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The Queen spent her 81st birthday, May 24, at Windsor Castle.

The Duke of Argyll was a great personal favorite of the Queen.

Ex-Captain Dreyfus has now regained his strength and is in good health.

In the private schools of China a teacher is paid about one-halfpenny a day for each pupil.

There is a district in Liverpool inhabited by 60,000 people where intoxicating liquor cannot be bought.

By the casting vote of the moderator, the presbytery of Lewis adopted the overture in favor of church union.

The return shows that during the past year 41,232 natives emigrated from Ireland, nearly 9,000 more than in the preceding year.

Arrangements are being made for the establishment of a hall of residence for divinity students attending Aberdeen University.

The Baptist Union have passed a resolution condemning the proposal to establish a State-endowed Roman Catholic University in Ireland.

Rev. Charles Dunn, B.D., has been appointed assistant in Dundee parish church and placed in charge of Blackcroft mission.

At Stirling presbytery a letter was read from Rev. James Calder, minister at Pleau, resigning his charge on account of increasing years.

Mrs. Gladstone, widow of the late Hon. William E. Gladstone, has been sick for a month. Owing to her advanced age, her sickness naturally causes anxiety.

The London Gazette of Friday notifies that Lord Levin and Melville has been appointed Her Majesty's High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland.

The total contributions for last year of Pollokshields church, Glasgow (Dr. James Wells), amounted to £4,144. The Presbytery has recommended that the Pinning Park Mission in connection with the congregation should be formed into a separate charge.

Rev. D. Ritchie Key, of London Road church, Edinburgh, who has been elected as successor to the late Rev. J. G. Walton in the important charge of St. Nicholas, Aberdeen, has been fourteen years in his present pastorate, during which period the membership has increased from 300 to over 1,100.



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Notes and Comments

Dr. Chavasse, the new Bishop of Liverpool, has been a total abstainer for twenty nine years.

When the railway across Siberia is completed, it will be easy for a person to go from London to Japan in 18 days.

The Duke of Argyll was the last survivor of the Cabinet of Lord Aberdeen which was responsible for the Crimean war.

"Blackwood" quotes this opinion of one who knows the Boers—"The Boer woman is one of the most narrow-minded and most animal-natured of the human race."

There are two bills before the U.S. Congress providing for Postal notes such as we have had in Canada for over a year. One of the bills will likely pass, and one will surely be enough.

The news comes from Mafeking that three-penny postage stamps have been issued in the town on photographic paper, displaying Col. Baden-Powell's head in the centre. Such a stamp will have an extremely fancy value in a few years.

The late duke of Argyll was devoted to his home at Inverary, and his last hours were vexed with the illusion that he was dying away from it. "They showed him the place from his window—the loch, the hills the garden, and the woods. It is very like said, he, take me home."

Every year a number of boys are sent from Siam by the King to England to learn different things. One learns upholstery, one type-writing, one learns languages, one learns science, and so on. When they return to Siam each takes with him some different information to impart to others.

The bad effect of money in the pocket of a young man is stated by the Utica Press as follows: "No man with money will work hard enough, when he is young, to succeed. He needs to begin work early, work hard, and sit many hours in one place. If he has money, he won't sit long in one place."

Rev. Dr. Parker, of London, does not think Rev. Mr. Sheldon's newspaper experiment has been a brilliant success. He says, "For a week you can do almost anything with success, provided it is foolish enough. I could fill St. Paul's Cathedral to overflowing by promising to swallow the pulpit Bible."

Most of the guns fired by the Boers at Kimberley gave a certain amount of warning of the shells they were about to drop into the town. Not so the Schneider guns which fired their shells with such velocity that the sound of their report and the shell itself arrived at the same moment! "These," wrote one of the besieged inhabitants, "were the guns we feared most."

Dr. E. J. Banks, recently United States consul at Bagdad, is the director of an expedition now being formed to excavate Ur, the birthplace of Abraham. The work is undertaken for the benefit of the Smithsonian Institution. The estimated amount required for the complete excavation of Ur in two years is \$50,000.

Like most women of taste, her Majesty is a lover of beautiful lace, and has had every opportunity of indulging this taste during her visit to the Irish capital. The Queen is also a constant and devoted patron of another Irish industry—fine linen. Our Sovereign has never permitted cotton articles to be used in the Royal palaces, even the kitchen cloths being of flax.

The eclipse of the sun was successfully observed May 28th at the Toronto Observatory, contact times and numerous photographs were taken, weather perfect, diminution of light very marked, as was the heat, self-registering sun recorder failing to mark; time of contact, 7 hours, 51 minutes, 35 seconds, being five seconds earlier than computed time; last contact, 10.16.54, being seven seconds earlier.

According to Lord Robert's reports on discipline show a remarkable contrast between convictions of abstainers and non-abstainers. Among abstainers the convictions were 4.12 in the 1000, while among non-abstainers they were 33.38 in 1000, or about nine times as many. Thus drinking men are nine times as apt to break the law as non-drinkers. "It is not," Lord Roberts added, "a friendly thing to give drink to soldiers."

Catholics in Ireland still labor (the Freeman's Journal claims) "under grievances innumerable and intolerable." One of these grievances is that the Jesuit and other religious orders are illegal in Ireland as in England, though the law is never set in motion against them. The other grievances are that the Government does not set up a Catholic university, and that offices such as judgeships are very largely given to Protestants.

It is said that while before the war there were only three saloons in Manila, there are now four hundred there. If so, that is four hundred too many. It does seem as though the authorities in Washington might take active steps to protect the fair name of America from such a blot upon its honor. Some of the government transports too have been cash floating saloons; we cannot say with how much truth, Public sentiment should vigorously demand a reform in these matters, if such evils exist.

All anonymous circulars should be torn up, says the Christian Advocate (New York). The men who write them are not honorable or courageous, and probably trustworthy. There is much gossip of a slanderous nature. No man should receive a charge or a rumor from another against a third, from any person who will not face the man he accuses. The best way to stop such scandal is to notify its purveyor or that it will be communicated, with the authority, to the subject of it. Those who know that a man is being scandalized should inform him or his friends of it at once. Of course the discussion of qualifications is necessary; but no one should make a disparaging charge that he cannot prove and dare not support. He who hears such charges without rebuke, or passes them along, is equally guilty with the originator.

The accountant of the schemes of the church of Scotland has just completed a summary showing their income during the year ending 31st December 1899. The total income of the schemes and funds of the Church for that period was £201,041, as compared with £190,272, in 1898, an increase of £10,769. The income of the Foreign Missions Scheme in 1899 was £37,064, as against £37,642 in 1898 home missions, £12,089, compared with £13,074 the previous year.

The number of communicants on the roll of the Church of Scotland at the end of 1899 was 657,112, an increase of 7,686 over that reported to the last General Assembly. The returns bore that 477,128 communicated at least once during the year—an increase of 1,047. The number of communicants reported as having died was 9,471, being 379 more than in 1898 while the number who communicated or the first time was 27,076. The number of elders was 10,172 and the baptisms reported 39,860—199 fewer than in 1898.

Very much is said in favor of ecclesiastical courtesy. There ought to be far more of in the world than there is. Courtesy between congregations and pastors of the same denomination is commendable. The requirements of genuine ecclesiastical courtesy between different denominations ought always to be recognized and honored. It is not courteous for a minister or congregation of one Christian Church to say or do anything against another which would be a violation of the golden rule. If every minister and member of the church will carefully observe this divine rule, ecclesiastical courtesy, Christian courtesy will be universal.

It is a remarkable tribute to Presbyterian preaching, says the London, (Eng.) correspondent, of the Belfast Witness, that the two principal sermons at the "May meetings" of the Baptist Missionary Society should have been preached this year by Presbyterians. The Rev. Professor Denney, of Glasgow, preached the annual sermon of that society in Bloomsbury Chapel on Tuesday week, and on the evening of that day the Rev. Alexander Connell, of Regent Square, preached the annual sermon to young men and women. I had the pleasure of hearing Professor Denney for the first time. But for an occasional word one would hardly have known from his pronouncement that he was Scotch. His manner is simplicity itself. He preached entirely without notes, and it is no exaggeration to say that he held the attention of a large and critical audience from the beginning to the end. His subject was the three questions asked by St. Paul in Romans iii. 27-31 and the answers to them. "Where is boasting then?"—the humility which the Gospel teaches. The Cross puts us under infinite obligation to Christ, the Atonement annihilates pride. Referring to the doctrine of election, he said that the great truth therein expressed is that salvation is something outside of man. It is God's gifts. "Ye have not chosen me, but I have chosen you," &c. The second question, "Is He the God of the Jews only? is He not also of the Gentiles?" teaches the universality of the Gospel. This gave the preacher the opportunity for a stirring appeal on behalf of Foreign Missions. And then came a vigorous defence of the practical and ethical side of Christianity in his discussion of the third question, "Do we make void the law through faith?" The Cross, he said, fulfils the requirements of morality. The law cannot be written on the heart until the heart is made tender, and this can only be done by the Cross of Christ.

Our Young People

Influence

Topic for June 10.—"A Study of Christian Leaven."—Luke 13: 20, 21.

No man liveth to himself.

For Dominion Presbyterian.

Lives That Lift.

By WOODFORD.

No life

Can be pure in its purpose or strong in its strife.
And all the world not be purer and stronger thereby.

—Owen Meredith.

Topic.—As the seed in the soil, or the leaven in the meal so is the regenerate human soul among other human souls, regenerate or otherwise: for all men are created in the image of God. "Iron sharpeneth iron: so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend." To be a Christian is to be a witness of a risen and living Lord, by lips and life, so preaching the Gospel that others shall see the beauty there is in Him, that they may desire Him. The life in the seed is that by which the earth is made to be flower and fruit. The life in the leaven—for fermentations and leavening are not processes of decay but of life and growth—is that which makes for all being leavened. So the truth, the life of God, working through the personality of man in the salvation of the world. Not Paul, nor Apollos, nor Luther, nor Livingstone, nor Drummond, not they, nor I, but Christ, who lived in them and liveth in me, did and doeth the work. Not lives merely but Life lifts, or Life working through lives.

Monday.—Meroz stands for the shirker: the one of whom you cannot say, although you may feel it, that he is against you—particularly in that he hinders, or discourages; for him who, while the everlasting struggle is going on against sin and wickedness, is willing to see other people fight the battle of life while he simply comes in to take of the spoils. How many there are in Christian lands who are guilty of the sin of inaction—they do it not—not so much the doing or saying wrong, as not doing or saying at all. The useless man, who, so long as his life is provided against necessity, feels therefore that he is free from duty, is a coward cursed with the affliction of false humility or indolence. There is no one but it is a pattern to some others for, as Carlyle says, "No act of a man, nor Thing (how much less the man himself) is extinguished when it disappears; through considerable time it still visibly works, though done and vanished." Thus it is that the work an unknown good man has done is like a vein of water flowing, hidden underground, secretly making the ground green.

Tuesday.—

"He that is greatest among you shall be your servant."

O, it is excellent

To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous
To use it like a giant.

It is a mark of barbarism to respect a bully, to honour a despot. In the land where the power of the Gospel is felt the cry of the child, the moan of the helpless, commands more attention than the fulminations of the mighty. This comes to be so because Christ pleased not Himself, but, in His strength let the reproaches of them that reproached us fall on Him. This is the life that lifts us to say that we who are strong in His strength ought to bear the infirmities of the weak. To be true to Him then means, as surely as the night follows the day, that we cannot be false to any man.

Wednesday.—Evidently when, apart from Christ, we boast of our strength and ability and devotion, we are but mouthing words that have no meaning. There is one life that lifts; that of a risen and living Lord. Had the trust of His disciples been placed more in Him and less in themselves, the weakness that led to the disgraceful denial, and the pitiful lack of sympathy should not have followed. To them and to us the power to lift, to bear, to wait, comes according as we are drawn to, and are in closest touch with, Him who was lifted up on the cross. Common iron attached to a magnet has made over to it an attracting power from the magnet. So into the weakness of these common lives, which are hid with Christ in God, comes the strength of the Almighty—to the fitting of them to meet all responsibilities and the performing of all duties—in such a way that though the attraction that is theirs to the crucified other lives are similarly affected.

Thursday.—Paul, in this passage, sets forth some proofs whereby we may be assured that we are in living touch with the living Christ. Once the assurance is ours in that our deepest affections are set on things above, so that we mortify the members which are upon the earth, putting off the old and putting on the new man, and above all else love, we may rest satisfied that the power that has so come to us and works in us, will, through us, be conveyed to others. In this way the Life that raised us—not our own life merely—will lift others.

Friday.—If a man because of the strength Christ gives him imagines he himself is to lift others he deceives himself. Not the seed, but the life in the seed produces growth; not the leaven, but the life in the leaven leavens the lump. The one lifted or taught, let him show forth, as he has opportunity, such good to others as has been shown to him. This is in the life of the person what fruit bearing is in the case of the seed; or the whole lump being leavened is with the leaven. Life works through the seed, with its rootlets, branches, leaves;

steam-power works through piston and connecting rods. Even so the life that makes the heart of the universe beat works through men and women.

Saturday.—Power was received on the Mount of Transfiguration whereby the sufferer in the valley was healed. Wisdom was received during a night, on the mountain side, spent in prayer for the choosing of the disciples. Christ said in many ways "I and my father are one." Not His own will, but the will of His Father did He seek. It was the works which He did in the Father's name that bore witness of Him. Now the conclusion of the whole matter is in these words, "As the Father hath sent me even so send I you." We cannot be one with the Father as He was; we can be, to a far greater extent than we are, as He was above all others, channels for the conveying of God's blessings to others.

For Daily Reading.

Mon.,	June 4.—Lives that lean, Judg. 5: 23. Matt. 12: 30
Tues.,	June 5.—Remembering others. Rcm. 15: 1-3
Wed.,	June 6.—Meeting responsibility, Mt. 26: 31-46
Thurs.,	June 7.—Laying aside weights, Col. 8: 1-14
Fri.,	June 8.—Raising burdens, Gal. 6: 1-10
Sat.,	June 9.—Lifting men, Mark 9: 17-29
Sun.,	June 10.—Topic. Lives that Lift. Luke 13: 20, 21

"Miss Out Bartholomew."

When Rob Dow, in "The Little Minister," taught his boy Micah the names of the apostles from Luke sixth, he said, "Miss out Bartholomew, for he did little and put Gavin Dishart in his place." The minister of Thums had put his life beside the life of this drunken poacher in his time of temptation, and the poor fellow honored him in a fine way.

Without doubt there were many in Cana of Galilee who could dispute this claim for the Little Minister's apostleship, in favor of Bartholomew, and on the same ground. And, after all, is not our standing in the thought of those whose lives touch ours day by day of more value than our standing in the thought of the world, which has so many to honor already that it has scant time to weigh the claims of each, or to remember any one for long?

To touch for good the lives nearest us, —can we find a more Christlike service?

Silent Preaching.

The atheist who spent a few days with the saintly Fenelon said: "If I stay here much longer I shall become a Christian in spite of myself." Fenelon had used no word of controversy or solicitation. It was but the quiet convincing argument of a holy life—a consistent walk and conversation.

"I tried to be a sceptic when I was a young man," said Cecil, "but my mother's life was too much for me."

"My brethren," said an old African preacher, "a good example is the tallest kind of preaching." And he was right. "There is an energy of moral suasion in a good man's life," says Dr. Chalmers, "passing the highest efforts of the orator's genius. The seen beauty of holiness speaks more eloquently of God and duty than the tongue of men and angels."—Gerard B. F. Hallock, D.D.

Love's Struggle And Rest.

BY REV. GEORGE MATHESON, D. D.

Author of "Moments on the Mount," etc.

In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth; . . . and the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the waters.—Gen. 1 : 1, 2.

And I saw a new heaven and a new earth; and there was no more sea.—Rev. 21 : 1.

These are quotations from the first and last chapters of the biography of divine Love. Nothing can exceed their contrast. The one is Love's winter; the other is its summer. The one is Love's struggle; the other is its rest. The one is Love's moments on the waters; the other is the drying up of the sea. In one we see Love tossed on the wave, toiling in the dark, working in the void. In the other, Love has reached its heaven, secured its sunshine, filled the void spaces with souls at peace.

And such, I think, is ever the course of redeeming Love; it begins with movement and ends with rest. It must have its Genesis before it can make its Revelation. At first its light shineth in darkness, and the darkness comprehendeth it not. There is a great void in front of it; it puts out its hand, but gets no touch of sympathy.

If you want to redeem me, you must begin by taking me as I am—with my darkness and my emptiness. You must not expect me to understand your Revelation. You must at the outset lift my whole cross without one touch of help from me. But, when I reach the Revelation of your life, I shall lift your cross. I shall be eager to listen your labors, to give you rest. I shall say, "Let thy work be my work!" I shall break through the void to meet you. I shall come to you on the waters—come without being bidden. I shall open to you a harbor in my heart, and you shall repose there.

O Though who hast been seeking me on the waste of waters, I love to give Thy Spirit rest! Thy love has been long struggling with my lovelessness. There has been nothing responsive in my heart to Thine all through these days of my creation; Thou hast been walking alone in the depth of the sea. I have been dark to Thy light, empty to Thy fulness, formless to Thy beauty. The cross has been all on one side—Thy side.

But now my Genesis is past and my Revelation is come. I have caught a glimpse of what it is to love. Hitherto, Thou hast been moving and I have been motionless; I would reverse the picture, O Christ. I would take thy place upon the waters; I would give thee rest. Thou hast been all the day bearing my cross; let me take part in Thine. Let me find a home in my heart for Thee. I often pity the ship that was tossed on the Sea of Galilee; but I seldom remember that Thy feet, too, were on that sea. Help me to remember it; help me never to forget it. Ever let me keep an Ararat for Thine ark in the flood. Ever in my Bethany let my door be open to receive Thee. Ever in Thine hour of night may it be mine to say, "Abide with us, for the day is far spent." So shall Thy Spirit cease to move on the waters.

"Deprive yourself of nothing that is necessary to your comfort, but live in honorable simplicity and frugality.

The Journey Home.

BY CHURCHILL KING.

Do ye fin' life's pathway dreary and the burden aften weary?

Do ye see nae silver linin' to cheer ye on the road? Have ye mony hard temptations, mony doots and sair privations?

Dinna fret; be calm and cheery never fear but trust in God!

Does yer freen's forsake and leave ye? Does yer loved ones aften grieve ye?

Do ye stagger, sometimes, upward 'neath the cruel weary load?

Is the sky o'ercast abune ye; do ye doot if only lo'e ye?

Dinna grumble but be cheery—never fear but trust in God?

When the journey shall be over, an' ye bask among the clover—

By the side o' Jordan's river in the palace o' yer God—

Ye shall then hae time tae ponder, ye shall then be lost in wonder

At the wye yer Faither led ye wi' yer sad an' weary load!

See! The evenin' sun is sinking, an' the stars abune are blinkin'—

Hark! 'Tis yer Faither callin', "Noo come awa tae Me!"—

Syne wi' joy and yeace ye'll meet Him, and wi' mony smiles ye'll greet Him!

Tears an' sighs are a' forgotten in the Sang o' Jubilee!

A Many-Sided Man.

A correspondent of the Belfast Witness writes: The death of the Duke of Argyll is a decided loss to the intellectual, scientific, and religious forces of Great Britain. For more than sixty years he has largely filled the public eye. When barely of age he took a very prominent part in the great Non-Intrusion controversy in the Church of Scotland. Even the late Principal William Cunningham thought it worth his while to review—though not sympathetically—in the "North British Review" the Duke's essay on the Non-Intrusion controversy. I remember being present at the first public meeting at which the Duke presided in Edinburgh. I think it was the annual meeting of the Edinburgh Bible Society. The Music Hall was crowded. The leading orators of Edinburgh were there, Dr. Guthrie being among the foremost. It was his first appearance after a long and severe illness. Rising to address the meeting, he faced the noble chairman and said—"My Lord Duke, it is not the first time in the history of Scotland that a Guthrie met an Argyll on the same platform." His touching reference to the old covenanting times when the blood of the Marquis of Argyll and of James Guthrie was wantonly shed by the Stuart persecutors, thrilled the audience with the deepest emotion, and roused it to the utmost excitement. The cheering was so loud and protracted that it was several minutes before Guthrie was able to proceed. The Duke was then some six and twenty years old. But even then his masterly eloquence was a thing to be remembered for half a century. It is to be recorded that the Duke was never ashamed of his Church or his country; nor, indeed of any man. He was ever ready to break a lance with an enemy of Scriptural or scientific truth. Were all the nobles of Scotland of a like mind, it could not be said of them as it has been of a very capable Scotsman, "The nobles of Scotland now are not the nobility of Scotland."

Wonderful Celestial Sights.

"J. D. O." has been furnishing the Belfast Witness with a series of very readable letters from our great west. A recent one describes striking celestial phenomena, as follows: Some of the celestial phenomena of this western land are very interesting and beautiful. They are very suggestive in the way of setting one's mind in the direction of investigation. The famous sundogs make their appearance in the sky during the daytime and in cold weather, and, as their name implies, they follow the sun. Sometimes they appear simply as two great, bright bulbs of light on the circumference of that huge circle round the sun which in the old country is known as a "halo round the sun." At other times they appear simply as two bright spots in the sky, isolated, equi-distant from the sun, and at the same elevation above the horizon. Sometimes there are more than two to be seen in the sky. Lately I witnessed with great curiosity no less than four of these sun-dogs, or mock-suns, as they are sometimes called. There were two huge intersecting circles in the sky. One was the usual halo round the sun, the other was an enormous circle or eclipse, composed of a band of light. Both circles appeared to be in planes intersecting one another at right angles. There were two sun-dogs on the two points of intersections of the two circles, and on the circumference of the second circle already described, on the part of the sky most distant from the sun the other two sun-dogs appeared. The whole presented to me as curious a spectacle as I have ever witnessed in a bright sky on a clear day at noon and long afterwards. The Northern Lights are often out "on exhibition" on cold nights during the winter, and frequently make a very beautiful spectacle. At first in the night the beautiful crescent shape is assumed. A magnificent arch of light spans the northern sky from one point of the horizon to the other. Later on one can witness this arch of light being broken up and its place being supplied by shoots and silvery streamers reaching up to the zenith, and then frequently as it were falling down on another side and forming the well-known quivering umbrella-shaped phenomenon. Occasionally I have seen this beautiful light-arch reforming again and then being broken, and twisted into many weird forms and shapes capable of suggesting to the superstitious and untutored mind the presence in the sky of hobgoblin, dragon, and demon.

God grant that you may so conquer your temptations by the power of God that they may not leave you as you were, but fill you with the consciousness of God, with the consciousness of yourself and with deep sympathy with your brothers. Phillips Brooks.

"We come now," said the campaign orator, pausing a moment to take a drink of water, "we come now to the marrow of the subject." How do you know it is the marrow?" interrupted a jeering auditor near the door. "I feel it in my bones!" instantly retorted the orator. Hereupon the enthusiastic crowd cheered for five minutes, to the great and overwhelming confusion of the other fellow.—Chicago Tribune.

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Thursday, May 31st, 1901.

The Methodist Church, Episcopal has abolished the time limit in ministerial service. This is the most effective answer to those who would introduce the term service into the eldership. It has been tried and found wanting in the great Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States. Why should we seek to introduce a discarded system?

There has been considerable talk across the lines of a revision of the Confession of Faith, or a restatement of the doctrines of the Presbyterian Church. A contemporary very effectively points out that most of the demand for revision comes from outside the Presbyterian Church. It is probable therefore, that this agitation will not amount to more than its predecessor of 1891.

The student who works his way through College, is, as a rule, stronger than the student who has been assisted on his way through. The reason is not far to seek. Self-dependence brings out all that is best in a man, and develops his moral fibre just as physical exercise develops his muscle. But if even the most energetic man comes to feel that at some point there is no further need to struggle, the innate love of ease, that is a part of every man's nature will assert, itself, and he will drop effort. At that point of his life he is weak, and in the future years, if he be called upon to bear stress at that point he will fail.

The Boer peace envoys have met with a reception in official circles in the United States that must be, to say the least, ex-

asperating. One wonders at the effrontery of even the Boers, when their request is examined. They have not sought peace till they have failed in war. They do not come to seek for one to arbitrate between victor and vanquished, but they ask that another nation shall secure for them what they have been unable to obtain for themselves. Little wonder that one after another of the nations already approached, politely declined to take the place of the Boers in this struggle. Probably the Democratic party will coquet with the envoys till the elections are over, but the latter are sharp enough to see through that game.

In the last issue of the Outlook the Rev. Chas. Phillips, an English Congregational minister, who has spent four years in Johannesburg, publishes a most convincing pro-British article dealing with the question: "Is the war in South Africa just?" He does not give his own view alone, but makes this strong statement: "In this matter all the English-speaking denominations are standing shoulder to shoulder, and are all saying the same thing. The Wesleyan Conference, The Presbyterian Assembly, The Congregational Union, The Episcopalian Synod, The Free Church Council in Natal and other places, have all passed unanimous resolutions, that this war on England's part was righteous an unavoidable." That is strong language, and ought to carry weight.

The Side Door.

There are the usual number of applications from ministers of other denominations, to be received into the ministry of the Presbyterian Church in Canada this year. The committee appointed by the last Assembly dealt with praise-worthy sharpness with the applications that came before them. We trust an equally careful and sharp committee will be appointed this year. Applications have been sent up by Presbyteries that we should be sorry to see granted, and in the hope that they may not be granted, we believe many members of the Courts that have made the application will join.

The burden of responsibility for an application properly rests upon the Presbytery. This Court is supposed to know the man, to have traced up his past record, to have noted well his life and conduct while under its jurisdiction, and on the strength of this knowledge, rather than upon documentary evidence, to rest its application. How many of our Presbyteries know more about the applicant than the said applicant is disposed to make known to them? In many instances application is made in April or in May, and urgent reasons are advanced why the matter should be settled at the coming meeting of the Assembly. Might it not

be well to establish the rule that no application for reception shall be forwarded to the annual Assembly that has been received later than the first week in March of that year? That will give sufficient time to make full enquiry and to send up a good case to the Assembly.

The Church insists that her own students shall follow a course of study that shall develop them into well-cultured men, capable of being the leaders of their fellow-men in religious thought, and of keeping abreast of other men in their several departments of work. Each year, of late, the standard has been raised, and the voice of the people has approved this elevation of the standard. We need an educated ministry. Our students have shown themselves eager to take advantage of every opportunity to pursue study, even after the ordinary course ends. For them there is but one door of entrance into the ministry. Is it right to admit men by a side entrance who have not a tith of the mental training of our own men, and some of whom, indeed, have shirked the hard work of climbing up to, and entering through the prescribed door. We are not speaking of the men who come to us from other sections of our denomination. There are men, however, who have entered other denominations, and have received ordination, practically without any course of study, and who seek to enter the ministry of the Presbyterian Church. We ought to say to these men,—We will admit you to our colleges. We will give you every advantage that is possible there. We will gladly admit you as a minister of the Presbyterian Church in full standing when you have met the usual requirements. We cannot admit you until you have fulfilled these requirements."

The Vacancy in Cooke's Church.

On Tuesday afternoon the Rev. William Patterson decided to accept the call of the Bethany Congregation in Philadelphia. He gave his decision in such a way that the Presbytery could not refuse to release him. All felt that the most careful and prayerful thought had been given to the matter, and that Mr. Patterson was obeying what he believed to be the call of God in leaving Toronto and going to Philadelphia. He will be released at once, and will preach in Philadelphia next Sabbath. The Rev. Dr. Gregg will declare the pulpit vacant next Sabbath morning, when the Rev. A. B. Winchester of Victoria will preach and conduct the service. The Rev. Dr. McTavish will act as interim Moderator of Session during the vacancy.

Of the three congregations now vacant in Toronto it is safe to say that Cooke's Church, is the most important. The work demanded there is unique, and not one man in fifty has the peculiar gifts to

fit him for it. There are such men and there is a man for Cooke's Church, and the prayer of all will be that the chosen man and the congregation may be speedily brought together. The situation is certainly a grave one for the people of Cooke's Church. With a heavy mortgage debt, with a church that demands a man of especial gifts to fill it, with the consciousness that it is not one man, but two that must be sought and installed as ministers there, the position is one that is almost a crisis. Yet the congregation will face it, and will come through safely. The rumor that some will leave if Mr. Patterson does not stay is an idle rumor. It would be a poor compliment to the man who has given the best of his life to build up this congregation if, when he has been called elsewhere by Him whom he delights to obey, the people whom he has gathered, and among whom he has worked, should scatter as if they had no shepherd. They will not scatter. We are persuaded they will rally around the man who shall be called there, and will do better work in the future because of the love they bear to the man from whom they have parted.

We understand that it is Mr. Patterson's intention to issue a farewell address in printed form, which will be distributed at the church door next Sabbath. In this he will say what his great heart would not permit him to say when looking into the sorrowful faces of those whom he loves as if they were his own children.

Literary Notes.

Popular Misconceptions as to Christian Faith and Life, by Rev. Frank T. Lee. 261 p. p. \$1.25.—The Pilgrim Press, Boston and Chicago.

In these days, when scholarship seems to be employed more for pulling down than building up, to come across such a book as this, is truly refreshing. Not for some time has there come unto the hands of the writer of this article a more helpful work than this; there is not a dull or unnecessary paragraph from cover to cover. What minister or earnest Christian does not want to know and be able to rectify the popular misconceptions, (of scholarly misconceptions, and difficulties we are weary to hear them) that exist as to the basis of Christian faith; the Bible; the interpretation of Scripture; as to beginning the Christian life; sanctification, experience as a test of the reality of Divine Grace; things now specially needed in Christian life and character; the sources of Christian contentment; as to the duty of public confessions of Christ; what constitutes a successful church; the kind of preaching needed; Foreign Missions; as to the nature and work of the Holy Spirit? To invest in this book will mean to these the getting more than the worth of their money, for by perusal of it many difficulties will be so solved for

themselves that they will be enabled very materially to help others,—especially the common people, so that they will again hear the gospel gladly.

This year's special Summer Number of "The Studio" is to be devoted to "Modern British Watercolor Drawings." The illustrations will include examples of the work of all the most prominent contemporary watercolor painters, and an important feature of the number will be the colored reproductions, of which there will be no fewer than twelve. The May number of this excellent magazine is to hand, freighted, as always, with the best and best reproductions from the world of art. The articles are most readable, while "Studio Talk" and letters from correspondents add its full quota to the interest in this issue.—"The Studio," 5 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London.

The great Ecumenical Conference seems destined to have an immense influence in the progress of the kingdom of God, if we may judge from the glimpse which we get of from the June number of the *Missionary Review of the World*. The editor-in-chief, Dr. Pierson, gives a general survey of the Conference, and excellent photographs add much to the interest of the description of this great assembly. But the Conference does not occupy the whole number of the *Review*. Dr. Robert H. Nassau describes some of the "Features which make Missions in West Africa Unique"; Dr. Arthur H. Smith tells of the "Present Situation in China"; Buegett Makin (the great traveler and lecturer) of "Morocco as a Mission Field," and George E. White of the "Awakening Greeks." Published monthly by Funk & Wagnalls Co., 30 Lafayette Place, New York. \$2.50 a year.

Rudyard Kipling, Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, Ian Maclaren, Cyrrus Townsend Brady, Julia Magruder and Mrs. Burton Kingsland are among the contributors to the June Ladies' Home Journal. Some of its notable features are: "The Passion Play This Year," "The Richest Woman in America" (Hetty Green), and "How Some Familiar Things Came to Be," and "The Masterpiece of Mary Queen of Scots," picturing an apron worked by that unfortunate sovereign while in prison awaiting the executioner. Dr. S. Weir Mitchell's article, "When the College is Hurtful to a girl," is sure of a wide reading; so are Ian Maclaren's views on "The Minister and His Vacation." The fiction of the June Journal are the opening chapters of Julia Magruder's new serial, "The Voice in the Choir," and "The Autobiography of a Girl." By the Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia.

The *May Fortnightly* shows the spirit of the times, no less than seven of its thirteen articles dealing with war. The leading article is that of Baron Pierre de Coubertin, discussing the possibility of war be-

tween England and France. He frankly declares there is no cause for hostilities, but that the outbreak may be provoked by the fulminations of journalists, who, more from force of habit than anything else, persistently provoke hostility between the people of the two nations. Should war break out it can only, the writer thinks end disastrously for both France and England. Undoubtedly Germany would offer her good offices, but the result would be the impoverishment of the belligerents, and the strengthening of their common rival. The South African War comes in for considerable attention. Mr. Bryce's pro-boer article in one of the English magazines recently, is handled without gloves, and Mr. Bryce is not complimented by the writer of the second paper, but it goes over the ground of which most readers are familiar. The army comes in for criticism in two articles, one a foreigner's view of the British army and its future, in which he points out weakness, and proposes a remedy, but as his remedy consists of the introduction of the conscription, it is not likely to find much favor. Another timely article is that on "The promise of International Exhibitions," written in a happy, if slightly caustic vein. Alice Law deals with the life and work of William Cooper, more particularly with his religious life, and with the influence of Newton upon it. These are but a few of the many good things of this number.

The May issue of Frank Leslie's *Popular Monthly* contains many interesting articles. "From Seattle to Dawson" is the diary of a Klondiker and relates the hardships and adventures of a party of gold-seekers in Alaska with many photographic snapshots. "English Royalty and the fashions" is a gentleman's authoritative and detailed description of what is worn by Queen Victoria, the Princess of Wales and other royal princesses, both on state occasions and in private. Bret Harte has one of his characteristic sketches, a delightful example of his earlier style of fiction, relating in story fashion "How Reuben Allen Saw Life in 'Frisco."

Letter Form Formosa.

The following letter has been received by Rev. R. P. McKay, D.D., secretary F.M.G.

Tamau, April 8rd, 1900.

At a market town on the way to Sin-Tiam we began work last Sabbath. It is called Kong-Be. This is a new station. Sin-Tiam and Tao-Tin-Tia have been practically self-supporting for years.

Bang-Kah and Tek-Chham begin this year, 1900, as self-supporting churches.

It is on'y by thinking of the past in Bang-Kah, that the present state can be appreciated.

The beautiful church building is crowded every Sabbath. It is the Lord's doings, though He used means, He knows the tears, toils, joys and sorrows in connection with Bang-Kah!

"All power is given unto me in Heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations."

"I gave my life for thee:

What hast thou given for me?"

I am yours sincerely, (Sgd) G. L. MCKAY.

The Quiet Hour

Death of John the Baptist.*

BY WAYLAND HOYT, D. D.

"King Herod" (v. 14). Herod Antipas, called sometimes tetrarch, sometimes king, son of Herod the Great by his wife Malthea the Samaritan.

"John, whom I beheaded" (v. 16). Nothing can down an aroused conscience, not the fact that a bad deed is done and past, not cherished and professed beliefs. Conscience is master of them all.

"Herodias, his brother Philip's wife" (v. 17). This brother Philip was also a son of Herod the Great by his wife Mariamne, daughter of Simon the high priest. Herodias, his wife, was a granddaughter of Herod the great. Their daughter was Salome, the dancer of our lesson. But this Philip and Herodias were living in retirement in Rome. Thither Herod Antipas goes on business about his tetrarchy. He is his half-brother Philip's guest. He himself has been married many years to the daughter of Aretas, king of Arabia. But notwithstanding, he captures Herodias, angry at her enforced retirement and hungry to be a Queen; divorces his wife, marries Herodias; and how horrible the family complication and corruption! Both her first husband Philip, and this second one, Herod of Antipas, are uncles of Herodias. How vilely shameless is sin! Young people, be careful about your marriages. Keep your homes pure.

"John said unto Herod, It is not lawful for thee to have thy brother's wife" (v. 18). John would preach the truth, though the truth might smite the king. Learn a true bravery. A royal sinner is still a sinner, and, when occasion requires must be told he is. High place is no excuse for sin. Truth, God's law is no respecter of persons.

"Herodias set herself against him" (v. 16). Do not think that devotion to the truth will always make friends for you; it will sometimes make enemies. Notwithstanding, the truth must be stood by.

"Herod feared John" (v. 19). As verse 17 tells us, John was now, at the instigation of Herodias, prisoner, and in the half-fortress, half-palace castle of Machaerus, where, just now, Herod is residing with his court. But character triumphs. Herod who is not yet wholly bad, though bad enough, makes John, in a sort court preacher; fears him indeed, recognizing him as "righteous," that is right toward men, and "holy," that is, right toward God; and Herod stands between the malignant Herodias and John.

"He was much perplexed" (v. 20). The better nature of Herod is roused by John's preaching; he listens to him gladly. A kind of conflict arises in Herod; he is urged toward the right, he is pulled toward the wrong.

*S. S. Lesson June 10. Mark 6: 14-29. Golden Text.—Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit—Eph. 5: 18. (May be used as a temperance lesson.)

"The daughter of Herodias herself came in and danced" (v. 22). Though it had been held in check, Herodias's enmity has not ceased. Notice how tyrannical evil is; Herodias will put her daughter even to utmost shame; no greater indignity could be put on maidenhood than to dance as and where Salome did.

"Ask of me whatsoever thou wilt" (v. 22). Herod is entranced and drunk. So he rashly and stupidly promises. Never promise, especially a great thing, but when you are the conscious master of yourself. Keep a clear head and a steady heart. Only thus can you go safely.

"And he sware unto her, Whatsoever thou shalt ask of me, I will give it thee" (v. 23). I suppose he imagined the most Salome could ask would be some most rare and costly jewel. But how bad companions and a drink-bleared brain will egg a man on into all sorts of foolishness! How many times young men have said to me, amid the complications of sin, "I would not have said what I did, or be where I am, or do what I have done had it not been for those friends."

"She came in straightway with haste unto the king, and asked, saying, I will that thou give me in a charger the head of John the Baptist" (v. 25). Mark that "straightway with haste," and that "forthwith." Herodias will not give Herod chance to change his mind about his tipsy, foolish promise. Evil's time is "now." And "now" is also the time of righteousness. How much often swings upon that pivot of the "now!"

"The king was exceedingly sorry" (v. 26). There is such a thing as being even "exceedingly sorry," and yet going straight to the devil. Sorrow is useless unless it urge you into sin's forsaking. There is no help or healing in a sorrow which simply regrets and plunges on hellward.

"For the sake of his oaths" (v. 26). Mark what urged Herod on notwithstanding his poignant regret. "His oaths"—but a promise toward evil is never to be kept; the holiest thing you can do with a bad promise is to break it. "And of them that sat at meat"—so bad companions are the devil's implements. If you cannot stand out against them, you are lost.

"The king sent" (v. 27). He did not kill John with his own hand, yet he killed him. What you do through another, you do. If a man rents his property for a saloon, he is as guilty of all the devilry which goes on in it as the man who peddles the "wet damnation" over the bar. "They came and took up his corpse"

(v. 29). Only a little over thirty is John the Baptist, and now dead and buried. Herod is still, for a time, on his throne. But whose has been the really successful life? It is easy to answer. Who would not rather be John than Herod? Herod has killed his soul. And retribution, in

this world even, smote Herod. He and Herodias ended their unholy lives, throneless and exiles, in distant Gaul. And then, the great beyond!—C. E. World.

For Dominion Presbyterian.

Psalm VII.

A New Version by W.M.M.

O Lord my God, to Thee I've fled
I've refuge ta'en in Thee;
Save me from my pursuers, Lord;
O Lord, deliver me.

Save me from him, lest he my soul
Should like a lion tear
And rend in pieces, while there is
None to deliver near.

My innocence, Lord, I protest:
If I have done what he
Against me brings, if in my hands
Iniquity there be.

If I've rewarded ill to him
At peace with me that was,—
I who delivered him that is
My foe without a cause;

Then let an enemy pursue
My soul and it o'ertake,
Tread down my life, and in the dust
To dwell my glory make.

Arise, O Lord; lift up Thyself;
In holy anger rise;
Awake for me; to judgment bring
My raging enemies.

And let the peoples of the earth
Come round about Thee nigh;
And o'er the host ascend and take
Thy judgment seat on high.

The Lord doth judge the earth; O Lord,
Do justice unto me,
According to my righteousness
And mine integrity.

Oh, that the wickedness of men
Might to an end be brought,
The just established, by the Lord,
Who knoweth the inmost thought!

My shield's with God, with God who saves
The upright in the way:
God is a righteous judge, a God
Who's angry every day.

And if the wicked do not turn,
His sword He'll surely whet;
His bow is bent, His missiles aimed,
His fiery arrows set.

Behold, the wicked travaileth
With what is nothing worth;
Conceiveth mischief in his heart,
And falsehood bringeth forth.

A deep pit he hath digged, and fall'n
Therein when it was made:
His mischief and his violence
Recoil on his own head.

I will give thanks unto the Lord,
The righteous God, and sing
Unto the name of God Most High,
Of God, my Lord and King.

A Promise Full of Comfort.

"Incline your ear and come unto me; hear and your soul shall live, and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David." They may delay, may be mysterious, but they are sure. "Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away." Many of the tenderest words in the Bible are in the Old Testament. No promise could have been greater or more precious to the devout few than that he could be included in "the sure mercies of David."

Human love is itself the best worship. Human love is itself the holiest presence of God and is the best proof that the divine Love which has produced it and lives in it will fulfill all the promises whispered there.—Henry M. Simmons.

The Words of Jesus.

BY REV. JAMES STALKER, D.D.
Martha and Mary. Luke x. 39-42.

In restricting ourselves to the words of Jesus we may appear to be missing the best of the lovely story of the friendly visit of Jesus to the home of the sisters of Bethany; but the words alone contain ample materials to reward our study.

CAREFUL AND TROUBLED.

"Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things." The repetition of the name at the beginning of this address is like the repetition of the name of Saul when Jesus addressed the subsequent apostle on his way to Damascus, or of Moses when Jehovah addressed the subsequent deliverer at the burning bush. We need not suppose that Jesus spoke in a tone of severity. On the contrary, we ought to think of Him as speaking with a smile on His face; yet the doubling of the name, like the use of "Verily, verily," was meant to indicate that something weighty was coming.

What Jesus says about Martha's state of mind recalls his great utterances in the Sermon on the Mount on the subject of carefulness, as well as other scriptures, like that of St. Paul, "Be careful for nothing." Martha allowed herself to be thrown into such a state of excitement and confusion by the visit of Christ that she was quite unable to reap the full advantage of her great opportunity. She made her hospitality burdensome even to Him whom she had invited to be her guest. Someone has said that want of time is want of genius; because a thoroughly efficient mind has control of its work. Many a housewife and many a servant are in a chronic state of heat and confusion simply because they have not commenced in time. The reason why we are so careful and troubled is because the work of yesterday is allowed to encroach upon to-day, or because we borrow trouble from to-morrow. A state of excitement and flurriedness betrays a lack of human dignity. But it is peculiarly unworthy of those in whose hearts there ought to reign the peace of God.

THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

"One thing needful." Some have supposed this famous saying to refer to Martha's provision for the entertainment of her guest—as if Jesus had said, "You are making too much of my visit, and furnishing too elaborate a table; I have no taste for a prolonged and laborious meal; a single dish is all I need." There is a reading in some manuscripts which favors this view—"a few things or only one"—that is, one or two courses at table, or a single one. This is a trival conception of the verse in comparison with that to which we are accustomed; but I would hardly venture to pronounce it unworthy of our Lord. It would be a word spoken on behalf of simplicity of living; and this would not be out of place in any age. We multiply the necessities of civilisation so much that we destroy the joy of existence, becoming the slaves of our own arrangements; and hospitality, which is a Christian grace, becomes impossible because it is so expensive. It would be good for the world, and especially favorable to Christian fellowship if, instead of a few expensive and tedious dinner parties, there were

given a large number of simpler and less costly entertainments.

But the objection to this way of understanding the saying is that "the good part" which Mary is said to have chosen must be identical with the "one thing needful," and this is something different from the one dish or course which Jesus is supposed to have been referring to. When Jesus says that one thing is needful, we ask, Needful for what? And the answer, in the first place at any rate, must be, Needful to satisfy Christ. Martha had been making cumbrous preparations to please Him. But, when Jesus comes to visit anyone, what He primarily seeks is not that many things should be accumulated to give to Him, but that the heart should be ready to receive what He has to give. To Him it is more blessed to give than to receive, as He said Himself. No doubt the time for us to give and Him to receive will come. It came to Mary when she broke for Him her box of precious ointment. But to begin with, we have simply to receive what He has to give.

If we wish to determine still more exactly what "the one thing needful" is, we may say, that it is to hear the word of Christ. If any man of eminence and wisdom were to visit a house, it would be no honour to him if the most visible feature of the behaviour of his entertainers were a costly and noisy display of their wealth, and if there were no disposition shown to take advantage of the opportunity of hearing and treasuring his words. Mary got her work finished before Jesus arrived, she was at leisure for conversation with Him, and this was the greatest compliment she could pay. He was well aware of the value of His own words, and stated on many occasions that it was the choicest of all privileges to be allowed to listen to them. But of course His words were precious not in themselves, but because of what they contained. They were, as He called them, words of eternal life. He offers Himself in His words; and, in the last resort, this is "the one thing needful."

THE GOOD PART.

"Mary hath chosen that good part which shall not be taken away from her." Of few things can it be said that they shall not be taken away from those who possess them. Dainty food, rich clothing, stately houses, and all other earthly possessions about the attainment and retention of which men and women are careful and troubled, will all be taken away. In a very few years, whether in this world we have been rich or poor, we shall all pass absolutely naked of earthly goods into the world unseen. The only thing which can never be taken away from us is that which is realised in the soul itself, and becomes part of its substance. That we can carry with us through all the changes which the future can bring; no thief can steal or rust corrupt the virtue of the soul; that will last when the sun is old and the stars are cold. This, therefore, is "the one thing needful."

"The good part" is a metaphor suggested by a feature of ancient life which had much to do in shaping the imagery of ancient literature, and especially that of the Bible. At feasts, food and drink were not distributed indiscriminately, but ac-

ording to the rank of the guests or the position held by them in the favor of the entertainer. Both in quantity and quality the portions given to the guests differed. And how like to this is the distribution of human life! One human being receives a common draught in a common cup, another a choice portion in a lordly dish.

But it is expressly said that Mary had "chosen" her part. In some respects our lot in this world is assigned to us by a will above our own—it is a cup, as Jesus said which our father has given to us, and we must drink it. But in a most important sense our lot is our own choice; we are that which we make ourselves, and our destiny will be what we ourselves have elected. It, at all events, requires a choice to obtain that good part which Mary possessed. If this be—as we have seen it is—to sit at the feet of Jesus and hear his words, it is evident that in order to do so, we require to remember the Sabbath day, taking full advantage of its opportunities of reading and hearing the Word. None can observe such habits without care, effort and self-denial. We shall not hear the words of eternal life unless we choose to do so. Still less can we lay hold of eternal life itself, or Him who is our life, without a choice. Every one in laying out the programme of his life, has some one thing which he is determined to obtain, whatever else he misses. Is our choice the same as Mary's—are we determined at all hazards, to find time and leisure to sit at the feet of Jesus, in order that, through listening to His words, we may lay hold of Himself?—Christian Leader.

Light in Darkness.

BY F. E. LAY.

Think not alone of what the Lord hath taken,
Thou whom His love hath some joy bereft;
But, in the moments thou art most forsaken,
Think what His love hath left.

Count up thy gains won from affliction's losses,—
The riches gathered in no cheaper mart,—
Thy faith and hope,—new crowns to costly crosses,
Wrought out by sorrow's smart.

The Power of Love.

There is no power like love. I loved my little boy long before he loved me. One night I heard him say to his mamma, when he thought me asleep, "I love papa." What thrill of joy that gave me! I had loved him from infancy, but now he was beginning to love me. A few weeks before he might have seen me carried out of the house in a coffin, and perhaps, not knowing better, have thoughtlessly laughed about it. But now my love for him has found a response. Something like this is the feeling God has when a sinner melts under His love. Love produces love. What a power it might become in our pulpit and Sunday School classes and meetings. The reason we have so little love for Jesus Christ is that we are, so little acquainted with Him. The more intimately we get acquainted with the Son of God, the more shall we love Him, and we may get acquainted with Him by reading about Him in the Word.—Moody.

He who begs for praise is not likely to get it. The soul shrinks from the man who is a mendicant in a way so disgusting. But he who does his duty, thinking not of himself, but of the Lord, will not be without his commendation.

Ministers and Churches.

OUR TORONTO LETTER.

An anxious congregation gathered in Cooke's Church last Sunday to listen to what many feared might be the last sermon from their beloved pastor. In the morning Mr. Patterson preached from the text—"So then neither is he that planteth anything nor he that watereth but God, that giveth the increase." In the evening, for what proved to be his closing sermon, he chose—"There is one Mediator between God and man, the man Christ Jesus." An immense audience of upwards of 2,500 was present at the evening service. The service proceeded in the usual manner, till at the close of the sermon, Mr. Patterson stood for a moment looking over the great throng, then in low, intense tones said—"I wonder if I have made that plain to you. For fourteen years I have tried to make the Gospel plain from this pulpit. I wonder if I have succeeded. We shall meet at the bar of God. Shall I have to answer to the charge of unfaithfulness, or will you be charged with neglect of a message clearly delivered?" The strong, passionate nature of the preacher was deeply moved, that his audience instantly felt. Many a head was involuntarily bowed and doubtless many a silent prayer went up to God for mercy and forgiveness for opportunity unimproved.

There have been many meetings of his brethren, of citizens, of the office bearers of his church, and of the congregation, and in all there has been but one desire—to retain Mr. Patterson. He has listened to the successive appeals that have been made to him, but none of them have moved him. We believe that were the choice left to himself he would treat the call as he has treated others. But he had felt from the first that Another had chosen. The Master has called him for this other work and he has risen to obey Him. Such, we believe is his conviction, and this explains his steadfastness.

At the meeting of Presbytery it was evident that, upon his brethren at least, Mr. Patterson's deep conviction had made an impression. There was a disposition to leave the matter largely in his own hands. Rev. Dr. Thompson presented the plea of the Presbytery of Philadelphia and of Bethany congregation, and representatives of the congregation in all its departments, also spoke. Mr. Patterson simply stated the conviction that he was obeying the call of duty in accepting this call, and asked to be at once released from his present charge. Very reluctantly, but with every good wish for his continued success, the Presbytery granted the translation.

A rumor gained sufficient currency last week to secure a place in the Morning Globe, that the Session of Knox Church, at a regular meeting had determined to present the name of Rev. Dr. R. Johnston, of St. Andrew's, London, to the congregation for a successor to this late minister, and to offer him a salary of \$8,500 a year. The item was an unfortunate one as there has been no meeting of session to deal with the matter yet. Any action that may have been taken is purely informal. It is to be regretted that preliminary action, which may or may not amount to anything should be reported in the daily newspapers. Currency is often given to meet gossip, to the annoyance, and sometimes to the serious detriment of the parties concerned.

Anniversary services have recently been held in several of our churches, and good progress for the year is reported. Dovercourt has risen rapidly to the self-sustaining point, and has an excellent outlook for another year. Toronto Junction is bravely struggling with its great debt burden, and will free itself from a considerable portion of it during the year. Very properly this congregation will apportion almost all its contribution to the Century Fund to the cancelling of debt. The Church of the Covenant too has a heavy debt and it will need earnest effort to carry the devoted little congregation through the present year. Westminster held anniversary services

last Sabbath, when Rev. J. W. MacMillan, of Lindsay, one of the most popular young preachers of the day, conducted the services. Good steady progress has marked the year that has just closed.

OTTAWA.

The sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be observed in several of the city churches next Sunday.

Rev. Dr. Campbell, of Erskine Church occupied the pulpit of St. Andrew's, Buckingham, last Sunday. In the morning the reverend gentleman delivered a very helpful discourse taking his text from St. John 15, 8, "Herein is my father glorified that ye bear much fruit, and so shall ye be my disciples." He announced two heads, first, design, or the object in being a Christian; second, the test, or the standard, by which to judge a Christian. Under the first head the speaker referred to the motive as being the root of the whole question. He then enlarged on the motive underlying Christianity, and showed that neither the fear of punishment nor the desire for personal happiness should be the paramount motive, but it should be rather the desire to promote the happiness of others. The speaker then referred back to the text and showed that the great object in being a Christian was to glorify God. Under the second head Dr. Campbell said there was one test by which a Christian could be judged. It was a test used by the Saviour himself. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

EASTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. John Hay, of Renfrew, gave an address in St. Andrew's Church, Almonte, on May 29th.

Rev. Jas. Hastie, M.A., of Cornwall occupied the pulpits of Finch and Chrysler Presbyterian Churches last Sunday.

The management of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Stirling, have decided to hold a monster celebration on Dominion Day.

Rev. J. G. Shearer, M.A., Secretary of the Lord's Day Alliance, will preach in St. Andrew's, Belleville, on Sunday next.

Rev. D. Strachan, of Brockville, delivered his lecture "Rambles Through Italy," in Prescott on the evening of the 28th.

Rev. J. McLaren, formerly of Carp and Kimburn has taken charge of the Presbyterian congregation at Plantagenet, for the summer.

Rev. J. G. Potter, pastor of St. Andrew's Church, Peterboro, occupied the Rev. Mr. Kannawin's pulpit, Omemeo, on Sabbath last while the latter supplied at Peterboro.

The members of Drummond Presbyterian Church, Bell's Corners, purpose holding the anniversary services on June 17th. The Rev. Dr. Armstrong, of Ottawa, will occupy the pulpit morning and evening.

Rev. A. S. Grant, missionary to the Klondike, has left to resume his charge in the north. Rev. John Pearson will leave for the Klondike during the first week in July.

Since Principal Grant was appointed to Queen's in 1877, through his vigorous efforts about half a million dollars has been raised for endowment purposes. Of this amount \$180,000 was subscribed in 1878, and \$250,000 in 1887. Dr. Grant says he hopes to raise as much more money for Queen's before he takes off his armor.

The Renfrew Mercury says: "Mr. Thurlow Fraser, who occupied the pulpit of St. Andrews here on Sunday last and will again on the coming Sunday, is accounted one of the brilliant men of Queens University, of the class nearly approaching the end of their divinity course. There is something in his voice to remind of the Rev. W. G. Mills."

The services in the First Church, Brockville, were conducted last Sunday by Rev. Dr. Stuart, of Prescott. There were good congregations present both morning and evening, and they had the pleasure of listening to very able and instructive discourses from

Dr. Stuart. The sermon in the morning had a special bearing upon the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, which is to be observed in First Church next Sabbath.

The Presbytery of Brockville will hold a special meeting at North Williamsburg on Thursday, the 31st inst., for the purpose of ordaining and inducing Mr. W. McIlroy into the pastoral charge of North Williamsburg and Winchester Springs. The following will take part in the services: Rev. H. Cameron will preside and induct; Rev. Mr. Daley, of Lyn, will preach; Rev. J. McC. Kellock, of Morewood, will address the minister, and Rev. H. Carmichael, of Dunbar, will address the people.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

Rev. A. J. McGillivray, of London preached at Chatham on Sunday.

Wentworth Sunday School, Hamilton, has contributed \$35.23 to the India famine fund.

The Rev. M. L. Leitch of Stratford and the Rev. J. H. Graham, Avonton, exchanged pulpits on Sunday, May 23.

The Kemble Presbyterians expect to lay the corner stone of their new church on Thursday, May 31.

The Rev. John Pringle, just returned from Atlin City, B.C., will preach in Central church, Galt, on Sunday morning.

Rev. Mr. Wilson of Everett delivered two excellent sermons in Churchhill Presbyterian Church on Sunday.

The induction of the Rev. Mr. McAuley to the pastorate of Knox Church, Mitchell, will take place on the 6th prox.

The next meeting of Guelph Presbytery will be held in Guelph on Tuesday the 17th July at 10:30 forenoon.

Rev. Thomas Wilson delivered his illustrated lecture on the South African War in Knox church, Belmont, on May 24, before a large and appreciative audience.

The Rev. Alex. Mackay D. D. will conduct a Gaelic service in the lecture room of Knox church Toronto next Sunday at three p. m. Highlanders of all denomination are invited to attend.

Rev. Dr. Wardrope has returned to Guelph after an absence of several months. The doctor's many friends were pleased to notice his health so much improved after his recent illness at Baltimore, Md.

Next Sunday Rev. Dr. Johnston will commence a series of lectures to men in the Auditorium, London. They are called "From the Pit to the Palace," and are founded upon the life of Joseph. The lectures will be illustrated with splendid stereopticon views.

In view of the desirability that calls from Belwood and Mimosa, and Dracon and Metz, should be considered before the meeting of the General Assembly a pro re nata meeting of the Presbytery of Guelph has been called by the Moderator, Rev. R. J. M. Glassford, and will be held in St. Andrew's Church, Guelph, on Friday, June 8th, at 10:30 a.m.

Victoria Church, Toronto Junction was nicely decorated with flowers and palms on the occasion of the anniversary services. Rev. H. M. Parsons, D. D., of Knox Church, conducted the morning service Rev. John A. Clarke of Cowan Avenue Presbyterian Church addressed a meeting of Sunday school children and young people in the afternoon. In the evening the preacher was Rev. J. A. Macdonald.

The Rev. Alex. Mackay D. D. assisted at the sacramental services in Fuslinch on 26 and 27 May. He preached 3 Gaelic and 2 English sermons. 4 Gaelic communion addresses and 3 English. On Monday he visited several of his old parishioners. Dr. Mackay was pastor of Duff's church for sixteen years. It is over ten years since he left there, but he generally goes back every year and takes his full share of the communion services especially in the Gaelic language.

Anniversary services were held in connection with the induction Rev. Mr. McClean into the pastoral charge of Knox church, Tara, on the 13th inst. The services were conducted by Rev. Mr. Conning, of Walkerton, who preached able sermons to large congregation both morning and evening. He lectured on Monday evening on "The Music of the Spheres," which was much enjoyed by all who heard the lecture. The proceeds went to the Indian Famine Fund and amounted to \$83.50. Knox church has had a prosperous year and even greater things are looked for this year.

The Presbyterian Council met in regular session in St. James' Church, London, with Rev. Walter Moffat, president, in the chair, and Rev. A. J. MacGillivray acting as secretary. A report was presented by a committee on church extension in the southwestern part of the city, stating that there was room for such extension. The report was referred to the session of the King Street Church, which is most interested to obtain further particulars on the matter. The council approved of the scheme to have the ministers preach at least once a year in every other Presbyterian church in the city, and left it to the clergy to arrange the dates for the exchanges. The proposal to have a chaplain for Victoria Hospital adoped by the different denominations for a short period each year was also agreed to. Mr. D. McAlpine read a paper on "How to Stimulate Parents and Church Officers in Sabbath School Work," but owing to the lateness of the hour discussion on it was postponed until a future meeting.

The will of the late Mrs. Jane Hunter of Hamilton widow of Mr. George Hunter of Barton Township, has been filed for probate. The deceased lady left an estate worth \$18,954, and several charitable bequests. The income \$10,000 goes to her adopted son, Mr. Walter J., of Nanaimo B. C., during his life and afterward to his children, but if he leaves no children, then the \$10,000 goes to the home mission schemes of the Presbyterian church in Canada, the foreign mission schemes of the Presbyterian Church, Montreal Presbyterian College, Manitoba Presbyterian College and the School of Divinity in connection with Queen's University Kingston, in equal shares. \$5000 to the Rev. George L. Mackay, Presbyterian missionary to the Island of Formosa, to erect two memorial chapels on the Island, to be called the George Hunter and Jane Hunter Memorial Chapels, in memory of the late husband of the testatrix and herself, to be used for religious services in connection with the Formosa mission. The remainder of the estate to the trustees of Knox Presbyterian College Toronto, and the testatrix desired that out of the income therefrom they should establish two or more scholarships to be given annually, and to be known as the George Hunter Bursaries. By a codicil \$2,000 is left the Hamilton City Hospital, and \$200 to the Presbyterian Century Fund, in connection with Macnab Street Presbyterian Church.

MONTREAL

Rev. Dr. Grant of Queen's preached in St. Andrew's church, Montreal, on Sunday.

Rev. A. B. MacKay, D.D., pastor, preached in Crescent St. in the forenoon and the Rev. Principal McVicar in the evening. Communion was dispensed at the morning service.

WINNIPEG AND WEST

Rev. John L. Small, B.A., preached morning and evening in Augustiae church, Winnipeg on Sunday.

The Presbyterian congregation of Dawson City was organized into a self-sustaining charge on January 10, 1899, by Rev. A. S. Grant, who left there last September. The church was built of logs at a cost of \$7,900, with a seating capacity of 250. The population of Dawson is 5,000 and of the Klondike region 16,500. The plate collections are larger than those of most churches in Toronto and Montreal and that the total receipts—\$8,704.65—are very large for a congregation only and year old.

The ladies of Westminster church, Winnipeg, provided a delightful evening's entertainment, the occasion being the seventh anniversary of the pastor. Among those who contributed to the evening's enjoyment were Miss Edith Whyte, Mrs. Jackson, Mrs. I. Pitblado Miss Moir Mrs. W. J. Ptolemy, Mr. C. N. Mitchell, Mr. J. N. McLeod and Mr. K. M. Armstrong. Rev. Mr. Pitblado gave a brief address in which he congratulated those present on their successful evening and thanked his congregation for the honor they had done him.

MARITIME PROVINCES.

A new church is to be erected at Redbank, N.B., Rev. M. A. McKenzie will be settled as pastor at Middle River on July 8.

Miss Blackadder of Trinidad has arrived in Halifax.

Rev. T. C. Jack of Sydney and Rev. D. Henderson of Chatham, N.B., exchanged pulpits last Sabbath.

The Presbyterians of Fredericton are contributing to the India famine fund through their W.F.M.S. Senator Wark has given them \$100.

Mr. Murray Macneil, son of Rev. L. G. Macneil of St. John has been appointed associate professor at Dalhousie College. He is at present taking his doctor's degree at Harvard.

Rev. T. R. Douglas, B.A., who has served as ordained missionary at Annapolis for the last two years, has been called and settled there as pastor. Both Annapolis and its affiliated congregation of Peroffe are prospering under his care.

Rev. Jas. Carruthers is spending a few days in Cape Breton. He preached last Sabbath in North Sydney, gave readings there on Tuesday evening and lectured in Sydney on Thursday. Proceeds of lecture and readings went to the rebuilding fund of St. Matthew's church.

Rev. F. S. Coffin, Stewiacke, Rev. Clarence McKinnon, Halifax, and Dr. D. Murray of Stewiacke sailed on Saturday on the lumber laden ship "Briardene" for Europe. After taking in the Paris exposition they will take a tour through England and Scotland, and will return by the same ship in the fall.

By the death of Mr. John Stewart on the 23rd of May, a well known and much esteemed citizen has been removed. He was an elder of St. David's church and for many years superintendent of the Sabbath school. He frequently sat in the General Assembly. The Y.M.C.A. owes very much to his princely liberality.

The Home for Invalids was opened in St. John last Tuesday evening. This is formed by the bequest of \$100,000 from the late W. W. Turnbull and the gift of the old Marine hospital from the Dominion government. Many of the private rooms were furnished by churches and individuals. The total number that can be accommodated is 20, as each patient costs \$200 per annum. Preference will always be given to indigent patients, but those willing to pay can be accommodated as far as there is room. The late William Wallace Turnbull was of Scotch Presbyterian stock although he died in another communion. He was a man of strong character and sterling business qualities. His widow is well known in connection with the W.C.T.U. and her husband warmly sympathized with her in her philanthropic works.

Knox Church, Vankleet Hill.

The corner stone of the new "Knox Church" was well and truly laid by the Rev. A. B. Mackay D.D. of Montreal, who was presented with a silver trowel bearing the inscription "Presented to Rev. A. B. Mackay, D.D., on the occasion of the laying of the corner stone of Knox Church Vankleet Hill, May 24th 1900."

Members of the Glengary and Ottawa Presbyteries were present in large numbers, as also visitors

from many outside points such as Montreal and Ottawa.

The congregation was organized in the year 1825. The first settled pastor was the Rev. John McLaren who also attended to the spiritual needs of the whole surrounding country, going north to L'Orignal, across the Ottawa river to Lachute, and south as far as Williamstown. Mr. McLaren was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. McIsaac, who continued past r till the disruption in 1848.

The congregation joined the Free Church and the first pastor under the new regime was the Rev. Dr. McGillivray, who was settled over the congregation from 1846 to 1848. He was followed by the Rev. Alex. Cameron from 1850 to 18' 2, and he was succeeded by the Rev. D. Cameron from 1838 to 1857. The next minister was the Rev. Peter Currie who was inducted in 18 7 and continued pastor until 1899. In 1870 the Rev. Wm. Grant became pastor of the congregation and in 1873 he was followed by the Rev. John Ferguson who remained till 1896. The Rev. D. McEachern was minister of the congregation from 1868 to 1891. In October, 1892, the present pastor, Rev. John MacLeod, was settled.

The first church building was a stone structure was erected in 1826. The church now in course of erection and the manse are on the site of this first church building. The present brick church occupied by the congregation was built during the pastorate of the Rev. Peter Currie and the manse was erected during the time of the Rev. D. McEachern.

The congregation was always known as the Vankleet Hill Presbyterian congregation, but at the last annual meeting, held February 8th, 1900, the name "Knox Church" was adopted.

The church building now in course of erection will be of stone with a seating capacity of over 600, and a basement for Sabbath School purposes equipped with all modern improvements. It is 75 feet, by 60 feet with a tower 16 feet square. It will cost about \$20,000, over \$17,000 of which is already subscribed, and the building committee hope to realize from the sale of the old church and additional subscriptions, sufficient to dedicate the church free of debt.

The building committee is composed of—Malcolm McCuaig, chairman; Martin A. Sylvester, secretary Wm. H. MacKenzie, treasurer; John Hunter, Alex. McInnes, F. McKillean, Alex. McCaskill, James Barr, Thomas Tweed.

The congregation is well organized and has many societies. It has a membership of 404.

The session consists of—Rev. J. McLeod, moderator; Malcolm McCuaig, clerk; Kenneth Fraser, Roderick McCrimmon, Colin McKinnon, Alex. McInnes A. N. Cheney, C. C. Northcott, Thomas Tweed, Arch'd McLaurin, Wm. Fraser, James Barr, Alex. McCaskill.

The trustees of the congregation are—Robert Stirling, chairman; John A. McNab, John A. Fraser, Duncan Campbell, Charles L. Northcott.

The board of managers are—John R. McCrimmon chairman; John S. McIntosh, secretary; Wm. H. MacKenzie, treasurer; A. N. Cheney, treasurer of stipend and schemes fund; M. A. Sylvester, Duncan A. Campbell, M. A. MacRae, F. McKillean, N. Fraser, M. McCrimmon, Wm. Hay, Donald McCaskill Wm. Macatam.

Birth.

At 45 Desjardins ave., Maisonneuve, on Sunday morning, May 27, 1900, the wife of the Rev. W. M. MacKerracher, B.A., of a son.

Marriage.

At Brookville, on May 28, 1900, by Rev. D. Strachan, assisted by Rev. R. Laird, Rev. J. J. Cameron, Athens, Ont., formerly of Woodlands, to Maud, daughter of the late Benson Brown of Athens.

Deaths.

At Carleton Place, on May 26th, Mary C. Gillies, relict of the late John Gillies, aged 81 years.

At Madoc, on Sunday evening, the 27th May, Eliza, wife of A. F. Wood, Esq.

In Galt, on Tuesday, May 22nd, 1900, at 8 o'clock p.m., James Cowan, aged 98 years and 7 months.

The Inglenook

A Soldier Chap.—A Guernsey Idyll.

BY E. GALLIENNE ROBIN.

"If there's a thing I am set against in this world it's you going with them soldier chaps, so mind what you're about, my girl!"

Old Jean Letocq frowned fiercely, and stared his granddaughter out of countenance; she blushed a little, but answered quietly:

"But, grandfather, I don't go with soldiers! And they are not all wild and fond of drink, like you always say. Why, there's two or three from Fort Houmet that goes as regular as can be to the Catel Chapel every Sunday night."

"Eh? Eh? And how do you know that, Susie?"

"Oh, but I can't help it if I see them there! They sit in a line with us. And, grandfather, soldiers are brave, brave fellows! Surely you'll say 'yes' to that!"

The old man shrugged his shoulders. "Ah, but its their work, ain't it? and their paid for it, ain't they? But come now, Susie, put on your scoop, and take a basket for to try and bring me a few limpets from the rocks. And while your gone I'll have a doze, before tea."

Susie took down her pink sun-bonnet from the rack, and a basket from the hook on the wall, and sped across a wide common towards the rocks. She had no difficulty in finding a plentiful supply of limpets, and she was just thinking of turning homewards when a white something perched on a high rock caught her eye. It was a young sea-gull. The very creature she had longed to catch and tame! Putting down her basket, she crept stealthily up the face of the rock, and leaning over the young bird, she clasped it eagerly. With a terrified shriek it struggled to get free, but Susie clutched it firmly, and prepared to descend by an easier path. Suddenly she saw that she had mistaken the way, for without looking before her, she had gone blindly down, and now she found herself on a jagged point above a boiling mass of surf. She staggered, lost her balance, shrieked wildly, and then fell, while the sea gull flew away with a joyful cry.

The rock upon which the girl fell heavily was a broad flat one, which effectually saved her from rolling over into the sea. But she lay perfectly still, and the blood flowed from a wound in her forehead. Suddenly a young soldier scrambled round a point of cliff, and started as he came in view of the seemingly dead girl. He had heard the cry of the gull, and had come to see if it had flown away from a nest. He little expected to see pretty Susie Letocq in such a state. He knew her well by sight, and admired her neat figure and sweet face, as did many other young men from Cobo Bay.

Bending down he heard her moan piteously, and with careful hands he raised her in his strong arms and carried her over the rocks; it was no easy task, but he walked faster across the common and knocked at her cottage door, feeling as if he had been years bringing her home.

"Come in," said a gruff voice, and Edward Turner entered the bright, clean kitchen, where the table was set for tea.

Jean was smoking his long clay pipe, and he started up as the scarlet coat horrified his eyes.

"What is it?" he cried. "How dare you come in? What's the matter with Susie?"

In a few hurried words the soldier told what he knew of the accident; then saying he would go for the doctor and send in a neighbour, he left the cot-

tage. He soon returned with a doctor whom he had met as he drove on his country rounds, and Susie's hurt was pronounced slight, though the shock to her nervous system would necessitate some days of complete rest.

No one took any further notice of Edward, and after hanging about in the hope that he might be of further use, he was obliged, at last, to return to Fort Houmet, where his regiment was quartered. But he thought a good deal about Susie, and at last, a few days after the accident, he decided to call and inquire how she was. One bright Sunday afternoon he knocked at the cottage door, and old Jean's voice had him enter.

Susie sat in a big armchair near the window. She was propped up with pillows, and looked white and weary. Jean sat beside her, with a large open Bible on his knees, and he stared with an angry frown at the visitor. Edward felt, all at once ill at ease; though the girl's grateful words and smiles warmed his heart, the old man's evident antagonism was on the point of driving him away, when again the door opened, and a minister entered the kitchen. After greeting Jean and Susie, he turned to the soldier with outstretched hand.

"I am glad to see you," he said, "for, of course, I have heard of your gallant rescue of my little friend; besides that, you are such a regular attendant of Catel Chapel, that I want to tell you how delighted I am to see you always in your pew every Sunday night."

Edward's relief was extreme at being courteously treated; but the minister's interest in the young man did not mollify Jean and he treated Susie to a tirade against redcoats as soon as the soldier had gone away with the preacher. But Susie was more than inclined to take the part of Edward. She owed him her life, she said, and besides he was good, and— and . . . The old man interrupted her harshly and bade her never speak of soldiers again; they were a bad lot and there was no doubt that this Turner would prove a hypocrite. Thus Susie was silenced, but she was not convinced. She hoped Edward would not venture to come again, for she feared her grandfather would send him from the door, and yet she was sadly disappointed when weeks went by and no bonny, fair-haired soldier ever appeared to ask if she was dead or alive. But she improved rapidly, nevertheless, and her heart beat fast when she entered Catel Chapel the first Sunday after her complete recovery. Would he be there? Perhaps he had been ordered away! Perhaps he might be in England for a furlough! She turned timidly and looked at his pew. He was there, and meeting her glance, he smiled in a most friendly manner. Reassured, Susie gave her thoughts to the service with a happy, glowing face and a grateful heart.

Coming out of the chapel, it was very dark and Susie was feeling her way out of the yard, when a pleasant manly voice asked if she were alone. Susie peered through the darkness and made out the tall stalwart figure and merry face of Edward Turner. She was alone, she replied hurriedly, and then he asked permission to take her home. How friendly the two became as they walked closely down the hill and along the bay! How many things they had in common! Above all, it was a matter of no small rejoicing when Susie discovered that Edward was a soldier of Jesus Christ, and when they parted, each felt the other to be already dear and necessary to life's happiness.

After that Sunday evening they met often. Susie was a good conscientious little girl, but she did not hesitate to see her lover unknown to Jean. She

realised that his prejudice against a soldier was wholly absurd and unwarranted, and at last the day came when Edward would have to face the grandfather again, for his permission must be sought in a momentous matter. One evening he came to the cottage, and before Jean could order him away, Susie rose and said firmly:

"Please, dear grandfather, you must listen just this once—Mr. Turner has something most important to say."

Now Jean could not refuse his Susie, and so, with a stormy face, he sat beside the fire, and listened to the soldier's tale of love and devotion. As Edward finished the old man rose, and, drawing himself to his full height, he said sternly—

"If I live to be a hundred I will never give my consent to this marriage, Susie. I'd rather see you dead in your coffin than married to one of these shiftless soldier chaps."

Susie gave a cry of bitter pain, and threw her arms around her soldier's neck, while he held her close and bowed his curly head on her shoulder; and the old man looked at them, frowning and perfectly unmoved. No one spoke, only Susie moaned sadly.

Then suddenly the door was flung open, and another soldier appeared.

"You must excuse me!" he cried, in terrible excitement, "but our regiment is ordered off! We must leave Guernsey to-morrow morning. We are off to the war! We are going to smash the foe! Hurrah!"

A glint of horrible joy shone in the old faded eyes of Jean Letocq. Ah! he thought to himself that Providence was on his side. But poor Susie sobbed and cried and suffered agonies at the parting with her lover; and he, proud to be off to the war, was yet full of grief too! It needed a heart of stone to withstand the tears and love of the two young creatures, so good, so beautiful; but Jean Letocq hardened himself and heaved a great sigh of relief when, at last, Edward Turner tore himself from Susie's clinging arms and rushed away through the darkness to Fort Houmet.

He wrote long letters on the voyage out and Susie received a few hurried scraps when he reached his destination. Then, suddenly, his letters ceased and the poor girl's anxiety and suffering tortured her almost beyond endurance. It was awful to bear the suspense alone, for her grandfather would not hear the war mentioned and never spoke the slightest word of sympathy. Susie spent nearly all her little hoard of savings in buying newspapers. Every day when her work was done, she tramped into Sainte Pierre Port, the capital of Guernsey, to get the latest news of the war. But Sunday was her saddest day. It stabbed her with a cruel pain to see Edward's empty pew at Catel Chapel, and yet she would not have missed her Sunday night services for the world; it was a blessed comfort to think of him and pray for him in the old place, where they had first seen each other.

But as the weeks went past, and the war continued Susie began to lose hope. Never a word did she hear from Edward. She felt that her desire for life was ebbing away. She prayed to the Great Father to take her away, since it must be that her soldier was dead. And yet, even then, when Jean Letocq saw her falling from him, saw her bowed and broken with grief, he said not one word of comfort to ease or quiet her poor smitten heart.

One evening he went Susie lying on the jousquiere in the firelight, and left us out to have a chat with a neighbor. As he shut the door after him, Susie buried her fair head in the patchwork pillow and cried long and bitterly. She pictured so many dreadful things as she lay there. She saw him—her lover—dead on the battle-field, with his blue eyes set, and the blood oozing from many wounds, for Edward would die hard. Or she followed him through battle after battle, and saw him taken prisoner by the enemy. She stifled her sobs and tried to pray, then a sense of healing and rest fell over her as her tired eyes closed, and she slept.

* * * * *

"Susie, Susie, wake up!"

"What is it, grandfather?" she said, rubbing her eyes.

"Bah, my girl, you'd soon be wide awake if you knew what I've got here!"

In an instant she sat up. Ah! the clairvoyance of love. "It's about Edward!" she cried.

"Yes, it is, and I've been, after all, an old fool! He's a brave fellow, and a good one. There's a long piece about him in this paper, just come from town. He's saved lives and done goodness knows what. And it's said he'll have the Victoria Cross! So I suppose, Susie, if the Queen can notice him, well, I must, too. There, There! don't strangle me, but light the lamp and I'll read it to you. Where are my spectacles?"—London, (Eng.) Presbyterian.

My Teddie.

BY A HOSPITAL SISTER.

A shock-headed, unkempt, dirty scamp was "my Teddie" when he was brought into the hospital one blustering night, kicking like a little savage and boo-hooing for his "Dadder." There was a colored boy in the ward but he was not half as black as Teddie, who had presumably been cooling—if they do "cool" in caravans. The silence of the fire-lit sleeping ward terrified him into more noise; it was useless to beseech him not to wake all the patients, or to command him to be quiet. He alternately snuffled, "I wasn't never in a place like this before;" and belted, "I want my Dadder." He was certainly not an England's Hero.

Poor Teddie! He was subjected to a wholesale scrubbing and scouring, and a vigorous application of soft soap and turpentine only removed the outer coating of grime. Worse horrors than soap and water awaited him as he was carried forth again into the unknown, this time to the warmed and lighted theatre, and more strange sights and faces, and a yet stranger smell, which soon reduced him to a most unnatural calm.

The next morning he awoke with unaccustomed feeling in a bandaged foot which was toothless, and still unreconciled to the cruel fate which had transferred him from a crowded, dirty gipsy-van to a light and airy ward. He howled when his dressing was done, and eat ravenously everything that was taken to him. We thought him a little savage, but we didn't know my Teddie.

"After all, I believe there's something nice in the boy," I said, when his "dadder" at last arrived, and I watched one of those bedside pictures which are so pretty to see. A gipsy man—great brass buttons on his quaint waistcoat, and a yellow scarf knotted round his neck—sat by the pillow, big hugeness and roughness softened to the tenderest fatherhood; and Teddie, all tears and laughter, was burying his blubbery eyes in his father's sleeve, then raising them radiantly to the fond red face above him. They caressed one another in a way quite foreign to the English peasant; and my Teddie was not a mere child, so it was all the quainter. Presently a woman arrived, with a bare-footed baby slung in her shawl. Teddie nursed and hugged the baby, but still nestled to his father.

After a day or two Teddie began to grow at home, and soon he was the life of the ward. He woke with a laugh at five in the morning, and was merry as a skylark the whole day through. The only cloud was when Dadder was a few minutes late on visiting-day, and then I could never teach the boy to be manly enough to restrain his tears. We have heard of love in a cottage, but this idyll showed the reality of family love in a caravan.

Although he was "my Teddie" in particular, we all loved him—incurable little scamp though he was. You cannot expect a wild animal to behave as a tame one, and Teddie never weds the yoke of ward discipline. "The ward sounds very unruly, nurse," I would sternly say. "Cannot you keep better order!"

"It's only Teddie, Sister," nurse would answer, knowing that to be conclusive. And then I had to

ignominiously withdraw my rebuke. And as I couldn't scold him I would go to the bedside with a musical box, or engage him in conversation to keep him quiet.

"Do you like living in a caravan, Teddie?"

"It's a lovely life Sister, a lovely life!" His eyes glowed, and his dear ugly face was one beam of delight at the memory of nomadic happiness. "The country lanes-an feels summer, time, Sister yer wouldn't believe! An! then running the swings to the shows long er Dadder—it's gran', Sister, gran'!"

"Hush, not so loud, Teddie. Will you promise to come to see me every time your show comes to the town?"

"Sure enough an' Dadder'll come too. Us passes through this way once a year. Say, wouldn't yer like a swing free, Sister?"

The time came for my Teddie to leave us. Would they recognize that shining, mahogany scrubbed face at the caravan? But no doubt it would soon again be as begrimed as ever. It was a sad day for us all when the laughter of the ward went out with Teddie. And he has never been back to see the old friends of his imprisonment. I have never had the promised swing.

Patients come and patients go, each with his own characteristics. Ah, I would give much to see once more that shock-headed, unkempt, dirty scamp, my Teddie.—The Girl's Own Paper.

The Clouds of God.

BY ROBERT CLARKSON TONGE.

The city is full of labor,

And struggle and strife and care,

The fever-pulse of the city

Is throbbing in all the air;

But calm through the sunlit spaces,

And calm through the starlit sky,

For ever over the city

The clouds of God go by.

The city is full of passion

And shame and anger and sin

Of hearts that are dark with evil,

Of souls that are black within;

But white as the robes of angels

And pure through the wind swept sky,

For ever over the city

The clouds of God go by.

The city is full of sorrow,

And tears that are shed in vain;

By day and night there rises

The voice of its grief and pain.

But soft as a benediction

They bend from the vault on high,

And over the sorrowful city

The clouds of God go by.

O eyes that are old with vigil!

O hearts that are dim with tears!

Look up from the path of sorrow

That measures itself in years.

And read in the blue above you

The peace that is ever nigh,

While over the troubled city

The clouds of God go by.

—Friendly Visitor.

An Infant Prodigy.

Tito Mattel, the distinguished musician, showed very early signs of genius. "My father," he says, "began to teach me the piano when I was about four, but soon cried off and I had to be content with occasional lessons from casual teachers. I must have learnt very quickly, for at five I was a good deal talked about and flattered.

"We were not troubled in those days with the differences of pitch. C was C, and B and B all over Italy and the sense of absolute pitch was blurred. I always carried in my head the absolute pitch of each note, and was surprised to find this considered an unusual thing. I remember one day my father took me to see the famous Pablache. This was in 1846, when I was five and Pablache had just come to Naples.

"My father was telling the great basso about his wonderful boy, and was probably boring him, for Pablache suddenly turned to me and said: 'What

note it that, Tito?' And he carelessly boomed out a note from that huge chest of his.

"'It is out of tune,' I said.

"'What do you mean, you impertinent little boy?' he cried. 'What do you mean by such rudeness?'

"I had meant no rudeness, and thought I was merely stating an obvious fact. So I said, rather wondering, at his heat, 'Well, it is not a flat, and it is not A natural, so it is out of tune.'

"There was a grand piano in the room, and Lablache walked up to it, opened it, and softly played A flat and then A natural. The note he had sung was between the two. Then he went back, took me on his knees, and kissed me. 'You are my master,' he said."—The Children's Friend.

Mother-Lore.

Care should be taken that children's hoots are not laced or buttoned too tightly over the instep. This may lead to "flat-foot" and lost of all gracefulness in walking, even lameness in after years.

Children's rooms should be furnished with dark blinds or curtains. An expert on hygiene for the young says that the drawing up of blinds in the morning is a better manner of awakening the child than knocking at the door or calling; light gradually recalls the brain to its daily activities.

Especially in the case of children who are at all delicate the process of arousing from sleep should be gradual. Let the child sit up in bed and get fully awake before jumping out.

Mrs. M. E. Sangster, speaking at the recent convention of the Kindergarten Union about the child's Sunday, says: "I am sure I would let the girls have their dolls for part of the day at least, for mothers, you know, don't put away their babies on Sunday, by any means."

One resourceful mother suggest as a Sunday afternoon occupation for older children a scrap-book of pictures, for each of which they shall hunt up a suitable Scripture text or passage. Lambs, doves, sparrows, running water and many other objects will readily suggest such texts and the older boys and girls may be guided to use a concordance as a help.

Another mother succeeds in amusing two little boys for an hour or so on Sundays by means of a blank book, in which they are allowed to write with red or violet ink. Of course it is brought out only on this day of the week, "Is it being gradually filled," she writes "with choice passages of Scripture and selections of religious poetry that will sink into their minds as they write."

Turner and His Father.

The treatment of his aged father by Turner, the famous landscape painter, was admirable. The old man modestly offered to represent himself as a servant in his son's establishment; but Turner would not dream of this, saying: "No; we fought the world together; and now that it seeks to do me honor, you shall share all the benefits." And the great artist never smiled when the little old man would whisper proudly to some visitor: "Yes, yes; Joseph is the greatest artist in England, and I am his father."—St Nicholas.

One Man's Method.

In a recent address Mr. D. L. Moody said: "Leech, the celebrated artist and caricaturist, is said to have had an effective method of reprimanding his children. If their faces were distorted with anger, or a rebellious temper, or a sullen mood, he took out his sketch book, transferred their lineaments to paper, and showed them, to their confusion, how ugly naughtiness was."

For the soul that gives is the soul that lives;
And bearing another's load
Doth lighten your own and show the way
And brighten the homeward road.

—Washington Gladden.

World of Missions.

Missionary Plans for Khartum.

At least two missionary bodies, the English Church Missionary Society and the Presbyterian Mission, in Egypt, are waiting and watching and preparing to ascend the Nile at the soonest. To occupy the region so recently the scene of the Mahdi's fanatical career. Last January Dr. Watson, with the Rev. J. K. Giffen and the Rev. A.A. Cooper, agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, Alexandria, were on the way to Khartum, and perhaps farther south. Messrs. Cook & Son had afforded them special facilities for travel as far as Halfa. Beyond that they expected to "rough it." The Church Missionary Society delegation had preceded them about two weeks. "We hear that they are in Um Durman, staying in a room in the Mahdi's palace. What a change in a little over a year and a quarter! Then the Khalifa was all-powerful in that region with an immense army ready to beat back the infidels who were advancing toward his capital. Now his palace is occupied by the 'accursed Christians,' and his hosts are nearly all killed and he among the number, while one of his sons and other relatives are prisoners of war under surveillance at Rosetta, on the shores of the Mediterranean!" Before leaving Cairo, Dr. Watson had an interview with Lord Cromer and also with the head of the Egyptian army, in which he told them of the projected visit of himself and Mr. Giffen to Khartum, in order to report to their headquarters in the United States preparatory to commencing missionary work somewhere in the Sudan. He was received very kindly by both of the officials, but both were very positive in saying, "that no missionary work would at the present time be allowed among the Moslems. A place in Khartum might be allowed as a base of operations for work among the brother tribes at Fashoda, or farther south and west, but nothing must be attempted among the Moslems for the present." Dr. Watson thinks that it will not be long, however, until the restrictions will be removed, "and missionaries working prudently will have a free hand."

Presbyterian Statistics from Korea.

The annual report of the Council of Presbyterian Missions in Korea contains an interesting table of statistics, showing the results of the year extending from September, 1898, to September 1899. Four bodies cooperated in this council, viz.: The Presbyterian Mission North, the Presbyterian Mission South, the Canadian Presbyterian Mission and the Presbyterian Mission Women's Union of Vic-

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toria, Australia. The table referred to only gives the statistics from the native standpoint. There was a total of 69 native helpers, 274 regular plagues of meeting, 188 churches imperfectly organized, 186 churches entirely self-supporting, 2,873 communicants, 865 added during the year on confession, 9,878 adherents, 24 Sunday schools with 1,141 pupils, 144 chapels and church buildings, 50 of which were built during the year.

Greek Church in Japan.

Bishop Nicolai entered Japan in 1861 as the pioneer of the Greek Catholic Church. During his first eight years of his residence he received only 3 converts. But he spent the time in a diligent study of the language, history and religion of the people with whom he had cast his lot. In 1871 he opened a training school for native evangelists. In 1883 he was able to report 8 ordained pastors, 85 catechists and 3 foreign missionaries, including himself. In 1898 there were still only 3 foreign missionaries, but the native force had increased to 27 ordained pastors and 190 evangelists. Now, after the lapse of forty years, the work is carried on entirely by a native ministry, under the supervision of Bishop Nicolai, there being 34 native pastors and 148 native evangelists. The total number of members of the Greek church in Japan to-day is 26,000.

How a Women Preached Christ in Japan.

Very few preachers in Japan have had as large audiences as the late Mr. Draper, with her Bible cart, accompanied by her grandchildren, to distribute and an evangelist that each written work might be emphasized by the spoken and each spoken word by the written. Sometimes the crowd would block the street so that the police were obliged to disperse them. This method of carrying the Gospel to the people gave her special joy, a joy which, no doubt, made part of the wonderful radiance that illuminated her entrance into the kingdom of the risen Son.

Dr. Ed. Harms, the nephew of Pastor Louis Harms, of Hermannsburg, who the last two years resided at a mission station not far from Ladysmith, Natal, has been thrown into prison by the British on a charge of treason, preferred by some natives who saw some Transvaal riders stop at his house before the outbreak of the war. Dr. Harms is the resident director of the Hermannsburg missions in Natal, Transvaal, and Bechana Land, and quite naturally was in communication with all the missionaries' sons, who were born in Transvaal, and therefore were subject to conscription, are now fighting in the ranks of the Boers. Some of them rode over to Harms' residence to tell him of their call into the army, and this was interpreted as treason.

The death of the venerated and saintly Dowager Countess of Aberdeen has thrown into mourning several noble families warmly attached to the Church of Scotland by ancestral ties and by personal attachment, like her devoted sister, the late Lady Grissell Baillie, she took a deep interest in all its work. She was a hearty supporter of the Foreign Mission work of the church, and was one of the patronesses of the Aberdeen Auxiliary to the Women's Association for Foreign Missions, to which at the time of her death she was the oldest subscriber. As far back as 1844 her name appears in the list of patronesses as Lady Haddo. It was at her desire in 1870 that the Aberdeen Auxiliary undertook the Poona Mission as their special field, and when in 1887 their interest was transferred to Sialkot, Lady Aberdeen generously subscribed £40, and ever since has contributed that sum every year. She took a warm personal interest in the missionaries and in their different departments of work, and her death is regarded as an irreparable loss to the mission.—Mission Record, Edinburgh.

A PIONEER'S STORY

AN INTERESTING INTERVIEW WITH MR. B. L. MASTIN.

After Long Years of Perfect Health He Was Attacked with Kidney Trouble and Other Complications—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Bring Him New Health.

From the Pictou, Ont. Times.

Mr. B. L. Mastin of Hollowed township, Prince Edward county, was a caller at the Times office the other day and during his visit told of his great suffering from kidney trouble and rheumatism, accompanied by dyspepsia, cold feet and a generally broken down constitution. Mr. Mastin is one of the first settlers of Prince Edward County. He is in his seventy-first year and is the father of a grown up family of well-to-do farmers. In the course of the conversation Mr. Mastin said: "I had never known what it was to be sick. I have always had good health and worked on my farm every day until some months ago when I was taken with severe pains in my back and shoulders. I consulted a doctor but received little benefit. I was told by one doctor that I had rheumatism and kidney disease, but his treatment did not help me and I continued getting worse. My appetite failed me and I fell away in flesh. I became irritable and could not sleep well at night. Nobody can conceive the intense pain I endured. Not deriving any benefit from the food I ate and having a constant pain in my stomach I soon became aware that I had dyspepsia and the pain in my back and shoulders intensified by the stone-like weight in my stomach, made life to me almost unbearable. I was also a great sufferer from cold feet, nearly every day my feet would get like chunks of ice and unless I was constantly by the fire the soles of my feet would feel as though they were wet. One day I told my wife I was going to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Having read so much of these famous pills, I thought that what they had done for others they might do for me. I procured a box from Mr. E. W. Case, druggist, and to my great delight before I had quite used one box I had improved. When I had finished a couple more boxes I felt like a new man and I gladly tell this for the benefit of all who suffer as I did." Continuing Mr. Mastin said: "My rheumatism is all gone and I can come and go and enjoy as good health as well as I ever did." With these remarks Mr. Mastin got up to go, but added that his wife was receiving much benefit from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. "I took home a couple of boxes the other day and she thinks they are splendid."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure by going to the root of the disease. They renew and build up the blood and strengthen the nervous system driving disease from the system. Avoid imitations by insisting that every box you purchase is enclosed in a wrapper bearing the full trade mark, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. If your dealer does not keep them they will be sent postpaid at 60 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

The fourteenth Earl of Derby once called the Duke of Argyll a "leonine pedagogue."

The sermon that will melt hearts, dissolving doubts and dissipating difficulties, as the sun destroys in a moment the mists by its rising, will be the simplest, most positive and prayer-embalmed presentation of God's love, shown in the gift and death of his only begotten Son.

Health and Home.

Bathe the eyes, when tired or weak, in warm salt water. It will soothe and strengthen them.

To preserve the strength of the coffee while it is being made, plug the nose of the coffee pot with a wad of brown paper.

Ribbons and silk should be put away in blue, and not in white paper, as the chloride of lime used in manufacturing the latter produces discoloration.

Sugar as a cleanser—Try washing the hands with a little sugar added to the soap. This increases the lather and cleansing power and will remove dirt, chemical stains, etc.

Rubbing a bruise gently, after bathing with hot water, with sweet oil in which are a few drops of turpentine, will usually prevent the unsightly black and blue marks, which not only tell tales, but greatly disfigure.

Stewed fowl and rice.—Stew the fowl very slowly in some broth. Skin it well and season it with onion cut small, pepper and salt. About half an hour before it is ready, add a quarter of a pound of rice well washed and soaked. Simmer till tender and send the fowl up with a wall of the stewed rice around it. The fowl must be also buried in rice.

Sardine Sandwich.—Drain off the oil from a can of sardines, and then spread on soft paper or cheese cloth to dry. Remove the skin and bones, and mash them to a paste with a silver fork. Work into them a little paprika, one tablespoonful melted butter, and the juice of two lemons. Spread this between slices of buttered bread.

Rice cutlets.—Take a small piece of any cold white meat, such as veal, chicken, etc., and chop it very finely. Have ready some rice boiled in stock till soft, drain it well on a sieve and mix it with the mince till it is in a kind of paste. Then form it into flat pieces the shape of a cutlet and half an inch thick, put egg over them and bread crumbs and fry them like cutlets. Serve with a good gravy or sauce.

Indigestion in children.—This can be cured by diligent watchfulness and continuously insisting that every morsel of food taken is to be properly masticated. The child must learn that every scrap of food which he swallows, without chewing it, is so much poison, to the body. He will believe what you say, but you must watch till he has formed the habit of eating slowly, for, though he will mean to do so, he will often forget. Another point to be remembered is that the child should not be allowed to eat between meals. Sweets and fruit may be eaten with meals, but between one meal and the next the child's stomach should be allowed to rest, for it cannot possibly be healthy if it is always working.

The benefit of gargling.—If only people would wash out their mouths twice or thrice daily with an antiseptic there would be far less disease than there is now, since most disease germs are taken into the mouth, and from thence into the whole system. One of the best and simplest of antiseptics is carbolic acid and water. There is a difference in the strength of carbolic acid purchased at different druggists, so one should ask the druggist how much of the solution should be put into a tumbler of water. Hold a little of this mixture in the mouth, and if you can do so, gargle the throat three times a day, and all disease germs that may be lurking there will perish.

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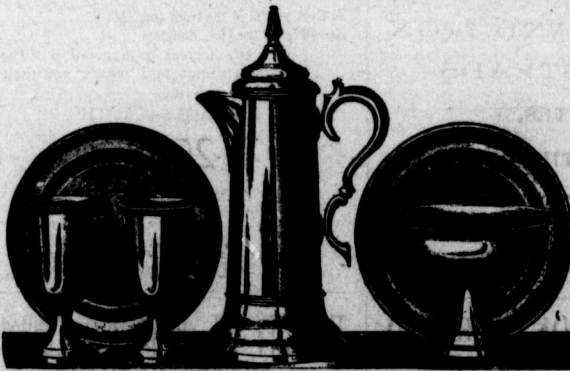
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