

—Of the Student Volunteer Convention which lately met in Toronto, the Canadian Baptist speaks as "one of the most remarkable that this city, or indeed the world, has ever seen." It was remarkable for the great audiences which filled and over flowed the spacious auditorium of Mossey Hall, for the number and quality of the delegates—students, professors, secretaries and other representatives of Foreign Mission Boards, the missionaries from every quarter of the world; for the large number of really forceful and effective speakers, and for the genius of its management." The Baptist was impressed with the sanity and matter-of-fact character of the meetings. "No one could doubt that the leader, and most of the speakers, meant business. Banner and handkerchief waving, and all such trifling, was utterly absent, and even applause was not permitted. The problem of the world's evangelization was faced with the same clear, calm survey of the whole situation with which great business enterprises or the campaigns of war are planned. The thing to be done was defined, the obligation recognized, the difficulties stated, resources estimated, methods discussed, and hope of success inspired.

The whole spirit of the Convention, with its emphasis on the new birth, the new life, the living Christ, the power of prayer, the triumphs of faith, the Word of God, and the Holy Spirit, was a glorious contrast and a joyous rebuke of the crass materialism of the age. When such missionaries as Thoburn, of India, Underwood, of Corea, and Hotchkiss, of Africa, tell their story, one feels that the Christ of the first century is the Christ of the twentieth, the reality and the supremacy of the spiritual is vindicated afresh, and the hope of ultimate victory for the Kingdom of truth and righteousness burns brighter in the soul."

Noblesse Oblige.

I haven't the faintest idea what the above title means, but I suppose that it is something very good. My daughter has a French Principes, part 1, and she is beginning to put on such-like airs, but if she ever becomes light-headed enough to air her French, in a paper like the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, I shall be ashamed to let any body know that I am her father.

Critic, who wrote that unique article on "Noblesse Oblige" in the issue of Feb. 10th, asks for a MESSENGER AND VISITOR Department with a Professor of Deportment as editor, for the purpose of instructing ministers how to use their knife and fork, and to inform them as to the right use of the dinner napkin, etc.

If critic had written the article over his real name we could all have a look at him, but, as it is, we must measure him up by his words as we would measure a load of hay.

I shon'd conclude, from his talk, that he is a college-bred gentleman—of the Freshman year—perhaps the third week of the term, for no college student of more than three weeks would have enough French to fling around like dust as Critic does.

Critic would like to have a Ministerial Chesterfield as Professor of Deportment. Perhaps a lesson from that person would do him a little good. When Lord Chesterfield wrote his letters, the word "oblige" was, by many of the polite speakers, pronounced as if written "obleege," as if to give a hint of their knowledge of the French language. In one of his letters, that learned, and polite gentleman strictly enjoins his son to avoid that pronunciation as "affected."

Critic, being a young man and a collegian, was very naturally elated when he heard that "great gentlemanly preacher" say that "Provision should be made in our college (what college?), whereby prospective ministers might receive preparation for the hard and rough things that life had in store for them, in their contact with the "great unwashed." Now, if that quotation had been given in French with the others we might have remained in blissful ignorance as to when and how we were insulted. But, unfortunately for us, we understand what that ancient aristocratic term "unwashed" means. It means farmers, laboring men and servants. We, of the working class, who are not of the so-called professions, consider it a gross insult to be called the "great unwashed;" and we think it was very ungentlemanly on the part of the great preacher, and we do not think Critic is any better for quoting him. The Lord Jesus never insulted the working people like that.

Critic is also very ungentlemanly in whispering in the ear of the editor in such a stage-like whisper that everybody in the world could hear. I for one, would very much rather not have heard it. But perhaps Critic does not know that it is ungentlemanly to whisper in company, especially when such information is slyly intended for all ears; and worse still, when it is to slander the ministers, and belittle them in the eyes of those to whom they have to minister. Does critic suppose that we are going to believe all the spiteful things that he said in that article? I have known nearly all the Baptist ministers of the Maritime Provinces and have followed them up for a good many years, and if age can speak, I must

say that a purer and more devout class of men cannot be found, no, not in any of the professions. And I fail to see that "our denomination has suffered at any time through an illiterate ministry."

We must not, however, take the article in question too seriously, and we would not discourage this very, very young aspirant, for perhaps when he grows tired of floating among the stars and basking in the smiling, dancing sunbeams, and comes down to this earth to stay, and gets in touch with the "great unwashed," he will gather up a little common sense, which will help him a good deal more than a course of training, through the columns of the MESSENGER AND VISITOR, in ministerial deportment.

We shall be anxiously looking for this young gentleman who is not a "rough-and-ready, half-fellow-well-met, go-in-at-the-back-door style of man," but a ring-the-bell, wait-at-the-front-door, kid-gloved, card-case-in-hand gentleman, at the next convention. We shall surely know him by the way he wears his eye-glasses, how he uses his knife and fork, and by the use he makes of his dinner napkin.

ONE OF CRITIC'S GREAT UNWASHED.

Lord's Day Week—April 6-13.

"Lord's Day Week," is now recognized in Great Britain, the United States and Canada. All the Societies, having for their object the preservation of the Christian Sabbath, are uniting to ask all ministers and Christian workers to assist in making the best possible use of this opportunity to arouse the public conscience in the interests of the better observance of the Lord's Day. Ministers are requested to preach on the subject; Sunday School and Young People's Society leaders to have the subject in some way brought before the children and young people; and all Christian people to do what they can by example, effort and prayer.

The need is great. Godlessness, greed and selfishness are increasingly bold in profaning the Sacred Day.

The time is opportune. The Lord's Day speaks specially of redemption completed in the Resurrection, whose anniversary just precedes the time fixed upon as Lord's Day Week. Besides, the summer with its special temptations to Sunday pleasure, etc., is just in sight.

There is much advantage in special united instruction, appeal, prayer and effort. The whole community is set thinking on the subject. Its importance is thereby greatly emphasized.

But let us not think that such an effort once a year is enough. The time is when this great question should be frequently brought—in sermon, public prayer, or by other means—before the people. Nothing less will reveal the dangers, arouse conscience, and stir the hearts to worthy interest in this great and burning question.

There is evidence of the beginning of the needed public awakening. There is growing interest in pulpit and press. All the churches—including the Roman Catholics—are uniting, as in no other direction, to strengthen the Lord's Day Alliance. The workmen have begun to realize the special cause they have to be interested in defending the integrity of the Sabbath.

But these evidences of progress—promises of ultimate success—only add to the responsibility of all Christian leaders to redouble effort in order to make actual what is thus shown to be possible.

A strong, united, persevering effort will enable us at least to "hold what we have." To fail, therefore, were to incur most serious guilt!

J. G. SHERRER.

"Acadia" at Toronto.

The great Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement for Foreign Missions, held in Toronto Feb. 26th to Mar. 2nd and has passed into history. More than three thousand young men and women students of the Colleges and Seminaries will ere this have returned to give to their several Institutions some report of the work done by the Convention, and of the impressions received. The student life of nearly six hundred institutions will receive a new stimulus to Christian living and Christian activity from the power of the Toronto meetings reflected by the delegates whose high privilege it was to be present. The influence of such meetings may not soon fade out from the lives of us who enrolled ourselves as student delegates. We must ever be stronger men and women for experiences of those few days; and the student life of the schools we represent ought to feel some enrichment, some new incentive to higher and larger service from us who have received clearer and wider visions of the world's great need, and a fuller understanding of the sufficiency of the gospel of Christ to meet that need.

One experience of the Convention days (and yet scarcely a part of the Convention) which for those present from the Maritime Provinces, will add its own peculiar sweetness to the memory of that great occasion was the "Acadia Rally." Acadia men now pursuing their theological studies in McMaster University were the moving spirits in providing for this most delightful gathering. A banquet was arranged for Saturday evening to which were invited all those who at any time had been connected with our loved Alma Mater. More than a score of us came together, and after enjoying to the full the material part of the programme, other refreshments, the product of thought and fancy, were indulged in. Dr. O. C. S. Wallace, Chancellor of McMaster University, took his place at the head of the table and acted as Master of Ceremonies.

An hour and a half was most enjoyably spent in brief speeches and reminiscences interspersed with Acadia songs and one or two admirable exhibitions of the Acadia yell. We felt ourselves especially happy in having with us Dr. Wallace and Dr. D. M. Welton, another of Acadia's distinguished sons, now Professor of Hebrew in McMaster. Their reminiscences of Acadia life a generation ago were thoroughly enjoyed by us, all who have passed through those halls more recently. The true Acadia spirit of deep appreciation of the high ideals and noble achievements of our beloved Institution characterized every sentence.

Brief speeches were also made by Miss Rita J. Yuill,

Miss Bessie E. Cooper, Miss B. O. Johnson, Sebra C. Freeman, H. G. Colpitts and H. L. Kempton, in behalf of the respective schools from which they were delegates. A humorous reading by Jno. Glendenning in the dialect of the French habitant varied the programme and added to the enjoyment of the occasion.

Others present were Mrs. Dr. Wallace and Mrs. Dr. Welton, Miss Mabel C. Hall, C. D. Schurman, (Ac. '97), G. Whitfield Elliott (Ac. '94), Wm. H. Dyas, (Ac. '00), F. L. Cann (Ac. '00), Irad Hardy (Ac. '94), Miss Edith Corning, Miss Edith C. Adams, A. LeRoy Chipman and C. S. Eaton.

The singing of "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts" and "God be with you till we meet again," followed by the benediction spoken by the sweet-spirited Professor of Hebrew, brought to a close an experience the memory of which will make richer the life and add no sorrow with it.

H. G. C.

New Books.

THE SANDALS, A TALE OF PALESTINE. By Z. Grenell. Illustrations by Freeland A. Carter.

A beautiful little idyl of sacred story. "The sandals" referred to were the foot covering of the "blessed feet" which were "pierced for our redemption," and the story tells what were their wanderings and who were their wearers from the time that they fell to the lot of a Roman soldier when Christ's garments were parted among his crucifiers, to the day when they came back to Mary the mother of Jesus. The little book exhibits both strength and beauty of literary style. The initial scene, where the soldier pawns the sandals at a drinking shop in Jerusalem, is written with masterly vigor, and the love story of Zerah and Elihu, the shepherd lass and lad into whose possession the sandals shortly come, is told with the delicate touch of a true poet.

—Published by Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York and London; Price 40 cents net; postage 5 cents.

UNDER MY OWN ROOF. By Adelaide L. Rouse, Author of "The Deane Girls," "Westover House," etc. Illustrations by Harrie A. Stoner.

A story of a "nesting" impulse and what came of it. A newspaper woman determines to build a home for herself in a Jersey suburb. The story of its planning is delightfully told, simply and with a literary-humorous flavor that will appeal to lovers of books and of the fire-side. Before the house-building details are allowed to tire the reader, a love story is begun, and catches the interest. It concerns the home builder, an old flame, and an old friend, the third of whom has become a next-door neighbor. With this romance are entwined a number of heart affairs as well as warm friendships. The style is bright, and the humor genial and pervasive. The "literary worker" and "the suburbanite" particularly will enjoy the book. Women of culture everywhere should appreciate its delicate style.

—Published by Funk and Wagnalls Company, New York and London. Price \$1.30 net; postage 13 cents.

THE COURTSHIP OF SWEET ANNE PAGE. By Ellen V. Talbot. Illustrations by Sewell Collins.

There is no more grateful task in literature than the completion of a tale half told or but hinted at, in olden drama or romance. Ellen V. Talbot has laid lovers of Shakespeare under especial obligation to her by filling an inviting gap in "The Merry Wives of Windsor" with the charming romance of Sweet Anne Page and her courtship by the three lovers; Abraham Sienler, the tallow-faced gawk chosen by her father; Dr. Caius, the garlic-scented favorite of her mother; and the "gallant Fenton," the choice of that "youthful under-plotter," her own wilful self. How the second suitor was played against the first, and the third, bantered and coquetted and finally eloped with, is made the matter of a cleverly constructed plot.

—Published by Funk and Wagnalls Company. Price, 40 cents net; postage 5 cents.

CAPTAIN JINKS, HERO. By Earnest Crosby. Twenty five illustrations by Dan Beard. 12mo, cloth, ornamental cover. Price \$1.50. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company.

The author of this book is the son of the late Howard Crosby, D. D., and has become well known as a writer against American "militarism." He denounces all war. He is a friend and correspondent of Tolstai, and well and favorably known among English socialists, anti-imperialists, and other radicals. He is the author of "Plain Talk in Psalm and Parable," a book of Whitmanesque verse. "Captain Jinks, Hero," is a satirical novel upon the military history of the United States since the outbreak of the Spanish War. Sam Jinks, its hero, is first shown as an innocent country lad whose taste for military affairs is planted by a chance Christmas gift of lead soldiers. It is cultivated by his training in the "John Wesley's Boys' Brigade," and firmly established by a career at "East Point," in which institution he obtains a cadetship. "Hazing" at West Point is satirized in a most complete and clever fashion, and its incidents are furthermore made to serve a vital purpose in developing the motif of the entire story, viz, the similarity of militarism and savagery. A love romance, too, is started at East Point, which gives to the book the heart interest of a novel. Sam meets Marian, a "college widow," and is captured by her. She foment his ambitions. The "Cubapino" War breaks out. Sam leaves East Point and becomes a volunteer soldier. Cleary, a classmate, accompanies him as a correspondent of the Lyre, the leading "yellow journal." A plan is arranged by the paper to make Sam the hero of the war, and the Lyre's special property. So he secures all the laurels of war. He becomes the hero of every battle, the subjugator of savage tribes, the captor of the chief insurgent general, etc., etc. (He is really a composite hero of the Cuban and Philippine Wars—the type of the "perfect soldier.") He returns home; is kissed by all the girls from St. Kleco (San Francisco) to St. Lewis (St. Louis), where the jealous Marian meets him and marries him to save him from the occasion. Here begins a revulsion of popular feeling. He is flouted. His spirit is broken, and his health, impaired in the Cubapines, fails. He ends his days in a lunatic asylum, playing with his lead soldiers.