

Our Contributors.

KNOXIAN ABROAD: SECOND LETTER.

I have got so far behind in this correspondence that there seems to be no reasonable hope of catching up. Those who know how difficult it is to make a tour through Great Britain and write for a journal at the same time, can easily understand why my tour has got a long way ahead of my letters. Between sight-seeing and resting there is not much time for writing, and when one's hand gets fairly out of work it is no easy matter to get it in again.

If I rightly remember, I left off at Liverpool. Allow me to jump over the run from Liverpool to Glasgow and begin this letter with

MY FIRST SABBATH

on Scottish soil. Many years ago I read a glowing description—written no doubt by some enthusiastic Scotchman—of a Sabbath in a Scottish city. The writer described the streets as black with devout-looking people solemnly wending their way to church with Bibles under their arms. The description had lingered in my mind from boyhood, and many a time when doing Church work in places in Canada in which the people did not turn out well to church, or in which they did not appear to be devout, I recalled this description of a Scottish Sabbath and wished my lot had been cast in Scotland. Glasgow is a splendid city—a city of many and costly churches—a city of noble charities—a generous, liberal, large-hearted, kindly, hospitable city, but Glasgow made havoc of my early notions of a Scotch Sabbath and Scotch church-going. When my first Sabbath morning came round I was very anxious to see the devout-looking crowds wending their way to worship. Glasgow has a splendid church on almost every block and I felt reasonably certain I would see a crowd of church-going people, almost anywhere. A little before eleven o'clock I walked from my hotel along Bath Street to St. Matthew's to hear Dr. Stalker. I had read Dr. Stalker's book on preaching, in which he sets up Isaiah—is it Isaiah?—and Paul as models for preachers, and I was naturally anxious to see how closely he himself imitated his models. In a walk of about half a mile I met just five persons, three men and two women. They were not dressed in black, their appearance was not specially devout and certainly they had no Bibles under their arms. The description that had lingered in my mind from youth was pure fiction so far as Bath Street, Glasgow, was concerned on that particular Sabbath morning. There are a number of other churches in that neighborhood, and if there was a large congregation in any of them, all I can say is the people had not begun to come a few minutes before eleven o'clock.

The church officer in St. Matthew's told me that Dr. Stalker was away for his vacation, and he did not seem to be quite sure of the name of the minister who was to conduct the service. The evening previous I had received a kind note from a medical gentleman—an elder in the Kirk—telling me that Dr. Marshall Lang was the only "preacher of note" who would occupy a Glasgow pulpit that Sabbath. What is the use in going three thousand miles from home to an ecclesiastical country like Scotland if you do not hear some "preachers of note." So I reasoned and immediately started for the Old Barony to hear the only "preacher of note" whose services Glasgow was that day to enjoy. I would not like to say how many churches one passes on the way from St. Matthew's to the Old Barony. I did not know the way very well, and perhaps I did not make a "bee line," but I do honestly think I must have passed about twenty. There was no dense crowd going into any of them. If I may judge from what I saw that Sabbath the churches of Glasgow are not any better attended in proportion to the population than are the churches in Toronto or in any one of a score of places in Ontario that I could name. It is only fair to say

that on this particular Sabbath many church-going people were away at the seaside and other resting places. Of course that makes a great difference. Still Glasgow has a population of nearly three quarters of a million, and if a hundred thousand of them were away on their holidays—a pretty liberal estimate—there would still be an immense population to attend church.

It ought also to be said that there is a large foreign population in Glasgow and for that reason a comparison between Glasgow and almost any Ontario community is scarcely fair. But making all fair allowances I doubt very much if the good people of the commercial metropolis of Scotland attend church in larger numbers in proportion to the population than do the people of any respectable community in Ontario. I think a census of the churches in Winnipeg would show that in proportion to their numbers the people of our Prairie city are as good a church-going people as the people of Glasgow are.

As regards what we may call civic Sabbath-keeping any Canadian community west of Montreal would compare very favorably with the commercial capital of Scotland. The monument of John Knox looks down on more street cars on any Sabbath afternoon than run in all Ontario on the fifty-two Sabbaths of the year.

Why write thus? Simply to help to put an end to the lecturing we Canadians have to endure chiefly from Highlandmen and Ulstermen who speak as if all the religion in the Presbyterian Church is in Scotland and Ulster, and as if we Canadians are a godless, careless, Sabbath-breaking lot of people. I have endured that sort of thing all my life and I propose in some further letters to get even. Good people who live in Scotland deplore the evils that exist, especially the drink habit. They never claim perfection or set themselves up as models. We Canadians have our faults and they are neither few nor small, but in the matter of Sabbath-keeping and church-going any Presbyterian community in Canada will compare very favorably with anything I saw in Scotland during the three Sabbaths I spent there, and one can learn as much on such matters in three Sabbaths as in a hundred. Looking at the immense crowd in the Princes Street Gardens, Edinburgh, on a Sabbath evening, I asked a Scotch gentleman where was the Scotch Sabbath we Canadians used to read about. He smiled a rather sardonic smile and said, "They kept it that way out in the country." Perhaps they do. Another said, "These people were in church in the afternoon." Perhaps they were.

Scotland is the greatest little country on this footstool, but Scotchmen are not all perfect any more than Canadians, and nobody would laugh at the idea of being perfect more heartily than a representative Scotchman does himself.

London, Aug. 8th.

A MUSKOKA MISSION FIELD.

BY WILLIAM WALLIS.

It will be of interest to many of your readers to know just what constitutes the Home Missionary Sabbath-day work. The writer having had the opportunity of working in the North-west and Algoma, can truthfully say that mission work in such lands, although of a more lasting and permanent nature, does not try the patience, grace and muscles of the student nearly so much as the work amongst the summer resorts of Muskoka. The continual change that is going on gives no opportunity for permanent work. Each week brings new faces who are with us for a few days and away again. Yet the Sabbath must be kept and it is our duty to see that our pleasure resorts are not neglected. Strangers from all parts of the world come to Muskoka and many of them like to have divine worship here as well as when at home.

The Bala field is situated on Lake Muskoka, having three stations eight miles apart, making a triangle of twenty-four miles to be

travelled by boat. Let us take the reader over the trip. Starting out on Saturday evening, as for a novice to take the round trip in one day would be too much like work, arriving at Beaumaris we pull the canoe high up on the shore and walk to the hotel. Here we are received very kindly by the proprietor who, when asked as to the prospects for a bed, replies it will have to be a shake-down to-night. Wandering through this large hotel we seem to be transferred to some American sea-beach resort, for here the American from both North and South gather in great numbers.

Some music is heard and the dance is in full swing, from which the missionary turns away as it is in that same dance-hall on the morrow he must tell that old old story. At eleven o'clock all is quiet and the missionary is piloted to his shake-down where, with feet dangling out one end and head overlapping at the other, a night of strange rest is passed, and at last dawn appears. The ball-room is cleared, benches carried in from the piazza, and soon the ringing of the dinner bell calls the visitors and tourists to worship. Before the call is over the room is full, numbers gather also on the piazza contenting themselves with a window to gain an occasional view of the services inside. And now is heard the Praise God, where a few hours before the strains of the latest waltz were accompanied by the glide of many dancers.

As the service proceeds the student has an opportunity to note his audience. To the right is a Canadian judge with all the members of his family, near the back of the room is a celebrated American High Court judge. The number of ministers in tourists' costumes and a few with the proverbial black is to a student appalling to behold. But the grace with which they worship, and their never ceasing attention is a continual help to the speaker. They have come to worship and not to criticize. Thank God for that. The musical part of the service is not forgotten; one or two of the many professional singers summering at this point are sworn in each Sabbath; their beautiful voices blending in sacred song takes us in thought out of rough Muskoka to some large cathedral or concert hall where such voices naturally belong. Service concluded, the student refreshes himself with a light lunch and then starts on a long paddle to the afternoon appointment. Here it is that his muscular Christianity brings itself into play, without regarding the weather; in rain or storm it is all the same, but generally with the sun pouring down and a strong head wind, after a good three hours of pull-for-your-life, hard work, Whiteside is reached. Here is awaiting a small congregation of about thirty-five, mostly children, for this is a farming settlement. On the last bench in the small building, and sitting as if they were used all their lives to such things, are five city ministers and a professor of theology. Here is a problem how to speak to the ministers and children; the student selects the latter and the ministers feed upon the milk of the Word as in their childhood. The afternoon service over, once more we are on the water. A good hour and a half brings us to Bala, where, in the unfinished church, a congregation of about two hundred people are assembled, all tourists and mostly from Toronto. As the student speaks, his voice seems to evaporate through the glassless window frames and open cracks in the rough boarded walls; the sun sinks in the west and plays with those gathered by throwing a ray through every crack, the constant roar of the falls, the bleating of sheep, all is plainly heard through the unfinished church and tend to make the enjoyment and peace of the service far from what it should be. At last the benediction is pronounced. The student retires to rest after having preached three times and paddled his canoe till his muscles tingle and hands are blistered. Much encouragement is given by many visitors from different parts of Canada, the United States and even Mexico and England, who express their appreciation at being permitted to attend the service of God so far from their own native land.

PRESBYTERY OF BRANDON.

MISSIONARIES WANTED.

MR. EDITOR,—To emphasize the danger arising from lack of supply let me give the missions and congregations in the Presbytery of Brandon that must be provided for by the beginning of October.

1. *Griswold*—56 families, 22 single persons and 102 communicants. There are three preaching students and 1 church. An ordained man wanted.

2. *Alexander*—60 families, 118 communicants, 3 stations and 3 churches with a seating capacity of about 400.

3. *Chater*—4 stations, 65 families, 6 single persons, 133 communicants, 3 churches.

4. *Oak Lake*—Self-supporting congregation, 55 families, 111 communicants, 2 stations, 2 churches.

5. *Elkhorn*—3 stations, 40 families, 100 communicants. Augmented congregation.

6. *Douglas*—2 stations, 65 families, 10 single persons, 120 communicants. Mission.

These are all promising charges in a good part of the country, they are well organized, and in the hands of good men would grow into important congregations. Besides these there are three missions where students are required, viz., Tarbolton, Brookdale, Parkissimo. The Presbytery is naturally anxious about the supply of these charges. Six ordained men could be placed at once, and if they cannot be secured we cannot hold our own. This is only one Presbytery out of fourteen in the two Synods.

J. ROBERTSON.

Winnipeg, Man., Aug. 10th, 1896

SOMETHING FOR DR. LANGTRY TO PONDER.

BY THE REV. THOMAS FENWICK.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth there was a Scotch Presbyterian minister called John Morrison. At his baptism, he had no godfather and godmother who "promised and vowed certain things in his name." He never had to repeat to a bishop, the "curritch" whose first question is: "What is your name?" No bishop ever confirmed him. No bishop ever ordained him.

Yet, notwithstanding all these defects, he was licensed by Archbishop Grindal, Archbishop of Canterbury, to exercise all the functions of the ministry in the Church of England, without re-ordination. Here is the license.—

"William Aubrey, Doctor of Laws, legally exercising the office of Vicar-General in Spiritual, and of Chief Functionary of the Archbishopric of Canterbury, to our beloved in Christ, John Morrison, M.A., born in the Kingdom of Scotland, eternal health in the Lord.

"Whereas, we have heard on credible testimony that you, the aforesaid John Morrison, about five years past, in the town of Garvet, in the county of Lothian in the Kingdom of Scotland, were admitted and ordained to Holy Cross and the sacred ministry, by the imposition of hands, according to the laudable form and rite of the Reformed Church of Scotland; and whereas the said congregation of that county of Lothian is unfavorable to the orthodox faith and pure religion now received, and by public authority established in this realm of England; we therefore approving and ratifying as far as in us lies, and by right we may, the form of your ordination and advancement to this function alone in the manner aforesaid, grant and impart to you in the Lord, with all good will, as far as in us lies, and by right we may, and with the consent and mandate of the most reverend Father in Christ, Edmund, by Divine Providence Lord Archbishop of Canterbury, Primate of All England and Metropolitan, to us signified, license and faculty in these orders by you taken, to celebrate divine offices, to administer the sacraments, and purely and sincerely preach the word of God, either in the Latin or vulgar tongue, according to the talents which God hath given you.

"In testimony whereof we have caused the seal which we use in like cases to be affixed to these presents. Given the sixth day of April 1582."

"Laudable form and rite of the Re-