

Our Contributors.

SOMETHING MORE TO BE THANKFUL FOR.

BY KNOXONIAN.

One of the *Globe's* lightning writers has been telling the readers of that journal his experience in "taking" some of the leading public men of Canada. The story—if story it should be called—is an interesting one, and cannot fail to be of service to any public speaker who is not afflicted with the idea that he has nothing more to learn about the art of addressing his fellow men. There is absolutely no hope for a man who thinks he is perfect in public speaking, or, for that matter, in anything else.

Not long ago we heard a prominent Presbyterian gentleman say of a certain Divinity student that it was "a perfect waste of time to send him to college." On being asked the reason why, he coolly replied, "Because he knows everything already." A public speaker—especially a preacher—who knows everything about his art already should not waste time in reading what a mere reporter says about such beginners as Sir John, Laurier, Blake, Mr. Patterson, Mr. Charlton, Sir Richard Cartwright and others, but men who have not attained to absolute perfection may learn much that is useful from the description given of the peculiarities of these orators.

One of the things that the *Globe* writer makes very clear is that the best speeches, and presumably the best sermons, cannot be reported. That is to say the qualities that make them best cannot be transferred to paper. The swiftest stenographer cannot report tones, inflections, emphasis, gesture, enthusiasm, passion. There is no known process by which you can transcribe a man, a man roused, a man red hot, a man speaking under intense feeling of any kind. You can transcribe only his words and the cool types make the words. No amount of fervour can heat up cold type.

It is quite true that some experienced reporters can come very near making a fairly good photograph of a speech, and if we are not mistaken as to his identity, the gentleman who writes his experiences in the *Globe* is himself a master at high class work of that kind, but even in the photograph the qualities that gave the speech or sermon most of its power may not be taken. There is no human method by which all the power in a speech can be put upon paper. The speech or sermon that made your very blood tingle may seem quite tame in print, especially if the man who delivered it wrote it out after he cooled off. The spirit of the thing, the power, can be caught and put upon paper during delivery a hundred times better by a skilful reporter than it can be reproduced by the speaker himself next day.

The *Globe* writer furnishes some good illustrations of the fact that power can never be reported. Mr. Chapleau is one of the most effective popular orators in Quebec. He has immense power over multitudes of men but "Mr. Chapleau in print is like champagne in a soup plate"—a figure the force of which we hope all our reader will not understand. When Mr. John Charlton is aroused and has a "rush of ideas" his sentences need trimming, but everybody who ever heard John Charlton knows he is at his best when he is aroused and has a rush of ideas. His best is not so easily "taken" as his medium efforts. Mr. Patterson of Brant cannot be "taken" at his best. "It is impossible," says the writer, "to crystallize the effect of what he says." Sir John's words can be taken easily enough, but Sir John does not depend for the effect upon his words merely. His gestures, inflections and general manner often convey more than his words. His nod is often much more expressive than his sentences.

The managing editor of a New York journal once sent a reporter to "take" Gough with instructions that the report should be *verbatim*. When the young man returned from the lecture the editor asked, "Did you take him?" "Take him," said the reporter, "you might as well try to report thunder and lightning." It is just as impossible to report the qualities that, taken together, make a great speech or sermon as to report a thunder-storm. The life, the soul, the power of a speech or sermon cannot be put in print. The qualities that mainly made it what it is are not reportable.

And this little fact explains why we read many speeches and sermons with intense disappointment. In vain do you search Whitfield's sermons for the elements that gave them such marvellous power. The search is almost as vain for the secret of the power of Chalmers. Spurgeon's printed sermons do not explain why he is able to preach to five thousand people twice a day for many years. In all such cases the explanation is that the qualities which gave the power cannot be reported.

A very interesting discussion might come in here. If it is utterly impossible for the most expert stenographer to report that which gives special power to oratory, what becomes of the theory that the press is taking the place of the pulpit and doing its work? Printed matter can never take the place of true oratory. Cold type can never do the work of the human voice. There is just one kind of speaker who has less power than the press, when press and orator reach the same number of people, and that is one who is as dull and heavy and lifeless as the leaden type in which his speech is set up.

How thankful we should be that the efforts of all public speakers cannot be reproduced exactly as they were delivered! This is a dark enough world already but it would be a good deal darker if exact photographs of all orators were possible.

We lose something by not getting the finer touches of the re- orator but the law of compensation comes in here. We gain immensely by the impossibility of reporting bad oratory. How thankful we should be that the nasal twang cannot be put upon paper; that sing-song cannot be sung in type; that monotony in delivery cannot be reproduced; that the soporific defies the efforts of any pressmen. If the best qualities of a good speech cannot be put upon paper neither can the worst qualities of a bad one. The reporter cannot transcribe Mr. Laurier's voice, neither can he transcribe the simper of the weakling who is too superfine to open his mouth, and he is equally powerless to reproduce tones made by that great organ which Spurgeon says was created, not for speaking, but for smelling purposes.

What a mercy it is that a clever reporter can condense fifteen minutes drivel into a sentence or two. How thankful we ought to be that though an orator may say the same thing half a dozen times the reporter only "takes" it once if he takes it at all. Above all things how grateful we should be that he does not report the tone and temper of many speakers. The malignant gutturals of some sermons would kill the preacher if the pressman could reproduce them.

FRAGMENTARY NOTES.

VISIT TO THE PACIFIC COAST—RETURN TRIP—CANADIAN AND AMERICAN CITIES VISITED—REV. T. C. HALL, CHICAGO.

Leaving Vancouver, regarded as the terminal city, beautifully situated on rising ground, we pass Port Moody, at one time thought likely to be the terminus of the C. P. R., but which a number of people found, to their cost, is not. Nearly twelve miles brings us to New Westminster, situated about six miles off the main line. Although this city is called new, it is not now entitled to the epithet, as it is among the oldest places in the Province, and known as the Royal City. It is situated on the Fraser River, and is the headquarters for salmon-canning, an industry that has grown to immense proportions within a few years. This season especially has been the most profitable that was ever known in the business. The catch of fish has been unprecedentedly great, and large shipments at satisfactory prices have been made to the east, to England and to other places.

In this place we have a prosperous congregation, whose members have recently erected a handsome brick church, which, I understand, is regularly filled with worshippers. The pastor is the Rev. Mr. Scouler, formerly of Hamilton, who is doing good work, and worthily representing Presbyterianism in this rising city. What Sam Jones said of a certain town in Ontario: "Tread lightly, for ——— was dead," will not apply to New Westminster, where the hum of workmen and the noise of machinery meet one at every turn. It is one of the places where the innocents—salmon—are slaughtered by the thousands.

On the return trip we met the Governor-General and his party, who were waiting on a siding until our train would pass. A number of American passengers who had heard of the Vice-regal party, were all attention to get a glimpse, if not of the Queen, at least of her representative in Canada, and were somewhat taken aback when a plain man leaning against the fence smoking a cigar was pointed out as Lord Stanley of Preston, Governor-General of Canada. Some one remarked, "He is not a bit like Lord Dufferin,—we heard he was such a very nice man." There was not much excitement at the railway station, and surrounded by these towering mountains and in the stillness of the morning, it occurred to this correspondent that a little breeze on the Equal Rights question might not be out of place, and for the time felt a kind of regret that the meeting had not been enlivened by the presence of Principals Caven and MacVicar, Dr. Burns or Mr. Macdonnell. We were pleased to meet Sir James Grant, M.D., of Ottawa, looking fresh and ruddy as ever; he said he was taking good care of the Governor.

At Banff we were joined by the Rev. Mr. Rowand and his wife, who were returning from a pleasant holiday spent at that interesting place. Mr. Rowand is a Knox College student, and is now labouring at Burnside, Man., and speaks favourably of the work in that section. His congregation is composed largely of Scotch settlers who came from the Old Country and Ontario.

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

When passing Virden we met the genial publisher of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN, Mr. C. B. Robinson, who, with the appearance of a man who had fought and won, entered the car. It is seldom that two great minds think in the same direction. Our rencontre was exceptional, as we both were rushing for the dining car without the slightest mutual suggestion of our intention. Virden, I should think, is a nice place to leave on a crisp frosty morning about seven o'clock, and especially when within hearing of the joyful announcement of the caterer that "breakfast is now ready in the dining car."

WINNIPEG.

This is the best city between Toronto and the Pacific Coast on the C. P. R., and is a marvel of pluck, energy and industry. It is handsome, with buildings which would be a credit to any city in Canada. A fresh impetus has been given to business here by the entry of the Northern Pacific Railway, whose managers are erecting a large hotel on Main Street. I was just in time to hear the opening lec-

ture at Manitoba College by the learned Principal King, who who is as well known and loved in the west as he was in Toronto.

It is unnecessary to say more about the lecture than that it was just such as might have been expected from Dr. King on the subject of "Education in the Common Schools." It was perfect in style, concise and comprehensive in its treatment of the question now occupying the public mind. Dr. King held for over an hour the undivided attention of an audience which filled Knox Church, and at frequent intervals was greeted with warm and well-merited applause. A full report of this excellent discourse has been given to the public in a permanent form. The congregations in Winnipeg are all prosperous, and the churches are well filled at every diet of worship. Dr. Duval is sustaining well the work laid down in Knox Church by the Rev. D. M. Gordon, and the Rev. Joseph Hogg, who succeeded Mr. Pitblado in St. Andrew's Church, is meeting with greater success than his best friends anticipated, his congregation having grown so rapidly that the engagement of an assistant was deemed necessary, who is now engaged in important work in the congregation.

Manitobans report continued arrivals of emigrants, and that good fertile farms are being eagerly sought after. About twenty hours bring us to St. Paul, one of the live cities in the Western States. It seems to be going ahead rapidly, although just for the present it is said that real estate is dull and difficult to realize on. There is a large number of prosperous Canadians in the city, but all of them refer to Toronto with feelings of affection.

A MEANINGLESS EXHIBITION.

When passing along one of the streets about seven o'clock in the evening, I noticed a respectable, well-dressed man, said to be in good circumstances, who was walking across the street rails barefooted, carrying his boots, socks and hat in his hands. I was told that he would walk in that fashion from seven to twelve, and that his brother would then begin an- walk from twelve until seven next morning. No one can elicit any reliable information why this meaningless pilgrimage is undertaken. The irrepressible reporter and interviewer have been so far baffled in their efforts to obtain information on the point that they have "given it up." Some say the two brothers are doing penance for some serious crime, but this is only a surmise.

CHICAGO

is one of the five largest cities in the United States, and comes in among the first three. You can reckon the population all the way from 1,200,000 down to 600,000, but one thing sure is that Chicago is a large, active, bustling city, where you can find the extreme of anything—wickedness or piety. The Cronin trial was going on, and much interest was taken in the case. There is always something sensational going on here,—either murder or divorce or something else.

REV. T. C. HALL.

I had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Hall, a son of the well-known divine and preacher, Dr. John Hall, of New York. Mr. Hall is minister of a church in a suburb of Chicago, and is rapidly drawing a large congregation. He is about thirty years of age, and is married. He has a pleasing appearance and in some respects resembles his father. The subject of his discourse was "The good Samaritan," and the leading thoughts were, "man cannot isolate himself, nor free himself from responsibility. He cannot rise without bringing others up, nor sink without bringing others down." Mr. Hall believes we are elected without any conditions, but believes we are elected for a purpose, and should the Church, Levite-like, pass by on the other side, God would raise up other spiritual forces to accomplish His work. We should love to save others, not ourselves. Christ came not to save Himself, but to save others. Mr. Hall has a pleasing appearance, is an agreeable and impressive speaker, intensely in earnest, and holds the undivided attention of his audience to the close of his address. In dress, manners and accent he is more English than American, and has escaped the objectionable phases which some of our cousins across the border indulge in. He was dressed in a well-fitting morning coat, closely buttoned, and white cravat. He does not consider it necessary to have "pompadour hair" to be attractive, his hair being parted at one side, and neatly done at that. As his present church is quite inadequate for his congregation, a larger edifice is being erected, the foundation-stone of which was recently laid with imposing ceremonies. Dr. John Hall, of New York, was present, and delivered one of his characteristic addresses. One of the previous speakers having referred to young Mr. Hall as being "a chip of the old block," in his usual quaint style Dr. Hall said that it was very little matter what "block" he was a chip of if his congregation did not sustain him. In manner, matter and delivery the young Hall is considerably over the average, and gives promise of taking a high place in the ministry of the Church of his fathers. We hope that no more serious objection will be taken to the "younger Hall" than that he is, or may be, a "millionaire preacher," a groundless and very absurd charge which has been repeated in respectable journals about his father, Dr. Hall, of New York.

The Doctor tells a story which will bear repetition in this connection. When in Belfast the past summer a lady of his acquaintance, who was a true disciple of the country (I mean a beggar) presented her book to Dr. Hall for a subscription—and I am sure neither he nor I would doubt the worthiness of the object—at the same time indicating that she hoped the subscription would be in proportion to the income of the min-