

might well be contented with "Paley's Evidences" and a few more old-fashioned tomes on his shelves. But "Sweet Auburn" is a thing of the past; it is a "Deserted Village," indeed, nowadays. And the idyllic pastor is as much out of date as the rustic schoolmaster.

Fancy Sweet Auburn's pastor suddenly transplanted to an ordinary Canadian village or small town; he would be utterly bewildered. Instead of being in the midst of a quiet homogeneous people—bucolic and stolid, happy and hum-drum—among whom he was a king, with only the squire and the schoolmaster as intellectual equals—he would find himself tackling a congregation composed of all sorts and conditions of men, of various nationalities and mental gifts. And then this congregation would be only one of several rival congregations of various names, each striving to get the inside track of the others. Poor man! What would he do? Fancy him, with his pitiful heart and hospitable hearth open to every tramp or confidence man that comes along! Fancy him being bothered with book agents, and with his parishioners enquiring, "What do you think of the Jesuits' Estates Act?" "Are you an advocate of Anti-Poverty and Equal Rights?" "What are you going to do about Prohibition?" "What is your opinion of Evolution?" "What do you think of 'Robert Elsmere' and 'John Ward, Preacher'?" What would the poor man do when he found one part of his flock fascinated by the big drum of the Salvation Army, and another part systematically absenting themselves from church and studying Professor Molecule at home? In the church he would find himself addressing a very mixed assembly. There would be perhaps a few, a very few, as simple-hearted and unlettered as his old parishioners—some much better informed than himself on many points and the children even of the poor and uneducated attending High School and able to solve algebraical problems and analyze sentences in a way that would have posed his old friend, the rustic schoolmaster.

In one respect only would he find his position unchanged; he would still have to think himself

Passing rich with forty pounds a year, or its modern equivalent in purchasing power. Poor man! gentleman, Christian, scholar of the antique type! He would find the tale of bricks demanded indefinitely increased, while his stock of straw was no larger than heretofore.

But I have been digressing. The question is, What shall I preach about next Sunday? What are the particular spiritual needs of my congregation just now, the needs which most require to be ministered unto? When I survey them in my mind's eye, and think of the heterogeneous assembly, of the various temperaments, the various grades of education and age, the various conditions of religious and irreligious life, I can really think of no style or subject adapted to all. So the question, What shall I preach about? involves another question which must be first settled, viz., To whom should I preach?

There is dear old Mrs. Green, for instance, with her eighty years of age, and yet still hale and hearty; she is sure to be in her place in church. She is one of the last remnants of Sweet Auburn's emigrants. She and her deceased husband were the founders of this Church some fifty years and more ago. She was always accustomed to a severe, decorous, yet meagre, ritual. She loves the church in which she was born, in which she has always lived, and in which she will die, and nothing could induce her to forsake it for pastures new; but her soul is vexed within her to think it is not exactly, in all respects, like the church of her youth. She loves "Tate and Brady," and even yet cannot quite reconcile herself to "thou hymns" and these new "goings on." She loves sermons which depict in glowing colours the everlasting peace and joy that await the elect, of which she feels herself one—and so she is, and deservedly, too, dear old soul! And if the homiletic picture has some dark shades in the background of the sufferings of those who are not of the elect, why they serve only to bring into relief the central figure. It seems almost like sacrilege to ruffle her placid faith, or cross her mental grain in the least degree.

And yet the style of sermon that would be sweet food for her soul would, I fear, be accounted but chaff by her grandson, who will be sitting by her side next Sunday, and who has just graduated at the University, and has arrived home full of honours in Philosophy and Natural Sciences, and who knows that Prof. Robertson Smith and Dr. Marcus Dods and many others, once accounted frightful heretics, are now had in honour.

Then there is Dr. Black, and those like-minded with him—and they are not a few—who come to Church occasionally, once in a while in the forenoon, and spend the rest of the day in studying agnostic literature. These men tell us sometimes in person, sometimes through the press, that the utterances of the pulpit do not meet their spiritual needs, because they do not solve the difficulties which crop up continually in the course of their secular reading. They complain of the "cowardice" of the pulpit in approaching the "doubt" of the pew, and contemptuously hint that the pulpit avoids grappling with these subjects through either ignorance or fear. And yet, if one were to prepare a sermon specially for them the chances are they would not be there to hear it.

Then there are the Browns, who know nothing of modern doubts and modern literature; whose intellectual attainments are meagre, but whose emotions are very warm. Nothing will satisfy these but a sermon after the style of Sam Jones or Dr. Talmage; full of anecdotes, horrible, humorous, solemn, grotesque, tragical and farcical, combined in one spicy compound.

Then there is Mr. Blue, very Protestant, awfully Protestant, who has an unquenchable horror of Popery; who conceives that every change in the service, however slight, however common-sense, "leads to Rome;" who if he sees a new book-marker instead of an old frayed one, thinks the "innovation" was put there by the Pope's orders, and is bound to protest. He can give you a long list of things in which he don't believe, but is hard set to tell you what he does believe.

And then there is young Scarlett, who has lately come from the city, where he was a worshipper at the Church of St. Aloysius, who is never content unless he sees candles, incense, crucifixes and vestments; he sits restless and indifferent under any sermon, unless the word "Church" or "Celebration" occurs continually in it.

And then there are the Greys—steady thorough-going, loyal, God-fearing, earnest—who don't come to find fault, but listen to the sermon in order to absorb what good they can find in it, whose religion is practical rather than polemical. They are loved and respected by all, though some may dub them slow and old-fashioned.

Indeed a Canadian village parson's congregation is a very mixed one, and his course not always smooth. The missionary of a purely rural congregation is not so burdened. Such a congregation is the nearest approach to that of Sweet Auburn. Not that our Canadian farmers are so behind the age; but the similarity of occupation, of political and religious sentiment and of racial origin, which is found in many a Canadian "settlement," breeds a homogeneity in the congregation which makes it very workable, and has its charm; while the average mental calibre is infinitely ahead of the Hodges of Sweet Auburn.

On the other hand, a city preacher can be a "specialist." No matter what his type of preaching, or style of service or school of thought, there are plenty of people of all kinds to fill all sorts of churches; and each individual will naturally gravitate to that sort of service and preaching which attracts him most. And it is well that it should be so. As long as men's faces and figures differ, just so long will men's tastes and predilections; and the church (to be a "church" and not a "sect") must be big enough and wide enough for all sorts and conditions of men. Her clergy must not all be trimmed to one pattern. We want to-day as ever, the fervid Peter, the indomitable Paul, the scholarly Luke, the practical James, the loving, contemplative John. We want Apologists and Revivalists, those who appeal to the head and those who appeal to the heart, those who walk the cloister, and those who go to the streets and lanes and highways and hedges. We cannot all be perfect in every branch; but we want experts in all the branches. And the city should furnish these.

But the parson of a small town has all the classes one would meet in a large city, with only enough of each class to be a disturbing element for the others. He can't pose as a "specialist," he must be a "general practitioner." And a happy man is he if he can suit them all; for he has a far more difficult role to fill than the city pastor.

But to return to the question. To whom shall I preach next Sunday? I think—after taking everything into consideration—I shall preach to the Greys. G. J. L.

GOLGOTHA.

I said, this house, the homestead of my youth,
Whose walls are monuments to childish deeds,
Whose very path is paved with dead desires,
I will restore; and so I rested not
Until I had reclaimed that sacred spot.
I made the walks wind the same well-known way,
And tall white pillars rise, like strong, true arms
Protecting treasures, honeysuckles twined
O'er the trellises, old-fashioned flowers
Lifted fair faces to the passing winds,
Which trailed their perfume through the summer air.
Each room I well recalled, and dressed once more
In the gay garb that it had worn of yore.
And when the task was done, revived the dead
And so "All is as it was then," I said.
I flew along the stair, and trembling stood
Before the portal at its summit, where
My footsteps oft had stayed. But, ah! no good;
No low toned, loved voice did me welcome there.
And then there surged the knowledge through each vein
That naught can ever be the same again.
I slowly passed into one room that held
All holy thoughts; no direful dream of care
Could touch me, for these hallowed thoughts dispelled
All harm; I felt that presence like a prayer.
"Oh, God!" I cried, "has it all been for naught,
By pain and penitence may peace be bought."
And as I cried a something in me woke,
And slowly, sadly, madly mocking spoke:
"Now raise the bridge of faith which safely bore
Thy soul along thy childhood's cherished shore,
Which fell by thine own fault 'neath folly's tide,
And left thee lonely on the further side."
Wildly I sought the fields, their paths I flew,
While mocking whispers, memories pure and true,
Pursued my footsteps; every murmur low
Recalled my childhood and increased my woe;
And then I knew the vainest of things vain
Is for a soul to seek the past again.

May Austin, in *The Week*.

THE Jesuits have established a home at Berlin without any interference from the Government.

British and Foreign.

THE Salvation Army has 300 corps and 420 outposts in Australasia, with 807 salaried officers.

IT is a noticeable fact that three new translations of "Don Quixote" have appeared in the last decade.

THE old trades-hall in Kirkcaldy has been purchased and presented to the parish church by ex-Bailie Hendry.

THE Rev. John Scott, editor of the *Ceylon Friend*, has left Colombo for England, after thirty-four years of work there.

MR. DOBBIE, of Blochairn Free Church, conducted the Mayor and treasurer of Quebec City over the chief buildings in Glasgow.

THE Rev. P. McLachlan, of Newlands Church, Glasgow, has received six months' leave of absence on account of ill health.

PASSING through Calcutta on his way to Simla, Mr. George Muller preached in the Lall Bazaar chapel for Mr. Hook, laid aside by illness.

MISS K. H. DAVIDSON, deaconess, delivered an earnest evangelistic address in the parish church of Wick on a recent Sunday evening.

AT Millport open air services are being conducted by brethren representing every section of the Church, including a converted Roman Catholic.

DR. GORDON, of Boston, names the "Life of Brainerd" as the origin of mission literature, and next to it as a pioneer came Buchanan's "Star in the East."

ON the site of an old music hall in Ancoats, Mr. Francis W. Crossly, of Manchester, has erected a mission hall at a cost of \$75,000, which was opened lately.

DR. CUYLER, of Brooklyn, was the guest of ex-Provost Moncur, Dundee. He preached on Sunday morning for Mr. Jenkins in St. Peter's, and at night in the M'Cheyne Church.

AT Invercargill, in New Zealand, where there are two strong Presbyterian congregations, one with 600 communicants, the streets are named after the chief rivers in Scotland.

MR. M'ASKILL and his friends in the North of Scotland have formed a Highland association for the defence of the integrity of Holy Scripture and of the principles of the Free Church.

THE multiplications of those curate bishops, the suffragans, is disgusting old-fashioned churchmen. The *Church Review* declares that it will bring the episcopate into disrepute, if not into contempt.

THE late Mr. William Sanderson, of Pathhead, has bequeathed \$32,500 to Edinburgh charities; one legacy of \$2,500 goes to the Home and Foreign Missions of the Church and \$1,000 to the poor of Dunnikier congregation.

AT a woman's missionary meeting the other day, one of the male orators said that "thousands of gallons of rum go into Africa for every missionary who is sent there," whereupon one of the sisters whispered to her neighbour, "Rather a large allowance of liquor for those missionaries."

SIR DONALD CURRIE, M.P., in laying the memorial stone of the Duff Memorial Church at Kirkmichael, Perthshire, said he came out of the Establishment in 1843 with his minister, and he had remained in connection with the Free Church ever since.

CANON SMITH, principal of St. Aidan's, has accepted the bishopric of Sydney. He is one of the most scholarly of the Evangelicals, and his volume on Genesis as well as his sermons on Christian Faith, have had considerable popularity.

IN Manchester last year there were 9,000 convictions for drunkenness, yet only about thirty publicans were prosecuted for selling drink to drunken persons. An influential memorial to the city magistrate, asking for more stringent police supervision, was bitterly resented by the publicans.

ESTIMATES have been accepted for the building of the Chalmers memorial church at Anstruther, which is likely to cost \$30,000. Upwards of \$20,000 has been subscribed, including \$10,000 by Mr. S. Williamson, M.P., who has also paid \$1,365 for the site.

AT special services in the West Church, Inverness, the evening sermon was preached by Rev. A. C. Macdonald, of the Free Church, who when invited by Rev. Gavin Lang readily consented. The other preacher was Mr. Burns Begg, a great-grandson of the national poet.

MR. M'KENZIE, of Dunkeld, has been manfully testifying against the abuse of landlord power on a great Highland estate, and a pitiful attempt is being made in consequence, by gates and locks and stern orders to porters to prevent him from carrying comfort to the sick and the dying.

TWO memorial windows have been placed in Collins Street Independent Church, Melbourne, one of them in honour of the late Thomas Jones, the poet-preacher of Wales, who for some time was pastor of the Church. The windows are the first of the kind made in the colony. Special memorial services were conducted by Dr. Bevan.

THE Rev. James Jollie, senior army chaplain at Madras, has died in his forty-sixth year. He was a native of Leslie, Fifeshire, and before his departure for India eighteen years ago was for some time assistant to Dr. Veitch, of St. Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, where he won the affections of the people in a remarkable degree.

THE mission press at Beirut employs forty-eight persons and during the past year has printed 1,900 volumes, the total number of pages being nearly twenty-nine millions. Of these eighteen millions were pages of Scripture. Since the press was established it has turned out a grand total of 394 million pages.

MISS MANN, of the Women's Missionary Association, has held a series of exceedingly successful services in Berwick Presbytery. At Chatten the church was crowded in the morning; and in the afternoon the Countess of Tankerville arranged a meeting at Chillingham Castle, over which she herself presided, conducting the devotional part of the service.

DR. BOYD, of St. Andrew's, [A.K.H.B.] who some time ago sketched a visit to his friend the Bishop of Rochester in *Longman's Magazine*, has been again spending a part of his holiday with the bishop at Selsdon Park, near Croydon. A society paper states that Dr. Boyd's second son is on the staff of the *Hawk* and that a still younger son was lately ordained as an Anglican clergyman.