

recalled the portraits I had seen of him, and I knew at once it was Thomas Carlyle who was haranguing the ladies and gentlemen assembled in the library. There he stood, a strange looking, iron-gray haired man, his cheek curiously tinged with red, like a rosy apple, while the Arctic frosts were slowly setting on his head. He was in the middle of a declamatory sentence, and gesticulating vehemently. In his half-doubled up fist he held an unlighted cigar, and his strong Scottish burr sounded oddly enough on my uninitiated ear. The entrance of a stranger drew his attention, and when Mr. Kenyon mentioned my name, and coupled with it the announcement that I was a young American just landed from the other side, Carlyle stopped suddenly, bent his keen eyes upon me, and burst out with this explosive sentence: 'And so, young feller, you're come from the great country over the way yonder, are ye? And what news do ye bring, lad? I suppose you are all going to the Devil over there, as usual? Gird up your loins to hear God's truth; young man, no country can find eternal peace and comfort where the vote of Judas Iscariot is as good as the vote of the Saviour of mankind. I've lately been reading the life of your mighty George Washington, by one Upham of Salem, and a poor creature enough I find George to be. He was a sad specimen of a great man, God help him—a good land-surveyor and measurer of timber, but he had no faith, no religion. You must have a biography written about him that will take him down several pegs. Ay! but he was a poor stick enough, a sign-board sort a feller, rest his soul! And what kind of a stream is the Concord? Dull and sluggish, I suppose, like the minds of some of your drowsy people who live on it! They tell me I must come over and see America, and so I would if I could live in a tub, and be quiet; but that would be humanly impossible. Oh, I should be unspeakably wretched over there among your Niagara population! When I landed the cry would go up: "Lo here, and lo there, is the great man!" and I should be bored to death! No, no, I'll not undertake the portentous commingling. I'll stay at home, and be happy! I'll be contented with a little and try to serve my Maker.'—Prof. Henry Nichols' Life of Carlyle.

"THE PHENOMENAL GOD."

The first number of the *Presbyterian College Journal*, for the present session, is a good one—that is to say good as to readable matter. But it is a mistake to suppose, that however able Professor Campbell's article on the Phenomenal God, and however instructive the Rev. Archibald Lee's contribution on "Christian Work," may be, that these should of necessity occupy twenty of the thirty-two pages of the *Journal*. Inexperienced Editors are apt to be carried away when they receive a good thing, and throw it into print, irrespective of the claims of those readers whose tastes do not run in the direction of the articles indicated.

Mr. Lee's and Professor Campbell's articles are suffi-

ciently able and interesting to have survived another issue. The former might have been left over, or the latter spread over at least two numbers of the *Journal*. Variety is what is needed—students have varied tastes as well as opinions, and these have to be considered, in order to ensure success.

Professor Campbell at the outset of his article distinguishes between the *common* acceptance of the expression 'Phenomenon' and the *scientific* and *original* meaning of the word. The current idea of the word implies "something strange, startling and, generally speaking, unpleasant." The scientific and original meaning "is simply that which appears, which is manifested to one or more of the five senses." He then puts the query: Do Phenomena include all existing things? Philosophers (materialists excepted) and Theologians say no. There is "a spiritual world which cannot be seen, heard, felt or appreciated, by any of the senses. To it belongs the invisible soul of man; to it perhaps the intangible essence called life." The Christian belief is that the Phenomenal has its existence in the un-Phenomenal. Above and beyond the Phenomenal and the souls of men, there also exists "and has existed from eternity a great all-pervading spirit whom no eye has seen nor can see." At death the soul "will enter upon a new field of perception in which spirit shall be as Phenomenal, as matter and lower forces are here." The Professor in passing adverts to the more prominent Philosophical arguments in favor of the existence of God. He touches upon that of Socrates, the argument from design, the Techno theological arguments of Kant which lock from nature up to nature's God; the Stoical argument (the cosmotheological) from the world as an effect to God as the first cause; the *a priori* argument (the ontological) of St. Augustine, as formulated by Anselm and Aquinas which says "I have an idea of an all-perfect being, and with this idea is bound up the idea of necessary existence: Therefore an all-perfect being necessarily exists." The sceptic replies: "Yes, he exists, but where? In your mind." Then follows the moral argument of Kant. He says, "The conscience within me is not my voice, nor the world's; it is therefore the voice of a great moral Governor, who is God." This does away with individual responsibility. "These arguments," says the Professor, "with others that might be mentioned, are sanctions, and most important sanctions, of the belief in the existence of God, but they are one and all incapable of furnishing the mind with such a belief."

The writer next points out that the natural theology of the Bible is contained in Romans 1: 19-20—invisible things being understood by the visible—"There are two counts," he says, "in the indictment of apostate man. (1) God manifests His existence through a revelation of Himself to man and (2) He manifests His power in the world without." He (the writer) admits a natural Theology—belief in a God ever present to the minds of men, but this natural Theology has no power over human de-