

Our Contributors.

MR. GROWLER AND MR. GRATEFUL ON
THANKSGIVING.

BY KNOXONIAN.

Mr. Growler and Mr. Grateful met on the afternoon of Thanksgiving day and may be supposed to have held the following dialogue :

Mr. Grateful: Good afternoon, Mr. Growler. I suppose you attended the thanksgiving service in your church this forenoon, enjoyed the service, and then went home and enjoyed a good thanksgiving dinner with your family.

Mr. Growler: No, I did nothing of the kind. Haven't been out until now. Don't believe in these Thanksgiving days. Nothing in this country to be thankful for.

Sorry to see you in such bad humour. What's the matter with you anyway? Nothing in this country to be thankful for! Why, man, Canada is one of the best countries on this footstool. What have you against the country? Make a catalogue of your grievances.

Well, Mr. Grateful, to begin with we have a wretched climate.

Wretched climate! Ours is one of the best climates in the world. The sky over our heads is often as beautiful as the sky of Italy. It is quite true that we have the extremes of heat and cold, but what climate is without some disadvantages. If you go south far enough to avoid frost you run into fever. You never saw much fever I suppose. Go west far enough to avoid snow and you get into a six weeks' rain. Do you know of any climate without some drawbacks? If so please tell me where it is.

But see what a splendid physique old country people have.

Well, some have and some have not. And it must be remembered that old country people take better care of their health than we Canadians do. They take more exercise and eat less pie crust. They hurry less and worry less. Canadians and Americans try to get rich at a bound. Old country people as a rule take things more quietly, give their nerves and digestive organs fair play and of course have better health. The climate does not make all the difference.

But don't you hear of roses blooming in California, and Florida, and even in British Columbia when we are almost frozen up here?

Yes, I hear of a great many things about distant countries, but when I visit them and see things as they really are, I always come back thankful that I live in Ontario. A man who compares Florida with Ontario must know precious little about Florida. As regards California you cannot show that the average of human life is greater than here. British Columbia is part of Canada and if you cannot find anything at home to give thanks for you might have gone to church this morning and given thanks for the fine climate of British Columbia.

Our Government is bad.

Our Government is just what the people make it. There is not a man in the House of Commons, or in the Local Legislatures, or in any Municipal Council, or in any law making body who has not been sent there by the people. You and all the members of the Growler family are part of the people and you are responsible for the manner in which the country is governed. Ours is a Government for the people and by the people, and if the people do not govern themselves they will have themselves to blame. There is no sense in blaming Governments for every ill the country suffers. The Government of Canada or of Ontario is just the people in a condensed form.

Business is bad in this country. There is no chance to make money now. Farmers don't prosper as they did years ago, and when agriculture fails in Ontario everything fails.

Agriculture has not failed. It may be true that many farmers do not salt down as much money now as they did twenty or thirty years ago, but the main reason is because they and their families spend more. They cannot spend the money and invest it at the same time. You can't eat your cake and have it. How in the name of common sense can a farmer live in a fine house, drive a carriage, dress his family well and spend as little money as he spent when he lived in a

shanty, drove an ox team, wore homespun clothes and made his own boots. You can't pay for nice things and keep the money. Farmers go in for comfort and elegance, and have to foot the bills. That is pretty nearly all there is in the cry that farming doesn't pay as it did years ago. Why shouldn't a farmer and his family have nice things as well as other people if they are willing to pay for them? There is something peculiarly absurd in blaming the country because a man cannot live in a fine house and drive a carriage on the same money that he lived on in a shanty, when he drove an ox team. Is there any country in the world, Mr. Growler, in which comfort and elegance cost nothing?

But there is no money in business now. Merchants do not prosper as they once did.

Merchants are pretty much as they always were. There never was a time when they all made money, and there never was a time when all failed. The majority of those who succeeded did so by working hard and living very economically. It is not the amount a man makes, but the amount he saves that makes him rich. If people in almost any walk of life lived on as little now as they lived on years ago, they could save money as easily as they did then. Let me remind you again, Mr. Growler, of that fundamental principle in business,—You cannot eat your cake and have it. You cannot salt down money and live on it at the same time. If some people save less, they live more comfortably, perhaps even elegantly, and, Mr. Growler, you might know that comfort is not a bad thing. Anyway, Mr. Growler, you need not spend money on nice things if you don't wish to. You may live in a dug-out, wear sheepskin, and eat sawdust if you are inclined that way. This is a free country. You may live as cheaply as you like. You should have gone to Church this morning and given thanks because you are a citizen of a country in which a man may live like an Indian if he wishes to. There is always something that even a man like you may be thankful for if he wants to see it. Then think of the opportunities your family have in this country, of the ease with which they can obtain a good education, of the manner in which the law defends your life and property. Think of all these things, Mr. Growler. And remember, too, that this country has given you a home and given your family bread, and a good chance to start in the world. Your father and mother were very glad to come to this new country many years ago, and escape from a country in which there was little room and less bread. They sleep their last sleep in Canada, and that alone might keep you from reviling the country.

Really, Mr. Grateful, I feel ashamed.

I am glad to hear it. Shame is the right kind of feeling for a man like you to have.

THE DENOMINATIONS IN THE TIME OF THE APOSTLE PAUL.

We think that the fact that there were different denominations of the Christian Church in the time of Paul cannot be disputed. We know it is customary to imagine that so soon after Christ's death all the brethren were united as one body, that in looking at the great facts of the Gospel they lost sight of smaller things, that in view of the life and works of the Saviour so recently ended they would not dare to bring in petty jealousies and differences of opinion. But why should we expect this, and why should we condemn the people of that time if we find on examination our beautiful dreams shattered at a blow? Human nature was as much human nature then as it is now, and people then, as a whole, were not more nearly perfect than they are at the present time. In the first Epistle of Paul to the Corinthians i. 12, we find the apostle saying, "Now this I say, that everyone of you saith, I am of Paul, and I of Apollos, and I of Cephas, and I of Christ." Now we have no reason to believe that there were not among the Corinthians just as good men and just as deep thinkers as any we have at the present day so that it is not likely that those divisions in the Christian Church were made either to do harm or simply for amusement. The conclusion we must come to then is that there were the different denominations of one body. Those of Paul, the broad, intellectual, staunch and vigorously upright were the Presbyterians of ancient times. Those of Apollos, enthusiastic, emotional, the Methodists. The followers of Cephas,

adhering to circumcision, the aristocrats, the advocates of a National or Established Church were the Episcopalians. Those claiming the leadership of Christ were the Plymouth Brethren, etc. They had never seen Christ, they had never heard Him, yet rather than have any man over them, they claim Him as their direct leader. These divisions were probably brought about by degrees, they arose from differences of opinions on minor points and there was no harm in them at first. The line was not sharply drawn. But, perhaps, on Sabbath day returning from worship a group of men got discussing the sermon; the argument grew warm; and Apollosite accused a Paulite of being cold and formal; the latter retorted by saying the former wished to make a show of religion, he savoured of heathenism. Thus the argument went on, the bickering and strife spread throughout the Church until it came to the ears of Paul and he reproved them thus: "Now I beseech you, brethren, by the name of our Lord Jesus Christ, that ye all speak the same thing, and that there be no divisions among you; but that ye be perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgment. Is Christ divided? was Paul crucified for you? or are ye baptized in the name of Paul?"

Cannot we Christians of the present day bring home this rebuke to ourselves? Is Christ divided? was John Knox or John Wesley or Luther or Calvin crucified for us! Why should we be divided? Do we not all believe in Christ as our Saviour? Is not this the essential point? Should we not be liberal-minded and tolerate the opinions of our brethren on minor points (even though we consider them foibles and fancies) remembering we are all but dust? Must we have the cry of the Roman Catholics and of the heathen ringing in our ears as a perpetual reproach: "How can we accept this Gospel that you preach when you yourselves are not of the same mind?" No! we think not. It seems as if every day we are getting nearer. The Presbyterians are getting a little broader and more fervent. The Methodists are becoming more intellectual and less emotional. The Episcopalians are becoming more liberal and less exclusive. Young Men's Christian Association meetings are being held in nearly every town and large village and are non-denominational. Missionaries are being sent out who are non-denominational. Does not all this seem to point to a happy time when all Christians can sing from their inmost souls,

We are not divided, all one body are,
One in faith and doctrine, one in charity.
Onward Christian soldiers, marching as to war,
Looking unto Jesus who has gone before.

MAC.

LETTER FROM TRINIDAD.

Through favour of Mrs. McMurchy, the following letter from Mrs. Morton, of Trinidad, has been forwarded for publication:

If you have not been hearing from me so frequently of late, you must excuse me. Our duties are always laborious, and Mr. Morton's health has not been good for some time past. It is quite impossible to rest at home, so when the schools closed for three weeks toward the end of August, we ran away for a time to Gasparillo for rest and sea bathing. We remained a month. Mr. Morton came up twice for the Sabbath services. He seems to be much better now, but the cough has not yet left him, last Sabbath he probably overworked a little. He held a service before eight o'clock at Caronis, another at St. Joseph at a quarter past nine, and then his Bible class and service at Tunapuna, concluding at a quarter to one. This would have been quite enough speaking for one day, but as there is no missionary at Couva, he was obliged to travel there in the afternoon to preach in English in the evening. We hope soon to have a new missionary at Couva.

I have not very much that is new to tell you. Our school work is going on well, we have more children in school this year than ever. Two of our large boys have got employment in town lately as clerks in a large firm, and seem to be doing very well.

One day a Brahmin came to our door and entreated us to be present at a dinner that he was to give on the following evening. We wished to be friendly, so promised to go on condition that Mr. Morton should be allowed to read and speak to the people. These dinners are a part of their religion, a great deal of money is spent upon them by poor people, who sometimes go in debt to obtain it. As much as two bar-