

Our Contributors.

THE DUTY OF MOVING ON

BY KNOXIAN.

A Methodist preacher got into trouble the other day in Toronto, because he did not do two things at once. His duty was to move on and wait for his car at the same time. As a rule, Methodist preachers are men of considerable versatility. They can do a number of things that few other preachers can do as well. But even the most versatile Methodist preacher can scarcely move on and stand still at the same time. If he stands still he doesn't move on, and when he moves on he doesn't stand still. Whether a Calvinistic preacher could move on and stand still at the same time is a question that has never been settled. We have preachers who can move on lively enough. We have a few who can stand still without any great effort, but whether we have any that can move on and stand still at the same time is an open question. Perhaps some brother may go to Toronto and make the experiment, just to see if he don't excel the Methodists in that particular.

Whether the Methodist minister in question should have moved on or not, moving on is often a duty.

Here is a preacher who hammers away at a point in his sermon long after it is thin and transparent enough. Perhaps it was thin enough to begin with. He proves and proves what nobody doubts. He illustrates what every man in the Church, not asleep, sees quite clearly. He repeats and repeats again. Move on, brother, move on, move on. Progress is one of the elements of life in discourse. Move on and lead the people into some new pasture. Move on.

Hear Mr. Tedious tell his story. He starts out on the main line well enough, but before he has gone far he switches off on a side track to discuss some side issues. Then he comes back again on the main line, runs a short distance and switches off on the other side. He keeps switching off on side tracks, until you have quite forgotten the general direction of the main line. Mr. Tedious, if you mean to finish that story in the present century, move on.

Here is a church building that was the best building in the neighbourhood thirty years ago. It taxed the old settlers not a little to put up that building. Some of them worked at it late and early with their own hands. They had little money, but of their little they gave liberally. Their hearts were warm and their arms were strong, and the brightest day in their early history was the day they opened the church in which they were to worship the God of their fathers. Since then, everything in the neighbourhood has gone forward, but the old church has gone back. The worshippers have better roads, better farms, better buildings, better stock, better everything, but the church, compared with its surroundings or viewed in itself, is not half as good as it was twenty years ago. Move on ye sons of nobler fathers, and make the house you meet your Maker in on Sabbath at least as good as the houses you meet your neighbours in during the week.

Some leaders of the church psalmody require a considerable amount of time to move along the lines of such tunes as *Martyrdom* or *Old Hundred*. The music is slow and those who like it say it is solemn. People who are stupid enough to think that tunes should be sung in correct time, feel inclined to say to the leader—dearly beloved brother, would you kindly move on.

The Presbytery is sitting. There is a discussion on the wording of the minutes. Then follows another on what business should be taken up first. Then something is agreed on and there is a discussion about the best way to dispose of it. Twenty minutes may be wasted in discussing *how* some thing should be done and the thing is perhaps done in five. Then there is a long discussion about some small matter that perhaps never should have been brought before the Presbytery at all. Can any member who has two or three sick or dying parishioners he wants to visit as soon as he is gone home, who is anxious to get at his sermons for next Sabbath, who feels that he has much more important and much more spiritual work to attend to than listen to interminable talk about the trivial details of small business, can he keep from inwardly saying, move on brethren, move on, for any sake move on.

Individual Christian men should move on in the

direction of becoming better Christians. Not many of us are in any special danger of disapproving the Calvinistic doctrine of non-perfection in this life. Our Methodist friends hold to the doctrine of sinless perfection, but they hold to it in the books principally. We believe that no man attains to absolute perfection in this life, and most of us manage to illustrate the truth of our theory. The most telling illustrations are usually given by those people who consider themselves so nearly perfect that they devote their whole time and attention to their neighbours. Their perfection is clearly seen by the manner in which they talk about these around them.

Whatever one's creed may be the main question is, are we moving on towards better things. A person who makes no spiritual progress in twenty or thirty years gives painful reason to doubt if he really has the root of the matter in him.

Christian workers, of all kinds, should move on in regard to the quality of their work. To do anything well is good; to do it better every year is what we should all aim at. It is a glorious sensation to feel that you can do something now much better than you could a year or two ago.

A TRIP TO THE PACIFIC.

ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS AND PORTLAND.—VICTORIA, B.C.—CHURCHES, MINISTERS, TRADE, ETC.

Leaving Chicago in the afternoon you reach St. Paul, Minn., next morning. This is one of the bustling cities of the West, and between it and Minneapolis, a city ten miles distant, there is keen rivalry; both are prosperous and are the chief centres of supplies for the State of Minnesota and the territories of Dakota and Montana. St. Paul does a large wholesale business, but Minneapolis would seem to be doing the manufacturing, as of late a number of important industries have been established. The largest flour mills on the continent are here, and, lately, a "Cold Storage and Freezer Company" has been established, which is managed by a Canadian—Mr. H. Molloy. The climate of Minnesota and Dakota is much like what it is in Manitoba and the North-West Territories. Montana is somewhat milder and is very healthy, the capital of which is Helena, a city of about 7,000, is chiefly supported by mining industries, ranching and mercantile business. On the way to British Columbia we were joined by several families who were leaving owing to the severity of the climate, which is very trying in winter time.

The journey from Chicago was rendered pleasant by the company of the Rev. A. J. Brown, late of Chicago, and family, who were going to Portland. Mr. Brown was called to the First Presbyterian Church there, where he was soon to be settled. Mr. and Mrs. Brown were pleasant travelling companions, and, judging from the manner in which the reverend gentleman spoke of the people he was leaving, and the unanimity of the call to Portland there is every reason to hope for a successful pastorate in his new field. The congregation of the First Church purchased a manse behind the new church in course of erection at a cost of \$2,000, and to the surprise of the new pastor, the first flat was laid with new carpets by the ladies of the congregation.

CALVARY CHURCH.

The Rev. Dr. Langdon is the pastor of this Church and occupies a high place in the affections of the people. He is a young man, a native of the State of New York, where he graduated in the mission field, always a good preparation for the stated work of the ministry.

In Portland there are many Canadians, and not a few of them come from Toronto and neighbourhood.

Distance in some cases does lend enchantment to the view, and I think in this case there is something required to draw. Portland is a smart place of about 35,000 inhabitants, and is the capital of the prosperous State of Oregon. About sixteen hours by boat and rail brings you to Victoria, B.C., a handsome and substantial city of about 12,000, including Chinamen and half-breeds. The city is beautifully situated, has good roads and splendid drives, and is largely patronized as a summer resort by tourists from the old country and the United States. Several special excursions have been arranged for this summer

from Boston and the New England States, two of which had reached before I left. The citizens of Victoria are intensely English in their sympathies. Many of them having come out direct from the Old Country, and have been very successful.

The Victorians do not believe in sending out agents to the United States, the Lower Provinces or even Great Britain to induce emigrants to come to the country, believing, as they do, that people will discover where is the best place to settle. Victoria is the wholesale centre for the Province, and does a large business in Vancouver and throughout the interior. The merchants are all in good circumstances, and their credit in the Old Country and eastern cities is A 1.

Many of them occupy handsome residences and live on a scale equal, if not superior, to the merchant princes of the East.

Presbyterianism here is prosperous, the two churches now being well manned, having in Pandora Street Church the Rev. D. Fraser, and in St. Andrew's Church Rev. P. McF. McLeod, who is doing good work. The church is filled at every service and many of the old members of the congregation who had strayed to other fields have returned and joined the Church at the communion lately held. The entire number, I think, who joined was about forty. The congregation have purchased a handsome residence for the pastor on James Bay, and the outlook for all parties is unusually bright. Mr. McLeod will be a decided strength to Presbyterianism in British Columbia. The membership of St. Andrew's Church include such names as the Hon. John Robson, Provincial Secretary, and the Hon. Robert Dunsmuir, who is probably the wealthiest man in the Province.

NANAIMO,

now connected with Victoria by railway, can be reached in about four hours, and has a population of about 5,000, principally miners, many of whom earn large wages. There is here a good congregation which is still in close connection with the Church of Scotland, and is ministered to by the Rev. James Millar who was appointed by the Church of Scotland. Mr. Millar is a young man of much promise, and has already made proof of his ministry. The present edifice being too small, the congregation at a meeting recently held decided to build a new church. It is evidently a disadvantage to this congregation to be separated from the Canadian Church, and it is difficult to see what object can be served by remaining isolated in a sparsely settled district of country such as Vancouver Island is, and what it must remain for years to come. The pastor, Mr. Millar, is a graduate of Glasgow University, and was ordained by the Presbytery of Glasgow. He only arrived last year, he is an able preacher and much esteemed by his people, and I have no doubt that with a fair field he will do excellent work. There is a good manse to the church which is well looked after by Mrs. Millar.

The return trip was taken by the Pacific Railway to which the western country is so much indebted.

VANCOUVER

the "Terminal City," is seven hours from Victoria by boat across Puget Sound, the finest inland sea in the world. The Pacific express leaves Vancouver every day except Monday and is distant from Montreal about 2,900 miles. The site chosen for a city could not be excelled, and considering that two years ago it was in ashes, its growth is simply phenomenal. It has good streets and sidewalks, the streets laid with cedar planks, making an excellent roadway. It has extensive warehouses, a number of good public buildings and a splendid hotel, claimed to be second to none in the Dominion. The city is lighted with gas and electric light; a good system of water works is being laid and a charter for a street railway has been obtained. The population is about 5,000 with a great many more places to hear from into which emigrants are going. Real estate was changing hands at a good profit to sellers, and a still greater boom is expected in the near future. There are three banks all doing a good business, but the Bank of British Columbia having been first established is in a very prosperous condition. This corporation having its head office in London, England, has helped largely to develop the industries of the Province in the past, and Vancouver now having been made a separate agency, with Mr. J. C. Keith as manager, a still further impetus to its prosperity will be given. Plans have been made out