

I do not like to write the word overbearing as to a preacher's manner, so I will say that his decisiveness, both as to voice, deportment and gesture, is exceedingly marked. He speaks all the time as though he were a little put out with you and emphatically demonstrating that you were wrong and he was right. A man who is very much in earnest; so much so that his eloquence is of the galvanically nervous kind, with a jerk in it. When he read the Commandments it was as though he were giving the laws himself. In his determination to get away from ecclesiastical conventionalism, he goes rather to the other extreme, for he does not read like a clergyman at all. The ordinary method is, of course, to read the Commandments as if they were solemn and ancient precepts, gray with the association of ages and with the memory of the time when Moses—his face all shining with the glory of the Mount of God—brought the tables of stone to the assembled multitude. Mr. Des Barres reads them rather as if they were a set of by-laws passed by the City Council last week, and as if he were the magistrate who was going to carry out their provisions. Forcible, yes, undoubtedly so, with a determined conviction as to the binding nature of the laws in every word; but with a rapidity of utterance that seemed to say that it was not the reading of the laws that was the business in hand, but the doing of them.

The rector of St. Paul's dons a black Lutheran gown to preach in, but does not wear the conventional white bands. He enters the pulpit with a small Bible in his left hand which he holds all the time, turning to it every now and again for chapter and verse to corroborate what he says. "Let me not say anything, let me not open my lips to say anything for which I cannot find a warrant in this book," he said in the course of his sermon, giving the Bible a violent blow to emphasize the remark. His discourse is extempore, and on last Sunday morning it was unaccompanied by the announcement of any text. He said that on the previous Sunday morning he had spoken of the threefold redemption. He proposed, then, as God should help him to speak of the threefold resurrection, viz., the resurrection to newness of life on conversion; the resurrection of the people of God who had fallen away and gone back to the spiritual death of the worldly; and, thirdly, the resurrection of the body from the dust of the grave. The preacher enlarged, at considerable length, on these three heads, but as I look at the transcript of his discourse, I find in it little, but the emphasizing of the points thus given, and not much that will bear the ordeal of cold type. The discourse was neither original nor argumentative, it consisted chiefly of a number of orthodox assertions, very forcibly delivered. Mr. Des Barres begins most of his sentences in a very high tone, and ends them in a loud and energetic whisper. The worst of this sort of delivery is that one so soon becomes accustomed to it. If every sentence be emphasized the benefit of emphasis is lost. While very earnest and evidently sincere, the pastor of St. Paul's cannot be described as a magnetic or enthralling speaker. His delivery makes ordinary thoughts appear for the moment impressive, and his method of preaching appears to me to be not so much to persuade by quiet and telling argument addressed to the minds of reasonable people as to break down opposition by powerful declamation addressing itself chiefly to their sense of dread—whether dread of the Divine anger, of personal declension or of ultimate perdition; or to sweep away adverse feeling by a torrent of rapid words which leaves the hearer, he hardly knows where, but feeling like a scared and stormed-at child. Mr. Des Barres preaches with an imperious energy which most preachers would consider it disrespectful to use in addressing their congregations. To him, it is easy to see, this is perfectly natural. He holds the unflinching attention of his congregation from first to last, and they evidently account him as a prophet.

As an example of thorough-going Protestantism and the exemplification of Evangelical doctrines, his church must be a gladness and a joy unto many. Here ritual is put into the back ground, and what is called the simple gospel is earnestly preached. No concession is made to church conventionalism. Where the Nicene Creed is said, Mr. Des Barres stands at one end of the Communion table and appears to be declaiming it in a loud voice to the curate, who stands, facing him, at the other. The congregation follow the rector's rapid utterances at speed, but sometimes he has to wait for them to come up with his flying sentences.

J. R. N.

Bigger's Cut :

A LAMENTATION OVER THE DOING AWAY WITH LOCAL NAMES
IN CANADA.

TO JOHN CARRUTH CAMPBELL,

Friend, Packman, and Antiquarian of Muirkirk, Ontario.

The time has come with voice and mind
And vigour,
To cry aloud through all the land
The ravage of a vandal hand.
To check its devastating power
That grows with each increasing hour;
Iconoclasts' destructive way
To stay:
Their fangs to draw, their breath to shut,
By Jigger!
They've scored from off the map, the Cut
Of Bigger!

When I was young and careless, and
My figure
Was clad in garments lately carved
From duds my brothers wore; and starved
Upon the old bush farm; and ran
To school lightfooted, lean, and tan:
The rim of life it seemed to me
To be,
Quite five miles off, where in a rut
A digger,
Steam-breathed was gnawing at the Cut
Of Bigger.

Past Leitch's farm, a famous man
At trigger,
The old block school, its days long past,
Despite its work, grows briars at last.
And Flint and Gillis; getting now
To stranger lands, the hillock's brow
Is seen by me but once a year,
And here,
Woodpecker's Point, a rough inn hut
Where swigger
Can quaff and rest him at the Cut
Of Bigger.

Here swarmed the low-browed navvies, white
And nigger.
They toss'd the earth with spade and beele
And spun the glittering threads of steel,
And soon a friend with snort and scream
Eat up our woods and drank our stream.
We called it progress! Ignorance crass!
Alas!
The saddest of all words is "But"!—
With vigour
We'd fought—had we but known,—the Cut
Of Bigger.

Our Township once was full of joke
And snigger,
But soon Sophistication's leer
Strong words, rude songs, and watery beer,
And doubtful tales that passed for witty,
Came with the scourings of the city.
They named us right before our girls,
Clods! churls!
Tripped not a lass, cheeks blooming, but
They'd twig her,
And swains were mitted at the Cut
Of Bigger.

Alack-a-day, *sic transit gloria*,
I figure
By change of local ways and creatures
The world has lost distinctive features,
Woodpecker's Point's as dead's a nailor
And now the Cut is known as "Taylor."
Oh, what a fall was there! Ah, well,
The spell
Is broke for aye! The door is shut!
A rigger
Has filched the glory from the Cut
Of Bigger.

The time has come with voice and mind
And vigour,
To cry aloud through all the land
The ravage of a vandal hand,
To check its devastating power
That grows with each increasing hour
Iconoclasts' destructive way
To stay
Their fangs to draw, their breath to shut—
By Jigger!
They've scored from off the map the Cut
Of Bigger.

London, England.

JAMES BARR.