

It will be remembered that the late Mr. John White, of Montreal, died only about two years ago, and from his great abilities and excellent moral character he had attracted the notice of every man in Parliament, and these beautiful, yet melancholy, verses were written by Mr. Macdonald anonymously about the time of Mr. White's death. Well may these truthful verses be now applied to the great and estimable citizen whose body rests near the banks of the Don, and his soul has gone to that glory reserved for the just and good of earth.

THE FLAG AT HALF-MAST.

Why flies the flag at half-mast,
Which was mast-head yesterday?
Has one of "the mighty fallen,"
Has some great one passed away?

Has the rider on the pale horse,
The rider with icy wand,
Touched beating heart and stilled it
Of some leader of the land?

The flag which flies at half-mast,
Which flutters high in the air,
But tells to man the story
Which is taught him everywhere.

That man being here abideth not—
Is cut down like a flower;
Is like the grass which springeth up,
And withers in an hour.

And so the flag at half-mast,
Which was yesterday mast-head,
Tells in its mournful floating,
Of a gifted statesman dead.

And reads to all this lesson,
To the grave and to the gay,
It may wave for them to-morrow,
As it waves for him to-day.

Ottawa, April 23, 1888.

But my object is to call the attention of the living—and especially the rising generation—to the bright examples which both of these departed Christians have set us. Here I cannot refrain from mentioning two things that have long been in my memory, one concerning Mr. Macdonald and one concerning the late Robert Wilkes, long passed away, yet a bright and loveable Christian merchant whom God greatly prospered in his life and business. Over thirty years ago, when travelling on the stage from Toronto to Uxbridge, when there were no railroads, and when I was not much acquainted with the character of Mr. Macdonald, he, myself and others were passengers. We were conversing pleasantly on the topics of the day and journey, and perhaps some of us too jocosely, when he, unlike a young man, turned the conversation into a religious vein and spoke of the strong necessity there was for us to be religious, to serve the Lord Jesus in all things. The exact words I do not remember, but they and he strongly attracted my and others' attention, and the occasion has never been forgotten. This shows us the necessity of always being ready with timely advice on befitting occasions—to strangers as well as friends—dropping—as Christ always did—beautiful moral flowers, precious Christian pearls of instruction into the ears of our companions. We know not what fruit they may bring forth.

The late Robert Wilkes from his early boyhood was a religious boy and a pious young man. When a clerk in a Toronto store—in 1855—on a bright, sultry, July day, I and my whole family of young children—wife and a nurse and an infant daughter—left Church Street wharf—Church Street was then the principal thoroughfare—to visit the island for the afternoon with many other families on board of a boat.

In those days there were not ferry boats as now, only a horse boat, that is, a boat not half the size of even our now small ferry boats propelled by the aid of a horse on the deck. Suddenly before we were more than half-way across the bay to the island, like a hurricane the northern sky was dark, although before calm and sunny, and a violent gust of wind and rain came upon us as if by magic, blowing the waters up on the deck, dashing the spray over the ladies and children, taking the boat out of the power of control of the helmsman and horse and causing it to drift around everywhere—all on board being powerless. I was quite alarmed lest my young family and wife as well as all on board—many of them ladies with their children—might be lost in the water, and the boat capsized, so violent was the storm. One of my daughters, then a girl of ten years old, now the mother of a large family in Toronto, and all on board were alarmed—many crying. I had never seen young Wilkes before, but there he sat calm and quiet and took this young girl on his knee and recited to her the story of Jesus on the Lake of Galilee, calming the furious storm when His disciples thought they would perish. Jesus arose and rebuked the storm and there was a great calm: "Peace be still," and all was still. Mr. Wilkes talked in a quiet, peaceful manner to the child and spoke of the power of God to overrule everything for our safety.

He afterward, like Mr. Macdonald, greatly prospered and became a rich merchant, an example of Christian work and piety, and was—as many may recollect—some five years or more ago drowned in Sturgeon Lake, near Lindsay, whilst trying to save his children who had fallen into the water and were drowned as he was. His body, too, lies in the Necropolis burying ground, near the Don, on the silent hill, and his soul, too, has gone to meet that glorious Master, Jesus, who stilled the storm on the lake of Galilee. This sudden storm, after raging not longer than twenty minutes on our bay, ceased as suddenly as it came, and all was again calm and sunny. But the incident never was forgotten by myself or my daughter. That dear wife who was then with me departed this life soon after this event.

Now to return to my original object I desire to say that the examples of Mr. Gooderham and Mr. Macdonald are particularly to be commended on account of the way they have distributed that wealth which God in his providence gave them. They remembered the city charities, the great institutions of our city, the orphans and churches, the missions of Christian work, the fallen poor and their own dear friends. As in life active in good work at all times, so their blessed memory is hallowed in the city, and every tongue in Toronto calls them blessed. Let our living, wealthy men use their wealth in the same way and let us see how God will bless them too, and let all of us remember God reigneth to bless the righteous.

Toronto, February 25, 1890.

CHARLES DURAND.

HOW NOT TO DO IT.

BY R. D., TORONTO.

The Rev. Mr. Smith had died. He was a silver-haired old man, and had for a quarter of a century laboured faithfully in Newtown. He passed away at last, broken down with years and his harness still upon him.

Many a mourner followed his ashes to that peaceful spot beneath the whispering maples, where even the babbling brook was hushed into silence. He was gone, he who had given counsel to the young; and who in times of trial had cheered so often the aged of his flock; no more was his thin quivering voice to be heard startling the drowsy solemnity of the quiet Sabbath.

Soon the church was declared vacant, and the applicants for a hearing were many. They came from Dan to Beersheba, and from the islands of the Pacific to the borders of Asia. The people, at last growing weary of the inexhaustible procession, decided to limit the choice to four candidates. These were Messrs. Grayhair, Shortsermon, Shakehands and Youngman. Mr. Grayhair preached first. He was a man in the prime of life, and had made mankind a study. In his former charge he had slowly but very securely advanced the cause of the Church.

When Sunday came he discoursed very ably, although not eloquently, but did not impress the people greatly. Being a man, he did not think it necessary to attract attention by theatrical gestures or by using the hollow tones and mimicry of the professional elocutionist; but alas! his fate was decided when it was seen that here and there his head was tinged with gray, for, be it known unto all men, that gray hairs lock the doors to the pulpit stairs in a newly vacant church.

The next Sunday Mr. Shakehands preached. Before the service he might have been noticed strolling among the farmers in the yard, shaking their hands and saying thusly: "That's a fine horse you have there, Mr. Jones." "Was that your farm I passed yesterday, Mr. Brown, where the men were putting up one of the largest barns I have seen?" Then he sedately moved towards the church steps, kissing, in the meantime, every baby he could reach, and proclaiming loudly that such butter he had never eaten before, telling all the old ladies to take a front seat so that they might hear him much better.

Being a wise man, he preached but a short sermon, but it was full of sounding phrases and poetical quotations, which had, however, no bearing on the text or anything else. After church was over he shook hands all round again, and did so on every available occasion throughout the whole week, for he slyly stayed a whole week, and when he left he could give you the full name and exact age of every child in the church. After him came Mr. Shortsermon, who effusively announced that long sermons only drive people away, and catch him doing that. He pointed to the city churches, saying, "They have short services. Why should we have long ones?"

Sunday came, and sure enough the entire service lasted less than an hour, but how shall that sermon be described? Word after word, rhetorical (?) flight after rhetorical flight, the ridiculous after the sublime, all combined into a mushy mass, gives the mind but a small insight into that sermon.

Last of all came Mr. Youngman, fresh from college, with seventeen letters after his name and an air of severity. He evidently had digested much theology and but little else in his former life, judging from his lean looks, but he was the whitest of the white, his collar very high and very stiff, and much reading had made him shortsighted, so that he wore glasses.

On Saturday he stalked about the place, resolutely refusing to eat anything, for he said, "I never eat for many hours before preaching. It would do me harm. I am so peculiarly constituted." Next morning he barely gave the tips of his fingers to those assembled to greet him, and went up into the pulpit as if saying, "Look on me! I have seventeen letters after my name, have just come from college, and am much superior to those old fossils who have been here before me." His sermon, unfortunately, I had seen in an old volume much esteemed by our former pastor.

Then came the congregational meeting to decide on the minister. After the usual wire-pulling and backbiting, outside was finished, the meeting came to order. Nominations were called for. Mr. X. Perience arose and proposed Mr. Grayhair, saying: "In him we have a vigorous man, one who has had large opportunities of getting an insight into making a church solid and successful, and one who in his present pastorate is beloved by one and all."

Mr. Newrich, who had made his fortune in turnips, called for Mr. Shakehands as the man who would build up the

church, loudly proclaiming, "He even knows the name of our baby, and besides, he thinks my wife's pies the best he has ever eaten."

Mr. Bluster, a ward politician, held forth for Mr. Shortsermon, because he didn't bother us with long sermons, and we got out before the other churches and saw where the absent ones were. The list was about to be voted on when young Mr. Clerk jumped up saying, "These old men are no use at all. Why not get Mr. Youngman? full of push (and starch). He has come recently through five theological schools and made a trip through Germany on a bicycle." Several of the younger members showed signs of supporting him, arguing that he would attract all the young people, and would thus deprive other churches of very eligible members. Miss Spinster then meekly spoke, "By all means let us have Mr. Youngman. He is not married, and we can guide him in the choice of his wife. Then she will have no fixed ideas, and thus we will be able to get on with her easily."

The vote was taken. It stood: Youngman, 107; Shakehands, 54; Shortsermon, 38; Grayhair, 5; the call was then made unanimous.

Mr. Youngman gleefully accepted such an important charge, but alas! alas! he sadly lacked the worldly wisdom of his aforetime competitors. He vainly imagined that Greek roots would take the place of policy, away from the quiet halls of the colleges he found life to be a mystery of which he knew nothing. He, who could elucidate an obscure Hebrew phrase, was a poor runner on the path that all must travel.

His first mistake was that he married a girl from the next town. Then he did not visit enough, then his sermons were too long, and finally, he was not sociable. This went on, and at the end of two years another meeting was called, and he was asked to hand in his resignation, for his usefulness was gone.

Thus—as is too frequently the case—the voice of the demagogue is all powerful in our church.

PULPIT SUPPLY.

MR. EDITOR,—Allow me to call the attention of those who have to do with the supply of vacancies, especially students and pastors who so often render that supply, to a recommendation adopted by the last General Assembly and to be found on the twenty-first page of the minutes thereof. It has been the law or regulation of the Assembly since 1886 that "no student shall, under ordinary circumstances, be appointed to supply a vacancy before he is licensed." But this recommendation goes farther, and is as follows: "Your committee would call attention to the extent to which students and ministers in settled charges receive appointments to the pulpits of vacant congregations, an injustice being thus done to those who place their services at the disposal of the committee, and they would recommend that the employment of the former (students) be forbidden except in cases of special emergency, and that of the latter (pastors) be discouraged and discontinued."

After the adoption of this by the Supreme Court of the Church it was hoped that this injustice to ministers without charge and probationers would cease. But this hope was vain and this injustice continues. In the case of young men who have the ministry in view it is a bad training and cannot but be demoralizing to be tempted, or encouraged or permitted to disregard, set at naught, if not at defiance, this prohibition of the Supreme Court of the Church. Nor does it tend to make warm friends for their colleges or promote the best interests of the Gospel or the Church.

No sooner does a desirable vacancy take place than a host of pastors are after it, so that what with laymen in shape of students, and even young men who are not students, and uneasy pastors wanting a change, it is very difficult for ministers without charge, who by regulation of the Assembly should have the priority, to see the vacancy at all. I was surprised lately when told of the number of pastors who are applicants for a hearing in a certain vacancy with a view to a call—pastors, too, having good congregations, good churches, some of them only recently built, and these pastors but a comparatively short time in their present charges.

Have they no sense of propriety? Does no blush come to their cheeks when they think of the many poor brethren who are without charges and receive so very little for their services which occasionally they are permitted to render and who are kept out of the vacancies by the course they pursue? Their stipend goes on whether at home or absent and they can afford to abide their time, whereas the minister without charge is paid only for his day's work. If any minister, in all fairness, ought to have his salary augmented it is the minister without charge, who does not receive for his services more than about \$300 a year, if so much. And why not? Is he not a minister of the Church in as good standing as if he were related as a pastor to some particular congregation? Is he not invested with all the functions of the Christian ministry? Does he not, as far as he has opportunity, exercise these functions as laboriously for the promotion of the great ends of the Gospel and interests of the Church as most pastors? If he preaches on forty or fifty Sabbaths in the year, and on many of these three times, teaches, occasionally a Bible class, visits many families, dispenses sealing ordinances as he may have opportunity, and travels three or four thousand miles in doing this work, why should he not have a fair salary for doing it? Why should the Church not see to it that, in one way or another, he gets it? But instead of this he is often made to feel as if he were no longer a minister of the Church or as if at some time or other he had been degraded and his way is oftentimes blocked and the bread taken out of his mouth by uneasy, migrating pastors and laymen who in some way or other get precedence in the supply of vacancies. The whole thing is wrong and ought, as the Assembly has unanimously said, "to be discouraged and discontinued." Yours in the interests of good order and justice,

PRESBYTEROS.