

Our Contributors.

THE SHOUTING OF THE CAPTAINS.

BY KNOXONIAN.

We consider the present the best time Canada ever saw. Business may be dull in spots and money scarce everywhere; the population is not increasing fast, and there are no public works of any account going on, and yet it is a good time for Canada. Why? Because a large number of the people have stopped shouting and have begun to think seriously.

There was an immense amount of shouting at the birth of this Dominion. Those excellent people called the Fathers of Confederation shouted themselves hoarse. Some future Macaulay may tell posterity that Confederation had only one father. His name was not John A. Macdonald, nor George Brown. His name was Mr. Deadlock. As a plain matter of fact, the feeling between Upper and Lower Canada had become so intense that government became an impossibility and Confederation was devised to relieve the situation. The future Macaulay may say that tying together these Provinces by an Act of Parliament without asking the consent of the people was one of the most arbitrary things ever done by men who professed to believe in government by the people. When the tie was formed the captains shouted. A good many of the people shouted too. The ministers did something a little like shouting on the following Sabbath and some of them shouted very loud on Thanksgiving Day. There is no shouting now except by a man here and there who wins an election or gets an office. We have found out that nation-building is a serious business. We might have known that before, but our heads were so swelled that we could not take in the idea. We have found out for ourselves that race problems are serious, that creed problems are dangerous, and that school questions are hard to settle in Canada as well as in all other parts of the civilized world. Now that shouting has given place to serious thinking, we may accomplish something.

The Americans shouted vociferously when they formed the Union and they kept up the shouting for about a hundred years. No one could blame them for shouting loud and long. Had England been governed as wisely as Sir John Macdonald, or Sir Oliver could have governed it, the United States might still be under the British flag. Our neighbors don't shout much at the present time, except on the fourth of July. They know that the ship of state is in some danger. The Republican form of government may be all right in theory, but it does not always work well in practice. The best form of government for Americans may not be the best for the Fenians, the Socialists, the Anarchists, and all the other foreign hordes that have crowded into Uncle Sam's dominions and taken possession of many polling booths. If demagogues get their hands on the currency of a country, sensible citizens are likely to have a bad time. Our neighbors know that very well, and they have stopped shouting—at least for the present.

There was a good deal of shouting among the captains, and even among privates and camp followers when the Presbyterian Churches were united in 1875. The Union was a good thing. Negatively it has done a world of good. We have been delivered from the wretched spectacle of two or three Presbyterian ministers representing as many Presbyterian Churches wrangling in small villages and at cross roads in the country. Still the fight against the world, the flesh and the devil remains essentially the same. The Union was a good thing, but the shouting did nobody any good. We now know that maintaining our educational institutions, carrying on our mission work, keeping up our revenue in the face of business depres-

sion, and our numbers in places where the population is stationary or decreasing—we know that doing all this is a serious business and means serious work. The work is being done though there is no shouting of the captains.

Even our Methodist friends do not shout now as much as they used to do. The captains were heard from when their great Union was formed and occasionally the commander-in-chief vociferates that well-known sentence about the Methodists being "the largest Protestant body in the Dominion," but the Methodist people, like all other sensible people so employed, are realizing that building a great church is a serious business and they don't shout now as some of them used to do.

The Baptists keep up a kind of shriek about "into" and "out of," but the shriek, though often loud and ill-natured, does not attract any attention, except perhaps a little on remote concessions of Awayback.

Shouting at the induction of a minister is very unseemly. No man of any sense or good taste will swagger about what the new man is going to do. He may not do anything in particular. He may not be there in a couple of years. He may do more harm than good. Give the new man a good start and a fair chance, but don't shout. The people who swagger about the way the new man is going to "draw from the other churches" ought to be sat upon heavily. They are the new man's worst enemies.

The first number of a new paper is too often accompanied with a loud shout about "filling a long felt want," about "distinguished contributors" and "trained writers," etc., etc. There is one future for a paper ushered into the world in that way unless it changes hands, and that is to die. Any man fit to conduct a paper knows that a successful paper is a growth and cannot be made in a year or in ten years. He knows that there is no training school for writers, and that the writer "with a style" is born not trained, and he knows, too, that journalism under the most favorable conditions is such a risky thing that no real journalist ever shouts about what he is going to do.

There would be no use in asking a certain kind of evangelist not to shout about his alleged revivals. If the shouting stopped the whole thing would stop.

REMINISCENCES OF SIXTY YEARS.

BY REV. ROBERT WALLACE.

[So few ministers now survive whose recollections of and labours in the Church extend to this long period that these personal reminiscences of Rev. Mr. Wallace, recalling a state of things so different from what they are now, and the happy results of a long and faithful ministry in the gospel, will by many be read with interest.—ED.]

These reminiscences date from the year 1838, when I began the work of preparation for the ministry under Dr. Rae, then Principal of the Hamilton High School. In this I was preceded by the Rev. Angus McColl, who was the first Canadian student for the Presbyterian Church. In 1841 I studied under the care of Rev. William Rintoul, of Streetsville, who remained ever after a constant and kind friend. In March, 1842, I entered Queen's College, Kingston, and there I spent three sessions in attendance on lectures until the organization of the Free Church in April, 1843. Mr. Thomas Wardrope, now so well known throughout the Church as the Rev. Dr. Wardrope, having been appointed Principal of the Grammar School in Byton, now Ottawa, I was invited by the Rev. Professor Campbell, of Kingston, to act as assistant to the late Rev. Dr. Bain in the preparatory department of Queen's College. The work of private tuition was also engaged in, and in November, 1844, when Knox College opened in Toronto, I entered it and took my last session in theology. During the session as was then, and has continued to be the custom, I preached almost every Sabbath in some place within

reach of the city, receiving as remuneration, but not always, only my expenses. Since then things have greatly changed in this respect.

In 1845, at the close of the college session, at the request of the Rev. Mr. Rintoul I engaged for over a year in mission work, preaching and organizing mission stations, and collecting for him statistics of all whom I found sympathizing with the Free Church. In this way I traversed the whole country from Kingston to Goderich, travelling on horseback over the roughest of roads, occasionally swimming my horse across a swollen stream, covering in all about 10,000 miles. In places the only road was a trail through the bush marked by a blaze on the trees. The homes then were the old log houses, now well-nigh unknown, often shanties unplastered, the chinks between the logs filled up with wood and moss, and when the snow was falling and the night stormy, letting in the snow upon the bed, with covering sometimes so scanty that sleep was impossible owing to the cold. I preached during this time, often from seven to ten times a week, sermons of the length, then common enough, of an hour or so, and the meeting places were rude schoolhouses, barns, or when both of these failed, in the open air, perhaps with a waggon for a pulpit. These journeys began often early in the morning and continued until late at night, with scanty fare also, many a time, even though it was the best the people could give, involved excessive toil with much exposure. Calls came to me during this period, but feeling it a duty to finish this mission which I had undertaken, these I declined, until at length my kind friend, Mr. Rintoul, seeing that the work was proving too much for me, in the trying conditions of these days, advised my acceptance of the next call which I should receive. This I did and was ordained and inducted into the pastoral charge of Keene and Otonabee on July 15th, 1846.

At that time fever and ague was a very common form of disease, and for this kind of sickness Keene and Otonabee was a very unfavorable settlement. In my reduced state of health and strength I soon caught the fever, and became so ill with it and continued to be, that my doctor warned me that if I did not withdraw from that district, and from work for a time, death would be the result. The Presbytery accordingly accepted my resignation in 1847, and for five months I was entirely laid aside. My salary at this time was the handsome sum of \$400, with a horse to keep out of it as well as myself. And as illustrative of the income of country ministers at that time I may just here mention that for the first eleven years of my ministry this was the average salary, and for some twenty years it was not more than \$510. In spite of these hindrances to my work it was honored and blessed of God to the ingathering of souls, and from God's blessing given in this way, I became fully assured of my call to the ministry of the gospel, a condition of mind I had longed for. The promise had been made good, that His word should not return to Him void, and to this I have ever since in all my ministry clung. Fearing that my state of health would not allow of my returning to the ministry, I had inducements offered me at this time to enter into mercantile business, but having been assured of my call to God's work in the ministry, I felt it my duty to decline all such offers.

Having to some extent recovered my health, in 1848 Mr. Rintoul sent me to Niagara, as a place free from malaria, to take charge of the Free Church there which had then two stations. I was next sent to Ingersoll to preach, and called and settled there in January, 1849, as pastor of Knox Church. The church contained only twenty members, most of them but a short time out from Scotland and poor. Again, the salary was the usual \$400 with a church to seat, which was done largely at my own expense. Here on this extravagant salary I was married to Miss Mary Ann Barker, and two children were born, a son and daughter,

the former being now the Rev. Professor Wallace, M.A., of Victoria College, Toronto.

God was pleased to bless my ministry in Ingersoll. In 1858 the church was found to be too small and the people of their own accord set about the erection of a new and larger one. In 1859 the twenty members had grown into a hundred and twenty. About this time I began to suffer from trouble in my throat, and after ten weeks spent at Clifton Springs, I was advised to try a voyage to Britain and a complete change for some time. The way was providentially opened up for my doing this by my appointment to visit Britain as agent for the French-Canadian Missionary Society. After collecting about \$4,000 in Canada for this society, I left for the old country, and arrived in Glasgow in July 1860. Here I received great kindness at the hands of Mr. Bryce, the Glasgow member of the Toronto firm of Bryce & McMurrich. Seeing my weak state of health, and my throat trouble, he generously at his own expense sent me to the Malvern Water Cure, where, under Dr. Gully, I so far recovered strength, and returned to Edinburgh. But here my throat still troubling me, Sir J. Y. Simpson, the world-famed physician, ordered me to the hilly country about Braemar, where in six weeks I fully recovered.

My visit to Britain happened at a most unfortunate time for the object I had in view. Famine in India, a massacre by Kurds of Christians in Syria, and many thousands of unemployed weavers at home were making large and crying demands upon British Christians. I succeeded, however, in collecting some \$5,000. This work, both in Britain and Canada, I found to be exceedingly laborious, necessitating an immense correspondence and innumerable calls early and late. I again therefore looked to my chosen work, a pastorate and preaching the gospel, and in July 1862 I was settled in the pastoral charge of Drummondville and Thorold, where I remained until September, 1867, when I was called to and settled in West Church, Toronto. This charge, my last, when I entered upon it, was small and the people mostly in humble circumstances. The congregation grew in numbers and prospered in worldly circumstances, so that my salary which had been when I entered upon it but \$800 per annum, increased with its growth until in 1888 it became \$2,000.

From the time I first went to Kingston as a student, I had always taken a deep interest and an active part in Sabbath school, and West Toronto inviting this kind of work, the Sabbath school there grew until it became, it was said, the largest in connection with the Presbyterian body in Canada. To this and faithful pastoral visitation among my people I attribute, under the blessing of God, the continuous and steady growth of West Church. At the request of the session I expounded at the Wednesday evening prayer meeting the Scripture lesson for the school on the following Sabbath, and this practice I kept up for twenty years, while the teachers remained after the meeting to study the lesson by themselves. This labour was blessed with abundant fruitage. Up to October, 1887, one hundred and forty new members had been received into the fellowship of the Church. About this time, at the request of the session, a series of special religious services was held which was kept up for several weeks and these, followed by constant pastoral visitation and personal dealing, resulted in the addition in one year of two hundred and seventy-five to the fellowship of the Church. But this incessant work, accompanied by sleeplessness, brought on symptoms of disease which became ultimately so threatening that in obedience to medical advice my resignation was presented to the Presbytery of Toronto, and accepted in April, 1890. During the twenty-three years of this pastorate the membership had grown to seven hundred and sixty, while in wealth and material resources the congregation had advanced tenfold. To God be all the glory that I have not labored in vain.