

tiality like the *Evening Post*: and excellent principles like the *Times*. But to a large degree the papers are the tools of some railway corporation, or political party, or money-making company, so that their educating effect is not always of the healthiest kind. Here and there you will see copies of the *New York Daily Witness*, which is for sale at two cents on all news stands, and which is advertised in large letters on blank walls all over Brooklyn and New York. This paper is a bold opponent of the liquor traffic, a fearless defender of the Puritan Sabbath, the organ of no party, and the tool of no corporation. I found the *Witness* office in a small crowded underground story in that corner of the city near the city hall, sacred to the journalistic fraternity. The little place seemed alive with business, more so indeed, than the *Tribune* office on the opposite side of the street, in palatial grandeur, rearing its front over a splendid lager-beer saloon. The printing office of the *Witness* is a few blocks from the publishing office. In a small back-room, there I found Mr. John Dougall at his desk, a venerable man, with broad expanse of face, full of kindness and sense, very little changed from what he was when about eight years ago I had the privilege of his company on the river steamer between Montreal and Toronto. While speaking hopefully of the *Witness*, he remarked that with the summer months the dull season came on for the *New York Press*, and that he was not without a certain measure of anxiety for the *Daily Witness*, which has now reached a circulation of 200,000, while the *Weekly Witness* with a circulation of 100,000, which is more than any weekly newspaper in the United States. This result has been reached after five years work and the expenditure of \$160,000 of capital.

In connection with all the denominations there are many weekly papers

conducted with great ability, and exercising a silent influence for good on the political press, which is now vastly less scornful and sarcastic towards Evangelical Protestantism than it used to be not very long ago. The religious press of the United States is also doing good service in moderating the violence of party feeling, and in upholding the cause of temperance and the Sabbath against the subtle and powerful influence, yearly increasing, of German rationalism, which for the future is more to be dreaded by America than Popish superstition.

THE PULPIT.

The old-fashioned pulpit is fast disappearing from American churches. In its stead has come a platform with a simple book-stand, and a small table (beside the preacher's chair), on which is generally a vase of flowers. This arrangement does well enough for men of commanding appearance and graceful manners: but it is otherwise with men whose bodily presence is weak or peculiar, and whose manner is constrained or contemptible. Besides, in this whole arrangement, there is no spot on which emphatic speakers, like Knox and Chalmers, and some of the great popular preachers of Wales and the Scottish Highlands could clinch an argument or thrill the nerves, by a rousing thump. One nervous twitch of Dr. Candlish's long arms, or one thump of Dr. Cunningham's fist, such as startled his students at times in his class-room, in the New College, would clean subvert the slender pipe-stalk stem of the book rest, on which lies Talmage's small Bible. But men have found out another way of doing these things. Methods matter little. Results form the true criterion. From Sabbath to Sabbath there sounds forth from thousands of these platforms the same old gospel—the manner somewhat changed—that fell from