

Our Contributors.

THE STILL HUNT IN HALTON.

BY KNOXIAN.

During the late contest in Halton, one of the speakers contrasted the stillness which prevailed on the anti-Scott side with the noise and display made in former contests, when Alderman Dodds drove in state through the county. The speaker evidently thought that the stillness was the stillness of death. He thought that the liquor interest was doing nothing because it was not making a noise. That gentleman, though a Queen's Counsel and a politician, was tremendously mistaken. The stillness was not the stillness of death. It was the stillness of machinery running smoothly, and doing its work only too well. Had the anti-Scott men been noisy and demonstrative, their work would not have been so successful, nor would the surprise have been so great when the ballots were counted.

In fact, the still hunt and the conspiracy of silence are among the most effective methods of modern electioneering. An active anti-Scott man who won't argue is, other things being nearly equal, a far more dangerous man than the fellow who blusters and abuses the other side. His silence disarms the Scott Act man. He thinks the silent anti-Scott man is not doing anything because he is not blustering. As a matter of fact, he is diligently working up the vote on the back concessions. The men on the back concessions have votes. Bluster has no vote. Noise never marks a ballot. The liquor interest has just made this discovery, and it is all the more formidable because the discovery has been made.

Noise is not power. The great Corliss engine that drove all the machinery in Machinery Hall, during the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, did not make as much noise as some sewing machines make. The engine that drives up the water supply for the splendid city of Cleveland does not make as much noise as a coffee mill in a corner grocery. We have heard a preacher in a backwoods schoolhouse make more noise in one evening at a "special effort" than Dr. John Hall makes in a year; and John Hall speaks pretty loud at times. But the noise had little power beyond the power of exciting some of the audience and giving others a splitting headache. We have heard "local men" on the stump who make more noise in one speech than Mr. Mowat has made in all the speeches he has delivered since he was a boy in Kingston. The noise hasn't made any of them Premier yet, and probably may not until Mr. Mowat's time is out.

Noise is not power. Why repeat that truism? Why? Just because many people think that noise is power. Not long ago there were fairly good men who thought that the Salvation Army would revolutionize this country! Why did they think so? Mainly because they could not distinguish between noise and power.

Noise is not work. Here are two pastors labouring in the same community. One is a buzzing, fussy, noisy man, who has always something on hand that serves for an advertisement. His church is more of an advertising medium than a teaching power. The man called the pastor—and there is a grim humour in calling a man of that kind a pastor—tries as hard to get something new that will draw as the manager of a theatre. Of his church it can be truly said "There is always something going on there," but the something though, like Dr. Guthrie's preacher, sometimes "animatin'," and sometimes "divertin'," and occasionally disgusting, is rarely edifying. The one thing that is always present, the one thing that never fails, the one thing without which the concern would collapse is—noise.

In the same community there is a pastor of the still hunt variety. He makes no noise, but he keeps up a still hunt all the year round. He looks out for new families, for Sabbath school children, for strangers, for people in trouble, for people under religious impressions, for young people, for every kind of people that need him.

Other things being equal, the congregation of the still hunt pastor will, at the end of five years, completely distance in numbers, in finances, in missionary effort, in spirituality, in everything good, the congregation of the noisy man.

But remember the still hunt pastor suffers most excruciatingly at times. Some of his own people

come to him every time there is a noise of any kind in the noisy church and say, "Why don't you get up a noise too? Our congregation is breaking up. Our people are leaving in hundreds. Why don't you get a man that can make a noise? Why don't you get a woman? Why don't you get an evangelist?"

The still hunt pastor must just suffer in silence and bide his time. Usually he has not to bide very long. The crowd who are making the noise can generally be relied on to do something that will weaken them so much that they cease to be formidable.

The still hunt is very effective in the Sabbath school. The superintendent who keeps up a still hunt for good teachers and office bearers always gets them. The teachers who keep up a still hunt for scholars always have them.

The still hunt is the only effective method of raising money for good purposes. The professors of Knox and Montreal Colleges went on a still hunt, and got money to erect fine buildings and make fair endowments. Principal Grant went on a still hunt for a quarter of a million for Queen's and got it. These esteemed gentlemen might have held meetings and headed brass band processions until the millennium, and they would not have money enough to pay their expenses. It takes a still hunt to bring in the money.

Some people who have a fairly decent regard for the memory of George Washington say that the still hunt is the only sure way of getting a call in a good vacancy, the hunt to be made by the candidate's friends of course. They say the still hunt explains how it is that the weakest preacher of a dozen or score is often chosen. There often is something mysterious about calls, and probably the still hunt is one way of explaining such mysteries.

NOTES FROM BOSTON.

The readers of THE CANADA PRESBYTERIAN will be pleased to learn that the good cause of Presbyterianism is making substantial and gratifying progress in this Modern Athens. Within a few months past, some distinct features of growth have shown themselves. The St. Andrew's Church purchased a beautiful place of worship for themselves. For a good while, indeed for years, it seemed doubtful if the Church and congregation could be continued, or if it continued to exist, there was grave cause to fear lest it would require to connect itself with another body in order to obtain a church home. This has happily all passed away, and the pastor and people are in good and gladsome mood because of the happy circumstances of change. The pastor is Rev. Dr. McDonald, a Cape Breton boy, who is doing noble work in the Hub.

THE SCOTCH CHURCH.

This is a new congregation—a church organized less than a year ago. Still, it is now a great power for good in Boston. It is sometimes called the *Gaelic* Church. An old Jewish synagogue has been purchased at a cost of \$2,600—a large sum, but one which the people and pastor gladly and hopefully undertake. They are in fine spirits, and well they may, for their services are crowded every Sabbath. The Rev. Mr. Gunn, from Nova Scotia, has much to encourage him in his work.

SOUTH BOSTON.

This is often called the Fourth Presbyterian Church—its technical name; but is more usually known as the South Boston Church, because it is located in the southern part of the city. This is an old Church, having had a large number of pastors. For many years the people worshipped in a small, unattractive and inconvenient place. The building was about enough to give pastor and people the "chills" every time they would enter it, and for people to make their Church here, with its drawbacks and with the many and fine churches near by, required a people to be of the right stuff—true-blue Presbyterians. Thanks to the King and Head of the Church, there were some such in South Boston. But there was only a mere handful of people identified with this Church and worshipping in this building when the Rev. A. Burrows, of St. Andrew's Church, Truro, N. S., unexpectedly preached for them just four years ago. They were without a pastor at the time, and they were so much delighted with his services that they immediately extended him a unanimous call, which in due time was accepted, but he did not enter upon his work till the autumn, except for a few Sabbaths. Having to go to the Pan-Presbyterian Council in Belfast, Ireland, his

settlement in Boston had to be deferred. This the congregation readily assented to. From the time of his entering upon his work in this new field of labour, Mr. Burrows has worked with energy and zeal worthy of all praise. And in all his work he has been greatly aided by his excellent and energetic wife. In due time the congregation outgrew their old place of worship and bought a Methodist Church, which had become of no service for Methodists, as they amalgamated with another, finding it impossible to build up a new one. The building is quite new, and well equipped and arranged for all the requirements of a congregation. Securing this attractive church, and in a central position, the congregation has steadily increased. The building is virtually free from debt, as property included rents for more than the interest on the unpaid balance on the property. At the annual meeting of the Church, held February 3, it was unanimously resolved to add \$250 to the pastor's salary, making it \$2,000. At the time of Mr. Burrows' settlement there the congregation received several hundred dollars from the Home Mission Board. It will be gratifying to the many friends of Mr. Burrows to learn that his services have proved so successful and that he has an appreciative people. This is the first instance in the history of this congregation in which they increased the pastor's salary. Formerly, no increase was granted except to a new pastor. This is a new departure, and one of the right kind. The Church is now in a healthy and prosperous condition in all the departments of its work.

SCRIPTOR.

THE McALL MISSION.

The monthly meeting of the McAll Mission was held on a recent Thursday in the parlour of the Y.M.C.A. building. A very interesting letter was read by the secretary, from M. Durreleman, the evangelist labouring at La Rochelle and Rochefort. The treasurer reports \$135.77 on hand. The following paper was contributed:

ROCHEFORT AND LA ROCHELLE.

These two towns, in which are two halls of the McAll Mission, the support of which has been undertaken by this auxiliary, are situated in the south-west of France, distant from Paris about 290 miles.

They are in the same department or province, La Rochelle being the capital, and lie about eighteen miles apart.

Rochefort lies nine miles from the sea on the river Charente, and has a population of 26,000, or about the size of Hamilton. It is of a great deal of importance both as a naval and military station, has a fine and perfectly safe harbour and large ship-building yards (ship-building being the chief industry), also a school of navigation and an arsenal, where between 5,000 and 6,000 men are employed. Besides these government establishments, there are barracks for infantry, artillery and marines, and a naval hospital containing 800 beds. One thinks this alone might be a great field for our missionary, and he reports last year having paid 262 domiciliary and hospital visits. I find also there is a soldiers' reading room open one night in the week, where, by last year's reports, 650 young men have passed their evening reading or writing to friends. Rochefort is a very old town, dating from the eleventh century, and has played its part in the wars between the Catholics and Protestants, though not to the same extent as its neighbour, La Rochelle. It (that is, La Rochelle) is a town on the sea, with the safest and most accessible harbour on the coast; the outer harbour is still protected by the dry stone mole or wall, constructed by Richelieu to reduce the unhappy Protestants whom the place then belonged, and to prevent the arrival of a friendly squadron from England. It is a place of 20,000 inhabitants, dates from the tenth century, and has some very fine buildings.

The town house, or, as we should say, the city hall has some very fine carvings, and the council chamber where the Mayor, Guiton, presided during the siege is now adorned with his statue. The old Episcopal Palace has a library of 25,000 volumes, many very ancient, and the industries of the place are saw-mills, copper and iron foundries. At the Reformation La Rochelle easily became one of the chief centres of Calvinism, and after the massacre of St. Bartholomew, held out for six months against the Catholic army, which was ultimately obliged to raise the siege after losing 20,000 men. The famous Edict of Nantes, granted by Henry IV., was the charter