

pleasant relief from *ennui*: bored people who are really tired of their lives and are anxious for something new. I don't think you find many of that sort at Cooke's Church, I should say there is a larger proportion there of people who earn every bit of bread they eat, and earn it well, than in any other church in the city. They are in the main, I should say, people who realize the serious responsibilities of life, and try to live up to them, and one of the responsibilities they live up to is that of coming out to church on Sunday morning. What a congregation it is that is filling up downstairs and upstairs!—in quietness for the most part, for there is no organ voluntary to lull the senses. Then a wide door opens in the organ front, and the choir, consisting of fifteen men and the same number of women, come in and fill the choir pews. The precentor sits in the centre of a lengthened row of feminine choristers. There is a long row of men at the back.

When Rev. W. Patterson comes in and takes his seat at the rear of the pulpit, you see before you a robust, aggressive young Irishman of thirty or thirty-five. He has more strength of character than intellect in his face, and more sincerity and earnestness than speculation in his eye. He is in deadly earnest in all he does, and the seriousness of the outlook he habitually takes on life is only modified by the buoyancy of his youthful vigour. He looks like a fighter, and if you were to tell me that he had once been a good boxer, and hadn't forgotten how to parry and deliver now, I should say that there is nothing in his appearance to belie the statement. His abundant hair is black and neatly brushed; his strong, earnest face clean-shaven. He has a very firm and purposeful mouth and a very determined chin. He has a preoccupied air as he comes in and sits down, and in a few moments he opens the service with a few rapid, simple words of prayer. Then you know that he has a pleasant voice and that his pronunciation is provincial Irish. But there is a force and magnetism about him that are very attractive. The man is plainly so sincere and so much absorbed in what he is doing that you cannot but attend to all he does and says. He announces a psalm to be sung. It is the quaint, old Presbyterian paraphrase that looks so odd to unaccustomed eyes, and that pays no attention to the ordinary rules of versification. He reads a verse of it in a voice that makes you think it must to him be transfigured by years of sacred associations. There is an artless appreciation of it in his voice that is very striking. He is not thinking of how he is reading it—his congregation has faded from his perception: he is absorbed in this quaint verse:

The Lord of us hath mindful been,  
And He will bless us still.  
He will the house of Israel bless,  
Bless Aaron's house He will.  
Both small and great that fear the Lord,  
He will them surely bless,  
The Lord will you, you and your seed,  
Aye more and more increase.

When the organ strikes up the tune of "Dundee" and the choir and the great congregation stand up to sing the psalm you can tell that they appreciate it too. The singing at Cooke's Church is earnest and massive; it is psalm-singing pure and simple, but there is a depth and volume about it that fairly sweeps you off your feet. The combined tone of that long row of female voices is a thing to hear. There is no striving after effect in this psalmody, but it gives you the idea of a great reserve of strength. The male voices in the rear support the strain. The precentor seems to enter into the meaning of the words and sings away with a vigor and spirit worthy of a chief singer in the sanctuary. The congregation join in with a heartiness and vigor that are contagious. So far as I am aware it seems to me the best congregational singing in Toronto. I read in a Toronto newspaper not long ago a report of a meeting of a Presbyterian church at which one of the members advocated some more attractive features than plain psalmody being introduced into the service. He wanted solo-singing and ornate anthems, and said that the church "*must* keep up with the procession." There was a liking for these things abroad, and they tended to draw a congregation. That, to my mind, was simply looking at a church service as an entertainment, and from a purely commercial point of view. It is, of course, possible to regard a church service in that light, but I am disposed to think that anyone hearing the massive and satisfying singing in Cooke's Church cannot but feel that it is of the sort best adapted, on the whole, to the Presbyterian order of worship.

There were more psalms and paraphrases, and again the minister led the prayers of the congregation in a simple and heartfelt way. He read the scriptures twice and made one or two comments. While the collection was being taken up the choir sang the hymn with the refrain "Till He Come," with great sweetness and feeling. At some time during the service Mr. Patterson made the announcements for the week which were somewhat voluminous. They included a notice of the communion service which was to be held that night. Those communicants who had not received their communion tickets were to get them, as they went out, from the elders, who would be at the doors. At the communion service communicants would occupy the centre and east side of the body of the church. The weekly meetings of several societies and church organizations were announced.

When Mr. Patterson stands up to preach, he reads his text in a plain, straightforward sort of a way and begins to speak with a rapid and energetic utterance. His manner of speech is very direct, earnest, and to the point. There is not a trace of the academic about him either in language or manner. A man of the people, he addresses the people in the people's own language and they attentively listen to every word. His sermon on Sunday morning was upon Simon the Cyrenian who bore the cross of Jesus. The preacher used neither manuscript nor notes. He entered immediately upon a most interesting description of the trial and crucifixion of Christ, and showed how it was that Simon was compelled by the Roman soldiers to bear the cross. The simplicity and force of this narrative could hardly have been improved upon. It formed a starting point for several cogent lessons which seemed to flow easily and naturally out of it. It also placed the hearers in a suitable frame of mind for receiving those lessons. Mr. Patterson has the Irish gift of warm and moving eloquence, and he has a good deal of what I can find no better name for than mother wit. He sees the points in a subject that are likely to strike home; he gives little suggestive touches that, somehow, stay by one. "The Roman soldiers took off the purple robe from Jesus; we do not read that they removed the crown of thorns." "Simon found it very hard to have to bear the cross, but while he was bearing it, where was Jesus? Not far off."

J. R. N.

### Immortality.

The immortal spirit hath no bars  
To circumscribe its dwelling place;  
My soul hath pastured with the stars  
Upon the meadow-lands of space.  
My mind and ear at times have caught,  
From realms beyond our mortal reach,  
The utterance of eternal Thought,  
Of which all nature is the speech.  
And high above the seas and lands,  
On peaks just tipped with morning light,  
My dauntless spirit mutely stands  
With eagle wings outspread for flight.

FREDERICK GEORGE SCOTT

### The Song of the Robin.

Singing still and swinging, happy lover,  
Tho' the quiet wings that cover all thy  
hopes are hid from sight,  
Singing where the cherry-blossoms, that,  
nodding sweet above her,  
Shower in a scented flow  
Petals white as whitest snow,  
Till thou safety mayst defy, sharpest eye,  
Save the eye by love made bright,  
That enchanted nest t'espy.

Oh, thou tawny throated! never floated  
Thro' my charmed senses sound so sweet,  
As doth now each silver note, set afloat,  
Like linked pearls of music from thy palpitating throat!  
Rosy-red I see thy breast  
Glitter in its ruby breast,

That flames like crimson poppy tall, that nods along the wheat.

What far land enchanted, hast thou haunted,  
That no thought of pain may follow where you pass?  
Know you naught of sorrow, that you borrow,  
Only sweetest notes of love to tell us of to-morrow?  
Bird of joy and promise! all the rest thou dost surpass.  
Listen! where the cherry-boughs are nodding to the hollow!  
"Spring is here! Spring is here! Summer's soon to follow!"  
Can't you hear it in the tinkling of the winds along the grass?"

EMILY McMANUS.