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Miss Blake, of Hamilton, Ont., after using Paine's Celery Compound, is a Picture of Womanly Vigor and Beauty."

A Story for All who Stand in Need of Perfect Health.

Miss Isabella Blake, of 303 Hughson Street, Hamilton, Ont., is one of the fairest and best known young women in the ambitious city. Today, she is a picture of womanly health, vigor and beauty, and joyfully declares, "I am now a new woman, can enjoy life, and am as well as I wish to be."

When Miss Blake makes the declaration that she is a "new woman," she does not wish it to be understood that she has entered the ranks, and adopted the fads of those lightbrained women who would usurp the legitimate positions of men, and go through life clad in half masculine attire, with the fixed idea of altering the plans of an all-wise Providence, and turning the world upside down. Ah! no; this is far from what Miss Blake wishes to imply when she makes the statement that she is a "new woman."

The "new woman" that the world values is not the modern creature that dons the open vest, exposed shirt front, four-in-hand tie, straight and high collar, stiff Derby hat, who walks out on our streets with cane in hand, giving evidence of empty brain and unsatisfied vanity. The true "new woman," is perfectly represented by Miss Blake, made healthy, vigorous, strong and active by the use of Paine's Celery Compound. This is the "woman" that sensible and rational beings honor and appreciate—the type of "woman" that blesses home, friends and the world at large.

Miss Blake, though a young woman, can relate a tale of sad experiences. In the past, lions have stood in her way threatening destruction; she knows what sore afflictions are, owing to the rough grasp of disease; and at times, the cold

touch of the destroyer, death, has made her shiver, and caused her to think of the dark gloom of the silent tomb.

When Miss Blake's heart was faint, sick and void of hope; when all the doctors and medicines failed to do good, and when threatened with that relentless foe consumption, an angel of mercy suggested the use of a remedy that has brought new life to thousands of poor sufferers in the past. Yes, it is Paine's Celery Compound that is recommended; it is used, and in a short time makes a "new woman" from the material that the grave had battled for.

These facts, dear reader, are not overdrawn or colored in the least. Miss Blake and her friends will gladly vouch for the truth of the statement that Paine's Celery Compound, and it alone, under God's blessing, was the agent that saved life at a critical juncture. The following letter from Miss Blake is surely of sufficient weight to convince the most hardened unbeliever:—

"For years I suffered greatly, and was under the care of doctors who finally told me I was going into consumption. I was becoming worse through the use of medicines, and I gave up my doctors. While in a very critical condition, not able to sleep or rest, always faint and weak, appetite and digestion bad, and my system run-down and little life left in me, I commenced to use Paine's Celery Compound. After taking one bottle I felt much relieved. I have used in all seven or eight bottles, and am now a new woman, can enjoy life, and am as well as I wish to be. Many thanks for your great medicine."

HEALTH AND HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

Use soapy water when making starch. The clothes will have a glossier appearance and the irons will be less likely to stick.

The most satisfactory dusters are those made from the cheapest grade of white cheesecloth. They should be cut about a yard square and neatly hemmed.

Chemists say it takes more than twice as much sugar to sweeten preserves, sauces and the like if put in when they begin to cook, as it does to add it after the process is accomplished.

An eiderdown quilt rolled up and tied with a broad ribbon is now occasionally seen piled with the other cushions of a divan. It is said to have admirable fitting-in qualities, and if the quilt is handsome, as such usually are, it is decorative as well.

Silver may be kept bright and free from stains by washing daily in castile soap suds. Keep a piece of chamols at hand and polish the silver thoroughly with it after it has been dried, and you will find the use of silver polish needed only occasionally.

Water boiled in galvanized iron becomes poisonous, and cold water passed through zinc-lined iron pipes should never be used for cooking or drinking purposes. Hot water for cooking should never be taken from hot-water pipes. Take from cold water pipes and keep a supply for use in kettles.

Almond Cake.—Two cups of powdered sugar, one half-cup butter, one cup milk, two and one-half cups flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, the beaten whites of five eggs, one pound finely chopped almonds.

Cracker Omelet.—Break one quart of oyster crackers into small pieces, pour over them one pint of hot milk with half teaspoonful salt. Stir in three eggs well beaten and put into a hot buttered skillet. Cook slowly ten minutes stirring frequently.

Turk's Head.—One pint of flour, one pint of milk, two eggs, butter half the size of an egg, a little salt. Mix the flour and butter, then add the yolks, beaten very light, then the milk, and lastly, the whites well beaten. Bake in quick oven, and serve at once.

Graham Pudding.—One cupful of graham flour, half a cupful of flour, half a cupful of molasses, one cupful of sweet milk, one teaspoonful of soda, a little salt, one cupful each of seeded raisins and currants; steam one hour and three-quarters; serve with cream or any pudding sauce.

Charlotte Russe.—Soak half a box of gelatine in a little milk or water for two hours; then pour over it a pint of boiling milk, let it cool and just before it congeals add the whites of four eggs and a pint of cream whipped to a froth. Season and sweeten to taste before adding the cream.

Ginger Pears.—Ginger pears are a delicious sweetmeat. Use a hard pear, peel, core and cut the fruit into very thin slices. For eight pounds of fruit after it has been sliced use the same quantity of sugar, the juice of four lemons, one pint of water, and half a pound of ginger root, sliced thin. Cut the lemon rinds into as long and thin strips as possible. Place all together in a preserving kettle and boil slowly for an hour.

Beef Loaf.—Put three pounds of the round of beef into a kettle, cover with cold water and simmer until tender; let the meat cool in the liquor; then remove the bones and chop the meat fine. Put the liquor on to boil and reduce until you have about two cupfuls, now add two tablespoonfuls of vinegar to the liquor, mix cloves, mace, cinnamon and allspice, making about a teaspoonful in all, add salt, pepper and the juice and grated rind of half a lemon; mix with the meat thoroughly and press it in a mould, pour the hot liquor over it and stand it away until cold, then turn it out carefully and serve in slices with lettuce or cress salad.

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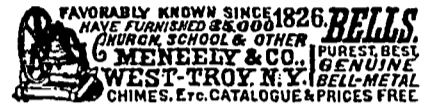
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THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

Vol. 24.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 6th, 1895.

No. 45.

Notes of the Week.

The government of Cape Colony, South Africa, says a recent clerical traveller in that country, treats clergymen of all denominations in the most liberal manner. Any minister who can produce his certificate is allowed to procure a return ticket at a single fare. This arrangement makes it much easier for the ministers of South Africa to attend their annual Assemblies.

The Rev. John MacNeil, the Australian evangelist, as a protest against the manner in which certain congregations of the Presbyterian Church in that country, are setting at nought with apparent impunity, the instructions of the General Assembly on the matter of gambling in bazaars, has tendered to the Assembly's Committee his resignation of his commission as Church evangelist.

A biography of the late Professor Blackie has just been published, which contains as might be expected, a great deal that is both interesting and racy. It tells us that he was a great admirer of Principal Fairbairn. The professor was present at the opening of Mansfield College and he wrote, "Fairbairn is a man for thoroughness of culture and largeness of view, I fancy, not inferior to the most accomplished of the pedagogic dons here, and superior to most."

The following is frank criticism of a writer who just now is supposed to carry everything before him. The *London Times*, having announced in a Saturday edition, that it would on Monday publish a poem of Rudyard Kipling, naturally excited some expectation and no doubt swelled that day's circulation. When the verses appeared, says a writer in the *British Weekly*, "they were miserably disappointing, dull, thumping, jingo doggerel without a single felicitous word or phrase, and without even an approach to poetry."

The following extract is given from a letter of Professor Blackie in his biography which has just appeared:—"In the evening I found myself in Lord Rosebery's new house with a grand array, or rather a snug select committee of Gladstonian Liberals, including the G. O. M. himself and his lady, also Lord Aberdeen and his lady; Principal Donaldson, Arnold Morley, the Liberal whip, and a few others. The G. O. M. looked quite well but discoursed rather too seriously about various matters, Popery and French novels, both unlovely subjects, to which unseasonable seriousness I put a pleasant end in the drawing-room, by singing at the express request of Mrs. Gladstone and mine host, 'The Bonnie House o' Airlie.'"

The sitting at the present time of a commission in Washington to consider the question of damages in the case of the Behring Sea seal fishery as between Britain and the United States, and the fact that that has come to be the recognized and accepted method of dealing with difficulties between these two great and kindred people, is really an object lesson of incalculable value for all civilized nations. It cannot but be felt by all thinking people, how much more rational it is that misunderstanding should be settled in that way, or by that of friendly meditation, than by angry words, fiscal retaliation, or worse than all, by an appeal to the sword, in which millions of money would be worse than thrown away, and thousands of lives needlessly sacrificed, to leave behind mutual hatreds which in their turn are a source of injury and danger, without very possibly, after all, arriving at a rational solution and settlement of existing difficulties.

The extent to which South Africa is coming to the front and the exciting attractions of gold and diamond mines, are strikingly illustrated by the statement of an English clergyman who has just returned from that country. On board the vessel in which he sailed there were over five hundred persons, the majority of them seeking their fortune in the Transvaal. Among them were a hundred Russian Jews driven away by the despotism of their native country. There were also a hundred Cornish miners going out to work in the famous mines of South Africa. Many of these were strong and devoted Methodists, who, as a body, are keenly alive to the interests of Methodism in that country. He speaks in the highest terms of South Africa and its people, and believes there is a great future before it.

Although it is not easy to see how it can be avoided, yet one cannot but regret that the H. H. Holmes horrors are all to be again served up to the public. They gratify, and while they gratify help to create a taste for the horrible. The trial of Holmes is now going on in Philadelphia, and as might be expected is exciting the utmost interest, the court room being crowded from day to day and only a small portion of those who wish it being able to get admittance. The extent and keenness of the interest generally felt in this man and in his trial, are testified to by the fact that there has never been so large a gathering of newspaper men before in the history of Philadelphia criminal courts. In addition to representatives of the twelve local papers there are special correspondents present from Toronto, New York, Chicago, Indianapolis, Detroit and St. Louis.

The political atmosphere just now is surcharged with highly dangerous elements. Turkish atrocities in Armenia goading a peaceful people to madness and retaliation. Russia, France and Britain watching Turkey, and each other. Russian scheming and intriguing in China, for commercial advantages and territorial, which, if true, Britain and Japan could not tolerate; British ultimatums to Ashantee and Venezuela, and complications threatened with the United States, and general uneasiness on many accounts, if newspaper reports are to be believed, in many countries, present an array of difficulties, complications and jealousies, which if all were peacefully settled would allow people to breathe more freely, and demonstrate that the thirst and readiness to go to war which once prevailed does not do so now, which, should events prove to be the case, will be a most welcome augury of peace for, let us hope, years to come.

The *Occident*, a Presbyterian paper published in San Francisco, intimates to its readers a course of popular lectures to be given in that city by the professors of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary and pastors of churches in the city under the auspices of the Young People's Association of the Presbytery during the fall and winter. They will be given in the central churches of the city so as to bring them within reach of the largest number. The subjects treated will be as follows: "Old Testament Literature," "On the Formation of the New Testament Canon," "The Form of Government of the Presbyterian Church," "Presbyterian Doctrine," "Presbyterianism and Its Relation to Modern Thought," "Presbyterianism and Modern Life," "Why I Am a Presbyterian." Why could not this same plan be adopted in Toronto and many of our larger towns as well as cities? This work could be done by clergymen and laymen in such a way as to be both most instructive as well as interesting.

The Rev. Andrew Murray, whose visit to Toronto a short time ago was so greatly enjoyed, has two brothers besides himself in South Africa, the Rev. Charles and the Rev. William Murray, both of them prominent ministers in the Dutch Reformed Church, and men of great influence in the colony. The former has some magnificent vines at Graaf Reinit, one of which is said to rival the celebrated vine at Hampton Court.

An important convention lately held was that of Provincial W. C. T. U. in Knox Church, Hamilton. The attendance of delegates was larger than ever before, and it is not necessary to say that Hamilton's welcome was of the most cordial kind possible. It requires these gatherings to present a full and complete view of the work such organizations are doing for the good of the country and its wide-reaching scope. Reports were given we may mention, by way of illustration of this, upon work for sailors, for our volunteers, amongst our Indians, in prisons, and for the police, upon the use of unfermented wine at the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in Bands of Hope, upon Sabbath observance, upon purity in literature, art and fashion, upon social purity, hygiene and heredity and other subjects scarcely less important. We cannot have too much of such work and no portion of the community can do that work better, if so well as women can do it. It is work in which nearly all will wish them abundant success, and be willing to lend a helping hand in. For as was well said at the convention the women of the W. C. T. U. are not seeking political, municipal or social power, but to protect their homes, and trying to make their influence felt in work for the Master. They are educating public sentiment, not for high license or local option, but for prohibition. The success of the past year, which has been greater than ever before, we hope will be exceeded by each succeeding year, as nothing but blessing can come to Canada from such work, and to every country where it is being carried on.

The "Prisoners' Aid Association," which held its annual meeting last week in Association Hall in this city, presided over by Hon. S. H. Blake, is doing a good and most important work for the various classes which it takes under its care, and for the whole country. Its report gives a full account of its work, and agents and office-bearers of the Association are indefatigable and persistent in the work they are doing. During the year the Prison Reform movement has been prosecuted with unabated vigor. The following are some of the objects which it has in view, whose importance and value to society as reformatory agencies no one can dispute: a Dominion Reformatory for Young Men; one or more Industrial Reformatories for Inebriates in Ontario; the distribution of literature in the County Gaol and the County House of Industry questions. Of this 43,630 pages have been circulated. The protection of children is seen to, the classification of prisoners, such as for example: "At the Central Prison, Toronto: (a) Sufficient cell accommodation to afford every prisoner a separate cell, and (b) The erection of a block of isolation cells for the separate confinement of incorrigible prisoners. The adoption of the English system of separate confinement in our county gaols." It recommends also the appointment of a female inspector for female prisoners, a workhouse for Toronto located on a farm convenient to the city for the vagrant class, where this class could be made to do something towards their own maintenance. In this good work the press, Ministerial Associations, the W.C.T.U. and other benevolent organizations lend more or less help, which is gratefully acknowledged by the Association.

Our Contributors.

REMEDIES THAT DON'T GO TO THE ROOTS.

BY KNOXIAN.

The number of people even in this Christian country who do not seem to believe that the gospel is the only remedy for fallen human nature, is painfully large. Why do so many advocate remedies that never touch the real cause of all the ills of human nature and belittle or even ignore the only real remedy? Mainly because they do not believe in the Bible doctrine of sin nor trust to the all-sufficient remedy that God has provided.

Here, for example, is a man who thinks that all the ills that afflict the body politic are caused by party politics. Abolish party, he says in effect, and a political millennium will come in. It never seems to dawn on his mind that responsible government without party is an impossibility. The best statesmen that Great Britain, the mother of parliaments ever produced, accept it as an axiom that party and responsible government must go together. The safety of the body politic arises in no small degree from the fact that the parties watch each other. Abolish the watching and there is a sufficient number of bad men in or hanging on the skirts of any party to bleed the country white. Allow these bad men to unite and operate without the check of party and there would not be a dollar in the treasury in a twelvemonth. What the country needs is not the abolition of party but the growth of better men. We do not say better public men. The public men, taken as a whole, are perhaps about the average of the private men. Indiscriminate abuse of public servants has long been a standing curse to this country. Better men at the ballot-box is what the country needs first and most, and the men at the ballot-box can be made better by the Gospel and in no other way. Has that doctrine gone out of date? So much the worse for Canada if it has. If that doctrine goes clean out of date in this country the country will soon go off the map.

Here is another Doctor who tells you in effect with a straight face that the remedy for all the ills that afflict the Church is organic union. Just huddle the Methodists and Baptists and Presbyterians and all the others into one huge ecclesiastical heap. Call the heap by one name, start the great ecclesiastical machine, put sinners in the hopper and they will come out saints almost ready for translation. Does the man who talks in that way or who leads simple-minded people to think in that way really believe in the Bible doctrine of sin. Has he accepted the doctrine of regeneration in anything more than a mere form, if he has accepted it at all? Would it not startle him to say that regeneration should be a term of communion? If organic union is set forth in the Scriptures as the proper condition of the Church—we don't admit for a moment that any such thing is taught in the Bible—but if it is, it can be brought about by a great outpouring of divine grace and in no other way. To unite the churches on a mere business basis and for the avowed purpose of saving money, to unite them for no higher purposes than people unite school sections or cattle shows would be a calamity. Of course such a union would be followed with the usual flourish of figures and the usual platform exhibitions. But souls are not saved by big figures nor sanctified by platform swagger.

Years ago we knew a man who professed to be converted at a union meeting. He said the thing that converted him was the appearance of all the town ministers "on a common platform." He didn't stay converted a month. Souls are not converted by spectacular exhibitions. What the churches need is a great outpouring of the Divine Spirit—more spiritual life in the pul-

pit and the pew, more of the power of the Holy Spirit in our Church courts and committees—perhaps it is needed there as much as in any other place—a great revival of true godliness and true manliness as well. The Church has no greater enemy than the man who even unconsciously leads men who love their sins to think that organic union can take the place of regeneration.

Another Doctor, and he is quite often the shallowest kind of a quack, tells you that the right remedy for the bad feeling that too often exists between Roman Catholic and Protestants is to abolish separate schools. Let the little Catholic boy and the little Protestant boy cipher and chew gum at the same desk and all will be well. It might occur to the man who proposes the sovereign remedy that there are no separate schools in the United States and the feeling of antagonism there between Catholics and Protestants is more bitter than in Canada. The P.P.A., one of the worst things that ever grew on the soil of America had its origin in a country in which there are no separate schools. Enmity against God or our fellow-men has its origin in the human heart, and is too deeply rooted there to be eradicated by a change of school systems. At all events, that is the way we read the New Testament.

Some of us can remember when education was advocated as a remedy for almost every kind of evil. Free schools, it was alleged would make good boys. The fact that many of the worst criminals on the continent are educated men has knocked the bottom clean out of that theory. Knowledge is power, but like money it may be a power for evil as well as for good.

Universal suffrage was contended for as a remedy for many evils. The ballot would make men better. The fact that so many men are ready to sell their ballots goes hard with that theory.

The latest and perhaps most absurd remedy for evil is to make the women electors, the bad ones as well as the good ones.

Supposing we all go back to a New Testament basis, and adopt as a working principle the doctrine that sin is the root of all our trouble, and that the Gospel and the Gospel alone is the real remedy that goes to the roots.

THE REV. ROBERT J. LAIDLAW, LL.D.

BY REV. HORATIO S. BEAVIS, M.A.

The late pastor of St. Paul's Church, Hamilton, sank peacefully in death, at half past two o'clock in the morning of Oct. 24th, at the residence of his mother-in-law Mrs. Hugh McColl, near Georgetown. He had been in a state of decline for more than a year, during which a stricken people gave him every evidence of sincerest love. A native of Canada, of Scotch parentage, there were combined in him elements of character and gifts of mind that made him almost idolized by Americans and Canadians, giving a stamp to the ministry which was an honor to God and the Church he represented.

He was born at Esquesing, Ont., Dec. 3rd, 1839, and his childhood was singularly fortunate in those home and neighborhood influences by which the coming man is moulded. The omnivorous reader developed into the brilliant student, and the earnest Christian lad into a consecrated worker for his Lord, and after valuable experience as a school teacher at Quatre Bras, he entered Knox College in 1859. The same year he matriculated at Toronto University, but relinquished his studies there on account of the death of a brother. Returning to Quatre Bras he taught until 1863, then took charge of the school at Waterloo, which he taught until 1867. Throughout these years he was an industrious student in various lines, and received fine training in the classics under the Rev. James Mitchell, then in charge of the churches of Boston and Milton.

"After giving up teaching Mr. Laidlaw engaged in business for about a year, when

the way opened for him to carry out the wishes of earlier years and study for the ministry. He entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N.J., in September, 1868, and took the regular course of three years. Dr. Charles Hodge was then senior professor of this famous school of the prophets, and probably exercised upon Mr. Laidlaw a greater influence than any other man. The Seminary vacation of 1869 was spent preaching in the churches of Brainard and East Nassau, Rensselaer county, N.Y., and the vacation of 1870 at Brockville, Ont. During the first year in Princeton, Mr. Laidlaw was very ill with typhoid fever, and in the next year he suffered from pleurisy, some effects of it remaining with him for life. He was licensed by the Presbytery of New Brunswick at Princeton in the spring of 1871, and graduated from the Seminary on April 2nd of that year, one of the leading students and most promising men of a class that had in it a number of men who have made their mark as preachers and professors."

His full ministerial career opened with the acceptance, May 1871, of a call to the First Church of Columbus, Ohio, one of the strongest churches of the State, and his incumbency was marked by signal ability. Columbus always retained a strong hold on Mr. Laidlaw's heart, for there he began his ministerial labors, to it he brought his bride—Margaret, daughter of Hugh McColl, whom he married, on Jan. 18th, 1872—and there his daughter, Anna C., was born. This was followed by the pastorate of the Jefferson Avenue Church of Detroit, entered upon in 1875, and covering three years. During his American ministry, he was honored by the appointment to convey the fraternal greetings of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States to the sister body in Canada, and his performance of the task showed that the right man had been selected. In 1878 he began the full, rich and happy pastorate of St. Paul's Church, Hamilton, Ont., where a record of such ability, loving zeal and widespread usefulness has been made as would be an honor to any minister of Jesus Christ. His scholarship, pulpit power, pastoral fidelity and organizing ability, together with that genuine piety whose cheerfulness never touched the borders of irreverence, and whose seriousness had no tinge of gloom, made him an object of loving admiration, and his life a sunny blessing. As a preacher he was vigorous yet tender, Biblical and practical, evangelical and independent. As author he was clear, interesting, scholarly and courteous, as witness his works on "The Trial of Dr. Briggs," and "Our Religion as It Was, and as It is."

His services to the Church spread beyond the bounds of his own congregation and community. He was a most conscientious and efficient presbyter. He was assiduous, wise and conciliatory in the Church courts, and "Dr. Laidlaw's bottle of oil" became proverbial. His trusteeship of Queen's University was characterized by such wisdom as to win from Principal Grant the statement: "No more sagacious advisor sat at the Board." As Convener of the Assembly's Committee on the Distribution of Preachers, he wrought faithfully and lovingly. As a citizen he was public-spirited and helpful.

The sad death in March, 29th, 1893, of Mrs. Laidlaw, deprived him of his best friend and wisest counsellor. His children, Miss Anna C., Hugh Campbell and Robertson, were spared to comfort his heart, and enjoy for a little longer the most touching, companionable, fatherly care.

It was the writer's privilege to become intimately associated with Dr. Laidlaw, during the last year of his earthly history. It is impossible to state too strongly the impression made by that godly spirit. Personal contact with a character which was the embodiment of purity, devotion and common sense gave fresh confidence in the possibilities of sanctified human nature, and strengthened the desire for a better and higher Christian life.

The funeral services were held October 26th in Hamilton, in the church he loved so well, when a bereaved people looked upon the features of him who had given the best years of his life to them. The Presbytery

of Hamilton and the Ministerial Alliance were in attendance. Rev. Principal Caven, Knox College, spoke most feelingly of the precious spirit now gone before; his faithful discharge of duty, and the memory which those loving labors will leave behind. Rev. Dr. Fletcher, representing the Presbytery in a tender address; and Rev. Dr. Smith, speaking for Queen's University, paid a fitting tribute. The Moderator of the Presbytery, Rev. W. M. Cruickshank, assisted in the service as did also Rev. Dr. Burns, Principal of the Hamilton Ladies College, and president of the Ministerial Alliance. Rev. Mr. Wade, rector in the Church of England, participated in the services. A special train, provided by the managers of St. Paul's Church, conveyed a large number to Georgetown, and in the cemetery there by the side of his beloved wife were laid the mortal remains of the model pastor, the ideal father, the Christian friend, Robert F. Laidlaw. "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

SUNDAY'S SOLILOQUY.

BY A. O. C.

Yes, Sunday is very different from the other days: to me even the trees seem to feel this and look more dignified; possibly it is imagination, but why should it not be so? The Indians, who knew nature as none have since, gave human understanding to her, and certainly there are trees now that remind one of people. For instance, a tree hard by is so like Uriah Heep that when the breeze disturbs the branches they writhe as did Uriah when he would tell how "umble" he was. The Uriah Heeps in real life are legion. Many there are whose very "umbleness" is their most aggravating pride. These "umble" people are associated in my mind with those who are so good—so much better than the ordinary Christian—that they become intolerable. Now, two pews in front of me there sits a man upon whose face is written "Behold how good I am—there are few equal to me!" But that very expression, together with his quiet stealthy step, and the gentle, insinuating way he takes his seat, reveal more of his true character than he is aware. In direct contrast to him is myself, who profess no extraordinary goodness, nor ability to distribute tracts, but who can smile. A smile is not worth much in itself but when a squaw, peddling one day, said "Thank you kindly for your smile; it is the first I've had to-day," I felt that I had given more, infinitely more, to her than if I had bought her whole stock-in-trade. The day seemed brighter and happier to me for her few words, we each helped the other by a smile. A smile will bring more comfort to the weary and sick, and to the well too, than a dozen long, sanctimonious-faced men who have scriptural quotations for every occasion and of whom the above is typical. Strange that smiles are not more cultivated? Would that they could be taught in our schools as a necessary part of our education and then used as freely as our powers of speech. Now while I have been thinking, the sermon has come to an end, and how much do I remember? "A sower went forth to sow." Truly appropriate, for here I have been ostensibly worshipping while in reality my thoughts have been so preoccupied that the words have only reached the outer ear and have never touched the soul. A wayside hearer for this morning. There are probably many others the same, although they are ashamed to confess it; but this evening there shall be good ground and no soliloquising. Ah! There is one who looks as though he had heard what he had come to hear and ever more. This is one of the joys of church-going, to hear thoughts that have hitherto been struggling to break the veil between them and our understanding, put into words and made tangible, so that one is strengthened to meet the future, and buoyant with the knowledge that the way to do ourselves the most good is to do good to others.

ADVANCE MOVEMENT.—I.

BY J. C.

An idea of the outlook in the State of California and in San Francisco may be got from a clipping from a daily paper of that city, "Wanted—a great man."

"The curse of California has been that, ever since the American occupation all attempts to educate the people and lead them into correct methods of thought have given way to blather and bull-dozing. We have proceeded on the theory of the Puritans who were said to have emigrated to Massachusetts so that they could worship God in their own way and make everybody do the same. The history of California is a history of political, social and intellectual bossism. The masses have been counted as idiotic. The plan has been to drive, not to lead them. Out of this has come a race of lying, insincere politicians, faithless office holders, clerical and collegiate frauds and humbuggers in general. False theories of government and universal cussedness have prevailed over honesty and sincere attempts to see the light. Our great men have been Harry Meiggs, Joe Palmer, Adolph Sutro, Mayor of San Francisco, and Jim Budd (Governor). What California now needs is a great man."

The two last referred to so curtly are the mayor and the governor. This year has been unusually fertile in rare and stirring events and advance movements chiefly religious and social. Noted leaders have visited the coast. Only a few of the most conspicuous can be noticed now.

In the line of mixed reforms, by which is meant, the vain effort to combine religion with political or socialistic panaceas for the ills or evils of the world, the golden rule as a sort of charm to cure or prevent the maladies of the body, social or politic, Prof. Geo. R. Herron, of Grinnell College, Iowa, made the most stir, a nine days wonder. He gave, by invitation, a course of lectures in several cities in California. His theories are no doubt familiar to your readers. Most of the pastors and their people eagerly grasped at the new fad, chiefly those who are wide awake enough to see that the present methods and means of reaching the people by the Church are an utter failure, but who have not the spiritual discernment to see that what is needed, is a return of the Church to sole reliance on the Holy Spirit to apply the old gospel to the hearts and consciences of the people. These latter, though utterly mistaken in following Herron, by forming clubs, called "Institutes of applied Christianity," (to be applied externally!) are more likely to get *something* than the moribund, fossilized clergy though orthodox, yet embalmed in self-satisfied delusion or indifference, who stolidly ignored Herron. There was one exception. A leading pastor "showed fight," even before he arrived. Though he was backed by his deacons and the rich element of his Church and endorsed by Rev. Joseph Cook, who lectured in his Church *en route* to the Orient, and by Henry Varley, who held a series of meetings in his edifice, he was "snowed under" by the ephemeral wave of the Herron craze, which swept over the fickle populace, like a Kansas cyclone, headed by the aggressive but mistaken ministers who, like Saul, forsaken of the true God and source of help, seek counsel from the ether world spirits of the ilk of the Witch of Endor. In the line of the true and real Scriptural work, first came General Booth, of the Salvation Army, who stirred and troubled the stagnant waters of religious life by his robust, Scriptural methods of dealing with sin and its remedy. Sin had never heretofore been dealt such telling blows, not even by Sam Jones as by his Titanic strokes. Sin and hell, sin and misery are inseparably linked. The blood of Christ, the only remedy, was the gist and burden of all his gospel addresses.

In March Henry Varley, of London, now of Melbourne, Australia, landed in this city, unexpected and unknown, except by reputation, to all but a very few. He had no plans or engagements, but was inclined to hire a hall for gospel meetings. He is not

dependent on the people he ministers to for his support, yet he does not refuse voluntary gifts to aid the work, especially the publication of his books, tracts and addresses. However, he was waited on by the clergy of Oakland and entered on a "Bible campaign." A Bible reading in the afternoon and a gospel address at night in a central church, thus moving from one to another till all sections of Oakland, Berkeley, Alameda and San Francisco have been covered in the five months since, ending with meetings in the largest hall in the city to reach the neutral or non-church element. He has just sailed for Australia, perhaps to return to work more stately, bringing his family with him. It is quite impossible to give any adequate idea of Mr. Varley's teaching, methods, or results to those who have not heard him. For he is an Englishman of the Gladstonian type in mental calibre and manly physique and presence. He is in his sixtieth year, yet, as he claims, as vigorous as at twenty-five. Certainly he seems to have more fire and courage, as well as a deeper knowledge of the Word and a richer personal experience than when we heard him in New York, over twenty years ago, address audiences of over 15,000 in Barnum's Hippodrome. To understand the herculean task before Mr. Varley, it is needful to look at the background of the picture of the religious world here. In brief, this coast has been over-done or over-run with all sorts of evangelists, so that the churches are nauseated with them. The climax of distrust and disgust was reached with the re-action after the collapse of the revival bubble by Rev. B. Fay Mills, who three years ago engineered the biggest boom and fraud that ever scourged this long and much-afflicted with humbug state, not excepting the wild craze of fanaticism led by the Trance evangelist, Mrs. Woodworth, whose "prophecy" of the destruction of these cities by a flood in 1890, with scores of prostrations into an unconscious state, under the "power" in her meetings in a big tent, caused a cyclone of demoniacal frenzy in Oakland and San Francisco.

Here was a clumsy delusion of Satan, a drag-net to catch the gullible masses. His was a latter day masterpiece of the devil to deceive if possible the very elect, coming as an angel of light (2 Cor. xi. 13-15), hoodwinking the whole of the ministers and church people generally of these cities. God enabled a very few to see through the counterfeit at that time. Time, however, has opened the eyes of most of the pastors. Of the thousands of the professed converts most have gone their own way, and it would be much better for the churches if every last one would levant too. As an evidence of the revulsion of feeling, a Presbyterian minister recently read a paper on Mill's work before the Ministers' Union, in which, among other strong terms, it was referred to as a calamity, and the paper received the unanimous approval of all present.

Another barrier in the way of Scriptural teaching is the erroneous doctrines held as truth by many earnest, Christian people, chiefly those in the so-called holiness movement, with its subtle errors of instantaneous sanctification and eradication of the carnal nature, there being little teaching hitherto on the Scriptural view of holiness. Still another deadly hindrance is the wide diffusion of specious or false doctrines in the realm of eschatology, among ministers and Christians, such as soul-sleeping, annihilation of the wicked, Restorationism, a second probation, and other spawn of the pit, that have come up like the frogs of Egypt invading every sect or fold.

Of course it passes without saying that general indifference to religious matters, varied outbreaking sin of all kinds, are increasing here as elsewhere at a headlong rate. This obstacle, though perhaps much greater here, is not peculiar to California, though in the line of general all-round depravity, the press, the politicians, prostitution, intemperance, Sabbath breaking, divorces, dead-formalism in the churches, Mr. Varley places this city at the bottom of all in Christian lands.

MONDAY MUSINGS.

BY A CITY PASTOR.

Yesterday was my communion Sunday, and truly it was a day of fellowship. It was what a communion-tide ought to be, a time of refreshing, of cheer and hopefulness, and newness of life. My view concerning the communion has undergone much change since the days of boyhood. In those days I was afraid of it. It seemed to me a shining goal, toward which only the shining ones had any right to press, and whose attainment was the pledge of the soul's perfection. From the side seats of my father's church, I looked on with awe, and for the time being the occupants of the centre pews were to me the spirits of just men made perfect, while the elders ranked with the cherubim and seraphim. For years, I feared to enter in, and even when I did, my first communion was impaired to me by the old-time awe, which led me to look for the ideal in myself, rather than in Him whose death it was my sacred privilege to join in celebrating. That unwholesome fear has, in great measure at least, passed away. To the quarterly communion, I now look forward with almost impatient joy. It is no longer the goal; it is the spring by the wayside, of whose life-giving waters the weary pilgrims may freely drink, their faces still turned toward the heavenly Jerusalem. It is no longer the end; it is a means whereby those who wait upon the Lord may renew their strength; it is no longer the prize of perfection; it is the privilege of those who, sin-stained and heavy laden, do yet plod along the narrow way which leads to the golden gates that open on the place beyond. It was in the full realization of these precious aspects of the communion, that I turned yesterday toward the "supper in the house beautiful." And I am gladdened this morning as I reflect on the mellow memories of that service past. While my trusty elders passed the emblems to the hushed and reverent worshippers, I bethought myself of the beauty in which the whole situation seemed to be clad. The day had all the matchless splendour of autumn's gentle glory; the world seemed far away, and spirit seemed to reign. What tragedy in each life before me I knew not; what long-continued war with sin, I might not know; what silent prayer, the unseen messenger of hearts distressed, might even then be winging its way to God, for strength against the future days, when from the mount illumined, the soul should descend into the dusty plain! What soul-filled memories of kindred forms, once visible by their side in these very pews, but now standing in God's sight, and walking in His presence with acceptance forever; what unspoken covenant between the soul and God; what vision of unseen realities, what conceptions of the soul's great majesty, what glimpses of its coming glory, when, disenthralled, it shall sit in the heavenly place with those who do forever gaze upon the life indeed! It was a pregnant hour, the one to which I have just referred. How vocal silence is, if one only knows how to listen! I felt the grandeur of the ministry, because I felt the wondrous dignity of the souls into whose lives our own are pouring forth their sacred tide; and I felt hope for minister and people alike, since Christ has deemed us worthy of Himself, and since we too, with all our imperfections and our sin, yet deem that gift the greatest, and treasure still with loving hearts the sign and seal which speak the love of His heart.

LILLIAN BLAUVELT.

Mme. Lillian Blauvelt, the celebrated American concert soprano, will sing at the grand concert in Massey Hall on November 14th. The New York Musical Courier speaks of her as follows: "Lillian Blauvelt sang deliciously one of her proprietary boleros—Van der Stucken's 'Fallih Fallah,' which she is bound to bring into favor—and a charming song by Bouhy, 'Ave Printemps.' She has the throat of the lark. Her voice has grown bigger, but she retains the same luscious freshness and has the same spontaneous ring in her utterance which first made her here a marked soprano. She is, indeed, our little concert Patti, and not unlike the diva in her pretty piquant personnel. Encores, and again encores, and storms of applause were her portion."

The other artists who will appear at the same concert are: Mme. Isidor Klein, soprano; Dr. Carl E. Dufft, basso; and Mr. H. M. Field, pianist. The subscribers' list is at Messrs. Gourlay, Winter and Leeming, 188 Yonge St.

Christian Endeavor.

REJECTING CHRIST; THE CONSEQUENCES.

REV. W. S. McTAVISH, B.D., DESERONTO.

Nov. 17.—Matt. x. 11-15, 32, 33.

It is well at the outset to understand that Christ is rejected whenever His Gospel is slighted and whenever His invitations are neglected or declined. Overtures of mercy may be found in a religious book; they may be met with in the Bible itself; they may be heard from the lips of the preacher or they may fall from a loving friend, but however they come, Christ is rejected when they are refused. Christ may be rejected by one individual in one way and by another in another.

It would seem as if Felix rejected Him very blandly, for he said to Paul: "Go thy way for this time and when I have a convenient season I will call for thee" (Acts xxiv. 25). It may be that Felix did not dream that he was rejecting Christ when he dealt thus with Paul, nevertheless that is the only construction we can put upon his conduct. The rich young ruler rejected Christ very sorrowfully. Christ laid down certain terms and conditions to him, but he considered them too hard and so he turned his back upon Christ. "He went away sorrowful for he had great possessions" (Matt. xix. 22). Some reject Christ with shame and fear. "Among the chief rulers many believed on Him; but because of the Pharisees they did not confess Him, lest they should be put out of the synagogue, for they loved the praise of men more than the praise of God" (John xii. 42, 43). It is to be feared that a great many young people like those chief rulers decline now to make a profession of Christianity because of the fear of ridicule. They believe that Christ is entitled to all honor, they know that He is the only Saviour for sinners; they know that there is no other name given under heaven among men whereby they can be saved. And yet they are so afraid of what evil companions may say that they will not come out and confess Him. They love the praise of men more than the praise of God. Some again reject Christ disdainfully. When He was expostulating with the Jews on one occasion, some of them said, "He hath a devil and is mad; why hear ye Him?" (John x. 20). There are some infidels to-day who speak in a similar disrespectful way of Christ. They reject His word, they look with some degree of contempt upon those who follow Him and they belittle the efforts of the Church to proclaim His name unto the uttermost parts of the earth.

But it matters not how Christ is rejected, whether blandly or sorrowfully or hesitatingly or disdainfully, the simple fact is that He is rejected, and those who decline under any pretext to accept Him and His offers of mercy must suffer the consequences of their sin and folly.

What are the consequences? Perhaps it may be as well to let the Bible speak for itself on this point. "Because when I called and ye refused," etc. (Prov. i. 24). "Then said Jesus again unto them, I go my way and ye shall seek Me and shall die in your sins; whither I go ye cannot come" (John viii. 21-23). "If we deny Him, He also will deny us" (II. Tim. ii. 12). "For whosoever shall be ashamed of Me and of My words, of him shall the Son of Man be ashamed when He shall come in His own glory and in His Father's and of the holy angels" (Luke ix. 26; Mark viii. 38). Here is a question which neither men nor devils, nor angels can answer: "How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?"

Beware that ye do not slight the gospel, whose threatenings are more to be dreaded than those of the law; inasmuch as the gospel is a revelation of a higher nature, and has been confirmed by more striking and more abundant miracles, wrought by divine power.—Professor Stuart.

Pastor and People.

JESUS WENT BEFORE.

Their faces to Jerusalem,
They stepped with laggard feet,
Half timorous, defiant halt,
At what they went to meet,
But as they rested, or they talked
Their sad forebodings o'er,
Still leading on the little band,
Their Master went before.

He saw in vision maddened throng,
He saw the crowded hall
Where scribe and priest should mock and flout.
Where cruel scourge should fall ;
He saw the Cross ; its shadows lay
The toilsome pathway o'er,
But, pressing on with ardent soul,
The Master went before.

To-day Thy pledged disciples, Lord,
Meet sorrow, pain and shame,
Their watchword in the trial-time
Thine own all-conquering Name.
Though flesh be weak and spirit faint,
And heart be spent and sore,
They cannot fail in any strife
While Thou shalt go before.

In presence of Thy bitter foes,
In midst of dark defeat,
They yet shall snatch a victory
And taste a triumph sweet ;
Nor death itself can crush them, Lord,
Its final conflict o'er,
The ransomed hosts shall shout and sing,
"Our Saviour went before!"

—*Christian Intelligencer.*

WHAT SORT OF MEN ARE NEEDED.

What we want to-day is not organizers but preachers, and every hinderance ought to be removed that a man who can preach may have an opportunity of fulfilling his high calling. Be sure of this fact—for history is our evidence—that neither the press, nor books, nor endless machinery, nor elaborate services, can be compared as a dynamic with the living voice declaring the evangel of Christ. Knox preached his way to St. Giles, whole armies fled before him, and from St. Giles' pulpit he ruled Scotland like a king. Preaching—intelligent, spiritual, believing preaching—will alone beat back unbelief and superstition in our day. May I record my conviction that after a period of apologetic there is to be a change, and the time has come for the confident and positive proclamation of Christ and his Cross, writes Rev. John Watson (Ian MacLaren), the author of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush." For years the Church has been on her defence, meeting her attacks from science, from philosophy, from history. We tender thanks to God for our apologists. Nobly have they done their work. They have held the ground like the squares of infantry at Waterloo ; it is now time for the cavalry to charge and complete the victory. We have defended Christ long enough, we shall now declare him. The world accepts the church as a well-managed institution ; let her hear the church as the standing witness to the hopes of the soul to the Person of Jesus, to the life everlasting.

"SUNDAY IS SUCH A LOVING DAY."

Mr. Halstead was riding uptown on the Sixth Ave. Elevated. The cars were crowded, as it was the time when business was over and the tired workers were going home. There happened to be no one near Mr. Halstead that he knew, so he had no one to talk to, and his evening paper had been finished before he left the office.

Naturally he was left to his own thoughts, and they were in this wise :

'Strange I could not tell Frank Wilbur the ages of my children to-day. I believe Roy was six last spring, but whether he was born in April or May, I cannot remember. I must look up the matter of birth-days and make a note of them, for it is embarrassing for a man not to be able to tell his friends how old his own children are. But then it is not to be wondered at. We business men are so occupied with the question of bread and butter getting that other subjects are absorbed by it. I don't

believe half of us know our children—their characteristics and abilities cannot well be learned in the short time before we leave for business in the morning and after the dinner hour at night. And Sundays ? The mornings are taken up at church, and in afternoon the children go to Sunday-school.'

'But what of the time after Sunday-school ?' asked the father's conscience. It had been such an easy matter to fall asleep on the lounge after the children went to Sunday-school, and if asleep when they came home, they were admonished to keep quiet and not awaken papa. If he were wakeful and preferred to entertain himself with an interesting book, he was irritated if the children interrupted him with questions or made a noise in the room. So Sunday was a day of restraint because father was home.

'Are you doing your duty by your children ?' asked the stern voice of conscience. 'You provide for them in a temporal way, but do you help them any in the forming of noble characters, which will not only be a source of happiness to them in after-life, but to all those with whom they come in contact ? Is their mother the only one responsible for their spiritual necessities ?'

'Ninety-first street,' called out the guard, and Mr. Halstead buttoned up his coat and hastily joined the crowd that got off at that station.

'Hallo, papa,' called out a boyish voice, 'mamma said we might come to the station and meet you because we had been so good all day.' The father was soon going down the elevated stairs hand in hand with a little boy on each side of him.

'Glad you've been good boys to-day, Guy and Roy, but aren't you always good ?'

'No, papa, not always,' answered the smaller one of the two ; 'sometimes we are very bad.'

'I'm sorry to hear that, my son, what makes you bad ?'

'I don't know, papa, something ugly gets inside of us I guess.'

'You are getting to be big boys now, and ought to know how to behave yourselves. Roy, how old are you ?'

'Why, papa, have you forgotten my birthday ? Don't you know I was seven years old last April, the fifteenth day ? I had a party, and don't you know you came in to dinner just as the girls and boys were going home ?'

'O yes, I remember it now, Roy. And you, Guy ; let me see, your birthday comes—'

'Next month, papa ; and don't you remember you said you would take me yourself off somewhere on a steamboat ? Don't you know I'll be five years old then ?'

'O yes—yes ; and Bessie's birthday comes in July.'

'She's a great big girl now, Bessie is ; she's going on ten ; she said so to-day, answered Roy.

The boys had never come to the station before to meet their father, and when they went into the house Mr. Halstead's wife met him at the door.

'Do you know, Will,' she said as she gave her husband the coming-home kiss, 'your Cousin Frank was here to-day, and he said he asked you in the office this morning how old your children were, and you could not tell him ! Frank thought it was a great joke, but I thought it a very serious fact, and began to think how busy your life is outside, and how little time you have at home with your children. It is really alarming how little business men in the city know about their own children.'

'I was thinking that over coming up in the train, and I tell you, Madge, I've resolved to turn over a new leaf. If I am tired at night, I'm going to give an hour to the children after dinner, and the balance of Sunday afternoon after they get home from Sunday School. I realized to-day that I have hardly become acquainted with my own children.'

'That is the reason, Will, I let the children go to the station to meet you to-

night. It would give them a little more time with their father.'

The new leaf was turned that night. Father had a game with the children and told them stories until bedtime. And when Sunday came, he made it so pleasant for the children that little Roy said to his mother a few weeks since, 'O mamma, Sunday is such a loving day now. Papa takes us on his lap and loves us and tells us such nice stories, and we are all so happy together.'

Now, fathers, ponder this subject of time with your children in your hearts. Companionship with one's children makes them confidential with their fathers. They learn to know how to regard his counsel as good, because given by one who loves them and has their best interests at heart. Remember, in all your business dealing and home-life that 'A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.' Do not let any wrong doings tarnish the name that your children must bear through life. When you teach them to honor you because you are their father, make yourself worthy of that honor.—*Susan Teall Perry, in Christian Work.*

THE RIDDLE SOLVED! PSALM XCII.*

In one of the cantos of the "Divine Comedy" Dante introduces a sweet female figure gathering flowers ; her face is beaming with inner gladness ; and, when she is asked why she is so happy, she replies that it is because with the xcii. Psalm she is feasting on the glory of the works of God. This is a Psalm which might be sung on the plains of heaven, and yet it is very full of earthly experience. Let us call it "The Riddle Solved."

I.—Introduction—verses 1-3. "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord"—thus it quietly begins. Our lives would be brighter if there were in them more thanksgiving ; we rob ourselves of the sunshine of life when we rob God of praise. It is a good thing, someone has said, to have something to give thanks for ; and this everyone has. Who can say, I have nothing to be thankful for ? But further, it is a good thing to have the principle of gratitude. Some have plenty to be thankful for, and yet there is no gratitude in their hearts. Can any of us affirm that we give thanks enough ? Still further, it is good to have the means of giving thanks. David was a poet, and, besides, he had taught himself to play on the harp—"upon an instrument of ten strings," this Psalm says, "and upon the psalter ; upon the harp with a solemn sound." We may not be so gifted, but we should train the gifts we have, and train them in our children. It is a great pity to be dumb when the praise of God is being celebrated. Lastly, it is a good thing to have set times for praise. The sacred poet says that he "will shew forth God's lovingkindness in the morning and His faithfulness every night." But, unless we make a practice of doing this, and covenant a certain part of the day to it, the time will pass and this delightful exercise will be neglected. Especially ought we to look forward to the Sabbath as the great opportunity for the praise of God. In the superscription this is called a Psalm for the Sabbath day. It was used in the second temple as the regular Psalm for Sabbath morning ; and no canticle could be more appropriate for awakening our hearts to the services of the blessed day.

II.—Short-lived Pleasure—verses 4-9. What is it which has filled this singer's heart so completely with the spirit of praise ? It is the contemplation of the works of God. "Thou hast made me glad," he says, "through Thy work : I will triumph in the works of Thy hand." Dante's paradisaical singer understood this to refer to God's works in creation ; but probably it refers more directly to His works in providence. It is as he contemplates the unfolding of

history that the inspired singer exclaims, "O Lord, how great are Thy works ! and Thy thoughts are very deep." History is both the enfolding and the unfolding of the thoughts of God. He first wraps up His thoughts in events as these are forming in the darkness, and then, when they come forth as actual occurrences, they bear the impress of the divine mind, and we can read it off. It is the happiness of deep thinking which is here celebrated. The human mind can never be so nobly occupied as when it is rethinking the thoughts of the divine mind. And the thinker here knows that he is tasting a joy of which many are incapable—"A brutish man knoweth not ; neither doth a fool understand this." Religion has an intellectual side, and it is inaccessible to those who will not think. Perhaps this is one of the chief obstacles to the progress of religion. There are multitudes who are unfit for deep and serious thought. They may have made themselves so by vice or by worldliness. They may even have made themselves so by an excess of trifling reading. The mind may be fed so much on fun and frivolity that it loses all relish for big subjects. Yet how can you save men if they will not think on subjects as big as sin, salvation and eternity ?

The special aspect of providence which had laid hold of this poet's mind was the transiency of the happiness of the wicked. To other Old Testament thinkers the success of the wicked was a great perplexity ; some of them confess that it had almost made them atheists ; but this psalmist was happier. He may have been perplexed at one time ; but he had lived long enough to see that the prosperity of the evil man was only for a moment : it sprang up like grass or the flower of the field, but as quickly withered. He saw Jehovah exalted on His high throne, and the efforts of men to oppose His will appeared to Him only impotent folly : they could only dash themselves in pieces against the throne which they attempted to overturn.

III.—Lasting Prosperity—verses 10-15. Apparently the psalmist had come through some experiences which he does not particularise, illustrative of the truth which is here enforced ; and the decline of the fortunes of his enemies had raised him to the height of good fortune. Once his eyes had been filled with tears, as they saw the prosperity of the wicked, but now he was gazing with astonishment and praise on what God had wrought.

But he soon breaks away from his own affairs to apply the truth generally to all the righteous ; and the Psalm resolves itself at the close into an incomparable picture of religious old age. The prosperity of the wicked he had compared to grass, quickly springing up but as quickly withered. The prosperity of the righteous, on the contrary, is like that of the palm or the cedar, which endures for hundreds of years. The palm is the tree of the plains, growing in the oasis, the cedar is the tree of the mountains, growing on Lebanon. The two together form a perfect image of grace, strength and fruitfulness.

It is, however, of the enduring character of the prosperity of the righteous that he is thinking most. Certainly this is one of the most striking characteristics of godliness. It may have to wait long for its justification, but it receives it at last. Dives gets his good things to begin with, but Lazarus is carried in the end to Abraham's bosom. Even in this world sin ends in disaster, but godliness outlives persecution and comes into its kingdom. There is a wonderful beauty often in an aged Christian ; the hoary head has an incalculable influence ; and, after all, this is only a beginning ; the best is ever in front ; and heaven will be immortal youth.

Rev. Alex Miller, of Newbigging, who is in the 43rd year of his ministry, has intimated to Dundee U. P. Presbytery his desire to retire from active duty.

*Notes of an address in Free St. Matthew's, by Rev. James Stalker, D.D., Glasgow, on Wednesday evening, 2nd October, 1895.

Missionary World.

INDIAN WORK AT ALBERNI, B.C.

[The following letter from Mr. Swartout, missionary to the Indians at Alberni, kindly forwarded to us by Rev. R. P. MacKay, will be read with great interest.—ED.]

DEAR MR. MACKAY,—I write from Alberni where we have just formally opened the new Girls' Home. The Rev. A. B. Winchester, who is much appreciated in this settlement, arrived here on Saturday the 22nd inst., from Union Mines, where he had been engaged in conducting opening services connected with a new Chinese Mission hall. I fortunately arrived the same day from Uclulab, after a three days' journey; and in consultation with Miss Johnston decided to have the building opened on the 29th Sept., to which date we were able to detain Mr. Winchester. The latter and myself then returned to Uclulab with the purpose of again reaching Alberni on the following Friday or Saturday, in time for Sabbath service. We did reach it, but only by getting an extra hand on the third day, of a continual struggle against strong head winds, and contrary currents. Mr. Winchester proved that he was capable of handling an oar, but even with his co-operation, and the securing of the third man on the last day, it was nearly midnight of Saturday (28th) when we arrived at our destination.

On Sabbath morning Mr. Winchester opened formally the building for the work of the Lord among the Indian children in the presence of a mixed congregation of whites and Indians. In the afternoon, I spoke to the Indians in their native tongue; and in the evening the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper was dispensed by Mr. Winchester, when a goodly number of the whites were present. On Monday afternoon we had a "Potlatch Mukamuch" for the Indians, and the way they stowed away the good things was indeed remarkable. But we caught them, not so much with guile, as with a "good square meal," and when they were finished we took the opportunity of speaking to them of the love of Jesus for them, and His desire for their salvation, and the means adopted, in this case, of reaching the children. The Indian agent, Mr. Gullod, also addressed them at length in Chinook, which at the request of the old chief, was translated by some of those who understood. And then, Monday evening, the whites came, and a programme of music, reading and speeches—good stirring words from faithful lips—was rendered. The Rev. Mr. Smith, a retired minister, Mr. Meozies, the Home Missionary, Mr. Thompson, an elder here, gave short addresses, while the Rev. Mr. Winchester electrified his hearers with one of his outbursts of eloquence. The addresses were all good. If the Christian people of Alberni follow the advice given by these gentlemen, there will be more sympathy, and less criticism of the work amongst the Indians. It was, indeed, a prophecy of better days to see the goodly number who communed with us on Sabbath evening. I cannot but hope that those who partook of these emblems, reminding us of the greatest missionary effort ever conceived, of the dying request of the author of this work, will look with more favor upon work among the heathen. It is time we are criticised here. Whatever may be the feeling at "home" concerning the "honor" of our calling, certainly here there is little honor attached to it. We hear that not only are the Indians incapable of being enlightened, but that education only makes them worse. It may be that education, apart from Christian teaching and Christian influence is of little use; but that the education received in the Mission Home has made reprobates of the Indian youth, will only be asserted by those who seek a sling at the work irrespective of facts. We hear that we are an idle lot, with little to do but amuse ourselves at the expense of soft-hearted Christians in the East,

and the while that money has been extravagantly spent; and many such pleasant remarks; but praise the Lord, He knows! We do not seek to be petted and coddled and told how self-denying we are, of the great sacrifice we are making (which in truth is not the case); nor do we desire to be told of the great work we are accomplishing, but it is nevertheless quite inconsistent with our natural craving for loving sympathy, to be under a cloud simply because we are engaged at work among the despised Indians.

These speeches, the Communion, the warm greetings, at our opening services have combined to inspire the hope that at least the Christians of this place will view our efforts in a more sympathetic light.

One of the features of the evening, on Monday, was the singing of the little Indian girls. They surprised a great many and took the hearts of the people by storm. To say that we were proud of them is but a very mild way of putting it, we were delighted with their performance.

But it is all over now. Our dear brother from Victoria, who in his life work experiences perhaps even more intensely than we the lack of help in quarters where it might rightfully be looked, has gone. The exaltation of the mountain top scenes in company with the Master, has given way to the routine work of the vale beneath, and yet we are thankful for the refreshing, and its strength we hope will remain with us, a sweet stimulus for the season's work, which is just opening.

The Indians from Behring Sea sealery have just arrived. Two of our brightest men, one of them a favorite at the Mission, will never return. This morning the death lament has been sounding from the rancherie near by. Sad as this sound is it is not so depressing as the thought that shortly will begin the drinking and gambling, to continue with more or less diligence until the money is spent, and another sealing season opens.

I am anticipating a very busy winter. As soon as I hear from you I expect to take a trip up to Claquaht Sound, with the view of starting work there. May the dear Lord guide us in all these matters to His own glory. Yours sincerely,

M. SWARTOUT.

Alberni, B.C., Oct. 1, 1895.

MRS. STONE'S SPEECH.

It is not easy for a Chinese woman to brave native prejudices and take part in a public meeting. Mrs. Stone ("Mrs. Shih" in Chinese) courageously did so a few months ago, at a great meeting of Chinese Christians. It was held at Klu-Klang, a city in Klang, on the Yang-tse, some hundred of miles below Hankow. There a Mission Convention had been in session; and in connection with the Convention mass meetings were held to discuss the question of the "binding of women's feet." Mrs. Shih was the first convert in Kinklang, and has ever since been a resolute Christian. Part of what is described as an eloquent speech, forcibly delivered, was an interesting account of her own experience in the matter in question. When their first daughter was born her husband knelt beside her bed, and together they vowed that her feet should never be bound. She was the first girl in all this vast region of country left to grow up with natural feet, and as other girls were added to the family they followed in the same good way. Yet Mrs. Shih had never unbound her own feet. She thought people would look at her and say, "Oh, yes, she must be from some out-of-the-way place where the women do not bind their feet, and so she does not know how to bind the feet of her daughters." She considered it better to show by her own feet that it was not in ignorance that her daughter's feet were left unbound. Now she declared herself convinced that the time had come to unbind her own feet, which she pledged herself forthwith to do. An anti-foot-binding pledge was signed by seventy people at the close of the meeting.

PULPIT, PRESS AND PLATFORM.

Bible Reader: A postage stamp has few things to recommend it, but unlike a great many people, it generally sticks till it gets there.

North Carolina Presbyterian: It is useless to ask God to control our hearts until we are willing to try to control our own thoughts.

Cumberland Presbyterian: Political corruption never grows so luxuriantly as it does in the soil of Christian indifference and inactivity.

Colton: True contentment depends not on what we have. A tub was large enough for Diogenes, but a world was too small for Alexander.

The Interior: The children of God are not a spiritual aristocracy. They are not ashamed of the fraternal relation between themselves and poor sinners.

B. D. Thomas, D.D.: Christ is Christianity. All truth centers and culminates in him. We are spiritually educated just in the measure that we know Christ. We grow up into spiritual manhood as he is developed in us. The Spirit has accomplished his ministry when Christ is enthroned in the heart and glorified in the life.

Christian Leader: The weak spot in the Protestant system, so far as it relates to finances, is in lay management. A profoundly important essential of the prosperity and usefulness of our churches is left largely to chance. No one—there are exceptions, but this is the rule—is attending to this business with the care and concern with which he attends to his own business. The wonder is that it thrives at all. If religion were not of transcendent importance, if the minister were not as a rule so essential to the well being of society, institutions left to shift for themselves, as our Protestant churches so generally are, would soon disappear from the earth."

Bible Reader: The book of Ruth is the postscript of Judges, and, like the postscript of a woman's letter, the most interesting part of it. It is of value to us not only because it supplies the genealogy of David and hence of Jesus, but also for the charming light which it throws on the troublous times of the judges, and the rich examples of providence, patience, faith and unselfish devotion for which it is remarkable. From it we learn that whatever else evolution may have done it has had no effect upon the hearts of men or women for thousands of years; and that no age is so dark but we may find beneath the surface many a holy life and many an example of purity, piety and self-sacrificing affection.

Theodore L. Cuyler, B.D.: In nearly every church there may be some members who—like old "receiving ships" in navy yards—are dry-rotted with love of the world. They lie moored at the dock of formalism, and present an orthodox appearance. If sent to sea, and struck by a gale, they smash into utter wreck. There is a certain sense in which every Christian should love the people of the world as Christ did when He died to save them, or as Paul did when he consecrated himself to bring the world to Christ. But in trying to draw the world up toward God, we must beware lest it drag us down into sinful conformities with its habits, its pursuits, and its practices. It is not love for sinners' souls, but love for sins that endangers a Christian's character. Christians were put into the atmosphere of this world to purify it, and not to be poisoned by it. "Ye are the salt of the earth," says Jesus to his followers. But if Christians do not salt the world, then the world will soon rot them through and through.

Teacher and Scholar.

BY REV. W. A. J. MARTIN, TORONTO.

Nov. 17th, 1895. } **SAUL REJECTED.** } 1. Sam. xv. 1-27.
GOLDEN TEXT.—1 Sam. xv. 22.
MEMORY VERSES.—22, 23.
CATECHISM.—10-21.
HOME READINGS.—M. 1 Sam. xi. 1-15. T. 1 Sam. xii. 1-25. W. 1 Sam. xiii. 1-14. 7%. Ex. xvii. 8-16. F. 1 Sam. xv. 1-9. S. 1 Sam. xv. 10-23. Sab. 1 Sam. xv. 24-35.

In our last lesson we saw Saul shrinking modestly from publicity, and hiding himself among the stuff when the issue of the lot-casting was drawing near. The modesty displayed, however, does not seem to have been of the right kind, at least the lesson we have for this week seems to indicate a character so thoroughly at variance with true humility, that we cannot but believe Saul to have been actuated rather by a mock modesty, whose root was selfish pride than in heartfelt humility. There is plenty of this kind of thing in our own day, too much self-consciousness arising from an over-estimate of ourselves, rather than from an under-estimate. The first of Saul's acts of a public nature after his anointing stirred up great enthusiasm. His deliverance of Jabesh-Gilead from the Ammonites marked him every inch a soldier, and therefore he was enthusiastically installed king of Gilgal. But soon that over-weening pride began to display itself. When Saul impiously undertook to offer sacrifice, in order, so to speak, to hasten God's time of help, he displayed the workings of that spirit of pride which led to his rejection. Let us then consider the facts of our lesson under the headings *Saul's rejection and the grounds therefor.*

I. Saul's Rejection.—To Samuel came the first intimation of the fact that God had set aside Saul from being king. God had not changed in His thoughts, but Saul had failed in conforming to the required conditions, and therefore God declares that he must be set aside. To outward observers it seemed as though God had "repented," but not to Him who judgeth not as men judgeth. Poor Samuel, how his heart was grieved. He did not say "I told you so," but prayed earnestly all night for Saul. How well it would be if we were all given to praying for those who disappoint and displease us! Then the next day he set out to meet Saul, to announce to him God's intention to reject him from being king. After some search Saul is found and God's message delivered, but in such a tone of loving remonstrance, we may well believe, as would tend to lead Saul to repentance.

II. The Reasons for Saul's Rejection.—The Amalekites were ancient foes of Israel, and now Saul had received a command to exterminate them utterly, a command which must be considered along with the moral character of the Amalekites, before we leap to the conclusion that it was cruel. Everything was to be destroyed, but when Samuel came near to Saul's camp his ears were greeted with the lowing of cattle and the bleating of sheep. Then came Saul with a greeting intended to divert Samuel's mind from these things. "Blessed be them," etc. But Samuel has not come with any thought of his mission as an unimportant one; and therefore he straightway brings Saul to book for the evidences of disobedience all around him. Here is where the weakness of Saul's character is manifest. Instead of acknowledging the wrong done, and seeking pardon, he at once begins to make excuse. First of all he says, in effect, it was not I who did this, but the people. Surely a strange excuse for a king to make, that the people, and not he, were the rulers. And further, Saul goes on to say there has been no wrong done, for this was intended as an honor to God; the best have been brought for sacrifice. Then was the lion in Samuel aroused and Saul was talked to in a manner which showed most unmistakably that his ways had not been pleasing to God. He was reminded that God had brought him to the honorable position of king, and thus had a right—apart from every other right—to demand implicit obedience. He was reminded of the exact terms of the commission he had received regarding Amalek—and then his failure to carry out the work entrusted to him was dwelt upon in a way which must have forced Saul to the conclusion that he had done very wrong indeed. But the only result is to make him more dogged, and determined both to belittle the offence and to put the responsibility upon the people. He attempts to justify what has been done as likely to give more glory to God than strict obedience would have done. Then Samuel lays down the principle which ought to underlie all the discharge of our duty to God. There is nothing that can excuse departure from the strict requirements of God. We cannot disobey and follow our own way in this or in that, and then make matters all right by simply showing excessive zeal for God in something else. Saul was rejected just for this very thing. It manifests a spirit of pride, and self-conceit, which puts ourselves and our opinions above God's commands, a spirit therefore which marks an utter unfitness for the service of God. This is the thing which we need to guard against therefor. Let us seek wisdom and grace from God, that we may be enabled both to know and to do His will.

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The Canada Presbyterian

O. BLACKETT ROBINSON, MANAGER.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, NOV. 6TH, 1895.

THERE are some things many times worse than war. The system of lynching that prevails in the Southern States is one of them.

THE Sabbath is the bulwark of Protestantism. No man should pose as a Protestant and at the same time hold and practise loose views in regard to the Lord's Day.

THE Rev. Alexander MacMillan, B.D., late of Mimico, asks all who may wish to communicate with him in regard to the music of the new hymnal to note his new address, 87 Metcalfe St., Toronto.

AT this season of the year cities on this side of the Atlantic take a fit of municipal reform. It does not always seem to strike the reformers that the best municipal system may be worse than useless without capable honest men to work it.

L AURIER learned his English from Shakespeare, Milton and other standard English writers. Most of us learned some of ours in the street and in schools that were not specially classical. That may be one reason why Laurier's English is so much above the Canadian average.

IF all the sluggers in the American Union could be induced to meet in some quiet spot and destroy one another in a reasonably expeditious way their removal would add immensely to the sum total of the morality of this continent. The trouble is that they fight their battles in the newspapers and the reports of their sayings and doings are thrust every morning under the eyes of decent people. Surely the public have heard enough about the two ruffians and their friends who profess to be anxiously looking for a place to fight. The authorities should give them a place on condition that they fight until there is not one of them left alive.

THE Presbyterians of Claysville, Washington County, Pennsylvania, had a great celebration the other week. The occasion was the seventy-fifth anniversary of the Presbyterian congregation of Claysville. Among other things it was stated that this congregation "had raised up and sent out sixteen ministers of the gospel." The Presbyterian congregation of West Zorra, has in about fifty years sent out more than twice sixteen ministers. When it is seventy-five years old we venture to say it will have raised fifty ministers. The re-

cord of Claysville is good but in the business of raising ministers Claysville is simply nowhere compared with our West Zorra.

THE *Interior* says:

We send loving greetings to THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN. If Lord Salisbury keeps on his present course, our General Assembly will gather in all the good Presbyterians from Nova Scotia to Vancouver Island. We will hold the grand reunion in Chicago. There may be a little noise and scolding among the ships and batteries for awhile, but it will end in a sunrise which will make an amber glory of the smoke of the cannon.

The "greetings" are most gratefully received and most cordially reciprocated, but what has Lord Salisbury to do with the Presbyterianism of Canada. His Lordship has not the good fortune to be even a member of the Presbyterian Church. He belongs to the Historic Episcopate, the church with which the American Presbyterians have been unsuccessfully dickered about organic union for some years.

LAST week brought the nearest approach to war excitement that the present generation has seen. If the facts are as stated by the *Times* correspondent in China war would be inevitable. Great Britain and her allies cannot afford to allow Russia to turn the Pacific Ocean into a "Russian lake," as one of the leading English journals had it. The report may have been nothing more than a "feeler." If so Russia now knows exactly how Great Britain feels on the question. Russia endorsed for the Chinese loan and if the consideration given for the accommodation is the right to run railways to the seaboard and the use of harbors for the Russian fleet in Chinese waters there is certainly trouble not far away. The only question is are the facts as stated in the *Times*. If they are war may almost be taken for granted.

IS a judge above criticism? That is a question with which the press of this country wrestles occasionally. Some of our contemporaries seem to think he is, and one modifies that opinion by saying he is "virtually" above criticism. Nobody in England would ask, much less discuss, any such question. The press of England assumes that every public servant—any official in the realm who receives public money—is a fit subject for criticism. Even royalty does not escape. One reason why the administration of justice in England has become almost an exact science is because the press of the empire never hesitates a moment to criticise the proceedings in the courts. The morning after the verdict in a great trial has been given, any journal feels at liberty to publish a column of criticism and the presiding judge often gets his share as well as all the other parties in the trial. Why should it be otherwise in Canada. Are our judges so perfect that they need no criticism or so weak that they cannot stand it? Or is the main difference in the newspapers? The other day one of the judges was reported as saying that the decision of his learned brother in the court below was "nonsense." If judges criticise each other in that way, it seems absurd to say that the press of the country should consider them above criticism. The English plan is the safe one. John Bull dares to criticise any man that serves the public and takes public money for his work. John knows his business.

THOUGHTS ON RELIGION.*

OUR limits will not allow of our entering into any detailed examination of this book; we purpose, therefore, simply to indicate its contents, give some illustrative extracts, and state the general impression produced upon our mind by reading it. It possesses to us no little personal interest from the fact that, the writer of it was the son of the minister under whose preaching we sat when but a boy, over fifty years ago, and that both the uncles after whom he was named were also then known and are still distinctly remembered.

Turning to the work itself, we have first a preface by the editor, designed to introduce the reader to the author and put him somewhat *en rapport* with him by telling us of his early work, the character of his mind, and the nature of his intellectual pur-

* "Thoughts on Religion," by the late George John Romanes, M.A., LL.D., F.R.S., edited by Charles Gore, M.A., Canon of Westminster. Second edition. Chicago. The Open Court Publishing Company.

suits. In this preface is reproduced the closing chapter of a work published anonymously by him when twenty-eight years of age, entitled, "A Candid Examination of Theism." Next are given two articles written some time before 1889 for the *Nineteenth Century*, but never before published; and lastly, as part II, with an introductory note by the editor, the most important portion of the work, entitled, "Notes for a Work on a Candid Examination of Religion." In this last part of the work are discussed such subjects as Causality, Free Will, Faith, Faith in Christianity, Regeneration, Conversion, Christianity and Pain, Plan in Revelation, Christian Dogmas, Reasonableness of the Doctrines of the Incarnation and the Trinity, with some others of a cognate kind.

The book, though small and comparatively fragmentary, is one of great intellectual and singularly pathetic interest. In 1873, when twenty-five years of age, Mr. Romanes gained the Burney Prize at Cambridge for an essay on "Christian Prayer considered in Relation to the Belief that the Almighty Governs the World by General Laws," an essay which the editor describes as one of "remarkable ability." He adds: "The sympathy with the scientific point of view is there, as might be expected perhaps in a Cambridge 'Scholar in Natural Science,' the logical acumen and love of exact distinctions is there; there too the natural piety and spiritual appreciation of the nature of Christian prayer, a piety and appreciation which later intellectual habits of thought could never eradicate." Three years later, in 1876, so rapidly had a change taken place in his views, "he had written an anonymous work with a wholly sceptical conclusion" entitled "A Candid Examination of Theism." The outcome of this examination he thus states: "The only alternative for any man in this matter (the existence of God) is, either to discipline himself into an attitude of pure scepticism, and thus to refuse in thought to entertain either a probability, or an improbability, concerning the existence of God; or else to incline in thought towards an affirmation or negation of God, according as his previous habits of thought have rendered such an inclination more facile in the one direction than in the other." His state of mind and feeling from this conclusion which he had reasoned himself into, is one of the saddest confessions which we have seen, and it is only one of many instances occurring in the work, illustrating a frankness and perfect honesty of mind which makes his confession all the more pathetic. "In conclusion," he says,

"I feel it is desirable to state that any antecedent bias with regard to Theism which I individually possess, is unquestionably on the side of traditional beliefs. It is therefore with the utmost sorrow that I find myself compelled to accept the conclusions here worked out. And forasmuch as I am far from being able to agree with those who affirm that the twilight doctrine of the 'new faith,' is a desirable substitute for the waning splendor of 'the old,' I am not ashamed to confess that, with this virtual negation of God, the universe to me has lost its soul of loveliness; and although from henceforth the precept to 'work while it is day,' will doubtless but gain an intensified force from the terribly intensified meaning of the word that 'the night cometh when no man can work,' yet when at times I think, as I think at times I must, of the appalling glory of that creed which once was mine, and the lonely mystery of existence as I now find it, at such times I shall ever feel it impossible to avoid the sharpest pang of which my nature is capable."

Such is the confession which he makes as to the effect upon his own peace of mind, and his capacity for enjoyment of worldly good, which results from embracing scepticism, or pure agnosticism. It is most interesting to learn what, with equal candour he tells us, he has found in his experience to be the state of others who have been trying to live without an acknowledgment of God.

"The negative evidence for the existence of God," he says, "is furnished by the nature of man without God. It is thoroughly miserable, as is well shown by Pascal. Some men are not conscious of the cause of this misery; this however does not prevent the fact of their being miserable. For the most part they conceal the fact as well as possible from themselves by occupying their minds with society sport, frivolity of all kinds, or if intellectually disposed with science, art, business, etc. This however is but to fill the starving belly with husks. It has been my lot to know not a few of the famous men of our generation, and I have always observed that this is profoundly true. Like all other moral satisfactions, namely the recognition by the world of high achievement by ourselves, this soon palls by custom, and as soon as one end of distinction is reached, another is pined for. There is no finality to rest in, while disease and death are always standing in the background. Custom may even blind men to their misery, so far as not to make them realize what is wanting; yet the want is there."

If we enquire into the reason for this unbelief or agnosticism, he makes again this honest con-

cession which illustrates and confirms what we have long by observation been convinced is its chief cause. "Others have doubtless other difficulties, but mine is chiefly I think an undue regard to reason as against heart and will—undue, I mean, if so be that Christianity is true, and the conditions to faith in it have been of divine ordination. I have been so long accustomed to constitute my reason my sole judge of truth that even while reason itself tells me it is not unreasonable to expect that the heart and will should be required to join with reason in seeking God, I am too jealous of my reason to exercise my will in the direction of my most heartfelt desires."

A mind like that of Romanes, so sincere, so honest, so truth-loving, naturally or by early training, and associations of so deeply religious a nature, could not rest in that unrest. The great interest therefore of the book consists in observing how, step by step, he was led back by undoubtedly the force of truth and divine teaching, out of that dreary desolation of spirit begotten of agnosticism, into the admission and acceptance again in large measure of those truths, taught both by true science and the Word of God, which in his earlier days he had one by one reluctantly renounced. The work we have found to be of great value in confirming our faith, by the presentation in the forcible manner which only a man of the acuteness and ability of Romanes could present them, of those arguments and reasons which have long, and the longer we have tested them, have only the more to us appeared to justify the full and hearty acceptance of all the great verities of the Christian faith. It is with a feeling of satisfaction and gratitude even to Him who has promised rest to, and that He will be found by every honest humble seeking soul, that we read and quote the closing words of the editor in his concluding note: "George Romanes came to recognize, as in these written notes so also in conversation, that it was reasonable to be a Christian believer before the activity or habit of faith had been recovered. His life was cut short very soon after this point was reached; but it will surprise no one to learn that the writer of these 'Thoughts' returned before his death to that full, deliberate communion with the Church of Jesus Christ, which he had for so many years been conscientiously compelled to forego. In his case the 'pure in heart' was, after a long period of darkness, allowed, in a measure, before his death, to see God."

THE RELIGIOUS PRESS.

IN the October number of the *Review of Reviews* is an interesting article by George P. Morris on "Religious Journalism and Journalists," which gives a very complete view of the strength and consequent great influence which must be continually exerted by the religious press. Ranked under this head the latest reliable information gives us on this continent 1,008 newspapers and periodicals, 237 of which have an aggregate circulation of 4,211,687 copies. One hundred and thirteen of these have a circulation of 10,000 or more each issue, or a combined circulation of 3,326,952 each issue. Suppose each copy to be read by, say, five persons belonging to families who take these papers, then passed on, as many of them are, to less fortunate homes, it gives at once a very striking view of their value, and the immense influence they must exert. For, as the article referred to says: "They are not superficially scanned, as men travel into business and then left in the car for the brakeman to gather up. They go directly into homes, and the reading of them is a duty as well as a pleasure. Hence their peculiar value to advertisers and their rank as moulders of opinion." There are, we are told, forty-nine religious publications in the Dominion with a combined circulation each issue of about 130,000 copies.

John Wesley in his day saw the great importance of the press, and established in 1778 the *Armenian Magazine*. "It cannot be," he said, "that the people should grow in grace unless they give themselves to reading. A reading people will always be a knowing people." That sagacious man and almost unrivalled organizer, General Booth, has shown in his administration of the Army his strong faith in the religious press. The circulation of the *War Cry* alone, for August last, in eleven different languages, was over half a million; and it is said that the *Young Soldier*, the *Social Gazette*, the *Musical Salvationist*, and the *Officer* have an equally phenomenal circulation. Of the character

of this vast amount of Salvation Army literature, the article in question says that "for fascinating tales from real life, for devotional literature that is born of salvation from sin, but is not the introspection of a mere moralist, there is no current literature equal to that of the Salvation Army."

In the United States the religious press has attained to great power and a very high place. Its origin is traced to the beginning of this century. The *Christian Observer* (Presbyterian) of Louisville, Kentucky, which was not the first, traces its origin to 1813, the *Presbyterian Banner* of Pittsburgh to 1814; the *New York Observer* to 1823, and in the same year appeared *Zion's Herald*, the New England mouthpiece of the Methodists. To 1810 belongs the *Missionary Herald*, the organ of the A. B. C. for Foreign Missions, which has now a circulation monthly of 24,000 copies. Within a decade and a half twelve religious journals were born. The Protestant religious weeklies in the States as to circulation come in the following order, the *Christian Herald* of New York City, the *Sunday School Times*, the *Golden Rule*, of denominational journals the three highest are the *Interior* (Presbyterian), the *Advance* (Congregational), the *Churchman* (Protestant Episcopal).

No one who pays any attention to the religious press, and who has watched its progress, will be willing to admit that its influence is lessening. We fully believe that it is growing and is destined to continue to grow, and that its growth is fraught with hopes and prospect of increasing good to the Church and society at large. The amount of heart power and of mental activity represented by the religious press of to-day is simply immense. It is widening its scope; the number of Christian agencies employing it is constantly increasing, and so also is the number of persons engaged in this work. Indeed scarcely any religious organization of the present day feels that it can live, far less make headway, unless it uses the press. An illustration of this has already been given in the case of the Salvation Army. To this may be added the many Young People's Societies, all using the press largely, Sabbath School work continually extending, missionary organizations, and not to mention many others, the steady spread of the Christian religion with its mental, moral, political and spiritually quickening influence, all point to the certain great increase in the volume and power of the religious press.

At the present day the religious press enjoys the benefit of some of the best and brightest minds in all lands, and as it grows in extent and power this will be more and more the case. To-day their name is legion. To quote a single illustration from the article we have already so freely used, in the pages of *Christian Work* there appears as contributors, or have done so recently, Drs. T. L. Cuyler Parkhurst, Chas. S. Robinson, A. J. Gordon, Bishop Vincent, Principal Fairbairn, Dean Farrar, Prof. W. G. Blackie, A. B. Bruce, A. H. Sayce, Sir J. W. Dawson, Lady Henry Somerset, Hannah W. Smith, Mrs. Ballington Booth, Miss Grace Dodge. And these are but a few of one widely circulated religious journal; multiply this one by the great number which can call to their aid others and equally able contributors, and we have indeed a mighty host, doing valiant work for the truth and for all men's highest interests through the religious press. Says Mr. H. W. Mabie of the *Outlook*, "Religious questions press for answer on all sides. There is a great future for the newspapers that refrain from cursing and calling names, that are free from that form of atheism which shows itself in fear of truth because it comes from unexpected quarters, of persons because they are old, and of reforms because they are new. The religious newspaper which sees its opportunity and does its work in the prophetic spirit, will be ahead not only of the times but ahead of all times."

There died lately, at the age of seventy-seven, Mrs. C. F. Alexander, the wife of the Bishop of Derry and the author of "The Burial of Moses." She had been a helpmeet to her husband for forty-five years. Very early in life she wrote poetry for children. The one referred to and so well known and admired, was originally published in part II of her "Poems on Subjects in the Old Testament," designed for young persons from twelve to sixteen years of age. She only brought her design down to the "Death of David," but she originally intended to embrace in the series all the historical books of the Old Testament.

Books and Magazines.

The November *Arena* continues the interesting articles by the Editor on Chester, with admirable illustrations. The final paper is given on "The Battle for Sound Morality," by Helen W. Gardener. "The Impending Political Advance" is contributed by Hon. James M. Ashley in answer to some questions of a political kind asked by the Editor. Part I. of a long article is given on "The People's Lamps." Papers on semi-religious subjects are "The Sociality of Jesus' Religion," by Prof. Geo. D. Herron; and "Hell no Part of Divine Revelation," by W. E. Manly. "Why Does the South want Free Silver?" is answered by Senator John T. Morgan who appears as a frontispiece in this number. Next number this able magazine enters on its seventh year and in addition to its promise of a very strong staff of contributors, and to be brighter and better than ever, it is announced that the price will be reduced from \$5.00 to \$3.00 per annum, making it, it is claimed, one of the cheapest magazines of the kind published. [The *Arena* Publishing Co., Boston, U.S.]

The *Missionary Review of the World* for November contains in its first part many articles of interest. The subject this month under the head of Miracles of Missions, by the Editor is "What John Williams Saw in the South Seas"; "The Importance of Frontiers"; "Brazil Through an Evangelist's Eyes"; "Reforms in China"; "A Tree Without Roots," a book criticism; a notice of the famous Sheldon Jackson; "The Work of the Spirit in North Korea"; and Part II. of "The Jews in Persia." In the International Department work in Mexico, India and Brazil is noticed. South America and the Mormons are taken up in the Field of Monthly Survey. The Editorial Department and that of General Missionary Intelligence contain a large amount of interesting intelligence of missions in all parts of the world. [Funk & Wagnalls Company, 30 Lafayette Place, New York.]

The *Critical Review* for October contains a larger number, but briefer notices of important late works in theology than usual, not a few of them in German only. It is an able magazine of its kind, enlisting the services of the most competent men, and will not be read only, but will be prized by scholars and students. Some of the chief English works criticised are: Driver's "Deuteronomy," by Prof. Smith, D.D., LL.D.; Erigg's "Messiah of the Apostles"; Adeney's "The Song of Songs and the Lamentations of Jeremiah"; Laidlaw's "The Bible Doctrine of Man"; Ramsay's "The Cities and Bishoprics of Ibrigia"; Sanday's "Commentary on the Epistles to the Romans." In addition to these fuller notices are many briefer ones, and a valuable Record of Select Literature. [Edinburgh: T. & T. Clarke, 38 George Street.]

The November *Homiletic Review* continues in this number the valuable series by D. S. Gregory, D.D., LL.D., "The Preacher and the Preaching for the Present Crisis." Other articles in this department are "The Scientific Basis of Ethics"; "The Pastor and Social Problems"; "Congregational Worship"; and "Laymen's Criticisms of the Church and Church Work." Those who heard Rev. Andrew Murray's sermon in this city on "Carnal Christians" will be glad to find it here in full. "The Full Gospel" and "Character versus Circumstances" are the two other sermons reported fully or nearly so. "Thanksgiving Sermons and Themes" will be found helpful in view of that time approaching. The other departments are varied and suggestive as usual. [Funk & Wagnalls Company, 30 Lafayette Place, New York.]

The *Century* for November contains another fully illustrated instalment of "The Life of Napoleon," with other continued stories. "The Devotion of Enriquez," an account of Emmanuel; "The Tragedy of the Comique," will be read with interest. Articles of a more grave kind are "Equality as the Basis of Good Society," by Howells; "The Issues of '896," "A Republican and a Democratic View," by the Hon. Theodore Roosevelt and ex-Governor Russell, respectively; "Kaiserswerth and its Founder"; "Mural Decorations in America," a first paper; "Robert Louis Stevenson and His Writings"; and "The Armenian Question," all make up a variety of most readable and interesting matter. [The Century Company, New York.]

The November number of the *Methodist Magazine* contains the regular instalment by the Editor of "Every-day Life in Bible Lands"; the story of Julia McNair Wright, continued, of "The House on the Beach," and two chapters of a story by Amelia Barr, "The Eld's Son." Most readable short articles are: "The British and Foreign Bible Society"; "Twenty Years Among the Eskimo"; "Hypnotism"; "A Day in the Asylum for the Insane"; "James Clerk Maxwell," and the "Honey of God's Word," by T. L. Cuyler, D.D. Some very good poems are also to be found in this number with the usual short notices of various kinds at the close. [Wm. Briggs, Toronto.]

The November *Cosmopolitan* is filled as usual with admirable illustrations, and considering their number, make it a marvel for cheapness. Chief among the articles may be mentioned: "The Story of the Samoan Disaster"; "The German Emperor and Constitutional Liberty"; "Taking the New York Police out of Politics"; "The Discovery of Altruria." Shorter but interesting articles: "Some Speculations Regarding Rapid Transit"; "Identifying Criminals"; "A Tragedy of South Carolina" and "Joseph the Dreamer," a story of the Jews in Rome. [The Cosmopolitan, Irvington, New York.]

The Family Circle.

TWO.

I dreamed I saw two angels hand in hand,
And very like they were, and very fair.
One wore about his head a golden band;
A thorn wreath crowned the other's matted hair.

The one was fair and tall, and white of brow;
A radiant spirit-smile of wondrous grace
Shed, like an inner altar lamp, a glow
Upon his beautiful uplifted face.

The other's face, like marble carved grief,
Had placid brows laid whitely o'er with pain,
With lips that never knew a smile's relief,
And eyes like violets long drenched in rain.

Then spake the fair sweet one, and gently said.
"Between us—Life and Death—choose thou
thy lot.
By him thou lovest best thou shalt be led;
Choose thou between us, soul, 'er thou
not."

I pondered long. "O Life," at last I cried,
"Perchance 'twere wiser Death to choose; and
yet
My soul with thee were better satisfied!"
The angel's radiant face smiled swift regret.

Within his brother's hand he placed my hand,
"Thou didst mistake," he said, in underbreath,
"And choosing Life, didst fail to understand.
He with the thorns is Life, and I am Death."
—*Laura Spencer Porter, in Harper's Magazine for November.*

A MASTER OF DECEIT:—A DRUM-TOCHTY STORY.

BY IAN MACLAREN, AUTHOR OF "BESIDE THE BONNIE BRICK HUSH," ETC.

'Ye 'ill no want a hame here, Lily; it was braid Scotch noo, an' it never soounded sae sweet; an', Jamie'—here the whisper was so low, Jamie had to bend his head—'a' saw the tears in his een.'

'Rest a wee, Lily; a'm followin'; sae he took ye tao his ain hoose an' pit ye in the best room, an' they've waitit on ye as if ye were his ain dochter; ye dinna need tae speak; a' wudna say but Sir Andra might be a Christian o' the auld kind; a' mean, "I was a stranger, and ye took Me in."'

'Jamie,' whispered Lily, before he left, 'there's juist ane thing hurtin' me a wee; it's the wy ma mistress . . . hes treated me. A' tried tae be faithfu', though maybe a' didna answer the bells sae quick the laist sax months . . . an' a' thocht she might . . . hae peeted a lone cratur mair.'

'It's no that a' hev ony cause o' complaint aboot vages or keep—a' wes twice raised, Jamie, an' hed a' thing a' need—an' s'm no hurt aboot bein' carried tao the hospital, for there were five stairs tae ma room, an' . . . it wudna hae been handy tao wait on me.'

'Na, na, Jamie, a'm no onreasonable, but . . . a' houpit she wud hae come tae see me or . . . sent a bit word; gin a body's sober [weak] like me, ye like tae be remembered; it . . . minds you o' the love o' God, Jamie,' and Lily turned her face away. 'A' wes prayin' tae see a Drumtochty face aince mair, an' a've gotten that, an' gin ma mistress hed juist said . . . 'Ye've dune as weel as ye cud.' . . . a' wudna ask mair.'

'Ye hae't then, Lily,' said Jamie, taking an instant resolution, 'for a've been tae see yir mistress, an' a' wes fair . . . ashamed the wy she spake aboot ye, being Drumtochty mrsel, an' no wantin' tae show pride.'

'As sure's a'm here, she cudna find words for her thochts o' ye; it was naethin' but yir faithfulness an' yir gude wark, hoo a body liket ye an' hoo gratefu' she wes to you. A' wes that affeekit that a hed tao leave.'

'What wud ye say, wumman, gin yon graund lady hus been twice a day at the hospital speirin' for you, kerridge an' a', mind ye; but ye ken they're terrible busy in thae places, an' canna aye get time tao cairry the messages.'

'But that's no a', for the glow on Lily's face was kindling Jamie's inspiration, and he saw no use for economy in a good work. 'What think ye o' this for a luck-penny? twenty pund exact, an' a' in goud; it looks bonnie glintin' in the licht; and Jamie emptied on the table the store of sovereigns he had brought from Muirtown bank, without shame.'

'The mistress surely never sent that . . . tae me?' Lily whispered.

'Maybe a' pickit it up on the street; they think awa in the country the very streets are goud here. "Give her this from us all," were her vorra words,' said Jamie, whose conscience had abandoned the unequal struggle with his heart. "Tell her that she's to get whatever she likes with it, and to go down to her home for a long holiday."'

'Did ye thank her, Jamie? Nae man hes a better tongue.'

'Ma tongue never servit me better; sall, ye wud hae been astonished gin ye hed herd me,' with the emphasis of one who stood at last on the rock of truth.

'A'm rael content, noo,' Lily said, 'but a' canna speak mair the noo, an' a've something tae say that 'ill no keep till the morn'; and Jamie promised to return that evening.'

Jamie waited in the hall till the last of the famous physician's patients had gone; then he went in and said:

'When a' entered this hoose ma hert wes sair, for a' thocht a defenceless lassie had been ill used in her straits, an' noo a' wud like tae apoloogeeze for ma hot words. Ye've dune a gude work the day that's no for the like of me to speak aboot, but it 'ill hao its roward frae the Father o' the fatherless.'

'Toots, man, what nonsense is this you're talking?' said Sir Andrew. 'You don't understand the situation. The fact is, I wanted to study Lily's case, and it was handier to have her in my house. Just medical selfishness, you know.'

'A' might hae thocht o' that,' and the intelligence in Jamie's eye was so sympathetic that Sir Andrew quailed before it. 'We hev a doctor in oor pairish that's juist yir marra [equal], aye practeesin' on the sick fook, an' for lookin' after himsel' ho passes belief.'

'Juist Weelum MacLure ower again,' Jamie mediated, as he went along the street. 'London or Drumtochty, great physeecian or puir country doctor, there's no ane o' them tae mend anither for doonricht gudeness. There's naebody 'ill hao a chanco wi' them at the latter end; an' for lecin' tae, a' believe Sir Andra wud beat Weelum himsel.'

When Jamie returned, Lily had arranged her store of gold in little heaps, and began at once to give directions.

'Ye maun pay ma debts first, ye ken, Jamie; a' cudna . . . leave, thinkin' that a' wes awin' a penny tao onybody. Grannie aye brocht us up tao live sae that we ad look a'body in the face, and except a' Chairlie . . .'

'Twa shilling tae the shoemaker, an honest, weel-dacin man; mony a time he's telt me aboot John Wesley. And a poond tae the dressmaker; it's no a' for masel; there wes anither Scotch lassie

. . . but that disna maitter. Cud ye pay thae accoonts the nicht, for the dressmaker 'ill be needin' her money. . . . It wes ma tribble hindered me; . . . a' started ae day, an' the catch in ma side . . . a' hed tae come back.'

'Noo, there's ma kirk, an' we mauna forgot it, for a've been rael happy there. Masittin' wes due the boginnin' o' the month, and a' aye gied ten shillings tae the missions. An', Jamie, they were speakin' o' presentin' the minister wi' some bit token o' respect aifter bein' twenty-five years here. Pit me doon for a poond—no ma name, ye ken; that wud be forward; juist . . . "A gratefu' servant lass."'

'Ye 'ill get some bonny han'kerchief or sic like for the nurse; it wudna dae tae offer her siller; an' dinna forget the hoosemaid, for she's hed a sair trachle wi' me. As for Sir Andra . . . naething can py him.'

'Here's five pund, and ye 'ill gie't tao Grannie; she kens wha it's for; it 'ill juist feenish the debt. . . .'

'Ye can haud yir tongue, Jamie. Wull ye write a line tae Charlie, an' say . . . that a' wes thinkin' o' him at the end, an' expectin' him tao be a credit tao his fook . . . some day; an', Jamie, gin he ever come back in his richt mind tae the Glen, ye 'ill . . . no be hard on him like ye wes laist time.'

'Chairlie 'ill no want a freend gin a' be leevin', Lily; is that a' for yo'ro tirin' yersel?'

'There's ae thing mair, but a'm dootin' it's no richt o' me tao waste Grannie's siller on't, for a' wantit tae leave her somethin' wise-like . . . but oh, Jamie, a've taken a longin' . . . tao lie in Drumtochty kirkyaird wi' ma mither an' Grannie.'

'A' ken it's a notion, but a' dinna like thae cemeteries wi' their gravel roadies, an' their big monuments, an' the croods o' careless fook, an' the hooses pressin' on them frae every side.'

'A' promised Janet,' broke in Jamie, 'that a' wud bring ye hame, an' a'll keep ma word, Lily; gin it be God's wull tao tak yir soul tao Himsel, yer body 'ill be laid wi' yer ain fook,' and Jamie left hurriedly.

Next morning Sir Andrew and the minister were standing by Lily's bedside, and only looked at him when he joined them.

'Jamie . . . thank ye a' . . . ower gude tae . . . a servant lass . . . tell them . . . at hame.'

Each man bade her good-bye and the minister said certain words which shall not be written.

'Thae . . . weary stairs,' and she breathed heavily for a time; then, with a sigh of relief, "A'm comin'."

'Lily has reached the . . . landin',' said Sir Andrew, and as they went downstairs no man would have looked at his neighbor's face for a ransom.

'A' wrote that verra nicht tao Drumshough,' Jamie explained to our guard between the Junction and Kildrummie; 'an' a'm no sure but he 'ill be doon himsel' wi' a neebur or twa juist taegie Lily a respectable funeral, for she hes nae man o' her blade tae come.'

'Div ye see onything, Robert?' Jamie was in a fever of anxiety; 'the Kildrummie hearse stands heich, an' it sud be there, besides the mourners.'

'Kildrummie platform's black,' cried Robert from the footboard; 'tho 'ill be twal gin there be a man; ye stick by ano

anither weel up the wy; it's no often a servant is brocht hame for beerial; a' dinna mind a case sin the lino opened.'

While they went through Kildrummie, Jamie walked alone behind the hearse as chief mourner, with a jealously regulated space of three feet between him and the neighbors; but as soon as the pine woods had swallowed up the procession, he dropped behind, and was once more approachable.

'Ye've hed a time o't,' said Hillocks, treating Jamie as an ordinary man again; 'wha wud hae thocht this wes tao be the end o' yir London jaunt? Sall,' and Hillocks felt himself unable to grapple with the situation.

'This is juist naethin',' with vague allusion to the arrival by railway and the Kildrummie hearse; 'no worth mentionin' wi' the boginnin' o' the beerial at the ither end,' and Jamie chose Whinnie's box, out of three offered, to brace him for the descriptive narrative.

'Ye maun understand,' began Jamie, knowing that he had at least four miles before it would be necessary for him to resume his position of solitary dignity, 'that as sune as Lily turned ill she wes taken tao the hoose o' a great London doctor, an' Sir Andra waited on her himsel'; there's maybe no anither o' his patients without a title; a' herd him speak o' a Duchess ae day.

'When it wes a' ower, puir lassie, if they didna fecht tao py for the beerial. The minister threipit wi' me that he hed a fund at his kirk for sic objects, a sonsy man, wi' a face that pit ye in mind o' hame to look at it, but a' saw through that fund; it's fearsome hoo Scotch fook 'ill lee tae cover gude deeces.'

'Div ye think he wud hae py'd it oot o' his ain p'cket?' interrupted Hillocks.

'Na, na,' a' said tao the minister, for Hillocks wes beneath notice, "ye maun lat her mistress bear the beerial"—twenty pund, as a'm on this road, she gied; 'a faithfu' servant, she's tao want for nothin'; it wes handsome, an' 'ill be maist comfortin' tao Janet.'

'Ye saw the coffin for yersels,' and Jamie now gave himself to details; 'the London hearse hed glass sides and twa horses, then a mournin' coach wi' the minister an' me; but that's the least o't. What think ye cam next?'

'Some o' the neeburs walkin', maybe,' suggested Whinnie.

'Walkin',' repeated Jamie, with much bitterness, as of one who despaired of Drumtochty, and saw no use in wasting his breath; 'juist so; ye've hed mair rain here than in England.'

'Never mind Whinnie, Jamie,' intervened Drumshough; 'we maun hao the rest o' the funeral; wes there anither coach?'

'What wud ye say,' and Jamie spoko with much solemnity, 'tae a private kerridge, an' mair than ano? Ay, ye may look,' allowing himself some freedom of recollection. 'Sir Andra's wes next tao the coach, wi' the blinds drawn doon, an' aifter it an elder's frae her kirk. Ho heard o' Lily through the minister, an' naethin' wud satesfy him but tao dao her sic honor as ho cud.'

'Gaein' around the corners o' the streets—a' cudna help it, neeburs—a juist took a glist oot at the window, an' when a' saw the banker's horses wi' the silver harness, a' washed ye hed been there; sic respect tao a Drumtochty lass!'

'Ye saw the lilies on the coffin,' wound

up Jamie, doing his best to maintain a chastened tone. 'Did ye catch the writin'?' 'In affectionate remembrances of Lily Grant, Who did her duty.'

Sir Andra's ain hand; an' Lily got nao mair than her duo.'

When Jamie parted with Drumsheugh on the way home, and turned down the road to Janet's cottage, to give her the lilies and a full account of her lassie, Drumsheugh watched him till he disappeared.

'Thirty pund was what he drew frae the Muirtown bank, oot o' his savings, for the clerk told me himsel, and naebody jalouses the trick. It's the cleverest thing Jamie ever did, an' ane o' the best a've seen in Drumtochy.'—*McClure's Magazine*.

(The end.)

THE WONDERFUL TAJ MAHAL OF INDIA.

The central point of attraction to the stranger at Agra must always be the wonderful building known as the Taj Mahal, at once the tomb and the monument of the empress of Shah Jehan. It is said that on the spot where the tomb now stands there was once a sort of summer palace, where the great Mogul and his family spent part at least of the year, as it was the favorite residence of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached. Here, the story goes, she had asked him to build her the most beautiful palace ever yet constructed as a memorial of his affection for her and of their happiness together. Before anything was done to carry out this design, however, the beloved empress died, leaving the emperor inconsolable for his loss. What he could not do for the living wife he determined still to do for her memory, and the result was the erection of the famous tomb, which remains still the most beautiful example of its class in the world. The building stands on the opposite bank of the Jumna from the palace and city of Agra, and its domes of white marble rising from among the luxuriant vegetation of the surrounding garden form the most dazzling object that can well be conceived as seen from almost any part of the city, but especially from the palace itself.

No estimate has ever been formed of the wealth lavished on the building, but that it must have been enormous no one who examines the almost incredible beauty and elaborateness of the workmanship and the rare and, in some cases, almost priceless character of the material used in its construction, can possibly doubt. The actual execution of the work employed a host of the most skilled laborers obtainable in the Eastern world for twenty-two years, and when it is remembered that the building is small compared with most of those on which emperors have lavished their treasures, some idea of the intricacy of its design and the beauty of its execution may be formed.

The gateway by which we entered the enclosure itself prepared us somewhat for the splendor of the building within. Like every part of the building and its surroundings, this gateway is constructed of the purest white marble polished to the highest perfection of which the stone is capable, while the carving and designs embossed on the surface are remarkable for the elegance and grace of their conception as well as for the perfection of their execution. It is no easy matter to

accustom the mind to the idea that this work, hardly less perfect to-day than it was two hundred and fifty years ago, can have stood exposed to the weather all those years. Something, no doubt, is due to the climate, and more, perhaps, to the exquisite polish of the surface, which has fitted it to resist the weather to the best advantage. It is, however, on the interior of the mausoleum that Eastern art, with all its wealth of patient industry, has lavished the best of all it had to offer. The whole interior glazes to-day exactly as it did when first erected, with the perfect reproduction in polished stone of every leaf and flower with which nature has adorned the Indian peninsula. And not one shade of all the exquisite color is produced by any pigment. If a single flower demanded a score of tints to reproduce its perfect beauty, the effect was obtained by the use of a score of different stones without regard to their rarity or value. Nor is the effect injured by marks of joining. Hardly anything short of a microscope would in most instances disclose the fact that art and not nature had produced the dazzling effect. But it is hopeless to attempt to give any adequate idea of this consummate work of art, which stands, and no doubt will stand, unrivalled as the highest example of unwearied art supported by unbounded resources.—*From Harper's Weekly*.

SPARE TIME.

A party of ladies and gentlemen were shown through a large carpet establishment in Brooklyn not long ago. They were permitted to look into every nook and corner of the building except one. At the bottom of the stairway leading to the top floor they came upon a closed door, upon which were the words, "Positively no Admittance." The curiosity of the ladies was awakened at once. "What is up there?" inquired one, eagerly. "That is the workshop," explained the representative of the firm. "We have one hundred and fifty women on that floor sewing carpets."

"Oh, I should so like to see them at work," said the fair questioner, with a playfully beseeching look.

"I am sorry that I cannot take you up there," replied the firm's representative; "but the rules are very strict. Really, there is nothing worth looking at, and there are no trade secrets there. The reason why the firm interdicts visitors is, because the presence of strangers causes every sewing-woman to look up, and takes her attention off her work from one to five minutes. Suppose every woman loses an average of two minutes. With one hundred and fifty women that means a loss to the firm of three hundred minutes, or five hours of time. That is too much to lose when we are working under a full head of steam, as we are now."

William Herschel discovered Uranus, the greatest discovery of the telescope. He had hitherto been known as a clever amateur astronomer, who had spent the intervals between his musical studies in writing a theory on the height of the mountains of the moon, or in manufacturing telescopes. Music was his profession, but so jealous was he of the spare moments he might give to astronomy that he habitually rushed from the orchestra between the acts to snatch brief glimpses of the heavens.

No one ever appreciated the value of time more than Lord Nelson. "Five minutes," he used to say, "make the difference between a victory and a defeat."

Our Young Folks.

WHEN THE FROST IS ON THE PUNKIN.

The husky, rusty rassel of the tassels of the corn,
And the raspin' of the tangled leaves, as golden as the morn;
The stubble in the furries—kind o' lonesome-like but still,
A-preachin' sermons to us of the barns they growed to fill;
The strawstack in the medder, and the reaper in the shed;
The hoeses in theyr stalls below—the clover overhead!—
O, it sets my hart a-clickin' like the tickin' of a clock,
When the frost is on the punkin and the fodder's in the shock.

—*Whitcomb Riley*.

SLUMBER SONG.

Adown the twilight river we float,
Baby and I together,
Gliding along in our little boat,
Baby and I together,
Down to the wonderful land that waits
Where the river flows through the sunset gates,
While the silvery stars keep watch and ward
As we drift beneath their loving guard,
Baby and I together.

Adown the river we softly glide,
Baby and I together,
As the day goes out on the ebbing tide,
Baby and I together,
The twilight river is broad and deep,
So close to the shadowy banks we keep,
While drowsy poppies nod and sway,
And sleepily beckon us to stay,
Baby and I together.

To Slumberland our craft we steer,
Baby and I together,
Slowly, but surely, our port we near,
Baby and I together,
Where the Dream-tree spreads its branches wide,
And scatters rare fruit on every side,
Down the twilight river we float along,
While lapping waves croon a tender song,
Baby and I together.

A fair little head is drooping low,
Baby and I together,
Gently into the harbor go,
Baby and I together,
Have reached the shores of Slumberland,
By whispering breezes softly fanned,
Amid the fleet that are anchored fast,
Hush! we are safely moored at last,
Baby and I together.

—*Motherhood*.

AN ENTERPRISING PHOTO-GRAPHER.

The recent war between China and Japan, which now seems to be practically over, fortunately, was watched by all the military and naval men in the world with a great deal of interest, for it was the first real war in which many of the modern inventions in war-ships and army accoutrements were given a fair trial. To be sure China had little that was modern in her army and navy, though some of the ships of her navy were of recent European build, and were manned by capable seamen and good fighting-men. But the Japanese certainly did have many of the modern inventions in their cruisers, and they made most effective use of them.

The correspondents of the great papers of the world, however, seem to have suffered, and whether this is a development of modern warfare, or because the Japanese and Chinese did not understand and appreciate their position, does not appear to have been settled. At all events, the correspondents from Japan and China, as well as those from European and American countries, went about their always dangerous business at their peril, and were in constant danger of being captured and hung or murdered by either party. Some of these bright and daring men did lose their lives there, and no one takes the trouble to sing a requiem over them in verse or prose, but others, in spite of all the opposition, got to and remained at the front, and succeeded in sending out accurate news to their papers.

It was one of these successful newspaper men, and a Japanese at that, who originated the idea of using a balloon to help him get to the front, as well as to keep him safely out of the reach of both contestants. He procured a balloon, several, in fact—and had a peculiar metal framework constructed, which held him firmly in place under the balloon, and left his arms free, so that he could use them to write, or to work a huge camera that was also attached and supported by the same iron frame. By means of straps over his shoulders and about his body he could keep himself moderately firm in his position, and his camera reasonably stationary, except, of course, for the movements of the balloon itself, which he could not regulate.

Several times this correspondent was sent up in his balloon, and held by an assistant with the help of a long rope far above houses, and even hills, so that he could take photographs on his huge lens of the general view of a battle, while he himself was either too far away or too unimportant at the moment to the combatants to tempt them to fire upon him. In this way he succeeded in securing some astonishing views. They were, of course, very far removed from the scene of action, too far to give much of the small details, but they presented a bird's-eye view of the whole battle, which proved of great interest. Occasionally, because of a sudden movement of the balloon, he "took" the sky or a distant landscape instead of the raging battle beneath him, but these little mistakes were insignificant when, on being hauled down, he discovered two or three views that showed charges of cavalry here, repulses of infantry there, and smoke and strife, bursting shells and burning houses, everywhere.

Sometimes the photographer would go up in his camera-balloon without being held to the earth by a rope, and then he might drift with the wind over the battlefield, or quietly drift away without getting a chance to "shoot." As a rule, however, calculations were pretty well made before the rope was dropped, and then the balloon was allowed to float where it would, with the comparative certainty that it would pass over, or nearly over, the scene of action.

Here is a chance for photographers who want to take new scenes and original things with their cameras. The earth at a few hundred feet distance would look like a big bowl covered with many little roofs, laced with white roads, along which funny little animals would be seen crawling along at a snail's pace.—*Harper's Round Table*.

Japan has a beautiful custom. At children's parties caged birds are brought in. The child, eager to confer happiness, takes a bird out carefully, and throws it into the air. Soon the cages are empty. It is the way they play "freedom." No wonder they are essentially a gentle, humane race, slow to create suffering, and loath to permit it.

Lake Superior is in danger of losing its distinction of being the largest fresh water lake in the world. African explorers begin to think Lake Victoria Nyanza is larger.

The Christian's hardest battles with the devil are often fought at the door of his closet.



THAT LUMP in a man's stomach which makes him irritable and miserable and unfit for business or pleasure is caused by indigestion. Indigestion, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. The trouble may be in stomach, liver, bowels. Wherever it is, it is caused by the presence of poisonous, refuse matter which Nature has been unable to rid herself of, unaided. In such cases, wise people send down a little health officer, personified by one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, to search out the seat of trouble and remove the cause. One little "Pellet" will remove a very big lump and act as a gentle laxative. Two "Pellets" are a mild cathartic. A short "course" of "Pellets" will cure indigestion permanently. It will cure constipation. After that, you can stop taking them. A good many pills act so violently as to derange the system, and in its disordered state, digestion will not go on without a continued use of the pills. That's the worst feature of most pills. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets never make slaves of their users.

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Ministers and Churches.

Rev. D. G. McPhail, B.A., of Picton, preached in St. Andrew's Church, Perth, on a recent Sunday.

Rev. W. T. Wilkins and Mr. A. E. Bywater, of Trenton, have gone to Blairton for a week on a hunting expedition.

Rev. W. A. Patterson, Leamington, preached two excellent sermons in the Presbyterian Church, Tilbury, on a late Sunday.

The Rev. Dr. Watson, St. Andrew's, Beaverton, has returned home again, looking somewhat better for his short holiday.

Rev. Prof. McAdam has gone to North Bay, and will be in charge of the Presbyterian congregation there for some months.

The old St. Andrew's cemetery, at Galt, which has been in a state of sad neglect for several years, is to be made into a public park.

Rev. T. J. Thompson has received a call from John Street Presbyterian Church, Belleville, of which Rev. J. L. George was recently pastor.

Rev. J. Frazer Smith, M.D., for eight years missionary to Honan, China, preached in the Presbyterian Church, Port Elgin, on Sunday.

We are glad to learn that the Rev. H. F. Thomas, M.A., Preston, has so far recovered from the effects of his attack of typhoid fever, as to be able to sit up.

Rev. Robt. Johnston, of St. Andrew's, preached anniversary sermons in Strathroy on a recent Sabbath, and his pulpit was occupied by Rev. W. G. Jordan, of Strathroy.

Mr. Alexander Barclay, second son of the Rev. Dr. Barclay, of St. Paul's Church, Montreal, has returned from the surveying expedition on which he accompanied Dr. Bell.

Rev. D. Robertson, of London, recently preached the pulpits of Dorchester and Crumlin vacant and Rev. J. Currie, of Belmont, will act as interim Moderator during the vacancy.

Stewarton Presbyterian Church has organized a Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, with Mrs. D. McLean as president; Miss Stewart, of Appen Place, vice; and Mrs. H. L. Wood, secretary.

The alterations lately made in the Albert Street Presbyterian Church, Sarnia, add greatly to the beauty and comfort of that tasty edifice. The arch supports have been removed, and additional sitting accommodation secured.

A committee of Presbyterian ladies packed and shipped recently the clothing contributed by the different Women's Foreign Mission Auxiliaries in the Paris Presbytery, weighing 2,570 pounds, the freight charges amounting to \$63.75.

A farewell meeting to Dr. and Mrs. Bremner, the first missionaries of the South American Evangelical Mission, was held in the Northern Congregational Church, Church Street, near Alexander, on Monday evening, Nov. 4th, at 8 p.m.

Mr. John Burnett, B.A., graduate of Knox College, was ordained and inducted on the first of October into the charge of Keady, etc., Presbytery of Owen Sound, and received a very cordial welcome from the people of this charge.

Rev. W. A. Cook, who has been pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Dorchester Station for four years past, has left for Thorold, to take charge of work there. Mr. Cook, says the London Advertiser, will be very much missed by his former flock.

Rev. J. B. McLaren, of Columbus and Brooklyn, is preaching a short series of sermons on the "Holy Spirit." Mr. McLaren is more than sustaining his reputation as an earnest, practical preacher, and all who can should hear these special sermons.

The Advertiser says: Mr. G. R. Faskin, B.A., of Knox College, Toronto, preached twice in the First Presbyterian Church, London, recently to large congregations, many of his former Collegiate Institute pupils attending. Mr. Faskin's sermons were marked by powerful thought, clear reasoning and an earnest delivery.

On Oct. 13th, the Rev. D. G. McQueen, B.A., of Edmonton, opened the new church at Fort Saskatchewan. The neat frame building is in contrast with the little old log church built eight years ago, and indicates progress in the far West. Concert on Monday evening. The congregation is in charge of Rev. Alex. Forbes, B.D.

The anniversary of St. Andrew's Church, Strathroy, was held on October 27th, when the Rev. Robt. Johnston, B.D., preached two able and earnest discourses to large congregations, and special offering was taken on behalf of the current expenses. The Rev. W. G. Jordan occupied Mr Johnston's pulpit in London on that day.

The anniversary services of St. Andrew's Church, Sarnia, were observed last Sabbath. The Rev. W. J. Clark, of London, occupied the pulpit morning and evening. Two able sermons, carefully prepared and delivered with great power, were much appreciated by the large congregations present. The special plate collection amounted to \$410.

Dr. Smith's lecture on "The Boys I Knew at Home," in the Presbyterian Church, Georgetown, was listened to by more than three hundred people on Monday evening of last week. He spoke for an hour and three-quarters, during which he was given a cordial hearing. The music by the choir was excellent. The offerings for the Building Fund amounted to about \$250.

The Rev. C. J. Cameron, M.A., pastor of St. John's Church, Brockville has received an unanimous call from the Presbyterian Church at Toronto Junction where he preached some weeks ago.

The Rev. M. W. Maclean, Moderator of the Session of John Street Church, Belleville, desires to say that he submitted to the Kirk Session the name of every application made to time for a "hearing" in the vacant charge.

A *pro re nata* meeting of Kingston Presbytery will be held in John Street Church Belleville, on Tuesday, 12th inst., to consider and dispose of a call from said John Street Church and to make arrangements for the ordination of licentiates recently appointed to Home Mission fields within the bound.

A very neat and comfortable new church building, erected by the Presbyterians of Lacombe, Alberta, was opened for worship by the Rev. D. G. McQueen, B.A., of Edmonton, on Oct. 6th. Rev. Jno. Fernie in charge of this congregation. A social on Monday evening wound up the proceedings. The pulpit and three fine chairs were the gift of Mrs. Cairns, the good wife of an elder of the congregation.

It is at least some small comfort to know that the Rev. D. J. Macdonnell of St. Andrew's Church is, if not decidedly better, at least no worse. Mr. Macdonnell is still in Fergus, and is able to take a certain amount of exercise daily. He is also able to eat and sleep well, which is fortunate. Many over the whole Dominion beyond the deeply attached members of his own flock are earnestly wishing for his restoration to complete health and strength.

An exceptionally large number of communicants celebrated the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper in Knox Church, Walkerton, on Sabbath, Oct. 27th, preparatory services having been conducted on the preceding Friday by Dr. McDonald, of Seaforth, who edified large audiences with eloquent and instructive sermons. An addition of nineteen was made to the communion roll making a total of ninety-seven added during the first year of Rev. Donald Guthrie's pastorate.

The Colonist, of Victoria, B.C., says: "The Snare of the Fowler" was the theme selected by the Rev. Dr. Campbell for his Sunday evening sermon at the First Presbyterian Church, the occasion being the usual thanksgiving service for the safe return of sealers and sailors. The congregation was so large that it seriously taxed the capacity of the sacred edifice, again demonstrating the fact that it must, before very long, be replaced by a larger and more commodious structure.

The annual Thanksgiving service of the Women's Foreign Missionary Auxiliary of St. James Square Church, Toronto, was held on the 15th ult., in the lecture room, which was beautifully decorated. There was a large attendance. Mrs. Ball gave an earnest and practical address, and the following members took part: Mrs. Jordan, Mrs. Grant, Mrs. McPhedran, Mrs. Adams, Mrs. Cowan, Miss Greig and Mrs. Bruce. The service of praise was led by Mrs. Woods and Mrs. Wm. Douglass, assisted by young ladies of the congregation. The offering (which included \$25 for a life membership) amounted to \$150.

Rev. D. G. S. Connery, pastor of St. Paul's, Winchester, was assisted by the Revs. H. Cameron, and James Madill in a week of special services, preparatory to the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. What was intended as a week of prayer developed into a great religious awakening in the entire community, and the meetings were continued three weeks, two services each day. The church was filled each night with anxious congregations. The Rev. H. Cameron, of Morrisburg, assisted part of the first week, and the Rev. James Madill, of Bishop's Mills, remained during the three weeks and preached each night with great acceptance. Mr. Madill has a gift for evangelistic work, and the Church might do well in setting apart such men for special work on evangelistic lines.

On Friday evening, Oct. 25th, a large gathering of Presbyterians assembled at Mrs. J. Brook's, Granton, to welcome the Rev. J. Campbell on his return from New Brunswick after an absence of five months. Nearly the whole of Mr. Campbell's Granton congregation was present, and the gathering in itself showed the esteem and love which the people have for their pastor who has been laid aside from active service, through severe illness, since last June. After some time had been spent in social intercourse, Mr. Jas. Bryan took the chair and called on the choir for a selection, after which Mr. Campbell led in prayer. The chairman then welcomed Mr. Campbell on behalf of all present expressing his pleasure at the restoration to health of his pastor and the hope that he might be enabled to continue in the work. After another chorus Mr. Wm. Spence, elder, speaking for the session said he was glad to be able to welcome their pastor and hoped he would long be spared to them. He suggested the advisability of relieving Mr. Campbell as much as possible during the coming months until his health was completely restored. The following warmly moved addresses of welcome from Y. P. S. C. E. and from the Sabbath school, when Mr. Campbell replied in a few words, thanking the congregation for the way in which they had shown their interest in him and for their appreciation of his work. He expressed his pleasure at being able to be with his people again in the enjoyment of a fair measure of health; and he hoped that in accordance with the opinion of his physicians he would be completely restored and able to resume his pastoral duties in a few months. After a bountiful lunch had been served the company separated well pleased with their pleasant evening.

Mr. J. Stuart Coleman asks us to insert the following: Some time ago the Children's Aid Society of Toronto invited the Sunday Schools of the city to join in an annual collection in aid of its funds. So far eight Presbyterian schools have agreed to do this. The collections from St. John's and Toronto Junction Sunday Schools have been received and are as follows, St. John's 15.20, Toronto Junction, \$9.

The anniversary services in connection with St. Andrew's Church, Sherbrooke, Que., of which Rev. Wm. Shearer is pastor, were celebrated on Oct. 6th, Rev. Wm. Patterson, of Toronto, preached. The collections amounted to \$762, and the proceeds of the social on Monday night to \$125. Mr. Patterson's visit to the East was highly appreciated and many will long remember his quaint and forcible manner of presenting the truth.

One of the most pleasing and harmonious meetings ever held in the Thorold Presbyterian Church was that in connection with the induction of the Rev. W. A. Cook, late of Dorchester, into the pastoral charge of the congregation on Thursday evening last. The families of the congregation were well represented, and, judging from the good feeling manifested, it is safe to predict that there is in store for Thorold Presbyterians a prosperous future. After the induction services, conducted by several members of the Presbytery of Hamilton, presided over by the Rev. Jas. Wilson, of Niagara Falls South, the congregation repaired to the basement, where the ladies had bountifully provided for the wants of the body, and an exceedingly pleasant and enjoyable evening was spent in social intercourse and greetings between pastor and people. The Rev. Mr. Anderson, who had so ably and acceptably supplied the pulpit for the past several Sabbaths, and to whom the people became very much attached, was also present, and while welcoming the new pastor and his wife, it was a fitting occasion to bid farewell to one who was universally esteemed.

Last Sabbath, 27th of October, was communion Sabbath in the Weston Church. The preparatory service was conducted by Rev. Mr. Adams, of Fairbank. Four names were added to the Church, two by certificate and two by profession of faith. The service on Sabbath was conducted by the pastor, Rev. Walter Reid, B.D., who preached a most appropriate and useful discourse. About ninety persons sat down at the "table of the Lord." The service was most thoroughly enjoyed, and amid much that is trying the pastor has every reason to feel greatly encouraged, not only by the large attendance, but by the apparent cordiality and unanimity of the people. The Woodbridge congregation has enjoyed a steady growth in membership ever since Mr. Reid, eleven years since, became the pastor, and to-day it is one of the most united and progressive congregations in the Presbytery. The Sabbath School, under Dr. Thom as superintendent, and his efficient staff of teachers, is a prosperous and useful institution. The Society of Christian Endeavor is well equipped and is doing a good work. The present Church building was erected in 1877, but during the past summer, in order to meet the growing demands of the congregation and Sabbath School, it was decided to build a new school room, enlarge the Church, put in new furnaces and give increased shed accommodation. The work is now in progress and nearing completion. The cost of the alterations, etc., will not be far short of \$1,600, \$900 of which was subscribed before the work was begun. The re-opening services are fixed for December 15th, when it is intended to enter upon the improved premises free of debt.

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OBITUARY.

The death of Rev. J. A. McConnell happened with alarming suddenness at Lanark village on Saturday the 19th ult. He was apparently in his usual health, and had made arrangements for his departure to his new home at Varna in the county of Huron. While sitting at tea at the house of a friend, along with Mrs. McConnell and others, his head suddenly fell forward, and without a word he passed away. The whole community deeply sympathize with Mrs. McConnell and her family. The deceased was in the 60th year of his age, and leaves a wife and five children—three boys and two girls—to mourn his death. For the past two years and a half Mr. McConnell has been stationed at Watson's Corners and the associated fields of Brightside, Hopetown and St. James. His work has been very successful and highly appreciated by the people generally. He had concluded his labors two weeks ago, and was contemplating retiring from active work, for a time at least. But his work was done, and his Master called him home to his eternal reward, which he was looking forward to with joy, contemplating, as he had recently remarked to his friends, that "it would not be long, he felt, till the Saviour would take him to his upper home." The funeral service was conducted on Monday, at 10 o'clock, in the church at Watson's Corners, a very fitting place for such a service, for the nice new church had so recently been built there under his ministry. The church was crowded with sorrowing friends and acquaintances. Rev. McIlroy, Rev. James Burnie, Rev. D. Currie, of Perth, took part in the services and the Rev. D. M. Buchanan, of Lanark, preached an impressive sermon from Rev. ii. 10: "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life." Rev. W. S. Smith, of Middleville, followed in a brief but warm eulogy of Rev. Mr. McConnell's work and character as a Christian brother. The Rev. Mr. Leach, Mr. McConnell's successor in the field, presided at the funeral service. The remains of the deceased were taken to Varna, and interred in the Bayfield cemetery.



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CAPITAL AND BRAINS.

A writer has put it thus:—Every thoughtful business man having the brains, energy, and capacity to earn a dollar, knows that these constitute the most valuable part of his capital. His accumulations may be reckoned by the hundreds or thousands of dollars, invested somewhere, or it may be half a million, but, beyond the interest earnings of the investment, it is himself that is the producer. If he be possessed of \$5,000 in money, and gain that much a year (as not a few do), his business talents yield \$4,700, and his cash capital the remaining \$300. The man then, in a business sense, is worth nearly sixteen times as much as his money. His money capital he will hedge around with every guard against loss. He double-locks the doors, puts a time-lock on his salamander, electric burglar alarms throughout his store, lightning rods all over it, and then claps on a fire insurance policy to cover every dollar of his stock. This, for the most unproductive, the least valuable, part of his capital. Now, it is the brains and energy, the capital inherent in the individual, against the loss of which provision is the most to be desired. There is no sort of

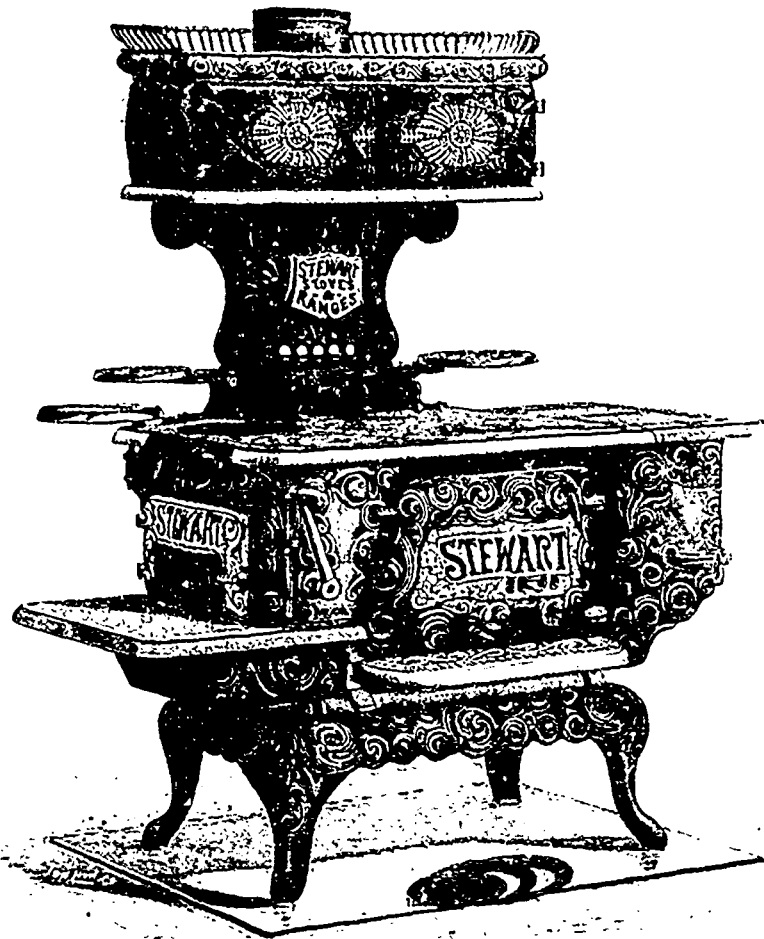
consistency in guarding things of comparatively little value and neglecting the greater ones, nor is this duty of protecting innate capital now "more honoured in the breach than in the observance," for of late years it has had recognition from all sorts of people. Not full and adequate recognition, such as a proper appreciation of one's productiveness would dictate, but enough to show the increasing good sense of the public in this regard.

How is this safeguard to be had? By life insurance; and surely and safely by life insurance alone! Its operation is simple. We need not discuss its principles. Your income is \$5,000, of which \$4,700 is derived from your brains, the balance from investments. You desire this especially if you are not a supremely selfish man, and are mindful of your duty as a citizen, husband, and father to continue that income, or a large part of it, to others after your death. Accordingly you insure your life for such a sum as being put at interest will produce the income desired. How much will it cost? That depends on the plan selected, and the company in which you repose confidence. If you want the policy that offers most advantages it is on the compound investment plan. If you want the best company it is the North American Life, of Toronto. Why? Because security and certainty are found there. Its ratio of assets to liabilities is large. Its surplus is larger in proportion to its assets than any other Canadian life company; its policy contracts are simple and intelligible, and free from technicalities. They are believed to be the most liberal extant, only such conditions being contained as are essential to preserve the equity of its members.

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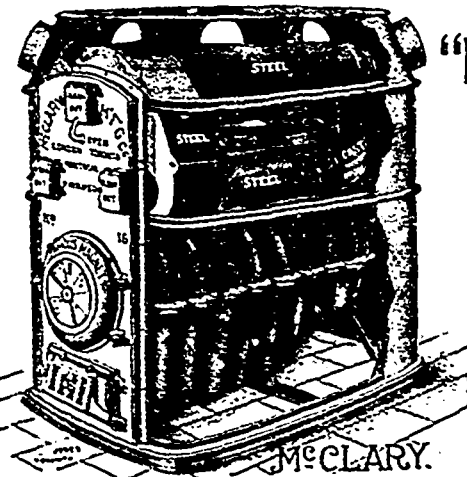
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We beg to call attention to the Presbyterian Book Room's advertisement of the new book by the author of "The Bonnie Brier Bush," which is just issued this week. The title is "In the Days of Auld Lang Syne"—and the stories are a continuation of the author's first great book. A large sale is anticipated—and intending purchasers should send in their orders at once as the first edition will soon be exhausted.

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British and Foreign.

Russia last year sent 274 Lutherans to Siberia.

The Swedish Baptists in the United States have 238 congregations and 17,223 members.

Cholera quarantine has been lifted at Hawaii for freight. Passenger travel is still restricted.

Rev. Dr. James Macgregor has been contributing to the Scotsman accounts of a tour in the Pyrenees.

The London Chronicle says the British squadron now near the Dardanelles will be augmented by the battle ship Camperdown

The British Isles comprise no fewer than one thousand separate islands and islets, without counting the jutting rocks or isolated pinnacles.

Rev. Dr. Boyd, of St. Andrews, has published a volume entitled "Occasional and Immemorial Days," and consisting of sermons and addresses.

The king of Roumania has accepted the resignation of the entire Cabinet and summoned the leader of the National Liberals to form a new Ministry.

Rev. James Anderson, of Dyce ("Fergus Mackenzie") opened the winter series of lectures in Victoria Street United Presbyterian Church, Dundee, with a lecture on Hugh Miller.

The Salvation Army has now, in different parts of the world, 291 shelters, homes, labor bureaux, and other benevolent institutions in full operation, under the guidance of 1,239 men and women.

The new gymnasium, costing \$126,000, for the Northfield Seminary for Young Ladies (Mr. Moody's school) was dedicated last week. The building is the gift of Mr. Wm. Skinner, of Holyoke, Mass.

Sheriff Watson has been hinting in Kirkcudbright Free Church Presbytery that strong measures might become necessary to whip up congregations to their duty in the matter of the Sustentation Fund.

A French paper says that during his recent visit to Paris, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs signed another convention pledging Russia's support to France against "any attacking power whatever."

The town council of Frankfort-on-the-Main have refused to vote 10,000 marks for the celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of Sedan, but have voted instead 20,000 marks as relief to old soldiers in distress.

The Armenians killed, injured, or amissing during the recent riots in Constantinople are estimated at 700. Urged by the foreign ambassadors, the refugees in the Armenian churches, who numbered 1,700, have gone back to their homes.

A brass tablet has been erected in Dean Free Church, Edinburgh, in memory of the late Rev. Dr. Thomas Brown, who was for 44 years minister of the congregation. It is placed under the window immediately behind the pew he latterly occupied.

An illustration of the barbarous manner in which the war in Cuba is waged, is presented by the fact that the Spanish troops lately captured a hospital in which there were 74 sick and wounded rebels. They massacred every one of these without exception.

Rosehall United Presbyterian congregation, Edinburgh, is in danger of being split over a dispute between Rev. William Morrison and a considerable section who think that he obtained the appointment of Mr. Barnett as assistant in a high-handed way. Mr. Andrews, one of the office-bearers, has already resigned, to the great regret of the most of his colleagues.

CRIPPLED BY RHEUMATISM.

A KING'S CO., N.S., MAN SUFFERS FOR LONG WEARY MONTHS

Had Reached a Stage when He Was Unable to Turn in Bed Without Aid—Hundreds of Dollars Spent in the Search for Relief—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Again Prove Their Wonderful Health Giving Power.

From the Kentville, N.S., Chronicle


Mr. David O. Corkum, of Scott's Bay Road, is the owner of one of the best farms in King's Co., N.S., and is one of the best known farmers in that section of the county. He is naturally a hard working man, and when strong is always to be found busy on his place. Last winter he spent the whole season in the lumber woods, was strong and healthy and worked as hard as anyone. But it has not always been so. In fact it is the wonder of the neighborhood that he is able to work at all. Before moving to Scott's Bay Road, Mr. Corkum lived at Chester, Lunenburg Co., N.S., and while there was a great sufferer from rheumatism, which affected him in such a way that he was unable to do manual labor of any kind. About this time he moved to his present home, but he could not get a moment's respite from the effects of his disease. Feeling that he must get well at any cost he had his old doctor brought from Chester to his relief, but he was unable to do anything for him. He tried many kinds of medicine, hoping to receive benefit, but to no avail. Being determined not to die without a struggle he had doctors summoned from Halifax, but still continued to get worse. About three years ago he took to his bed, and his case developed into bone and muscle rheumatism of the worst type. It spread through all his bones, up into his neck and into his arm, causing partial paralysis of that limb, rendering it utterly useless since he could not lift it above his waist. All the strength left his muscles, and he was unable to turn in bed without aid. He was able to stand upon his feet, but could not walk. Still the doctors waited upon him and still he took their medicines, but with no beneficial result. During this time Mr. Corkum paid out several hundred dollars in hard cash for doctor's bills and medicine, all of which did him not one particle of good. After lying in bed for fifteen months his case was pronounced hopeless and he was given up by all. About this time he heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and as a last resource he resolved to give them a trial. The first four boxes produced no noticeable effect, but at the fifth he began to notice a change. Feeling encouraged he kept on, and from that time he rapidly improved, and after using the Pink Pills for a period of some twelve weeks he was restored to perfect health. Such was the wonderful story told a representative of the Western Chronicle by Mr. Corkum a short time ago. Mr. Corkum is now 59 years of age and perfectly healthy and feels younger and better than he has for years, and attributes his recovery solely to the use of Dr. Williams' Pills, and he is willing to prove the truth of these statements to any one who may call upon him.

These pills are a positive cure for all troubles arising from a vitiated condition of the blood or a shattered nervous system. Sold by all dealers or by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y., at 50 cents a box, or 6 boxes for \$2.50. There are numerous imitations and substitutes against which the public is cautioned.

The interest that is now taken in many countries in Canadian scientific and intellectual development can be gathered from the fact that Dr. Bourinot, at Ottawa, has received, within a fortnight, applications for sets or special volumes of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, from St. Petersburg, in Russia; Anvers, in France; Governor McKinley's department at Columbus, in Ohio; Oberlin College in the same State; Indiana University at Bloomington, and Geological Society at Rochester, N.Y., as well as from several societies and individuals in Canada. This admirable institution is clearly of great advantage to Canada since its Transactions cover so wide a ground of scientific and historical effort. Hereafter the volumes will be in royal octavo, and consequently more accessible to the general public.



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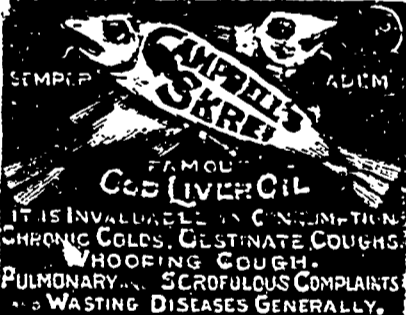


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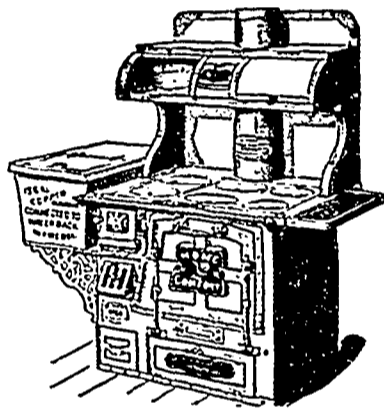
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- DIPLOMA ALABAMA STATE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY, At Montgomery, 1888.
- AWARD Chattahoochee Valley Exposition, Columbus, Ga., 1888.
- HIGHEST AWARDS 25th ANNUAL FAIR ST. LOUIS AGRICULTURAL & MECHANICAL ASSOCIATION, 1889.
- SIX HIGHEST AWARDS WORLD'S COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION CHICAGO, 1893.
- HIGHEST AWARDS WESTERN FAIR ASSOCIATION, LONDON, CAN. 1893.
- SIX GOLD MEDALS MID WINTER FAIR, San Francisco, Cal., 1894.



STEEL HOTEL AND FAMILY RANGES.

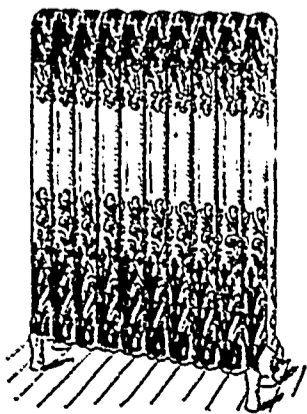
CARVING AND STEAM TABLES, BROILERS, MALLEABLE WATERBACKS, ETC., ETC.

Above Style Family Range is sold only by our Travelling Salesmen from our own wagons at one uniform price throughout Canada and the United States.

Made of MALLEABLE IRON and WROUGHT STEEL and will LAST A LIFETIME if properly used.

SALES TO JANUARY 1st, 1895, 299,327.

ABOVE HONORS WERE RECEIVED BY **WROUGHT IRON RANGE CO.**, MANUFACTURERS OF Hotel Steel Ranges, Kitchen Outfittings and "Home Comfort" Hot-Air Steel Furnaces. OFFICES, SALESROOMS AND FACTORIES, 70 to 76 PEARL STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO, and Washington Avenue, 19th to 20th Streets, ST. LOUIS MO., U. S. A. Founded 1864. Paid up Capital, \$1,000,000.



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To secure a comfortably heated home for yourself and family, by supplying you with

OXFORD RADIATORS

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MANUFACTURED BY

The Gurney Foundry Co., Ltd., Toronto.

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MISCELLANEOUS.

No man is living as God means that he should, who is not living to help others live.

A church fuss is about the greatest hindrance to a revival that can be found on earth.

Why not use our common sense in religious matters as much as we do in other things?

Jesus knew what it was to be weary and disappointed, but he never complained that his lot was hard.

Exposure to cold, damp winds, may result in pneumonia unless the system is kept invigorated with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

European Protestantism is strongest in Great Britain, where its membership is 30,000,000, and next comes Germany, with a Protestant population of 29,000,000.

Many a one can say: "I am a man that hath griefs, but the Spirit comforteth me. I am a man that oft knoweth not the way, but the Spirit leadeth me."—*W. M. Bicknell.*

Marshall Field, of Chicago, who is reported to have made \$7,000,000 in the dry goods business last year, will not allow a line of his advertising to appear in the Sunday newspapers.

Henry M. Stanley, M.P., has closely identified himself with the evangelization of Africa by becoming the associate editor of Bishop William Taylor's monthly publication, *Illustrated Africa.*

Fidelity in trifles and an earnest seeking to please God in little matters is a test of real devotion and love. Let your aim be to please our dear Lord perfectly in little things, and to attain a spirit of child-like simplicity and dependence.—*Jean Neolaus Grou.*

A congregation in Kansas seems to have found a new way of raising funds for their church work. They have agreed to sow one hundred and sixty acres of land with wheat, and, after deducting a certain sum for rent, devote the rest to paying church expenses. The members furnish teams, plows, laborers and seed, and expect to be able to provide preaching for every Sabbath from the proceeds.

Condemn no man for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgment, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every reproach, in any kind or degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force a man into it. If love will not compel him to come, leave him to God, the judge of all.—*John Wesley.*

"A little farm well tilled,
A little cellar well filled,
A little wife well willed."

What could you wish a man better than that? The last is not the least by any means, but how can a wife be well willed if she be the victim of those distressing maladies that make her life a burden? Let her take Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and cure all painful irregularities, uterine disorders, inflammation and ulceration, prolapsus and kindred weaknesses. It is a boon and a blessing to women. Thousands are in the bloom of health through using it, when otherwise they would be under the sod. Are you a sufferer? Use it, or some day we may read—

A little wife self willed,
Rosewood coffin early filled,
Spite of doctor well skilled.

Ovarian, Fibroid and other Tumors cured without surgery. Book, testimonials and references, mailed securely sealed for 10 cents in stamps. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

Radway's Ready Relief.

Pain Cured in an Instant.

For headache (whether sick or nervous), tooth ache, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, pains and weakness in the back, spine or kidneys, pains around the liver, pleurisy, swelling of the joints and pains of all kinds, the application of RADWAY'S READY RELIEF will afford immediate ease, and its continued use for a few days effect a permanent cure.

A CURE FOR ALL SUMMER COMPLAINTS.

A half to a teaspoonful of Ready Relief in a half a tumbler of water, repeated as often as the discharges continue, and a tumbler saturated with Ready Relief placed over the stomach and bowels will afford immediate relief and soon effect a cure. Internally—A half to a teaspoonful in half a tumbler of water will in a few minutes cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Nausea, Vomiting, Heart burn, Nervousness, Sleeplessness, Sick Headache, Flatulency, and all internal pains.

Malaria in its Various Forms Cured and Prevented.

Price 25c. per Bottle. Sold by Druggists

Sent to DR. RADWAY & CO., Montreal, for Book of Advice.



For Style, Comfort and Durability of Footwear go to

R. KINCADE'S

444 YONGE ST.,

Where you can get

J. & T. Bell's Fine Boots & Shoes.

A. BARRETT, Photographer.

All kinds Photographic work done in the best style of the art. First-class work, take your sitting before 4 o'clock, p.m., but not later.

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QUICK CURE FOR SICK HEADACHE

DUNN'S FRUIT SALINE

GIVES HEALTH BY NATURAL MEANS
KEEPS THE THROAT CLEAN AND HEALTHY.
DELIGHTFULLY REFRESHING.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS. WORKS CROYDON ENGLAND



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WINDOWS

OF ALL KINDS
FROM THE OLD ESTABLISHED
HOUSE OF

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76 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO.

Elias Rogers & Co'y



COAL, — WOOD.
LOWEST RATES.

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Miscellaneous.

"Once Bit Twice Shy"

If you discover you have made a mistake, you try to rectify it. The next time you order

THE COOK'S FRIEND BAKING POWDER.



Parisian Steam Laundry 67 ADELAIDE ST. W. Phone 1127. Good work and prompt delivery. Mending done free. E. M. MOFFATT, Manager. Established 1873.



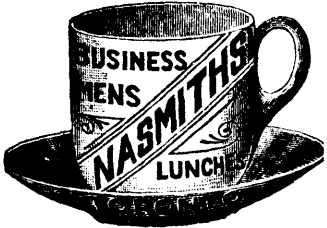
High Class Church Windows

Hobbs Man'g Com'y, London, Ont.

Ask for designs.

51 KING E. 152 YONGE.

51 KING W. 68 JARVIS.



HOT MEALS ALSO AT 51 KING E. & 28 1/2 COLBORNE.

"Pouring Oil Upon Troubled Waters"

Has saved many a storm-tossed vessel that might otherwise have been lost. Equally true has many a life been spared by resorting to "JO-HE" Oil after being given up, other remedies having utterly failed. This MAGNETIC ROCK OIL is nature's never-failing restorative for every ailment surpassing all other remedies in beneficial effects as the Railway train supersedes the stage coach—200,000 marvelous cures—Testimonial book free—Oil by mail 75c. per can. H. B. JONES, Discoverer, Dallas, Texas.

ONTARIO SUPPLY CO., 77 VICTORIA STREET, TORONTO, AGENTS FOR CANADA.

Our \$2.50 Knockabout Watch Is a Good One.

Fully Guaranteed as to Time-keeping.

Spanner's, Fine Jewellers.

344 Yonge St., 2 doors south of Elm, TORONTO. Tel. 1398.

Freehold Loan and Savings Co.

DIVIDEND NO. 72.

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of 3 per cent. on the capital stock of the Company has been declared for the current half-year, payable on and after the 2nd day of December next at the office of the Company, corner of Victoria and Adelaide streets, Toronto.

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th November, inclusive.

By order of the Board. S. C. WOOD, Managing Director. Toronto, 28th October, 1895.

MEETINGS OF PRESBYTERY.

ALGOMA.—At Webbwood, in March, 1896. BRUCE.—At Paisley, on Dec. 10th, at 1.30 p.m. BARRIE.—At Barrie, on Tuesday, Nov. 26th, at 10.3 a.m. BRANDON.—Regular meetings in March, first Tuesday; second Tuesday of July and September of each year. Meets next in Brandon. CHATHAM.—At Ridgetown, on Dec. 9th, at 7.30 p.m. CALGARY.—At Calgary, in Knox Church, on first Friday, in March, 1896, at 8 p.m. GUELPH.—At Guelph, in Knox Church, on Tuesday, the 19th November, at 10.30 a.m. HURON.—At Clinton, on Nov. 12th, at 10.30 a.m. KAMLOOPS.—At Inderby, on Dec. 4th, at 10.30 a.m. KINGSTON.—At Belleville, in St. Andrew's Church, on Dec. 17th, at 2 p.m. LINDSAY.—At Woodville, on Dec. 17th, at 11 a.m. LONDON.—At St. Thomas, in Knox Church, on November 12th, at 11 a.m. for conference, business at 7.30 p.m. MAITLAND.—At Wingham, on November 19th, at 11.30 a.m. MONTREAL.—At Montreal, in Knox Church, on Dec. 17th, at 10 a.m. ORANGEVILLE.—At Orangeville, on Nov. 12th, at 10.30 a.m. OWEN SOUND.—At Owen Sound, in Knox Church, on Dec. 17th, at 10 a.m. PARIS.—At Woodstock, in Knox Church, on January 14th. PETERBORO.—At Peterboro, in St. Paul's Church, on Dec. 17th, at 9 a.m. QUEBEC.—At Richmond, on Nov. 12th. REGINA.—At Moosomin, on first Wednesday, in March, 1896. SUPERIOR.—At Keewatin, in September. SAUGUEEN.—At Mount Forest, on Dec. 10th, at 10 a.m. SARNIA.—At Sarnia, in St. Andrew's Church, on Dec. 17th, at 11 a.m. STRATFORD.—At Stratford, in Knox Church, on Nov. 12th, at 10.30 a.m. TORONTO.—In St. Andrew's on first Tuesday of every month. VICTORIA, B.C.—At Nanaimo, in St. Andrew's Church, on Dec. 3rd, at 2 p.m. WINNIPEG.—At Winnipeg, in Manitoba College, on Nov. 12th. WESTMINSTER.—At New Westminster, in St. Andrew's Church, on Dec. 3rd, at 2.30 p.m.

THE WORLD'S DEBT TO CONGREGATIONALISM.

This Church Gave to the World a Beecher—Hear Also What the Rev. S. Nicholls, a Prominent Toronto Congregational Minister, Has to Say on an Important Subject.

Henry Ward Beecher believed man's religious faith was colored largely by the condition of his health. He had said from the pulpit that no man could hold right views on religion when his stomach was out of order. It is quite certain that no preacher can preach with effect if his head is stuffed up with cold, or if he is a sufferer from catarrh. It is not surprising, therefore, that we find the leading clergymen of Canada speaking so highly of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder for cold in the head or catarrh. They know the necessity better than anyone else of being relieved of this trouble. Rev. S. Nicholls, of Olivet Congregational Church, Toronto, is one who has used this medicine, and over his own signature has borne testimony to its beneficial character.

One short puff of the breath through the Blower, supplied with each bottle of Dr. Agnew's Catarrhal Powder, diffuses this powder over the surface of the nasal passages. Painless and delightful to use, it relieves in ten minutes and permanently cures catarrh, hay fever, colds, headache, sore throat, tonsillitis and deafness. Sixty cents.

Sample with blower sent free for two 3c. stamps. S. G. Ditcher, 44 Church Street, Toronto.

An adjourned meeting of Brandon Presbytery was held at Oak Lake on the 22nd ult. The resignation of Mr. G. W. Fortune, B.A., of Elkhorn, was considered. Letters expressing deep regret at Mr. Fortune's decision and stating the great success of his short ministry in Elkhorn were read from the congregation, Mr. Fortune was heard and having satisfied the Presbytery by the reasons given for his resignation, the resignation was accepted, to take effect on November 10th. Mr. Allen Moore, B.A., licentiate, was ordained as missionary and solemnly set apart for the exercise of this ministry by the laying on of the hands of the Presbytery. Mr. Walter Beattie was appointed Convener of the Presbytery's Home Mission and Augmentation Committees in place of Mr. Fortune. The resignation of Mr. D. H. Hodges, of Oak Lake, was laid on the table and the congregation cited to appear at meeting of Presbytery during the meeting of Synod in Winnipeg.—T. R. SHEARER, Clerk.

A New Hamburg Citizen Released From Four Months' Imprisonment.

Mr. John Koch, hotel-keeper, New Hamburg, Ont.: "I have been a great sufferer from rheumatism. The last attack commenced last October and kept me in the house for four months, when two bottles of South American Rheumatic Cure completely cured me. Had I secured the remedy when I first contracted rheumatism it would have saved me months of pain and sufferings."

If you suffer from rheumatism or neuralgia, do not delay, but try South American Rheumatic Cure now. It will relieve in a few hours and cure radically in a few days.

If you take your Teeth out



when you go to sleep, drop them into a glass of Pearline and water, and let them stay there till you want them again. Then rinse them thoroughly, and perhaps brush them a little, but you won't need any tooth powder. This is the very best way to keep false teeth clean. But it's only one way, out of hundreds, where Pearline can serve you. For thorough, safe, economical cleanliness, wherever it's wanted, the first thing to think of is Pearline.

AGENTS WANTED—MEN and WOMEN

Any wide-awake man or woman can earn \$100.00 a month (and more) canvassing for the famous new book OUR JOURNEY AROUND THE WORLD By Rev. Francis E. Clark. Pres't United Soc. Christian Endeavor, his best and most popular book. 220 costly engravings, a perfect library of art and entertainment, and the king of all subscription books. One Agent has sold 500, another 250, and others from 25 to 100 copies a month all are making money. 5000 more Agents wanted. Now is the time to work for the holidays. Distance no hindrance, for we pay Freight, Give Credit, Premium Copies, Free Outfit, Extra Terms, and Exclusive Territory. We also pay all duties for our Canadian agents. Write for terms and specimen engravings (free) to A. D. WORTHINGTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

NOTICE.

At the last meeting of the General Assembly the following recommendation of the S. S. Committee was unanimously carried that:—"The system of Class and School Registers prepared by the Sabbath School Committee be used in all the Sabbath Schools of the Church."

SABBATH SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Prepared and recommended by the Sabbath School Com. of the General Assembly.

Table listing supplies and prices: Sabbath School Class Register, Superintendent's Record, Secretary's Record (25 classes for one year), Secretary's Record (for three years), Class Envelopes, cloth lined, per doz., New Scholar's cards, per doz., Scholar's Transfer Cards, per doz.

All these requisites will be furnished, postage prepaid, when ordered direct from this office, and the money accompanies the order.

PRESBYTERIAN P'G & PUB. CO., Ltd. 5 Jordan Street, Toronto.

Splitting Headache

CURED BY

One Minute Headache Cure

10c.

For sale by All Druggists and at 395 Yonge St.

One of the handsomest and best appointed shops on Yonge Street is that of "MY OPTICIAN" at No. 159. "My Optician," as suggested by the name, scientifically examines the eye and skillfully fits eye glasses to remedy the defect. A full line of optical goods is always kept in stock and everyone is invited to call and have their sight tested free of charge.

The prayer of the grateful man will please God, whether it pleases anybody else or not.

Heart Disease of Five Years' Standing Absolutely Cured by Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart—The Great Life Saving Remedy Gives Relief in 30 Minutes.

Thomas Petry, Esq., Aylmer, Que.: "I have been troubled for about five years with severe heart complaint. At times the pain was so severe that I was unable to attend business. The slightest exertion proved very fatiguing and necessitated taking rest. I tried Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart, and obtained immediate relief. I have now taken four bottles of the remedy, and am entirely free from every symptom of heart disease. I hope this statement may induce others troubled as I was to give this most valuable remedy a trial."

Miscellaneous.

Anæmic Women

with pale or sallow complexions, or suffering from skin eruptions or scrofulous blood, will find quick relief in Scott's Emulsion. All of the stages of Emaciation, and a general decline of health, are speedily cured.

Scott's Emulsion

takes away the pale, haggard look that comes with General Debility. It enriches the blood, stimulates the appetite, creates healthy flesh and brings back strength and vitality. For Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Weak Lungs, Consumption and Wasting Diseases of Children.

Send for our pamphlet. Mailed FREE. Scott & Bowne, Belleville. All Druggists. 50c. & \$1.

Educational.

London Conservatory of Music and School of Elocution.

W. Caven Barron, Pianist, late of Leipzig, Principal.

300 Pupils in Attendance. 14 Teachers on the Staff.

Special Pleasure is taken by the Principal in announcing the engagement of Miss Ima Bacon, late of Emerson College of Oratory, Boston, as head of the School of Elocution. "Her name is a guarantee of excellent work."

Free! A circular with course of study sent free on application.

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NEW CALENDAR With Full Particulars MAILED FREE. Equipment and Facilities extensive and complete. H. N. SHAW, B.A., Prin. Elocution School.

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Confederation Life Building, Toronto. The course of instruction is entirely new and of the most practical character. It is completely adapted to the work of to-day. Since the reorganization of the school it is owned and controlled by prominent business men among whom are Messrs E. R. C. CLARKSON, Chartered Accountant; STAPLETON CALDECOTT, President Board of Trade; EDWARD TROUT, President of Monetary Times Co.; WM MCCABE, Managing Director North American Life Ass. Co.; FRED. WYLD, Wholesale Dry Goods Merchants; S. F. MCKINNON, Wholesale Milliner; and D. E. THOMSON, Barrister-at-Law. Handsome Catalogues free. DAVID HOSKINS, Secretary.

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