

John Knox, for example, lifted up his voice in the pulpit of St. Giles', he spoke with the wisdom of a statesman and the insight of a seer on the actual condition of the country, indicating to high and low what the times required and what Israel ought to do. The pulpit of our day confines itself more to the clearing up of the life of the individual; but here also there is abundant scope for interpretation. In the life of everyone, as it unfolds itself from day to day in health and sickness, in the incidents of business and the changes of the family, there is a divine language ever being uttered of correction and encouragement, of warning and promise. Day unto day uttereth speech; might unto might sheweth knowledge. This, indeed, the great majority hear but little and understand less; but it is the part of a minister of the Gospel to be its interpreter. Those who sit under his ministry should come to church with the problems raised by the life of the bygone week to get them solved, and they ought to go away from church able to see a new divineness in the daily round and common task of the week to come.

In a place like Vancouver, where so many tongues are spoken, it must be no unusual thing to see the literal process of interpretation. But I once not only witnessed it, but participated in it in a way which may have made me partial to the comparison I am instituting. Whilst a divinity student, I chanced to spend a winter in the South of France; and to the town where I was sojourning there came a noted English evangelist, who, in spite of the indifferent state of his health, was so impressed with the spiritual condition of the people, and especially of a large gang of navvies engaged in building a railway there at the time, that he rented a dancing saloon and opened meetings for them, where he addressed them through interpreters. As he was not well enough to speak some evenings, I had to take his place, using interpreters also. Of these we had several, and they were of diverse ability. One of them was a young French pastor of the neighborhood, who, though a good speaker in French, knew English so imperfectly that he made many mistakes. Another was an advocate from Paris, whose interpretation was a perfect work of art; for no sooner was the sentence out of the speaker's mouth than he rendered it in the other language, not only with correctness, but with all the force and warmth of an original address.

Then I learned, that an interpreter requires to know two languages well—both the language of the speaker and that of the