

Our Contributors.

LECTURESHIPS IN KNOX COLLEGE.

BY KNOXONIAN.

It is proposed to establish additional lectureships in Knox College. It goes unsaid that what the college needs first and most is one or two additional professors, but the Church does not seem to think so and the matter must stand until the Church moves. We have three professors and two lecturers doing work that in Princeton or Union would be divided up among perhaps ten specialists, but because our men do the work well and persistently refuse to break down under it they are expected to keep on doing it. The only reminder we now have that more professors are needed in our colleges is a despairing allusion to the fact by some Principal or Professor on opening or closing day. The allusion never brings out even a faint cheer. Accepting professorships would perhaps be popular enough, but the duty of appointing them and paying them respectable salaries is not a kind of exercise that seems to commend itself to the heart of "this great Church."

Failing the appointment of additional professors adding the month of April to the Session might be a good thing. April is worth very little to the main portions of the Home Mission field.

Who are to deliver the proposed lectures? Though no details are fixed it is safe to say they must be delivered mainly by working pastors, who are supposed to have given special attention to the topics they discuss. As suggestions are asked we respectfully suggest that part of the work be given to elders or other active workers not in the ministry. We have dozens of first class laymen—if elders are laymen—who could tell students a good many things about actual work they are not likely to find in books. No small part of the work of the Church is done by men who are not ministers, and if ministers—pastors and professors—are to be continually telling students how to do it, it seems reasonable that workers who are not ministers should be asked to say something. Office-bearers who raise eight or ten thousand a year for the schemes of the Church must know and do know many things about raising money that are well worth knowing. The Church needs money at the present moment more than it needs anything else except increased piety. Even increased piety would not raise mission money systematically and continuously without organization. Many good men are never much behind in private saying how ministers ought to preach. Let them tell the students how preaching ought to be done and then the ministers of the next decade will know.

What are the proposed lectures to be about? It is said they are to be "something like the Yale course." How much like the Yale course? We have the Yale course in book form and just because we have it in that form we do not need extra lectures on preaching. The Yale course, as everybody knows, is mainly the working experience of eminent and successful pastors. We know what they have to say about preaching, pastoral visitation and related topics. Spurgeon, Dale, Beecher, John Hall, Taylor, Brooks, Simpson and a dozen others have told the students of Yale how they prepared and delivered their sermons, what books they read, what their methods of study and many other things. Any student can put the entire Yale course on his table for a few dollars and it is worth a great many. Would there be anything gained by asking ten or a dozen Canadian ministers to go over the same ground? Is it at all probable that their methods of working would suggest anything not found in the Yale course?

It should be remembered that we have a professor of Homiletics in whose proficiency the Church has so much confidence that it expects him to do alone, in three months, work that in any well-equipped college would be assigned to two men and six months given them to do it.

The literature of Homiletics is abundant and rich. What could any minister or professor say about preaching that Phelps does not say? If there are to be more lectures on preaching we respectfully suggest that they come from laymen.

Let it not be assumed, however, that because there is little or no room for lectures on preaching there is no need or room for instruction on anything. Between the lecture room of the professor and the highest results that we have a right to expect in the actual work there is a vast field on which practical questions meet us at every step.

Is there not room and need for some special treatment of

POISONS?

The poison of Plymouthism for example. With all due deference to the Equal Rights Association we say that Plymouthism in many of its forms is a more subtle and much more dangerous poison than Jesuitism. It is more dangerous because it may be in the Church while Jesuitism—that is Romish Jesuitism—is outside. A poison in the blood is always more dangerous than a poison on the surface. Plymouthism always comes in the garb of superior sanctity, and just because it does so is certain to be fascinating to a certain class of minds. By virtue of its assumed sanctity and simplicity it has an undermining power not possessed by any modern heresy. It strikes at the very root principles of the Church and challenges even the right of a minister to administer ordinances. If any man young or old thinks he can handle this poison safely without making a special study of it he may find himself mistaken the first time he tries. There may be room for some special work on errors of this kind.

Is there not room also for some special work on

REVIVALS.

By revivals we mean all that body of special religious activity which is popularly included in that much overworked and much abused word. No earnest minister will willingly stand aloof from any movement that seems in the main good though it may be marred by much human infirmity. Part of his congregation may urge him to go: a conservative wing may feel shocked if he does go, what should he do? No cast iron rule can be laid down to meet all cases, but a vigorous discussion of the question from all points of view might help a young minister to avoid rocks on which some young men have made shipwreck. It is easy for a homiletical professor or a student without any responsibilities outside of the class room to belittle such questions, but if either should become a pastor and wake up some day to find his community and congregation in the throes of a great religious excitement he may find that the problem is not so easy as he thought it was. Phelps, and there is no higher authority on such questions, thinks the question of revivals one of the most difficult to deal with in modern Church life. Would not a short course of lectures on the subject by able experienced men be a good thing in any college?

There are several other topics that we think would stand more discussion than our professors can possibly find time to give them in their regular lectures, but they must be laid over for the present.

OUR TRIP TO ST. ANNE.

Being on a visit to the ancient capital of Canada, where I was spending a short but delightful vacation, I had determined not to quit Quebec without a visit to the far-famed St. Anne de Beaupre. Accordingly one Monday morning in September we formed a party of some half-dozen friends and having partaken of a hasty breakfast, at about half-past six a.m., we joined a pilgrimage on the little steamer, *Brothers*.

It was a perfect morning. The reflection of the rising sun on the tin roofs and spires of the city and neighbouring parishes contrasting with the gray walls of the gloomy citadel above; the brilliant hues of the distant hills and harvest fields, and the hazy autumnal atmosphere shedding a light glow over the whole scene; the chiming of the convent bells summoning the faithful to morning prayer; the rudely attired habitant urging his lazy nag to market; the jabbering of the greedy huxter women; everything, in fact, combined to give a novelty to the surroundings to which I had been unaccustomed. For a long time we sat on the deck of the little steamer recalling the daring achievements of Cartier, Champlain, Wolfe and others who have made their names illustrious in the history of this young Canada of ours, when suddenly our reverie was disturbed by the shrill whistle of the steamer, which reminded us we were now actually starting for the long contemplated trip to St. Anne de Beaupre.

Being Monday morning it was a small pilgrimage. When I say small, I mean there were between one and two hundred souls on board, including several cleanly shaven, swarthy-looking priests attired in that costume so familiar to travellers in the Province of Quebec. Each priest was kept busy attending to his own particular flock, for the French-Canadian, when he travels, displays a most restless spirit. This is characteristic and you only need to travel with him to be convinced. Notwithstanding this fact, however, we must say our fellow-passengers were well behaved, smoking and drinking being strictly prohibited. Soon we found ourselves studying their pleasant but innocent faces. They form a peculiar race and whilst we remark their innocent manners we cannot refrain from lamenting the ignorant expression that meets one in every countenance. A trivial joke which would fail to elicit even a passing smile from an Englishman would form food for a day's mirth or the jollity of a whole evening in a habitant cottage. But if they were wonderful to us, I presume we were no less so to them, judging from the remarks we overheard as they passed to and fro, and the frequent recurrence of that contemptuous word *Irlandaise*, were sufficient to convince us we were not objects of admiration at any rate. This word I might explain is an epithet applied to all English-speaking people and simply means Irish, and to be Irish is something most demeaning in the eyes of a French-Canadian. This fact may give the reader some idea of the bitter feeling existing between the French and Irish races of the Province of Quebec.

In the cabin behind where we sat the devout were "confessing," kneeling before latticed screens on the other side of which reclined "his reverence" the confessor. Whilst all this was going on inside those on deck were constantly engaged "telling their beads" or moping over open prayer-books which few could read and fewer understand. Now and again a hymn would be heard accompanied by a small harmonium and in this manner the journey was spent.

The scenery through which we passed was grand in the extreme. Shortly after leaving the Quebec wharf with the shipping still in view, to the right we see the historic town of Levis, and farther on, as we said, down the mighty St. Lawrence, there is the island of Orleans, formerly called Isle Bacchus by Champlain, from the thick net-work of wild grapevines which formed an almost impenetrable wall along its shores. On the left we pass the St. Charles River and harbour, the gray walls of the Beauport Lunatic Asylum sheltering its 900 inmates, now the Beauport Church rises before us, the church made famous by being the place where Father Chiniquy threw off his allegiance to the Church of

Rome and so loudly denounced the hypocrisies of the priesthood; now we pass the Montmorency Falls pouring its torrent of water over the steep rock several hundred feet high into the natural basin beneath; here, too, are the electric works which supply Quebec with such a brilliancy of light as to make the venerable city eclipse all others on this continent. The scenery on the lower St. Lawrence is most picturesque, still preserving all that native wilderness which so enchanted the early explorers. Here the bank rises in stupendous gray rocks, then rounds into tree-clad mountains all aglow with the brilliancy of a Canadian autumn. Again the abrupt hills dissolve into sloping plains of cultivated land, and at every turn may be seen a village with its characteristic massive stone church, rejoicing in its red roof and tin spire, but surrounded by filth and poverty. Indeed, I think the time will come when it will be a question in history how such gigantic buildings were reared in the midst of so much misery.

The stir of our fellow-passengers informs us that we are now nearing La Bonne St. Anne, and sure enough our little boat is just turning in to the long wharf built out to the channel to accommodate the pilgrim boats. The pilgrims are soon landed and a procession formed, each congregation forming a separate company headed by its curé.

St. Anne is a typical French-Canadian village; there you see the proverbial stone church, the adjoining presbytery and in the distance a convent. At a respectable distance we follow the pilgrims up the long wharf and through the only street the little village possesses and soon we reach the church, and what a sight! Here one meets all sorts and conditions of men. The blind, the lame, the halt, just such a sight as must have met the Saviour at Bethesda—a son on whose arm reclines an aged and crippled father, a mother carrying a sick infant, a daughter leading a blind sister. Here, too, you may meet some who, more devout than the rest, have walked hundreds of miles under the scorching sun, over the dusty roads, begging food and shelter by the way.

The church, more properly called a basilica, is a massive stone structure and like all its kindred throughout this province, makes no pretence to mathematical proportion or architectural beauty. In front are two disproportionate towers. Over the apex of the roof is a brazen statue of St. Anne, and in three alcoves in the face of the building are statues of Mary, Christ and Joseph. We enter by the corner door, and the first objects to arrest our attention are two tall frame-work pillars hung with crutches, canes, spectacles, etc., which have there been deposited by those who, having been miraculously healed, have now no further need for these assistants. The interior of the building is most gorgeous, the walls and ceilings being covered with gaudy frescoes and pictures of shipwrecks, for in such calamities especially is St. Anne said to be most efficacious. The grand altar and chancel are more showy than beautiful, but this never fails to hold the uncultured habitant spell-bound. In the centre aisle and just before the chancel, raised on a marble pedestal is a life-size statue of St. Anne. This is the miracle-working statue, the wonder of the place. In one arm she holds her infant daughter Mary, the other hand is uplifted as if in the act of imparting the benediction; on the forefinger of this hand is a ring and on her head a heavily-jewelled crown placed there some time ago by Cardinal Taschereau amid great ceremony.

Grand Mass is now in progress, and we walk around to inspect the building. Here I saw what I have never before seen in any Canadian Roman Catholic Church. Along either side of the church is a row of chapels, each perhaps twenty feet square, and with an arched doorway opening into the next chapel. This is a revival of the idea prevalent in mediæval times regarding the communion of the saints. Each of these chapels was erected at the cost of some particular parish in the diocese, and is dedicated to the patron saint of that parish. For instance, one was given by St. Patrick's Church, Quebec; all its adornments are suggestive of the patron saint of Ireland. The walls are frescoed in all shades of green, and the harp and shamrock are even conspicuous in the rich carvings. On the eastern side of the room is an altar on which is a life-size statue of St. Patrick, with mitre on head and staff in hand, crushing under his sandalled foot a wriggling serpent. On the opposite wall of this chapel in a confessional box, resembling a wardrobe, with three curtained doors; over the middle one is a cross, from which hangs a sign-board, bearing the name of the priest who now occupies the box hearing the confessions of the penitent. Each chapel, as I have remarked, opens into its adjoining one, so that you may make a tour of the whole list without disturbing the worshippers in the main building.

The dinner hour was approaching, and we were becoming hungry, so we decided to leave the church for the present, and reach the convent, where plain but substantial dinners are supplied for a moderate charge. Everything in the little village reminds you that this is a sacred place. Here is a grotto modelled after that of Our Lady of Lourdes in France. There is the Presbytery in which resides the curé of the parish, where he no doubt lives in luxury and entertains his friends. Here adjoining the church is a shop where medals, pictures, rosaries, etc., are sold. There at the base of the hill is the old church built in the early part of the century to replace one of earlier date which had been destroyed by fire. Our curiosity led us to visit this quaint little building, for it is really more wonderful than the pretentious Basilica overshadowing it, for here it was the first miracles were performed, which gave St. Anne de Beaupre its world-wide fame, which daily replenishes the coffers of a hypocritical and crafty clergy. This venerable steep-roofed church is surrounded by a little cemetery.