century—\$400,000 of the amount to be for the extinction of local church debts, and \$600,000 as a Common Fund to aid the great Missionary and other Schemes of the church. Those who listened to his burning appeal at the Hamilton Assembly of 1899, at which the Scheme was so enthusiastically launched—perhaps the greatest speech Dr. Warden ever made,—did not once dream that up to the very eve of the Assembly he hesitated. The difficulties in the way were so tremendous, opinion seemed thus far so divided and sympathy so half-hearted, failure would be so irreparable,—no wonder he hesitated. But when once he had reached a decision there was no turning back; he made this the effort of his life, and gave himself with such abandon to the perfecting and prosecuting of the scheme as to command forever the loyal admiration of those who served with him.

When the subscriptions were finally closed it was found that in addition to the \$600,000 for the Common Fund, a round million had been raised for debts on church buildings; and the church had learned the blessedness of devising liberal things. The Century Fund, of which Dr. Warden was the organizing head, marked an era in our church's history.

One wishes that space would permit to speak of Dr. Warden's rare combination of far-sightedness and capacity for detail, his power of detachment, his business skill, his ability to help rich men to grasp the fact of the stewardship of money. But no sketch of him is complete that does not emphasize his faith and hope. The place he occupied as Agent and Treasurer of the church had its special difficulties. To live day by day in the world of finance, to have to do constantly with the raising and expending of money and with the investment of funds, carries with it peculiar peril. The spiritual sense is in danger of being dimmed, perhaps lost. Dr. Warden won faith's chiefest victory. From amid the surroundings that were so apt to deaden, he got him up to the mount of vision, and his prophecy became enthusiastic with hope. He was a man of affairs, keen, alert, capable; but, better still, he retained a tender spirit, and never lost his abiding faith in his Master, nor his unconquerable hope in the church's ultimate triumph.

BIBLE READINGS.

M.—Early in the vineyard, Matt. 20: 1-16. T.—The tribute of the wilderness, Isaiah ch. 35. W.—The promised victory, Mic. 4: 1-7. T.—Our first duty, Matt. 6: 24-34. F.—Giving and getting, Luke 6: 27-38. S.—Bringing in the sheaves, Ps. 128. Sunday Topic—A Leader in an Expanding Church, 1 Chron. 29: 1-6

PRAYER.

O God, we are not worthy to worship Thee. Deepen this conviction in our hearts, and move us all the more to long for the worthiness prepared for us through the merits and atonement of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. May grace abound to enable us to deny self, take up our cross daily and follow the Master. Fill our hearts with Thy peace so that whatever of doubt or temptation may assail us, or sorrow overwhelm us, or peril threaten us, we may abide in fellowship with Thee. Make clear to us the place Thou wouldst have us fill and the work Thou wouldst have us do, and may we ever be both content and faithful until Thou dost bring us home. Hear, accept and bless us for Thy name's sake. Amen.

*Y. P. S. Topic for Nov. 24; A Leader in an Expanding Church: Rev. Robert H. Warden, D.D., 1 Chron. 29: 1-6.

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C. BLACKETT ROBINSON,
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OTTAWA, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 20, 1907

In some things we are over strenuous, in other things not strenuous enough. It is not the amount of energy expended, but direction, that counts.

Last Sunday a pastoral letter from Archbishop Bruchesi was read in all the Roman Catholic churches condemning mixed marriages and declaring that dispensations will no longer be granted for such marriages as they have been in the past.

A Sabbath that has not been carried over into the work and worry of the week has not been properly observed. The day has its limitations a to hours but not as to blessing; and if the blessing passes with the day, then has the day failed in its influence upon us.

The Minister of Education in the Imperial Government, Dr. McKenna, has been taking the public into his confidence by giving a brief outline of his forthcoming school bill. He said: "The measure would contain two principles which the nation had declared for with the most decided voice. The first principle was that the public, through their representatives, should have the control of the public expenditure, and the second was that there should be no denominational or religious tests in the appointment of teachers. He did not think he would be revealing any secrets when he said that the Bill would be as short and simple as possible, in order that the public might have no difficulty in understanding the issue between the House of Commons and the House of Lords. Their principles would be embodied in as few words as possible. Then, if the Lords ventured to reject the measure, they would be able to go to the public with a clear-cut issue." The Befast Witness wants to know what about the religious difficulty.

PROHIBITION IN P. E. ISLAND.

The Commissioners appointed by the Government of New Brunswick, to enquire into the workings of the prohibition law, now in force in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, have concluded their labors, as far as taking evidence is concerned, and in a short time their report may be looked for. The Commissioners went very fully into every detail, having had before them the Hon. Arthur Peters, Premier of the Province, who, with the courage of his convictions, placed upon the statutes of the province a law that has greatly lessened the drink evil, and, according to his testimony, has been a great factor in benefitting the whole people of the province. They also took the testimony of His Worship Mayor Paton, one of Charlottetown's leading merchants, who, in conjunction with several other of the most prominent merchants, stated that business had not suffered any by the enactment of prohibition, but, rather, that it had improved in almost every line. Then, again, the evidence given by the stipendiary magistrate, Mr. McDonald, who by the way is a young man of great promise, and knows whereof he speaks; Mr. McDonald states that since the law came into force there has been a decided falling off in the police court of cases brought about by the sale of strong drink. And behind the police magistrate's evidence is that of Marshall Cameron, chief of police, who states that since the law came into force he has been able to reduce the police force and still maintain law and order, thereby reducing the expenditure chargeable to the civic treasury.

The question now arises, if the Province of Prince Edward Island has been benefitted by the adoption of a prohibitive law, why will it not work the same good results elsewhere. It is up to the powers-that-be in all the provinces to rise to the demand for the betterment of our fellow-citizens and enact laws that will tend to make the dollars and cents that now go into the maw of the great destroyer go into the channels of trade and industry and bring blessings to the masses of the people.

Says the Manitoba Free Press: Rev. Dr. Chapman, who during the past three weeks conducted evangelistic meetings here, will visit Winnipeg again in June next, when he comes to attend the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, which meets here at that time. It is understood that Dr. Chapman has evolved a plan for evangelistic work, which he intends to place before the assembly.

Christian Guardian: The God of all the ages has a message for us in this Bible of ours; and if we will but sit silent and reverent enough, that message will prove its divinity by its power. This is the message for to-day and all days, the immortal truth, instinct with race-regenerating power, the mighty message upon whose accents hangs the redemption of our race. Let us listen to its voice. Keep your Bible open, and try to catch its divinely-human message. Through it God still speaks to men.

OUR RELATIONS TO CHINA.

Elsewhere we reproduce from the Befast Witness an interesting and instructive article bearing on the awakening taking place in China, and the changed relationship between China and the other world powers which that awakening involves. Henceforth the great powers must treat China as their equal—deal with her on questions of international importance and in the arena of diplomacy as they would expect her to deal with them. In fact, the great powers—the so-called Christian nations—must maintain their relations with China along the lines of the Golden Rule. This is a view of the question which should give pause to those Canadians on the Pacific coast who are worrying over the so-called "yellow peril" and clamoring for the exclusion of the Japanese and Chinese. If immigration of these people is to be restricted, that object will have to be attained, not by enactments of the Canadian Parliament, but by treaties in which Japan and China will have an equal voice with Canada. We may as well understand this first as last, and govern ourselves accordingly, for we cannot apply to the two great powers of the Orient a rule of international conduct which we would not think of applying to the United States or to the great powers of Europe, except at the risk and cost of war.

We commend the article to the consideration of the readers of the Dominion Presbyterian, and especially those paragraphs of it which bear on our missionary relations to China. We cannot be indifferent on that score. We are sending missionaries to China to give them the gospel just as the King and Head of the Church commanded us to do. Why should we refuse to welcome the Chinese to Canada where, under more favorable opportunities, we can give them this same Gospel which they can carry back to their own land and strengthen the hands of our missionaries, thus aiding in the most practical way, the Christianization of that great country.

STATE OF FUNDS (WESTERN SECTION.)

The subjoined statement, just sent out from the Church Offices by the treasurer, Rev. Dr. Somerville, calls for serious consideration in every congregation of the western section of the Church. The salaries of missionaries and annuities of the aged and infirm ministers are paid quarterly, and the annuities of widows and orphans half yearly, but the great majority of the congregations pay over their contributions to meet these objects annually and that in the last few weeks of the financial year, which closes February 28th. It will be a great relief to the treasurer if money for schemes in the hands of the congregational treasurers were sent in as soon as possible. The apportionment to the several schemes can be made later.

	Estimated requirements.	Receipts, ditto	
		at 30 Oct.	at 30 Oct.
Home Mission Fund	\$150,000	\$20,609	\$23,236
Augmentation	46,000	2,785	18,840
Foreign Mission	122,000	15,941	122,570
Widows' and Orphans'	15,000	1,626	11,027
Aged and Infirm Ministers	18,000	1,569	16,884
Assembly	8,000	649	6,638
French Evangelization	24,500	3,052	16,504
Point-aux-Trembles	19,500	2,163	5,413
Temperance and Moral Reform	5,000	422	213
		\$437,000	\$57,926
			\$327,466

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY NEWS-PAPER.

Thanks to the admirable work of the Lord's Day Alliance, the Sunday newspaper has little or no hold in Canada. For this, all who desire the Dominion to grow up into its best ought to be profoundly thankful. This feeling of warming thankfulness is confirmed by a remarkable article on "The American Sunday Newspaper," by Frank Foxcroft, in *The Nineteenth Century*, and which is reproduced in that price of eclectic weeklies, *The Living Age*, 6 Beacon street, Boston. This is what is said of the comic section of the American Sunday newspaper:

"The latest development of Sunday journalism is the colored 'comic section,' which flaunts itself on the outside of most of the larger Sunday papers. Crudely drawn, daubed with vivid reds and greens and yellows, and conveying the very feeblest humor, it is like a 'comic valentine' extended, and multiplied by forty or fifty. Here is a specimen from a metropolitan Sunday paper. One page is taken up with fourteen pictures representing a small boy's nightmare; another series of twelve pictures portray the inconvenient consequences of 'Little Sammy's Sneeze.' Another page of twelve pictures describes the pranks of an urchin who puts a dress on his dog and passes it off for a little girl. These are fair specimens of the type. What can be the mental condition of the adult person who thinks them even faintly funny?"

We are sorry to see some of these United States comic sections invading otherwise worthy Canadian dailies. "The average Sunday newspaper is ill-printed for Sunday," says Mr. Foxcroft, "and, in spite of the vast bulk, it is a poor apology for a newspaper. It is ill-suited to Sunday because ordinarily it makes no recognition whatever of the sacred character of the day, but is wholly given up to secular interests and amusements." The writer then proceeds as follows:

"What influence does the Sunday newspaper exert upon American life and thought? For one thing it undoubtedly promotes the increasing secularization of Sunday. The natural man is inclined to sleep late on Sunday, and by the time that he has completed his toilet and his breakfast, the church bells are ringing. Will he heed their call? Perhaps. But there on his doorstep lies the Sunday paper, with its flaunting comic supplement and its fifty to one hundred pages of miscellaneous material. It offers itself with jaunty assurance as a substitute for church-going. It prints a picture of the ideal American family—the father tilted back in his chair, reading the news or the stock-market report; the mother absorbed in the fashions and bargain sales; the older children busy with the fiction, society gossip, theatrical news, and answer to correspondents, and the little boy or girl revelling in the comic supplement, puzzle page, or 'cut-out' inset from which, with the aid of a pair of scissors, can be evolved ingenious cardboard constructions, squads of soldiers, or hideous masks. The picture is not exaggerated. It might be reproduced photographically in hundreds of thousands of American homes. Its counterpart may be seen in remote villages as well as in the cities and larger towns. A family which has saturated itself with the Sunday newspaper is in no mood for church-going, nor for any serious occupation."

Well and truly concludes the thoughtful and needed article from which we have been quoting: "The influence of the Sunday newspaper in dissipating intellectual energy and lowering standards of taste in art and literature is not easily measured. And it is deplorable to think of the children in American homes turned loose among the tawdry attractions of these publications."

"LEAD KINDLY LIGHT."

Cardinal Newman's exquisite hymn, "Lead Kindly Light," is usually printed as consisting only of three stanzas—a fourth and very important one being omitted. The following is the hymn in its complete form, and we are sure very many of our readers will be thankful to have the last verse:

Lead, kindly light, amid the encircling gloom
Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
Lead Thou me on;
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me,

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that
Thou
Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on;
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will. Remember not past years!

So long Thy power has blessed me,
sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent till
The night is gone;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost a while!

Meanwhile, along the narrow, rugged path
Thyself hast trod,
Lead, Saviour, lead me home in child-like faith,
Home to my God,
To rest forever after earthly strife,
In the calm light of everlasting life.

PARSONAGE VS. MANSE.

A correspondent of the Cumberland Presbyterian treats the difference between those two terms in the following fashion:—Big men usually despise the narrowness that contends eternally for denominational nomenclature, and yet thoughtless indolence does much to corrupt the beautiful and appropriate language of Presbyterianism. Before Knox and Calvin were born (1505 and 1509) the "manse" was the home of the Presbyterian minister. It seems that the word manse grew out of "manes" of the Latin deities, which meant an "abode of the good ones." This opinion—most likely correct—is very complimentary to the Presbyterian preachers, who were a force in the affairs of church and state two hundred years before Wesley was born, in 1703. On the other hand, "parsonage" is a peculiar Methodist term, that came from person or person by way of prominence; but formerly used to denote contempt for the leading person in revolt against the customs and ceremonies of the Church of England. While manse was the citadel of civil religious liberty against the enslaving Roman Catholic Church nearly three hundred years before the Methodist parsonage became the kindergarten of reformation in the English Episcopalian Church, and yet many writers and speakers appear void of all sense of discrimination of the history and meaning of parsonage and manse. If such people know and respect the history of Presbyterianism as they should, they would say—not parsonage, but manse!

A JOURNALIST'S VIEW.

Mr. William T. Ellis, the American journalist who went out to study missions and report on them, writes in such a manly way to men that his words in the *Chicago Interior* deserve to be read from every pulpit in those churches in Canada and the United States that are still playing at missions:

"Here is a field for the exercise of the largest abilities possessed by the ablest men of Christendom; and the nature of the situation at present is if the men of the churches do not enter into the proper inheritance, the biggest task to which they could lay their hands will languish, and they themselves will miss the opportunity of ages.

"Now, this big task calls for large measure. The brains which have created the vast commercial enterprises of the twentieth century must attack this work with equal adequateness. This undertaking is too great to be maintained on a basis of pretty, pathetic, or heroic stories, adapted to arouse the interest and sympathy of women and children. Unless it be established on a firm basis of principle and purpose, by men who have the vision and courage and resourcefulness to plan tremendously and persist unflinchingly, the missionary work that the conditions imperatively demand cannot be successfully accomplished. One is made indignant, and almost disgusted, to behold the two-penny character of a work that is designed to transform nations. More than once while on the mission field I was tempted to write to the laymen of America:

"Either do the job or chuck it; don't play at it."

Not much wonder the Christian Intelligencer should rise to remark:

"One has only to look over the statistics of some of the Classes in our Eastern churches, where the gifts to Foreign Missions are less than fifty cents per capita in the midst of luxury and self-indulgence, and he will echo the cry of the journalist,
"Either do the job or chuck it; don't play at it."

STATISTICAL AND FINANCIAL RETURNS.

There has been sent to all clerks of Presbyteries the following financial returns:

1. Form for congregational, statistical and financial returns.
2. Form for presbytery's statistics and finances.
3. Form for presbytery's roll.
4. Form for presbytery's changes.
5. Form for presbytery's conveners of standing committees.

Should any clerk fail to receive them within a reasonable time he is asked to notify the convener of committee on statistics, Rev. Dr. Somerville, Presbyterian Church Offices, Toronto.

Although the usual official notification was given of the fact that the unit of weight under the Inter-Imperial Penny Postage scheme was raised from 1.2 oz. to 1 oz., there is some reason to believe that the public has not shown due appreciation of the fact. The public should understand that whereas since Christmas, 1896, they have been able to send letters to Great Britain and all parts of the British Empire for 2 cents per 1.2 oz., they can now send a letter weighing up to 1 oz. for 2 cents. This is a very great boon, as it is no longer necessary to employ very thin paper to send a letter of moderate length to Great Britain or one of the colonies for 2 cents, and it brings the standard of weight into conformity with that in use for domestic correspondence.

STORIES
POETRY

The Inglenook

SKETCHES
TRAVEL

HE HAD OUTGROWN IT.

"About how many people have you here?" asked Rossman, as they stepped from the depot platform to the boardwalk that led up Main street.

"Something over a thousand," answered Harris.

"Pretty little place," said Rossman with an amused, patronizing smile.

He knew that such places existed, of course, for he had seen them from the window of a Pullman, but for thirty years he had scarcely realized there were places without pavement, electric lights, street cars, cabs and automobiles.

"Well, hello, Jake."
"Hello, Harris."

It was a countryman who had come up and stood talking to Rossman's companion. The great man—he was a millionaire—felt an affront to his importance to be kept waiting on a street crossing while two men talked about nothing, apparently. So far as he could understand, there was no trade up between them. They were merely talking.

Rossman wondered if Harris fully appreciated his importance; if he knew that with a stroke of the pen he could buy a dozen towns like that.

"A customer?" he asked as they went on up the street.

"Oh, no," said Harris. "A fellow from over the creek I had not seen for several weeks."

"You see," said Rossman, when they had reached Harris' office, "your way of handling this local branch of our plow business has attracted the attention of the Board."

"And as I was passing through on my way home from California, decided to drop off between trains and look into your methods myself."

"I shall be pleased to give you any information I can," said Harris.

He was a smooth-faced, clean, frank-looking man of forty, and his matter-of-fact acceptance of the president of the company rather stung the millionaire. He was used to deference from those under him.

When the business was finished they were told at the depot that, on account of a wreck, it would not be possible for Mr. Rossman to get out before the next morning.

Harris invited him to spend the night at his home.

It was a six-room cottage set well back in a broad, grassy yard.

Mrs. Harris shook hands with him in a friendly, neighborly way. She was a pleasant-faced, amiable-looking woman, and, although she had not expected company, made him welcome, and soon had supper ready.

It amused Rossman, "this primitive fashion of living," as he called it. The food was all set on the table, and was passed from one to the other. There were no waiters, no servants of any kind, so far as he could see.

But he admitted that the food tasted good, and that the spirit of the family was bright and happy.

It seemed queer—just as it had when Harris talked to the countryman—that they actually like to talk to each other.

"Mr. Rossman," said Harris after supper, "we are going to prayer meeting. Would you like to come along, or would you prefer to remain here?"

He said he would go along, repeating to himself, "When in Rome, do as the Romans do."

He sauntered out into the yard, that they might not see his mirth over the situation.

"Prayer meeting," he chuckled to himself. "Well, R. T. Rossman, that is a good one on you."

The prayer meeting was a simple, friendly group of men and women, and a few young people.

Rossman noted again, with surprise, that they seemed actually glad to see each other. He tried to remember how long it had been since he had met and had a friendly visit with any man who had nothing whatever to do with his business.

They sang some songs. One read from the Scriptures, they discussed the passage in an informal way, and then several prayed.

The millionaire had heard, and said many sarcastic things about long-faced praying hypocrites. He had probably come to believe what he said.

But he was honest enough to admit these people did not appear in that light. They seemed, for the most part, singularly frank and sincere.

They prayed for each other, for some sick neighbor, for the unsaved, and even for the stranger within the gate, and his absent loved ones.

"Absent loved ones," he repeated to himself, and smiled half sneeringly at the thought of that term being applied to the grand lady who rules his palace.

When they returned to the house Mrs. Harris played on the piano and it sounded uncommonly like music.

"You know," said Rossman when all but he and Harris had retired, "that is the first time I have been to prayer meeting in thirty years. A fellow soon out grows that kind of thing when he goes to the city."

"Or grows away from it, perhaps," quietly amended Harris.

"No," corrected Rossman, resuming his superior air, "outgrows it. When a man comes into contact with the world and in touch with progressive thought he loses his taste for the old, outgrown theories of religion."

"Yes," said Harris, "he often loses his taste for it, but a man may lose his taste without outgrowing it. He may be sick, for instance, or let a worse taste take its place."

"Why, take my club at home for instance. There are a hundred of the leading business men of the country. They know the world. They are shrewd and keen. How many of those men, do you imagine, would believe in a thing like that to-night? They would laugh until their sides ached if they knew I had been to prayer meeting. No sir, we have outgrown it."

"In what way?" asked Harris.

"Oh, every way," said Rossman. "We have advantages in the city, you know, that you fellows never dream of."

"Is it books?" asked Harris.

"No, not necessarily books," he replied, glancing uneasily at the well-filled shelves of books. There were other well-used ones upon the table. This was a subject to be avoided. The millionaire had not read a book in twenty years.

"But, you know, the great scientists and lecturers come to the city."

"Who did you hear last year?" asked Harris.

"Well, I didn't hear any. Haven't time."

"It is educationally?" asked Harris.

"Not, not in schools. The best education, you know, comes from experience." This was another touchy point. Rossman's education had ended with the high school.

"Is it magazines, or daily papers?" asked Harris, a smile lurking around his mouth.

"Oh, no, no, busy men have little time for such stuff."

"I see," said Harris. "It is business. Your superior wisdom in spiritual things was gained in handling the International Sulky Plow."

It was not said sarcastically, but as a philosopher might have spoken a truth.

Rossman made no reply.

Harris had almost forgotten the incident, when, one day, a personal letter came from the president of his company. It said: "Since that night with you I have faced the truth, and I have studied myself and the men about me. You were right about it."—Advance.

PAT TO THE RESCUE.

No truer friends exist than Bounce and Pat. Bounce is a little brindle dog with no pride of ancestry. Pat, a Maltese cat, got his name because he first saw the light on St. Patrick's Day.

These playmates and allies were on the front porch of their master's home when a big automobile passed. In the front seat were a young man and a girl; behind them sat upright a big bulldog, which glared around combatively. The bulldog spied the peaceful Bounce and Pat, and jumping from the auto, dashed straight toward the porch.

"Another victim for Boxer," loudly laughed the girl.

The cautious Pat, seeing Boxer's swift approach, flew up a piazza post to await developments. The hospitable little Bounce stood wagging his ignoble little tail to welcome the stranger. Boxer, who was named after the Chinese ruffians, sprang at Bounce, seized his ear, and while the poor little mongrel kiyied supplicatingly, dragged him down the steps to the lawn. Then the bulldog silenced Bounce by gripping his throat.

Brave Pat realized that if ever Bounce needed his friend's aid it was then. Pat dropped noiselessly to the porch, measured the distance in a flash, and, straining every muscle, jumped. He landed fair on Boxer's back, and, digging his claws through hair and hide, hung on and got his balance. There never was a cat more industrious. Pat tore out hair and flesh "by the handful," ripped, gouged and bit, until Boxer's back and face were covered with gory hieroglyphics which might have been a Chinese declaration of war. The terrified bulldog dropped Bounce, rolled over again and again, ran in circles, jumped up and squirmed, but whenever he got on his feet Pat was in the saddle and clawing; and there he remained at work.

When Boxer, yelping, ran after the auto, Pat rode awhile to give the finishing touches. Bounce plucked up courage and pursued. Nearing the auto Pat sprang from his unwilling steed, and he and Bounce ran home. There they laid down on the porch again. Perhaps the sun was shining in Pat's eye, but the master of the pair declares he saw the cat wink at Bounce.—Selected.

ONLY A PENNY.

A little boy proposed to put a penny in the box for missions. His sister told him it would be useless to make so small a gift, saying it would never be noticed among the large contributions of others. He gave the penny, however, and when the collectors reported a collection of £6 5s. 1d., he whispered to his sister:

"There! that's my penny; you said it was so little it would never be noticed, and the gentleman has told the whole congregation about it!"

Better is the man who is slow of speech than he who is ready of utterance, for he shall have fewer things to regret.

RIGHTS AND RIGHT.

One blustering day in midwinter a little woman, thinly dressed, hailed a westbound electric car, and climbed heavily upon the rear platform. She had evidently been laying in a stock of provisions, for a small bag of flour rested against her shoulder, bearing an odd resemblance to a rather shapeless infant, while on her arm was a basket of groceries. The interior of the car was crowded, and after one glance within, she placed her burden upon the platform and handed her nickel to the conductor, at the same time drawing her faded black shawl closely about her.

"You're going inside, ain't you?" asked the man, evidently surprised at her motion. "There's room enough! I'll make 'em move up."

"No, I guess I won't go in," laughed the little woman. She had one of those faces which poverty and hardship seem powerless to shadow, and the light in her blue eyes was like June sunshine. "You see, I've been carrying that flour, an' it's sifted all over me. If I should go inside, it might set on somebody else."

"But it's cold out here," the conductor urged. "The wind blows freazin'. Tain't your business to think about their clothes." He spoke with the bitterness that an over-worked man instinctively feels toward more prosperous people. "You paid your nickel like the rest of 'em; you've got as good a rig't inside as any."

"Maybe so," said the little woman, looking rather perplexed. "But somehow it doesn't seem right. Now there's a lady standin' near the door in such a pretty silk dress. If I owned it I wouldn't want it rubbed over with flour. No!" She shook her head determinedly. "I'm obliged to you, but I'll stay out here."

The conductor was silent, but his expression was one of bewilderment. Such a look might a naturalist wear who, after a life spent in research, finds in his own dooryard a species of plant totally unfamiliar.

The passenger on the end seat, hearing the dialogue through a crack of the door, fell into a reverie. What a contrast between the shivering little woman on the rear platform and the majority of us, who count ourselves far her superior! How easier we are to get our rights, to exact full recompense for time or labor or money expended! How indifferent we become to the feelings of others, in our determination to gain justice for ourselves! How watchful we are lest we should be defrauded! How suspiciously we view the actions of those like-minded with ourselves!

She was not a philosopher, this little woman in the faded shawl. Perhaps she would have found it as difficult to give herself a logical reason why, although she had "a right" to go as inside passenger, it was not right for her to do so, as in convincing the perplexed conductor. But her heart, wiser than her head, bade her follow a higher law than that recognized in monetary transactions—the law of doing as one would be done by, of gaining through giving, of finding the bliss of possession through the joy of surrender. Quite unconscious of observers, she had acted the truth which some one has beautifully expressed: "One of the grandest things in having rights is that, being your rights, you can give them up."

Boiled Iceing—Mix two tablespoonful of cold water with a cup of granulated sugar, and boil until it ropes. Take off and stir in the white of one beaten egg and flavor with lemon juice or tartaric acid.

KILLING THE DRAGON.

A little boy, four years old, was much impressed by the story of "St. George and the Dragon," which his mother had been reading to him and his sister, and the next day he said to his father:

"Father, I want to be a saint."
"Very well, John," said his father, "you may be a saint if you choose, but you will find it very hard work."
"I don't mind," replied John. "I want to be a saint and fight a dragon. I am sure I could kill one!"
"So you shall, my boy."
"But when can I be one?" persisted the child.

"You can begin to-day," said the father.
"But where is the dragon?"
"I will tell you when he comes out."
So the boy ran off contentedly to play with his sister.

In the course of the day some presents came for the two children. John's was a book and his sister Catherine's a beautiful doll. Now, John was too young to care for a book, but he dearly loved dolls, and when he found that his sister had what he considered a much nicer present than his own, he threw himself on the floor, in a passion of tears.

His father, who happened to be there, said quietly, "Now John, the dragon is out."

The child stopped crying but said nothing. That evening, however, when he bade his father goodnight, he whispered, "Papa, I am very glad Catherine has the doll. I did kill the dragon."—Selected.

THE LAND OF "PRETTY SOON."

I know of a land where the streets are paved
With the things which we meant to achieve;
It is walled with the money we meant to have saved.
And the pleasures for which we grieve.
The kind words unspoken, the promises broken,
And many a coveted boon,
Are stowed away there in that land
Somewhere—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

There are uncut jewels of possible fame
Lying about in the dust,
And many a noble and lofty aim
Covered with mold and rust,
And oh, this place, while it seems so near,
Is farther away than the moon;
Though our purpose is fair, yet we
Never get there—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

The road that leads to that mystic land
Is strewn with pitiful wrecks:
And the ships that have sailed for its shining strand
Bear skeletons on their decks.
It is further at noon than it was at dawn,
And further at night than at noon:
Oh, let us beware of that land down there—
The land of "Pretty Soon."

There are not wanting many indications that organized labor is coming to see the saloon as one of its greatest enemies, and is making a genuine effort to cut loose from its influences. The Rev. Charles Stelzle, leader of the sociological work of the Presbyterian Church in the United States, tells a story of recent conference between thirty representatives of employers in a certain trade. On the invitation being given to all hands to go into the neighboring bar-room to have a drink, every man on the employers' side accepted, while only two of the workmen went, the other twenty-eight being total abstainers. Mr. Stelzle thinks that this is representative of a widespread movement among the forces of labor.

BABY SMILES.

One mother happily expresses her opinion of Baby's Own Tablets when she said, "there's a smile in every dose." In homes where the Tablets are used there are no cross, fretful, scaly children. The Tablets make children well and keep them well. They cure indigestion, colic, constipation, diarrhea, teething troubles and all other minor ailments of childhood. They can be given with absolute safety to the new born child, for the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that the Tablets do not contain one particle of opiate or poisonous soothing stuff. Isn't such a guarantee worth something to you, mother. The Tablets are sold by all medicine dealers or may be had from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont., at 25 cents a box.

A LITTLE LESSON FROM BIRDS.

A little chirping sparrow perched on an apple tree, and chirped with all his might.

"Humph!" croaked Polly, the parrot. Chippy didn't mind her at all, but threw back his head and chirped his very best.

"Humph!" said Polly again.

Just then Goldie, the canary in the bay-window, began one of his sweetest trills. Polly stopped her fretful climbing on the bars of her cage, and listened attentively.

"Mamma," said little Dorothy, "Polly doesn't say 'humph' when Goldie sings, as she did to the sparrow. But I think Chippy isn't to blame, if he sings the best he can."

"Very true," said Mamma. The Lord only asks birds and people to do the best they can with the talents they have."

The sparrow gave another of his little chirping songs.

"Humph!" croaked Polly.—Mayflower.

THE GREAT ANT-EATER.

How many curious animals there are! One of them is called the Great Ant-eater, because of its favorite food; and sometimes the scaly ant-eater, from the scales with which it is covered. It has a long, pointed nose, but its mouth is different from most other animals, for it has no teeth.

Now some animals would starve, and most would go hungry, without teeth. But the Great Ant-eater has instead a most curious tongue, which it can thrust into the ant-hills and use to catch its dinner as well as to carry the dinner to its mouth.

The ant-eaters are among the animals that live only in warm countries, and are found in Asia and Africa and also South America. While some are small, the largest are three or four feet long. For homes they have holes which they dig in the ground, and an ant-eater would not need to be much afraid even if it should meet a man with a gun, for the scales with which it is covered, are often hard enough to turn a musket ball.

The ant-eaters of Asia and Africa have tails nearly twice as long as their bodies, but this Great Ant-eater of South America has the most curious tail of all. For it is not long, but it is so covered with thick, long hair that when it is turned up over the queer animal is completely hidden. A gentleman who has seen them many times says that the Great Ant-eater will lift and spread its tail like this whenever there is rain, exactly as we do an umbrella, and for the same reason—to keep from getting wet.

Do you not think that truly the Great Ant-eater is a most curious animal!

CHURCH
WORK

Ministers and Churches

NEWS
LETTERS

OTTAWA.

At the anniversary services in St. Paul's church, to be held on the 15th December, the preacher will be Rev. Professor Welsh, D.D., of the Montreal College.

By a typographical error it was stated in our last issue that the contribution of St. Paul's Auxiliary W.F.M.S., was \$91.00; it should have been \$191.00; a very material difference.

Last Sunday the pulpit of Bank street church was filled by Rev. John Mackay, M.A., of Montreal, who preached morning and evening to large congregations. Mr. Turnbull took the services for Mr. Mackay in Crescent street church, Montreal.

Rev. J. G. Inkster, B.D., special representative of the Montreal Presbyterian College, will visit this city next week in the interest of that institution, which has many warm friends at the Capital. Mr. Inkster will preach in St. Andrew's church next Sunday morning.

EASTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. W. W. Peck, of Arnprior, attended a Sunday School Conference in Montreal last week.

The ladies of St. Andrew's Church, Williamstown, intend holding a sale of useful and fancy articles in St. Andrew's hall on November 21st and 22nd.

Rev. T. A. Saddler, of Russell, is called to Cardinal.

Rev. C. A. Ferguson, of South Mountain, was presented last week with a handsome fur-lined coat and beautiful Buffalo robe by the members of his three congregations. The presentation took place at South Mountain after the regular prayer-meeting.

Before leaving Agincourt, where he had been minister for sixteen years, Rev. J. A. Brown was presented with a well-filled purse and a kindly worded address. Mrs. Brown's work in church and Sunday School was referred to in very appreciative terms; and sincere regret was expressed at parting with pastor and pastor's wife.

The induction services of Rev. W. J. Knox to the pastorate of Calvin Church, Pembroke, will take place on Thursday evening, Nov. 28th. Rev. Dr. W. Hay, Moderator of the Presbytery, will preside. Rev. D. N. Coburn, of Smith's Falls, formerly of Buckingham, will preach the sermon. Rev. T. W. Goodwill of Cobden, will deliver the charge to the minister, and Rev. John Hay, B.D., of Renfrew, will deliver the charge to the congregation.

The Hespeler congregation is considering the advisability of erecting a new church, with other improvements. Means are being taken to ascertain what support the membership at large will give the management and if sufficient they will proceed to get plans and specifications. It is probable that the old site will be decided upon, though other sites are under discussion.

A report has reached Cornwall from Glengarry that several graves in the Presbyterian cemetery at Kirkehill have been rifled and the bodies carried off. The remains of a coffin are said to have been found in a near-by woods. The crime has been reported to the authorities, and an effort is being made to trace the guilty persons.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. Neil Campbell, of Oro, preached at Ardrea last Sunday morning.

Rev. J. W. Kendall, of Beamsville, has been preaching at Smithville.

Rev. J. M. Whitelaw, M.A., of Fairbank, has declined a unanimous call to Bethel and East Normandy.

Rev. J. B. Mullan has removed from Fergus to Elora, much to the regret of friends and neighbors in the former place.

The King's Daughters of St. Andrew's church, Guelph, will hold a Talent Social on the afternoon and evening of December 3rd.

Eugenia congregation, of which Rev. G. C. Little is pastor, has elected elders, Messrs. George Gorley and Wm. Walker, who will be ordained on Sabbath next.

Hamilton Presbytery appointed Sir Thomas Taylor and Capt. Hardy a committee to try and bring about an amalgamation of Barton and Chalmers' Churches.

Rev. H. J. Pritchard, B.A., of Brantford, who accepts the call to First church, Galt, will preach his farewell sermon in Alexander church on Sunday, 1st December.

The annual thankoffering meeting of the W.F.M.S. of St. Andrew's church, Thamesford, was addressed by Mrs. (Dr.) McCrae, and the collection amounted to nearly \$60.00.

Rev. Harvey Grant, returned missionary from China, preached at Dundalk on Sabbath the 10th inst., at Flesherton and associate congregations on the 17th and spoke at the annual thankoffering meeting of the W.F.M.S. at Markdale on the evening of the 18th inst.

The induction of Rev. D. G. McPhail as pastor of Knox church, Cayuga, took place on the 19th instant. In the evening a reception was tendered Rev. Mr. and Mrs. McPhail by the ladies of the congregation in the lecture room of the church, at which a warm welcome was extended to all.

Oro has organized a Canadian Club and Rev. Dr. McLeod, of Barrie, has been invited to open the lecture course on the evening of 20th instant. "Scottish Song" will be the subject of the lecture, and in the Doctor's hands it will be treated in an attractive and masterly manner.

St. Andrew's Church, Brantford, reopened for worship on the 10th inst., has been entirely reconstructed and added to until it is now a wholly new building. It is very imposing and with the additions, is now listed among the largest in the city. The building is well lighted and ventilated and has a seating capacity of over 900 people. The choir platform will seat over 35. The new pipe organ, which is very large, has proved satisfactory in every way and the church might be said to be one of the best equipped in the city. The new building is so constructed that it forms the main seating portion of the church. The old building, running crosswise to this portion thus forms transepts which will seat a large number of people. The building is lighted by electricity and the very best furnaces have been installed. There are two spacious aisles in the main portion, thus affording a free passage. The seats at the back are so raised that it is possible to get a good view of the church. The entire cost of rebuilding is in the neighborhood of \$9,000.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

The re-opening of St. Andrew's Church, Brantford, took place on the 16th inst., with appropriate services conducted by Rev. Dr. Turnbull, of Toronto, whose highly practical discourses were listened to by large congregations, both morning and evening. The offerings of the day amounted to nearly \$1,000.00.

The induction of Rev. J. A. Brown, recently of Agincourt, into the pastorate of St. Andrew's Church, Fergus, took place there on the 14th instant. Rev. Mr. Stewart, of Hespeler, preached the sermon after which Rev. Mr. Glassford, of Guelph, addressed the minister. Rev. Mr. McIntosh, of Elora, spoke to the people.

Rev. A. H. McGillivray, of Chatham, Ont., is urging the establishment of a Young Men's Christian Association in that prosperous city. Incidentally he mentions a number of towns and cities that have recently moved in this direction, viz.: Woodstock, Owen Sound, Paris and Orillia, and where now well-equipped buildings have been supplied. The cost of running such a branch to the city, Mr. McGillivray says, would amount to not more than \$1,000 per annum, over and above the membership fees, etc. Its value would be incalculable. For one thing, the long felt need of public swimming baths could incidentally be met. For another, the crying demand of the young men of the city for a proper meeting place would be filled. If it costs the citizens a little it will save them much more. In our rambles last summer we were greatly struck with the need in North Bay for an up-to-date building in which to house an active and aggressive Y. M. C. A. In no town that we are acquainted with could such useful work be done for young men as in the rapidly growing town on the north shore of Lake Nipissing.

The induction service held in Knox Church, Owen Sound, on the evening of November 12th, varied from the ordinary, but was not the less interesting. The usual routine was followed, but, with sermon and addresses shortened to within twenty minutes each, the whole service was completed within an hour and a half. Beginning at 7.30 p.m., this left a clear hour before ten o'clock for a public reception service, at which greetings were extended to the new pastor by the mayor, the principals of the Collegiate Institute and Business College, very many students of which attend Knox, the presidents of the Y. M. C. A. and Ministerial Association of the town, a representative of the Presbytery, the pastor of Division street Presbyterian church, representatives of Knox church congregation and session, and the Interim Moderator, who testified to the harmony and loyalty of the large session during the weary months of the vacancy, with their many perplexing problems. Mr. Rudger responded in a few sentences of cordial appreciation, the tone of which augurs well for his ministry, to which he was so heartily welcomed. The whole service was concluded with a doxology and the benediction at ten minutes after ten, but many of the thousand who were present took advantage of the opportunity to greet the new minister, personally, before leaving. The usual feasting, and even the customary collection, were dispensed with, but the interest of the large congregation was sustained to the very close.

CHINESE WORKERS' CONFERENCE.

The Macao Mission was to the front last Tuesday evening at a very interesting and well attended meeting of the Montreal Chinese Mission and this by reason of its close connection with the Centennial of China Missions, and being in the region whence all in Canada come, also on account of its origin in the same room in Stanley street church, with its now five years of encouraging work and five missionaries, with four more en route, amongst 33 others to Oriental missions, and over 1,000 Chinese returning with the Lemieux mission etc., on board the "Empress of China" sailing on Thanksgiving Day from Victoria, B.C., for Victoria, Hong Kong, being the same date three years before of two other ladies sailing to join the Macao Mission, and the same date five years before of the arrival on the field of its first missionary, "McKay of Macao," with Mr. McKay. Two of the Empress steamer party China bound, are from Westmount, Montreal, Miss LeMaistre and Mrs. Dr. Taylor Lindsay. The acceptance of another county of about 1,000,000 population and a very important commercial, literary, and reform one, with its features of missionary activity by the Macao Mission, entailing increased responsibility across the Canada Presbyterian church, both prayerful and monetary, was dwelt upon. A special Christmas offering was voted for, and other possible means of increased revenue in its behalf were discussed.

A general gathering of all the Mission Sunday Schools and friends was agreed upon at Taylor church on 30th of December, to take leave of the Centennial year and greet the new, which is to be China's Golden Age century. Illustrated tracts from Canton ament deep and determined progress of its Trade Guilds against opium were also shown. But of more weight was the following "Macao Mission Muezzin," or Call of Prayer, of the mission members from their spiritual minarets at their Saturday evening devotions, ever a time of special remembrance of the Montreal Chinese Mission, but now also urged as a bond of prayer in behalf of their Macao Mission activities and representatives as follows, Rev. W. R. McKay, M. A., and Mrs. McKay B. Sc., Misses Agnes I. Dickson, H. A. and Jessie A. MacBean, M.D., John A. McDonald, B. A., M.D., Miss Lillian McMaistre, Rev. Thos. A. Broadfoot, B.A., B.D., Mrs. T. A. Broadfoot and Miss Rachel McLean.

Dr. Thomson reported re a score of mission activities, favorably for the most part as did quite a number of superintendents and Mr. Chin Seng, Chinese Assistant, more in detail, others also taking part in the open conference. Treas. Crimmon reported local finances as satisfactory. The International Lessons from St. John's Gospel, which are not followed when in the Old Testament, were agreed upon for 1908. The advent of a number of interesting young Japanese, a number of them Christians, was remarked. Rev. John Mackay, as president, presided, and Rev. H. N. Kinner having opened the meeting with prayer, it was similarly closed in behalf of the work at home and abroad.

Congregationalist: A well-known minister near Boston was called to the telephone the other day by a representative of a local paper, who inquired the subject of the next Sunday morning's discourse. "Wise as serpents, harmless as doves," responded the clergyman. The reporter had to have the sentence repeated, but finally declared he understood it. Perhaps he did, but when the paper came out, the minister was electrified to read that "Mr. Blank will preach on the subject, 'Why Is a Sergeant as Harmless as a Dove?'"

DR. JOHNSTON ON THE ASIATIC INVASION.

At the recent banquet of the Montreal branch of the Canadian Manufacturer's Association, Rev. Dr. Robert Johnson, of the American Presbyterian Church, in an address which was very heartily applauded made special reference to the labor situation as he had seen it during his visit to the Pacific Coast:

In opening, Dr. Johnston took strong ground against any policy of exclusion that would shut out the Oriental and rob Canada both of present advancement and of the great place which she is destined to fill in the future as a world power.

The problem was peculiarly, he said, one relating to Canada's largest and in some respects richest province, British Columbia, but the people of British Columbia must learn, as we must all learn, to consider it in its relation not only to the Empire, but to the world. There are questions in which even imperial thinking is too narrow; thought must widen until it includes the world.

For himself, Dr. Johnston questioned whether, aside entirely from all questions of expediency or justice, such a policy was possible. Scientifically, commercially, in some cases socially, the world to-day was a unit. We had entered upon the cosmopolitan era, and even the lines dividing nations were disappearing. The other day he had asked a gentleman prominent in Dominion politics if it appeared possible to him that at this stage of the world's history it was possible for any great nation to close its doors to the people of other great lands. The gentleman had confessed that to him it seemed hopeless. It is more than a question of navies and armies, it is a question of the spirit of the time. There are world-tendencies which a nation cannot oppose, and prosper. The trend of history cannot be stemmed, nor the wheels of the world's progress reversed.

A policy of exclusion, to the speaker, seemed as needless as it was impossible. The competition of Oriental labor was urged as a reason for the exclusion of the Oriental, but today what Canada needed more than any other single community was labor. We have undeveloped wealth in almost every form in which it is found in any part of the globe; we have capital within the Empire waiting for investment; what we have not, and what we must have if our land is not to lag in the race of national development, is labor—labor especially of that class that will submit to the hard conditions and endure the severe toils inevitable in the pioneer work of development in a land like ours.

The Oriental has been declared to be immoral and filthy. As to his filth, it is in no small measure due to the crowded condition of the quarters where he is herded, and for this the greed of landlords is not infrequently the cause. As to his immorality, it is true, the Chinaman smokes opium, but medical men will tell you that in other parts of Vancouver and of Montreal the habits of drug using is not unknown. If two Chinamen found themselves together, and unoccupied, they would find the means to gamble, but let half a dozen society ladies in Montreal be thrown together, and it is questionable if some of them will not produce the necessary material for a game of bridge. (Laughter.)

Two things are possible and are necessary. Let the Government demand of all who come, Asiatic or European, obedience to certain sanitary regulations. Overcrowding can be prevented, the number of occupants to a house or to a block of houses, can be limited; a Chinatown and a Little Italy can both be made an impossibility. Much

would doubtless be done towards encouraging morality were Japanese and Chinese alike to be required to bring their wives and families. That, too, was a possible regulation which the Government could enforce.

To any student of history it was very evident that every nation that rightfully laid claim to greatness, contributed something to the greatness of the whole world. To the speaker it came at times as a vision that this Canada of ours was to be the land in which the unity of the race, the true brotherhood of men, was to be wrought out, not simply as a theory, but as a fact. To her he believed it was to be given to strike the last note in the orchestral harmony of the ages that should usher in the age when strife and division should cease.

MONTREAL.

Rev. Dr. D. J. Edgar Hill, minister of St. Andrew's Church of Scotland, was entertained last evening at a social gathering by the members of his congregation in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his entering upon the pastorate. There was a large attendance, among which were Rev. Hugh Pedley, Rev. Dr. Munson Hill, of the Congregational College; Rev. Dr. Gordon, and Rev. Mr. McKillop, all of whom expressed their admiration of the good work accomplished by Dr. Edgar Hill. An address of felicitation was read and presented by Dr. Hickson. The pastor responded with a few well chosen words and in thanking them for all the kind things they had said that night remarked: "My life in Canada has been one of vigorous health and happiness, you have never by any exaction strained the one, nor by any discord marred the other. I have, I am thankful to say it, been out of my pulpit only one Sunday from sickness, and it is the growth, joy of my life to prepare sermons for, and to preach them to as attentive listeners, and as devout worshippers, as any minister could desire. With such mutual good-feeling and encouragement, such ready co-operation and cordial sympathy all things are possible to a congregation."

Herald and Presbyter: Most highly should the Church regard her own colleges, most jealously should she guard their interests and most zealously provide for their welfare. In them are bound up very largely the life of the leading young people of the land and the matter of the supply of ministers for our churches.

Canadian Baptist: And so it comes to pass that Christian men and women in their lives and characters as they stand before the eyes of their fellow-beings, are the most convincing exponents of the Christianity which we love and preach. The doctrine of God's all-sufficient is glorious in all its theory; more glorious is it, however, and doubly more convincing to mortals, as it is seen in lives transformed and made Christ-like and God-like.

Presbyterian Standard: There has been no age in which there were not people to assert gratuitously that the theology current had been outlived. In every decade, youngsters, pert spirits, men of superficial culture, have been found to stand up and say that certain interpretations of the Scriptures and theological dogmas are no longer regarded as orthodox in the clear light of the scholarship of the time. Yet these old truths live on, and are believed by more people, and are a source of more comfort, and the power of God unto salvation of greater numbers than never before.

Love demands some sort of secrecy. Otherwise it shrivels to the plane of the mere acquaintance.

HEALTH AND HOME HINTS.

The most severe cold or hoarseness may be relieved by applying to the chest, as quickly as possible, a flannel wrung out of boiling water, and on which turpentine is sprinkled.

For Felon—Take equal parts of gum camphor, gum opium, castile soap and brown sugar; wet to a paste with spirits of turpentine. Prepare it and apply a thick plaster of it.

Chestnut Patties—After boiling and mashing, add to one pint of chestnuts a half cup of cream or two rounded tablespoonsful creamed butter, a cup and a half milk, two well-beaten eggs, quarter of a cup of sugar and salt to season. Beat well, turn into little patty tins filled with rich paste and bake quickly.

Creamed Potatoes—Wash potatoes and cook in boiling salted water with their jackets on. Drain, and let stand twenty-four hours. Peel, and cut into one-third inch cubes. Sprinkle with salt and generously with paprika. Add thin cream just to cover the potatoes, and cook very slowly for forty-five minutes. Success depends upon the long, slow cooking.

Pumpkin Pie—When pumpkins are cheap and eggs are dear, the housewife wonders whether it is economy to waste the pumpkin or invest in thirty-cent eggs. But instead of following the usual rule of two eggs to a pie, let her stir into the pumpkin finely rolled cracker crumbs, one rounded tablespoonsful to a pie. If this is done, three eggs well beaten will be sufficient for three pies, as the crackers help to thicken without making the pumpkin heavy or soggy. In fact the pies seem more nutritious and digestible because of them.

Mince Meat—Three teaspoonsful of cooked beef chopped, six teaspoonsful of half sweet and half sour chopped apples, a teaspoonsful of chopped suet, two teaspoonsful of grape or other acid fruit juice, two teaspoonsful of raisins, a teaspoonsful each of sugar and molasses, a level tablespoonsful each of cinnamon and cloves, a small nutmeg grated, half a teaspoonsful each of salt and pepper. Soak the suet, add it to the other ingredients, except the spices, and bring to boiling heat, then add spices. Fill the crust with meat, sprinkle over sugar, and dot with bits of butter; cover, and bake.

To Cook a Goose Nicely—After dressing the fowl nicely, put it in a deep pan, pour boiling water over it, and let it stand till cold, all night if convenient. When cold, wash it off and wipe it dry; then put it over the fire in cold water, and let it come to a boil; take it out and wipe it again. In this way you remove nearly all the strong, oily taste. Stuff it with dressing of bread crumbs seasoned with salt and pepper, butter (or salt pork chopped fine), sage, and a trifle of chopped onion. Tie it up and roast till tender. Fifteen minutes to a pound—weighed after it is dressed and before it is stuffed—is the rule for fowls.

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SPARKLES.

Grump—Do you call this steak fit for a Christian to eat?

Waiter—We hain't anxious about de religion of our customers, boss.

Clark—Will you have the soap scented or unscented?

Maidservant (from a foreign shore)—I take it wid me.

Poet—I can make no mistake in saying her cheeks are like the rose.

Friend—But you have never met her.

Poet—That matters not. If she is blushing, there are red roses; if she is pale, there are white roses, and if she is sallow, there are yellow roses.

The artist had just given the last touches to a purple and blue canvas when his wife came into his studio. "My dear," said she, "this is the landscape I wanted to suggest a title for. Why not call it 'Home'?" she said, after a long look.

"Home? Why?"

"Because there's no place like it," she replied, meekly.

A father, going into his stable one day recently, found his little son astride of one of the horses, with a slate and pencil in his hand.

"Why Harry!" he exclaimed, "what are you doing?"

"Writing a composition," was the reply.

"Well, why don't you write it in the house?" asked the father.

"Because," answered the little fellow, "the teacher told me to write a composition on a horse."—Our Dumb Animals.

Marion, five, was corrected for some act of rudeness by her grandmother, who a little later quoted to a friend:

"You may break, you may scatter the vase, if you will, but the scent of the roses will hang round it still." After a minute of thought came, with a wounded air, the paraphrase, "You may hurt, you may scold, you may box if you will, but the love of the grandma will cling to you still—how's that, grandma?"—The Congregationalist and Christian World.

Lady —, who is known as an ardent worker in the interests of the Romish Church, wrote to the Duke of —, who was equally well known as a sturdy Protestant, that she was greatly interested in a Roman Catholic charity, and, knowing the Duke's wide benevolence, had ventured to put down his name for £1,000. The Duke wrote back: "Dear Lady —: It is a curious coincidence that, just before I got your letter, I had put down your name for a like sum to the English Mission for Converting Irish Catholics. So no money need pass between us."—Manchester Guardian.

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BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

Rev. James Harvey has been elected principal clerk and the Rev. Robert Gray junior clerk of Edinburgh United Free Presbytery.

Last year 53,000 persons emigrated from Scotland, a larger number than even Ireland lost.

Edinburgh and Glasgow Church of Scotland ministers are considering what to do with the deceased wife's sister.

Greece is said to be the poorest country of Europe. Her total wealth amounts to \$1,000,000,000, or about half that of Switzerland.

The earnestness of the Chinese government in abolishing the use of opium is shown in the dismissal from public service of two princes who persisted in the use of the drug.

The village population of India has increased one and one-half per cent. in ten years, but the percentage of increase of native Christians is thirty.

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4.40 p.m.	Toronto	6.50 a.m.
12.30 p.m.	Tupper Lake	9.25 a.m.
6.57 p.m.	Albany	5.10 a.m.
10.00 p.m.	New York City	8.55 a.m.
5.55 p.m.	Syracuse	4.45 a.m.
7.30 p.m.	Rochester	8.45 a.m.
9.30 p.m.	Buffalo	8.35 a.m.

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Herald and Presbyter.

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PRESBYTERY MEETINGS

Synod of Montreal and Ottawa.

Quebec, Quebec.
Montreal, Montreal.
Glengarry, Lancaaster, 5th Nov.
Ottawa, Ottawa.
Ian. and Renfrew.
Brockville, Prescott.

Synod of Toronto and Kingston.

Kingston.
Peterboro'.
Lindsay.
Toronto, Toronto, Monthly, 1st
Tues.
Whitby, Whitby, Oct. 15th, 10 a.m.
Orangeville.
North Bay, Magnetawan.
Algoma, S. Richard's bldg.
Owen Sound, O. Sd., 3rd. Dec., 10
a.m.
Saugeen, Drayton.
Guelph, Knox Ch., Guelph, 19 Nov.
10.35.

Synod of Hamilton and London.

Hamilton, Knox Ch., Hamilton,
5th Nov. 10 a.m.
Paris, Woodstock.
London, First Ch London, 3rd.
Dec., 10.30.
Chatham, Chatham.
Huron, Clinton.
Maitland, Teeswater.
Bruce, Paisley.

Synod of the Maritime Provinces

Sydney, Sydney.
Inverness.
P. E. Island, Charlottetown,
Pictou, New Glasgow.
Wallace.
Truro, Truro, 18th Dec. 10 a.m.
Halifax.
Lun and Yar.
St. John.
Miramichi, Bathurst.
Bruce, Paisley.
Sarnia, Sarnia, 11 Dec., 11 a.m.

Synod of Manitoba.

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

Synod of Saskatchewan.

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

Synod of Alberta.

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

Synod of British Columbia.

Kamloops, Vernon, at call of Mod.
Kootenay.
Westminster.
Victoria, Victoria.

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Grain of all Kinds.

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500,000 BUSHELS OF OATS WANTED
Write for our market card. Wire
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"CALEDONIAN"

Scotch Tweed Skirts

21/- IN STOCK SIZES CARRIAGE PAID IN THE U.K. 21/-

Made to measure, 2/- extra. Handsome Color
"Rainy Day" SKIRT in Stylish Checks
and Plain TWEEDS

**COPLAND and LYE'S FAMOUS
SCOTCH TARTAN SKIRTS**

In the principal Clan Tartans. Price 42/-
Carriage paid

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THE LEADING SPECIALISTS IN SCOTCH TEXTILES
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Patterns and Illustrated Catalogues post free.

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THE NECESSARY
CLEANING WITH

**CALVERT'S
Carbolic Tooth Powder**

That is obvious at once from
its pleasant flavour and the
feeling of freshness left in the
mouth, and, of-course, you
will soon see how splendidly,
how easily, and how thoro-
ughly it cleans.

Of all chemists, in tins, 6d., 1s., and 1s. 6d.
New glass jar with sprinkler stopper, 1s. nett

THE QUEBEC BANK

Founded 1818. Incorporated 1822.

HEAD OFFICE, QUEBEC

Capital Authorized	\$3,000,000
Capital Paid up	2,500,000
Reserve	1,000,000

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**Synopsis of Canadian North-
West.**

HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of
Dominion Lands in Manitoba,
Saskatchewan, and Alberta, ex-
cepting 8 and 36, not reserved,
may be homesteaded by any per-
son who is the sole head of a
family, or any male over 18 years
of age, to the extent of one
quarter section of 160 acres, more
or less.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

W. W. CORY,

Deputy of the Minister of the
Interior.

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

"ST. AUGUSTINE"

(REGISTERED)

The Perfect Communion Wine.

Cases, 12 Quarts, \$4.50

Cases, 24 Pints, - \$5.50

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