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REV. PRINCIPAL CAVEN, D.D.

THE face that looks down from its gilded frame on the audiences that gather in Convocation Hall is plainly that of a man not given to posing, one more at home among books than in the artist's studio, and to whom sitting for his portrait is not the pleasantest thing in the world. You have only to look at that face on the opposite page to see that it would crimson at a word. There is a reserve about the expression, a readiness to retire from too bright light, an instinctive shrinking, like the sensitive plant, from a too rough hand. And yet there is a mild persistence about those eyes. You feel their searching glance go through you. They may have a serene and otherworldly look, but venture too near in impiety or irreverence and you may be met, not with the glow of genial warmth, but with the sword-gleam warning against intrusion. The painter finds his skill tested not by the physical but by the mental man. The "soul within" is more than half concealed, and the sketch of yesterday's sitting is not true to the model of to-day. The literary artist would find the same difficulty were he to turn his unwinking eye upon the man, the preacher, the leader, or the professor. His Character Sketch might be true to life, but which life? and at what moment?

But Dr. Caven is not sitting for another photograph. The time