

His portrait appeared in every Toronto daily paper, from one to twelve times. For a preacher to read from the pulpit all that has appeared in the local papers about this villain would occupy the time of the morning and evening service every Sabbath for a year. In print it would make a book as large as the Holy Bible. The man, as I say, smothered several women and children.

When at last he was convicted and sentenced to death, we had a right to assume that we should hear no more of him save that the decree of the law had, in due course, been fulfilled. But this man who dare not be allowed to walk the streets, who might have petitioned in vain for liberty to conclude his days in the desert of Sahara, and who was denied the privilege of living out his life shut in forever in a stone cell—this man had placed at his disposal all the appliances of civilization on the North American continent so that he might bring his personality into contact with the individualities of eighty million human beings. It was a foul contact. The press that published that lying story, that mixture of murder and mock sentiment, committed an offence that will be hard of atonement. When an evil thought is suggested to a passive mind the possible criminality of the influence exerted is beyond computation.

The preacher, with eyes looking into his, with faces uplifted to him, and with a more or less safe knowledge of his congregation, is fully conscious of his responsibility. He knows that if he speaks lightly of murder some of those who are listening to him may think lightly of that crime. He knows that if he declares wine to be a good thing some of his hearers will construe the statement into a license to get drunk. If he condones a fault, some will begin to practice it as a virtue. His audience is before him; he cannot forget his responsibility for a moment. The editor sits in his office, alone. He writes in silence. In a general way he is

aware that the article he is writing will reach a tremendous audience. He has no precise consciousness of it. He does not note the effect of each succeeding sentence. He is not affrighted at the construction some put upon an original declaration. He sees the article in the proof. It reads well. He likes it. He feels that Smith will agree with it—that Jones will attack it. The vast multitude of people who will read the article are impalpable and unreal to him. He sees the mighty press printing, at the rate of hundreds per minute, the paper containing the article, but this is a detail of manufacture. Each paper does not represent a reader or a family of readers to him. He sees the piles of papers, the wagon-loads of mail bags go out, but is still unconscious of his attentive congregation. He has written his article for the *paper*, not for the people. He forgets it in a day, but the influence of it may be as eternal as the eating of the apple in Eden.

Examine a daily paper. If you are an editor of a daily paper, examine your own. You will find in it despatches from Cape Town, Johannesburg, Matabeleland, Abyssinia, Cuba, Wady Halfa, London, Paris, Berlin, and all parts of our own country. The secret service of any king or emperor that ever lived before the present century—all his couriers, diplomats, spies, hired traitors, soldiers and all—was not equal to that service which the editor of the smallest daily paper in Toronto has at his command. Does the editor realize this? Does he show the breadth and quality of mind that a man should who daily surveys the whole human race? With the vision, the nerves, veins, and arteries of a god, does he not persist in being a very commonplace human. Holding his paper before his face the editor is oblivious of the great multitude who read it. He is unaware and irresponsible; and, concealed from view, he is not held responsible by others.

The newspaper of the future, it