

CHURCH
WORK

Ministers and Churches

NEWS
LETTERS

TORONTO.

As a mark of the appreciation of the congregation of St. Andrew's Church Rev. Armstrong Black was yesterday afternoon presented by a committee on behalf of the congregation with a purse of gold, previous to his departure for the old country, which takes place on Tuesday next. At a meeting of the congregation held on March 29 last it was resolved to place on record their appreciation of the work Rev. Mr. Black had done during the five years he had been pastor of St. Andrew's. A committee consisting of the Hon. Mr. Justice Maclean, Mr. J. W. Langmuir, Colonel John I. Davidson, Mr. B. E. Walker, Mr. Z. A. Lash and Mr. A. F. Maclean was appointed to carry out this purpose. In pursuance of this resolution the committee visited St. Andrew's manse yesterday afternoon, when the chairman, Mr. J. W. Langmuir, presented and read an address, accompanied with a well-filled bag of British sovereigns. The address is most artistically illuminated with maple leaves of Canada and Scottish thistles, presenting on the first page a beautiful etching of St. Andrew's church, and on the second the names of all the ministers of the church since its organization in 1830, namely: Rev. Robert Runtou, 1830 to 1834; Rev. William T. Leach, 1835 to 1842; Rev. John Barclay, D.D., 1842 to 1872; Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, 1870 to 1896; Rev. W. J. McLaughan, March, 1897, to October, 1898, and Rev. Armstrong Black, D.D., September, 1899, to June, 1905. Rev. Dr. Black, in replying to the address and the testimonial accompanying it, said that perhaps it required as much grace to receive aright a gift as to bestow it, and he felt almost unable to accept worthily what had been so graciously spoken and so graciously given. If attacked he would defend himself, but when treated thus kindly he was overpowered. No two people had ever received more kindness than Mrs. Black and herself in beautiful Toronto, nor ever a minister and his wife more from a congregation than they from St. Andrew's, and it ever circumstances permitted them to make their home here he knew one who would return with her whole heart, and also one who would be glad to accompany her.

WESTERN ONTARIO.

At the close of a pastorate of eight years in Dutton the congregation and resident ministers assembled at the manse and presented an address of appreciation accompanied by a purse of \$110 in gold to the Rev. J. Steven, and a beautiful silver water set to Mrs. Steven; and the other members of the household were kindly remembered. Mr. Steven's labors in this pastorate have been highly appreciated, and we feel our loss is almost irreparable.

Rev. R. J. Macalpine, of Owen Sound, in a sermon to young men, vehemently attacked a certain class of society in that town. Said Mr. Macalpine: "Evil women, and especially married women, are the most deadly danger to young men, crushing out their every moral and religious instinct, and not in cities only, but also in our town. Shun their company as you would the deadly bite of a scorpion." In referring to the practice of gambling, the reverend gentleman said: "Gambling is on the increase. Some of the men we count respectable are at it every day, not even Sunday excepted, and that right here in Owen Sound."

EASTERN ONTARIO.

The Victoria Harbour Presbyterians are about to build a handsome manse on Victoria Heights.

In the absence of Dr. Grant, who was attending the General Assembly at Kingston, the Rev. J. H. White, M.A., preached in the Presbyterian church, Orillia, last Sunday.

Rev. Wm. Beattie, Cobourg, has gone to England. Invitations are issued for his marriage to Miss Mabel Heath, of Biddulph Grange, Conleton, on Wednesday, June 21st. Mr. Beattie expects to return with his bride before the end of July.

Large congregations attended the anniversary services in the Presbyterian church Sunday week last. The Rev. J. McP. Scott, of St. John's church, Toronto, preached two deeply spiritual and thoroughly scriptural sermons. In the evening his subject was "Christ as the dayman" or umpire, for whom Job longed, to bridge the gulf between God and man. He dwelt upon the fulness of the atonement made on Calvary for man's shortcomings and of the great desire of the Son to effect a reconciliation between a just God and sinful man, and urged his hearers to take advantage of the sacrifice then made. The collections for the building fund amounted to about \$89.

On Wednesday evening of last week the mission church of St. Paul's, Peterboro, was set apart from the parent congregation and established as a separate church, the third, Presbyterian church in Peterboro with an independent congregation. The new church, which has been named Knox church in honor of the four hundredth anniversary of the great Presbyterian divine of that name, will be in charge of Rev. W. McD. McKay, who has for some time been assistant pastor of St. Paul's, and the first members of the session are Messrs. J. W. Morrison, J. W. Bennett, Wm. Scott, Smeeth Hall and Wm. Maana. Rev. G. Yule, Moderator of the Presbytery, preached the sermon. It was mentioned that seventy years ago, June 7th, the first meeting of Presbyterians in Peterboro for Holy Communion was held in a wooden building, still standing near the new manse, a new structure erected a couple of years ago.

The South-Western Presbyterian: It is very easy and very common for men to tell those whom they cannot answer that they are "old fogies," "behind the times," "moss backs," and the like. There is no argument in this. It is mere opinion. It is personal rather than logical. The vast majority of those who use this method are capable of no other, and they become very much addicted to it. There are some right good things that our fathers did. We might do well to emulate their example.

United Presbyterian: This world is no home for an immortal soul. It is only a tent, a cabin, a wayside inn, where the lodger tarries for a night. In the morning he must up and away, over the horizon and out of sight. Entertain your pilgrim spirit while you can. To-day its name is on the register, to-morrow the guest is gone.

Before we give ourselves up to the pain of envying the "riches" or the "greatness" of another, it would be wise to inquire into the matter, for we might, upon learning at what a cost of real happiness they held their possessions, be saved from that ruin envy never fails to work upon the soul.

LOVE'S WORK.

Love is not an emotion; it is not a sentiment; it is not a profession. Love is a living, active force; it is the impulse which urges to action and is found only in conscious agents. Man was made to love God and keep his commandments. The test of love is obedience. Indeed, obedience is the counterpart of love, and must keep pace with it or the palm of life will contain many discordant notes. Love which does not produce obedience is a vain delusion; obedience which does not spring from love is only "sounding brass and tinkling cymbal." "Love seeketh not her own." Love is unselfish; it is a principle of self-sacrifice. Love's work is the best.

It is related that a century ago, in the north of Europe, stood an old cathedral, upon one of the arches of which was a sculptured face of wondrous beauty. It was long hidden, until one day the sun's light, striking through a slanted window, revealed its matchless features. And year after year, upon the days when for a brief hour it was illuminated, crowds came and waited eagerly to catch but a glimpse of that face. It had a strange history. When the cathedral was being built, an old man, broken with the weight of years and care, came and besought the architect to let him work upon it. Out of pity for his age, but fearful lest his failing sight and trembling touch might mar some fair design, the master set him to work in the shadows of the vaulted roof. One day they found the old man asleep in death. The tools of his craft were laid in order by his side. The cunning of his hand had departed. His face was upturned to the marvellous face which he had wrought there—the face of one whom he had loved. The artist and sculptors and workmen from all parts of the cathedral came and looked upon that face and they said: "This is the grandest work of all; love wrought this."

Beloved, we are aiding in the building of a temple. It is the most wondrous structure of the ages—man and his character. God intends that this temple shall be his habitation. We shall all learn some time that love's work is the grandest of all.—Central Christian Advocate.

CREDULOUS SKEPTICISM.

Credulity is the child not of faith but of unbelief. The worst errors and vagaries are those entertained by skeptics. "I am not a Christian, and do not believe in a personal God," writes a doctor. That is unbelief. But mark its credulity. "I believe that the universe is governed by immutable laws, and is ruled by one all-powerful force. I believe that this force is what we call electricity." So! When a new little life comes into your home, and you see a fresh soul unfold in rarest beauty, it is only a new electrical connection. When you sit by the little body from which the soul is gone, and your heart is as lead within you, cheer up, don't be foolish,—electrical connection has simply been disarranged. Here is a creed, indeed. Skepticism accepts it. Faith believes the truth. Skepticism doubts it. Skepticism credulously swallows folly. Faith demurs. The real incredulity is the incredulity not of skepticism but of faith.—S. S. Times.

If men could but realize that an unkind feeling toward another wrought the greater injury upon themselves they would soon come to know they can not afford to harbor such a feeling, and would dismiss it promptly as a thing as unprofitable as it is unworthy.