

he is to find full peace. There before a court of twelve citizens, presided over by Athene—the human conscience enlightened by divine wisdom—with Apollo to advocate his cause he is acquitted. He is saved, but as if by fire. The votes are equal. But Athenes' casting vote sets him free. Henceforth the Furies have no power over him. But their rights are fully secured and all honour is done to them. Thus amply vindicated is the sanctity even of that bond which was of weaker obligation. All duty must be stamped with inviolability, not one jot or tittle of the law shall pass away till all be fulfilled.

In the Furies, Aeschylus embodies a deep and characteristic thought. They are the sharp spikes of Eternal Ordinance, terrible, hideous, a consuming fire. But they are in another aspect the gracious ones. To them that fear and honour them they send up light from their dark abodes beneath the earth, soft airs to blow with sunshine over the land, tender buds unscathed by mildew, abundant flocks, happy homes. It is precisely the thought of Wordsworth in his Ode to Duty.

Stern Lawgiver, but thou dost wear,
The Godhead's most benignant grace,
Nor know we anything more fair,
Than is the smile upon the face.

Flowers blow before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads,
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens thro' thee are fresh
and strong.

The third element of complexity in Aeschylus ethics is his deep and all-pervading sense of the mystery and sadness of human destiny. To the merit of grasping firmly the main facts of the moral world, he adds the no smaller merit of acknowledging the boundless darkness all around which his lights cannot pierce. The Gods are just but their justice is often inscrutable. The ways of Zeus are compassed about with clouds and darkness, wrapt in shadow are the pathways of his thought, past finding out by mortals. Life is a riddle hard to read. The burden of its prayer is,—Woe, but let the good prevail. Though not a sweet expansive spirit like Sophocles or Shakespeare, but cast rather in the stern Hebraic mould and capable of hewing Agag in pieces before the Lord, still there are fountains of deep pity in this rugged heart. There is nothing in poetry more moving than the virginal charm of Iphigenia, led like a spotless lamb dumb to the slaughter; no more piercing pathos than Clytemnaestra's appeal to her son, no more exquisite sense of female loveliness than in the picture of Helen and the daughter of Danaus. What deeper note of sadness has ever been struck than this, "Ah, me for mortal life, its bliss is writ in water, its fault-limned sorrow one touch of the wet sponge wipes out." Fleeting joy, fleeting sorrow—one death to end all.

Of Aeschylus' Theology I have time to say only this, he was to all intents and purposes a Monotheist. That will not surprise you after what has been said. One who had so firm a hold of the supreme law, could not be far in thought from the supreme Lawgiver.

I have said enough to justify the title I have given to Aeschylus, a Greek Preacher of Righteousness. Enough, too, to show you, I hope, that there are other reasons

why Divinity students should study Greek besides the fact that the New Testament is written in that language. The preacher finds inspiration in Nature, Life, Art and Literature. From two literary sources the purest stimulus may be drawn, first incomparably from Israel the heart of humanity, second from the poets of Greece, its brain.

St. Paul, a much more catholic mind than most of his followers, acknowledged that he was a debtor to the Greeks. Yes, Christianity has been a debtor to the Greeks in the past. Few have any conception to how large an amount. Greece has done much to clothe the Faith of the past, but the spirit of Beauty and Reason she represents will have yet larger part in the Faith of the future. Even from her Religion there is still something for us to learn. One permanent and eminently christian principle found a full acknowledgement there, fuller perhaps than it has received in any actual form of christianity that has ever yet appeared. It was the principle so amply recognized and so beautifully expounded by our Lord in the Parable of the Leaven, the penetration of all life and all nature by religious feeling, and in particular the interpenetration of Religion and Art. The Greeks felt that all Beauty should be Religious and all Religion beautiful. How little we Protestants have succeeded in rising to this conception is plain to read in the deadly respectability of our churches, the dismal ululations of our Psalmody, the crude sentimentalism of so many of our hymns—so different from the strong true tones of Israel's poets—above all in the hard unlovely type of life which has been so distressingly common amongst us. Protestantism has been a stepmother to the Arts. Her very name suggests the frigid, critical, suspiciously selective, self-righteous spirit which has been her bane. Methinks we have protested too much. Let us stop protesting and begin creating. The Anti-Christ of these latter days is not the poor old Pope. Lust, Rapacity, Pride, Unbelief, Stupidity—these are our Anti-Christ, as rampant among us as anywhere in Christendom. These are the foes you must go forth to do battle with like brave young knights, girding yourselves with the whole armour of God. And believe me you still may find some of the most shining weapons for your warfare amid the dust and ruins in the neglected recesses of the citadel of Athene Polias.

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We present to our readers in this number of the JOURNAL a portrait of our much esteemed Professor of Mathematics. Professor Nathan Fellowes Dupuis, M.A., F.B.S.E., F.R.S.C., was born in 1836 in the Township of Portland, in the County of Frontenac. His father, Joseph Dupuis, a native of the Province of Quebec, having served in the Canadian militia at the battle of Chrysler's farm, received his scrip for land at Kingston at the close of the war. His mother, Eleanor Baker, born in 1800, and the only daughter of a U. E. Loyalist, who had removed from Halifax, N.S., was then also a resident of our city. Some years after their marriage Mr. Joseph Dupuis bought a farm in Portland and settled with his