

With a tow-row-row-row-row—
To the British Grenadier.

In "The Courting of Dinah Shadd" our old friend, Mulvaney, is of course the hero. A romantic character, if ever there was one, with a heart like tinder! And was there ever a more romantic friendship than that of Ortheris, Learoyd and Mulvaney? Were it not for the romance so closely joined with the realism in Kipling, the god with the brute, his works would have but a short existence. But to see the romance in Mulvaney's composition, read his description of himself on the day that Dinah accepted him, and he kissed her "on the tip av the nose an' udher the eye."

"That day," he says, "I throd on rollin' clouds. All earth was too small to hold me. Begad, I cud ha' hiked the sun out av the sky for a live coal to my pipe, so magnificent I was. But I tuk recruits at squad drill instid, an' began wid general battalion advance when I shud ha' been balance-steppin them. Eyah! that day! that day!"

And Kipling has an idealist's love for his characters, a fondness for them which is beautifully shown in the closing words of this same sketch.

"When I woke I saw Mulvaney, the night-dews gemming his moustache, leaning on his rifle at picket, lonely as Prometheus on his rock, with I know not what vultures tearing his liver."

Critics are now asking, "But will Kipling ever write a long and strong book?" So far he has certainly not succeeded, and his "Captains Courageous," at present running in *McClure's*, is no better than former efforts; but who can say what a man of only thirty may not do? Usually at thirty the first feeble efforts of a writer of promise struggle to the light of day. But—and Mr. Kipling is now in serious danger of being told how to become great—if he would achieve a weighty masterpiece he must find a hero. So far his heroes have been too close to the brute; a grand, a lofty, a noble hero is not in his pages. When he touches such a plain of life he becomes a sneerer and a cynic. But with so much of life before him, with his multifarious experiences, with his power of concentration and self-criticism, no one can forecast his future.

T.G.M.

The Presbyterian congregation at Westport, of which the Rev. S. S. Burns, B.A., was pastor, before accepting the call to Stirling, have extended a unanimous call to the Rev. A. C. Bryan, B.D.

Revs. T. J. Thompson, M.A., J. A. Black, B.A., S. S. Burns, B.A., and a number of our other graduates were in the city last week to attend a meeting of Presbytery.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

THE UNIVERSITY MAN IN THE MINISTRY.

AT the outset I must make clear what sort of man is meant when I speak of the University man. I do not refer to any or every graduate, inasmuch as it is quite possible for a young man of ordinary ability and average application to pass the examinations necessary to the securing of a degree and still fail to catch the distinctive spirit of a University. In a University career extending over eight or nine years one is sure to meet with students whose education is mainly the accumulation of information, who never feel the need of bringing unity into their intellectual life and who are never led to question and examine the bases of their religious faith. Without either blaming or praising such men, let me say that it is not of these I would write in this paper. When I use the term "University man," I refer to the student who *has* felt the need of seeking some sort of unity for his intellectual life, who *has* been led to question and examine the bases of his religious faith, and whose creed, whether orthodox or heterodox, is at least personal.

What is likely to be the experience of such a University man in the ministry? At first, bitter disappointment. He leaves the University well-equipped with intellectual apparatus, his trunks heavy with Kant and Hegel, with works on the "genesis and physiology of the conscience," with volumes on Biblical Introduction, etc., and addresses himself to the new work of "candidating." Being generally a man of an ardent temperament and forgetting in the glow of his enthusiasm that the men and women whom he addresses are engaged in the practical business of life and quite unused to the ideal world in which he lives, he discourses in a manner altogether too ethereal and discovers some months after that the people have called a man with little or no intellectual equipment, with no depth of religious nature, and with, perhaps, only one recommendation, the fact that he is an eloquent speaker. A few experiences such as this give him at last a rude awakening, and when he next appears as a candidate before a congregation he is a sadder and a wiser man, sadder because he has discovered that even ministers can stoop to use the tactics of the politician; wiser because he has learned to sympathize with the people's needs.

At length he does impress the majority of a congregation as a "lad o' pairs," and receives a more or less unanimous call. With the call in his hands he congratulates himself that his troubles are ended, and hastens with joy to his new field of labour, his head full of the grandest schemes for the education