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The Canada Presbyterian.

TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23rd, 1892.

IN Vienna, Berlin, Brussels, and many other cities of Europe, the swelling tide of discontent is kept down by military force. The populace are hungry and there is no work. The ranks of the hungry are re-inforced by loafers and idlers of all kinds, and as usual the honest hungry men who merely want bread for themselves and their children are held responsible for the excesses of Socialists, Anarchists and all other bad characters. It is a matter of gratitude that spring is so near. Poverty is bad enough at any time, but it is at its worst in winter.

THE *British Weekly* displays the usual English inaccuracy about colonial affairs when it says that Dr. Donald Fraser's Church in Montreal was "not among the more conspicuous of its order." Old Coté was always distinctly conspicuous when there was work to be done or money to be paid. It stood in the very front rank of Presbyterian congregations when Dr. Fraser was pastor, maintained its fine position during the pastorate of his successor, Principal MacVicar, and is easily in the front rank to-day. Last year it raised over \$40,000 for all purposes. How many Presbyterian congregations in London raised more?

DR. DONALD FRASER, like many another eminent preacher, had a decided weakness for journalism, and like many another eloquent brother thought that because he could write an excellent, racy article on almost any subject, he could publish a newspaper. One or two trials, out of which he took more experience than money, convinced him to the contrary. It would be interesting to know the exact number of permanent men of one kind and another who honestly believe that the only qualification necessary for a successful editor or publisher is to be able to write an article or a paragraph.

THE unexpected often happens in strikes as well as in everything else. About the last men in Canada one would expect to see on strike are the conductors of the C. P. R. A more orderly, sedate, comfortable-looking lot of men it would be difficult to find in any part of the world. And yet as we write we understand they are on strike all the way from Port Arthur to Donald. How a strike may work on a line running for hundreds of miles through an uninhabited prairie no one seems to know. One thing everybody will regret and that is that the strike should have taken place when so many people are moving into Manitoba and the North-West. Eight hundred people left the Union Station, Toronto, for that region one night not long ago and there are many more to follow. Those women and children on the colonist trains are not responsible for the management of the C. P. R.

A JINGO of any kind is not a fine character, but the Canadian jingo is the most contemptible of his tribe. He resembles the boyish weakling who swaggers and threatens to "lick" somebody, and when he is put to the test bellows and blubbers for his mother to help him. The Canadian jingo would like to pick a quarrel with the United States, and then call on the mother country to do the fighting. It may be just as well for the Canadian jingo to know first as last that he does not count in serious international affairs. The ties of business and blood that exist between Great Britain and the United States—not to speak of the claims of civilization and Christianity—are much too strong to be seriously affected by the vapouring of colonial jingoes.

ONE of the social problems of the day is the constant and ever increasing rush to the centres of population. We have lately been much interested in a discussion of this question that has been going on in some of the British journals. All the writers agree in saying that one of the principal causes of the rush is the intolerable dulness of the small villages and of rural districts. There are of course many other causes and they are different in different localities, but the one cause always present is unrelieved dulness. The rush city-ward exists in Canada and it is a most unhealthy sign. Every lover of his country should fight against it, and one of the best ways to fight is to make town, village and country life pleasant. That might easily be done in a country like Canada where things have not yet begun to run in grooves.

GET a reputation for early rising and you may lie in bed until noon. Brooklyn has long enjoyed a reputation for church going and few cities on the continent deserve the honour less. The *Christian at Work* says:—

Not long since a Brooklyn clergyman stated publicly that only a little more than five persons in a hundred in the ward where he lived attended any Church on Sundays. His assertion was disputed. Investigations were made by reporters and others. The result was the shocking conclusion that the clergyman had understated rather than overstated the facts. In other words, it was found that not five in a hundred were in the habit of attending any religious services. This in a country of Puritan and Dutch antecedents, nay, in the very "city of churches," is a most deplorable state of affairs.

Would such a deplorable state of affairs be possible if the Churches did their duty from the first and took prompt measures for preventing the lapsing of Puritans into Pagans? When the world gets such a start that there are ninety-five men on the street for every five in Church, the Church has a poor chance.

ONTARIO seems to be singularly free from crime at the present time. Never perhaps in the history of the province did the judges receive so many pairs of white kid gloves as they are now receiving on their spring circuits. The fact is most gratifying, and it suggests a lesson that ought to be salutary. Once or twice during the time the Scott Act was in force in Halton, there was an assize without any criminals. Friends of the Act more zealous than wise, jumped to the conclusion that the absence of crime was caused by the Scott Act. The Scott Act is not in force in any county now, and there never was less crime. Nothing proves more clearly that temperance and religion are good causes than that they can stand the support of some of their friends. It can be shown clearly enough that a large proportion of the crime committed in civilized countries is produced by or is in some way connected with the liquor traffic. That is a fact, but it does not by any means follow that because there may be no criminals to try at any given assize in a small county, the absence of crime must be attributed to the Scott Act, should that Act happen to be in force. It would mightily help to bring in the millennium if causes that are good were always supported by men and arguments equally good. The temperance cause has suffered perhaps more than any other from poor logic and assertions that were incapable of proof.

THE religious press of Great Britain has much to say about Dr. Fraser's life and work and not a little about his qualities as a man and a minister. One writer says he was "aristocratic to his finger tips." He may have appeared so, and doubtless that was the impression he made on the minds of many Canadians, but the fact remains that the poor from one of the poorest districts of London were largely represented at his funeral, and none

shed more tears as they took the last lingering look of their old friend. Another writer says that the Doctor was at his best when doing his share of mission work among the lapsed poor. There is much room for revision of the opinions which many people hold in regard to the unfortunates they describe as proud ministers. Their idea is that the hail-fellow-well-met minister who slaps them on the back and calls them Jack, or some equally familiar name, and talks nonsense with them for an hour or two, is a very humble-minded, friendly man, but the minister who attends to his Master's work and has no time for loafing and nonsense is proud. Principal Willis was not much given to slapping people familiarly on the back, but there probably never was a minister in Toronto who did more for the poor. Dr. Fraser was not noted for the Jack and Bill business, but the poor of Lissongrove knew him well and wept around his coffin. Charity that exhausts itself in patronizing familiarity is a fraud.

A MORAL REFORMER.

IN New York they have a Society for the Prevention of Crime, and evidences are only too abundant that such a Society does not need to apologize for its existence. It will not, to all appearance, need to disband soon because its work is done. The degrees of vice and crime are terrible and their extent appalling. Under the presidency of the late Dr. Howard Crosby much good was accomplished by this Society, and it was thought that when he died it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find another so well fitted to fill the position he had so ably occupied, whose duties he had discharged with such well-directed zeal and with such unflinching courage. A man who undertakes work of this nature is not one that all men will speak well of. While sure of the encouragement and sympathy of all good citizens, he is certain to receive misrepresentation and abuse from all who have an interest in the continuance of evils that menace the well-being of society. As a consequence, Dr. Crosby was frequently the subject of popular attack, but he went on his way unmoved, being resolved to do his duty irrespective of praise or blame. Men of this stamp are as urgently needed in these days as at any former period.

The successor of Dr. Crosby is a man of like calibre, and if the vicious elements in New York city were glad that their fearless censor had been removed, their natural but unholy joy was but short lived. In the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst they have an opponent as determined and as terribly in earnest as ever Dr. Crosby was. So direct and scathing have been his attacks on prevailing wickedness that his name has extended beyond the Presbyterian circles in which his sterling worth and unquestioned abilities have been long recognized. The first thing to bring him into notice as an earnest moral reformer was his bold and direct denunciation of the municipal corruption that has become chronic in the most populous city of this continent. There have been spasmodic uprisings against civic evil-doers when they became so shameless and so cynically audacious in their robberies that they could no longer be ignored. A wave of righteous indignation drove members of the Tweed ring into prison or enforced exile, but other broods of harpies settled again, and the Jacob Sharpe episode started fresh prosecutions and scattered a few more-schemers, some of whom Canada had the doubtful honour of sheltering for years. Dr. Parkhurst, in a powerful discourse, showed that those who were charged with guarding the well-being of the city were in league with the vilest elements in it, that those who had gambling and other wicked dens were virtually under the protection of the police and some of those who controlled them. As might be expected, his burning words aroused attention. The matter was submitted to the grand jury in the hope that measures would be taken to remedy the evils of which complaint had been made. Instead of enquiry, the accusations were virtually ignored, and a systematic attempt was made to show that the indignant moralist was drawing on his imagination and indulging in sensational exaggerations. Knowing that the ground on which he trod was firm beneath his feet, he did not flinch. Instead of quietly studying in seclusion the statistical reports of crime, he went, accompanied by two trusty friends, and explored the slums of New York for himself. He saw with his own eyes the awful plague spots that spread their festering corruption all around. He found that in what he had already publicly stated instead of being over-drawn came far short of the dreadful actuality. The results of his personal investigation he embodied in a second sermon which the press has