

in its hold on the faith and on the sacraments by its unbroken link with the past, it exists for the maintenance of God's truth and its application to the needs of man—not for the purpose of upholding its own power. A Church fitted for free men, training them in knowledge and in reverence alike; disentangling the spirit from the form, because of its close contact with sons who love their mother, and frankly speak out their minds; not wandering among formulæ, however beautiful, which have lost their meaning; finding room increasingly for every form of devotional life, but training its graces into close connection with men's endeavours and aspirations; having no objects of its own which it cannot explain and make manifest as being for the highest good of all; afraid of nothing, receptive of new impulses; quick, watchful, alert; proving all things, and ever ready to give a reason for its principles and for their application; exhorting, persuading, convincing; so rooted in the past that it is strong in the present, and evermore hopeful of the future. For the great work of the Church of Christ is to mould the future, and so hasten the coming of the kingdom. Its eyes are turned to the past for instruction and warning, not for imitation. Steadfast in the faith, built up on the foundation which its Master laid, it can speak the truth in love, using such words and methods as men can best understand; so penetrated by the importance of its message that it can speak it in manifold ways, to men of varying tempers and knowledge and feelings, but striving to speak it in such a way that the method of its teaching ever elevates and invigorates the taught."

The Place for the Choir.

Among interesting objects on view at the London Church Congress was a photograph of the interior of St. Clement's church, Rome, the most ancient Christian church in existence, referred to as ancient by St. Jerome and others in the fourth century. The photograph shows the original position of the choir, the chorus cantorum, in a Christian church. It would appear that in ancient times the choristers were placed in an enclosed "choir," which stood well out into the body of the church; and so it was in our mediæval churches, notably in the British cathedrals and abbey churches. It is only in our modern building that the change has been made of burying away the choir in a narrow annex to the church proper, which we call the chancel. Which is right? Which is the more conducive to the proper ideal of the choir leading the responsive music of the congregation?

A Presbyterian's Views.

Mr. Samuel Smith, a Presbyterian, and a member of the British Parliament for a Welsh constituency, has been giving to the members of Knox College, in Toronto, his views on the recent controversies in the Church in England. There can, of course, be no objection raised on our part to his doing so, if the authorities of the college invite

him, though we confess we do not see at this moment how these matters concern either the speaker or his hearers, any more than the divergences of ritual in Presbyterian churches concern ourselves, or would form a suitable subject for an address by (say) Lord Halifax, or by an American senator to the students of Trinity College. We can only hope that those who heard the honorable member's address, or read it in the newspapers, are not so ill informed of the true state of affairs, as to take all he said as true; many of his statements have been shown to have no foundation in fact (like Lady Wimborne's donkey story), and many more are distorted out of their true proportion. We should be sorry if anything coming from so untrustworthy a source should tend to disturb the harmonious relations which have so long existed between the Presbyterians and ourselves, with whom we are at one on almost all the essential doctrines of the Faith, and whose firm stand in holding fast to the Word of God against the insidious attacks of the false theology of the present day we most thankfully recognize.

THE CITY AND THE EMPIRE.

The magnificent exhibition in Toronto on the 25th of October will long be remembered, will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. It was indeed a memorable day historically. It was the Feast of St. Crispin, on which the Battle of Agincourt was won by Henry V. It was the anniversary of the celebrated Balaklava charges—of the heavy and light brigades. But it was something upon which we can look with greater satisfaction than upon these great exploits, marvellous as they were. The campaign of Henry V., legitimate as it might appear from the point of view of the time, is not one upon which we can now look back with complete approval. The Crimean war might be justified from various points of view; but there are few who will now regard it as a thing of actual necessity. In thus writing, we do in no degree disparage the valour or patriotism of the brave men who gave their lives at the command of their country. It is the soldier's business—not to judge of the quarrel in settling which he has to take part, but to give his sword to his country. The responsibility of the quarrel lies on other shoulders. But undoubtedly the spirit which dwells and acts in our Canadian volunteers is something better and higher than the mere spirit of obedience. The men who went forth from the City of Toronto on St. Crispin's Day were not mere instruments obedient to the call of duty. They were this, of course. They had pledged themselves to be "Soldiers of the Queen," to fight the battles of their country, whenever their Queen and Country should call upon them to do so. "Theirs not to answer Why, theirs not to make reply." We believe they would have obeyed if they had been called to obey. But they did better than this. They offered themselves for a cause which they understood. They volunteered for a cause with which they had com-

plete sympathy. They were not merely doing as they were bid; they were obeying their conscience. It is a great crisis in the development of the Empire. Greater Britain is now becoming the true Britain. Long ago Coleridge declared that he did not regard that as his country which was the mere soil on which he had been born—his country extended to all who spoke his language, cherished the institution of the Fatherland, and carried on its civilization in other parts of the world. And surely this is the right view. We in Canada are as much Britons as the inhabitants of Great Britain and Ireland. Many of us were born on the other side of the Atlantic. Many of us are born of parents who had for their home the little islands in Europe. It has been said, every Canadian is a Briton, and every Briton becomes a Canadian the moment he plants his foot on the soil of Canada; and this is true. And we are learning every day, more and more, that the great Empire, of which we form a part, is worth preserving, is infinitely worth preserving—is worth surrendering life for. And this not merely because we are patriots, because we love our soil, our race, our name, but because we believe from the bottom of our hearts that God has intended this people to do a great and abiding work among men for Him. The British people have not great powers of attraction. They cannot fascinate, as the French do. A French writer has said, they are "justes, mais ils ne sont pas bons." "They are just, but they are not nice." Well, perhaps so. When people have a quantity of serious work to do, they cannot always be quite "nice." But that is not the entire question. What is the result of their action among the peoples whom they take in hand to govern? Do they elevate them, purify them, civilize them? Are these people better or worse, are they treated more or less justly and humanely, when they come under British control? We ask such questions with perfect confidence. There is no country which is not the better for British influence. There is no other nation which has so beneficially influenced subject nations. This may be asserted with perfect confidence. The Canadian contingent, therefore, which has gone forth to join the Imperial army, has gone forth in the name of human progress and civilization. And the same spirit was strong in the hundreds and thousands who witnessed their departure. They rejoiced in offering their best for the service of war and of God. There were many more ready to offer themselves, if that were necessary. The whole heart of the people beat with one impulse. No Torontonians has ever seen the like in the Queen City. It is most unlikely that the same should ever be seen here again. It is an era in our lives that will never be forgotten. It has told us that we are the true heirs of the glory of our native land, that we are handing on to posterity that which we have received from those who have gone before us.

—Never believe ill of others until forced to do so, and then keep what you believe to yourself.