

can no man lay." We must remember that the success of our Church is not going to be determined by the amount of money contributed thereto, nor the number of bazaars and tea meetings we have crowded into the years, but rather by the soul-winning power we develop. Our object should be to make better men, and better life among men than we found on our coming, and we can do this only by insisting on Scriptural Holiness throughout our land.

3. We must make vigorous advance as preachers of the Word of Life.

The writer has never forgotten his first day in the ministry, when a sainted brother said to him: "The question will not arise next conference, how many times has he taken tea with his people, but, has he got up his studies and can he preach?"

We do not minimise the importance of pastoral work, but we are quite sure that there are those in the pulpits of today who are inclined to be lax in their pulpit preparations, and are glad to make their pastoral demands an excuse for such laxity. We draw no individual

glad to have you wish men well at their place of business, and enter more or less into their daily life in friendly intercourse, but they do not want this to take the place of the Sunday sermon. A prominent church member recently remarked that for three years he had been in the congregation of a minister and had no recollection of any topic having been spoken about in the week, except the weather. We can scarcely prepare ourselves too well for our Sabbath work. It is a great temptation to wander around making chance calls, but are we not in danger of spending too much time out of, and too little time within, our study?

The preacher must be a student and not all of such study can be done outside of the place peculiarly fitted for such work.

4. We must demand a well qualified ministry. There is a temptation in our rapidly developing Methodism to plant missions on every hand, and we rejoice that it is so, but we must be most careful in so doing that the most efficient men

My First Visit in Victoria

More than 40 years ago, after traversing the H.B.C. canoe route from Fort William to Fort Garry, now Winnipeg, then on foot over the plains and mountains to Fort Colville; thence over the Cascades in midwinter, I reached Astoria—not the Astoria of Washington Irving, which I mistakenly hoped to find, but a small village fast decaying and nearly deserted. A dilapidated saw-mill, a dirty, neglected street or two, and a still dirtier old log hotel kept in the dirtiest fashion by an ancient Dutchman and his frau, formed the greater portion at that time of the now flourishing city at the mouth of the great Columbia. There in the middle of December, '50, I was imprisoned, and the hope of reaching Victoria for Christmas was frustrated by the "Northerner" meeting the ice at St. Helens, and instead of going to Esquimalt voyaged back to San Francisco. For two weeks more I was a thoroughly disgruntled individual; no books, no newspapers, no associates, the same bill of fare, mostly bacon and beans, the dirtiest kind of weather and accommodation made this enforced stay in this Pacific port of Uncle Sam's anything but agreeable. Escape came when the sidewheel steamer Pacific, of sorrowful memory to many Victorians, called, took on board a steerage passenger and landed him at Esquimalt one rainy morning early in the first week of '60. A tramp through from three to six inches of mud or more in places by the first Esquimalt road, and then over the ancient H. B. Co. bridge from Songish reserve to foot of Johnson street, and I found myself at the end of the overland journey from Toronto. A 75-cent breakfast, and a good one he it said, in the pioneer Wilcox hotel, relieved me of a mighty sharp appetite and the last cent of the needful at the same time.

For obvious reasons I got no dinner that day, but early in the evening, after getting rid of as much mud as possible and effecting needed repairs in garments much the worse for wear, I presented myself at the new Methodist par-

age with letters of introduction from the late Drs. Green and Ryerson, of Toronto, and others. The door was answered by the kindly and accomplished daughter of the house, who with a genial smile of welcome, albeit the visitor might have been much more stylish in appearance, asked him in. When the question as to whether Dr. Evans was at home and an affirmative reply given, a rush was made out of the dining room by a tall, buxom and good looking young woman, and before the visitor knew what happened a pair of magnificent feminine arms were around his neck and a salute of the heartiest description bestowed upon him. Needless to say that such a reception had an astounding effect, and the young man was not a little rattled. Amid the merriment which this episode produced among the company assembled, the somewhat bashful new arrival was slow in recognizing an Eastern acquaintance. This brought a shade of disappointment on the countenance of the principal actor, and she asked the other party if it was possible that she was forgotten? "Don't you remember Miss G., the sister of T.



METROPOLITAN CHURCH, VICTORIA.

comparisons, but we venture to say that if there is anything of first importance it is **TO PREACH**. We have noble men, powerful men, thoughtful men in our pulpits, and the days are upon us when these must play a greater part in the development of our national life; but there is still need for a stronger effort on the part of all that our pulpit may be sustained in its thought and power and may not lose its hold upon our people. We must bring our best thought, our best effort, and our best prayer, to bear upon our pulpit work; but good as prayer is, and necessary as holiness of life is, these two, alone, will produce very poor sermons. That the duties of a faithful minister are many we know, but we also know that those are most successful and most influential in our work who do not fail to remember that the first duty of the minister is to preach. There is a danger of mis-spent effort on the part of many of the preachers of today. Of course our congregations are

obtainable shall be placed on our new mission fields. It is better to leave a field unoccupied for a year than to imperil its interests in the hands of an inefficient man. "Try the spirits," saith the apostle. Let us try our men. Many a man whom some good minister has denominated in Conference as a "good brother," or "a clear case," simply because he came from his circuit or because his father was a good man at prayer, would be better behind a plow than behind a pulpit. We want men whose energy and push and zeal and attainments will make for the success of our work every time, and not men who puzzle our stationing committees after a few years, and men for whom we desire location. Our article is now too long, and there remains so much unsaid, but may we conclude by a sentence seeking to express in brief what we have said. We want strong life, strong thought, strong men, and we shall have a strong Church.