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Our Graduates' Institute.

THE STUDY OF RELIGIONS.

REV. W. D. ARMSTRONG, M.A., PH.D.

I think I may take for granted in this audience that it is, to say the least, highly desirable that a minister of the present day should have among his varied acquirements a fair knowledge of the religions of the world. The comparative study of religions is certain to occupy, in the future, a more prominent position in our theological curriculums than it has done in the past. How the idea of God has affected the history and life of men and nations, and how it is affecting the peoples of the world to-day in their moral, social and political life, is surely a subject worthy of profound consideration. The

theological student cannot know too much as to the way in which religion, in its many and varied forms, has influenced the minds and hearts of men in all ages, in all lands. his subject has been emphasized as one especially essential to the student preparing for missionary work in foreign lands. It is certainly right that he should seek to know as much as possible, before going out, of the modes of thinking convictions, motives and controlling forces of the men he proposes to convert. But is it not a practical subject for the minister who stays at home, in enabling him to give a more intelligent support to mission work and in the pleading of its claims? He will have a clearer knowledge of the work to be done and the difficulties to be overcome. The study of the religions of the world in comparison with and contrast to the religion of Christ, cannot but be helpful in any effort to stimulate and intensify missionary zeal in the Church. It is the vindication of missions.

Further, this study is in itself a fascinating one, and has many intrinsic advantages as a means of culture. What study is better calculated to bring us in contact with the heart of humanity? What subject can make us more conscious of the great needs of humanity? What subject is more suited to call out our sympathy towards the deepest yearnings of humanity, or create in us an enthusiasm for humanity? If "the proper study of mankind is man," the study of man from the religious point of view may surely claim to be the crown of all humanistic studies. What study will better enable us to realize the meaning of religion?—make us more distinctly conscious of the profound fact of man's religious nature—the religion behind all religions? What study is better calculated to broaden the mind, and widen the sympathies of the heart, than the contemplation, in particulars, of this great universal fact of religion and its various manifestations in human history?

As we pursue this subject it becomes apparent, as never before, that man needs something more than any ethnic religion supplies. We see the unique relation of the Christian religion to the world's need as we never did before.

"We see that the ethnic religions can only be understood when viewed in relation to Christianity, and Christianity cannot be fully understood unless viewed in relation to these religions." We should try to grasp the spiritual problems with which the races and nations of the earth have been wrestling, and ponder the solutions they have furnished, then shall we see more clearly the one true solution that Christianity furnishes. We should learn the answers other religions have given to the great questions of the soul, then shall we understand better the nature of that satisfying answer that has been given in Christ. We should look with the utmost candour upon the ideas and ideals set forth by other religions, and then shall we see how peerless is the ideal set forth in the religion of Jesus Christ. In the midst of other religions we shall see the Christian religion standing in her divine beauty, luminous and glorified.

It should not be forgotten either that this study is helpful in the understanding of the Bible. Some texts are illuminated, and some portions receive clearer interpretation, and in general, the more we know of the religious yearnings and the religious nature of man, the clearer do we see the fullness of meaning in that Book which in its teachings meets the religious nature of man and the spiritual wants of man at every point.

The study, too, has in it a moral and consecrating impulse. Sometimes the serious study of the faiths and practise of non-Christian peoples throws into light defects in the followers of Jesus. We stand rebuked before their devotion. The tremendous efforts of men, goaded on by superstition impel us to a closer discipleship and a deeper consecration. When we see the courage and self-sacrifice of the devotees of a false religion, shall we not walk worthy of our calling and cease to be ashamed of Jesus.

The apologetic value also of this study is one that should not be overlooked. Among the defences that may be set up for the Christian religion, that which the study of other religions affords is one most valuable and readily appreciated. It should not be forgotten that this subject, which may be so helpful to the strengthening of Christian faith, may also

be handled to the serious disadvantage of Christianity. It has been greatly popularized of late years. It is pressed upon the public mind in many ways. The minister as a leader and guide of public opinion cannot afford to be any longer ignorant of it.

The Parliament of Religions, held a few years ago on this continent, did much to call the attention of the public mind to it. Representatives of all the great faiths of the world appeared on the same platform. The Buddhist, the Shintoist, the Mohammedan, &c., all freely set forth their beliefs, and in some cases pressed them home in a genuine missionary spirit. They did not hesitate to pronounce on the real defects they observed in Christian life, and upon the imagined defects they thought they discovered in Christianity itself. At the time considerable fault was found with those who were responsible for bringing together this motley conference. "Why," it was said, "should they bring their malarias from swamps and jungles and uncork them at the side of the pure atmospheres taken from Colorado and Maine? Health is too precious a thing to be thus ruthlessly imperilled." There is no doubt that Christianity was exceedingly hospitable on that occasion and gave the greatest liberty to her guests. There is no doubt either that much that passed on that platform as Oriental was simply a reflection of Christian truths and of Western philosophy. Two bad results were feared:

1st. That an impression would be created that the Christian religion was simply one in a series of religions.

2nd. That the recognition of these religions would have an injurious effect upon the work of Christian missions.

These fears have been confirmed only to a limited extent. After all it is felt that there was something imposing in the fact and the spectacle presented. It was an object lesson in religion to see all the faiths met to show their harmonies and their divergencies, to set forth their foundations, their triumphs, their influences, to compare their views, as one has aptly put it: "On the mountain height of absolute respect for the religious convictions of each other." There is no doubt

it has given a great stimulus to the study of religions, has popularized it, has made the faiths of the great ethnic religions vivid to us. In the comparison Christianity cannot be injured. The pure gold will stand the test when placed side by side with the alloy. As Dr. Jas. Legge observes: "The more a man possesses of the Christian spirit and is governed by the Christian principle, the more anxious will he be to do justice to every other system of religion and to hold his own view without taint of fetter or bigotry." We need not tremble for the ark of God. We should cherish such absolute confidence in the divine origin and truth of the Christian religion, that we can study with fearless freedom and candour, all other religions. Our thoughts towards all other religions should be large enough and loving enough not to suspect that the virtues and verities we may discover in other religions will in any way disparage the supreme merit of the religion of Jesus Christ. The sun shines in the sky in midday splendour, and his glory is not detracted from if we rejoice in the milder light of the moon or praise the beauty of the twinkling stars.

Having said so much in favour of the study of comparative religion, I feel like entering a word of caution against a false liberalism that would surrender or compromise the truth committed to our trust, and the Saviour whom we hold to be the only Saviour of the world,—the liberalism that would set aside or modify fundamental truths in order to fraternise on equal terms with Buddhist, Shintoist, Parsee or Mohammedan. We cannot, out of courtesy, think or speak in veiled terms of the truth entrusted to us or of the Saviour in whom is our hope. We must hold these as supreme and press them as essential upon the acceptance of all men and all nations until the kingdoms of this world become our Lord's and Christ's. There are not a few in our Christian lands who are seemingly prepared to adopt the spurious tolerance of Frederic the Great of Prussia: "In my country every one can go to heaven after his own fashion." As a political maxim announcing religious freedom we have no quarrel with it; but as a confession of indifference in regard to religion the

maxim must be utterly rejected. We cannot remain true to Christ and allow that Christianity is simply one of many religions. Christianity cannot be tolerant of other religions. It must assert its claim as the one only true religion. Does the teaching of the Old Testament admit that other religions can be tolerated as true? Will you find any such admission in the teaching of Christ and his apostles? You hear no note in the Bible like this: "All religions are on the same plane, only some are a little better than others." There is no hint of an injunction to make an eclectic religion out of the best elements in the various historic religions of the world. Christianity can make no compromise, and enter into no compact with the other religions. Men are to be saved from false religions, not by them. There is only one true religion. There is only one Eternal Son of God. There is only one Saviour of the world: "I am the Way, the Truth and the Life; no man cometh to the Father but by me." "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto me." "There is no other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved. As followers of Christ we should be filled with love and compassion for the erring, but with hatred and utter hostility to the error. Our very love to the heathen will be the measure of our hostility and hatred to the false systems under which they are held in bondage. As Christians we are tender, considerate, compassionate, but as preachers of the truth of Christ we know no truce with error, we give no quarter to the enemy. Our attitude is one of loving hostility. So whilst we detract not from the merits of ethnic religions, whilst we gladly recognise the gentleness and unselfishness of Sakya Muni, the practical, moral, social and political teachings of Confucius, the strength and moral energy of Zoroaster, the moral and religious light in the great teachers of Greece and Rome, we cannot for a moment allow our Christ to be placed side by side with these moral and religious founders. We place Him on the throne and call upon all peoples and tribes and nations to become subject to Him, and all men great and small to crown Him Lord of all.

Now, for this faith that is in us we ought to be able to give good reason. We should be able to state why we believe the Christian religion to be the fulfilment of all the good, all the virtues and verities in other religions, and destined to be the one absolute and universal religion. We present the following as the grounds of our belief:

I. Because we have the highest possible conception of God. Every religion is as its conception of God, from fetishism up to Christianity. No conception of God is equal to, and none can possibly go beyond the conception of God given in the New Testament. The Revelation of the Fatherhood of God, given in and by Christ, far transcends the noblest monotheistic conception of the Mohammedan, or even of the Jew. In this Christian idea are embodied all the best thoughts of men of all ages who have been "Seekers after God." This conception of God the Father must ultimately prevail and become universal.

II. In the second place we can point to the Bible and claim that here we have a book that is unique and supreme among all books of sacred literature. We are not called upon in defence of the Bible to deny or disparage the excellence of other sacred books. We accept them—we rejoice in them. On the other hand, we are not called upon to lower our claim for the Bible, because some one gives us an excellent string of quotations gathered from these books, and asks us: "Have you anything better in your Bible?" There are grains of pure gold in heaps and heaps of trash. But there are at least two great contrasts that should be noted. In other books we have men's thoughts about God, and man's strivings to reach God. In the Bible we have God's revelation of Himself, and His thoughts about man and for man and His acts reaching out to man's redemption. Another contrast may be noted, which is this: In other literatures, as seen in India, Egypt, China, &c., there is progress steadily downward. In the Bible the progress is steadily upward until it culminates in Christ. We have a right to press this argument for all it is worth. Why is it that we have the higher monotheistic revelation far back in the history of

these peoples, and the process one of deterioration? And why did not the course of history in the Bible run in the same way? Why? Simply because God was at the heart of the Bible record, working out His great purpose of grace to man. Further, the teaching of the Bible is not for one race, but for all, for all peoples, for all times. The universality and vitality of the Bible are marked features. It is "the Word of God, that liveth and abideth forever."

III. Because the Christian religion alone deals with the great facts of human consciousness with sin and its consequences. It must, therefore, become the religion for all men—for all have sinned. It is a fair test question to put to any religion. How does it deal with sin? Christianity alone probes to the bottom this great sore of humanity. Christianity alone brings healing. Joseph Cook puts this in his own dramatic way: Enter Lady Macbeth, rubbing her hands. "Out, out, damned spot. Will these hands never be clean? All the perfumes of Arabia could not sweeten this little hand." What religion can wash Lady Macbeth's right hand? That is the question I propose to the four continents. Can Mohammedanism? Can Buddhism? Can Confucionism? Can Parseeism? Christianity alone deals with and does away with sin. Christianity alone pours in the healing balsam into this death wound. Christianity alone has a Redeemer and a redemption from sin. Christianity alone, therefore, can be the universal religion for a sinning and condemned world. There is only one Saviour of the world. In Him is harmony restored between God and man. The whole Christian system culminates in one word—reconciliation.

IV. Another reason why we see in Christianity the supreme universal religion is this: In all other religions we see limitations and seeds of sure decay. Christianity is unlimited in its expansiveness. Christianity is unfailing in its vitality, because it unfolds from a living germ. It has life from a living head. The only other religions that may be named at all in the comparison are Buddhism and Mohammedanism. Kuenen's remarks in this connection are suggestive: "If we review the three religions of the world, noting not

their extension, but their character, we can have no hesitation in pronouncing Christianity the most universal of religions, and that because it is best qualified for its moral task to inspire and consecrate the personal life. Islam and Buddhism alike fail to acquit themselves beyond a certain point. There they find a line drawn which they cannot pass because their origin forbids it."

Buddhism is altogether unsuited to active, progressive life. It has no ideal, no future, no hope. The sweetness and unselfishness of its founder gave it a mighty impulse at the beginning and its expansion was marvellous. But it fails to meet the great want of the human heart and mind. It proposes destruction rather than satisfaction. It is not possible for it to maintain its hold upon the advancing families of the earth. It turns from the throbbing realities of life. It negates the struggles of mankind for advancement. It has erected for itself a barrier which will prevent it from being universal. "So it was that after the first mighty wave of compassion has spent itself, it had settled down into quietness, indifference and despairing scepticism—a condition from which it will not likely revive, inasmuch as it has no great ideal of life to draw it ever onward and upward."

Mohammedanism served good purposes in bringing nations and tribes up from an idolatrous plane to the monotheistic worship. It has had wonderful history, but it cannot pass the limit imposed upon it by its origin. It has been aptly called a case of "arrested progress." In the bondage of its code it cannot go beyond a certain limit. It is contracted in its sacred book, the Koran. It is contracted in having a geographical centre. It may suit individuals and tribes that have not advanced beyond code and ceremony, but must always yield to the advance of higher and expansive life.

How very different it is with Christianity. It is not cribbed or cabined, or confined in any way. It has all the mutability, expansiveness and adaptability of a living, growing thing. Christianity has a perfect adaptation to all nations, all classes, and an expansiveness beyond which thought cannot go. We soon reach the limit of a mere code

of ethics. But Christianity has an ideal ethics because it has the conception of a life that is perfect. More than that, this perfect, ideal life is present in an example, and, what is of infinite importance, with motives large enough to give effect to the highest virtues. Christianity has future life that leaves nothing even for the imagination to conceive. This expansiveness in growth, this power to reach a higher and ever higher life, indicates and assures the destiny of the Christian religion as supreme, universal. Sometimes we are asked to look at the numbers ministered to by the great ethnic religions. Buddhism, with its 400 millions; Mohammedanism, with its 200 millions, staggers. We must always keep in view the fact that it is not a question of the greatest numbers, but of the greatest excellence. When Jesus Christ stood in the midst of his twelve disciples there stood the supreme—the universal Church. When the Holy Ghost fell on one hundred and twenty men and women in an upper chamber in Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost—there was the supreme church. The judgment of five artists on a work of art outweighs the judgment of five million savages. It is not a question of numbers. It is the inherent power of indefinite development that will decide. The religion that will finally prevail is not that which now boasts of the highest numbers, but that which has in it the most inherent life—that which can bring the individual man and the community of men to the highest possible perfection. Christianity will do this. Christianity is doing this. When the sun arises there is no need of gas lamps. There is no limit to the development of Christianity. Man soon outstrips the limits of all other religions, but he can reach no condition of advancement to which Christianity will not be adapted; no moral standpoint to which she cannot say,—higher.

All other religions are but at best deformed torsos of the truth. Christianity is the perfect statue, in all its power and beauty. We may appeal to the verdict of fact and history. The progressive, growing, governing nations of the world today are all Christian. Inadequately as the Christian religion

has been represented in the world, imperfect as is the Christianity of Christian nations, yet its superiority, its supremacy and manifest universal destiny are clear. Its path is the path of victory. Its power, its vitality, its supremacy comes from its Divine living head. There are no statues to a dead Christ. The founder of Christianity is not a prophet of the past, but a living, invincible king. All power is his: He will draw all unto him. The kingdom of God shall come upon the earth, and the kingdoms of this world shall become our Lord's and Christ's.

Thou that created'st all! Thou Fountain
Of our sun's light—who dwellest far
From man, beyond the farthest star,
Yet ever present; who dost heed
Our spirits in their human need,
We bless Thee, Father, that we *are!*

The earth is Thine—when days are dim,
And leafless stands the stately tree;
When from the north the fierce winds blow
Where falleth fast the mantling snow;
The earth pertaineth still to Thee.

The earth is Thine—Thy creature, man!
Thine are all worlds, all suns that shine;
Darkness and light, and life and death;
Whate'er all space inhabiteth,
Creator! Father! all are Thine.

—*Mary Howitt.*

Poetry.

FIR-TREES.

Comrades of squirrels and friends of the Ancient of Winters,
What were the fields without you, O stanchest of brothers
Who stand in the heart of the snow-waste with generous branches,
Shaking the frost from your shoulders, gathering the birds in your arms.
Cheery, undaunted and green with the life of uncountable summers
And suns of the old earth's growth stored up in your fibres,
Ye cherish the torch of the world's continuous life
Thro' the death of the year, that its embers rekindle her fires.
Your thousand of tongues, as the snow sifts down thro' your needles,
Sing in the wind of joy in the brusqueness of living,
Of comradeship and of mirth,—till my heart grows blither
To feel that the snow is my friend and the soul of the winter is tender.

ROBERT MACDOUGALL.

Harvard University.

PRAISE.

Our meed of praise, O Lord, to Thee we bring,
To Thee our God and King.
Great nature hymns Thy praise,
And all created things in varied ways
Are vocal with the notes which they would raise:
And with accordant voice
They seem to call to man in clearest tones, "Rejoice."

Rejoice! Join in the grand triumphant song,
Its chorus full prolong,
And Heavenward ever send
The grateful incense of thy praise, to blend
With all the throbbings that to heaven ascend,
In music grand and sweet,
A symphony divine, a harmony complete.

The voice of praise the grateful may employ
To tell their inward joy
Which utterance desires.
Which, viewing all God's love, in love aspires
To simply speak that joy. But speech retires
Till graceful, clear and strong,
In music clothed it bursteth forth a joyful song.

Sweet are these notes of praise, 'tis joy to hear
That melody so sweet.
But listen yet again,
Alas! there seem some discords in the strain.
And something seems to mar the full refrain,
The perfect unison.
'Tis Earth that beats not yet with Heaven attuned as one.

GEO. MCGREGOR.

Presbyterian College.

How charming is divine philosophy!
Not harsh, and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical, as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.

—*Milton.*

THE PRESENTATION OF THE GOSPEL.

Rev. Prof. Scrimger, D.D.

The gospel of Jesus Christ in its entirety, is the revelation of the Divine method for the salvation of men from the consequences and from the control of sin. The aim of that revelation is entirely a practical one—that of leading men through the knowledge of this method into the personal experience of salvation. We have, perhaps, no right to say that God cannot save men without giving them a knowledge of the method. Most Christians, indeed, believe in the salvation of children, dying in infancy, to whom such knowledge is altogether impossible, and we must always allow for the possibility of God finding access to the heart of man by other means than through formulated knowledge. But this seems to be the normal method in the case of those who have attained years of intelligence. And in order that it may operate as widely as possible, the church, to which that revelation has been entrusted, is bidden to proclaim it everywhere, and to invite men the world over to avail themselves of its provisions. The explanation of this method and the maintenance of such rites as are fitted to secure its actual adoption by the largest possible number of people, may be said to be the main business of the Church of Christ on the earth, and the only justification for its existence.

As to the great outstanding features of that Divine method of salvation, it may be said that there is substantial agreement among all the various branches of the Christian church, however widely they may differ in the secondary details. It is agreed on all hands, for instance, that God has made provision for the forgiveness of sins to all such as are truly penitent, through the death of Jesus Christ on the cross. It is further agreed that to all such as are truly penitent Divine help is afforded that they may be freed from the mastery of sin and live in obedience to the law of right as they understand it. With all, therefore, the practical call of the gospel is fundamentally the same—the call to repentance. Every-

thing else is subsidiary to that and considered of value only in so far as it secures or maintains that repentance as the spiritual attitude of the soul towards God. This point, indeed, is one which is sometimes obscured by the emphasis laid upon the means relied on for awakening repentance, but it would need to be an utterly aberrant Christianity, such as is rarely found, which would deny it.

When we ask, however, what are the motives and considerations which are supposed to produce repentance and lead to the Christian life, we find considerable variety of opinion and of practice. Throughout a large part of Christendom the main reliance is placed upon the organization of the church and on its sacraments to put men in the way of salvation and to keep them there. Preaching consists very largely of an assertion of the claims of the church and of the value of these sacraments. The aim is to bring men into a sympathetic and loyal attitude to the church, which then, as it were, guarantees their salvation, provided that attitude is maintained and certain external rights are observed with more or less regularity. This outer shell of religion no doubt often covers something better and cannot be said to be altogether a failure. But it is manifestly unspiritual, and since the great awakening of the sixteenth century has been steadily falling into disrepute almost everywhere. A Christianity which has relapsed into virtual Judaism by throwing the chief emphasis on forms and sacraments, can no longer satisfy the hearts of men. They must be reached through the intellect or touched in conscience else they will turn from religion altogether as unable to afford them any help in fighting the battle of life or in facing the dread approach of death.

Even Protestantism, however, which places the emphasis on the intellectual and spiritual side of religion, does not always present the gospel in the same way, or seek to lead men to repentance by the same considerations. The method mainly relied on by the evangelical churches has been that of setting forth the atoning work of Christ as the ground of the sinner's justification before God on condition of faith. Men are invited and urged to repentance by the consideration that

full provision has been made for the free pardon of all sin, and that, altogether independently of their own deserts, God is willing to receive them or deal with them as righteous for Christ's sake. This, of course, is not that they may be excused from obedience or duty, but wholly in order that they may be stimulated the more to do what they know to be well pleasing to God. And this consideration is reinforced by the thought of the love of God for sinful man which led him to make provision for man's restoration to the path of duty at such great cost to himself. The method is the heroic one of appealing to the better side of man's nature in order to put him on his best endeavors after holiness, rather than by coercing him into goodness with the thought of the consequences which will follow persistence in sin. It is the method of the wise parent or teacher who, while authorized to punish, seeks rather to evoke a loyal obedience to right law by trusting those under his charge and appealing to their honor. It is the method of the great generals of history, the born leaders of men, who move their soldiers to deeds of heroic valor by generously addressing them on the eve of battle as brave men who can be trusted to flinch at no danger but to win victory at all cost.

This method is one which finds full warrant in the Scriptures, and especially in the writings of Paul. It has abundantly proved its success in actual use. Long neglected and almost forgotten by the church during the dark ages of mediæval times, it was revived by Martin Luther and the leaders of the Reformation with the happiest results. Since that time it is the mode of presentation which has been characteristic of almost all the important revivals of religion, and has been the most effective instrumentality in the hands of the great evangelists. Its success, wherever it has been fairly employed is sufficient to show that it is one which ought to have a prominent place in the work of every preacher or pastor who seeks to reach the unconverted and lead them to repentance. It is the method which is best adapted to the needs of serious people who are in earnest about the responsibilities of life, and intelligent enough to wish to understand

what may be known of the thoughts and plans of God. It is the mode of presenting the gospel which gives satisfaction to the conscience, peace to the soul, and joy to the heart, because it makes it clear that we are saved wholly by the grace of God through Christ's work and not in any measure through our own efforts. It is, at the same time, the method which, rightly understood, secures the highest type of Christian character. For, though at first sight it seems to relieve the conscience from the demands of law, it more effectually reaches the same end which the law aims at by imposing the higher obligations of gratitude and love.

But while all this is true, there are other modes of statement, or rather other forms of appeal, which may be legitimately adopted, and which may be used with good effect in cases not a few. For even as the appeal may be made from the starting point of justification, so it may be also made from the starting points of adoption and sanctification.

With regard to the former of these the evangelical preacher will probably have little difficulty, though, as a matter of fact, it is not often employed by preachers of that school. For the invitation which the gospel extends to the sinner to enter into the privilege of sonship to God is fundamentally the same as the offer of a free justification by faith in Christ. The two are scarcely more than different names for a new relationship between the sinner and his God whereby he is treated as the accepted friend of God without at all deserving it, on grounds that lie in God rather than in himself. The only difference is that in the one case that change in relationship is represented to the mind in a forensic way which allows of a simple explanation of what the ground is, while in the other it is represented under a more familiar family aspect, which does not lend itself readily to any such explanation of the ground. It is, perhaps, better adapted to reach minds of a simpler type, such as are content to accept the gracious invitation of a loving Father at its full value, without troubling themselves with any speculations as to how such an invitation is rendered possible or may be consistent with all the attributes of the Divine character. It will be

readily observed that this mode of entrance upon the new life of obedience to God, so far from dispensing with faith, really calls for a more unquestioning faith in God than in the other. It is the trustful appropriation of the highest privilege without troubling to understand how that privilege has been secured or made possible to those who have absolutely no claim to receive it. The appropriation need not be the less real on that account.

The other mode of presentation is probably one about which more difficulty will be felt by those of evangelical views. It is that which makes sanctification its starting point and calls upon men to begin the new life by entering upon the performance of the first obvious duty that presents itself and taking others up as they come. At first sight this looks like setting men upon the impossible task of earning their own salvation by their good works. And there is no doubt if these duties be entered upon in a self-righteous spirit there is that danger. This was the method mainly used by the large school of preachers in the early part of the present century known as Moderates. It is the method naturally suggested by the Roman Catholic doctrine of justification. And in both cases the method is largely discredited by the results. But it is by no means clear that this mode of presenting the way of life is necessarily erroneous and to be avoided. It has to be borne in mind that this was the predominant method of appeal with the prophets of the Old Testament. It was the call of John the Baptist, and it is the one that most frequently occurs in the preaching of Christ himself. The evangelical revulsion from Moderatism may have been a good thing, but one is sometimes made to feel that it has gone to extremes. The tests given for an evangelical discourse, if rigidly applied, would rule out the Sermon on the Mount as heretical. Self-righteousness and spiritual pride, however begotten and fostered, are hateful things, and nowise characterize those who are in the way of salvation. But it by no means follows that these are the outcome of preaching which places emphasis on Christian duties and urges all to the faithful performance of them. It is admitted on all

hands that the Christian life is a life of duty and service. If this be undertaken out of regard for the will of God and in humble dependence upon Divine grace, it will assuredly lead to final salvation. The preaching that urges it in that spirit cannot be out of harmony with the gospel. There are those who will heed this appeal when none other will reach them, and it might well have a larger place than it sometimes occupies in the teaching of the evangelical pulpit as an indication of the first practical step in the Christian life. If the full apprehension of the ground of the sinner's justification before God comes only at a later time, the knowledge of it will be none the less welcome nor any the less minister to the peace and joy of the soul.

Then tell me not that I shall grow
  Forlorn, that fields and woods will cloy;
From nature and her changes flow
  An everlasting tide of joy.
I grant that summer heats will burn,
  That keen will come the frosty night;
But both shall please; and each in turn
  Yield Reason's most supreme delight.

—*Robert Bloomfield.*

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

A Paper Read before Melville Church Literary Society,
By Mr. J. A. Nicholson, M.A.

There are scenes in nature which we cannot adequately describe. The grandeur, the impressiveness, the beauty, are so overpowering that we find ourselves dumb as we gaze enraptured. If the feelings can disclose themselves in speech at all it will only be by the use of such single words as magnificent, gorgeous, beautiful, sublime.

Standing in the presence of the marvellous and incomparable creation of the "divine Shakespeare" we are similarly awed into silence, or limited in expression to a few trite ejaculations.

An attempt on my part, at any rate, to set forth even in the most general way the beauty, the power, the truth, one might almost say the perfection in every detail of the dramatic works of Shakespeare would be so feeble and so far short of what you all know, or at least feel to be the reality, that instead of helping you to a higher appreciation of the dramatist and a deeper insight into his work, I should succeed only in eliciting your sympathy for myself in my almost utter failure. Although, however, we may not be able to faithfully portray in words and to justly express the spirit of such scenes in nature as I have first referred to, it may be possible for us, and it often is, to depict with a reasonable degree of accuracy some of the simple yet beautiful bits which, when taken together, make up the grand and inspiring whole.

And so in my humble effort this evening on so vast and almost incomprehensible a subject as Shakespeare, I can hope to do no more than to select some one of the works which bear the mark of his mighty genius, and attempt to catch the meaning and reflect the thoughts which glitter like jewels on every page.

And as it is the intention to present on this occasion selected parts from two scenes of one of these works I deemed it best, in order to greater thoroughness and unity, to choose

for the purpose just indicated that one from which these scenes are taken, the well known and justly lauded Merchant of Venice.

The story of the play is comparatively simple. A Venetian gentleman, Bassanio by name, like many another before his time and since, had not only dissipated the whole of his own estate in prodigality and a vain effort to maintain a standing among the grand and the wealthy, but has also drawn largely on the resources of his friends, and most largely on the bounty and almost reckless generosity of the chief of these, the noble and wealthy Antonio. Some time before the crash came, however, he had become enamoured of the beautiful high-souled Portia, a lady immensely rich, who dwelt, surrounded by all the comforts and pleasures that wealth could buy, at her villa of Belmont, which, as the dramatist has not located it, we may suppose to have been charmingly situated on the western shore of Dalmatia, a short distance from Venice. And as he had received from her eyes "fair speechless messages" he was naturally possessed of a firm confidence that her heart could be won, if it were not indeed already won, had he only the means to undertake a journey to her home, attended and equipped as became the suitor of one so rich in the riches of earth, and in beauty, grace and goodness besides, "for she was fair and fairer than that word of wondrous virtues."

It cannot be denied that he hoped in winning Portia to repair his own shattered fortunes, for he distinctly tells Antonio that by securing the loan from him he may be enabled to repay all former obligations as well as this last. With Antonio it would be a case of throwing good money after what was apparently lost in the hope of finding it, just as Bassanio in his school-day time when he had lost one arrow was accustomed "to shoot the fellow of the self-same flight the self-same way with more advised watch, and by adventuring both he oft found both."

But lest it should appear that Bassanio's motives were purely mercenary the dramatist takes care to show that he loves Portia more than her possessions, and that his love for herself antedated the love of her wealth. He seems to have

been a man who, notwithstanding his youthful follies and extravagance, still preserved a real nobility of character. His wild oats had been sown, and he was now ready to do the right and to live the life of a true man, and we feel instinctively that he would have loved Portia as reverently and as truly had she been the neglected child of an humble peasant. Indeed we cannot conceive of a mere graceless fortune-hunter winning the unstinted affection of such a woman as Portia. From a dramatic point of view it would be, to say the least, a fatal incongruity. Her husband must be worthy of her, and although Bassanio's is not a full-length portrait, we can easily infer from the company he keeps and the character of the bride he wins that he is a gentleman in more than name. Love is blind, but not always, perhaps not often, certainly not in the case of one with the keen power of discernment, the balanced judgment, and the high mental attainments of Portia.

As wealth cannot surely be considered a bar to the awakening of love, or to its subsequent progress, other things being supposed equal, but a spur rather, especially when one's own fortune is out at elbows, our bankrupt Bassanio need not be the less highly esteemed because the thought of his idol's gold was mingled with a genuine love.

It so happened that at the time Bassanio preferred his request Antonio's fortunes were all at sea, on ships bound to widely different ports, but rather than disappoint his dearest friend he willingly offers to become surety for the payment of the amount required, if (which he thinks almost a certainty) any one in Venice can be found willing to lend it on such a slight condition. One such is found, perhaps the first approached, Shylock, a Jew, who sees in the affair a bare chance to revenge himself on Antonio for the many and varied insults which the latter had been accustomed to heap upon him, as well as for the injury he had done his business by lending money gratis. Contrary to his custom he exacts no interest, an apparent kindness, being content to stipulate merely that if the loan were not repaid on the day mentioned in the bond the merchant would be bound to forfeit a pound of "his fair flesh to be cut off and taken in what part of his body pleased the

Jew"—that part being, as it afterwards appeared, nearest his heart. The reason for Shylock's action is not far to seek. An ordinary bond, with the usual conditions of interest attached would, if forfeited, give him no power over the life of the hated Christian, and he, no doubt, surmised that on account of the apparent unreasonableness of the condition Antonio would not be over-careful in case of the wreck of all his ventures to guard against the forfeiture by a loan from his many friends.

Notwithstanding the protestations of Bassanio, Antonio consents to the condition, confident that he will not break his day, as he expects return of nine times the value of the bond a month before it expires.

With the money thus obtained Bassanio, becomingly fitted out, repairs to Belmont. He sailed at night and before he expected, in consequence of a sudden favorable change of wind, on the night indeed in which he had feasted his best esteemed acquaintance, and Shylock, the Jew, and a number of friends, some of whom had devised a masque, or street revel, in honor of the occasion. Under cover of night, during Shylock's absence at the supper, and in the disguise of masquers, Lorenzo, a close friend of Antonio's, and the Jew's daughter, fair Jessica, eloped. The circumstances of the elopement were most aggravated. The man she preferred was a Christian and a friend of the hated Antonio, herself was an only child, and worst of all did not hesitate to rob her father of much of his well-won thrift—two sealed bags of double ducats, and two jewels, one a diamond worth two thousand ducats, the other a turquoise set in a ring, a gift from his wife, Leah. To a miser like Shylock, who loved gold for the mere possession of it, no blow could have been harder, unless indeed it were to learn, as he did learn, that the treasures thus lost were recklessly squandered by the fair purloiner in ignorance of their true value and the many privations their acquisition cost. Fourscore ducats lost at one sitting in a Gencese gambling house, and her mother's turquoise, which he valued more highly than a wilderness of monkeys, give for a single one! Do we wonder, knowing the character of

the man, that he uttered the almost inhuman wish that his daughter "were dead with the jewels in her ear, and were hearsed at his feet with the ducats in her coffin."

Is Jessica's action capable of justification? Can any excuse be given for her unfilial conduct? Some most certainly. Let us examine her life beneath the paternal roof Unlike his co-religionists, who were wont to regard family ties and domestic life with a sort of patriarchal holiness in order to make it a happy retreat from the oppression of the outside world, Shylock, according to Jessica, makes his home a hell, the only light in its darkness being the clown Launcelot, "a merry devil robbing it of some taste of tediousness." Instead of leaving his hates, his revengeful feelings and his hard-heartedness on the outside of the threshold when he crossed it, and striving to brighten the life of his lonely daughter, his presence blackened the darkness of her already dark life with every passion which he exhibited abroad. She was not indeed treated as a daughter but rather as a housekeeper. Her duty was to stay at home and guard his property. She was evidently denied the company of friends, the outings, the pastimes, and even the dress which are necessarily associated with the idea of pleasure in a young girl's life. When he heard that there were to be masques she was bidden "to lock the doors and not to clamber up to the casement when attracted by the vile squealing of the wry-necked fife to gaze on Christian fools with varnished faces." It is not unlikely, too, that her father's miserliness extended even to her daily bread. He accuses Launcelot of being a gormandiser, a huge feeder, whereas, according to the boy's story, he was famished in the Jew's service, and "one could tell every finger he had with his ribs." It requires no stretch of imagination to connect the servant's treatment in this respect with the daughter's, as there is little doubt that if she had had the wherewithal Lanncelot would not have fared so ill. Small wonder then that she longed to end this bondage and misery, and that she seized an early opportunity to exchange it for affection and happiness and delightful freedom. She is ashamed to be her father's child and declares "that though

she is a daughter to his blood she is not to his manners." For quitting her father's home, then, even by stealth, and placing herself under the protection of a husband, she can be to a large extent excused, but it any justification can be found for her other actions it must be sought for in the fields of thoughtlessness and inexperience. It may be said that in robbing him she was only taking her patrimony in advance, a plea which is far from meeting the case. Her whole conduct thereafter is almost unnatural, for she never expresses regret for a single offence against her father, and even when he has been deprived of all he owns as the outcome of his action against Antonio, her heart, so far as we are informed, is not even touched with pity for the one relation concerning whom God thought well to give a special command to honor.

But to take up the thread of the story again, Bassanio in due time arrives at his destination and is announced by a messenger bearing gifts of rich value whose reception augurs well for the success of his master's suit.

"A day in April never came so sweet to show how costly summer was at hand, as this fore-spurrer comes before his lord." And yet Portia is not to be won in the ordinary way. "In terms of choice she could not be led by nice direction of a maiden's eyes." She could neither choose whom she would nor refuse whom she disliked, for the will of the living daughter was curbed by the will of a dead father, as follows: Three caskets, each bearing a striking inscription, were made by his command, one of gold, one of silver and one of lead. In one of the three the picture of his daughter was placed, whose fate was made to depend on the caskets, as each suiter for her hand was obliged to engage in a species of lottery and make choice of one of the three. Whoever chose that which contained her portrait became her husband by virtue of his successful choice. But were there no conditions attached to the choosing, in so far as the aspirant was concerned, poor Portia would be deluged with suitors, many of them seeking her wealth rather than herself, and to one such it was more than likely that her hand would have to be given. Fortun-

ately there was a sifting exaction in the shape of a three-fold oath to the observance of which each suitor was solemnly sworn.

1st. Never to unfold to any one which casket he chose; *2ndly.* If he failed, never in his life to woo a maid in way of marriage; and *lastly,* to leave immediately upon failure in fortune of his choice. Only such as genuinely loved would thus hazard all matrimonial happiness on a single wild and risky speculation, so we find the horse-loving Neapolitan Prince, the melancholy Count Palatine, the mercurial French Lord, Monsieur LeBon, the oddly-dressed Falconbridge, the Scottish Lord, and the drunken German, each of whom hoped to win her in some other way than by her father's imposition depending on the caskets, and finding her determination firm to "die as chaste as Diana unless she be obtained by the manner of her father's will," one and all abandoning their suit rather than risk the chance of winning another. There would be still a possibility, however, of an unloved one choosing aright, and yet we instinctively feel that Nerissa's words to Portia cannot but be true. "Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations; therefore the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you will no doubt never be chosen by any rightly but one who shall rightly love," and that implies, it would seem, that he would also be rightly loved.

Before Bassanio's arrival two had ventured to choose, the Prince of Morocco and the Prince of Arragon, both of whom were decidedly sincere. The former, believing that the inscription on the golden casket, "who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire," referred as a matter of course to Portia, settled hopefully there, for, said he, "All the world desires her. From the four-corners of the earth they come to kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint. The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds of wild Arabia are as thoroughfares now for princes to come view fair Portia. The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head spits in the face of heaven, is no bar to stop the foreign spirits, but they come as o'er a

brook to see fair Portia." But on unlocking the casket his eyes were greeted with a carrion Death instead of the portrait of this fair Portia.

The Prince of Arragon, assuming that he deserved Portia, was attracted by the inscription on the silver casket, "who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves," most truthfully moralising the while as follows:

> "Let none presume
> To wear an undeserved dignity.
> O, that estates, degrees and offices
> Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour
> Were purchased by the merit of the wearer.
> How many then should cover that stand bare?
> How many be commanded that command?
> How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
> From the true seed of honour? and how much honour
> Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times
> To be new varnished?"

Within the casket was the portrait of a blinking idiot, and Arragon's hopes were suddenly and sadly blighted.

Notwithstanding Portia's firmness of character and her strong self-control, the love she felt for Bassanio was so great that she could not wholly conceal it. She prays him to pause a day or two before he hazards, for if he choose wrong she loses his company and something tells her she would not lose him. Indeed she would detain him a month or two, partly for the same reason and partly that he may be able to learn in some way or another—but not from her, for she would then be for-sworn—how to choose aright. But Bassanio denies her plea for delay and hastens to his choice 'mid the sounds of sweet music and a tell-tale song.

> "Tell me where is fancy bred
> Or in the heart or in the head?
> How begot, how nourished?
> Reply, reply.
> It is engender'd in the eyes,
> With gazing fed, and fancy dies
> In the cradle where it lies.
> Let us all ring fancy's knell;
> I'll begin it,—Ding, Dong, Bell."

Whether Portia unconsciously selected this song, and became in a measure unconsciously for-sworn, or whether Nerissa, her maid, out of mingled affection and pity for her mistress did so, or whether it was Gratiano who had by this time obtained a promise of marriage for Nerissa dependent on Bassanio's successful choice—however it was, no hint could be broader. Fancy, meaning a passing sentiment, resembling love, but not love, is engendered not in the heart but in the eyes, by gazing on outward beauty, and in the eyes it dies. By the song Bassanio is warned not to be taken by a beautiful tempting exterior, and is practically directed to the leaden casket. The open hint was not lost and his words declare the success of this musical device :

> " So may the outward shows be least themselves;
> The world is still deceived with ornament.
> In law what plea so tainted and corrupt
> But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
> Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
> What damned error but some sober brow
> Will bless it and approve it with a text,
> Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
> There is no vice so simple but assumes
> Some mark of virtue on his outward parts."

As we may suppose, the leaden casket contains her portrait and on his choice of it exultant joy abounds. In the midst of their rejoicing, however, Salerio arrives from Venice accompanied by the elopers, Lorenzo and Jessica, with whom he had fallen in on the way. He bears ill tidings, that all Antonio's ships have been wrecked, that he, being unable, in consequence, to discharge the debt due to Shylock, has forfeited the bond, and that the Jew insists on the full penalty therein specified. Bassanio is now obliged to disclose the whole transaction to his new-made bride, who, on hearing it, unhesitatingly consents to a temporary separation from her husband, on their wedding-day, that he may, without a moment's delay, visit the man who had so befriended him, even at the peril of his own life; nay more, she hurries him away with gold sufficient to pay the debt twenty times o'er if less will not suffice to meet the Jew's demands. Gratiano,

too, tears himself away from Nerissa, his wife of but a few hours, to accompany his friend Bassanio in bringing cheer and relief to their mutual friend Antonio. As Salerio informed them however, that Shylock seemed determined to accept no money payment in discharge of the debt, nothing indeed but the pound of flesh, Portia, fearing the worst, and conscious of her ability, resolved to rush to the rescue of her husband's friend, ere it be too late, and plead his cause or secure his acquittal if that were at all possible. Her resolution being thus taken she hastens to make all necessary arrangements for her departure, places Lorenzo and Jessica in charge of her house, sends her trusty servant Balthasar to her cousin Bellario, a learned doctor of the law, residing at Padua, with instructions to place in his hands the statement of the case which she had hurriedly drawn up, and on receiving such notes of direction and such garments as he considers it necessary to send, to repair to the common ferry which trades to Venice there to await her coming. Under the pretence that Nerissa and herself in fulfilment of a vow just made were to spend the time till their husbands' return in prayer and contemplation at a monastery, two miles distant—a foolish piece of deception, at least so it seems to me—they set forth for Venice in male attire, arriving in good time to render the intended service. It so happened that the doge, as was the custom when delicate points of law were to be decided, had requested the Doctor Bellario, above mentioned, to give judgment in the case under consideration. But—probably at Portia's request—he represents himself as unable to comply with the duke's wish, through illness, and sends instead a young and learned doctor of Rome—Balthasar by name—who happened to be present with him at the time the message arrived. Him he considers as fully qualified to deal with the case, as he is not only furnished with the doctor's opinion but has bettered it with his own learning. How this learned doctor succeeded in completely turning the tables on the unrelenting Shylock is familiar to all and will be set forth (I trust in a worthy and acceptable manner) at the conclusion of this paper. It was only by the mercy of the Duke, indeed,

that the Jew was saved from figuratively perishing on the gallows which he had prepared for the hated Christian, a reversal of the Scripture case in which it was the Jew who had the satisfaction of seeing his rival and enemy hanged. Well-known, however, as the trial scene is in a general way, it is possible that there are some important details which have failed to strike the observation of at least some of us. Have we all grasped, for instance, the full meaning of Portia's course of procedure? Have we been privileged to understand the workings of her heart and of her mind, as she strives to attain her two-fold object, the deliverance of her husband's dearest friend from the clutches of the cruel Jew and the maintenance of her husband's honor by the satisfactory discharge of his just debt? Perhaps not.

It has been well said that in the trial scene "Portia hangs beside the terrible inexorable Jew, the brilliant lights of her character set off by the shadowy power of his, like a magnificent beauty-breathing Titian by the side of a gorgeous Rembrandt." Here she certainly appears at her best, possessed as she is all through, except for one brief out-burst of passionate emotion, by a calm self-command, in the full consciousness of her ability to carry her point in the end. This being so, why, it may be asked, did she not set forth her conclusive argument at the very outset, and relieve at once the horrible suspense? Why, in the language of the gaming table, did she not play her strongest card first?

It is related of an Irishman that, when asked why his brother did not put in an appearance at a certain meeting, he gave as the last of a number of reasons that he was dead. Were all the previous reasons more uselessly or more foolishly advanced to account for the dead Irishman's absence than were all but the last of the measures which Portia employed for the rescue of the Venetian Merchant? Or is it possible that these preliminary skirmishes were made solely for effect, and in the spirit of vanity?

What we know of Portia does not warrant such an extreme conclusion. To understand her action we must study her purpose, which was, as I have already stated in part, to

save Antonio without confounding or injuring the Jew, and at the same time to preserve her husband's reputation for honor by the payment of his just debt, even though it were done out of her own abundance and to the extent of "ten times o'er." Besides, she prefers not to owe Antonio's safety to a legal quibble. Such a means is to be used only as a last resource. Consequently, she first appeals to the man's mercy in that incomparable speech wherein she eloquently declares that "earthly power shows likest God's when mercy seasons justice." Finding it impossible to soften his Jewish heart, she next appeals to his avarice. "There is thrice thy money offered thee," and then to both his pity and his avarice, "Be merciful, take thrice thy money, bid me tear the bond." The strong, almost bloody expressions, afterwards used by her, her delays and circumlocutions, are all premediated and clearly intended to awaken and give time for the growth of any feeling of pity which might be latent in Shylock's nature. With this end in view she bids Antonio prepare his bosom for the knife, she inquires of Shylock if the balances are ready to weigh the flesh, she bids him have a surgeon by to stop the victim's wounds lest he do bleed to death, and finally calls upon Antonio to speak his last words and to take his last farewells. But every effort fails. Even the thumps on the key-board of the Jew's nature awaken no responsive note, because the cords of his heart are warped or broken and fully possessed by black revenge. All other means being exhausted, she resorts to the last and only effective one at her disposal, the law. When Shylock, with all the greedy ferocity of a wolf, cries out "A sentence. Come. Prepare," her scorn, indignation and disgust break forth most impetuously—in striking contrast to the judicial solemnity she at first affected —and the full force of a law he knew nothing of is let loose, to his utter confusion, against the man who was ever so ready to stand by the law, by justice and his bond. The terrible tension is relieved, but the feeling of satisfaction which we first experience anon gives place to one of pity for the wretched Jew. His punishment seems greater than he can bear. He whose whole life had been spent in the

one business which could afford him happiness, the acquisition of wealth, to have it all wrested from his control at one fell swoop through the exactions of an anti-alien and, naturally to his mind, an unust law, appears to be a heavier infliction than he deserves. When we further consider the details of the judgment against him, namely, that in order to the preservation of his life, which "lies in the mercy of the Duke only," he is forced to pay a heavy fine, to hand over half his wealth to Antonio for the benefit of his unfilial daughter and her hated Christian husband, to record a deed of all he dies possessed unto the same detested pair, and last, and perhaps hardest of all, to embrace Christianity on the instant—we are forced to the conclusion—a most natural one, too—that the punishment is decidedly extreme, and that it would have been more in accordance with the spirit of Christianity had a larger measure of the mercy which Portia justly extolled been exercised towards the crushed and thoroughly broken Jew. We leave the court room with a strong feeling of sympathy for Shylock—a sympathy which completely overshadows the satisfaction we felt at Antonio's wished-for release. Are we wrong in supposing that this arousing of sympathy was one at least of the objects which the dramatist had in view? It would be far from unreasonable, I think, to conclude so. In considering this question we must bear in mind the fact that Shakespeare lived in an anti-Jewish age. His main object, perhaps, in this play, was to exemplify the folly of revenge, but, whilst doing so he seemed (but only seemed) to reflect the popular hatred of the Jew, for, desiring to lead the masses he thought it best to make a pretence of following. Beneath all the jibes and raillery and hatred directed against the Jew can we not discern an advocacy of justice for the despised race? It is true that Shylock is punished and Antonio brought off triumphantly, for no audience in that age would have tolerated any other issue, but the undue severity of the Jew's punishment was calculated to awaken the people's sympathy, nor could they derive much gratification from Antonio's being freed by a quirk of aw, and that an unjust one, according to which Shylock not

only looses the 3,000 ducats which he had lent but practically all his wealth. Throughout the play Shylock says most of the finest things and has always the best of the argument. If revenge be justifiable Shylock has the odds in his favor.

"Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute, and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction."

Consider, too, that Shylock was a typical Jew, brought up in the spirit of and in strict conformity with the old Mosaic law, according to which God himself is frequently represented as an unsparing avenger, and the exaction of an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth is clearly and at all times proclaimed as a virtue. And had Shylock any good and sufficient reason for exercising the spirit of this law in the case of the Christian Antonio? There can be found, I think, some strong justification, if not complete justification, for his doing so in the treatment he had received at this same Christian's hands. To begin with, the Christian may be said to have created Shylock's business for him. Jews were by the laws of Venice excluded from the professions and prevented from engaging in all branches of trade. If they were possessed of abilities and ambitions higher than those existent in the herd of common laborers, they were practically compelled to lend money on interest, the more especially so, as this was the only business with which Christians had nothing to do; not that they did not wish to, but because they were forbidden to take interest by the doctrines of the Catholic Church. This fact of itself is sufficient to account for Antonio's lending out money

gratis. By so acting Antonio was invading the only field (apart from the lower walks of life) in which the Jew was able to earn an easy livelihood, and invading it with the odds heavily in his favor. Antonio was the large departmental store carrying everything in stock, where some things were sold at cost in order that custom might be gained in other lines where a profit was sure to be made; Shylock was the small tradesman shut up to a single line. Nor was Antonio content to interfere thus seriously with the Jew's income, he lost no opportunity, it seems, to pour contempt upon and to badger him in every possible way.

"He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million," Shylock says, "laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew."

Small wonder is it then that Shylock longed for the chance to even up matters with Antonio and seized the first that came. The wolfishly cruel spirit which he displays, and the determined effort he makes to "feed his revenge" naturally cause us to turn from this repellant personality in mute and freezing horror, and yet when all is over we cannot but feel that he has been made to suffer far beyond what he deserved.

An essay on the Merchant of Venice could not be considered at all complete without some more extended reference than I have yet made to the central figure of the play, the highly gifted Portia. She strikes us as being essentially a woman of strong intellectual parts. Her acuteness, strength of mind and wide knowledge of the world are undoubtedly shown at their best in the Court Room; but there were other occasions as well on which these qualities were also very prominently displayed. When Nerissa counsels her to maintain an unruffled spirit regardless of circumstances, she most sententiously observes: "If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions; I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching

The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree; such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple."

The light shining in her hall when first seen on her return from Venice suggests the beautiful thought "how far that little candle throws his beams? So shines a good deed in a naughty world,"—and on the same occasion she strikingly remarks:

> "The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
> When neither is attended, and I think
> The nightingale, if she could sing by day,
> When every goose is cackling, would be thought
> No better a musician than the wren.
> How many things by season season'd are
> To their right praise and true perfection?"

But withal she is truly woman. She had large capacity for the warmest and most generous affection, and these affections tempered and shaped the intellect to all good purposes, softened, strengthened, and purified it. It was love which lay at the root of the self-denial she showed when she heard of Antonio's plight, and it was love which afterwards sharpened her wit and quickened her powers of perception. It was this very faculty that might have disqualified her as a judge or on a jury. "Justice is represented as a woman, but it was found necessary to blindfold her that she may not see into which scale to throw a heart." In the words she addressed to Bassanio as he is about to make choice among the caskets, sentiment, poetry and passion, frankness and modesty are strangely intermingled. The contest between love and fear and maidenly dignity causes a delicious confusion. Fearful lest he should not choose aright she unwittingly discloses her love, and then in her effort to mend the break reveals it all the more. During the period of suspense immediately before the choice, one of Portia's prominent traits, a confiding, buoyant spirit, comes clearly out. This brightness and cheerfulness of temper is generally characteristic of women of high intellect. Her hope is stronger than her fears "If he lose"—"But he may win." And her subsequent surrender is as

whole-souled as Juliet's, who could not lay claim to an intellect above the ordinary. The joy which she experiences on the right choice being made completely overpowers her, as disappointment would in all probability have well-nigh killed her. Another feature which stamps her as a true woman is her genuine modesty Referring to the oath which each suitor had to take before making choice she says "To these injunctions every one doth swear that comes to hazard for my worthless self." When giving herself up to Bassanio, she declares that she is but an "unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised, happy in this she is not yet so old but she may learn, happier than this she is not bred so dull but she can learn," and then she resigns all her possessions as well as herself—calling this the perfect happiness—to the direction of Bassanio as to her lord, her governor, her king ; and when Bassanio bids her welcome his friend Antonio to Belmont, she does it not as sole, but as joint proprietor, "Sir, you are very welcome to our home." And, again, on Lorenzo's expressing his admiration of her "God-like amity" she, after admitting the fact that she had done good, suddenly observes: "This comes too near the praising of myself, therefore no more of it."

As to the moral which the dramatist intended to teach in the play there is considerable variety of opinion. It may be that he had no one purpose in view, and we can, if we will, discern several. Possibly he wishes to delineate man's relation to property, emphasizing the fact that wealth in itself does not confer happiness, or as Nerissa cleverly puts it: "Yet for aught I see they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness to be seated in the mean. Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs but competency lives longer."

Or again it may be intended to show that lasting prosperity, sure success, can only be got by moderation in all things, by the skillful employment and the cheerful endurance of given circumstances, equally removed from defiant opposition and cowardly submission ; but the chief object seems to be, as I

have already stated, to teach the use of mediating mercy as opposed to law and abstract right and to demonstrate the utter folly of revenge.

And yet, as Edward Dowden says, "Shakespeare does not necessarily supply us with a doctrine, with an interpretation, w h a revelation. What he brings to us is this, to each one courage and energy and strength to dedicate himself and his work to that, whatever it be, which life has revealed to him a best and highest and most real."

MARY MAGDALEN

Blessed, yet sinful one, and broken-hearted!
The crowd are pointing at the thing forlorn,
In wonder and in scorn!
Thou weepest days of innocence departed;
Thou weepest, and thy tears have power to move
The Lord to pity and love.

The greatest of thy follies is forgiven,
Even for the least of all thy tears that shine
On that pale cheek of thine.
Thou didst kneel down, to Him who came from heaven,
Evil and ignorant, and thou shalt rise
Holy, and pure, and wise.

—*Bryant.*

A RAMBLE IN ROME.

"I am in Rome! Oft as the morning ray
Visits these eyes, waking at once I cry,
Whence this excess of joy? What has befallen me?
And from within a thrilling voice replies,
Thou art in Rome! A thousand thoughts
Rush on my mind, a thousand images;
And I spring up as girt to run a race!"

—*Samuel Rogers.*

These lines admirably express the feelings of every well-informed person, with any imagination, whose good fortune it is to spend a little time within the walls of the Eternal City. It probably is not too much to say that no other place in the world can so charm the educated mind, or so easily entrench itself in one's deepest affections. It is a place of constant delights, and when the time for leaving comes, if you be a tourist, you will just feel like throwing up all your former plans, and settling down there for the rest of your time. As the train pulls you out of the Stazione Centrale, you will be consoling yourself by mentally planning a return some future day; and as the ancient arches of the Claudian Aqueduct fly past and you get your last glimpse of the city, with a deep sigh you will unconsciously murmur, "Happy the man who dwells there.'

To describe Rome at all with any degree of success seems to be a well-nigh hopeless task. Nevertheless we shall endeavor in the following pages to convey some sort of impression of the wonderful place, and if we succeed only in creating a stronger desire on the part of the reader to see Rome for himself, we shall certainly not have written in vain. It seems strange to anyone who has already visited the City on the Tiber that so many travel all the way from America even to the Alps, and go back seemingly without having even once thought of going down to Rome. "Whoever," said Chateaubriand, "has nothing else left in life, should come to live in Rome; there he will find for society a land which will nourish his reflections, walks which will always tell him something new. The

stone which crumbles under his feet will speak to him, and even the dust which the wind raises under his footsteps will bear with it something of human grandeur."

Stepping out of the Pension Chapman on the Via San Niccolo da Tolentino about nine o'clock on a fine morning in the middle of May, you will doubtless realize that it is considerably warmer in Rome at that season than it is in Montreal. The Romans say that only dogs and *gli Inglesi* (the English) walk in the sun,—Christians in the shade. So dropping our nationality, we choose the side of religion and common sense.

We will go down the Via San Niccolo, which runs along the northern slope of the Monte Quirinale. Nearby, on the southern part of the Pincian, lies the site of the famous gardens of Sallust. Soon we enter the Piazza (Square) Barberini. A little to the right is the plain exterior of the monastery of the Capuchin monks, with their famous conventual church, Santa Maria della Concezione. Were we to enter we would enjoy seeing Guido Reni's great painting of the Archangel Michael overcoming the Devil, and also be shocked with the monastery's celebrated burying-ground under the church, with the bones of 4000 monks stacked around its walls. Every here and there stands a skeleton in monkish garb, and the whole place grins with skulls. The graves are awfully sacred, being dug in earth brought from Jerusalem. Accommodation being very limited, it has long been customary to make room for a monk newly dead by exhuming the one longest buried; each man has thus about thirty years peace in one of these holy graves, which is considered to be far better than an unbroken rest in any ordinary clay. No doubt each monk dies hoping and praying that the sounding of the last trump may be delayed at least until his own particular thirty years have expired; and so when they bury, they still pray *Requiescat in pace*. A place more hideous and gruesome than this Capuchin charnel-house can scarcely be imagined. We turn from it in horror and disgust, and with increased loathing for that conception of the religion of Jesus which not only tolerates but freely encourages such ghastly abominations.

Returning to the Piazza, we cross it, passing one of Bernini's curious fountains, consisting of a Triton blowing a great stream of water into the air out of a conch. Rome abounds in *fontane* of all kinds, some of them very beautiful, such as the charming lily-shaped fountains in front of St. Peter's, and the magnificent Fontana di Trevi. But many, too, are very grotesque, an this Fontana del Tritone is decidedly of that description.

We now enter one of Rome's most evil-smelling vias—the Via Tritone. For some little distance in this narrow street there is a succession of small butcher-shops; and from these places, on a hot summer day, come perhaps the most staggering of all the vile odors that rise up and enter one's nostrils in the beautiful land of Italy. We walk swiftly down and soon reach the Piazza Colonna. Before us, rising to the height of 95 feet, is the column of Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, originally erected in his honour in A.D. 174, by the Senate and people. It is now, however, surmounted with a gilded statue of St. Paul, although the spiral band of bas-reliefs, illustrating the victories of the Emperor, still remain in position. Now we cross the Corso, one of the world's famous thoroughfares,—the Flaminian Way of classic days, and now the scene of most of the fun and frolic of the Carnivals. In spite of its narrowness, its many palaces built, as they always are in Italy, close up to the sidewalk, and here with innumerable balconies, give it a decidedly grand appearance, making it the finest street in Rome.

Hastening on through the ancient Campus Martius towards the Tiber, we traverse a number of very old, crowded, crooked and narrow streets—malodorous, filthy, and bustling with the lower life of the city. The extreme picturesqueness of the place, however, more than compensates for the bad odors and necessity of picking one's steps rather carefully. The buildings and pavements are relics of days mediaeval and renascent. There are no sidewalks; the stone pavement consisting of small square blocks stretches from wall to wall, while a row of larger diamond-shaped stones runs down either side, making walking a little pleasanter than what Hawthorne calls "a penitential pilgrimage."

Here, as everywhere in Rome, one is constantly running up against priests, monks, and nuns, of all the orders under the sun. In this papal metropolis there are a great many dents—"theologues" if you will—from almost every nation under heaven. Each nationality wears robes of a peculiar cut and color, and they are met with in groups every now and then. Another individual who is very prominent, especially in these lower parts of the city, is the street-merchant—the man who carries his fruit, vegetables, or meat, in a basket on his head, and in his hand a steelyard, all the while bawling in the most plaintive strain the names and qualities of what he has to sell.

Soon we come to the banks of Tiber, but do not stop longer than to observe its ugly tawny color,—"*multa flavus arena*," Virgil called it. It reminds us of a French Canadian "habitant's" favorite soup, the Parisian "*purée aux croûtons.*"

Opposite us rises the familiar circle of that grand old fortress-tomb—the Castle of St. Angelo. But we cannot take time to-day to explore its splendid halls and awful dungeons we shall keep it for another time.

Crossing the Ponte San Angelo,—built by Hadrian as an approach to his burial-place,—and the Piazza Pia, we enter the Borgo Vecchio and soon find ourselves face to face with the world's grandest edifice—the Cathedral of St. Peter. And there on the right lies the tremendous pile of the Pontifical Palace of the Vatican. There are the windows of the Pope's private apartments. Who knows but the shrewd keen eyes of Leo XIII may not this very moment be gazing down upon the rank heretic crossing the piazza below! Yet we do not tremble, for in Rome it is often complained of among Catholics that His Holiness is kinder to heretics than he is to his own people. We are soon lost in the contemplation of this wonderful creation, and it is a good while before we can unfasten our eyes and approach the portico. The exterior perhaps needs no description,—for who has not a mental picture of St. Peter?

Having successfully dodged all the various nuisances there assembled in the shape of pestiferous guides and whining beggars, we push aside the usual padded leather curtain in the

doorway and enter, fully expecting to be overwhelmed with the vastness. We are disappointed, however, for the rich decoration of the interior quite prevents one from appreciating its immensity at the first glance. But the majestic proportions, and the exceeding magnificence of it all, certainly do render us spellbound. Rich variegated marbles encrust the walls and the tremendous pillars. The shining expanse of the stone pavement, laid in beautiful designs and unobstructed with seats, is itself a sight to behold. And the vaulted and beautifully coffered and gilded roof is wonderfully rich and grand.

The Cathedral is in the form of a cross, with a nave 212 yards in length. Standing under the dome, you look up through 400 feet of space before the eye reaches the lantern. On the blue ground of the frieze running around the base of the dome we read, in letters six feet high, the words, "Tu es Petrus et super hanc petram ædificabo ecclesiam meam et tibi dabo claves regni cælorum." And there, beside one of the gigantic dome pillars, you see under a canopy and behind two standard candelabra the famous seated statue of St. Peter. If you be one of the faithful you will not fail to kiss the remainder of a great toe, and then devoutly rub your forehead against it. The affection of his friends have thus already cost the poor man a toe, and are in a fair way to deprive him of the rest of the foot as well. On great occasions, St. Peter is dressed up in pontifical vestments and crowned with a mitre, making the poor fisherman look about as uncomfortable as a country small boy sitting in the parlor in his Sunday clothes. Beneath the dome stands the great high altar with its splendid bronze canopy. In front of this and surrounded by a railing on which stand a great many lamps perpetually burning, there is a flight of steps leading down into the confessio, which contains the reputed sarcophagus of St. Peter, first Bishop of Rome and Keeper of the Keys of Heaven. But to-day we can only take a sweeping glance at this great Church. We will return another day—nay, many days—and study it more carefully; for only thus can anything like a correct appreciation of it be obtained.

Feeling that we cannot leave this Vatican region at this time without at least a peep at the Sistine Chapel, Raphael's Transfiguration, the Laocoon, and the Apollo Belvidere,—to say nothing of the other treasures of the Vatican,—we turn our steps towards the Portone di Bronzo opening into the colonnade on the left as you leave the Cathedral, and, passing some of the Pope's Swiss Guard in their quaint uniforms of many colored stripes, we ascend the Scala Regia and are soon in the midst of the magnificence of the Sistine. There, covering the altar wall is Michael Angelo's vast fresco "The Last Judgment," and overhead is his wonderful frescoed ceiling, considered the finest of all the great master's works. The other walls are frescoed by other masters, and the floor is covered with beautiful patterns in mosaic. Here the Pope says mass, and in spite of the fact that age has somewhat dimmed the brilliancy of the painting, we can easily imagine the unusual magnificence of the whole place on such festive occasions.

But we press on. Finding our way down one staircase and up another with many turns and seemingly no end, we at last reach several rooms containing modern paintings. From these we pass through a series of State apartments containing the great frescoes—the Stanze of Raphael. Finally ascending another staircase we enter the Pinocoteca or Picture Gallery, consisting of four large rooms, but do not stop until face to face with the greatest painting in the world—"The Transfiguration," by Raphael. The upper half of the picture shows the summit of the Mount and is filled with a divine glory, while the lower half contains the scene of strife and difficulty between the disciples and the father of the demoniac boy. The mundane perplexities below are in strong contrast with the heavenly peace above. One feels that, if those disciples and the people around the boy would only lift their eyes above themselves, they would at once find the solution of all their difficulties. It is a striking illustration of the great truth that every man and woman, harassed with the doubts and anxieties of life, can have all these things cleared away, if they will only look up, "seeking those things which are above, where Christ sitteth at the right hand of God."

Retracing our steps, we at length pass through the Portone di Bronzo again, and crossing the piazza, find our way around the Cathedral to the other side of the palace. It is a long walk and perhaps helps us better than anything else to form an idea of the tremendous size of the edifice, just as to realize its height you must climb to the summit of the dome.

After wandering for some time through vast corridors and halls filled with the finest antique sculpture, we come to a square court with a chamber built in each corner, and in each of these a world-famous gem of art. In one, the Antinous; in another, the Perseus; in a third, the Apollo Belvidere; and in the last, the Laocoon. The exquisite Apollo Belvidere,—ethereal and godlike, Hawthorne calls it,—greatly charms us, and we feel the Laocoon to be indeed a powerful representation of a tremendous struggle with the difficulties of life from which only Heaven can give release.

But we must hurry on in our ramble, and leave this, the world's greatest sculpture gallery; but we shall return to it again and again until at least the greatest of its treasures shall in a sense have become a very part of us. We have, at any rate, got an idea of the magnificent arrangements of the Vatican. So vast is it, that in the days of the last Pope some 2,348 persons were able to live beneath its roof. The long vistas, the beautiful courts, and the priceless works of art, all reveal the tremendous power of Peter's Pence. The Pope's private rooms are not shown, but they are said to be in strange contrast with the magnificence of the rest of the palace, containing only what is absolutely necessary in the way of furniture, and that of the plainest.

Having lunched simply on some fruit purchased in the piazza, we bethink us, where next? and turning our steps to the right, begin to ascend the Janiculum, passing the Church and former monastery of S. Onofrio, where Torquato Tasso died and is buried. Presently we come to a splendid equestrian statue of Garibaldi, looking away across Rome; and so with gardens and villas on either hand and a splendid view of the city to the left, we walk along until we reach the Church of San Pietro in Montorio,—the resting-place of the unfortu-

nate Beatrice Cenci. Here we pause to enjoy the famous view of the picturesque yellow-tinted houses and towers mantling the Seven Hills. Then descending, we find our way to the Tiber, crossing by the Ponte Emilio with the so-called Island on the left and also the remains of an old bridge known as the Ponte Rotto. There on the right as we leave the bridge, we see the mouth of the Cloaca Maxima still pouring its filthy tide into the river. It was originally built by Tarquinius Priscus, but dates in its present form from the later days of the Republic. We are now in the region of the ancient Forum Boarium. On the extreme right is the Aventine; beside us, the Circus Maximus, and in front—the Palatine. Towards the left is the Capitoline.

On the Palatine you may still wander through a considerable part of the halls of the House of Tiberius and the State Chambers of the Palace of Augustus, where in an apse you may stand on the very stones on which the imperial throne rested. In a small house, between the palaces of Tiberius and Augustus, you may see the walls still beautiful with frescoes like those at Pompeii. Quite a large part of the Palace of Septimius Severus has also been excavated.

From there we make our way to the top of the Capitoline —the Piazza del Campidoglio—in the centre of which there is a contemporaneous bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius. On one side is the Capitoline sculpture gallery containing such treasures as the Dying Gladiator, the "Marble Faun" of Praxiteles, and the Capitoline Venus. On the opposite side is the Palace of the Conservatori with its splendid collection of paintings and relics of classical days. On the side towards the Forum stands the Palace of the Senators, and opposite this a great flight of steps leads down into the city.

We go to a ledge of rock beside the Senatorial Palace to enjoy a grand view of the Forum Romanum. There, on the left, is a small church built over the Mamertine dungeon then, the Arch of Severus; a little further down are the remains of the Temple of the Divine Julius and the rostrum from which Mark Antony delivered his famous speech. Farther down rises the majestic ruin of the Coliseum; beside it, to

the right, we catch a glimpse of the Arch of Constantine and a little nearer to us, built over the Via Sacra, is the Arch of Titus. Then come the ruins of the House of the Vestals overlooked by the Palatine, and, nearer still, the eye falls on the pavement and broken pillars of the Basilica of Julius and the remains of the temples in honor of Saturn, Vespasian, and Concord. The whole excavation lies from twenty to forty feet below the surrounding surface,—due to the accumulation of dust and rubbish during the thousand years in which this part of the city was wholly neglected, so that even its very name was largely forgotten. Such is a hasty glance at this most interesting spot; we greatly regret that space forbids our describing it more fully. One turns away filled with thoughts of what must have been the magnificence of it all in the days of its glory, and yet thinking of Byron's beautiful words,—

> "Oh, Rome! my country! city of the soul!
> The orphans of the heart must turn to thee,
> Lone mother of dead empires! and controul
> In their shut breasts their petty misery.
> What are our woes and sufferance? Come and see
> The cypress, and hear the owl, and plod your way
> O'er steps of broken thrones and temples. Ye
> Whose agonies are evils of a day,
> A world is at our feet as fragile as our clay."

We must now bring our ramble to an end. Suffice it to say' further, that we have seen only a fraction of the intensely interesting things in and about Rome. Besides the numerous ruins, classic and mediaeval, the place abounds in collections of pictures and sculpture by the greatest of all painters and sculptors, such as, except perhaps in Florence, one can see nowhere else. And then the churches of Rome are surpassingly beautiful, lined with priceless marbles stolen from Roman buildings, and with their floors of most exquisite mosaic, also often taken from Roman remains, and their ceilings covered with the old masters' frescoes such as make us feel, on looking up, as if the very sky had opened and the glories of the upper world been revealed.

Much of the classic grandeur of the city has, of course, departed; yet there remains a glory such as no other place possesses. Truly, while stands the world stands Rome,—as some one has well called her, "Widow of an imperial city but still queen of the world." If you include Rome in your continental travels, be assured you will never for a single moment have cause to regret it, for as J. A. Symonds says:

> "Then from the very soil of silent Rome,
> You shall grow wise, and, walking, live again
> The lives of buried peoples, and become
> A child by right of that eternal home,
> Cradle and grave of empires, on whose walls
> The sun himself subdued to reverence falls."

H. PERCIVAL LUTTRELL.

PRESBYTERIAN COLLEGE.

The myths and parables of the primal years,
Whose letter kills, by Thee interpreted,
Take healthful meanings fitted to our needs;
And in the soul's vernacular express
The common law of simple righteousness.

—*Whittier.*

College Note Book.

STUDENT LIFE.

It is with pleasure that we resume the work begun in last month's JOURNAL anent the graduating class, which comprises some ten or twelve members.

The five worthies who engaged our attention in that issue, drew forth our cordial esteem by the excellent spirit they showed on getting the first square look at themselves—on seeing themselves as others see them. Even already, expressions of new resolves are whispered from some quarters. Thus encouraged, we hasten to review the remaining ones, for they are all eager (we say this entirely on our own authority) to have their weaknesses, etc., brought to their notice, that they may correct the same.

Let us look first at Fulton Johnston Worth, our next neighbor. He is not a man of colossal physical dimensions, yet he contains a good deal of knowledge, etc.; this, with other lore acquired on the occasion, came in handy for the Essay on the Cosmogony, for which he obtained a good many marks. Worth is a student of desperate diligence. One day he spent about two minutes chatting with another student, and so grieved was he at such willful waste that he redoubled his energies to retrieve lost time. After a little experience Worth can see through a man, and, at will, acquaint you with what he sees by means of choice adjectives and similes. Fulton has his friends—of both kinds—and is not ashamed to say so. Worth is a B.A. and will take his B.D. a year hence. He won laurels for himself and us last winter along with his college in the Inter-Collegiate Debate. Pres't of the Lit. and Phil. Society, and Assoc. Editor of the JOURNAL. Is in no hurry to settle.

James Wheeler, comes from Morin College, Quebec, and for all that, is a real, good man—an Edomite, indeed, in whom is no guile. His infancy and boyhood were spent at Runny-

mede, but leaving Runnyng, he took to rolling and became a wheeler. A man of robust appearance, and whose sermons bear the mark of robust thought—has the peculiarity of shaking his head when in earnest—which is a good old custom. Is very deliberate in deciding the matter of taking to himself a wife. Did commendable work for the Missionary Society at Portneuf last summer. Has received and accepted a permanent appointment as ordained missionary.

William Patrick Tanner is not an Irishman, although his name and his lusty shouting for the Shamrocks would seem to say so. He's another Morin man, and has many sweet reminiscences of the evenings he used to spend occasionally when in his former Alma Mater. Pat has a good measure of the college spirit about him, which led him to inaugurate the P.C Hockey Club, and fired him to lead forth his followers—if not to victory, by no means to defeat. A man of his word; can stand alone; tells a number of funny yarns about his work during the past summer and the summer previous. Pat has a brother who is a Med.—a very decent chap; so gets all his heart-sores, etc., diagnosed free of charge. Tanner is confident (but not too much so) of himself—which is a good thing. Gets along well with men.

Donald Morrison MacLeod, President of the Dining Hall, is the giant of his class, as to height. He sleeps on a bedstead of iron, the length of which is great, and the breadth, about one half the length thereof. MacLeod hails from P.E.I. Came to McGill seven years ago, taking his degree in the allotted time. He won several scholarships, some Gaelic ones among them. Now occupies the high position of Lecturer in Classics in the Preparatory Department of this College. "D. M." is rather a reticent man, so that it is nearly impossible to know him. Has the fact that he has two brothers in college anything to do with that? Some say that he is a fine man, which we are pleased to believe, owing, partly, to want of proof to the contrary. Was the Missionary Society's student at Lochaber Bay, etc., last summer—a very difficult charge—and was successful. Is a very close student.

Far away in bonnie Scotland, there is a royal burgh which is noted for a great many things. The "twa brigs" are there and Burns' monument; but above all it is the birthplace of George MacGregor. Like the historic personage mentioned, MacGregor is somewhat acquainted with the poetic muse, as the JOURNAL readers must have noted. He writes a pretty hand and a fine sentence. Like most Scotchmen, he is strong-willed; would make a good moderator. Has the degree of B.D. in prospect at the coming convocation—which will be the first case of the kind among the "Literaries" in the history of the College.

CURLY-CUES.

A wealthy young lawyer spent two days and two nights over one case, and at the end of that time could not tell what side he was on. It was a case of champagne.—Sel.

"Papa, I failed in my school examination to-day."

Father—(patting him)—"God bless you mine boy; you vill make a big business man some day."

Literary Young Man—(at a party)—"Miss Jones, have you ever seen Crabbe's Tales?"

Young Lady—(scornfully)—"I was not aware that crabs had tails."

Literary Young Man—(covered with confusion)—"I—I beg your pardon; I should have said 'read Crabbe's Tales'."

Young Lady—(scornfully indignant)—"And I was not aware that red crab's had tails either, young man."—Ram's Horn.

Doctor—(to young mother)—"You must give your baby one cow's milk."

Young Mother—(in consternation)—"How can I? He's so small, that I fear he can't hold it."—Sel.

Overheard at Dinner.—Senior—(examining new kind of pudding)—"Wonder what this is made of?"

Junior—"Why, sawdust, of course."

Senior—"Well, then, it's the nearest approach to good board we have had yet."—Man. Coll. Journal.

Prof. in Physics—"Mr. A., can you tell me what effects heat and cold have on any object?"

Student—An object expands under the force of heat, but contracts under cold."

Prof.—"Can you give me examples?"

Student—"The days are longer in summer and shorter in winter.—M. C. J.

A man is like a postage stamp: When he is stuck on himself he is not worth two cents.—Sel.

WAR NOTES.

J. L.—I'm not going to take a mission field this summer. I have a notion to run a ferry boat over the Tugela.

Peter's thin, red line has been decimated by the lance[rs].

A. L.—How was Ladysmith like an egg?

Omnes—Give it up.

A. L.—Because it was shell all around and White inside.

ALL AMONG OURSELVES.

Some of the boys got an extra proof or two of their popularity on Feb. 14th.

J. D. C.—"Say, boys, but I found it hard to preach to the inmates of C——l Prison."

J. L.—"Of course; a man has no honor among his own kin.

A grad., describing some of the customs of certain foreign countries, made a very suggestive reference to the milkman's difficulties in Naples. There the milkman drives around his cows (which are goats) stopping at the houses and milks the exact quantity required for the house. No opportunity is thus afforded of bringing the pump handle into play.

Wanted: A cabby to edit the Joker's Column of the JOURNAL for session 1900-01. Remuneration: Dire threatenings, grave warnings, cold shoulders, little encouragement, no appreciation, and a "dunner" for a dollar.

Owing to an unfortunate oversight, we did not mention in last month's JOURNAL that Mr. Hardy had returned after a protracted visit to R. V. Hospital. Mr. Hardy's recovery is regarded by his attending physicians as a miracle, considering the complicated nature of his illness. We have to note also, this month, that Mr. W. D. Turner, who had entrusted himself to the tender eare of the nurses up there, returned to our midst about the middle of last month, after a week's stay. He gives us the impression that the gentle attendants were vieing with one another in ministering to his comfort. He speaks of returning.

The March number of The Ladies' Home Journal has just come to hand and as usual has numerous interesting features. The Easter solo and anthem are timely. Two pages are devoted to unpublished anecdotes of Henry Ward Beecher, and are worthily filled. Two notable art features are the drawing by H. C. Christy, "The American Girl at Church," and A. B. Frost's humorous sketch, "The Country Store as a Social Centre." This is but a hasty glance between the covers of the March Journal, but a closer look will reveal something worth while on each of its 48 pages.

G. W T.

REPORTER'S FOLIO.

Special meetings with the regular routine of business are often dry, but regular meetings with special attractions are always interesting.

It is needless to say that the regular meeting of the Philosophical and Literary Society which was held on February 2nd was of the latter kind.

After the president had opened the meeting with prayer, Mr. N. V. McLeod sang a solo which was much enjoyed.

The special attraction for the evening was a lecture by the Rev. W. D. Reid, B.A., B.D., on his travels in Egypt and Rome.

The lecture was not illustrated, but Mr. Reid does not require this aid as he has the happy faculty of making his audience see very vividly the particular scene which he is describing The descriptions were made more memorable by bits of personal experience which were often very amusing. At the close a hearty vote of thanks was tendered Mr. Reid for his entertaining and instructive lecture.

The Students, Missionary Society was also fortunate in securing a good programme for its special meeting which was held on Thursday evening, Febuary 8th.

After the meeting had been opened with prayer, the President called upon Mr. F. W. Anderson, B.A., of Toronto University, travelling Secretary of the Student Volunteer Union, to address the meeting.

Mr. Anderson is the first Canadian who has been chosen to fill this position and his address showed the wisdom of the choice. The speaker showed us very clearly the need of a more systematic study of Missions. In the course of his address, Mr. Anderson gave a brief account of how the work is being taken up in several of the Colleges from Halifax as far West as Winnipeg. In one College, Wycliffe, which is very enthusiastic is this work, a chair has been founded for the regular study of this important branch of Theology.

After the address, the Executive, which had previously considered the matter, brought in a motion to form a Mission Study Class at the beginning of next session.

The motion called forth a good deal of discussion but was unanimously carried. It was suggested at the same time that any of the ministers, who might be interested in this work, should show their sympathy by providing some of the latest books on this subject and thus increase the value of the Missionary section of the College Library. After a hearty vote of thanks had been tendered Mr. Anderson, this profitable meeting was closed by singing the long metre Doxology.

The regular meeting of the Philosophical and Literary Society was held on Friday evening, Feb. 10th, President Worth in the chair.

After the minutes of the previous meeting had been read and approved, Mr. Chas. Hardy read a selection from Dr. Drummond's "Habitant."

The debate for the evening was on the question, Resolved: "That the present system of written examinations is not a fair test of a student's knowledge and is not conducive to a liberal education."

Mr. J. A. Stuart, B.A., who opened the debate for the affirmative, showed several ways in which such examinations might be unfair and suggested as a substitute class-work and essay-writing.

Mr. J. B. MacLeod, B.A., leader of the negative, defended the system, maintaining that a man could not be said to know a thing until he could express it.

The debate was then thrown open and Messrs. Morrow, Turkington and MacLeod (A. B.) spoke on the affirmative and W. G. Brown on the negative. On being put to the meeting the resolution was sustained.

Mr. Hector MacKay, B.A., gave a very instructive criticism. The singing of the Doxology brought this meeting to a close.

Of the many graduates of the Presbyterian College few are better known to the present students than the Rev. Andrew Grant, who has done such splendid work in the Klondike. A few evenings ago, Mr. Grant came into the lecture room and Dr. MacVicar kindly gave up part of his hour, during which this energetic graduate threw out many hints which had proved helpful to him in his career as a Christian minister. The thing most emphasized was this, "Be in the path of duty at all costs"

OUR GRADUATES.

Rev. W. W. MacQuaig has accepted a call to Marmora, Ont.

Rev. A. S. Grant, B.D., paid a short visit to the College on Feb. 20th, and delivered a brief address to the students.

Rev. W. T. B. Crombie, M.A., B.D., was lately inducted and ordained at Oliver's Ferry, Ont.

Rev. C. Haughton, of Avoca, was presented with a fur coat by his congregation.

Rev. J. MacKenzie has removed from Moose Creek, Ont., to Scotstown, Que.

At the anniversary services in Tiverton, Ont., the sum of $158.65 was realized. The pastor, Rev. K. McLennan, was presented with a valuable fur coat and cap and a kindly worded address by his congregation.

The congregation of Maple Creek, Alberta, N. W. T., has resolved to call the Rev. J. P. Grant, who has been in charge for the past eighteen months as ordained missionary. The *Free Press* correspondent says "the call is a recognition of a great deal of faithful pastoral work."

The people of Bearbrooke, under the pastoral care of Rev. E. J. Shaw, have erected a very suitable church during the past year, which will soon be formally opened. Mr. Shaw was the recipient, recently, of a beautiful gift from his Bible Class.

The annual meeting of the Presbyterians of Valleyfield (Pastor Rev. J. E. Duclos) was held on Feb. 6th. The total amount raised for all purposes was $2,698.54. The total number of members is 193, 37 having been added during the year.

At the annual meeting of the Presbyterian Church, Russell, Ont., the reports submitted showed large balances on the right side. The pastor, Rev. T. A. Sadler, B.A., was presented with $50 as an increase of stipend, the increase to take effect for the year 1899.

Rev. W. Russell, B.A., the evangelist, has just finished a splendid series of meetings in Lennoxville, Que. Since last October Mr. Russell has visited and held meetings in Toledo, Ohio; Milan, and Paris, Maine. On leaving Lennoxville he went at once to Portland, Maine, and intends to return to Danville, Que., where he will remain until the opening of the Graduates' Institute. This last year has been the most phenomenal and successful since Mr. R. left College in 1889, and we can only use the words of one who was present at the meetings in Toledo, who thus describes them: "Pentecostal scenes

were almost a daily occurrence. The Spirit of God submerged the whole audience at times, and with uncovered heads we stood in awe and watched the Christ do wonders in saving sinners and baptizing the Saints with the Holy Ghost."

On Friday evening, Feb. 16th, Rev. G. T. Bayne, of Ashton, was in Carleton Place, and learned the good news of the relief of Kimberley. After his return home to Ashton, he was walking down street to let the villagers know the good news when he slipped on a lump of ice upon the walk, falling heavily upon his hip and fracturing the bone a few inches from the joint. Being unable to raise himself he shouted for help, which soon arrived, and he was assisted to Dr. Gorrell's surgery, where relief was rendered, and in the morning was taken to St. Luke's Hospital, Ottawa, for treatment. We understand the break is a very awkward one, and will take much time and care to overcome. Great sympathy is felt for the Rev. gentleman and his family in their trouble.

The annual congregational meeting of St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Prince Albert, of which Rev. A. Lee, B.A., is pastor, was held on Wednesday evening, 17th January. After devotional exercises, conducted by the pastor, Mr. J. A. F. Stull was appointed chairman. Reports were presented by the Session, Ladies' Aid Society and the Board of Managers, which were all most encouraging, and showed that the congregation was in excellent condition. The reports were adopted and thanks were voted to the members of the choir, the organists, the Ladies' Aid Society, and to the Secretary-Treasurer. Messrs. A. McDonald, Moore and Lamont were elected as managers to replace those whose term of office had expired.

On Friday, January 12th, there died at Florence, Italy, the Rev. John R. MacDougall, D.D., minister of the Free Church of Scotland. Mr. MacDougall was for 40 years a minister of the Scottish Church in that city, but still was also a most warm-hearted and useful friend of the Free Church of Italy. He was their Secretary, and was also Treasurer for a large number of years. He was also a true and faithful friend of Gavazzi, with whom he was on terms of the closest intimacy. A few

years ago the leading members of the Italian Church presented him with a handsome portrait of himself, and also a goodly sum of money, as an expression of their opinion of the great services which he had rendered their church, and of his personal worth. Dr. MacDougall received the degree of D.D. from this College in 1899.

We would call the attention of the Graduates to the Annual Institute, which is to be held in the David Morrice Hall from April 2nd to April 6th. The following papers will be delivered :—"The After Life," by Rev. J. R. McLeod ; "First Steps in Religious Training," by Rev. R. D. Fraser, M.A. ; "Organization of Women in Congregational Work," by Rev. G. A. Woodside ; "The Holy Spirit," by Rev Walter Russell, B.A. ; "The Religions of China and Christianity," by Rev. Kenneth McLennan, B.D. ; "Religion of Burns," by Rev. Wylie C. Clark, B.D. ; "The Eldership," by Rev. Thos. Mitchell ; "The Teachings of Christ in their bearing on Modern Problems," by Rev. Geo. C. Pidgeon, B.D. ; "French Protestantism—Past, Present and Future," by Rev. Dr. C. E. Amaron.

The new Presbyterian Church at Lachute was opened on Sunday, February 4th, and dedicated by the Rev. Principal MacVicar, of the Presbyterian College, Montreal. There was a large attendance, the largest ever assembled in Lachute, when over six hundred people listened to the preaching, praise and prayer for the first time in the new church home. At the close of the services of the day, $158 collection had been taken, which, added to that of Saturday, amounted to $445. There remains yet to be paid on all accounts about $1,000 on a total approximate cost of $10,000 for building, and $1,000 for site. The church is beautiful within, massive without, and provides room for 625 on the main floor, and 125 in the gallery, making 750 seats in all. A large assembly hall (capacity 300), vestry, session and manager's room, library and kitchen, are all provided to help on the church work. One pleasing feature of the report of the Building Committee presented on Saturday last was the harmony and help of all parts of the congregation in the erection of the building. Rev. N. A. Waddell, B.D., is at present pastor of this congregation.—*Montreal Witness.*

D. S.

TALKS ABOUT BOOKS.

The holiday season is now long past, and the Drysdale Company is again to the front with a parcel of serious literature. One of the largest contents of the parcel is, "A Historical Commentary on St. Paul's Epistle to the Galatians," by W. M. Ramsay, D.C.L., Professor in Aberdeen University; 478 pages, large 8vo., with maps of Asia Minor, neatly bound in cloth, Hodder and Stoughton, London, price invisible. This good-looking, well-printed volume is written by one who is regarded by many competent judges as the best recent authority on Asia Minor, in which country he has travelled extensively. It is, however, just to say that the Talker's friends who know Professor Ramsay have not prejudiced him in his favour. Nevertheless, in spite of his unequal paragraphs and controversial style, it must be admitted that Dr. Ramsay writes good English, and that his manner is lively and attractive. He pours forth wealth of historical and literary lore, and he is abreast of the day in all matters of history and criticism. The actual commentary is a valuable piece of apologetic rather than of minute exegesis, establishing the Pauline integrity of the epistle, and vindicating its success in freeing the converts of Asia Minor from the legal shackles which Judaizers had attempted to impose upon them. He dwells upon the dull stupidity of the Galatians; has much to say on what he calls Paul's "stake in the flesh," which he regards as a violent headache; and strives to illustrate from oriental Roman law such terms as "Diatheke." These and many other points taken are by no means void of interest, but one has an intuition in reading them that there is an unnecessary over-straining after novel effect on the part of the author. Dr. Ramsay is a great admirer of Paul, and is full of reverence for his epistle. One rather likes him for letting down the Tübingen School, although it must be remembered that that school accepted the Galatians; but his abuse of Lightfoot evokes a different feeling.

Professor Ramsay's commentary is historical, even geographical. He claims that Paul's Galatia included Derbe,

Lystra and Iconium, and Antioch of Pisidia. Now the three former towns were situated in Lycaonian or Eastern Phrygia, which lay to the east of Phrygia proper, and to the south of Galatia. He maintains that Lycaonia was known as Southern Galatia, and that there is no evidence of the success of the gospel in Northern Galatia, which contained among its chief cities Ancyra and Pessinus. Now, in the Notitias or Catalogues of Ancient Bishopries, compiled from old ecclesiastical documents by order of the Greek emperor Leo Sapiens, in 891, Galatia, Lycaonia and Phrygia are made distinct ecclesiastical provinces, and, while Lycaonia is credited with fifteen episcopal sees, including Iconium, Lystra and Derbe, Galatia is credited with eight, of which Ancyra was the metropolis. Ancyra and Pessinus were places of far greater importance from political, commercial and religious points of view than were Iconium, Lystra and Derbe, as every student of ancient history knows. Conybeare and Howson mention the two Galatian cities as the probable scenes of Paul's missionary labours; Bishop Ellicott calls the epistle an encyclical to Ancyra, Pessinus, Tavium, and other places; and with them most writers on the subject agree. There were many Jews in Ancyra, and Josephus quotes a letter which Augustus wrote in their favour. But the dominant population was Celtic or Galatian, and St. Jerome says that in his time the language spoken at Ancyra was almost identical with that of Treves in Gaul. Sozomen, the church historian, writes: "It appears reasonable to suppose that there were many monks in Galatia Cappadocia, and the neighboring provinces, for Christianity was embraced at an early period by the inhabitants of these regions." Hermias, one of the best of the early apologists, was a Galatian, as was Palladius, the writer on oriental monasticism; and, from 315 to 360, the see of Ancyra was held by two literary theologians, Marcellas and Basil.

The region occupied by the Galatians was originally a Phrygian area. This is generally allowed. But, when Professor Ramsay divides their predecessors into a subject race and the conquering Phryges, calling the amalgam Phrygians, he is entering the field of conjecture. Of the Phryges he says:

"that they brought with them something of the spirit of the later Teutonic and Germanic races, to whom they were probably akin." Now, we possess Phrygian inscriptions, copied by Texier and others, which the curious may find in Rawlinson's Herodotus, Appendix Book I, Essay XI. The conjectural readings of these are unscientific rubbish. The Talker has transliterated and translated them, and they are Etruscan or archaic Basque. The Phrygian worship of Cybebe and Atys, the story of Marsyas, and a hundred other ancient rites and legends, prove the Phrygians to have been a Turanian people, totally distinct from the Teutons or Germans. They belonged to the old Cherethite stock, as the names of their Gordius kings and of their city Gordium attest. But with the royal name Gordius there alternated that of Midas, the fable of whose ass's ears is a purely Celtic story. The fact is that, from ancient Babylonian and Assyrian days, Sumer and Accad, Gordyeni and Mitanni, Carduchi and Matieni, or Turanian and Celt, dwelt together. Phrygian and Galatian were congeners in Asia Minor; Celtic Umbrian and Turanian Etruscan were such in Italy; in Spain the mixture was Celt-Iberian; in the Canary Islands, Celtic Guanches and Iberic Telde dwelt side by side; and, as Turanian Toltecs and Celtic Olmecs, they migrated together from thence to the New World. The Galatians were but a branch of the larger Cimmerian tree, and allied to the latter was the Numidian or Nemedian, or, without the Gaelic article, the Midian, stem.

What has all this ethnographical excursus to do with the epistle to the Galatians and Dr. Ramsay? It has everything to do with them. If a revolutionary writer were to take the position that the epistle to the Hebrews was really addressed to the Iberians of the Caucasus, and were to spend his time in showing its adaptation to the peculiarities of these Iberians, Avars, or Georgians, he would be putting himself in Professor Ramsay's position. Having before their minds the light, bantering strain of the apologist Hermias, a Christian Lucian or Voltaire, the solemn credulity of Palladius, an oriental reproduction of the typical Gallic monk, and Marcellas and Basil, the orthodox and semi-Arian flighty controversialists, most

commentators have ascribed to the Galatians the warm and impetuous, but fickle, character of the European Gaul and the Irish Celt, and have interpreted the epistle accordingly. Professor Ramsay changes all this. The Galatian, according to him, was not a Galatian at all. His substratum was Lycaonian, perhaps Hittite (p. 186), his upper layer, Phrygic or Teutonic (p. 26), and his ruling classes, Hellenic and Jewish. He was not a light and fickle-minded man, but an unmitigated blockhead, a Boeotian and an Abderite. The Talker holds no brief for or against Professor Ramsay. That author has written an interesting book, and has brought great stores of historical learning to bear on his theme. But the Bible generally calls a spade a spade, and Galatia it calls Galatia, as in Peter's first epistle, where it occurs between Pontus and Cappadocia, at which point Lycaonian Phrygia would be out of place. If the South-Galatian theory will do anybody any good, Dr. Ramsay may not have written his book in vain, and, at any rate, he has presented a valuable piece of Pauline apologetic; but the weight of evidence that circles round the geographical and ethnical term "Galatia" condemns his main thesis as at least "not proven."

There are some things in religious literature, and in the lives of the holiest men, that shake one's faith worse than the assaults of the most blatant infidelity. The Talker has been tempted to pass these by, out of regard to the gallery, for, of course, there always is a gallery; but his better nature has conquered, and he is able to say "Retro Sathanas!" There have been few more devoted Christians than Dr. Andrew Bonar; but he swallowed the whole of the Confession of Faith without a pang. Few apostles have surpassed Father Chiniquy in abundance of self-denying labours; but, in a supposed vision, the Lord Jesus Christ is represented, in his "Forty Years in the Church of Christ," as setting forth the doctrine of the atonement in the language of the schools, as He never did in the days of His terrestrial incarnation. And now, here is George Müller, of Bristol, whose life and work were one long miracle, disregarding all the laws of development in revelation, and using the Scriptures more as an

agglomerate of spiritual charms than as a graded text-book of theology. These are the weaknesses of otherwise strong men, which, from the very relation in which they stand to embodiments of spiritual strength, become very real and serious temptations to the Christian hero-worshipper, content with a lower model than Christ. George Müller addressed the students of this College several years ago, virtually telling them to imitate his life of prayer and trust. After the address, the Talker walked with him to his lodgings, and on the way asked him if he regarded his own as the normal type of religious life. He fenced for a while, and at last, being pushed to the wall metaphorically, yet courteously, let us hope, he said, "Every believer is not called upon to build orphan houses." That is the point. Our service to God is a reasonable service, one of phenomenal cause to phenomenal effect, of spiritual cause to spiritual effect; but, if in God's good providence, a man or a woman is called to a work beyond the scope of their forces, let them not faint, but take George Müller's motto, "Jehovah Jireh," the Lord will see to it. And, of course, the normal Christian activity that sets effect over against cause, is far from being a prayerless thing. It works out its own salvation, knowing that it is God that worketh in it, the God who answers the prayer which accompanies pains. There have been some very grotesque travesties of Franckism and Müllerism in lower phases of nominal Christian life, that savoured of both laziness and hypocrisy. Yet God raises up from time to time great and good men, such as Francke and Müller, not to be mechanical examples of Christian effort, (for how can one living spirit imitate another living spirit?), but to emphasize faith in a present Divine power capable of working wonders manifold.

The Talker has had in his library for many years, "The Lord's Dealings with George Müller," the third edition, published in 1845, telling the story of the young German's conversion, and of his divine call to exercise the prayer of faith and the Christian benevolence once wrought by the pietist Francke of Halle. He has now before him "A New and Authorized Life of George Müller, of Bristol, and his Witness

to a Prayer-Hearing God," by Arthur T. Pierson, with an Introduction by James Wright, Son-in-law and Sucessor in the Work of George Müller, 462 pages, crown 8vo., cloth, with 13 illustrations; the Baker & Taylor Company, New York, sold by the Drysdale Company for a dollar and a half. It contains twenty-four chapters and many appendices, the enumeration of which may be profitably spared to the readers of the JOURNAL. As is well known, Dr. Pierson writes pleasantly, in idiomatic English, and with much enthusiasm for all kinds of Christian work. The Talker does not admire Dr. Pierson, but then his admiration is not necessary, for Dr. Pierson admires himself. Nevertheless, the Talks have not failed, on more than one occasion, to do justice to his grasp of missionary history, and his lucid portrayal of religious effort in many lands. His reputation will not suffer by the present work, which is far more readable than "The Lord's Dealings." George Müller's personal life, the formation of his unique religious character, his preaching and founding of a congregation, his establishment of the Christian Knowledge Institution and of his many orphanages, his travels, his favorite Scriptures, his maxims and precepts, and his last years; all are set forth in appropriate order, and with apparent fidelity, in a far from infelicitous manner. We are told that he could relax at times; but neither as seen in himself, nor as told by himself and others, has his life appeared to touch the poetic or joyous side of Christianity, which is its most inspiring form. Yet he was a good man of the premillenarian stamp, and now that he has rested from his many labours, his works do follow him. In his life-time, his great faith was an active power to many, and he being dead yet speaketh. The world would be all the better for more George Müllers. The notice of Mr. James Wright as his "son-in-law and successor in the work," looks a little like an advertisement to the charitably disposed public, from the same old undenominational stand. For a certain class of religious souls there is a strange, almost incomprehensible, charm in the big word "undenominationalism," which really means a new and generally narrow creed. Like Dr. Pierson, Dr. Müller, in a supposed searching of the

Scriptures, came to the conclusion that adult believers' baptism by immersion was scriptural; nay more, that "of all revealed truths, not one is more clearly revealed in the Scriptures—not even the doctrine of justification by faith." After this, the spirituality of the man who said it, and of the other who approved it, stands in need of a large interrogation mark. Lord Cecil did not decide the question of believers' baptism by tossing a copper, but by opening a Bible at random to find an oracle, and he found it, and was dipped. There are excellent people among the Baptists; but "this, their way, is their folly." The water of baptism is but a symbol, and the symbol lives in a drop as well as in an ocean.

Dr. Joseph Parker, of the London City Temple, is not an old man. He is only ten years older than the Talker, and the Talker is young, with the dew of his youth yet undried by many a scorching sun. But the eloquent minister of the Temple, who takes upon himself to reprove the Prince of Wales and do other questionable things, writes like one close upon the end of his career. His great bereavement came a little more than a year ago, and it made him write: "Life seems now—perhaps only for a moment—not worth living. I have lost my other heart. My soul's treasure has been stolen. I am poor indeed. Tears are to me day and night as my meat and my drink, while they say continually unto me, 'Where is now thy God?' Now and again her own dear voice says to my spirit: 'Hope thou in God. Do not cease to work. A little while and the light will come; and again a little while, and out of the cold river you will pass into God's own bosom.' Even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly. I am so lonesome, so desolate, so helpless." Thus ends the first part of "A Preacher's Life, an Autobiography and an Album," by Joseph Parker, D.D., 426 pages, 8vo., with several illustrations, published by Hodder & Stoughton, of London, and sold by the Drysdale Company for some unindicated sum. There are three divisions of this volume; the first, Personal and Pastoral, the second, Literary and Controversial, and the third, An Album.

Joseph Parker was born at Hexham, in Northumberland, in the year 1830, the son of a master-mason who feared God and held a high position among the non-conformists of his place and time. He has something to say of two clerics, one Romish, the other Anglican, who made an impression on his youthful imagination; of his school days, by no means all joyous; but most he has to tell of the Chartist movement in its feverish agitation for legislative reform and against the State Church. He has been a whole-souled non-conformist all his days, though well aware of the unfashionableness, even the semi-vulgarity, of it, as it existed in the beginning of his career. Joseph Parker was not trained in any theological college, but took a modified course in the arts faculty of University College, London, after having imprudently married in his twenty-first year a lady of whom he says nothing, reserving all his eloquence for his second wife, to whom he was united in 1864, or thirteen years later. He was ordained as a Congregational minister at Banbury in 1853; became minister of Cavendish Street Chapel, Manchester, in 1858; and entered upon his ministry in the City Temple, London, in 1869. He has been chairman of the Congregational Union and of various Congregational boards, and received the degree of D.D. from the University of Chicago. Many interesting incidents are contained in the first division of the book, but by no means so many as one would imagine a preacher and observer of Dr. Parker's reputation and experience to be conversant with. He does a little preaching in setting forth his own creed, and in his chapter on Heresies and Heretics, in which he reviews the cases of Edward White, Baldwin Brown, and Thomas Toke Lynch.

The second division of the volume has much to say in a general way concerning authors, publishers, and critics. It also sets forth the author's controversial experiences, and his intercourse with mad folk. The third division, or Album, is pleasingly taken up with sketches of more or less celebrated people with whom Dr. Parker was on terms of intimacy or acquaintance. The first place is assigned to Mr. Gladstone. Then come in order Henry Ward Beecher, Thomas Binney,

and Dr. Samuel Newth. His stimulating preachers include Dr. Robert Newton, Dr. Morley Punshon, Dr. Joseph Beaumont, John Rattenbury, and George B. Macdonald. Finally, his group of recollections embraces George Gilfillan, Norman MacLeod, Joseph Barker, W. G. Elmslie, R. W. Dale, and Professor Huxley. The closing epilogue of the volume is a confession of unworthiness, and a looking forward to Yonderland, as he calls it. There is much good-natured egotism in this gossipy book, many things that make pleasant reading for one who takes an interest in a great preacher's life. It has here and there gleams of humor and amusing character sketches, brief conversations, peculiar incidents, and pathetic lamentations. But it is not a great autobiography, for such a work would not contain a long confession of faith, congregational memorials, and newspaper reports of meetings. There is also in the volume, which holds many good things, no one item at once striking enough and brief enough to quote in such a notice as this, unless it be trifles of this kind. Van Diemen's Land was a mysterious geographical name in the air when Joseph Parker was a boy. "At a Methodist meeting in the north, the people had been singing a hymn in which the line 'We are marching through Emmanuel's ground' occurs, and at the close of the hymn one good old man, whose emotion was in excess of his intelligence, fervently prayed, 'Grant that when this life is over every one of us may have a cottage in Van Diemen's Land.' Who can fully explain the laws of mental association?" Talking about mental association, as evinced in this book, between the mere mention, in a prefatory biographical chronicle, of Ann Nesbitt, of Horsley-on-Tyne, married November 15th, 1851, and the large and eulogistic account of Emma Jane Common, of Sunderland, married December 22nd, 1864,—what a hidden tragedy is here, a story of a life under a veil, a something not altogether obliterated but deemed unworthy of record! Poor Ann Nesbitt or poor Joseph Parker, who knows! The world is full of skeletons in the closet. O, young men, with the wilfulness and waywardness of youth upon you, look into the future before you leap, and do not bury your first love in a

dishonored grave. When the resurrection morn comes, the first wife's claim may stand; then where will the darling be? But, supposing there to be no blame on either side, can anything be much sadder than for the wife of a man's youth, his poverty, and his struggles, to be snatched away before the turn of the wheel that brings friends, fame, and fortune to be shared with a new mate? You say, this is Dr. Parker's affair, not ours; it was, until he wrote it in a book, and gave it for a moral to all the world.

As we are at biography and living in war times, an appropriate volume to notice is "Sir Redvers H. Buller, V.C., the Story of His Life and Campaigns." There are 246 duodecimo pages and eight illustrations in this book, bound in illuminated cloth, published by Partridge & Co., of London, and sold by the Drysdale Company for ninety cents. Its author is Walter Jerrold, who also wrote lives of Faraday and Gladstone. To use the language of art, his books seem to be all pot boilers, and Mr. Jerrold appears to fill the role of a literary hack. The enterprising publisher says to the hack, "Here is a man people are talking about; write a cheap book about him quickly, for there is money in it." We have publishers and hacks of this kind even in Canada, in such towns as Toronto and Brantford. The cities of the United States are full of them; and the British Islands, not England only, know the mercenary literary twins. Partridge & Co. don't publish books of any note, save in the estimation of school children, and those who read the British Workman and the Band of Hope Review. Mr. Jerrold says he is not a military expert, and that he has merely pieced together fragments from scattered sources pertaining to his hero's life, which he dedicates by permission to Lord Wolseley. Yet, on the whole, he has not done his work badly for a literary mechanic, and the writer of a thin book, not much over newspaper strength. He follows Buller from Eton to India, and thence to China and the Canadian Northwest. Next he finds him in Ashantiland; afterwards among the Zulus in South Africa with the French Prince Imperial, and among the Boers of Majuba Hill; again, in Egypt at Tel-el-Kebir, and on the way to, but not

at, Khartoum. One chapter sets him forth as under-secretary for Ireland; and the last sets him down in the Transvaal, where it is to be hoped he may come out alive, and with more honor than, up to the time of this writing, has fallen to his share in the Boer campaign. It is doubtful whether the reader of this biography will know Sir Redvers Buller a whit better after concluding the volume than before he began it. He will, of course, know that the general is a Devonshire man; that he is fearless and inclined to bluntness, two qualities that do not necessarily go together, for some of the rudest men are the biggest cowards; and that he succeeded in winning the Victoria Cross and other distinctions. But what more can you expect from a pot-boiler of a book?

Mr. W. J. Dawson, the essayist, has written a companion volume to his "Makers of Modern Poetry." entitled "Makers of Modern Prose, a Popular Handbook to the Greater Prose Writers of the Century," 302 pages, crown 8vo., cloth, Hodder & Stoughton, London, which the Drysdale Company sells for a sum unrecorded. The writers, of whom he gives an estimate, a criticism, and characteristics, anecdotical and otherwise, are fifteen in number, beginning with Samuel Johnson and ending with Frederick W. Robertson. Between come Boswell, as a pendant to the lexicographer, Goldsmith, Burke, Gibbon, Macaulay, Landor, De Quincey, Lamb, Carlyle, Emerson, Froude, Ruskin, and John Henry Newman. The baldest biographical sketch is prefixed to the essays dealing with these various writers, for the essays themselves are in no sense biographies. Mr. Dawson devotes two chapters to Johnson, or, including Boswell, three; two to Macaulay; three to Carlyle, or, including Froude, whom he lashes over his biography of the Sage of Chelsea, four; and four to Ruskin, dead but the other day. They are all entertaining chapters, not that they say much that is new, since their subjects are so well known, but because the essayist, being in love with his work, writes with a quiet enthusiasm of appreciation, and in a generous spirit that condones where it cannot always approve. There are no novelists in the company, and Landor, De Quincey, and Lamb are but slender figures as compared

with many of their contemporaries. The volume, therefore, is far from being a handbook to the greater prose writers of the century; the words "some of" should have been inserted between the "to" and the "the." With this necessary limitation, Mr. Dawson's well-written pages of gossipy information and genial criticism, are worthy of commendation to the student of English literature who wishes to know the chief characteristics of the writers enumerated, and the opinions entertained by the most competent judges of them and their works. What the author means by calling Johnson, Boswell, and Goldsmith, Burke and Gibbon "prose writers of the century," when they all died before the century began, is more than the Talker can fathom. Perhaps it is a way he has of talking at large. Within the present century, Mr. Dawson has left as many masters of English prose out as he has found in. Grote, Arnold, Roscoe, Maurice, Martineau, Kingsley, Chalmers, Caird, Kinglake, MacLeod, Jewett, Pater, and a host of others who have formed modern English style, he ignores completely. He is like the reviewer who wrote an article upon "Poetry, Prose, and Coventry Patmore," and the American who summed up the population of the United States into "the whites, the blacks, and the Beechers." The line must be drawn somewhere. The fact is that every thinking, reading, and writing man has his own set of literary models, and ignores the masters he doesn't care for. The exception is the Talker, who writes fair English, though he says it, and follows nobody. If he has a literary mission at all, it is to lead his readers and hearers to steer clear of turgid ponderosity, and to eschew vulgar flippancy, to be natural and comprehensible, and to talk as a gentleman would to an intelligent lady or to a theological student of superior merit. This is pretty much what Mr. Dawson does.

How many volumes of tales from Shakspeare have been published since Charles Lamb wrote his, and thus laid the foundation for many criticisms on "lambs' tails," the Talker does not know. Hazlitt and Seymour, Quiller Couch, and many writers whose fame has not survived, have attempted the task, and have achieved it with greater or less success.

Now appears M. Surtees Townsend, a writer and an artist, or an artist and a writer, who has produced "Stories from Shakspeare," a handsome 8vo. of 322 pages, with three coloured plates, forty-three illustrations in black and white, and endless vignettes and tail pieces, elegantly bound in illuminated Roxburgh cloth with gilt top. This beautiful volume is published by Frederick Warne & Co., London and New York, and is sold by the Drysdale Company for a dollar and sixty cents. The plays of the great dramatist, reduced to simple and far from inelegant prose in this volume, are the Tempest, Midsummer Night's Dream, Merchant of Venice, As You Like It, Winter's Tale, Henry IV, Henry V, Cymbeline, Macbeth, and Hamlet. Dialogues, jests, songs, and some striking poetical passages, in the plays are left intact; but the plot and the story of each are divested of the dramatic form, which presents difficulties to the comprehension of young and simple readers. The illustrations, on which the author has spent fully as great pains as on the text, are of excellent quality, and combine with the simple narratives to make clear the scenery, the characters, and the action of the piece chosen. "Stories from Shakspeare" would make a handsome gift of a classical order to a young person of either sex; and, though rather too dainty for a text-book, it might be successfully utilized as an introduction to a complete course of Shakspearean study. No fear need be entertained in making use of the volume, since, while its author is faithful to the originals, everything of an indelicate nature has been carefully omitted. One would like to know who M. Surtees Townsend is, whether man or woman, but on this point the writer and artist gives no information.

Charles G. D. Roberts, the Canadian poet, and author of "The Forge in the Forest," has written a recent novel, entitled "A Sister to Evangeline, the Story of Yvonne de Lamourie." The volume containing it is a 12mo. of 109 pages and a map, in plainly gilt boards and gilt top, published by George N. Morang & Company, Toronto, and sold by the Drysdale Company for a dollar and a half. This is, of course, a story of Acadia after the British conquest, and is supposed

to be told by Paul Grande of Grand Pré, a captain in the French King's service. He has been away in Quebec, learning disgust of the intendant Bigot and his satellites. During that absence a girl of Trois Pistoles had kindled a false flame in his heart, but it had soon died out, and he heard with relief that she had married a Quebec trader. Then his heart turns to Yvonne, the playmate of his youth at Grand Pré, the beautiful daughter of the decayed courtier, Giles de Lamourie, and the once *grande dame*, his wife. Grul, the madman, La Garne, the black abbé, and other characters met with in "The Forge in the Forest," reappear in this volume. Paul's welcome home is spoiled by the news that de Lamourie is about to make peace with the British, and that his daughter is engaged to George Anderson, a large, handsome-looking Quaker New-Englander, living in Nova Scotia. Thenceforth the captain determines to win the fortunate New-Englander's affianced from him at all risks. He makes poetry and reads it to her, but his blandishments are of no avail. Hearing that the black abbé, his French accomplices and Micmac allies are plotting to destroy the de Lamouries and their possessions, he vows to defend them, but is, nevertheless, cajoled out of the way by a false message, returning in time only to see their homestead in flames, and Yvonne on her way to warn her lover that La Garne intends to cut his throat.

Paul takes the girl out of the boat in which she is about to make a perilous voyage alone, and himself sets out with one companion to reach Kennetcook before the Micmacs in their canoes. In this he succeeds, but in the subsequent flight he falls down a bank, and would have perished but for Grul. When he recovers sufficiently he goes to Grand Pré, from which the inhabitants are being deported to New England. He has an unsatisfactory conversation with Yvonne, which leads to his arrest by the British troops. With many more captives, he is placed on board a vessel bound for some southern port, and, as Yvonne is on the same ship, there is much bye-play and conversation with her and different characters. The prisoners, led by Paul, rush upon their captors, and, overwhelming them, sail back to the Nova Scotian coast,

where they dismiss their former masters to voyage alone to Boston. The Acadians disperse, but Paul and Yvonne are married at the Jemseg settlement, and sleigh along merrily to Quebec. After the conquest they settle upon a little estate beside the Ottawa. As for George Anderson, he seems to have been left behind.

This tale is hardly up to the mark of "The Forge in the Forest," lacking, perhaps, the novelty of that story. It is, of course, well written, and the properties and proprieties are in keeping with time and place, and duly observed. The hero who does the telling is a poet, a skillful fencer, brave and active, and in terrible earnest, but, as he confesses, no beauty, and, save when he pours out the language of abuse, which is rarely, too serious by far to be a fit companion for a light-hearted girl. The fickleness of Yvonne is hardly to be accounted for by a revolt against the claims that cause for gratitude establishes, and the unceremonious dropping of George Anderson becomes a mere woman's fancy, common enough in life it may be, but unworthy of a heroine who is held up as a model of all the virtues. There is incident in the story, though some of the conversations might have been sacrificed for more of it, and the indeterminateness of the records of certain characters is to be explained by the fact that Mr. Roberts is going to use them again. The heart is not engaged much by the narrative, as the allegiance of it is mixed, so that one fails to discover who are loyal people. The book is, however, eminently readable, and will help to pass a pleasant hour or two.

Mr. Chapman has been remiss in reading his JOURNAL, for he sends a second copy of The Twentieth Century New Testament, Part I., which was noticed on page 242 of the January number. He contributes one new volume, however namely, "A Bit of Atlantis," by Douglas Erskine, illustrated by H. Julien and R. G. Mathews, and published by A. T. Chapman, Montreal, for a dollar and a quarter. There are 197 octavo pages in this book, and eleven illustrations, some of which are very striking, and it is bound in crimson cloth with gilt lettering. The introduction, which occupies about

fifty pages, is a dissertation on Atlantis, including Solon's account of that fabulous region preserved by Plato, extracts from modern writers on the physical geography of the ocean where that region is supposed to have been submerged, and references to Mr. Ignatius Donnelly and other authors dealing with matters geological and ethnological. Among others, the Talker is pleased to find that Mr. Erskine refers to the German Frenzel, who regards the Aztecs of Mexico and the Peruvians as of Celtic origin. Now, the Talker knows nothing of Herr Frenzel beyond this quotation of him, and he is perfectly sure that the Aztecs are not of Celtic descent. But it is rather a coincidence that, a good many years ago, he published in the Canadian Naturalist proof of the Celtic character of a large portion of the Peruvian vocabulary, and that, last May, he submitted to the Royal Society of Canada evidence for the migration of a mixed Celtic and Turanian population from the Canary Islands to Mexico. In the latter country the Turanians were known as Toltecs and the Celts as Olmecs. They arrived in the beginning of the eighth century, and were expelled by the Chichimecs and Aztecs in the middle of the eleventh, when they travelled southward, and in Peru founded the Empire of the Incas. These Incas, lords of the Four Quarters, were not Celtic but Turanian, being late descendants of the Hittite Anakim of Kirjath-Arba, in Palestine; but they and the Celts had been companions from very ancient days.

After this learned introduction comes the story. It begins with a storm at sea off the Azores. Then it shifts back, in order to tell how the victims of the storm came there, to Canada and fifty miles from Montreal, where Archibald, the father of Atalyn de Montville, had taken up a seigneury. Atalyn, an applied science student, it follows to Paris, and thence to Eumaling Castle, somewhere in Great Britain, where Sir George Denesmore, Bart., and his daughter Katharine dwelt. Sir George had a grant in British Guiana, in which he had established a colony, and Lady Denesmore had gone out there for her health on the private steam-yacht Essequibo. When the Essequibo returned to England it took Katharine

Denesmore and her attendant Dinah on a voyage to Guiana, with Atalyn de Montville in command. They encountered the storm off the Azores, the crew deserted the ship and perished to a man; but the Essequibo outrode the storm, and tied up to an ancient stone pier in an undiscovered country. This region was a picturesque island, a few miles in extent, on the features of which Mr. Erskine expends a wealth of soberly told imagination. It contained parks and gardens, a palace, an aqueduct and many other marvellous things, to say nothing of rifled cannon and stores of ammunition. Atalyn, Katharine and Dinah had a good time there, disturbed on more than one occasion by cannibal savages, à la Crusoe, whom Atalyn terified by electrical and pyrotechnic displays, and from whom they rescued, in the style of Friday and his father, Dinah's negro son Jim. The visitors to the island had been haunted by hereditary reminiscences at the sight of its wonders, one of which was the likeness of its palace to Eumaling Castle. Jim helped them to find and open a casket in a sanctuary of the palace, wherein were tablets which Atalyn, who had worked with Brasseur de Bourbourg over Maya inscriptions, interpreted. This, again, is a peculiar coincidence, for the Talker only the other day corrected the proofs of his interpretation, the first yet given to the world, of the tablets of Palenque, Copan and Chichen-Itza in Maya characters.

The document Atalyn translated was the last will and testament of Atlas, King of Atlantis, dated ages back in the past, giving a history of the great country, of its wealth, of its moral declension and consequent submergence, and of the migration thence of its twin royal families. Then followed a prophecy that the representatives of these families should come to what remained of Atlantis, take its treasures and depart before a final convulsion of nature should swallow it up forever. Further search led the discoverers to the treasure chamber full of gold vessels, jewels, and the peculiar treasure of kings, and then, presiding over all in a chair of state, they found, as if in life, the body of "a man of majestic form." Atalyn, Katharine, Dinah and Jim provisioned the Essequibo, filled her full of treasure worth millions, took on board the

remains of Father Atlas, got up steam and stood out to sea, only in time to behold a submarine volcano and earthquake which knocked the bit of Atlantis to pieces and finally absorbed it. Then they arrived in Britain, where Atalyn became Earl of Altenburgh in Scotland, and Katharine was heiress of Eumaling, representing the two royal families of Atlantis. They married and were happy. When Father Atlas was unveiled he crumbled into dust, like Petrus Forschegrund in the German story, and the Japanese Urashima of Midzunoe. But his treasures were more substantial than the magician's gold in the Arabian Nights that became dried leaves in the morning, and came in very handy to repair the ancestral Atlantian castle of Altenburgh, built after the model of that erected by King Atlas. People with an antiquarian turn of mind will enjoy this imaginative and utterly improbable story, that combines modern science with hoar antiquity, and links the prosaic world of to-day with the fabulous wonders of the past. Plato and Ignatius Donnelly, the Science Faculty of McGill and Chinese fireworks, Robinson Crusoe and Treasure Island, are beautifully mixed up with fragments of Canada and the mother country. The story is well, but not powerfully told, in respectable English, which the illustrations help. The author is a McGill graduate, and dedicates his book to the late Sir William Dawson.

J. Campbell

Editorial.

If any of our readers who have paid their subscription to the Journal have not received any acknowledgement of them, they would confer a favor upon us by letting us know, as we make it a rule, without exception, to receipt all moneys sent in.

It is quite possible for one to complete his college course without making the most of it. How few there are who, on graduating, can look back over a seven years' course, and be perfectly satisfied with the character of the work they have done. The most brilliant might have accomplished even better results. The mediocre might have surprised his fellows frequently, but getting into a rut shortly after matriculation, he has continued therein with a diligence worthy of the perseverance of the saints. Every student should place before him a high ideal and strive to attain it. He should be satisfied only when real excellence has been attained. Labour prolonged and intense should whiten the cheeks of every student of this college. To imagine that one can make satisfactory progress in his studies without unremitting toil is to be deluded. You might as well try to walk without moving your legs or sing without opening your mouth. The one is just as reasonable as the other. The men who are bringing glory to British arms to-day are those whose faces are never without the marks of fatigue. And can students afford to idle away half of their course in frivolity and merriment when the public is so exacting and cheap scholarship is away below par? Nay, verily. There is a class of men whose services are ever in demand in every department of life. These are the masters of their profession. Their knowledge is at their finger's ends, and, consequently, available for use. These are the men of whom every nation is proud. They are marching in the vanguard of civilization, enriching the earth with

the fruits of their toil, and preparing the way for a new era of effort and progress. The path they tread is also open to us. The question is, will we walk in it? Here are two paths: one leads to success; the other failure and folly.

It has been said that the tragedy of to-day is not the tragedy of the criminal but of the incompetent.

Year after year our law, medical, science and theological schools are sending forth numbers of young men equipped in theory, but as yet only on the threshold of experience. They swell the professional ranks of the community which, regarding them with distrust, quite unhesitatingly reminds them of their inability to measure the full stature of the "coming men" whose advent they have vested with a superstitious halo.

"There is no royal road to learning," and the education of our intellect is merely rudimentary. Between knowing and doing there is a chasm which can only be bridged by practical education and not that of the intellect alone; the hand, the eye, the ear and the judgment must by constant training have acquired unconscious skill.

How difficult it is for some to put theory into practice, to use knowledge. How difficult it is for some to trust their own ability. During our college course we have not the same opportunities, I grant, as when in touch with the outer world, but may we not be free to think our own thoughts, and to do our own actions. One of the old philosophers has taught that every man is free until he is forced into submission, or has given up his liberty for gain or because liberty hangs heavy. Some people have never known what liberty of conscience means, for they have got into the habit of allowing their teachers to think for them; others have given up the liberty they possessed that they might have a "silver lining" to their pocket: while others find it a burden to carry their liberty—a burden to decide upon a proper course for themselves. People go through life by depending upon some one else for their guiding star, and thus form habits which permit them to get along without thinking.

During one's student days he is prone to take for granted that what he hears in the class-rooms is correct and that it cannot be improved upon, and often he gives the lecture no thought from one day's end to the other; or during the lecture he is so engrossed with taking notes of everything that is said that he has not time to think about or digest what has been dished out to him; then when examinations draw near he finds his materials so abundant that all his time is consumed in plugging notes. If he would accept the main facts and fill in between the lines for himself, he would profit to the full extent and in this way cultivate his own intellect.

It is necessary that we should know the thoughts and theories of others, but let us not depend upon these entirely for our own success in life. Some of us might well be tied up to a pillar in the corridor or a post at the door, and carry a sign "Brains to let." We've no further use for them, we've given up thinking and are happy! Happy, yes, thrice happy, "if lethargy is bliss." But here I would echo another sentiment expressed by Oliver Wendell Holmes when he said "God help him over whose dead soul in his living body must be uttered the supplication "*Requiescat in pace!*"

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
Whose souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

—*Tennyson.*

Partie Francaise.

LE TEMOIGNAGE DE SAINT PAUL ET LES ECRITURES.

Ed. Curdy, Pasteur.

Parmi les lettres que nous possédons de l'apôtre Paul, il y en a quatre que la critique la plus audacieuse a reconnues authentiques. Ce sont: l'Epître aux Romains, les deux aux Corinthiens et celle aux Galates. L'auteur de ces lettres est donc un contemporain de Jésus, intelligent, honnête et brûlant d'amour pour son pays.

Le résumé de l'enseignement de saint Paul dans ses quatre Epîtres incontestées est que Dieu réconcilie le monde avec soi par Jésus-Christ, et que tous les croyants reçoivent l'esprit du Christ pour lui devenir semblables. Ce qu'il enseigne, il prétend l'avoir reçu de Jésus-Christ lui-même. On peut s'assurer qu'il n'a pas été victime d'une illusion, et que l'enseignement du Christ ne s'est pas altéré en passant dans son expérience religieuse par une comparaison de ses Epîtres avec les autres Ecritures du Nouveau Testament. On voit que par la forme du langage elles portent toutes l'empreinte de leurs auteurs respectifs; mais par la pensée, par le fonds, elles s'accordent avec l'enseignement de saint Paul. Elles attestent le fait de la Résurrection et attribuent à Jésus-Christ l'œuvre de la Rédemption.

Jésus-Christ peut-il nous délivrer du péché? Paul, l'ancien élève des rabbins, l'ancien persécuteur des disciples de Jésus, affirme qu'en dépit de sa mauvaise conscience il a trouvé le repos par la foi en lui. La conception qu'il a du Christ se retrouve dans les trois premiers Evangiles, et dans le quatrième, si différent des autres Tous le reconnaissent comme Fils de Dieu et Juge de tous les hommes. Le quatrième Evangile célèbre Jésus comme le Créateur du monde qui accepte la confession de Thomas: "Mon Seigneur et mon Dieu?" Si Jésus est plus qu'un homme ordinaire, s'il est le Créateur du monde et le Juge de toute chair, on comprend qu'il ait pu calmer la conscience inquiète de l'intrépide Saul

de Tarse. Mais comment a-t-il pu gagner sa confiance ? Saint Paul nous dit lui-même que sa foi en Jésus-Christ repose sur la pleine assurance de sa résurrection d'entre les morts. Le même témoignage est rendu par tous les écrivains sacrés du Nouveau-Testament : Jésus-Christ a vaincu le roi des épouvantements, et nous a ainsi ouvert les portes de la vie.

Les Epîtres incontestées ont été écrites, comme on le sait, vingt-huit ans au plus tard après la mort de Jésus-Christ. Saint Paul y parle du fait de la Résurrection de telle manière que l'on peut voir que toutes les églises partageaient sa foi. Mais remontons plus haut. Saint Paul fut converti six ans au plus après la mort de Jésus-Christ. Au troisième chapitre de l'Epître aux Galates, il raconte que trois ans après sa conversion, il passa quatorze jours à Jérusalem avec les apôtres Pierre et Jacques. Dans la première Epître aux Corinthiens, chap. XV, il dit en parlant des différentes apparitions du Ressuscité qu'il est apparu à Pierre puis aussi à Jacques. C'est que ces deux apôtres le lui avaient sans doute appris lors de sa visite à Jérusalem, après qu'il leur eût raconté sa vision sur le chemin de Damas. Deux témoins immédiats de la résurrection paraissent donc dans les Epîtres incontestées.

Nous n'avons pas encore parlé de l'apparition aux disciples sur le chemin d'Emmaüs et aux femmes, parce que l'authenticité des Evangiles a été mise en doute. Mais la conversion de Paul, sa foi en la résurrection, le rapport qu'il nous donne de l'apparition de Jésus à plus de cinq cents personnes dont la plupart vivaient encore au moment où il écrivait, non seulement confirment le récrit trois fois répété dans les Actes des apôtres de la cause de sa conversion, mais aussi le rapport des quatre Evangiles sur les apparitions du Ressuscité. Les prêtres, au récit que leur firent les soldats, durent croire à la résurrection; mais ils résolurent de corrompre ceux-ci pour répandre la fausse nouvelle que les disciples avaient secrètement enlevé le corps de Jésus. Ils ne purent pourtant indiquer ni le lieu où les disciples l'avaient déposé, ni le séjour que Jésus s'était choisi à supposer qu'il n'eût été frappé que de mort apparente par la crucifixion.

L'hypothèse que Jésus n'était qu'évanoui lorsqu'on le descendit de la croix, qu'il se remit aisément de ses blessures et

que ses trop crédules disciples le crurent ressuscité est maladroite et insensée. Comment un homme faible et malade, à demi-mort, aurait-il pu, sans soins médicaux, sortir de sa tombe, marcher jusqu'à ses disciples et ne laisser apparaître aucun signe de faiblesse ? Strauss lui-même déclare cette supposition ridicule.

L'autre hypothèse, que les disciples pour se soustraire au ridicule et sauver la cause du Maître s'entendirent pour faire croire à sa résurrection, n'a pas besoin d'une réfutation : elle tombe d'elle-même.

La troisième tentative pour nier la résurrection est également vaine. Les disciples, dit-on, nourrissaient les espérances messianiques ; ils comptaient sur la résurrection de Jésus ; de là des visions et des songes et, comme résultat, ils crurent que leur Maître était ressuscité.—Les documents historiques que nous possédons nous disent clairement que les disciples ne crurent pas à la résurrection de Jésus parce qu'ils le tenaient pour le Messie, mais ils le crurent le Messie parce qu'il était ressuscité. La mort ignominieuse de la croix leur avait enlevé tout espoir de revoir Jésus. Une âme qui doute et qui cesse d'espérer n'est pas une âme visionnaire. Puis, qu'une ou deux personnes puissent être victimes d'une illusion, on le conçoit ; mais sept, dix, onze et cinq cents à la fois, c'est ce qu'on ne parviendra jamais à expliquer d'une manière raisonnable.

Il ne nous reste plus qu'une hypothèse pour expliquer la résurrection de Jésus-Christ ; seule elle rend compte de la naissance et de la propagation de l'Evangile : c'est de croire avec saint Paul, les premiers disciples et l'Eglise chrétienne de tous les âges que Jésus-Christ est ressuscité d'entre les morts. Quiconque croit en Dieu, à son amour, à sa toute-puissance, ne saurait en mettre en doute la possibilité.

" Mais on ne voit pas de nos jours que des morts ressuscitent," dit-on. On sait que Jésus est venu nous rendre la vie spirituelle. Depuis les expériences de Pasteur et autres, tout le monde croit qu'il n'y a que la vie qui donne la vie, qu'il n'y a pas de génération spontanée. Entre les combinaisons chimiques et la matière organisée qui s'assimile

d'autres matières pour grandir et progager son espèce, il y a un abîme que l'imagination ne parvient pas à franchir. La chimie ne parvient pas à nous rendre compte de la formation du premier chou, parce que " on ne voit pas de nos jours " le passage de l'inorganique à l'organique ; mais chacun croit que la transition eut lieu à un moment donné, reconnaissant ainsi que ce qui ne se produit pas de nos jours a eu lieu dans les temps passés. La vie spirituelle, comme la vie organique, s'accorde avec les lois naturelles. Derrière ces deux faits, il y a une puissance cachée. Ce qui chez-nous est une cessation absolue de la vie n'était peut-être chez Jésus qu'un sommeil passager.

II.

Quoiqu'il en soit, Jésus-Christ a ouvert une période nouvelle dans l'histoire de l'humanité. Et si l'on pouvait se passer de la résurrection pour expliquer la vie nouvelle qu'il a communiquée à l'Eglise et au monde, si sa résurrection n'était pas un fait historique, si les preuves n'en étaient pas suffisantes pour dissiper tous les doutes, il ne resterait pas moins vrai que le Jésus des Evangiles n'est pas un idéal moral inventé, mais réel. Comme les disciples n'auraient pas pu faire croire à la résurrection si elle n'avait pas eu lieu, ils auraient été, pour d'autres raisons incapables d'inventer la vie, les enseignements et les œuvres de Jésus. Quel artiste aurait trouvé dans son immagination le portrait du Jésus des Evangiles ? Puis, le Christ des apôtres n'est pas le Messie que ses contemporains attendaient. Que le Très-Haut qui soumet tout à sa volonté que Celui dont personne n'osait prononcer le nom devienne un homme du peuple, qu'il prenne la forme de serviteur, c'est ce que les Juifs de son temps ne pouvaient se représenter et renversait leurs espérances. Non, le Messie si longtemps attendu et si ardemment désiré ne doit pas paraître dans un tel abaissement ! Aurait-il pu accepter la mort ignominieuse de la croix !

Où, dites-moi, des pécheurs de la Galilée, ou même l'ancien élève de Gamaliel, ont-ils pris l'idéal de sainteté, de patience, d'humilité, de douceur, d'amour, qu'ils nous donnent, s'ils ne l'ont pas trouvé personnifié en Jésus-Christ. " Il serait

plus inconcevable que quatre hommes d'accord eussent fabriqué ce livre qu'il ne l'est qu'un seul en ait fourni le sujet." Personne n'aurait pu inventer un Jésus, si ce n'est Jésus lui-même. "Socrate inventa, dit-on la morale ; d'autres avant lui l'avaient mise en pratique ; il ne fit que dire ce qu'ils avaient fait, il ne fit que mettre en leçons leurs exemples. Aristide avait été juste avant que Socrate eût dit ce que c'était que justice ; Léonidas était mort pour son pays avant que Socrate eût fait un devoir d'aimer la patrie ; Sparte était sobre avant que Socrate eût loué la sobriété ; avant qu'il eût défini la vertu, la Grèce abondait en hommes vertueux. Mais où Jésus a-t-il pris chez les siens cette morale élevée et pure dont lui seul a donné les leçons et l'exemple ? Du sein du plus furieux fanatisme, la plus haute sagesse se fit entendre, et la simplicité des plus héroïques vertus honora le plus vil de tous les peuples."

Il en est des paroles de Jésus comme de la lunette des astronomes : on y aperçoit toujours des mondes nouveaux. Chaque progrès dans la pensée humaine nous aide à en apercevoir la profondeur ; la femme reprend au foyer la place qui lui appartient ; l'esclave est affranchi ; les tyrans descendent de leurs trônes ; que reste-t-il encore à y trouver ? Bien des choses dont nous n'avons peut-être aucune idée. Les fous du présent qui seront les sages de l'avenir parce qu'ils sont les plus fidèles interprètes des Ecritures, élèvent en ce moment la voix pour déclarer que toute guerre est illégitime. C'est dire que l'enseignement de Jésus sera toujours au-dessus de la plus brillante civilisation.

L'œuvre de Jésus n'est pas inférieure à son enseignement. A l'ouïe du récit de sa vie, de sa mort, et de sa résurrection, des débauchés deviennent chastes ; des orgueilleux se revêtent d'humilité ; des hommes légers deviennent sérieux et réfléchis ; des malades conservent jusqu'à leur dernier soupir l'espérance et la paix par la certitude de la vie d'outre-tombe que Jésus-Christ a mise en évidence par l'Evangile.

Un être qui était et qui demeure un prodige par sa personne, par ses paroles, par son enseignement, par ses actions, par la vie qu'il a apportée au monde, ne peut être un homme

ordinaire. Si nous ne connaissions pas sa naissance miraculeuse, il nous demeurerait une énigme. Un rabbin de New-York demandait un jour au pieux Matthews, missionnaire parmi les Juifs de cette ville, s'il ajouterait foi au récit d'une jeune fille qui lui ferait part de la conception miraculeuse d'un enfant auquel elle aurait donné le jour. Le missionnaire fit d'abord remarquer qu'il ne croirait pas à Marie s'il n'avait pas d'autres preuves en faveur de cette verité, puis il ajouta : " Y a-t-il une autre femme sur la terre qui ait donné naissance à un tel fils ? " Le rabbin devint pensif ; il aurait pu l'être à moins.

Jésus est le point central de l'Ecriture. Comme sur un tableau où une personne qui doit occuper le premier plan est mise en relief, et que toutes les autres du même groupe lui sont subordonnées, de même Jésus-Christ est placé au premier plan dans les Ecritures ; le reste n'est que secondaire. Où, comme au jour de la crucifixion, tout le monde, les soldats, les prêtres, les disciples, les Juifs, les Romains, indiquent du regard l'auguste victime de la croix, de même tout dans l'Ancien Testament comme dans le nouveau, nous montre la personne de Jésus-Christ. L'Ancien Testament est une glorieuse espérance. Ses législateurs, ses prophètes, ses poètes, ne regardent jamais dans le passé : ils interrogent l'avenir et annoncent un Libérateur. Sans lui, l'Ancien Testament n'a aucune signification. Trouvez-y Jésus-Christ, et il devient vie et lumière ; vous verrez, selon l'expression de saint-Augustin, que le Nouveau-Testament est voilé dans l'Ancien, et que l'Ancien est dévoilé par le Nouveau."

L'Ancien Testament est une prophétie : Jésus-Christ y est présent en promesse. Les Evangiles sont un récit historique ; Jésus-Christ y manifeste sa présence par des prodiges visibles. Les actes des apôtres et les Epitres marquent un progrès réel : Jésus-Christ s'y manifeste comme le Sauveur du monde et le Créateur d'une humanité nouvelle. La Bible est un livre dont l'Ancien Testament est la préface et l'introduction. Les écrivains sacrés du Nouveau Testament—saint-Paul à leur tête— ont, comme ils l'affirment, joui d'une communion intime avec Jésus ; leurs écrits comme leur vie sont une démonstration de ce qu'il dit être.