

It is quite the thing now-a-days to denounce the party press. But if newspaperdom is the devil's property, it is surely "a house divided against itself." When one measures the amount of space devoted to religion and purely religious purposes, in almost any issue of our leading newspapers, and how little to what is inimical to religion, he feels that, somehow, the printer must have stolen a march on the aforesaid manager. For example, not long ago the *Mail* published a series of splendid articles, by Principal Grant, on the Presbyterian Foreign Missions; and the *Globe* is now having the same subject most interestingly discussed, in a series of Saturday letters, by Rev. G. M. Milligan. These things show how the press, though she sometimes limps sadly, is the handmaid of the pulpit.

SEVERAL representatives of the Gaelic Society of Toronto, visited the College last week; and, as a result of their interview with the Highland element, the following gentlemen became members of the Society:—D. A. McLean, J. McGillivray, D. McGillivray, G. A. McLennan, M. McKinnon D. McKenzie, J. E. Browne, John Crawford and J. A. Macdonald. This is a step that should have been taken long ago. It is to be regretted that, while there are many communities where Gaelic is required, the study of that language is rapidly dying out among the ministry. If the study of languages already dead be recommended, why should a language, perhaps the oldest of all, still living, though sadly neglected, be allowed to die? Highlanders should resist the haughty presumption of the Sassunnach with his language born but yesterday and prating to-day as if he ruled the world. *Chlanna nan Gaidheal ri guillibh a cheile!*

"Go to, now, let us have an excitement. Let us hold great meetings. Let us call them Temperance meetings, and hold them in the Horticultural Pavilion. Let the day be Sunday, and the hour 3 p.m. Let the services of humorous lecturers be secured, and advertising be systematically done through pulpit and press." The command went forth and Toronto has its Sunday afternoon Temperance meetings. The Pavilion is crowded. The hymns, usually of a rollicking swing, are vociferously sung. A short portion of Scripture is read by a gentleman in a white tie. The solo or duet is received with great applause, and an occasional "*encore*." The speakers are usually of the "light and loud" type: boisterous eloquence, lame arguments, venerable stories, time-honored almanac jokes. The audience—that is those who are not disgusted—laughs, cries, applauds, cheers and has a good time generally. Lest the proceedings might seem too irreverent, some grave D.D., according to plan, moves "a hearty vote of thanks to the speakers," which is carried amid cheers. Then a silver collection is taken up, and the people go home congratulating themselves that they are "not as other men are" who either stay home on Sunday afternoon or persist in teaching a class in the Sabbath School. We believe in Temperance, and we believe in Prohibition, but such meetings as these, held on Sunday afternoon, with such speeches, and cheap talk, and sometimes vulgar jokes, and applause, and irreverence, cannot be justified so long as the Fourth Commandment remains unrepealed.