

Contributors and Correspondents.

EVANGELISTIC WORK.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.
 SIR,—Permit me space for a few observations upon this important subject, which may not be unseasonable in view of the attention it is deservedly receiving at the present time. They are presented diffidently, yet earnestly, as the result of careful study of the subject, and extended observation both in the old country and in the home field. Ten months ago I returned to Canada, deeply impressed with the thought, that if naturalized among us, this special form of gospel work might prove the means of untold blessing. Already, as your readers are aware, the experiment has been made in various quarters, with results which must have exceeded the expectations of the most sanguine. Notwithstanding these results,

ITS UNPOPULARITY.

In some quarters it is still very evident. Let us hope that this does not arise from reluctance to enter upon a work which taxes all a minister's resources in an unusual manner and degree, so much as to form misconceptions as to its nature, methods, and probable results. These are not to be wondered at in those who have never seen such work for themselves, or who form their ideas of it only from the "protracted meetings" of other bodies, or from specimens in years past in some of our churches where it was unhappily marred by outside influences. But surely the unbroken harmony and absence of scandalous inconsistencies which have so far characterized the work at Mitchell, Woodville, &c., are strong proof that such accompaniments are not invariable. Let me next invite attention to

ITS ESSENTIAL FEATURES.

These are, (1) *continuous services*, the advantages of which were so admirably presented by a recent writer in your columns. (2) *Gospel addresses* of a character more simple, pointed and searching than the pulpit sermon, so much in vogue at the present day, often highly conversational and illustrative, like the discourses of Him who should be our great model in all things, presenting an earnest invitation to partake of a full, free, and immediate salvation, as admirably formulated by Himself, "Come, for all things are now ready." These, with suitable devotional exercises, are followed by (3) *the inquiry meeting*, in which the effort is made to carry out the farther direction, often so completely overlooked in ordinary ministrations, of "going out and compelling them to come in," i.e., using kindly and discriminating urgency to bring those who present themselves as inquirers to close with the offered Saviour. In short, it is such a "reaping time" as the Scriptures lead us to look for in the experience of Christ's husbandmen just as truly as the time of "sowing." Of its

PRACTICAL WORKING

Some illustrative facts have already been given in your columns. Let me add a recent example. At the close of an impulsive appeal, taking advantage of the manner in which most minds amid such scenes are relieved of the usual restraint regarding personal religion, an earnest soul-seeker approached two young women, and by separate conversation ascertained that neither of them was decided for Christ, but both professedly willing to become his followers, if they only knew the way. Each owned her sinfulness and guilt, each had now presented to her the finished work of Christ with His gracious offer of Himself to be the sinner's Saviour, with assurance that he would "in no wise cast out any" who would trust Him, but that "to as many as would receive Him He would give power to become the sons of God," but the one, in the face of God's declaration that "now is the accepted time," insisted upon waiting for better preparation, while the other, amid tears of mingled joy and sorrow, professed to believe the truth in her heart, and with her mouth confessed Jesus to be henceforth her Lord. Her mother, she said, had often urged her when a child to give her heart to Christ, but never before had she seen the way of salvation as she now saw it, in its simplicity and beauty. How true to what was foretold by our Lord: "Two women shall be together, the one shall be taken, and the other shall be left." Similar cases were of constant occurrence. I am anxious to bring out distinctly that our confidence is

NOT EXCITEMENT, BUT TRUTH.

The truth of God, simply, lovingly, earnestly, believingly presented, in dependence on the Spirit's promised help. The results in the old country and here can only thus be explained: A wonderful similarity has existed both in regard to the absence of

excitement, and the manner in which converts have embraced and rested upon the life-giving word. Let me add some further testimony upon this point. At one place, the first night an enquiry meeting was held, amongst others there remained a man of education and intelligence, who had for some time shunned the Church, associated a good deal with an avowed infidel, and was himself understood to have imbibed skeptical notions—when now he came to the meetings, not seemingly much impressed, but apparently attracted by the earnestness of the workers, and to see for himself if there was "anything in it." God's people there felt that their faith was being put to the test, and much prayer was offered on his behalf. He continued to attend, and learned, as he had never known before, "the truth as it is in Jesus." After some weeks he "confessed Christ, and has since taken his place publicly among the Lord's people, to the great surprise of his former associates, who could no longer say that it was only women and simple youths who were influenced. Wishing to know definitely his state of mind, I wrote to him after leaving the place, though without a thought of publication, and received a reply from which I make the following extract:—"I do thank the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ that His gracious Spirit has enabled me, a lost and undone sinner, to accept of and rest confidently on Christ and in His finished work. His Holy Spirit has caused me to see and to rejoice in the unspeakable love of God, as shown and seen only in Jesus, the friend of sinners, and therefore my loving Saviour. I can't help but love Him and trust Him for what He has done for me." Who can read this without being struck with the intelligence and maturity of faith which it evidences? And why should we not hope well of such a case, where the strong decision shown, and confidence expressed, does not rest upon any real or imagined charge, but upon the eternal word of God and the Saviour concerning whom that word testifies. The fact is, that in the light and warmth of these scenes, concentrated as it is about the person and work of Christ, vivid views are obtained and influences abound which cause the believer to ripen fast. Seed sown years ago quickly fructifies, prayers long offered are at last answered. It was so in the case of the young woman mentioned above, and at Woodville, while nearly all the seventy-two received at last Communion were brought to decision in the meetings, about one-half dated their convictions much farther back. This, by the way, brings out the "reaping" character of the work very strikingly. Still, as far as man could judge, the grain was ripe. This has been remarked by many who have visited these scenes. An old elder from a distance, who was present at the reception by the Session of the band of young converts just referred to, said he had assisted often on such occasions, but had never heard answers to the questions usually put more readily and clearly given. Mr. Fraser, of Kincardine, and others who have visited these scenes, have made similar remarks.

NUMBERS

Are a poor criterion, but surely the fact that *three of our medium congregations have, within the last four or five months, been increased by an aggregate of 157 members*, largely such as above described, besides enjoying manifold blessings to multitudes of others, challenges the candid consideration of every lover of Christ and of souls, for the means by which these results have been (instrumentally) obtained. I repeat it, the seal of the Master's approval is surely being set upon evangelistic work in our Church. At Woodville they have realized his faithfulness. "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?" Shall we hesitate to give glory to His name, and go forward, nothing doubting, trusting that we "shall yet see greater things than these?"

W. M. ROGER.

Ashburn, Oct. 19, 1874.

The congregation of St. Matthew's Church, Point St. Charles, on the 15th inst., unanimously adopted the Synod's report on Union.

The Rev. Professor Ferguson, of Queen's College, Kingston, returned from Europe yesterday, where he spent the summer. We are glad to learn that the reverend gentleman is in excellent health.—*News, 7th inst.*

Mr. Angus Tolson, of Galt, having decided to remove to California for the benefit of Mrs. Tolson's health, was presented by his class in Knox Church S. S. with a handsome quarto album, containing the photographs of the present class, fifteen in number. A suitable inscription engraved on the silver plate was neatly inserted in the cover of the album.

HOURS WITH A CHURCH COURT

VI. NOONTIDE.

Another evening has come; and a most auspicious one it is; for at length the great subject of the season is to be taken up, and a good scheme placed beyond the reach of danger, or abandoned altogether, for many years to come—we now mean incorporation with old mother Kirk, whose leading strings were dropped just thirty years ago. A time like this is not often seen; and therefore is felt the more to be of wide and thrilling interest, when it is, while it always of necessity leaves behind it, among other things, the legacy of sweet or bitter memories. Momentous issues hanging in the balance and eager onlookers, far and near, deeply interested as to which scale is to descend, and how the matter is to end. History in a new mould, taking on some fresh shape and form. Man tried and tested, and revealing himself. God working out his mind and great designs.

But we have an hour to spend, before the time of meeting comes; and feel inclined to avail ourselves of it beneath the open canopy of heaven, the sun at the moment being clad in richest drapery, as he hastens to depart behind the hills—a not unfitting place at times for having our thoughts called in, and one's sympathies opened up, and a few cobwebs of sentiment and crochets brushed away, if a man happens to have any one of these. Consciously treading the aisles of the temple of God, a man is in a bad element for the growth of all uncharity. It is not there and thus that cynics are made; nor crochets nourished; nor morbidity of vision created; but rather by overmuch imprisonment within human walls, and a breathing too freely of the atmosphere of artificial life. In such imprisonment it was that Luther saw, as he dreamed, the Satanic apparition, at whose shadowy head he hurled his ink bottle, only striking the lifeless wall, and spilling his ink for his pains. A covered imagination, with limited vision, is accountable for a great many apparitions in human thoughts, no less marvellous after their kind than Martin Luther's apparition was. And breathing fresh air, and going out into God's great world, in more senses than one, are excellent things for dissolving into nothing, all such undesirable creations of the mind. Would that some of our scientific dreamers, among others, acted more on this, and shortening their hours spent in their laboratories over smelting pots, and analyzing gases, and dissecting cats and insects, breathed more freely the fresh and braising air under those heavens of God, and laid themselves more open to impression amid the humanities of common life?

Well, along with a brother we hasten out to have a stroll, amidst the varied beauties stretching out on every side, which are not scanty by any means in this vicinity. Along a street or two we wander, as yet not decided where to go, until we find ourselves in close proximity to the parliament buildings, when we pass into the grounds, that we may quietly enjoy the attractions of the spot awhile. As the House is not in session, the scene is not so lively as it often is; nevertheless, it has its charms for the lover of nature and art, to which we are more susceptible at present, as it is these rather than the stir and gaieties of human life of which we are in quest. A noble pile of buildings is before us, planted on a rising ground, which forms a lovely situation, from which the prospect is very fine, for a land so plentiful in plains, or at best most gentle undulations in the landscape. There is the expansive Ottawa River gliding swiftly by, a hundred feet or so beneath, with the Chaudiere Falls tumbling and foaming in their wild fury, not far off up the stream, and with one or two extensive saw mills dotting its further shore, away down the stream; there are the rocky heights of the great Northern Range of hills, rising far up overhead, away in the distance, across the rushing flood; there is the Governor's residence some distance off at another point, embowered amidst a mass of foliage, on this side of the river; and there is the rising city with its busy life near by. An impressive picture, taken all together, of the beautiful in nature combined with the art and industries of man. It does one good to stand and simply witness such a scene, while, if one were at all disposed to geologize, or give way to the inspirations of the muse, or ply the artist's brush, one might not want for suitable material to work upon. We have seen grander sights in our town travels, we own, with much more of the sublime in their composition, though not often seen, but there is that in this one, which not only strikes us most agreeably with a sense of the beautiful, but at the same time is fitted to produce impressions which one may seldom experience, and which invest it with mystic charms that are all its own. Those buildings themselves are quite a study, not indeed as a mere piece of masonry work, the sense which one must have had in view who said, "There is a heap of stone and lime waste, there," but as visible forms, in the exercise of human skill, in which certain laws of harmony in the universe of God find a happy illustration—an object, which, the more we look at it, the more its beauties reveal themselves, and impress themselves upon us. There is a certain ideality about them, which has a tendency to lift the thoughts above themselves, and set them afeeling after the invisible,—like some exquisite paintings and pieces of sculpture from master hands, which we have beheld, revealing "forms divine." By

such means we are brought to feel somewhat as Milton felt, when he penned these words, as falling from an angel's lips:

"What if earth
 Be but the shadow of Heaven, and things therein;
 Each to other like, more than on earth is thought?"

Then besides, they have a kind of symbolic meaning as regards the history of this youthful nation, which strikes us very forcibly. There they stand as a monument of a rising nation's industry and aspiration in the past, and as an index within certain limits of what it aims at being in days to come. If we had stood there a few years ago, we would have seen nothing but primary forest, hearing it may be, the growl of bears and the yell of wolves, and marking the path of bounding deer, with, perhaps, in addition, a few wooden shanties planted here and there, signaling the onward march of civilization, to disturb the Indian's home and drive the wild beast from his den to higher latitudes. So the old gives place to the new, and the old is blended with the new, while the new is greater than the old. And it reminds us of the Church fabric of the future, which is gradually being built, and in which it is our privilege to aid in laying a stone or two. Many old things are passing out of here too—new things rising on the wastes, and above the ruins of the past. Well will it be, if the new is ever greater than the old. Well will it be too, if, in such transitions, the legislators who meet from time to time within those walls are in accord with the sacred institutions of the land; and the churches with them loyal to a greater than her to whom we give a loyal people's homage.

Fain would we have lingered among such moods of thought; but not then could that easily be—that which touches more deeply this work-a-day world must intervene, and more than anything else the subject of the hour. The matter of union with the Kirk, then on everybody's lips, could hardly fail to come into the foreground, even during a brief hour of recess. And the more readily was it entertained, because the dreary, dreary, long lasting, belligerent attitude had begun to give way to one of a conciliatory kind on both sides—a thing more grateful ever to unprejudiced humanity—a more life-like expression too, it would seem, of our common creed. Once that evening's meeting had begun, the time for which had now arrived, necessitating our return to the meeting place, this speedily became clear enough, to the great delight of not a few. One became conscious now of more sunlight than before. A sweet flood of light seemed to have burst from above on the place. We must have got nearer to the gates of heaven.

Dark and still darker for a while before did it grow; unhappy portents everywhere hanging in the air; men's hearts failing them for fear. "What meaneth this?" one might well have asked? Was the beautiful fabric which many had been raising for years at length to be laid in ruins? Only building castles in the air was it all? Still was it to be war instead of peace—war when peace should be? So it all seemed till but an hour or two ago. Hoping against hope was it at best; for mutiny had been threatened in the camp, if certain conditions were ignored—conditions which seemed not likely to be obtained. The ground walked on, like a great lava bed, with a smouldering volcano near, ready to send forth its destructive fires with mighty force. Dread uncertainty! Abyss upon abyss! As the man, in a dream, of John Paul Richter, a German poet, who was led by angel guides, away into the immensity of space, amid endless systems and coursing planets, from star to star, from firmament to firmament, from depths and depths to other heights and depths—immensurable, at length sat down and wept, overwhelmed with the thought of ever seeing worlds without limit, giving vent to his burdened spirit by declaring, "Angel, I will go no further, for the spirit of man aches with this infinity." So there are not wanting those who could have wept at the very thought of a long continuance of such a dire suspense. Should they never see the end of it?—never ending schism, yet an unceasing straining after unity—Soylla passed, Charybdis comes in sight—endless tantalization! Perpetual moving in a region of mirage! That nevertheless was but the groundswell in nearing the land. Hail to the first faint outline of the haven of rest, even though in the distance that haven should be. We are helped again in believing that "at eventide it shall be light."

Here we are reminded of a little incident of travel, significant of the prevailing sentiment, up to the eleventh hour. It occurred at a railway junction station, which shall be nameless for the present, while we were on our way to the place of rendezvous in the northern capital. We had a while to wait at this quiet changing place, ere we could resume our journey to the north; and as there was a spunking there of both the bodies that for a length of time had been trying to arrange a marriage between themselves, for better or for worse, was natural enough that there should be a good deal of conversation on the match proposed. The air was resonant indeed with the very conversation of which we speak; but we are not aware that there were here any passages of arms; all rather seemed to be in the most kindly of words—nothing but brotherly intercourse, with the unguarded expression of Christian courtesy, marked the passing hour, as the scene presented itself to us. Perhaps no warriors had met; or if they did, it might be, they were tired of parrying blades; or it may be, they were wondering if it were not possible to put the sword into its sheath, and let it rest there. There were soldiers of opposing ranks among us though, which soon became plain enough, even though their banners were not hoisted on the breeze. A large number of us, with other fellow-travellers, were crowding

round the window of the ticket office, waiting as patiently as we could for our turn to come to get our billets for the journey still before us, and having the time beguiled occasionally with a bit of humour rising from the throng, when the writer was greeted by a clerical friend from the West who had just got through the ordeal, and seemed gratified with his achievement, as we also would have been, had we been at the moment in his place; and after the ordinary salutations made, he passed out of the throng, to make room for others to come in, and as he passed informed us that he had dropped a silver piece in the crowd, and desired us to have an eye on the spot, as it might possibly be found. We got our billet soon, but had seen no trace of the silver piece, and it seemed to be lost—beyond recall. The piece was found, however, and in its finding had its mission as a sign of how the course of things was moving. As it happened the finder was one of the leaders of the opposition. And when the loser was made aware of the fact, he gave us to know, that he should propose, as the condition of his acceptance of the coin at the finder's hands, that the gentleman should henceforth change his union attitude, all of which was intended, as we took it, for a simple bit of pleasantry. Well, only a little time elapsed, when the finder came along, and the loser told him the terms, which he had already mentioned to us, the issue of which we were rather curious to know. Alas for the terms! The words were no sooner spoken than we became conscious of a cloud floating before the vision, if even no bigger than a man's hand. That worthy man manifestly had not yet been won. The incident served to keep our expectations moderate, till time, the wonder worker, evolved a new phase of things, which might form a happy meeting point for all. Now that new phase of things has been evolved, and that meeting place been reached.

MEMORIAL.

Ignoramus and the Adjourned Meeting of Assembly.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

My Dear Sir,—In your issue of 25th inst., you seem to regret that Stadacona will write no more on the question raised by him, and to which you refer as by no means groundless. If he will not write, and as you appear now to take the part of a "go between," I shall feel greatly obliged should you consult him, and furnish in your next issue plain answers to the following plain questions, for the enlightenment of Ignoramus and his friends:

1st. When the several Presbyteries of the C. P. C. appointed the Ministers and Elders, who were to compose the Assembly of June, 1874, was it not expected that that Assembly would be called upon to deal with the question of union?

2nd. Was it not the hope, desire, and prayer of the vast majority of our Church, ministers, elders, and members, that the contemplated union would be speedily effected?

3rd. Was the Assembly that met in Ottawa not competent to consummate that union—on our part—should the way be clear?

The way became unexpectedly, but providentially—and I trust, by the grace of God—clear. Was it not then, I ask in the 4th place in accordance with the very genius of Presbyterianism, by which our Moderator is only *primus inter pares*; that the Assembly should, because of a change even in the preamble, consult their brethren and sisters in Christ, throughout the whole church, either by remit, or in any other orderly way that they considered proper?

5th. Are any of us warranted in interfering with that Assembly in doing the work which we commissioned them to do, provided it be done wisely and well?

And finally: If union were to be one of the great and important questions, if not the important question, with which that Assembly was called to deal, can this business of union be justly called a new business now?

By answering these queries, you will confer a great favor on your humble servant.

18th Oct. 1874.

IGNORAMUS.

Ministerial Titles.

EDITOR BRITISH AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN.

DEAR SIR,—Your issue of the 14th September contains an extract from the Glasgow Herald, showing the intolerance and arrogance of a Vicar and Bishop of the Church of England in refusing the title "Reverend" to a Wesleyan minister. It appears that the Conference were distressed at the unfortunate occurrence—considered themselves insulted by the intolerance of the Vicar and Bishop, &c., &c.

The above has set me to a course of examination into the Scriptural authority for ministerial titles, but so far it has been unfavourable to their use. I would be greatly assisted if some of your learned correspondents would solve the following queries: 1st. I find the name or title Reverend occurs but twice in the Scriptures, and then applied to God, Psalm cxi, 3. "Holy and Reverend is his name," says the Psalmist. Now is it right for any man, even if he has been set apart by the hands of a Bishop to call, or allow himself to be called by a name or title by which God has been pleased to make himself known?

2nd. Does not the giving or receiving any title of distinction imply superior holiness, directly contrary to the commands of the Lord Jesus Christ, as contained in Matt. xix, 16, 17, and xxiii, 8-10.

3rd. Can any authority be produced from the Scriptures for their use? Answers to the above would much oblige
 A. SABBATH SCHOOL TEACHER,
 Temperanceville, Oct. 17, 1874.