

Our Contributors.

DR POLONIUS WELCOMES HIS SON HOME FROM THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY, AND GIVES THE YOUNG MAN SOME SOUND ADVICE.

BY KNOXIAN.

Glad to see you home again, my son. You had a good time in Hamilton. You found the Hamilton people very kind and hospitable. Didn't your father tell you the Hamilton Presbyterians are just the sort of people to entertain a General Assembly? Nothing small about them. When the Assembly wants to go right into Eden it should always meet in Hamilton.

Glad to hear that you were delighted with the supreme court of your Church, my son. It is a fine body of men, and seemed to be in excellent spirits this time. It is good for a young man like you to see the great ecclesiastical machine running. In our supreme court you see order without red-tapeism, geniality without levity, and dignity without dullness. You remember, my son, when you used to have a little juvenile hankering after some of the other denominations. It was about the time you had the measles. Your mother and I told you that as soon as you got your wisdom teeth and a little more experience you would see that your own Church was quite as good as any other, and a good deal better than some. Right glad are we that you see it now. There is no spot, my son, on this globe where a young man may not hold up his head and with honest pride say he is a Presbyterian. The very name commands respect all the world over. See that you never do anything to lessen that respect.

Glad to hear you say, my son, that you were struck with the spirit of fairness in which the Assembly goes about its work. Mr. McGris made a good point when he said that he always felt a relief in addressing the supreme court as compared with some other bodies he often addresses, because he knew the members of Assembly were not held by party lines which might at times prevent them from doing what they would do if free from party trammels. The Assembly is a fair body. The members often differ in opinion as to what ought to be done, and in regard to the best way of doing it, but they want to do the right thing. They may occasionally make mistakes—what body does not?—but they mean to do what is best for the Church. The only wonder is that, considering the immense amount of business done and the haste with which much of it has to be disposed of, more mistakes are not made.

You were greatly pleased with the manner in which the Moderator discharged his duties. Glad to know, my son, that you admire genial, dignified, well-bred men. The Moderator has served his Church for thirty-four years. During all these years he has been a faithful, diligent pastor. He never bored a church court with long speeches as dry as a lime-burner's shoe. He never worried a church court by "rising to points of order" when there was no point. He never made disorder by professing to keep order. He preaches the Gospel, and does not find it necessary to preach anything else. If you preach the Gospel faithfully, and work well among your people, and never try to pose as a church lawyer, and avoid grumbling and snarling and fault-finding, and serve your Church and your Master loyally and well for thirty-four years, you may be a Moderator too.

Glad to know, my son, that you admire the orderly, quiet and dignified way in which the clerks and other officials do their work. Presbyterians don't appoint officers in their superior courts who strut about in peacock style and display their official feathers. They put solid, sensible men in responsible places. That is one of the reasons why Presbyterianism is a power in this land. Should the day ever come when featherheads will occupy the high places of the Church, the usefulness and influence of this Church will have gone. Always vote for a solid man.

Now, my son, let me give you some advice as to the future. The General Assembly is over. You have had a pleasant time. You have come home strengthened in your attachment to your Church. You believe in Presbyterianism more than you ever believed in it. Now, my son, get down to earnest hard work, and do something for the Church you admire so much. Preach better than you ever

preached. There is no more sorry spectacle than to see a pastor stalling in Church courts and fussing about ecclesiastical procedure who cannot preach a decent sermon. Remember that Presbyterianism has been made by preaching the Word, and by preaching Presbyterianism must stand. You look upon the meeting of the General Assembly as a great occasion. So it was, but you have a greater occasion every Sabbath. Every time you enter your pulpit you have more important work in hand than any work done by the supreme court. Let me quote the words of one who was himself a prince among preachers: "In the delivery of a sermon does the true preacher appear. His throne is the pulpit; he stands in Christ's stead; his message is the Word of God; around him are immortal souls; the saviour, unseen, is beside him; the Holy Spirit broods over the congregation; angels gaze upon the scene, and heaven and hell await the issue. What associations and what vast responsibility!" Let it never be said of you that you can do anything else better than preach. When it can be truly said of a pastor that he is great in the Presbytery, but small in his pulpit; when he is clever at overtures and motions and amendments, but awfully stupid in handling texts; that he is sharp at points of ecclesiastical law, but can make no points in a Gospel sermon; that he is a big man at conventions, but a very dry man in the prayer meeting—when this can be truthfully said of a pastor, that pastor is in a very bad way. His usefulness, if he ever had any, is about gone. Preach the very best you can every time. Use whatever ability God has given you and preach in your own way. The way you can preach best is the best way for you. Never degrade your manhood, and make an ass of yourself, by trying to preach like any body else. Prove to the world that by honest, manly Gospel preaching you can draw and hold and help the people. If one congregation does not like that way of doing things, another will.

Attend diligently to your pastoral work. Senseless, unreasonable people may sometimes complain about lack of attention, but go quietly on doing your duty. Help the tempted. Be kind to the poor. When trouble darkens the home be there in your Master's name, and with as much as possible of your Master's spirit. When the angel of death comes down upon a household, help the bereaved. Let your prayer, commending the departing spirit to the God who gave it, be among the last things your dying parishioner hears. The expressions of gratitude that struggle from the bloodless lips of a dying child of God are worth a million times more to a true minister of Christ than the loudest plaudits of a General Assembly. To help a struggling, tempted man is higher work than to support an overture or move a resolution. To guide one soul to the cross is to do more for the Church and the Master than to make the best speech ever delivered in a Church court. When this quiet work is going on there will be no admirers to applaud, and no stenographers with their swift pencils to tell the world the good things you said, but the Master Himself sees all; the record is above and the reward is sure.

WINTER STATIONS ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.—IV.

MONACO AND MONTE CARLO.

The Grimaldi family have been in possession of this small territory since 968, when the Emperor, Otto I., gave it to Grimaldi I., father of Giballin Grimaldi, who drove the Saracens from the country. The greatest length of the principality is three miles and the breadth one mile. Its population, about ten thousand, is distributed over four different centres, all united except Monaco proper, which, like an eagle's nest, occupies an isolated rock 200 feet above the sea, and which is the one clean old town on the Mediterranean coast. This small population has its Council of State, its judiciary, its pomp of foreign consuls, its army of seventy soldiers, its forty armed police, and its capital with 2,870 inhabitants—a travesty of an independent state. In 1861 the prince sold the greater part of his dominions—the Communes of Roquebrun and Mentone—to France for four million francs. It is a pity France did not buy at the same time Monte Carlo, and put an end to this *inferno*, in the suppression of which every European Government is interested.

Gambling began here in 1856 by a company, with the sanction of Prince Charles III., and in 1858 the

company commenced to build a permanent house on Monte Carlo. Getting short of funds, they sold their rights and property in 1860 to François Blanc, a native of Avignon, who had been proprietor of the Kursaal at Homburg. After this gold began to pour in from all lands—palaces to take the place of tumble-down houses—a majestic cathedral to replace the humble Grimaldi thirteenth century church, costly roads to pierce the cliffs. The arid hills around became clothed with verdure, beautiful villas and gardens of delight soon occupied sites, which a few years before, had not grass enough to feed a goat.

THE CASINO,

a large building, erected in 1862, by M. Blanc, stands on what is called Monte Carlo—an abrupt termination of a ridge which slopes upward from the sea to the Corniche road and the Chateau mountains. In addition to the gambling rooms, it has reading rooms supplied with journals of every country and language, and concert rooms, furnished with 600 arm chairs covered with scarlet velvet, and to these rooms access is free to the public.

The gambling rooms consist of three apartments, with tables for roulette, which is played with one zero, and at which the smallest sum admitted is five francs, and the largest 6,000 francs or \$1,200. A fourth room, ornamented by panel paintings, representing young lady riders, croquet players, fencers, fishers, archers, etc., is devoted to *trente-et-quarante*, at which the smallest sum admitted is twenty francs and the largest 12,000 francs or \$2,400. Only French coin and notes are taken at any of the tables; and no one can gamble on credit. This

EUROPEAN SCANDAL

has formed the topic of many discussions in the Italian Parliament, which not only permits, but encourages lotteries that spread the fever of gambling amongst the humblest classes of society, and carry the most selfish of vices into every peasant's hut. Nice, Cannes and other Riviera resorts manufacture endless stories of suicides committed at Monte Carlo; but in these envy is too plainly visible, for as a matter of fact, in all these towns there are gambling houses, from the great "cercle" to the lowest *auberge*. And here too many are ruined, as well as at Monte Carlo. France alone possesses the power to put an end to this serious source of evil, which, undoubtedly, leads to occasional suicides, and many other forms of sin, by bringing respectable people who have not the power to resist into contact with forgers and scoundrels, not to speak of the painted women who swarm here, to the disgrace of their sex. It is a shame that French statesmen should have so long allowed this princelet, with his technical claim to independence, to draw such immense revenues from this place. Germany has stamped out all such plague spots in her country. France could do the same if it seriously took the matter in hand, for the Prince of Monaco is merely the vassal of France. The question has recently been considered by a committee of the French Senate, and it is hoped that M^{rs}. de Freycinet, who is a Protestant and a highly respectable man, will follow up the action of the Senate and bring the matter to an end.

Some 1,640 feet above Monaco, on the via Julia, is

LA TURBIE,

the ancient Trophœa Augusti station—now a poor village with a tower of Augustus, whence "From ancient battlements, the eye surveys a hundred lofty peaks and curving bays," as the Marquis of Lorne sings in his "Guido and Lita." But to get a view which perhaps excels all others, ascend the

TETE DE CHIEN,

which commands an uninterrupted view east and west. Eastward are visible every mountain, town, cape and bay as far as San Remo. To the west the view is even more extensive, reaching to the Lérins islands, the Esterel mountains and the Maures, above Saint Tropez. Here you can sit and watch the brown sails on the blue sea, and be fanned by sweet air charged with the fragrance of aromatic plants, like those that fed the goats of Daphnis and Amaryllis.

MENTONE,

the next winter station, is on a large bay which extends from Cape St. Martin on the west to Mortola point on the east. This bay is divided into two smaller bays by a hill—130 feet in height—on which is built the old town, with its parish church, sur-