

The Dominion Presbyterian

IS PUBLISHED AT

370 BANK STREET - OTTAWA

— AND AT —

Montreal, Toronto and Winnipeg.

TERMS: One year (50 issues) in advance..... \$1.50
Six months..... 75
CLUBS of Five, at same time..... 5.00

The date on the label shows to what time the paper is paid for. Notify the publisher at once of any mis- take on label.

Paper is continued until an order is sent for discon- tinuance, and with it, payment of arrearages.

When the address of your paper is to be changed, send the old as well as new address.
Sample copies sent upon application.
Send all remittances by check, money order or regis- tered letter, made payable to THE DOMINION PRESBY- TERIAN.

ADVERTISING RATES.—15 cents per agate line each insertion, 11 lines to the inch, 1½ inches to the column. Letters should be addressed:

THE DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN,

P.O. Drawer 1070, Ottawa

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Ottawa, Wednesday, July 24th, 1901.

How many of the summer visitors will scrape up an acquaintance with the birds that flit round them in the rural haunts where they are passing July and August? Of all incumbrances deliver me from the one caused by the man or woman who just comes out of the City for a rest during the hot spell. Rest is found in inaction. Have some object and pursue it as eagerly as you pursue your city life, and health will come to you. Few objects offer greater attractions than the study of our Canadian birds.

The debate in the House of Lords over the Declaration required by the Bill of Rights from every British Sovereign on accession to the throne was quite spirited. The Archbishop of Canterbury objected that no bishops had been appointed on the committee of revision, considering the Church of England is the Established Church, and considering the relation of that Church to the Sovereign he thought the bishops should have had a say in a matter affecting the National religion. It may be granted that there is force and fairness in this contention. And as it turns out, a theologian or two on the committee would have avoided a blunder which the lay Lords have made in the phrase "adoration of the Virgin Mary." It strikes us, however, that Lord Salisbury put no bishop on the committee because the clergy of the English Church are divided on this very question, some holding Transubstantiation and the Mass quite as much as do Romanists, while others, a few, are still Evangelical. The committee's suggested revision is accepted, but only for further consideration, the points objected to being open to improvement at the second reading. On the whole, it appears that Protestant principle has won a victory, at least up to the present stage.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

The window of the editor's den looks into the backyard of a fine house on a fashionable street. Passing the front of this house we note every evidence of wealth and fashion. One would expect those who live there to be in the swim of fashionable society, and to have none of the simple tastes remaining that may once have marked themselves or their ancestors. Yet in that back yard, hidden away from the public gaze, are some of the old plants that used to be in the garden at home. A huge hollyhock rises above the fence, and its plebian head overtops the more pretentious flowers that are also found behind the great house. On the other side a bunch of "Old Man" made me hungry for the old home garden where the great bunch used to grow, for the express purpose, we then thought, of furnishing a sprig every Sunday to hold in the hand during church service.

There is some bit of history connected with those two old time favorites. Is there one in that fashionable home who longs for the old farm home and who brought that bit of it in here to remind him of it. Were that one to be met in the drawing-room, when the mask was on, there would not be the slightest evidence of this longing for the quiet and the simple. How we mortals pose before each other, and how little we know of the real life of one another! Were we to enter that home we would begin to talk of the latest book, and the last evening concert or whatever might be the popular fad of the hour. We should leave, after smiles all round, utterly bored, and with no desire to meet the one for whom we have been protesting eternal friendship a moment before. But if there were a board off the dividing fence, and we could step into his back yard when he is pulling a sprig of "Old Man" some evening, we should sit and talk till midnight.

What a pity it is that we think it necessary to cover up our real self, and wear a mask so persistently. Long ago we used to stop and shake hands with people as they went out of the church, and it was sometimes nearly one o'clock before we got home. But then we had spoken to and helped half-a-dozen other people, or been helped by them perhaps, in the interval, and the day meant more to us because of the little chats we had with them. How we bend with a stately grace to one who happens to be in a line with where we are looking, and sweep out so that as many as possible shall see the set of our bonnet, or cloak, or hat, and get in ten minutes after the minister has said Amen. Then we start talking about the people to whom we should have been at the moment talking, and what we say is not edifying. Can we not get back to the old free ways, that were so full of the sweetness of life? In our heart we want to do it, but we must crush the mask over our desire, and seem as if we had got far beyond all that.

The sham of the daily life has its part in the sham of the spiritual life. The man or woman who has been trying to deceive other men and women all the day, will end the day trying to deceive God. It matters not that we repeat the very words of the Master about "knowing what is in man". We put on our mask when we bow in prayer before

God and the face we turn up to Him is not our real face, but the face of the man or woman we would fain have Him think us to be. A chance may give us the key to our neighbor's real life-longings, but the One with whom we have to do in spiritual matters, is behind the scenes always. But we shall not admit this, but go on trying to deceive Him to the end of the chapter. What fools we mortals be!

THE WALKING DELEGATE.

As a rule little is gained by labor strikes, and much is lost. Certainly the gains do not compensate the individual losses. The men who suffer are not the men who subsequently enjoy the advance secured by their suffering, if there be any real advance. Some man with a faculty for leading his fellows, induces honest workmen to look at matters as he is doing, finds discontent. The men quarrel with that which was perfectly satisfactory to them twenty-four hours ago, and contemptuously throw away a means of supporting those dependent on them. There are times when labor is oppressed, and redress is their right, but these are not so frequent as many would have us believe.

The ease with which an irresponsible party start a great industrial undertaking, and the methods frequently used to do it, is paralleled exactly in the spiritual workshop. In a congregation there is excellent work being done. Pastor and people understand each other and are animated by one supreme motive. One day a new face appears, not a worker but an observer. Soon a change is felt, the atmosphere is not so clear as it was, the workers grow tired and irritable, and one by one drop away. The new person has called them off, and a strike is in progress. There is nothing open, and the sorriest person is the observer, if one may judge by appearances.

If only there were some with power to strip off the smooth mask of these men and women, our work would be in a better stage, and our souls would not be so dwarfed as they are.

In England, as in many other places the world over, Presbyterians take first positions at one of the great Universities, not so long ago supposed to be sacred to Anglicans alone. An old country exchange says:

Not only has the Senior Wranglership at Cambridge this year been won by a Presbyterian student (Mr. A. Brown, of Gonville and Caius College,) but another student, Mr. D. H. Macgregor (of Trinity); is at the head of the Moral Science Tripos, Part II, whilst a third, Mr. D. Phillips (also of Trinity), is at the head of Part I. of the same tripos. Miss Lucy Brough, who, at the end of her fourth year at Girton, has taken first-class honours in classics, is also a Presbyterian, her father being Session Clerk of the Streatham congregation, London. Mr. T. H. Havellock (of St. John's), another Presbyterian, has taken a first-class in Mathematics, and stands second to the Senior Wrangler for 1901.

This is a remarkably good showing.

It is too soon to say anything as to the guilt or otherwise of the suspended Chief of Ottawa Police. His case is still under investigation. But one thing is pretty certain from the evidence already presented. Whatever may be the decision of the commissioners the Chief's usefulness is gone. He can never again command the confidence of the members of the force or of the public.