

THE CANADA CHRISTIAN MONTHLY.

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Editorial.

A NEGLECTED DEPARTMENT OF CHRISTIAN WORK.



THE subject of this editorial may be introduced by the following story which has the merit of being, at least, true; for we had it from the mouth of an eye-witness:—In an island of the outer Hebrides there met some fifty years ago, a large congregation to celebrate the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper. As usual on these occasions, the gathering was held in the open air, the congregation sitting on the heather, and the minister having for his pulpit a tent made by placing sails on spars. Stretching out in a long snowy line in front of the preaching-tent was the communion table, yet unoccupied, and in a dense mass around sat a congregation of devout, sedate worshippers, waiting for the opening of the day's solemn, but glad business. At the appointed hour the preacher entered the canvas pulpit, and after silent prayer rose to give out the opening psalm. In this man of small stature and swarthy complexion, the people recognized a faithful and favorite preacher, who, years ago, died in a good old age full of grace and honour. Before giving out the psalm his sharp black eye swept over his audience in a rapid glance, and at once caught sight of a company of young people who sat on a stone wall apart from the general congregation where they could not hear to any advantage the voice of the preacher. Turning in their direction, Mr. Cook, in very kind words, asked the young people to come within reach of his voice, which was, we may remark, never very strong. To this invitation the careless group (who had come to the sacramental