

Our Contributors.

AN OPEN LETTER TO JAMES BEATTY, Q.C., M.P., AND AUTHOR OF A BOOK ENTITLED "PAYING THE PASTOR."

BY KNOXONIAN.

SIR,—You have felt it to be your duty to publish a book, the avowed object of which is to prove that pastors should not be paid for their services. The spirit in which you write this book may easily be learned from the following :

As soon as your ears will allow you to exercise your functions you see a man deformed, tall, and thin, medium-sized and fat, or short and chunky, enter from a door at the rear or side of the pulpit, with solemn gait, grave demeanour, and pleasant smile, growing into solemn visage, the tailor's or milliner's skill strikingly displayed in gowns and tassels, ruffles and starch, hood and necktie, all carried with the mien and carriage of a master of ceremonies, your spiritual master and pastor.

No doubt you are of the opinion that this description of a preacher is exceedingly clever. It would be amusing were it not so intolerably stupid and contradictory. Ordinary mortals fail to see how the pastor described can be "tall and thin," and at the same time "short and chunky." This sentence, which you seem to have elaborated with great care, shows the spirit in which you come to the discussion of a grave and important question, and throws a flood of light on your book. The following description which you give of a religious service serves the same purpose :

A prayer, a hymn, an organ-recital, a collection, a Scripture reading, a sermon of from fifteen to twenty-five minutes of glittering generalities, plagiarized platitudes, and soothing sophisms, a prayer, and again a hymn, maybe, a benediction, and a bustle out, and the public worship of God is over.

These extracts show how you *feel* towards the men whose rights you assail.

Please allow me to ask you one or two questions before we say anything about your book. I learn from one of the daily journals that the original title of your book was "Paying the Pastor, Unscriptural and Papistical." Pray, Mr. Beatty, why did you change this title in your reprint? Why did you drop the word *Papistical*? It is not a very elegant word certainly, but it no doubt expressed some idea that you had in your mind at the time you used it. Is paying the pastor "Papistical?" Then why don't you say so in your reprint as well as in the original title? Perhaps you mean that paying the pastor was "Papistical" when you published your first edition and ceased to be "Papistical" by the time the world needed a second edition. If you don't rise and explain, Mr. Beatty, wicked men may conclude that fear of the Catholic vote in West Toronto may have had something to do with this change of title.

In a speech delivered in England not long ago, you are reported as having made the following statements about the mineral wealth of Canada :

There are mines of gold, of silver, of copper and precious stones—all you have to do is to go and pick them up. Gold lies there in the beds of the rivers, shining in the gladness of noonday sun, and all you have to do is pick it up and put it in your pocket.

No "glittering generalities," or "plagiarized platitudes," or "soothing sophisms" in that glowing description of Canadian rivers. It is original—strikingly original. The originality shines out much more clearly than the lumps of gold referred to shine "in the gladness of the noonday sun." Probably an Englishman, who, on the strength of this outburst, came to Canada to pick up the gold and put it into his pocket, might conclude that there was a "sophism" lurking somewhere, though he certainly would conclude that the sophism was "soothing." Now, Mr. Beatty, are the facts set forth in your book as reliable as *facts* contained in this speech?

I shall not follow you into the Scripture argument on this question of paying the pastor. To bring the weight of Scripture to bear on your book would be a useless expenditure of force. A sledge-hammer is not used killing mosquitoes, nor are shoes pegged with a pile-driver. The usage of your own profession amply illustrates the absurdity of your book.

As a lawyer you willingly take compensation for your eminent professional services. Are your services worth more to your clients than the services of a pastor are worth to his congregation? Is pleading in the courts a higher and better kind of work than preaching the Gospel, praying with the sick and comforting the dying? You would take as large a fee as you

could get for trying to convince a judge that there is a difference between *tweedledum* and *tweedledee*; but you think the man who tries to convince men to live better lives should work for nothing! Lawyers take pay in advance for defending murderers, keepers of bawdy-houses, and people of that kind; but you consider that the man who spends his strength in urging his fellow-men to live orderly and pure lives should work for nothing and board himself! A member of your profession would take \$500 for defending the dispenser of frozen whiskey in Muskoka, or the purchaser of cats in Lennox for purposes of bribery; but you contend that a preacher who helps to make men honest should receive no salary!

Let us take a concrete illustration with which your legal mind can easily grapple. St. Andrew's Church in your constituency is a noble structure, built by constituents of yours, who are so ignorant and foolish as to pay their pastor. From some point on the premises there is no doubt a drain leading to the nearest sewer. Should the corporation illegally interfere with that drain the people of St. Andrew's would proceed against the city in the courts. You would take a brief from St. Andrew's—if you got it. Let us suppose you got the brief and a good retainer such as the St. Andrew's people would give. You take proceedings; you argue about that drain in court; you explain all about its origin and its connection with the sewer. While you are doing this high class work for St. Andrew's in the courts, their pastor, Mr. Macdonnell, is preaching the Gospel to them, visiting the sick, comforting the bereaved, praying with the dying, and burying the dead. You would take pay for attending to the drain; but Mr. Macdonnell should not get anything for ministering to the spiritual wants of the people! That point may be seen more easily than the gold that you described as "shining in the gladness of the noonday sun."

Let me lead you gently along another line of illustration. As a lawyer wearing silk you no doubt have great respect for the Bench and Bar. How does it come that so many of the most eminent men on the Bench and at the Bar pay the pastor and listen devoutly to the "plagiarized platitudes" to which you refer? Does it not strike you as a little strange that Episcopalians like the venerable and honoured Chief Justice of Ontario, S. H. and Edward Blake; Presbyterians like Mr. Justice Patterson, Attorney-General Mowat, James McLennan, Q.C., and the late Mr. Bethune; Baptists like Chancellor Boyd; Methodists like Mr. McLaren and Mr. Justice Rose (who sits, rumour says, where you tried to sit)—does it not seem strange that these men all pay for "plagiarized platitudes?"

You are a member of the House of Commons. As such you receive a thousand dollars for each session and travelling expenses. The indemnity for last session was fifteen hundred dollars, twice the minimum salary of a Presbyterian minister. Could you state in terms as exact as those in which you describe Canadian rivers the precise value of the services which you rendered the Dominion for these fifteen hundred dollars of the people's money? If you could make this plain your book might have more influence.

There are other points we might discuss, such as this: The people pay the pastor voluntarily. They are not taxed for his salary as the people of the Dominion are taxed for your sessional allowance. Their contributions are a free-will offering. There are no taxing officers such as make up your bills of costs. The people need not pay the pastor unless they like, but the best of them always do like. And they don't pick the money out of these rivers either. No doubt you pity them. The next time you address your constituents tell them what fools they are; but be careful about that word "Papistical."

ECHOES FROM THE OCCIDENT.

A TRIP THROUGH THE NEW WESTMINSTER DISTRICT.

BY J. S., NEW WESTMINSTER, B.C.

At a public meeting held in New Westminster a few weeks ago, it was decided to protest against recent measures passed by the Governor in Council at Ottawa, anent Dominion lands and timber in the Province of British Columbia. A deputation of three were appointed to visit the various settlements in the districts for the purpose of securing the co-operation of the settlers in having the obnoxious regulations repealed. Through the kindness of Mr. William Mc-

Dougall, Reeve of Surrey, one of the deputation, who undertook to drive the party from place to place, the writer was invited to accompany them.

On a Tuesday morning, therefore, at seven o'clock, he found himself aboard the *Yosemite*, for Ladner's Landing, a place fourteen miles down the Fraser River, where the first meeting was to be held. Nothing of interest occurred on the boat except some complaints against a careless expressman who failed to arrive in time with some baggage. The general cry of dull times has evidently not reached our expressmen, since, on the previous day, two of them who were asked to take some baggage down to the boat before seven o'clock a.m., quietly replied: "We are not in the habit of turning out so early in the morning."

Ladner's Landing, situated on the south side of the Fraser River, includes a store, school-house, Anglican church, and several private residences. There are several canneries in the vicinity. The land is low and requires to be dyked to the height of about four feet. The soil, being an alluvial deposit, is very rich, and when well worked is like a garden. The crops are in excellent condition.

While the deputation were pouring forth their eloquence upon the heads of the settlers, the writer visited a cannery where the work of preparation for the salmon harvest was being vigorously prosecuted by eighteen Chinamen. They were making salmon cans. Like the manufacture of a pin, the work was divided. One man sized and squared the sheets of tin, another cut them into three divisions, a third arranged these divisions into groups of three or four, a fourth turned these into circular form, several were engaged in soldering the sides of the cans, two were making bottoms, others adjusted the bottoms to the sides, the cans were then rolled through a vat of molten solder in such a way that the bottoms were soldered to the sides, they were next inspected and stowed away. In this way these eighteen men were making over 30,000 cans per day. The fishing season begins about the 1st of July. There are usually two good seasons in succession, then a middling good one, then a poor one, and then the good seasons return. The present is a good season. The various canneries on the Lower Fraser expect to put up this year about 100,000 cases.

At twelve o'clock we were on the road to Surrey Centre, which is fifteen miles from Ladner's Landing. The first four miles were corduroy, made of split cedar. Although we had a spring waggon, it did not seem to spring very much, and we were considerably shaken up. Six miles from the Landing stands a Presbyterian church, erected a few years ago. It is a neat frame structure; but since its erection only two Presbyterian sermons have been preached in it. For a long time the birds have had complete possession. Mr. McKee, an extensive land-owner, and a staunch Presbyterian, pays annually \$27 for insurance, in the hope that some day we may have a minister in it. As the land is chiefly owned by speculators, the population is very sparse. There are not more than four or five Presbyterian families in the neighbourhood. Mr. Thomson's field bounds it on one side and Mr. Dunn's on the other side, so that there is not enough work here for a missionary. It is hoped that a re-arrangement of the whole field will soon take place in such a way as to give these people the Gospel in the form they prefer. This whole district needs draining and dyking. The Provincial Government should take the work in hand and do it well. So long as this work is left to private parties it will never be done satisfactorily. Were the land properly reclaimed it would make a comfortable home for thousands. Continuing our journey, we soon leave the low lands and ascend a high hill, densely wooded, chiefly with fir. As we travel along the side of this hill we pass on the right the Mud Bay Settlement, situated at the mouths of the Serpentine and Nicomekl Rivers, near the United States boundary line. At this place the Rev. Mr. Dunn, of Langley, preaches fortnightly. The contract for a new church has been let, and the building will be completed in August. At three o'clock p.m., we arrived at Surrey Centre, which includes a grocery, smithy, Anglican church, rectory, and town hall. The settlers to the number of forty were waiting. The chairman having been appointed, he lost no time in making a speech, but introduced at once the members of the deputation, who proceeded to explain their mission. The audience were deeply interested, especially in the regulation requiring the settler to have forty acres ready for cultivation in three years, and to pay