

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

A PRAYER-MEETING WITH A NUB TO IT.

[The evil which the prayer-meeting described below attempted to lessen is just as prevalent and just as damaging in many Canadian cities, towns and villages, as among our American cousins. The pernicious influence of the worse than trashy "boys' papers," offered for sale at the counter of nearly every news-dealer in the Dominion cannot be over-estimated; and the sooner parents, guardians, and teachers earnestly set about remedying the evil the better for the future of our country.—ED. CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.]

It was our Friday evening union meeting in the Week of Prayer, and a very good meeting it was. Every one present, men and women, especially the women, I think, felt the importance of the subject of our supplications—that the sources and channels of the influence of the press might be purified. There had been some things to set us thinking on the subject.

An awful outbreak of crime in our part of the State, that could not be traced to drink, nor to avarice, nor to lust, nor to ignorance, nor to false religious teaching, nor to immigration, had made many people wonder whether illustrated journals of crime, depicting in full detail the methods used by eminent and successful criminals to accomplish and conceal their work, might not perhaps have had an unfavourable influence on the public morals. And some remarks of a brother connected with the School Board, to the effect that the moral tone, and even the scholarship of the public schools were suffering from the circulation of a certain class of "boys' papers," were listened to with hushed attention, as if there were great searchings of heart in many a father's and mother's bosom in the meeting. But there was not much speech-making, and there was a good deal of very serious, earnest praying to God to interfere and set this matter right.

It was not till toward the end of the hour—about the time the brother who presides generally remarks: "Brethren we have only a few minutes more; do not let the time be wasted"—that the new minister, who has just come to preach at the church over on the North side, rose and made one of the strangest prayer-meeting addresses I have ever heard.

"My friends, I am a new-comer in Littleton, and I confess that I do not understand you. You do seem to be very much in earnest, to feel the greatness of this evil, and to be praying sincerely for the Lord to remove it. The question that puzzles me is why you don't remove it yourselves. I have observed that these papers you so justly complain of are openly exhibited and sold on your best business street at shops where you all have dealings, and which pass for respectable shops. The trade only exists by your tolerance. If you will stand by each other and agree to shun any shop that refuses to pledge itself to conform to reasonable demands in this matter, you can have your own way about it. At least, you can put a mark on any place where papers confessedly pernicious are openly sold, as a disreputable place, to be shunned by decent people as they shun a common dram-shop. But there won't be any such place, for this town is not large enough to support a news-office from which the support of respectable people is withdrawn. I merely suggest if you really are in earnest you do something about the matter, and do it now!"

And when he said "now," the new minister brought his hand down on the seat in front of him with a thump that made us all start. Well, I assure you that there was no need that evening to exhort the brethren to "occupy the time." Col. Harkins (he is a deacon now, but we call him colonel still) jumped up and said, "That's right! I am ready for action." And Elder Wilson shouted "Amen!" from the back seat, and the teacher of our High School—But I need not try to tell you what we said; what we *did* was more to the purpose.

The minister of the old stone church, who presided, asked that after the benediction the men who were willing to take hold and do something stay just long enough to appoint a committee. And then he was just lifting up his hands to give the benediction, when the new minister came skurrying up to the platform, and said:

"Wait a minute, brother. This committee won't know what they can do unless they know how much they are to be backed up. How many of these people will stand by one another and by us in pledg-

ing themselves to have no dealings with a shop at which criminal and corrupting papers are sold? I would like to know."

And when the chairman put the question it would have done your heart good to see how all the roomful, men and women, came to their feet. Well, they appointed a committee in three minutes, and then these appointed a sub-committee to go around and call on the news-dealers; and I was put on this sub-committee, though I confess I did not want to be. But the gallant colonel was going to lead, and I did not see how I could refuse to follow.

We were fortunate—rather, we were providentially guided—in our first call. For the head of the firm met us like a man and a gentleman, let me say like a Christian. For, though he did not deny that he had felt annoyed at some things that had been reported to him as said in our meeting, he said frankly, "You are right. The abuses you complain of ought to cease. But where will you draw the line? What rule do you propose to lay down, gentlemen?"

For my part, I was perplexed what answer to make to this very obvious question. So I stood in the background and let the colonel speak. And he said just the right thing. Said he: "Mr. Jenkins, you have met us like a gentleman in this matter, and we cannot do better than refer this question back to you. You understand it better than we do. What do you say?"

"Well," said Mr. Jenkins, "you will find some difficult questions about this business before you get through with it. But I will give you a start. Just look over that counter, and I will hand you six or seven papers from it that are not fit for anybody to sell or read. I had as lief have a rattlesnake come into my house as one of those papers." And he made up a bundle of them—the majority were "boys' papers"—and said, "You have my promise that these shall not be sold here in the future. There are some others about which I am willing to talk to you another time."

"You shall not be a loser by your honourable and straightforward conduct," said we in reply. "We will undertake that if your competitors attempt to get an advantage by picking up what you frankly abandon, they shall lose more than they gain by it."

And so we broke the line that morning. You will easily understand that when we went around to the other news-stands and told them of the handsome proposal of Jenkins and Jobson, all the rest had to fall into the same arrangements, and even to show a little advance in public virtue over their competitors.

And now we propose to hold an adjourned prayer-meeting to hear the committee's report, and clinch the matter so it will hold. I suspect that the church will be pretty full, and I should not wonder if it should turn out to be a praise-meeting. And we do not feel as if we had been working instead of praying, but as if the action to which we were inspired at that Week of Prayer meeting had been God's own answer to our prayers.—*Christian Weekly.*

STOP AND SHAKE HANDS.

Why is it that men dart out of a prayer-meeting as they do, the moment the benediction is pronounced? The true idea of the church is that it is a family—God's family. Its members are children of one Father, and brothers and sisters one of another. A prayer-meeting, therefore, is a family meeting. It is a reunion of brothers and sisters. The service is of the character of a feast; and we all know that after feasting comes talking and the exhibition of good nature. After the formal portion of the service is over brethren, why not stay and have an informal service of your own? Talk of whatever the Spirit suggests. Tell your joys and your sorrows, your hopes and your fears, to one another. "Laugh with those who laugh, weep with those who weep." Don't file out of the room solemn as crows flying to the groves at night, passing through gloom into deeper gloom; but go forth happy as children pouring out of the door when father and mother start out with them for a ramble in the bright sunshine across the fields. At least stay long enough, after the formal service, to shake hands with pastor and each other, and greet any stranger that may have chanced to drop in among you of an evening. Lubricate the wheels of your church machinery with the "oil of gladness," and you will be astonished at the ease with which all parts will be working together. "Salute every saint in Jesus Christ."—*Golden Rule.*

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

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BY H. S. M'COLLUM, OF ST. CATHARINES.

FIRST PERMANENT PENINSULA PREACHER.

(Concluded.)

Family tradition, which was followed in a former article, turns out to have been somewhat at fault in the matter of the licensure and ordination of Mr. Eastman. "Hotchkiss's History of Western New York," the author of which, then a licensed preacher, was present, says that Mr. Eastman was ordained by the "Ontario Association," at a meeting "held in a school house within the bounds of the congregation," at East Palmyra, in the State of New York, June 9th, 1802. The ministers officiating were Rev. Joseph Grover, Rev. Reuben Parmelu and Rev. Eleazer Fairbanks. This, according to the same authority, was the second ordination in what was known as the "Genesee Country," either Presbyterian or Congregational, and no strictly Presbyterian ordination occurred for years thereafter in Central or Western New York.

"ASSOCIATION" AND "PRESBYTERY."

The Ontario Association was formed at Bristol, in Ontario County, March 18th, 1800, "for the purpose of greater union for the promotion of the interests of religion." It was "the first ecclesiastical body of the kind which was formed in New York," and there was then no regularly organized Presbytery nearer than Albany. "The model after which the Association was formed, was the Morris County Associated Presbytery in the State of New Jersey, of which Mr. Grover was a member," and it appears to have differed but little from a Presbytery except in name. It was merged in the Presbytery of Geneva, May 25th, 1813.

The Morris County Associated Presbytery was organized at Hanover, New Jersey, according to "Gillett's History of the Presbyterian Church," May 3rd, 1780, as a secession from the Presbytery of New York. Its leader was Rev. Jacob Green, from 1746 to 1790, Presbyterian pastor at Hanover; and the movement "was based upon the principle of the independency of the local church." It appears, therefore, to have been but an advisory body composed of ministers and elders of independent Presbyterian churches—about as Congregational, in fact, though called a Presbytery, as was the Ontario Association. Mr. Eastman was licensed by this Presbytery, at Caldwell, New Jersey, March 17th 1801, and then commenced a long and faithful ministry, as loyal to Presbyterianism as though not tinctured with Congregationalism at its beginning.

FIRST GOSPEL SERMON IN ROCHESTER.

One incident connected with Mr. Eastman's "bridal tour" to Canada is too interesting to be omitted, though it may be somewhat out of its regular order. The party pitched their tents on Saturday night on the banks of the Genesee, just above the Falls. On the morning, as they were observing the Sabbath with the usual Christian service, the powerful voice of the young preacher attracted to them some Indians and several white men who were fishing along the river. The Indians looked in and said, "Ugh!" "Come in, my friends, come in," said the preacher. They accepted the invitation, and he sang to them the hymn commencing "Come ye that love the Lord." The effect was magical, proving at once that "Music hath charms to soothe a savage breast." An old Indian expressed his appreciation with the usual interjection of his race, and the white men called for "more." He then sang "This is the day the Lord hath made," with like good effect, and proceeded with his service. It proved to be a happy day, and to that congregation composed of his fellow travellers and those rude fishermen, the subject of this sketch preached what is believed to have been the first gospel sermon ever heard where the City of Rochester now stands.

STYLE OF PREACHING.

Mr. Eastman was educated to write his sermons and to read them. When, however, he reached Canada, the people demanded "preaching and not reading," and, after a little, he commenced to re-educate himself in that direction. He would write as before, but would then go out among the maple trees on his farm at the Beaver Dam, mount a log or a stump for a pulpit, and without manuscript or notes preach to the trees, until, sometimes, they so really appeared to