

duces, fugal arrangements, and vain repetitions. In the words of Dr. L. Mason. "In all vocal performances close attention should be given to both words and tones. The singer should grasp the spirit of both (the music always being subordinate to the emotional character of the poetry) and make them his own; he should make an entire surrender of himself to his work—throw his whole soul into the performance, and produce a living song, which shall draw out and lift upward his own heart and the hearts of those who hear; so shall he produce the effects for which music is designed, and for which it is admirably adapted." J. McL.

A CORRECTION.

MR. EDITOR,—Will you allow me to make through your columns, a correction of an accidental omission for which I am responsible, in the PRESBYTERIAN YEAR BOOK for 1878, and which I much regret. It occurs in the history of St. Andrew's congregation, Kingston, in which the name of the Rev. Donald Ross, now of Lancaster, is omitted from the list of clergymen who successively officiated as Missionary Assistant sent out by the Ladies Missionary Association of St. Andrew's Church. Mr. Ross was the first missionary evangelist who labored systematically on Wolfe Island, and his devoted missionary labors there laid the foundations of the present congregation, now vacant. I do not know how the omission occurred, but it certainly was most unintentional and surprised myself as much as anyone. If those of your readers who have the "Year Book" will kindly insert Mr. Ross' name in the list of St. Andrew's Church Missionaries on page 49, they will at once make the record more correct, and oblige,

THE WRITER OF THE ARTICLE.

DOGMA AND GOSPEL.

BY A CONTRIBUTOR.

It is always well to look at both sides of disputed questions, and when good or thoughtful men differ considerably, the truth will in most cases be found to be between them. Or it may be that they attach different meanings to the words about which they differ. It is quite possible, or rather probable, that no small part of the present outcry against dogma is due, as Mr. Ryle says, to the dislike of "sound doctrine" on the part of many to whom even such fundamental truths as the existence of God or immortality, are as Principal Tulloch remarks, "dogmas of a tremendous kind." But words change their meanings when they are used, not as between unbeliever and Christian, but between Christians themselves. By the latter this word is generally applied—not to the few great and simple principles on which all who "profess and call themselves Christians" meet as common ground, but to the minor theological differences which divide Christians from Christians. If Mr. Ryle's definition of "dogma" were absolutely correct, then dogma could not divide Christians, for no reasonable, truth-loving being, whether Christian or not, could hesitate to receive a "definite, ascertained truth, which is no longer the subject of enquiry." But how many of the *distinctive dogmas* of any one Christian denomination will be admitted by all others to stand on this ground? And if not, where is the infallible judge to declare which of them it is that holds the "definite ascertained truth?" But I find in the "Imperial Dictionary"—our standard authority,—the following definition of "dogma," which puts it in a different light, and is the meaning most in accordance with the derivation and in which the word is used by most writers on the subject. "Dogma (from Greek *dokeo* to think)—a settled opinion, a principle, maxim or tenet,—a doctrinal notion, particularly in matters of faith and philosophy." The Roman Catholic talks of his "dogma" of Papal infallibility, the High Church Episcopalian of his "dogma" of apostolical succession. Are we willing to subscribe to either, as "definite ascertained truth?" Taking, then, "dogma" to mean what we believe as Calvinists or Arminians, as Episcopalians or Presbyterians, rather than what we believe simply as Christians "looking unto Jesus," is there not much reason for sinking these minor differences in the great points in which all agree. The following words by a great American preacher apply to *this* side of the question as forcibly as those of Mr. Ryle (given in last issue) do to the other.

"What is called 'orthodoxy' in each sect falls, for

the most part, into that category about which men differ and may differ, as also do what are called 'fundamental doctrines.' Fundamental to what? That is the question. The doctrines which are fundamental to right living, to reverence and love toward God, and to love and self sacrifice toward man; the doctrines, in other words, which are necessary to build up godliness in each particular man—about those doctrines there is no variation of belief. So also there are various methods of presenting the fundamental doctrines of Christianity, and in respect of these every man is free. The requirement is that each individual shall be perfect in Christ Jesus; and in becoming so he is at liberty to choose the instruments that are most helpful to him."

"That Christ is the true foundation on which men are to stand; that He is their exemplar, their friend, their redeemer, their rescuer, their forerunner, the captain of their salvation,—do not all Christians rejoice in that? And is not that orthodoxy? If a man can look upon Christ and say, 'Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away my sins,' and if he yields allegiance to Christ, that is enough."

"There is one more thing of which I will speak—namely, the word of God. That word is competent to instruct men as to what is right and wrong, as to what is good and evil, and as to what are the true elements of character. It is a safe guide in life. It has never had its parallel, even in the judgment of its enemies. Let men find fault with the externality of the Bible if they will; but it has the bread of everlasting life in it; and that is enough for me. And I think all men might lay aside their scepticisms and come together and stand on that ground. The word of God, to my thinking, is the best creed,—not *creed* in the ordinary sense of that word, but *creed* in the sense that it contains those elements which enable a man to build up his soul and disposition into all godliness."

Do we not, after all, want more study of that word,—more faith in the teaching of the Holy Spirit in its interpretation, and less of *human opinion* about what it teaches? As the second advent of Christ draws nearer, shall we not prize more the simplicity of the Gospel of Christ—which saved alike the guileless Nathanael and the thief on the cross,—and place less importance on the theological differences which have too long divided brethren in Christ; and retarded the conversion of the world and the progress of true Christianity?

A VISIT TO THE VATICAN.—II.

BY THE REV. DONALD ROSS, B.D., LATHING.

During my sojourn in Rome I paid several visits to the Vatican. To the lover of the beautiful in form and color this vast repository of Art is one of the chief centres of attraction in the Eternal City. One never grows weary wandering among the immortal productions of

"The great of old!
The dead but sceptred sovereigns who still rule,
Our spirits from their urns."

I was so entranced with the magnificence by which I was surrounded that, like the disciples on Tabor, I exclaimed to myself, "it is good to be here." I wished to remain and revel in all that matchless glory which was revealed for my contemplation. The splendor of its majestic and seemingly interminable galleries must be seen to be understood, for they baffle description. Who can picture intelligently to a blind man the glory of setting suns? Who can convey to one who has seen only our low hill ranges a true notion of the sublimity and awful grandeur of the Alps, peak towering above peak, and wreathed with mists or crowned with everlasting snow? The Neapolitans proclaim to the world the surpassing glory of their city, in the proverb, "See Naples and die." I would say to everyone who possibly can, "See the Vatican with its unrivalled treasures and live." I stood enchanted before Raphael's divine creations, "The Transfiguration," and "The Madonna and Child." I feasted my eyes on Domenichino's wonderful picture, "The Communion of St. Jerome," till the vision waked within me thoughts that do lie too deep for tears." I gazed upon that marvel of the chisel, "The Laocoon," and felt the irresistible fascination of its powerful expression as I contemplated the father and his sons writhing in agony beneath the tightening folds of the avenging serpent. I surveyed with an ecstasy of delight the "Apollo Belvidere," which exhibits such exquisite grace, and

ideal perfection, as well as the colossal Torso of Hercules, from whose study Michael Angelo drew that inspiration which made him the greatest sculptor of his age. I went into the Sistine Chapel and looked with mingled feelings of wonder and awe at Michael Angelo's immortal fresco of "The Last Judgment." I wandered through the museums of sculpture and antiquities, filled with admiration at the precious collections they contain, and which are due to the munificence of the later Popes. But it would require weeks or even months of careful and minute examination to do anything like justice to the magnificent treasures of the great Pontifical Palace. Yet even such a cursory inspection of them as my limited time permitted me to make has filled me with sublime and holy visions which will haunt me until my dying day, and I devoutly thank God that I have been privileged to behold so much that is beautiful and inspiring.

But, when I was about to set out upon my pilgrimage to the wonderful city of the Tiber, I resolved, if possible, to see more of the Vatican than its renowned galleries and museums, in which are treasured so many of the noblest creations of human genius. I felt that a visit to this palatial pile would be incomplete unless I obtained a view, at least, of its illustrious and venerable occupant.

I saw the king again and again driving in an open carriage on the Pincian, accompanied by his son who has succeeded him upon the throne. I recognised him at once from his picture which is now so familiar to every one. He was neither preceded by outriders nor attended by a military escort. He was accustomed to pay but little attention to the proprieties of royalty. He was impatient of "the divinity that doth hedge a king," and was habitually breaking through it. He loved to mingle with his subjects, and in the afternoons, when the *élite* of Rome promenade in the magnificent gardens on the Pincian or sweep along in endless file in their grand equipages

"Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,"

to the strains of a military band, he was almost sure to be seen in the brilliant and gay throng, graciously acknowledging the manifestations of loyalty to his person and government which constantly greeted him. I found that the citizens took pride in telling how he had been in their shops and talked with them as if he were one of themselves. This identification of himself with the people was one of the secrets of his marvellous popularity, and of his success in achieving Italian unity. But there was no chance of seeing his Holiness on the Pincian, nor in the splendid gardens of the Villa Borghese or Villa Pamphili Doria, nor even in St. Peter's, the grand basilica of the Vatican. The stately processions from the Quirinal and Lateran palaces to St. Peter's, during which one might catch a glimpse of him seated in his carriage and showering benedictions upon the kneeling and adoring crowds that lined the streets, had become a thing of the past. Since the entry of the troops of Victor Emmanuel on the 15th September, 1870, he studiously kept himself within the precincts of the Vatican. It was rumoured and generally credited that he had fled from the city on that black Thursday on which the rod of earthly empire had been wrested from his hands, and the States of the Church were added to the kingdom into which the brave Savoyard monarch had cemented all the scattered fragments of the Italian peninsula. But the rumour was without foundation. To disprove it and convince the Romans and the world that then he was no craven, that he was prepared to brave any indignity or violence which the usurper might inflict upon him, he walked along the whole length of the Corso on the following day (Friday), accompanied by a Cardinal on his right hand and left, and two other prelates, and his chaplain behind him. Only a few soldiers of the Noble Guard attended him. He received the affectionate reverence of the people, and bestowed upon them his blessing. Then he retreated to the Vatican, and never again set foot beyond its gates. A little more than twenty years before this eventful incident, which must be regarded as one of the most momentous turning points in the history of the Papacy, he fled from the vengeance of the Roman populace who were maddened by the revolutionary spirit of the day, and found an asylum under the aegis of Ferdinand, King of Naples, at Gaeta. But there was no danger of his suffering personal violence when Victor Emmanuel took possession of Rome in the name of regenerated Italy, and set up his throne in