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# The Presbyterian Review.

Vol. XIV.—No 4

TORONTO, JULY 29, 1897.

\$1.50 per Annum

## The Presbyterian Review.

Issued EVERY THURSDAY from the office of the Publishers, Rooms No 21, 21, 23, 25 Aberdeen Block, South-East corner Adelaide and Victoria Streets, Toronto.

TERMS, \$1.50 per annum.

All communications for either Business or Editorial Departments should be addressed PRESBYTERIAN REVIEW, Drawer 2101, Toronto, Ont

Publishers and Proprietors:

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Incorporated under the Great Seal of the Dominion of Canada

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ADVERTISING RATES.—Under 3 months, 15 cents per line per insertion; 3 months, \$1.00 per line; 6 months, \$1.75 per line. 1 year \$3.00. No advertisement charged at less than five lines. None others than unobjectionable advertisements taken.

Toronto, July 29, 1897.

### NOTES AND COMMENTS.

Dr. Warden's statement of the estimated requirements of the Church for the current year merits the thoughtful consideration of the brethren. It is the annual forecast of the ecclesiastical chancellor of the exchequer. As such it should receive the attention of every minister and member who seeks to bring an intelligent mind to the work of the Church. Behind the Funds, are the schemes, the machinery for carrying out the schemes, and the wide field with its supply and demand, its provision and needs.

In his remarks on the estimates the Western Agent says that "to enable the Committee on Home Missions to keep pace with the growth of population and to open up new fields, as well as to furnish regular supply during the whole year, the full amount given in the estimate (\$80,000) will be required." Very concisely is the vast Home Mission field here sketched, and yet how comprehensive? The Committee is expected to keep abreast with the growth of the population, to be on the alert so that no corner of the vineyard is neglected, and to be ready with supply whenever wanted. To a novice this may seem simple and easy, but the difficulties are many and the work enormous. A few figures will illustrate: The entire Home field numbers 364 fields or centres, with 12,472 families and 3,861 single persons, who raised last year \$72,834, for church purposes and received from the Fund only \$56,746

It is justly pointed out with gratitude and satisfaction that Augmentation Scheme, now administered by a separate Committee, has had during the past sufficient support to enable that committee to meet all demands, that is, to pay all the grants in full. The necessity of keeping up this record ought to be clear to all. Augmentation or a sustentation fund for weak congregations means very much to the church. Last year 140 congregations with 6,558 families were assisted so as to enable them to give \$700 or \$750 to each of their minister. For this purpose the congregations gave \$77,294, and received from the Fund, \$20,517. In addition these congregations were contributors to schemes of the church to the amount of \$6,363, to that extent, therefore, aiding the church in maintaining her general work.

The Foreign Mission Fund begins the year with a Foreign debt of \$9,685 67. The amount required this, year we are told, "is \$77,694, fully \$5,634 in excess of the amount received from the congregations, etc., last year, notwithstanding the very special effort then made. While the amount required for the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society is stated in the preceding page, it is to be borne in mind that this is entirely distinct from the amount required by the Foreign Mission Committee of the Church. The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society raise their money chiefly by means of the Auxiliaries and Missions Band connected with the Society."

The two Branches of this work, are to be clearly kept before us. The W.F.M.S. raises money distinctively for womens' work—or work among the women and children. Even though a missionary's wife should, as Mrs. Goforth does! devote herself to the work of the missionary—no part of the missionary's salary is paid by the W.F.M.S.—and should a lady missionary marry a missionary—her salary ceases and his increases, but his salary is paid by the General Fund. Hence it will be seen that a congregation with a vigorous W.F.M.S. may, if resting on the womens' work actually do nothing or next to nothing for Foreign Mission work of a general kind. This is one reason why the Foreign Mission found themselves last year unable to meet their engagements. We plead for a more earnest recognition of its claims. Shall we recede from the ground taken up? Where will you begin to curtail? What open door will you close?

With respect to the Colleges Dr. Warden draws attention to the following facts: "Since the abolition of the Common Fund in 1888, congregations contribute to one or more of the Colleges as they think well. The amount required for each of the Colleges is given. It is earnestly hoped that every congregation in the Church will contribute for theological education, and that the full amount required may be got. It will be observed that the estimate for Queen's College is very greatly in excess of preceding years, because of the deficit from

former years being included. All congregations, including those in the Maritime Provinces, are expected to aid in making up the amount required for Manitoba College."

Circumstances clearly indicate that the day is past when we might talk of fusion. The work increases, and one college now turns out as many men as altogether were educated thirty years ago. The time has come when our wealthy men should devise liberal things. Why should not this Jubilee Year be signalized by a bequest to a college, Knox would be pleased to have a MacKay chair of Apologetics. Queens would like a Macdonald chair of political economy. Montreal would welcome an endowment of the chair of Exegetics. Who will lead?

**Compliment to Rev. Dr. W. Robertson Nicoll, in the Rev. Dr. Milligan.** *British Weekly* pays a sincere compliment to Rev. Dr. G. M. Milligan, Toronto, in these terms: "During the absence of Dr. Monro Gibson in August on his annual holiday the pulpit of St John's Wood Presbyterian Church will be occupied by the Rev. Dr. Milligan, of Toronto, one of the most powerful preachers in Canada. Dr. Milligan preached in St. John's Wood last year, and so fully justified his great reputation that an informal invitation was made to him to return this summer."

**A Consistorate Presbytery.** While the average Canadian minister is under paid, it is not often that his Presbytery stands by him in the matter of adequate salary as was done recently at Melbourne, Australia. There, a call was sent to the Presbytery in favor of a minister, but member after member of the Presbytery protested against the "miserable stipend," one which probably meant an ill-fed family and a "scandalously dressed wife." The amount of the salary offered was one thousand dollars and no manse, but so strong was the feeling that the congregation acted meanly in not placing the figure higher, that the Presbytery declined to place the call in the hands of the minister.

#### NORTH FIELD SUMMER CONFERENCE.

Mr. Moody's "call" for the Summer Conference at Northfield contains several interesting passages. The meetings for Bible study and prayer extends from July 29th to Aug 16. "The time has come," he says, "for believers in a whole Bible, a divine Christ, and a living Spirit to join in an earnest and determined forward movement." Speaking of forty years ago, he continues: "Many of the conditions which then existed are now present. Then as now material prosperity had failed and low mutterings and complaining throughout the land foretold a crisis in our National life. As a nation we have disregarded God's laws and been forgetful of all His blessings. We have murmured and complained although we have been blessed with peace and health, and with material prosperity beyond all nations. What wonder then that vacant pews and depleted treasuries testify to the displeasure of God. These things are giving earnest and thoughtful men deep concern, and there are not wanting tokens that the tide of indifference and unbelief is turning. The great need of the hour is the preaching of Bible truth in the power of the Holy Ghost. The preaching of negations neither draws men nor builds them up into the likeness of Christ."

Further on he makes this welcome statement:—"Northfield stands for no theological hobby. As in former years, the only standard will be the Bible, the divine revelation of God to His people. It is no time now to discuss terms or quarrel over forms. We believe the

Bible as it has stood for ages. It is still the inexhaustible treasury of power to the Church." Here is a trumpet call that will reverberate throughout the land, reviving hope, and sending back echoes of good cheer.

#### THE LION SERMON.

In one of the many historic churches of London there is held every year a curious and interesting service, of which not many, possibly, are aware. Yet it was held lately for the 251st time. Colloquially known as the occasion of the delivery of the "lion" sermon, it was instituted in commemoration of an incident which occurred in the life of Sir John Gayer, an old-time Mayor of London town. While travelling with a party in a desolate place in Asia, as the story goes, he one day found himself confronted by a lion. Being separated from his friends, he recognised his helplessness, and sank on his knees asking that God might deliver him. On rising he was relieved—and, probably, not a little surprised—to see the animal walking away, unheeding. So grateful was Sir John for what he believed to be a Divine intervention on his behalf that on returning to London he set aside a certain sum of money that the anniversary of his escape might every year be celebrated by the distribution of gifts to the poor, and made arrangements whereby, in a sermon, it might be told to future generations how God had answered his prayer and saved him from the jaws of the lion. The service has from its inception been held in the church of St. Katherine Cree, Leadenhall street.

#### A MISSIONARY'S VIEW OF IT.

In view of the reduction in the missionary contributions the following observations by the *Indian Standard* are reasonable: "Our hearts have been rejoiced by the large number of converts in our different fields of labor and at the encouraging outlook for a still larger increase during the coming year but as an offset to these expectations the American Presbyterian Mission was almost paralysed by a communication from home to the effect that the Board had been compelled to reduce our estimate much more than ever before. It seems that some of our work must be crippled and some of it, will we fear, be given up entirely.

The good people at home have not been stimulated by recent advances as we had hoped that they would be. It is true that times have been hard, business has been dull, and it has been more difficult to contribute to missions than usual, but still we can but conclude that apathy in the church has much to do with the present state of affairs. The saloons do not seem to be losing their patronage, places of amusement are still thronged and money for worldly purposes is still abundant. When, oh when, will the Church of Christ emulate even the worldling in the pursuit of the main objects of his desire?

Meanwhile how shall we meet the cut? Some have suggested that we close or transfer some of our stations to other missions and concentrate our forces only upon that portion of the field which we can work well.

This suggestion has much to support it. It is always better to do well what we undertake than to treat any work indifferently and unless the people contribute more liberally we simply must either give up some of our fields or work them most imperfectly. We might hand over a part of the field to the Presbytery and thus assist in the development of church enterprise as well as self-support. Indeed some of our more hopeful brethren think that this would improve matters and that the church would then move forward more rapidly than ever before. We are not inclined to be optimistic but we fail to see wherein judicious help has tended to diminish vigorous effort." Indiscriminate gifts may, but to help others to help themselves, has as a rule,

been a powerful aid to the cause. It gives hope where otherwise blank inactivity would reign.

The mission has reduced the estimates of the stations and also the salaries of missionaries both foreign and native, who receive over Rs. 25 per mensem. This may do for one season but to perpetuate it would be a mistaken policy.

It plainly will not do to lower the standard of some of our schools. The loss of prestige, resulting in a loss of fees would more than stamp out any gain that might accrue from such a reduction.

But we cannot linger here. 'God has His world in hand.' He will rule, and out of it all good will come."

#### AT REST.

Ah, silent wheel, the noisy brook is dry,  
And quiet hours glide by  
In this deep vale; where once the merry stream  
Bang on through gloom and gleam;  
Only the dove in some leaf-shaded nest  
Murmurs of rest.

Ah, weary voyager, the closing day  
Shines on that tranquil bay,  
Where thy storm-beaten soul has longed to be;  
Wild blast and angry sea  
Touch not this favored shore, by summer blest,  
A home of rest.

Ah, fevered heart, the grass is green and deep  
Where thou art laid asleep  
Kissed by soft winds and washed by gentle showers  
Thou hast thy crown of flowers:  
Poor heart, too long in this mad world oppressed,  
Take now thy rest.

I, too, perplexed with strife of good and ill,  
Long to be safe and still,  
Evil is present with me while I pray  
That good may win the day.  
Great Giver, grant Thy last gift and best,  
Thy gift of rest!

#### THE LAW OF REST.

It is both consoling and instructive to understand and seek to obey the law of rest. The great difficulty with many conscientious souls is that they regard rest as a kind of self-indulgence to be deprecated rather than enjoyed. Many a tired, struggling worker who refuses to yield to the demands of a worn out mind and body might be made willing to give up and rest could he but realize that God's law of rest is just as binding as his law of work, and that it is just as much of a sin to break one as the other. In the world of nature the law of rest is enforced by the great boon and blessing of the night, and darkness. In the mental and spiritual world it can only be enforced by the volition of the individual soul.

But how can one rest whose heart is torn with anxiety, whose way is hedged up, whose days and night are haunted by specters of failure, of lack of employment and possible want for wife and little ones? Only the soul that believes and trusts in God can find an answer to this question. The answer is this: God delivers from such distresses largely through blessing our own efforts to secure relief. He works through human agency. In order that we may make these efforts to the best advantage; in order to have the clear brain and the vigorous grasp of conditions necessary to success we need the refreshed body and mind; we must have rest. God offers this rest through sleep. It is His law that it be taken. The great processes of nature will go on just the same without our care. The earth will hold on its way through the realms of space, the stars will rise and set, the grass will grow—all upheld and sustained in life by the same hand that sustains our life. We have gone to the end of our feeble powers until they are renewed by sleep. Through this refreshment alone can we gain the strength needed for the disentangling of our difficulties and breaking our future way. It is God's law; therefore, sleep.

"Sleep is like death, and after sleep  
The world seems new begun,  
White thoughts stand luminous and firm,  
Like statues in the sun;  
Refreshed from super-sensuous founts,  
The soul to clearer vision mounts."

These are the considerations that will help the Christian to roll off the burden of care and leave it with the great Burden Bearer while in spirit he takes refuge

beneath the shelter of his wings; and when these considerations avail refreshment and renewed strength of mind and body are the sure result. With the light of the morning will come new light on our pathway, new ability to cope with difficulties, all as a result of obeying God's blessed law of rest.

This is the diurnal law of rest and sleep. But there is another law that corresponds to the law of the changing seasons of the year and the life and nature around us. Not only does the earth need the constantly recurring rest of night and darkness, but it needs the seasons when field and garden lie fallow, inactive and lifeless. The same periodicity of rest, of inactivity, of apparent lifelessness is necessary with all who are faithful, persistent workers in the fields of human activity. The most effective consideration with busy workers who hesitate to indulge themselves with this periodic rest of a few weeks is, that this also is a law of life. Being a law of life it is God's law and must be obeyed under penalty for disobedience. The whole working world would be better-tempered, have more of the spirit of Christ, and be more agreeable to live with if this law of rest were obeyed. Change of scene is rest. Woods and green fields are not far from most cities. Rest even from the care of good clothes is of value, and there are few intelligent, frugal workers that can not find this change possible for a few weeks every summer.

Among the most beneficent charities of the day must be accounted those that take workers whose low wages forbid such vacations from toil, and give them a few days, or weeks in the country, either without charge, or for such a nominal sum as to bring it within the reach of thousands otherwise debarred from such rest and refreshment. It is a duty that seems to be laid on many Christian hearts at the present time, not only to make known the laws of God, but to help people obey them. The Christian Church can do much towards helping the toiling masses obey the law of the Sabbath. It can also do much, by creating conditions, to help thousands of its fellow men obey the law of rest.—Interior.

#### SERMONS FROM THE BACKWOODS.

*Rest a while,—1 Matt. vi. 31.*

If you can never be spared from your labors, you must be almost as lonesome a man as the one that knows it all. I think I should go to that man's funeral with a feeling of complacency. Such knowledge is altogether too vast for me. I feel in such a man's presence like an ant heap alongside the Apennines. So of the man who never can take a rest, can't be spared, don't you know. All others can have a vacation, but the solar system would go awry if this man should take to the woods for a week. My brother, when I think of your importance, of the vast niche you fill, I shudder for the world. When the shoulder of Atlas gives way, what is to prevent the grand smash? Better get us used to doing without you. Commence the weaning process now. Withdraw the light of your beams, the support of your Herculean strength, the invaluable guidance of your cool brain temporarily, and so permit us to see how it would feel to be without you eternally. Since Sahara must come some day, give us a pinch of it now. Since the midnight of your perpetual absence must some day fall on a benighted world, let the twilight of your temporary sojourn apart suggest poetically and gently the doom that awaits us.

Rest a while. It is a divine voice that says it, and divine wisdom inspires it. The man who never can rest does not do his best work. He who would put forth his hands to swim must first draw them in. "There is no music in a rest," says somebody, "but there is the making of music in it." One ingredient of good work is rest, and a let-up is often a means of grace and a help to glory. Therefore, rest a while.

Rest a while. The words were spoken to apostles-elect. If such important men could be spared long enough to rest, so can you. If with a world in darkness and no knowledge of the Gospel of Calvary the apostles could be permitted to tarry mid the grassy slopes and under the trees, so can you. For behold, in your day whole regiments of Christians are telling the story of the cross and seeking to lift a ruined race to God.

Rest a while. The Lord put the woes of the world on one mortal man once, but has never done in since. He never intended you or any other man to esteem himself the one great Worker on the earth. Toil on by all means, but punctuate toil with rest, here a comma and there a colon, or you will some day be brought up face to face with a full stop. I have no sympathy with the idea that ministers must not take a vacation because the devil never does. I don't pattern after the devil. He is not my glorious exemplar. I know that some people's consciences will not let them sleep or rest, but God giveth His beloved sleep. His followers are bidden to rest a while in their arduous toil for their Lord. Sing in conclusion :

Happy the man who loves to toil,  
Whom honest work doth please;  
But nowhere on this earthly soil  
Breathes there a man so wondrous great  
That worlds would end in direful fate  
If he were once at ease.

Blest is the man, divinely blest,  
Whose conscience lets him sleep,  
Who works till he has earned a rest,  
Loves labor while 'tis called to day,  
Loves, too, a little honest play  
When school don't chance to keep.

PETER PETER.

#### THE SUMMER TYPE OF RELIGION.

Religion, like everything else, has its different types. The spirit of the thing is one and indivisible, but the systems vary. Some of these types are natural peculiarities explainable on the basis of climatic, racial or social differences, while others are mere acquired artificialities of view or practice which are arbitrarily assumed by an individual or a society at the instance of a popular whim or a popular fashion.

Among those equivocal types, now, which seem to lack a thoroughly satisfactory excuse for existing, while yet they are partly based on reason, may be mentioned what we will venture to call the summer type of religion. It can hardly be denied that in the popular apprehension there seems to be associated with hot weather a style of religious living which differs in important respects from that which obtains during the winter months. The average church member thinks of his Christian duty in August in a different light from that in which it appears to him in December. As a matter of fact, of actual practice, what now is to be said of this summer style in religion?

In the first place, it is a relaxed type of Christianity. The pressures of the busy winter time are off, and the enervations of the languid summer season are on. The physical frame, and, indeed, the intellectual part of man, feel the effect of the climatic changes. It is then more difficult to be interested in anything, religion included. As the thermometer goes up, Christian zeal goes down. By tacit consent, special appeals to religious effort are intermitted during the torrid months. Even the evangelist abates somewhat of his ardor. The summer season thus practically becomes the season of spiritual somnolence.

The type of religion thus exhibited is characteristically reactionary. It is a recoil from the heavy duties of the preceding winter season, and is thus in part explicable, and even inevitable. The bow that is drawn tight up to the full limit of the arrow-head, will surely spring back into a condition of rest again when the pull upon it ceases to be exerted. If duties are multiplied excessively during one portion of the year the rebound into idleness will be more apt to take place at another. And the practical result is that winter is to many a kind of a Protestant Lent, that is, a season lent to the Lord, but which is expected back again with interest on the arrival of the summer months, when thought and interest languidly react from the ideas of a stalwart, aggressive Christian living.

The summer type again is the recreative type. Recreation, recreation, of the mental and physical powers must be had at intervals, and the hot season is the more natural time to obtain it. Life seems to take on a gala aspect with the coming of June, and by the time August arrives the annual crave for systematic pleasuring is at its height. Attention is thus inevitably diverted from old habits of devotion and service, and in too many cases the former details of the mission halls become the languid dilettanti of the watering-places.

Yet it should in justice be added that the summer type is also to a degree the reflective type of religious experience. There is all together too much of thoughtless activity in the winter season of incessant work. Things go, but they go with such a rush and roar of machinery as to allow little opportunity for quiet meditation on the how or wherefore of it all. But when the machinery comes to a dead stop, or slows up, in midsummer, thought begins and questions arise in the heart. A kind of a consolidation of character is apt to then take place, as the tumults of the past are reviewed, while as yet the din of coming conflicts sounds but faintly in the ear.

The summer type of religion, while on the whole, in the practice of many believers it is the weaker, the less puissant and militant type, need not in any case be entirely devoid of the exercise of faith and the ministries of Christian service. A vacation need not be a vacuum. Pleasure is not necessarily inconsistent with piety. The summer is not to be surrendered up unconditionally and unreservedly to the relaxations and recreations which prove them so popular. Religion is a thing for the whole year. There may be a summer type of it, but it must in one form or another be characteristic of the whole of life. The Christian is never off duty. Opportunities to serve the Lord may everywhere be found. Seashore and mountain may be recognized as a sanctuary, and every secluded nook where tired humanity rests for a season become an oratory where praise, albeit it silently, perpetually ascends to the great Creator, who hath "made summer" as well as winter, and who never ceases to expect and crave the homage of those who love Him.—*N. Y. Observer.*

#### VACATION VAGARIES.

The summer vacation leads, at least, to some good results. It enlarges one's ideas of the world in which he lives, and brings him into association with many people whom he has never met before. True, he may not have been as comfortable as he would have been in his own house, but with the narrow quarters have come a wider range of vision, and an idea of persons and places that had heretofore been as a sealed book.

Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits, if we may trust the proverb, and though we may smile at the follies of our neighbors whom we may meet upon the hotel piazza, we after all, learn that characters have two sides, and that amid the weaknesses and vanities of humanity there lurk many noble qualities that are displayed at unexpected moments. Many a mother makes a martyr of herself that her daughter may enjoy a summer outing, and many a father gives up his comfortable city chambers that his son may play the part of a Prince Fortunatus, for a brief holiday. Voltaire or some other philosopher asserted that pleasure was for the young, and the old find their chief satisfaction in watching those who have succeeded them in singing *vive la bagatelle*. So if mater familias and pater familias find this world a little stale, even at the gayest of watering places, they derive some satisfaction from the facts that for their children the fountain of life still sparkles, and that rheumatism and dyspepsia are in the far distant future as far as they are concerned.

#### PRETTY IDLENESS.

Every now and then a conscience among the men and women who live easy, thoughtless lives is stirred, and some one looks up anxiously, holding up some one of the pretty idlenesses in which such people spend their days and nights, and says, "Is this wrong? Is it wicked to do this?" And when they get the answer, "No, certainly not wicked," then they go back and give their whole lives up to doing their innocent little piece of uselessness again. Ah! the question is not whether that is wicked, whether God will punish you for doing that. The question is whether that thing is keeping other better things away from you; whether behind its little bulk the vast privilege and dignity of duty is hid from you, whether it stands between God and your soul. If it does, then it is an offense to you, and though it be your right hand or right eye, cut it off, pluck it out, and cast it from you. The advantage and joy will be not in its absence, for you will miss it very sorely, but in what its loss reveals, in the new life which lies beyond it, which you will see stretching out and tempting you as soon as it is gone.—Phillips Brooks.

## THE BIBLE CLASS.

### PAUL'S FINAL RETURN TO JERUSALEM.

(For Aug. 8th.—Acts xx. 3b—xx. 16 \*)

BY PHILIP A. NORDELT, D.D.

Paul's plan to sail directly from Corinth to Syria was thwarted by the hostility of the Jews. As soon as his intention became known to them they apparently contrived that a considerable number of his deadly enemies should take passage on the same ship. This would be unlikely to awaken suspicion, as a vessel sailing for Syria at that season of the year would probably be thronged with Jewish pilgrims going up to the feast in Jerusalem. Safely out at sea Paul could not escape, and a story to the effect that he had leaped overboard, supported by many witnesses, would find ready credence. Fortunately for Paul the plot so skilfully conceived was revealed, and frustrated by a total change of his plans at the last moment. His friends who were to accompany him were sent on to Troas, where he arranged to meet them after himself going to Philippi, whether by land or water is not known. It is encouraging to note how God overrules the designs of His enemies against His servants as long as He has more work for them to do. He makes their wrath to praise Him. Had not Paul been turned aside from his purpose to sail straight for Syria we should have missed the series of incidents that occurred by the way, and notably the address to the Ephesian elders which have thrown a great flood of light on the character and motives of Paul's ministry.

#### FROM CORINTH TO MILETUS.

At Philippi, the home of so many of Paul's most devoted friends and the place of so many sufferings for Christ's sake, he tarried a week, and in sweet communion with the church celebrated the holy days of the Passover. Here he was rejoined by Luke, destined to prove himself henceforth and amidst appalling persecutions the one heroic friend whose presence cheered the Apostle's way to martyrdom. At Troas another delay of seven days occurred, due probably to failure to find at once a merchant-ship sailing in the direction he wished to go. The last night there was spent in a solemn service with the church. After celebrating the Lord's Supper Paul continued his discourse until midnight. The occasion was one that all who were present were glad to prolong as far as possible. The incident in connection with Eutychus, which for a while threatened to shroud the church with gloom, was made an occasion for a surprising and comforting display of divine power. The young man, whom Luke the physician, pronounced "dead," was restored by the power of the risen Christ working through His servant Paul.

#### THE ADDRESS TO THE EPHESIAN ELDERS.

By far the most important event on Paul's return to Jerusalem was his interview with the elders of the church in Ephesus, whom he had notified to meet him at Miletus. Its importance is due to the fact that Luke has preserved the substance of Paul's address on this occasion. In his Epistles he seldom or never speaks of himself or of his own work except as he is forced to do so by his detractors. This address on the contrary overflows with references to his ministry in Ephesus, and yet not a word is spoken for the purpose of glorifying himself, but all for the honor and glory of Christ. He seems to have been divinely guided into this description of his work that it might serve as an example and inspiration to all Christian ministers of what they ought to be in the service of their Master. Every subsequent age has been helped and stimulated by the knowledge here given of what Paul was and did in his apostolic work. Every age needs the admonition administered by such a picture of fidelity and love.

We see here Paul's conviction that the work which had engaged his utmost energy was not one taken up by himself, but that it had been laid upon him by the Lord. The address presents a summary of what should at all times constitute the staple of preaching, "Repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." From these themes a whole system of theology may be developed. They lie at the root of every form of human activity. In preaching faith toward Christ he must of necessity "testify the gospel of the grace of

God." Of this grace Paul was himself a conspicuous example. It showed that God was not a severe Judge, as men had too often apprehended Him, but one whose mercy and love had been revealed in an act of amazing self-sacrifice for the saving of the lost. As a servant of Christ Paul was as ready to go forward to suffering as to victory. He doubted as little that in going up to Jerusalem to meet an unknown but apparently evil fate he was following divine guidance, as when, in obedience to the Macedonian call at Troas, he carried the Gospel into Europe. His ministry was one for which he could not only claim the approbation of God, but of men. It covered several years, and was exercised under a variety of circumstances. It had been marked by a spirit of earnestness and humility that had gone after man, from house to house, "warning every one night and day with tears." No spirit of self-aggrandizement had actuated it, for he had coveted no man's "silver or gold or apparel," preferring to supply his own personal needs by hard toil at his craft. Unselfishness was the characteristic of all his work, and in thus giving himself and the best he had the Apostle had realized the truth of that sweet saying of Christ, that "it is more blessed to give than to receive."

From Miletus to Jerusalem Paul's progress was marked by a series of gloomy prognostications respecting his fate at the hands of his country-men. Undeterred by predictions of evil, not unmoved by the tearful pleadings of loving friends but triumphing over them through conviction of duty, Paul like his Master, set his face steadfastly to go up to Jerusalem. He had braved persecution and incurred the peril of death too often to falter in following what he was persuaded was the lead of the divine Spirit. In any event for him to live was service for Christ, and to die was eternal gain.

## CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

#### DAILY READINGS.

First Day—Working and waiting for Christ.—1 Thess. iv. 1-18  
Second Day—"Let us watch and be sober."—1 Thess. v. 1-28  
Third Day—Deliverance out of affliction promised.—1sa. lii. 1-17.  
Fourth Day—Laying for God's Glory.—1 Pet. ii. 1-25.  
Fifth Day—"Therefore be ye also ready."—Matt. xxiv. 29-51.  
Sixth Day—"The day of the Lord will come."—2 Pet. iii. 1-18  
PRAYER MEETING TOPIC, Aug. 8.—Matt. xxv. 31-46

#### THE BENEVOLENT FUNDS.

The topic for Aug. 8th is "The Benevolent Schemes of the Church."

"There is room for benevolence. "The poor ye have always with you," and the heart and hand receives a benediction that remembers that it is "more blessed to give than to receive." Let us not forget the close relationship subsisting between Christ our Master, to whom we owe allegiance, and His dear servants, nor that relationship in the basis of Judgment presented by Christ "Inasmuch as ye did it to one of the least of these my brethren ye have done it unto me."

What do we owe to aged ministers? They taught our fathers the way of life: carried the glad tidings to many a weary soul, soothed many a sorely burdened life. Often amid difficulties maintained the ordinances of God's house which have brought and continued blessing to a community, and kept it from sinking down to the low level of mere secularism. It is right to be benevolent to those who have been faithful; but let us be more than merely benevolent, let us be fair and honorable in finding out how much we owe to the Lord—and preserve our contributions from the character of a mere doler of charity. The Church has many aged ministers who quietly do a good work yet for Christ as opportunity offers. The allowance granted by the Church is too small, but is all that the funds will allow. Any Christian Endeavor or Young People's Society would obtain any needed information by dropping a note to the Rev. Wm. Burns, Secretary, Room 90 Confederation Life Building, Toronto.

## THE LITTLE FOLK.

### HOW NIGGER JACK DIED FOR ME.

THE STORY OF A SLAVE'S DEVOTION.

By MRS. E. RAYMOND PITMAN.

(Continued from last week.)

The fortune of war led us, after some time, past one of the old coffee and cotton plantations, some hundred and fifty miles north of the spot where I had rescued Nigger Jack. As usual, the place was fast running to ruin; the owners had gone to join in the rebellion; some of the slaves had fled, determined to seek freedom for themselves, and others had enlisted into coloured regiments. But there was always a residuum—a class of hands too old and too

\*An Exposition of Lesson 32 in *The Bible Study Union Sunday School Lessons* on "The Three Great Apostles."

feeble for work or flight—on these plantations, and the wails we stumblod upon, all belonged to this class. They could not run north for freedom, neither could they fight under the Stars and Stripes, so they clung to the only home they had known for many years, wondering what would be the next change for them.

A motley sight they presented as they came out to look at our men. Most of them were old, bent and toothless, while clinging to the older ones skirts, were a few little children, who were doubtless orphans. They were living on the produce of the fields and gardens, when that was done, they would probably starve, unless the officials attached to the Freedman's Bureau looked after them. There were thousands of slaves in a similar condition after the war; and nothing but the charity and pity of the North saved them "alive in famine."

I had some army biscuits with me. We knew how necessary it was to take rations with us into these now starving solitudes. In many places the estates grew little but cotton or coffee or tobacco, and what cattle or vegetables might have been there had been requisitioned by the soldiery of one side or the other. We generally took some food and restoratives with us whenever we occupied these deserted plantations, for in addition to supporting ourselves, we often had to revive and tend negroes fainting from want or wounds.

I strayed into one hut, while my men were feeding the motley group we first met, and there I saw a sight which made me curse slavery. An old negroess seemed to be in the last agonies of death, and a young negro woman, apparently about eighteen or twenty, knelt over her, weeping.

"What is the matter?" was my first hasty question. "Is the poor old woman dying?"

"Yes, sar," replied the girl; "dis nigger my mother. She hab been ill berry long time, an' ole massa said she only fit for dogs. But he gib me liberty to ursae her, and soon after dat he went of."

"And how do you live now?" I queried.

"We git hardly anything to eat, massa, now, because soldiers hab all de porkers and corn. Just a few sweet potatoes, an' do like o' dat."

"But how do you manage for your mother?"

"She not need much, massa, now. A little coffee or sich-like, is all she can take now."

A look at the invalid confirmed my first idea that the poor old woman would not last much longer.

I put a little brandy and water to her lips, but life had ebbed too far, almost, to be responsive to any stimulant. Just then, however, Nigger Jack, who followed me like a faithful spaniel, came in quietly, unobserved by either of us, and the first intimation I had of his presence, was a wild howl, in which sorrow, surprise, and joy were all strangely mingled. I turned in astonishment, thinking that nigger Jack had gone out of his senses.

The next thing I knew was that Jack was bonding over the pile of cotton-waste on which lay the dying negroess, and calling her by every endearing name. "His Polly!" Why, the man must have recognized her!

So he had; for she was his long-lost wife, and the younger woman was his youngest daughter, who had become united to her mother again by a strange jumble of circumstances, such as frequently happened among the ups and downs of plantation life. Death, debt, bankruptcy and gambling, often resulted in either separating slave families, or in unexpectedly bringing scattered members together.

I shall never forget that scene. Jack and Polly recognized each other, and the dying woman opened her eyes, and responded with them to the endearing words and entreaties of her long-lost husband. Bit by bit the whole history, of which I have given a bare outline, came out, and poor old Polly, with the death damp on her brow, listened as in a dream to his protestations and thanksgivings. Each had believed the other to be dead, and had grown resigned to the thought, looking forward with confident faith to the time when they should be reunited in that bright world above, which was the real "Promised Land" of slaves who were condemned on earth to hopeless thralldom. Jack and Polly had always been of that number.

But the strength of their love was manifest at this last extremity. Poor old Jack knelt beside his dying wife, keeping fast hold of her dark, limp hand until she passed away. Then, just before night-fall, he dug a grave for her, and, assisted by his daughter, laid his wife's remains away, until the resurrection morn. I took my stand at the head of the grave, attended by my servant, and read the service for the dead, amid the poor old fellow's sobs and the daughter's exclamations. Then Jack and his daughter filled up the grave, and old Polly was left to sleep in peace beneath the shadow of the magnolia grove. This was another result of our "peculiar institution." You cannot wonder that I was beginning to get more and more sick of it, or that daily I was learning to detest it,

with all the strength of which my nature was capable.

The tide of war rolled on, and we had to be on the move also. We left Nigger Jack's daughter some supplies, promising to recommend all of them to the care of the Freedman's Relief Association, while I decided in my own mind to place old Jack in some little hut near my own home, if ever I lived to see it, and employ him on our own premises. It would then be easy to get his daughter to come to reside with him, and to see the last of her father. She was intelligent for her class, and undertook to communicate with me when any changes took place. In this way we engaged to keep up communications with each other.

Thus I planned for the happiness of two lowly souls. It would have been better, could I have foreseen the end, to have insisted on Nigger Jack's remaining with Dinah. I tried to persuade him, but the old fellow would not leave me. It seemed as if he felt that he must wait upon me, and help to take care of me. After the war was over, he promised to settle down when and where I liked. Dinah too fell in with this scheme, so what could I say?

Our next encampment was in Lawrenceville, Virginia, where we turned the deserted court-house into barracks. The struggle grew fiercer and still more fierce. Jeff Davis and his Confederate hordes saw that it was a matter of life and death—so did we; and, knowing this, you can well imagine how we fought. American blood was "riled," and we all proved ourselves anything but cowards. Beside, we were getting tired of the fray, and wanted to see it over.

One night, when everybody but the sentry was fast asleep, a fire broke out. Not one fire, but many; for the old court-house seemed to dart forth the flames simultaneously from end to end. It must have been the work of Confederate sympathisers; for no fire which had an accidental origin could have burnt with such fury and from so many points. I was sound asleep at the extreme end of the building, and, being far away from all the din, and very fatigued, slept on, never dreaming of my danger.

And nobody else dreamt of it, save Nigger Jack, who had been accommodated somewhere in the basement, and whose first waking thoughts were of me. My own servant had fled from the flames half dressed, and, amid the hubbub, the frantic howls of the Confederate sympathisers, and the no less frantic efforts of our own men, seemed quite to have lost his senses. He told all that happened afterwards.

Nigger Jack came up to him, and asked for me. He replied that he supposed I was out safe; that I had been sleeping in the far end of the building; and, although he hoped I was safe, yet he had to acknowledge that he had not seen anything of me.

"Does you tink Massa Armstrong still sleeping in dat end?" Nigger Jack demanded, pointing to the part of the building in which he knew I was quartered.

"Of course not," replied my man. "The Lieutenant has cleared out of there before this time; if he hasn't, there's precious small chance for him."

Bystanders averred that Nigger Jack's dusky visage grew perceptibly a shade paler, and, without a moment's hesitation he said, "Den I go to look for him. My life not much good widout him, anyway."

"You go to look for him? Why, you must be mad! You stop where you are, or you'll perish."

But Nigger Jack had vanished with the words, and those who saw him depart held their breath, as they felt he went to certain death.

I must have been senseless at the time Nigger Jack found me. All I knew was that somebody or something had got hold of me, dragging me along. Then the next I knew was that I was in the midst of a crowd, on the ground outside, and that somebody was giving me something to bring me round.

But Nigger Jack had met with injuries which finished up his little strength. He had put on a sort of superhuman energy on my behalf, and had succeeded in attracting help, so that I was saved, comparatively unharmed, from the burning pile, just at the moment that he himself fell into a heap of blazing woodwork. He, too, was dragged out as quick as could be, but he had received terrible burns.

These burns were the poor old negro's sentence of death. He only lingered a day or two; and I dragged myself to his side, weak and hurt as I was, determined to see the last of him. Could I do less when, had it not been for him, my body would have then burnt to a cinder?

"Massa Armstrong, nebber mind me," said he, as I bent over him, endeavouring to assuage his pain. "Nebber mind poor old Jack! It could't hab been much longer anyhow, yo know, for I'se a poor old feller now—not much good to anybody. And Polly is gone up yonder fust—afore me; but I'se going to jine her. But, massa, I'se glad I could do somethin' for you afore I died."

"You've saved my life, Jack," I said. "You are dying in my place—dying for me, that's what it is." Perhaps I was weak, anyhow my tears rained down over the poor old fellow's bandaged hands as I spoke, and I am not ashamed to own it.

"It's no hardship to me, lieutenant, but a real joy to die for you," replied my faithful deliverer, "cause you saved me!" and almost directly he was "in the land of the dead," with his Polly, and with the Saviour who had so long cheered and strengthened his heart.

We buried him in one corner of the cemetery, for nobody dared say nay, now that the power of Lincoln's arms was being asserted; and I erected a rude cross over his grave, giving just his initials and the date of his death. After that I arranged with the Freedman's Relief Association on behalf of the daughter, Dinah, who eventually became a respectable servant, and soon married one of her own dusky race.

FROM MONTREAL TO VANCOUVER.

(A Retrospect.)

By W. BOYD ALLEN.

It is proposed in this paper to give a brief account, of a summer trip taken some years ago by the writer. It was a bright July morning when we assembled—a large party of us, who were to travel together. In the Dalhousie station at Montreal stood the Canadian Pacific train. The massive trucks and heavy English build of the cars distinguished them in a moment from the lighter stock required for local traffic. From the windows of this very car we were to look out upon the Western prairies, the ravines and snowy summits of the Rocky Mountains, the blue waters of the Pacific.

By degrees the platform and the train became crowded with tourists and their friends. How we looked in one another's faces, saying to ourselves, "Will he prove a delightful companion?" "Is she to be a lifelong friend, dating from the moment when

our eyes first meet?" Time would show. As the warning bell sounds, there are hurried partings, laughter, tears, waving handkerchiefs, cheers, "Good-bye!" "Good-bye!" and we are fairly on our journey. The train includes, be it said, five passenger sleeping cars—named as follows: "Missanable," "Calgary," "Kamloops," "Nepigon," and "Toronto." How familiar those strange names became before many days!

Forth from the city, through the suburbs, and out into the open country rumbled the heavy train. Cities were left behind, and the horizon grew rugged with mountains. At Weirs, on Lake Winnipeg, a great fright was caused by the train's starting without signal, while a dozen ladies of our party were promenading on the depot platform. Amid a chorus of shrieks and laughter they were in ceremoniously hustled aboard, fortunately without accident.

Northward we sped, along winding valleys, beside merry mountain streams, up over steep grades, down the long slope again, still onward and northward until we rumbled across the new iron bridge over the St. Lawrence and halted for the night in the city of Montreal.

This is now the chief city of Canada, with a population about half as large as that of Boston. In 1535 it was a little Indian village called Hochelaga, which was in that year visited by Jacques Cartier. Two hundred and fifty years ago the French established a trading-post here, and its business has grown, until to-day its docks are lined with warehouses, its river front shows the black hulls of great ocean steamers, and railroads converge from east, west, and south.

On Sunday morning I left my hotel and walked for a mile through the streets of the city. There are many French inhabitants, as the shop signs show. In a little common I saw the sign, "*N'allez pas sur le gazon*"—a polite way of putting our familiar "Keep off the grass." The names of the streets carried me back to old times, when the whole province was held by France—"St. Monique," "St. Genevieve," etc. Funny little milk carts went bobbing along over the rough pavements, and funny little babies toddled along the uneven board sidewalks.

My walk soon brought me to a lofty granite building with two square towers—the cathedral of *Notre Dame*. People were docking in at the doors, and I went with them.

It was like entering a great, dimly-lighted cavern. All the walls and pillars and ceiling were glowing with soft, dark crimson and golden colors. The church was crowded with worshippers, not only on the main floor, but in two immense galleries, one above the other. At the further end was the high altar and the figure of the crucified Saviour, beneath which the priests were conducting the service of the Roman Catholic Church. I could just hear their deep voices, mingling with the music of the choir and organ.

Just in front of me was a swarthy Indian, with long, glossy black hair. Little children knelt on the marble pavement in the



midst of the crowd. Members of wealthy French families passed down the aisle to their pews. All around me were poor people, many of them following the service with their prayer-books. It was touching to look at that far-off figure of Christ on the cross, and then at the vast multitude of people kneeling before it—men, women, and children, with their cares and sorrows and hopes, all with faces upturned toward that cross—differing



VICTORIA BRIDGE, MONTREAL.

from many of us in their religion, we believe, but still trying humbly to follow the same Master.

On the following day we took the cars up the banks of the St. Lawrence for some distance, and then embarked on a steamer for the return trip down-stream. The passage of the Lachine rapids has been often described, but no pen-picture can prepare one for the mad rush of the steamer through the whirling, foaming water, the sickening sensation of the slaking deck beneath your feet, the onward plunge, straight toward a huge rock, swerving so as to barely miss it as we surge past. Now we steam majestically beneath the great tubular "Victoria Bridge"—which every inexperienced passenger is sure we shall scrape with our smoke stack, but which it clears by many feet—and up to the Montreal wharf.

That evening we boarded our cars once more. How homelike they seemed, with their cosy berths and drawing-rooms! Some of us gathered in the "Kamloops", and while the train rolled onward through the night we sang jolly college melodies, ending with an air not wholly unfamiliar to American ears—"Little Annie Rooney"! Soon the voices were hushed, as one sleepy passenger after another dived or climbed into the vibrating berths, and wandered away into dreamland.

A word about the Canadian Pacific Railroad, over which we ride three thousand miles. I quote from the official report of the road:

"A railway from the Atlantic to the Pacific, all the way on British soil, was long the dream of a few in Canada. This dream of the few became, in time, the hope of the many, and on the confederation of the British North American provinces, in 1867,



Its realization was found to be a political necessity. Then the Government of the new Dominion of Canada set about the building of the Canadian Pacific Railway, a work of such vast proportions that the richest empire of Europe might well have hesitated before entering upon it.

"Much of the country through which the railway must be built was unexplored. Towards the east, all about Lake Superior, and beyond to Red River, was a vast rocky region, where Nature in her younger days had run riot, and where deep lakes



WINNIPEG OX-TEAM.

and mighty rivers in every direction opposed the progress of the engineer. Beyond Red River for a thousand miles stretched a great plain, known only to the wild Indian and the fur trader; then came the mountains, range after range, in close succession, and all unexplored. Through all this, for a distance of nearly three thousand miles, the railway surveys had first to be made. These consumed much time and money; people became impatient and found fault and doubted. There were differences of opinion, and these differences became questions of domestic politics, dividing parties, and it was not until 1875 that the work of construction commenced in earnest.

"But the machinery of Government is ill adapted, at best, to the carrying on of such an enterprise, and in this case it was blocked or retarded by political jealousies and party strife. Governments changed and delays occurred, until finally, in 1880, it was decided almost by common consent to surrender the work to a private company.

"The explorations and surveys for the railway had made known the character of the country it was to traverse. In the wilderness east, north, and west of Lake Superior, forests of pine and other timber, and mineral deposits of incalculable value were found, and millions of acres of agricultural land as well. The vast prairie district between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains proved to be wonderfully rich in its agricultural resources. Towards the mountains great coal fields were discovered, and British Columbia beyond was known to contain almost every element of traffic and wealth. Thousands of people had settled on the prairies of the Northwest, and their success had brought tens of thousands more. The political reasons for building the railway were lost sight of and commercial reasons took their place, and there was no difficulty in finding a party of capitalists ready

and willing to relieve the Government of the work and carry it on as a commercial enterprise. The Canadian Pacific Railway Company was organized early in 1881, and immediately entered into a contract with the Government to complete the line within ten years.

"The railway system of Eastern Canada had already advanced far up the Ottawa valley. The company undertook the building of the remaining nineteen hundred and twenty miles, and for this it was to receive from the Government a number of valuable privileges and immunities, and twenty-five million dollars in money and twenty-five million acres of agricultural land. The entire railway when completed was to remain the property of the company.

"The end of the third year found them at the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and the fourth in the Selkirks, nearly a thousand and fifty miles from Winnipeg.

"While such rapid progress was being made west of Winnipeg, the rails advancing at an average rate of more than three miles each working day, for months in succession, and sometimes five and even six miles in a day, armies of men with all modern appliances and thousands of tons of dynamite were breaking down the barriers of hard and tough Laurentian and Huronian rocks, and pushing the line through the forests north and east of Lake Superior. The forces working towards each other met at Craigellachie, in Eagle Pass, in the Gold or Columbian range of mountains, and there, on a wet morning, the 7th of November, 1885, the last rail was laid in the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

"The close of 1885 found the company, not yet five years old, in possession of the longest continuous line in the world, extending from Quebec and Montreal all the way across the continent to the Pacific Ocean, a distance of three thousand and fifty miles; and by the midsummer of 1886 all this vast system was fully equipped and fairly working throughout. Villages and towns and even cities followed close upon the heels of the line-builders; the forests were cleared away, the prairie's soil was turned over, mines were opened, and even before the last rail was in place the completed sections were carrying a large and profitable traffic. The touch of this young Giant of the North was felt upon the world's commerce almost before his existence was known; and, not content with the trade of the golden shores of the Pacific from California to Alaska, his arms have already stretched out across that broad ocean and grasped the teas and silks of China and Japan to exchange them for the fabrics of Europe."



AN INDIAN LODGE IN THE NORTH-WEST.

#### PRAIRIE MEMORIES.

A wide o'er-arching summer sky;  
Sea-drifting grasses, rustling reeds,  
Where young grouse to their mothers cry,  
And locusts pipe from whistling weeds;  
Broad meadows lying like lagoons  
Of sunniest water, on whose swells  
Float nodding blooms, to tinkling bells  
Of bob-o'-linkums' wildest tunes:

Far west-winds bringing odors fresh  
From mountains' rayed as monarchs are

In royal robes of ice and snow,  
Where storms are bred in thunder-jar;  
Land of corn and wheat and kine,  
Where plenty fills the hand of him  
Who tills the soil or prunes the vine,  
Or digs in thy far canyons dim—

My western land! I love thee yet,  
In dreams I ride my horse again,  
And breast the breezes flowing fleet  
From out the meadows cold and wet,  
From fields of flowers blowing sweet,  
And flinging perfume to the breeze.

The wild oats swirl along the plain;  
I feel their dash against my knees,  
Like rapid plash of running seas.

I pass by islands dark and tall  
With painted poplars thick with leaves;  
The grass in rustling ripple cleaves  
To left and right in emerald flow;  
And as I listen, riding slow,  
Out breaks the wild-bird's jocund call.

Oh, shining suns of boyhood's time!  
Oh, winds that from the myotic west  
Sang calls to Eldorado's quest!  
Oh, awaying wild-bird's thrilling chime!  
When loud the city's clanging roar  
Wraps in my soul, as does a shroud,  
I hear those songs and sounds once more,  
And dream of boyhood's wind-swung cloud.

Imagine yourselves in a cozy little stateroom at the end of a sleeping-car, just starting out on a journey of three thousand miles. This car is to be your home for many a day. Every nook and corner and knob will become familiar to you; you will learn to walk on its vibrating floor as easily as in your own house; and its swift, eager motions will rock you to sleep each night, as if you were in a cradle, or "the tree-tops."

When we woke on the morning after leaving Montreal we were far away in the Canadian wilderness, where forests beyond forests stretched away for hundreds of miles on every hand.

The first station, I remember, was Chalk River, a railway divisional point, with repair-shops and other buildings of that nature. At North Bay we had a pretty view of Lake Nipissing, the train stopping long enough for us to build a little birch bark fire on the shore, where the mimic billows came tumbling merrily in. From North Bay to Heron Bay, on Lake Superior, we were in a wild, heavily timbered region. Sometimes we would pass through miles of burnt forest land, the bleached trunks of the trees standing in desolate companies as far as the eye could reach. Bear, moose, and deer abound throughout all this section of Canada, while the streams are thronged with salmon and trout.

Days and nights follow each other rapidly. Now we are whirled along the rocky shores of Lake Superior, and catch glimpses of dim blue headlands through the morning mists. The railroad is still new — only five years old — and the people gaze curiously at us as we sweep onward with rattle and roar toward the West. Whenever there is time at a station, merry groups of young people dash out of the cars and scurry through the town. At Schreiber, I remember, we descended on the village store, bought out every postal card from its post office, and purchased sundry small articles which probably are now scattered all over the country in the possession of our tourists, mementoes of their Canadian trip.

The copper mines around Lake Superior are the richest in the world, and have every kind of that ore. The best is that in which the copper is not in great masses of pure metal, for when found in this state it is most difficult to

work, and the expense of labor greatly diminishes the value. At Michipicoten Island, and other places on the north shore, the percentage of ore is very large, but the stuff is procured in easily wrought rock. The races who in old days inhabited this country knew of the mines and worked in their rude fashion at them. Ancient shafts exist, and in these rude stone hammers, marked

round the centre with a groove for the reception of the thong which attached them to a handle, are found. But the metal when procured was beaten only into rude plates, or used for roughly shaped vessels.

Port Arthur is the terminus of the Eastern Division of the Canadian Pacific. It is a thriving town of some six thousand inhabitants, situated on Thunder Bay, and is the chief Canadian port on Lake Superior. Little girls ran along the platform beside the cars, with milk for sale at five cents a glass. Here we set our watches back one hour, to meet "Central" time.

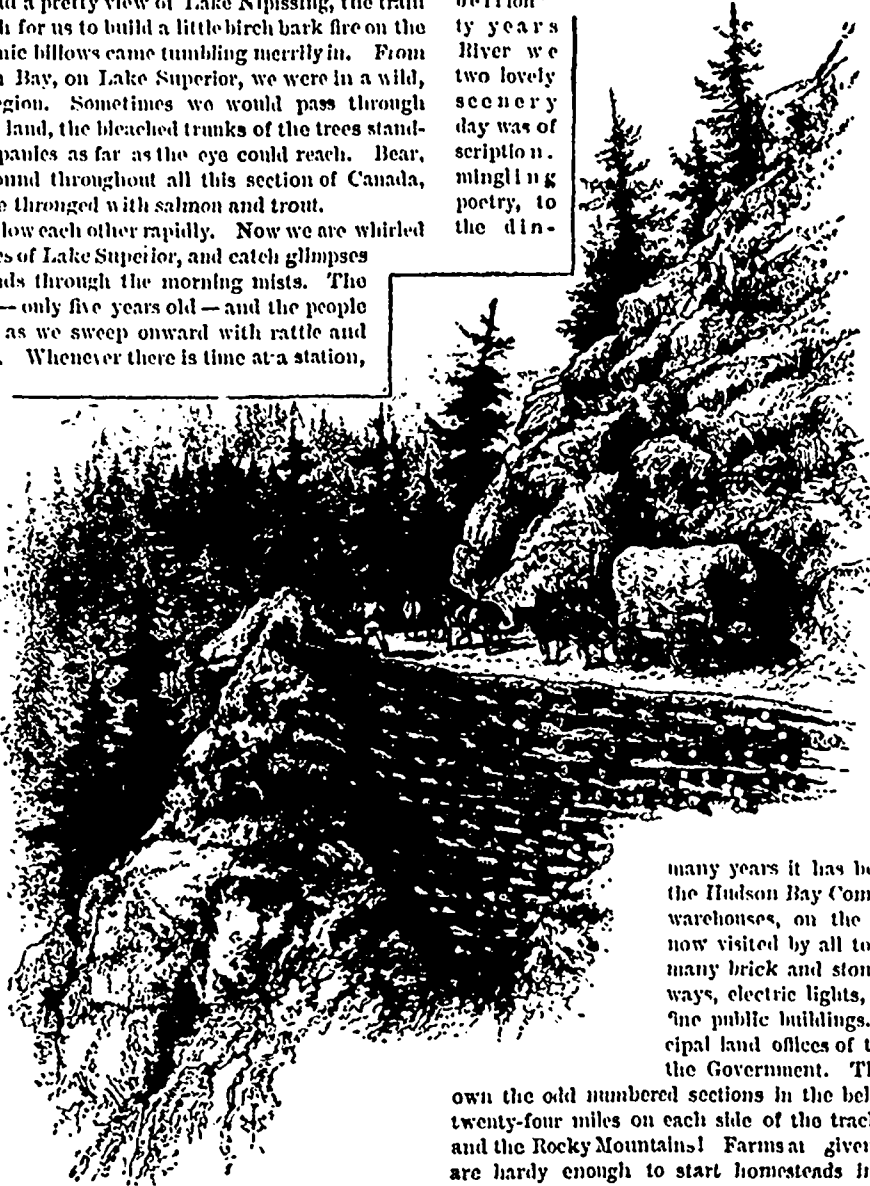
The country between this point and Winnipeg was the scene of the "Half Breed Rebellion" fifty years ago. River we two lovely scenery day was of description. mingling poetry, to the din-

"Half Breed Rebellion" in Manitoba, twenty years ago. At Eagle caught sight of waterfalls; the throughout the the wildest de- It was an odd of prose and sit at one's meal in ing-car, looking out between mouthfuls at scarred mountain summits, sweeping drifts and finges of rain, foaming torrents and all the desolate grandeur of untamed hill and valley.

On Thursday, the fifth day of our pilgrimage, we halted for a few hours at Winnipeg, the Capital of Manitoba. Nineteen years ago the population of this marvellous city was one hundred. To-day it comes just short of thirty thousand. For

many years it has been the chief post of the Hudson Bay Company, whose splendid warehouses, on the principal street, are now visited by all tourists. The city has many brick and stone blocks, street railways, electric lights, a fine hospital, and fine public buildings. Here are the principal land offices of the C. R. Ry., and of the Government. The Railway Company

own the old numbered sections in the belt of land extending twenty-four miles on each side of the track between Winnipeg and the Rocky Mountains! Farms are given to those settlers who are hardy enough to start homesteads in this wild country. Winnipeg is connected by rail with St. Paul and Chicago, and with other Canadian points north and south. In the midst of all the progress and modern ideas of bustling Winnipeg, it was curious to notice many rude carts drawn by oxen, which were harnessed like horses. At the station the "newsboys" were little girls, who plied their trade modestly and successfully. I must not forget to refer to the Winnipeg grasshoppers. I never saw such hosts of these insects, although the Winnipeggers seemed to pay no attention to them whatever. Over the city streets as well as vacant fields, the air seemed filled with whirring wings.



THE CARIBOO WAGGON ROAD.  
(From the Narratives of Lorne's collection of photographs.)



PRAIRIE FLOWERS.

no tail? Why, a "gopher," to be sure; an animal resembling a prairie-dog, only smaller. They live in burrows all along these

Next morning we found ourselves passing over a beautiful rolling prairie. The short grass was starred with flowers of every color. Hare-

bells, like those on Mt. Willard, in the White Mountain Notch, grew in abundance beside the track. Then there were queer, scarlet "painted cups," nodding yellow ox-eyes, asters, dandelions, and a

host of others. What is that little creature, that looks something like a very large gray squirrel with

sandy embankments. See that little fellow! He sits up on his hind legs and hops along like a diminutive kangaroo, pulling down heads of grass with his tiny fore-paws and nibbling the seeds.

We are now in an Indian country. At every station half a dozen dark-faced Crees are crouching upon the platform, or stalking indignantly away to avoid the deadly "Kodak" which is busy in their midst. I remember one old Cree squaw who was so indignant at my attempts to photograph her that she fairly hooked at me with a pair

of buffalo horns which she had for sale, at the same time pouring out a torrent of red-skin abuse which I fortunately could not understand. It was simply impossible to get a negative of her in the usual way, so I held the camera under my arm, pointing backward, and so, standing back to my unsuspecting victim, pressed the button, securing one of my very best pictures. I confess I felt rather shabby, in thus taking advantage of the poor creature, who thought I was trying to bewitch her. To atone for my unfeeling conduct, a young girl in our party busied herself in tying bright-colored ribbons upon some of the little Indian girls, — a decoration delightedly received by both them and their mothers. At Moose Jaw (which is an abridgment of the Indian name "The-creek-where-the-white-man-mended-the-cart-with-a-moose-jaw-bone") we saw an ill-looking Sioux Indian, one of "ting Bull's band, who massacred Custer's band a few years ago. The Indians in this whole section of Canada are kept in order by mounted police—fine-looking fellows, sauntering about and by no means averse to having their pictures taken.

All this is very pleasant, but as the day wears on, the green hills and flowery meadow-land give place to scorched, parching alkali desert, stretching away in dry, tawny billows as far as the eye can reach. Here and there is a lake—no, a pool of dry salt, like the white ghost of a lake. The air in the cars becomes insufferably hot. Look at the thermometer, where the sun does not shine, and the air blows in through the open window. It marks full 105°. Dust and cinders pour in at doors and windows with the hot air. Waves of heat rise from the shrivelled grass. Will night ever come?

Yes, it comes at last, as God's good gifts always come, to refresh and sweeten our lives. The sky flushes with sunset light. Shadows creep up from the east; a cool breeze touches our fevered faces. Night, beautiful, restful, kindly Night, spreads its wings over us, and, still flying onward through the darkness, we sleep peacefully and dream of the dear New England hills and of home.

(To be concluded)

## AN AUTUMN IDYL

By Mrs. E. C. WHITNEY.

A little parsonage, with eaves  
Nestling amid the maple leaves;  
Its low roof hidden quite from sight,  
Its chimneys broad the swallow's flight  
Arresting—for their ample space  
Gives many a brood a hiding-place.  
The vine-wreathed lattice at the door,  
Through which, flung wide, the oaken floor  
Of the old porch, in shimmering flecks  
The golden light of noon reflects.  
There, idly in the dreamy air  
A little matron rocks her chair;  
While cooing roundly at her feet  
Old tabby purrs. In concord sweet  
The busy insects come and go,  
And out upon the portico,  
Two little shelves of potted flowers  
All through the calm day's golden hours

The wild bee seeks, and butterflies—  
Yellow as dawn in Eastern skies—  
Flit in and out on joyous wing,  
While humming birds and birds that sing,  
Ripple their wealth of shade and song  
About the cottage all day long.

Four little curtained windows shine  
Through swinging loops of columbine,  
And in one open casement rest  
The books a pious heart loves best.  
The Bible, and the hymn-book—these  
The source of this abiding peace?  
(Quiet so safe, that depth, nor height,  
Hath power to mar the still delight  
Of those whose trust above is stayed.  
A sweet, persuasive voice hath said  
"In perfect peace" our Lord will keep  
His dear—through oft times wandering—sheep.)

## FOR THE SABBATH SCHOOL

International S. S. Lesson.

LESSON VI.—WORKING AND WAITING FOR CHRIST.—AUG. 8.

(1 Thess. iv. 9; 2. 2.)

GOLDEN TEXT—"If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself; that where I am there ye may be also. John xiv. 3.

TIME AND PLACE—A. D. 52 Corinth.

INTRODUCTION—It will be remembered that Paul with his companions had visited Thessalonica (Lesson III.), but had been driven hence by persecution. Silas and Timothy, his companions remaining behind. Not long after Paul's arrival in Corinth he

was rejoined by Silas and Timothy. They seem to have brought to Paul such intelligence from the disciples at Thessalonica that he greatly desired to revisit them (1 Thess. ii. 17, 18), but was prevented. He had, however, sent Timothy to instruct and encourage them. And some time later he wrote the epistle from which our present lesson is taken, which is probably the first epistle which we have from his hand.

V. 9. "Brotherly love."—Love for their Christian brethren, shown by deeds of charity toward them. "Taught of God."—By the gracious work of the Holy Spirit.

V. 10. Increase more and more."—Extending their love beyond the bounds of Macedonia to all Christian brethren.

V. 11. "Study to be quiet."—Not busybodies, disturbers of the peace. "Do your own business, and to work with your own

hands."—They were to be industrious in the various secular callings in which they were engaged.

V. 12. "Walk honestly."—Be honest in all dealings. "Them that are without."—Those who were not Christians.

V. 13. "Them which are asleep."—Christian believers who have died. "Sorrow not."—Christians are not forbidden to mourn the loss of their loved ones, but it is not to be such sorrow as the sorrow of those who have no hope, *i. e.*, unbelievers, for it is only through Christ that there can be any true hope in death.

V. 14. "Sleep in Jesus."—Those who die believing in Jesus. "Will God bring with Him."—Raising them from the dead and bringing them with Jesus to glory.

V. 15. "By the word of the Lord."—By His authority. "We which are alive."—The early Christians seem to have believed that the second coming of the Lord would be in their life-time. "The coming of the Lord."—His second coming. "Shall not prevent."—Shall not go before—the old meaning of the word.

V. 1. "The times and the seasons."—That is, when these events should come to pass.

V. 2. "Know perfectly."—Because the Lord had Himself told them that no one could know the time. "Day of the Lord."—The day of His coming. "As a thief in the night."—Suddenly unexpectedly.

**Thoughts.**—The Wealth of Christian love as set forth by the Apostle Paul in his letter to the church at Thessalonica is boundless. It is the inheritance of every true Christian, and is given by the Eternal Father, and by Him they are taught to exercise themselves therein. It is life's business with every Christian to increase in spiritual endowments. This calls for personal effort—study the work. Love is the foundation-stone upon which we must build. It is the sum and substance of Christianity. Love was first made manifest by the Father in the gift of His dear Son, and is constantly set forth in the life of His children. To be taught of God is the great end to which all are called, God, who is love, teaches love. He is the teacher, His children the learners. There

are temptations to overcome, and pitfalls to avoid, else the end of our high calling in God is not reached. Our success in this depends upon our putting into practice what we have learned of God. There is growth in Christian life. The Christian must continually aim at increase in all holy things, that he "may have lack of nothing," but rather be ready to aid some weaker one in reaching a higher, more blessed place in Christian experience. Unless the Christian attends well to his own inner-life, he is not proving his fidelity to his own calling. The Christian should live more inwardly than outwardly. He must study to be quiet. The inner quietness will then show itself also in a quiet industrious life. To keep this, he labors intelligently, for he has a definite object of pursuit, and he makes a wise choice of means to accomplish his ends. Christianity does not make dumb, docile creatures of men, but awakens them to a sense of their privileges and responsibilities, so that they are concerned about their example before the world, and their brethren in Christ. He who lives nearest the Lord is most careful how he lives before his fellow-men. He respects their opinions, so far as they obligate him to them, in his manner of life before them. Brotherly love reaches to those who are yet to be won into the household of faith. Whatever the Thessalonian church had reached in its spiritual life, there was yet room for greater growth. Without this, death would begin to take hold upon them, and they would also be under the power of those evils against which the apostles warned them. So high an estimate did he put upon brotherly love, that he saw in it such possibilities as would lead its possessors into a blameless life, though surrounded by evil-doers and unbelievers.

The claims of faith are great. Faith sees in Christ a provision for perfect happiness and security. In the death and resurrection of Christ, faith discovers the source of all true comfort and consolation. He is the way, the truth, and the life. He has trod the way before us. He has provided for all our needs. He has robbed death of its sting, the grave of its victory. He has not left His children alone. He has gone to prepare a place for them.

### THE RAILWAY OF MT. PILATUS.

Of all the thousands who annually visit the favorite resort of tourists in Switzerland, the charming little town of Lucerne, who is there who is not impressed at the first glance by the proud form of Mount Pilatus, the rugged and serrated mountain that looks down so defiantly upon the beautiful shores of the famous lake? It does not lift its head into the region of eternal frost—no glittering snowfields clothe its upper slopes throughout the year, nor are its ravines filled with slow-moving glaciers—yet it has many characteristics in common with the loftiest of the Swiss mountains.

Its steep, rocky sides, its fearful precipices, its boldly rising cliffs—unbroken on the northern side by a single ledge or shelf—are such characteristics, not to speak of the bleakness and inhospitableness of its heights, nor of its glacial flora.

Then, too, it stands at a sufficient distance from the giants of the Alpine chain to lose nothing of its height by comparison with them.

Its contour stamps itself indelibly in our recollection, for this magnificent mountain stands in its bold isolation, quite distinct from all its neighbors, and forms one of the most striking features of the wonderful landscape that presents itself to our eyes on the shores of the lower lake of Lucerne.

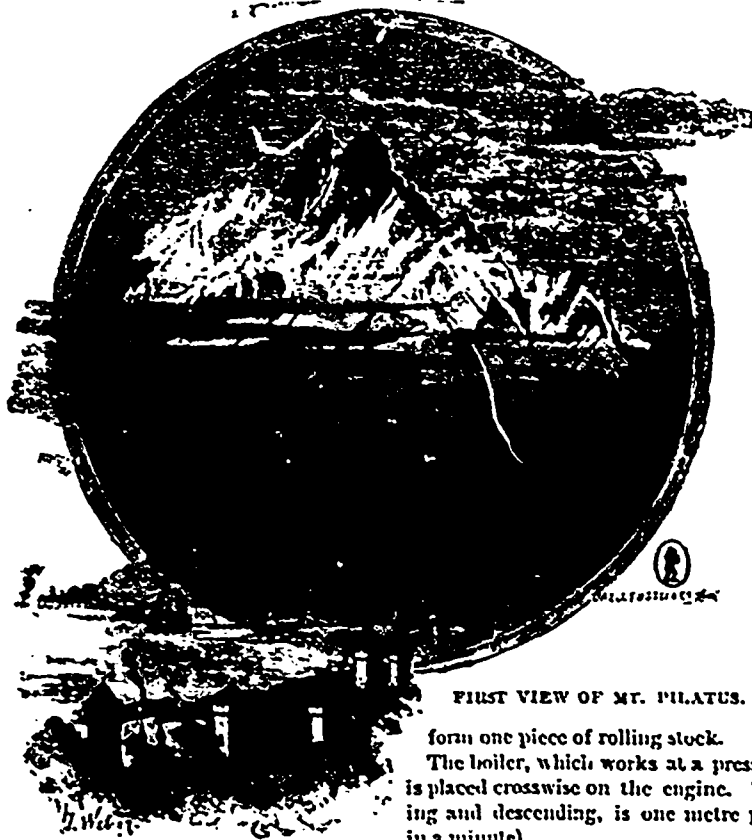
The terminus of the Pilatus Railway stands close to the steamboat pier at Alpnach-stadt, and to the Alpnach-stadt station of

the Brunig Railway. The length of this railway is 5040 yards, (nearly three miles.) From the lake shore upwards the foundation of the railway consists of a continuous wall of solid masonry, covered with immense slabs of granite. The torrent beds and ravines are spanned by arches of masonry. There are no iron bridges.

The superstructure of iron and steel throughout, is fastened and braced to the masonry foundation from yard to yard by strong screws, in the secure manner possible.

The rack rail runs between the two smooth rails, but at a somewhat higher level. It is of wrought steel, has a double row of vertical cogs, milled out of solid steel bars. Every engine and carriage has two horizontal cog-wheels which grip this raised rack-rail from either side. The brake can be applied to them at any moment, and they are also fitted with vigorous automatic brakes.

The locomotive, and the carriage, with four compartments, each seating eight passengers,



FIRST VIEW OF MT. PILATUS.

form one piece of rolling stock.

The boiler, which works at a pressure of twelve atmospheres, is placed crosswise on the engine. The speed, both in ascending and descending, is one metre per second, (sixty-five yards in a minute).

The highest peak of Mount Pilatus is full view.

The reels and rushes extend up to the mountain slopes on either side of the track.

The work of cleaning the rocks is a difficult one, the character of the mountain rendering the work anything but easy, the men



THE MT. PILATUS RAILWAY.

having to clamber up to the summit, or to have themselves lowered over the precipices by means of ropes. The workmen who are engaged in this work are for the most part Italians.

#### PICTURES AS EDUCATORS.

BY MARY M. WARD.

In every well-regulated periodical of the day, even to the fashion magazine, there is somewhere reserved a corner or perhaps a column for the review, or at least the brief mention of books.

It should be to us a cause for thankfulness that good literature is considered a moral and mental necessity, but outside of the journals especially devoted to art, comparatively little is said about pictures. We are apt to think of pictures as one of the luxuries that can be dispensed with, and that really fine ones are only within reach of the very wealthy.

Hence perhaps it seems of little consequence to us what hangs on our walls. We fill up the bare spaces with family portraits, the relatives of several generations, it may be, taken singly or in groups, and in all varieties of posture. These we alternate with highly colored chromos or with some bit of fancywork, forgetting that copies of the finest works of the world's greatest artists come within the limits of the slenderest purse, and unimpaired of their value in our own self culture and in the proper education of our children.

In a certain way they have quite as much of a refining influence on the mind as books themselves, and a dearth of them is almost as conspicuous and deplorable as a scarcity of books. One can scarcely imagine how dreary it would be to have absolutely no pictures at all, unless they have had a chance to see for themselves how a house looks without them.

I spent several months last winter in southern California. I was very fortunate in securing on

of the brightest and coolest of south rooms with everything else about my living arrangements quite to my mind. The people were pleasant, the house was large and sunny, conveniently situated, and nicely furnished with the sole exception that there were few books and no pictures.

Up stairs, down stairs, in every one of the ten large rooms it was just the same. Nothing but bare white walls greeted the eye, for the house was new and consequently not papered. For once the regulation family portrait was lacking, absolutely nothing in the whole house to relieve the staring whiteness of the walls except two paper owls and an Insurance Co., calendar with a gorgeous peacock on it. I scarcely expect to be believed when I tell it. I think I should be incredulous if I had not seen for myself, but the fact remains, notwithstanding.

Perhaps you are explaining the situation by presuming that they were young people who had not been keeping house very long. I wish I could be as charitable, but I happen to know that their Lares and Penates were of some twenty years standing, and although I shall certainly never forget their kindness to me when I was "a stranger in a strange land," I cannot quite forgive them for those dreary bare walls.

Again, I want to tell you of a little lady, a friend of mine who is obliged to practice the closest economy in her housekeeping. She does not even afford the luxury of a servant and yet I do not know of another among all my acquaintances whose walls are more tastefully or even richly adorned. Round and about her are much more elegant homes, where the frames are more costly, where there are more square feet of surface in the pictures themselves, and where the cost in dollars and cents was infinitely greater.



CLEANING THE ROCKS.

## Church News

(All communications to this column ought to be sent to the Editor immediately after the occurrences to which they refer have taken place.)

### MONTREAL NOTES.

A few weeks ago Mr. E. H. Branit, a graduate of the Presbyterian College was appointed to take charge of the Point St. Charles and St. Henri French Mission and the Presbytery at its last regular meeting decided to ordain him. The ordination services were held on the evening of the

13th inst. in the Mission Hall 3,497 Notre Dame street, St. Henri. The Moderator of the Presbytery of Montreal, the Rev. G. Colborne Heise, presided and the meeting was composed of the Revs. Prof. Cousirat, C. Amaron, F. M. Dawey, S. Rondeau and Huffs of Montreal, and the Rev. Dr. Bourgoin of Pointe aux Trembles. The ordination sermon was preached by the Rev. S. Rondeau, from the text Colossians i. 28, his subject being "The true preaching of the Gospel." In the absence of the clerk of the Presbytery the Rev. Calvin Amaron occupied the position. The Rev. G. O. Heise delivered the charge and Prof. Cousirat led in the prayer of consecration,

afterwards addressing the newly ordained minister. The Rev. F. M. Dewey addressed the congregation, and Mr. Rice supplied a very pleasing musical programme during the evening. The services which were entirely in French, were of a most impressive character and were well attended, and a very large number of friends offered their congratulations to Mr. Brandt at their conclusion.

The *Presse* publishes a communication from the Rev. Cure St. Pierre of St. Alphonse de Grasby, concerning the alleged miraculous intervention of St. Ann in saving his church from destruction by fire. The rev. abbe states that during the heavy

There is no  
disputing  
this fact, that

## "SALADA" CEYLON TEA

has established a name and earned a fame by its incomparable quality that must be very gratifying to those controlling it. Who has not heard of "SALADA." Those who have not already tasted it have yet a treat in store. It is a tea that is strongly recommended by physicians and others as being at once stimulating and delicious.

25c, 40c, 50c, and 60c.

thunder storm of Sunday evening, July 18th, the church steeple was struck by lightning, and a few moments after the roof of the edifice was found to be on fire. The alarm was given, and a number of villagers were soon on the spot with ladders, buckets and other appliances. They climbed to the roof and commenced to fight the fire, but their efforts seemed to be useless, and in a few minutes the church appeared to be doomed. The cure then asked the parishioners to save everything in the church, but to leave the statue of St. Ann in its place, leaving it for the good saint herself to save the temple which her intercession had so powerfully helped to build, and at the same time he promised to communicate the fact to the press if St. Ann worked the miracle now asked from her. Shortly afterwards, the men on the roof announced that they had the fire under control, and a few minutes later all danger was over. The next morning the cure communicated the facts to the press, in fulfilment of his promise. Hardly anything can show more plainly than this incident the pitiful superstition of the religious leaders among our French Roman Catholics, or prove more conclusively the need for a more spiritual religion than that which the people are likely to get from them. There is an eye to business in it all too. The cult of St. Ann is being sedulously encouraged all over the province in the interest of the pilgrimages to the famous shrine at Beauport near Quebec.

Mr. A. A. Graham, B.D., a member of the graduating class in the Presbyterian College, has been called to Deer Park, Toronto. Mr. D. J. Graham, another member of the same class, has accepted a call to White Lake in the Presbytery of Lanark and Renfrew. Two members of the class have recently been married as well as settled, the Rev. P. A. Walker, of Burke, N.Y., and the Rev. H. D. Leitch, of St. Elmo, Glengarry. Mr. Walker espoused Miss Mary G. MacLennan, a daughter of the Rev. Geo. MacLennan, of Pinkerton, Ont. Mr. Leitch carried off Miss Maudie Barclay of Belleville.

### A MINISTER'S STATEMENT

Rev. C. H. Smith of Plymouth, Conn., Gives the Experience of Himself and Little Girl in a Trying Season—What He Depends Upon.

The testimonials in favor of Hood's Sarsaparilla come from a class of people whose words are worth considering. Many clergymen testify to the value of this medicine. Read this:

"By a severe attack of diphtheria I lost two of my children. I used Hood's Sarsaparilla as a tonic both for myself and little girl and found it most excellent as a means to restore the impoverished blood to its natural state and as a help to appetite and digestion. I depend upon it when I need a tonic and I find it at once efficacious." Rev. C. H. SMITH, Congregational parsonage, Plymouth, Conn.

Hood's Pills cure liver ill; easy to take, easy to get, 25c.

### GENERAL.

The session of St. Andrew's church, Toronto, of which Rev. W. J. McCaughan is minister, was recently strengthened by the addition of the following new elders, viz.: J. J. Bell, Jas. Macgregor, R. J. MacLennan, F. C. Tisdale and Rev. R. G. Murison.

The pastor, Rev. R. Douglas Fraser, M.A., at the request of the Y.P.S.C.E., discussed their monthly topic of the "Plan of study" on Sabbath evening in the pulpit. The topic "How the business of the Church is done; Her Constitution and Courts" opened up a wide field and Mr. Fraser after pointing out the need of forms, emphasized the scripturalness of the Presbyterian form of Church Government, compared it with other systems, outlined the duties of the various church courts and urged loyalty to the church on the part of the young and the earnest personal consecration and effort without which no form however good, will be of service.

### THE PRINCIPAL ASSET.

"Between 30 and 40 the calls upon most of us for sheer necessities are greater than at any other period of life, whilst a man's market value does not usually touch high-water mark until a decade later, and the amassing of any considerable sum becomes out of the question until comparatively old age. With supply and demand running nearly neck and neck, there is little chance of putting much by, and it takes much self-denial to make up a solitary \$1,000. But with life assurance it is different.

"You start with your capital sum, and pay for it as you go along. You make sure of the investment from the beginning, instead of waiting weary years until the amount be saved; and, as you can create a large amount of capital for a very small outlay, it follows that the life policy becomes a most valuable part of one's estate, especially as the sum assured is usually at a handsome premium at the time of realization by the means of bonus additions.

"A fortune of \$6,000, all told is not a munificent one for a widow and family to keep afloat on, but it is, at least six times better than a paltry \$1,000, and yet there are endless numbers content to leave such a monument to their memory as a few household goods and chattels and a doctor's bill. It is no doubt thoughtlessness, but evil is wrought for want of thought as well as want of heart. The cure of this want of thought is surely a high moral duty, for a good man leaveth an inheritance. To all but a few the only practical way of leaving one worthy of the name is by taking a policy for a good round amount, and when an agent taps you on the shoulder and bids you be mindful of these things, remember that upon your decision may hang the destiny of your family.

"If the chance came only once in a lifetime, perhaps more would eagerly seize upon it as one of the greatest boons of civilization, but because it comes sometimes more than once, too many realize to their cost the truth of the Spanish proverb: 'In the village of "By-and-By" is the hostelry of "Never."'"

If you have contemplated the important step of placing insurance on your life, attend to the matter now while you are in good health, as the fell hand of disease may prevent you at any future time from obtaining insurance.

In order that your investment may be judicious and remunerative, it is advisable that it be secured in a strong and successful company.

The North American Life Assurance Company, Toronto, has a well-earned record for stability and strength, its ratio of assets to liabilities and net surplus to liabilities being greater than that of any other Canadian company.

Full particulars of the attractive investment plans of the company and copies of its last annual report showing its unexcelled financial position furnished on application to William McCabe, managing director, or to any of the company's agents.

### HAMILTON PRESBYTERY.

The Presbytery of Hamilton met on July 20th. The congregation of St. David's was made a separate charge to be self sustaining. It was resolved to apply for \$150 supplement

for Hayns's Avenue. A call from Bridgeburg and Fort Erie to Mr. F. D. Roxborough was sustained. Mr. James Buchanan was appointed to supply Pelham and South for a year from August 1st. Mr. H. N. Aukle, from Beamsville, was certified to Knox College as a student intending the ministry. A committee was appointed to make enquiry regarding the operations of the Erie Jockey Club and report.—John Laing, Clerk.

### HELPLESS FOR A YEAR.

Bowed Down With Rheumatism and Sciatica.

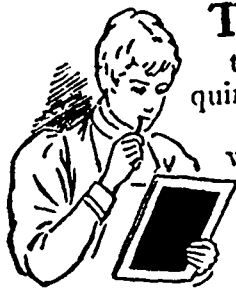
From the Post, Sackville, N. B.

Records like the following carry conviction with them, and in a practical sense it might be said that this is still the age of miracles. Mr. Edward Downey, of Macaan, N.B., says:—"I have been a resident of Cumberland Co. some years. I have been a great sufferer for upwards of ten years with sciatic rheumatism. I was tortured with severe pains which at times would become almost unbearable, and I think I suffered almost everything a man can suffer and live. I was so crippled that I could not work and part of the time was not able even to move about. I became so weak, and my system so run down that I despaired of ever getting better. My case was an almost hopeless one, and as I had abandoned work I was almost helpless for over a year. I heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I was induced to at least give them a trial. In a short time I began to recover, and the agonizing pains left my back and limbs, so that I was enabled to walk out of doors. Before I had used more than half a dozen boxes I was almost entirely well and could do a hard day's work. I had a good appetite and began to gain flesh and feel like a new man. I am free from aches and pains and have Dr. Williams' Pink Pills to thank for it all." The reporter could not help feeling that Mr. Downey's case was a striking one, as he now presents a stout well built figure, straight limbed and as smart in his movements as a young man of twenty.

### CANADA'S GREATEST CELEBRATION OF THE JUBILEE YEAR.

Fully alive to the times the management of the Toronto Exhibition, or as the title runs this year, "Canada's Great Victorian-Era Exposition and Industrial Fair," is to be conducted on a scale, from August 30th to September 11th, that will even transcend any former effort made to promote this, the most popular, most comprehensive and most attractive annual show held on this continent. Already a sufficient number of applications for space and of notifications of entries have been received to warrant the "highest expectation". The management have increased the number of medals to be awarded and have made many improvements to the buildings and grounds, showing that they are resolved to leave nothing undone that will enhance the pleasure and comfort of both patrons and exhibitors. They have also determined on a special feature that promises to prove the greatest outdoor spectacle in the way of entertainment that Toronto or any other city has ever known, outside the world's metropolis itself. This spectacle will take the form of a reproduction of the wondrous Diamond Jubilee procession in London. Agents are now across the water hiring and buying the necessary properties and costumes, which will be an exact replica of the uniforms and costumes worn by the soldiery, the sailors, the nobility and the yeomen of the guard in the magnificent procession. Scenes will also be reproduced of the ceremonies at Buckingham Palace, St. Paul's Cathedral and other places along the line of route. Many interesting spectacles will also be introduced, while at night the effect will be heightened and magnified by brilliant illuminations and fireworks. Not only will spectators have brought home to them the grandeur and unity of the empire, but they will be practically taken home to Old London. While dwelling on this grand feature the material aspect of the Exhibition must not be lost sight of, therefore it is well to mention that entries of live stock, and the majority of the departments, close on Saturday, August 7th. Programmes containing all details of the attractions will be issued about the 10th of August.

The mother asks little Dot to go into the next room and see if the clock was running, for she had not heard it strike all the afternoon. Dot came running back, put her curly head into the door, and exclaimed: "Why, no, mamma; de clock ain't a-runnin'; it is des' stan'im' still and a-waggin' its tail."



To find the time required to clean your house with Pearl-ine, take the time required to clean it

last with soap, and divide by two. Use Pearl-ine, and save half your time and half your labor—then you can find time to do something else besides work.

Pearline will clean your carpets without taking them up. It will clean everything. From the kitchen floor to the daintiest bric-a-brac; there's nothing in sight that isn't cleaned best with Pearl-ine. It saves rubbing.

Millions use Pearl-ine

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Cheap Excursions on all Lines of Travel

For prize lists, entry forms, programmes, and all particulars, address—

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DR. J. S. ATWOOD'S EYE WATER

Births, Marriages and Deaths.

Births.

HOWARD—At 329 Peel street, Montreal, on July 11, 1897, a son to Mr. and Mrs. Sydney P. Howard.  
OBORNE—At 4760 Boulevard, Westmount, on July 10th, 1897, a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. James Osborne.

Marriages.

LITCH—BARCLAY—At Belleville, in the Bridge St. Methodist church, Thursday, July 15th, 1897, by the Rev. C. E. McIntyre, the Rev. Hugh D. Leitch, of St. Kimo, to Minnie Barclay, daughter of Mr. J. A. Barclay, of Belleville.  
LAWSON—ANDERSON—At Tiverton, on July 7th, by the Rev. J. A. Anderson, the bride's brother, assisted by Revs. H. McQuarrie, J. Fitzpatrick, and A. Tolmie, Mr. John Patton, Con. 2 Bruce, to Miss Maggie E., daughter of Rev. John Anderson.

Deaths.

GREENLERS At Toronto, on the morning of 20th July, Margaret Hunter, widow of the late John Greenlers, aged 82 years.  
M'GOWAN—At this late residence, (Sooorboro, Ont., July 10th, James M'Gowan, in his eighty-fourth year.  
WILSON—At St Andrew's Manse, Guelburn, New South Wales, on June 3, 1897, aged 71 years, Mary Bow, widow of the late Alexander Wilson, of Glasgow, and sister of Mrs. Andrew Robertson, Eimbank, Montreal.

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BLACHFORD. CLEARING THE ODD LINES

During July we will sell the balance of several lines of first-class Ladies' American and Canadian Ten Shoes, regular prices, \$2.25 to \$1.50 for only \$1.50.  
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