

## Our Contributors.

### SOME THINGS ESSENTIAL TO A GOOD HOLIDAY.

BY KNOXONIAN.

The one thing absolutely essential to a good holiday is a little spare cash. Without more or less cash a holiday is an utter impossibility. No matter how tired a man may be, no railway carries him for nothing. He may be very handsome, but no steamboat will give him a passage on account of his personal appearance. He may be very entertaining, but no hotel keeper will board him for his society. Some men have tried to square their hotel bills with their society, but the experiment has for the most part proved a failure. Railway companies, steamboat proprietors and hotel keepers do business on a cash basis, and so long as they stubbornly adhere to this antiquated mode of doing business cash must be absolutely indispensable to a holiday. The day may come when one can purchase a ticket with his good looks and pay his board bill with his society, but it has not come yet.

Another thing essential to a good holiday is the capacity for enjoying it. Metaphysically speaking, this is the subjective aspect of the case. A man without the capacity for enjoying a holiday had better stay at home and save his money. There are such men. You see them every August at the seaside, in Muskoka, on Lake Superior, on the St. Lawrence and at every resting-place where tourists congregate. They are restless, anxious, fidgety, nervous and sometimes irritable. They don't know what ails them. They expected to have a rest and are not having it. Quite frequently they blame the place. If they are at Murray Bay they are sorry they did not go to Portland. If at Portland they are sure they would have had a better time in Muskoka. The trouble is in the man—not in the place. The man has led an active, anxious life so long that he has lost the capacity for resting. He cannot throw off care. He cannot lie down calmly on the beach, and watch the huge, black waves roll in and break on the rocks. When he sees a wave rise perhaps he instinctively thinks of a rise in wheat, or goods, or stocks or something of that kind. When he sees one break on the rocks possibly he thinks of the bank breaking that he has his money in. The rolling in of a wave perhaps suggests the rolling up of a majority by his opponent at the next election. If there is no special thing to make him uneasy, he feels restless on general principles. The unfortunate man cannot quiet himself. If a man can lie down on a rock in Muskoka and admire the beautiful scenery for two or three hours as contentedly as if he were a clam, his holidays are doing him some good. Men who cannot rest are greatly to be pitied. There is something wrong about their system, and the wrong unless remedied will be certain to show itself later on. To know how and when to rest is just as essential to success in life as to know how to work.

A third thing essential to a good holiday is a change. The attempt to take a holiday at home is generally a failure. Your work is right under your eye all the time, and you cannot keep from doing some of it. If you don't do any, you see some that ought to be done, and looking at work that ought to be done worries most men as much as doing it. Perhaps you see somebody else spoiling it, and that worries you more than to do it yourself. Besides a change of scene—a change of surroundings—is one of the best things in a holiday. It takes one out of a rut—takes the mind out of the channel in which it has been working along monotonously for months, and brightens one up generally. Work is good, but monotonous work has a stupefying effect. Specialists tell us that monotony produces more mental disease than excitement. The popular theory is that excitement unbalances the mind. So it does sometimes, but for one person whose mind is unbalanced by excitement perhaps five are unbalanced by monotonous, treadmill labour. Hence a change is an essential part of a good holiday. And the change should be as great as possible. A city man should go to a quiet place in the country. A man who lives in a very quiet country place should most decidedly go to a centre where there is some excitement. Chicago or New York are the places for a man who suffers from the monotony of his home. He may not like the roar and rush of Broadway, but it will do him good all the

same. Everybody who has gone to the bottom of this subject knows that a thorough change of surroundings is one of the main things in a good holiday. This is the principal reason why going to the Old Country does many people so much good. The sail across the Atlantic is a thorough change. Everything on the other side is different from what a Canadian has been used to on this side. The change is complete and the happy tourist comes home ascribing all the benefit he received to the climate. The climate, except in so far as it was a change of climate, had very little to do with it. The thorough change was the main thing.

A fourth essential thing in a good holiday is *pleasant company*. Down at the seaside you often see a lone, solitary, sad-looking man walking on the beach alone, sitting on the veranda alone, taking his bath alone, taking his walks alone, taking his meals alone—in fact living alone among hundreds. Perhaps he is an invalid in search of health. Possibly he is a clergyman who thinks it would be a sin to associate with the other tourists. Perchance he is a philosopher dealing with the absolute and infinite, and cannot come down to the level of ordinary mortals. Whoever he is, and whatever he is, he is spoiling his holiday. How many times have we all felt in a summer hotel, or on board a steamboat, that it would be a great thing to have some genial, companionable soul to speak to. Lonesomeness has spoiled many a holiday—marred many a trip. The remedy is to travel in small parties. Our American neighbours know how to manage these things better than we do. Catch a live Yankee taking holidays alone. He knows better than to spend his money in that way. Our neighbours usually travel in parties, and if one should happen to be alone he strikes up a social talk with somebody in an hour. About the best informed, genial, companionable fellow tourist one ever meets is a first-class American citizen. The value of a holiday may be more than doubled by good company. A holiday does one very little good if he has to try to put in the time. The right way is to have a genial, sprightly, little party of friends and then the time goes in itself. Of course one-half the party should be ladies. Half-a-dozen men going away together for a holiday are—well, we were going to make some observations, but we simply remark that half-a-dozen men going away for a holiday are the better for having their wives, or sisters, or cousins, or some other female relatives with them. The presence of ladies is absolutely essential to a good holiday.

We might mention some other things which, if not essential, are very desirable, but this paper is long enough. If our friends have a holiday and all the things mentioned, they should be thankful.

### THE PATRIARCHAL MINISTER OF SHETLAND.

REV. JAMES INGRAM, D.D.

BY REV. WILLIAM WHITFIELD, A.M., FORMERLY OF DUNBAR, SCOTLAND.

The life and labours of the late Rev. Dr. Ingram, of Unst, Shetland, who was, at his death, the oldest minister in the world, are, in no ordinary degree, interesting and important. He was born on the 3rd of April, 1776, at Logie Coldstone, in Strathdon, Aberdeenshire; and after receiving his preliminary education in the parish school of Tarland and the grammar school of Old Aberdeen, he passed a distinguished career as a student of King's College, Aberdeen, where he graduated as A.M. in 1796. After being licensed as a preacher on 26th June, 1800, he acted for three years as tutor in the family of a former minister of Unst, and as assistant minister in the parish of Fetlar and North Yell. On the death of the Rev. James Gordon, minister of the latter parish, he was presented to the charge by the patron, Thomas, Lord Dundas, in June, 1803, and ordained on 4th August. Immediately thereafter, he married, on 18th September, 1803, Margaret, daughter of the Rev. James Barclay, who had been minister of Unst from 11th October, 1775, to 24th December, 1793. Their married life was long and happy. His wife died in February, 1859, in her eighty-third year. In 1821, on the death of the Rev. John Nicolson, of Unst, Mr. Ingram was presented to that parish by Lawrence, Lord Dundas, in August, and inducted as minister on 14th September. He continued sole minister of the large parish till 1838 when, on the 14th of June, he re-

ceived as his assistant and successor his son, John Ingram, A.M., who had been licensed on 9th July, 1834, and had become schoolmaster of the parish in 1835. On the Disruption in 1843, both father and son joined the party which formed the Free Church, and became the first two Free Church ministers of Unst. A new church was erected at Uyeasound, in the south of the island, where Mr. John Ingram officiated, while his father continued to minister in the northern half. On 12th February, 1864, at the age of eighty-eight, he received the degree of D.D. from the University of Glasgow. At the time of his death, on Monday, March 3rd, 1879, he was within a month of entering the 104th year of his age, and had been an ordained minister for the unprecedentedly long period of seventy-five years, and until only a very few years of the close of his life, preached regularly every Sabbath. He was the oldest minister in the world; and for an unusually long period, he was the oldest minister in the country in the regular and active discharge of his ministerial duties. A man of whom so much can be said—who occupied a position so unique and unprecedented—deserves to be held in honoured remembrance for his personal worth, and for his labours in the cause of God.

Dr. Ingram was a man of superior natural abilities and scholarly attainments; and, had his lot been cast in a more public sphere, would have reached the very highest position in the Church. Distinguished in his University course as a student, he did not allow his mental powers to rust; but continued a diligent student all his days. The classics were familiar in his mouth as household words; he was one of the first Hebrew scholars of the day, and at the age of eighty-five learned the German language. It was with no small surprise that I found him early one morning busily engaged in reading the Hebrew Bible, which was his regular occupation every morning before the rest of the household were astir. It was no wonder, therefore, that he was able to read at once any passage of the original Scriptures at the opening of the book.

As a preacher, he was distinguished by an earnestness and a fervour that have been rarely equalled. His eloquence in the pulpit I have never heard surpassed; it exerted a magnetic spell over the audience. I can never forget the first time I heard his voice in the pulpit. To this day I remember the sermon he delivered in all its leading lines of thought and illustration. Early on a winter Sabbath morning, having crossed an arm of the sea, I was landed on the south shore of the Island of Unst, the farthest north of the Shetland group—the most northerly island in her Majesty's dominions—and had a walk of six miles before reaching the church in which Dr. Ingram preached. On reaching the elevated ridge which runs across the centre of the island, and stretching the eye away over the undulating surface of hill and vale, and moss and moor, uncovered by a single tree or shrub, long lines of people were to be seen moving in every direction toward the house of God, far distant in the valley. On arriving at the church, a large and commodious building, we found it crowded in every corner by a devout and numerous congregation; for in Shetland every one, from the youngest to the oldest, is a regular attender on the service of the sanctuary; and it was with some difficulty even that a seat could be secured. Soon the venerable patriarch appeared, an old man and full of years, verging then on fourscore years and ten, his head white with the snows of age, but his eye still undimmed and his natural strength not much abated. As he moved with slow and solemn step along the passage to the pulpit, a hush fell upon the large assembly, and a silence still as death filled the building. Entering the pulpit, he began the service in a voice loud and shrill as a trumpet call, which echoed clear and distinct to the remotest corner. The whole congregation joined with heart and soul in singing the opening psalm. The prayer which followed was of unusual fervour and unction, characterized by deep devotional feeling and solemnity, and produced a powerful impression on the congregation. The Scriptures were read with a pathos and impressiveness befitting the occasion, making all to feel as if hearing the divine voice and conscious of the divine presence, so that the succeeding psalm of thanksgiving was the outpouring of grateful and adoring hearts brought into close contact with the Most High. Then followed a sermon of great power and eloquence, full