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CALLING A MINISTER.

A correspondent gives some interesting experiences of an Ontario city congregation in regard to the calling of a minister. One or two objected to signing the call on the ground they had not "heard" the minister, he declining to do the candidating act, and being recommended by the congregational committee appointed to make a nomination. At first sight, it looks reasonable that a congregation should desire to make a possible pastor show his paces by a couple of sample sermons. But is it much of a test, after all? Very few ministers on critical trial show their real selves. If they are men of assurance, their "Royal George" trial sermons may be an imperfect exhibition of how their everyday sermons would pan out. If they are men of sensitive fibre, ten to one they will not do as well on the trial trip as the best of their ordinary average work. So that a congregation would generally do better to pay attention to a man's record than to his good or ill success in a couple of trial sermons.

Another member was reluctant to sign because he was doubtful if it could be right to invite a man from a field where he seemed to be doing good work. But that would make the pastorate a stagnant area in which there would be neither opportunity for change, readjustment, nor legitimate promotion. In the case of the man you fear to call from another charge, how do you know he is not inwardly desirous of obtaining another field of labor? It strikes us a congregation has the right to seek where it will for a minister; and what more in accordance with common sense than to seek by preference a man who has already made good? If the invitation meets with a successful issue, well and good. If not, cast the net again!

THE WINE CLERK.

Among the newspapers of Canada which give out a clear note on the subject of the traffic in intoxicating liquors, "The Catholic Record," published at London, Ont., by Hon. Senator Coffey, occupies a high place. The issue for July 13th contains a clever and pungent reply to a correspondent who, under the title of "Wine Clerk," argues the "Record," is unreasonably opposed to the bar-room interests. The correspondent, who is evidently a bartender, shows himself wise in his generation by trying to invent a title that will sound a little less forbidding. But the "Record," unconvinced, stands to its guns, and describes the bar-room business as evil, only evil, and that continually. Says the "Record":

"It is all the work of Satan, through his agents, the bar owner and the 'wine clerk.' The married man wends his way to wife and children, and O! what a home-coming! The husband and father unsteady on his feet, the eyes bleared, the tongue powerless, the brain fuddled; Satan, you are a victor once more! For long the bar-room gave the loving, trustful, faithful wife but the shadow of domestic architecture. Even the shadow is now gone, and despair is getting in its deadly work on the frame and the mind and the heart of her who looked for better things. And the work-day comes again with the terrible headache and the stomach in revolt, and remorse brings a few days more of sobriety, but Satan and his little army are on watch and guard, and when pay-day comes once more many fall again into his trap. Poor 'wine clerk!' All the while, he tries to persuade himself that he is just as useful a citizen as his neighbor, and entitled to as much respect as any other Canadian. Poor 'Wine Clerk!'"

Well said, "Catholic Record"! We have long admired the custom of Roman Catholic bishops in taking pledges from young men coming forward as communicants to abstain from intoxicating liquor until the age of twenty-one. The example is worthy of imitation by Protestants.

GENERAL BOOTH AT OXFORD.

A notable incident of the recent exercises of the University of Oxford, in England, was the conferring of the degree D. C. L. upon "General" William Booth of the Salvation Army. This venerable leader preserves in the eighties the vigor of middle life. He was greeted by the chancellor of the University in Latin, as "Dux Salutaris," and in the presentation address, called the "most venerable man, merciful patron of the submerged truth, and leader of the army engaged in winning souls." The general accepted his cap and robe in courtly fashion and waved his hand to the galleries filled with undergraduates. The body of the Sheldonian theatre was crowded to suffocation with eager and sympathetic witnesses of the ceremony. A day or two later General Booth appeared at Albert Hall, London, where a public welcome was accorded him after his tour around the world. He wore the robe and cap conferred at Oxford. He was as vigorous and evangelistic as ever and solemnly set aside at this service new missionaries to labor in Japan, for whom the Mikado, in a recent interview, had made request. During his recent tour he had travelled 25,000 miles and preached to 140,000 people, given interviews to 265 reporters and written fifty articles for the press.

SOME HOLIDAY PLEASURES.

By Knoxonian.

Holidays are not all pleasure. If a man finds packing up and leaving home a pleasant kind of exercise he is a poor kind of man, or he has a poor kind of home. Saying good-bye to a bore is pleasant enough, but it is not so pleasant saying good-bye to one's wife. Kissing the baby on ordinary occasions does not require much of an effort from an experienced family man, but some fairly strong men do weaken perceptibly when they kiss the baby the last time for a month.

Now you are off. As the train steamed away from the station, you need not be ashamed to admit that you felt a rather uncomfortable sensation under the third button of your vest when you glanced through the window and took your last look of the town or city which contains nearly all that is most dear to you on earth. No, you needn't be the least ashamed to admit that. If you didn't feel a little that way you are not much of a man. This contributor has no ambition to act in the capacity of father-in-law for any young man who leaves home for a month without feeling a little sad. To be father-in-law to an iceberg is not a position we covet to any great extent.

But you are off anyway and you have not gone far until you perhaps find out that a crowded, heated car and coal dust do not add much to the happiness of human existence. Coal dust is a most searching kind of thing. It searches all the territory between one's neck and one's shirt collar with marvellous persistency. Your whitest linen soon changes color under the malign influence of coal dust. As you go on your tour, you perhaps find your elf on a steamboat that has berths for seventy-five passengers, but has 200 on board. If you are one of the 125 that got no berth, it may dawn on your mind some time during the first night you are on board that holidays are not all pleasure. A fit of sea sickness that causes you to give yourself away over the side of the steamer will greatly fortify you in that opinion. Some hotels and boarding houses remind one of home—by way of contrast. There are other holiday inconveniences which might be mentioned, but the worst one comes in at the end. As the weeks slip past your pocket book gradually takes on a slender form. By the time your holiday is over it becomes as thin as a pancake. We once saw the pocket book of a doctor in divinity when he got home from a tour to the Old Country, and his pocket book was scarcely thick enough to cast a shadow. Well, you sit down and solemnly open your thin pocket book and find you have spent more money than you expected to spend—one always does in this country—and you feel bad. This closing reflection over the thin pocket book is one of the most painful things about a holiday.

But if we rightly remember, we set out with the intention of saying something about some of the pleasures of a holiday. Like some preachers, we have wandered from the text. We have just