

that Protestants of Belfast engage in faction fights?" Of course my reply suggested that politics did not fall within the limits of my credentials to Belgium, which were of a sort above the range of partisanship. They saw the prudence of the reserve, and further examination ran in a groove more ecclesiastical. I respect the thirst for knowledge of all kinds that marked the friends who took speech in hand either on their own account or as the spokesmen for reticent associates; and the anxiety to be taught on vital topics of the times, whether social or spiritual, which oozed out of young intellects in the assembly during question hour, may predict a healthy future for the Belgian Church.

Though it was evening and the day far spent, one more visit remained ere Sabbath journeys ended. Charleroi, the capital of the Province, the theatre of modern as well as of ancient military combats, is also a sphere where battles are being fought against the allied armies of error and evil by the few yet bold forces of Evangelism. That was our next stage, and a rapid ride of six miles from Courcelles took us to the field. When we arrived there nothing in harmony with our Sabbath ideas was apparent. Buying and selling in the shops were brisk. Lounging and sporting on the streets were at their height. Frivolous crowds clustered and clamoured on the principal boulevard over a game of ball, as if success for a trivial prize should stir the energies of reasonable mortals. Never more than then did I mourn the bad effects of loose notions about the fourth commandment; and whatever faults do blot obedience to the divine precept, let us be thankful for every restraint which yet guards our land from the hurt of a closer approach to Continental customs. Hasting from such sights of merchandise or merriment we sought the Protestant Church of the town. Its architecture is beautiful. More attractive it is because of the moral influence radiating thence, like a light shining in a dark place. It is a testimony in stone to the gradual progress of the pure Gospel—a monument graven with ineffaceable inscription to record God's covenant promise, that patient preaching of the word shall not go unrewarded. M. Poinot has, for above forty years, held aloft the banner of the truth there. French by birth, Protestant by conviction, Christian by experience, he has plodded against immense human odds. Popery in its keenest type, scepticism in its coldest shape, worldly sloth in its dullest form—all have been encountered. Often, doubtless, the lonely champion for the faith may have felt faint-hearted. But grace nerved him. He wearied not in well-doing. He has won a position of credit in the esteem of the general populace, while among members of his own Church—many of whom are converts from Pomanism and fugitives from Infidelity—he continues to secure veneration and affection for his work's sake. The service on the evening of our arrival at his Church was a *reunion de question*, or Bible-reading. The lecture-hall was packed. After devotional exercises the president invited queries from persons present. Some had a difficulty about the record of creation in Genesis, others wished a solution of knotty points from the narrative of miracles in Matthew. These were successively dealt with by M. Poinot, whose extempore exposition proved him apt to teach, while at the same time his manner of address was better than mere controversy. Thus a couple of hours passed pleasantly. Inquirers were edified. Listeners were profited. The day begun so well was concluded with satisfaction that our walk and work had not been in vain; and if through clouds the missionary labourers of Belgium still struggle ere the noontide of triumph arise on the whole land, let us lend what aid we can to brethren who cry for our help, that they may persistently and confidently await the meridian of their hopes.

The Sabbath journey now detailed reminds me of what I owe to M. Merle d'Aubigné—a son of the historian whose name is a household word throughout reformed Christendom. He was the first to greet me when I reached the railway platform of Roux. He was my director in every travel, my interpreter in every address during the day described, as well as my friend in many needs while the Synod held Session at Nessonvaux. He has elected to leave his native Switzerland for service in the Belgian ministry; and the enthusiasm with which he has undertaken the office of assistant pastor in Jumet bespeaks not only a large degree of self-sacrifice, but also a bright career for the Evangelical Society that can recruit its ranks

with cultured, ardent volunteers like M. Merle from Geneva, coupled with his college companions, Appia from Paris, and M. Chatelanat from Lausanne.

### MINISTERIAL LIFE INSURANCE.

MR. EDITOR,—It is well known that the fund for the support of aged and infirm ministers is not and never has been in a satisfactory state, and that the Courts of the Church have been endeavouring with little or no success, to better its condition, so that it may fulfil, in something like becoming measure, the design for which it was instituted. A writer in a Scotch Presbyterian magazine suggests a method of providing for aged and infirm ministers that deserves the earnest consideration of our Church courts.

The suggestion is that the life of every minister be insured at ordination for a suitable sum, the annual payment for which to be equally divided between the ordained minister and the congregation; the present fund to be supplementary, as small congregations would not be able to insure for a sum sufficient for the comfortable support of their pastors when overtaken with age or infirmity. In case of translation from one Church to another, the Church entered on would assume the duty of the Church left.

Were it made obligatory that the life of every minister be thus insured at ordination, no anxiety would be felt as to the support of God's servants when unable to work, whether from age or other cause.

Something must be done to secure a more adequate support of Zion's workmen when disease or years lay them aside; and this insurance scheme has strong claims on the consideration of the Church. And why should not the Church insure the lives of her servants? Would there be aught either wrong or incongruous in the Church having a Presbyterian Life Insurance Company connected with her other institutions?

A. K.

### "J. B." AND DR. KELLOGG.

MR. EDITOR,—In your issue of the 24th, a correspondent, "J. B." undertakes a review and refutation of Dr. Kellogg's sermons in the *Toronto Globe* on Music in the Church, and condemns in strong terms the use of instrumental aid.

I am not going to discuss that question in your columns, but with your permission I beg to make a few comments thereon.

It struck me on reading it as a very strange thing that "J. B." should send his letter to your journal at all, since Dr. Kellogg's sermons do not appear in your columns. Why did he not send it to the *Globe*, so that people could have a chance to hear both sides?

But since "J. B." has chosen your columns for his attempted refutation, I beg to thank Dr. Kellogg, through your columns, for his masterly discourses, and I could only wish that that both sermons could appear in THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN *in extenso*. In my humble opinion these expositions are simply unanswerable. He lays down foundations of fact which cannot be successfully gainsayed, and then moves on by faultless logic to conclusions which are as inevitable as any demonstration in Euclid.

And it is simply amazing how intelligent Presbyterians will continue to denounce the use of the organ as un-Scriptural and Popish after all that has been said on this subject the last twenty-five or thirty years. And passing strange that they do not see the inconsistency of saying, in one breath, that nothing but the Old Testament Psalms should be used in public worship; and yet when one ventures to carry out the express teaching of such Psalms as the cl., xc., and others, which sanction instrumental music, they declare with the next breath that it is sinful so to do. *z. z.*, sinful to do the very thing that these Psalms declare is right to do!

Nor is it strange that hundreds and hundreds of our young people, perceiving such unreasonableness, and disgusted with the wrangling and bitterness too often shown by anti-hymn and anti-organ people in the Church, have left us and gone to other communions where non-essentials are not exalted to the position of essentials, and have proved valuable acquisitions to the Churches they joined. I want, therefore, to thank Dr. Kellogg very heartily for the service he rendered to what I believe to be at once truth and true expediency by his timely discourses. PRESBYTERIAN.

## Pastor and People.

FOR THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN.

### CONSIDER THE LILIES.

BY BEDR.

Only three full-blown roses,  
Freighting with perfume the air,  
Tinted in exquisite contrasts,  
Lovely beyond compare.

Shall He not clothe you also?  
Can you not trust Him for all?  
Just as He wills take thy portion,  
Letting no ill appal?

Thrilleth the word with sense of  
Infinite grace beyond need;  
Love that is infinite, tender,  
Golden in tone and deed.

Sweet is the vision inspiring  
Hope that can sing in the night,  
Love that His nearest embraces,  
Faith that is almost sight.

Only three withered roses,  
Faded the loveliness rare;  
Feeling engendered abideth  
Fruitage in life to bear.

Thanks to the thoughtful giver  
Loyal to royal command;  
Pressed down and running o'er measure,  
Pour in the kindly hand.

### GOSPEL WORK.

"THAT BIG BEN."

We were just about to begin an evangelistic service, when one of our helpers, as he was called, came into the vestry and said, "I say, I have brought seven fellows out of a public house."

"How did you get them?" I inquired.

"Oh! I went into the public after them."

"And how did you get them, then?"

"Why," he said, "I asked them to come along with me to the service. They laughed at first, and then one of them, that big Ben, you know, said, 'We'll come, master, if you'll treat us to a half a pint each.' 'All right,' I replied. So I ordered them a couple of quarts of beer, and, when they had been served, they came along as quietly as possible."

Peeping out at the vestry door, he said, "Look, there they are, all sitting as proper as their betters."

The means our helper had used to bring these men in seemed questionable; but there they were, and now the next thing was to pray for and expect a blessing upon them.

In the course of my address, I spoke of the various hindrances there were to the Gospel; and among others I mentioned drink, and the love of it, as one of the greatest. I went on to say that the poor drunkard was a loser every way. He received very little enjoyment; he soon lost his right senses, lost his money, and injured his wife and children.

I continued, "Once I heard it said that the very mice in the drunkard's house could find nothing. The poor little things went about with tears in their eyes looking for crumbs in the cupboard, and all in vain!"

The seven men were sober enough to give attention to the sermon, embellished as it was with the tale of the drunkard's mice. After the sermon they all knelt down at the time of prayer, and when others rose up to go, they rose to depart also, thinking, I have no doubt, that they had done enough for their half-pint.

Our young helper asked them to stay a little longer.

"No," said Big Ben, "we have had enough. I'm a-going. That's a fine man, though, to see tears in the mouse's eyes. I wonder how he did that!"

"Stay a little," said our friend, "and we will go and ask him."

No, they would not be persuaded to do that; but about an hour afterwards, who should come back to the church but Ben.

He said, "I've been in bed, but I can't get any sleep. I want to know how the man that preached got to know about me! I declare I never set eyes on him in all my life till to-night. The chaps all say he meant me in his sermon. How did he know about me? that's what I want to know."

"Come along," said our helper, "and we will ask him about it."