

Our Contributors.

LET US ADDRESS EACH OTHER.

BY KNOXIAN.

A few weeks ago we were told that three scions of the British aristocracy figured prominently on a Western race course. One rode as a jockey, another was thrown over the fence by the town constable, and the third distinguished himself in another way.

It was a good thing for these youthful representatives of the first four hundred that they were not enjoying themselves in Ontario instead of sporting on the boundless prairie. Had they been in the "Bark East" they might have been bored with numerous illuminated addresses and asked to say what they thought of the country. The municipality in which the races were being held might probably assure the boys that the residents are all true to the old flag. The national societies might have something sweet to say and so might the fraternal. The school boards would no doubt assure the lads that our educational work is being well done. In fact the youthful lordlings would have their sport dignified by an avalanche of addresses. Young men who want a little excitement on the turf may not wish to be troubled with long silted addresses, but what of that? It is the plain duty of every Canadian to address every distinguished man he can reach. The address business must be cultivated. A young English nobleman who rides as a jockey should hold himself in readiness to receive an address at the end of each heat.

Was it not Burke who said that loyalty to the crown and constitution did not make it necessary for him to bow down to His Majesty's man servant, his maid-servant, his ox, and his ass? We do things differently in Canada. We bow to the man servant, get up a ball for the maid-servant, give a public dinner to the ox and present illuminated addresses to the ass. Burke didn't know much about these things. He knew a little about politics and could turn a sentence fairly well when he composed a speech or essay, but we colonists are better posted in the address business than Burke was. In fact all old country people are sadly behind in the address line. Members of the royal family, lords and dukes, bishops and archbishops, ministers of state, leaders of the House of Commons, great literary lights, world-renowned scholars and distinguished people of many grades and callings are allowed to move about every day without being addressed. Were the least notable of them to set his foot on Canadian soil he would have half-a-dozen stupid addresses fired at him during the first hour. The man might loathe in his very soul the parasites that clung to him but they would cling all the same. He might despise the fawning and sycophancy but the more some kinds of people are despised the more they fawn. There is not much wonder that distinguished Englishmen often spend weeks in the United States for hours they spend in Canada. In fact prominent Britons often make long tours in the Republic and never visit Canada at all. Not long ago the Lord Chief Justice of England spent weeks on this continent and was feasted and feted in American cities but he gave the land of long addresses a wide berth. A typical Englishman is a manly, matter of fact kind of man who hates gush and effusiveness and nonsense of every kind. When he travels if he needs flunkies he takes his own with him and pays them for their services. It is never necessary for the municipalities or the societies or the Churches to supply a distinguished Englishman with that kind of help. He can always supply himself at home with a more useful kind of flunky than can be obtained in the colonies.

If Canadians must be known as an address-presenting people, how would it do to stop boring visitors and address each other? Any number of people can be found in the country who would be thankful to have an address of some kind. In fact many of our people might have two addresses presented to them. For example, there is Mr. Tarte. He might be presented with an address congratulating him on his success during the past session and an address of condolence on the loss of his seat. Sir Hector Langevin might be congratulated on the fact that the Commons found him guilty of no wrong, and he might be sympathized with because having done no wrong he had to give up his portfolio. Mr. Pacaud might be congratulated on the easy way he made a hundred thousand dollars and condoled with on the worry he has had to explain about it. The Premier of Quebec may soon be in a position to receive some addresses, but what their tone should be is not quite clear at the present writing. Every member relieved of his Parliamentary duties might receive a double-barreled address, one barrel congratulating him on the fact that he is out of politics and the other sympathizing with him because he has to pay costs. In fact we have abundant raw material for addresses and quite a number of people who might be addressed any time. There is no earthly reason why we should bore distinguished strangers with illuminated addresses.

Nearly allied to the habit of torturing people with addresses is the equally sycophantish one of asking every stranger what he thinks of us. "Do you really like us? Are you well pleased with the city? Do you think you could condescend to live in Canada for a few days? How thankful we are that you stopped over a train to look at us. Do praise us just a little. Give us a word of encouragement. We are fairly dying for a few compliments." Fancy grown men talking in that way to any European dude that may happen to be passing through the country.

Do we owe no courtesies to visitors? Certainly we do. But our courtesies should be extended in a manly way and in a way that will not bore our visitors. There can easily be a hearty welcome given to any man who deserves it without worrying him with an address, and the welcome can and ought to be given without fawning and creeping. There is one thing you can feel sure a representative Englishman always does. He despises a sneak. There is all the difference imaginable between a number of representative citizens entertaining a nobleman like Lord Aberdeen and a lot of officials buzzing around a visitor and boring him with stale platitudes in the form of addresses.

A newly appointed judge always receives addresses from the Bar when making his first circuits. The addresses and replies are always verbal and are generally models of neatness and brevity. When addresses are the right thing why not imitate the Bench and Bar and do the business in a way that does not trouble anybody?

The finding of the address of the General Assembly to the Marquis of Lorne in a second-hand book store in Ottawa has created no end of merriment. No sensible Presbyterian will think any the less of the Marquis on account of the discovery. If the bookseller can make anything out of the document it will be the first address of the kind that proved of any use to anybody. To the Marquis of Lorne or to some of his officials belongs the credit of turning that kind of literature to some purpose. The Supreme Court may now follow up the address business with some degree of hopefulness.

ST. ANDREW AND SCOTLAND.

BY REV. JOHN MACKIE, M.A.

(Concluded.)

To the sacred abiding remembrance of St Andrew and the due celebration of St Andrew's Day as it annually returns are to be attributed in no small degree the two most distinguishing features of the Scottish character, the spirit of patriotism and the heart of brotherly love. In every breast in deed whether Scottish or not is a love of country, born not of force or fear, or reflection, or learning, but of God—but not in every breast as in the Scottish has that innate feeling been so kindly fostered and so fully developed as to become a very passion, a clinging of the whole nature to the soil where the first breath was drawn to all the manners and customs, all the religious and political institutions of the native land. In the Scottish heart that feeling inspired by God has been fanned into flames of fire that light up before the soul the pages of an illustrious past, burn into its utmost being its wrongs, its honour and its glory as its own, and fire it to its defence against all comers. The teaching of St Andrew, the associations of his Day, mingled with the national melodies unrivalled among the lyrics of the world's literature as stirring the very depths of the Scottish nature and gathering all hearts into one great heart of love for kin and country, have been the nursing mother of this God implanted feeling. If any where can be found a Scottish heart in which this feeling can not be warmed by the faith of St Andrew, the spirit that pervades his anniversary and the songs of Burns, and Ferguson and Tannahill and Lady Nairn, not to mention the Waverley novels and poems of Scott and Ayton's Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers; or the memories of Peden, Cargill, Cameron and Guthrie, Rutherford and Melville and Knox, George Wishart and Patrick Hamilton, Bruce and Wallace and the long roll of Scottish worthies; or the deeds at Philliphaugh, Drumclog, and Bothwell Bridge, Bannockburn, Falkirk, the Bass Rock, Holyrood, Edinburgh, and Stirling Castles, or the mere name of Inchaber, Glencoe, Strathspey, Ben Tomond, the Cheviots or the Grampians—if anywhere can be found a Scotchman whose love of country rises not to the flood, soars not aloft with legitimate pride through the faith of St Andrew and the songs of his followers, there is a man who, wherever he be, will be a useless or a troublesome citizen, devoid of integrity, independence, stability to be suspected and avoided. Why? Because only the Scotchmen in whom the feeling of patriotism has been developed and who holds his country to his heart knows how to love the land in which Providence has cast his lot, and to seek her good and lasting prosperity. No true Scotchman, even in imagining the existence of such a countryman, does not feel himself full of that indignation that bursts into the lines bound to be quoted when patriotism is mentioned:

If such there breathe, go mark him well,
For him no minstrel raptures swell.
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch concentred all in self,
Living shall forfeit fair renown,
And doubly dying shall go down
To the vile dust from which he sprung
Unwept, unhonoured and unsung.

But if the love of country be especially characteristic of Scotchmen the love of countrymen is no less so. Scottish *clannishness* is proverbial. Andrew when he found a good thing rested not till he brought his brother to share it. That act has been stamped upon the Scottish character. Wherever one goes and prospers others are sure to follow at his call. There is in him no spirit of selfishness that prompts him to conceal his good fortune lest a countryman come to share it. He has no pleasure in being prosperous alone and none in the old homestead or village knowing it or having a chance of growing prosperous too. Not only does he tell it

but often stretches across continents and oceans the arm of strength to bring his countrymen to better things. Nothing pleases him more than to work side by side with a fellow Scotchman and see himself and him growing equally in wealth and influence. He esteems it an honour to himself when he sees or hears of a countryman honoured in a strange land. A dignity gains round him and he feels that he has a right to be in Canada, for here the old land has been peculiarly honoured. He sees in this great colony, bright jewel in the imperial crown, the hands of a Scotchman holding the reigns of government over Ontario, and he has seen the hands of another Scotchman holding the reins of government over the whole Dominion till death unclasped them, and marks how in all the high and responsible places in the country Scotchmen sit firmly. They are not less Canadian because they are patriotic Scotchmen—they are the best Canadians and in the front because of that heaven-breathed spirit that makes them patriots and brushes aside as dust and cob-webs all personal and party interests that would conflict with the best interests of Canada. Such men wherever their lot was cast under the floating flag of Britain would be patriots, conserving and increasing all that would advance the highest interests of any portion of that vast and mighty empire over which, by the grace of God, a British—a Scottish Queen of pre eminent virtues is reigning.

But not only has a true Scotchman legitimate pride in his prosperous and exalted countrymen, he has also genuine sympathy with the unfortunate, and a hearty willingness to remove all barriers that stand in a brother's way, to give a helping hand when one cannot oneself, and to prevent a brother falling behind or falling out in the race. Many a one, altogether unknown save that his tongue betrayed that he was Scotch, has through this feeling of the individual or the society been aided over his hour of difficulty that may come to any man, and his watch not pawned, nor his tools sold, nor his fine spirit of independence wounded by receiving charity. His brethren helped him. It was a family affair. The world has nothing to do with it. And when he is on his feet again and fortune favours him, he in his turn will be the staff of strength to his falling brother.

Yet more. If with the prosperous Scotchman, Scotchmen rejoice and with the unfortunate they sympathize, they certainly do feel the shame when a Scotchman brings discredit on the Scottish character, when dishonesty is proved against him; when vice is on his countenance, when sloth is in his bones and rags are on his back, when he reels a drunkard through the streets, or stoops to beg when he can dig. They feel that by such the name of their country is disgraced—they feel it as a family, a personal affront. Gladly would they bury him out of their sight and let his name perish forever. But shame and indignation when a brother loses his self-respect and soils the Scottish name change to actual pain and grief in the heart of the devout Scotchman when he perceives in a fellow-countryman defection from his country's faith, neglect or abandonment of her primitive forms of worship and the spending of a life without the God of his fathers and his country's God. From St Andrew's faith has come the glory of Scotland, from the simple worship of St Andrew's God in the closet, the family circle, and the sanctuary have come that spirit, that mind, that heart that have been the root of Scotland's greatness and the golden band that binds her sons in a strong, true brotherhood. Degenerate Scotchmen verily they are in whose homes the Psalms are never sung, and "Let us worship God" is never heard. Degenerate Scotchmen verily they are in whose hearts the Sabbath bell calling to the ordinance of public worship according to conscience and the manner of their fathers awakens no glad response. Degenerate Scotchmen are they who from an ignorant indifference esteem all religious forms alike or from a contemptible false idea of gentility allow themselves and their children to be Anglicized and become the humble disciples of those who, with little less emphasis and with much less reason than the Roman priest-hood, deny the validity of Scottish orders, scorn the most truly apostolic forms of Scottish worship, and designate the Scottish Church that has made the Scottish nation a schism shop. Such creatures cannot know how low they sink in the estimation of their countrymen who behold strength and beauty and glory in their nation's history and who with all the powers of their patriotic natures hold fast to its continuity.

Clannish Scotchmen certainly are, but the circumference of kin and country limits not their benevolence and beneficence. Their faith hath taught them that in Jesus Christ there is neither Jew nor Gentile, barbarian, Scythian, bond or free, that there is a larger brotherhood, wide as the world, a field for the exercise of love. They remember St Andrew who brought not only the Jew but the Gentile also to God's Great Gift to men, not only his brother Peter but those stranger Greeks who sought to see and hear the revealer of God and the dispenser of all God's mercies. They remember this and their clannishness becomes not national narrowness and selfishness. They practise not what is not the Gospel—to love and honour themselves and to use, shove aside, and keep down all others. They practise not what is half the Gospel—to love God and to love their countrymen, but they practise the whole Gospel—they "Fear God, honour the king, love the brotherhood" their fellow men. Every place testifies to this.

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