

about as dangerous as Principal Grant. Any man who takes the ground that a minister should have \$700 a year is worldly-minded. I can hire a man to do all kinds of work for half that sum.

Why cannot our colleges be supported by the Government? If Mr. Mowat is not willing to give us part of the surplus, then why should not the Church try Sir John? I always had the good of the colleges at heart and am perfectly willing that either Government should endow and support them out of the public funds. Farther than this no man can reasonably be expected to go.

I don't like much of the preaching of these modern times. There is too much about gratitude, and obedience and self-sacrifice and all that sort of thing. Why don't our ministers preach more about the Jews? They were a wicked people and should be condemned. Judas was a very wicked man. If he had been the right kind of man he would have kept the thirty pieces of silver and lent it at twenty per cent. Our ministers should dwell more on these early times. A preacher who has proper regard for the feelings of good people will not come within five hundred years of the present time.

I like controversial sermons. It does me good to hear a preacher pitch into the Catholics and warn up the Methodists. Sermons of that kind do Catholics more good than French Evangelization. They do not cost money and French Evangelization does. The Catholics should be pitched into quite often. It does me more good to hear a preacher pitch into the Jews and Catholics than to hear him preach about duty and love, and obedience and gratitude and self-sacrifice and that sort of thing. I conclude as I began—the Church is in a bad way.

NOTES OF A WESTERN RAMBLE.—II.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

So far our experience of weather and the people we met had been alike pleasant. But ere leaving the beautiful terraces and handsome residences which characterize the thrifty manufacturing town of Brampton, circumstances were to change. The fact of the annual fair being held was very much against the rapid pursuit of the business before us. The final day of the show, too, broke in a downpour of rain, and everybody had to seek shelter. The prospect seemed poor for the Scott Act just then, for there was not a vacant space where a temporary bar could be erected, and a pair of hands engaged to attend it, where this extra "accommodation" was not provided. There seemed to be a very evident "drink and be merry" sentiment prevailing, and the thought that it might be the last chance of the kind, before the evening of the 23rd would bring its verdict. And so we left Brampton amid a shower of rain, drunkenness and a good deal of profanity.

We thought that our next stopping place,

GEORGETOWN,

in the County of Halton, would witness for us a change, and so it did, but it was not in all respects so pleasant—like everything else when viewed from a distance—as we had expected. Wet and cold, there was no warm reception, or polite landlord waiting to make us comfortable. The hotel at which the "Union" bus had dropped us seemed to be deserted. True, an apology for a fire sizzled in a great drill-shed concern of a stove, and one or two individuals passed to and fro, but the stranger was left to his own resources. Behind a seven feet partition, however, something interesting was going on, and if the sense of smell and hearing could be relied on the

SCOTT ACT WAS VIOLATED

before we had been very long in Halton. A suspicious looking barrel had followed us on another conveyance from the station, and there was an evident and "absorbing" interest in its broachment, which being accomplished after much trouble, the feverish impatience observable among those who passed out and in wore off. There was lots of time for reflection and our conclusion was that the Act was a success—so much a success that there was an infinity of trouble before the habitual toppers could have their appetites gratified. But the broaching of a keg of beer could not last for aye, and at last the landlord appeared. That individual had not an heroic appearance, but he had more than the dejection of Othello when he found his occupation gone. The whole time we remained there this poor unfortunate victim of temperance fanatics,

as he evidently regards himself, did nothing but rail at the iniquity of those meddlers who would not let the like of him alone. But when I have said that in Acton and Milton I found a much more pleasant state of things, and that the Act seemed to be quietly endured, if occasionally broken, I would gladly leave this subject out of my notes. It is so closely interwoven with the

WELFARE OF OUR CHURCH,

and so forcibly brought before every traveller's notice, that this to a large extent will be impossible. Georgetown itself is not a particularly attractive village. Its streets are steep, and, as a consequence, its drainage is excellent. But the sojourner who has to tramp hither and thither, up and down the hills and dales, finds a grateful relief when he can sit down. Rev. Mr. Wallace has charge of the Presbyterian church here, and though young in years he has evidently gained the affection and esteem of his people, and that, too, at a time when the other churches in this Scott Act county are suffering somewhat from the differences of pastor and people on this question. But it must not be inferred that Mr. Wallace has been a passive spectator in this struggle. His sentiments were with those who desire the good of their fellow-creatures as well as the moral, and spiritual, and temporal progress of the community. The church is a neat but unostentatious brick edifice. I had the good fortune to be present at the regular weekly prayer meeting, and can testify to the interest and attendance on that occasion, which were much above what might have been expected when judged by the standard of similar meetings in other churches.

A run out to the county town of

MILTON

was next in order. This place has the advantage of Georgetown in natural location, but it is doubtful if there is as much manufacturing enterprise or business. There is nothing remarkable about the churches. That of our own especial denomination is a substantial stone building. Rev. M. C. Cameron, the pastor, took an earnest part in the late Scott Act repeal contest, and was president of the Scott Act Association. His congregation is largely made up of Scotchmen of the "Paisley Block," Esquimaux Township, who almost to a man voted in favour of repeal, and who, I am sorry to say, felt wrathful because Mr. Cameron like themselves, acted as his conscience bade him. While in Milton the sad accident at Cumminsville Powder Mills, by which five men lost their lives, took place, the shock being plainly felt and the clouds of smoke visible almost simultaneously. Though Halton hotel-keepers had posted notices that their tariff had been doubled, I had the pleasure of dining in company with the judges of the county fair then in progress, for the usual charge of twenty-five cents, receiving every attention from the landlord, etc. I did not see a sign of intoxicating liquor while in the place, or a person showing the effects of it. I might be prejudiced—I am apt to be where temperance is concerned—but I thought I had never seen a more intelligent class of men than those around me at table, and I can safely add that for my quarter I had some substantial mental food as well as the more material element. The farmers discussed rotation of crops, soils, cattle, etc., in such a manner as could not fail to benefit each other.

Returning to Georgetown for tea and settlement with our disagreeable Boniface, we found our bill was at the rate of \$2 per day, besides having to pay bus accommodation to and from the station. I was, therefore, not sorry to shake the dust of Georgetown from my feet and make

ACTON

my halting place for that night. It was quite dusk when I found myself on the platform there, and my searching glance for some one to speak to revealed only one gentleman. In reply to my enquiries he said the village was close by; there were just three hotels and all very much alike. In that case I preferred the nearest, and still showing hesitation, he said he was going down and would show me the way. Only when I had committed myself to the nearest hotel did he reveal the fact that he was the landlord thereof. Not a word of commendation of his own or disparagement of the others had he uttered. I am glad to say I felt "at home" in his establishment while I remained, and that he proved a much more pleasant landlord than his Georgetown contemporary. Acton is in every respect a neat and pretty village. It has

enough commercial industry to keep it from being dull and enough of the rural element to make it quiet and retired like. The business of the village is distributed all over with great generosity. There is no "centralization" in Acton, and very little plate glass. The Presbyterians have a neat church. The village industries are chiefly confined to tanning and glove manufactures. A new building has recently been erected by the Messrs. Storey for the latter business. Some idea of its extent may be formed by readers when I state that on one side alone I counted fifty-two large windows. The building itself is of very handsome proportions, four stories, with mansard roof, the walls being of red and black brick.

But lest I weary readers of THE PRESBYTERIAN, I shall close this letter, and as before they have another I shall have passed through those busy centres of manufacturing wealth and industry, viz.: Guelph, Galt, Berlin, Waterloo and Stratford, I may be able to give them more diversity of matter, and more that appertains to the Church of our forefathers.

Before closing I may say how pleased I am to hear the warm regard in which THE PRESBYTERIAN is held by those who have longest read it. "I would not miss it for anything" is a frequent expression.

Stratford, Oct. 29th.

T. A. A.

AN APPEAL TO THE PUBLIC.

MR. EDITOR,—Will you be good enough to give a place in your columns, to the following circular, which has been directly sent to a large number of the people of the Dominion. Not being able, however, to send a copy to everybody, I ask the publication of this in your columns, trusting that it will have the desired effect.

WM. BENNETT.

DEAR SIR.—You must be aware that Mr. Chiniquy has a book ready for the press, entitled "Fifty Years in the Church of Rome." The book is three-quarters printed, but further progress is arrested for want of funds.

Mr. Chiniquy has appealed to 50,000 Protestants, to purchase copies in advance, but as yet he has received only from twenty-five to thirty subscriptions.

The book will contain 700 pages. The price is \$5 per copy. The proceeds after paying expenses connected with publication, will be devoted to the furtherance of the work at St. Anne.

Will you kindly subscribe for a copy yourself, if convenient? Will you also kindly ask for subscriptions from those of your friends, who are able and willing to advance \$5 for a copy? In addition may I ask you to use your influence to place copies on the shelves of your Congregational and Sabbath school libraries?

Love to Mr. Chiniquy, and anxiety to promote the reformation cause, constrains the writer to undertake this work of faith. He has been all along a firm believer in the honesty of the author of the book, and has done something to sustain him in his conflicts.

Contributions can be sent either to Mr. Chiniquy at St. Anne, Kankakee, Illinois, or to myself at Peterborough, Ont., Box 209.

I am, yours very sincerely,

WM. BENNETT.

Peterborough, Ont., November 1st, 1884.

A CORRECTION.

MR. EDITOR,—Some unknown person has sent me a copy of your issue of November 12, in which certain words are attributed to me as spoken at the late Church Congress. I never uttered them; and though I am not authorized to speak for the Dean of Montreal, I am perfectly sure he did not say what is attributed to him. Of course I do not desire to be understood as denying the grace of the sacraments, of which your correspondent judges so much amiss; and I am glad to be able to say that the Confession of Faith contains, in my judgment, a satisfactory statement of their efficacy.

JOHN CARRY.

Port Perry, 18th Nov., 1884.

ONLY reflect on it, of the Tongan Islanders—only the other day cannibals—eighty per cent. are found every Sunday engaged in the worship of Almighty God.

THE Lodiana Mission of the American Presbyterian Board in Northern India, will celebrate its jubilee in December. It was founded in 1834. It is proposed to enlarge the Mission to double its present size.