

relation, as all personalities are to be avoided. The system, not individuals, is under consideration; it demands rare courage both in churches and in men to rise superior to environment, even though that environment may be largely self-created.

In order that the way may be cleared for the free discussion of the subject it will be well to enquire into the scriptural authority—if such there be—for the calling of a minister by the individual church or congregation, for, let it be noted, that the theory of the Presbyterian Church is the solidarity of that church throughout its entire bounds, in our case the Dominion of Canada. It is not, therefore, the right of the Presbyterian Church in Canada to call or appoint, but the scriptural authority for a section of that church, for convenience sake called a congregation, to elect its own pastor without outside interference, though subject to the Presbytery of the bounds. We have searched the New Testament, therefore, and have failed to find, and "the form of church government" agreed upon by the Westminster divines gives no indication of, such authority; indeed, what they do indicate is in the opposite direction; e.g., "It is agreeable to the Word of God and very expedient that such as are to be ordained ministers, be designed to some particular church, or other ministerial charge," and such passages as I. Tim. v. 22; Acts xiv. 23, xiii. 3; Titus i. 5; Acts xx. 17-28, are given as references. The rights of the particular congregation are given as follows: "No man is to be ordained a minister for a particular congregation, if they of that congregation can show just cause of exception against him," and I. Tim. iii. 2, Titus i. 7, are given as proof texts. The minister is sent to, set over, not called by, the congregation. There is really nothing more to be adduced on the line of scriptural authority, or *jus divinum* in the case. The case of Matthias is not to the point, as the ultimate choice was by lot—the last was confined to men that had companied with the other apostles in personal companionship with the Lord, nor can it be said that these one hundred and twenty represents the church of that day. Here it is needful to remark that the question is of scriptural authority, not liberty. It may be permitted to "call," not enjoined; and if only permitted, the non-usage of the permission breaks no command. If this position is sound, and I see no ground upon which it can be controverted, the practice of calling may be freely criticised, retained, revised, or abolished, and no reproach laid against the principle that the rule of faith and practice is the scriptures of the Old and New Testaments.

Having thus justified the discussion of the question, and the liberty so to do, the experiences of the writer and deductions therefrom will be detailed in some future articles.

Gravenhurst, Ont.

### THE AXENSTRASSE.

BY FRANK L. DAVIS.

Once more on the bewitching waters of Lake Lucerne, the Forest Sea, the subject of such conflicting descriptions,—what seemed to the German bard, "a watery cleft where no haven offers the storm-tossed boat a friendly shelter, where inhospitable rocks rise on every side around the despairing boatman and tender him their steep and strong breasts,"—we found a scene of varying and exquisite beauty, even the rugged cliffs, "now awing us by their wild grandeur, and now captivating us by their indefinable charm."

The bright sunshine, clear sky overhead, majestic mountains raising their snow-crested heads on all sides around us, filled our hearts full of delightful expectancy as to what a day in this land of fascinating surprises might bring forth.

The pleasant English party, with whom we ascended to the Rigi, being again on board, added zest to the day's enjoyment. Four people travelling together continuously for weeks are apt to get a little bored with each other's exclusive society, and welcome some fresh stimulants. This is especially the

case in travelling in foreign countries, when it is wonderful to see how quickly English-speaking people fraternize.

It seemed to be some kind of a national gala day. A band was playing at Vitznau, soldiers marching, as we passed, and every one appeared to be in holiday dress and the gayest of spirits. There were peasants from the neighboring cantons as well as from the near districts of Lucerne; and these, with tourists from every part of the globe, made up a confused mass of types, and strange medley in the way of dress. It is an undoubted and much-to-be-regretted fact, that national picturesque costumes are dying out in the world; "store clothes" have even invaded the Tyrol, but there are yet some Swiss cantons, where the strongly marked Helvetic costumes are still retained, and we saw numbers of them that day. I am sorry I took no note of the male apparel, and it has gone from my memory. I can only describe that of the maidens. A black skirt, above the boot tops, a long gray apron covering the whole front of the skirt, full white bodice, sleeves full to the elbow and black mits. Over the white waist is worn a black Spanish one, which is laced up and ornamented with long silver chains, coming from the side to the front of the waist and fastened with a large silver brooch at each shoulder. The weight and workmanship of these ornaments are indicative of the wealth of the owners. Their heads were bare as a general thing, but for church they wore white straw hats trimmed profusely with gay spring flowers. This costume on a maiden with bright complexion, dark hair and eyes and dazzlingly white teeth made a charming picture. The hair was tightly braided and in nearly all cases ornamented with large showy pins. I remember one young girl's coiffure with pins which protruded so far each side that one could not have passed her on an ordinary sidewalk without coming in contact with them. The quaintest head-dress, however, is worn by the women of Unterwalden, and is made of filigree silver.

There was some native religious society on board our boat, and we went down to the second class deck to hear them sing. The music was very peculiar, seeming to have queer mountain cries in it, though they were evidently singing from hymn books. We were much amused by a very high-toned party of French tourists, one lady in particular, who was so restless she could not long settle in any one spot. Her unfortunate maid, who had both her mistress and her poodle to attend, found her office no sinecure. She had to follow each change of position with a footstool and again arrange it under the tiny feet of her mistress, then carry and replace the over-fed wheezing pet on the bench beside her, cushioning it with nothing less than the lady's fur-lined satin cloak. I may have been uncharitable, but to me it seemed that the chief necessity for the footstool was the extreme smallness of the feet and the exquisite style and finish of the fine French boots encasing them.

As we steamed along, by a different route from our previous one, we had time to note the fine road which follows the shore, stoned up in graceful arches and covered with ivy; a railway below that again on the shore of the Bay of Uri. We passed the Mythenstein, a slender pillar about 80 feet high rising out of the water in front of Uri Rushti, which is 10,000 feet high. "A noble monument fashioned in the morning of the world by nature herself for the bard who was to hymn the rise of Helvetic freedom." On the rock is this inscription in gilt letters:

DEM SAENGER TELL'S  
FRIEDRICH SCHILLER,  
DIE URKANTONE,  
1859.

"To the bard of Tell, Frederick Schiller, the Forest Canton, 1859. On the 11th of November, 1859, the anniversary of his birth, these patriotic people gathered in boats around this monolith and solemnly consecrated it to the memory of Germany's loved poet.

We saw numerous shrines built in the face of the rocks, or on little rocks out in the bay. One contained a Virgin and child with fresh flowers at her feet, the pious offering of some early-rising devotee who must have taken them there in a boat before going to his daily toil. Another rock had two small trees nailed to it, while between them was some image, too small however for us to distinguish clearly at the distance.

At Vitznau it seems as if you had come to the end of the lake, on account of a promontory from Rigi on the left and another from the Burgenstock on the right, overlapping each other. But there is a narrow passage called the Nasen (noses) through which the steamer passes, when one of the magnificent surprises of this ever-charming lake is revealed. We steam into the wide expanse of the Gulf of Buochs, over which tower, in protecting grandeur, numerous peaks from 5,000 to 6,000 feet high, with picturesque and sheltered villages at their mighty base.

But I should not leave the mighty Burgenstock with only a passing mention. Across the lake from Vitznau it stands in solitary grandeur, with its dark beetling crags on the one side, seemingly inaccessible, and its grassy slopes, with cottages, barns and rosy fruit trees on the other. Years ago there was a queer custom among the boatmen who were then more numerous on the lake than now. At the base of this isolated mountain was a fissure, out of which rushed a current of cold air. The boatmen placed a large jug of water on a rock near, out of which his comrades refreshed themselves in passing, refilling it and leaving it to get cool for the next comer.

Hamilton.

### A JAPANESE VIEW.

Writing in the *Open Court* (Chicago), a Japanese gentleman, recently returned to the Island Kingdom from America, thus discourses on the war in which Japan is at present engaged with China:

The war is growing in its dimensions almost every minute. We shall not be satisfied at all until we come to Peking either to beat or be beaten. You know all about the victories of Japan both on land and on water. We do not mean, however, to fight for the sake of fighting. Neither do we mean to glory in our victory or in our conquest. Our motive is nobler. We intend to help Corea in its struggle for independence and civilization, and to wake up China from its long dream of ignorance and darkness. We struggle not merely for our own sake, but for the real good of China and of Eastern Asia as a whole. This is our ambition in this present war.

The attitude of Japan towards its neighbor, China, in the present war in many respects similar to that of the United States to Japan some fifty years ago when Commodore Perry visited Japan. We mean to play the part of the United State of that time, while China, wittingly or unwittingly, is playing the part of Japan of that time.

You know the cause of this present war. There is no injustice or wrong on our part. "Justice" is our motto, and "civilization" is our object. We do not like war, but we could not evade it. However, from another point of view, we may say that this war is probably the best chance for us Japanese to show the strength of civilization to the rest of the world, although it is a very expensive way of doing so.

I wish you could see some, at least, of the patriotic demonstrations which are found all over the country. The whole Japanese nation is as if on fire. Almost every soldier—nay, every common person—is willing to go to war for his country, and for its righteous cause; indeed, he is willing to die. Such is our national feeling about the present war.

"My Optician," of 159 Yonge street, says that many so called nervous diseases are caused entirely by defective vision. Go and have your eyes properly tested, free of charge, at the above address.

## Christian Endeavor.

### CARRYING TO OTHERS THE CHRISTMAS JOY.

REV. W. S. McTAVISH, B.D., ST. GEORGE.

Dec. 23.—1sa. ix. 2-7. (A Missionary Meeting.)

We do not know the name of the author of the following quotation, but it is so appropriate that we give it a place here:—"Christmas should be fatal to meanness. Self should drop out of sight. Hearts should expand. Sympathies enlarge. Good-will ought to reign upon the throne of our being. Let benedictions drop from lip, and substantial gifts fall from overflowing hand. Make cheerless homes radiant, and hopeless hearts to thrill with unspeakable gladness. Forgive your enemies if you have any. Bury the past. Rise above the mean and petty resentments which you have harbored against those who have not used you well. Be generous. Get ready to start the New Year with more kindly feelings and more noble ambitions than have actuated you in the days that are gone. Jesus came to earth to spread universal good-will among men, and you will partake of the true Christmas spirit only as you are filled with love toward all who are touched by your influence."

Why do we observe the custom of giving gifts at Christmas? Partly to commemorate the fact that it was about this season God gave His Son, His supreme Gift, to the world; partly to commemorate the fact that it was about this season the wise men from the East presented their gifts of gold, frankincense and myrrh to the infant Saviour.

Occasionally we see protests in the newspapers against the custom of bestowing presents at Christmas. It is alleged that it savors of selfishness to bestow gifts at this season because we expect to receive as many, and as costly gifts as we give. Is that complaint well founded? We do not think so, for, as some one has said, "A kindly reciprocity is not selfishness; it is right to interchange evidences of love and good-will among those bound to each other by ties of affection." It is urged further that Christmas gifts are expensive, and that the bestowal of them sometimes becomes a burden. There may be a measure of truth in this, but if we have been giving extravagantly it would be better to curb the extravagance than to abolish the custom altogether. It would be better to give according to our means than to deprive ourselves of the blessed privilege of giving. Better to bestow a small gift cheerfully than a large one grudgingly.

To whom should the Christmas joy specially be carried? To those who have it not. In the days of Nehemiah a great congregation assembled in Jerusalem for the purpose of worshipping God and hearing His law expounded. As the service was drawing to a close, Nehemiah said, "Go your way; eat the fat and drink the sweet and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared." His advice was acted upon immediately, for all the people went their way to eat, to drink, and to send portions (Neh. viii. 10-12). If the returned captives at that time felt that they had good reason to show kindness to those who were not so highly favored as they, surely we, at this joyous season, should be glad to extend our help and sympathy to those who require them!

In the days of Esther, and for a considerable time afterwards, the Jews in Shushan annually observed the fourteenth day of the month Adar as a day when their sorrow was turned into joy. How did they celebrate the day? By feasting; by sending portions to one another; and by giving gifts to the poor (Esther ix. 22). If they felt it right to observe, in the manner indicated, a day around which so many blessed memories centered and so many happy associations clustered, it well becomes us to worthily celebrate a day which reminds us of God's mercy and good-will toward us. They doubtless felt that to share their blessings with others enlarged the sympathy and provided a check to natural selfishness.

How great and how manifold the reasons which should prompt us to carry the Christian's joy to others! This day which speaks of the Incarnation of Christ tells us also that His Incarnation sanctifies poverty because Christ was born in a low estate. He lived a life of poverty and He esteems kindness to the poor as kindness to Himself (Matt. xxv. 40). The Incarnation is a ground for thanksgiving and our thanks should find expression in deeds of kindness, love and sympathy. The poor we have always with us, and especially at this season should we do them good. They may not be able to recompense us but we shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just (Luke xiv 14).