

## Our Contributors.

### ON THE NORTHERN PLAY-GROUND.

BY KNOXIAN.

Last week we left you at Orillia in the hope that you would enjoy a visit to the most beautiful town in Canada. No doubt you had a good time. You, of course, observed that nature has done a good deal for the town and the inhabitants a good deal more. Did you go up to the height on which the high school stands and take a look over the surroundings. The view from that point is said by good judges to be one of the finest in the Dominion not even excepting the view from Cape Diamond at Quebec. Of course you drove out to the asylum, took a row on Lake Couchiching, and did the town generally. If you saw his worship the Mayor you must have been convinced that Orillia has the handsomest, best-natured and most comfortable-looking chief magistrate you ever met. The town constable is said to be an active and industrious official, but we hope you had no interview with him.

Orillia always has a full share of summer visitors. Christopher Robinson, Q.C., Mr. Pellatt and other prominent Toronto citizens usually spend the hot season there with their families. Any point of land on the South end of Lake Couchiching is worth perhaps as much as an ordinary farm. Tourists on their way to and from Muskoka often stay over a train and "take in" the beautiful Northern town. People who have friends in Orillia generally find them out in July and August. By taking the census some day in one of these months when two or three excursions are in town Orillia could easily find sufficient population for a city.

Nine miles over in Lake Simcoe is a perfect gem of an island called Strawberry Island which has been used as a summer resort for several years. There is a comfortable hotel and all the modern appliances for making a holiday pleasant and healthful. For beauty of situation and pure air Strawberry Island is quite equal to any resting place in the North. Mr. John A. Paterson of Toronto usually takes his vacation there with his family.

About five minutes after you leave Orillia for the North on the Muskoka express you cross the Narrows, a neck of water that connects Lake Simcoe with Lake Couchiching. Look North or South and you see some of the finest scenery in the country. In about an hour you are at the Gravenhurst wharf. Close by are two of Cockburn's fine fleet, the *Nipissing* and the *Medora*. If you want to take the Lake Joseph route get on the *Medora*: if you wish to go by the Rosseau route take the *Nipissing*. Perhaps the first thing that strikes you is that the officers on the Cockburn boats are civil, polite men. Even when you ask them a stupid question several times over they always give a civil answer.

Now you are in Muskoka. Muskoka is a general term used by many people to describe all the country between Gravenhurst and the jumping-off place. As a matter of fact, that Northern region is divided into three judicial districts called Muskoka, Parry Sound and Nipissing, each one of which sends a representative to the Legislature. For holiday purposes, however, Muskoka means the three lakes Muskoka, Rosseau and Joseph. The first breeze that cools your massive brow at Gravenhurst comes off the waters of Lake Muskoka. The scenery for a few miles beyond Gravenhurst is somewhat disappointing. You have read descriptions of Muskoka scenery and have heard people grow eloquent about the number and beauty of the islands, and you are tempted to come to the same conclusion about Muskoka tourists that the Psalmist came to in his haste about all men. A sail of ten miles brings you among some lovely islands, and you begin to feel glad you came. Three miles further on you stop at Beaumaris right in front of a large hotel in which guests get first-class dinners. We know they do because we have taken a few dinners there on which the landlord had but a small margin of profit. The Cockburn fleet gather at Beaumaris every awful afternoon and exchange passengers for

the different places in the three lakes. That cottage there on the other side of the wharf is the summer residence of ex-Vice-Chancellor Proudfoot, one of the most learned jurists that ever sat on the Equity Bench of Ontario.

Having finished business at Beaumaris, your steamer backs out and starts for Port Carling, two or three miles distant. Here the scenery increases in beauty, several perfect gems of islands being quite near. Among others is one inhabited by an Ingersoll colony, under the care and we presume command of Mr. Joseph Gibson, the famous temperance orator of Ingersoll. Joe, as his friends call him, is easily one of the best platform men in the Dominion. He was about the only man in Ontario that could successfully handle King Dods in the old Dunkin Act campaigns.

Now you are in the mouth of the Carling river, and if you don't say the scenery from this point up to the canal is fine, we fear your education in matters of scenery was sorely neglected. Here we must leave you for a week, but you need not be lonesome, for there is always plenty of company at Port Carling.

### HOW AND WHERE TO INVEST.

BY H. W. C.

Man is naturally a selfish animal. All his instincts lead to selfish ends, but in his attempts to gratify this self-love, he often mistakes the way and is baulked in his purposes. In nothing is this more clearly shown, than in his preparation for the future. In these days of financial unres, the old question is often repeated, "How, and where, shall we invest so as to receive the highest possible interest, at the least possible risk?"

The only solution is found in the inspired word, "Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven." This bank never fails, and unlike every other bank pays a dividend after death.

We are often reminded, however, that old age requires some provision. True, but it is an open question what constitutes "enough" for old age. We fear it is made an occasion of covetousness in many. They add dollar to dollar, till, when the dreaded period arrives, they cannot use even the interest of what they have accumulated. Having restrained their hands so long they have no desire now to give of their abundance, so that when the gates are opened, they leave much behind, but go as beggars into the kingdom.

An old Scotch farmer was often urged by his wife to save money, but she could never induce him to bank more than four hundred dollars.

To her pleading he would reply, "Woman dinna temp me: what for should I lay by siller? The Lord didna pit me on the earth to grip a' thing and gie naething. Na, na, if my treasure's in heeven my hert 'll be there and there'll be naething hadden me when He ca's."

"But, Wullie, we need something for a sair fit. Have we got it? If a coo dees, or the barn burns it'll pit us on our feet, and we need nae mair. What'll we dae when we're auld?"

"If a hunner acres 'll no raise oor breed, we'll better gang unner the girse noo."

"And what about the weans?"

"They are nae better than their faither afore them; they maun just pit their han to, and help themsels."

Years after when his wife told this, she added, "He was richt too; I never wanted for anything but himsel since he went awa, and the bairns have a' done rale weel and have plenty."

In the earthly banks our names are enrolled in the books because we have brought a deposit. Not so in the heavenly bank; our name must be in the book before any deposit can be accepted and placed to our credit. Good works do not bring us to heaven; they only give us our standing when there, though all the glory and praise is His, who has wrought these works in us.

The non-Christian says, "My deeds are as fair as my brother's who is a Christian; why should they not be accepted?" No gift in itself is worthy to be presented to God; the altar sanctifieth the gift. Between the Christian and God rises the altar Christ Jesus,

Touched by His precious blood, perfumed by His merits, our slightest word or work goes up like incense and is kept as a memorial before God. Self is the altar on which the non-Christian lays his offering. It is so high and wide that God is hidden from his view, and he is left worshipping the work of his own hands. God looks at the motive, men at the deed. Outwardly the Pharisees were more devout than the disciples, but what did Jesus say concerning them, "Their inward parts were full of ravening and wickedness."

When they asked, "What shall we do, that we may work the works of God," Jesus told them plainly it was not *doing* but *being*. God wanted first. There must be life before there can be work. "This is the work of God that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." Unless we are in union with God, we cannot do the works of God. Works are a proof that we are saved, not a reason for being saved.

The doors of the bank of heaven are open to all who meet these requirements; nothing is too small to be treasured there; even a smile, though it has no appreciable value on earth, is weighed in heaven and placed to our account. If we had to bring large sums of money or great deeds we might well despair, but it is far otherwise.

All He asks is the simplest offices of every day life—feeding the hungry, clothing the naked, visiting the sick, welcoming the stranger, relieving the prisoner. We know these things, but are we doing them?

In every Christian stranger is the Christ seeking admittance and a welcome into our churches and homes. How are we receiving Him?

At our door stand the poor, according to Christ's promise, that we may have an opportunity of proving our good-will to men and love to the Master, besides laying up treasure for ourselves. How are we using them? They are undeserving we oft cry. True, and so are we, yet the Lord makes His sun to rise on the evil and the good. Many places in His Book bid us feed the hungry, but He nowhere requires that they be worthy.

Beyond the home-land lies the almost untouched regions of heathendom. The Master looks sorrowfully upon them yearning for the time when we will lift Him up before the people, that He may draw them unto Him. How long shall He stand outside these needy homes and hungry hearts, His head filled with dew and His locks with the drops of the night, while our bank account with heaven shows little change. Every dollar put into the collection plate does not always mean a dollar to our credit in heaven. The dime dropped into the beggar's hand simply to get rid of him, never rises higher than the earth-born motive that prompted it. "If there be first a willing mind it is accepted." The five dollars given to foreign missions are often recorded as twenty-five cents in the books of heaven because that was all that was given willingly.

Again we hear the Master's voice saying, "What thou doest, do quickly, for the night cometh when no man can work." There is a Jewish legend that a youth found himself struggling in the water; strong hands seized him, put him in a boat and carried him to a beautiful island, where they made him a king. All the time he could snatch from his kingly duties, he spent in enjoyments of various kinds. At the end of a year an old man told him, he had only two years more to spend on that happy island; at the end of that time he would be taken to an island where there would be nothing but what he sent before him. Upon hearing this, the youth dismissed his old companions and set diligently to work to prepare for the future. Boat-load after boat-load he sent over till the island was more beautiful than the one he was on. When his old companions tried to draw him back into their gay life, he resisted manfully, saying, "I'm not going to risk my eternal future for a few moments of pleasure here." When the boat came for him he went joyfully, for he knew everything was ready for his reception. What have we got to our account in the bank of heaven? Is it so paltry we will be ashamed to hear it read, or like the poor widow's, is our all laid up there?

Huntingdon, July 16th, 1894.

## THE PLACE OF WOMAN IN THE CHURCH.

BY R. DOUGLAS.

In the issue of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN of 25th July you publish a long "slightly condensed" address on "The Place of Woman in the Church." As one of your readers, permit just a word on some points. The address, as I view matters, contains many inaccuracies, to say the least. In column one it is said, "For the knowledge of truth in regard to woman's place in the church we go to the Scriptures," the best place to go for it, certainly. In column two, "But as Christ fills all the offices and works of God in grace and nature, so women fill all the offices and works of man on a perfect equality with him." Is this so? Verily no: "the head of the woman is the man," 1 Cor. ii: 3, which involves privileges, responsibilities and duties pertaining to him as head; how can she be her own head? In column three, "He admitted women to His Theological College;" etc. when or where? He chose and trained the twelve (in His mysterious providence one of them a Judas), but not a woman amongst them. The first seven (deacons) were all men; this is significant. In column four, "Besides, the action of the Apostles and early church was not always infallible. They ordained Matthias to fill the vacancy caused by the defection of Judas, but the Holy Spirit called Saul of Tarsus instead." When I had read thus far I was amazed. It seemed to me clear that what was said about Saul of Tarsus was not in accordance with truth, and that the eleven made a mistake when they ordained Matthias. I felt your paper slipping out of my hands and I wished it had not left 5 Jordan St. I hastened to look how long the address was and scarcely understood the "common sense exegesis" in column six. The conclusions I read first, which, when I had pondered over numbers one, four, five and part of six, I was grieved that you should have published as much as you did. Numbers one and four I consider not a correct statement of facts; number five, when or where does it appear that women exercised "the functions of the gospel ministry" in dispensing the ordinances of baptism or the Lord's Supper for example? In column seven, "The gospel has made man and woman equal at the cross and in the spiritual relation to Christ." This is a grand truth, but not very accurately stated. Long before the gospel era they were made equal in their spiritual relation to Christ. The gospel came equally to restore man and woman, but the woman being in the transgression has suffered and still suffers in many ways more than man, and will suffer, I suppose, as long as time lasts at any rate, the pangs and agony of childbirth. Woman has been specially honored by being the mother of our Saviour, and she has in many cases, nobly, modestly and wisely, shown her solicitude, her gratitude, her devotion, more than man. For her sake and our own, let us the stronger jealously guard the weaker vessel, and take care lest we dishonor her by pushing, or allowing her to push or be pushed into man's sphere. It is man's God-given prerogative to rule in the family, in the church and in the state, in the nature of things as well as of revelation. The British Constitution even, the best in the world—a limited monarchy—does not tolerate divided headship. True, we have a queen sovereign at present, but not because she was a woman nor even a good one, but because at the time no man was found of the Royal line. By all means let woman exert her mighty influence for good, first in the family, second in the church or state, when she can becomingly; but let her not essay to rule or usurp authority. She has a high and glorious mission indeed in her own sphere, assisting man to rule himself and others, righteously and humbly. The mothers make the men, in childhood, youth, full manhood, and in old age sympathizing with, soothing, solacing, succoring, strengthening and sanctifying the whole man and by so doing she is elevating herself. She has a great work in making manly men and womanly women, the two most delightful and essential things in the world. Doth not nature itself teach us woman should not stand up in pulpit