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## CONTENTS.

### GENERAL.

PAGE.

THE IMPORTANCE OF A HIGH SPIRITUAL LIFE ON THE PART OF CRIS- TIAN WORKERS.....	<i>J. Somerville</i> 117
THROUGH NORTH KOREA AND MANCHOORIA.....	<i>Jas. S. Gale</i> 123
MISSION WORK AMONG THE FRENCH CANADIANS.....	<i>J. Bourgoin</i> 142
THE AMERICAN ASSEMBLY AT PORTLAND.....	<i>J. W. M.</i> 150
THE CONDUCT OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.....	<i>D. J. Macdonnell</i> 154

### POETRY.

RESURRECTION.....	<i>William I. McKenzie</i> 141
A TIRED HEART.....	<i>Bessie Chandler</i> 149
SONG AND SINGER.....	<i>Richard E. Burton</i> 153
COME LOVE OR DEATH.....	<i>Will. H. Thompson</i> 159
BOOKS AND SEASONS.....	<i>Thomas Bailey Aldrich</i> 165

OUR COLLEGE.....	160
OTHER COLLEGES.....	162
EDITORIAL.....	166
THE EDITOR'S BOOK-SHELF.....	171
THE ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT.....	173

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THE IMPORTANCE OF A HIGH SPIRITUAL LIFE ON  
THE PART OF CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

THIS Subject is especially appropriate in a conference of Ministers and Elders—men called and appointed to feed and be examples to the flock. In considering it our minds turn at once to Isaiah's "Be ye clean that bear the vessels of the Lord." It is true that God has one ideal of holiness for all. He has no where recognized any standard lower than the perfect character and life manifested in his Son Jesus Christ.

But it is also true that responsibility is in exact proportion always to endowment, opportunity, and official positions. The very fact that there are gradations in sin is proof of this. Some men shall be beaten with many, some with few stripes.

Unfaithfulness in the leader has far more serious consequences than unfaithfulness in the follower. More is justly to be expected from the watchman on the wall than from the citizen within.

The word of God is very clear on the increased responsibility of the leader in spiritual work.

The fourth chapter of Leviticus, sets forth the different kinds of sin-offerings required in making atonement for the various classes of offenders.

When the *whole people* have sinned the sin offering required to expiate the transgression is a bullock. The same is also required for a *priest*, evidently implying that the priest representing the whole nation incurs the equivalent of national guilt when he sins in priestly things. When a *ruler* sins, his offering is to be a ram or a he-goat, and *one of the Common people* brought a female lamb or goat. Here we have guilt in proportion to representative or official position. The priesthood has passed away, and so has the ceremonial connected with it, but the underlying principles of the old dispensation stand for ever. Those who bear the vessels of the Lord are forever called upon to recognize their higher responsibility to God. It will be a sad day for the cause of Christ when nothing more is expected from a Minister or an Elder than from the unofficial members of the Church.

For his own sake the Christian worker must maintain a high Spiritual life : Because in the long run his teaching will occupy the same level as his life. As a rule a man's life is the interpreter of the word. He may by fits and starts reach a higher level, but on the whole the life will be the measure of his teaching. If he do not live near the central truths of the Gospel, his teaching will be away from the centre. If he be not continually sounding the depths of the Divine word, his preaching will be in the shallows. If he be not scaling the heights his sermons will be narrow in their outlook, and in their range of Divine truth. It is most important then that there should be an increasing sympathy with the higher ranges of the truth of God, and an increasing acquaintance with deeper things of revelation. For if there is not, we shall assuredly lose that which we have.

Because familiarity with Sacred things has a deadening effect, unless there be the continual touching of lips and heart with the live coal from off the altar. There is a familiarity which blunts all spiritual perception. There is nothing which shocks a right thinking man more than that free and easy familiarity which one sees some people use with things the most sacred. The evangelist seems to have special temptations in this respect. The emotional nature kept at high tension is in great danger of losing all its elasticity, unless special care be taken, so that as Christian workers we need to be ever on our guard that divine truth is continually working out in us a deeper experience, and bringing us into more

intimate fellowship with the Lord. Increasing acquaintance with Him is our chief safe Guard.

“ Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell,  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make our music as before,  
But vaster. We are fools and slight,  
We mock Thee when we do not fear.”

Because the Minister has laid upon him largely the work of the Old Testament prophet, and he needs the clarified vision, the un-stopped ear, and the heart ever in fullest sympathy with the Divine to receive communication through the word. I mean a living communication. The very fact that Christ called for living preachers for his Church for all time, implies that the power of the word upon men must be, in some degree at least, through the experience of the appointed teacher. Like Ezekiel the roll is put into his hand. He is bidden eat the roll, then go and speak to the people, so that the living voice, the spiritual experience, is used by the Divine Spirit to influence men.

We need the grammar and dictionary to discover the exact declaration of God in his word, but that declaration must speak to our own soul first, if we are to wing the truth home to men of like passions with ourselves. Truth first made our own, then it in reality becomes a sacred trust held fast for, and held forth to others. Oh that every utterance of ours of Divine things from the sacred desk were first of all a Divine communication to our own souls.

Because the Old Testament prophets and the New Testament Apostles began their work with a vision of God, which was peculiarly a manifestation of His holiness, and His enlightening and purifying power. Moses at the burning bush, Isaiah at the temple, Ezekiel by the river Chebar, and the Apostles at Pentecost all had a manifestation of God, especially on the side of His holiness. That was an experience not for the beginning of their work merely. The Rock followed Israel. Moses ever after lived in sight of that burning bush. Isaiah's lips were ever after in touch with the live coals of the altar. Jesus promised the Spirit to be always with his people. Not enough that the Spirit call us in the beginning to our work, then leave us to our own learning or native ability to con-

tinue it. The Spirit is an enlightening and sanctifying Spirit, and He will have reason to make against us the old complaint "ye have wearied me," unless we are making progress in Divine things. We shall certainly grieve the Spirit unless we are being increasingly enriched by his presence and work in us and through us. The holiness of God needs emphasizing in these days. I hope I am mistaken, but it certainly appears to me that men have lower views of the sinfulness of sin than the past generation had. So that duty calls for a proclamation of the divine holiness by word and life with the utmost persistency, and this calls for abhorrence of sin in every phase and manifestation of it, and not the least that vicious form of sin which claims the absence of it and freedom from it.

The Old Testament dispensation, in the very heart of it, was to show the Divine abhorrence of sin. Every sacrifice proclaimed it. Infinitely more does the Cross on Calvary set forth Divine holiness and abhorrence of sin. Every sacrifice proclaimed it. Infinitely more does the Cross on Calvary set forth Divine holiness and abhorrence of sin. We are preachers of the Cross of Christ.

For the sake of the people to whom he ministers the Christian worker must maintain a high Spiritual life :

Because if his life be perfunctory, touching only the outward of spiritual things, his ministry will be without power. It will not meet the case to reach a high level, by periodical spurts, but it must be maintained perseveringly.

One of the dangerous things among professing Christians to-day is, the failure to get away from first principles of Christian living. They linger along the border of the Kingdom. They follow Pharaoh's injunction to Moses, "Go sacrifice to the Lord your God in the wilderness, only ye shall not go very far away." Hence we find professing Christians of forty years' standing asking themselves the question, "Is this wrong? " Shall I sin in doing this"? The question of mere right or wrong may be a question for the world. It is not a question for a Christian. He is not to hover on the border land between right and wrong. He must get into the territory of right farther and farther away from the border land. His inquiry is not to be between right and wrong, but between good and better, between better and best. For a Christian to do merely a good thing when a better is before him is to commit sin, to do merely a better thing when a best is waiting

to be done is assuredly sin. The French proverb says "The good is the worst enemy of the best."

We need to maintain a high Christian life to win our people away from the world's border line. How the above principle applied will solve the question of worldly amusements for professing Christians—not, is this wrong, but is this the very best I can be and do for my Lord, and for my brother, and for the world looking on.

What means shall we use to obtain and maintain a high Christian life? There can be nothing new said here.

There must be a close study of the word—*the whole of it*. There are whole territories of that word from which we do not preach. When a brother minister preaches for you, if you are intimate with him, you know what kind of subject he will choose. You know what kind of territory he lives and works in. It may be doctrine in one case, in another, the purely practical, in another, history, in another, story, and in still another the dreary desert land of criticism. We must study the whole of it for our own sake and the people's sake. Thus only shall we see how high and how wide its claims, and how deep and how wide our own and our people's need.

Then we must study it for ourselves. We study it too much with an eye to other peoples' need. Next prayer-meeting, two sermons, bible-class lesson are all knocking at the door, and clamoring for attention to be given to them. Our eyes and our thoughts are upon them in spite of ourselves, and so we come to the book, and our question is "what can I find in it for others?" True we get benefit, but it is indirect. A lesson daily for one's self is all important. I find a lesson read from the Greek, or Latin or French version gets one's mind more personally set on the truth than when read in the language and in the words with which we have been familiar from our childhood. Familiarity has in many cases brushed the bloom from them. We must study with one object in view—our own personal spiritual benefit.

Then time must be found for meditation, This needs emphasis in these busy days, and in the multitudinous calls upon a ministers' time. We need to cultivate the habit of definite meditation. I heard a man complain that he missed in the preaching of to-day what used to be manifest in the earlier day—medi-

tation. He blamed his minister's bicycle. He said the early day preacher jogged from place to place on horseback and that mode of locomotion fitted into the meditative mood, but now men ride on bicycles, and their whole thought is how to sit steadily, and so meditation on Divine themes is impossible! That was his theory, but he admitted that he had not asked his minister whether he could meditate on his bicycle. Still there may be truth in his statement, that the sermons of to-day, do not reveal as fully as they did in year's past the meditative spirit. What model's of meditation we have in the Psalms. That one—the one hundred and third—appointed for next day's lesson in the Sabbath School, what is it but the Psalmist thinking out his thoughts at the feet of God. The little child comes to his father's study door and timidly knocks—he comes in and when asked what he wants, replies, "Nothing, only to be near you." So David goes into the Divine presence. It is not prayer, nor thanksgiving, nor supplication, nor confession, but simply surrender of the whole life and nature to God. He thinks out his thoughts in a rapture of gratitude, and his soul is lifted up till he cries on all the universe to enter into his feelings of love and praise. There is power through meditation in maintaining a high level of Christian life.

Then prayer must form a large element in the life. We need to keep on good terms with God. Anything that makes prayer difficult, that makes us ashamed to pray is especially dangerous.

It is important that we make preparation not only for public prayer in the Sanctuary, to voice the needs of our people but also that we make the same kind of preparation to express our family's need at the family altar, and our own need in the closet. How important to examine carefully one's own life and heart as we go to God for our private need to be supplied.

Paul's prayers in his epistles are models in this respect. How clearly the need is spread out before his mind, and then his appeal to God in Christ is on that side of his character which is especially adapted to meet the need.

Meditation on our own heart and life's need, and on the character of God are essential elements in the prayers that reach the mercy seat. The injunction to us as ministers and elders "Prepare to meet thy God" in prayer is as pertinent to-day as ever it was.

J. SOMERVILLE.

## THROUGH NORTH KOREA AND MANCHOORIA.

IN giving anything like a faithful account of a journey in the country, there are many things to be mentioned that are neither "lovely," nor "nice." As far as possible one should be æsthetic, and see with a halo round each eye, but even the shock may be too great for a tender western nervous system, and I would warn any who may be weak in this respect, not to peer closer into the mysteries of far eastern travel.

Koyang is a little town of no importance, 15 miles from Seoul, the capital of Korea. Here we arrived, a Mr. Moffett and I, about dark and dined on rice, redpeppers and fish spawn, in the inspiration of which repast we turned in for the night.

We had started from Seoul about noon, with two ponies so piled up with bundles that scarce anything could be seen of them but the eight legs beneath. In our travelling party was a Mr. Saw, a Korean of considerable talent and culture, who had lived for a long time in China, and on the borderland. We took him along, firstly, because he was a pleasant gentleman, and, secondly, because he spoke Chinese, and we did not know but what we might go through Manchooria before returning.

Saw was the awe-inspiring member of the party, and gave dignity to us all. His thickly padded clothes, and huge black spectacles, gave him an appearance, I should say, not unlike a double breasted cyclops. His long pipe, however, reassured one, and demonstrated to the world that he was not a creature to be feared, but a gentle being of refinement and culture.

We took along as servant a boy called Keumdoli. Smallpox or something had pitted his face until it looked like a battlefield of the fourth century.

Another member of the party was a half grown fox-terrier, who cut capers and yelped as though he were going on a picnic of an hour or two, instead of a journey of a thousand miles. He dived about here and there and looked so nimble withal that the natives were inclined to view him not as a *canis* but as a *Kouisin* (demon) which these foreigners had taken along as congenial company.

Koyang, so peaceful and quiet after Seoul, was certainly conducive to slumber. We slept fairly well and next morning entered

through a narrow pass into what is known as the 'Robber District.' We saw no robbers or highwaymen and the ordinary passers looked at our dog and not at us. Apart altogether from its ruins there are historical reminiscences connected with this place. In old days when Song-to was capital of Korea, this mountain district was filled with some hundred or more Buddhist temples. During that dynasty, which was favorable to Buddha, they remained unmolested; but on the establishment of royalty in Han Yang (the present Seoul) the Buddhists were routed out and their temples burned. "Only one trace of them remains to-day," said Mr. Saw. In springtime the stories underneath and about are covered with bed bugs of the *cimex lectuearius* variety—though yellow in color. It is said they have faded somewhat in having remained 500 years without the proper means of subsistence. I am informed, too, in all seriousness, that notwithstanding their long fasting some still weigh as much as half a pound.

A little further along the way, we came upon what are called the *Miruck*, two stone figures looking down upon us from a mountain side. They were cut out of the rock when Song-to was capital of Korea six or seven hundred years ago, and for this reason, Song-to looked with anxiety upon the increasing influence of (Seoul) Han Yang. It likened the mountains around Seoul to a huge cat that was about to pounce upon the rat mountains of Song-to. What could be done? The king in the latter place fearing that he might perish along with the rats caused his people to cut these *miruck* out of the mountain side to face Seoul and guard Song-to.

On the afternoon of Feb. 26th, after a tiresome, heavy walk, we came suddenly through a hill pass, overlooking a river called Iruchin. The ice which had been floating down had formed a jam just in front of the stone gate built here. This blocked our way and nothing remained but to slide horses, men, bundles and everything over a neighboring precipice and catch a boat a little further up where there was clear water. It is interesting to see a coolie handling himself in such a place with 150 pounds on his back, for he often does so and does it well. The most remarkable part of our performance was the horseman bringing the two ponies over. He first took a firm hold of the halter, made a bound for the edge and never looked back until he had reached the bottom.

The little pony slid and rolled and in a twinkling was at the foot too, apparently, much to its own surprise, the other following in like manner.

Three or four tousy-headed fellows propelled us over the river in a scow that leaked ominously. At last they did land us, partly by carrying on their backs and partly by dumping us in the water and withal amid great noise and confusion. Three miles further on we found an inn, where they kindled a fire beneath the floor, that not only warmed but baked us the live long night. This is only a trifling matter and yet it is not as easy to endure the baking process gracefully as a cold outsider might think.

We had noticed on a promontory overlooking this Iruchin river a little monumental building quite insignificant in appearance and yet there is connected with it one of those oft repeated Korean tales. About four centuries ago there lived a prophet here called Ee Yulkok, who built an oddly shaped structure on this same promontory. It was his custom to frequently oil all the woodwork inside and out, and when asked the meaning, said he was preparing it to be burned. Said he, punning on the name of the river, "among the years to come in the one called \*Iruchin on a certain night (giving the date) this building must be fired or great disaster will overtake the nation." Before the year of his prophecy had come, Yulkok fell sick and died, leaving his older brother to keep the house oiled and burn it on the appointed night. The year Iruchin came round and with it the invasion of the Japanese and their march on Seoul. The Korean king fled for his life. In the night, almost alone, he was trying in vain to pick his way over these mountains expecting every moment to be captured by those following hard after him. When the darkness seemed to make further escape impossible, suddenly a fire blazed up from a point just in front lighting all the surrounding country. In its light the king made his way over the mountains across the river and ultimately escaped. This was the predicted night and the words of the dead prophet had saved the king. Now on the same promontory stands this little building in modest commemoration of it all.

The weather this day had been soft and balmy, some of the willow buds already showing signs of life. In these trees and others by the wayside, we found rags and trinkets tied and

\*A name of one of the years in the Korean Cycle.

stones heaped up beneath. This is the Korean method of charming away *aik* (ill-luck), a something that evil spirits are supposed to be constantly fastening on to mortals. There is no special sacred tree in Korea. This day we passed an oak, a maple and a cedar, all of them hanging with foul offerings.

According to Korean demonology, a tree is the abiding place for evil spirits of all kinds. Inside of the roots and bark, everywhere in fact, armies of these are found. My boy awoke me one night, saying that he could not sleep because demons were throwing sand against the window and they were coming out of an old stump behind the house. I went out to investigate the stump, and the chips scattered about, giving forth a pale phosphorescent light that the boy said was *Kouisin* (demons) sure.

Along the wall, too, were numbers of straw effegies, such as are made at the new year season and sold for a few cash. Some what human in shape, about a foot and a half in height, and each supposed to be the likeness of someone. Inside is a little cash and accompanying it a written statement saying who it represents, with a prayer for the coming year. The object then is to rid oneself of this as the Jews did the scapegoat. Sometimes they are burned but oftener they are kept up till the evening of the 14th day of the 1st month, when wandering beggars come by calling, "Give us *chang-oong*" (the effigy). It is passed out through the partially opened gate, it, and the misfortunes of the year becoming the property of the old beggar, who sees his peace of soul for the few cash inside the *chay oong*.

Next day we were to enter Song-to, the old capital of what was called the 'wang' dynasty. This day, rain came on and drowned our enthusiasm, and made walking anything but pleasant. One of the signs that we were approaching the city was the large hats we saw. They are like huge white umbrellas, leaving scarcely any part of the wearer visible. In shape they resemble the hats worn to-day by the Buddhists. It is said indeed that they have come down from the time when it was fashionable to dress as Buddha did.

About 3 o'clock we passed through a long tablet lined street and put up at an inn just outside of the South Gate. Here we waited till 7 p.m., for something to eat. One does grow to be patient and long suffering in Korea, and certainly the sooner he grows to be so

the better for himself. The only way to be happy when travelling is, to give Koreans time. Let them work out their part of the pilgrimage in their own way. It is altogether useless to labor and fret, and hurry them, for they will be just as slow as ever, and love you the less withall. Rather strange, it is that a land so slow should be so rich in the hurry-up style of words. *Ossa, guippa, ullin, soki, patpi, bballi, chicksi, chankam, souipkei, nallai, nankum*, are a few of the more common that we try our hand at and that we hear every day. The native hears them too, and they have as much effect on him as paper balls would have on twenty-inch armour-plate.

We remained a few days in Song-to meditating on its ruins. The terraced ground with the foundations still solid and the cut stones tumbled here and there remind us of the ancient palace which fell when the Angeonis were ruling in England. This poor old town has altogether an antiquated look; only a few buildings remain inside of the walls, and these are well on the way to ruin.

About Song-to we found a number of ginseng fields. Sheds some  $3\frac{1}{2}$  feet high and of about the same width are arranged in long rows. The earth is built up under these and kept in place by slats, and here the ginseng grows.

We also visited a far famed quarter by the east wall. There is a little stream here with a stone bridge that has been partly railed round. You ask why the railing? Because of one sacred stone in the middle on which are marks like blood. The story goes that at the fall of Song-to, a certain Prince Cheinig,—who refused homage to the usurpers,—was riding back to the city when a murderer lying in wait, killed him on the bridge. His blood sank into the stone, blood honored of the gods, they say, and 500 years cannot wash out the spot. The natives believe implicitly in it all, and to the present dynasty this bridge has always been a sort of Banquo's ghost.

Leaving the old capital our road led northward through a more mountainous district cut here and there with slate quarries. On the first day out, being tired with the heavy roads, we stopped at an inn of which a woman seemed to be the sole managing director. We felt sorry for her at first, for she looked as though all the seats of war since the Song-to dynasty had been mapped upon her face but later we feared her, for there was a keen edge to her voice that

made us reply in a soft and humble accent. Her toilet was grimy with time and smoke, and was so arranged that everything seemed to centre just under her arms, giving her a warlike as well as a domestic air. She smiled and said kind things about our dog, so that we felt drawn to this goddess of the mountains. Indeed we mention her because she is one of the few characters whom we still see in memory.

At the highest point of the road was a shrine to some spirit or demon supposed to be in possession of the place. Inside of it was the common picture of a Korean riding on a tiger. We notice that the natives spoke respectfully of the tiger calling him *sau yunkam* (the old gentlemen of the mountains). They have all learned in Korea to be polite to their superiors, which accounts for this and the offerings that were made before the shrine. We felt, however, that a more likely party to fear was the old lady at the foot of the hill, and in case of our dwelling in these parts we should make our offering to her, and give the tiger and Kouisin (demon) a second place. After a journey in all of 200 miles, we entered a still more famous city called Ping-an. It stands on the right bank of the Talong river, which here flows south. The approach through an avenue of trees skirting the river bank, and the white walls of the city showing up on the hills before us inclined us in favor of Ping-an. The crossing once made, we entered through the east gate into, perhaps, the busiest city in Korea. The founder of Korea, Kitja, crossed over from China and made this his capital when King David was reigning in Jerusalem. The general ruin and squalor of the place more than evidences its antiquity. People here speak of Ping-an as the boat-shaped capital. The walls were outlined on the plan by its first founder, and it is still the "floating city." No one is supposed to dig for water anywhere inside of the walls as that would be cutting through the bottom, and sinking the ship. For this reason all water is carried from the river even to the most distant quarters, and the peculiar gait of the water carriers is one of the oddities of the street.

The people whom we had often heard to be more warlike and independent than other hermits, seemed to us in their appearance and behaviour a very ordinary lot, perhaps less noisy and a little more polite than the nations of the south.

Among the hills to the north we find the Buddhists. They

have a perfect citadel here, of temples and towers commanding an excellent view of the river. Its beauty and strength of position gives one an idea of the power Budaha once had in China.

To the south is the *Way Sung* (outside city) where the ancient palace was and where the descendants of Kitjas' generals still exist. These sons of the past look upon all ranks of to-day as but the merest ghosts of nobility. Like the Jews, they feel that they are still the chosen people. So they and the Buddhists live shut off from the city by masonry walls, and off from the world by centuries of time. One might think that they would enjoy each others company for we could scarcely choose companions more likely to be congenial than an aged priest and an old soldier.

For the few days we remained here we were followed by an innumerable company of spectators, whose outbursts of laughter as we walked along, seemed to betoken something extraordinary in our personal appearance.

Nevertheless we continued to walk the streets until we made our final exit in safety—through the north gateway, where a grove of trees shadows one of Kitjas' graves (He is said to be buried in China and elsewhere).

Snow had fallen and the roads were muddy and unpleasant. A few days more, however, carried us out of the flat valleys past *Ancho* and *Pak-Chun* to where our road was lifted high and dry with glimpses of the Yellow Sea off to the left hand. We spent a pleasant day in *Kasan*, and when we left a few of the natives saw us safely out of the village and then fired stones after us. Fortunately they do not throw with the same precision that they do in Whang-hai (a southern province) and so we are here to tell our story.

A little later we passed a mound of some interest called the "Speaking Grave" which got its name in a way that I might mention: About a hundred years ago there came by here, a traveler, who through some unexpected delay was overtaken by night. He saw before him the craggy pass through which we had just come and fearing that tigers might be prowling about there, he made up his mind to sleep till daylight beside a grave that he found among the trees. About midnight he was awakened by a voice from across the valley: "Hello! Is not to-morrow

the anniversary of your burial?" Before there was time to imagine what such a question could mean, he heard a reply come from the grave beside him "Yes to-morrow is my anniversary." "In that case said the other you'll go and see that all the sacrificial food is ready in your home won't you?" I would go, said the voice in reply, but I have a guest sleeping here and cannot leave." Aha said he across the valley, I see but then if you go I'll be host till you return" "Thanks," said the ghost and all was silent. He went, but soon returned announcing his presence by sounds of fury. "Here already? how have you returned so quickly asked the deputy host. "Eh a bad business" was the reply "How so?" "Well," said he of the Speaking Grave, "I went to the house, saw the food, but right in the middle of it all was a snake coiled about, Ugh! fiends and goblins take my youngest grandson this night." The ghosts expressed mutual horror, and then all was silence. When morning came our traveller hurried to a village near by and inquired about the man buried yonder, who he was, and where he had lived. Arriving at the home, he found it was indeed the anniversary of the old man's burial. Breathlessly he inquired if all were well. Alas! no! their little boy had been drowned that night. He then explained what he had heard in the valley, and what the cause of the trouble had been. "A snake in the food!" "A snake? where? they asked, "where?" Searching carefully they at last came on a *Keen morri* (a long hair) which they concluded that the ghost, in his transcendental visions, must have taken for a serpent.—The Speaking Grave is now carefully guarded and is one of the sacred groves on the way north.

In the town of *Yong-Chun* our attention was called to a peculiar custom that I have seen nowhere else in Korea. We had stopped at an inn, filthy beyond all description and after getting seated on as clean a spot as possible, we noticed what might be called a dagger in the main ridge log above us, a custom handed down from long centuries ago it seems. If some one in the village dies on an unlucky day, they say that the soul travels about, entering other homes with intent to carry off the living. On entering he glances at the peak log, and a dagger sticking there will scare him off and save the inmates.

We felt how invulnerable we were before these imaginary evils, then suddenly we were attacked by enemies that outrival all

superstition. It was the old story of roaches and bugs, Koreans say that roaches eat bugs, and again, I have been told that 'ugs tuŋ to roaches when they get old. Of one thing only am I certain, which is this, that both roaches and bugs eat mortal man, and neither one nor the other seems to grow old and transmigrate into something less objectionable.

On the afternoon of March 19th, as we were journeying along in a dreary indifferent way, Saw suddenly called our attention to a range of peaks that was now dimly outlined before us. "That" said he "is China beyond the Yaloo." It was the first we had seen of the Celestial Empire. Our hearts awoke and recalled what we had heard of that far famed land. Suiting a familiar metaphor to our surroundings, we felt that long centuries almond-eyed and queued were looking down upon us from the height of yonder mountains.

On we journeyed, these gradually rising, and at last touring high up before us as we entered Wee-choo—The "Korean Gale." It is a modest little town picturesquely situated, looking south over the Yaloo. It is quaint and old-fashioned, and might be called an Asiatic Antwerp, whose life was lived in the past and of which we hear only stories to day. There were Chinese merchants here, and a few Koreans who seemed to be doing a little business but those whom we met all spoke of trade being dead now, saying that there was nothing left to do anything with. Wee-choo, like the rest of Korea, is down low in poverty, and ready to die of starvation. The products of the soil and manufactures are growing gradually less and less, while the capital is rolling out copper cash thinking to remedy the times in this way. On a small scale it reminds one of France in 1774. The question seems to be, will imagined differences of rank destroy the nation, or will the nation destroy them. In other words is it better to be an immaculate laundried *Yang-ban* (aristocrat) and die of starvation in a dignified manner, or to become a *Sang-saram* (low-class) and work out one's own salvation with tanned hide and horny hands.

The nakedness of the land, too, make one sad, "C'este triste," said a French Father to me, when looking at its hills wiped so bare. There is really no timber in Korca; measure some six or seven miles from the far north Yaloo and you take in nearly all the timbered district. There are indeed a few clumps scattered about,

but none worthy of notice. Only once did we see all the mountains covered. We had reached *Hoo-chang*, the northern limit of *Ping-an* province, and finding our road blocked to the Long White Mountain we were obliged to turn south. About three miles further on we came through a pass which gave us a magnificent mountain view, and as far as we could see it was all forest; but an hour later the hills were bare again, and we felt that we were once more back in Chosen proper. The natives, on the other hand, invariably speak of there being any quantity of wood. One says look at \**Wam Sasa*, see the forests there. So the timber question, like some others, remains a matter of opinion.

The better class of people whom we meet are more intelligent and much more interesting than might be expected. They are not greater fools than ordinary mortals at home, and seem to know the chief end of man about as well as the average western voter. In travelling one must put up with some inconvenience, for the foreigner is on public exhibition from the time he leaves the capital, until he returns. It is refreshing, too, to see a crowd lively, for Korea is such a sleepy land. Again, as to the wisdom or unwisdom of sleeping, one should not speak rashly, for it may be as wise to slumber in peace, as to rush madly about doing what in the end will amount to nothing.

After a walk of 350 miles our boots gave evidence of wearing out; some decided to take carts from there on to Mukden. The view of China from the Chosen side is expressed exactly by the Koreans "*San way you san san pou chin*," (Beyond the mountains, mountains still, mountains without number). They had told us that there was a road through all this wilderness that would bring us out 200 miles further on, at Sim Yan (Mukden). On the morning of April 1st we crossed the river flats, and the three divisions of the Yaloo.

Our dog cut circles on the sand banks that morning, joyful, no doubt, in the thought that he was leaving half famished Korea for great porky, greasy, oily, China.

Only the Yaloo divides these countries, and yet, how vastly they differ. Dress, occupation, food, language, everything new to us. Koreans are all idle or asleep, Chinese are all awake and busy.

\* A mountain inside the walls of Seoul with a few trees on it.

Having asked for an inn we were shown into a place that was blue with smoke. We guessed that we would wait outside until it had cleared away a little, but Paik (a friend we met at Weechoo), told us it was always so in a Chinese public house, and we must get used to it, so in we plunged. Chicken coop, pig pen, kitchen, sleeping apartments, all in one room. Under greasy blankets lay Chinamen, some asleep, some puffing away at opium, others again, half dressed searching the seams of their clothing in a suspicious way, all more or less attracted by our arrival, for westerners are a rarity here, especially such as Moffett, a six-foot-one Indiana man.

Razor-backed pigs walked about the ground floor, indifferent to the fate of their relatives in the frying pans just about them. The host brushed back and forth keeping the onlookers at a distance, as though he felt much on our behalf. Groups of oily urchins gathered in to see. One little fellow whose mouth turned up pleasantly at the corners after looking on me for a time shouted *Koi-cha*, and then ran, the proprietor taking after him in a most threatening manner. We felt that this *Koi-cha* was an interesting word, and had it afterwards looked up, when it read "devil son" or what is a more common translation "foreign-devil."

Our dinner was brought in, a dinner of long strings of fat pork, vermicelli, and scrambled eggs. We looked at the pork and then at the live pigs grunting by us and felt how narrow the step between them and death. The eggs, of which there might have been a dozen or more on each plate, were so dreadfully scrambled, that Moffatt said a sight of them was quite enough for him. The vermicelli, also oiled, went down ones throat with such rapidity that there was no time to taste of it. We all dined rather squeamishly, except the dog, who fairly revelled in oil from this day till we recrossed the Yaloo a month later, some 300 miles further up.

Our carts were already in waiting, three mules on each. One in the shafts, one to the right and one ahead. The old pilot had his hair so worn off in patches that the sun flashed from them as from plates of armor. These carts are strongly built, and as we found afterwards, can thump their way over all manner of rocky roads and be none the worse for it. In view of this thumping, our boy had padded them carefully before starting.

Our passports were asked for and sent into the Yamen, and

then six soldiers and a mounted military official came along to pilot the way. We dispensed with their services after the first 80 miles. The chief of the party told us that his name was Wra (Horse) and that he was a Mohammedan. On further inquiry it would seem that these Manchoo Moslems have little or no knowledge of the Koran, their principal tenet being a sworn enmity to pork in any shape, in which regard, I should be a Mohammedan too, if I lived in Manchooria.

This first afternoon gave us some idea of the great difference between Korea and China. The people were all busy, either with carts or carrying bundles, or else out, cultivating every foot of arable land; no lounge anywhere. Even the Koreans across the line seemed to have breathed a new life, and were at it something like men. One tousy-headed *hermit* remarked that he did not mind the work, but the food was so unclean that no mortal could eat it.

The next day, at noon, we entered a town called Whong-hong-san. On the way in we met several detachments of cavalry, gotten up in flashing colors. They looked little like Western troopers, but were quite as picturesque and rode splendidly in their saddles; none of that hang-on-with-both-hands that we see so much of in Korea. In the inn, too, where we lunched, soldiers were quartered. These were all armed with old "Touer" rifles that were out of date long ago in Europe, but which are still quite abreast of the times in Machooria. While we expected the contrary, we found the natives much quieter and better behaved than in Korea. They never meddled in the least, and seemed a most gentle, orderly people.

We pushed on, making about 30 miles a day. These wretched carts, as I mentioned, had been carefully padded before starting, but no padding will ever suffice for Manchooria. They were thumped, and tossed, and tumbled. Less than two days taught us to hold on in mortal terror and wonder what next. Although winding along the valleys, our road had been a gradual ascent until the evening of the second day. After losing it once or twice in the dark, the mule boys lit their lanterns, and we entered a cutting wide enough for one cart only. This continued for an hour or two, until we had plunged into the depth on the other side of the mountain ridge. Had we met carts here, I have never yet

solved the question as to how we would pass. At the summit we halted for a little. The Chinaboys adjusted the harness, examined the carts closely and trimmed their lights afresh, as preparatory for the descent. From the first it was steep but gradually grew steeper. The old mule, who was now responsible for our lives, as well as for the confectionery on board, did his part amazingly well. Even when the shafts seemed to point nearer and nearer toward the centre of the earth never a false step or unguarded movement; round we went in the glimmering light, down deeper, deeper. John Chinaman laboured along by the side holding to the shafts. He had a mysterious way of regulating our speed by a chucking in his throat, which the old patch-work mule seemed to listen for with long and faithful ears.

Next morning, as we emerged from the inn at the foot, and looked back at the mountains down which we had come so skillfully, I could not but feel a deep admiration in my soul for the old pilot mule.

In the upper mountain regions it snowed hard upon us, and then as we got lower down it rained. In some places there were signs of growth, though not more than there had been when we left Seoul, a month and a half before. For five days we rambled through a dreadfully mountainous region. Though it was not the best time of year to judge, we could still see that the valleys were exceedingly fertile, and that every possible piece of land was cultivated carefully. On the mountain side were goats and sheep grazing, and sometimes a few cattle. We saw but little timber on this part of our journey. It was upon our return eastward that we came upon forests.

On the afternoon of the fifth day we emerged from the mountains, reminding us of America, leaving the Rockies all of a sudden for the prairie lands. Already we were within sight of the city of Nay-Yang. It is the largest that we were to see on the way to Mukden. Its pagodas, grotesque roofs and gateways, showed up picturesquely, surrounded by the prairie. We approached the east gate, but without going in, merely skirting the walls and then striking away north-west. It is all beautifully cultivated, and dotted with villages. Domestic life, though filthy, has a prosperous appearance. The worst feature of the country are the roads. Highways in China seem left to take care of themselves, and they

have got into a most unhappy condition. We imagined before reaching the plain that we would find it smooth there after the mountains, but the last 30 miles were, I think, the worst of all Chinese carts too, are the wickedest affairs that mortals ever boarded. Added to all other inconveniences the wind for the last day was in our faces, keen as a knife, blistering where it touched. We concluded that it came from Mongolia or some other frozen region. So unbearable was it, that we had to hide our faces and so miss much of the view of the approach to Mukden. Sand was also flying hideously. In the afternoon the old mules dragged us into our destination, and deposited us in an inn yard just outside the city wall.

I shall not attempt any description of Mukden in this letter. We visited the temple of the Five Mohammedan Mosques, etc., and saw what interested us most of all, namely, the every day life of the Chinaman.

How widely these far Eastern neighbors differ; Japan always clean and picturesque, polite and smiling, burdened with neither care nor clothing, caring little, in fact, if it be clothed at all, not troubled about the impropriety of this and that, but taking life as it comes, with a bow and a broad grin. A nation of artists, and like artists, radicals and reformers of the wildest type.

The next, outwardly washed and ironed, inwardly unspeakably foul, caring not a straw for art or beauty of any kind, bound hand and foot by tradition, devout worshippers of a god called "*Rank*"; fond of decorating and spreading themselves if thereby they can cail men and angels to behold and wonder. Living on sham, aware of no reality but death; a nation that custom (Poungsok) has hammered all the independence out of, leaving it a ghostly land in white.

The last, China, greatest and most incomprehensible of all, alive and yet living no one knows for what; clean, neither inwardly nor out; dressed in foul garments, living in an environment of smoke and filthy garments, crawling with countless armies, building shrines to all the demons of earth above and hell beneath; a nation over which "sons of the gods" rule, the most conservative of all nations they say; conservative of what? There is little that Manchooria might not change in and be the better for it.

In Mukden we found Scotch missionaries with whom we

enjoyed our visit exceedingly. Not that they were missionaries, but the fact that they were Scotchmen sanctified the whole city, for there is no land like "bonny" Scotland, not even China or America.

Our view of the city was obscured by a series of sand storms, which increased in vigor until the day of departure. The cart road meandered eastward across a mountainous plain. Here the sand flew a perfect desert simoon. It curled up in drifts like snow at home. The mules coughed immodestly to clear their throats, while the rest of us drank it in at every pore and longed for the mountains.

On the second day we bade this confusion of sand pork and Mongol whirlwinds, a last farewell. It was all mountains and charming scenery from this on to Teung-hoa-seung. We had every variety. Once or twice our mules were swept off their feet and most carried away by the streams; then we would leave the mires and catch long winding avenues of trees, or directly after being closed all round by crags that echoed sharply, there would open out before us some far restful view. We longed for the capacity of a Rip Van Winkle to enjoy the mystery that seemed to hang over these hills.

The less we saw of men the cleaner and purer and more delightful became our surroundings. There is a line in Korean philosophy which reads (*Hanaldda sia il man moukkn kow-en-dai ojick sarami cajang quihrata*). "Of all objects under heaven, man is most precious." Looking at himself, one feels that this philosophy is true, and again taking a survey of others he is inclined to doubt it. We all have an idea, however, Koreans and Scotchmen alike, that man was originally this "*qui han moukkn*," (precious object). Nevertheless, not having taken good care of himself for the last few millennia, he has got into a morbid run-down condition, that even 19th century skill cannot diagnose. For this reason certain "meeting-house" people to-day discard the old philosophy, and sing "every prospect pleases and only man is vile." Can such pessimism be true anywhere but in New England? True it is in North China as well, in fact it looks as though it might be universally true.

We were not destined to escape the haunts of man for any great length of time, for one afternoon brought us out on the brow of a hill overlooking Teung-hoa-seung. Situated here among the

mountains, it certainly looks like the outskirts of some universe or other. To the east a craggy range shut us out from the land to which we were journeying. To the north and south other ranges blocked up the view.

We stopped in Teung-hoa-seung for a couple of days to rest our aches and pains after the cart ride. We learned how a party of Englishmen had come through here a year or two before, and how they had had 20 horses and guns innumerable. Seeing so little gunpowder in our caravan they shook their heads sympathetically as much as to say, "England is not so powerful as she was a year or two ago."

I liked the inn master in this place. Paik told us that he was a Manchoorian. It was even whispered that he knew something about Manchoorian letters, and belonged to the present royal line. He was certainly oily enough in his person to have been annointed for a dozen kingships. This, no doubt, accounted for the proud way in which he sauntered about his own inn, and the dignity with which he behaved in general. He was kind to our whole party, to me in particular. He really seemed to be specially drawn to me. At night too, he slept in my immediate neighborhood. Before retiring he would shed a few of his outer garments, going round the seams of these skilfully with his teeth, biting in every nook and corner. A most remarkable old man!

Like all other friends, however, we had to bid him farewell, and start from Keung-hoa-seung. The morning of our departure was rather remarkable. Cart No. 2 had started off ahead, and by some mishap was of a sudden upset. Mr. Saw was ejected as if he had been shot from a catapult, but after feeling of his headdress, and person in general, said no harm was done. It was not far from Keung-hoa-seung either, that we met with two old wayfarers carrying each a bundle and a heavy club. A sudden misunderstanding arose between them and our cart men, over what I have never yet been able to understand. They talked together for a few minutes in an animated way, without coming to any conclusion, and then, armed with clubs all round, each went for the other. There were no striking of attitudes and tableaux, such as we see in Korea, but good hard fighting with blows that echoed. It was refreshing indeed, for it taught us that there was life still in the far east. We viewed it all from our reserved seats in the cart, not without

anxiety, lest those tawny wayfarers should kill our cartmen, and leave the further education and bringing up of the mules on our hands. They fought so desperately, that Paik and Saw climbed out to the rescue, and then it looked as though Koreans and all might perish. It was only upon the entrance of "foreign devil" on the scene that peace was at last restored. That same evening I made signs of inquiry to our cartman as to the general state of his health. He replied, by trying to lift his right arm. When by dint of effort he got it to the horizontal his expression of suffering reminded me of a face in an old copy of Dante's *Inferno*.

With varieties of this kind to season our journey, we left even the smaller clearings far behind, and entered the thick forests. On the outskirts, we passed a number of coal fields that shewed signs of life, but otherwise it was nearly all a wilderness. There was an inn here among the pines to which the carts took us, but beyond which there was only a pathway. It was 20 miles from the Yaloo, and as there was no coolie market to draw on, we had each to turn in and shoulder a bundle. It was April 19th, but in the shaded canyon through which the path led, the ice was still seven and eight feet thick. This ice and snow and the wind in the pines reminded us of that Utopia which lieth beyond the Pacific. It was not Utopia, however, for we came upon a wretched Chinese family moving, they said, to Ma-er-Shan. Their horse had fallen down a precipice, and had scattered their few provisions and utensils everywhere. The woman, with several half-frozen children accompanying, looked the picture of misery. One could not but hope that Ma-er-Shan would have some place of rest for such poor wanderers.

After 10 miles of hard labour we found a Korean hut where they cheered our hearts and fed us on rice and kimtchee (Korean pickles). Here lived one of the many squatters whom we find beyond the Yaloo. These people look more prosperous and contented than in their native Chosen. This strip of land, formerly neutral territory, is now altogether in the hands of China.

We slept peacefully in our hut, feeling somewhat as if we had got home after long wanderings. Chinamen called to inspect the travellers, but they never seemed to agree as to just how to classify us. One little boy carrying a pipe, crushed his way in likewise. This pipe he filled, lit, and then sat down to smoke before us.

Inquiring the age of this precocious youngster, Paik said he was five, though he did not look more than four. Not having seen any one up in this manly art so young, I had Paik ask if he would sell his pipe. He said "No." Paik inquired again, when young Manchooria began to cry, saying he would not sell his pipe for anything, in which case we would not insist. About this time his father entered, and learning what was up, held a consultation with his son. After they had reasoned together, and had considered the question from all sides, Manchooria junior, offered it to Paik for what would be about 50 cents in American money. We gave the price, even though the onlookers did smile, and say you could buy a new one for less than that. We bought it, I say, and we keep it now as the pipe of the smallest boy in the world who can smoke and not get sick.

This day took us to the Y2!oo once again, though smaller than at Wee-choo, still a swift and powerful river. Our crossing was a lumber camp, where several hundred rough Chinamen were hewing timber. Immense logs, four and five feet in diameter, had been floated down to this point, where they were cut up and carried inland. Our entrance was a signal to stop all work. They gathered round, not just a very orderly looking group, and their laughter and wonderment was not of an exceedingly cultured kind. Paik said they demanded \$8 to scow us over, and when he told that we carried passports issued by the Almighty Government of the Celestial Empire, these Celestials sat and smiled, saying that they feared no law, and were responsible to no Empire. Paik said he would give no more than 50 cents if we sat there till Christmas, so there was nothing for the rest of us to do but to wait on Paik. An hour or so later, he returned having delivered an oration or something that won the people, for they scowed us over for nothing. Paik making them a present of our few remaining Chinese cash. It seems to me that it may require as much good sense and skill to manipulate a Chinese lumber camp, as it does to settle a "fisheries' question," or manage a political party. When we got over the river, Paik said "we're well out of their hands for they are an unholy lot."

It was the same Paik who came home to Korea some 15 years ago, teaching strong doctrine about resurrection of the dead and eternal judgment; so that his superior put him in the lock up, and

paddled him that he might not sin again. Paik's only answer in his far north dialect was, "you may paddle me but you surely cannot stop my speaking." Long live Paik.

That afternoon we sat on a mountain pass, and took a last farewell of the lumber camp beneath, the mountains all round, and the winding Yaloo.

JAS. S. GALE.

*Seoul, Jan. 6, 1892*

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RESURRECTION.

THE seed decaying dieth not in vain,  
 From out the grave bright spears of green arise,  
 For subtle life doth newly organize  
 A body, from the sunshine and the rain  
 And from the earthy tomb. Can he explain,  
 Who yet the resurrection-life denies,  
 How life thus makes its body 'fore his eyes?  
 Is man less wonderful than plumes of grain?

So when the human spirit hath been sown  
 God giveth it a body as He will,  
 With glory, power and beauty yet unknown ;  
 Hearts agonized their questioning may still,  
 We who have borne the earthly for a day  
 Shall bear the image of the heavenly !

*William P. McKenzie.*

## MISSION WORK AMONG THE FRENCH CANADIANS.\*

**M**R. MODERATOR,—Had I not been requested to speak to-day about our Mission work, the idea of soliciting such an honor had never occurred to me, and if you are condemned to listen to my broken English, you may let fall all your indignation upon our Executive Committee, and reserve all your indulgence for the unqualified speaker.

However, I must confess, that I am glad to seize this first opportunity of expressing, to the numerous friends and supporters of the Mission School at Pointe Aux-Trembles, our sincere gratitude for the sacrifices they have made lately, in order to render our schools more efficient and more attractive. But we feel that we could not thank you in a better way, than by making the best possible use of the means you place in our hands, for the progress of the truth, and it is what we shall always endeavor to do with the help of our Master. Your increasing liberality in the direction of education, is an evident proof that you realize more and more, that the school is one of the first and most efficient instruments to be used in any Mission work. If the rising generation is the hope of the country it is also the hope of the Church, and the future of the nation is certainly, to a great extent, in the hands of the educators of the young.

The pupils gathered in our central Mission schools come from every direction. During the four or five sessions they remain there, they are constantly under a Christian influence and every day the word of God is taught to them. Their errors, their superstitions and their prejudices are gradually vanishing. The truth casts deep roots in their young hearts. The field of their intelligence is widening every day, they act under new principles, higher aspirations prompt their activity, and when they go home with the word of God in their hands and in their hearts, they become as many messengers of the good tidings of the Gospel.

\*Paper read before the General Assembly, Montreal.

In the country many people are very suspicious about colporteurs, who visit them only from time to time, but they generally listen with pleasure to their children, and they learn from them the way to a free salvation, through faith in Jesus, and gradually, they are detached from the Church which has deceived them.

Those young people, whether they become farmers, tradesmen, merchants, or men of profession, are a leaven in every village and in every town, and wherever they go, if a former pupil of our Mission schools has settled there, you will find the people around him more liberal, more accessible, and perhaps a few reading the Bible.

The influence of our young people is plainly shown by the fact that half of our recruits of every year are brought to us through the efforts of our boys and girls.

Within the past ten years the accommodation of the Mission Schools, belonging to the various denominations, has been nearly doubled and the number of pupils has increased so rapidly, that during the past winter they were about all filled to their utmost capacity.

The young French-Canadians are thirsting after education, and in spite of the innumerable difficulties they have to encounter, in spite of a lack of material means, we see a great many of them going bravely forward, working and toiling hard during summer in order to be able to re-open their books when the vacation is over.

There are at present no fewer than twelve of those who were with us lately, who are studying medicine, three or four students in law, twelve want to be teachers, over twenty are studying for the ministry, and some others are in various business colleges, and all of them pursue their studies at their own expense and without any help from anybody.

More than ever before, it has been our privilege to see during the past few years the blessed results of a sound education under the precious influence of the Gospel, and I know I could encourage and gladden your hearts by many an interesting fact, but time will hardly permit me to relate, briefly, a single one.

A young girl, who, after having left the Church of Rome, had become a sincere Christian, went home among her besotted parents

full of hope that she would easily bring them to a knowledge of the truth she had found herself. To her great surprise she had hardly said a few words than the anger of her parents was aroused, and though she was 21 years of age, she was locked up in their house, kept as a prisoner and brutally struck because she refused to give up her Bible.

To those cruel treatments she opposed only her kindness and her usual devotion for those who had become her persecutors.

Delivered from their hands by a Protestant friend, she came again to us and continued to write home from time to time.

Two months ago her father came to Point-aux-Trembles on foot, and from a long distance. He said to me: "You must be surprised to see me here, sir, after what took place a year ago, but I hope you will not refuse me the privilege of seeing my daughter. She has changed her faith and has become a Protestant, but after all she is the best of our children." And tears were flowing from his eyes. His heart was broken and the light of the truth was beginning to penetrate into his soul.

So the conversion of one pupil is generally followed by the conversion of the whole family.

In the pursuit of this grand work of educating the young people of this province, we meet frequently with this objection: "Are there not schools all over the the country? . . . Yes, there are many indeed, but we must not forget that they are almost entirely under the control of the clergy of the Church of Rome. And, as you know, the Church of Rome has never favored education amongst the masses of the people.

Has she not through all ages and in every land kept faithful to her proverb? "Ignorance is the mother of devotion!" . . .

If you see R. C. school houses everywhere, you must remember that many of them are there simply to occupy the place of Protestant ones.

Close our mission schools at Pte-aux-Trembles, and Grand-Ligne here in the city, and at the same time you close hundreds of R. C. schools which are standing there simply because some people threatened the priests to send us their children.

Close our mission schools and you will see the priests jubilant about the return of what they call the good old time.

If you desire to know what is the degree of popular education

in the Province of Quebec you have only to compare the wretched hut of the school master with the palace of the priest.

Compare the salary of hundreds of school teachers who receive from \$76 to \$80 a year with the tithes paid to the priest, and you will see what the clergy of this Province thinks about popular education.

It is not necessary to insist on the meagre programme of those rural schools, and I shall not speak to you of their degrading discipline, of their silly methods of teaching, of the hatred inspired to children against citizens of other race and other creed.

Time would not allow, but let me say that it is only after a few years that intelligent children can read fluently, and a few years after, many of them have forgotten all about it. Why? Because the books and papers they are allowed to read would lead them to such an intellectual atrophy that the idea of looking for anything better and more interesting would not occur to them.

It is not surprising if we find in the country hundreds of young men who say: "I could read at 12, but I have forgotten all about it."

(But such men are handy *voters* in the hands of the clergy who impose their will without having to fear any resistance.)

It is true that there are in this Province better and higher schools, convents, and colleges, but it is only for the elected of the clergy, for the rich class, for those who will be some day the devoted supporters of the clerical authority, who in return will help them to make good business. And those two classes of men bound together by temporal interest will share the spoil of the tillers of the soil.

What kind of an education has Rome given to those countries where her power has not been counterbalanced by a Protestant influence? What kind of an education has she given to Italy, to Spain, to Mexico, to Brazil, to Peru?

In all those countries from 70 to 90 per cent. are unable to read.

Here in Quebec, the proportion is not the same, it is true, but in reality things are just as bad, because it is merely a sham primary education which is given in the R. C. schools. Many children can read but that is all, there is no instruction in that, but it serves as a mask to the deepest ignorance.

According to the statistics of 1890 there are no fewer than

30,000 children between 7 and 14 who are not going to any school in the Province of Quebec.

Is it because the French-Canadians do not desire to educate their children?

No, the fact that they send hundreds of them to our Mission schools is a proof that they are not indifferent towards education.

It is only those who know what an amount of courage and determination it requires from them to place their children under our care, who can see how they are longing for education.

Showers of anathemas fall upon them gratuitously, (it is the only free gift of Rome). The sacraments are refused to them; their parents and friends are detached from them, and they are looked upon as the scum of the land.

But in spite of such a persecution, we had among our scholars last winter 97 boys and girls whose parents still adhere to the Church of Rome.

A great many people in the country, who cannot see the spiritual object we have in view, imagine that we work in the interest of a political society of speculators, and that a large sum of money is paid to us for every soul that we are perverting.

The priests point to us, not only as the most dangerous enemies of their creed, but also of the French nationality, and they arouse the most bitter feelings of their people when they say that we want to educate their children in order to make them Protestants and that we make them Protestants in order to make them English.

So a French-Canadian who becomes a Protestant, is not only an apostate in the eyes of his neighbors, but also a coward and a traitor to his nationality.

Our faith, our language, our nationality, these are the materials of the lofty wall by which the priests have encircled this province, and by which they want to shut it to all outside influence.

Their faith! Is really their religion one of faith? No, Sir, it is one of fear, one of terror, one of fanaticism, one of cupidity.

The most cruel ostracism is directed against anyone who dares to make an effort towards his liberty, and the number of the poor urchins who have been crushed by the power of their domineering clergy, fills up the pages of the Canadian history, and keeps silent the lions of the nation.

Our language! Have we ever made an effort in order to put an end to the French language? What is the language of our missionaries? What language is spoken in our churches? What is the language mainly taught in our schools? What is the language of our circles?

Is it not the French, the tongue of our ancestors? We study it, we teach it, and we honour those who speak it with talent.

So it is a slander to accuse this Assembly of aiming at the destruction of the French language.

Our nationality! We are accused of destroying patriotic sentiments. I could easily understand such an accusation if we were Jesuits.

That would be right if we belonged to that class of teachers who boast in having nothing, no home, no family, no country, and for whom every land is an exile; those men whose activity, whose interest, whose heart (if that can be called so) is entirely turned towards Rome.

The patriotism of the disciples of Loyola has been so highly appreciated by the various states of Europe, that 40 times they have been compelled to cross the frontier, and these are the men who pretend to teach patriotism to the youth of Canada.

And the priests! I am sure that when you hear them speaking about French nationality you imagine that there is in them a deep attachment for their mother country.

Well, you are mistaken. France is for them a lost paradise, lost for ever, a paradise changed into a purgatory. And they far prefer to see the Province of Quebec in the hands of a heretic queen, who keeps the *statu quo*, than within reach of the wind which has passed over France, and which would sweep away all their mediæval institutions.

And those are the men who are accusing you of working against French nationality?

French nationality for them is a lure; there is only one nationality for them: The Romish Nationality.

If they call that patriotism, we must say that we do not teach it in the same way.

We desire to cultivate in our young people a deep love for Canada. We desire to see them learning her history and her resources. They must have faith in her future. They must work

for her prosperity and her glory. They must consider every citizen as a brother whether he be born or implanted in this land.

And we believe that Canada shall never enjoy a real peace, power and prosperity as long as all those divergencies of nationality shall not be melted together to form the Canadian people.

That spirit of union, where shall we find it? In the education of the seminary? In the separate schools? In the spirit of popery? In coercive measures? No never!

We believe that the principle of union which can cement forever all our provinces together, can be found only in an education which has the Gospel at its foundation; an education which is elevating the morals of men, which is spreading a spirit of solidarity and tolerance, and makes of citizens brothers, ready to help each other, and not enemies working at their mutual destruction.

It is prompted by feelings of a Christian love, that we endeavor to place the Gospel of Jesus in the hands of every French-Canadian. It is through love that we endeavor to bring them to our liberty, and to a knowledge of a free salvation and if, sometimes, we are compelled to denounce a clergy who is dragging this province to a moral and material ruin, if we attack errors and superstitions dear to many, we do it with the deepest love and sympathy for the blinded victims of a deceiving system.

In spite of all the calumnies the priests have piled up against us many of their people understand that our work is a friendly one and many are questioning why the priests do not try to convince us of error, instead of throwing stones at us; why they do not spread good Bibles if ours are bad, why they forbid to think, to question about their religion if really it is good, if it is infallible.

In spite of all the efforts of the clergy, our work is progressing, and we are perhaps not very far from an era of emancipation and liberty.

Two years ago the liberty of conscience claiming her rights, has erected at the very door of the vatican, a statue to Jordano Bruno, who was burnt by the inquisitors in 1590, because he pretended he had a right of using the reasoning powers which God had given him.

At a few paces from the place where fell Admiral Coligny, assassinated in the night of the St. Bartholomew, has just been erected a statue to that brave defender of the truth. (The inquisi-

tors are banished and their victims rehabilitated.) It has taken a few centuries of sad experiences, before the people in those countries understood their error and tried to blot out their blunders.

Well, Mr. Moderator, only a little over 50 years have passed away since our Mission work was started against this bulwark of Roman Catholicism.

Before a century is gone, the day will come when the French-Canadians will build monuments to those they have persecuted, to those brave pioneers who first brought them the Gospel.

On that day this province will lift up her head, she will shake away all her humiliations, all her hatred ; she will stretch one hand to her sister provinces in the east, another to those in the west and twenty millions of voices shall shout : "Hail concord ! Honor to the truth ! Respect to conscience !"

Let us work with faith and courage. If we have not the pleasure of seeing that grand day, we shall close our eyes to the light of this world with the satisfaction of having done our duty, and of having prepared better times for our country. J. BOURGOIN.

*Pointe Aux-Trembles.*

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### A TIRED HEART.

SOMETIMES I cry : "Oh, give my tired heart rest !  
 It is so weary of the throb and pain  
 Of the loving, weary of the stress and strain  
 Of care for others. Pluck love from it, lest  
 It faint beneath the burden on it pressed ;  
 As one takes work away from hand or brain,  
 Saying 'Rest a little, then work on again ;'  
 So take love from this thing within my breast ;  
 Give it from all its struggle glad release :  
 Calm its wild beats ; and soothe its restless cry !"  
 Then to myself my tired heart makes reply :  
 "O foolish one, should all my loving cease  
 Thou wouldst have rest as clods and stones have peace,  
 Lifeless, inert—for without love I die !"

*Bessie Chandler.*

## THE AMERICAN ASSEMBLY AT PORTLAND.

**A**CCURATE reports of the business transacted at this Assembly, have been published in the telegraphic columns of all the leading newspapers. It would be simply tiresome to repeat these. But it may interest the readers of the MONTHLY, to peruse some more chatty, and desultory account, of the personal appearance of this notable gathering.

The hospitality of the Pacific coast is boundless and this the five hundred and odd delegates, with their many companions realized, on arriving at the city of Portland, Oregon. The majority having come from far within, or quite across the Continent, were very glad to stretch their cramped limbs, and find some solid table on which to open their travelling diaries; and when they found wide doors, which led to luxurious mansions, opened for them, and one of the most elaborate, and beautiful of modern Churches, fitted up with post office, telegraph office, book store, and other conveniences; they were uniformly surprised at the unexpected civilization of the extreme West. Portland looks very much like Toronto; only, it is situated on a river, and the hills at its back are higher. It has the same regularity of streets, the same plenitude of Churches, the same numerous, solid and moderately pretentious business houses, the same fringe of suburbs, the same long gradual slope from the water front, abruptly ended by a range of hills. It is smaller having only 10,000 inhabitants. It is more heterogeneous, having a populous and characteristic Chinese quarter, and that mixture of queer nationalities, and types, which flock to towns that are at once western, mining centres, and seaports. A fine sight is gained from the heights at the rear of the city. There lies before you the mass of buildings and trees, and the stir of great business activity; there the Willamette River winds towards the Columbia, whose broad bosom, though more than a hundred miles from the sea, looked like another Mississippi; and farther still, over an undulating stretch of tree crested hills, and prairie valleys, towers the white summit of Mount Hood.

The Presbyterian Church in the United States of America (official name) is a large body. Many Presbyteries sent only two delegates, few sent more than half-a-dozen. Yet the Assembly was a multitude. To look in upon it, was to be impressed with its vastness; and when one commissioner after another rose to speak, the varying accents showed, from how many regions they had come. I do not think names have been invented for all the various accents that drawled, or twanged, or smoothly flowed, on the floor of that Assembly. As the Moderator announced the name and residence of each successive orator, one's memory flew back to examination days in Geography. It seemed that all the States of the Union were represented; the Doric and the Hibernian flourished in native purity. From Korea, India, and China, had come missionaries; and colored preachers were there from Carolina and Virginia, their sable skin rivalling their broadcloth.

Not to speak of the routine business—where, when reports from the Boards were presented, hundreds of thousands of dollars seemed handled with the same wonderful ease, with which some giant might sportively toss cannon balls—the most interesting proceeding was, of course, the Brigg's case. The Union Seminary difficulty was quite overshadowed. The revision Controversy was settled with an hour's discussion, and the committee's report sent down to the Presbyteries. But for days, every nook and cranny of the Church was filled with eager listeners to the debate about the entertaining, and sustaining, of the appeal from the prosecuting committee against the decision of the New York Presbytery. It was ruled by the Moderator that Dr. Briggs, being one of the original parties, had the right to present the plea of the Appellee. Dr. Briggs is rather a small man, with a small but well-formed head, he is grey, but yet in the prime of his vigor, and although he looked both weary and irritable, and in this bore out the reputation many give him; yet in both his long addresses, and in every case, when a necessary explanation or question of privilege brought him to his feet, he was straightforward, frank, and courteous. The case for the prosecution was, in each instance opened by Dr. Birch, then Dr. Briggs presented his side, and Lawyer McCook replied. Each side was allowed two hours. The Assembly decided against Dr. Briggs, but it was, notwithstanding, evident that he had gained upon their sympathy by his frank and able defence.

It was noticeable that many who had been prominent at the Detroit Assembly were absent—a delegate is not often sent two years in succession—many a one wished Dr. Paton was there. But the men who raise points of order fairly swarmed here, and there and everywhere, and a dozen at a time, they leaped to their feet, and waved each one his hand, and shouted "Moderator." The Moderator seemed "born to rule the storm." One after another he squelched the points of order, or declared them well taken, or (rarely) referred them to the house. In many cases so quick and so clear were his decisions that the house broke into involuntary applause.

Sometimes a smile, welcome after the prolonged strain of following close arguments on legal technicalities, broadened the features of the Assembly. When one Dr., famous for his uncompromising hostility to revision, attempted to read a ten minute address within the five minutes allowed him, and while all the time reading at a most extraordinary rate kept looking at his watch every few seconds, so that his vest missed it as much as it held it, and then, didn't quite come to the final climax of his argument, when the gavel fell, the house leaned back and roared.

And again, when an elderly elder, whose fabulous wealth hardly was revealed in his costume, slowly declared in the broadest Scotch "I am sure every member of this Assembly would go as far as death to make it pleasant and agreeable for Dr. Briggs," the merriment was extreme, and it was not by any means curbed, when the old gentleman in the same slow and painful fashion took off his spectacles and looked round in amazement.

The citizens of Portland had planned a number of excursions to local points of interest and beauty. These had to be forgone, because of the pressure of business. After the Assembly closed, however, many remained in the city for a few days to see its sights. A number went south to California. Some came up to Canada and returned east over the Canadian Pacific. One large party chartered a C.P.R. steamboat, and are off to Alaska. Some took advantage of the U. S. cruisers, Baltimore and Charleston, being in port, to visit them, and ask the officers about the stirring times last winter, when war with Chili was imminent; and, everyone, whatever he did, or wherever he went, was loud in praise of the Pacific slope, of its grand landscape, its charming sunshine, and its bountiful

hospitality. The width of the Continent lies between Portland and next place of meeting, Washington ; but west and east have been wedded in sympathy as never before.

As we steamed up the glass-like waters of Puget Sound, and thought of all the delights of the Canadian West, and the sublimity of its railroad approaches, we indulged the hope, that soon the fathers and brethren of our Church, might hold their solemn conclave, where they can behold the sun dipping at night into the salt ocean.

J. W. M.

*Vancouver B. C.*

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SONG AND SINGER.

I SAW him once, the while he sat and played—  
 A stripling with a shock of yellow hair—  
 His own rare songs, in mirth or sorrow made,  
 But tender all, and fair.

And as the years rolled by I saw him not,  
 But still his songs full many a time I sung,  
 And thought of him as one who has the lot  
 To be forever young.

Until at last he stood before mine eyes  
 An age-bent man, who trembled o'er his staff ;  
 My sight rebelled to see him in such guise,  
 Ripe for his epitaph.

I grieved with grief that to a death belongs ;  
 How Time is stern I had forgot, in truth,  
 And how that men wax old, whereas their songs  
 Keep an immortal youth.

*Richard E. Burton.*

## THE CONDUCT OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

(The substance of an address delivered to the students of Knox College.)

COMPLAINT has been made, not without reason, that the devotional services in some Presbyterian churches are conducted in a slovenly and unedifying style. The explanation of this state of things commonly given, is, that undue stress has been laid on the sermon, as though almost the sole purpose for which Christians meet in the Sanctuary were to receive instruction and exhortation, prayer and praise being regarded as mere "preliminaries." Let me say at once that the remedy does not lie in the direction of belittling the sermon. It has been a source of strength not of weakness, to Presbyterians that it has magnified the preaching of the Word. It is surely profitable however, while not allowing the sermon to fall into a lower place to bring the devotional services to a higher level.

It was with this object that "The Church Service Society" was formed in 1865 by a number of ministers of the Church of Scotland. This society, (of which a branch existed in Canada up to the time of the Union of the Churches), has done good service both in Scotland and in Canada, and its influence has been widely felt. Its aim was not to introduce a liturgy, but to fill up the chasm between "The bondage of a positive liturgy and the poverty of an absolutely extemporaneous service" by preparing or collecting forms of prayer and as full as suggestive of solemn, earnest, fervent devotion as words can be, and binding these into the simple order of our existing worship." The forms of prayer for public worship, and services for the administration of the sacraments, the celebration of marriage, the burial of the dead, etc., issued under the title "Euchologion," have been and still are, very helpful to many of us, and may be heartily commended to every young minister and theological student.

The first and great commandment regarding public worship is contained in the words of the Lord Jesus. "God is a Spirit; and they that worship Him must worship in spirit and truth." If we

are to guide profitably the devotions of others, we must be ourselves devout. No beauty of form or arrangements will make up for the lack of reality and reverence—"the spirit of grace and of supplications."

The second canon of public worship which we find in the New Testament is the Apostolic injunction. "Let all things be done decently and in order." However simple it may be, a Church service is a work of art, and it should be characterized by unity and beauty. In the case of the solitary worshipper praying in the "inner chamber," the form may be left to take care of itself. The minister who leads the devotions of a congregation, on the other hand, must give thought and study to the mould in which the common prayers of the people may best be cast, and to the order and arrangement of the different portions of the service.

Leaving out of view the administration of the Sacraments, the several parts of public worship are ordinarily the following. Reading of the Scriptures, Prayer, Praise, Collection of Offerings, and Benediction. How may these be made most effective?

#### I.—THE READING OF THE SCRIPTURES.

Even the mode of announcing the portion of Scripture to be read should not be slovenly. Instead of jerking out "Sixth of John, twenty-second verse," it is more dignified and reverent to use some such form as the following: "Let us read the word of God as it is written in the Gospel according to St. John, the sixth chapter," etc. The late Dr. Robert Lee, of Edinburgh, used to lay stress on this point in giving counsel to his students. The laugh was turned against him on one occasion by a student, who, in preaching a sermon in the presence of his classmates, observed with great literalness Dr. Lee's injunction as to the formal manner of announcing the text. The Professor had been for some time dealing with the Epistle to the Hebrews and had given reasons for believing that the Epistle was not the work of Paul, but of Apollos. The text of this student's discourse was Heb. xii. 1, and it was announced, *ore rotundo*, as follows: "You will find the text in the Epistle of Paul the Apostle to the Hebrews, twelfth chapter, first verse." The effect upon the class, and upon the worthy Professor himself was disquieting.

The public reading of Scripture should be distinct, correct and reverent. These are the most elementary demands. It is surely inexcusable in a minister to stumble through a chapter as though its contents were quite unfamiliar to him. The passage should be read and studied beforehand, so that the mind of the reader may be full of it. If the minister does not himself enter into the spirit of what he reads, he cannot expect to make others feel its power. Every minister should be a good reader. No man in our day should consider himself qualified to conduct public worship if he has not learned to read well. Good teachers of elocution are available, let their service be more highly valued and turned to better account.

On what principle should portions of Scripture be selected for public reading? One plan is to read passages which bear upon the theme of the sermon, another is to read in course. The former method secures unity; the latter provides for the reading of large portions of the Bible that would otherwise be overlooked. The advantages of both plans may be to a certain extent combined by reading one passage in course, and selecting another which is relevant to the topic of discourse. The table of lessons found in "Euchologion," providing for the orderly reading of a very large portion of Scripture in two years, will be found a useful guide.

## 2.—PRAYER.

The usage of our Church throws upon the Minister the entire responsibility of leading the congregation in prayer. It is of the greatest consequence, therefore, that attention should be given both to the substance and to the form of public prayer, in order that it may be not merely the utterance of the personal desires of the minister, but "common" prayer—the confession of common sins, thanksgiving for common mercies, the presenting to God of common needs. Confession, supplication, thanksgiving and intercession should be all included. These elements may be variously proportioned at different times; but none of them should be omitted at a regular diet of worship. The worshippers should especially be led to realize the privilege of being intercessors for others. The narrowness of the range of some public prayers—the almost total absence of intercession—is much to be deplored. The last time I worshipped in Spurgeon's "Tabernacle," I was painfully impressed

by this feature of the prayers offered by the assistant minister. There was no prayer for Queen or Country; no prayer for the Church of Christ or for missions to the heathen. The petitions were all centred in the Tabernacle, as if it were the one source of light and life for the land and for the work. Doubtless, this omission of intercessory prayer was exceptional; but it illustrates the dangers against which we must guard.

The language used in prayer should be simple and reverent, the words well chosen. We cannot go wrong in using freely the language of Scripture, especially of the Psalms and other devotional parts of the Bible. It is important, in this connection, that Scripture should be correctly quoted, from either the authorized or the revised version. A misquotation in prayer grates on the ear of a worshipper who is familiar with his Bible. Attention has been frequently called to the impropriety of stringing together in an incongruous way sentences that are entirely disconnected in Scripture. The instance that most readily occurs is the use of the following words in confessing sin. "I will lay my hand upon thy mouth, I will put my mouth in the dust, and cry out, 'Unclean, unclean, God be merciful to me a sinner.'" Here are from separate passages, any one of which may be impressively used to express the attitude of a sinful soul before God, but which in combination are simply absurd.

Besides using Scripture freely, it will be well to study the old Liturgies, and commit to memory some of the forms that have been hallowed by the use of centuries, and which belong to the Church, Catholic. If our prayers are modelled after Scripture and the ancient Liturgies, there will be no danger of our falling into the use of slang, or of bombast, or of phrases that have unedifying associations. When we wish to ask for an increased reliance upon God's help in our work, we shall not use the formula which I heard used recently, "May we give the Lord a chance;" nor shall we, in commending to God those who have the charge of educational institutions refer to them as "those who are engaged in teaching the young idea how to shoot." Nor will our prayers take the form of arguments, or explanations, or exhortations, ostensibly addressed to the Almighty, but in reality performing the function of a sermon rather than of prayer.

## 3.—PRAISE.

This portion of public worship ought to receive special attention at the hands of the minister. The Psalms and Hymns should be carefully selected, so that there may be a manifest unity in the service as a whole. This end cannot be secured when the choice of Psalms and Hymns is left to the precentor or the organist. The minister ought to join in the singing, and no one should be allowed to get the impression that he regards it as a mere interlude. Indeed, it is of no small consequence that he should be a good singer and should be able if necessary, to "raise the tune" in the absence of a leader.

Is there a place in our Presbyterian service for anthems, I think there is; but the anthem, too, should be brought into relation to the rest of the service so that it may contribute to the unity of the whole. It is no valid objection to the use of anthems that they must as a rule be rendered by a choir and not by the whole congregation. Only let both choir and congregation realize that the rendering of the anthem is an act of common worship, and not merely a performance to be admired or censured.

## 4.—THE COLLECTION.

This, too, is an act of worship, the offering of our substance to the Lord for the support of the ordinances of His House, or for the supplying of the temporal or spiritual needs of our brethren. It may be well occasionally, if not regularly to associate with the collection of the offerings, either:—

- (1) The reading of suitable sentences from Scripture: or
- (2) The singing of such hymns as

"O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea."  
 "As with gladness men of old," or  
 "Lord, Thou lov'st the cheerful giver."

## 5.—THE BENEDICTION.

This is the blessing of the people in the name of the Lord. It is an official act. The benediction ought not, in my judgment, to be pronounced by a student, or by any one not set apart to the work of the ministry. It may, of course, be turned into a simple prayer by the substitution of "us" for "you." As to the form

to be used, it seems to me that the exact words of Scripture are better than any of the modifications or amplifications of them to which I am accustomed to listen.

I shall not enter upon a discussion of the most appropriate order in which the various parts of public worship should be arranged. There is considerable diversity of practice amongst us, and we have not yet reached the ideal.

There is no good reason why the worship of God according to Presbyterian forms should not be beautiful, dignified and reverent. It rests chiefly with ministers to make it so; but this aim cannot be accomplished without thought and study.

D. J. MACDONNELL.

## COME LOVE OR DEATH.

**O** LIFTED face of mute appeal !  
 Poor tongueless pantomine of prayer !  
 O sullen sea, whose deeps conceal  
 The children of despair !  
 O heart that will not look above !  
 Poor staggering feet that seek the wave !  
 I would come quick if I were Love,  
 And I had power to save.  
  
 O sinking sunset loneliness  
 Aflame in hot, unmoving eyes !  
 Poor wan lips, creeping in distress  
 To cover up your cries !  
 O broken speech, and sobbing breath !  
 Poor restless and uncertain will !  
 I would come quick, if I were Death,  
 And I had power to kill !

*Will H. Thompson.*

## OUR COLLEGE.

REV. J. N. ELLIOTT, B.A., who is settled at Thurlow, near Philadelphia, while visiting friends in Canada did not forget to visit the College. He purposes returning home in a few weeks.

The Rev. J. R. Gilchrist of Baltimore dropped in for an hour to make arrangements for supply during his absence, on his wedding tour. This department extends its best wishes to the newly married couple.

We had a flying visit from the Rev. John Gould of Hamilton. He remained over the Saturday night, and assisted the Rev. Mr. White, of Deer Park, on Sabbath, in dispensing the "Sacrament of the Lord's Supper."

The College boys were all glad when Dr. Caven returned from his trip to the east much improved in health. Immediately after his return, the Church conferred upon him the highest honour in her possession ; so next session we will not be ruled simply by the principal of Knox College, but by the principal and highest official in our Church. How will the culprit tremble when this personage rebukes.

The Davenport Mission, which has been the scene of the labours of W. G. W. Fortune, B.A., for the summer, has made rapid progress ; both in point of finances and attendance. At a meeting held on Tuesday, June 28th, it was unanimously decided to petition the Presbytery of Toronto to organize those worshipping there into a congregation. The petition has been largely signed, and will be presented at the first meeting of the Presbytery. We have no doubt it will be granted.

The St. Andrews congregation at Ancaster, where J. R. Sinclair, M.A., is laboring for the summer, has been repairing the church, and beautifying it generally. The re-opening services were conducted by the Rev. J. G. Shearer, B. A., of Erskine Church, Hamilton, in the morning ; Rev. W. Muir, of Carlisle, in the afternoon ; and by the missionary, Mr. Sinclair, in the evening. At the garden party, a few days before, a very pleasant evening was spent, and the funds of the Ladies Aid Society were increased by \$40, which amount will go to improving the interior of the building.

The rear of Knox College has been much improved in appearance this summer ; first of all, the city has planted full-grown chestnut trees around the crescent, and secondly, the lawn has been kept mown down close with the lawn mower. All these changes have been a source of delight to those living in the vicinity.

Other changes however, are much needed ; the wet season has left the lawn under water, which points out that some action should be taken by the Board to drain it properly, and perhaps to raise the lawn to a higher level ; if this were done football, could be indulged in with much greater success than heretofore. We always have been much handicapped in the game of football by the low and wet condition of the lawn.

At the commencement exercises in connection with Toronto University, held in the Pavilion, Friday June 10th, Knox was as usual well represented. In the Faculty of Art, Messrs. J. H. J. Burnett, J. C. Cameron, G. Girrie, G. C. Little, and A. S. Ross, received the degree of B.A., and Messrs J. R. Sinclair, D. A. Burgess, and R. W. Ross, the degree of M.A., while in the Faculty of Law, the degree of LL.B., was conferred on Mr. H. R. Horne. In the undergraduate years as well, the honor of our College was fully sustained. THE MONTHLY extends its congratulations to all.

It is our sad duty to record the fact that during the past month death visited the home of one of our professors. About three years ago, the heavy hand of disease was laid upon Mrs. Thompson, wife of Professor Thompson, and in spite of all that medical skill or change of climate could accomplish she faded like the beautiful but tender flower, before the sun had reached mid-day. Her sufferings were borne with great patience and Christian resignation during the weary months, when all hope of recovery to health having been put to flight, she stood with bowed head before the gate of death, awaiting the Master's summons to come up higher. She was a woman of pre-eminent piety, of quiet, unassuming, unostentatious disposition, and proved herself a true help-mate to her gifted husband. The desire to express our heart-felt sympathy with our respected professor in his very heavy bereavement, may the God of all comfort and consolation minister to him abundantly.

## OTHER COLLEGES.

PROF. J. CLARK MURRAY, LL.D., of McGill University, Montreal, is to deliver a course of lectures at the Glenmore Scientific School in the Adirondacks, during the latter part of July next. His course will include the following subjects: "The Philosophy of Kant," "The Evolution of knowledge with special Illustrations from the Perceptions of Sight, and special application to the General Theory of the Evolution of Nature," and "Social Morality." These subjects in the hands of a lecturer of Professor Murray's ability will, without doubt, be highly instructive.

We quote the following from the *New York Press*.

The Rev. Dr. Princeton and the Rev. Dr. Union were walking in a New Jersey forest one day, when they saw a hickory nut lying in the path before them. Dr. Princeton picked up the hickory nut and said: "This is a hickory nut." "You are wrong," said Dr. Union, "That is not a hickory nut. It only contains a hickory nut. Now, you can eat a hickory nut; but you cannot eat that hard substance in your hand, which contains the hickory nut." "I say it *is* a hickory nut," said Dr. Princeton, sternly. "And I say it *contains* a hickory nut," answered Dr. Union. Dr. Princeton adjusted his side whiskers, and Dr. Union took off his clerical vest, and threw the hickory nut at Dr. Princeton. Dr. Princeton laid aside his spectacles, and tried to chastise Dr. Union with a green hickory switch. At last accounts the fight was still on, and a higher critic was holding Dr. Union's coat, while a whole presbytery was taking turns in looking at them through Dr. Princeton's spectacles.

At the annual conference of the old students of the Baptist Colleges of Stepney and Regent's Park, London, a paper was read by Mr. W. S. Green, on Non-Conformist services, in which he advocated the use of a Liturgy in their church services. Such is only one of the many signs that are pointing to a reformation in the public worship of congregations. The students of Belfast

College recently debated the question of the introduction of a liturgy, and decided by a considerable majority in favor of such change. An increasing number of people are coming to look upon the old controversy between the Liturgists, and the Anti-Liturgists, as no longer of any great importance, and the main considerations are, what is the spirit of the service; and can the present form of service be improved in any way? In many cases there seems to be a felt need manifesting itself, for some more attention to be given to public prayer. In some instances the people express themselves—and they are strong Presbyterians—as being decidedly in favour of a liturgy, or public form of prayer, authorized by the Church. Others would be content if the minister would think over, and arrange his prayers before coming to the service, and if he repeated them from memory or read them it would not matter, so long as they could feel that they had a share in the petitions that were offered. In either case it would save the congregation from an extempore prayer, hastily put together after the service had begun.

It is to be hoped that none of our students are so careless as to leave their public prayers unprepared, while they spend a whole week over a sermon, and then complain that the time is too short. Spurgeon claimed that the only condition on which the assistance of the Spirit was vouchsafed was, that the prayer should be purely extempore. That is thought by many to be a very narrow view of divine grace. Some have naturally the "gift" of prayer, others are almost devoid of it, and no amount of training could make them excel. Why should the same liberty not be allowed here as in the sermon? If one cannot speak fluently he is permitted to have his notes or to read his discourse. Then, if he has not the natural gift of prayer, why should he not be allowed to read his prayers as well. They require as much attention as the sermon. They are to bring the worshipper again into a right relation to his God. All the cares and trials of the week are to be included, and help for every difficulty sought. And if the prayer of the service is of an impressive kind, reverently asking for human needs, and mentioning human sins, the worshipper feels indeed that it was good for him to be there, and that it was a house of prayer to him; and goes away rejoicing that he has again realized in God the "ever near," and joyfully looks forward to the

work of another week. It is only too well known and generally acknowledged that the average minister is so busily engaged during the week, that he leaves the preparation of the public prayers with little or no attention, trusting to the inspiration of the occasion, and the result is very often quite unsatisfactory. A Scotch contemporary attributes to that very fault, the falling off in attendance in so many Presbyterian churches. Men will not come to a church where the whole of the first part of the service is hurriedly passed over, in order that the minister may come to the elaborately prepared sermon, where his "rare gifts" of eloquence and persuasion "may shine." Those who are disposed to reverence, do not care to hear a patronizing address to the Deity by ministers who appear to know more of God and the "dark unknown" than the Bible has ever revealed.

In all the Anglican churches, their beautiful liturgy is used every Sunday, and the congregations, as they bow devoutly, feel that the service will meet their needs, and are able to join in the prayers, for they know what is to be looked for each time. In all these cases, of course, devotion is necessary. But it will not do without preparation; even in ordinary business, preparation is necessary. It serves to make us think more highly of our work. And where there is true devotion, with a form for public prayer, the effect is very marked indeed. In some of the Scottish churches there are forms of devotional services already in use. The Rev. John Hunter, of Trinity Congregational Church, Glasgow, whose prayers are said to be always marked by a "solemn beauty of thought," has prepared a small book of devotional exercises for congregations. He describes it as "an endeavor to secure in the Free churches that there shall be something the same in public services, and to save the whole from subjection to the uncontrolled individualism of the minister whose prayers, however devout, must necessarily be affected by circumstances and mood." In our colleges great stress is laid on preaching. We are told that "strong preaching" is necessary. But very little is said, beyond strong hints, on public prayer. This is, perhaps, as it must always be; for no definite rules can be given. Why could we not have some book of devotional services, which would be the liturgy of the Presbyterian Church in Canada, sanctioned by the Church, and every minister at liberty to use it. The Church appoints com-

petent men to prepare hymnals, that all may have the same hymns, and that the choice of hymn book be not left to the minister, the effect of which is very satisfactory. There are plenty of men in Canada competent to prepare a book of prayer for the services, and if so prepared and authorized such a book would assist many of the younger ministers at any rate; and would help also to beautify and render artistic "the preliminaries" in many of our congregations.

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BOOKS AND SEASONS.

BECAUSE the sky is blue : because blithe May  
 Masks in the wren's song and the lilac's hue ;  
 Because—in fine, because the sky is blue  
 I will read none but piteous tales to-day,  
 Keep happy laughter till the skies be gray,  
 And the sad season cypress wears, and rue ;  
 Then, when the wind is moaning in the flue,  
 And ways are dark, bid Chancer make us gay.  
 But now a little sadness ! All too sweet  
 This springtide riot, this most poignant air,  
 This sensuous sphere of colour and perfume !  
 So listen, love, while I the woes repeat  
 Of Hamlet and Ophelia, and that pair  
 Whose bridal bed was builded in a tomb.

*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

## EDITORIAL.

THERE is evidence of advance when new professors are added to the teaching staff of any of our Theological Colleges. Our sister College in Montreal is to be congratulated on the appointment made at the recent meeting of the Assembly, to the chair of Homeletics, Pastoral Theology, Sacred Rhetoric, and Church Government. The Rev. James Ross, M.A., B.D., of Perth, who has been called to this position, is a man of fine scholarship, and a gentleman possessing in a pre-eminent degree qualifications for professional work. The announcement of his appointment, will be received with satisfaction by the whole Church.

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To the many of the Alumni, who have been impressed with some weaknesses in the supervision and teaching in the Literary Department of the College, the proposal in the report to the Assembly of the Board of Management, to appoint a permanent head to this department, will be welcome. However excellent in scholarship and teaching ability, the tutors are not able to overtake the work of this department with satisfaction to worthy students or to themselves. Often they are younger men than many to whom they lecture. And by reason of the constant change in the staff, the value of the course is affected.

Moreover the tutors are students themselves, and unless they are very extraordinary men, either their teaching suffers or their studies, and usually both.

The defects of the present system can be largely overcome in the appointment of the right man for this position. Of course his qualifications must be legion. He must be a man of scholarship and piety. He ought to be a man of activity and inspiration—one whose ideals of scholarship and the Gospel ministry are high, and whose ideals are catching.

The literary course at the present time is an acknowledged necessity, but many in the past have taken it, for whom it was never intended when established.

These individuals—the impatient short cut men, might be caught at the very beginning, and by the wiser counsels of the gentleman in charge of this department, induced to take a course in the University, or perchance, in certain instance, to kindly advise their return home, or to some occupation other than the Gospel ministry. Then as to the teaching. If an energetic man is in charge, he will be able to do, without assistance, more work, and better than has been done, or can be done under the present arrangement. This does not suppose that he ought not to have assistance.

This department would be increased in value if it could be raised or lowered, just as you may choose to put it, to the standard of an upper form in a good Collegiate Institute. The introduction of more “grind,” and “drill” into our class room will be salutary. The expense connected with such an appointment as this has to be considered ; would it not be very proper that a portion of the expense should be provided for by payment of fees by students in this department ?

Young men do not enter the Literery department because they are financially unable to take a longer and more expensive course in the University, but usually it is because of hindrances of age and defective preparatory training. It occurs to us that it would be perfectly reasonable, under a new arrangement, to impose a fee in this department, which would provide an annual income of three to five hundred dollars. And this would in itself be part provision for the salary connected with the new appointment. Have we not among our successful ministers some, who are old High School teachers, from whom the Senate can choose for this position ?

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The Woman's Foreign Missionary Society held its annual meeting last month. That a great and good work is being done by the women in our congregations, is coming to be universally conceded. The past has been crowned with abundant success, and the future is radiant with promise. A large amount of money has been collected, which, by the blessing of God, will most materially assist in carrying the Gospel to many of the dark places of the earth. Again, the knowledge of the condition of heathen lands, and of the work being carried on in our mission fields, which has

been acquired ; the stimulus which has been given to the Missionary spirit throughout our congregations ; and the bearing of these on the future of the Church, are of so great importance that it is impossible to over-estimate or over-state it. Then there is the education, which those who take part in those various meetings are receiving in the conduct of business, and in the noble art of oratory, and, if any value is to be attached to hearsay evidence, we are to believe that many are proving themselves to be apt pupils.

But to every one who perceives the trend of the times, does not the question present itself, is there to be any line drawn to which Christian women, in working for the Master, may come and beyond which they may not go ? And if so, where is that line to be drawn ? A few years ago it was drawn practically around the home, forming the sacred circle within which all their activities were to be confined. But the circle has been enlarged and extended until it touches the very pulpit steps. And we may prepare ourselves to consider in the near future the question, should even the pulpit be to them forbidden ground ? To say the Bible has already settled the matter is to the minds of some a begging of the question, holding, as they do, that the statements referred to are always to be read in connection with their local settings.

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MANY ministers availed themselves of the opportunity offered by the recent visit of Dr. John Hall to Toronto, to hear this noted New York divine. However much we may decry the critical spirit in the worshipper, it may always be taken for granted that when ministers sit in the pew, the scalpel and the microscope are being industriously employed. It is exceedingly difficult for a minister, anxious to be an efficient preacher and pastor, to place himself in a passive receptive condition, with no thought for anyone but himself. A large part even of his reading is done with one eye on the book and the other on his congregation, and he cannot do otherwise than scan a speaker from head to foot that his own speaking may be thereby improved. Nor is this to be condemned, provided it is not through the jaundiced eye of jealousy that he looks.

Dr. Hall has for so many years occupied a prominent place in the Christian Church that it is exceedingly interesting to take a mental portrait of the man, and to mark especially the prominent

features. Providence has given him a massive frame which makes him a giant among men, a well proportioned head, which awakens expectation, and a kindly face which at once enlists esteem and confidence. And as he steps forward and begins to speak, all these impressions are deepened.

As he proceeds, the first thing which will arrest your attention is the simple, unostentatious manner in which he speaks. There is no attempt at oratory, nor at the grandiloquent in sentence building. But with a copious vocabulary of good, simple Saxon words, he gives utterance to the truth so plainly that there is no mistaking the meaning. One could detect a smile playing around his lips when having expressed himself in simple language, which everyone understood he added "or to use a very popular word just now 'our environment.'" As we listened this thought pressed itself in upon us, if John Hall should ever be accused of heresy he will not be able to hide himself behind his words, nor to urge the plea, at present most popular, that because of involved sentences and haziness of expression he was misunderstood.

The next impression will be that you are in the presence of a large hearted man who loves his Saviour and is thoroughly in sympathy with his fellow-men. As his lip trembled and his eyes filled with tears, when, to illustrate a point, he referred to a poor woman in his congregation, it required no great effort of the imagination to see in him the kind-hearted pastor conversing with the poor and needy of his flock in their homes, and leading them to forget their poverty as he speaks to them as heirs of God and joint heirs with Christ.

But he does not speak to please. There is a higher motive than the love of man. He has well grounded convictions of truth, the old truths which our fathers loved and for which they suffered, and which have stood the test of centuries. And he has the courage of his convictions, and with a loyalty to truth which all may well emulate, he does not hesitate to declare the whole counsel of God. One sentence we select which well represents this adherence to the truth, and his courage in proclaiming it. "In what I am going to say you may think me old-fashioned, I cannot help it, you are at perfect liberty to think just what you please." But whilst such words are spoken with a firmness like to that of the granite cliff itself, they are uttered in tones of such unmistakable tenderness that all

opposition is disarmed. He speaks the truth, but he speaks it in love. A few years ago the President of Lake Forest University told us "there is in many cases a growing feeling on the part of the rich pews that the minister is hired by them to bring a message that suits them, and the old message of sin and salvation is at a discount." A little later we find Dr. Parker, of London, Eng., saying, "always allowing for exceptions the pulpit is the paid slave of respectable society." We are loath to believe these statements, and would fain deny the charges they contain if we could. May we not at least hope that the Athenian with the itching ear for something new, is in the minority, and that the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbal are but rarely heard. Sad, indeed, that there should be such a demand; sadder still, that there should be the supply to meet it. One thing is certain, Dr. Hall does not belong to that class. For, although he ministers to a congregation in great part made up of the most wealthy of New York's citizens, and in a church edifice which cost one million of dollars, the doctrines of sin and salvation occupy the very foreground in his preaching, and it is his delight to hold aloft the Cross of Christ, and declare it to be the power of God, through faith unto salvation.

Again, he is a transparently honest man. Some one has said "how four-square the name, John Hall, looks." In the light of this remark look at the name again, for in the name you have the man, an honest man who stands four-square, facing without fear all men, a man with consecrated common-sense, a man whose earnestness commends the truth, rivets the attention and wings the message of salvation into the soul.

May this champion of the faith which was once delivered to the saints, be given many more years through which to tell in clarion tones the message of salvation.

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## THE EDITOR'S BOOK-SHELF.

NOT many readers of the BOOK-SHELF are familiar with *The Sermon Bible*.\* It is intended for preachers only, but it belongs to a class of literature not in favour with thoughtful students. The purpose of the series, which has now reached the eighth volume, is to give in convenient form the essence of the best homiletic literature of this generation." Its strongest claims to recognition are that it gives: (1) Outlines of important sermons by eminent preachers existing only in manuscript or periodicals, and thus inaccessible; (2) Less full outlines of sermons which have appeared in volumes which are not well known or easily obtained; (3) Reference to, or very brief outlines of sermons which appear in popular volumes such as are likely to be in a preacher's library; (4) Full references to [theological treatises, commentaries, etc., where any help is given to the elucidation of the text. It is thus plain (to the makers of the series) that "the volumes will be indispensable to every preacher," because "the preacher, having chosen his text, has only to refer to the 'Sermon Bible' to find some of the best outlines and suggestions on it." This is surely a short and easy method of sermon making. If a set of the "Sermon Bible" were presented to each student in Knox College, the lecturer on Homilies would find his occupation gone. Then, too, it would be such a relief to the preachers! Proudfoot's system involves so much mental effort and presupposes brains. With a few volumes of "the best outlines and suggestions" a generation of preachers would arise in comparison with whom Beecher and Liddon would not be mentioned. Of course there may be some to whom these skeletons would not be less hopeful than the dry bones in the valley of vision. They might find the sermons themselves stimulating and suggestive, but not these snatches and condensations. But they are only the Proudfoot men who "can suck melancholy out of a song." As this series is published in London, New York, and Toronto, and from the publisher's view point, is not a failure, it must have some merit, and supply some long felt need.

\* The Sermon Bible. John iv., Acts vi. Toronto: Willard Tract Depository.

One is always ready for anything from Goldwin Smith's pen. Consent to his propositions is not necessary to appreciation of his writings. It is a pleasure, however, to find one's judgment go with one's literary taste, as will be the case with most readers of "*The Moral Crusader, William Lloyd Garrison*,"\* Professor Smith's latest contribution to literature. This beautiful little book, published this year, is bound to be a success. And its success will be gratifying to all who are interested in the moral education of men and nations. The story of Garrison's life had already been told with great minuteness by his children; but four portly volumes muffled its tone and made it practically dumb to the ears of the multitude. That life was too great to be lost, and that story too thrilling and too full of warning and instruction to be forgotten. Its re-utterances, therefore, in clear, distinct, penetrating tones is a real service to the cause of human liberty. There are few better fitted for re-telling that story than Goldwin Smith. His knowledge of history, his insight into historical movements, his perfect mastery of the historian's art, his moral integrity and his sympathy with the moral, as distinguished from the political elements in the American Anti-slavery struggle, combine with his independence of view as an Anglo Canadian to make him an ideal compiler of the life of America's great moral crusader. The author of this biographical essay draws his facts from the larger biography; but these facts he sets in fresh light, and makes them even more impressive, if less verbally eloquent. Occasionally the essayist's opinions are introduced, not offensively, but in explanation of facts and statements. It is plain that Goldwin Smith is an Englishman and a free trader, but his political sympathies do not bias his moral judgment. The book is beautifully printed, and no one who begins it will care to be interrupted until the last paragraph has been read, and rising from its perusal, men of to-day, may see light breaking on present-day social and moral problems, and begin to recognize the extent to which selfishness and vested rights still hold down the truth, and silence the national conscience.

\* *The Moral Crusader, William Lloyd Garrison*. By Goldwin Smith, D.C.L., Toronto: Williamson & Co.

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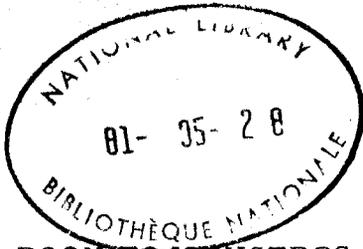
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