

Our Contributors.

SOME SHAVINGS.

BY KNONONIAN

One of the good things I heard during my visit to the Old Land was an address, delivered in the cabin of the *Vancouver*, by Mr. McKenzie, one of our missionaries to Honan. The cabin was filled with people from all parts of the world. Many of them attended because they were interested in foreign mission work, and some, I dare say, because there was nothing else to attend. Knowing something of the difficulty of speaking in a place of that kind and before an audience composed of all kinds of people, I felt a little anxious about the appearance our representative would make. There was not the slightest cause for any anxiety. Our missionary stood up like the brave, manly Highlander he is, told his story in a straightforward, common-sense, business-like way and won the respect of everybody who heard him. There were people present who did not believe in foreign missions and were candid enough to say so, but all that I heard speak in that way ended by adding, "No doubt Mr. McKenzie is a good man, and certainly he delivered an interesting address." It is a great thing to have our Church represented in the outside world by men who can give a good account of themselves and of their work in any company. It is bad enough to make an ass of yourself around home, but it is a great deal worse to do so before representative people from all parts of the world. It would have done good to Hamilton Cassels, and Brother McKay, and Father Wardrope, and Dr. McLaren and all the other young men who are taking an interest in Foreign Mission work to have attended that meeting on the *Vancouver*.

I worshipped in two churches in Scotland in which the service is said to be "elaborate." Just what elaborate means when applied to a religious service I am not quite sure, but I can tell what I saw and heard. To begin with, there are two preachers and they sit over against each other in Episcopalian style. They wear a hood over the Geneva gown. Let no man say wearing the hood is an Old Kirk practice. I saw two in churches far enough removed from Old Kirkism. There is nothing wicked in a hood, though if a hood does not lie more kindly on one's back and keep its place better than the Knox College hood does, it might become a great nuisance to a preacher who warms up in his discourse. As a rule, however, the preacher who wears a hood does not warm up to any great extent. Chanting is part of an elaborate service. Responsive readings form another part. All is very good if the people like it and can do it well. If one of the preachers can pray and preach as Dr. Marshall Lang does, almost any kind of a service would be good. I utterly failed to see any special advantage in the "elaboration," while it always does more or less injury by creating the impression that there is an attempt to imitate the forms of another Church. Certainly there is nothing gained in any direction by intoning, or what is worse, half intoning. Is there any power in this or in any other world that can show why it is better to say ah-men than amen.

The fullest church I saw in my travels was Free St. George's, Edinburgh, the church that Dr. Candlish preached in for many years. The great Doctor's bust stands in the vestibule. How I did wish that he could himself stand in the pulpit just for one evening. I have often heard it said that the congregation that worships in Free St. George's is intellectually and socially one of the strongest Presbyterian congregations in the world. One might add physically as well, for certainly a finer looking body of people could not be found. Candlish gathered around him, a splendid representation of the intellect of the Modern Athens. Q.

C's, judges, literary men, representative business men, professors, and people of that kind, and many of them are there yet. The church could not be any fuller in the Doctor's time than it is now. In August, however, there is a large representation of the people that over there they call "Americans." One of the things a Canadian learns with a little pain on the other side of the water is that most of the people he meets do not seem to know, or perhaps do not care to know, the difference between a Canadian and a citizen of the United States.

I saw one thing in Scotland that we need badly enough in our Church, and which I hope we may soon have. A glance at the interior of the Free Church Assembly Hall makes one say, "this is a much better kind of a room for a large Church Court to sit in than any church can possibly be. The seats are arranged in much the same way as the seats in a modern Parliament House and there is a splendid gallery from which hundreds of ladies and their escorts watch the proceedings. Why should not we have an Assembly Hall in our church? We are better able to build one than the Free Church people were when they built theirs. There is plenty of room on the Knox College lot for a hall and church offices. A few years ago the position might be a little out of the way for the church offices, but the street cars have brought all parts of the city near one another.

To me one of the most interesting buildings in Edinburgh was Dr. Guthrie's old church. As a kind of supplement to a service I attended one Sabbath morning, I went around to see the place where the Doctor delivered the sermons I have been reading more or less since boyhood—the place, too, in which Dr. Hanna delivered his classic lectures on "the Life of our Lord." The beadle and I got well acquainted in a minute or two when he heard what I wanted and he showed me around in a style that was particularly demonstrative for an Edinburgh man. I went into the pulpit and enjoyed the luxury of a rather peculiar sensation as I stood on the spot where Dr. Guthrie won his greatest triumphs. A rather loquacious man—very loquacious for an Edinburgh man—that I happened to strike up a talk with on the way to the church, showed me how far out on the street the crowd used to stand as they waited to get in to hear Guthrie. He assured me in the most confident tone that they "had nothing of that kind in Edinburgh now." He seemed to feel the loss about as keenly as a lawyer I met in a town near the capital who assured me that there is not a single minister in Edinburgh now who can "paint a shipwreck." He said he heard Guthrie paint a shipwreck so vividly once that he felt the planks going from under him. There may be no one in Scotland now who can paint a shipwreck or anything else as vividly as Dr. Guthrie used to paint, but there are any number of ministers in Scotland, Canada and every other Christian country who can preach the gospel fairly well, and that after all is the main thing. If Guthrie could paint as well as prove and persuade, he had one more talent, and let us all be thankful that he used it so well.

IN THE NEW WEST.

BY THE REV. J. H. EDWARDS, D.D.

As a Yankee "neebur" taking a friendly survey of Presbyterian field-work west of the Rockies, I am inclined to send THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN a few notes of recent experience. The same kind of work is being done on both sides of the international line, under slightly different circumstances. Like detachments of the same army corps assigned adjacent parts of the common battlefield, the Presbyterians of Canada and of the United States may well sympathize with each other and rejoice in every onward movement either may make.

Entering British Columbia from the south, by the Columbia river route, we came into the West Kootenay district at Trail, and found two "hustling" young cities where two years ago only a few prospectors and experimenting miners were on the ground. Trail now numbers 1,500 inhabitants and Rossland four times as many. Everything, of course, is new and crude, but these mining camps are much in advance of those commonly found in Australia, Africa or the States. The good order which marks the British Columbian mining towns is most creditable to the Province, and an object-lesson to other regions. In the Trill Creek district, including these two crowded "camps" and the surrounding region, the majesty of the law is embodied in the person of Mr. John Kirkup, gold commissioner, magistrate, sheriff and jailer all in one. He is a brawny Scot, with over six feet of compact bone and muscle, who, like John Knox, fears not the face of any man. Pistols are no more than popguns to him. Toughs and sports are spotted by him at once, and informed that the climate is not healthy for them. A straight bout with the fists he does not object to except to thrash an unfair pugilist; but if any law is violated John Kirkup does not let the sun go down on his judicial wrath before he has administered even-handed justice. It is the promptness and certainty of the law's execution which breeds respect for it, and makes orderly citizens of those who, under other conditions, become reckless and violent in conduct.

As to the immense resources of British Columbia your readers are well informed. Multitudes will be greatly disappointed if it does not prove the Colorado of the Dominion, with Rossland as its Denver. More important, however, is the progress of that Word which is better than thousands of gold and silver. The advance heralds of the Gospel are found in all parts of this new country, doing brave and faithful work for the Master. Presbyterians are among the foremost to occupy strategic points and minister to the incoming throng. I did not have the good fortune to see the Rossland pastor, but learn that he is meeting with much encouragement in his efforts at this important point. Its peculiar character and the difficulty of the work may be imagined from the fact that the stream of new-comers crowds every train from Trail, so that sometimes men are sitting on the front of the locomotive, and a score or two of feet fringe the roof of the cars occupied by those who find no room inside.

At Trail, a student from Queen's, Mr. McMillan, is not only holding but first building the fort in true soldierly style. I found him at work with his Sunday school superintendent, hammer in hand, preparing the new church, of the board and batten style of architecture for its opening service last Sunday. A hundred and twenty-five interested listeners were present. Upon the foundation now being laid the future will doubtless see a large and prosperous church. The toils and sacrifices of the first workers may be forgotten on earth, but in heaven there is a record of them which will be reward enough in itself.

At Revelstoke, another Queen's student, Mr. Geddes, is laboring with zeal and efficiency. The church building, though not large, is the best in town. The Sunday school and evening service are well attended, largely by young people, who maintain an excellent choir. Revelstoke is a difficult field, but the church there more than hold its own, and with the expected growth of the town ought to be a stronghold of faith and good works for all the region roundabout. Mr. Geddes has a parish a hundred miles long, and of indefinite breadth. Every week he goes out on the line of the Canadian Pacific and holds meetings among bridge crews, trackmen, miners and others, returning in time to drill his choir Saturday evening.

The Rev. Mr. Black, a former student at Queen's and at Knox, occupies the field at Banff, with branch work at Canmore and

Anthracite. The Episcopallians have the use of the church on alternate Sundays. Last Sabbath Canon Sanson, of Toronto, preached a solemn practical discourse on death and the judgment. Mr. Black had a unique experience a short time since. A lost prospector was reported to be wandering among the mountains by his comrade, who arrived at Banff more dead than alive. The Mounted Police made no movement, and the citizens raised a subscription to send an Indian out for him. Mr. Black volunteered to go with the Indian and push the search. They were gone a week, learned from a pictograph on a tree at a deserted camp that the man had fallen in with a party of Shuswap Indians, in pitiable plight, and had finally emerged at Golden on the railway. The story of the expedition as related to me by the plucky young minister, would make a stirring and romantic narrative.

Enough has been said to show the sterling stuff of which these young pioneer workers in the New West are made, and also to suggest the difficulties and dangers of their work. They do a kind and amount of labor which older men with family responsibilities might not so readily accomplish. Yet the employment of students in these important fields can be only a temporary expedient. As soon as possible, strong, able men should be sent forward to occupy these posts, and carry on the work as no inexperienced, partially trained ministers can do it. To the heroic young workers on the frontier all praise is due. The experience they gain will be invaluable. To all its missionary representatives in the forefront of the battle with scepticism, vice and materialism in the great West, the Church owes unfailing sympathy and generous support.

THE GOSPEL IN LARGE CAPITALS.—III.

DR. PATON'S STORY OF A CHRISTIAN ADVENTURE.

BY FIDELIS.

For a long time Mr. Paton made but little headway among the degraded and childish savages, whose barbarous habits of painting themselves red and black and carrying spears and clubs made them formidable enough in appearance as well as in reality. They were greedy and rapacious too, unwilling to render the smallest service without exorbitant payment. In such circumstances the purchase of land and the erection of a mission-house was a matter of no little difficulty. The cruelties and barbarities the young missionary often witnessed, even in the family relations of the heathen, painfully shocked and depressed him. He gradually collected a small congregation for a church service, learned their language by the simple colloquial process, since it had never yet been reduced to forms that could be printed. But his position was precarious in the extreme. The warlike savages were always on the verge of hostile outbreaks between tribes, and it was not difficult for the infamous sandal-wood traders—a disgrace to the English name—to incite them, by fiendish intrigues, against the missionary, whose work they disliked and feared. Even the elements seemed at times to war against them; hurricanes and epidemics, from which the missionaries themselves suffered, were attributed to the anger of the Evil Spirit, whose worship was menaced by the new religion. Again and again Mr. Paton's life seemed in imminent danger from the incensed savages, but in God's good providence, their nefarious designs were frustrated, sometimes by the intervention of one or two friendly chiefs, sometimes by the force of the missionary's own impressive personality. On one occasion, when it was almost decided, in a council, to take the lives of the whole mission party, including their Anceyemese teachers, a great warrior chief intervened with the declaration: "The man that kills Missi must first kill me, the men that kill