

Our Contributors.

FORWARD THE WHOLE ARMY.

BY KNOXONIAN.

A few days ago the first through train on the Canadian Pacific Railway steamed out of Montreal for the Pacific coast. No doubt it arrived there in due time. That train was *ours*: it ran on Canadian rails over Canadian soil. Years ago our political orators used to work up fine climaxes about uniting the Atlantic and the Pacific by an iron band. The thing is done. And the point we wish to make is that it was done by a large body of men working together for a common purpose. No doubt machinery was used, but it was used by men. Dynamite and steam were used, but they were used by men. The three thousand miles of railway were built by men. We do not know how many men were employed, but for the purposes of this paper let us say there were a hundred thousand. No one man built the road, no ten men built it, no hundred nor thousand men built it. The hundred thousand built it, and in building it each individual man did his share.

There is a broad sense in which it might be said that Parliament and the syndicate built the railway. How absurd it would be to suppose that they did all the work. Fancy Sir John starting out with a pick over his shoulder, and Mr. Blake with a shovel, and Sir George Stephen with a wheelbarrow to build three thousand miles of railway. The two hundred members of Parliament, and all the members of the syndicate, and all those who have stock in the company would not have a mile of railway built, if they did the work with their own hands, by the time that genial brother Parsons thinks important changes will take place. Everybody would laugh at the idea of building the railway in that way. And yet the idea is not one whit more absurd than to suppose that the whole work of a Church should be done by the minister and a few office-bearers. Sir John Macdonald and Mr. Blake starting out with a pick and a shovel and a wheelbarrow to build a railway from Ottawa to the Pacific Ocean is not a more grotesque conception than the conception those people have of doing Church work who believe that all the work should be done by a few office-bearers. The railway was built by every man doing his share, and the world will be evangelized when every man in the Church does his share of the work and no sooner.

Mr. Gladstone says that the contest at present raging in England is like Inkerman, because it is a soldiers' battle. The Lord's battle is a soldiers' battle, and it will be won when the soldiers find out that the officers are not to do all the fighting. We hear and read a great deal about ecclesiastical machinery. What is needed in the Presbyterian Church now is not more machinery, but more men to work the machinery already in existence. The difference between the most powerful congregations and those that have no influence is not merely or mainly a difference in numbers. The difference is mainly in the number of men and women who work. It is said that Spurgeon never admits a member to his Church without asking him what work he is prepared to do. Dr. Kittredge, of Chicago, had the most influential congregation in that city, and one secret of their power and extraordinary growth was that every member was supposed to do some work. The doctor's views on this point may be learned from the following extract from his farewell sermon preached the other day. Another essential of a strong, successful Church is activity. The only inactive thing in this world is death, and a Church made up of lazy members is a dead Church, and if we could only have a funeral of such Churches and decently bury them, it would be better for the interests of the Kingdom. A healthy plant is one that is brimful of activity, from the deepest root tendril to the topmost and tiniest leaf. A healthy body is one in which every drop of blood, from the brain to the feet, is busy doing its mission with every heart beat, and if one of these myriad drops becomes stagnant, the whole system is deranged, and health and vigour disappear. So a Church can be healthy and strong only as it is full of vigorous life, as each member is busy doing his or her part toward the efficiency of the whole body, thus leaving no time for spiritual ennui or fault finding. All have not the same work to do, for the gifts in a Church are as varied as the foliage in a

forest, but to every one God has entrusted a mission, for He has no place for ornamental shrubbery in His vineyard; and when a Church has become a bee-hive of activity, each man, woman and child with something to do for Jesus, something to pray for, something to plan for, something to push forward, then the love deepens as the work broadens, love for the Master for whose sake every seed is sown, every sheaf is gathered, love for the brethren and sisters labouring by our side, so near us in the toiling and weeping that we can feel their hearts beating, and hear their every whisper of joy or sigh of grief. Dr. Adam Clarke said: "The old proverb about having too many irons in the fire is an abominable old lie. Have all in it—shovel, tongs and poker." Well, this is certainly true of a Church, all the irons must be in the fire of grace, every member must have hold of some shovel or tongs or poker, then you have enthusiasm, you have unity, you have power, and the larger the body the better, unless the Church membership relinquish the shovel, tongs and poker to the pastor and officers, contenting themselves with watching the fire, and criticising the few who are doing the work of the whole.

Yes, the trouble is just there. The pastor and a few office-bearers have to handle the shovel and tongs and poker and all the rest, while the body of the people in too many instances sit lazily by the fire and look on. Some do worse—they make snarling remarks about the way the fire is stirred, but they take precious good care they never handle shovel or tongs or poker themselves. A few do worse than even this, they try to put out the fire.

There are 127,611 members in the Presbyterian Church in Canada. How many would there be if every member when applying explained to the session the course he meant to pursue? Supposing one should say, "I desire to become a member in full communion. When admitted I will attend service once a day, but I will not attend the prayer meeting. I will not undertake to do any work. There is no use in assigning me any work, because I cannot—will not—do it. I will pay as little as possible. I do not promise to take any interest in Church matters—will not attend any Church meetings. In fact, I will do as little as possible—will pay as little as possible—will take as little interest as possible." Would any man making this statement be received? And yet this is precisely what hundreds—thousands—do after they have been received. It may be urged that all ministers and office-bearers are not doing what they should. True, and the argument will be a most powerful and convincing one when two blacks make one white.

WINTER STATIONS ON THE MEDITERRANEAN.—V.

BORDIGHERA

is ten miles east of Mentone, and five miles beyond Ventimiglia, where all trains to and from Italy stop an hour for examination of baggage and change of carriages. At the Ventimiglia station are two clocks, one showing Roman time (forty-seven minutes in advance of Paris) by which the Italian trains run; the other, Paris time, which directs the French trains. The distinguishing feature of Bordighera is its

PLANTATIONS OF PALM TREES,

whose tufted tops wave above the citron and orange trees laden with yellow fruit, while in the background stand the straggling, crooked olives. Bordighera supplies Rome at Easter with palm leaves, and the Jews in Germany and Holland for the Feast of Tabernacles. Those who spend some months here in winter make occasional visits to La Colla, an old town on a lofty hill, half way to San Remo, for the purpose of seeing the native place of Brescia, the sea captain who, contrary to the orders of Pope Sextus V., broke the silence, by calling aloud to "wet the ropes," when the obelisk was being raised in front of St. Peter's Church in Rome. The ropes had been too far stretched to raise the enormous weight to the perpendicular, and would soon have given way had the order not been obeyed. Instead of being punished for disobeying the orders of the Pope, Brescia obtained in perpetuity the above privilege for his native district.

In this little town of La Colla, too, is a valuable collection of pictures, mostly by Italian masters. They were selected by the Abbé Ramaldi, at Florence, and bequeathed to this, his native place, at his death in 1864.

Many visitors linger for a time at Bordighera, where

Dr. George MacDonald and his family spend their winters, and receive boarders. There are many pleasant walks and drives up the valleys behind, with the usual sights of old towns, crumbling feudal castles, middle-age churches, and fruitful olive trees. In the valley of the Nervir is Perinaldo, the birthplace in 1625 of Giovanni Domenico Cassini, the most famous of a family of distinguished astronomers, who succeeded one another for four generations as directors of the Observatory in Paris.

THE CLIMATE

of Bordighera is about the same as that of San Remo, but as a place of residence it has fewer resources. Readers will remember that this part of the coast forms the scene of the beautiful story of "Dr. Antonio," by Giovanni Ruffini, who was born in a mountain village—Taggia—to which an omnibus runs daily from San Remo, and from which interesting excursions are made on foot or on donkeys.

SAN REMO,

sixteen miles from Mentone, has grown greatly since I first saw it, before the railroad was opened. Its winter population is said to be now 18,000. To accommodate visitors, large hotels and beautiful villas are yearly being erected. The streets of the modern town are clean, and the shops are supplied with everything needed by tourists. But more interesting to me is

OLD SAN REMO,

which is built on two very steep hills, its streets being not only narrow, but dark and tortuous. At different heights these lanes are spanned by heavy stone arches, constructed, it is said, for support in earthquake times. From many of these depend tufts of ferns and creeping plants. At the doors, as you mount, sit old women spinning, distaff in hand, and old men with red Garibaldi caps, smoking—their faces and garments having assumed the colour and ruggedness of the dens in which they pass their nights, if not their days. Such of the houses as bear the name of shops, are simply long, narrow vaults, light entering only by the door; and these contain a most heterogeneous collection of goods, including pickled olives, cotton handkerchiefs, macaroni, tin lamps, snails and singing birds. Unfortunately on the Riviera there is no law against shooting singing birds, so that you find robins, thrushes, and even smaller birds, served to you at table. Thus, what Horace tells us of the feasts in Italy in his day applies also to the present time, so far as the poor little birds are concerned. On some doors you see printed or written the words "Sale e Tabacchi"—salt and tobaccos—a curious combination, which is explained by the fact that salt is a monopoly of the Government, and only tobacco shops are licensed to sell it.

Occasionally you meet a procession of women coming from the hills, carrying on their heads immense bundles of leaves and twigs, as fodder and bedding for their cattle; and sometimes donkeys descend upon you, with wine-barrels slung at their sides, and then you have to take refuge in a door-way or cellar, to avoid being crushed against a dirty wall, or trampled by the zig-zagging quadrupeds. You notice that many of the houses have flat roofs, as in the East, and these are apportioned to the respective dwellers beneath to dry clothes on, or to cultivate vines. At the very summit of the old town is built the

LEPERS' HOSPITAL,

one of the only two now remaining in Italy. On the ground floor are the offices, and a little chapel with two galleries—one for the males, the other for the females. On the first story are the men's wards—large, clean and airy—and which open out upon a terraced garden. Another stair conducts to the female wards with their terrace. I learned that there are generally five or six patients of each sex here, and was told that the females are more disfigured by the disease than the men. I believe it is neither infectious nor contagious. Behind the hospital stands, in an avenue of cypress trees,

THE SANTUARIUM,

with an inscription over the doorway, "Plenary indulgence every day." The view from this point on a clear spring day is truly magnificent. Behind rise the higher ranges of the Maritime Alps, the lower slopes covered with terraces of olives, and belts of pine and oak, and their higher peaks white with snow, which had freshly fallen when I saw them. The valleys and hills behind San Remo have many pleasant walks