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TORONTO, WEDNESDAY, MARCH 23, 1887.

THE well understood rule that all communications for publication must be accompanied by name and address of the writer, as a guarantee of good faith, is strictly acted upon by THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN. A correspondent, "Anxious Enquirer," whose address was mislaid, is respectfully requested to forward it, as a letter waits him in this office.

THE proposal to sustain a Canadian *salle* in connection with the McAll Mission in France is one that will assuredly commend itself to general acceptance. The cost of maintaining such is so small that no difficulty need be anticipated in obtaining the required amount. The remarkable work accomplished by this most excellent evangelistic agency is a palpable evidence of the power of the Gospel. The reader's attention is directed to the communication in another column, from the pen of a gentleman who is intimately conversant with the work and workers of the McAll Mission in France.

THE attack made upon two liquor detectives by a mob in Woodstock the other day, and the rowdiness of the friends of the traffic at a public meeting, held to condemn the rioting, are a burning disgrace to the community in which they occurred and to the local authorities who allowed such conduct. Lawlessness and violence are a disgrace to any community, but are specially disgraceful to the county town of the constituency represented by the Attorney-General, the highest law officer of the Crown. The question at issue is not the Scott Act. The real question in Woodstock, and several other places, is: Shall the blackguardism of the community rule? It is hinted that, in Woodstock, and elsewhere, the local officials wink at the blackguardism, if they are not allied with it. Where such is the case, then the Government should promptly send special police, who will preserve order at all hazards, and club the mayor or town constable as readily as any one else, if he acts the part of a rowdy. Scott Act or no Scott Act, we must have the peace of this Province preserved.

THE Rev. Mr. Lloyd, Protestant Chaplain of the Reformatory at Penetanguishene, writes to say that the chaplaincy of that institution is not vacant, and that he has not at present the slightest intention of resigning. All we know about the matter is that the Presbytery of Barrie were informed at a late meeting that the position was about to become vacant, and that the Presbytery very properly appointed a deputation to ask the Government to do what the Government should have done when Mr. Lloyd was appointed chaplain—divide the work among the Protestant ministers of Penetanguishene. Many of Mr. Lloyd's co-religionists professed to be very indignant three months ago at the alleged favours bestowed by Mr. Mowat's Government upon the Catholic Church. These excellent people, who then shouted so loudly, are quite satisfied to take all the Government can give the Episcopal Church at Penetanguishene, or any other place. The only *real* act of favouritism done by the Government in fourteen years was, we believe, this same Penetanguishene appointment; but the Episcopal clergy, who thundered so loudly last

December, make no sign. It makes all the difference in the world into whose dish the favours fall.

WHATEVER differences of opinion there may be about Henry Ward Beecher's books, or his theology, or the permanency of much of his life work, there is but one opinion in regard to his oratory. Everybody admits that the world has lost one of its greatest orators, if not its greatest. There was a strange fascination about his style which it was utterly impossible to analyze or describe. It was the very witchery of speech. The effect was produced not by any one quality, but by many qualities working in harmony. No man of our day—not even Gladstone—illustrated in such a marked manner the tremendous possibilities of the human voice. It was no exaggeration to say that Beecher could put more meaning into a pause, or an inflection, than most speakers can put into their best sentence. His voice was his servant. He could make it bring tears, or reason coldly, or thunder vehemently at his will. In early life he spent much time and labour in making the "instrument," as he called it, flexible. It retained its marvellous flexibility to the end. There is a useful moral in this unanimity about Beecher's oratory. It proves conclusively that a man may do a thing so exceedingly well that even the most snarling faultfinder must be silent.

THE past winter—if we can call it past—must have been a trying one to the large number of hard-working pastors who have to drive long distances to their Sabbath appointments. The average of cold has not been particularly high, but we have had a series of very disagreeable storms ever since the snow fell. These storms came with wonderful regularity, and between them there was generally one very beautiful winter day which always made the storms more disagreeable by contrast. Several Sabbaths were very stormy, and one was intensely cold. Latterly the roads have been so drifted that driving is neither pleasant nor safe. Ministers who walk a few steps on a sidewalk to their appointments have not the slightest idea of what their brethren who drive ten, fifteen or twenty miles every Sabbath have to go through even in one winter. The old saw about one half the world not knowing how the other half lives is specially true of the clerical world. The law of compensation, however, will soon be at work. There will be some charming drives next June. The rural brother will then fairly revel in the beauties of nature, while the city brother will often have to breathe an atmosphere which makes him profoundly thankful he has only one nose. The advantages are not all on one side in any walk in life.

THE difficulty of keeping a prohibition meeting religious enough for the Sabbath was well illustrated at the Pavilion a week ago last Sabbath, if one of the press reports is correct. Mr. F. S. Spence, one of the leaders, declared that "the Prohibition Club did not believe in temperance people acting as auxiliary police. The enforcement of the law should be conducted by the Government." Our esteemed friend, Mr. Robert McLean, naturally, and perhaps quite correctly, construed this into a thrust at the Mowat Government, and vigorously protested against Mr. Spence's statement. Assuming the report to be correct, Mr. McLean proceeded to make a speech, and the meeting came very near being one in which the religious element might not have predominated. And here is just where the difficulty about Sabbath temperance meetings is sure to come in. Temperance is certainly a question of Christian morals, but whether the Mowat Government should or should not enforce the Scott Act is not a question of that nature. A dozen questions arise around the temperance question that are *not* questions of Christian morals, and are *not* suitable subjects for Sabbath discussion. We mean no offence to any one when we say that the appointment of police magistrates in Scott Act counties, the action of the Mowat Government, and other questions of a political or semi-political nature are quite as likely to be discussed as the promotion of God's glory.

THE many admirable critical articles that are being published on Beecher as an orator ought to give an impulse to good public speaking. One marked characteristic of Beecher's style was his reserve force. On this quality the *Christian-at-Work* says:

Strength was indeed a supreme characteristic of the man. He never seemed to exhaust, nor hardly to touch his reserve force. However vehemently he might march with the tread of a conqueror bearing down all opposition across the stage, or sweep the air with his gestures, or roll forth his voice until it seemed as if the great organ behind his pulpit had let loose all its diapason pipes; however lofty and commanding his thought, and tumultuous his emotions, still you felt that there was a vast reservoir of unused force lying back of it all, which, like Napoleon holding the old guard back at Waterloo, he kept in reserve, and might bring into action at will.

And the speaker who has that reserve power, or can even make people believe he has it, always impresses his fellow-men. People—that is, intelligent people—are never much impressed by a speaker who roars and stamps and foams. There may be a few who think a speaker is eloquent when he merely "hollers," but the number is small, and fortunately becomes smaller every year. If a speaker makes his hearers say "That is nothing to what he could do if he tried," he has reserved power. You often felt that way when hearing Principal Willis or D'Arcy McGee. You always feel that way when listening to Edward Blake. Listening to some excellent speakers at their best, you cannot help saying: "Now, that is the last ounce there is in him—that is the very best he can do." The man who makes that impression probably has no reserve power.

WITHOUT REST AND WITHOUT HASTE.

THE leisurely scholar who luxuriated in contemplative solitude, and worked slowly, belongs to the old order of things. To judge from appearances, he is out of place in the new. Even in the comparatively quiet times in which Thomas De Quincey lived and wrote—not so very remote from our own days—his gentle spirit was fretted and fumed by the rush and bustle common then, as it is more so now. In one of his papers, he makes amusing reference to the rapidity with which business people moved along the street, and expressed his belief that in due time the hurried walk would become a literal trot. Well, in a sense, his prophetic pleasantry has come true, as various efforts to secure a solution of the rapid transit problem attest. Is all this eager, wasteful restlessness absolutely necessary for the efficient conduct of business? Need there be such incessant and merciless driving and striving, to accomplish the work that even the most ambitious and aspiring contemplate? Between indolence and break-neck competition there is surely a golden mean of intelligent and enterprising industry. Whither is the wasteful rush leading? Not even to a temporal happiness based on an elastic competency, wherewith is contentment. The processes by which riches, beyond the dreams of avarice, are realized, usually leave the successful competitor so unfitted in mind and temperament for the leisure to which his herculean labours entitle him, that he feels out of his element altogether, and his happiness is far from being commensurate with the wealth he has amassed. Whether the wild whirl of business pressure can be modified or not, it is certain that it most seriously interferes with some of the noblest purposes for which life has been conferred. Is there not a too lavish sacrifice of the best qualities of mind and heart in the race for riches?

The chief characteristic of an age necessarily impresses itself on all departments of human activity. What is true as a feature of secular life, is, to a certain extent, also true of religious life. Much that is unfavourably characteristic of business methods has found and is finding its way into the Christian Church. Without specific reference, parallels will readily occur to every observant mind.

The accusation is not unjust that indolence rather than undue haste has too extensively prevailed in the Church hitherto. There has not been much room for taxing the average Christian with overzeal. The evil has been largely the other way. Now there is considerable awakening to the fact that ministers, elders and deacons are not the only persons from whom steady, self-denying Christian work is expected. There is still plenty of room for the fact to make itself more effectively felt, before there need be any fear of the average Church-member overworking himself in that capacity. As it is, the burden of religious and benevolent work, in most centres, falls on the comparatively few. Liberal Christian giving is not fully distributed, nor is Sabbath school teaching, nor the visitation of the sick and the wounded in life's battle, and the thousand ministries that could be