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Thursday, June 7th, 1900.

In after years Thursday, the 31st of May will be quoted as one of the memorable days of the closing year of the century. It will not be remembered as the day when Pretoria was taken, for unfortunately that feat was still to be accomplished. It will mark the breaking loose of a nation from restraint, and the casting of all the customary bonds to the winds. So, we imagine, have men broken bounds before, when military discipline has been suddenly removed, and license took its place. There was little that was regrettable in the mad rejoicing of Thursday last, except that liquor flowed too freely, and some men became beasts. But looking back upon it one shudders to think how thin a partition separates madness and sanity, even among the best of men.

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If non-combatants were so enthusiastic what must have been the effect upon the men who have seen active service? It means ten times as much to them as to us. But the lust of fighting is upon them, and it may be that there was just a tinge of regret and a good share of contempt for the foe, when so little opposition barred the way to the Transvaal capital. Yet there are dangers in success. The nation becomes suddenly conscious of power, and grows arrogant. The victor remembers how dearly victory has been purchased, and thirsts for revenge. In this war unhappily, there are memories of many acts of dastardly cowardice and treachery, and one can understand the wish to get back at the man who shot men down under the white flag. It speaks well for British soldiers that, with all these temptations upon them they have shown self-restraint.

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There were men who were not moved by the news from the seat of war last

week. The ringing of the bells woke them, they muttered a malediction, and turned to sleep again. The roar and boom of the fireworks roused them again and they expressed an ardent wish in connection with the fool who was out in the night, but they felt no thrill of patriotic fervor. To them the following day was one long, horrid nightmare. All men were mad, all men except the impassive himself. But these men are never impressed. They have a set of nerves that run in a nonconducting sheath, and outside impressions never reach them. When all others are swept with emotion they look on with mute surprise. To music, either that of Wagner or that of Beethoven they are irresponsive. To the marvellous appeals of nature they are unimpressionable. It is not that they repress emotion, they do not feel it. How much these people miss, both of sorrow and of joy!

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On the thirteenth instant the General Assembly opens at Halifax. It will not be numerously attended, indeed doubtful if more than one-third of the number appointed put in an appearance. And yet some most important legislation will come before the Supreme Court at this meeting. The method of the nomination of the presiding officer, introducing the consideration of a principle for which men have contended earnestly in the past, will come up for settlement. The mode of administering the Fund for the support of the aged minister will demand a most careful consideration. The whole question of the apparent failure of our present Sabbath School system will demand something more than the enunciation of worn-out apothegms. The question of increasing the power of the Synod, and of reducing the number of meetings of the Assembly might well occupy several seditious. Then there is the Century Fund.

**Associate or Assistant?**

Recent events in Toronto have made it plain that if the work of some of the larger congregations is to be carried on satisfactorily, there must be two to do work that is now laid upon one. Had Cooke's church been fully manned, we should not have been obliged to release one of the greatest of Canadian preachers that he might assume another charge. Had Knox Church given its minister an assistant ten years ago, there was no need for its late pastor to lay aside his harness for many years yet. The men who are yet in charge show signs of the strain, and there are sections of the work that worry most of them, because it is not done, or is imperfectly done.

What is the remedy? Shall the congregation put an additional thousand dollars, or more, into the hands of the minister and ask him to select an assistant, or shall the Session take the matter

into its hands and call an Associate pastor? In the two instances we have cited, the latter would, in all probability, be the better course. The man thus called would have a stated work to do, work assigned to him, not by the senior pastor, who would of course be the nominal head of the pastorate, but by the Session, with the senior pastor at its head. With many others as assistant, chosen by the minister, and responsible to him, would meet every requirement. This might well be a student who has completed his college course but is not licensed, or a licentiate who is not yet ordained. Such a one would lighten the burden of the overworked minister to a considerable extent and, in most instances, would find the year so spent the most valuable one of his course of study.

**The Need of Creeds.**

It may be set down as indisputable truth that every great movement arises out of and responds to a great human need. This is especially true of a great intellectual movement, which arises slowly, meets great obstacles and leaves behind a long abiding influence. The movements out of which the great creeds of Christendom have sprung are certainly of this order. The Nicene Creed, which today seems to many to be so classic and so cold, came out a life as quick and intelligent, as warm and throbbing. Men fought for clear definite intellectual statements of the faith, with the feeling that they were fighting for the life of the church. Thomas Carlyle in his youth made merry over the battle about a diphthong, in his later days he confessed that this battle was necessary to present the Christian religion from being swallowed up by the swarms of half pagan systems.

The Westminster confession which is now regarded by many as a sting of hard cold dogmas came from men who with all their limitations helped to make the freedom of the modern world. This is now acknowledged by impartial historians who have no special sympathy with the details of the Calvinistic creed. What then is this need? It is an "intellectual" need, it is an important side of human nature which craves expression, and which has as much right to expression as the emotional or practical side of life. In fact without this intellectual activity, the other sides of life would become shallow and barren. This need springs from the very constitution of human nature, which, broadly speaking, is three fold. Of course you cannot dissect the mind in the same external and mechanical way as you can the body, and there is no need to think of separate and independent faculties, but we are compelled to make these broad distinctions. When we speak of a man as "emotional" we do not mean that he has no intellectual power and no practical