

farmers are fairly prosperous, while our manufacturers are flourishing. Take it all in all, Canada is a good country to live in, and all it wants to be better known is a little time—just a little time.

THE "MARITIME PRESBYTERIAN."

An article in the *Maritime Presbyterian* of Nov. ult., page 341, has such a mixture of mis-statements as to defy even patience. If its errors had been promptly retracted when detected, we would fain impute them to mere mistake without design; but this has not been done. As they are answered briefly in the *Colonial Standard* of Nov. 22nd and 29th, I will merely state here that I have the official Receipts of Rev. Dr. P. G. McGregor for *more than twice the amount which that article sets down as the total*, paid to the Aged Ministers' Fund from my congregations in N. B. (2.) None of this has been repaid me, though I contributed a part of it; yet that article says I was repaid all I contributed. (3.) St. Columba Church also witnesses that it paid nothing to that Fund, so that all I paid to it here was only my own. I would not refer to these things, (for I had just settled with the Aged Ministers' Committee on their own offered terms,) but only to correct those mis-statements, so widely and injuriously circulated by tongue and type, after settlement.

But that article dwelt on such small things, and falsified them publicly, as if to provoke wrath, and to draw away attention from the other Fund, (viz., the Widows' Fund,) for which I had collected and paid \$100 in 1874, besides collections year after year while I was in the Union; and since I was recalled to this Kirk I paid \$60 of personal tax to it, in full conviction that my rights in *both the Funds* should continue unimpaired. Otherwise I would never have paid this. Yet after my payments had been accepted without demur for three years after I was in the Kirk, I was cut off from the Aged Ministers' Fund with the little sum of personal rates I had paid to it; and yet I was refused leave to retire from the Widows' Fund in like manner, except with the total loss of all sums large and small that I ever paid into it! I grudge them not the money, but I abhor unfairness. "Surely oppression maketh a wise man mad."

It is a mere fiction that they cannot repay. The Act gives them vast discretionary power. And all Christian Churches admit that Equity is superior to human Law. The other Com-

mittee did repay the personal rates, looking to Equity even beyond the letter of their Law. This Committee should have done so likewise; for I paid in both cases under a misunderstanding, to which some in both the Committee contributed, by urging me to join both Funds, and by admitting my payments so long without demur.

But they seem to think that Equity is not Justice but Charity. If the Golden Rule is not enough to correct this notion, let them learn from the pagan lawyer, Aristotle, that Equity is JUSTICE of a higher and better kind, and that it is *necessary* to correct the unfairness of all general Laws and the rigour of mere Legal Justice. Read his truly admirable definitions of Equity, in his *Ethics*, Book V, Chap. 10. Are Church rules less?

It is that harsh misuse of Law, to the hurt of Equity, that makes us dread Union. But for that, we would all have gone into Union long ago. If I have used sharp rebukes, I did so in hatred of the sins and not of the souls. The Bible is equally severe on those who trample the Golden Rule under their own Laws, and make God's commands of none effect by their traditions. On this point we are ready to risk all and to suffer everything. But if our brethren learn at last to prefer the Golden Rule of Equity in all cases to the ering Laws of men, I will freely forgive and forget the loss of all I paid into this Fund.

P. MELVILLE, A. M.

THE SECRET.—"I noticed," said Dr Franklin, "a mechanic, among others at work on a house erecting but a little way from my office, who always happened to be in a merry humor, who had a kind word and cheerful smile for every one he met. Let the day be ever so cold, gloomy or sunless, a happy smile danced like a sunbeam on his cheerful countenance. Meeting him one morning, I asked him to tell me the secret of his happy flow of spirits. 'My secret, doctor,' he replied, 'is that I have one of the best of wives, and when I go to work she always has a kind word of encouragement for me, and when I go home she meets me with a smile and a kiss; and then tea is sure to be ready, and she has done so many little things through the day to please me that I cannot find it in my heart to speak an unkind word to anybody.' What an influence, then, hath woman over the heart of man, to soften it and make it the fountain of cheerful and pure emotions! Speak gently, then; a happy smile and a kind word of greeting, after the toils of the day are over, cost nothing, and go far toward making home happy and peaceful."