

however, that my "booming" of the exhibition may not whet the appetites of picture lovers who have not the fortune to be donated with a card of admission by a member, but any individual who should be so blest will have cause to be grateful to his friend, the member, and will be able to thank God that he has lived to see a landscape by Troyon.

E. WYLY GRIER.

Pew and Pulpit in Toronto.—XXII.

AT ST. ANDREW'S CHURCH, KING STREET.

ST. ANDREW'S Church, at the corner of King and Simcoe streets, is a familiar and striking object which naturally attracts the attention of visitors to Toronto. The other corners of this street intersection are occupied respectively by Government House, a tavern and Upper Canada College, which led some local wit to observe once that the angles were those of "administration, education, damnation and salvation." The church is a very solid and substantial structure, almost fort-like in its severe strength. It is built of grey stone and has three imposing towers. There was talk a year or two ago of removing it to a more residential neighbourhood, but the idea seemed anomalous and surprising. St. Andrew's Church looks like one of the things that remain; it was built to last for centuries and it has a note of massiveness and gravity that is very impressive. It is, I suppose, in the Norman style of architecture. One can fancy it standing fitly on a towering base of granite against which the wild waves of the Hebrides might dash in vain. There is something strong, insular and self-contained about it. If ever the tide of war overflows us, which God forbid, "St. Andrew's" would be used for a fort. It has been for a quarter of a century the fort of that soldier of the Cross, Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, of whom a friend writes to me:—

"If you were to idealize a clergyman none would come nearer to your ideal than Rev. D. J. Macdonnell, B.D. The elements so requisite in a minister of the gospel, and yet so rarely combined in one man are possessed by him in an eminent degree. Ministers there are even in the narrower circle of his own denomination who are more scholarly, greater pulpit orators, more famous evangelists, but there are few, if any, in his own or in the sister churches who have drawn so deeply from all the sources open to the human mind in preparing for the high duties of the Christian ministry. He has been endowed with mental faculties of the highest order, and had he turned his mind to one or two special subjects he would have easily stepped into the front rank. But he had chosen his life work early, and was wise enough to know wherein the great strength of his profession lies. Of a most tender and sympathetic nature he turned his gifts into the field of the pastorate, and it has been there, in ministering unto the sick, in comforting the distressed, in relieving the needy, in guiding the young and counselling the old, in breaking Scripture truth to give each one his and her portion of daily spiritual bread, in moulding a high and patriotic and unselfish character the reflection of his own pure soul—it has been in such noble work that his aspirations have had their fulfilment, and his ambition its reward, the devotion and devotedness of his daily life he brought with him into the pulpit and re-impacted them to his people in his sermons, which were models of practical thought and persuasiveness of style. He aimed not at distinction as a preacher, but his native genius he could not suppress, and often there rang outbursts of eloquence chastened by a holy earnestness, which nothing could resist. His characteristic as a preacher has been the appropriateness of everything he said and did. He always rose to the occasion, and what seemed to all to be exactly what was necessary and no more nor less. He stands to-day as one of the most faithful and outspoken of pastors, yet with a heart so large that failings and failures in profession and practice bring more sorrow than rebuke from its depths. As a public man he has few peers. A patriot born, with strong national feeling, and that love for home and country derived from his Celtic race, he has been ever ready to stand in the breach when the path of duty was clear."

Last Sunday the services at St. Andrew's were conducted by Rev. Principal Grant, who, during the long ill-

ness of the pastor, has frequently occupied the pulpit and rendered very valuable services to the church. Ascending by many steps to the entrance on King street one found oneself in a somewhat dimly-lighted, but comfortable, cocoa-matted corridor where several elders stood at the doors, for this was Communion Sunday and the communicants were giving up their cards of entrance and the body of the church was reserved for them. They very kindly invited us to join in the service "if we were members of other churches," but we went into one of the commodious side galleries, from whence a good view of the interior is obtained. St. Andrew's is a large church, but the interior is scarcely so impressive as the outside had led one to expect. The roof and side walls are plain almost to the extent of poverty of idea, from a constructive point of view, though the decoration of them is both tasteful and suitable. The south end of the church, on the other hand, where the pulpit stands, harmonizes in style and dignity with the exterior of the edifice. It is an arrangement of pilasters and arches combined with a large stained glass window and two smaller ones, and is both artistic and satisfactory. The windows are headed with Norman arches, and the larger one is pictured with the story of the good Samaritan—evidently a memorial. Below these windows stands the pulpit, ascended by a flight of stairs from either side, and below the pulpit is the dais where are the communion table, the chairs for the elders and the font. On Sunday morning the communion service was set forth on the table and the whole covered with a snowy cloth.

Principal Grant ascended the pulpit with a sedate step, but not that of age. He was attired in the black Presbyterian gown, and his manner in the pulpit was dignified and unexceptionable. There was more deliberation about it than I had been led to expect from reading various contributions from his pen. It was not the deliberation that tires, but rather that which allows of each sentence producing its due effect. His voice is deep and sympathetic; occasionally it can be raised to considerable loudness, but at the communion service on Sunday morning it was studiously subdued. The introductory prayers were simple and heartfelt; the passages of Scripture and the hymns such as nearly everybody knew by heart. They had been selected for that service by the absent minister, who, unable to be with his flock, was with them in spirit. I was much struck with Principal Grant's reading of some passages from the Psalms. Hearing them one forgot all about the "higher criticism of the Old Testament." It passed away and was forgotten. I am sure it did not enter the heads of the large assembly of members of the church that sat in the pews on the floor of the building that is their spiritual home and that must be for them a consecrated place. There they sat a most interesting sample of the Presbyterians of Toronto. Grey-headed men, men of responsibility, men of trust, devout, fearing God, and having a high idea of their own responsibilities. Young, wholesome-looking men, rising up to tread in the footsteps of their fathers. Wives and mothers of families, comely in their matronliness, and maidens, not of the empty-headed, irresponsible variety, but who had already discovered that life is an earnest thing, and that for everybody there is work to do before the darkness comes. There was no air of ultra fashion, and, equally, there was no air of pious dowdiness. The occasion was a solemn one, and every attendant seemed to join in the service with the most earnest sincerity.

The mention of the hymns brings to mind the organ, a vast instrument occupying the back of the north gallery and reaching almost to the width of the church. It is played by Mr. E. Fisher with irreproachable taste and ability. The capacity and range of the organ gives him great opportunities, which he exercises with discretion, not running riot in them as some organists would, who live, move, and have their being amid *forte* and *fortissimo*, and almost burst the bellows into the bargain. With Mr. Fisher it is different. He is not only master of his instrument but the servant of his art, and you get delicate shades in his playing, and fine appreciations of sentiment for which you are inclined to be very grateful. He has, at his command, a small but carefully selected choir—perhaps fourteen voices. In addition to the hymns, they rendered an anthem at each service last Sunday. That in the morning was the beautiful one, "Christ was Obedient Unto Death." It was sung with reverential feeling and adequate expressiveness and phrasing.

I had never seen a Presbyterian communion service before. After a collection had been taken up for the charities