

Our Contributors.

TO THE MINISTER WHO NEVER HAS A HOLIDAY.

BY KNOXONIAN.

You have labored faithfully in your pastorate for ten, fifteen or perhaps twenty years and your congregation has never given you one decent "let up." You have never even got your neck out of the collar except when you exchanged with somebody for a Sabbath and you did not find that very much of a rest. You have read all these years about ministers going across the Atlantic and down to the sea-side, and North to the holiday resorts and you wonder if your turn will ever come. You would not mind so much for yourself, but you notice that the little woman who takes care of the manse is not as lively as she once was. You know very well that before she came to the manse her father always gave her an occasional trip and it rather stings you to think you can't do the same. It is pretty hard. Yes, brother, it is pretty hard. No man who has any feeling and who knows the benefit of a little travel will deny that you have a grievance as certainly as the Manitoba minority has one. And with this difference that nobody issues a remedial order in your favor.

But you could do without a holiday, you say, if your people would only treat you in a reasonable and kind way. That is just what they don't do. Your anniversary services come in September or October and some well-kept leading man who has just returned from his six weeks' holiday, or his trip across the Atlantic is asked to conduct them. Your parishioners who have generously kept your salary down to the minimum and your nose on the congregational grindstone for twenty years, help you to look forward with pleasure to the anniversary services by constantly reminding you that they expect something next Sabbath that they "don't have every day." Your wife has been told the same thing twenty-seven times during the last week. The leading man comes along breezy and rather patronizing. Before he got to the manse he managed to let you know that he has refused thirteen applications for this Sabbath and no doubt expected you to draw the inference that it was a great act of condescension for him to accept your invitation. Sunday morning comes and the visitor appears in the pulpit, and preaches a good sermon, the plan of which he got on ship-board from some clever fellow who has a genius for sermon building. You of course notice that there is a big difference between the genius displayed in the plan and the common place used in the filling. The good man, however, is in fine trim. The sea air has braced him up. His nerves are steady, his head clear, his voice resonant and altogether he is in first class form. When the sermon is over one of the elders—the one that has always given trouble—says to everybody he meets around the church door—"Gin we had a man like thon." And the old maid that has always been bitter against minister's wives since she was jilted by a theological student creeps up to your wife and in a kind of hissing voice says, "If our minister could preach like that." And two or three women who have no children themselves and who always waxed malignant when a little stranger arrived at the manse, managed to say in your wife's hearing that it would be a good thing to turn out the present pastor and get a man like Dr. —

Now all this is no doubt aggravating. But it should be remembered that the ability to endure hardness should be one of the special qualifications of a voluntary minister. People who make such remarks are either hopelessly ignorant, or hopelessly malignant. More information is the cure for ignorance. For malice the only cure is the grace of God and malicious people seldom ask for that. One of the last things many people

ever learn is that the conditions under which a minister works are potent in making, or unmaking him. To expect a minister without a library, without periodical literature, without the educating influence of travel, without the stimulating influence of contact with superior minds, without the help that rarely fails to come from a large body of intelligent people to expect a minister who has none of these things to equal one who has most or all of them, is to expect something almost impossible. Once in a while a man breaks through the unfavorable conditions and overcomes the disadvantages, but the man who can do that is always strong enough to take a holiday when he wants one.

But after all, brother, there is no reason why you should "take on" too much about having no vacation. Any number of our best people never get more holidays than one or two at a time. Look around on a large congregation and you will see some of the very choicest of God's saints—men and women who sustain the church by their prayers and daily lives—who scarcely ever had a holiday in their lives, and who never expect one.

There are other considerations. Holidays are far from unmixed pleasure. Some of us who are fortunate enough to have congregations that give a vacation every year often take a holiday as a matter of duty rather than of pleasure. We know by experience that almost any kind of a vacation or any kind of travel brings annoyances that in many cases make one wish one had remained at home.

Some of us know by hard experience that a sudden "let up" in work, a sudden slackening of the tension brings on depression that destroys perhaps one half of a month's holiday.

The best substitute for an annual holiday is a holiday every week. If a minister could keep the decalogue and rest one day in seven he need not care much about the yearly vacation.

The next best thing is to begin sermon on Tuesday morning, work in the forenoons and in the afternoon and evenings lie around generally and read—well, we shall not prescribe. We know what we would take ourselves, but we do not know what kind of reading might be good for our neighbor.

MONDAY'S MUSINGS.

BY A CITY PASTOR.

I have just finished breakfast. Monday morning's breakfast is always a little different from that of other mornings; to partake but lightly seems most beneficial. Beecher was wont to indulge in a simple egg on Monday morning; now I admit there may be a Sunday here and there on which I do not preach like Beecher, but there is no Monday on which I may not breakfast as Beecher did. Therefore, I take one egg. And it is my custom to give the first hour after breakfast on Monday morning entirely to musing. To be alliterative, I might say that many are the ministerial Monday meditations—and moody, too. In the first years of my ministry, these reflections were almost always of a mournful character. I thought of abandoning the work of the ministry, because, overcome by its greatness, and by my unworthiness, I used to remember gladly that I had a B.A. to my back, and pictured myself as Principal of a grammar school. Monday seemed to teach me the futility of Sunday, so far as my pulpit efforts had been concerned. Everything seemed to be unaffected, undisturbed, by the truth I had declared, earnestly though I had tried to speak it. While preaching, it had seemed to me that surely life must be altered to all my people, by the vision of the Redeemer such as my own heart saw. Surely selfishness would decline, and pride wither, and worldliness pass away, before the revelation of Him who is invisible, and yet who alone is the real, the influential One; surely

the sublime romance of the spiritual life would lead into sweet captivity those lives which knew no allegiance save to things seen and temporal!

But, alas! as I looked about me on Monday morning, the world's song seemed attuned to the same old note of selfishness and greed and worldly passion. Worse than this, as I moved among my own dear people, they seemed to me as those to whom the Sabbath had brought no loftier aim, and no more heavenly ideal. The world and its rewards and possessions were still the object of their most intense ambitions. I met, all aglow with business enthusiasm, one of my elders, whom I had missed from church the day before; another, in full activity and wakefulness, whose deep slumber at the morning service had damped my ardour. And thus I used to woo discouragement. I felt that the minister alone led a life visionary and impractical. And because I could not every week thrust in the sickle amid the golden, ripened grain, I felt that there was no harvest, failed to remember the virtue of the seedtime. But that state of mind has largely passed away. On Monday mornings nowadays, I meet the demon of despair with the buoyant thought that God still lives as Luther said. I feel with exultant gladness that mine is, of all sorts of work, the most practical and the most enduring. Rapturous is the thought that I have helped a soul, and that high above the work even of the physician, who heals the body; high above the work of the lawyer who cares for men's interests, even while not forgetful of his own, is the craft of that man who inspires a brother heart, who comforts a stricken soul, who revives a fainting heart, who gives liberty to some life, wing-caught in the thicket of a thousand doubts or cares, that it may soar on toward the void and the stainless blue, breathing the richer air, disporting on the higher life of God. But for this Monday, I shall muse no more. K.

ADDRESS FROM THE FRENCH PROTESTANTS IN CANADA TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

BY REV. T. FENWICK.

The readers of the CANADA PRESBYTERIAN will, no doubt, be pleased to see a translation of the above mentioned address, the first of its kind. As was stated in a late number, it was adopted at the great French Protestant festival at Monte-Bello, and ordered to be presented to His Excellency by a deputation, as, owing to other engagements, the former was unable to be present on the occasion. Those whose feelings it expresses are not termed "Protestant French Canadians," but "French Protestants in Canada," because, though their mother-tongue is French, many of them have come from other countries than Canada.

TO HIS EXCELLENCY LORD ABERDEEN, GOVERNOR GENERAL OF CANADA:—

Met to celebrate an open air and religious festival (*fete champetre et religieuse*) under the shade of the massy trees of the manor of Monte-Bello, the name of which awakens so many historic memories, we would, with others (*nous aussi*), welcome your Excellency and the Countess of Aberdeen.*

If we have unwillingly delayed to fulfil this duty, we find in that the advantage of now making mention of the happy influence which the unlimited devotion, and the perfect courtesy which you bring to the discharge of your high duties, exercise among our people.

Among us, you will meet only with loyal subjects of Her Majesty the Queen, citizens firmly attached to the order and the liberties which the British Constitution guarantees.

In this numerous assembly, we represent several thousands of Protestants, natives of different countries, members of different communions belonging to all classes of society, but all alike devoted to the fundamental

principles of the Reformation in which we see a sure pledge of national prosperity. While we proclaim our own belief, we respect the sincere convictions of others. Finally, we love, we speak, and we cultivate the language of our fathers without neglecting that of the English majority of the country.

Assured of your kind reception of our address, we pray you to accept the sincere wishes which we entertain for the happiness of Your Excellency and Lady Aberdeen, and we ask of God, who holds in His hands the destinies of the kingdoms of this world, to bless your administration in Canada.

HELPS TO NATURE STUDY.*

BY REV. WALTER M. ROGER, M.A.

Last winter, while driving amid the snow-drifts, I noticed securely fastened to a leafless twig, at the roadside a mouse-shaped bag of pearl-grey felt, which I at once suspected to be the coffin of some insect corpse. With orthodox faith in the future it had woven a thick and comfortable shroud on the approach of winter, skilfully tucked itself in, gone quietly to sleep and was now patiently awaiting the resurrection of the springtime. Hastily appropriating the cocoon, I took it home and placed it in a paste-board box, freely slitted for ventilation and left it in a corner of my study, almost forgotten till, one May morning, a sound of fluttering wings within announced the transformation complete. Gently opening the box, a vision of splendor, with an expanse of over four inches of painted wings greeted my sight. It was the giant silkworm moth, arrayed as Solomon, in all his glory never was, with

Velvet nap which on his wings doth lie,
And silken down with which his back is dight.
His broad outstretch'd horns, his airy thighs,
His glorious colors, and his gleaming eyes.

I confess I was not sure of the name and title of this gorgeous stranger till I turned to page 356 of Prof. Comstock's new "Manual for the Study of Insects," which the mail had recently brought to hand. It informed me that he passed among entomologists as *Samia Curophia*, whose huge caterpillar is so unfavorably known to most fruit growers. Here I had a practical illustration of the value of this new work which has cost Prof. Comstock and his accomplished wife so much oving labor and has given us *amateurs*, just what we have been longing for, as an introduction to the marvels and mysteries of the insect world. Our author's experience as professor of entomology in Cornell University prompted his design and faithfully and skilfully he has wrought till at last the task is nobly accomplished. He tells us:—"For many years past the most pressing demand of teachers and learners in entomology in this country has been for a hand-book by means of which the names and relative affinities of insects may be determined in some such way as plants are classified by the aid of well-known manuals of botany. But, as the science of entomology is still in its infancy, the preparation of such a hand-book has been impossible. Excellent treatises on particular groups of insects have been published; but no general work including analytical keys to all the orders and families has appeared. It is to meet this need that this work has been prepared. The reader must not expect, however, to find that degree of completeness in this work which exists in the manuals of flowering plants. The number of species of insects is so great that a work including adequate descriptions of all those occurring in our fauna would rival in size one of the larger cyclopedias. It is obvious that such a work is not what is needed by teachers and students in our schools, even if it were possible to prepare it. An elementary work on systematic entomology will always of necessity be restricted to a discussion of the characteristics of the orders and families, and descriptions of a few species as illustrations. . . . Although much pains has been taken to

* In the original it is "Mme. (Madame) la comtesse d'Aberdeen. According to the French rules of politeness, one must say to another, for example, "Give my compliments to Mr. your father, and Madame your mother," or, still better, put the first last, and the last first.

* "A Manual for the Study of Insects," by Joo. H. Comstock and Anna B. Comstock, Ithaca, N.Y. Comstock Publishing Co. pp. 700.