

and time, that it can, under existing conditions, be found in one direction only, that is, in the cultivation of the soil, or in food-production in some form.

We may be permitted to add, in closing, knowing how much there is in a name, that the acknowledgement and application of such a principle would not be socialism or communism, but might, perhaps, be made a most effective means of counteracting both. The unoccupied lands of countries like Canada are practically unlimited. The market for food products is world-wide, and is less liable to be affected by competition than that for any other products of industry. Admit the opposite, or admit the impossibility of the small farmer with his few acres of land and hand cultivation, competing successfully in such markets with the great producers, it is yet true that the industrious cultivator of the soil, with an acre or two of fairly good land at his disposal, need never want for the necessities of life for himself and family, and the possibility of finding in some system of land cultivation the general principle for the solution of this great problem is granted.

Pew and Pulpit in Toronto.—VIII.

AT ST. JAMES' SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

WHEN Rev. Louis H. Jordan, B.D., pastor of the St. James' Square Presbyterian Church, leaves the screening shelter of the reading-desk and comes out from it a step or two on one side or the other, as he does occasionally throughout his sermon, you see that he is a man in the prime of life, and every inch an ecclesiastic. To look at, he is the beau ideal of a churchman, and nobody would ever suppose him anything else. Cultured correctness is in the calm and placid expression of his strong face—clean-shaven, with a well cut nose and a determined chin—in every contour of his compact head, with its short, very closely-brushed, iron-grey hair; in his smile, which like his usual speech, shows a set of perfect and gleaming teeth. The churchman-like *tout ensemble* is added to by the gown and bands he wears, which are like you see in pictures of three hundred years ago. The black silk gown reaches to his feet, and has voluminous sleeves, which are very effective when the preacher raises his arm as he did on Sunday night when he pointed out over an imaginary door of hell, Dante's words: "All hope abandon, ye who enter here." He pointed out each word as he uttered it so that his hearers saw, in thought, the lurid announcement, duly spaced out over the gloomy portal. The black gown is a very striking background for the immaculate white bands, and as Mr. Jordan possesses natural dignity, and has a high idea of his office, he looks as though he might be anything from a dean to an archbishop. He is a strong, definite man; no dreamer; no poet; no doubter; no mystic. He has a facile and ready delivery, and he cuts off compact chunks of very definite theology and tenders them to you as clearly as if they were axioms in Euclid. You may take them or leave them, but there is no doubt as to what he means by them. The fancy takes you that if he painted pictures they would be sharp and clear, like photographs in which every detail had come up; there would be no nebulous uncertain distance, or shadowy mist. All of which is of the cleric, clerical. It comprehends a good deal of assertion which is left as assertion and nothing more. It comprehends, too, a greater certainty about God, human nature, and the issues of life, than many people are able to feel.

Mr. Jordan has a clear, firm voice, but his pronunciation of certain words is so peculiar that it takes a few moments to become accustomed to it. He has a method of his own in using the vowel sounds a and i. Henry Irving has the same peculiarity, and it is a blemish; though as Mr. Jordan uses it it does not sound uncultivated. "Wayside" sounds, when spoken in this way, something like "wah-sahd."

There are preachers who leave their congregations to infer hell and the devil. Mr. Jordan does not. They are, with him, positive teachings. His sermon last Sunday evening was a special one to young men; the subject of it was "Voices that Mislead," and the text was from the Book of Proverbs. It might almost more fitly have been, "Your adversary, the devil, goeth about like a roaring lion seeking whom he may devour." I have not for many years heard a

sermon in which there was so much of the Prince of Darkness. He was presented to us not as a mere vague personification of evil. It was Satan himself the preacher was talking about, and no mediæval monk could have presented him with more clearness—the malignant, pervading, subtle enemy of mankind, almost as powerful as God apparently, and accustomed to greet the struggles of humanity toward the right with "peals of mocking laughter." The discourse opened with a description of the devil tempting Eve in the Garden of Eden. This was given so realistically as to bring the matter within the purview of everyone present. "Listen to what the tempter said to Eve." An attempt was made to bridge the thousands of years that are supposed to have elapsed since the Fall. The idea given us of Satan was anthropomorphic. Mr. Jordan's Satan, like Milton's, was simply a very Iago-like human being with extended powers. But that he was a being, a personality, a real malign intelligence, able to go through all worlds and make a sad ruin of the work of the Creator, was what Mr. Jordan would have us believe. He went on to say that when young men were to be tempted to their everlasting ruin the devil did not appear in his own proper person. He spoke to the young man through the guise of one of his friends, one to whom, perhaps, the young man looked up with respect and confidence. It was very natural for young men when they had done their day's work, and done it well, to be anxious to get out to something amusing. The life of the average young man, during business hours, was spent under a roof, and it was the custom of most young men, when they had hurried through their evening meal, to escape to the freedom of out of doors. He (Mr. Jordan) had found this in his attempts to visit young men. When he had devoted an evening to visiting he found that in nine cases out of ten it was impossible to meet with the young men of his congregation he wished to see. Consequently he had set apart Friday evening as a time when he should be glad to see any young man who called upon him, and he was pleased to say that a number of them had responded to his invitation. Well, now, supposing a young man in the condition mentioned: business over and the evening to spare, perhaps the friend said: "You have done well to-day, you have performed your tasks with assiduity, now, to-night, you need recreation, you must have something exciting, something to take your mind off business—you must let yourself go a little, etc." Perhaps he suggested a place of questionable amusement. The preacher did not say the theatre, but that was what naturally occurred to every one's mind. If the young man valued his soul's safety he must regard this suggestion of his friend as inspired by Satan. Or the young man might be fond of music, one of the most elevating and soothing of the arts. But here the Prince of Darkness was present again, and suggested music with unholy associations. The opera was not mentioned, but it was evidently what was in the preacher's mind. Sometimes the devil tried ridicule, sometimes persuasion. When he had tempted a young man astray he was given to displaying his amusement at the unfortunate being's attempt to get back again to the path of reformation and rectitude. Sometimes there was a young man of more than common strength of purpose who made up his mind that come what would he would go back, but, oftener, the victims of temptation, when they heard the demoniac peal of laughter with which the Enemy of souls met their efforts at reformation, went deeper and deeper into sin, and endeavoured to drown the voice of conscience in dissipation.

As this lecture was one of a course, it would be unfair to judge of it irrespective of those that preceded and those which will follow it. Taken by itself, however, it left a gloomy impression upon the mind. It presented the devil as a being of such power and subtlety that it was next to impossible to escape his clutches. He was painted as inspiring our friends, and inspiring us; and very little of the discourse was devoted to telling us how to escape him. We were given the arch-fiend, pure and simple, in all his mediæval dreadfulness, but without the holy water and the sign of the cross to bid him avaunt with. Step by step the personality of the devil was developed until we seemed to see him brooding with his dark wings over all the world. It was he who was waiting for the young man when he had done his day's work well. It was not the Christ who was waiting for him at his rooms, but the devil. Not for him the kindly expression of human sympathy; it was the devil who was behind his friend's companionable smile. There was a net spread