

Our Contributors.

FOR DOMINION PRESBYTERIAN.

An Extract from the Gallican Missal.

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For a considerable time, "Le Chretien Francais" has given in every number an extract from the Missal, or Service Book, of the Gallican Church. I here give one, as it may be interesting to some readers of this paper. Comparatively few Protestants know much about that Church. I shall, therefore, use as a preface, the following extract from Buck's Theological Dictionary. He says:

"She was the *civivant* (former) church of France under the government of its respective bishops and pastors. This church always enjoyed certain franchises and immunities, not as grants from popes, but as derived to her from her first original, and which she took care never to relinquish. These liberties depended upon two maxims; the first, that the pope had no right to order any thing in which the temporalities and civil rights of the kingdom were concerned; the second, that notwithstanding the pope's supremacy was admitted in cases purely spiritual, yet in France his power was limited by the decrees of ancient councils received in that realm." But let us turn now to the extract from the Missal of that Church, of which I have spoken. It is as follows:

Beginning.—Let us prostrate ourselves before the Lord Almighty. Let the heavens and the earth and all that they contain, leap before His face, for He comes to judge the peoples, and to establish His kingdom which shall no more be moved.

Psalm.—Happy the man who shall be found blameless, and who has always walked in the law of the Lord. Glory...

Collect.—Holy God, before whom even the angels are not pure, who shall be able to stand before Thee? Deal not with us, Thy servants, according to Thy justice, but according to Thy great mercy, of which Thou hast given us the pledge in Jesus Christ, Thy Son our Saviour.

Epistle.—Coloss. 1, v. 9-13.

Gospel.—Mat. 24, v. 15-35

Offertory.—Let us not be weary in well-doing, for, if we lose not courage, we shall, in due time, reap the fruit thereof. Wherefore, while we have time for doing it, let us do good to all, but specially to those whom faith has made, like ourselves, servants of the Lord. Galat 6v. 9-10.

Postcommunion.—O Eternal God, our days will pass away, but Thy goodness endures forever. Teach us Thy wisdom, that we may do the works of God before that night come in which no one can work, and, at the day of judgment, be found faithful stewards. By Jesus Christ, Thy Son, our Lord.

Notes by Nemo.

The following letter by Mr. W. L. Grant, son of the late Principal Grant, is worthy of careful attention. I think Mr. Grant's statement is quite to the point. By all means take Dr. Seath's advice and make the matriculation examination real and thorough, so that the University may have a chance of doing its own work well. But let us at the same time remember what Mr. Grant states so clearly, that in Canada we cannot maintain the whole apparatus of the University for the few who can engage in special lines of

research, we have to give a broad culture to the great body of young men who are coming forward to do the varied forms of intellectual work in this growing country.

Research in University Work.

To the Editor of The News: Your editorial on "Universities and Research" in your issue of April 16th, puts The News on record as a particularly bellicose champion of the movement to give research a leading place in our university work. Against this movement I desire to enter a feeble protest. In Germany, where the research movement originated, it rests upon a foundation which we in Canada do not possess. Their magnificent system of *gymnasias* and *realschulen*, joined to a zeal for study in the youth of the country which in Canada only develops later in life, gives to their universities a body of thoroughly trained matriculants, who naturally, and, indeed, inevitably enter upon research work. Such a body of students we in Canada do not possess. The United States have in some of their more advanced universities instituted post graduate courses, which have won a certain measure of success, though even here Professor James has recently found it necessary to sound a very clear note of warning. A man is not necessarily a competent teacher, still less "a much greater force in the classroom and laboratory," least of all a well educated and cultured scholar, because he has exhaustively investigated the similes of Silius Italicus, gained his Ph. D. by a treatise on the oaths in Plautus and Terence, or made an elaborate computation of the number of blue, red and yellow tickets collected by the local street railway.

If even in the United States, with its vast resources and thousands of graduates, there is a danger that the craze for research may be pushed too far, still more is this the case in Canada. Research is a terribly expensive business; its tools are hard to obtain and very high in price. The resources of our universities are scanty enough already; are they to be still further diminished that we may enter upon an unequal competition with the United States and Germany, in the hope of turning out half-a-dozen stars of the second or third magnitude? "Stars imply night," as Thring long ago pointed out. Ours is the far nobler task of preparing not a few stars, but great numbers of well educated citizens, men with at least the rudiments of culture, and with a zeal for higher things infinitely in advance of their actual knowledge. Lushington, Tennyson's brother in law, the greatest classical scholar of his time, whom the poet described as

"Wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly as a flower"

could not be adequately styled one who knew "a little more or even considerably more than the members of a high school staff." Yet Lushington, as Professor of Greek at Glasgow University, had to begin by teaching his junior class the alphabet! Far better for him, certainly, could he have guided a chosen few into *elysian* fields of research; whether better for Scotland is a very different question.

Much remains to be done to improve our Canadian universities; but to exhaust our resources in endowing Research Fellowships, and to stint our Canadian lads—as fine raw material as exists anywhere in the world—in their search after that comparatively little learning which is yet so infinitely precious, is to take away our good roast beef and to offer us in return a few extra spoonfuls of mustard. That our universities are in part doing "advanced high school work," is—considering the present needs of Canada—not their shame, but their great glory.

Among The Churches.

The Unitarians.

[BY ARLEY LANE.]

It was with fear and trembling that I passed those Heretical portals. For that all Unitarians are Heretics is duly set forth in a certain dictionary compiled by a beneficed Church of England parson. At the door was a steward of episcopal look, so much so that he might have been butler to a duke. So calm, so dignified was he that only to look upon him was to be rested. He was talking with a little woman surmounted by such an enormous hat that I was reminded of a racing yacht with its small hull and great spread of canvas. When his benign eye fell upon me he waved me towards a tall young man of surprising spareness combined with dignity; a stately stripling, who gave point and elegance to the aisles. Him I followed to a convenient seat where, duly equipped with Heretical books I sat, remembering the definition of the *clerical* dictionary, and vaguely dreading the mortal contamination of my immortal part.

Roystering waifs in the street are singing Christmas carols; their untutored roar shocks the preliminary silence of the service; carols, forsooth, days before Christmas Eve. These Waifs believe in the supernatural birth of Jesus, at any rate; their carols are all about the Virgin; and here I sit in a church, a handsome church that cost many thousands, whose pastor teaches and preaches that Jesus Christ was a man like ourselves, and not the Son of God in any other sense than that which applies to other men. Then comes the remembrance that the carollers are out for money, and that they do not think too heavily upon the theology of their carols. The reflection depresses me. I contrast their conduct with that of the clergy of various denominations, who scorn the sight of lucre, and whose only thought is self-sacrifice and the spreading of the truth.

A sort of curate arranges the orthodox lectern with orthodox book-marks dangling therefrom. There is an orthodox pulpit, an orthodox organ and even what looks like an orthodox Communion table. Something rises behind it which may even be an orthodox reredos, though I discern no traces of an orthodox baldacchino. Why this external appearance of orthodoxy? Is it to deceive the unwary? Have the Nestors of Unitarianism discovered that men are led by externals; that despite the dawn of the twentieth century, they are still held and influenced by what is gross and material? A vestry door opens, and, as I live by bread, an orthodox procession of white-robed singers emerges. Two by two, some thirty men and boys walk slowly and devoutly to the chancel. Am I verily in the abode of he-