

SPECIAL  
ARTICLES

## Our Contributors

BOOK  
REVIEWS

## MUST.

By Rev. J. W. Macmillan, B.A.

There are two classes of necessities in human experience, those which are the portion and lot of an unfortunate race, and those which are the imperious choice of each individual's free will. There is a "must" of fate, which all have to endure. And there is a "must" of purpose, which each man feels that he has to do. The former is appointed to man, as are his birth, death, or judgment. The latter he appoints to himself, as the experience he holds to be supremely desirable.

You can tell one man from another by the thing which he feels he must do. One must be amused, all serious things must clear the track for fun. Another must have money, he goes away sorrowful from the high summons to lowly service, for he loves great possessions. Another must speak the truth; it may indeed be awkward, but he did not figure the result in his calculation; he cannot have one story in his heart and another upon his lips.

Most of us cheer ourselves with hope, even in the most critical and calamitous times. We imagine relief in the unknown, and weave visions of delight out of the vain fabric of our wishes. We say, "It is better farther off." When Napoleon crossed the Alps, or marshalled his legions on the pestilential shores of Syria, or planned the attack at Waterloo, he was sustained by the hope of glorious victory. He did not say to himself, "Soon all these brave fellows will be scattered or slain, my throne, overturned, and myself a captive." But there have been times when we knew that it was worse farther on, and yet advanced. John the Baptist said, "I must decrease," and still preached his gospel of wrath to come. Jesus said, "The Son of Man must be put to death," and set his face steadfastly to go on to Jerusalem.

It is false to say that Christianity does not count the cost. It is never reckless, but knows and accepts. Our Lord did not say, "I will do what is right, and never mind the consequences." He said, "I know the consequences, and I will do what is right."

Do not think, however, that the "must" which admits that the end of striving is the gloom of apparent defeat, is uttered with a sigh. It comes from a breast which is commanded by an imperative, not forced by an inevitable. Jesus went to His death like a soldier who broke down the enemy's walls even as he sank in blood, not like a felon who is led with pinioned arms to a scaffold.

There is an ardor and exultation in the acceptance of crushing imperatives which goes far to help us bear them. Sorrow carries its own distinction, and creates its own dignity. Duty calls her children with a voice loud as a trumpet, and sweet as a silver bell. A martyr generally sings at the stake. Men have never liked their religion diluted. When the way of life is made broad and easy, the multitude scorn it. They know right well that no promise path of dalliance leadeth unto life, but straight is its gate and narrow is its way.

It is the pettiness of our lives that afflicts us. In greatly living we shall find relief from fret. A noble purpose refuses to dwell with beggarly discontent. On the red cross shield of faith, the blazonry and the device of which advertises you to the world, let the apostles' heroic declaration be written clear and large, "We must obey God rather than men."

Winnipeg.

## CURSE AND EFFECT.

A sensation was sprung on the people of Hamilton by the arrest of the manager of a city branch of the Bank of Hamilton. The following statement of the matter was handed out by Mr. James Turnbull, manager of the head office of the Bank of Hamilton:—"The Bank of Hamilton is sorry to say that systematic defalcations have been made at its east end branch by T. Hillhouse Brown, who has been its agent since its opening. The embezzlement has been going on for several years, and has been cleverly concealed. The loss to the bank, which will be readily provided for out of surplus current profits, is a small matter in comparison with the regret which is felt over the gross breach of trust by an officer so well and favorably known, and hitherto so highly respected."

The defalcations are stated to amount to perhaps \$100,000. The young man is said to have been living extravagantly; his salary was but a moderate one, yet he was indulging in a yacht, fast horses, and a good deal of expensive entertaining. We refer to the matter for the purpose of pointing the ever necessary moral that young men need to be warned by parents, pulpits and press, that expensive living on a small salary creates temptations that ought to be avoided. Extravagance, speculation, gambling, fast habits—how can these things help any young man to plant his feet on the rock of solid and genuine success? By line upon line, and precept upon precept, the loftiest ideals of integrity in the smallest things, as well as in those that are not small, should be constantly inculcated. A renewal of the idea of plain living and high thinking, combined with unbending uprightness, would seem to be eminently needed.

## THE EVER-PRESENT SAVIOUR.

There is no escaping the omnipresent Christ. Whatever men may think of him, however they may speak of him or deny him, they cannot escape him. Of old the Psalmist said: "Whither shall I go from thy spirit? Whither shall I flee from thy presence?" We may more truly raise the same inquiries now. If men will go into the streets they will hear his voice in all the church bells and his face will beam upon them from the facade of every church building. The spires of his temple break the skyline no matter where they look. In the libraries there is scarcely a book that somewhere on its pages his name or face does not greet them. He meets them in statue and painting in the great galleries of art. For every wedding he has his Cana, for every home he has his Bethany; for every sorrow his Gethsemane; for every death his Calvary and his tomb in the garden lies side by side with every grave. Go where we will our eyes see him, our ears hear him, our feet stumble upon him. The sun shines upon us but for a few hours, the moon and the stars for but a little while; but his eyes are on us ever, his presence leaves us never. In the labor of the field or mine, in the courts or in the marts, in the tumult of the crowd or the solitude of the desert—wherever we are, he is; wherever we go, he goes. "If we take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea" we shall not escape him. He is indeed an ever-present Saviour.

The tests of life are to make, not break us. Trouble may demolish a man's business, but build up his character. The things we attempt may not be accomplished, but we may be more accomplished. Character is the prize of life.—Maltbie D. Babcock.

## A SABBATH IN MONTREAL.

The writer spent a recent Sabbath quietly in Montreal, Canada, and had the privilege of worshipping with two of the leading Presbyterian congregations in the city. Some impressions of what he heard and saw are here given.

In the morning we went to the American Presbyterian church, of which the Rev. Robert Johnston, D.D., is now the minister. This influential church is connected with the Presbytery of New York, of the Presbyterian Church, North. Years ago many, perhaps most, of its members were American by birth; but now most of its people are of Canadian birth, although of American lineage. It has a fine place of worship, and within its fold are many of the merchant princes of Montreal, so that it is a very influential body.

It was Home Mission Day in this church, and Dr. Johnston preached a splendid sermon bearing upon this great theme of the day. He spoke of the possibilities, the privileges and the perils of the Canadian Northwest, where the Home Mission field of the Dominion mainly lies. It was an eloquent plea for a large vision and a hearty support of the work in the new districts of the country. This church last year gave over \$3,000 for Home Mission work in Canada, mainly in the far West of that broad land.

This service throughout was inspiring and uplifting. The singing of the congregation led by a large chorus choir was most hearty, and general, and the whole air of the place was quiet, reverent and spiritual.

In the afternoon we attended a very interesting meeting in the fine new Young Men's Christian Association Building of McGill University. This building cost \$104,000. It stands by the beautiful gateway of the University campus, and is admirably fitted for its purpose.

At this afternoon devotional service we found about 200 earnest young men gathered for their weekly service. Dr. Robert Johnston was the speaker, and he gave a stirring address on the vision of God and the vision of man which he pled with the young men to seek to learn, in order to the fullest equipment for the tasks and trials of life whatever these may be.

At night we found ourselves in another large Presbyterian church as part of a fine audience gathered in Crescent Street church edifice. The minister here is a young man of energy and considerable power, Rev. J. A. Mackey, A.B. He began, with this service, a series of twelve sermons on "Religion as Friendship with God," and undertook the very difficult task of answering the question "What is Religion?" There was much that was fresh and interesting in the discourse, which was based upon the text—"And Enoch walked with God;" and yet it was, to us at least, not quite satisfying. Perhaps the fault was with the hearer, and it may be that other hearers found it more satisfying. Religion was defined as friendship with God, but what is the precise nature of this friendship? One or two reflections may be set down in conclusion.

First, the large congregations gathered together, especially at the evening services, were quite noticeable. The attendance at night is fully equal to that of morning.

Secondly, the hearty congregational singing, led not by a quartette, but by choruses of twenty or thirty voices, arrested attention at once. There were anthems, but the congregation had an opportunity