

a primitive log house—and the missionary must do it out of his own resources, or borrow several hundred dollars at twelve per cent. interest, if he is fortunate enough to obtain a loan at all.

Well, it may be said, Why not get single missionaries at \$700 per annum? These cannot be got to any extent worth mentioning. Out of our twenty-five home missionaries only four are single men; and for two years past we have clamoured, at every application, for single men, so that our money grant allowed by the Home Mission Committee might go the further and give us more men. The Committee can't get them. To meet the clamours of our rapidly increasing field—which we warn the Church will, on the present system, get beyond our reach as soon as the railway from Thunder Bay to Winnipeg is open—What is to be done?

We have so far only been able to keep up at all, on account of the obstacles of want of railways, and having to pass through a foreign country, having kept back the wave of settlement, but so soon as these obstacles are removed we shall be swamped, unless we can obtain a cheaper class of labourers, or vastly increase Home Mission contributions. But if we should have, say twelve students liberated from our College for the summer, they would cost, at six dollars per Sabbath, \$150 each for the season, and compared with twelve missionaries for the same period, at \$900 per annum, there would be a saving effected of \$3,500, besides a further saving during the winter months. Or if it be proposed to bring students from the Colleges in the Eastern Provinces for the summer, to come and return will cost \$75—and that at reduced rates—that is \$75 of travelling expenses to overtake \$150 worth of supply. That would not do. If it be said that our Home Mission Committee has done very well, and why not go on as before, I appeal to lovers of the Church not to make their induction from the facts afforded by North Hastings, or Minden, or the Georgian Bay region, where settlement is necessarily slow, but to face the facts that we never did as a Church or Churches any work before, of the kind, in the North-West—where a whole community rises in the hitherto untenanted prairie in a single summer. Let us rise to the situation. So far as I can see there is no way to do the work but by obtaining a cheaper class of labour; and there is no way of obtaining (if the metaphor will be pardoned) a cheaper article unless it is manufactured on the ground. The same reason that prevents us from importing labourers for our summer work, disposes of the argument, so far as our College is concerned, that the Church has too many colleges already—a saying, by the way, so trite that it would be unpardonable in writing anything about a Canadian college not to mention it. But think of what a force to begin with in a summer or two—a dozen of young men of zeal, and full of the western pioneer spirit, to preach the Gospel and propagate our noble Presbyterianism. Shall we not take the means to obtain them?

GEORGE BRYCE,

Chairman of Senate, Manitoba College.

Winnipeg, Oct. 15th, 1880.

TRY TO PLEASE.

The late George Merriam, the publisher of "Webster's Dictionary," whose early life, though spent in poverty, gave token by its diligence, purity, and kindness to his mother, of what a true noble man he would become, said, when he was an old man: "I trace my success in life to a desire to please. To try to please was my great aim; first, my father, and then for his sake my employer. I lived with my mother, and took four or five apprentices to board with her, and if at the end of the year she came out short, I evened it up." The one who tries to please makes many friends, and therefore, has wide influence. One need never sacrifice principle, but one can always be kind. "What is the secret of the success of Miss—?"—one of the belles in Washington last winter—we asked of a friend. "She does not appear remarkably intellectual, and she is not very beautiful." "No," said the person addressed, "but she tries to please people." And this was the secret of her being loved.

ONE can never repeat too often, that reason, as it exists in man, is only our intellectual eye, and that like the eye, to see, it needs light—to see clearly and far it needs the light of heaven.

PASTOR AND PEOPLE.

MIDNIGHT, JUNE 30th, 1879.

Charles Tennyson Turner, in whose memory this poem was written, was the brother of Alfred Tennyson, and was himself a poet. He was born July 4th, 1808. He graduated at Cambridge in 1832, and became Vicar of Grasby. By the will of a relative, who bequeathed him a small estate, his surname of "Tennyson" was exchanged for that of "Turner." He died April 25th, 1879. His brother, the poet-laureate, says of his sonnets that some of them have all the tenderness of the finest Greek epigram, and that a few of them are among the noblest in our language.

I.

Midnight—in no midsummer tune
The breakers lash the shores,
The cuckoo of a joyless June
Is calling out-of-doors.

And thou hast vanish'd from thine own
To that which looks like rest,
True brother, only to be known
By those who love thee best.

II.

Midnight—and joyless June gone by,
And from the deluged park
The cuckoo of a worse July
Is calling thro' the dark.

But thou art silent under ground,
And o'er thee streams the rain,
True poet, surely to be found
When Truth is found again.

III.

And now to these unsummer'd skies
The summer bird is still,
Far off a phantom cuckoo cries
From out a phantom hill;

And thro' this midnight breaks the sun
Of sixty years away,
The light of days when life begun,
The days that seem to-day,

When all my griefs were shared with thee,
And all my hopes were thine—
As all thou wert was one with me,
May all thou art be mine!

—Alfred Tennyson, in *Harper's Magazine for Nov.*

"THE CHILDREN'S PORTION IN THE SABBATH SERVICE."

What I wish to advocate is the introduction of suitable words for children in the regular ministration of the pulpit. At least one out of every three who come to our churches is a child under twelve. In every congregation of worshippers, therefore, there is a congregation of children. Sunday brings to those young hearts a certain stir of expectation. Everything is different from other days; the very preparations announce that it is to some great festival the family are going. The thoughts of the children are set toward a great occasion. Sunday after Sunday they go up to it with expectation in their hearts; and Sunday after Sunday, in the majority of our churches, that expectation is not recognized; their presence is not felt. They are not once addressed. The Psalms and hymns express experiences at which they have not arrived. The sermon is in a language they do not understand. At length the great occasion has come to an end; the people are faring back to their homes; but not one word has been spoken to the children; who, nevertheless, as baptized persons, are members of the flock, and concerning whom the Lord left this injunction: "Feed My lambs."

Who can think of the immense number of children scattered over our Presbyterian churches, who come up to the public service Sunday after Sunday with eager hope of finding some interest for their young souls, with that hope growing smaller and smaller as the brief years of childhood run out until at last the pathetic habit is formed of expecting nothing—who can think of this and not sympathize with the desire to provide for them, also, a portion in the service, which they shall look forward to and by which their spiritual lives shall be fed?

The Presbyterian Church has never known a time when the religious training of her children has not been a subject of the deepest interest to her. Her Sunday schools are an honest, most earnest endeavour to supply a portion of that training; but they cannot adequately supply all that is desired.

Perhaps the greatest monument of the Presbyterian Church's interest in the religious training of children is its Catechisms. I, personally, have the best of

reasons for thinking well of one of these. I was brought up, theologically speaking, on the Westminster Assembly's Shorter Catechism. It is a book I greatly honour. Nothing I am about to say implies the suggestion that it should be laid aside; but I am bound to report the good I got out of it was not till the years of my childhood were past. As a child I did not understand it. I do not think many of my generation did. It was a task book. It was a treasury of doctrinal statements set in terms too abstract and theological for children to take in; statements, none the less, good to be lodged in the memory, good as forms of thought for the future, but beyond the present comprehension of all except a specially gifted few among such children as I have known.

In childhood it is the imagination that is most fully developed and most eager for food. At every turn those young eyes open upon new vistas and reaches of wonderland. Everything presents itself to them in the resemblance of something else. The stars are lamps; the rainbow, ladders; the clouds, islands in a sea of blue. Now is the time, also, when the world they see seems to veil another unseen; when woods are peopled with strange forms of life, and mountains have secret doors opening into hid kingdoms of diamonds and gold; when the shadows on the wall, and the sighing of trees, and the prattle of brooks, are living things. It is the time, especially, when the past lies behind the child like a golden age—and stories of that past are of all things the most welcome to the soul. Thought, feeling, emotion—everything is touched with imaginative receptiveness. If at this time, therefore, the heart is to be reached, it must be through the gates of the imagination.

My suggestion is that we should recognize and meet this condition of mind; that we should follow where nature beckons; that we should set ourselves to meet the susceptibility and yearning of childhood by truth set in imaginative forms; using the word in a large, elastic sense, let me say by stories—sermon stories—which the child's own pastor shall tell.

I do not undertake to say what is the best arrangement for bringing in the stories. The arrangement that would suit one congregation may be unsuitable for another. But I offer the following as suggestions which at least are practical:

In churches where two lessons are read in the morning service, the second might be set apart for the children—might itself, in fact, in the very words of the Bible story, be the children's portion. Just there every child might be apprised that the word read and the brief remarks made in connection with them were for them.

In churches where instrumental music is used, the time consumed in playing over the tunes and in executing little snatches of cadence between the singing of verses, if gathered together, would probably give all the time that would be required.

In churches where quartette and duet singing is allowed, the proper place would be there. Let the quartette singers fall back into the choir. Let the children's service occupy their place.

In churches where there are neither two lessons, nor an organ, nor quartette singing, I suppose I am not far from the fact in assuming that the sermon is at least three-quarters of an hour in length. Let the minister cut it down to thirty minutes. He will thereby have done two good things: he will have greatly improved the working quality of his sermon; and he will have found a good quarter of an hour for his word to the children.

The practical aim we have in the Christian upbringing of our young people will determine the kind of stories we should tell. Our purpose is not entertainment but instruction. We are set to train up the children in Gospel principles and to lives which shall be the embodiment of the Gospel. Not every story, therefore, will suit for this work; not stories for stories' sake; only stories which have more or less the formative principles of the Gospel in them; stories which have truth as truth is found in the parables, or truth of actual event, as it is found in biography or history. Stories which have Christian truth neither in the one form nor the other, which are mere fiction, are inevitably detected by children, and, in nine cases out of ten, discarded just because they are not true. The stories which a minister of the Gospel will tell will be stories of life rather than death. Morbid stories, which give undue prominence to the details of the death-bed, he will soon come to feel can only work evil in young minds. The grand purpose of the