

Our Contributors.

THE CRITIC'S CORNER.

The Red Flag or the Red Herring.

We have all at sometime had forced upon our attention the slang phrase "painting the town red." I have never met a precise definition of it but I suppose it means something violent, riotous and disreputable. There is a similar phrase that is used in a larger sphere and that is supposed to mean something infinitely more respectable and dignified, namely, "painting the map red." It may be, in a superficial sense unpatriotic to make the confession but upon any impartial reading of our own history it must be unacknowledged that too often the highest considerations have been forgotten in the efforts to gain new territory and push the interests of commerce. A man is not necessarily "a little Englander" because he thinks that we ought now to pay a little more attention to the deepening of the life of the empire and less to its mere enlargement.

I read recently an interesting volume on "The Old Red Line," a book which gives the history of the all British Cable. That book shows the noble work done by Sir Sanford Fleming and others. It gives a specimen of what can be accomplished by persistent, well-directed effort on the line of peaceful progress. Surely it is helpful to ourselves and not harmful to others to have a cable running to the various parts of our wide-spread territories. That undertaking will serve useful purposes in the ordinary affairs of peace as well as in the special events of war. "Defence not defiance" might well be the motto of such an enterprise.

But now Mr. Chamberlain attempts to apply the "all red" idea to commerce, and many of us think that he is going too far, or at least too fast. In connection with the Home Rule movement Lord Randolph Churchill is reported to have spoken of him as "the old man in a hurry." Now we may perhaps regard the Colonial Secretary as a young man, as he has not yet reached three score years and ten, but with regard to this particular movement he certainly seems to be in a great hurry. It is significant that Punch sends out a cartoon entitled "Foiled" which shows that the highwayman Joe has failed in his attack on the Free Trade Coach. Whether the present government in Britain splits up over this discussion or not, I feel quite confident that Mr. Chamberlain cannot within an early period formulate and carry through an elaborate system of preferential trade. His sympathisers say No! but we can hold an election on the grand imperial idea, we can throw into the background this wretched school question, the Temperance questions and many other petty parish questions and we can launch out into the large imperial realm. Mr. Chamberlain has been asked some pertinent questions as to the details of his scheme and he replies grandly "let us settle the principle first" and so to the elector who is passionately interested in domestic questions, many of them of the greatest importance, the Colonial Secretary's new programme seems to be the old trick of "drawing a red-herring across the trail;" or in other words setting up a spirited foreign policy to divert attention from burning questions at home. In Canada we are apt to look only on one side of this ques-

tion, the prospect of gain to our farmers, but it is well to remember that there are many other sides to a question of such importance and far revealing influence. However, the chances are that we still have plenty of time in which to discuss it.—VERAN.

Congregational Singing.

BY UNCLE WILL.

The author of "Studies in Worship Music" thus records his personal impressions of Psalmody at Logells chapel,

"In every way the conducting of the Service of Praise is novel. The precentor Mr. Nicholas, stands on a raised platform below the pulpit, the hymns and tunes are on the tablets and there is therefore no need for them to be announced.

It might be well to give some idea as to the position of the tablets. ("On either side of the pulpit are two large tablets, which announce in bold figures the numbers of the hymns and tunes for the service, and the amount of last Sunday's offerings. (Some member of the Deacon's court or the board of managers might utilize the above.) These figures fit so neatly into their places that they seem a part of the tablets.)

When the people have found the hymn and the tune, Mr. Nicholas stands, the congregation then stand too. He blows the keynote on his pitch pipe, and the congregation respond with a full round chord. This having died away, at a signal from the precentor they start the hymn.

The first thing to be noted about the singing is its sharpness and clearness. There is no dragging or drawing, all is life, spirit and promptness. The accent is good, and the congregation answers readily to changes of force and movement suggested by the precentor in order to bring out the meaning of the words. But by far the strongest feeling produced on a stranger is that of hearing full and balanced harmony pouring in from all sides. This does not come from either end of the building; it comes from every where.

In many churches if one joins heartily in the singing one feels singular, because very few in the congregation are doing the same. At Logells Chapel one has precisely the opposite feeling. Here to be silent is to feel singular, because everybody is at work. The sound of voices all round is infectious: almost insensibly one begins to sing.

It should be noticed that this congregational result has not been reached by starving the psalmody from a musical point of view, or levelling it down to infantile simplicity. In Mr. Feaston's time a great point was made of antiphonal singing of the hymns, sometimes the people in the galleries would answer those below; sometimes the children would sing a verse by themselves often men would take a verse above or again the women would do the same.

To judge by the delights with which these effects are recalled over a distance of many years, they must have been very appropriate and very expressive.

All along there have been chants and anthems sung as well as hymns.

Much attention is also paid to musical expression which has its root not in mere artistic effect, but in the devotional spirit.

(To be Continued.)

The Late L't.-Governor of Ontario.

BY T. FENWICK.

When I was only a small boy, Sir Oliver Mowat was my Sabbath School teacher. Very few of those still "to the fore," can say the same. We worshipped in the first St. Andrew's church, Toronto, at the corner of Newgate (now Adelaide) and Church streets, opposite where, now, is St. James' parochial school. It was opened in 1831. After standing fifty years it was pulled down. I may say that my father and mother were the first caretakers of it. Several years ago, when I was pastor of the Presbyterian church of Metis, Que., I called on Sir Oliver, at that time, the Attorney General. His office was in what was formerly Judge Hagerman's house. I wished to extract some golden pus from his purse to help us in the building of our new church. Of course, I "put my best foot foremost." I related to him what I have just related. It gave him pleasure, and he gave me a "V." Not long before he passed away I had occasion to write to him. Lest he might have forgotten it, I repeated what I said to him long before. In his reply, he said that these reminders of days long past were pleasing to him. He also sent me a copy of his work on Christianity.

I do not say that Sir Oliver Mowat was perfect, but I do say that we have every reason to believe that he was a Christian "in whom was the root of the matter." He was abused by some, but if they have not already done so—they will see their mistake, by and by. May they do so before they pass into the eternal world.

It is an unspeakable blessing to a country to have godly, as well as talented men, to direct its affairs. Look at those "uncrowned kings"—Joseph and Daniel. Some say that godly persons should have nothing whatever to do with politics. This is a very great mistake. It is a very fair question "Should politics be handed over to the devil?" The Bible says that "the powers that be are ordained of God." Politics, properly so-called, are, therefore, all right.

Sir Oliver's body is now lying in the cold ground. But it is "redeemed dust," and shall, therefore, when it is raised again, be fashioned like to Christ's glorious body. Man is a compound being. He is not all body, neither is he all soul. He consists of both. The dead bodies of the Lord's people are, therefore, precious to Him. Our Shorter Catechism very beautifully, as well as very truly, says: "The souls of believers are, at death, made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory, and their bodies being united to Christ, do rest in their graves till the resurrection."

The main element in the bliss of heaven is the presence of Jesus. Think on it—seeing in His glorious body the nail-prints of Calvary which He received for us, and hearing the sweet words which fall from His lips into which grace is poured.

Here we prepare for eternity, either for weal or woe. As we sow in this life, we shall reap forever, hereafter.

Woodbridge, Ont.

The Toronto News on a Prominent Methodist.

A Graceful Tribute.

Rev. Dr. Dewart was one of the chief figures in Canadian Methodism. He was a man of remarkable force, singularly persistent and aggressive, and with a robust controversial method. His life went back to pioneer days, and was rich in reminiscences