

Pastor and People.

THY WILL, NOT MINE.

If it were mine to choose in life a place,
Dear Lord, 'twould be
A quiet corner where, like dew, Thy grace
Might fall on me;
Not in the ranks of those who glory win
In battle's front;
The tumult and the strife, the deafening din
Of war's fierce brunt;
Not in the crowded mart of pomp and show,
'Midst life's unrest—
But in the valley where cool waters flow
Serenely blest.
Where day by day my life might, like the flowers,
Thy love unfold—
Which turn to Thee in sunshine or in showers
Their hearts of gold,
Decked as the spotless lilies of the field
In beauty fair;
Like them my joyful worship to Thee yield
With naught of care.
But, Lord, Thou knowest best Thy children's need,
And Thou alone
Their steps can guide, and onward safely lead
O'er paths unknown.
The place Thou givest me, then help me fill,
I dare not choose—
Content from day to day in Thy blest will
Mine own to lose.

—Margaret Dooris.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE LATE REV. DR. DONALD FRASER'S LIFE IN CANADA.

BY A CANADIAN CO-PRESBYTER.

The following admirable and appreciative paper on the late Dr. Donald Fraser, from the pen of Rev. Dr. R. F. Burns, late of Fort Massey Church, Halifax, N. S., appeared in a recent number of the *British Weekly*:

Arriving in England from Canada on the eve of another annual session of the English Presbyterian Synod, it is natural that I should miss much one who was wont to be its most prominent personality. The retiring Moderator (Dr. Monro Gibson, himself, like the lamented deceased, one of my most cherished Canadian co-Presbyters) voiced the universal sentiment in terms so tender and true.

The erect, elegant form, with its coronal of snow, the mobile, manly face, the "touch of the vanished hand," the tones "of the voice that is still," come vividly up. With me memory is busy.

The first occasion of our meeting was in May, 1845, when we greeted him in Montreal on our arrival there in the good ship *Erromango* from Greenock, both of us lads, for we were born in the same year, he in January, I in December, 1826. The Free Church had been cradled at Kingston, Ontario, in July, 1844, fourteen months after the Disruption in Scotland. Donald Fraser (as we used then, and long after, to call him), with his elder brother Alexander, were the most active members of the Lay Committee at Montreal that did so much to advance the interests of the infant Church, Donald serving as the energetic and enthusiastic secretary, and displaying not a few of those qualities which made him subsequently a "master in Israel." He was then deacon and choir leader in the primitive wooden tabernacle which preceded "the Free Church, Cote Street," of which he was afterwards pastor over seven years (1851-8), as the writer was for five years (1870-5). When I first knew him he was in business, a member of the firm of Douglas, Fraser & Co. It was soon manifest that that was not to be his life work, though his mercantile experience served him good purpose in many ways. Within three years we met him at Kingston, some time after our pastoral settlement there, on his way to Knox College, Toronto, to enter on his theological studies, and resolutely bent on the pursuit of that "the merchandise of which was better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than pure gold."

During the interval I had formed a most pleasant and profitable intimacy with his most worthy father, formerly Provost of Inverness, who had removed to Canada as overseer of a leading land company, but who was then manager of the Bank of Montreal in London, C. W.

During May and Sept., 1846, when labouring in what was then our western mission field, I was privileged to sojourn for a season under the hospital roof of John Fraser. He was one of several elect elders with whom our Church was then blessed. Of noble physique, of sunny countenance, of benignant manners, the very soul of courtesy and hospitality, it was truly a joy to meet him, and more than worth coming all the weary way to that "city of the wood" to hear him lead and "line" the Gaelic Psalms, and give one of his rich and racy expositions. In his stately, courteous bearing, Gaelic brilliancy, refined manners and suggestive sayings, Donald had reproduced in him not a little of his honoured father—a "worthy son of a worthy sire."

He spent two sessions in our College at Toronto and one at the New College, Edinburgh, labouring most acceptably in our mission field during summer, and 1851 settled under the brightest auspices over the congregation to which he had previously ministered in subordinate capacities. It is due to Knox College, Toronto, to say that she has whereof to glory, in ranking (partially, at least) among her alumni Donald Fraser, Monro Gibson, and the present occupier of the presidential chair at Princeton, Francis Patton. Some two years after his ordination at Montreal, occurred his marriage at

Kingston, which, too, comes up amongst our pleasant memories.

Dr. Fraser took an intelligent and interested lead in all our Church work. He was the first Convener of our Foreign Mission Committee, which has since branched out most fruitfully in six different directions, among the North American Indians, in Central India, in China, in Formosa, in the West Indies and the New Hebrides. He edited during 1857 and 1858 our first literary and religious magazine, THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN, supplying much of the mental pabulum, monthly, himself. He was delegated along with my father one of the professors to visit Scotland during the summer of 1857, in the interest of his theological alma mater at Toronto. Both of them spoke in the Free Church General Assembly of that year. He was a skilled diplomatist, an indefatigable worker, an eloquent orator. He took a foremost part in initiating and carrying forward the measures which issued in our union in 1861 with the U. P. Church, and which fourteen years thereafter (in 1875) led on to the wider union which we had hoped to have seen realized, by this time, in the motherland. He was a first-class debater in our Church courts, a powerful and persuasive advocate of whatever good cause he befriended, and on all public occasions our favourite representative. His removal to Inverness was a heavy blow and great discouragement to us in Canada, and when he had fulfilled a successful ministry of eleven years in his native town, his first love ecclesiastical did all in her power to woo him back again, but the colossal magnet of the world's metropolis prevailed.

Though a power on our platforms and in our Church courts, still the pulpit was his throne. Some of his sermons yet come up, fragrant with sweetest memories. For example, when associated with him at a church opening in Niagara, his evening discourse on "Jerusalem which is above is free, and the mother of us all," and when, on returning home from his father's funeral, he preached for me in Chalmers Church, Kingston, on "Man goeth forth unto his work and to his labour till the evening," illustrating with so much wealth of imagery and witchery of rhetoric the two points that man has a great work to do, and but a brief day to do it in.

In October, 1874, he revisited Montreal to attend the Dominion Evangelical Alliance, as he intended, if spared, to be out again in September next, to attend the Pan-Presbyterian Council in Toronto. He then preached for me twice in his old pulpit with all his wonted eloquence and power. His sermon on "The Woman of Samaria" can never be forgotten. It brought out the very best features of his preaching, especially his singular dramatic power and dovetailing of Scripture references. Then his rendition at the close, with his voice so exquisitely modulated, of the beautiful and befitting hymn in the English Presbyterian collection, which we always used, was simply perfect. His paper at our Alliance Conference was gem. So, too, his discourse before leaving us on Paul's address to the Ephesian elders, so replete with knacky sayings, and picturesque and pathetic word painting. During that memorable visit there was repeatedly reproduced in his old pulpit, as well as in the socio-religious circle, a singular quotation—Dr. Fraser and his three successors—Dr. Black, who succeeded him in Inverness, sharing with him the honours of that great Alliance gathering, with Principal MacVicar and the present writer, his two successors in Cote Street.

My last memory of Dr. Fraser is connected with the last General Presbyterian Council, held in Exeter Hall, London, in July, 1888. It was the last eve of that holy convocation. He stood erect, with modest dignity, a central figure on that historic platform, with the venerable Signor Gavazzi and Dr. Somerville on each side—an illustrious triumvirate. They have all joined the General Assembly and Church of the First-born, and, though last, not least, our Presbyterian "grand old man," Dr. Cairns, who loomed up so large that night, such a stately, stalwart champion, a very Saul among his brethren. Nor can we forget the two social gatherings with which the Council opened and closed—the one at Argyle Lodge, when we spoke together in the mammoth tent on the lawn; the other at the Earl of Aberdeen's (Dollis Hill), when the inevitable photographer took us off in such life like style.

In the memorable necrology of 1892, during the four months of it that have transpired, there is no name that wakes up within us such memories as that of Donald Fraser.

R. F. B.

THE THINGS THAT ARE LOVELY AND LOVABLE.

If you would increase your happiness and prolong your life, forget your neighbour's faults. Forget the slander you have heard. Forget the temptations. Forget the fault-finding and give a little thought to the cause which provoked it. Forget the peculiarities of your friends and only remember the good points that make you fond of them. Forget all personal quarrels or histories that you may have heard by accident, and which, if repeated, would seem a thousand times worse than they are. Blot out, as far as possible, all the disagreeables of life—they will come, but they will only grow larger when you remember them, and the constant thought of the acts of meanness, or, worse still, malice, will only tend to make you more familiar with them. Obliterate everything disagreeable from yesterday, start out with a clean sheet for to-day, and write upon it for sweet memory's sake only those things that are lovely and lovable.—*Lutheran Observer*.

HOW YOU CAN TELL.

"When I hear the warning to make my calling and election sure," said a young Christian sadly, "I feel helpless and despairing. What can I do to accomplish such an end?"

She had mistaken the apostle's meaning: take up your Bible and look at the 10th verse of 2 Peter, chapter i.: "Give diligence to make your calling and election sure," says Peter; does he mean that you can add anything to that perfect salvation wrought out for us? Does it need any help from you? Oh, no, but be sure you have part in it. It is great, it is wonderful, it is perfect, but it does not save the whole race: "Many are called, but few are chosen." Now, how can you be sure that you are really called and chosen? Run your finger up this chapter, and the 5th, 6th and 7th verses will show you: Jesus is not only a Saviour from wrath, but from sin; He is saving you from sin. Are you adding to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness—then brotherly kindness and charity?

If these things are abounding in you, it is only from one cause; nothing can make those graces abound except the Holy Spirit, who works sanctification in those whom Jesus has saved.

But perhaps they are not abounding; perhaps they are only feebly struggling to live; very well: nothing can make them live at all except that same Spirit. If they are living at all, your calling and election are sure.

Does this seem to you a poor way of settling such an important matter? Why the Apost'e John himself said he knew that he had passed from death to life—why? Not because he had belonged to the chosen band, not because he had received a divine commission to preach the Gospel, not because he had seen heaven opened, but "because he loved the brethren!"

But if none of these blessed fruits of the Spirit are found in you—none—if you have no faith, no virtue, no knowledge, no temperance, no patience, godliness, brotherly kindness or charity, you may well be alarmed, and give agonized diligence till you have accepted Christ and His calling, His salvation.—*Forward*.

THE INWARD BATTLE.

Happy for every man that the battle between the spirit and the flesh should begin in him again and again, as long as his flesh is not subdued to his spirit. If he be wrong, the greatest blessing which can happen to him is that he should find himself in the wrong. If he has been deceiving himself, the greatest blessing is that God should anoint his eyes that he may see—see himself as he is; see his own inbred corruption; see the sin that doth so easily beset him, whatever it may be. Whatever anguish of mind it may cost him, it is a light price to pay for the inestimable treasure which true repentance and amendment brings; the fine gold of solid self-knowledge, tried in the fire of bitter experience; the white raiment of a pure and simple heart; the eye-salve of honest self-condemnation and noble shame. It is have but these—and these God will give him in answer to prayer, the prayer of a broken and contrite heart—then he will be able to carry on the battle against the corrupt flesh and its affections and lusts, in hope, in the assured hoped-for final victory: "For greater is He that is with us than he that is against us." He that is against us is ourself, our selfish self, our animal nature; and He that is with us is God—God and none other; and who can pluck us out of His hand?—*The Rev. Charles Kingsley, in Living Truths*.

NATIONAL FOLLIES.

Rev. Dr. Morgan Dix, the eminent rector of Trinity Church, New York City, in his sermon to the Sons of the Revolution on Washington's birthday, brought a serious indictment against the present life of the nation:—

Popular admiration for everything that is radical and subversive of existing faiths and traditions, the pleasure taken by people in having their names, their acts and all they do made public through a sensational press . . . the voluntary repatriation of Americans, their incessant flights abroad, ending in protracted residence in foreign capitals, the apish imitation of the manners, dress and habits of other races, the deterioration of the womanly ideal, the palliation of laxity of morals, the growth of divorce. . . .

See that ye spend your time not in chambering and wantonness, not in dawdling and ease, but in the active service of God and nation . . . as men who will not be satisfied with idling in the club, or wasting force on speculative theories, but will have a hand in delivering the nation from the foes who grow fat on public plunder, and suck the life-blood from the veins of the industrious.

NEED OF COURAGE.

A great deal of talent is lost in the world for the want of a little courage. Every day sends to their graves a number of obscure men, who have only remained in obscurity because their timidity has prevented them from making a first effort, and who, if they could have been induced to begin, would in all probability, have gone great lengths in the career of fame. The fact is, that to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand back shivering and thinking of the cold and danger, but jump in and scramble through as well as we can.—*Sidney Smith*.