

Our Contributors.

PROTESTANT POPES.

BY KNOXIAN.

The present agitation, raised by politicians and others, about the relations of Catholic and Protestant citizens, is a very unfortunate thing in a mixed community like ours; but it may be utilized for good purposes. It is a great pity that Canadians cannot dwell together in unity. We are laying the foundation of what we hope will be a great nation; we are subjects of the same sovereign; we meet in business and in the social circle; some of our most obliging neighbours and friends are Catholics; the present generation of Catholics and Protestants will soon sleep their last sleep in the same soil and give in their final account at the same judgment bar. More's the pity that they cannot live peaceably for the little time they are to be here. The folly and sin of quarrelling are all the more apparent when we remember that the quarrels are often fomented by the basest of men, in the basest manner, and for the basest purposes. Still the little breeze—which every good citizen hopes will soon pass over—may be utilized for some good purposes while passing. One good purpose would be to ask if any of the objectionable features of Popery still linger in our Protestantism—well, say in our Presbyterianism.

Protestants object to the Pope for two reasons among many others—because he has too much power, and because he claims to be infallible. We have never made a special study of the functions of Popes, and cannot say with scientific accuracy to what extent these objections hold good, but no doubt there is a great deal of truth in them. Do Protestant ecclesiastics ever show any disposition to claim and exercise a little too much power? Are there no Protestant Popes, or Protestants who would like to exercise the power of little Popes? Honestly now, are there no Presbyterian Popes, or Presbyterians who would like to act as Popes? "*He wants to be a little Pope*," is an expression not unfamiliar to Presbyterian ears. Sometimes we hear it applied to an elder who is never satisfied unless the session does just what he pleases. Sometimes it is applied with painful truthfulness to the moneyed man of the small congregation who threatens to stop everything by stopping his subscription, unless the little congregation does what he orders to be done. And—tell it not in Gath—the well known phrase: "*He wants to be a little Pope*," is applied more frequently and perhaps more truthfully to ministers than to any other class of men. Is there one middle-aged reader of THE PRESBYTERIAN who at one time or another has not seen some minister trying to play the part of a Pope? Congregations—alas too many—have been wrecked in just this way, the pastor tried to be a Pope and the people kicked against the Popery. The results are well known. Not every Presbyterian minister practises the theory that congregations are governed by sessions and boards of managers and deacons' courts—not by pastors who aim at being Popes.

There are few Presbyteries that have not at one time or another had a Pope, or a member who tried to be a Pope. We have often heard that in the olden time Presbyterian Popes thought nothing of telling congregations to call Mr. A. or not to call Mr. B. In other matters, arbitrary power was freely exercised. Personally, we have never seen a Presbyterian Pope exercising his functions to any great extent. In days gone by, we often heard of these things from esteemed and worthy ministers, who had both seen and felt.

The fact that a Presbyterian Pope was often right does not alter the question. His Holiness of Rome is no doubt often right. The Family Compact were possibly sometimes right. The truth is, we all like power. Human nature takes kindly to the Pope business. When we object to the old gentleman at Rome because he claims and exercises absolute power, let us keep a sharp eye on an older gentleman within, who may give us much more trouble than the old gentleman at Rome is ever likely to give us.

Popes of the small variety are not confined to the Presbyterian Church. The Methodists have theirs. The meanest kind of a Pope is a Methodist Pope. The Methodist Pope often manages to put in his work in a sneaking kind of way. His most arbitrary act is very likely to be "sicklied o'er with the pale cast"

of a very sickly kind of piety. He is more likely to begin his work with prayer than a Presbyterian Pope is. You often see a Methodist Pope in small country stations. Sometimes he is a zealous, earnest, hard-working, good Christian man, who, aided by his family, runs the station and runs it very successfully. A Pope of that kind often does a great deal of good in any Church—Methodist or Presbyterian—but when a man has almost absolute power without grace, prudence and sanctified common sense, then comes the deluge.

Let no idle fault-finder construe any thing in this paper into unfriendly criticism of the noble, zealous few, who in many a small congregation are doing their utmost for the cause of Christ. May the hand that traces these lines lose its cunning when it writes an unkindly sentence of these people. We have helped such people too often not to have the deepest sympathy with them in their self-denying efforts to do Christ's work. There are, unfortunately, too many who stand idle and sneer at the few zealous workers, and try to annihilate them by the genial, Christian and highly charitable remark, that they "are putting themselves forward." We do not belong to that party: we would rather be buried; we have been discussing Popes—not workers. As a rule, Popes are not workers. If any man secures influence in a congregation by earnest, honest work; by liberal giving and consistent living; by living a good useful life himself and training his family well; with all our hearts we say: "Blessings on you, brother, you are just the kind of Pope we need in this Church." Give us a hundred Popes of that kind in every congregation. The power to be condemned is official power, wielded by grasping and perhaps unsanctified hands—power that drives if it can, but when it cannot drive wriggles and twists and schemes and pulls the wires. From that kind of a Pope, lay or clerical, may all Protestant Churches be speedily delivered.

Space forbids any discussion of the other quality of a Pope—infallibility. Have we no clergymen who consider themselves well-nigh, if not absolutely infallible? Have we no elders who speak as if it were utterly impossible for them to be wrong? Did anybody ever hear a member of our Church speak in a manner which conveyed the idea that he thought it was impossible for him to be mistaken. Infallible men are as plentiful in this country as grasshoppers in a Kansas cornfield. Of course none of them say, in so many words, they are infallible. Their tones, their manner, their actions, their dogmatism proclaim that they think themselves infallible.

We condemn Popery for its intolerance. Is there no intolerance among Protestants? We condemn Popery for its bigotry. Is there no bigotry among Protestants? There is a fine field for profitable discussion here. We may take a ramble on this rich pasture ground at an early day. Meantime, some of those who profess to be trying to keep the Catholic Church right might do a little work nearer home.

CO-ORDINATE CAUSES IN THE DEVELOPMENT OF MIND.

BY F. C.

The second aspect of love which we note is the friendship among the members of the family. Home is to its inmates a spot of sacred interest, a cluster of hallowed associations and a centre of pure affections.

What is the world to them—
Its pomp, its pleasures, and its nonsense all—
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish?
Some thing than beauty dearer, should they look,
Or on the mind, or mind illumined face:
Truth, goodness, honour, harmony and love;
The richest bounty of indulgent heaven.
Meantime a smiling offspring rises round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human blossom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, shows some new charm,
The father's lustre and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reason grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an assiduous care.

Home is surrounded with a pure and healthy atmosphere, in which the virtues of humanity bud, blossom and flourish in beauty. There is the loving deportment of one parent toward the other in look, word and deed. There is the sweet voice, the merry laugh and restless activity of boys and girls. There is the guileless prattle, the innocent gambols and the artless conduct of children. There is the children's

love of their parents, the children's unhappiness under the frown of their parents from acts of disobedience, and the children's demonstrative delight on a reconciliation to their parents after due discipline. There is the free intercourse with one another in play or amusement, the genuine sympathy with each other in joy or grief, and the jealous watchfulness of each other's name or honour. They are one in spirit, one in aim and one in interest. Home is the abode of quietness, harmony and happiness. So soon as I entered my own house, said Burke, I was in a paradise, free from the din, strife and malevolence of the world.

Hearts and home, sweet words of pleasure,
Music breathing as they fall,
Making each the other's treasure,
Once divided losing all;
Homes, ye may be high or lowly,
Hearts alone can make you holy,
Be the dwelling e'er so small,
Having love it boasteth all.
Hearts and homes, sweet words of pleasure,
Music breathing as ye fall,
Making each the other's treasure,
Once divided losing all.
Hearts and homes, hearts and homes.

Hearts and homes, sweet words revealing,
All most good and fair to see;
Fitting shrines for purest feeling,
Temples meet to bend the knee;
Infant hands bright garlands wreathing,
Happy voices incense breathing,
Emblems fair of realms above,
For "love is heaven and heaven is love."
Hearts and homes, sweet words of pleasure,
Music breathing as ye fall,
Making each the other's treasure,
Once divided losing all.
Hearts and homes, hearts and homes.

The name of home has a magic power. There is music in the word. It awakens in almost every bosom a thousand recollections of touching tenderness, of fond affection and of purest love. Home is the centre around which the best and noblest emotions of the human soul revolve. Home is the magnetic point to which the needle of the mariner on life's stormy sea is ever directed. It is the thought of home—the home of his childhood—which cheers the emigrant in a foreign land, which comforts him in all his hopes, and sustains him under all his trials. It is the hope of returning to that home which rouses him to energy, and which inspires him with boldness in the hour of danger.

As rooted and nourished with care in the family, but transplanted and fostered in society, the idea of human friendship is set forth in another higher relation by Solomon in the language, "There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother." As plainly implied in this precious statement, home is the school in which we are taught the practice of truth, instructed in the proprieties of life, and imbued with the spirit of human kindness and Christian philanthropy. How is it so, and for what ulterior end? Home is the cradle designed to foster in us pure affections, the nursery designed to form in us good habits, and the place of practical instruction designed to train us to act in accord with the will of others and to confirm us in well-doing, all in order that men under the plastic influences of home which they carry with them into the world, may there walk with uprightness, work righteousness and speak truth in their heart.

The third aspect of love which we note is the friendship among the members of society. Love may be awakened in us all at once by the presence of its object, but friendship is gradually formed in us by contact with the frequent manifestations of love. Friendship so formed is one of fine harmony, pleasant intercourse and permanent duration. It may begin in a casual way, but when once begun and established the length of time or the intervention of distance does not bring it to a close. The distant sounds of music, as they vibrate through the long drawn valley, are not more pleasing to the ear than the tidings of a far distant friend. A young man incidentally met a young woman with whom he formed an acquaintance, which ripened into friendship and ended in wedlock. Thence arose a new series of things in the evolution of time. There is continuous affection sustained by the hearty co-operation of the one with the other through married life; there is the presence of children dancing like sunbeams in the household; there is the exercise of all those amiable qualities which give society so many attractions as well as throw such hallowing influences over the recesses of domestic life. Just as the circle caused by a stone cast into