

## BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

London has imported \$317,415 worth of apples from Halifax, N.S., this season.

Argentina, Australia, and New Zealand largely supplied the British trade in mutton and wool last year.

Within a month four old persons, whose united ages totalled 365 years, have died in the village of Dregthorn.

The details go to show that Blairgowrie maintains its unenviable reputation of being the most drunken town in Scotland.

Lord Aberdeen was on the 4th inst., sworn in as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for the second time. The first time was twenty years ago.

At Dunfermline Abbey a caretaker is to be established who will conduct visitors through the buildings in groups of not more than 20 at a time.

Owing to the vigor with which the liquor laws are being enforced in Boston, Sunday last was the driest within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant.

There is talk of the discovery of a new Scottish contralto, who, it is hoped will turn out to be a second Antoinette Stirling. She is a Miss Ellen Blain, a native of Falkirk.

Over 100,000 people have died from sleeping sickness on Lake Victoria Nyanza in the last few years, and the report on Uganda states that the disease has begun to attack Europeans.

Birmingham's drink bill amounts to something like £2,200,000 a year. People can spend a fortune on that which is worse than useless, and yet they complain of hard times and poverty!

On the 29th ult., at Golspie, the Presbytery of Doronoch celebrated the ministerial jubilee of Dr. Joss, minister of Golspie. Rev. Colin Macdonald of Rogart, presented him with an illuminated address in Latin.

The tree upon which the famous explorer Livingstone carved his initials at Victoria Falls is dying. It is proposed to cut it down and send the trunk to London, to be preserved with other Livingstone relics.

The Church Commission has decided that only Free Church regular congregations at Aug. 11th, 1905, adding or belonging to the Free Church since before the Union can claim property on behalf of that body.

The other day an Elgin woman rather startled the mourners around her coffin the night before her intended funeral by sitting up and asking "Whaur's my pipe?" After getting a smoke she got out of the coffin, and is going about all right.

An elder at a meeting of the St. Andrew's Established Church Presbytery lately, moved a motion to ascertain how many elders were total abstainers within the bounds of the Presbytery, and how many taught in the Sabbath School.

Belfast's municipal electric tramway service was inaugurated on the 9th inst., by a triumphal procession of six cars, on which were members of Parliament and Representatives of all the local public bodies. The first car was driven by the Lord Mayor, coached by a skilled assistant.

The rapid growth of London is illustrated by the proposed construction of a tube railway from Victoria to Hendon. It is not many years since one was able to look out from Hendon churchyard upon a wide expanse of green fields, all within five miles of the Marble Arch, but now the ground is covered with houses.

The birthday of Robert Louis Stevenson was celebrated in 'Frisco the other day. The Stevenson monument was decorated with flowers and a big wreath. The square where it stands was the novelist's favorite lounging place when in San Francisco because there he met many mariners with tales of adventure in the south seas.

## THE GREATEST PULPIT ORATOR.

(By Rev. Alex. Laird, West Newton, P.A.)

"Who is the greatest pulpit orator you have ever heard preach?" is a question sometimes put to me. My answer is always the same—"The late Principal John Caird of Glasgow University." I have listened to quite a number of distinguished ministers on both sides of the Atlantic preach, to men who held me spellbound by their fine rhetoric, their choice language, and striking personality. But time has effaced from my memory most of what they said; even their style of oratory and striking personality my imagination is unable distinctly to recall. Not so in regard to Principal Caird. I can see him every time I think of him; and every time I see him I fancy I can hear him. Were I an artist I could produce a life-like portrait of him without the aid of the photographer's copy: I could block out that massive head with its raven locks; I could outline the striking features of that strong face; I could punctuate correctly those fiery, but kindly eyes into which I have not looked for over sixteen years. Or, were I a genius in the art of oratory I could reproduce on the human phonograph that wonderful voice of his which used to thrill me by its eloquence, move me by its pathos, and impress me by its earnestness. In short, were I an oracle, from the impressions made upon me years ago as I listened to Glasgow's honoured Principal discourse, I might adequately describe to the readers of *The Scottish-American* the greatest pulpit orator I have ever heard proclaim, "God's love, for sinners lost."

It was in the year 1885 that I heard him at his best. Through the lamented death of Mr. Fawcett, the sightless, but cultivated Postmaster-General in Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet, Glasgow University had been suddenly bereft of her Lord Rector. The Senatus arranged for a memorial service, and, of course, Principal Caird was requested to preach the sermon. On the appointed Sabbath, "The Bute Hall," where the service was held, was crowded to the door. The entrance of the Principal, preceded by the venerable and fine-looking Bedellus, "Lauchie" McPherson, carrying his mace; supported on either side by Sir William Thomson and Professor Dickson, and followed by the long train of professors and their assistants, gave dignity as well as solemnity to the occasion. The opening exercises were touching and impressive. The Principal took for his text a part of the thirty-seventh verse of the fifth chapter of the gospel according to Saint John, "One soweth and another reapeth," on which he preached the profoundest, sublimest, most eloquent, and most pathetic sermon it has ever been my privilege to hear. I can still see him in that elevated box pulpit, working up to the grand climax of that closing peroration. With his left hand he draws and holds his gown tightly about his body, as a Highland shepherd does his plaid, as amidst the driving sleet, or the blinding snow, he ascends the unsheltered path of some steep mountain-side. His right hand he keeps moving, and waving, and circling, like an orchestral accompaniment to his musical voice; while his flashing eyes electrify his vast audience, until many of those present are hardly conscious as to whether they are in the body, or out of it. So sublime were the steps leading to the conclusion of that great effort; so piercing and entrancing his voice and language, that in spite of the restraint to applaud usually respected by the Scotch in the sanctuary, the students present, to the evident surprise and pain of their eloquent Principal, burst into loud, irrepressible applause. Their conduct was certainly pardonable, if not commendable, for never have students anywhere, either before or since that

day, listened to a grander or sublimer outburst of impassioned eloquence and beautiful language.

The secret of Principal Caird's wonderful and telling oratory did not lie solely in the fact that he was a past-master of the elocutionary art; but he was largely due to the more important fact, that his whole being was charged with deep spirituality. He was eloquent, because he was earnest. He was a great preacher, because he was a great thinker. He had great power over men, because he lived in close communion with God. Yes, and he was sound in his interpretation of the Scriptures, as he was eloquent in expounding them. No one with an unbiased mind could listen to his pulpit treatment of vital Christian truth, or fundamental Christian doctrine, and have any doubt left in regard to his orthodoxy. With all his heart he believed and with all the earnestness of soul, and all the eloquence of his voice he emphasized the divinity of Christ's person, and the viciousness of His atonement, if his views on the nature and duration of future retribution were at one time thought by some to border on the heretical, time and reflection have convinced the convinceable that these views were merely prophetic, that his great mind led him out in advance of his time, but that his conception of the divine plan of human redemption through faith in Jesus Christ was thoroughly biblical.

Scotland has still many able and eloquent men in her universities and pulpits but there hath not arisen from among her many gifted, eloquent and cultured sons a greater than Principal Caird, as a thinker, pulpit orator and Christian gentleman.

## THE APPEAL: A TRUE STORY.

The battle is over. In the plain lie the slain and the wounded. Insatiable death gathers together, from moment to moment, the victims of this sad day. Night comes on. Two servants of God go over these scenes of death and suffering, strong in a strength from on high, and animated by a great love to the souls of their brethren. They desire to whisper again into the ear of the dying the precious promise which neither life, nor death, can take away from us; and to say to those who would depart without hope, that the precious blood of Christ cleanses from all sin.

See them stop beside a soldier stretched on the ground! His helmet has fallen down beside him. His hand firmly grasps a broken sword. His countenance is pale, and, believing him to be dead, they wish to go on, for time is precious to them. But a weak sigh catches their attentive ears. Life is not utterly gone. Then bend themselves down and whisper with the respect and affection due a dying person: "Brother, the blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanses from all sin." The pale lips open to say "Hush!" then they close and life seems to be departing. Once more, the faithful messengers repeat the word of salvation, desiring to direct this soul to Christ. "Brother, the precious blood of Jesus Christ can cleanse from all sin." Again, the pale lips open with difficulty, for death has almost finished his work. But, gathering together his last powers, the dying soldier says: "Silence! the angels call on high, and I listen to hear my name."

The two men are silent. They now know what are the hopes of the dying one, and they come together and watch on their knees. And see! a smile of an intense and moving joy appears on the face of the soldier. With his last breath he cries: "Here I am."

Happy and blessed death of the soldier all ready to answer the call of his captain. The battle of life is won and the soldier receives his crown.—Translated by the late Rev. T. Genwick, Woodbridge, Ont., for the Dominion Presbyterian from "L'Almanach des Bons Conseils pour 1905."