

**THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN,**  
— PUBLISHED BY THE —  
**Presbyterian Printing and Publishing Company**  
(C. BLACKETT ROBINSON),  
**AT 5 JORDAN STREET, - TORONTO.**

TERMS: \$2 per annum, in advance

ADVERTISING TERMS:— Under 3 months, 10 cents per line per insertion; 3 months, \$1 per line; 6 months, 150 per line; 1 year \$2.50. No advertisements charged at less than five lines. None other than unobjectionable advertisements taken

**EASTERN GENERAL AGENT.**

MR. WALTER KERR for many years an esteemed elder of our Church—is the duly authorized agent for THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN. He will collect outstanding accounts, and take names of new subscribers. Friends are invited to give any assistance in their power to Mr. Kerr in all the congregations he may visit.



TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, JULY 29, 1885.

FROM a number of quarters we hear the cry, "Riel should get justice." Certainly he should. He should get justice, no less, no more, no other. If those who raise this cry are afraid that Riel will be vindictively or illegally dealt with their fears are quite groundless. The danger is all the other way. So long as we have the present amount of politics to the acre and the present amount of French influence Riel is reasonably safe. Any insurance company might take a risk on his life at a fair premium and do a good stroke of business. Once upon a time an unfortunate man was tried, and sentenced to be hanged on the 12th of the following month. On leaving the dock he complained bitterly to his lawyer that he had not got justice. "No," said the lawyer, "but you will get it on the 12th." There is not much danger that Riel will get that kind of justice on the 12th or any other day. Had justice been done him he would have been hanged fifteen years ago. There was nothing in the late insurrection that approached the murder of Scott in cold, callous brutality. Riel did not want justice then, and we doubt very much if he wants justice now. Probably he wants what he and his friends call justice; but that is not the article usually dispensed in British courts. We join most earnestly in the cry "Let Riel have justice"; but let it be of the kind administered by British judges. We doubt very much if that is the kind he and his friends want.

MANY of our clerical readers are this week packing their valises and preparing to start on their holiday trip. Among other things they should put in two or three short, pointed, juicy Gospel sermons. Should a minister be ready to preach at places of summer resort? Certainly he should, or any other place. "Half-a-dozen preachers in this hotel and the Sabbath has passed like any other day." "Half-a-dozen ministers on this boat and no service." Let this never be said if one of the half-dozen is a Presbyterian. As a rule summer tourists are willing to attend service. We have tried most of the places of summer resort from Portland to Port Arthur, and we never yet stopped in a hotel in which both landlord and guests were not willing to have a religious service in the house on Sabbath, nor sailed on a steamboat on which both captain and passengers were not willing to meet for worship. In many places union churches have been erected to meet the spiritual wants of visitors, and it would say little for the clerical profession were they not ready to do their part. Ministers conducting services in such places often make sad mistakes in preaching very learned philosophical sermons, or in reading essays on the beauties of nature or something of that kind. What the people need most, want most, and appreciate most, is a rich Gospel sermon, full of helpful truth. As a rule they are the most intelligent and appreciative audience a minister ever addresses, and he ought to give them some good spiritual food.

WE regret to say that there is no longer any reasonable doubt that seven Protestant members of the 65th Battalion were punished in the North-West for not attending Catholic service on Corpus Christi day.

The explanation given by the Minister of Militia when questioned by Mr. Charlton was no explanation at all. The Minister gave some facts—facts we presume they were—in regard to one volunteer; but there were seven punished, all Protestants, and several, we understand, Presbyterians. This affair—perhaps we should say outrage—cannot be allowed to rest in its present shape. It must be probed to the very bottom. If a Catholic colonel can, at this time of day in this Dominion, imprison or otherwise punish Protestant volunteers for not attending Corpus Christi celebrations the Protestants of the Dominion should know it. Suppose a Protestant colonel had imprisoned seven Catholics for not attending services conducted by Mr. Ball, Mr. Pitblado, or Mr. Gordon, does anybody imagine the matter would not be investigated and the colonel punished? Yes, Otter, or Grasett, or even Middleton would have had his sword taken from him by this time had he done anything of the kind. Archbishop Lynch seems to be exercised lest the liberty of the people should be interfered with by the Scott Act. The liberty of the people to sell and drink whiskey seems to give his Lordship some concern. It would be interesting to know what his Lordship thinks of the liberty of those seven volunteers who were imprisoned because they would not attend a Catholic service.

DURING the last session of the Ontario Legislature Mr. Massie, warden of the Central Prison, was charged with unduly punishing and otherwise ill-treating certain prisoners, then, or a short time before, in the Central Prison. The Government at once consented to the appointment of a commission to investigate the charges. The commission is now taking evidence. The prisoners said to have been ill-treated are, we understand, Catholics. Mr. Massie is a Protestant, and a Presbyterian. Under these circumstances of course there could be no difficulty in having a searching investigation. The alleged rights of Catholic convicts must be scrupulously guarded. Now look in another direction and see how the rights of Protestants are guarded in this Dominion. Seven Protestant young men, serving their country in the North-West, are punished because they would not condescend their consciences by attending a Roman Catholic service. The matter is brought up in Parliament, and the Minister of Militia gives an explanation which is no explanation at all. There is no investigation, and we predict there never will be. The facts are simple and easy. Mr. Massie is a Protestant; the colonel who imprisoned the volunteers is a Catholic. The volunteers are Protestants; the prisoners are Catholics. The inevitable conclusion from these facts is that a Catholic prisoner has rights that must be zealously guarded; but a Protestant volunteer has none that anybody need respect. A Catholic in a convict's garb is a more important citizen than a Protestant volunteer in the Queen's uniform! Are the political parties not paying a little too much for the Catholic vote in this country?

CANADA owes General Middleton a debt of gratitude that cannot be paid by the \$20,000 voted to him by Parliament. The duty that he was sent to discharge was one of extreme difficulty. The long marches, the lack of efficient transport service, the nature of the ground on which he had to fight, as well as the character of the foe and their mode of fighting, made the duty of the brave old Englishman sufficiently trying and dangerous to task the patience and skill of the best of English officers. Add to all this the fact that nine out of every ten of his men had never smelt powder in any more dangerous place than a review, and we may have some idea of what Middleton had to do. How the bravest of men may act under fire is something that nobody can tell until the trial is made. One has to become used to being shot at before he can take the operation coolly. For his humane efforts to save the lives of our citizen soldiers, and put down the insurrection with the minimum of bloodshed, Middleton deserves the thanks of every good citizen. A bayonet charge at Fish Creek to "clean out the ravine" and a dash on Batoche the first day, might seem very brilliant to those safely at home; but the result would have been vacant chairs in many more households. The bravery of the old Englishman is beyond all praise. Time and again he exposed himself to the most deadly fire, simply to inspire his troops with courage. It is an open secret that some of our officers did not agree any too well in the North-

West, and there may be more to follow in this connection. Of course Middleton is criticised. So would Wellington or Wolseley be had they been in his place. Let Canadians give the benefit of the doubt—where there is doubt—to the man who had the responsibility, and who did the work.

**THE SCOTTISH REFORMER.\***

When the movement was in progress for the erection of a monument to Sir William Wallace, public meetings were held throughout Scotland to promote the undertaking. One of these was held in the City Hall, Glasgow, at which Dr. William Anderson was the chief speaker. He introduced his subject with the following striking passage: There are two names in Scottish history with which we can conjure; names with which we can conjure down all that is base, dishonourable and mean; names with which we can conjure up all that is noble, heroic and good. What are the names of our conjuring? William Wallace, John Knox. Here the orator, himself a fine representative in this age of the stalwart hero of the Scottish Reformation, made one of his emphatic pauses causing his thought to tell, and the vast audience was electrified. He went on to say: William Wallace went up the mountain glens with the ploughshare of liberty; John Knox followed after sowing the good seed of the Word. Had Knox preceded Wallace the soil would have been unprepared; had he failed to follow, Wallace's struggle for freedom would have been comparatively in vain. The hand of Providence was clearly traceable in the order of events.

Despite all attempts to malign the character of John Knox, he rises above the obloquy that the enemies of the Reformation, and historians, without insight into the meaning of the religious struggle of the time, have sought to heap upon one who would have been great in any age. Time does not dim the true likeness. The angular distortions of the caricaturist fade out, and the well-rounded proportions of the man as he was become distinct again. The historian of our own day, far removed from the fiery heat of passion prevailing in the sixteenth century, can calmly recall the past, discerning men in their true proportions and seeing events in correct perspective.

The compact popular biography of John Knox by Dr. William M. Taylor, is worthy of him and worthy of his great subject. In addition to the attractive literary graces associated with the style of the author, he has brought the clear and comprehensive theological knowledge, and full appreciation of the political and ecclesiastical history of the stormy time in which the Reformer lived, and the penetrating, but withal kindly human feeling, characteristic of him under full contribution. Thus within the limits to which he was restricted he has produced an admirable portraiture of one whose name is not only intimately associated with Presbyterianism, but the cause of civil and religious freedom throughout the world.

It is a striking circumstance that Thomas Carlyle had a profound respect for his intrepid and illustrious countryman. He enthusiastically accords him an honoured place in his motley pantheon of heroes. There was little in common between John Knox, Goethe and Frederick the Great; but he possessed qualities for which the Chelsea sage had profound respect. He was a man of intense earnestness in his religious convictions, and fearless in their expression. Neither the frowns and threats of the great, nor the inconstancy of popular opinion and feeling, ever moved him to say what he did not believe was true and in accordance with the Word of God. No one who takes pains to inform himself concerning the character and work of Knox, can accept the notion designedly fostered, that he was a sour ascetic and a narrow-minded, intolerant bigot. The students of the history of the time, Carlyle among them, recognize that he had a tender, deep, human feeling, and a goodly gift of humour, with a distinct Scottish flavour, which goes under the name of pawkiness, to which men in healthy earnestness are no strangers.

The morning of the Reformation in Scotland dawned with bright promise. Hamilton and Wishart gave themselves with an almost seraphic devotion to the work of the Gospel; but eventually they had through martyr-fires to enter the kingdom. The sky was overcast, and at the darkest hour John Knox appears upon

\*JOHN KNOX. By Wm. M. Taylor, D.D., LL.D. (New York: A. C. Armstrong & Son; Toronto: William Briggs.)