

Our Contributors.

IS THAT THE BEST WORK YOU CAN DO?

BY KNOXONIAN.

The other week, a straight-laced denominational journal across the lines advised its readers not to support non-denominational religious papers. One of the non-denominational papers immediately arose, and solemnly asked its denominational neighbour this important question:

IS THAT THE BEST WORK YOU CAN DO FOR THE LORD?

This question is a searcher. It might do most of us a great deal of good if we could hear a voice saying to us at times: Is that the best work *you* can do for the Lord?

BROTHER LEGALITY has a weakness for raising legal points in ecclesiastical procedure. It pleases him more to find a legal flaw in something than it pleases him to have a good prayer meeting, or a fine missionary meeting, or even a profitable communion season. When he goes to Presbytery he rises and asks if this meeting has been legally called; then he makes verbal criticism on something in the minutes; then he objects to something as "incompetent," to another thing as unconstitutional, and crowns his pettifoggery performance by declaring something *ultra vires*. Brother, is that the best work you can do for the Lord in a spiritual court? If it is, your first duty is to go home, and get yourself reconstructed.

BROTHER FECKLESS, M.A., stands up in his pulpit, and reads from his manuscript, or from his memory, a dainty little essay, which, by an extraordinary flight of the imagination, he dignifies with the name of sermon. It is written from beginning to end in the third person. It is impersonal all the way through. There is no direct address. He never looks the people squarely in the face, and says "we" or "you." Hard-headed business men look on with mingled feelings of pity and contempt, as they think of the rousing political address they heard last evening, and remember the way they saw some lawyer work up a jury a few days ago. Brother Feckless, is that the best pulpit work you can do for the Lord?

ELDER OPPOSER does exactly what his name indicates, and does nothing more except serve the communion table. It would be better if he didn't even do that. He never calls on anybody, never visits the sick, never helps in any way. When any new mode of working is proposed then he always comes out strong. His *forte* is to oppose everything—to stand in the way. He is a chronic obstructionist. He neither works himself, nor allows anybody else to work in peace. His motto is, "I object." His work is to prevent other people from working. Oh, Mr. Opposer, is that the best work you can do for the Lord? If that is the best you can do, how can you expect the welcome, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant?"

MR. SNARLING comes to church occasionally. Presumably, he comes to worship. How much he does worship may be learned from the fact that when he leaves he sneers at the sermon, makes small remarks about the singing, speaks like a genuine "puppy" about the class of people who worship there, and talks disparagingly about the whole service. Mr. Snarling, if that is the best you can do in the way of worship, it will go hard with you some day.

Here is a citizen who constantly growls about the government of his municipality. The taxes are high, the streets are in a bad condition, the sidewalks are in need of repair, the gas is dim and the water bad. Everything is mismanaged. The aldermen are a bad lot. The officials are dishonest. If the aldermen levy taxes for improvements, this citizen talks about rebellion. He thinks he ought to have good light, good water, good streets, good sidewalks, good everything without paying for them. Mr. Growler, is that the best you can do for your town? If it is, you had better go north somewhere, and live among the Indians. You are not sufficiently educated for civilized citizenship. A good citizen helps to advance the interest of his community, and if he cannot put his shoulder directly to the wheel himself, he encourages those who have their shoulders there.

Here is a man who calls himself a Presbyterian, but can never see any good in the Presbyterian Church. He sees good things in Episcopalianism; admires much in Methodism; approves strongly of

some of the methods of the Plymouth Brethren; and has a decided liking for the Salvation Army. Dear Mr. Softy, is that the best you can do for your Church? If it is, then, perhaps, you had better join the Salvation Army, and run for drummer. If you get elected, you can command more attention by beating the drum head than you are ever likely to do by using your own head.

Before closing, let us take a look at this good man who gives his attention to the public schools. Everything is wrong. The teacher is too lax or too severe. The text books are not proper. The schoolroom is too hot or too cold. The hours are too short or too long. The real trouble with that school is that the teacher cannot put brains into this good man's brainless children. Considering their parentage, the children are about what any sensible man would expect them to be. They came into the world under some terrible hereditary disadvantages. Nature was too kind to make them so clever as to hurt their father's feelings, by contrast. Stand up, Mr. Grumbler, and honestly tell us if worrying that teacher is the best work you can do for education in this country. If it is, you had better join the first form of some good school for intellectual culture, and read the Scripture selections to tone you up morally.

If an editor writes an abusive editorial, or states facts that are not facts, it would be a good thing to say to him: Is that the best editorial work you can do?

If a politician makes a low, abusive speech full of distorted facts and untrue statements, somebody ought to go quietly up to him at the close and say. Mr.— is that the best work you can do?

When a man worries or bores a public meeting, somebody should whisper gently to him. "Is that the best work you can do?"

Good question this for us all.

THE LATE REV. W. C. McCULLAGH, BELFAST.

Another name has been added to the long list of sudden deaths which have occurred among the ministers of the Irish Assembly during the past twelve months. Many of the departed, whose sudden deaths have caused a feeling of sadness in many circles, were known by reputation, and personally, to a large number of Presbyterians throughout Canada.

The esteemed clergyman whose name stands at the head of this notice occupied, for many years, a prominent place in the Belfast Presbytery, the Synod and Assembly, and his fine physique and pleasing countenance marked him out as one of the best looking men in the General Assembly.

Mr. McCullagh was born at Maghera, county of Derry, in 1822, and was the eldest son of Dr. David Graham McCullagh, whose family had resided there for many years. At an early age "William" was apprenticed to the woollen drapery business, with Mr. Joseph Barkley, afterward the Rev. Joseph Barkley, of Carminoney, where, according to the custom in those days, he was to serve six years in order to learn his trade. Mr. Barkley, his employer, being an active elder in the Presbyterian Church, and a man of strong Presbyterian convictions, no doubt exercised a healthy influence over his ambitious apprentice, and although the McCullagh family belonged to the Episcopalian Church, by the time his apprenticeship had expired, young McCullagh's opinions had undergone a complete change; and employer and employed both resigned the "yard and scissors," and commenced to study for the ministry.

The air of Maghera seems favourable to the production of ministers; for from this little place, which sleeps cosily under the shadow of the Dungiven Mountains, came forth to the world such men as Dr. Adam Clarke, Dr. Alexander Carson, whose writings have a world-wide reputation, and Dr. Henry Cooke, whose name has for many years been a household word throughout Ireland, and whose services to the cause of truth and Protestantism when fiercely attacked, will be felt for ages yet to come.

Mr. McCullagh was educated at the Belfast Academical Institution, where so many Ulster Presbyterian clergymen were educated, and in 1849 was licensed to preach the Gospel. In 1851 Mr. McCullagh was settled in Ballysillan, in the immediate neighbourhood of his friend, Rev. Mr. Barkley, where he remained until removed by death.

Having a thorough grasp and understanding of the grievances and disabilities under which the Presby-

terian Church then suffered from a dominant Establishment, Mr. McCullagh was outspoken in the advocacy and defence of his new faith, and his sermons and lectures on these and other subjects were listened to with pleasure and interest.

In the two great parties in the General Assembly at this time, as led by Doctors Cooke, Stewart and others, on the one side, and that led by Doctors Dill, Goudy and Rodgers, on the other, Mr. McCullagh, for many years, was a follower of the latter, or what was then known as the Derry Party, and who, after years of sharp controversy, succeeded in erecting Magee College in the city of Derry.

In later years Mr. McCullagh's views were more moderate, and, as he advanced in life, grew in popularity and favour with his brethren, and in public esteem. The feeling will be general that his place will not be easily filled.

Mr. McCullagh was attending the meeting of Presbytery in Belfast. He left Fitzroy Avenue Church in the evening, in his usual health, and dropped dead on his way home. He was sixty-five years old, and had been a successful and hard-working minister for thirty-six years. Besides being an eloquent preacher and lecturer, Mr. McCullagh was a well-known contributor to the local press of Belfast.

March 17, 1887.

WINNIPEG.

The star of Empire turns westward, and a large number of the young men of Ontario and the Lower Provinces have taken the advice of Horace Greeley and come West—some for better and others again can truly say with the honest Irishwoman who remarked that in her case "it was all for the worse." At present the prospects are good, and the citizens have unbounded confidence in the future of the Prairie Province. Manitoba has had its boom, and it has suffered from it. A great deal of property changed hands, and considerable sums were realized by investors, who for the time wondered that any one remained in the slow and backward Province of Ontario, much less that of the still slower Province of Quebec; but for the time they solaced themselves with the thought that these people would see the error of their ways, and soon find their way to this land of promise.

Winnipeg is a marvel; only think of a city of 21,000 inhabitants in what a few years ago was only a small town of 4,000 or 5,000! In 1870 it was but a chief trading town of the Hudson's Bay Company, and had only a population of 300 souls. In 1873 the city was incorporated, and had then a population of nearly 2,000. The offices, warehouses, public buildings and private residences would be creditable to any city, whilst the push, energy and perseverance of the people are well worthy of emulation by the older Provinces.

HOTELS.

There are 100 hotels in the place, which do a large business. Five or six of them do an aggregate business of \$250,000 a year. There are about ninety mercantile establishments, doing a jobbing and wholesale business throughout the Territories, and I am informed that the entire business of the place last year would foot up to something like \$26,000,000.

There is a good street car service, and the streets are lighted with electric light. Besides the private banks and counting houses there are seven chartered banks, one of which has its head office in Winnipeg. During the boom, land sold high. On Portage Avenue, which five years ago would probably have accommodated the city, land realized over \$300 per foot. The boundaries of the city will be ample for its wants for many years to come. It is estimated that half a million of people could find comfortable accommodation in Winnipeg. The streets are wide, and in some districts are planted with trees which impart an appearance of comfort to the locality.

THE CLIMATE

is cold, but dry and bracing, the thermometer ranging from forty-five to ten degrees below zero, and even at the first-named figure Winnipeggers say that they don't feel the cold, but this only applies to residents, as strangers and sojourners speak differently, and, being a late importation, and none of those "fat kine" who don't feel cold, I have retained my natural feelings, and would prefer a more genial climate.