

Dominion Presbyterian

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Note and Comment

The Pope created thirteen new cardinals last week, but there are no Americans among them, as thus far announced.

The faculty and students of McMaster University, Toronto, set aside one day each month for the study of missions.

Dr. Paton, the apostle of the New Hebrides, reports that a C. E. Society in one of the islands has won a whole village to Christianity.

Mr. H. M. Stanley is trying to raise £5,000 for a bronze monument to be erected on the site of the tree under which Livingstone's heart is buried.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier states that the cost of the prohibition plebiscite up to June 23, 1899, was \$192,541, and that about \$1,000 additional would, it is estimated, meet all outstanding liabilities.

Mrs. Stanford, of California, has executed deeds of gift to the university named for her son to the estimated value of \$30,000,000 but reserves control of the property during her life. This is no doubt the largest single gift ever made to an educational institution.

The New York Independent of last week made some startling charges against the Christian Mission Alliance, whose president is Rev. A. B. Simpson. Complaint has come from several trustworthy sources, and not from the immediate sufferers, that its missionaries have been allowed to suffer cruelly. It is true that the alliance makes no pledges of support to its missionaries; but it claims to distribute the funds that come to it. Members of the board say that they have no reports to show how the money is expended, or how much is received. It is claimed that many pledges are made by those who are unable to redeem them, and that many things that are pledged at Old Orchard, as stocks, are overvalued, so that the real income is far less than the amounts pledged. We hope that the matter is not so bad as charged, and that the affairs of the alliance may be placed on a satisfactory basis.

The pastor of the Protestant Church of the Saviour in Madrid received lately into communion Don Pascual Pabiete, a native of the Philippines, a man of influence amongst his own countrymen. The story of his conversion is remarkable: Although quite innocent of any connection with political movements, he was suspected by the Spaniards, dragged to Spain as a criminal, and then banished to a fort in Africa, where he was much ill-treated. When, however, his innocence was established, he was permitted to return to Madrid. Here he began to attend Protestant meetings, with the result that he saw the errors of Romanism, in which he had been brought up. He has been working at a translation of the New Testament into the Tagal language, under the direction of an agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and has completed three Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles. He is going back to his own country as a Protestant evangelist.

Professor McGiffert, it is stated, will leave the Presbyterian Church without standing trial for heresy on the charges which have been preferred in connection with his book. It is said that he will join the Congregational Church.

A Free Church cathedral, says the Outlook, is the name which an English paper gives to the new church to be erected at Brighton, in England, for the ministry of the Rev. R. J. Campbell, the young man who has so suddenly come to the front as one of the great preachers of our time. If we are correctly informed, he was originally a churchman, and is a graduate of Christ Church College, Oxford, where he had a distinguished career as a scholar. He is not much more than thirty years of age, but has moved the city of Brighton as it has not been moved since the preaching of Frederick W. Robertson. Plans are now prepared and on exhibition for a new church in that city to cost \$350,000. It will be perhaps the most expensive church edifice among the Nonconformists of England. It will accommodate about two thousand people. Nonconformist churches in London which would naturally be compared with this are the Westminster Chapel, near Buckingham Palace; Mr. Spurgeon's, Dr. Parker's, and the Union Chapel at Islington. The first three are larger than the one projected.

It is a strange story that is told by the Rev. John R. Sykes, general agent of the American Bible Society in China, concerning the secret causes of the palace revolution of last summer. Our readers, says the Presbyterian Banner, will remember the edicts issued by the Emperor, abolishing the essay system of examination, establishing a board for the translation of books on western learning into Chinese, and abolishing useless offices both in Peking and the provinces. The palace revolution and the resumption of power by the Dowager Empress, Tzu Hsi, called the attention of the world to China. Though this revolution and the repeal of the progressive edicts are doubtless to be regretted, they are not to be wondered at if, as Mr. Sykes says, the Emperor was actually discussing with his advisors the advisability of making Christianity the state religion of the empire. He declares that the Emperor was, and is, if he still lives, a Christian; that he spent much time in the daily study of the Bible, and frequently retired to a quiet place to pray to the true God. He also says the Emperor appears to have gone deeply into the study of various forms of Christianity, for he sent messengers to the store of the Bible Society to inquire for books treating of the differences between the Protestant and Roman Catholic Churches. This is not the first time this story has been told, but it comes now more prominently before the Christian people of America. If the story is true it adds a new interest to the prisoner of the palace and furnishes one more chapter in the biography of the most remarkable woman in Asia.

Mr. Otto Beringer, a young man of about thirty years of age, has charge of the most responsible part of the building of the long telegraph line that is to connect the Cape of Good Hope with the Mediterranean. Starting from the Cape the line has been carried to Lake Tanganyika, where it will connect with the line

that the Congo State is building up the Congo from the Atlantic to the lake. The line will proceed northward through German territory along the shores of Victoria Nyanza to Uganda, and thence all the way through British territory to the Mediterranean. For a distance equal to that between New York and San Francisco the line passes through an undeveloped country in which a white face has rarely been seen. The total force employed in the work consists of ten white men and about 1,000 blacks. It is divided into five equal parties, the first of which, under Mr. Beringer and his white companion, surveys the route and clears a trail of about fifteen feet in width. The second widens the clearing to sixty feet or more, taking out the jungle and cutting down all trees which might fall and break the wire. This is necessary, for there will not be linemen every few miles when the line is in operation, and repairs will be extensive. The remaining three parties dig the holes, set the poles, and string the wires. The work is proceeding at the rate of about two miles a day. The poles are all of iron. The shortest of them are fourteen feet high, and higher ones are used where it is necessary to make the spans of unusual length. Where rivers or gullies are crossed a span of 600 to 750 feet is not uncommon. Mr. Beringer has advanced his surveys and first preparations about 220 miles beyond the point reached by the constructors, and is now enjoying a flying visit to England.

The prospects for the federation of the Australian colonies are now very bright. The chief obstacle to the success of the movement for some time has been the opposition from New South Wales. Only a year ago a vote resulted unfavorably, and ever since the Premier, Mr. Reid, has been actively at work in overcoming the opposition. That he has been successful the recent vote amply proves. The returns so far as received show about 100,000 for and 80,000 against the federation proposals. This is not only a substantial majority in favor of federation, but it is more than sufficient to fulfill the condition that federation should not be adopted unless 85,000 votes were recorded in its favor. One factor in the gaining of this success was that Mr. Reid obtained, at a conference of the colonial Premiers in February last, some additional concessions in favor of New South Wales. A significant feature of the vote is that the majority is a rural one. Sydney polled a majority of only 100 in favor of the federation scheme. The vote was a referendum, and was taken on a bill passed at the last session of the Legislature. There is now only one other colony in which there has been very strong opposition to federation, and that is Queensland. In that colony a vote is to be taken on September 2, and in Victoria in the latter part of August. The recent vote in New South Wales will undoubtedly have a strong influence on these two votes, and the outlook is very favorable to an early consummation of the federation of the colonies. This will be another step in the consolidation of the British Empire. Until the contiguous colonies had united there could be no possible hope for the realization of Imperial federation. Whatever form the unity of the British Empire may assume in the future, such proofs of the unity of the parts cannot but work for Imperial solidarity at home and prestige abroad.

The Quiet Hour

For Dominion Presbyterian.

The Hebrews in the Fiery Furnace.*

The title of this lesson might stand as the motto of Israel's history, and its spiritual significance is reflected in that of our own Church, "nec tamen consumebatur;" it is again the symbol of the bush which is burned and is not consumed. In Egypt, in Babylon, in later persecutions under Greeks and Romans, the people of God have suffered, but have not been destroyed. The word of the Church, as well as of the individual believer, is the great word of Paul, "We are troubled on every side, yet not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; persecuted, but not forsaken; cast down, but not destroyed." Yes, the suffering of the true Church and the faithful soul is always in a deep sense "the dying of the Lord Jesus." In every age it has been the task of true men to show that there is something more precious than gold, more valuable than popularity, yet dearer than life itself. That men should readily believe this, and, of set purpose, risk their lives for the truth, is an astonishing thing in the eyes of the world (verse 14). The great emperors of ancient times, who possessed such vast power, thought that they could control the souls as well as the bodies of men, their consciences as well as their external fortunes. Pilate said to our Lord, "Knowest thou not that I have power to crucify thee and have power to release thee?" Jesus answered, "Thou couldst have no power at all against Me except it were given thee from above." And upon this truth His disciples have rested in all ages; the powers of the greatest Empires are limited by the divine will, the simple, believing soul has behind it the power of heaven. Hence the audacity of faith; a few simple men rise up against Jewish authorities or Roman powers, and by the blessing of God they revolutionize the whole world and change the currents of history. That men should prefer death rather than forsake their God may have been a strange thing to Nebuchadnezzar, but it is now one of the commonplaces of history. Christian courage and constancy have made it commonplace. Indeed we owe our civil and religious freedom, the privileges that make the highest life possible to the noble Nonconformists of the past. Without the backbone that is created by a real living faith men have no stiffness to stand up against tyranny, political and ecclesiastical. It is love of country and love of God that have inspired these noble efforts through which the world has advanced to highest freedom and enlightenment. It is good for us to remember that the blessings now so common have been given to us through the toils and tears of men. Here, then, we have simple faith, against the world's supreme power, against the fashion of the times, against the pompous and overpowering ceremonies of a sensuous religion. Faith alone against all these; but not alone, for God is there. "This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." Martyrdom is not a matter of accident; men go forward to it with open eyes. Those are not the most steadfast, who with rash eagerness hurry on to catch the martyr's crown. But when godly men are driven into a corner, and are compelled to choose between obedience to the earthly king and the worship of the true King, they know that they can trust God in the darkest hour. Better to face the fiercest fires of persecution and scorn, and even of bodily torment,

*S. S. Lesson, July 16th, Dan. III., 14-28. Golden Text: "Our God, whom we serve, is able to deliver us."

than to bow down to the golden idol. These men are counted fools, but they are the salt of the earth and, under God, the saviours of society. Without such men in the great crisis the true religion would be lost; without them men would come to believe that gold is king, that fashion is lord, or the sword supreme. In their presence we learn that there is a holy inviolable life, and that for the life of earth men may pay too high a price. They venture all upon God and He vindicates them in His own time and way. The meaning of this wonderful story is that God sustains those who really trust Him, so that they can look into the face of kings and into the face of the fire. Luther at the Diet of Worms and John Knox in the French galleys seem to be in a hopeless case, but their work is not yet done; the greatest career that God marks out is still before them. They have companionship in sorrow; the Christ suffers with His people, and is their help and stay. The way in which God delivers His people is a mighty testimony, "Many shall see it and fear, and shall trust in the Lord." We to-day ought to have a fuller belief in providence than the saints of olden time, the book of history is so much richer, every century supplies new illustrations. But, unless we have the same living faith, all that is written in that book will be in vain; it is not the amount of the writing but the spirit of the reader. Unbelief or shallow faith spends its strength arguing about the form of miracles, when life is still full of wonders which call us to praise the living God. Let us learn, then, that the Kingdom of God cannot be destroyed. Vain attempts have been made to crush the Church and destroy the Bible. Out of every persecution the true Church has come purified and strengthened. But, while that is a great truth, a truth splendidly taught in this lesson, let us remember that there is a sad possibility that we through unbelief, sin and sloth may lose our share in that Kingdom, and it may march on without us to greater triumphs. Unless we can grasp the sacrifice of Jesus in such a way as to become loyal to truth, faithful to God, constant and courageous in the midst of afflictions, our life will wither, and our souls will die. Babylon is still with us, and it will crush us by its strong pretension, and worldly splendor, unless we learn to seek first the Kingdom of God.

Time.

(For Dominion Presbyterian.)

By A. C. R.

It may be said that there are three tenses in this life, the present, past, and future. Of the three the most important is the present, because as a man lives in the present, so will his future be largely determined.

For all practical purposes time may be regarded as being the present.

It is a very valuable possession. It costs nothing to have, but very costly if lost.

It is a gift of God, and should be valued as such. But often it is despised. It flies, and the minutes are allowed to pass unimproved. Time misused can never be regained.

The following curious advertisement once came under the observation of a traveller;

Lost.

Somewhere between sunrise and sunset,

Two golden hours,

Each set with

Sixty diamond minutes.

No reward is offered as they are

Lost forever.

Thus it is that opportunities unembraced never return. Time mispent is forever lost. Hence it is absolutely necessary that we realize the importance of the present. A good motto for guidance in the right use of time is that of the Scriptures, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

It has come to be a truism that a man should live each day as if it were to be his last. If all men did this the world would be transformed. Many things that are now being done would be left undone, and vice versa. Christ's use of time is for our imitation. "Wast ye not that I must be about My Father's business?"

These were his words at the age of twelve. During the three years of His ministry He abundantly fulfilled these earlier words. By day and night He labored incessantly on behalf of man.

We should copy his life in this respect. In season and out of season we should be found diligently and faithfully doing God's will, and helping those around us. The duties of life are many and varied. Time should be found for the performance of every religious duty—for daily private devotion, for family worship, for work in the Church of God.

Many men have no time for the service of God in this world, but they will all have to find time to die.

"Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation!"

Time, the present, is God's gift to man, therefore he should use it aright.

'Time was' is past, thou canst not recall,

'Time is,' thou hast, improve the moment small,

'Time future' is not, and may never be—

Therefore 'Time present' is the time for thee."

A Plea for Faith.

By Mackenzie Bell.

"Thy true amid our earthly life there runs
A tangled thread of strange perplexity
And much injustice; yet comes by-and-by
A nobler state of being, when that which seems
Unjust will be explained or set aright.
'Tis best to hold that there exists a God
Who made man's mind with marvellous powers,
though He

In His deep wisdom limited the scope
Of what He made, wherefore our reason's sphere
Of thought is swiftly reached, and so it seems
To us so frequently that human life

Hath such injustice in its fleeting years.
That He decrees that it is well for us
In humble trust to tread "the path of sorrow,"
Perchance as discipline for some high scheme
Of joy hereafter, or perchance to show
To others how the brave can conquer pain;
That Life's dark mysteries do but transcend,
Not contradict our reason, and when soon
Our earthly life shall close, there dawns a life
When He endows us with new gifts of mind.
Then chief among the pleasures it can give
Will be the thrill of joy when first we feel
That now we understand those mysteries
Which vexed our souls before—when first we
find

That many "themes with which we cannot cope,"
Grow clear, and "Earth's worst phrenzies" are
at length

Forgotten in the joy of Hope's fruition.

Providential Meetings.

We are accustomed to admire the wisdom and foresight that spreads layers of iron ore and layers of coal near each other in the crust of the earth, that the one might give the melting heat which the other needs; but the divine government is a much more minute and pervading thing. The same omniscient provident has appointed each meeting between those who are in want and those who have abundance; and for the same reason that the one may give what the other needs, and that both may be blessed in the deed.—William Arnot.

Unity We Should Seek.

The late Rev. David Sutherland.

"Endeavoring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bonds of peace."—Ephesians 4: 3.

The distinct conscious longing of our age is for unity. Some seek it through ecclesiastical uniformity, putting their trust in the links that would bind worshippers together if they would only agree to observe similarity of service, rite, and dress. Others seek it through oneness of language, speculating on the possibility and indulging the hope that some day one language may be spoken by all nations on the face of the globe, and believing that by speaking one language the nations would understand one another and be at one. Christianity *casta lingua* speaks and speculations aside as insufficient. The conception of unity it holds up and advocates is only thoroughly adequate and complete.

The true character of Christian unity is indicated in the intercessory prayer offered by Christ on the last night of His life. That prayer makes it evident how very near the unity of Christendom was and is to the heart of the High Priest of humanity. Four times does He pray that His people may be one. The petition, which is also an interpretation of Christ's conception of unity, should be read, marked, learned and inwardly digested by the many writers and speakers who discuss what is a burning topic in ecclesiastical circles in our day: "That they all may be one, as Thou Father art in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us; that the world may believe that Thou has sent Me."

This is the final conception of Christian unity for all who accept the mild of Christ. Analysis of it reveals three points of paramount interest and importance:—

The nature of Christian unity—"That they all may be one."

The model of Christian unity—"As Thou Father art in me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us."

The purpose of Christian unity—"That the world may believe that Thou has sent Me"

1. The nature of Christian unity is oneness, not sameness; unity, not uniformity. The unity Christ prayed for is oneness, not sameness. The latter is neither desirable nor practical. It is contrary to the principles that govern the operations of God in nature and in grace. No two blades of grass in the field, no two leaves on a tree, no two sheep on a hill, no two faces in a crowd, are identically alike. There is variety in the unity. Why, then, expect that all men's minds should run in the same groove, or dare to impose an iron rule or a rigid creed in the attempt to produce uniformity on non-essential religious questions? The expectations and the attempt are alike folly. Wherever the experiment has been made it has proved a failure. The Emperor Charles V. sought by violent measures to make twenty millions of his subjects agree in their religious opinions. He was vividly and forcibly taught his folly when, after he had retired to a monastery for peace and meditation, he amused himself by constructing clocks, and found that with all his skill he could not make two clocks go exactly alike for any length of time.

Rev. F. B. Meyer calls attention to the fact that the Church of Rome sought to prove herself the true Church by achieving a oneness of her own. It was an outward and visible oneness in which all worshippers must use the same formularies, worship in the same postures, and belong to the same ecclesiastical system. Uniformity was pressed by sword and fire and torture. Just before the dawn of the Reformation it seemed to have succeeded. Europe reposed in the monotony of uniformity to the rules of the Papacy. What was the result? Moral decay, ecclesiastical stagnation, and spiritual death. Herein lies an unanswerable condemnation of the Roman Catholic conception of the unity of the Church.

Any adequate conception of unity involves variety. Out on yonder field is a heap of bricks. You say it is a unity, but in that you are mistaken. There is a uniformity of shape and size

among the bricks, but they do not become a unity until they are combined to form one structure and to carry out one idea. A house is a unity, but a heap of bricks is not a unity. In the sixty-six books of the Bible there is a unity which no binding together into one volume could give. All kinds of writers—king, prophet, priest, herdsman, fisherman, scholar, sage, and saint—were at work in its production. Yet it is dominated in all its parts by one purpose and animated by the same life-giving Spirit. Like unto that is the nature of true Christian unity. There may be and must be varieties of thought and work in the church but underlying and penetrating all the varieties is the essential oneness of a common life and purpose. Many men mean many minds. Differences of mental constitution, ecclesiastical affinity and spiritual sympathy lead some Christians to prefer the Episcopal form of worship, others the Methodist, others the Presbyterian, and others the Baptist. "Many regiments, but one army; many folds, but one flock"—is the motto which denotes the nature of the unity of the followers of Jesus Christ. All other conceptions are futile, because unscriptural, unpractical, and undesirable.

2. The model of Christian unity is as exalted as it is possible for man to conceive: "As Thou, Father, art in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us." The unity of the God-head is the first article of belief with the Jew as well as with the Christian. The Lord our God is one God in essence, purpose and action; the Son does nothing of Himself, nor does the Father act apart from the Son. In the work of redemption the ever-blessed and adorable Persons of the Trinity are one, and yet there is variety in their operations. The Father plans, the Son executes, and the Holy Spirit applies the benefits of redemption. This unity in variety of operation is the model the Church of Christ is called upon to imitate.

The unity between the Father and the Son is the unity of life. They are one in essence. The unity of believers with one another and with Christ is a unity of spiritual life—I in Thee, Thou in Me, and they in us. True Christian unity springs out of a birth from above, which makes a man a partaker of the life of God. The Lord Jesus Christ, as F. B. Meyer puts it in one of his helpful addresses, is in the believer as the sap is in the branch, as the blood is in the heart, as the life is in the body; and His life permeating us all alike makes us not only one with God, but one with all who believe, as the blood makes all the members one and the sap the branches.

Yet again, the unity between the Father and the Son is the unity of belief. Father and Son have lived together from eternity, but they have never differed in opinion, and never will. "That they also may be one, even as we are one." Large latitude must be given to difference of opinion among Christians on minor questions, but they must be united in clinging with dogged tenacity to the fundamentals of the faith once for all delivered to the saints. "In things essential, unity; in things non-essential, liberty; and in all things, charity." Whatever variations there may be in creed and forms of worship, there must be unity in unwavering adhesion to the central truths of the Gospel. It is always hazardous to venture the formulation of a comprehensive creed, but we believe that the essential doctrinal unity of the Christian Church would at least go so far as to demand acceptance of this creed: "I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, the Son of God and the Saviour of man." That Christ is the Son of God, and that there is a vital connection between His death and the salvation of humanity, and the articles of a standing or a falling church, and must, therefore, be indispensable to the credal confession of united Christendom.

In view of the attainment of the high ideal of unity taught by Christ and the urgent need for concerted action on the part of Christians in our day, we ought to bury the hatchet of theological controversy, silence the war-drum of sectarian strife, unfurl the blood-stained banner of the Cross, and cordially welcome as brethren and fellow-soldiers all who believe in the divinity of Christ and His sole atoning sacrifice.

3. The purpose of the unity which is the goal of the church is, "that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." The great stumbling-block to the progress of Christianity at home and abroad is the quarrels and divisions of Christians. It is a heart-saddening spectacle to be obliged to witness friend fighting polished missile against friend, and to see regiments of one army wasting time, strength and money in fighting against each other instead of against the common foe. A united church would be the efficiency of God unto salvation. The unity which prevailed among the early churches did almost as much as the sermons and miracles of the Apostles to convert the world. Many people judge religion not by reading the Bible, but by reading the churches and when they see strife and division written in large and lurid letters on the ecclesiastical epistles, they may be pardoned for shrugging their shoulders in contempt and refusing to listen to the evangel of peace as proclaimed by such churches. But when the sects bury their battle-axes and silence their war-drums in fulfillment of the petition of the High Priest of humanity, then the world will acknowledge the power of the religion that can produce such unity and concord, and will go with the church because it is evident that the Lord of love is with her.

We would respectfully and earnestly submit this consideration of Christ's conception of unity to all who love and serve the ever-blessed Redeemer, and call upon them to do all that in their power lies to hasten the coming of the day when they shall be one "as Thou Father art in Me and I in Thee, that they also may be one in us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me."

Charlottetown, P. E. I.

What Will It Matter?

What will it matter in a little while
That for a day

We met and gave a word, a touch, a smile,
Upon the way?

What will it matter whether hearts were brave
And lives were true,

That you gave me the sympathy I crave,
As I gave you?

These trifles! Can it be they make or mar
A human life!

Are souls as lightly waved as rushes are
By love or strife?

Yes! yes! a look the fainting heart may break
Or make it whole;

And just one word, if said for love's sweet sake
May save a soul

Ian MacLaren's Drum-tchty.

An account of a visit to the village which figures as "Drum-tchty" in the stories of Ian MacLaren is given in *The Puritan*. "In the tiny vestry which all readers of Ian MacLaren may easily picture for themselves from minute description," says the writer, "were two objects of interest of recent importation; one, a copy of the 'Bonnie Brier Bush,' bearing the inscription, 'For the little vestry of the Free Church, Drum-tchty, from the author, who knew it well'; the other, a visitors' book, started three years ago, and containing the names of visitors from all parts of England, Scotland and Wales, and even some from America. The village, known locally as 'The Feus,' consists mainly of a single row of low-built houses, situated on the high road, with gay little gardens in front. Large drooping sunflowers covered the weather-beaten walls, and were only prevented in some instances from straggling on to the road by the low stone wall which serves as a halting-place for neighboring gossips. Of these houses the chief in importance is the postoffice, where in former times Mrs. Robb was supposed to reign supreme, and with keen penetration learn the contents of all letters passing through her hands, almost before they were opened by their intended recipients."

World of Missions

Missionary Nurses for Atlin.

A meeting of unusual interest was held on Wednesday evening in Westminster Church, Toronto, when two ladies were designated as missionary nurses to aid the Rev. Mr. Pringle in his work at Atlin City, B.C. The movement is a new departure and the issue will be watched with interest. For the first time missionary nurses have been sent by us to a home field. The two ladies sent out are Miss E. H. Mitchell, of Renfrew, sister of the Rev. J. W. Mitchell, and Miss H. Bone, of Paris.

The meeting was presided over by the Rev. Dr. Warlen, who gave the history of the movement which had culminated in sending out these two ladies. The Rev. J. W. Mitchell read the Scriptures and led in prayer. Mrs. Judge MacLennan, on behalf of the Ladies' Committee, presented a Bible to each of the ladies designated. The Rev. Principal Cayen addressed them on the work which they had undertaken, especially emphasizing the opportunities they would have of ministering spiritually to those under their care and the wisdom required to guide them aright. Dr. Robertson followed with an address on the growing demands of the great west, arising from the rapid increase of immigration, much of it of foreign origin, and the interest awakened on this continent and in Europe by the mineral discoveries in British Columbia and on the Yukon. The Rev. R. P. McKay and Rev. John Neil, pastor of the church, also took part in the services.

The attendance was large and much interest was manifested. At the close many of those present came forward to bid them farewell and wish them God speed in their work.

They took their departure for their distant field on Saturday, followed by the earnest prayers of many interested in this new phase of woman's work. They have been fitted out and will be supported by a committee of ladies, representing the ladies of our Church, who responded to the appeal for means to send missionary nurses to the gold fields of the Northwest, when it was made some 18 months ago. If the Atlin gold fields should realize expectations the movement will no doubt be largely self-sustaining. As yet the success of mining there on a large scale remains to be proved.

A Medical Case at Ferozepore, India.

Taloksingh, a zamindar (farmer), and well off, lives in a village about twenty miles from here. One evening in the summer when we were seated out on the grass plot in front of our house, seeking a breath of fresh hot air—the kind of fresh air we have in these parts when the zephyr comes over the parched plains like a blast from the furnace—a son of Taloksingh came and timidly sought an interview. I rose and asked his errand. He said his small brother had been bitten by a camel. The beast had seized the little fellow by the leg above the knee and crunched the bone into bits. This was three months ago, and since, all that could be thought of by all the elderly women and wise men of the village had been done; poultices, plasters, ointments of every description had been applied. The Brahmans had been consulted and many magic formulas had been tried. Talismans, too, containing sacred verses

from the Vedas and the Koran, had been tied around the leg with black woollen threads. And yet, with all this and more, the wound would not heal. It grew foul, the bone became necrosed, and the poor lad's suffering was unbearable. Now, at last, they had put him on an ox-cart and brought him to the city, and, having heard of the mission hospital, had come to make terms. If only I would cure his little brother, they would "make me a happy man." "How happy?" I asked. "Well," after thinking it over, "we will give you thirty rupees." Of course, that settled it! Only, in a moment of generosity, I replied that the money did not signify, and they should bring the boy next day.

So they came, Taloksingh the father, the mother, and the big brother. It was a terrible case, indeed, and soon it became evident that nothing would now do but amputation at the thigh. To make them satisfied that this was necessary, I asked the English surgeon of the station to see the case. He concurred in the opinion that the leg must come off, so a day was fixed upon, and little Mala was lifted on to the operating table, the assistants and the father standing by. We first had prayer, asking God for help. Then in a jiffy the big knife did its work, and in twenty minutes Mala was back in his senses lying comfortably on his bed, the stump bandaged clean and snug. Mala had another brother, three years old, who would fold his hands and pray: "He permeour mere bhai nun raji kar" ("O God, make my brother well.") Whence did he learn his little prayer unless from father or mother? The answer is plain, for, though the Sikhs are notoriously pantheistic they are consistent, as I am convinced all unbelievers are. They talk of God the Creator when off guard, ejaculate the prayer when in distress, but deny His existence in an argument, and, what is worse, by their works, for the majority even of the pious among them, would hardly claim exemption from lying, swearing or stealing.

Taloksingh was elderly, with gray hair and beard, a man of few words and of singular features, the result of paralysis of one side of his face, including the tongue. Tears would escape from the eye on the palsied side while he winked on the other side. This gave the old man a serio-comic air when one conversed with him. But the mother—she was a caution. No paley about her tongue. We were satisfied of this by the frequency with which she rated us for not curing her darling Mala sooner. Sometimes she would turn her invective upon her husband, just for a change. We of the dispensary staff were fain to keep to the far end of the yard, in which the family stayed under a shade tree. It came to a climax one day when Mala's stump had all but healed. A note came from the surgeon asking for his fee, and when I gently hinted to the parents that it would be appropriate to pay him, though I should ask for nothing for myself, then did Mrs. T. show at her very best. I pointed out that Rs. 32 was not a prodigious sum for people to pay, as well off as they were, and, besides, "did not one member of your family promise Rs. 30 at the beginning?" Upon this she flew into a fresh rage, and wanted to know who the "hog" was who had promised such a ruinous sum? In fact, we were nothing but a band of thieves they had fallen amongst; we hit out off her boy's leg and thus ruined him for life, and were now plundering them; for her part, she would not submit to it. Poor Taloksingh stood by in silence, winking with one eye and tears trickling down from the other. He

offered Rs. 8, made it 10, then 12, finally 15, but beyond this he dared not go, for there was Xanthippe eyeing him all the time. He left the rupees on the table and retreated with his wife, and has never been heard of since.—Francis J. Newton, M.D.

The Jews.

As to Jewish population in different countries: Russia holds the record with nearly 3,000,000; Austria-Hungary comes next with 1,500,000, and Germany follows with 700,000. There are 400,000 Jews in Roumania—nearly a tenth of the population; 100,000 in Turkey, 80,000 in France, and nearly as many in Holland and England. Italy contains 50,000, and the other powers 30,000. In round figures the total population of Jews in Europe is set down at 6,000,000. The estimated population of Jews in Africa is 500,000, of which number 40,000 are in Algeria; 250,000 in Asia, 350,000 in America and from 20,000 to 30,000 in Australia.

What is Life?

If life were only what a man

Thinks daily of his little care,

His petty ill, his trivial plan;

His sordid scheme to hoard and spare;

His meager ministry, his all

Unequal strength to breast the stream;

His large regret, repentance small,

His poor, unrealized dream—

There's scarcely worth a passing nod!

Meet it should end where it began.

But 'tis not so. Life is what God

Is daily thinking of for man.

—Julie M. Lippman.

Improved Conditions in Madagascar.

It should seem that the injustice with which for awhile the French authorities treated the Protestants, but particularly the London Society missionaries, was rather owing to the violent onset of the Jesuits than to their own dispositions. Certainly General Gallieni is very amiable now. Moreover, he has restored to the London mission all the churches that had been taken away from it in Betsileo.

Gallieni, with his aides-de-camp, and a large number of civil and military functionaries, lately attended a joint memorial service in honor of the late President Faure, conducted, of course, by the Paris functionaries.

This sudden call on the missionary energies of the French Protestants has awakened their latent spiritual forces in a most gratifying degree. What a blessing it would be to Catholic France, if at least a fifth of its people should become Protestants! Even now, in Madagascar, the natives are learning the folly of the Jesuit talk, that Frenchman and Catholic are all one.

Unhappily it was the Protestant Guizot that first set that speech on foot as concerns the colonies.—Missionary Review of the World.

A German missionary magazine relates the following incident showing the power of the Bible: In the Shansi province of China a copy of the Gospel of Mark fell into the hands of a learned man and a priest. The one read the strange book aloud to the other. There was a great deal in it which neither the reader nor hearer understood. But they were so impressed that they came to the conviction that the book must come from heaven, and they paid divine honors to it for many years. Later on they obtained a copy of the New Testament, and began to worship Jesus and the apostles. When at last a Chinese evangelist came to their country these two men were the first who joined themselves to him. They were instructed and baptized, and began to gather two little churches around them. One of them has led about fifty persons to Christ.

The Blessedness of Mourning.

The house of sorrows is a strange place to look for joy. Mourners are the last people the world would call blessed or happy. Men in their quest for happiness would not think of looking for it in the shadows of grief. Yet Jesus said, "Blessed are they that mourn."

There are many who mourn. Few are the homes in which there is no secret grief. Not all sorrows hang crumpled on the door or wear a badge of grief. There are secret troubles, and tears are shed where no eye sees them fall.

Does Jesus mean that all who mourn are blessed? No, there are sorrows which yield no peaceable fruits of righteousness. There are those who suffer and are not blessed. He means that the state of mourning is one in which divine blessing may be received rather than in a state of tearfulness. The deepest happiness is not that which has never suffered, but that which has passed through the experience of sorrow and has been comforted.

There is a story of a German baron who made a great Aeolian harp by stretching wires from tower to tower of his castle. When the harp was ready he listened for the music. But it was in the calm of summer, and in the still air the wires hung silent. Autumn came with its gentle breezes, and there were faint whispers of song. At length the winter winds swept over the castle, and now the harp answered in majestic music.

Such a harp is the human heart. It does not yield its noblest music in the summer days of joy, but in the winter of trial. The sweetest songs on earth have been sung in sorrow. The richest things in character have been reached through pain. Even of Jesus we read that He was made perfect through suffering. This does not mean that there were evils in His nature which had to be expelled by the heat of trial, that there was dross in the gold of His being which only the fire could remove.

The meaning is that there were elements, even in His sinless humanity, which could be brought to full ripeness only through pain.—Rev. J. R. Miller, in Record of Christian Work.

True Penitence.

Regret is not penitence. One may come to see the consequences of evil-doing, and when the penalty is inevitable, we regret the course which has led to such an end, yet not experience repentance. No doubt that will be the position of many a sinner in the last day. He will regret the sin which has brought disaster. He will protest that the same course would not be followed again, yet penitence will have no place in his heart.

Fear is not penitence. When an evil life brings one face to face with its consequences, there is likely to be fear of the results. But fear looks only to that which is to come. We have no fear for yesterday; it is passed. We can fear only what is before us. The past can excite fear only by threat of what is still to come. In the presence of God a sinner fears His wrath, yet were it possible to escape that wrath, fear should cease, even though past sins had not been atoned for.

Shame is not penitence. It has reference only to others, to the blighting of reputation, to the loss of character, to forfeiting esteem. One experiences shame only as he thinks of others and their thoughts of him. If there was no other people to know of sin, the sinner might not experience shame. True penitence, while it may include these emotions, has its real experience deep in the heart.

The sinner alone with God learns of the hateful character of his course; he sees that sin has made him unworthy of the station he was intended to occupy; he finds that his character is debased by wickedness. Comparing himself defiled by sin with what he should be as a child of God, he loathes the rebasing conduct which has cheated him out of his birthright, and not because of regret for the results, not to avoid punishment, not because of coveted repu-

lation, but because of the unworthiness of sinful life he turns from it, and with high resolve sets his back upon that course. In such a condition of mind God can help us. He can not smooth over our vain regrets; he can not allay fear of just punishment. Shame will follow sin, but the truly penitent soul can be raised above his old life by the power of God and cleansed from its impurities by the blood of Christ.—Christian Press.

Giving for Missions.

(Recitation by a Little Girl.)

I s'pose I must give to the heathen
A part of my money—O dear!
My Haidah's best dress is so faded,
Her hat looks old-fashioned and queer.

The strange how that somebody always
Needs something I wanted myself.
I think I will hide my dear dolly
Away on the uppermost shelf.

(Recitation by a Little Boy.)

That's just what I thought, little sister,
Till mama was saying one day
That children, as well as the big folks,
Must give just as well as to pray

But if they bebrud'd ev'ry penny,
The Lord for their gifts would not care,
I'll wait for my bicycle longer,
Can't Haidah her faded dress wear?

(Recitation in Concert.)

Our hearts we will give to the Saviour,
Our feet all his errands to do,
Our voices, our hands, and our pennies,
That others may come to Him too.—Selected.

Paul's Burden for Souls.

Can it be that St. Paul's burden for souls is exceptional? True is it that in speaking of it he refers to himself alone, as in the seventh chapter he details his personal conflict with sin, and does not generalize. What is peculiar with the apostle, in this portion of his famous letter, is that he includes all believers in the scope of God's mercy, and attributes to them an equal share in the ultimate glory; but when he discusses the despotism and deceitfulness of iniquity and the weighty responsibility for the deliverance of the perishing, he deals exclusively with his own experiences and with his own convictions. Not a few of us, I fear, follow a different rule. We are inclined to discern and denounce depravity in others, and to apologize for it in ourselves; and to insist on our fellow-Christians saving the world, while we appropriate to ourselves the immunities, dignities and comforts of our faith. St. Paul's discrimination evidently reveals a touch of native modesty, while ours is equally expressive of sanctimonious self-conceit. But let us learn once for all that we should be influenced by his example, not by his method of imparting instruction. His feelings should be ours, and we should rather desire to share with him in his horror of unrighteousness and in his sense of responsibility for others, than to be continually congratulating ourselves that no one can maintain a charge against God's elect. Remember that privilege always carries with it the idea of obligation. What a man hath should proportion what a man gives, and the splendid offering of a millionaire Pharisee may be quite outweighed by the more modest of the impoverished widow. The greater the talent, the higher the station, the larger the opportunity, and the richer the grace, more is owed to mankind in the way of consecrated service. And, may I say it, when a man's interest in religion ends in himself, and when it creates in him no desire to confer it on others, it must be that he has no exalted appreciation of its value, and from what it is to himself concludes that the nations would not be much better off for its possession. The indifference of many to the progress of foreign missions may often be explained by the slight impression Christianity has had on their own character and welfare, which leads them to doubt its advantage to heathen lands.—George C. Lorimer, D.D., in The Watchman.

Childlikeness and Childishness.

In some respects we are to be like children; in other respects we are not to be like them. The Apostle Paul makes this distinction clear when he says: "Brethren, be not children in understanding; howbeit in malice be ye children, but in understanding be ye men." The Saviour bids us to become like little children.

A childlike quality is trustfulness. No picture can be more beautiful than that of the little child looking up into its mother's eyes, while a smile of perfect trust wreathes its baby lips. Just so should we children of a larger growth trust our Father in heaven. There should be no questioning of His goodness, or His wisdom, but perfect acquiescence in His will.

It is true, too, that in most young children there is an absence of malice. They may become angry, but almost the next minute all is forgotten, and their merry laughter rings through the house. In this respect the little ones may well be held up for our imitation.

However childlike though we should be, we should avoid being childish. This is true in several respects. Children are apt to quibble about little matters. If you are a parent, you find that you most often rebuke your children for their angry disputes over mere trifles. But have older people all grown beyond the stage of childishness in this respect? Are not many neighborhood and church jangles stirred up over mere bagatelles that are not worth the thought of grown men and women? With the undeveloped man, the man who has not yet "put away childish things," it is easier to wrangle over small matters than over subjects of real worth and depth.

You have often noticed children's proneness to pout, and sometimes you do not know the reason. Are there not grown people in the Church sometimes who do the same? They take offense, nobody knows why, and then go about with a sulky demeanor that mystifies every one they meet, and that proves them to be of a very sullen and peevish disposition.

It is interesting to watch a company of children at play. All goes merrily for a while. Then something occurs that does not please one of them, or his companions do not agree with him in opinion, when he throws down his toys or his bat with a bang, and shouts, "I won't play!" and thus he breaks up the game, or at least greatly mars the pleasure of the group.

Is there ever such childishness displayed in the church by children of larger growth? The query need scarcely be put. In almost every locality there are people who refuse to do anything if they can not have their own way, greatly to the annoyance of the congregation. Like children, however, they usually "cut off their noses to spite their faces," for they, after all, are the greatest sufferers. The Church moves on without them.

The thought can be carried out indefinitely. All that is childlike in juvenile character and conduct should be retained as we grow older; all that is childish should be expelled from our lives. E. K. B.

More than 200,000 natives of British India are now connected with Christian churches.

It is estimated that 500,000 Chinese, of whom the greater number are women, annually attempt to commit suicide by opium.

"Next in importance to the work the missionary does is the keeping of that work before the Church in the home land."

The Religious Tract Society, whose cardinal principle is fighting unhealthily and irreligious literature by providing something better, celebrated its one hundredth anniversary in London May 5.

Writing from Foochow, a missionary says: Many an excellent address has lost its desired effect when some one in the congregation asked in derision: "Teacher, where did the opium come from?"

Our Young People

LESSONS FROM THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Topic for July 16: "A Friend in Need."—Luke 10: 37.

"SHE HAS DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

For Dominion Presbyterian.

A Friend in Need.

By Woodford.

Topic: The Jericho road is a much-travelled way, for, never morning wore to evening but some heart did break, so that to none is denied the blessing of being a friend, which is indeed greater even than that of having a friend. Kindness is a language which the dumb can speak and the deaf can understand. This parable, then, appeals to all; and the one who spoke it is surely our best friend in thus stirring up and helping each of us to be his or her best self. The study of this topic ought to make for the lessening of the number of priests and Levites, and for the increasing of the good Samaritan of the Jericho road.

Monday.—David is in a position at this time for his real friends to prove the reality of their friendship; for those who have his best interests at heart to afford help. The friendship that is merely nominal disappears when the one whose confidence is enjoyed is ill-spoken of by others, or is unable, it may be, to dispense gifts largely and liberally. What is so admirable in Barzillai's friendship is that he stood by his friend when that one was in dire distress, and as the second passage of the reading shows, with no expectation of reward. His conduct in respect to his friend was largely what the good Master would have it to be.—Matt. v., 46-48.

Tuesday.—The incident recorded in this reading may be taken as a pithy definition of friendship—each is in need of what the other has. By mutual giving both are made richer; for upon such lives God delights to bestow the riches of His abundance.—His blessing which maketh rich.

Wednesday.—The hymn, "What a friend we have in Jesus," is an admirable explanation of this passage. Between us and Jesus there is nothing hid from Him, as there was from Elisha. Let the parent whose child is walking in any way that leadeth down into the death that is far worse than the mere cessation of bodily activity, the son or daughter whose friend is "drifting away," even as the Shunamite woman caught hold of the feet of the prophet for her child, so take hold of the skirts of God in prayer.

Thursday.—Divinely beautiful was the friendship of Onesiphorus for Paul; and worthy of such love was the Apostle, by whom kindness such as this was never forgotten. It is stimulating to have such an appreciative friend as was Paul; and such appreciation as was his goes far to the deepening and strengthening of friendship. Mark how the apostle, when dwelling on what Onesiphorus had done for him, mentions how often his friend had refreshed him, notwithstanding the fact of his being in the royal city a prisoner, a suspected character. He refers to the diligent search made by his friend. Of the "friend that sticketh closer than a brother" in His relation to us, see what is said in our Book of Praise, hymn 19, verse 3, and also in hymn 134. Of what friend as of the Good Shepherd can it be said "he sought me diligently and found me?"

Friday.—"Only Luke is with me." How helpful in life's work true friendship is. Paul longs for his friends, for their sympathy, their cheer. The Son of God asked for these in the Garden

from His disciples. How much we can bear when the friends we have trusted stand by us; how little we are fit for when we feel we are alone. Had Jesus been altogether alone could He have endured the sorrow of Gethsemane?

Saturday.—This reading shows how "that best portion of a good man's life, his little unremembered acts of kindness and of love" is divine. The good Samaritan, Barzillai, the widow of Zarephath, Elisha, Onesiphorus, Luke did what they did in the way of kindness, unto Jesus. What a noble thing it is to be true to God; to rest in Christ and trust to impulse, ever saying, "Lord, what will Thou have men to do?"; continually doing good. How full of gladness our lives may be if we realize that in performing such acts of kindness we are doing something that is appreciated by Him who—oh, the sorrow of it!—was despised and rejected of men; in our own way doing something to give Him to see of the travail of His soul and be satisfied.

On the Jericho Road.

Never mortal lived that was never in need of a friend. Independent, are we? We know it is not so. Let us rejoice rather in our interdependence, since it is one of God's ways of lifting the world nearer to Himself.

The Jericho road is a much travelled way. Some imperative traffic, or some imagined errand, compels the journey from the city of the temple to the city of palms, and, over and over, we fall among thieves. Disappointments gather in companies and overtake us, care pounces upon us, despoiling us of peace; Trouble robs us of courage and cheerfulness, and Sorrow takes our dearest treasures, smiting us to the ground. Un pitying onlookers pass by on the other side. But we must have a friend, and before we faint utterly, He is seen, "in the nick of time, for God's providences are not like railway trains that miss connection."

Let us stop and think over the number of times our Good Samaritan has overtaken us upon the road to Jericho. It will do us good.

One of life's hardest things is the loss or ruin of our ideals, and this may come when those dependent upon to help pass by like the priest and Levite; but this loss is recovered and confidence is restored when the Good Samaritan comes. Let us acknowledge our debt to the friend who ministers to physical needs, the one who comes with sympathy and comfort to the wounded spirit in sorrow's hour, who trusts us when self-confidence is lost, and is willing to lift us up after the wrestle with thieves that has bruised and broken us, and is even ready to "take out two pence" and go security for further spending required before he comes again. As Barzillai fed David and his men, "hungry and weary and thirsty in the wilderness," as the widow of Zarephath ministered to the prophet's need from her unwasting cruse and barrel, as Elisha saved another widow from her creditors in time of sorest need, as Onesiphorus refreshed Paul the prisoner, unashamed of his chain, and as the apostle received from Epaphroditus the things he had need of, and was comforted in the midst of troubles on every side by "the coming of Titus," so have we all been encouraged by the opportune arrival of the friend we longed for, or by the stranger-Samaritan who has proved that "better is a neighbor that is nigh than a brother afar off."

God, "who comforteth those that are cast down," sends us the human touch we crave, reminding us thus of His great love that bends low to our humanity.

The friend in need is unselfish, compassionate, tender and persistent in his personal ministry. It may be that half the Jericho road remains to be traversed, but he foregoes his own comfort on the side thither, that the wounded by the wayside may have safe and comfortable transportation. And can you imagine that he ever dunned the injured traveller for the two pence advanced to the host of the inn? Do you suppose if he ever met him again he reminded him condescendingly of the obligation entailed by that advance? Did he look for other recompense of reward than the consciousness of helping his fellow sore beset upon the journey? Such disinterested friendship, ready to "do and lend, hoping for nothing again," is heaven-sent and God-given, and glorifies the Jericho road.

"He went to him, and bound up his wounds." "Go thou and do likewise," waiting for no other appeal than the mute appeal of pain. It is more blessed to be a friend than to have a friend. Carry the oil and wine; bestow them in time of need.

The Unseen Friend.

In one of the English prisons there was at one time an underground cell, which was used as a place of punishment. Its remoteness, loneliness and darkness made it a place greatly dreaded. Among the prisoners there was a man of refinement and nervous temperament, to whom the horror of this penalty was a fright that haunted him day and night.

At length there was some alleged offence against the prison discipline, for which he was sentenced to four and twenty hours in this dungeon. He was led by the wardens to the place; the door was opened; and he had to go down the stairs into its depths.

The door was shut. The steps of the wardens died away in the distance; the outermost door was heard as its slamming echoed in the hollow place. Then all was still—a stillness that oppressed with terror amidst a darkness that could be felt.

Nervous and full of imagination, the man sank down paralyzed with fear. Strange and hideous shapes came out of the gloom and pointed at him. His brain throbbled as with fever, and mocking voices seemed to come from all sides. He felt that before long the terror must drive him mad.

Then suddenly there came the sound of footsteps overhead, and in a quiet tone the chaplain called him by name. O never was any music so sweet! "God bless you," gasped the poor fellow. "Are you there?"

"Yes," said the chaplain, "and I am not going to stir from here until you come out."

The poor man could not thank him enough. "God bless you," he cried. "Why, I don't mind it a bit now, with you there like that." The terror was gone; the very darkness was powerless to hurt while his friend was so near, unseen—but just above.

And so beside us all ever is the unseen yet loving presence of our Master and Friend, and darkness and danger have no longer any power to frighten us.

For Daily Readings.

Monday, July 10.—Barzillai. 2 Sam. 17: 27-29; 19: 31-40

Tuesday, July 11.—Widow of Zarephath. 1 Kings 17: 7-16.

Wednesday, July 12.—Elisha. 2 Kings 4: 18-37.

Thursday, July 13.—Onesiphorus. 2 Timothy 1: 16-18.

Friday, July 14.—Luke. 2 Tim. 1: i6-18

Saturday, July 15.—Ye have done it unto Me. Matthew 25: 31-40.

Sunday, July 16.—Topic. A friend in need. Luke 10: 30-37.

For A Good Meeting.

Hold a pasteboard "clinic" on the case of humanity, by means of cards distributed at the door, on which the members are to write what they consider the most urgent needs of mankind. Collect these in a basket, and use as many as it is wise to do.

Having discovered the needs, ways of true friendship should be suggested. Try to confine the suggestions as largely as possible, to practical, homelike things, though if some one should suggest signing peace memorials as one good way of ministering to a need of the world, don't turn the suggestion down as impracticable.

Give out some such questions as these for answer in the meeting: What should the American Good Samaritan do for his neighbor who has been robbed by strong drink? for his neighbor who has been robbed by Spain's oppressions? for his neighbor who has been robbed by the sweatshop? for his neighbor, the immigrant? for his neighbor, the convict, etc.

Education and Manners.

Manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of noble nature and of loyal mind.

—Tennyson.

The study of manners, in its truest sense, is of vital importance to those who are seeking a higher education, for it is "the finest of fine arts." But the popular idea of education is altogether too narrow and limited, and thus an art like "manners" receives too little attention in comparison with its importance. The cultivation of good behavior, proper conduct under all circumstances, style, politeness, noble action and bearing—in a word, manners—is the greatest part of education, and is in fact, the end to be aimed at. But the popular mind does not associate "good manners" with great knowledge, nor is the average college student generally, accepted as a model of deportment. Unfortunately, education has not as much "extension" in its meaning as it is capable of carrying. This is a direct loss to the present generation of students, for when ideals are inferior in one direction the whole life suffers and the general success of the student is somewhat retarded.

The particular ways in which this weakness, as it relates to the subject in question, manifests itself are patent to everyone acquainted with school life. We have all seen and heard more than we care to print. People of good taste are often heard expressing their disapproval of such conduct; and wrongly, we think, associate unbecoming manners with education. Some excuse these weaknesses in young people, and say, "O they are boys," etc., but Sydney Smith remarks: "Manners are often too much neglected. Life is too short to get over a bad habit." A student can no more afford to neglect or trifle with his manners than he can afford to trifle with his health or his studies if he expects to make a success.

That manners hold a place of great importance in true education may be seen from the opinions given by the best thinkers of the world. A few quotations here will suffice:

"A beautiful behavior is better than a beautiful form; it gives a higher pleasure than statues and pictures; it is the finest of the fine arts." "Manners are the garments of the spirit, the external clothing of the being in which character ultimates itself." "Virtue itself offends when coupled with forbidding manners." "A man has no more right to say an unseemly thing than he has to act one—no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down." To which may properly be added: "He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he that taketh a city." "Manners make the man" is an old and well-approved maxim.

Thus we see that good deportment is the passport to the best society. Want of modesty is said to be want of sense. Hence, roughness or boorishness in manners indicates lack of noble nature, and relegates a person to a lower caste of character. "Self-reverence, self-know-

ledge, self-control—these three alone lead life to sovereign power."

Manners have a commercial value. They win where rudeness and thoughtlessness repel. Universal politeness has become a primary law in all eminent mercantile houses, and characterizes the manner of our merchant kings. We hear of a lady who gave a generous donation to a college because good manners were emphasized there. Many a brilliant man has missed success in life, even though he had a "college education," because of carelessness in language and conduct, which, says Matthew Arnold, "are three-fourths of life."—Self-culture.

Answers to Prayer.

"Thy way is in the sea, and thy path in the great waters, and thy footsteps are not known."
—Psalm lxxvii., 19.

I asked for grace to lift me high
Above the world's depressing cares;
God sent me sorrows—with a sigh
I said, "He has not heard my prayers."

I asked for light, that I might see
My path along life's thorny road;
But clouds and darkness shadowed me
When I expected light from God.

I asked for peace, that I might rest
To think my sacred duties o'er,
When lo! such horrors filled my breast
As I had never felt before.

"And, O!" I cried, "can this be prayer
Whose plights the steadfast mountains move?
Can this be heaven's prevailing care
And, O! my God, is this Thy love?"

But, soon I found, that sorrow, worn
As duty's garment, strength supplies,
And out of darkness meekly borne,
Unto the righteous light doth rise.

And soon I found that fears which stir'd
My startled soul God's will to do,
On me more real peace conferred
Than in life's calm I ever knew.

Then, Lord, in Thy mysterious ways,
Lead my dependent spirit on,
And whereso'er it kneels and prays,
Teach it to say:—"Thy will be done!"

Let its one thought, one hope, one prayer,
Thine image seek—thy glory see,
Let every other wish and care
Be left confidingly to Thee.

—Dr. Monseil.

The Labor of Excess.

By Julia H. Johnston.

How do the utilitarians account for sweet odors? What profit is there in fragrance, and what avails the sweetness of summer's laden air? Who is fed or clothed by means of the lavish outpouring? Yet "God hath made everything good in its season."

There is nothing more intangible than a sweet odor, yet a waft of perfume may have an abiding place in memory, or may be potent above many a substantial thing, in recalling scenes long forgotten, or in waking associations that have vital hold upon the heart, and power to change the very life, when once aroused. There may be unmeasured influence in the delicate, pervasive, elusive quality of a sweet smell. The frequent mention of perfumes in the Bible, is significant. From the compounding of the sweet ointment in the earliest days, to be used for sacred purpose only, on through the years of the ascending of sweet incense, to the odor of acceptable sacrifice in the offerings made in the Master's name, to the "golden vials full of odors which are the prayers of saints," there is strange emphasis given to the fragrant breath, the essence transcending outward form, which stands for love and prayer and praise.

So it is that the odor of Mary's ointment lingers yet, and "bewrayeth itself through the centuries." "To what purpose is this waste?"

is an idle question. The broken alabaster box, is her memorial:

"For precious in the Saviour's sight,
How precious, none may guess,
The service which the world esteems
A labor of excess."

Water would have served the ordinary purpose in laving the Saviour's feet, but from the labor of excess she bore the odor away on her hair, and all that were in the house perceived in the voiceless proclamation of the perfume in the air, the deed of love she wrought.

"Man shall not live by bread alone." The meager necessities of life, the bare sufficiency of sustenance will not avail for satisfaction. It is not living, to be merely kept alive. Utility is not the only consideration. The measure of actual need may be filled, and not a pulse quicken, though a calm gratitude may be rendered, but the labor that is in excess of the simply practical, the signs and tokens that are over and above the mere commonplace, stir the heart and live in the memory. The sweetness of remembered caresses may even overpower the thought of toils that provided daily bread. The exuberance of love that overflows in nameless, countless, continued courtesies and kindnesses exceeding the actual requirements of comfort, endears the giver.

More justice, practical business, will consider metres and bounds, will give but a bare equivalent for what is received, but love labors to heap up the measure till it runs over. The starving may have no right to ask more than food, but love lays a flower beside the plate and flavors the cup with kindness. When happiness is added to comfort, who shall say that the excess is not a means of grace? Not the calculating spirit which "holds the bag," but the love that breaks the alabaster box shall be had in remembrance forever.

Oh, be generous and self-forgetful,

And rather do more than less,

Remember His word of Mary

In her labor of excess.

"Let her alone," He bade them.

But He bent to approve and bless.

A two-horse load of tin clippings was being transferred to the rear basement of a prominent hotel. It had come from a can factory, and the narrow, curling strips had become so twisted and intertwined as to form a conglomerate mass that was moved with the greatest difficulty by two sturdy fellows with stable-forks. A bystander who was curious enough to inquire what use a swell hotel had for such truck was answered by an attache of the house: "We use it for rats. I mean the big, gray fellows with whiskers. The hotel rat is bigger, bolder and wiser than any other rat. He laugs at traps, fetters on poison, and the killing or chasing of dogs, cats, and ferrets is his pet diversion. Even when energetic measures have rid us of the pests they are with us again in augmented force within a day or two. They will tunnel through most anything for incredible distances. It is their boring activity that has given us so much trouble hitherto. No matter how we closed up their passage-ways, the routes were promptly reopened. Filling the holes with broken glass was considered a good scheme until we found that with marvelous patience they removed the glass piece by piece.

"But we think we've got them now. With this tangled-up tin we construct a sort of abatis, covering all places where the beasts are likely to enter our cellars. They can't get through it. They can't chew it, and they can't carry it away as they do broken bottles, for when Mr. Rat takes hold of a single trip of the tin he finds it an inseparable part of a network weighing many pounds."—Philadelphia Record.

The highest honors, the greatest happiness, the grandest life are offered to us in the Gospel. God and heaven, the unfading crown, the inheritance incorruptible, the glory immortal, are within the reach of every one of us. We may have them all if we but choose.—Rev. J. F. Dyer.

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A Serious Situation.

Any one who takes an interest in the highest good of the country must be saddened by the revelations of political corruption. As we come to the close of one century and the opening of another, it is our duty to take stock of our political and social life, and as we do so we are forced to acknowledge that there are features in it that beget in our hearts feelings of bitter humiliation. It is not the whole of patriotism to cry "This is a great land and we are all good and prosperous." The true patriot will look facts in the face and acknowledge that the country's worst enemies are those of our own household. It is a poor thing to put on a self-satisfied smirk while we declare that our neighbors to the South are eaten up with municipal and political corruption, and that we Canadians are a very superior people. That tone has in it much more of the pharisaic than the patriotic. Those who are not mere blind partisans know that we have sufficient reason to look at home, and that it is time to get our own house in order. Corruption unfortunately is not confined to one part of the country, but a recent election in Ontario has attracted much attention and shown that in the Province where civilization, religion and morality are supposed to be most advanced, things are done in the interests of party of which even a heathen land ought to be ashamed. In such a case one can always be sure of a vigorous denunciation from the "other party," but that is not sufficient. We need a determination on the part of men of all parties that politics shall be cleansed and made Christian, which in this connection means pure and honest. Are we to make confession that the resources of civilization and Christianity have been exhausted in the attempt to deal with this great evil. That would be a poor confession to make at the opening of a new century. Surely patriotic men can not be content to say this is "politics;" one party is as bad as the other, and you cannot cure the evil. The awakening conscience of the country will not be content with anything so paltry as that. Neither is it altogether satisfactory to say that Britain passed through this stage and we like her may hope soon to grow out of it. We shall not grow out of it as a matter of course; there will be "growing pains" here as elsewhere—the pain of disfranchising corrupt constituencies and inflicting severe penalties on those who persist in dishonest practices. It is no use crying out against men who make inconvenient re-

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velations; if such wicked things are really there it is well for the community to know it. There is something higher than the convenience of parties, and it is better for a man to be "politically dead" than to be morally corrupt. To know that the candidates are men of honorable reputations, "good Presbyterians," "good Baptists," or good anything else, does not help us much if these men are slaves of an evil system or are drifting perilously near to the position of having two standards of conduct, one for public and the other for private life. There is nothing more distinctly denounced in the Bible than bribe-taking, the corruption which poisons justice at its source, and makes democracy as well as any other form of Government to be a failure. What is needed is that men of all parties and of no party should make it clearly understood that this corruption which is folly as well as wickedness must cease. Unless the Church can exert some living influence in this direction their moral power is much more apparent than real. The prayers we offer for our country's welfare must falter on our lips unless we are prepared to denounce and cast off the wickedness which is a weakness and a reproach.

W. G. J.

The Dominion.

The third anniversary of the third decade in the history of Confederation has just been celebrated with the usual flag-waving and general congratulation. It has passed, and we have taken up the serious business of life once more. Yet we have turned to our burden with better heart than ever before. We feel more confident of ability to play our part well. It is not so insignificant as it was some years ago, and should the present struggle as it has begun, Canada will take rank among the great of the earth ere it close.

Will she prove herself worthy of the trust reposed in her? Some of the richest of His gifts have been bestowed upon her, and entrusted to her keeping by the all-wise Sovereign. We have been congratulating ourselves on some of them recently, and even yet we shall be beginning to discover their real value. Shall we use them rightly, or, like one of old, shall we wax fat and kick, basely ungrateful, wilfully unmindful of the interests of that One by whose bounty we live?

The decade now in progress will prove us. The opportunity to show ourselves worthy of our heritage will come to us in the mountains and on the great plains of the West. Thousands have knocked at our doors this year seeking permission to enter, that they may find shelter and seek sustenance. We have thrown the door wide open, and invited them in. Now are we done with them? Have we any interest in the character of the home they make there? Self-interest answers that we have, but is there not a higher than self-interest bidding us give to them what has been entrusted to us? We should make it impossible to find, among those who have come to us, the twilight of the Gallican home, or the ever-increasing darkness of a Presence with whom darkness cannot abide, and it is ours to pour some of this brightness into the life of those whose steps have been directed to our land. In choosing to send them here God had a purpose, and undoubtedly He counted us in when He planned it. May we of this decade not disappoint His expectation in us!

Men Wanted.

Some of the Western missionaries have fallen out of the ranks, owing to sickness and other causes—cills, etc.—and half a dozen suitable men, ordained or unordained, are urgently needed to take their places. Some of the openings are on the prairie and some in the mountains, but the opportunities for work in both cases are good. The Superintendent would like to hear of suitable men.

The Estimates.

The Foreign Mission Committee alone submitted estimates for the present year to the General Assembly. Would it not be well for the other committees on the remaining schemes to prepare a careful estimate and submit it at the earliest possible date to the Presbyteries. Should it reach them soon it could be considered at the meeting following the General Assembly, usually held sometime in July, and congregations could be furnished with a statement of the amount required from each before the September or October meeting. As a rule these estimates are valueless, except as a reminder of what ought to have been done. Their principal value is that they furnish information and stimulus.

By Devious Ways.

The road is not always smooth and straight by which God leads His children. Sometimes it dips far down, and the darkness gathers close and closer round us. We call, but no voice replies, unless it be the mocking voice that comes from left or right, bidding us leave the path, and follow back again to the easier, broader path we left for this that has ended in darkness for us. Sometimes there seems nothing for us but to go back. There is no light ahead, there is at least a glimmer behind us. Shall we go back?

Some have gone back. God save us from such a life as theirs has become! Rather, would we plod along in the dark alone than go back to such as that. And light will come. It has come before when the darkness closed down upon us, and though now it be long in coming, yet the light will surely come again. And the weary night journey will prepare us for that which the day shall reveal.

The breaking of the light will probably show us the way leading upward. It has been so in the past. Not straight and smooth even yet, but we go steeply up the mountain-side, with no resting-places below the mountainside that cover its higher reaches. So, weary with the night-vigil, yet glad that we did not go back, glad, too, that the path can now be so clearly seen, we face it, and follow on. It is love that holds us to it. At the end we shall see His face, for this is the path that He has chosen, and it leads straight to Him.

Pioneer Life in Zorra.

We have been favored with some advance sheets of "Pioneer Life in Zorra," by Rev. Dr. Mackay of Woodstock, Ont. We predict for the book a wide circulation, especially among Scotch Presbyterians. Here are a few of the subjects treated:—"Ganging the Kirk"; "The Men's Day"; "The Old Communion Sabbath"; "The Catechizing"; "Logging Bees and Dancing Sprees"; "The Old Schools and Schoolmasters." The book contains seven full-page half-tone portraits of pioneer preachers, with a graphic pen sketch of each. Also an outside and inside view of a pioneer's house, with an excellent picture of the "Old Log Church" erected in 1830. It contains also portraits of about 80 pioneers, whose ages ranged from 75 years to 106. On the cover of the book is a fine impression of a Highlander in native costume, playing the bag-pipes.

Dr. Mackay writes in a clear, interesting style, weaving in anecdotes and incidents, and quaint sayings with great skill, and making his book one of the most readable we have seen for some time.

From time to time we will give extracts from this book. This week we give the following from the chapter on the "Men's Day."

"The Christian Endeavor era had not yet dawned in Zorra, and it must be confessed that some of the fathers regarded with suspicious young persons aspiring to prominence in the church. Young people, said one speaker, should be seen, not heard. What would you think of a chicken, just out of the egg, getting on the fence and crowing? Don't you think he should wait till his feathers appear? A coit, only a

few days old, is long in his limbs, tall, erect, lively, but as yet very unfit for burden or harness. Modesty became the wife of Isaac, and modesty is a becoming grace in the young bride of Christ."

Few of the pioneers claimed the full assurance of their salvation. "God only knows the depravity of my heart," said one. "Was there ever such a guilty wretch? I sometimes wonder if I am a child of God at all. Oh minister," said he, turning to his pastor, and speaking in most pathetic tones, "were I ready I would willingly depart, but alas those doubts and fears. Still, like Rutherford, I will hold to Christ under the water, and if I must drown I will not let go my hold of Him." The speaker was greatly beloved by the people, and many were moved to tears by his earnest words.

As he sat down there slowly rose to his feet an old man with a wintry beard falling upon his breast, but a strange glow of fire in his eye, which told of a life within that winter could not touch. With evident but delicate reference to the last speaker, he says in a quiet, subdued voice, "We're all guilty, but let us not forget the infinite ransom paid. Rebekah knew that she was Isaac's wife, and it would be no honor to Isaac to have her doubting her relationship to him. We owe ten thousand talents, and we are not able to pay one, but the husband assumes the wife's debt. The God-man has paid our debt to the uttermost farthing. Believing this we enter into peace. The clouds vanish, the sun appears, the birds sing, and all is joy and peace." "Whether I promise or whether I sigh," said Elder Rose, "the promise is true and the Promiser is faithful. Sometimes I stand on Tabor's summit and sometimes I am hidden in Baca's vale, but His love abideth, and His promise is sure, and I am always safe."

Thus one "Man" after another gave his testimony — Donald Macleod, John Mackay, D. Urquhart, Hector Ross, Robert Matheson, and others. Dr. Mackay's vivid pen-pictures will call to the recollection of many scenes of former times. The book should be in every Presbyterian home.

The Parson's Barrel.

By Rev. Theodore L. Cuyler, D.D.

"Well, parson," said Deacon Goodgok to his pastor, "that last Sunday morning's sermon was number one prime; may I ask you which end of the barrel that came out on? Your barrel is like the widder's in Scripture—it never seems to give out." "I am glad that my sermon suited you," replied the genial dominie, "for I got part of that at your house, part came from Neighbor B—'s, and part from poor Mrs. C—, in whose sickroom I spent an hour, and one hint in it came from your boy Frank, who rode by my house on 'old gray' without any saddle or bridle. I picked up some of the best things in that discourse during an afternoon spent in pastoral visiting."

Parson Honeywell was a shrewd man, and a faithful, good pastor. He had not a great many books, and his family increased faster than his library. His Bible he had at his finger's ends; it was his one great, unexhausted storehouse of heavenly knowledge. But he also had a book of human knowledge second only to God's Word. In the forenoon he studied his Bible, and in the afternoon he sallied out with horse and buggy and studied his people. He rode with his eyes open, finding illustrations—like his divine Master—from the birds of the air, the flowers of the field and the sower or plowman by the wayside. His mind was on his sermon all the week. If he saw a farmer letting his team "blow" under a roadside tree, he halted and had a chat with him. He observed the farmer's style of thought, gave him a few words of golden counsel and drove on, leaving the farmer something to think of and something to love his pastor for also. If he saw a boy on his way from school he took the lad into his buggy and asked him some questions which set the young-

ster to studying his Bible when he got home. Parson Honeywell caught his congregation when they were young.

Deacon Goodgok was curious to know more about the way in which his minister had gathered up that last Sunday's sermon. "Well," replied the parson, "I was studying on the subject of trusting God in times of trial. First, I went to the fountain head, for my Bible never runs dry. I studied my text thoroughly, comparing Scripture with Scripture; I prayed over it; for a half hour of prayer is worth two hours of study, in getting light on the things of God. After I had put my heads and doctrinal points on paper I sallied out to find my practical observations among our congregation. I rode down to your house, and your wife told me her difficulties about the doctrine of assurance of faith. From there I went over to your neighbor B—'s house; he is terribly cut down since he failed in business, his wife said that with the breaking down of his son's health and his own breakdown in the store he could hardly hold his head up, and he had begun to feel awfully rebellious towards his heavenly Father. I gave him a word or two of cheer, and noted down just what his difficulties were. From his store I went to see poor Mrs. C—, who is dying slowly by consumption. She showed me a favorite flower that she had put into her window sill to catch the sunshine, and said that her flower had been a daily sermon to her about keeping her soul in the sunshine of her Saviour's countenance. Her talk braced me up and gave me a good hint. Then I called on the Widow M—, who always needs a word of sympathy. Before I came away she told me that her daughter Mary could not exactly understand what it was to trust Christ, and was finding no peace, although she had been under deep conviction of sin for several weeks. I had her daughter called in and I drew from her all the points of difficulty; I read to her such texts of scripture as applied to her case, prayed with her, and then started home. Your boy rode by my house on the old horse, who went along without any bridle, and stopped when he got to the bars that lead to the pasture.

"Before I went to bed I worked in all the material that I had gathered during the afternoon, and I studied out the solution to the difficulties of your wife and of your neighbor B—, and of the troubled daughter of Widow M—, and I wrote the answer to such doubts and difficulties in my sermon. The cheerful experiences of good Mrs. C— in her sick chamber helped me mightily, for faith in action is worth several pounds of it in theory. I went to my pulpit last Sunday pretty sure that my sermon would help three or four persons there, and if it would fit their cases I judged that it would fit thirty or forty more cases. For human nature is pretty much alike, and sometimes when I preach a discourse that comes home close to my own heart's wants, I take it for granted that it will come to plenty of other hearts in the congregation."

"Yes, parson," said the deacon, "your sermons cut a pretty broad swath. I often feel 'thou art the man' when you hit some of my besettin' sins. I have often been wantin' to ask you why your sermon barrel have never giv' out, as poor Parson Seanty's barrel did before you came here. He always giv' us about the same sermon, and as I set away back by the door, it got to be mighty thin by the time it got to my pew."

Parson Honeywell turned pleasantly to the deacon and said: "I will tell you what the famous old Dr. Bellamy once said to a young minister who asked him how he should always have material for his sermons. The shrewd old doctor said: 'Young man, fill up the cask, fill up the cask, and then if you want to tap it anywhere, you will get a full stream; but if you put in very little, it will dribble, dribble, and you may tap and tap and get precious little after all.' I always get my people to help me fill up the cask. Good afternoon, deacon."

Rattled by the Millions.

Dear Editor.—We seem to have some rare masters in arithmetic in this Canada of ours. That member of Assembly who was "converted" to the Century Fund scheme has a curious idea of a million dollars. The Westminster reports him as saying: "A thousand is only the ten thousandth part of a million!" His "conversion" really commits him to a ten million dollar scheme!

There is another man who seems to be rattled in handling such large sums. The Presbyterian Review of this week, quoting professedly from Dr. George Smith, says: "The Church of the Reformation at the close of the nineteenth century spend annually from three to three and a quarter millions sterling in sending missionaries and Bibles to non-Christians, as against ten million pounds at its beginning!"

Yours, JOS. HAMILTON.

Literary Notes.

The Biblot (T. B. Mosher, Portland, Maine, 5 cents) for July contains "Translations from the French of Villon, by Algernon Charles Swinburne." Villon is not much known even to the intelligent English reader, but his strange sad life has a fascination for those who are in the fullest sense worshippers at the shrine of literature. We are told that "all Paris of the fifteenth century rolices in the vivid hurry of his verse; one hears in his stanzas the very popular cries and watchwords of the street and the favorite oaths of the gallants and women of the day." (John Payne), or in the words of Andrew Lang:

"All this your master Villon knew and sung;
Despised delights, and faint foredoon desire;
And shame, a deathless worm, a quenchless fire,
And laughter from the heart's last sorrow wrung.
When half-repentance but makes evil whole,
And prayer that cannot help wears out the soul."

Those who are interested in the French poet will be delighted with these choice translations.

The International Journal of Ethics for July, 1899 (1305 Arch street, Philadelphia, 65c), has articles on a variety of subjects, such as "Good Citizenship and Athletics," "The Mission of Music," etc., as well as a large number of book reviews, the books criticised being those which bear in a more or less direct manner on ethics or social life. Among the more lengthy contributions the prominent place is given to an essay on "The New Ethical Philosophy," by Dr. J. Watson, of Queen's College, Kingston. Dr. Watson subjects the new theory, which claims to be an improved form of idealism, to a searching examination and thorough criticism, with a view to showing its contradictory character and sceptical tendency. This article demands careful reading, and is well worth the attention of those who are interested in philosophical theories.

The July number of Ev'ry Month contains an admirable article on women's field of labor under the title of "Leaders in the Army of Self-Supporting Women," with illustrations of some of the more prominent women workers, which will be read with interest by men and women alike and will help to demonstrate how closely, shoulder to shoulder, the up-to-date girl and her brother stand. The garden for July is often a puzzle for floriculturists, but some light is thrown upon this perplexing question by Geo. R. Knapp, whose experiment grounds at Asbury Park have given him a wide reputation as an authority. The music is wisely of a light and lively character as befits the weather. "Infatuation Waltzes," seven pages of well-printed music, will no doubt be widely played this summer; "Mack's Lullaby," arranged for mandolin and guitar, will be welcomed by players of these instruments. It is only necessary to compare the quality and quantity of music given monthly by this excellent magazine with the other so-called musical periodicals to see the superior value and excellence of Ev'ry Month, 1260 Broadway, New York.

The Inglenook

Things That Last.

By Pansy.

A whole year went by. It was June again, and Children's Day. Miss Martel and her class were gathered, and they were talking about the year that was gone.

"I remember what I said to you just a year ago," said Miss Martel. "I know that our dear Jessie began that day to live for Jesus, and work at things that will last. I am sure she has never been sorry. Have any of the rest of you tried that road?"

They all waited for Jessie. "Oh, Miss Martel!" she said, "it has been a beautiful year; but it wasn't a bit like what I hoped it would be. I wanted to do some great, beautiful work for Jesus. And I haven't at all. Nothing but little bits of things, like taking care of a baby and shelling peas and picking over strawberries, and things like that; I haven't done a single thing that will last. But I think Jesus wanted me to do them, so I have been happy."

"Ho!" said Charlie Porter, with a good-humored laugh that was yet half a sneer, "you might have known how it would be. Young folks like us can't do anything but little bits of things. There aren't any chances. That is just what I said. If a fellow had a chance to be a hero and do something worth while, he might try."

Oh, Charlie Porter! the things you have accomplished this year about which you know nothing! Chances enough. You had many a chance to take care of your own little brother, and in this way help a sweet, tired mother, but you said it wasn't a boy's work. Not boy's work to take care of a brother! Think of it! You had a chance to keep a seat full of boys quiet and respectful in a Christian Endeavor meeting. And instead you set them all to whispering and laughing. You had a chance to help a tempted boy choose the right turn on the street instead of the wrong one, and you only laughed at him and called him a baby. But you called all these things and a hundred more things not worth doing. That is all you know about it. I think the angels must weep to-day over the picture set before them of the things you have done, and the things you have not done, this year.

"Little bits of things. . . . Not one of them will last!"

That was as much as Jessie knew. What if she had known? Suppose, for instance, she had known that Hannah, who was able, because of Jessie's help, to go to see her brother Jim, carried him their mother's little old worn Bible, and tried to get a promise from him which he wouldn't make, that he would read in it once in a while for their mother's sake. Suppose she knew that weeks afterwards one lonesome Sunday afternoon when Jim didn't know what to do with himself, he opened that little old Bible, and brushed a tear from his eyes at sight of his mother's handwriting, and read some of the verses she had marked, and thought of some of the things she said to him before she went to heaven, and it ended in his turning his feet fully toward the road that would lead him home to mother. How long will that last? Do any of you know how large a thing it is to help save a soul? Well, suppose Jessie had known that Susan, the nurse girl, went that afternoon to a flower service, where the minister spoke directly not only to her, but to Joe, who went with her, asking them in the name of Jesus to live for him? And that they went home with the influence of the service upon them, and it led them to go, later in the week, to the meeting at the

mission, and to sit silent and trembling while one and another moved forward into the smaller room, where those were invited who wanted to learn the way home. And how, at last, Susan said, "Oh, Joe, I wish we were in there!" and Joe said quickly, "Do you now? Then let's go in there." And they went.

Suppose Jessie had followed that letter of her aunt's. She had been describing a fancy dress party to her son, but she interrupted herself to write: "Jessie is a queer little girl. She grows queerer every day; grows like her mother. She has given up her Sunday afternoon to Ned, letting Susan go. And when I ask her the reason, she tells me that she has decided to-day to belong to Jesus, and do things that will last."

Who knows why the young man Leonard read and read that sentence in the letter leaving the fancy dress party unnoticed? Why he started up afterwards and walked the room with perplexed, questioning face? "Things that will last," he said, presently. "Dear little girlie. Same things last too long! She doesn't know anything about them. I won't do it!" he said at last, after another thoughtful walk through the room. And he stopped to his desk and tore in fragments a carefully written letter that was ready for the mail. "There, that's settled. I'll write another letter, saying 'No!' And I'll telegraph my 'Yes' to that other opportunity. Things have got to last, whether we want them to or not. I'll see to it that mine are like Jessie's, befitting one who bears the name of Christ."

Suppose that Jessie had known that "Shannon," the drunkard, who went to that first temperance meeting to please his wife, kept on going to please himself, and finally, in a town fifty miles away, signed the total abstinence pledge. Did you ever think what a lasting thing it might be to help get one drunkard to sign a pledge? Suppose Jessie had been in her father's office the next morning when he looked over his mail. "Things that will last," she might have heard him say to himself, smiling. "That is what my little mouse is after, is it? Her mother would like that. I must try to look out for such things, too. I thought I could not respond to this appeal, but I believe I must. There is that thousand dollars I planned to put into real estate. I'll send it out West instead. That investment will last."

And he wrote his letter and his check to the Board of Home Missions. You think this is a made-up story? You think such wonderful things never happen because one little girl on Children's Day started flowers of unselfish love, and self-sacrifice for others? You were never more mistaken in your lives. Things are happening every day; the most beautiful and wonderful and lasting things, fastened close to such small ones as the shelling of peas, and setting of tables, and caring of babies. The reason we do not know about them is because we do not know the end of the stories. Jessie Stuart did not. Do you think hers ended there? Don't you remember that they all went on living? What if I should try to tell you a little bit more of it, that became known to me? There was Nurse Susan's Joe, for instance. He worked in a mill where worked a hundred other young men. And through Joe's influence, the swearing, and the drinking, and the smoking grew less, and less, and by and by there were other young men walking Joe's road. And the first thing they did after starting, was to look out for others, going the wrong road, and coax them to turn and go with them.

There, for instance, was Shannon, the worst drunkard in town. One day he and his wife and

little Tommy moved away. That was all that Jessie Stuart knew about him. But Shannon signed that total abstinence pledge, you remember. And Shannon discovered, by and by, that he could talk about it, could tell others how he came to get on the safe road; could do it so well that hundreds, and, by and by, thousands were led through him to travel the same safe road. And those thousands? Why, each man and woman and boy and girl of them straight-way set to work to save others.

What about that thousand dollars? It helped ten missionaries to get to work for Christ. Ten missionaries scattered over our great country, winning people to the right road, and setting them, in turn, at the same work.

Whose arithmetic is equal to it? How much did Jessie Stuart accomplish of things that last in that one June Sunday? It goes on and on. And Hannah's brother Jim goes on living by his mother's Bible, and Susan and Joe go on, winning others. And Leonard, instead of being a great wine merchant, as he was planning to be before he tore up that letter, is a great Christian merchant, working daily for the hundreds in his employ to help them live for things that will last. And Shannon reaches thousands every night by his persuasive voice, and they and the thousands of others who have been reached through the years, are all in turn reaching out after others. No wonder your brains are dizzy. You can not count the multitude. It makes you think of the "ten thousand times ten thousand and thousands of thousands which no man can number."

Do you think this story is finished now? It is only ten years old. Jessie Stuart is a sweet young woman to-day, busy cultivating her quiet little flowers of unselfish love, and knowing almost nothing about the fruitage. I have tried to tell you a little of the influences that reached out from a few hours of that one day. But she has lived three thousand six hundred and fifty days since then, fifty-eight thousand four hundred waking hours, and cultivated all the time flowers that last.

And Charlie Porter, alas and alas! he has lived those same hours, and has been at work all the time, though he knows it not, on things that will last. Words that he will wish some time he had not said. Deeds that he will wish some time, oh, so bitterly, that he had not done! And besides, that long, long list of what he might have done!

But they do not know the story. Oh, no, indeed. Jessie Stuart still believes that she is doing her little bits of things that do not last, but some way, Jesus, whom she serves, seems to ask her to do them. Last! Imagine the mighty multitude that her surprised eyes will greet when some day Jesus calls her to come home.

And as she says wistfully, "Who are these?" some blessed angel who understands compound interest will explain: "Why, Jessie dear, these are they who came here because of the little bits of influences set in motion by you that fair June day—Children's Day—don't you remember, when you decided to work under Christ's direction at things that last?"

What of it all? Why this? There are Jessie Stuarts and Charlie Porters in every congregation. They are here to-day, scores of them. They are at work, every one of them, whether they will, or not, on things that last. Everything lasts. You can not smile, or frown, or whisper, but you touch influences that are to go on multiplying through time, and lasting through eternity. There are no little things. We go on calling them so, because we see only little bits of the stories. The important point, the all-important point for each to settle, now and here, is, shall we grow flowers or weeds? Both will live forever.

God is not a crutch coming in to help your lameness, unnecessary to you if you had all your strength. He is the breath in your lungs. The stronger you are the more thoroughly you are yourself; the more your need of it the more your need of Him.—Phillips Brooks.

The Abstinence of a Camel.

In nearly four years of experience I have never met with a really vicious camel, except when they are in a state called by the Arabs "saim," which means "fasting." As regards the camel's stomach, I believe it is identical the same as that of any other ruminant, or that, at any rate, there is no formation of stomachs which would enable him to do without water.

His abstinence is merely the result of training, and it is a fallacy to suppose that he is better without water or can work as well. In the camel corps, we watered our camels every second day in the summer, every third day in winter, giving them their fill of water morning and evening on those days; but if in the summer we expected a long desert march without water, we trained them beforehand by only watering every third day; but I never found that this improved their condition.

The Arabs keep their camels longer without water, it is true, but then they travel slower and their animals are grazed on soft food, containing a certain amount of moisture; this lowers their condition and makes them inferior to a corn-fed camel when hard work and long, fast journeys have to be done.

We always found that if we put a grass-fed Arab camel alongside of ours it failed in work and endurance; if corn-fed, it cried out for water as soon and sooner than ours did. I say "cried out," because a camel when it wants water moans continually, and there is no more painful sound at night in the desert than the ceaseless moaning of thirsty camels.—Cornhill Magazine.

No Excuse Allowed.

A successful business man told me there were two things he learned when he was eighteen years old which were every afterwards of great use to him, namely: "Never to lose anything, and never to forget anything." An old lawyer sent him with an important paper, with certain instructions what to do with it.

"But," inquired the young man, "suppose that I should happen to lose it, what shall I do, then?"

"You must not lose it," said the lawyer, frowning.

"I don't mean to," said the young man; "but suppose I should happen to?"

"But I say you must not happen to. I shall make no provision for such an occurrence; you must not lose it."

This put a new train of thought into the young man's mind, and he found that if he was determined to do a thing he could do it. He made such a provision against every contingency that he never lost anything. If a certain matter of importance was to be remembered, he pinned it down on his mind, fastened it there, and made it stay. He used to say: "When a man tells me that he forgets to do something, I tell him he might as well have said, 'I do not care enough about your business to take the trouble to think of it again.' I once had an intelligent young man in my employment who deemed it sufficient excuse for neglecting an important task to say, 'I forgot.' I told him that would not answer; if he was sufficiently interested, he would be careful to remember. It was because he did not care enough that he forgot. I drilled him with this truth. He worked for me three years, and during the last of the three he was utterly changed in this respect. He did not forget a thing. His forgetting, he found, was a lax and careless habit of the mind, which he cured."—Country Gentleman.

A Queer Family.

"Snails are disgusting things!" said Lily.

Miss Edgewood, the teacher, said: "Nothing that God has made is disgusting. Even snails are interesting."

"I don't see how," grumbled Lily.

"Come to my house, and I will show you," said the teacher.

The children were all fond of their teacher, and on Saturday afternoon six girls went to her house.

"Oh, what funny things? Some snails, such as Lily had called 'disgusting.'"

Miss Edgewood had taken a glass jar and put a dozen snails in it. They crawled about and looked so "cute" that the girls were delighted.

Miss Edgewood tapped on the glass and the snails came to the top of the water.

"Let me do it," said Lily. But when she tapped, the snails would not come.

"Do they know you, Miss Edgewood?" said the girls.

"I do not know," answered the teacher.

What do you think about it?—Picture World.

Let Us Go Home.

"Let us go home, the day is done,

And softly steals the pale young moon,

A silver shadow of the sun,

Athwart the broken haze of noon,

Let us go home; the summer night

Is all for you and me, my lass;

The years have stolen half our sight,

But come; there's one more stile to pass.

"Let us go home, the corn is ripe,

And yellow falls the driven leaf,

What are they but the golden type—

The richer hopes that springs from grief?

Let us go home; the dawn was fair,

The noon was full, the eve is sweet;

The night may hide enough of care—

But love shall guide our homeward feet.

"Let us go home! we cannot stay,

Our eyes are blind—or is it night?

You, dear, shall lead our homeward way;

Let us go home; our love is strong,

But here, before you, stands the stile,

My hand, good wife, 'twill not be long,

I'll join you in a little while!"

—Frederick G. Bowles.

The Luxury of Fate.

"What will Mildred do?" "How can she bear it?" "How hard it all is!" So Mildred Lawson's girl friends exclaimed over what they called her hard lot! It was the old story of loss and changes, but it was a new story to this family, and Mildred's part of the burden seemed peculiarly heavy. "To think," said one of the girls, "that Mildred must go away now, when her mother is so far from strong! How anxious she will be! And then there is no certainty about her finding work to do. Her friends in the city only promise to do all they can to find something for her." So the friend went on lamenting, and all the rest bewailed Mildred's lot. But Jean Fraser, the most intimate friend of all, talked with Mildred herself. "You will have to give up so much and do without so many things!" she exclaimed, with passionate sympathy. "You don't know how things will come out, either. Oh, it is so hard." But Mildred's young face was bright as she answered her mate: "Mother has made me feel," she said, "that I have one great luxury left that is worth everything. She calls it the luxury of trusting. She says there is a wonderful rest in simply believing that God will keep His Word and bring out everything right, and then leave it to Him to do it. Of course, when we see just how it is to be there is no faith needed; but when there's nothing else to do but trust, we can try the luxury of leaving it all to our Father. I mean to try it, Jean." And she did. She had many an opportunity to fall back on this one luxury, and she was richer in faith because she was poorer in other things. The luxury of simply trusting is within reach of all. Who will prove its rest and comfort?—Julia H. Johnston, in *Classmate*.

Pardon commands holiness. "Go and sin no more," is the command to those forgiven and headed.

Waste.

There is a tragic form of waste going on all the time, the waste of intelligent human thought in a dull family circle, the continual expenditure of ideas on an irresponsive audience, while persons exist to whom every word dropped might be full of charm, every hint a cue for enthusiastic appreciation. There is a waste of handsome musical instruments in hands that can bring from them no response, while those who might give us the music of the spheres pine in an attic, and perform their wonders on a tinkling keyboard acquired by hire system, or perhaps at a cheap auction. There is also the waste of books, where none care to open them, while others are clamoring for mental pabulum, for a chance for reference or for solace in desolation. Again, how many childish looks, how many caresses are thrown away by the young on mothers who are too encumbered with olive branches to spend time in small tenderesses, while lonely wives sit neglected with never a voice to prattle delicious inanities into their sorrowful ears. And there is other waste, too—the waste of the words, "I love you"—that is banded like a tennis ball in the drawing-rooms of the frivolous, while some meritorious persons, really noble, if plain of feature, are doomed to pass from cradle to grave without once hearing so beatific, so coveted, a confession. There are some who may not even pick up the fragments that remain; there are others who spend their affections and their company on the unworthy, never understanding the giving of true sunshine, while there are those to whom such affection and such company would be worth more than Golconda. It is a topsy-turvy world, but perhaps, could we bear in mind the store some might set on the things we fail to appreciate, we might be assisted to cultivate toleration of our misfortunes and a certain stock of content.—New York Tribune.

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day. For what are men better than sheep or goats That nourish a blind life within the brain, If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer Both for themselves and those who call their friend?

For so the whole round earth is every way Bound by gold chains about the feet of God. —Tennyson.

The first question is, What is my relation to God? Until that is answered, all else is in doubt.

Thank God, there are some men and women full of the power of the gospel, who cannot rest satisfied till they have opened their very hearts, and given the poor wayfaring men the only thing which is really their own—their faith, their energy, their hope of God.—Phillips Brooks.

Have we not too often forgotten the real meaning of the verb, "to comfort"? It is "comfort"—to strengthen much. He who increases the power to bear does even more than he who decreases the burden.—The Churchman.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still— Find out men's wants and will, And meet them there. All worldly joys go less To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

—George Herbert.

The rarest of all the graces is not faith, of which so much is said in the Scripture; not courage, which the world rates so highly; but love. "The greatest of these is love." And that is love but the holding of one's life at the service of whatever human need may appeal for help?—J. R. Miller, D.D.

Ministers and Churches.

OUR TORONTO LETTER.

Many ministers and people are out of the city for well earned holidays. Strangers enter the pulpit on the Sabbath, and as they glance about the scantily filled pews some opinions are formed as to the church-going proclivities of the Toronto people that are not at all to their credit. These opinions are changed somewhat after ten minutes conversation with the people, chiefly a monologue, in which that useful functionary totes up, for the stranger's benefit, the number of "best families" that are at present out of the city. The people has more uses than keeping the church building in order.

Toronto churches have benefited by the holiday season. We hope the captious reader will not suppose that we refer to the absence of the stated ministers primarily. Many of the commissioners to the General Assembly, tempted by the beauty of the city, and no doubt helped to a decision by the incalculable entreaty of the people, have spent the week here. Most goodnaturedly, and greatly to the pleasure of the Toronto people, several of them agreed to preach on the Sabbaths of their stay. Falconer, of Picton, and Gaudier, of Rossland, preached in Westminster Church on the 26th, and Falconer, of Halifax, and Gaudier, of Halifax, preached there last Sabbath. Dr. Falconer, Bowman, and others occupied pulpits elsewhere throughout the city. They have good preachers down east, if these men are fair samples.

The I.O.G.T., with their striking uniforms and regalia, had their striking attraction at the city during the past week, and many of the ministerial delegates filled the pulpits last Sabbath. The distribution was both generous and general, and many of the preachers took occasion to speak some plain words against the great evil against which they were combined, seeking its overthrow.

The ebb and flow of the tide of ministerial change goes steadily on. Two weeks ago the announcement was made that all the pulpits in this large Presbytery were filled with actual or prospective pastors. One of these, the Rev. Angus H. MacCullivray, was ordained and inducted at Newmarket on Thursday of last week, under peculiarly happy auspices, and we trust the settlement may be a long and profitable one. A second, Rev. J. McNair, of Waterloo, under call to Oakville, has asked for a little longer to consider the matter and will give his final answer on Tuesday. The Birkenhead congregation, from which St. Andrew's congregation called the Rev. Armstrong Black, has since become unexpectedly vacant by the resignation of the senior minister. Under the new circumstances the Birkenhead congregation determined to take time by the forelock, and recall their former minister from St. Andrew's. Mr. Black, however, recognized the claim of St. Andrew's congregation, and declined to entertain the recall. It was a great tribute to him.

Close upon the announcement that all the pulpits are at least prospectively full, comes the news that the Rev. D. C. Hossack will again ask that he be released from the charge of the Parkdale congregation. Three months ago he tendered his resignation, but, moved by the entreaties of his people, he accepted six months leave of absence, in the hope that at the end of that time he would be able to resume work there again. Mr. Hossack has reached the conclusion at the end of three months of his furlough that he will not be prepared to undertake work in that charge again at the end of the six months, and desires that the congregation shall be free to hear ministers with view to settlement at once. It is probable that the Presbytery will give a reluctant consent to his request.

Then, too, the popular and successful minister of Chalmers' Church has received a pressing invitation from the First Church, Rutherford, N. J., to become its pastor. He is considering the matter, but will not give his decision till he returns from Europe, early in September next. Should he accept it will remove one of the most successful pastors from our city. Dr. MacClements has carried on a very quiet, but most efficient work during his short ministry, and his work, both in the pulpit and in the homes, has been marked by great thoroughness. He has avoided publicity, and so is not so well known in the city as he ought to be.

Rev. Dr. Milligan, of Old St. Andrew's, and Rev. J. A. Grant, of Richmond Hill, sailed for Scotland on Tuesday last. They will make the voyage pleasant with their genial good humor. Even a seafaring company would brighten under their good comradeship. We wish them a happy return.

A pleasant hour was spent in the parlors of the Y.M.C.A. on Saturday morning. It has been the custom for the Evangelical Alliance, on the morning of each Dominion Day, to invite pa-

triotic Christians to meet for an hour of thanksgiving, looking back over the year just closed, and then looking out into the future, to seek for guidance and for still richer blessings in the new year just opening. It is a fitting prelude to the rejoicings of the day.

One little congregation, a mission congregation at that, has anticipated the Century Fund movement, and has entirely cleared off its mortgage indebtedness. Morningdale is one of the suburbs of Toronto, lying to the west, between Toronto and Mimico. Some years ago a pretty little church was built there, but the burden of a \$1,000 mortgage lay heavily upon it. It taxed their resources to meet current expenses, and when this year they were notified that the mortgage was due and must be paid, the burden seemed to settle down as if to extinguish them. There were half a dozen heroic men who determined to make an effort to lift it. They aroused the people of the west, secured the promise of all they could do, sent out a statement and an appeal to the public, asking for subscriptions of \$1 or more. Last Friday evening they met to report, and after meeting the mortgage and all expenses connected with the floor had \$80 of a balance to their credit. Bravo, Morningdale! Make it \$100 and put it into the Century Fund.

The St. Andrew's Sunday School went to Lorne Park for their annual picnic Tuesday last.

The Rev. Wm. Patterson, of Cooke's Church, will be the speaker at the Christian Endeavor convention in Detroit.

A strawberry festival under the auspices of Chester Presbyterian Mission, was held on Mr. Hallett's lawn, Danforth avenue, on Thursday evening of last week; Duets, solos, readings and speeches enlivened the proceedings. The choir of Boor Street Presbyterian Church provided the music.

The pulpit of Dunn Avenue Presbyterian Church will be officially declared vacant by the Presbytery next week. Two names which are mentioned for the call are those of Rev. Mr. Drummond and Rev. Mr. McMillan. Rev. Mr. Drummond, who is now at St. Thomas, gave Rev. Mr. McCaughan a close run for St. Andrew's.

An unanimous call has been extended to Rev. T. W. Campbell, of Toronto, by the Noble Street Presbyterian Church of Williamsburg, N.Y., where he has preached on several occasions. Rev. Mr. Campbell was at one time Bishop of the Reformed Episcopal Church, but withdrew from it about a year ago, and was subsequently received into the Presbyterian Church. He was also at one time a minister of the Methodist Church, as was his father before him. Mr. Campbell supplied the pulpit of Knox Church most acceptably during the illness of Rev. Dr. Parsons. The call will come before the Presbytery in a few weeks.

At the meeting of the Toronto Presbytery held Tuesday last, the postponed resignation of Rev. D. C. Hossack, from Parkdale Presbyterian Church, was accepted, to take effect the 16th inst. Mr. Hossack will preach next Sabbath. Rev. J. McP. Scott was re-elected Moderator. A number of visitors were present, among them Rev. F. R. Beatty, of Louisville, Ky.; Rev. John Cairns, of Kilmarnock, Scot.; Rev. Alex. Brown, Glasgow; Rev. R. W. Dalziel, of Glasgow, and Rev. Mr. Bruce Meckleham, Glasgow.

The closing exercises of St. Margaret's College took place recently, the music hall of the academy being filled with friends of the college and of the young ladies who received prizes and honors for work done during the past session. Rev. Dr. Milligan occupied the chair, and was assisted in the distribution of awards of recognition of merit by the Lady Principal, Mrs. George Dickson, and Revs. Louis H. Jordan, C. H. Shortt, Father Teedy, J. W. Milne, of Ottawa, Dr. I. Tovel, President London and Presb. Baker. Following the presentation of honors the guests were entertained at tea, daintily served on the pretty and spacious lawn that surrounds the college.

The beautiful grounds and residence of Mr. Cruikshank, Weston, were the scene of the annual garden party given by the members of the Presbyterian Church, which was held Saturday evening. Chinese lanterns, ice cream, lemonade and candy booths, a fish pond, etc., ferns which in miniature were among the attractions. Tea was served between 6 and 8 o'clock, after which a select programme of tableaux and music was presented and listened to by about 600 people. The tableaux were given by children of the Sabbath School, and were exceedingly well executed. The musical part of the programme consisted of choruses by the choir of the church under the efficient leadership of Miss Rutherford, Toronto; selections by the Arion Male Quartette, a duet by Mrs. L. L. Rice and Mr. Dinsmore and solos by Miss Rutherford, Mr. J. Levaek and Mr. R. Dinsmore, all of Toronto. The Western Band was also present, and furnished music at intervals during the programme.

OTTAWA AND VICINITY.

The strawberry social in Bethany Presbyterian Church, Hintonburg, was in every way a success. The chair was occupied by Rev. Robt. Eadie. The programme consisted of a piano duet by Misses Beneault; song, with violin accompaniment, Miss Beneault and Elber; song, Miss Allen; violin solo, Miss L. Smirle; recitation, Miss Montgomery; piano solos, Mrs. J. Rice and Miss J. Hanwright; solos, Miss Edith Sparks and Miss Mosser. A vocal quartette, consisting of Messrs. J. Potts, Russell and Percy Sparks and Rev. R. Eadie, sang very acceptably. The Harmonica band and the Sunday school orchestra also contributed to the programme.

Last Sunday, speaking from the words "Render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's," Matt. xxii, 21, Rev. D. M. Ramsay, in Knox Church, said in part:—"If you ask what do we owe to our country, I answer in a word, a single eye to her truest welfare. To my mind public spirit is one of the highest of Christian duties. This it which makes so deplorable the recent revelations concerning the corruption of constituencies, particularly in our own province. Evidently bribery finds its ordinary impulse in selfishness. I believe that sometimes states have been saved, it would be ridiculous to say that any such motives—any patriotic motive—have actuated the band of bribers which has recently been operating in our vacant constituencies. They have simply wrought upon the cowardly of degraded electors in order to secure personal advantages. They have hoped, I trust without warrant, to put those who have control of patronage under obligations to themselves, and so to gain their own ends. Now I desire to point out to you that such a state of affairs is a public disaster. Ought we not to demand of the Government investigation that will not stop at the surface and legislation that will deal drastically with the offence?"

HAMILTON.

Central Presbyterian Sunday School picnic was held at Niagara Falls, Monday, July 3rd.

Rev. Mr. Musgrave, of Scarforth, preached in Wentworth Presbyterian Church Sunday morning, and Rev. Neil McPherson in the evening.

Rev. Hugh McKay, M.A., missionary from Manitoba and the Northwest Territories, preached in Erskine Church last Sunday morning.

LONDON.

The two Westminster congregations were favoured with the services of the Rev. Walter Moffat, of Chalmers' Church, on Sabbath, July 2nd.

The King street Presbyterian Sabbath school will picnic at Port Stanley on Thursday, July 13.

The First Presbyterian and the First Congregational churches of London have each been left \$200 by the will of the late Mr. George Phillips.

On Saturday last the St. Andrew's Ashby Park Avenue Sunday schools held a joint picnic at Port Stanley, over 800 persons took the morning train and about 250 went by the afternoon train. The day was wet and generally uncomfortable, still there was much enjoyment.

The Christian Scientists of London have purchased the old St. James' Presbyterian Church on Richmond street for the sum of \$3,100, and will occupy the building by the middle of July. The church will hereafter be known as the First Church of Christ Scientists, London, Ont. Incorporation papers have been taken out by the Board of Directors. It is the first incorporated Christian Science Church under the Union Jack.

St. Andrew's Church uses the "Record" as its church magazine, under the name of "The Outlook," the June number being the first.

The St. James' Church collectors are on the war path seeking subscriptions for their new church building fund. They are making satisfactory progress and it is expected the congregation will be in easy circumstances. The church will cost about \$30,000.

A congregational meeting was held in Alma street Presbyterian Church, St. Thomas, for the purpose of selecting a pastor. The church having been vacant for some time, and the supply being good, it was hard to make a choice. However, the choice narrowed down to three, Rev. Mr. Wilson, of Newbury; Rev. Mr. Reid, of Teeswater, and Rev. Mr. Currie, of Delhi, all of whom left a good impression. Mr. Reid, of Teeswater, was the unanimous choice of the meeting on the third ballot, when nearly all of the members and adherents signed the call. The Rev. Mr. Courtney, of Port Stanley, presided, to the satisfaction of all.

Melbourne.—The congregation of Guthrie Church held its annual social in a grove near the village. A substantial dinner was partaken of, at the close of which several city and local country ministers provided "The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

Pottersburg.—This pulpit was ably filled on Sabbath, the 2nd inst. by Elder A. S. MacGregor, of St. Andrew's Church, London. The pastor is away at Rossland.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

The Knox Church (Guelph) people held a lawn social at Mr. A. W. Alexander's last week.

The Rev. John McClung occupied the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church, Cayuga, on Sunday, June 25th.

Rev. Dr. Torrance attended a meeting of the Probationers' Committee, in Hamilton, this week.

Work has been begun on the fine new church edifice at Cedarville. During rebuilding the congregation are worshipping in the Methodist Church.

Rev. J. McD. Duncan, Woodville, preached morning and evening in Knox Church, Guelph, last Sabbath.

Rev. Jas. Hamilton, nephew of Rev. Dr. Hamilton, Motherwell, left on Monday last for Moosomin, Assinboia, to which place he has been called to labor.

The Rev. J. A. Cranston was married on Wednesday last week to Miss Annie Dow, of Fergus, by Rev. J. A. Dow, of Gravenhurst, brother of the bride.

Rev. Mr. L. Leitch and Messrs. Mayberry and R. W. Dillon, of Stratford, addressed the Perth County Christian Endeavor convention during its sessions in Atwood.

Rev. J. S. McIlraith, of the Balderson Presbyterian Church, preached in Knox Church, Perth, on Sunday, in the absence of the pastor in Western Ontario. Rev. D. Currie will occupy his pulpit next Sunday.

Messrs. G. Thompson and L. Cuddy, of St. Andrew's, Strathroy, have been appointed to represent the session at the meeting of the Presbytery on July 12, when Rev. Dr. Jordan's removal will be dealt with. Mr. T. Banks was elected Presbytery clerk for the year.

The congregation of St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church, Brantford, have agreed to extend an unanimous call to Rev. Mr. Scott, B.A., of Hespeler. St. Andrew's Church is the latest addition to the Presbyterian churches of Brantford.

Last week the Galt Reporter stated that the Rev. Dr. Jackson, formerly of Galt, was an applicant for the pastorate of Stanley Street Presbyterian Church, Ayr. Dr. Jackson writes the Reformer, making a positive denial: "I have had no communication, directly or indirectly, either with any person connected with Stanley Street Church, or in regard to it."

Rev. Dr. Hamilton, of Motherwell, occupied the pulpit of the Methodist Church, Fullarton, on Sunday last, it being the occasion of that church's anniversary. The Rev. Mr. Andrews, of that village, occupied Motherwell pulpit.

The Rev. John Taylor, missionary elect to India, filled Knox Church pulpit, Galt, on Sunday night. His sermon was instructive and helpful, and the congregation large and appreciative. The music was of a high order. Miss Grace Trotter took the solo part in the anthem. Mr. Arthur Hamilton presiding at the organ. The latter's command of the instrument elicited many complimentary remarks.

The report of the last meeting of the Montreal Presbytery contains the following: Rev. W. P. Walker, who resigned from the Hamilton Presbytery on account of ill-health, and came to Montreal, requested to be put on the roll of the Presbytery, he explaining that his health was now considerably improved and that he did not intend to take up a charge, but simply to fill supplies. It was agreed to receive him as a minister without charge, and place his name on the roll of the Presbytery.

At the adjourned meeting of the Presbytery of Guelph, held in Knox Church, a telegraphic despatch was received from Rev. Mr. McNair, of Waterloo, signifying his acceptance of the call from the Session and congregation at Oakville. It was agreed that in view of this fact the translation must be granted, and that the dissolution of the pastoral tie take place on and after the 9th inst. Rev. B. B. Williams was appointed to preach and declare the charge vacant on the 16th, and Rev. Mr. Hamilton, of Winterbourne, was appointed Moderator of the Session during the vacancy, and also of the Session of Baden, and Rev. Mr. Glasford, of the Session of St. Andrew's Church, Berlin, of which Mr. McNair was Moderator since the translation of Rev. Mr. Atkinson to Toronto.

It was a convincing and affecting appeal that the Rev. Mr. Wilkie, of Indore, India, made to Galt Presbytery on Sunday on behalf of the unenlightened millions for whom he has worked long and faithfully. He occupied the Knox Church pulpit in the morning, and that of the Central Church in the evening. He told of India's needs in language simple and forceful. The natives were a people of promise; they were ready to be taught were they given the teachers. There was a golden opportunity for Canadian

Presbyterians, and Mr. Wilkie hoped and believed that they would be worthy of it. Missionaries were needed, and the Presbyterian Church of Canada could and should fill the void. Precious was the vineyard; who would labor? Missionary sermons and addresses have been delivered in Galt at various times, but few have reached the hearts as the words of Mr. Wilkie, who these very thought and wish are of India and his children.

EASTERN ONTARIO

The strawberry festival on Mrs. Mackenzie's lawn last week in aid of St. Andrew's Church, Brighton, was an entire success.

Rev. Mr. Christolm, of Dunbarton, preached in Ashburn last Sunday. It is expected that the call of Rev. Mr. Crozier will be ready shortly to present to the Presbytery.

The pulpit of the Presbyterian Church, Unionville, on Sabbath evening was occupied by the Rev. Mr. Martin, of Markham, who delivered an eloquent address to a fair audience.

The First Presbyterian congregation, Brockville, who have been without a pastor for several months, have extended a call to Rev. R. Laird, of Campbellford.

Communion service was held in St. Paul's Church, Frankton, on Sunday last. On Friday previous Mr. D. R. Ferguson, of the Derry, was ordained to the office of the eldership.

The Rev. G. T. Boyne, of Appleton, takes his next Sabbath in aid of St. Andrew's Church, in St. Andrew's Church, at 2.30 o'clock, and the Rev. Geo. Woodside, of Carleton Place, in Melville Church, Ashton, at the same hour.

Rev. A. H. McGillivray, a graduate of Knox College, was recently inducted into the pastorate of the Newmarket Presbyterian Church, by Messrs. J. McSutt and Rogers, of Toronto, W. Amos, of Aurora, and J. Macdonald, of Uxbridge, were present. Rev. Mr. McGillivray was also ordained.

A lawn social was held on the lawn of Mr. H. Walker, Stittsville, on July 7th, under the auspices of the Presbyterian Church. Revs. McLean, of Carp; Ladstone, of Richmond, and Woodside, of Carleton Place, were present and delivered addresses. There was also a musical programme, and the usual good things provided by the ladies.

Rev. J. M. McLean, B.A., of Rosebank, was in Almonte recently prior to his departure for his new field of labor in Oshana, N.B. He preached his farewell sermons at Clayton and Rosebank last Sunday, at a Scotch congregation, and was deeply touched by the kindness of the remarks made on the eve of his leaving the people to whom he ministered so acceptably during the eight years that he has been in charge. Rev. Mr. McLean is one of the brightest and most vigorous preachers in the Lanark and Renfrew Presbytery, and his removal is a distinct loss to this section.

One of the Dominion Day celebrations in the town of Oshawa was the laying of the cornerstone of the new Presbyterian Church. The stone was laid by Mayor R. McLoughlin, with all the solemnness due to the occasion. After the stone was declared to be well and truly laid, addresses were delivered by the following gentlemen: Rev. Mr. Leitch, on behalf of the Ministerial Association of the town; Mr. William Smith, ex-M.P., on behalf of the Parliamentary representation of the county; and Rev. Mr. McAuley, of the Presbytery of Whitby, and ex-Mayor Fowler, of the Presbytery of the town. The estimated cost of the structure is between \$15,000 and \$20,000, and sentiments were expressed by the speakers that the new building might be opened free from encumbrance, between \$9,000 and \$10,000 having already been raised.

A handsome stone church to be erected at Vankleek Hill is now something to be looked forward to with pleasure. The site chosen is the corner lot next the manse. The congregation of the Presbyterian Church have decided upon the final plans. The church will front on St. John street. There will be two entrances to the front on St. John street, and two side entrances to the basements from Hamill street. The tower will be on the corner and will be a piece of the most modern architecture. The seating capacity of the church will be 775 in the seats with room for 300 more in the aisles. There will be a wide aisle around the entire auditorium and three centre aisles. The pulpit will be in the corner, to which all seats will face. The floor will be an inclined one with the choir in the entrance, immediately in front of the pulpit. The organ will be in the rear of the pulpit. The basements will be neatly finished and will have ten class rooms, a library, cloak rooms, toilet rooms, furnace room and auditorium. It will be on the same plan as the auditorium above. The class rooms will be separated

by sliding glass doors. The basement will seat 300. It is expected that the entire cost of the church will be between \$12,000 and \$15,000. It is intended to make the subscriptions payable in four annual payments—the first to be in December of this year. Mr. A. N. Cheney and Mr. J. S. McIntosh will solicit subscriptions and expect to have the entire amount subscribed before the work is begun. They have been given every encouragement and think there will be little difficulty in having the required amount promptly subscribed.

MONTREAL.

The congregation of St. John's French Presbyterian Church was cited on Sunday last to appear before the Montreal Presbytery with reference to the call recently extended to the Rev. Dr. Amaron pastor of the church, to Ste. Anne, P. E. Dr. Amaron was seen with reference to the call, and expressed himself as still in a state of indecision as to its acceptance. Among the considerations which seem to point to an acceptance of the call is the floating debt on St. John's Church. He has thought that the floating debt of \$3,000 had been provided for; but in this connection there had been a disappointment of a sum amounting to \$1,000, and the church still has that amount of floating debt, which oppresses it very much. This is in addition to the mortgage on the church of \$4,000, the interest on which has also to be raised by the church. If the last thousand dollars of the floating debt were raised, it would place the church in an easier position financially. Dr. Amaron also felt that, owing to the growth of the mission work in connection with French evangelization, and the amount of time taken up in visiting from house to house, as was necessary, he was not able to do justice to the spiritual work of the church, which he considered was the principal work of a pastor. There were a few other minor reasons which seemed to point to an acceptance of the call on his part, which matter, however, will only be finally settled when the call again comes before the Presbytery.

QUEBEC PROVINCE.

A social in connection with the Ladies' Aid of La Guerre congregation, was held on the grounds of Mr. David Vass on Thursday evening, 15th June. While all in connection with the Ladies' Aid entered into the matter heartily, yet special mention is to be made of what was done by Mr. Vass and family, they spared neither labor, pains nor expense to make the social a success. The building in which the tea was served was beautifully decorated and the tables fairly groined under the good things of this life. After partaking of a sumptuous tea the programme commenced with the reading of speeches, recitations, interspersed by music from Pundee choir, friends from Fort Covington and Huntington and local talent. The social was a grand success financially and otherwise, having realized the sum of \$80. The company then dispersed feeling that they had spent a very pleasant time, while the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Vass and family will long be remembered by La Guerre congregation.

WINNIPEG AND WEST.

Rev. Dr. Wright, of Portage la Prairie, preached in Knox Church, Winnipeg, last Sunday.

Rev. Prof. Stewart, of Wesley College, occupied the pulpit of Knox Church, Winnipeg, on Sunday, June 25th, and delivered two able discourses.

Rev. R. G. MacBeth has arrived from the east, and conducted both services on Sunday in Augustine Church.

The new addition to the Point Douglas Presbyterian Church is nearing completion, and will be opened with special dedicatory services Sunday, July 9. A special collection will be taken on that day in aid of the church finances.

Marriages.

On June 28th, at Rosebank, Proton, Ont., by the Rev. N. A. McDonald, Mr. James Roberts, farmer, eldest son of Ezekiel Roberts, Esq., Egrement, to Annie May, second youngest daughter of Mr. James Smith, Cedarville, all of Ontario.

On Wednesday, June 21, 1890, at the residence of the bride's father, Benj. G. H. Nessler, of the University of Toronto, to Mary Winifred, daughter of Judge Chisholm.

At the residence of the bride's father, on Wednesday, the 28th June, by the Rev. Dr. Campbell, assisted by the Rev. D. McLaren, brother-in-law to the bride, and Rev. T. J. Thompson, Mr. Thornton Factor, of the law firm of Bell & Gregory, Victoria, B.C., to Miss Elizabeth, fifth and youngest daughter of John Forin, Esq., Belleville, Ont.

British and Foreign

Any woman who wears a stuffed bird on her hat is liable to a fine by a law recently passed by the Legislature of Arkansas.

Mr. Laurence M. Gibson, M.A., son of Dr. Monro Gibson, has been appointed secretary of the British Chautauqua movement.

Among those who received the honorary degree of D.D. at Yale University was Rev. Prof. Geo. Adam Smith, of Glasgow, Scotland.

The Rev. William J. McCaughan succeeds Dr. J. L. Withrow as president of the Presbyterian League in Chicago, as well as in the pulpit of the Third Church.

The Rev. James F. McHardy, who recently resigned the pastorate of the Congregational Church at Griff, has been received into the ministry of the Free Church of Scotland.

At the funeral of Professor W. G. Baikie in Edinburgh there was a large attendance of clergymen of all denominations and of the general public. Four sons, three grandsons and a nephew acted as pall-bearers.

The Countess of Aberdeen presided at the annual meeting of the society founded in London to provide nurses whose duty it is to visit board schools in poor neighborhoods and attend to the ailments of the children.

We understand that amongst other names that have been spoken of for filling the pulpit of the late Dr. John Hall in New York, Revs. J. B. Meharry, of Crouch Hill, and Dr. Ross, of Newcastle, have been freely mentioned.

The Presbytery of Liverpool, at its meeting on the 12th inst., loosed the Rev. J. M. Blake from his charge at Smithdown Gate, Liverpool, in view of his acceptance of the call from Warrington congregation, London. Dr. John Watson was appointed moderator of the vacancy.

Subscriptions amounting to £5,760 have been received from 82,000 subscribers for the Gladstone liberal memorial fund. The statue of the statesman, intended for the lobby of the House of Commons, will be unveiled at the opening of the next session. The surplus of the fund will be devoted to the establishment of book prizes at the universities and colleges to be called the "Gladstone memorial prize."

Dr. John Watson made a very successful raid upon Newcastle Presbytery last week in the interests of Westminster College. At a meeting held in South Shields £112 was promised. Two subscriptions of £50 and £5 were afterwards received. Dr. Watson also addressed a large meeting in Newcastle, where £113 was subscribed. At a luncheon, to which a number of Newcastle gentlemen were invited to meet Dr. Watson, £646 was promised. A donation of £100 from Sir John Usher was also announced.

Following the example of Regent Square and other congregations of the Church, the session of Marylebone have secured an assistant for their minister (Rev. Dr. Hanson). The assistant will devote his energies mainly to evangelistic work amongst the young. The Rev. John Telfer, M.A., a Free Church probationer, has accepted the appointment for three months, and began his duties on Sunday afternoon by taking part along with Dr. Hanson in a special children's service, which was held in the church, and was largely attended.

The summer months are upon us, and many are thinking of vacation and rest. They should so spend the time that it will not be a time of dissipation.

It is related of a Japanese Christian that every morning before he starts for his day's work he puts on his door this notice: "I am a Christian, and if any one likes to go in and read my good book while I am out, he may."

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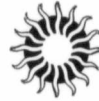
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Health and Home

Cool, not ice-cold, sponge baths are valuable tonics, and may often be advantageously used in delicate states of health. The shock to the system is much less than with the plunge bath, and the consequent reaction less intense, but the rule for judging of their beneficial effect is precisely the same.

Peas and beans are the most nutritious of vegetables, containing as much carbon as wheat, and double the amount of muscle-forming food.

Brush the teeth night and morning with salt. This will harden the gums, besides helping to preserve the teeth. Camphorated chalk is also good for cleaning the teeth, and if you would keep them from decaying they must be kept clean.

For ginger crackers take one cup of sugar, one cup of molasses, one cup of butter, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger, half teaspoonful of cloves. Use enough flour to stiffen; boil all the ingredients excepting the flour; while boiling hot, pour over the flour, stirring it all the time. Roll out thin and bake in a quick oven.

Apple Eggs.—Pare and core a convenient number of apples, leaving them whole. Fill with sugar, and pour over water; then place in oven; when nicely baked take eggs, prepared as for omelette, pour in and over the apples, and return to oven for about ten minutes; grate over them nutmeg, and serve hot.—Pickwick.

To relieve burning feet, first discard tight boots; then take one pint of bran and one ounce of bicarbonate of soda, put in a pail, and add one gallon of hot water; when cool enough, soak your feet in this mixture for fifteen minutes. The relief is instantaneous. This must be repeated every night for a week, or perhaps more. The bran and bi-carbonate should be made fresh after a week's use. The burning sensation is produced by the pores of the skin being closed, so that the feet do not perspire.

"Brown Betty" is as simple and wholesome a dessert as its name would indicate, and should be a stock dish in families where children "do abound." They always like it; the materials for its manufacture are usually on hand, and even the plainest of plain cooks can be taught to make it as it should be. Pare, core and slice six or seven tart apples. Butter a pudding dish, and put a thin layer of stale bread crumbs at the bottom, then a layer of the apple. Sprinkle lightly with sugar, add a few bits of butter and a dusting of cinnamon, cover with bread crumbs, then more apple. Proceed in this order until the dish is full, having a layer of crumbs at the top; add half a cup of water to half a cup of molasses, pour over the crumbs and bake in a moderate oven for an hour. Serve hot with sugar and cream or hard sauce.

Carrots a la Creme—Scrape, wash and cut them into pieces or slices as desired; boil them in water with salt and pepper; when nearly tender enough strain them. Put into a saucepan a breakfast cupful of thick fresh cream, with a lump of butter; when this boils, add the carrots, and let them simmer for fifteen minutes. Just before serving, thicken with the yolk of an egg.

Rolled jelly cake served with or without whipped cream makes an excellent addition to the supper or luncheon table or for dessert for dinner. It is made like sponge cake, with the addition of a little cream or butter for shortening. A good rule calls for three eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately; one cupful of sugar, one tablespoonful of melted butter or three of cream, one cupful of pastry flour sifted twice, with one teaspoonful of cream tartar and half a teaspoonful of soda. Add the sugar to the beaten yolks, then add the butter or cream, next the flour, and lastly the whites of the eggs, carefully folded in. Turn on a long shallow tin well buttered, and bake in a moderate oven. Turn out, and while hot spread with jelly. Break the edges with a knife handle and roll at once.

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NORTHERN ONTARIO.

The Rev. J. McD. Duncan, of Woodville, Ont., is the clerk of the Presbytery of Lindsay.

The Rev. R. P. McKay, Foreign Mission Secretary, will occupy the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church, Orillia, on Sunday.

The Presbyterians of Holland Centre, with their friends, spent a very pleasant evening at a garden party on the beautiful lawn of Mr. Geo. Crowther, on Friday of last week. The weather and moonlight added their charms toward making the evening enjoyable, while the Markdale Brass Band filled the air with sweet strains of music. The choir also assisted with suitable selections. Financially the social was a success. Nearly \$40 was realized.

The Presbytery met in Division Street Hall, Owen Sound, June 27th, Mr. Hunter, Moderator, Rev. Sieveright, of Lion's Head was commended to the congregations of the Presbytery with the view of securing aid in the erection of a new church in Lindsay, in the Indian Peninsula. Rev. Mr. Davidson laid on the table a call to Mr. T. Smith, B.A., from Johnson, etc. Salary promised, \$380, and two weeks vacation. The call was accepted by the Presbytery, accepted by Mr. Smith—application made for complement to make the salary \$700. The induction took place July 4th, in Woodford Church. Rev. Mr. Hunter presided, Rev. Mr. Graham preached. Dr. Watts addressed the minister, and Rev. Mr. Davidson the people.

Rev. Dr. Robertson preached in Orillia on a recent Sunday, and on the Monday evening following addressed the people on the subject of the Northwest, its resources, and its religious, social and political questions. Dr. Robertson described in glowing terms the immense extent of the west, capable of supporting in comfort a population of from twenty-five to fifty millions and possessing inexhaustible mineral and agricultural resources. This great country was now rapidly filling up, and it behoved both Church and State to take prompt action for the benefit of the commonwealth were laid in righteousness, sobriety, and honesty. A large—and not altogether desirable—foreign element was being introduced, and unless these new-comers were civilized, evangelized, and assimilated, they would cause trouble in the future. It was the duty of the people of Ontario, from patriotic as well as religious motives, to assist in the work of sending the Gospel to the struggling settlements of the west. The people out there would do their share, for they were not mean, but in many cases they had to struggle hard to find a home, and in the majority of cases the settlers were scattered. A number of new fields were now awaiting for missionaries which he would gladly fill if he could get the funds. He suggested that the ladies of the Orillia Presbyterian Church should join with those of a neighboring town in supporting a missionary, for which purpose only \$250 a year was required. This plan had been taken up with enthusiasm by the Lindsay and Woodville congregations. Dr. Robertson dwelt at some length on the dearth of women in the west, and argued that it would be much better for Ontario ladies to build up homes on the prairies than to act as a nuisance as clerks and seamstresses. He appeared to wish to quote Horace Greeley's famous epigram to "Go west, young woman, go west." At the close of the address, a vote of thanks was tendered. Dr. Robertson, on motion of Messrs. W. J. Campbell and H. T. Blackstone. Mr. H. Cooke presided.

The tenth annual meeting of the Owen Sound Presbyterian Woman's Foreign Missionary Society was held in Knox Church, Owen Sound. The number of delegates from auxiliaries was larger than at any former meeting. The morning session was given up to business and the reading of reports from auxiliaries. The following officers for the year were elected: President, Mrs. McLennan; first vice-president, Mrs. Egan; second vice-president, Mrs. Brown; third vice-president, Mrs. Burnett; recording secretary, Mrs. Fraser; secretary of supplies, Mrs. Caton; treasurer, Mrs. Watts; delegate to the annual meeting of the General Society, to be held in Ottawa next year, Mrs. T. McGill, Chatsworth. The next annual meeting will be held in Meaford on the fourth Tuesday of June, next year. At the afternoon meeting the first item on the programme was the very interesting address of the president, Mrs. McLennan. This was followed by the report of the secretary, Mrs. McGill; Mrs. Caton, secretary-treasurer of Northwest supplies; and Mrs. Watts, treasurer, from which it appears that the society is prospering. There are now nineteen auxiliaries and ten mission bands. In these there are 494 members, with 33 members of the General Society, a total of 527. The contributions last year amounted to \$874.75, an increase of \$126.31 on the previous year. (Clothing to the value of \$443.67 was contributed for the Indian work in the Northwest. An interesting and instructive address was given by Miss McLaren, of Birle, Man., matron of the Indian Mission School there. Her address was full of information as to how their work is carried on from day to day, and could not fail to bring those who were privileged to hear her into

closer touch with all engaged in such work. A most vivid account of the last annual meeting, held in Woodstock, was given by Mrs. Acheson, of Warton. Miss Goodfellow, of Thornbury, who goes out this fall as a missionary to India, told in an affecting manner how she had been led to offer herself for work in the foreign field. After a few parting words from Mrs. Rogers, the meeting adjourned for tea. In the evening the meeting was open to the general public. Brief remarks were made by the pastor of Knox Church, Dr. Watts, Dr. Somerville and Dr. Fraser, after which Miss Goodfellow and Mr. Wilkie, from Indore, India, addressed the meeting. Liberal collections were taken afternoon and evening for the funds of the society.

LOWER PROVINCES.

Rev. Prof. Falconer is to spend a month or more this summer in visiting congregations in P. E. Island. He will begin at Malpeque and Summerside, July 9, and will probably close his tour at Mount Stewart, August 10.

The corner stone of the new St. Stephen's Presbyterian Church at Amherst, was laid with appropriate ceremonies, by Mrs. Main, wife of W. D. Main, collector of customs, in the presence of a large concourse of people. Among those taking part were Rev. D. McGregor, pastor, Rev. J. L. Batty, Medicalist, Rev. A. F. Newcombe, and Rev. Dr. Steele, Baptist, and Rev. V. T. Harris, Episcopal. During the ceremony Rev. Mr. McGregor read a valuable historical sketch of the Presbyterian Church in Amherst.

Married.

At Glendonzie, Fergus, on Wednesday, June 21, by the Rev. James Dow, P.A., of Gravenhurst, brother of the bride, assisted by the Rev. J. H. Macvicar, of Fergus, and Rev. R. J. M. Glassford, of Chalmers' Church, Guelph, brother-in-law of the groom, Rev. James A. Cranston, M.A., of Rockwood, to Annie, youngest daughter of Peter Dow, Esq.

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