

they tossed aside without a thought the evidence regarding them that the Old Testament casually gives, he says, "It is impossible to overestimate the importance of this ancient people without a record of whose exploits ancient history can hardly be said to exist. The Hittites were in many respects the greatest of ancient peoples and constituted the substratum of all early civilization." He found that the genealogies in the First Book of Chronicles—a mere lumber-room to ordinary readers and long the despair of commentators—were "in reality a mine of historic treasure," and that without them "the Hittites' inscriptions would not have been deciphered and the history of the Hittites would be an impossibility." Scholars who toil in regions so far underground are apt to become unsocial and to prove indifferent teachers when dealing with the everyday subjects that students of theology require; but Professor Campbell, gentle and genial by nature, never forgets that his duty is to be a teacher, and as he grows older he grows more like his Master in temper and spirit. His students have recently given him this public testimony in their journal:—

"He is always ready to assist the inquirer after truth, which he does in a cheerful and encouraging manner. Those of us who are privileged to sit under his instruction from day to day, become more and more impressed with the liberality of his views, the kindly character of his criticism, and his generous regard for the opinions of others. Never does he shine more brightly than when drawn aside from his notes by questions from the class. Then it is that he exhibits his marvellous acquaintance with the many spheres of human knowledge, for, it matters not what questions are asked, he is ever prepared to give a ready, and generally exhaustive, answer."

He is known as a critic chiefly from his "Talks about Books" in the College Journal. Often as we have read these clear cut, sparkling and keen but kindly criticisms, have we felt ashamed that we had not in Canada a first-class periodical, to which publishers would gladly send books for review and where utterances like his would find a fit place as well as fit audience. Men took the Presbyterian College Journal to read his talks just as they took the Knox College Monthly while James A. Macdonald was editor. No matter what the subject, Campbell's encyclopedic knowledge made him equally at home. His spirit, too, was always warmly evangelical. Loyal to his college and church, for loyalty to every relation of life is as natural to him as breathing, he paid them the greatest possible compliment by taking for granted that they represented the principles of Protestantism, that they required him to be supremely loyal to truth, that the essence of the faith he had heartily sworn to defend was the Gospel, and that above everything else he was "a minister of the New Testament." Seeing clearly that the Phariseeism which had crucified his Lord springs from human nature and is the product of every age, above all, that it is the sin the church is most likely to tend unto and least likely and least able to unmask, he lost no opportunity to attack this real enemy of the nineteenth, instead of being satisfied with attacking the Judaizers of the first, or the Roman Catholics of the sixteenth, century. Not that he is a luke-warm Protestant. Quite the contrary. He has the courage and faith of a Luther. When a student he had proved his courage on the field of battle, at the time of the Fenian Raid, as a sergeant of the

Queen's Own Rifles. That same courage shone forth when at great personal risk he accompanied Father Chiniquy in Montreal to services that the mob had proclaimed should not be held. The same courage always made him assert the Gospel against mere respectability and the dead orthodoxy that denied or muffled its spirit. He earned thereby the anger of some, who—set in moderately high places in the synagogue—secretly determined to strike back whenever a favorable opportunity presented itself. In the following criticism of the most respectable paper in New York, we have a specimen of his faith in the power of the Gospel and his hatred of a faithless Christianity.

"The New York Evening Post has a remarkable leader on the question: whether a man who had killed another in the rooms of a disreputable woman, who was converted in gaol, and was afterwards liberated on a verdict of justifiable homicide, should be admitted to membership in a Brooklyn church. Sentimentally, it says, and also, according to Christ's teaching, the man ought to be received; but, viewing the church as a centre of moral influence, he ought not, because his presence would tend to lower a lofty ethical standard. The Post is disposed to leave him out, and to this all the Pharisees would say Amen! I have done a very little at reforming criminals, and have found it very hard and thankless work; but rather than consent to see a repentant sinner kept out of the Church of Christ as now constituted, I would leave it, and start a special gaol mission of my own."

"The world," he says, "is full of Tomlinsons, cowardly wretches, neither brave enough nor fit enough for heaven or hell, and there are not a few in the church." All the Tomlinsons do not read Kipling, and, therefore, may not be sure whether they belong to the clan, but they can hardly help having an uneasy feeling that they are despised and "contempt pierces through the hide of a rhinoceros." They are too smug to attack directly, but they can stir up in more ways than one, others, who, though honest, are, as a Scotch beadle put it, "gey coorse Christians," and when these are once excited they are as determined as the mob of old Jerusalem "to have blood."

Campbell is a poet as well as a scholar of German-like erudition and a man of living faith. His Yoho sermons reveal the poet. So do the songs he wrote when a student. Only a true poet could give the true, yet tender, and above all, penetrating criticism which the last published volume of the Rev. Wm. P. Mackenzie drew from him:

"His continued strength and weakness lie in a refined sensitiveness that speaks itself out with a strange openness which some would call egotism. It is not that, consciously or unconsciously. The poet regards his life and heart as divine human creations for the satisfaction and edification of the world. Hence, he lays bare their most sacred senses and thoughts; for the language that enfolds them is more a veil than a garment, defining the sentiment rather than disguising it. There are some very musical minor notes among these songs of the human, among the best, if not the best, of which are Epistles to a Maid. Mr. Mackenzie is not yet a popular poet, although highly thought of by somewhat critical reviewers, and deservedly so. If, however, his life and heart are revelations, they should be such to every seeking soul, humble or great. The Toronto slough of philosophy, of abstraction, of subjectiveness, of painful self-consciousness, has yet to be sloughed off. Godlike subjectivity can only be reached through human objectivity. Mr. Mackenzie

is working that way, but slowly. He does not understand yet, as many hundreds of preachers do not, that the world, even the best part of it, cares not one brass farthing what any man or woman is thinking about, or hoping for, or grieving over; it is on the lookout for something that will stir itself. What a man thinks is his dogma, and it may be the veriest trash in the world. What he finds in God is fact, and is the purest of gold. Mr. Mackenzie has found some eternal facts, and has presented them in chaste poetic diction, with wealth of imagery. Whether he has yet composed a poem that will survive is doubtful, but he is on the way to it; and if the answer to the whether be a stern negative, he is no worse off than all other Canadian poets, without exception. His aspirations are pure, his efforts are lofty, his expression is terse, his diction is chaste and classical, and rhythm is tuneful and gracious. All Canadian lovers of poetry should purchase, not borrow, and read *Songs of the Human*."

It may well be asked how comes it that this man of varied gifts and graces of mind and character, who has been greatly honored by, and who has reflected still greater lustre on his church, should be now undergoing a process of libel, and be actually suspended from discharging the duties of his chair? Our readers need not be alarmed. We are not going into the case that is before the church courts. Is it not for us to pronounce whether he is or is not guilty of the specific offences with which he is charged. The point with which we are concerned is beyond or prior to the counts in the libel, though in ecclesiastical language it may be said to deal with the relevancy. Our point is, in one word, why should there be a trial in such a case as this? When it is admitted that a man is an earnest Christian, of pure and even saintly life, that he has done eminent service to the church and the cause of truth, and that his whole aim is to magnify the word and the character of God, it is a terrible anachronism to drag him before a court as if he were a criminal. If in endeavoring to do good or solve difficulties he should err in statements, would not the policy of Gamaliel be better than the policy that Saul pursued prior to his conversion? If his views must be canvassed, would it not be sufficient to answer them, and then allow Protestant Christians a reasonable time to judge for themselves? It is surely in the common interest to raise this question, for nothing is more likely to alienate generous minds from the church than a suspicion that any man, and worst of all an eminent scholar, is being punished by the church for truthfulness. He would be continued in his place of honor and in the enjoyment of his salary if he contented himself with repeating pious platitudes, if he refrained from rousing students to think, if in a word he was content with being a sham Christian; whereas he is to be cast out because he acts the part of a true man and a true teacher. Whether he is found guilty on this or that point of a logically constructed libel amounts to nothing as a settlement of this question. For, anyone can see that a man may be faithful to the spirit of Christianity and even to the spirit of a great creed or confession and yet be guilty of an offence against the letter, and yet tried by process of libel only the letter is considered. The letter was against Jesus and against Paul. Paul's emphatic answer was "the letter killeth." Christianity is nothing, if it is not spiritual.

We have nothing therefore, to do with the libel, but everyone wishes to understand the fundamental position that a man like Profes-