

FIFTY YEARS WORK IN THE MINISTRY.

Under this heading the *Burk's Falls Arrow* gives particulars of a meeting of North Bay Presbytery to do honor to Rev. James Sieveright, M.A., on his attaining his ministerial jubilee. The chair was ably filled by Rev. S. Childerhose, moderator of the Presbytery, who in the course of a glowing eulogy to the energy, zeal and unselfish efforts of Rev. Mr. Sieveright during his long and faithful ministry, the Moderator said—"Dr. Livinestone gave his life in the unselfish work for the Master in the heart of Africa, and our own venerable friend gave fifty years of unselfish work for the Master in the heart of this great country of ours." His work in old Ontario, new Ontario, in the Parry Sound District, and in the great Provinces of the far West—his missionary spirit—his marvellous energy and wonderful powers for organization were vividly portrayed.

Rev. Mr. Beckett felt it to be a great honor to be present to take part in doing honor to one who so highly deserved it. He told of his first meeting Rev. Mr. Sieveright away up on the Gatinou many years ago, and he seemed as fresh and vigorous to-day as he was then. "Indeed," said the speaker, "he is now engaged in planting a new mission on the outskirts of Toronto." (ap plause).

The Rev. Mr. Drinnan, of Rosseau, who preached in *Burk's Falls* fifteen years ago, followed in a genial, kindly and sympathetic speech, in which Rev. Mr. Sieveright's many excellent qualities of mind and heart were eloquently referred to.

A delightfully rendered solo by Miss Sharpe, was followed by the reading of the following address by the Rev. Mr. McLennan, of Huntsville, and the presentation of a well filled purse by Mr. Wiseman—

The Presbytery, North Bay, Ont.
9th July, 1907.

Rev. James Sieveright, B.A.

Dear Mr. Sieveright—We have with us men who have attained their forty years of Christian labor, midst summer's heat and winter's cold, but you are the first of our number to attain the lengthened period of fifty years in the ministry of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

As a Presbytery we are but in our youth, yet we have always the presence and counsel of aged servants of God who have toiled with us in the perils and hardships of the North. Your modest retirement from our bounds where you have labored so vigorously and so faithfully these many years left the impression that you wished no notice to be taken of your honored attainments. But your Presbytery and the many friends who have enjoyed your pastoral attention in such prosperous towns as Huntsville and *Burk's Falls* take great pleasure in conveying their congratulations on this the Fiftieth anniversary of your ordination.

Your recent utterances on the question of Church Union gave evidence of your wide acquaintance with our church, even to the far Western plains, and your broad experience and liberal outlook have given you a vision of the Greater Church yet to be.

You have seen many a stage of progress in your several fields of labor, and many a church and manse has arisen through your energetic efforts. We congratulate you on your present strength, your eye undimmed, and your natural force not abated, and we all hope you may enjoy the evening of your life amidst the more congenial scenes of your domestic hearth.

Please accept from your many friends within our bounds, and especially from your Co-Presbyters this address on

the occasion of your Jubilee, together with this purse, the cordial gift of your friends and acquaintances who wish you and your family every happiness.

Signed on behalf of the Presbytery of North Bay.

S. Childerhose, Moderator of Pres.
J. Beckett, Clerk of Presbytery.

Rev. Mr. Sieveright, who was loudly applauded made an eloquent and feeling reply, in the course of which he rapidly reviewed his life work and touched lightly, and sometimes humorously upon the hardships incidental to pioneer missionary effort in the Great West and in the Great North.

DOES WORRY PAY.

A contemporary, discussing the subject of worry, while recognizing that despondency is in a large degree subject to or modified by physical states, contends that it is not a mere disease, but a moral wrong, to be fought with resolution and overcome by grace. Every act or state possesses an ethical character which can be affected by the will. The mere fact that we can escape worry by active philanthropy lifts our dealing with such tendencies out of the purely physical category. Whatever is subject to our volition, either directly or indirectly, must be brought at last before the bar of judgment. It is our duty to resist morbid views of life as truly as it is for us to resist sensual allurements to fleshly indulgence. The joy of the Lord is our strength, and the disciple can do little for his Lord whose spiritual strength is sapped by perpetual despondency. But most clearly is it seen that the question of surrendering to worry is a moral one when we remember that we can always restrain and frequently overcome such depression by active life for Christ and men. Whether or not we find life "worth living" depends upon how unselfishly we live. For in this life as well as hereafter we shall learn that "Love is heaven, and heaven is love."

THE CITY PASTOR IN THE COUNTRY.

Says the "Homiletic Monthly"—"The vacation season for the city pastor frequently means a visit to country regions. He will not as a rule be out of easy reach of some struggling rural church. That fact suggests a privilege and an opportunity. There may be city pastors to whom the country brother on "four hundred a year and a donation" is merely a worthy man to be pitied and patronized. But the true spirit of large-hearted brotherhood will prompt the metropolitan divine to "get next" to the rural pastor and cultivate him. That course always produces pleasant surprises on both sides. If he hears the country brother preach he is liable to be astonished to find how modern and how able he is. If he goes into the brother's parsonage and sees his economical library he will find some recent books by the masters that he has not read himself. As a rule, if he began with any doubt, or any contempt, he will end with an idea of the country pastor that a good many urban divines never get because they never try to find out by a little fraternizing what sort of men are doing the work in the country places. There are a good many Christian heroes in these rural fields, and the city pastor who will take his Christianity along with him on vacation may find his best opportunity in getting into close fellowship with some of the men who are making the world rich with their earnest though humble work in obscure fields. The chance to cheer and help them is a part of the privilege, but the chance to learn from them is an even greater opportunity."

DO NOT GROW OLD!

On this interesting subject "R. S.", one of the editors of that excellent paper, *The Westminster*, of Philadelphia, says:

Two preachers were talking about tenure of office. One said, "If I were starting in life, I would choose one of three lines: law, the army, or the navy. If law, I would hope to achieve a judgeship in Federal courts. That would mean permanence. The army or the navy mean the same. But in the ministry it is the rare man who can hold a place for more than ten years, and some ten years will find him past fifty. Then he is out. Growing old kills the ministry." His companion, whose hair was very white, said, "Do not grow old. Always keep under forty. Then you can hold your place." The other laughed bitterly. He was past fifty and had been asked to resign. He knew he must yield, and he knew also there was more chance of his finding huckleberries on the protruding end of the North Pole than of securing another parish.

The white-haired man had never been asked to resign. He was almost seventy. His secret was in his words. He had forgotten to grow old. Some of his young men made him a member of 'The Country Club.' He learned to play golf, and it was not uncommon on a Saturday afternoon to see the crack player of the club and the old person on the links together, and if when the round was done, the younger man was more than "one up," he considered himself lucky. There was no fact of young life that escaped him. He was an all-rounder. His name might have been Dr. Lavender of Old Chester Tales, for he had never learned how to grow old.

The two ministers parted. The older said to himself, "Old fellow, take your own medicine. Do not grow old." Said the younger man, "Not grow old? How can a man help it?" And in those two comments lay the difference in character and prospects between these two men.

REV. DR. FALCONER.

Halifax, N. S., Aug. 15.—A large meeting of Halifax citizens gathered to-night to honor Dr. R. A. Falconer, on the eve of his departure from Halifax, and to present him with testimonials of their regard. The chair was occupied by Governor Fraser. Dr. Falconer and Mrs. Falconer were presented with a magnificent silver service and to Dr. Falconer himself was given a gold watch and chain. Speeches were made by Archbishop McCarthy, Bishop Worrell, Deputy Mayor Johnson, Premier Murray, and by representatives of all the colleges in Nova Scotia. One of the addresses was by Judge Snider of Hamilton.

President Falconer made a touching and effective reply. Speaking specially to his colleagues from the colleges represented, he said: "Ours should be a fellowship of those whose primary interest is in the elevation of our country through inculcating in students worthy ideals of life both as men and as citizens. Let us aim at the noblest in our work. I hope that in Canada there may soon arise a type of educated manhood and womanhood that will have its own distinction among national types. In time this Dominion will have in addition to the present colleges great universities equipped amply for research and professional study, to which students will come even from abroad. In the meantime, let it be in all our efforts be thorough and honest, avoiding show and aiming at reality."

Dr. Falconer leaves on Saturday morning for Pictou, where he will spend Sunday with his father, the Rev. Dr. A. Falconer.