

francs (\$100), took it for the model of a light and elegant table, lined with dark red velvet. On this he rested the four bronze feet of a beautifully-carved casket of walnut, within which is an album of large dimensions, covered with golden plush. On the upper side of the album the plush forms the frame of a parchment, illuminated in Gothic style, after the pattern of parchments in the Correr Civic Museum, Venice. It bears the following inscription in Italian: 'To the Rev. Mr. John Richardson Macdougall, M.A., the Evangelical Church of Italy, which, during the first and most difficult twenty years of its existence, had in him a convinced apostle, a faithful defender and an incomparable administrator, reverently offers, 1891.' Around the inscription are exquisite views of five of the principal cities of Italy—Rome, Naples, Milan, Florence and Venice. The album contains the photographs of all the ministers and other labourers in active service, and, by express desire of the Committee, those of two honorary members. In the bottom of the casket is a book elegantly bound in cloth and parchment, bearing in gilt letters the following inscription: 'To John R. Macdougall, M.A. The Evangelical Church of Italy.' In this book are bound together the originals of all the addresses of the various Churches, with thousands of signatures. Some of the addresses are, in form, very plain. Others, as those from Naples, Palermo and Undine, are richly adorned. Some, as that from Chiavenna, are in Latin." Sig. Bernatto, already mentioned, fought under Garibaldi. I had the pleasure of meeting him more than once in Venice.

The Church in Florence presented to Mr. Macdougall a family Bible in Italian, richly bound for the occasion, and enclosed in a suitable case.

A deputation from the children of the Evangelical Italian Institute presented to him a beautiful bouquet of flowers, tied with a rich tri-colour ribbon. One of them recited a poetical address in Italian, composed for the occasion.

Sig. Silva, of Bologna, who was unable to be present, sent Mr. Macdougall a poetical address in Italian, composed by himself.

"Mr Macdougall, with deep emotion and amidst signs of the liveliest attention and sympathy, replied." "His address was greeted with enthusiastic applause; and, spoken from the heart, it went straight to the hearts of the entire audience."

Woodbridge, Ont.

T. F.

THE AGED AND INFIRM MINISTERS' FUND.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE WELL-TO-DO MEMBERS OF OUR CHURCH.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES

Your have had appeals addressed to you from Moderators, conveners of committees and agents, but not a word from any of us; we have received the grant with thanks, and however small it has been and insufficient to support us in our declining years, we have economized in every way, denying ourselves many of the comforts of life that might have sweetened our declining years and we have not uttered a murmur or complaint. One after another of our number is dropping off the list; it will soon come to my turn—the sooner the better—but, before I am called away, I would like to speak to you for a little. Please listen, and ponder over this matter.

Some of you were our playmates and school fellows, not very many now, for business men get old and die as well as ministers, but many of you owe much to us for what you are to-day—more than you can tell; your early training, your Christian surroundings, the moulding of your character, your influence for good, are a few of the outcomes of the Gospel ministry. Our school boy days, how grand they were, we wandered over the fields, we climbed the trees for birds' nests, we paddled in the burn, we fished in the shallow stream, we ran to school barefoot in the stour—these were the happy days. Now we are old, our work is nearly done, there is no more leap frog, or games with marbles, no boyish sports, but we are reviewing a busy life and anticipating a coming change. Our lives have been different. You went in for business and you have succeeded; you had your difficulties, your losses, your anxieties, your sleepless nights and troubled days, but you have overcome all your difficulties, God has prospered you, wealth has flowed in upon you and now you spend your days in affluence, respected and honoured by all who know you.

We went to college and studied for the ministry, we might have gone into business too, for which we were just as capable; you remember how we used to help you with your sums at school and translate for you the hard sentences in Cæsar or Virgil, and all through life we have manifested a perseverance and determination that had they been applied to secular employment would have been rewarded with success, but we preferred going into the ministry, we loved the Saviour and we loved to tell our fellow men what He had done for their souls. And God blessed our labours. For forty years He has granted us health and strength and always a field of usefulness. We cannot tell you to how many thousands we have preached the Gospel, nor can we tell you how many have called down upon us the blessing of God with their dying breath, nor can we tell you how many are now living active devoted Christians who own us as their spiritual father, whose heart, whose time, whose money is consecrated to the service of God. And there are many in heaven to-day to whom we pointed out the way and cheered them on their homeward journey. We do not regret the choice we made, nor do we envy you of

your abundance of earthly wealth. We still trust in God. It adds to our pleasure when we know that He opens your hearts and purses to be His servants in ministering to our wants, and thus He brings us together at the close of life to share in each other's joys and to sympathize with each other in our troubles, and anticipating the time that cannot be far off, when we will meet in the Father's many mansions, and shall we not then recall the days of our boyhood, the years of our active life—the one ministering to your spiritual welfare and the other to our temporal support, both labouring together with God. I have more to say, but my space is full; in another issue I will take up the subject now left off and show you our labours in planting many of our now prosperous congregations and the duty of the Church to provide more liberally for the aged and infirm ministers—the early pioneers.

THE MODERATOR.

REV. THOMAS WARDROPE, D.D., GUELPH.

Perhaps the Moderator never was better described than by an enthusiastic admirer who said: "Give me Dr. Wardrope; he is respectable every time." Unique respectability in everything and perennial amiability are the Moderator's strong points as a man and a minister. A really good preacher without being a great one, a happy and effective platform speaker but not conspicuously eloquent or powerful, a good Church court man without any special knowledge of the Book of Forms, a man of fine missionary spirit without making missions a hobby, a life-long and pronounced temperance man, but not a narrow specialist, a progressive man but not a radical, conservative but not an obstructionist, zealous but always prudent, evangelical but never gushy. Dr. Wardrope is one of those finely-balanced men who never fail to have influence in a Presbyterian Church. Whatever he does will be respectably done, whatever he says will be said in the best and happiest style. In the pulpit, on the platform, in the Church courts, on the most irritating committee that ever tried clerical temper, on Church commissions that mean much, or in making or replying to addresses that mean little or nothing, Dr. Wardrope may always be trusted to say the right thing in the most pleasant way. As his admirer observed, he is respectable every time.

Dr. Thomas Wardrope was born in Ladykirk, Berwickshire, Scotland, in May, 1819, and began his studies for the ministry in Edinburgh under Pillans and Dunbar. His father, also a Rev. Thomas Wardrope, was a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, and for years taught the parish school of Ladykirk. From him the future Moderator probably learned those habits of correct speech which never fail him even in the most critical situations. In 1834 the family came to Canada and settled in the township of Flamboro', then a wilderness. After trying his hand for several years at bush farming, he resumed his studies, taking lessons from his father under the superintendence of the Presbytery of Hamilton. In 1842 he entered Queen's College, Kingston, and after the Disruption of 1844 taught for some time the Grammar School of Bytown, now Ottawa. In 1845 he was ordained and inducted pastor of Knox Church, Bytown, in which charge he remained for fourteen years. During these years his actual parish was the Ottawa valley. Like many of the founders of the Free Church, the youthful pastor of Knox Church, Bytown, greatly enjoyed a good preaching tour. To go up the Ottawa, or make a tour through one or two of the older townships was to him a pleasure, and many and rich are the incidents the genial Moderator can relate of these early days. The typical minister of that time was a Home Mission man, and if modern congregations were less exacting in their demands, and their pastors and modern ministers could enjoy Home Mission work occasionally, some of our Home Mission problems would be easier solved.

In 1869 Dr. Wardrope was translated to Chalmers Church, Guelph, his present charge. His pastorates have been few but his honours have been many. In 1858 he was appointed Moderator of the Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Canada; from 1873 to 1877 he was Convener of the Assembly's Committee on the State of Religion, a position his turn of mind and attainments enabled him to adorn; from 1883 until last year he was Convener of the Assembly's Foreign Mission Committee, and during his term of office was privileged to see the work under his charge greatly extended and the missionary spirit of the Church quickened. A short time after the Union of 1875 the degree of Doctor in Divinity was conferred upon him by the authorities of Queen's University, an honour as deservedly won as it is worthily worn. His election to the Moderator's chair in June was made unanimous, and it is safe to say that few elections to the highest place in the gift of the Supreme Court were ever more heartily endorsed by the people of Canada.

Queen's celebrated her first jubilee two years ago. Among the many representative men who took part in the proceedings there were three whose presence awakened suggestive memories and whose speeches were heard and afterwards read with peculiar interest. These were Sir John Macdonald, Dr. Reid and Dr. Wardrope. Sir John and Dr. Reid took part in the meeting held in Kingston fifty years before to lay the foundations of the University. Dr. Wardrope was one of the first students, and the account he gave of his four days' drive from Flamboro' to the University seat, and his hunt for the institution when he arrived, were a long way from being the least interesting part of the jubilee programme. The immediate cause of his going should not be overlooked.

He had heard Dr. Bayne, of Galt, preach on a week day in a log church in the township of Puslinch. With his usual power the Doctor urged the claims of the new college, and pressed home the binding command to preach the Gospel to every creature. To that sermon the Church probably owes the Moderator and his life work. Then and there he resolved that by the grace and help of God he would be present at the opening of that new college. The rest forms part of the history of Presbyterianism in Canada. Who can tell the consequences that may follow the preaching of one sermon? A sermon, even in a log church on a week day, may be a great event if the preacher is a Bayne.

It has already been stated that one of Dr. Wardrope's most marked characteristics is his well-known amiability. It must not be supposed, however, that his amiability arises from weakness of character. He is a man of strong convictions, but he possesses in a rare degree the faculty—the invaluable faculty—of propagating his opinions without wounding anybody's sensibilities. A Liberal by instinct, he probably never had a difficulty with the most pronounced Tory in Ottawa or Guelph. A strong, outspoken temperance man all his days, he never called a liquor seller a hard name. One of the first and most active advocates of liberty in the use of hymns and instruments in public worship, he would be a welcome visitor in the home of the most stalwart Highlander in Puslinch or Glengarry. A worthy man at the Assembly was not far from the facts when he said: "Dr. Wardrope is too good a man for Moderator." Good nature that even a General Assembly cannot disturb in ten hot days is a sight well worth seeing, even if it does at times hold the reins a little loosely and allow the Book of Forms to disappear temporarily from the ecclesiastical conveyance. Dr. Wardrope splitting legal hairs would have been oppressive. Dr. Wardrope ruling by downright good nature was pleasing, because strictly in accordance with the fitness of things.—*Presbyterian Year Book.*

A SUMMER SESSION.

MR. EDITOR,—There has been a great movement forward on this question since last General Assembly. Careful observers at that meeting could see that the Church has made up her mind to do something else than rest, as in the past, supinely on her oars. What that something should be no one could then tell. Since that time the West with an unanimity very remarkable has declared that Manitoba College must try the experiment of changing her winter session in Theology into a summer session. The authorities of this Institution, and so far as is known the students, have accepted this decision. The College may risk something in so doing, but, impressed with the needs of our Home Mission field, it has taken its stand. That the loyalty of its students will be tested somewhat is plain, but at any rate the Church will certainly see that no financial loss comes to this fledgling of the West in its new and we trust higher flight. Manitoba College may be expected to become increasingly the centre of our western missionary life. It is generally agreed that the teaching staff will be increased so as to be as strong as that of any college of the Church. Indeed it is expected that some of the most gifted and earnest men in different parts of the Church will lay upon the altar of missions their services in order that this new scheme may be made a thorough success. The present professors in Theology in Manitoba College have the full confidence of their own students, and only need the supplementing spoken of to make a sufficient staff. Manitoba College, partly with this new scheme in view, has just embarked on the great enterprise of enlarging her overcrowded building, and will need nearly \$40,000 for the improvements and extensions proposed. This enlargement will be required by the time (April 1st, 1893), when the summer session is to begin, should the Assembly approve it. No doubt in this matter the generosity of the Church will be shown to us as in the past. But as to students. From Muskoka to the Pacific Ocean we need for next winter's work fifty labourers. Probably Manitoba College will supply nearly half of that number; surely twenty-five more from our eastern colleges will be willing to accept engagement for a year, beginning next April, to take after that the summer session, and if they choose, then return to their own colleges without losing any time.

Do I appeal in vain to our brave young men? What a magnificent showing for God and truth there will be if fifty of the flower of our theological students throw all their zeal and devotion into our western mission work next winter! I trust volunteers for this work will write to Dr. Robertson, Winnipeg. I hope all the Presbyteries will speak out on this subject and let the General Assembly know the mind of the Church upon it.

Manitoba College, Winnipeg, Jan., 1892.

GEORGE BRYCE.

LIVING IN THE WRONG PLACE.

The place where a Christian lives spiritually has a great deal to do with his power to turn souls to Christ. There are people who live too high up on the mountain, or too low down in the valley ever to do the cause of God much good. There are people who help the enemy by making too much noise around the altar, and there are others who help him because they don't make noise enough. There are people who go wild with excitement in politics on election night who are as quiet as a drum with a broken head during a revival. They weigh a ton for the party, and not more than an ounce or two for Christ. They look too happy at a horse race, and too dismal at a prayer-meeting to have any drawing power for the Lord. They live too much below their privileges to lead any body to Jesus. If they have any religious experience at all it is an unnatural one, and the sinner knows it. The first thing to do, if you want to be a soul winner, is to be filled with the Spirit.—*Ram's Horn.*